

ODDS AND ENDS.

PRAYERS THE LITTLE CHILDREN SAY.

The prayers the little children say—
They are not fine of speech
But they hold deeper mystery
Than any tongue could teach.
And they reach farther up to heaven
Than wisest poets can reach.
The angels laugh to hear each day
The prayers the little children say.

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

The prayers the little children say—
Ah, if we knew the same!
For ours, so wise and quaint and gray,
Walk wearily and lame.
And by the time they come to God
They have forgot his name!
Would we may some time learn to pray
The prayers the little children say!
—Post-Whelan 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 misconstruction 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 his hard, Bailey?"

"Then I thought me of my own fare, and as I was holding a newspaper in my hand I rose and divined down into my pocket for a nickel. The conductor came along and I handed it to him just as my visa-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 knew 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 appearance, and she looked at it as 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 let your bottom dollar I never find any woman's money and return it to her again. Not much, Mary Ann."—Chicago Times-Herald.

FOR AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

Take Only Half the Clothes You Think You Will Need.

"Take only half the clothing that you think you will need for an ocean voyage and do not attempt to have a small trunk in your stateroom," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Have in your largest shawl strap a traveling rug, heavy wrap—a golf cape is excellent—sun umbrella, rubbers, small cushion to tie on the back of your deck chair, a warm dress of plain design, and a flannel wrapper to use as a nightgown. Wear a chamois pocket well secured with a tape about the waist for your letter of credit, jewelry, money, etc."

In a large traveling bag place a change of underwear, hose, bed-room slippers and needed toilet articles, with which include a small hot water bag, bottle of salts, vaseline, box of cathartic pills and bottle of camphor. Do not forget a comfortable cloth steamer cap and a gauze veil if you are afraid of a little sunburn. Wear a jacket suit of mixed cheviot or serge and a silk waist on board. After starting put on the old gown and lounge in it until you land, when it can be given to a stewardess. Some travelers try to dress for dinner and carry a steamer trunk filled with silk waist and fancy neckwear, but for a night-day journey this is poor taste and a lot of trouble. Others have the small trunk in the cabin, and before loading pack the things in it that are to be used only on the return voyage, and send it to the ship company's office until their return. It must be remembered that 30 pounds of baggage is the average weight allowed free on the continent. Warm wraps and woolen underwear are necessary at all seasons going across the Atlantic."

Friendship in Kentucky.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent, he is always interesting, and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: "Mr. Tompkins, your cousin, Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was in the overbearing man I ever saw. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double barreled weapon, and placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle said, 'Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel.' Forrest put his weapon up and said, 'Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man.' They were inseparable friends forever afterward."—Owensboro Inquirer.

Might Be Worse.

"These stripes," sighed the convict, "make a man feel small."

The kind woman who had come into the darksome place to cheer him smiled radiantly.

"Only think," she urged, "how much worse they would be if they ran the other way."—Detroit Journal.

In one country district of Germany "pay weddings" were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn and the receipts being placed side by side to set up the happy pair in their home.

Quotation, six is a good thing. There is a company of mind in it. Classical education is a good thing. Aristotle of literary ruen is a good thing. —Johnson.

STUART, THE PAINTER.

Curious Hints Born of His Faculty For Reading Faces.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is. The face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face. He replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum, came upon a just whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, "I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jimmy.'" "Calculating Jimmy?" repeated the curator in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privately called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is."

"I may speak frankly?"

"By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society."

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshipped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful rapping sound. The kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

"Why, boy, said he—so he used to address me—you must not mix your colors with turpentine. You must have some oil."

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait painter of merit.—Youth's Companion.

THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.

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

"It was more than 20 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 without any staff, 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, 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 wore miserably 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 Dislike of Commerce.

We believe that the English, who are in continental opinion a nation of shopkeepers, are not by instinct or by aspiration a trading people at all, or even an industrial one. They are a seafaring 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 as 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 profession. Till within the last few years all historians thought economics 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 as a par with the great agriculturist, and the shopkeeper of any kind is still placed far below any sort of professional money. It is of course irresponsible money, 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 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, as like, condones, rather than delights in, the action of the state. The difference is disappearing, but it dies hard.—London Spectator.

The only way in which salt should be given to cattle is in lumps, big enough for them to lick handily, with no danger of their swallowing them.

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Let him who neglects to raise the garden first test when he falls no one stretch out his hand to lift him up.—Handi.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

It Comes to the Preacher from Over Study and Brain Tire—It Comes to Any Person, too, who Worries and Frets.

From the Huron Tribune, Bad Axe, Mich.

