

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## THE CITY.

Farwell to the mountain side,  
For the city is calling me.  
The chiquipin's scattered with lavish hand  
Her gems to the early apparel land.  
There's an opaline time to the freshening air,  
The spell of autumn is every where,  
But how can I longer bide.  
Fair though the mountain be,  
For the city has lifted her eyes again.  
She's smiling and beckoning over the plain.  
As the leaves drift down,  
As the winds grow chill,  
Her warm blood bounds and her pulses thrill.  
Oh, the mountain's glow with the frosty  
breath.  
A feverish, ere the rigor of death  
That gray winter'll bring.  
But the city—the city's awake, a start,  
The dearest winter but warm her heart—  
She calls to me over the sunlit plain,  
And my spirit awakes and lives again.

Farwell to the crimson and gold,  
To the mountain's billowy blue,  
But sing, my heart—with rapture sing—  
The city breathes and beckons me.  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## TROUT AND PICKEREL.

Something About Their Methods of Feeding, as Observed at the Aquarium.

It is easy to observe at the aquarium the habits of fish in feeding. Some are sluggish, some are fierce and some are shy. The trout are fed on live killies. The killies when thrown into the tank scatter in all directions, with the trout after them like chain lightning, twist and turn with marvelous celerity. The killies double, the trout dart after them. Rising to a bunch of killies at the top, the trout fairly make the water fly. They jump almost, if not quite, clear out of it, as if they were turning somersaults, and down they go in again and on after the killies. It is a dashing, slashing, crashing pursuit, and in about half a minute the killies are all gone.

The pickerel—how different! How silent, and yet how sudden! The killie dropped in above darts downward through the water. Not pursued, it slows down and halts in the middle of the tank to rest and to recover its equilibrium after its recent disturbing experience of being removed from its home in the live food tank, carried about in a galvanized iron tray, and finally dropped into another tank as food for other fishes.

At a little distance is observed the pickerel. It comes up silently, like a long, slender, little steamer moving dead slow. It comes to a halt so smoothly and quietly that the instant of its halt is not noticed. It is simply seen to lying there, motionless, about six inches from the killie.

All is peace and quiet in the tank, and the killie still balances itself in the water and rests. Suddenly, with no apparent exertion of power, the pickerel darts forward. The movement is so sudden that it is not realized that the pickerel has moved until it is seen in its new position. The killie is gone. It is now in the pickerel's interior, and probably with only a very hazy notion, if any at all, of how it got there.

The methods of the trout and pickerel are very different; their results, however, are much the same.—New York Sun.

## One Woman's Trials.

A resident of Staten Island has lately been very much annoyed by some of the urchins of the neighborhood. She is a great lover of nature and has on her front piazza a number of potted plants which have been cared for all winter. At night, when everything is quiet, the boys come and manage to steal one or two plants without discovery. One by one her choice flowers have disappeared, and although she has watched for the thieves they have never been caught.

The other day she conceived a plan by which she saved her remaining treasures. Tying a string to each flower-pot, she connected the ends with a bell in the hall. That night she waited patiently for the alarm. At last there was a tinkle and then a crash. Rushing out, she saw a boy, apparently frightened out of his senses, running down the path. When he found the pot tied and heard the bell ring, he dropped his booty and took to his heels. The boy escaped, but there has been no more trouble with flower thieves.

This woman is very fond of pets of all kinds and has a number about the house. One day, while marketing, she saw a beautiful gamecock and thought it would make a novel sort of pet. Paying \$50 for her bird, she had it sent home. The bird arrived before its mistress and was received by the cook, who chopped off its head and prepared it for dinner.—New York Times.

## Humility.

It is not every great man who carries his honors as meekly as the mayor of Liverpool, who rebuked an admiring crowd in the words, "Frens, I'm just a mortal man like yourself." Sir Wilfrid Lawson tells the following story: "A woman was once pursuing her fugitive down a lane, when she called out to some one in front, 'Man, turn my cow.' The man took no notice and allowed the cow to pass. When she came up, she said, 'Man, why did you not turn my cow?' He replied, 'Woman, I am not a man; I am a magistrate.'"  
—Household Words.

## A Genius.

"My wife has been studying geology, and the house is full of rocks I can't find a place to sit down."  
"What will you do about it?"  
"I've induced her to take up astronomy."  
"Is that any better?"  
"Of course. She can't collect specimens."  
—Chicago Record.

Off the coast of Ceylon the fishing season is inaugurated by numerous ceremonies, and the fleet of boats then puts to sea. Fishing, when allowed, generally commences in the second week of March and lasts from four to six weeks, according to the season.

