

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

**The Ways of the Country.**  
In the morning Mr. Thomas brought out and saddled his mule, cleaned and loaded his shotgun and was about to ride away when I asked him if he were going on a journey.  
"Only just over to Scottsville," he replied.  
"I was thinking of going over there myself, to see if I had any mail. Haven't you got another mule around the place?"  
"I've got the new all right," he replied, scratching his head and looking around, "but you'd better just wait till tomorrow. Bein' you ar' a stranger yere, yo' don't know the ways of the kentry and might git inter trouble."  
"What sort of trouble?"  
"Waal, stranger, let me scriber explain things to yo'. That ar mule has got a gait on him, and I'm goin over to Scottsville to ride him in a race ag'in Dan Carter's mule."  
"Then I should certainly like to go over. I don't remember that I ever saw a race between mules."  
"What I'm sayin to yo', stranger, is that yo' don't know the ways of the kentry and had best stick right here till tomorrow. In the first place, me'n Dan Carter ain't any too friendly. He's a great hand to blow around, and if he gets to blowin' too much that'll be a foul and no mule race. The foul will start between me'n Dan, but b'fo' it's through all the crowd will mix in. If yo' was there, yo'd probably git hurt. Is that plain?"  
"Yes."  
"If Dan don't git to blowin', mebbe I will," he continued. "I ain't much of a hand to blow, but I can't allus hold myself down. If I blow, it will be the same as if he blowed—a foul and no' or less shootin, and nobody kin tell how many will be hurt. Can't yo' understand that?"  
"I think I do."  
"Waal, mebbe thar won't be any

blowin' 'tall, and me'n Dan will hev a drink together. Arter awhile we'll git them mules out for the race, and Dan he'll want to work things so that his critter will git about ten feet to start. Dan's purty straight on most things, but when it comes to a mule race he'd beat his own father. If I see that he's workin' ag'in me, I'll git mad, and I'll be a foul, and just who'll be killed and who'll git away nobody can't say. Wouldn't like to git shot, I reckon?"  
"No, of course not."  
"Mebbe Dan won't work ag'in me," continued mine host, "but if he don't I may work ag'in him. Ten feet is a purty good start in a mule race, and I want it if I kin git it. If Dan sees I'm tryin to git it, thar'll be a foul and a lot of shootin, and I can't skasily see no call for yo' to mix in."  
"It seems to me that you ought to pull off a race without any jangle," I said, feeling anxious to go along.  
"Yes, mebbe it does," he replied as he mounted his mule, "but that's kase yo' don't know the ways of the kentry. Just take my advice and stay to hum, and if I cum back alive I'll tell yo' all about it this evenin'."  
He came back alive, but he had a bullet in his shoulder and had been stabbed twice, and as I assisted Mrs. Thomas to bind up his wounds he explained:  
"Thar was a foul, jest as I said thar would be, and sum ten or eleven men cum out wuss than I did. Jest as well yo' wasn't thar, stranger. Yo' don't know the ways of the kentry, and these four critters was axin arter yo' to blow yer head off!"  
**There Was No Shooting.**  
We were side tracked at Blue Hill to wait for the express, when a man dressed in cowboy's garb and having two guns and a knife in his arsenal came riding up to the station on a cayuse. All the passengers on the platform and in the cars had a look at him as he dismounted, and it was the general verdict that he was a bad man and must be treated tenderly. He was enjoying the attention he attracted, when another man came riding up from the opposite direction. He was also mounted on a cayuse and had guns and a knife and a bad appearance. He dismounted within 20 feet of the other and then drew himself up stiff as a ramrod and looked the first comer over with an expression of deep contempt on his face. It was plain to see that there was bad blood between them, and the women and children were hustled into the sitting room to be clear of the expected row. Of a sudden each man rested his hand on the butt of a pistol and looked defiantly at the other. Then each stepped back, lifted his hand and began walking up and down the platform.  
"There's going to be bloodshed and death here if we don't interfere," whispered the baldheaded man who had a

