ODDS AND ENDS.

LOVE'LL SHOW THE WAY.

When the ole world seems so gloomy en the skies ain't lookin bright,
When it seems ez dark in daytime en ez lonesome ez at night,
It seems ez if a ray o' light's a kinder strug glin through
When you think o' some ole friend you know'll shake the hand o' you.

When you think about the dark spots o' the times that uster be,
En gazin at the future all is lonesome that you see,
There's one time when your mind gits on to happy thoughts awhile,
En that's when mem'ry shows you that ole sweetheart's happy smile.

So I jist don't keer how lonely past er future looks to you,
You'll allus find somehow the skies'll turn from gray to blue,
You'll allus find them lightin up, don't keer how dark the day,
En when they light you'll allus find it's love that shows the way.

—Edward Singer in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE KEPT THE SEAT.

But It Was Worth What the Other Man Paid For It.

A man who had not been to church for a very long time, says a London exchange, finally harkened to the persuasions of his wife and decided to go. He got the family all together, and they started early. Arriving at the church, there were very few people in it and no pew openers at hand, so the man led his family well up the aisle and took possession of a nice pew.

Just as the service was about to begin a pompous looking old man came in, walked up to the door of the pew and stood there, exhibiting evident surprise that it was occupied. The occupants moved over and offered him room to sit down, but he declined to be seated. Finally the old man produced a card and wrote upon it with a pencil

"I pay for this pew."

"He gave the card to the strange occupant, who, had he been like most people, would have at once got up and left. But the intruder adjusted his glasses and with a smile read the card. Then he calmly wrote beneath it:

"How much do you pay a year?'

To this inquiry the pompous old gentleman, still standing, wrote abruptly

"Ten pounds."

The stranger smiled as though he were pleased, looked around to compare the pew with others, admired its nice cushions and furnishings and wrote back:

"I don't blame you. It is well worth it."

The pompous old gentleman at that stage collapsed into his seat.

No Deadheads There.

I heard a good story that comes from a little town in the northern part of the state: Among the members of the Methodist church at that place is an old railroad conductor who has been retired from the business for ten years or more. During the morning service at his church not many Sundays ago the old railroader was called upon by the minister to assist in taking up the collection—one of the stewards who usually helped in that work being absent.

The retired railroader started down the aisle with the contribution basket and passed it around like an old hand at the business. Everything passed off smoothly until he came to a good old brother who had nodded himself fast asleep, and just as he was about to pass by him he was suddenly overcome by the force of habit acquired in his railroad days. Giving the sleeping brother a dig on the shoulder with the basket, he blurted out:

"Ticket, please!"—Ohio State Journal.

Two Dear Sets.

Sarah Bernhardt while in London dropped into a bookseller's shop one morning. "I sold her quite a pile of books," said the proprietor, "and she seemed pleased. As she was going out she took hold of my pencil and asked me something in French which I did not understand. Seeing that I failed to catch her meaning, she looked about on the counters, then, quick as a flash, she took up a volume of one of the very best sets of Scott, bound in tree calf, opened it at the very center, wrote something quickly, calmly tore out the leaf, handed it to me, smiled, and went out."

The astonished bookseller looked at the leaf and discovered that Sarah had written a pass for two to her performance that evening! Magnificent, but it was not a cheap entertainment for the bookseller.

The One He Missed.

"I was elected by the votes of eight different nationalities," declared an east side alderman as he tucked his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and struck an attitude.

"That so? What were they?"

"Irish, German, Polish, English, Italian, French and Greek."

"That's only seven."

"What the deuce was the other now? There were eight sure."

"Americans," suggested a reporter.

"That's it. Couldn't think of them to save me."—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Business.

An old gravedigger who lived in a village at the foot of the Grampians was one day complaining about the dullness of times.

"Man, John, is trade that bad wi' ye?" said a sympathizing neighbor.

"Bad!" returned John, bringing his staff down with an impatient gesture. "I havena buried a leevin sowl this sax weeks."

During the middle ages, when the aristocracy of Florence and Venice was so tyrannous to its dependents, murder was considered as a small crime and poisoning was so skillfully effected that many people lived almost entirely on boiled eggs.

In the river Llano, in Texas, islands of floating sand are sometimes seen.

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 divest 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 overlook 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 Mme. 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 Mme. 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 Mme. 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. Blueness 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 four wheeled carriage, and the carriage is dragged round the streets, the Indian peasantry accompanying it with the deafening noise of their tomtoms, drums and bugles. 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 his 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.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

MADE A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE FOR TWO MEN.

Kept Both of Them Worrying as They Never Worried Before, Though It Eventually Succeeded In Reforming One of the Two at Least.

"I was never mixed up with a smuggling transaction but once in my life,' said a New Orleans business man, whose name may as well be left out, "and my experience was so painful that I swore off then and there. I had a deal in west Texas on hand at the time and had made a short trip over the Mexican frontier, during which I picked up a handful of very fine opals.

