

ODDS AND ENDS.

SONG.

They dark eyes to mine, Altho,
Lamps of desire
Oh, how my soul leaps—
Leaps to their fire!

Sure, now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but the whisper,
But the best, oh, even,
Of one such kiss,
Of one such kiss,
Of one such kiss,

All of the soul of me
Would leap afar,
If that called me to thee,
Aye, I would leap afar,
A falling star!

—Jan Cameron in New York Tribune.

OUR DESERT ISLAND.

There was an ominous rattle upon the handle of the door—a rattle needlessly long and suspicious. It conveyed an altogether unworthy slur upon the proceedings of the inhabitants of the room, and Cynthia laughed with amused resignation.

"It's Charlie," she said. "He always comes in like that."

"We must do the same for him," I replied, "when he arrives at years of discretion and becomes engaged."

Cynthia's youngest brother stole into the room rapidly and softly. Keeping his eyes religiously averted from the sofa by the fireplace, he picked up a book from the table and departed. I offered some casual observation, but he took no notice, clearly thinking it would be injudicious of him to be mixed up in the business at all. My innocent position, which was two good yards from Cynthia, courted observation, and we both felt a little injured.

"I wonder what he expects to see?" I said, resuming my seat upon the sofa. "Augustus in the presence of Cleopatra was not more careful to see nothing. Is it a sense of decorum or a feeling of contempt that inspires his caution?"

"Never mind," answered Cynthia. "Let us talk about ourselves. Are you sure? Are you sure you are quite sure?"

This circumlocution I had heard before, and my answer was stereotyped. I was quite sure, and I pressed her hand to convince her.

"And when," she continued—"when did you first, you know? Was it at the—"

Any demonstration that I may have been contemplating was rudely interrupted by a further agitation of the door. With a promptness bred of some practice I was again in an erect position on the hearth rug, and Cynthia was reading a book. It was a manuscript with a scutcheon of quite unnecessary coat of arms.

"He poured on the fuel and brushed the hearth with scrupulous care. The operation seemed to take an enormously long time."

Left once more to our tete-a-tete, Cynthia's impatience of these interludes found words.

"I wish we lived on a desert island," she said. "How delightful it would be!"

"Indeed it would," I agreed. "Long yellow sands and blue sea and palm trees and solitude, with nothing to disturb our conversation. We could talk together from sunrise to sunset."

"So we could—or we could read together."

"Or you could sing to me," I said.

"I should want an accompanist," she observed dubiously, "because you can't play the piano."

"It would be most Elysian," I went on. "We should have our house, our books and our music. Far away from any fellow creature we could find away the sunny summer afternoons together and be totally happy. We would be invisible to even the telescope of the passing vessel."

Cynthia took up the parable and amplified it. "The world would contain for you one woman and for me one man, and each would be ample company for each other."

"Ample!" cried I confidently. We had only been engaged a fortnight.

"Ample!" she maintained with suspicious emphasis as if conscious that the statement needed repetition to render it convincing.

"For exercise," I continued, rashly sketching in the details, "we would have a lawn tennis court."

"You beat me so easily," she sighed.

I passed the compliment by and stroked her delightful hair. A tap resounded on the window pane behind us and made us jump dreadfully. It was my uncle, a man devoid of proper feeling, and I knew he was about to make a shouted suggestion of a stroll in the garden, himself being the third, as Cynthia used to put it. So I shook my head firmly, and he waddled off with a despairing wave of his hand which he may have considered humorous, for I saw him smile as he went.

"How long," asked Cynthia, becoming pink in the face, "do you think?" And she nodded guiltily toward the window.

"I wish I knew," was my answer. "We ought to draw the curtain."

"That would only make matters worse. Besides, there is really nothing to be ashamed of."

"Nothing whatever," I said. "Still the island would be less painful to the nerves."

"You could play cricket on the sands!" cried Cynthia, rendered desperate by the stings of conscience. "Anything to be rid of these constant distractions."

There was a pause, which we employed in contemplating the fire and thinking of our island.

"Perhaps it might be better," I remarked, "to put the bicycle man in our house about a mile away from ours."

"He might live with the accompanist."

"And, of course, we should require servants."