## CARRY THEIR EGGS.

### LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORERS THAT DO THIS.

**The Nest of the Albatross and Some Others Is Where They Sit Down—An Island in the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.**

Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and degrees. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and as the boat ran on to a rock that apparently afforded a landing, the birds, instead of moving away, seemed determined to resent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men, who, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and oars, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.  
The party then formed a compact body, and, armed with boat-hooks to push the shrieking throng aside, moved up what apparently was a street here and there dotted with singular stool-like objects about 3 feet in width, larger at the top. These were the nests of the albatross, and, as the men were especially desirous of obtaining a set of eggs, they observed the nests very carefully, but in every instance the bird when approached shuffled clumsily away, and no eggs were found, though the birds were supposed to be sitting upon them.  
Finally a nest was found containing an egg, but just as the men drew near the bird alighted and took her place upon it, eying them with suspicion and uttering a curious half hissing sound. They waited for her for a few moments and then forced her from the nest, when, to their amazement, the egg had disappeared as completely as though it had been swallowed up. The nest was examined closely and finally torn apart, the men thinking that possibly the egg might have slipped into it in some mysterious way, but without success.  
One of the party attempted to catch an albatross, and while he was following the bird in a ludicrous chase over the stubble an egg suddenly appeared, dropped by the running bird, which had all the time been carrying it, not under her wing, as she is supposed to do at sea by superstitious sailors, but in a peculiar sack in the skin provided by nature for this very purpose.  
The albatross is famed for its power of flight, following vessels hundreds of miles. Yet when nesting it apparently forgets that it has wings, as it can be handled and pushed about in the nest, making no attempt to fly or move unless driven away by blows. This may be due to the fact that the egg is held in the curious sack and the bird instinctively knows that it cannot fly off with it; so it resists.  
This alby bird is called the molly auk. And its cousin, the great albatross, has a similar habit, the egg, which is five inches in length, almost as large as that of a swan, being held in a perfect incubating pouch.  
On Marion island the explorers found the great king penguin—a bird which stands half as high as a man, with its bill pointing directly upward instead of as with other birds. As they landed and approached the singular creatures, which had been standing about, they hopped away slowly, but not an egg could be found, a set of which was the object of the visit.  
The birds had a peculiar movement. Instead of walking and moving one foot after the other, or alternately, they held them close together and hopped. This excited the laughter of the men, who finally toppled a bird over, whereupon the egg rolled out upon the sand.  
The king penguin was also an egg carrier, not only holding it while standing still, but carrying the big egg about with it by placing it in a pouch for the purpose, holding it in with the broad webbed feet that are kept closely together. This explained the curious hopping motion of the birds, as they could not move their feet without dropping the egg, but the moment one was forced to give up the prize it ran away, using both feet, like ordinary birds.  
This remarkable habit does away with the necessity of a nest, as the bird carries its egg with it as it moves about. In these instances the birds rarely transport the egg to a great distance. If undisturbed, they probably remain about a certain locality, but there are birds which have been known to transport their eggs from one place to another, literally flying away with them. When Audubon first heard this story of the night hawk, called Chuck Will's widow, he thought it a story of the negroes. Some insisted that the bird carried the egg away under its wing; others that it rolled the egg over the ground. To determine the truth Audubon concealed himself in the woods under a nest, having first handled the eggs, and waited to see what the old bird would do. The first bird to arrive appeared very dejected at the discovery that the secret home had been found, ruffling up its feathers and uttering a moaning cry just audible to the listener. Then the mate arrived, and, after various movements indicative of alarm, each bird took an egg in its capacious mouth and flew softly away.  
Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, observed the collared gannet of the Cape of Good Hope carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a veritable trap when the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the dusk between day and night.  
Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the claws, while it is well known that the wood duck carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

# A PIONEER SHOEMAKER.

## WORKING AT HIS TRADE ALTHOUGH EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

Mr. James McMillen, of Champaign, Has Followed the Shoemaker's Trade All His Life—Every Day at His Bench Working with Apparently the Same Vigor as a Young Man—A Sketch of His Life.