"A wicked friend showed me how easy it was to carry them over the line without paying tribute to Uncle Sam, and I was weak enough to yield to the temptation.

"When I got on the cars at El Paso, however, to come east to Dallas, I was haunted by a guilty conscience and had a horrible premonition that some secret service officer was on my track.

"Presently my attention became attracted by a man with a black beard who kept looking at me furtively from a seat across the way. I tried to persuade myself that it was all imagination, but a number of things occurred during the ride that satisfied me I was really being watched.

"I went into the smoker, for instance, and before long caught a glimpse of the black bearded chap peering through the end window from the platform. It was the same in the dining car, and, to make a long story short, I reached Dallas thoroughly unstrung.

"That evening I began to think I had shaken the fellow off my track, when I happened to stroll out of the hotel, and there he was standing behind a pillar.

"Needless to say I didn't sleep a wink, and, when I bumped into the sleuth next morning and saw that he had shaved off his beard, I gave myself up for lost. However, that was the last of him, and for the balance of my stay I was unmolested and gradually regained my equanimity.

"That the man had been shadowing me was undeniable, but what his purpose could have been and why he dropped the game so abruptly were mysteries which I was forced to leave unsolved.

"It was two years before I found out. Then I ran across the man one day by mere accident in a St. Louis restaurant, and he owned up. It seems that he had been a public official in a small Texas town and got mixed up in his accounts. He swore to me that it was only bad bookkeeping, but the grand jury indicted him for embezzlement, and he skipped until things calmed down.

"I happened to coincide with a description he had of a detective, and all his strange moves were actuated by exactly the same motive that prompted me to run—namely, to see whether he was being watched. We were both fooled by our fears. His affairs had since been settled up, and we enjoyed a good laugh and a cold bottle together. But I am a reformed smuggler for life.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wanted His Band.

Band Leader—You vants us to blay mit der funeral? Ees it a military funeral?

Stranger—No, it's the funeral of my brother. He was a private citizen. He requested that your band should play at his funeral.

Band Leader (proudly)—My pand, eh? Vy he shoose my pand?

Stranger—He said he wanted everybody to feel sorry he died.—New York Weekly.

Worth the Money.

Mr. Jenks (to furniture movers)—Thanks, men. Here's $3 for the work and $10 apiece for smashing those crayon portraits of my wife's relatives.—New York Journal.

Curious.

Miranda (visiting city friends)—My here's her visitin card!

Miranda's Husband—What does it say?

Miranda—It says she's at home Thursdays. Wonder where she stops rest of the time?—Detroit Free Press.

Perfectly Willing.

"I suppose," said the friend of the politician who was in trouble, "that you can leave your case in the hands of posterity."

"No," replied the politician sadly "No such luck."—Washington Star.

Burr-r-r!

Eighty different dialects are spoken in the Philippines. We never will begin to enjoy our conquest until we get all those dialects into the American magazines.—Atlanta Constitution.

What It Generally Amounts To.

Blink—After all, what is extravagance?

Pink—Parting with money we don't want to get things we don't know what to do with.—Brooklyn Life.

Not as Easy as It Looks.

"A paper bag trust has just been organized."

"Say, it ought to be easy to knock the bottom out of that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I have used Ripans Tabules 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. Was told 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 had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5 cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. L. T. DeWITT.

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 Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. 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 Tabules 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 GORMAN CLARKE.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

MISS BERTHA WISDMAN.

R·I·P·A·N·S

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

TRADE RIPANS TABULES MARK

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she 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-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

MRS. J. BROOKMYRE.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules 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 Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules. ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions. E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

THE LEADING PAPER OF THE PACIFIC COAST
THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

THE DAILY
By Mail, Postage Paid,
Only $6.70 a Year.

The Weekly Chronicle
Greatest Weekly in the Country,
$1.50 A YEAR
(Including postage) to any part of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, the brightest and most complete Weekly Newspaper in the world, prints regularly 112 Columns, or sixteen pages, of News, Literature and General information; also a magnificent Agricultural and Horticultural Department. This is one of the greatest departments in any paper on this Coast. Everything written is based on experience in the Coast States, not on Eastern men's knowledge of their own localities.

SAMPLE COPY SENT FREE.

The Chronicle Building.

THE CHRONICLE ranks with the greatest newspapers in the United States.

THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific Coast. It leads all in ability, enterprise and news.

THE CHRONICLE'S Telegraphic Reports are the latest and most reliable, its Local News the fullest and spiciest, and its Editorials from the ablest pens in the country.

THE CHRONICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people, as against combinations, cliques, corporations, or oppressions of any kind. It will be independent in everything, neutral in nothing.

DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE
Reversible Map?
Showing the United States, Dominion of Canada and Northern Mexico ON ONE SIDE,
Map of the World
ON THE OTHER SIDE.
Send $2 and get the Map and Weekly Chronicle for One Year, postage prepaid on map and paper.

