

ODDS AND ENDS.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

LEAP FROG.

A Game of Many Variations, Some of Which Are Unusually Exciting.

Leap frog, bombay, foot and a half and sailors' leachery are all forms of that game where a boy ties himself into a knot and lets his companions dig their knuckles into the muscles of his spine and leap over him. Leap frog is a simple jumping of one boy over another. In bombay those leaping have first a free over, then they must leap upon the spine of the boy who is down first with their knuckles, then with a slap on the part of his anatomy sacred to the slipper, then with a kick in the same spot as they are going over. Then each must deposit his hat on the upturned back. Here is where the fitness comes in; also a little strategy on the part of the young man who is down.

When a companion for whom he has little love is making an over in "hot,"



he usually tilts his back in order to spill the load of headgear. Of course that means that the fellow who is making the awkward over is down, and the game begins anew. In case "hats" is passed successfully, the next step is an over, and the hats are placed on the ground. After the next over they must be picked up with the teeth and tossed backward over the boy who is down. To touch the hat of any other boy in the game, either picking up or after the toss has been made, is a fault. The game is seldom played through for the mischief, and therefore the enjoyment, consists in placing obstacles in the way of one's colleagues.

In foot and a half the down raises the elevation of his back after each over. Another variation is to increase the distance from which the leap is made. But this is a dangerous pastime and should not be indulged in.

In sailors' "leachery" the fellow who is down stays, and every one who makes a fault goes down beside him until the number of bumps becomes too many to be leaped over.—St. Louis Republic.

Walter's Big Switch.

It happened in a Missouri school. Little Dick had been caught throwing paper wads, and the teacher ordered him to step forward. Dick came reluctantly, laughing his head.

"Who would like to go out and get a switch for me?"

Instantly every boy in school rose up in his seat and lifted his hand as high as he could. Getting switches was a keen joy.

"You may go, Walter," said the teacher, and Walter strutted out very proud indeed. A few minutes later he came back with a huge switch and handed it proudly to the teacher. The larger the switch the more excitement there might be when the teacher came to use it. The crowd being down, Walter went back to his seat and sat virtuously looking on.

Dick was switched. In the course of the punishment he jumped up and down and screamed a good deal. The switch struck his shoe and suddenly snapped off short. The end went whizzing across the room straight for Walter's seat, where it hit him squarely on the nose, cutting a slight gash.

Dick, who had been waiting aloud, saw the accident and burst out laughing. "Screech you right," he cried as he limped away to his seat.—Chicago Record.

Obbie Dobbie.

Obbie Dobbie was a baby.
Fanny name I think, don't you?
This is what her papa called her,
And she had another too.
Fanny name and funny baby,
With a cunning little face,
And the other name they called her
Was the prettier one of Grace.

One day little Obbie Dobbie
Laughed and laughed with all her might,
Looking up into her dress above,
Eyes and nose all hid from sight.
Mamma said: "Why, what's the matter?
Is it real or make-believe—
All this fuss?" The baby answered,
"I am laughing in my sleeve."
In a moment I remembered
I had said those words one day,
Little thinking baby prattle
Would repeat them o'er in play
With such literal translation—
What an impress light words leave!
Papa's little Obbie Dobbie
Laughing in her baby sleeve.
—Hattie F. Bell in Wide Awake.

Game of Three Things.

Three things is a game played by any number of persons sitting in a row or circle. The one who begins gives to his left hand neighbor the name of three things beginning with the same letter, which the latter must then connect in some way and then give three other things to the next in line. When any one is unable to connect the names he receives, he must pay a forfeit, and the names are passed along to the next player. Thus the player gives out, "Ham, ham and heaviness." The second says: "The hen tried to eat the ham and found that heaviness in the crop resulted. I give deer, dinner and duty." The third says: "I opened the door to go in to dinner, when I had to go back to fulfill a forgotten duty," and so on.—Exchange.

The Pen's Fault.

"Why, how did those blots come to be there?" asked mamma.
"Oh," said Mabel, "I couldn't help that because the pen leaked!"—Youth's Companion.