From the Gazette, Champaign, Ill.  
At the advanced age of eighty-five years, James McMillen, of 112 West Washington street, is one of the most active men in Champaign, Illinois. Mr. McMillen is a pioneer citizen of the city, and his form is as familiar on the streets as that of any citizen of the town. All his life Mr. McMillen has followed the trade of shoemaker, and every day finds him at his bench, bending over his work with apparently the same vigor he commanded when he was a young man.  
He has a little shop on North Wright street, in the vicinity of the University of Illinois, and he is the official shoemaker, as it were, for the students of that institution.  
About a year ago Mr. McMillen was absent from his bench for several weeks, and his familiar form was missed along the streets. The local newspapers announced that he was dangerously ill. For months he was a sufferer, but finally he appeared again at his shop, and has not been very few days since then and none, perhaps, on account of sickness. His friends were surprised to see him out again, and they were more surprised when he told them the cause of his recovery.  
There was no small amount of local interest in his case, and a reporter visited him, to have him relate the story.  
"I feel," said the spry old gentleman, "that I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Some time ago it appeared to me that I was almost a physical wreck. I was suffering from a disease of the kidneys. A thick scurf had formed on the bottoms of my feet and my ankles were terribly swollen and inflamed. In fact, they reached such a condition that I could not walk, and it looked as though my days were numbered."  
"I read in the newspaper testimonials from people who claimed to have been cured of kidney trouble by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and thought that it would do me no harm to give them a trial. I bought a box of them at the drug store and began taking them according to directions. I may seem strange, but it is a fact that I felt the benefit of them almost as soon as I began to take them. After I had taken a few pills my urinal discharges became almost as black as tar and I noticed at the same time that the pain and soreness were leaving my kidneys."  
"A few days later the swelling began to go out of my ankles, and at the end of five weeks it had entirely disappeared, taking with it that terrible scurf which had formed on the bottoms of my feet and caused me so much trouble. I continued to gather my bit strength, and at the end of six weeks I had entirely recovered and resumed my work at the shop. I think I took from four to five boxes of the pills and have taken none since."  
Mr. McMillen's residence on West Washington street, is more than a mile distant from his shop, but nearly every day he walks the entire distance, morning and evening, and he could not do this if that swelling still existed.  
Mr. McMillen has no backwardness in talking of the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He says that the pills contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid 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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## 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 nightfall on the evening of Friday, Oct. 23, 1863, 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 building 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 carelessly 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 he have melted in his mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Dew.

Professor—Now, Tommy, tell us what you know about the dew that fall in the night.  
Tommy—They are the only dew that don't have to be paid.—Washington Times.

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## 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 have the 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 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.

## Remarkable Story About Ants.

A traveler returned from South Africa tells of a singular combat that he once witnessed in a deep forest in the heart of the dark continent. Happening to cast his eyes toward the ground he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace, followed by 100 or more small ants. Being quicker in their movements than the worm, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pursuing for an instant, the caterpillar would turn his head and catch the ant in such a way as to kill it almost instantly. This slaughter of their fellows did not seem to have any effect upon the attacking horde, the place of the dead warrior being presently filled by another hero willing to sacrifice his life. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his tormentors the worm began to show signs of fatigue, whereupon the ants made a combined attack. At this the worm sought safety by gliding a stalk of grass, going up tail first and defending himself with his head and strong jaws. Seeing themselves outdone on that score the ants set to work and soon felled the stalk with their mandibles. When this was done, they all pounced upon the helpless worm and made short work of him.—St. Louis Republic.

## Artist De Chavannes.

M. Paris de Chavannes, the French painter, lives in Montmartre. His palace consists of a studio, a bedroom and a dressing room; his furniture, a big table, a few armchairs and a sofa. His ordinary garb is a long, brown, monkish looking dressing gown. His working studio is at Neuilly, outside of Paris, a bare room was enough for his great canvases. Here he works alone on a ladder every day from 9 in the morning until evening, stopping only for a light repast at noon.

# Scientific American.

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