

ODDS AND ENDS.

LIFE IN A WARDROOM

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Where All Except the Commander Eat, Live and Have Their Social Being—Naval Etiquette Isolates the Man Who All Others on Board Must Obey.

The wardroom of a man-of-war is the living place of all the older officers of the ship, with one exception, the commanding officer. He lives by himself, has his own cabins, his own mess, his own servants. Naval etiquette and custom have established this habit of isolation for the man on the ship who has command of all the rest. The reason is undoubtedly to be found in the very fact that he represents extraordinary power. Under these circumstances any attempt to forget the superiority of his rank by means of a common cabin or messroom for him and his subordinates would only result in embarrassment on both sides.

This does not mean that he may not be sociable, for much depends upon the man. But it is safe to say that any show of effusiveness among those who live about the mess must come from his side, if he wishes it to be general. The situation is a delicate one.

In the front air of the wardroom we find from 10 to 20 officers living together, the number varying with the size of the ship. Their ages may range from 25 to 50, and they are of all ranks above that of naval cadet, and of all corps. Engineer officers, line officers, medical officers, chaplain officers, one pay officer and one purser, may all be included in the wardroom of a large ship. These men live in staterooms arranged about a common space, which is known as the "wardroom country." This assumption of a space of prairie-like dimensions is comparatively truthful in the cramped quarters of a ship. In this "country" exists the social life of the wardroom. Here these men of varied callings, yet all of the sea's following, live, move and have their social being.

A day spent in a wardroom by a land-lubber would reveal many interesting differences between naval officers and their brethren on shore. To begin with, they are more cosmopolitan in their speech. The men in our wardrooms are gathered together from all parts of the Union. Local discussions find but an uninterested audience, or even a derisive one, so that a naval officer gets accustomed to speaking and thinking of all the 48 states as belonging equally to him. Outside of his own country he is so great a traveler that very few civilians can keep up with the way he skips in conversation from China to Peru or to Tasmania. Other characteristics that are quickly noticeable are his simplicity, his cheerfulness and his heartiness. The wardroom is constantly resounding with laughter. The men in it are healthier than men who live in houses. They get up earlier in the morning and go to bed earlier at night. Most of our wardrooms are bustling with officers at 7 o'clock in the morning.

A glance at the breakfast table shows the senior line officer presiding, and the other officers placed near him according to rank. At the other end of the table is the man who has been elected by his messmates to direct the catering of the mess. Between this early meal and the breakfast proper, which comes at half past 11 or 12 o'clock, there is not much life in the wardroom, for the daily military routine is full of drills and exercises which keep most of the officers on deck. There are drills with great guns and with small arms, drills in clearing ship for action, drills in handling ammunition and many others—all of them rooted in the one idea that you must preserve your own life by destroying that of your enemy.

As soon as an officer returns to the wardroom from one drill and begins a conversation or perhaps hums a song he is interrupted by the bugles on deck and snatches up his sword and returns to another drill.

At every call to quarters all officers must report themselves ready for duty. The chaplain and paymaster, having much less to do with drills than the other officers, are usually the first to be back in the wardroom, where there is other work for them. The medical officer has gone forward to the sick bay to look after his patients.

When the midday breakfast comes, there is the first breathing space for a little leisure and relaxation. But the drills for the day are not yet over, and at 1 o'clock the bustle is resumed throughout the ship. A sudden call may come for collision drill, or for drill, or for a floating target. If at sea, a floating target may be dropped overboard, and for an hour the ship be shaken from stem to stern by the discharge of guns. From 3 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon there is generally a respite from work, and the wardroom begins to show signs of being a home. Some in it are reading or writing, others are smoking or playing games or loitering. Still others are in their rooms taking the seaman's afternoon nap. But at 5 o'clock the drills and exercises come again.

By 8:30 o'clock there is a feeling that one can sit down and dine without fear of interruption. The mess as a whole is now gathered together, and the meal is generally a thoroughly enjoyable and delightful affair. After it is over there are cigars, games, music, or the right to withdraw within oneself without exciting remark. By 10 o'clock most of these sailors are in bed, but even now the drills may not be over. At midnight the bugles may sound, and in two minutes all the ship's company be rapidly making ready for an enemy.—New York Post.

The Phenomenon of Walking.

At a small party the other evening those present were asked to name the most common and at the same time the most complicated action in the human phenomena. Various answers were given, showing all degrees of observation and thought. Not one, however, hit upon the answer that the questioner had in mind, which was walking. What action is more common, and yet how difficult of analysis! How many persons outside of some special courses in physics at the universities can explain the phenomenon? Let somebody try.