The Watteau Plait.

From repeated reference to the waf-man fold, you will note that it is at present in great vogue, and will in all likelihood pass over into next spring to be used on gowns of ceremonial pretensions. Where it cannot be used for certain reasons it is simulated. Ribbon trimming is disposed in such a way as to give a quaint Watteau effect behind. Although dressmakers suggest many pretty ways of using ribbon as garniture, the plain satin ribbon is generally employed. Fancy ribbon is not so popular as it was a year ago. The plain kind, either contrasting in color or matching the foundation, if the frock be of mull or some thin fabric mounted over a colored silk, is preferred.

For ball gowns, *faconne mousseline* shiffon, silk tarlatans and tulle are the leading fabrics. The more diaphanous and light the more fashionable the fabric. Only the bows on the breast and caplets are permitted to be stiffened with wire. Fall bebe front, embroidered belt and many flowers around the neck and waist are gowns of *moire glace* and velours, white, pale blue, heliotrope and cornflower blue velvet.

As regards colors which will be fashionable, may be mentioned, first, all the greens. They will be worn in all tones, from the palest to the darkest, passing through the bronze shades. The mordore, gray and mauve will be worn extensively. Claiming great attention is a very delicate mauve, called *bulgaria*.—Philadelphia Times.

How Two Girls Made Money.

"A country girl who is determined to go to Paris to study art is laying aside for this purpose each dollar she has earned," writes Ruth Ashmore, in an article on "The Girl in the Country," in *The Ladies Home Journal*. "She found that there was no one else in the village who could make as good bread and biscuit as she; that those who had to buy complained of the baker's bread. She made no effort at sending her bread to a woman's exchange, as she knew that such places were always overstocked, but she went through her own town—a very small one—and asked for orders. She is making money because there has never been a sad loss of bread or a heavy biscuit sent out from her kitchen. She will supply a neighbor with hot biscuits at bedtime, and she has learned to make dainty rusk, especially for invalids, who enjoy these light, sweet dainties. Her prices are reasonable.

"Another girl, ambitious to gain something, got her father to let her have a bit of ground and to give her the money that he would otherwise have bestowed upon her for a wedding dress. With this she was able to buy plants and to hire a boy to help her, and during the summer, while the boarding houses around demanded them, she served the freshest of radishes, the crispest of lettuce, the earliest corn and the largest tomatoes, and she says now that she thinks she will double the size of her garden next summer."

Painted Furniture.

Surely the mad of the delft craze has fully arrived when furniture is enameled in the shining white and painted in the brilliant blues. Chairs are to be bought, all windmills and watery channels outlined by stiff little trees. Even cradles are thus painted by some evil minded designer who has not learned the first principles of his art and who is not aware of the height of absurdity reached by such designs so used. A very dainty cradle was seen not long ago, painted in a Dresden design of tiny violets, rosebuds and forget-me-nots on a white ground. By the way, although an amateur cannot paint furniture in any sort of pattern, almost any woman can wield a brush well enough to give a piece of furniture a few coats of paint, and now one can buy all possible shades in a powdered form so that their mixing with the white enamel until the exact tint wished for is attained is an easy matter within the reach of any of us who desire to renovate an old chair or table.

She Runs an Electric Car.

Miss Hattie K. Miller of Santa Barbara, Cal., is probably the only woman in the world earning her living as motor-man on an electric car. When electric street cars were first introduced in Santa Barbara a few months ago, she made a thorough study of the principles on which they were operated. When she applied for the situation, she answered all the requirements so well that she was appointed without hesitation. She likes the work. "It is like sitting in the saddle and guiding a gay horse in a sharp race over a wild road," she said recently to a reporter. "When I grasped the motor brake, I felt I had a force under my control that could outrun a horse of any moving thing. I knew I had human lives in my charge, but I felt that it required skill, not muscle, to estimate the speed of the car, to round the curves properly and to start and stop as required." Miss Miller is said to be as good looking as she is intelligent.