"So they could all live together behind the wood that divides our half of the island from theirs."

"With a telephone laid on," I murmured, but not ironically, though I began to think our island was becoming rather desolate populated.

"The very thing!" cried Cynthia, clapping her hands. "Only we should want somebody to examine it when it got out of order."

"So we should," I agreed. "But perhaps we could arrange for a boatload of technical assistance to visit our island each week."

"The tradesmen bringing the groceries."

"And the postman with the letters."

Cynthia hesitated, in doubt for a moment or two. There seemed to be novel and unorthodox particulars creeping into our vision of insulated bliss. We both felt it.

At length she said: "Do you know, I am not sure that it would not be more heroic of us, more like Robinson Crusoe, to forage for ourselves. You could shoot goats."

"I could shoot at goats," I corrected. "And no doubt it would amuse both the goats and myself."

"And I could cook their flesh," observed Cynthia valiantly.

"You would do it delightfully," said I, "with a few days' practice."

"Yes; while you were fighting the savages."

"I doubt the advisability of savages," I replied. "The interruption of a tomahawk flung at us would be worse than one occasioned by a rattle of the door handle."

"And, after all," added Cynthia, giving up the savages, "there would be no knowing how long they might have been peeping at us from behind the palm trees."

"On the whole a civilized desert island would suit us better."

"Is such a thing ever advertised?" asked Cynthia.

"With a 99 years' lease. We might inquire."

There was silence in the library for a space of 20 seconds. Then Cynthia said, "Ninety-nine years is rather a long time."

"Yes," I agreed. "If we talk hard the whole time, we shall have said a great deal."

"I think we might allow callers," I relieved me to hear her say so, but I clung to the original proposition as long as I could.

"We might be at home," I said, "on Wednesdays."

"To the officers from the barracks."

"And the charming Miss Carruthers."

"Unless they stopped the night," meditated Cynthia, "I don't see why they could admire the Crown Derby dinner service Uncle Joseph sent us."

There was not a suspicion of interruption about either at the door or at the window. We heard not so much as a furtive rustle in the passage, and our distaste for the rest of the world was abating away. With Cynthia's pretty head resting upon my shoulder I somehow had the patriotism to feel that England was good enough for even so absorbed a couple as ourselves.

"I am not," she whispered in my ear, "very good in a boat, you know. I don't always look my best."

"There are not many islands attached to the mainland, I am afraid," I answered.

Then we looked at each other and laughed aimlessly, but happily.

"The island problem," said Cynthia, "is more difficult—not that I do not care for you tremendously; still it is more difficult than I thought."

"I am devoted to you," was my gallant answer, "but I am prepared to treat the Robinson Crusoe question like other riddles."

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"To give it up," I replied.—St. James Budget.

The Pointed Beards.

The Society of the Pointed Beards recently held its third dinner in New York. The Pointed Beards is one of the most exclusive societies in the city. Article 2, section 1, of the bylaws says, "No one shall be eligible unless he have a carefully cultivated beard of natural and personal growth, in good standing and terminating in one symmetrical point half an inch from the apex of the chin, of sufficient evidence to preclude controversy." As far as possible everything connected with the dinner harmonized with the aims and objects of the society. The menu cards, most of which were either designed or executed by the diners themselves, gave ample evidence of the whisker mania, and even the celery was served with its foliage trimmed a la Vandyke. There were 33 members present, several of whom are well known artists.

Wheelbarrow Instead of Knapsack.

Major Padria of the Italian army has invented a very ingenious contrivance which is designed to supersede the knapsack. He has invented a vehicle to which he has given the name of the cycloso, or the sack on wheels. On this will be carried the baggage of two soldiers, and the uprights of the tent will be used to convert it into a sort of wheelbarrow, which the soldier can push or draw the cycloso, and it is contended that this arrangement will not merely enable the troops to march much longer distances, but to fight much better on the field of battle, being relieved of all impediments, which can be left in these light wheelbarrows in the rear.

SOMETHING ABOUT BEETLES

Their Strange Habits, Instincts and Means of Getting Food.

You are all familiar with the common black beetle known as the tumbler, and perhaps may have seen it rolling a ball with its hind legs, pushing it backward. The ball contains the egg of the beetle, and the creature is taking it to a place of safety.

