

ODDS AND ENDS.

Some Lawyers' Worries.

"The most thrilling incident I ever saw in a courtroom," remarked a western attorney the other day, "was in southern Kansas. The senior lawyer of the county bar was a distinguished looking and courteous gentleman of the old school, who had little patience with the joking always going on during court recess. He was exceedingly near-sighted, but had a habit of laying his glasses on the table during his speeches to the jury. One day, as his back was turned toward the other lawyers, one of them picked up the glasses, and with a bit of maulage fastened to the lenses pieces of glass paper which exactly covered the glass—not particularly noticeable, but at the same time preventing vision through them. Soon the owner of the glasses came back to the table to examine some papers for reference in his address. He put on the glasses, looked at the paper, adjusted them again—and then a pallor overspread his face that was pitiful to see. He staggered to a chair.

"My God, gentlemen, I am blind! I have feared it for years," he exclaimed, and dropped his head on his hands.

"For an instant the courtroom was hushed. Even the practical joker must have felt remorse at the evident suffering of his victim. Before any one could speak or the sheriff rap for order the attorney lifted his head, took off the glasses and had his sight again. His face flushed as he rubbed the tissue paper from the lenses, and he stood up, an angry and excited man.

"If I knew who did that dastardly trick, if I knew who had brought that mass of grief to me," he broke out, "I would kill him." He left the courtroom, and the judge adjourned the session for the day. I never saw any more practical joking."—Detroit Free Press.

From an Food.

A Chicago physician is responsible for revolutionary theories in regard to fruits. He undertakes to prove the practical worthlessness of food of all cultivated varieties. Hyper-acid fruits, such as the lemon, shaddock, orange, apple and cherry, he asserts, should never be eaten. Subacid fruits, such as the grape, pear and peach, may be eaten, but with extreme caution. Sweet fruits, like the fig, banana and date, he unqualifiedly commends, as they are simply wild fruits and have not been changed from their natural conditions or flavor by man. On the other hand, the fruits he condemns, he says, are forced or abnormal variations, as is shown when cultivated and afterward allowed to run wild. They immediately retrograde and assume the sour and undesirable qualities originally inherent in them. Man, he claims, has not been able to make a proper food of them. They are unnatural combinations of fruit elements, and are frequently prone to cause digestive disturbances when taken into the stomach. By forcing seedlings, grafting and assiduously cultivating under artificial conditions man has modified the progenitors of our present domestic fruits, he has made them acceptable to the palate, but he has not eliminated their harmful qualities.

Stories of Brahms.

Many stories are told of how the late composer Brahms treated pianists and singers who were eager to get his criticism. If one of those aspirants for his favor was fortunate enough to find him at home and be received, Brahms' first concern was to seat himself on the lid of his piano, a position from which he rightly deemed few would have the temerity to oust him. If this failed, he had recourse to the statement that the instrument was out of tune. "Oh, that does not matter," remarked one of the numerous individuals. "Perhaps not to you, but it does to me," replied the master. On one occasion he was just leaving his house when a long-haired youth, with a bundle of music under his arm, hailed him with, "Can you tell me where Dr. Brahms lives?" "Certainly," answered the master in the most amiable manner, "in this house, up three flights." And so saying he hurried away.

Grant as a Soldier.

It is sometimes asked where General Grant got his military genius. It was simply a part of his nature. God gave it to him. Almost by intuition it may be said that he knew what should be done in an emergency. Some men have to study very hard in order to learn a certain thing; others will learn it easily and naturally. Grant could go on the field and post a line of battle in 30 minutes, while another military man who had been a hard student might take a day or two to do the same thing. I regard General Grant as one of the best all around soldiers that ever lived.—General Longstreet in New York Independent.

The Expert's Question.

Penalty—I hear that you have made a careful examination of the blood stains found at Badlot's barn. What do you make of them?

Seyon (an expert)—It is impossible for me to say just at present whether the stains are human blood or the blood of a horse. You see, I may be engaged by the government, and I may be engaged by the defense.—Boston Transcript.

A Good Burden.

Frays—The peasantry in Europe have a much easier time than formerly, do they not?

Returned Traveler—As a rule, yes, Scotland is the one exception. There the poor things have to live up to their proverb.—Brooklyn Life.

Pastor's Restaurant Keeps Mix a Little Honey with Their Butter. This gives it an agreeable taste and flavor and makes the inferior butter more palatable.

The pearl fisheries in the Gulf of Mexico are the most important in India. According to Elias Jordanus, 8,000 men were engaged in this fish in 1900.

