

ODDS AND ENDS.

WHEN MA GETS NEW.

Aw, what's a feller a-goin' 'do  
When his ma gets new?  
When she gets so full of 'tis a fide  
She's got no time for little tads,  
An' wears a sweater, roset or froeze,  
An' a pair o' pants that bag at 'er knees,  
An' a corset an' rows an' spars an' walks,  
An' goes 't' f'zical culcher talks—  
Aw, what's a feller a-goin' 'do  
When his ma gets new?  
Nay! 'tis 'n' 't' worst f'v'er 'y' saw—  
I can't tell ma f'z 'n' 'ps!  
They act a-ike an' dress 't' same  
An' ride a wheel with a diamond frame;  
Smoke cigarette an' stay out nights  
To chide an' "ouglers" an' woman's rights  
Bend an' hone ev'ry day a punchin' bag;  
Call kids "oddies" on a horse a "rag."  
Darn! What's a feller a-goin' 'do  
When his ma gets new?  
I've been in one confual stew  
Since ma got new!  
I don't think life'll be worth two dimes  
F' I'm ticked with a golf stick my more  
times!  
Ma says she'll surely puncture my tire  
'F I don't keep baby out o' 'er fire,  
While she makes a century run or so,  
An' forgets all about her light bread dough.  
Aw, what's a feller a-goin' 'do  
When his ma gets new?  
—Herbert Grossman in Truth.

**Wanted to Be Truthful.**  
The sour and surly looking visitor called the little boy to him and took him on his knee. It so happened that at this particular time he wished to make friends with him in order to stand well with his parents.  
"I like little boys," said the visitor. The boy looked as if he doubted it, but he held his peace.  
"That is," explained the visitor, in order that there should be no mistake, "I like good little boys, and you're a good little boy, aren't you?"  
"Well," returned the boy cautiously, "there are a lot worse than me on our street."  
"I want that you should like me, too," persisted the visitor.  
Again the boy was wise enough to hold his peace, but he looked as if he thought the job was a pretty big one. The expression was not lost on the visitor.  
"Don't you like me now?" he asked. The boy looked at the visitor and sighed. Then he looked at his father, and his expression was one of great doubt.  
"Pop," he said at last, "does all that stuff that you told me about never telling a lie go or not?"  
Then the meeting was promptly adjourned amid considerable confusion.—Chicago Post.

**A Fable For Today.**  
A certain man who was trading in the south sea islands was captured by a cannibal chief.  
"Where are you from?" inquired the cannibal chief.  
"I am from Boston."  
"Alas!" said the cannibal chief, turning with a despairing gesture to his favorite wife! "Alas! I cannot kill and eat him."  
"Why not?"  
"I never could endure the taste of beans."  
Moral.—The advantage of Boston as a place of residence has not been overestimated.—San Francisco Examiner.

**By Order of the President.**  
"J. Addison, I wish you would watch the newspapers carefully and cut out for my inspection all the commencement essays and orations you find."  
"Yes, your excellency; but may I inquire why you want them?"  
"Certainly, I want to know how to dispose of certain grave questions which are pressing for solution."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

**Well Informed.**  
Ann Hannah—But Mr. Skorcher doesn't seem to be the kind of man you would take to. Do you consider him well informed?  
Mabel—Well informed, auntie! For mercy's sake, what are you thinking of? Why, there isn't a man in all my acquaintance who can talk bicycle so entertainingly as Mr. Skorcher.—Boston Transcript.

**Harassing Poor Pegasus.**  
"John, dear," said the poet's wife, "I wish you'd write a poem that'll buy three pounds of beef, and we'll need a sonnet for ham, an' ode for a sack of flour, a lyric for lard and a quatrain for a box of matches. There, I believe that's all this morning."—Atlanta Constitution.