A pessimist is an invalid who considers happiness a disease.—Dallas News

## London's Oldest Restaurant.

Probably the oldest restaurant in London is Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate street, in the city. This was built more than 500 years ago, was once the palace of Richard III, and afterward the residence of Sir Thomas More. It was in this building that Shakespeare laid the scene of Richard's plots for the murder of the young prince. The structure was injured by fire, fell into decay and in 1838 was restored. One tumbles up the narrow, winding stairs, leaving below the modern restaurant, passes through low doorways that show walls 8 feet in thickness and enters the hall, a great room lighted by high windows and a beautiful oriel. In the restoration the old features have been retained, and at one end is the minstrel's gallery, looking down on more prosaic scenes than it once witnessed. The white capped cook stands at the huge fireplace, now converted into a grill, and the chops and potatoes come smoking to your table. Pretty waitresses wish to know if you don't want a pint of the famous "arf and arcf," and the wayfarer is wise if he accepts the hint. This would seem a fitting place to sit and muse in a Johnsonian fashion on the variety of human life, but there is little seclusion about the spot today, for bankers from Threadneedle street are continually discussing trade and securities in this room, which has known the presence of Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson—a room where it requires no very vivid imagination to fancy the Countess of Pembroke reading the famous sonnet that Spencer wrote to her honor.—House Journal.

## The Real Nice English Girl.

It is a funny sight to watch the little and breezy English girl promouncing with her bally dog upon the bowldery beach at Brighton, according to Sterling Heilig. She will run a foot race with her 8-year-old brother down the main street of the village, utterly thoughtless of attracting attention. If she happens to pull up breathless and glowing, flushed and moist eyed, with her golden hair a-hanging down her back, in the center of admiring friends, it is to explain to them that she has been running "such larks! Tommy and I have been running a foot race." It's not to make her effect, as a French girl would. Really, it isn't. She doesn't know enough.

She will scratch herself in company, no matter where the mosquito has been. She will fall in love with a man and will follow him about like a dog. She will sit on a rock and be hugged, oblivious of the fact that every one is looking. She is wonderfully frank. She will say to a seaman: "What a shocking bad sailor you are! Your liver must be in a frightful state!" She is a great fisher and can row a boat. She is all the time blushing. She has freckles on her hands. When she walks out with her bally dog upon the blooming sands, you don't know which to whistle to, both are so intelligent.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Climbers Have Conquered All of the Alps.

Of course the mystery is gone from the Alps—none but climbers know it completely. Every mountain and point of view of even third rate importance has been ascended, most by many routes. Almost every gap between two peaks has been traversed as a pass. The publications of some dozen mountaineering societies have recorded these countless expeditions in rows of volumes of appalling length. Of late years vigorous attempts have been made to co-ordinate this mass of material in the form of climbers' guides, dealing with particular districts, wherein every peak and pass is dealt with in strict geographical succession and every different route and all the variations of each route are set forth, with references to the volumes in which they have been described at length by their discoverers. Nearly half the Alps has been treated in this manner, but the work has taken ten years, and of course the whole requires periodical revision.—Sir W. M. Conway in Scribner's.

## Why They Wear Hats.

History does not tell, so far as we know, how it came about that members of the English parliament wear their hats. The custom has descended from an age when its proceedings were not recorded, but one may suspect that there by hangs a tale of sturdy and victorious revolt against privilege, such as broke out at Versailles, could it be recovered. Now and again we find antique allusions to the practice. When the common vote of stir or move his hat" when the speaker expressed the thanks of the house for any service done by a member, Lord Falkland "stretched both his arms out and clasped his hands together on the crown of his hat and held it down close to his head, that all might see how edacious that fatery was to him."—Pall Mall Gazette.

## A Child's Heart.

Among the bizarre articles offered for sale at the Hotel Druot, Paris, was a child's heart immersed in a jar of spirits, and, although 97 years had passed since the organ was placed in its transparent receptacle, every portion of it—the right and left auricle and ventricle, and even a portion of the aortic arch—was in a perfect state of preservation. It was catalogued as the heart of Louis XVII, duke of Normandy, and from the documentary evidence which accompanied it there was little doubt as to its authenticity.—Temple Bar.

## Digestible Food.

A simple test for digestibility given to a class of nurses, by which one can easily determine if a solid food is one which is proper to give a sick person, is to drop a small piece of it in cold water. If it swells up the water rapidly, the food is moderately digestible.—New York Post.

Many women have excelled as executors in music. No woman has ever been a great or even a mediocre composer.

## SECURED GREELEY.

### HOW THE GREAT EDITOR'S HAND-WRITING SERVED A TURN.

Its Illegibility Was Taken Advantage of by the Manager of the Country Fair, and the People of Oswego Falls Saw and Heard the Lion of the Day.