A FEMALE MEMBER.

EVERY GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS HAS CONTAINED A WOMAN.

It is a weakness of the sex, and they are frequently very clever—some of the women who have been convicted of making and passing "queer" money.

Women have a weakness for counterfeiting. The first person ever executed for that crime was a woman. She was an English woman named Barbara Spencer and was put to death in 1731 for making false shillings. She was strangled and buried at the stake. Curiously enough, her accomplices were acquitted.

Nancy Kidd was one of the most remarkable female counterfeiters ever known in this country. She belonged to a family of noted forgers. She carried on her nefarious trade for more than 30 years in Chicago, and was arrested there many times. On one of these occasions a lot of false paper was discovered on her person. The government officials were completely at a loss to know how she had obtained this. Finally she confessed that a chemical solution had been used to wash the faces of the notes and make them perfectly clean. Thus she was in the habit of taking \$1 bills and changing them into larger denominations. The government authorities released her in return for this valuable information and for telling them what the solution was. However, they had her shadowed by detectives and finally caught her with \$17,000 worth of counterfeit money in a box. She was found guilty upon seven different indictments for counterfeiting and was sentenced to eight years in the state prison, where she finally died.

One of the cleverest tricks ever played on Uncle Sam was invented by a woman who lived in Philadelphia. Her plan was to take \$10 and \$20 goldpieces and with a small drill worked by steam power to bore out the insides and then refill them with some base metal, being very careful that they should weigh exactly the right amount when she had finished. This she accomplished by drilling through the milled edge of the coin, and then, after filling the hole, cover it with a little of the extracted gold. In this way she made \$7.50 on every gold piece and about \$16 on every double eagle. The officials of the secret service say that this is the safest device ever invented for cheating the treasury.

Counterfeiting is very apt to run in families. This, of course, is natural, as a father brings up his son or daughter to follow his profession. Women who would otherwise be good are often led into this sort of crime by marrying men who carry it on as a business. But sometimes it works the other way—women teach their husbands how to make false money. This is what happened when Ben Boyd married Mary Ackerman of Indiana. Her father was one of the most successful counterfeiters of his day, and his daughter had a thorough acquaintance with the art. Mrs. Boyd carefully taught her husband all the secrets of the trade, and he became one of the most famous forgers of the age.

They carried on the business with such a high degree of skill that they were not captured for years, and when at last the secret service Hawks had run them down not a single counterfeit plate, note or coin was found in their possession. When their house was searched, \$5,000 in good money was found. This small amount was all the money they had accumulated during all their years of crime. Of course the officers could not touch it. Afterward sufficient evidence was secured to convict them, and they were sent to prison. They both claimed to be converted while in state prison, and after their release settled in Chicago, where they apparently lived an honest life.

A case that annoyed the secret service very much was that of a woman who employed a clever doctor. She went to a large shop and selected a valuable shawl. To pay for this she handed the clerk a United States treasury note for \$1,000. He took the money and disappeared, not returning for several minutes. When he came back, she asked him why he had kept her waiting, and he confessed that he had taken the bill to a bank near by to be sure that it was good. She pretended to be very angry and said that she would not buy the shawl on any account and walked out of the shop. A little later in the day she returned and said that she could not find any other shawl that suited her as well in the other shops she had decided to take it in spite of the insult offered her. She gave him the \$1,000 bill, and getting the shawl and the change, left the shop. The owner of the shop afterward discovered that the note he finally accepted was a counterfeit. The first bill had been good, but on her return she gave him the false one, which was a wonderfully clever imitation. The secret service was much agitated about this and several others of the \$1,000 bills which turned up, but they have since captured the plates.

Practically every gang of counterfeiters ever arrested has had women associates. In the office of the secret service in Washington there is a large frame, 4 feet square, filled with the photographs of women who have either made or passed false money. Men almost always employ their wives or daughters for the purpose of "shoving" their counterfeiters.—Washington Post.

Set Out Trees in the Spring.

Spring is a better time to set trees than fall, because at that season trees are beginning to grow and will, therefore, be in a condition to respond more readily to treatment, while in fall they are so likely to establish themselves before cold weather sets in. Preserve the roots to the fullest possible extent and do not disturb the tree until after it has ripened and shed its foliage. If the roots are cut away, as they almost invariably are in spring planting, be sure to cut back the top proportionately.—Eben E. Rexford in Ladies' Home Journal.

FILLING A BULLDOG'S TEETH.

An Operation Which a Scranton Dentist Did With Hesitation, but Success.