Miss Anna Millar.

Miss Anna Millar holds one of the most important managerial positions in the country. As manager of the Chicago Orchestral association, with Theodore Thomas and his great corps of musicians under her control, she is a big factor in the musical world, and as the chosen administrator of the influential business men who give the orchestra its backing she is in a position calling for business ability and tact such as are demanded of few women in the land.

The Home Garden.

Remove the dead leaves from plants every day and spring the foliage with water. This will give the plants a fresh appearance and will, in great measure, keep down insects. Tie up neatly to stakes all straggling, growing plants. Cleanliness of this kind helps to keep the air of the room pure and contributes to the vigor of the plants. Turn the pots frequently so the plants may not grow one-sided.

DRIFTING ONWARD.

Drifting onward—over drifting,
Toward you shining, shoreless sea,
Farther still from earth's green landscape,
Nearer to eternity.
Onward—not we know not whither
We are borne by time's swift side,
Heading not the wind's swift river
Down whose darkling stream we glide.

Drifting onward—we are going
To a country all unknown;
Guard, O Lord, and keep thou, ever—
Leave us not to drift alone.
Narrower shall storm clouds frown;
Save from dark and angry storm;
Let these arms of night defend us
Evermore from every harm.

Drifting onward—we will anchor
At the leaf's only port at last,
Every care and trial ended,
All our toils and dangers past,
Happy on that shore Elysian,
Narrower shall storm clouds frown;
Oh, the bright, unending vista,
Where no paling sun goes down
—Francis A. Simkins.

HOMESICK HIPPOPOTAMUS.

It Longed For the Language of Its Baby-hood Home.

During Bayard Taylor's visit to the zoological gardens in London he noticed a hippopotamus which lay in its tank apparently oblivious of its surroundings. Entering into conversation with the keeper one morning, he was told that the creature refused to eat and was gradually starving itself to death. "I fancy it's homesick," added the keeper. "He's a fine specimen, and it seems a pity we should lose him, but he's moped ever since the keeper who had charge of him on board the steamer left. He pays no attention to anything I say."

Learning that the creature came from a part of Africa he had once visited, Mr. Taylor, on an impulse, leaned forward and addressed it in the dialect used by the hunters and keepers of that region. The animal lifted its head, and the small eyes opened. Mr. Taylor repeated his remark, when what does Mr. Hippo do but paddle slowly over to where he stood. Crossing to the other side of the tank, the experiment was repeated with the same result, the poor thing showing unmistakable signs of joy, even consenting to receive food from the hand of his new friend.

Mr. Taylor paid several visits to the garden, and always noticed by his African friend. Finally, before leaving the city, he taught the keeper a few sentences he had been in the habit of addressing to the hippopotamus and went his way.

Two years later he was in London, and, curious to know the result, again paid his respects to his amphibious friend. To his surprise the creature recognized his voice at once, and expressed his joy by paddling from side to side of his tank after his visitor.

Bayard Taylor says that it convinced him that even a hippopotamus may have affections, and tenacious ones at that, as well as a good memory.—Watchman.

American Valets.

There is a new order of things among the gilded youth of today, and the valet is in demand. This demand has led to the establishment in Boston of a finishing academy for gentlemen's servants. Here the gentleman's gentleman learns all that is necessary for him to know. The first thing that is done to a matriculate is to cut his hair in the approved English fashion and make him clean shaven, or at least reduce his hair-suit appendages to a modest "mutton chop" just forward of his ears. He is then put in livery and made to speak only in an I-less English dialect. The various courses of instruction include training in all of the branches of manual work, and when a pupil is sent out into the world he is given a certificate of proficiency in his particular course. One of the features of the course is the daily practice in immobility, which consists in standing for half an hour a day between two upright bars so regulated that they touch the man's toes and breast bone in front and his coattails, shoulder blades and hat rim at the back. This gives the requisite wooden rigidity and is practiced by all pupils. Those whose physiques are lacking or too luxuriant are reduced to the proper form by vigorous exercise.—Boston Letter.