Every compositor who ever put in type any of Horace Greeley's copy will certify to the fact that his handwriting was almost illegible. It was the despair of the composing room, and even Greeley himself couldn't always decipher it. A man who was many years ago president of the Oswego County Agricultural association said several days ago that he had good reason on one occasion to be thankful that Mr. Greeley's writing was hard to decipher. This fact occurred for him a stranger attraction at the fair which he could not have obtained otherwise. The association of which he was president made a great effort each year to outdo rival associations in its fair, and one of its regular attractions was a distinguished speaker who delivered an address to the crowd on any subject that he might select.

"When I was made president," said the ex-officer of the association, "I was young and ambitious. I wanted to give the best fair that ever had been held at Oswego Falls, and I was willing to work hard to accomplish such a result. Long forehand I stirred up the farmers to raise big squashes and pumpkins, and I prepared a good schedule of horse races. I secured a man to make a balloon ascension, and all that was lacking in my programme was the speaker.

"At that time Mr. Greeley was the most conspicuous man in the United States. We all wanted to see him and hear him speak. He was a very busy man, however, and I knew that we had about one chance in ten of securing him. I determined to take that chance. After much preliminary thought and many consultations with others I prepared and sent to him a very creditable invitation to attend our fair and deliver an address on any subject that he chose. I assured him that he would find only friends in his audience, and I said that we had long looked for such an opportunity to hear him. Two days later the village postmaster told me that he had a letter that he thought was addressed to me. I had heard a good deal about Greeley's handwriting, and I knew at once that this was my reply from Mr. Greeley. When I opened the envelope, I found a sheet of paper on which were irregular scrawls that I couldn't decipher. With several of my friends I puzzled over it a long time, but I could not read it. I remembered that the editor of our paper had at one time been familiar with Mr. Greeley's handwriting, and I took the letter to him. He was a little out of practice, but he deciphered it after half an hour's examination. Mr. Greeley regretted that he was unable to accept our invitation. That was a great disappointment to me. I thought it over, and suddenly it dawned on me that there was just a chance that I might by strategy get Mr. Greeley to Oswego Falls after all. I sent him another letter that must have staggered him. Mr. Greeley was well aware of the fact that his writing was almost illegible, and he was never much surprised when his letters were misconstrued. I simply took advantage of that, and in my second letter I thanked him for accepting our invitation. To leave him no loophole for escape, I told him that we had begun to distribute handbills announcing the fact that he was going to deliver the address at the fair, and I added that I had ordered the printers to place his name in big letters on our three sheet posters. I knew that when he got my letter he would conclude that we had read his letter declining the invitation as a letter of acceptance, and I hoped when he learned how far we had gone on our printing that he would conclude to come.

"We received no reply from Mr. Greeley, but from time to time we sent him our posters and information about the fair and the town. A week before the day set for the address we sent him a time table and told him on what train we should look for him. I was uneasy all this time, because I knew that if Mr. Greeley didn't turn up I should be blamed. When the day for the great event arrived, I went to the station to await the train. Sure enough, Mr. Greeley was on board. I introduced myself to him as the man who had sent him the invitation and who had received his very kind acceptance. Mr. Greeley looked at me closely, and there was a suspicion of a smile on his face. "You had no difficulty in reading my letter?" he said. "Well, it was a little hard to decipher it at first, I replied, and we were in doubt for a few minutes whether you had said 'Yes' or 'No' to our invitation. When we did decipher the letter, we were very much pleased to find that you had agreed to come."  
"Humph!" said Mr. Greeley expressively. "You ordered your posters at once, didn't you?"  
"Yes," I replied, "we wanted every one to know what an attraction we had to offer."  
"Mr. Greeley again looked at me closely, as if he were a bit suspicious. He delivered the address, and the largest crowd in the history of the association heard him. Whether he suspected the trick I had played on him I never discovered. He intimated to one of my friends that he had his suspicions, and he made the remark that I would make an excellent politician. That was his only comment. I still have Mr. Greeley's letter, and any one who will examine it will see how easily it might have been mistaken for an acceptance."—New York Sun.

Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression. We must always pursue to do more or better than in time past.—Johnson.

# COULD NOT EAT.

## A Woman's Strong Constitution Wrecked. Effects of a Treacherous Disease. A Wonderful Case.

From the Bulletin, Monroe, La.

Mrs. Stephen Robbins is the wife of a prominent farmer living on a large and well-kept plantation just at the edge of Monroe, La. They have resided in this community but two years having moved here from Illinois. The change was made for the benefit of Mrs. Robbins' health, her physicians having advised her that it was the only hope of her regaining her lost health.

"Three years ago this last winter," said Mrs. Robbins, "I was very sick with that most treacherous disease, the cold, and had a severe time with it, but was able to get out after being confined to my home several weeks. I think I went out too soon, and immediately contracted a cold and had a relapse, which is a common occurrence with that disease. For several more weeks I was confined to the house, and after this I did not fully recover until recently. I was able to get out again, but I was quite a different woman.