A powerful and ferocious bulldog, owned by Dr. Ward of Scranton, Pa., enjoys the distinction of having a big gold filling in one of his incisors, and a good many citizens, who have caught a gleam of the gold in his mouth, wonder how the filling was done. Some think it was done through hypnotic influence by the doctor over the dog, while others insist that it was through the dog's implicit obedience to his master's command.

The bulldog's name is Gem. He is as ugly in appearance as a prize winner in a dog show. His nose is a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes have a wicked gleam for any one but his master and Mrs. Ward. His affection for them, however, knows no bounds. When Gem was discovered one day clashing his muzzle between his paws, rolling over and over on the floor and moaning, his mouth was examined, and it was found that there was a big cavity in one of the incisors. It was decided that a dentist should be consulted. The dentist found that it would be necessary to use a rubber dam, and he promised to fill the cavity provided Gem was etherized. This was done, and the operation was considered a successful one, though Gem evidently thought otherwise. Some time afterward the filling came out, and Gem's last state was worse than his first, for he refused to submit to another operation with ether. At the first sniff of the anesthetic he not only did a score of wrinkles to those already in his nose, but shook his teeth into danger of coming out. Dr. Ward insisted that he would make Gem stand on the table and have the tooth filled without wincing. The dentist was dubious about trusting the hand between the brute's jaws, but finally consented to try.

Gem was put on the table, and his master stood in front of him, kept his eyes fixed on Gem's and told him to open his mouth. Gem did so, and a rubber dam was soon adjusted in place. The dentist set to work with the instrument of torture called a bur, and one of Gem's ears went down in a threatening way, while the other remained cocked. The doctor held one finger raised over Gem's eyes and said to Gem, "That never wavered from his master's gaze. The attitude of Gem's ears proved a barometer of his sufferings when the bur touched a spot close to the nerve. When both ears went down, the dentist knew he had gone as far as dogs' nature would let him go. Gem's eyes never wandered from the doctor's in the 1 1/2 hours the dentist was at work. Gem stood the final polishing, and when his master gave the word for him to get down from the table Gem danced with demonstrations of joy at his release. Since that day he has no trouble in masticating the biggest beef bone.—New York Sun.

Salaries Earned by Successful Buyers.

A good buyer who year after year increases his business and the reputation of his department, who leaves for the semi-annual inventory a clean and desirable stock—one who, in fact, has the genius of money making—is paid a salary in the big houses of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 and often a percentage on the yearly increase of his sales. In some of the largest departments a number of the most capable buyers thus receive as much as \$50,000 a year and are regarded as cheap at that, a fact which can be readily understood when it is remembered that in a single department of a great shop a buyer may say, "I, \$1,000,000 worth of goods a year, a difference of 5 per cent in the profits, which may be the result of a good manager as distinguished from a mediocre one, amounts to \$50,000. On the other hand, in the lower class stores buyers in many of the departments are paid as low as \$25 a week, with no percentage. If the large incomes are the great exception, it is also to be said that the opportunities are more numerous than the men with the ability to take advantage of them.—The Department Store," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in Scribner's.

Two Horses.

The editor of the New York Christian Advocate learned not long since from a coachman that horses are not unlike human beings. He writes: "Riding in a friend's carriage one day, we noticed that the coachman made constant efforts to restrain one of the horses and to hasten the other. As the pair were handsome and perfectly mated, we said, 'What is the difference between these horses, that you are constantly touching up one and holding in the other?'"

Said he: "The one that I whip cannot possibly overwork himself. I will not say that he is lazy, but he is so made that he never can and never will do himself any damage. It would be impossible to whip him so hard that he would hurt himself. The other can trot a mile in less than 2:30, and he would trot from the love of it until he dropped dead. Hot or cold, he does his best."

Didn't Locate It.

Dr. H. F. Fisk, principal of the academy of the Northwestern university, is an exact man, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. He has made it a rule that for all absences from recitations his students shall write out reasons in full why they were away and what recitations were missed. One day Dr. Fisk received a note as follows:

On account of the carache, headache, stomach ache and cramps I was unable to attend algebra at 8 a. m., grammar at 10 a. m. and English at 3 p. m."

Dr. Fisk excused the student, but at the same time took occasion to rebuke him for not stating in his letter where he had cramps.

Just Primarily.

"There is such a thing as neighbors getting too intimate."

"What's the instance?"

"Why, my next door neighbor borrows my paper from the doorstep before I am up, and his wife cuts out all the poetry for her scrapbook."—Washington Star.

Professional Advice.

"Doctor, I'm so nervous that I toss all night. What's the best remedy?"