A green beetle spotted with white is called the tiger beetle. He is a clever fellow and very cunning in his manner of securing his prey. He will dig a hole a foot in depth and then crawl to the top and form himself into a bridge across the chasm, burying his head in such a manner as to appear like something inanimate, but he will be on the alert for the unwary creature that makes an attempt to cross on his back. In an instant the bridge will give way and the prey will be precipitated into the hole. The beetle will follow and quickly dispatch the game, when he will return, reform the bridge and allow another victim.

Old fashioned furniture is often completely ruined by the larvae of a beetle called the anobium. A peculiar sound like the ticking of a clock is made by these beetles when they call to each other, the noise being made by striking the jaws against their resting place, and often in old houses filled with old furniture the superstitious, when they hear this peculiar sound, imagine the place to be haunted.

Another beetle is found in dark cellars, where it thrives upon dust and trash. It is so difficult to exterminate it that it is looked upon as something uncanny, and the ignorant regard its presence as an ill omen.

The sacred beetle of Egypt is not unlike our own common beetle, and the female lays her egg in the same way, wrapped in a substance which is to protect it and furnish food. She rolls it up into a ball with her fore legs, sometimes carrying it a long distance upon her head; digs a hole in the earth, deposits her egg laden ball, covers it up, and leaves it to attain its perfect development.

The sexton beetle is a curious creature. He has a thick body and powerful limbs and a most acute sense of smell. No sooner does a small animal die than the sextons gather about the body and begin to put earth upon it. In a few hours the dead animal has been covered and the beetles have laid their eggs in the carcass, which is to nourish the larva.

A remarkable creature is the bombardier beetle, and it is provided with a strange means of defense. It lives in a community under stones, and when disturbed discharges a fluid of a very penetrating odor, much like gas, which explodes as it comes in contact with the air and passes into vapor. Eighteen explosions can be made in succession by one bombardier, and while these are being thrown off like a volley of artillery the beetle effects its escape. The fluid is like nitric acid to the taste. It causes a sharp pain if placed upon the tongue and leaves a yellowish stain.—Our Animal Friends.

TWO CLASSES OF READERS.

Those Who Like Dickens and Those Who Adore Thackeray.

"About 15 years ago readers used to be divided roughly into two classes—those who 'liked Dickens' and those who 'adored Thackeray,'" writes the critic Droch, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "Each class used to view the other with more or less contempt. Of the two the Thackeray people felt themselves considerably superior to the Dickens people. There were not so many of them, for one thing, and that in itself gave them a feeling of exclusiveness (something like the attitude assumed by George Meredith's admirers of the present day). But Thackeray's complete works for \$3.99 rapidly abolished the aristocracy. Artificial barriers do not long count for much with a great writer."

"You no doubt very soon found out that in certain moods there was nothing more satisfying to you than 'Pendennis,' and at another time the best novel that you ever read was 'David Copperfield.' I have no doubt that in the long run deep in your heart you will cherish a finer affection for the one than the other. That is a matter of temperament and your surroundings. The one you like best fits in to your life as you are making it. You will discover that a change of scene or occupation often brings you into sympathy with a writer whom you never before appreciated. A great sorrow will sometimes reveal George Eliot to you; a little journey in England will show you new beauties in *Troilopee*; a wave of war feeling in Europe and people begin rereading Tolstoy's 'War and Peace.'"

Mysteries of Helium.

As further experiments are carried with the new gas called helium—which was recognized in the sun before it had been found on the earth—the more remarkable it appears. Many chemists believe it consists of two gases, yet they have not been able satisfactorily to divide it. Professor Ramsay, one of its discoverers, has failed in every attempt to make it enter into a chemical combination. Lord Rayleigh has found that it possesses by far the lowest refractivity ever observed in any gas, and surprise is expressed at the astonishing distances traversed by electric sparks in darting through helium.

Reparation.

John Butts, Sr.—I want to leave my property to my two sons—one tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chumney de Pyster Butts.

Family Lawyer.—"H'm! Do you think that's quite fair?"

John Butts, Sr.—Yes. I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a crack jaw name.—London Tit-Bits.