ADDRESS
M. H. de YOUNG,
Proprietor S. F. Chronicle,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

PATENTS
Caveats and Trade Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Send model, drawing or photo. We advise if patentable free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A Pamphlet "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEN! You can be cured
If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast,
DR. JORDAN & CO.,
1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.
Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in maturer years. Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood and its complications: Spermatorrhœa, Prostatorrhœa, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.
Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using Mercury.
EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint.
We will Guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.
Consultation FREE and strictly private. CHARGES VERY REASONABLE. Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, "The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.)
VISIT DR. JORDAN'S
Great Museum of Anatomy
the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens. CATALOGUE FREE. Call or write.
1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

STYLISH, RELIABLE ARTISTIC
Recommended by Leading Dressmakers.
They Always Please.
McCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS 10c. 15c.
NONE BETTER AT ANY PRICE
These patterns are sold in nearly every city and town in the United States. If your dealer does not keep them send direct to us. One cent stamps received. Address your nearest point
THE McCALL COMPANY,
138 to 146 W. 14th Street, New York
BRANCH OFFICES:
189 Fifth Ave., Chicago, and
1031 Market St., San Francisco.
McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50c. a Year
Brightest Magazine Published
Contains Beautiful Colored Plates, Illustrates Latest Patterns, Fashions, Fancy Work.
Agents wanted for this magazine in every locality. Beautiful premiums for a little work. Write for terms and other particulars. Subscription only 50cts. a year, including a FREE Pattern.
Address THE McCALL CO.,
138 to 146 W. 14th St., New York

PATENTS
Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED. Send model, sketch or photo. with description for free report as to patentability. 48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE. Contains references and full information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER. It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT before applying for patent. Address:
H. B. WILLSON & CO.
PATENT LAWYERS,
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

$1000 in Gold A $950 PIANO FREE
The Gentlewoman of New York City
wants an agent in your town. It gives premiums of cameras, Singer Sewing Machines, Decks, Sets of Dishes, Rings, Watches, Shirt and Dress Waists, Handkerchiefs, Corset Jacks, about two hundred useful and ornamental articles, not counting! Outfits can be secured without costing one cent. A new and attractive plan of securing subscribers without the objectionable features of canvassing.
$1000.00 IN GOLD AND A $950.00 PIANO Given Away Free In addition to our Regular Premiums.
We send our complete outfit and easy plan for raising clubs Free, also our Mammoth Premium List. You will be surprised and delighted with the high quality and great assortment of our premiums, and in addition to our regular premiums $1000.00 in Gold and a $950.00 Piano. Offer to a child and to-day for full particulars, for this daily. Everything will be sent you Free.
GENTLEWOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Gentlewoman Building,
New York City, N. Y.

Three ★ Desirable ★ Stars in ★

LITERATURE

And The

ARTS and SCIENCES

Sold With

THE WEST.

Scientific American.

None who are engaged in any of the mechanical pursuits can succeed without reading and studying this standard Magazine of Sciences and mechanical Arts. It is illustrated with all modern cuts of latest inventions in all the branches of mechanism, and its fund of knowledge is inseparably connected with inventors and mechanics. Sold with THE WEST at clubbing rates.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

This monthly magazine is one of the very best printed in this country, and is sold to all subscribers at rates within the ability of all to pay. It is finely illustrated and presents the names of famous authors as contributors. THE WEST and the Cosmopolitan are sold at reduced rates at this office.

THE ARENA

"We do not take possession of our ideas but are possessed by them
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."

Such is the exalted motto of the Arena, and the entire contents of this monthly magazine are upon a plane and in keeping with its motto. The Arena's gallery of eminent thinkers is a group of interesting men and women, and their thoughts are worthy the consideration of all people. The Arena is sold with THE WEST.

LOOK OVER THIS GROUP.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION.

THE WEST. -:- FLORENCE, OR.

A Careful Man.

"When I borrow anything, I take as good care of it as if it were my own."

"That's right, of course."

"Say, old man, I broke my wheel last night. Will you lend me yours?"—Chicago Record.

Greedy Old Beggar.

"Why call for a toothpick, guv'nor, when you haven't a tooth in your head?"

"There's no extra charge, my boy, and I want all I can get for my money."—Ally Sloper.

Undaunted.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."
Like many maxims old
When put to a decisive test
It doesn't always hold.
The war would long ago have ceased
Had strategists displayed
The swift precipitation of
The poet's light brigade.

What though their lines—that is to say,
Hexameters and such—
Are sadly broken here and there?
They never mind it much.
What though jambic feet be lamed
And Pegasus displayed
With heaving chest? They still march on,
The poet's light brigade.

How oft they've "downed the dastard foe!"
How oft they've raised the flag
Of victory to float above
The hated Spanish rag!
They ever rally to the charge
With spirits undismayed.
Like all the rest, they strive their best,
The poet's light brigade.

—Washington Star.