"Just take a nap when you feel that way."—Detroit Free Press.

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WANTS HAMS, NOT ARTISTS.

A Music Hall Manager's Complaint of Actors Who Are Above Their Business.

"I don't want any more artists," said the music hall manager who gave the burlesque. "The people I want are hams and nothing but hams. Whenever I get an application from an actor who calls himself an artist, I'm going to tear up the letter for fear I might lose my presence of mind and engage him. If the play's a success, the artist did it. If it's a failure, it was the actor. Sometimes I wonder, when I hear these artists talk, what is the use of their ever having plays written for them at all. They're independent of the dramatist, and I should think they would just step on the stage and talk their plays. But they don't do that. They merely content themselves with refusing to speak this or that line because it's 'rotten,' substituting something of their own, and then saying it's the fault of the author that nobody laughs at their stupid gags. I happened to have a bunch of 'em here, and that lasted me for the rest of my life. Hereafter I'm out of it."

"What are artists?" asked the innocent.

"They're chiefly actors who're condemned to come and act in the music halls for three times as much as they ever got in their lives before. What they do is to call everything rotten, decide that they know more about the play than the man who wrote it and walk around as though it were beneath them to do anything more like acting than that when it came to the question of acting in a music hall."

"And hams, what are they—the sort of hams you mean?"

"They're really variety actors accustomed to make a rough maybe, with a quality of it there that makes the audience to succeed. They've come up, and the artists think they've gone down. The difference is between trying to do something well, because it's the best opportunity you've had, and taking no interest at all in it because you've been in the habit of doing what you think is better."

"But isn't it better, as Sam Bernard says, to be a ham than never was?"

"Maybe it is, but it's rough on the manager who pays his money out for them. I was one of them here, and he was going to be so original that he would not use the lines the author wrote, but promised to tickle the audience to death by some entirely original grinds of his own. When the test came, he went on the stage and did the same things he had done 11 years before. He was never able to do anything else during the rest of the time. I had some others like him, and that is why I say now that I only want hams, not artists—hams that work hard and know how to make an audience enjoy itself, not artists too fine for anything."—New York Sun.

WHEN MA GETS REW.

Aw, what's a feller a-goin' to do when his ma gets rew?
When she says "Full o' fits an' fads," she's got no time for his lads.
An' she wears a sweeter, rozier froeze, an' a pair o' pants that bug at th' knees, an' she carries an' rows an' spurs an' walks, an' she goes 'n' fustial cutcher talks.
Aw, what's a feller a-goin' to do when his ma gets rew?
Say! I'm in th' worst fix ever 't saw—I can't tell ma fr'm pa!
They act alike an' dress th' same, an' she's a wiled with a dancin' frame; smoke cigarettes an' stay out nights, to clubs an' "enches" an' woman's rights, spend an hour ev'ry day a punchin' a bag; call kilt's "addie" a horse a "tag."
Dern! What's a feller a-goin' to do when his ma gets rew?
I've been in one continual stew since ma got rew!
I don't think life'll be worth two dimes 'f I'm liked with a golf stick many more times!
Ma says she will surely puncture my tire 'f I don't keep baby out o' th' fire, while she makes a century run or so, an' she forgets all about her light bread dough.
Aw, what's a feller a-goin' to do when his ma gets rew?
—Herbert Gleason in Truth.

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THE SHIP'S BELL.

It is Closely Identified With the V. B. Career of the Vessel.

Lieutenant John M. Billicott, U. S. N., writes an article for St. Nicholas on "What is Told by the Bell," in which he says:

Nothing in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines and riggers become old and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world, and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching, and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute such a silver coin to be melted and molded into a bell, which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in her future career. Often the people of the city or state after which a man-of-war is named may present to her a magnificent bell, appropriately ornamented and inscribed with words of good will and good wishes. Such a bell is usually presented with ceremony after the ship goes into commission.

Ships' bells in general are made of bronze, like other bells. The addition of silver in their composition gives them a peculiarly clear and musical tone. They are placed in such a position on the upper deck that they may be heard from one end of the ship to the other and are usually near the mainmast or at the break of the fore-castle. One peculiarity exists in a ship's bell which is necessary on account of her motion at sea. The tongue is hinged so that it can swing in only one direction. If it were not so, the bell would be continually ringing as the ship rolled and pitched. The direction in which the tongue can swing is another important point. If it were always toward the bow, the bell would ring at every heavy roll of the ship, and if it were fixed and the bell would ring at every down pitch, so the direction in which the tongue can swing is nearly half-way around between these two.

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