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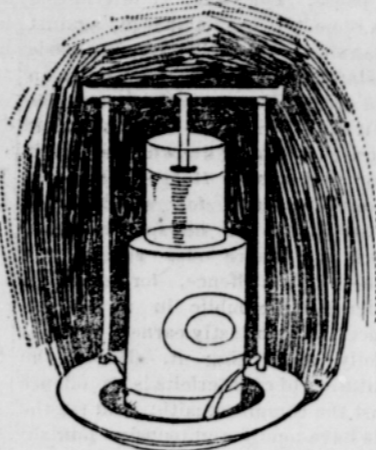
FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

WATER POWER.

A Simple Little Engine That Any Smart Boy Can Make.

The principle illustrated in the accompanying cut might readily serve to generate power without the use of machinery. We give it, however, merely as an interesting and easily made experiment.

Four water into a good sized glass tumbler until it is two-thirds full and



stand it upon a canister to give it the necessary elevation. Through the flat cork on the surface of the water is a stout straw, which transversely supports one of the same diameter. To the latter are attached two other straws of smaller diameter, each of these having a bit of straw about an inch in length attached to the end at an obtuse angle, with the outlets cut on the slant to facilitate the exit of the water.

All the joints are hollow and are made water tight with sealing wax. The ends of the transverse straw are likewise closed with the wax, but the ends of the depending straws are left open.

Now, to start this unique homemade apparatus in action, let two persons suck the open ends of the depending straws until the water begins to flow, and when they take their mouths away the device will begin to revolve, while the water pours steadily from the open ends.

This revolving siphon will soon empty the tumbler, but you may keep the action up as long as you please by pouring water in as fast as the straws let it pour out.

A Boy and a Banana Skin.

One day last week a white haired old gentleman was walking up Fifth avenue with his cane. Not far in front of him dawdled a boy eating a big ripe banana. It was near the noon hour, and the street was thronged with people hurrying off to lunch. Presently the boy, having finished the banana, dropped the skin on the sidewalk and went whistling up the street. The old gentleman stopped and bent over slowly, leaning heavily on his cane, and picked up the banana skin. Just then the boy looked over his shoulder and saw what the old man had done. He stopped, with his hands in his pockets, and watched curiously. Close to the curb stood a former old dray horse, with its head hung down and one leg bowed out. He looked as if he hadn't had enough to eat in months.

The old man held out the banana skin, and the discouraged old horse instantly pricked up his ears. He was evidently suspicious at first that a joke was being played on him, but it was only for a moment. He reached forward eagerly and nipped the banana skin with his soft lips. When it was gone, he looked up wearily, but the white haired old man was walking on up the street with his cane. The boy stopped whistling. He was thinking, and so were a score of other people who saw the little incident.—Chicago Record.

Block Island.

The hum of the spinning wheel is still a familiar sound on Block island, a quaint and interesting resort in summer and a miniature world in winter, in which the habits and customs are those of 150 years ago. The island is 15 miles off the Rhode Island shore and almost directly south of stormy Point Judith. There are times during the winter when the wind sweeps across the treeless land at a velocity of 84 miles an hour, and women take their lives in their hands when they venture out of doors. The isolation of the island is almost complete.

John Schofield established the first woolen mill in Connecticut near Oakdale, where the carding was done by power cards. In 1798 the Block islanders began to send wool to the mill to be carded into rolls, and generation after generation have kept up the practice. Formerly many bags of grain accompanied the wool, and grist and woolen mills were kept running day and night, while the fishermen and farmers enjoyed themselves in the quiet Connecticut village until the work was done.—New York Herald.

Dana Never Hurries.

Charles A. Dana, who has been a journalist more than 50 years and who gets through more work in a day than most men do in a week, ascribes his excellent health, his continued mental vigor and activity at a time when most men have retired mainly to his never allowing himself to be in a hurry. This habit, he says, saved him from the nervous disorders from which more than half of us Americans really die.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Strategic Mr. Chaffie.

Mr. Chaffie—I don't know how I can get Johnnie to take his medicine. If I tell him what it is, he won't take it, and if I don't tell him he won't take it.

Mr. Chaffie—I'll tell you what to do. Just put it on the table and forbid him to touch it, and then he will take it sure.—London Tit-Bits.

