

ODDS AND ENDS.

PRAYERS THE LITTLE CHILDREN SAY.

The prayers the little children say—
They are not fine of speech,
But they look at every
Then say some could teach.
And they reach farther up to heaven
Than water prayers can reach.
The angels may to hear each day
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say
No telling angel brings
They pass right through the shining ray
That scurries offish things.
(They are so little that they slip
Between the guarding wings)
And God says, "Hush and give them way!"
The prayers the little children say.

The prayers the little children say—
Ah, if I knew the name
For this, so wise and quaint and gray,
Walk wearily and lame,
And by the time they come to God
They have forgot his name.
Would you say some time learn to pray
The prayers the little children say!
—Fest Wheeler in New York Press.

TROUBLE FOR HIS HONESTY.

The Negative Reward of Virtue in the Windy City by the Lake.

"A queer thing happened to me," said Bailey, lighting a fresh cigar. "It was only one of those incidents of street travel that might happen to any one, but annoying from the misconception put upon it."

"Let's hear it," said the other fellows, making themselves comfortable.

"I was riding on the electric," said Bailey, "and in the seat opposite was a pretty girl."

"Oh, you consider yourself a judge?" remarked one of the crowd.

"I certainly do, and I let her see that I appreciated her good looks. But my admiration made no impression. The young woman busied herself in getting her fare ready, and I watched her as she deftly extracted a dime from her pocketbook and held it on the palm of a pretty hand, ready for the conductor."

"You were hit hard, Bailey."

"Then I thought me of my own fare, and as I was holding a newspaper in my hand I rose and dived down into my pocket for a nickel. The conductor came along and I handed it to him just as my vis-a-vis said:

"What has become of my 10 cents?"

"There she sat staring at her hand, which was no longer occupied by the piece of silver. We all looked for it, but it had disappeared, and she found a nickel with which she paid her fare. At that moment I slipped my hand into my overcoat pocket and found there the 10 cent piece."

"How could you identify it?" asked one of the boys.

"I never carry money in an outside pocket. Besides it had not been there a moment before. No, I know how it happened. My paper had whisked it from her hand, and it had dropped from it to my pocket, as I explained to her."

"Was she surprised? What did she say?"

"Boys, I can't tell you all she said. Please don't ask me. She remarked that no one could judge by appearances, and she hoped it was my first beginning in a life of crime; that if I had been hardened I would not have returned it to her, but that probably I saw that she suspected me, and a lot more, while the fellows in the other seats were guffing me. But you can't your bottom dollar I never find any woman's money and return it to her again. Not much, Mary Ann."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE WELL MANNERED BOY.

He Is Simply Charming, but Altogether Too Scarce.

Is there anything more charming in this world than a nice, well-mannered boy? I don't want to be hypercritical, but I must add, as I am a strictly veracious woman, that they are, alas, as rare as they are charming.

Such a boy, the well-mannered genios, thank heavens, I met not long ago, and my instant thought was, What a fine mother his must be. I know her by reputation, a celebrated actress, who has carefully shielded her private life from the public, and my estimation of that woman immediately rose 50 degrees. None but a woman of culture, refinement and true nobility of character could rear a son whose every lightest word showed respect for women, innate good breeding, and, best of all, in this day of affected skepticism among the jeunesse doree, an honest belief in the existence of good among men and women in general.

And I couldn't help thinking sorrowfully as I chatted with this delightful boy how few mothers really understand their meter. It's the most responsible work in the world, that of motherhood, and is entered into with the least training and preparation. Women are proverbially proud, vain, their masculine critics say, and I wonder whether they realize how they are reflected in their children? If they did, would they not make a greater effort to have reflected only their good points, their gentleness, breeding, and, above all, their faith in human nature.—Philadelphia Record.

The Scaly Ant Eater.