A Lamp in His Pocket.

Not very many men carry lamps in their pockets, but there is at least one man who does, and that is the lamp-lighter on the elevated road. It is an alcohol lamp, like a section of brass cylinder, five or six inches long and an inch through, and with a slender tube two or three inches long, holding the wick, projecting at one end. The lamp-lighter comes in at the front door of the car with his lamp lighted. With a rapid case acquired by experience he lights the six lamps, seeming almost not to pause in his progress through the car. If he is in the last car of the train, as he pulls down the chimney over the last lamp he has lighted and turns toward the rear door he blows out his own lamp and drops it in his pocket. His hands are now free. He throws back the door, walks out upon the platform, opens the gate and steps off upon the station platform or down upon the other side, ready to board the next train. A touch of a match will light the alcohol lamp.—New York Sun.

First Written Laws.

The first written statutes are comprised in the law of Moses, 1491 B. C. The first Greek laws were systematized by Draco 623 B. C. The laws of Lycurgus were made about 844 B. C. The Roman laws were first compiled by Servius Tullius and amended by the Twelve Tables in 449 B. C. The Pandects of Justinian were compiled in 529 Blackstone's Commentaries were published at Oxford in 1765 and 1769.

The first anthropological society, for the study of mankind considered with reference to the animal history of the race, was founded in London in 1863.

The common house fly, in the mouth of the scientist, becomes the *Musca domestica*.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The Telltale Tracks on the Tapestry Betrayed Him.

Four or five Washington pastors were having a pleasant little meeting the other afternoon at the study of one of them, and they were having comparatively as much fun out of it as that many rounders would have had at a saloon knee deep in 47 varieties of tipples. They were telling Sunday school stories, as a rule, but they swung around after awhile to temperance.

"In my youth in Virginia," said the host, "we had, what is rare nowadays—to wit, a lot of more or less seedy and shabby genteel old fellows who went about the country delivering lectures on temperance and getting out of it only about so much as would clothe and feed them. Some of them were no doubt good and conscientious men, but among them were many who, notwithstanding their professions, dearly loved to take a glass of something warming to the inner man."

"Most of those tippers were very particular not to have the rumor get abroad that they ever tasted the vile stuff, and when they took their drinks they observed great secrecy. I remember there was one whom we thought to be a most abstemious old fellow, and no one thought he ever tasted a drop, particularly a maiden aunt of mine who lived with my mother and was as rigid a temperance woman as ever came out of New England. My mother was much more liberal and wanted always to entertain these workers in the good cause, but my aunt had become so suspicious of all of them except this particular one that he was the only one who could find a night's lodging at our place."

"One night this old chap came to stay all night, and he had such a severe cold that my mother prescribed a rubbing of goose grease on his feet and toasting it in by the fire before he went to bed. Now, as it happened, in the room where he slept there was a new carpet which my aunt had presented to my mother as a birthday gift, and there was an old fashioned sideboard in the same room, with a two gallon jug of good whiskey on top inside and lock up. At 8 o'clock the black boy carried in the goose grease to our guest and left him sitting before the fire."

"Just what happened after that nobody knows, but after the guest had departed next morning and the servants went to straighten up the room they found tracks innumerable between the fireplace and the sideboard, and in some way it was discovered that the old fellow, afraid of taking cold, had greased his socks and toasted the grease into his feet through them, and while the toasting was going on he made regular and frequent trips to the jug. Of course, if the tracks on the carpet had not betrayed him, no one would have ever noticed by the jug that he had been drinking out of it. He never came back again, and I don't know whether my aunt was more pained over the ruined carpet or over the ruined idol, for she had the greatest confidence in the old man."—Washington Star.

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CANDY AND MARRIED LIFE.

Why Some Husbands Don't Supply Their Wives With Confectionery.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" said the girl in the pink dress. "I do so dote on candy."

"Especially chocolate nougat," declared the young woman in white. "It is just too sweet for anything."

"Where did you get them? Was it Charley or Bob?"