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DETECTED THE REPEATERS.

Innocent Fishhooks Which Caused Wholesale Arrest of Voters.

During the reconstruction times in Alabama, just after the late civil war, all of the state and county offices were administered by the Republicans. This was from 1866 to 1874, when the Democrats again secured control of the government and have held it ever since.

The election of George S. Houston, a Democrat, as governor in 1874 was one of the hottest ever held in the state, and many were the tricks practiced on both sides in that election. Possibly the most novel was a device put into operation at Mobile. Repeaters were common in those days, and this device was used by the Democrats to catch the negroes, who had learned the repeating trick. All of the negroes voted the Republican ticket then.

On the election day mentioned the polling places were opened, and the voting commenced. The Democratic election officers at the boxes had secured a stock of small fishhooks with which to carry out their plan. Whenever a negro voted, an officer stuck a hook in the voter's vest front, where it could be plainly seen. After having exercised his constitutional right of voting, "Cuffy" proceeded to another polling place and sought to vote a second time. He was thereupon arrested and put in jail upon a charge of fraud. The scheme worked like a charm. By noon 175 negroes had been arrested and jailed. The whole sale arrests so frightened the negroes who had not voted that they refrained from going to the polls that day, and the Democrats won the election.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Whipping Post in Boston.

Alice Morse Earle, in an article on "Punishments of Bygone Days," found in *The Chapbook*, after giving John Taylor the Water Poet's rhymed descriptions of corporal punishment in London, explains how rapidly flogging came into use in Boston:

The whipping post was speedily in full force in Boston. At the session of the court held Nov. 30, 1630, one man was sentenced to be whipped for stealing a loaf of bread, another for shooting fowl on the Sabbath, another for swearing, another for leaving a boat "without a pilot." Then we read of John Pease that for "stryking his mother and deriding her he shalbe whipt."

Lying, swearing, taking false toll, perjury, selling rum to the Indians—all were punished by whipping. Pious regard for the Sabbath was fiercely upheld by the support of the whipping post. In 1643, Roger Scott, for "repeated sleeping on the Lord's day," and for striking the person who waked him from his godless slumber, was sentenced to be severely whipped. Women were not spared in public chastisement. "The gift of prophecy" was at once subdued in Boston by lashes, as was unwomanly carriage.

Joan of Arc Before the Judges.

The questions addressed to Joan and her answers day by day have been transmitted in the records of the court. To read them is to understand the brutal ferocity with which she was tortured, until, turning on her accuser, she cried: "You call yourself my judge. Be careful what you do, for I am indeed sent by the Lord, and you place yourself in great danger."

To answers almost sublime succeeded answers filled with naive ingenuity. Questions were piled, traitorously conceived, concerning the visions which had come to her and which throughout her mission had counseled and guided her. But on this point she was firmly silent. It was as though it were a secret which she was forbidden to betray. She consented to take an oath to speak nothing but the truth; but, concerning her visions, she made a reservation. "You could cut my head off before I would speak," she protested. At night, in the darkness of her dungeon, St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, and celestial voices comforted her. She avowed that she had seen them "with the eyes of her body . . . and when they leave me," she added, "I wish that they would take me with them."—"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in Century.

Some Schoolboy Definitions.

In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words and to give a sentence illustrating the meaning. Here are a few: *Frantie* is wild; I picked some frantie flowers. *Athletic*, strong; the vinegar was too athletic to use. *Tandem*, one behind another; the boys sit tandem at school. And then some single words are funnily explained. *Dust* is mud with the wet squeezed out. *Fins* are fishes' wings. Stars are the moon's eggs. *Circumference* is the distance around the middle of the outside.—Educational Gazette.

Cork Toys.

Curious toys may be made of cork. One of these is the well known little tumbler such as is generally constructed of pith. But cork, especially if it be hollowed, will answer the purpose quite as well. Make the puppet of three or four corks, shape and paint it as skillfully as you can, and glue to the feet, or under them, little hemispheres of lead. When thrown into any position, the figure, of course, rights itself, and, like a cat, always falls on its feet. It is quite possible to make a cat of pith or cork too.

A rainbow in the afternoon is generally an indication of clear weather.

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