**A Long Horse.**  
Bubbles—I hear you have an artesian well on your place now.  
Jursey—Yes, I was lying on the grass and the mosquito missed.—New York Journal.  
There Were Others.  
"At thy shrine, O Cupid," she whispered, "I sink upon my bended knee."  
The fair god shrugged his shoulders impatiently.  
"The idea," he exclaimed, "of a girl using her own knee for such a purpose!"—Detroit Journal.  
A Disappointing Dream.  
"I dreamed last night," said the tourist, "that I had found a \$20 bill."  
"Gee, 'll bet you was happy!" said the bystander.  
"No, I wasn't. I waked up before I could buy a drink."—Typographical Journal.

A Well Filled Valise.

A certain hotel keeper who keeps an unpretentious establishment in Algiers not far from the passenger station of the Southern Pacific railway says that in future he will not take baggage in security for board without having it photographed under the X rays. "One month ago," said he, "a well dressed fellow who owed me for two weeks' board came to me and told me that as he was in financial difficulties of a purely temporary character he would like to leave his valise in security for the bill. He said he would redeem it in two weeks, or if he failed to do so I might sell the valise and its contents. The bag was not worth 50 cents, but as he was well dressed I concluded that a roomy valise stuffed almost to bursting with the wardrobe of such a swell would much more than pay the \$14 he owed me. I allowed him to take away the rest of his stuff without any hesitation. "Well, the two weeks passed, and I did not have any message from the swell, but the valise remained undisturbed. A week later my housekeeper came to me and said that two of my best pillows were missing. They were big ones, worth about \$4 apiece, and I did not like the notion of losing them, you may be sure. I felt sore, and in an aimless sort of way began looking around behind the office counter, not because I had any notion of finding them there, but just because I had nowhere else to look without leaving the desk to take care of itself. Suddenly my eye rested on that big valise that owed me \$14, and then a kind of sick feeling came over me. I opened it in a hurry—it contained nothing but my two big pillows."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not an Anthem.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert told a good story against Sir Arthur Sullivan and himself at the Savage club. While "The Mikado" was in process of incubation the collaborators decided that it would be an excellent thing to herald the entry of the Japanese monarch by a suitable Japanese tune set to real Japanese words, and they appealed to a gentleman learned in matters concerning the far east to help them in their difficulty. The result was the chorus in the second act, "Mya sama, mya sama," the strains of which are also heard with such singular effect in the overture. Until quite recently Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan were under the impression that this air belonged to something in the national anthem; but it now seems that they have been badly sold. A friend of Mr. Gilbert, who saw "The Mikado" the other day for the first time, has written a letter complimenting the author and composer upon the general scheme of their local color, but expressing astonishment at the introduction of the "Mya sama" chorus, the tune of which he declares to be that of a song sung only in the lowest taverns of Yokohama and calculated to make the lord chamberlain's hair stand on end.—Public Opinion.

Valuable Pennies.

A striking instance of the desirability of taking care of pennies was seen in the sale at Sotheby's of the second portion of the Montagu collection of English coins, which was particularly rich in Anglo-Saxon and other old pennies, chiefly in silver. The following are some of the prices obtained: Canute penny of London mint, £13 10s.; Hardicanute penny of Aylesbury, £11 6s.; Harold II Chelsea penny (unique), the only coin known from this mint, from the Brice collection, £18 13s.; Harold Bristol penny, £10 10s.; William the Conqueror Stamford penny (unique), £12 10s.; William Rufus Leicester penny, £10; Henry I Canterbury penny, £11 15s.; St. Edmunds penny (unpublished), £14 15s.; Carlisle penny (unique), £10 10s.; Wallingford penny, £11 15s., and Wareham penny (rare), £12 15s. The day's sale realized about £800.—London Telegraph.

What Produces Perfume.

According to M. Eugene Mesnard, it is not oxygen but light which is the main cause of the transformation and destruction of the odoriferous principles, although in many cases the two agents act in concert. In producing the perfume of plants light acts both as a chemical and mechanical power. The intensity of the perfume of flowers depends upon the balance established at every hour of the day between the pressure of water in their cellulides, which tends to drive the perfumes outward, and the drying action of light. Where there is too much heat there is too little scent. This is due to the excess of light and the dearth of water.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Fine Wire is Made.

