

ODDS AND ENDS.

SEEK FREE DOCTORS.

Some Quaker Experiences in the Public Dispensaries of New York.

The least hope of any change in this charity to all policy is with those dispensaries that are bountifully endowed. The leading institution of this class in New York city is located on the west side, and, in view of its defunct abuse of all kinds of medical charity, has earned for itself the unenviable sobriquet of the "diamond dispensary." It has such a high reputation for the number and pecuniary ability of its patients that it would appear to be rather a credit than a disgrace to receive its outrageously misdirected charity. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion that may be based upon the large average of well to do people who claim daily the benefits of free medical treatment so lavishly and indiscriminately furnished to all who apply. Many of these visitors are from out of town districts and will pay several dollars for car fare, will ask for a written diagnosis of their disease and an extra prescription, and will then complain if they are kept waiting beyond the time for their return train. The examining doctor is content to ride to the dispensary in a horse car; the patient comes and returns in a cab. It is no longer a joke to refer to the display of diamonds or the number of women clad in sealskins in the patients' waiting room, nor does it appear to be unlikely that, in the near future, conveniences will not be required for checking bicycles and distributing carriage numbers in the order of the different ailments. In this connection, the following description by an eyewitness in the waiting room of this dispensary may be interesting:

"The reception room held about 300 at a time. Nobody was turned away. Fully 80 per cent of the applicants were well dressed, and 10 per cent of them were finely dressed. Three women wore fur coats that had not been handed down from somebody else. There was an attractive display of fine millinery, and the hats were more than half of them. There were evidences of poverty. But all obtained free treatment supposed to be given to paupers—'poor persons.'"

Such instances as the following carry with them their own moral:

"During the examination of a dispensary patient a roll of bills dropped from her pocket. The doctor picked it up and remarked, 'Madam, this is a free dispensary, and as you are able to pay a fee for medical advice I must decline to treat you here.' 'Well,' replied the woman, 'that money is for something else. You are paid by the city and must prescribe for me.' On being assured that the doctor received no salary from any source, the patient became indignant and protested that she was entitled to attention equally with the 'lady' who had preceded her and from whom she had rented a house the week before."—Dr. George F. Shady in Forum.

How They Wash.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers or baggy trousers that they come up to his neck like those of a clown they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and slaps the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such felah women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

Frenchwomen pound the dirt out with paddles, often slamming the clothes upon smooth stones, as the Egyptians do.—Exchange.

The Heaviness of a Cyclone.

The primary cause of the low barometric pressure which marks the storm center and establishes the cyclone is expansion of the air through excess of temperature. The heated air, rising into cold upper regions, has a portion of the vapor condensed into clouds, and now a new dynamic factor is added, for each up its medium of latent heat. Each pound of vapor thus liberated, according to Professor Tyndall's estimate, enough heat to melt five pounds of cast iron, so the amount given out here, large masses of cloud are forming must correspondingly add to the convective currents of the air, and hence to the storm developing power of the forming cyclone. It is doubted whether a storm could attain much less continue, the terrific force of that most dreaded of winds of temperate zones, the tornado, without the aid of those great masses of condensing vapor which always accompany it in the form of storm clouds.—H. S. Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Secret Wife Strong.

Mrs. Van Dyke (as Van Dyke appears at 3 a. m.)—Where have you been?
Van Dyke—I—
Mrs. Van Dyke—Now, be careful what you say, William. Don't think you can throw me off the act.—Dorcas Herald.

THE QUEST.

Upon my lips there fell when first the night
Pales in the highest heaven, seeing day
Far down the fathomless waters depths
away—
Pales with a fearful joy, a dread delight—
Upon my lips, with wailing watching white
There fell a kiss. One instant's space it lay
Soft as a roseleaf that the west winds fray.
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled sight.

The warmth, the tender impact and the thrill
Burnt on my lips, and the calm pulse of sleep
Awoke and quivered quick and soft surprise.
From that day forward knew I love!

