

ODDS AND ENDS.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

The Jay Evoked Them, but There Soon Came a Painful Hush.

Ex-Governor Jackson of Iowa for many years was the Hawkeye secretary of state and employed in his office quite a large clerical force. One afternoon a rather rusty rutilant wandered in, and Mr. Jackson immediately saw in the newcomer opportunities for fun.

"Hev ye got a telephone?" stammered the caller.

"Certainly," replied Jackson, "there it is on the wall. Help yourself to it."

Then, as the stranger slowly walked up to the telephone and began looking it over, Jackson passed word among the clerks to watch the experiment of a jay in trying to use a telephone for the first time.

The visitor looked the instrument over carefully, as if trying to figure out how to use it. The entire office force was watching him with unobscured amusement. Finally he timidly took down the receiver, looked at it with evident curiosity, tapped it gently with his fingers, and then, giving a glance about the room, blew the dust off the receiver and, putting his lips close to it, softly said, "Hello!"

This was too much for the clerks. The office force burst into a roar of laughter, and Jackson promptly went to the assistance of the old man. "Hold on!" he cried. "Don't try to talk into that. That is the receiver, not the transmitter. Hang it up again, then turn the little crank on the right, place the receiver to your ear and wait till central answers."

The visitor was looking at Jackson as curiously as one might regard an escaped lunatic. "Say," he drawled, "what's the matter with you anyway? I'm an expert sventover here by the Bell Telephone company to find out what's the matter with this instrument."

And not a clerk dared look up from his work for the next hour.—Chicago Times-Herald.

What the Wise Bachelor Says.

Women always pretend that they can't deny their husbands anything.

A realist is a man who would paint an angel with side whiskers and no feathers.

The older and more sensible a woman gets, the more she wishes she was young and silly.

A fat woman can never think badly of a man after he has once told her she looks delicate.

A woman can never resist the temptation to let on to other women that her husband tells her all about the inside of his business.

Probably the real truth of the matter is that Joseph had got one of the new red and green golf coats and was showing off before the others.—New York Press.

Not Trying To.

Hunkins—See here, doctor. You told my wife she couldn't run her sewing machine, didn't you?

Dr. Pilgrick—Yes.

Hunkins—And yet you said she might ride the bicycle?

Dr. Pilgrick—Yes.

Hunkins—Well, I'd like to know how you reason it out.

Dr. Pilgrick—I don't reason it out at all. There isn't any room for reason in your wife's case.—Cleveland Leader.

A Learned Opinion.

Fon—Pa, what is a whisky straight? Father (who knows whereof)—Er—well, my boy, a large, swelled head, an erroneous impression of great and sudden wealth, a disposition to fight a man twice your size, an aptness for making the world to appear lopsided and to be revolving rapidly—any one of them may be properly called a whisky's trait.—Harlem Life.

Theory and Practice.

Miss Heftlass thinks that a woman ought to have just as many cares and responsibilities as a man," said one young man.

"When did she say that?" asked the other.

"Yesterday evening, while she let me do all the pedaling up hill on a tandem."—Washington Star.

Too Scientific.

Laura—I hear that you and the young doctor have quarreled.

Flo—No, we haven't quarreled exactly, but still I can't feel much affection for a man who carbolesizes a box of roses before he sends them to one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Exception.

Visitor—They tell me, my little man, that children of your age have reached a very high state of culture here in Boston.

Johnnie Beaconhill (disgustedly)—O'wan, y' old fathead! Wot y' givin us?—New York Journal.

Only a Little One.

"No, I can't give you a job. I've as many hands now as I can find work for."

"Well, that needn't stand in yer way, gov'nor. The little I'd do wouldn't make no difference."—Pick Me Up.

COME TO COTE.

M. Quad's Story of Lovemaking on the Cumberland Range.

I sat with the Widow Tewks in front of her cabin on the Cumberland range one summer evening, when a tall and ungainly native about 20 years old came out of the woods and halted about ten feet away to stare at us.

"That yo', Reuben?" queried the widow after a minute.

"Of co'se," replied the young man.

"And what d'ye want?"

"Wanter cote Sary."

"Oh, that's it. Sary, come out yere."

In response to her shout her daughter, a girl about 16, with no looks to brag of, came from the kitchen and asked what was wanted.

"Reuben's come to cote," said the mother.

"To cote who?"

"Yo', of co'se. Wanter cote or no?"

"Reckon so."

"Then go out and cote on that log."

The couple sat down on a log about 20 feet away, with a space of about six feet between them, and both looked off in the brush and swung their feet. It was fully ten minutes before Reuben said:

"Sary, yo' gwine to the circus?"