The finest wire in the country is made at Taunton, Mass. This metal cobweb of minute diameter is exactly the one-fifth-hundredth part of an inch in thickness—much finer than human hair. Ordinary wire, even though of small diameter, is drawn through holes in steel plates, but, on account of the wear, such plates cannot be used in making the hair wire. The Taunton factory mentioned uses drilled diamonds for that purpose.

His Tip.

"Don't I get a tip?" asked the barber after he had finished cutting the tall man's hair.  
"What for?" asked the tall man.  
"Why, for taking such good care of you. Gentlemen generally give me something."  
"Well, so will I," said the tall man as he took his tally. "You may keep the hair."—Pick Me Up.

Celebrated Playing Cards.

The most celebrated pack of playing cards in the world, "Tarocci di Mantegna," was sold by auction in London for \$560, and is complete at that, for five cards are wanting, their places being taken by facsimiles of the originals. The pack is interesting as a series of Italian engravings of the fifteenth century.

A DISH OF SNAILS.

Profits in Snails of More Than 1,000,000 Francs Annually.

It may surprise many readers to learn that the common garden snail, regarded as an unmitigated pest by agriculturists in this country, is used for food by thousands of persons, and when properly cooked is esteemed a dainty dish by epicures in all the great cities of the world. Not only is this the case in foreign countries, where the overcrowding of the population renders it obligatory that everything edible should be eaten, but here in America, where in New York the arrival of the French steamers with their cargoes of snails is an event of importance in gastronomic circles, and the leading French restaurants advertise the dish as a special attraction. Like other homely animals which serve for food, the snail changes his name when he comes to the table and takes the French title.  
Thus, as the pig becomes pork, the ox beef and the sheep mutton, the snail figures on bills of fare as l'escargot, a much more imposing designation. Like many other dishes esteemed by epicures, it comes to us by way of France from Italy, for the French, who are the masters of the world in cookery, learned the art originally from the Italians. The ancient Romans, whose emperors and nobles lived to eat, and who not infrequently spent a fortune on a single feast, considered l'escargot a choice delicacy. Pliny mentioned it as among the table luxuries of his day, and Apicius, in a treatise on cooking, enumerates several ways of cooking the dish, the most extravagant being with a sauce of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, wheat flour and saffron.  
L'escargot has always been regarded as nutritious and wholesome. In the middle ages he was used as medicine and pounded in a mortar. Stewed in milk, he was regarded as a specific in lung diseases. He has always been eaten in the south of France, where he does immense damage to the vines, and the grape growers are glad to be rid of him and make money at the same time by sending him to market. Indeed, he forms an important source of revenue, and his yearly sales in Paris alone are said to approximate 1,000,000 francs. While he feeds chiefly on the grass leaf, he is also fond of cabbages, and, indeed, will eat any green herb or tender leaf. For this reason the snails, when gathered, are always placed in casks and kept without food in a cool place for at least two months in order to purify them. They have a fancy for both hemlock and belladonna, and cases of poisoning sometimes occur as a result of eating snails which have not been properly cleansed—i. e., starved—before being brought to table. He is classed by the dealers as among shellfish and is in great demand as a Lenten delicacy. Heaps of them are exposed for sale on the counters at the halles, side by side with lobsters and crawfish, for the crawfish is another French dainty. It has long been the custom in Bordeaux to go on Ash Wednesday to the commune of Gauderan, which is noted for its escargots (small farms) to feast upon escargot by way of winding up the carnival and kissing Lent.  
Along the Cote d'Or and in the lower Alps snail picking furnishes employment to hundreds of people and is carried on much as berry picking. In the early morning, when the slimy trail of the snail glisters wherever he has crawled during the night, the pickers go forth with baskets and pails. They find the snails in damp places, resting on the under surface of leaves and weeds and gather them just as the farmer's boy picks dewberries or huckleberries. These are snails of natural growth, wild snails, we would say.  
But snails are largely cultivated for the market, and one farm near Dijon is said to clear 7,000 francs a year from its snails, which are fed upon cabbage and clover. There are many large snail gardens in the cantons of Switzerland, and Ulm has for many years been famous for its escargoteries. Great numbers of snails come to Spain, and the Midi from the African states bordering on the Mediterranean, bushels of them being exported from Algiers every week during the season.  
You will find them on the bill of fare in every restaurant in Paris, or you may buy them in the markets, either alive or boiled in strong salt and vinegar water and drawn from the shell all ready for cooking, in which state the Parisian housekeeper prefers them, and in which she pays a cent apiece for them.—What to Eat.