"Walking," once said Dr. Holmes, "is a perpetual falling, with a perpetual self recovery. It is a most complex, violent and perilous operation, which we divert of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early period of life. We find how complex it is when we attempt to analyze it. We learn how violent it is when we walk against a post or a door in the dark. We discover how dangerous it is when we slip or trip and come down, perhaps breaking or dislocating our limbs, or overlooking the last step of a flight of stairs and discover with what headlong violence we have been hurling ourselves forward."

All this is very true, as we all know to our sorrow; still the genial Autocrat has not explained the phenomenon.—New York Times.

From Bad to Worse.

Several ladies and gentlemen were riding down town in a cable car. They were mostly strangers to one another, but the conversation became general. One of the ladies had been at the opera the night before and was loud in her expressions of disapproval.

"Worse than all," she went on, "that Mrs. Schroeder is much too old for her part. Her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so, too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her.

"Wouldn't you rather tell this to Mrs. Schroeder herself? She is sitting beside you," he replied coldly.

After the general silence which followed the remark, the critical lady turned to the singer with many confused apologies.

"It is that horrid critic Schmieder who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person."

"Had you not better tell all this to Mr. Schmieder himself?" calmly inquired Mrs. Schroeder. "He is sitting next to me."—New York World.

On Landing Troops.
In landing a force on a hostile shore a great deal more has to be provided than the vessels to carry it. There are people who discuss an invasion, and who seem to have an idea that the matter is limited to crowding a number of soldiers on a ship and directing them to be landed at a certain place. There is no consideration of how they are to get on shore with their arms, guns and ammunition; that merchant ships have only a few boats, and that artillery cannot be transferred from ship to beach without any previous preparation. When we consider that, notwithstanding the support and resources of a large combined fleet and the presence of transports, more than a month of hard work was required before an army of 50,000 men could be landed in the Crimea, we are justified in doubting those who assert that the invasion of our shores with 150,000 or 200,000 men is not only within the bounds of possibility, but by no means so difficult an undertaking as is often stated.—"Wilmot's Life of Vice Admiral Lord Lyons."

Lakes That Change Color.
It is well known that the water of many lakes exhibits characteristic colors. The lake of Geneva, at the western end of Switzerland, is blue, while the lake of Constance, at the eastern end of Switzerland, is green. Bluesness implies purity, since the natural color of water is blue. A green lake has its water slightly clouded with impurities, which may be exceedingly fine particles, separately invisible. Professor Spring of the University of Liege says that green lakes sometimes become absolutely colorless for a time, and he has found that this sudden change of hue is due to the washing into the lakes of mud colored red by oxide of iron. Red is complementary to green, and the result of the mixture is that the green color of the water becomes for the time neutralized.

Curious Indian Custom.
A curious custom prevails among the lowest classes of southern India for obtaining rain in times of drought. A gigantic figure of a woman is stretched to its full length on its back on an open, very low wheeled carriage, and the carriage is dragged round the streets, the Indian peasantry accompanying it with the deafening noise of their tom-toms, drums and baggies. The custom is explained by the popular notion that the figure on the cart represents the wife of Varuna, the god of rain, and that when he sees his favorite wife dragged ruthlessly along the streets he sends down torrents of rain to wreak his vengeance.

Financial View of It.
"John, dear," said the wife, "that last sonnet of yours will get me a pair of shoes, the love lyric will buy my hat, the quatrain will get my gloves and your obituary lines on old Jinks will enable us to rent a carriage and attend your funeral. How happy we ought to be!"—Atlantic Constitution.

Quite Evident.
"That boy of mine," remarked the proud parent extravagantly, "is the genuine article. He's all wool, you can bet."
"Shouldn't wonder," commented old Grumpy. "I notice that he shrinks from washing."—Philadelphia Record.

PUNISHING AN EDITOR.

The Curious Method Adopted in a South American Country.

Curious methods of punishing indiscreet editors are in vogue in some countries. In "South American Sketches" Mr. Crawford describes the interesting experience of an editor who had been unfortunate enough to give offense to the ruling powers by the freedom of his criticisms.

The editor was arrested and confined in a narrow passage between the cages of two jaguars, notorious for their bad tempers and their intense dislike for human society.

The intervening space was so regulated that neither of the ferocious animals could get its paws quite to the middle line between the cages, so that a spare, active person, if very careful to follow the classical advice about the advantages of steering a middle course, might manage to pass without special injury, though the achievement would be both exciting and dangerous.

Our editorial friend happened to be stout, and therefore was the more easily reached by the occupants of the cages. As if to add insult to injury, he was given a chair on which to sit and at the same time was furnished with a copy of his own paper, the issue which had brought him into trouble. In order that he might meditate upon its contents.

He tried to sit motionless and bolt upright, feeling those sleepy, cruel eyes fixed upon him. At the slightest movement or the rustle of the paper uneasy mutterings arose from the cages, and a paw would stretch stealthily toward him. Leaning quickly to the other side, he was sure to be met by the ugly claws of the second jaguar. It was a case of Scylla and Charybdis.