And still
By day I search and nightly vigil keep
For her revealed to me in such strange wise.
—The Late H. C. Bunker in Scribner's.

THE BOER AT HOME.

He Does Not Hate All Englishmen, Only Some of Them.

Bryant Lindley met a Boer and asked the way. He received a surly answer which amounted to "Go to the devil!" Upon this he protested angrily, and the Boer rejoined in equal bad humor. At length the Boer shouted, "What's your name anyway?" and when he heard it his manner altered at once, and he exclaimed, "What, are you the son of the great American missionary Daniel Lindley?" My friend gladly pleaded guilty to this charge, and the surly Boer became at once the most hospitable friend and begged forgiveness for his rudeness. As they rode together toward the road which my friend was seeking the Boer recounted with grateful satisfaction the many good deeds performed by the elder Lindley, but of them all the best to him was that represented by a sound thrashing he had once received at the hands of this venerable missionary. For it appeared that this particular Boer in his youth had been sent to a school "taught by Lindley; that the Dutchman was noted for his size and strength and had bragged of his capacity to down the teacher, and had actually sought the opportunity by refusing obedience. But he soon learned that he had made a gross mistake, for this particular missionary was also a noted athlete and gave him such a hiding with a bullock whip that the young giant reared for mercy before the whole school. And for this and similar deeds the Boers loved the elder Lindley, and this particular Boer venerated his memory.

On the evening in question, when the two men were about to part, the Boer, who had been so unkind at first, begged Lindley, with tears in his eyes, to grant him a great favor for the sake of his conscience. "Your father," said he, "did me a service so great that I can never repay it—he gave me the worst thrashing I ever had—he saved my character, and I am a better man today, thanks to him."

My friend cheerfully promised to grant the request, puzzling his head as to what was going to be required of him. The Boer was mounted upon an excellent horse, which he prized beyond anything he owned. He dismounted, put the reins in Lindley's hand and then ran away into the black forest as though the devil were after him. Here was no Indian giving. This Boer had put it out of the power of the American to discover the name or whereabouts of the strange giver.

It is a story typical of the Boer and serves to illustrate many apparent contradictions in his nature. He does not hate Englishmen in general. He hates only those who seem to threaten his peculiar quality of independence.—"The Dutch Feeling Toward England," by Pauline Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine.

The Old Sandbox.

"Blotting paper," said a man of mature years, "has been commonly used for only about 40 years. Before that we used sand, which was poured from a sand box out upon the paper. Enough of it adhered to the wet ink to keep it from blotting. The rest was poured back into the box I think I liked the old sand box better than I do the modern blotting paper. Sometimes when you opened a letter you would find sand in the envelope, which had rubbed off the letter in transit. But that didn't do any hurt, and the letter itself was more sightly to look at than the letter of today. It did not shade off pale, where fresh ink had been taken from the lines bodily by the blotter—it was uniform in color. And the lines, fine and coarse, were just as the writer made them—not blended or blurred or softened or spread out, more nearly uniform. They were clear and precise and characteristic of the writer."

"I liked the old sand box, but of course we couldn't use it now; we're too busy."—New York Sun.

Wonderful Foresight.

The habit of companies which insure against accidents to compel their patrons to resort to the courts to recover in case of injury was the occasion of this singular thoughtfulness, told by the president of a large accident company:

"Some time ago," he said, "a large policy holder in my company was run over by a Brooklyn trolley car and his mangled corpse painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just 15 minutes of 12. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."—Youth's Companion.

Keeping the Organ Grinders.

Reside close to a dentist's if you are not fond of street music. It is not an organ man carefully avoiding playing any-where near the house of a practitioner who can effectively stop or remove all troublesome grinders.—London Punch.

A Paper Published in Greenland

boasts of the longest name in existence. It is Arrangapliotio Natingginnarvik Sissarinnas Sink.

Orientation has been described as the way other people "show off"—Town and Country Journal.

Double Skirted Effects.