The Care of Parks.

A point to be insisted upon is that it is not sufficient to purchase land for parks. They must be planted with care and maintained with taste, and to keep them in condition renewed expenditure is necessary. They cannot merely be purchased and left to nature and the public. They must be cultivated, pruned, policed, and the expense of preserving their beauty and usefulness must not be begrudged by taxpayers who reap such great advantages from them. Too many have the idea that the purchase of a park is the end of the matter. This is far from being the case, and exertions must constantly be made to secure liberal appropriations for its proper maintenance. Much difficulty exists in impressing this fact upon citizens, but in time they will realize that a great advantage continuous liberal support, and we may be sure that they will then be as generous in maintaining and improving the parks of the country as they have proved to be in purchasing them.—Mary C. Robbins in Atlantic.

A Proper Protest.

"Sir," he shouted, "do you not realize that your actions place me in a bad light before the public?"  
Though overcome with confusion, the property man managed to get the glare of the calcium on the center of the stage, where strode he who had just spoken.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A SCIENTIST SAVED.

President Barnaby, of Hartsville College, Survives a Serious Illness Through the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.  
The Hartsville College, situated at Hartsville, Indiana, was founded years ago in the interest of the United Brethren Church, when the state was mostly a wilderness, and colleges were scarce. The college is well known throughout the country, former students having gone into all parts of the world.



PROF. ALVIN P. BARNABY.  
A reporter recently called at this famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the President, Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. To-day he was apparently in the best of health. In response to an inquiry the professor said:  
"Oh, yes, I am much better than for some time. I am now in perfect health; but my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way."  
"Tell me about it," said the reporter.  
"Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor, "I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to educate myself for the profession of completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I entered the ministry, and accepted the charge of a United Brethren Church at a small place in Kent County, Mich. Being of an ambitious nature, I applied myself diligently to my work and studies. In time I noticed that my health was failing. My trouble was indigestion, and this with other troubles brought on nervousness.  
"My physician prescribed for me for some time, and advised me to take a change of climate. I did as he requested and was some improved. Soon after, I came here as professor in physics and chemistry, and later was financial agent of this college. The change agreed with me, and for awhile my health was better, but my duties were heavy, and again I found my trouble returning. This time it was more severe and in the winter I became completely prostrated. I tried various medicines and different physicians. Finally, I was able to return to my duties. Last spring I was elected president of the college. Again I had considerable work, and the trouble, which had not been entirely cured, began to affect me, and last fall I collapsed. I had different doctors, but none did me any good. Professor Bowman, who is professor of natural science, told me of his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a similar case, and I concluded to try them.  
"The first box helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experienced from the treatment of any physician. After using six boxes of the medicine I was entirely cured. To-day I am perfectly well; I feel better and stronger than for years. I certainly recommend this medicine."  
To allay all doubt Prof. Barnaby cheerfully made an affidavit before  
LYMAN J. SCUDDEB, Notary Public.  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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WORKING IT BACKWARD.