"Hain't no circus, Reuben."

"Thought there was."

"Num."

There was an interval of five minutes, and then Reuben said:

"Pop cotched a coon last night."

"A whoopper?"

"Fur shore."

"Didn't yo' catch one too?"

"Num."

"But yo' orter."

That ended the "coting" for seven or eight minutes, and then Reuben worked up nerve to say:

"I come to cote yo', Sary."

"But ain't yo' cotin'?" she replied.

"Reckon I am. Like to be coted?"

"Of co'se."

Reuben then moved over about three feet, but lost his nerve and moved back again while the girl hid her face in her hands and giggled. A long and painful silence was finally broken by her asking, "Gwine to ask ma'an, Reuben?"

"Mebbe."

"Yo' afared to?"

"No, I ain't. Want me to, Sary?"

"Yep."

"Real bad?"

"Yep."

"Then I will."

He swung himself round on the log to face us and stood up and bit at his finger ends, and the widow quietly inquired, "Waal, Reuben, what is it?"

"I've coted Sary."

"Then what?"

"Then we want to be j'ined."

"I see. Waal, come around in the mawnin' and jump over the broomstick and take her away with yo', and yo', Sary, go in and finish up them dishes."—M. Quad.

An Appropriate Text.

Native—The man yo're after is dead. He put the muzzle of a double barreled shotgun between his teeth, kicked the trigger with his toe and blew his brains out. He's buried in the cemetery over there.

Stranger—How shall I know his tombstone? Has it any inscription?

Native—Yes. It says, "He hath put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains."—New York Press.

No Mule Abroad.

A correspondent asks, "To decide a bet will you please state in the river column whether there was a mule on the ark or not?"

No, sir. Nary a mule. When Captain Noah built the ark as a high water packet in the Ararat trade and he went into the menagerie business, he found that he was "mule out" just as he got ready to leave on his maiden trip. He went ashore, and after looking around found a mule and would have made his animal show complete if he had been able to get him aboard the boat. Not being able to find a negro who would twist his tail and make him get aboard by walking the gangplank, and after trying to get his deck crew to coax, shove, lead or carry the mule aboard, he got mad, rung the bell, backed out and lit out for Ararat, leaving the mule a lonely, friendless beast until he was discovered by a negro. The two have been fast friends ever since.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Horrible Thought.

Wearied Father—They say that no matter how one suffers some one has suffered more. All the same, they couldn't beat me in this business, for I walk'd this child the entire night for fully six hours.

Mother (calmly)—Yes, George, dear, but suppose you lived up near the pole, where the nights are six months long?—Boston Traveler.

How They Took It.

The Thespian swelled his chest out with an air of importance.

"Did you notice how the audience took my performance last night?" he asked.

"Yes," was the prompt reply of the brother actor; "like a pill."—Chicago Post.

Fusel Oil.

Hargreaves—I made a mile on my wheel the other night in less time than I have ever been able to do so since.

Wallace—It must have been freshly oiled.

Hargreaves—No; I was.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Well Grounded Repute.

"You have deceived me. Before we were married you told me you were a prominent citizen."

"No fake about that. I am known to every one as the biggest liar in town."—Chicago Record.

The Peri Up to Date.

"Pa, what is a peri?"

"A peri is a woman who meets her tired husband at the door with a glass of iced lemonade and then sits down by him and fans him."—Exchange.

His Trouble.

Polly—What's Freddy crying for? Dolly—Because he dug a big hole in the garden and mother won't let him bring it into the house.—Pick Me Up.

The Cat's Jest.

"Oh, there are udders!" said the calf as he rejected the jar of buttermilk offered him by the farmer's son.—New York Journal.

Useful Baboon.

Certain wild animals can be trained to do very intelligently as servants of man, and even to exceed the dog in power of thought and action. Le Vaillant, the African traveler, says that he had a tame baboon which was not only sentinel, but hunter and purveyor of food and water. This monkey, by sheer force of brains, took command of the dogs which protected the camp and used and directed them just as the older baboons command and direct the rest of the tribe.

By his cries, says Le Vaillant, he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before even the dogs discovered it. They were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and at first I was vexed with them for deserting their duties, but when he had once given the alarm they would all stop to watch for his signal, and on the least motion of his eye, or the shaking of his head, I have seen them rush toward the quarter where his looks were directed.

I often carried him on my hunting expeditions, during which he would amuse himself by climbing trees in order to aid us in the pursuit of game.

When he was thirsty, he used to hunt about and discover some succulent tuber which was an effector under the circumstances as watermelon. One might say that he was not more clever than a truffle dog; but, though the dog can find a root, he cannot dig it up.