An animal made of tin plate, of the shape of an elongated fir cone, about three feet in length, which crackles and rattles with every movement, is one of the latest acquisitions of the Zoological society of London. Its name is the pangolin, or scaly ant eater, and it belongs to the same family group as the armadillo and platypus. It has excited great attention at the zoo, for it is—if we are correctly informed—the first animal of the kind which has been exhibited there. Its home is where the termites, or white ants, are found, for the animal feeds on these destructive creatures and possesses claws which are designed to break down their strongholds. The claws are also necessary for burrowing in the ground, for the pangolin excavates a cave for himself and his mate eight feet or so below the surface of the earth, and in this strange home one or two young are produced every year. The pangolin at present at the zoo is fed upon ants and their eggs, and also exhibits a partiality for cockroaches scalded in milk. The scales with which its body is covered are hard and sharp as steel, and it can give a terribly cutting blow with its powerful tail. It can roll its body up into a ball like a hedgehog when it is so willed.—Public Opinion.

Clerical Dances.

It is to be feared that clergymen who have entered the church through theological colleges are wretched scholars as a rule. The bishops have lately found it necessary to insist on an entrance examination on general subjects before admission to a theological college can be granted, and the results have been decidedly startling. The requirements are almost ridiculously elementary—a couple of books of Xenophon's "Anabasis," some quite easy Latin, two books of Euclid and so forth. Nevertheless, it is stated that a large number of candidates for orders are so grossly ignorant that they have been unable to get through this exceedingly easy ordeal.—London Truth.

Creeping on a Stomach.

Doctor—Don't be alarmed, I was sicker than you are a year ago, and with the same trouble. Today I am well and hearty.

Patient (anxiously)—Oh, doctor, tell me, who was your physician?—Waterbury.

TOMMY CRUSE.

In Hard Luck When He Struck Drums Lammond and Heesop's Out.

When I met Tommy Cruse, his only asset was a serious danger, for his five underfed and underbred ponies were about to be seized for overdue taxes. I could not help Tommy with money, but I tried to with advice. "Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred dollars," I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Mon., at that period and ran a small savings bank. Tommy Cruse "tried old Sam Ashby." All he got, however, was some pretty free talk, in which the banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw his money into the home of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow.

Tommy Cruse got the money, however. Three weeks later he located the great Drum Lammond gold mine. He knew he had a big thing, but somehow he could make nobody believe in his mine. For years he worked at it, however, living at times a dog's life.

Once, while talking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious. He had not eaten a mouthful of food for 36 hours, and yet, with dogged persistence, had worked on till he fell in his tracks. At last his day came. He opened up a big vein and had \$1,000,000 to his credit in a good safe bank. Hard times over, he decided to pose as a "solid citizen," so he opened a savings bank in Helena. One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, banker, for a small loan was the one time banker, old Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector the happiest moment of his life, one that wiped out all memory of starvation and privation. For Tommy Cruse, showing his would-be customer to the door, assured that customer, in language too emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw his money into the house of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow as Sam Ashby.—Columbia Magazine.

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.

He Waited Long For Results, and They Came With a Rush.

"It was more than 30 years ago that I decided the thing was ready to be put on the market," said the inventor of a compound that has now passed out of the category of patent medicines and become well introduced. "The question that bothered me was how to get the stuff before the people and make them personally acquainted with its qualities, so that I might find out whether my own faith and confidence in the article were justified. But how was I to get it into people's hands? That was the question that I had to answer. I went to the wholesale druggists, and they said it would be useless to put it on their shelves, as nobody would buy it. I sent it to doctors, but that did very little toward getting the article into the hands of the people. I gave it away at fairs, and the result was that a small portion of the people there got nearly all of the stuff, while the others went without any. Plainly that would not do. But I didn't know yet what I would do."

"After awhile it occurred to me that I would start a man in a buggy driving in a certain direction. He was to distribute the stuff to everybody he met on the road, and in that way the stuff would finally get into the hands of the people. I was going to have relays enough to stretch a line across the country and start a man from the west to come east through the territory the other man could not reach. I was going to send the stuff on ahead, so that at different points on the road the man would be supplied with enough to give away."