Remarkable Things Shown by the Kinetoscope When Reversed.  
"Impossible" Made Possible by Means of the Modern Inventions in the Electrical Field" furnished the theme of a lecture given recently by Professor G. Queroult in the Paris Academy of Sciences. During some of his experiments he hit upon the idea to turn around photographic records and also the series of pictures seen through the kinetoscope, respectively the kinematograph. Having photographed a plant at regular intervals and shown in the kinetoscope the growth, the development of the stem, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit, the same consequence of photographic pictures reversed was presented to the eye of the astonished academicians, who wondered at the fruit turning into flowers, flowers into buds, buds drawing back into themselves and disappearing, the leaves closing, getting smaller and disappearing, the stem getting shorter and shorter, until the earth closes over it.  
The most incredible things are developed before the eyes of the spectator if a most ordinary series of such pictures is reversed. A drinker takes up an empty glass and replaces it full upon the table; a smoker sees the stump of a cigar flying at his feet, the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his mouth and into his cigar, which is gradually lengthened and finally replaced in the pocket. A wrestler, who has probably thrown away his garments, is recovered with them by their, so to speak, walking up on him into their places, while he himself performs motions of which we can understand nothing because we never saw these most ordinary motions performed backward; a man, for instance, seated at a table before an empty plate, works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth, until the chicken is whole again on the dish before him, and the side dishes are also returned full to their respective places. In order to fully enjoy an exhibition of the kinetoscope, such an exhibition should be completed by arranging alongside of each other the same scenes in regular order in one machine and reversed in another. It would be advisable, however, to inform the spectators previous to their looking at such a reversed series of pictures, for otherwise they might think themselves the victim of a dream, a hallucination, or something worse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cigars in England.

"Englishmen and Americans differ in many things," said the observant tobaccoist, as he handed over six warranted Havanas to his customer. "I don't refer to their ideas on democracy or monarchy; it's the little things I notice, and particularly those connected with my own business. Did you ever notice an Englishman choosing a cigar? He always puts it to his ear and squeezes it between his forefinger and thumb. He does this to see if it will crackle. If an Englishman likes a dry cigar, the drier the better, while the American prefers his damp. If you asked for a damp cigar in London the storekeeper would think either that you were joking—a thing to which he has a rooted objection—or that it was your first smoke, in which case he probably would try to palm off a twopenny cabbage as a straight Havana. Those tricks are not confined to this side of the ocean.  
"Here we keep our cigars in a damp place. Over there, where about everything is soaking, they keep them in the driest spot they can find. They even go so far as to say that no man who lives by the sea can have decent cigars. I suppose it's natural. When a man's dry he always wants something wet, and vice versa. Perhaps if I had the misfortune to live on a foggy island I'd want my cigars like tinder."—New York Sun.

Hope When You Are Hard Up.

The hopeful phase is when we seek work for the first time. Possibly we are entire strangers to the great city and its ways. We have entered its gates without introduction, with little experience of life, less money, and yet with the grand idea of stepping into some lucrative appointment that may be had almost for the asking. If of an adventurous and enterprising spirit, we are prepared to enjoy this new experience. The nativity city has a fascination for us. Its streets, its buildings, the faces of its inhabitants—all touch our fancy. We set off full of hope. We are so sure that fate has something bright in store for us. We go from agent to agent, from editor to editor, from publisher to publisher. Agents are naturally pleased to pocket their fees as they smilingly assure us they will do their best to find us work. Editors receive us with a tired air and point to a pile of unread manuscripts. Poor editors! Publishers do us the honor of assuming that we have a book for inspection. Business employers scan us with a commercial eye. "No business capacity" is their inward comment. We read it in their faces.—Good Words.

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 "Put Yourself in His Place" holds the second place in popularity with the inmates of the prison.

Scientific American.

None who are engaged in any of the mechanical pursuits can succeed without reading and studying this standard Magazine of Sciences and mechanical Arts. It is illustrated with all modern cuts of latest inventions in all the branches of mechanism, and its fund of knowledge is inseparably connected with inventors and mechanics. Sold with THE WEST at clubbing rates.

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