The baboon did both, having the advantage of hands, though he used these, not to extract the root, but to adjust his weight so as to use the leverage of his teeth to the best advantage.

He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, pressed his four paws on the earth, on all sides of it, and then drew his head slowly back. The root generally followed.

If this plan did not succeed, he seized the root as low down as he could, and then, throwing his heels over his head, turned a back somersault and came up smiling with the root in his mouth. It was easy to teach him that it was a part of his business to find these roots and that his master must "go shares."—Youth's Companion.

Plants That Eat Insects.

Francis Darwin, a son of the great naturalist, has been investigating the effect on insectivorous plants of supplying them with and withholding from them animal food. He grew ten of these carnivorous plants under similar conditions. One plant of the lot he fed with roast meat, one-fiftieth of a grain being placed on the secreting glands of the plant each hour, while from all the others all such food was carefully excluded. The results of this experiment were very marked in several particulars, the greatest being in the number, weight and vitality of its seeds. The number of seeds produced by the plant that was given its regular ration of animal matter was 240 to each 100 produced by plants which were unfed, while the total weight of the seeds was as 80 to 100. In other words, the plants which were restricted to a diet wholly vegetable were invalids compared with the plants that were furnished with animal food. The increased heaviness of the seeds is another item to be noted, as it certainly implies increased vitality. At least it is so with wheat, as any farmer will tell you, it being the rule that the heavier the grain the greater its fertility.—St. Louis Republic.

Not Made in Germany.

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How He Answered Them.

A well known artist received not long ago a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular the artist sat down and wrote the following letter:

GENTLEMEN—I am offering a prize of 50 cents for the best specimen of dried fruit and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender. Very truly yours,

—Bookman.

A Pilgrim.

An inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered, "A man what travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a good man!" I may mention that no one enjoyed that cheerful jest more than the inspector himself. It made him merry for days.—New York Advertiser.

Still a Good Risk.

Even if a life insurance agent should overhear a young man who is one of his risks telling a young woman that he would die for her he wouldn't feel a bit alarmed.—Somerville Journal.

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The Whaling Industry.

The trials and tribulations of the whaling industry defy the meager justice which the resources of a single paragraph afford. A volume might cover the subject. The difficulty about whaling is the uncertainty of whales. These mammals decline to be regulated by any signal service reporter and refuse in their migrations to respect precedent or the ambitions of the arctic oil works. The consequence is a skipper may cruise the northern latitudes, trying conclusions with icebergs and polar bears, endangering life and limb in a mangy old tub, encountering the perils of storm, wave and Eskimo, and all without sighting a spout or capturing a yard of whalebone. I listened recently to the mournful reminiscences of Captain Green, a hardy mariner of much experience, who after many years of laboring at the oil industry retired to a raisin ranch at Fresno. Owing to the decline of raisins, however, he took to the ocean again, equipped a vessel and sailed into the latitudes of winter. There he found an antique steam whaler, the Reindeer, and for two long and weary years they have kept each other company in the close knit sisterhood of misfortune. Once during the second year they sighted a whale, and Captain Green encompassed its capture. A lowhead it was, and no great prize. Tiring of cold, salt and ill luck, the twain decided at last to go south for rest and provisions. They started together, when something broke on the Reindeer, and she was condemned to delay until the damage might be repaired. How the gallant skipper cursed the misfortune which detained him among the icebergs! How he railed at fate! Two days later a school of whales hove in sight. The captain and crew dashed upon them and in four hours had killed a dozen giants, which meant at ruling prices at least \$60,000 worth of whalebones. However, it often happens in the arctic, as in the world, that the darkest moment of misfortune is the dusk that precedes the advent of prosperity.—San Francisco Wave.

Homing Pigeons.

When pigeons were to be sent back and forth, it has been usual to keep two sets, with their respective homes at either end of the course, and when they have reached their homes to carry them back to the places from which they are to be dispatched. An ingenious process has been devised to overcome this difficulty and cause the birds to fly with equal certainty in both directions. Pigeons, for example, whose home is in Paris are confined for several days at St. Denis and fed there at a stated hour every day with some favorite food which is not given them at their real home. They become in the course of time familiar with their new home and its choice dishes. When set at liberty, they start off at once for Paris without forgetting the good things they enjoyed at St. Denis. When they are to be sent back, they are made to fast a little while, and are then let loose at about feeding time at St. Denis. They go thither, and when they have their own way, time their going so as to be there at the exact moment of feeding. Birds have thus been taught to fly back and forth regularly between places 30 miles apart.—G. Renard in Popular Science Monthly.