"The fellow started on his long trip and distributed thousands of packages of the stuff. Other men started in different directions, and there were only a few thinly populated and remote corners of the country that could not have some personal experience of my invention. The men finished their trips and I waited. But no response came. The people whom I had expected to answer with a cry for what I had given them remained mute. A year passed, and every cent of available capital had gone into the scheme. Thousands of dollars had gone, and evidently no more had been done toward creating a demand than if the stuff had been locked in a closet and left there. I strained hard, but I never could hear the voice of the public calling for my invention. The months were miserable with suspense and despair until suddenly the public, to speak metaphorically, roared at me. The rush had started in a way I could never understand."—New York Sun.

THE ENGLISH DISTRICT OF COMMERCE.

We believe that the English, who are in continental opinion a nation of shopkeepers, are not by instinct or aspiration a trading people at all, or even an industrial one. They are a sea-faring people by tendency, and as the sea produces nothing they are compelled to trade, and circumstances have driven them into the industrial life, but their proclivity is toward struggle of any kind, and not, except in an incident in that struggle, toward the making of money. It was quite late in their history that they recognized trading as their vocation, and much later still that they surrendered the notion that to be a trader, whether merchant or manufacturer or dealer in money, was to be comparatively a base person. Till within the last few years all historians thought economic rather unworthy subjects of their pens, and the social distinctions drawn against industry were of the most galling character. Indeed, they have not disappeared yet, the contempt which was once felt for the merchant and the banker being still entertained for the distributor, though he often combines both functions. The great industrial is still hardly reckoned on a par with the great agriculturist, and the shopkeeper of any kind is still placed far below any sort of professional money. It is true, it is now almost the only source of irresponsible power, and those who possess it begin, like the powerful in all countries and ages, to be highly regarded, but the grandson of a Tottenham Court road peer would much rather his pedigree had been acquired in battle or by chicane than out of a shop, however large. Even the captains of industry, who are like the old barons in many respects, are not thought of as quite their equals, and the greatest of railway builders, say the late Mr. Brassey, is not placed on the level of a great agriculturist, say the late Mr. Coke of Norfolk. The state has honored both, but the popular sentiment, which, and not the state, settles what Greeks are like, condones, rather than delights in, the action of the state. The difference is disappearing, but it dies hard.—London Spectator.

Much Too Liberal.

People who take all things literally are apt to tread on other people's toes. The man who walked in where he saw a sign, "Walk in," and who was ordered out, was a literal man, and so was he who went into a pawnbroker's shop and demanded 40 shillings because there was a placard in the window that read: "Look at this watch for 40 shillings." "I looked at it," said he, "and now I want my £2."

The most amusing incident we have heard of is that of the country man who, while sauntering along a city street, saw a sign: "Please ring the bell for the caretaker."

After reflecting for a few minutes, he walked up and gave the bell such a peck that it nearly came out by the roots. In a few minutes an angry faced man opened the door.

"Are you the caretaker?" asked the bell puller.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I saw that notice, so I rang the bell, and now I want to know why you can't ring the bell yourself."—London Tit-Bits.

A Thrilling Rescue.

A YOUNG LIFE SAVED IN A REMARKABLE MANNER.

Florence Sturdivant, of Grindstone Island, Saved from an Untimely Death—Her Dangerous Predicament.

Among the Thousand Islands is one called Grindstone. It is seven miles long and three wide. The inhabitants of this island are a well-informed class of people who devote their energies to farming and quarrying for a livelihood. In the home of one of these islanders resided Florence Sturdivant, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sturdivant. She had a remarkable experience recently.



FLORENCE J. STURDIVANT.

In an interview with a reporter Mr. Sturdivant said: "Florence was taken sick in February 1897, with scarlet fever, and we immediately called a physician. After two weeks the fever subsided but Florence was left with a very weak back. Severe pains were constantly in the back and stomach. The difficulty seemed to baffle the efforts of the physician."

Finally at the end of four months of treatment, we found our patient completely

prostrated. At this time we called an eminent physician, who agreed with the diagnosis of our physician. He prescribed a course of treatment and we followed it faithfully for three months, but instead of improving, Florence failed.

"A brother of my wife, who resided in Canada, had been visiting us, advised us to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I purchased a box of these pills and began to give them to Florence. This was in October, 1896. After using the pills a short time we could see an improvement. Her strength began to return and her appetite was restored. When she had taken one box the pains in her back and stomach ceased and her recovery seemed certain."