Every few minutes the jaguars became wildly excited and clawed fiercely at the shrinking editor, who, do his best, could not escape those rending toe nails. His clothing was torn to shreds, but except for a few scratches he was not really injured.

AN ENCHANTED PITCHER.

The Belle of a Fatality. It Is Preserved by Superstition.

About five miles from Aiken, S. C., on the Charleston dirt road and in sight of the railway, is a little place that was first christened Polecat, but afterward changed to Montmorenci, the French for that odorous little animal. Many years ago a young woman came with her pitcher to draw a bucket of water from a well at Montmorenci and set the vessel in the hollowed top of a stone post that some of the railroad men had moved there. While drawing the water a flash of lightning came that struck the chain to which the well bucket was attached, and the woman was killed in her tracks. Her remains were removed, but the pitcher was left just where the dead girl had set it. To this day the pitcher remains in the same place, and so far from being removed, it is said that no living hand has ever touched it save its owner's, although near the side of the public road.

But the most wonderful thing is the superstition attached to the pitcher. There is an indescribable influence surrounding it that prevents its touch. Hundreds of people have gone with the firm determination of lifting the pitcher, but when they approach it a strange repugnance comes over them, and they hurriedly depart without carrying out the object of their visit.

One night a bully in the neighborhood, while under the influence of whisky, made a bet with some friends that he would go and bring back the pitcher. He left to do so, but soon returned as pale as a sheet and empty handed. "Boys," he remarked, "no person alive can lay hands on that pitcher, and I wouldn't attempt it again for the whole of Aiken county."

He refused to tell his experience and said he would not talk about it. Other parties have gone to see it, but met with the same repulsive feelings.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clean Coal Mines.

The Chilean coal mines, opened in 1855, seem to be nice places to work in. The seam of coal runs from the shore under the waters of the Pacific ocean, and the tunnels are so clean that you could walk through them in a dress suit without making yourself dirty. They are lighted by electricity, and you can have a ride for a mile under the ocean on an electric car at a speed of 20 miles an hour. The mines form quite a catcomb of well lighted passages under the water. The output of coal is now 1,000 tons a day, and 750 miners are employed in them.

Cycling and Alcohol.

"Remember," says an experienced New York physician, "that alcohol stimulates the heart and circulation in much the same way as exercise does and that if you use it in any form while wheeling the reaction is speedy and far-reaching."
In the same way a long ride should never be undertaken immediately after a plentiful meal, this also tending to interfere with the heart's action and respiration.

A Foreigner's Burden.

"I find your political terms very puzzling," remarked the foreigner who was trying to gather material for a book on American institutions. "For example, to rotate means to move in a circle. A ring also means a circle. Now I am told that when a ring controls your offices they don't rotate any more."—Chicago Tribune.

A European statistician has discovered that only 53 per cent of the bonds marry, while 79 per cent of their brunette sisters engage in matrimony.
Forty tons of rust have been taken out of the Menai iron tubular bridge at one cleaning.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and your eyes feel sore, your stomach sour and no appetite just buy a package of

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. I have consulted by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I have taken bottles of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no effect on them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but one of the small 2-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had complete relief. I feel some better but it is a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DeWitt.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Our whole family has taken the Tablets and have had complete relief. After one of my cases I found myself completely restored. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowler, Ph. G., 58 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results. Mrs. Isaac Wiseman.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, and was greatly relieved. She has taken the Tablets regularly, she keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother in fifty years of age is enjoying the best of health and spirits. She eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets. ANTON H. BLANKEN.

A new style pocket containing the TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This convenient form is furnished for the pocket. One of the best of the present cartons (not tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-five cents to the HIRSH'S CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (with tablets) will be sent for five cents. TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general druggists, news agents and at some liquor stores and hardware shops. They relieve pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One great gain.

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I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. I have taken about three weeks and I have had such a change. I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. Mary Gordon Clarke.


I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could not go to school or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for earache of the stomach. She had found each relief from their use and advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-five years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. Brookman.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complete loss of his stomach. He could not eat his children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved his stomach, but his head, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he is now a complete healthy child. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions. E. W. PARCE.

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A Chinese Advertisement.

As a testimonial to the progress of the Chinese toward English and American ways it is interesting to note their appreciation of the value of advertising in English in the columns of their newspapers. The following notice, which appeared recently in a Chinese paper published in a district where there are many English residents, may have a trifle to be desired in the way of expression, but it shows a creditable effort to master the difficulties of a foreign tongue. It runs: "The Sells by private contract with our residence—a Pacific Overland Tour, Sells and a white Griffin.—The 3 first named parties are quite backs and will carry a Lady also a Dinghy with mast, sails and oars complete."

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