"My former strong constitution was wrecked, and I was a dwindling mass of skin and bones. My blood was thin and I had grown pale and hollow. My lungs were so affected that I thought I was going into consumption. During my illness I had lost thirty pounds in weight. I tried to regain my former good health by trying all the different medicines and physicians, but nothing seemed to help me. My appetite was gone, and when I ate the food it would not stay in my stomach. The only thing my physician said for me to do was to take a change of climate, and on his advice I came here. At first I seemed benefited, but to my sorrow it proved to be only temporary, and in a few months I was in my former condition. The color had left my cheeks, I had no energy, and life was a misery. I had become a burden to myself and family. Finally I happened to read in a newspaper of how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had effected a miraculous cure with the same disease which a neighbor of mine had in Illinois.

"On the strength of this testimonial I decided at once to give the medicine a trial. I accordingly sent for a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and gave the pills a thorough trial. I did not notice any change until I had tried the second box. I was discouraged a little with the result of the first box, but knowing that I should expect a sudden cure of such a chronic disease as mine, I tried the second box with the result that I immediately began getting better. I used five boxes of these pills and was completely cured, as you see me to-day, weighing more than ever before.

"As evidence of the truthfulness of her story Mrs. Robbins volunteered to make the following sworn statement:

"I hereby affirm that the above statement is every word exact and true."  
—MRS. STEPHEN ROBBINS.

"Monroe, La., March 2, 1897."  
"Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public in and for the Parish of West, State of Louisiana, this 23rd day of March, 1897."  
AMOS R. JESSUP, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and hollow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills 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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**SHE WANTED PADEREWSKI.**

But His Terms Were Away Beyond the Musicians' Union Rate.

"Is Mr. Paderewski in?" inquired a thin faced little woman, with a complexion like a sugar cured ham, as she struck the Palace hotel counter with the handle of her parasol to attract the clerk's attention.

"I don't know, madam," he replied.

"You will have to send up your card."

"Well, I'll tell you what I want, and maybe you can help me. I'm going to give a dance over at my hotel at Tomales tomorrow night, and I want him to play. Do you think he will?"

"Well, yes. He is a professional musician, and I'm pretty sure he will play if he is paid for it."

"Oh, I'll pay him all right. I'll deposit the money with you here in advance. Of course I couldn't give it to him in advance because he might not give satisfaction."

"Here's his manager, Mr. Gorlitz, Mrs. Potts."

"Mrs. Potts. She wants to get Mr. Paderewski to play tomorrow night."

"We have no engagement for tomorrow night, and he will play if he is paid for it."

"Oh, certainly. I expect to pay him, and liberally too. He can come over by the afternoon train and play for the dance and go back in the morning, and I'll allow him two days' pay. I'll deposit the money with the clerk now as security." And she counted out \$8.

"Why, madam," protested Gorlitz, "Mr. Paderewski would not think of coming for less than \$8,000."

"Oh, mercy!" And she gave a little scream. "And just think how near I came to making a contract without coming to terms. I think it's a shame an outrage. I'll report it to the Musicians' union. Their rate is \$4 a day, I know, because that's what I've always paid for a piano player. I'll bet the union will make it so warm for him he'll have to get out of town." And in her rage she flounced out without her umbrella.

—San Francisco Post.

**Cigars in England.**

"Englishmen and Americans differ in many things," said the observant to a bacconist, as he handed over six wrapped 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 that to see if it will crackle. If it does he will more than likely take it. 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.

**"Chinese Cheap Labor" in America.**

Of late years there has been a constant cry against "Chinese cheap labor." Whatever may have been the price put upon Chinese labor when the great railroads of the west were built by these people, today it is evident to all who have studied the question that there is no such thing as "Chinese cheap labor." Chinese laundries charge higher rates than domestic laundries. Chinese laundrymen command higher prices than laundresses of other nationalities. A Chinaman earns ordinarily from \$8 to \$10 a week and his board and lodging. The white or colored laundryman makes from \$4 to \$10 a week without board or lodging. The Chinaman works from 8 o'clock in the morning until 1 or 2 o'clock at night. Sometimes he washes, sometimes he starches, sometimes he irons, but he is always at it, not tireless, but persevering in spite of weariness and exhaustion. Other laborers clamor for a working day of eight hours. The Chinaman patiently works 17, takes care of his relatives in China, looks after his own poor in America and pays his bills as he goes along.

In the Chinese store \$10 per week is the lowest sum paid for a man of all work. In a Chinese restaurant the lowest wage paid to a kitchen boy is \$25 per month and board. Chinese cooks will not go to American families for less than \$40 per month, and they rarely ever stay for that sum. This, then, is Chinese cheap labor—a cheap labor of which ordinary people cannot avail themselves.—The Chinese of New York, by Helen F. Clark, in Century.

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All trees have seeds. In some, however, the seeds are so small that they together escape ordinary notice.

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