"We eagerly purchased a second box of pills and watched with delight the change for the better that was being wrought daily. Florence finally became strong enough to walk a little. She gained in flesh and strength rapidly. By the time she had used three boxes of the pills she was evidently well. We continued the treatment using another box, the fourth, to prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the difficulty."

"We cannot praise too highly the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is a positive fact that without their use our child would have been a confirmed invalid."

(Signed) WILLIAM H. STURDIVANT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this sixth day of April, 1897.

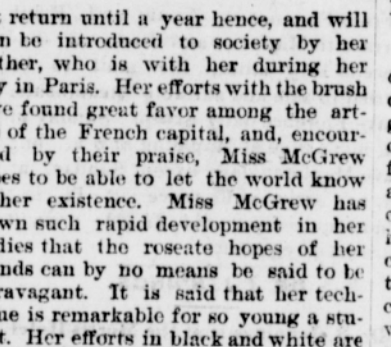
H. W. MORSE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People 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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

SHE HAS TALENT.

A Young Woman of St. Louis Who Will Win a Place in the Field of Art.

Miss Myrtle McGrew is one of the prettiest and most charming of St. Louis' new crop of artists. She is the daughter of a well-known merchant, and is possessed of remarkable talent. She has been abroad for more than a year and is now studying in Paris. She will



not return until a year hence, and will then be introduced to society by her mother, who is with her during her stay in Paris. Her efforts with the brush have found great favor among the artists of the French capital, and encouraged by their praise, Miss McGrew hopes to be able to let the world know of her existence. Miss McGrew has shown such rapid development in her studies that the rosette hopes of her friends can by no means be said to be extravagant. It is said that her technique is remarkable for so young a student. Her efforts in black and white are really meritorious, especially her pen drawings, some of which show unmistakable signs of a talent full of possibilities. Miss McGrew inherits her beauty from her mother, who was a Miss Donaldson of Lexington, Mo., and whose beauty of person and character form a rare combination in womanhood.

The Art of Bow Tying.

The art of bow tying is taught to young women, who like always to be smartly trimmed with correct bows at the neck and belt. Even the bow for the hair has a different tie from the bow at the slipper, and the waistband has a knot entirely unlike that at the throat. To know the difference is one of the arts of bow tying. The next is to be able to tie.

A bow of orange velvet of the new shade, capucine, is a valuable adjunct for a summer dress. Upon a light one it becomes positively brilliant, a beautiful decoration for dinner. For such a bow and its belt there must be a crush of velvet to go around the waist snugly. This must be crinolined to set like a giraffe, and to it must be sewed the bow of velvet. Each separate loop is lined and stiffened, and the ends have sharp pieces of stiffening set in. The whole is brought under a small knot. A bow, carefully made like this, withstands a great deal of hard usage, and if it is lined with taffeta instead of with velvet it is not too bulky a thing to be worn under a coat.

Decollete Gowns in London.

A London writer, commenting on the fact that decollete gowns are becoming more popular in New York, says: As low necked dresses become fashionable in New York, in London they are rapidly on the decline, except for a ball or a very large dinner. At one time it was almost necessary to wear a low gown to the theater in London, but now when one sees a decollete gown it looks provincial, as all the smart set have adopted fluffy chiffon blouses for evening wear. The reason for this is that the theaters are insufficiently heated, and the houses in winter are always a little cold. For all small, smart dinners, of course, "dresy" evening blouses, or dress jackets, are frequently if not generally seen. In fact, so well is the full made dress appreciated that even at court presentations the queen permits a heart shaped or a semicircular neck, with long sleeves."

St. Louis Women.

The women of St. Louis want representation on the school board, and as the simplest way of securing it have had a bill drawn up, which, if passed, will put an end to the existing masculine monopoly of school management in the state of Missouri. It provides that in all towns, cities and school districts the governing body of the schools shall be composed of an equal number of men and women, and no board shall be composed of more than 12 members. They have issued a long and eloquent petition to voters asking support for their measure and giving many good reasons why it should become a law.

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THE ARENA.

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