History repeats itself perhaps oftener in the matter of dress than in any other respect. Years ago the fashion of arranging trimmings on the dress skirt to simulate an overdress was merely the stepping stone to the actual overdress that soon followed. And now confusion is wrought confounded by making the antique and modern in present modes with double skirted effects. We have the overdress hinted at by outlines of ruffles, braids and all the new trimmings, and even the bustle is favorably looked upon by many. Whether this all means a return to the heavy draperies, steels in the backs of skirts and huge bustle effects remains to be seen. However, if negative head shakings on the part of the sensible and comfort loving women and designers mean anything, this scare is only for the moment.—Woman's Home Companion.

Women as African Travelers.

This expression, "The gentler sex are tramping through Africa," would be rather inappropriate when applied to women, and so one might in a more "genteel" paraphrase refer to their "waiting" or "pivoting" or "chasing" through the dark continent. Miss Kingsley having visited the cannibals, other ladies seem intent on satisfying their natural curiosity, and accordingly there are to be several books telling of women's experiences in the benighted land. Will lady tourists open up Africa? Evidently woman is approaching a higher sphere, but

Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
—New York Times.

The Season's Fancies in Belts.

The belts this season are of fine kid, with silver, gilt filigree or enameled buckles. The harness belts with severely plain buckles are considered very stylish. A new style of belt has two buckles, one on either side of the front, to make the waist line look smaller. Leather now may be had in all colors, to match all gowns. Back silk belts are most becoming to stout figures, as they fit closely to the form. Slender buckles give a longer waist apparently. Jeweled and enameled belts are dainty, but should never, under any consideration, be worn with cotton shirt waives or cotton dresses. Belts of all kinds are preferred 1½ inches wide.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Vision of Summer.

Among the tea gowns for summer wear is one of pale pink crepe de chine tied in with a mauve sash and with a fluffy bow of mauve at the throat. A new style of belt is all tucked and fanned in a loose, floating coat over a mauve muslin underdress of the same design. It is a perfect vision of summer. A "tea coat" of old time brocade, with gold stripes and flowery lines of roses and forget-me-nots, is caught in at the waist by a broad black sash which falls on one side. It opens over an underdress of white mousseline with narrow ruffles of black lace.—Exchange.

One on the Joker.

A humorist leaps gaily upon the step of an omnibus and cries cheerfully to the conductor, "Is the ark full?"
"No, sir," replies the jovial conductor, "we have kept a seat for you. What ho, within there! Room for the monkey."—Tit-Bits.

Uncle Eben's Wisdom.

"When I see how good some people treat pet animals how bad dey treat human folks," said Uncle Eben, "hit doesn't 'prise me ter byah somebody say dat his dog is 'is mo' faithful friend."—Washington Star.

Perils of the Heated Spell.

"Any heat prostrations in your part of the city?"
"Yes, one man knocked another man down for asking him if it was hot enough for him."—Chicago Record.

Another Way of It.

"Do you think Miss Flyte a flirt?"
"Well, when she casts her bread on the waters she expects it to come back a wedding cake."—Pick Me Up.

Berrying With Jane.

There's a soft, smiling wind on the meadow,
The daisies are nodding away
The long silent marks of the hours
That drag through the dreaming day.
And down through the blowing blossoms
And over the gray stone stile
Come Jane with her berry basket,
Her eyes alight with a smile.
A smile that rivals the glory
Of the raspberries flaming fire,
And I fill her brimming basket,
While she fills my soul with desire,
And then, when the task is finished,
We part at the old gray gate.
And Jane sends to fruit to the city,
Where it brings seven dollars a crate.
—New York Telegram.

George Washington, when surveying for Lord Fairfax, is said to have carried his name on a rock of the natural bridge of Virginia, where many people profess to be able to see it.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrefy in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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A HISTORIC HOTEL Three

The Favorite Nostelry in Ante-Bellum Days—Often Patronized by Abraham Lincoln—From Its Veranda Stephen A. Douglas Delivered a Great Speech—Again the Scene of an Important Event.