Made in Germany.

Apparently one of the chief results of the idiotic "made in Germany" act is to render importers of foreign goods specially anxious to pass themselves off as British manufacturers, says London Truth. Here is a good example: The label round a matchbox extensively sold in London and the provinces bears a sort of trademark in the shape of a sailor's head, with the legend "England's heroes" and the following inscription in red and black letters:

"Manufactured by Martin Harris & Co., Ltd., Stratford, London, E."

"Support English Workpeople only by using English made matches."

This covers three sides of the box. The fourth is covered by a piece of sandpaper to strike the matches on. Remove this paper and you find underneath the further and still more interesting notification, "Printed in Germany."

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George Washington, when surveying for Lord Fairfax, is said to have carved his name on a rock of the natural bridge of Virginia, where many people profess to be able to see it.

WANTED—FAITHFUL MEN

or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Salary \$780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

GRANT AND PORTER.

The Latter's First Meeting With His Subsequent Chief.

While sitting in my quarters in the little town of Chattanooga about an hour after daylight on the evening of Friday, Oct. 23, 1865, an orderly brought me a message from General George H. Thomas, commander of the Army of the Cumberland, on whose staff I was serving, summoning me to headquarters. A storm had been raging for two days, and a chilling rain was still falling. A few minutes' walk brought me to the plain wooden, one-story dwelling occupied by the commander, which was situated on Walnut street, near Fourth, and upon my arrival I found him in the front room on the left side of the hall, with three members of his staff and several strange officers.

In an armchair facing the fireplace was seated a general officer, slight in figure and of medium stature, whose face bore an expression of weariness. He was carefully dressed, and his uniform coat was unbuttoned and thrown back from his chest. He held a lighted cigar in his mouth and sat in a stooping posture, with his head bent slightly forward. His clothes were wet, and his trousers and topboots were spattered with mud. General Thomas approached this officer, and, turning to me and mentioning me by name, said, "I want to present you to General Grant."

Thereupon the officer seated in the chair, without changing his position, glanced up, extended his arm to its full length, shook hands and said in a low voice and speaking slowly, "How do you do?" This was my first meeting with the man with whom I was destined afterward to spend so many of the most interesting years of my life.

The strange officers present were members of General Grant's staff. Charles A. Dana, assistant secretary of war, who had been for some time with the Army of the Cumberland, had also entered the room. The next morning he sent a dispatch to the war department, beginning with the words, "Grant arrived last night, wet, dirty and well."

"Campaigning With Grant," by General Horace Porter, in Century.

Her Loss His Gain.

Dramatic personae, a small street gamin leaning idly against a tree. On the opposite side of the street a young woman carrying her pocketbook in her hand. Coming toward her the ubiquitous man who rescues damsels in distress. Just as these two met on the muddy crossing the young woman dropped her pocketbook in the mud. It fell open, and the usual assortment of thimbles, pennies, scissors, samples and dimes was scattered broadcast.

"Allow me," said the young man, and the owner of the pocketbook blushed becomingly and allowed him to go down on his knees in the mud to rescue her possessions. When he had picked up the rolling dimes and pennies and restored them with the other articles to the purse, he saw that she was still uneasy.

"Is anything missing?" he asked solicitously.

"No. That is, nothing but a penny."

"Oh," and lifting his hat he walked on, not having received so much as a "thank you" for the service. But then she was very pretty.

There is a climax to this story. When the young woman had ceased looking for lost property, she went on her way, and the street gamin darted across the street from his post of observation, and in a moment he had found that lost penny under the stone where he saw it roll, and as he walked away with it hidden in his cheek butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

Coal Mine Worked by One Man.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray Creek colliery is worked by one man, T. Bolitho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small but to him valuable coal mine. There is another small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. The hauler's assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.—Exchange.

An Unexpected Greeting.

The gentle Elsie sat drearily in the gloaming in the front room.

She was very miserable, for on the previous night she had had words with her own, and now she fears her haughty Harold will not call.

She hears a step, a ring, a voice she knows, and some one speaking to the servants in the hall.

She will not wait until a light is brought, but gently calls, "Come in."

The visitor enters, and with a sigh of awful volume the fair Elsie casts herself into his arms and softly murmurs: "Oh, my darling, I am so glad you have come. I have so wanted to make it up and settle."

And he of the embrace remarked: "Well, miss, it's very nice of you, and I'm very glad, too, that you're going to settle up at last."

It was the gas collector.—Spare Moments.

LITERATURE

ARTS and SCIENCES

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Such is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.

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