"It was Charley," replied the girl with the box in her hand. "He always has the nicest candy."

"But you like Bob best?"

"Agnes, dear, you are entirely too inquisitive."

"You mustn't get married if you like candy."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the men who buy candy before you get married never buy you any after they are married?"

"Is that so?"

"That's what the papers say."

"Pooh! I don't believe a word of it! But, then, that's just like some of the horrid men. I know one who won't do it."

"Oh, I say, girls. What luck! Here comes Maud. We'll ask her about it."

"You'd never dare."

"Wouldn't I, though?"

Maud drew near, and all the girls giggled merrily.

"Oh, Maud, you're married, aren't you?"

"Why, what a silly question! Were not you one of the bridesmaids?"

"Oh, yes, we all saw her, and she looked just perfectly killing."

"Well, I wanted to ask you a question."

"Certainly, dear. What is it?"

"Well, does Dick buy you any candy now that you are married? You know he used to buy you lots of it—whole candy stores full—before."

"No, he doesn't."

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed the girl in pink. "It is just what I said."

"Well, maybe they are not all like Dick."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Maud. "I never did see such a girl. Why didn't you let me finish saying what I wanted to say? I was going to say something and you broke right in. I was going to say that he doesn't buy any candy because I don't want him. What's his is mine, and I just take his money and buy it whenever I want it. It is a much better arrangement, too, for I buy the kind I like and he seldom did."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Coming Gown.

If there's one thing more certain than another about the coming gown, it is that it will be trimmed. Not just skirt alone, nor yet just bodice alone, but both will be heavily, richly and elaborately burdened with every sort of trimming. Is it that fashion, deprived of her beloved big sleeves, must have some other outlet and finds it in frills and frizzery? From present indications it seems likely that plain skirts—skirts, that is to say, unembellished by ruffles or bands or tucks or even a slight drapery—will soon have disappeared from mortal view. As for bodices, well, sleeves may be close reined. But what of the multitudinous flounces and shirrings and gatherings and drapings? Surely nothing short of "in full sail" describes them.

The Glamour of Distance.

It is laughable how the consuls of the different nations in Africa, Asia and South America are frequently criticized by their nappers at home for not being more assiduous in looking after the commercial interests of their countries, and how they are hidden to take pattern by the representatives of other nations. Thus the British trade papers hold the German and United States consuls up as admirable examples, and the United States and Germany go into raptures over the faithful and energetic conduct of the Britishers. And so it goes on.—New York Merchants' Review.

A Blind Bargainer.

Shoppers in a blind of the big stores down town last bargain day curiously watched the movements of a blind woman at the dress goods counter. She was about 30 years old, her face showing great intelligence and refinement. She was richly dressed for the street, and a girl about 20 years old accompanied her.

The blind woman examined the fabrics placed before her by passing them through her hands. She depended upon her own sense of touch apparently, for she seldom spoke to her companion, and then only in answer to questions. She appeared to be quite critical, and before she made her selection the counter was piled high with patterns of all kinds.

After she had examined a large number of pieces she took up one of the first that had been shown up and decided to buy it.

When the clerk had measured it, she verified the length herself by measuring it with her outstretched arms. Seemingly satisfied that the piece contained as much as she had bargained for, she took a transfer ticket and went to the counter where trimmings are sold. There she selected the material with which to finish her dress, examining the laces and other delicate fabrics most critically.

After the blind woman had left the store the floor manager said her shopping was not an unusual thing. She was but one of the many blind customers who came into the store regularly. This woman, he said, was not only able to make the nicest discrimination in the matter of trimmings, but so delicate was her touch she could often distinguish colors. He added, however, that she never depended entirely upon her touch in matching shades, but verified her selections with the eyes of the clerk and her companion.—Chicago Tribune.

Sing Sing's Favorite Book.

There is a touch of pathos in the statement that the book most frequently called for in the library of Sing Sing prison is Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." The same author's "Pat Yourself in His Place" holds the second place in popularity with the inmates of the prison.

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