From the Tri-County Scribe, Plymouth, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Thompson run the historic Cuyler House at Plymouth, Ill., a hostelry where Abraham Lincoln often slept, where "Dick" Yates, Lyman Trumbull and Richard Oglesby bought refreshments for the inner man in ante-bellum days, and from the veranda of which Stephen A. Douglas delivered one of his great speeches.

This article has not so much to do, however, with this historic hotel, as it has with the landlord's thirteen-year-old laughing, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked daughter Ollie.

As one sees her today, the picture of perfect health, it is hard to believe that nearly nine of the thirteen years of her life were spent on the bed of invalidism, that for months she never walked, and for years suffered the pain, misery and distress of inflammatory rheumatism in its worst form.

Able physicians were employed but no permanent benefit resulted.

Mrs. Thompson heard of a wonderful cure which had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and was influenced by it to purchase some of the pills for her daughter.

Before she had taken half a box, there was marked improvement in her condition; when she had taken two boxes she was completely restored to health. To-day, there is not a healthier child than Ollie Thompson.

The case came to the attention of the editor of the Tri-County Scribe, and a reporter was detailed to learn the story of this remarkable cure from Mrs. Thompson's own lips. She said:

"I could not say too much for the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for I believe Ollie would have been dead long ago, if she had not taken them. My daughter who doctored her after we came to Plymouth, but no benefit was derived. He said, 'I can do nothing further, the case is the worst I have witnessed.'

"I've nearly gave up hope then, but called Dr. McDaniel who doctored her after we came to Plymouth, but no benefit was derived. Then I heard how Uncle Wesley Walton had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Knowing the condition he had been in, I thought if the pills cured him, they might help Ollie. Consequently I bought a box for her, and before she had finished it she was much better. She continued taking them, and when the second box had been used she was well, and has never had rheumatism since."

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Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of September, 1897.

W. S. ROMICK, Notary Public.

I hereby state that I have examined Miss Ollie Thompson, and find no outward appearance of rheumatism.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of September, 1897.

W. S. ROMICK, Notary Public.

All dealers sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, or they will be sent post-free, and under seal 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.

SLAUGHTER OF DEER.

Game Killed in Montana by Sportsmen Just for the Fun of the Thing.

W. H. Wright tells in Recreation where much of Montana's game has gone. He says:

"I have known two self called sportsmen to leave Spokane for two days, and on returning tell of having killed 63 deer, a story the ranchmen at whose home they put up corroborated. That was years ago. It would take a long hunt there now to kill 63 deer. I once knew a man to go and make a winter camp and kill over 100 deer, which he hung up. He tried to sell them where they hung, but failed. He went east somewhere, where he lived, and I've never heard of him since. He claimed to have killed 100, but I counted 150 carcasses in sight near his camp the following spring.

"While going from Palmer's lake, in Washington, to the Salmon river I passed through Toatscoulee and stopped overnight near a small lake on which was camped a party of hunters. It would have been easy to load a four horse wagon with the heads of deer alone that were piled up in one place. There were deer carcasses all about the camp.

"I could name more than 50 of such hunters who have killed thousands of deer and left them where they fell. Only last winter two men left Spokane and killed 33 deer in Idaho, not bringing out a pound of meat to sell for it.

"I have seen many Indian hunters, one of which resulted in the death of over 400 deer, but not one of the deer was wasted. The Indians hunt and then eat the meat before they hunt again. They kill to eat, but the whites kill for fun. Last spring one man in the Bitter Root valley killed seven elk without stirring from his track. Not one was saved."



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His Business.

"They sit in silence for some time. 'Of what are you thinking?' he finally asked. She blushed and fidgeted uneasily in her chair for a minute. 'Never mind,' she returned sharply. 'It's your business to propose, not mine.'"—Chicago Post.

A New Application.

S. S. Teacher—I read in the papers of some naughty boys who cut off a cat's tail. Can any of you tell me why it's wrong to do such a thing?
Willy—Cause the Bible says, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."—Brooklyn Life.

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