A "breaking down of the nervous system" is modern expression for a modern complaint. It is induced by prolonged strain and the overtaxing of the nervous system, and is a product of over hurry and haste. It affects the preacher and the lawyer—the direct result of brain tire. It affects people in any walk of life, too, who worry and fret. It means a depriving of the nerve forces. It is curable by complete rest and change of scene, also by the use of nerve restoratives and nerve foods. As the first method is not within the reach of all, the latter offers the most universal and practical method of treating the complaint. When it is determined that medicine is to be used, select that which contains the most nerve-nourishing properties. Do not take nerve tonics. They only stimulate, and the reaction leaves you worse than you were before. Select that which is to the nerves what meat is to the body—one that as it builds up the nerves, also increases your vitality. The best thing for the purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the reputation of which is built up by solid and indisputable proof, and which is known in every land. It is the best medicine that a person afflicted with this disease can take. As a proof of its merits in such cases, read the following letter of a clergyman:

DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—An April letter was a hopeless case, owing to a complete breaking down of my nervous system and to a persistent stomach trouble. I had been treated by a great many physicians, but received no permanent benefit. I had been down four times with nervous prostration and twice with gastric trouble. These attacks would come with such violence as to throw me into convulsions. The time came when physicians said I must stop preaching or die. I would be so exhausted after the service on Sunday that I could scarcely get from the pulpit. Many a time I have had to sit down and rest before I could leave the church in order to gain a little strength. I could eat neither

Woman and Ambition.

Ambition is a most desirable quality when it does not carry one so far into the sea that the waves are stronger than can be buffered successfully. Woman's ambition, as a rule, forces her comparatively much farther than man's. Be she single and working for her living, her ambition generally leads her to the hope of accumulating property, or dressing in fine gowns, or owning handsome jewelry. Married, she is ambitious for social position, for worldly honors to be showered on her husband and children, through which she shines in reflected glory, and so in many instances she struggles and strives, worries and contrives until, beaten or triumphant, she discovers that she has exhausted physical strength and mental force for a chimera that fails to satisfy even when within her grasp. Many lives are sacrificed to ambition. Dark hair grows prematurely gray in worrying over what keeps forever just a step ahead of the pursuer. Contentment is the jewel that means absence of wrinkles, long, undisturbed nights of rest, placid days and a rare enjoyment of the things we have, whether they be much or little.

Speaking from the fullness of personal experience, the writer pleads with women to lay down their arms and calmly accept rather than battle against fate and fortune. This does not mean to lapse into laziness. Far from it. The sluggish existence is of all types the most depressing. Yet there is a happy mean between the mad chasing after phantoms and the comatose nothingness of sheer getting through of days.

In this era of advancement for women it may seem strange for one who is in the world of what is termed new womanhood to clarify as the choicest and brightest, the noblest and most satisfying, existence that one which is rounded out in a home circle. The love of children, the sweet, pure atmosphere of life within the walls where dear ones cluster, the content with a sphere that, while not marked with scintillations of brilliancy, is replete with heart's ease, is for woman the most ennobling and the most joyous. Perhaps the writer is blue and her busy, teeming life takes on the color of clouded skies. That may be the secret of today's confidential outburst, but at all times this truth lies close to her heart, and it is what she has just uttered.—Philadelphia Times.

His Prescription.

Boerhaave, the greatest doctor of his time, was anxious that it should go forth that even the most eminent doctor is somewhat of a "humbler." He carefully handed the key of a small diary to his executor, bade him open it immediately after his decease and let the contents go forth to the world at large. When the notebook was opened, all its pages but the last were blank, and on that final one there was written in large letters: "Directions to patients: Keep your feet warm and your head cool and trust for the rest to Providence."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Breaking It Gently.

Captain of Steamer—Madam, it gives me great pain to be obliged to tell you that your little boy's hat has blown overboard.

Fond Mother—Why, I thought it was tied on with a string.

Captain—Yes. That was just the trouble. The string did not break.—London Fun.

The Glamour of Distance.

It is laughable how the consuls of the different nations in Africa, Asia and South America are frequently criticized by their papers at home for not being more assiduous in looking after the commercial interests of their countries, and how they are hidden to take pattern by the representatives of other nations. Thus the British trade papers hold the German and United States consuls up as admirable examples, and the United States and Germany go into raptures over the faithful and energetic conduct of the Britishers. And so it goes on.—New York Merchants' Review.

Not Guilty.

Professor Scroggins—Yes, it is a fact demonstrated by science that the earth's supply of water is diminishing. Colonel Pepper of Kentucky—Well, sub, I can lock the world in the face and honestly say that I am not to blame in the least.—Cleveland Leader.

Horrible!

A woman, being informed that her husband was drowned while fishing off the coast, exclaimed:

"Horrible! Horrible! And he had on a gold watch, three diamond rings and a new shirt studs."—Atlanta Constitution.

Another Record Broken.

"Good evening, Miss Flitters! How do I expected to be called out of town today, but wasn't it, and as I have seats for the theater I thought you might like to go. It is dreadfully late for an invitation, I know, but—"

"What time is it, Mr. Drawlery?"

"It is 20 minutes past 5."

"I will be ready in five minutes."

And she was.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Base Assumption.

Miss Peachbloss—I had no less than six men at my feet last night.

Miss Cautique—Your slippers must have come untied pretty often.—New York Journal.

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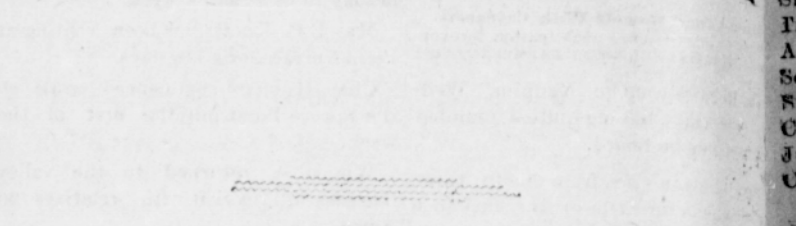
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