

ODDS AND ENDS.

A LOVE SONG.

Come into thy garden, my love, my sweet; The flowers are lifting their heads; They wait for the sound of thy coming feet...

THE TRAMP.

He was a real, bona fide tramp. His coat was a mangled, greasy and tattered, one-foot long...

At present he was resting. This was the chief occupation of his life, his profession, as it were...

Just now the conditions were extremely favorable, the day being warm and the fence corner grass grown and shady...

Over in the field opposite a farmer was plowing up stubble, pausing now and then to wipe his perspiring face...

The tramp watched him meditatively. "I wonder why people like to work," he soliloquized...

"My dear fellow," the tramp opened his eyes. A young girl sat down and took his shaggy head into her lap...

"See here! That man is a fake! His story is the thinnest I ever heard of. I took up those rails and I saw the man in the hope of a reward...

"It's a pity for so many people. I guess some of 'em would be young, too; maybe some little babies; maybe a feller about my age...

"What a queer feeling was this? He tried to wobble it off, but it only came back the stronger. The frog's singing had never disturbed him before...

"Not in his remotest past could he remember any love, but somehow he understood this waiting. The frog sang on, the young moon sailed slowly down the heavens...

"It's a pity to let them all die. I wonder enough to have one old feller go 'round the world." But the tramp shuddered a little...

"The moon down by the mountains and it ain't no time of my business money brought me down here." But after awhile he went on again...

And just here ran over a narrow bank of earth slanting abruptly down on either side. The tramp lit his lantern, and, taking his coat, wrapped it carefully around him...

After a seemingly endless time of creeping and feeling carefully with his hands he felt the smooth cold steel of the track end abruptly. The rail had been removed just at the highest point in the gully...

Now he had nothing more to do but wait. And he waited. He wondered how it felt to be shot. A strong desire to get up and run took possession of him, but he might just as well be shot saving the train as now, so he lay still...

It seemed an hour since he had lain down when he heard the rumbling and the distant "who-o-who-o-o-o" and in a minute the train rounded the curve. The tramp flung his coat into the gully and sprang to his feet, waving the lantern up and down over his head...

Instantly a clamor of voices arose, the engine puffed breathlessly, lights flashed through the darkness, the ties were examined, the lantern, the coat and an empty pistol were rescued from the gully, and the tramp was lifted by a dozen pairs of hands.

"He is dead!" they cried. "Shot dead! Murdered by train wreckers!" A young doctor elbowed his way through the crowd. He was of tall, commanding presence, and they fell back before his authoritative voice.

He knelt down beside the tramp and after a rapid examination said: "The man isn't even seriously hurt. There is only a flesh wound in the hip. He has fainted from fright."

Even as he spoke the tramp opened his eyes. A young girl sat down and took his shaggy head into her lap, where he moved uneasily from time to time as he told his story.

"A real hero!" cried the girl. "A brave noble fellow. God bless him!" cried another woman. A man held his brandy flask to the tramp's lips and another shook his hand hoarsely.

"We will make up a suitable reward for that brave fellow," said an old gentleman, but the young doctor spoke up suddenly.

"This was an indisputable fact, and the passengers began to comprehend the whole matter. 'He says he heard the two men at 8 o'clock,' the young doctor went on.

"Why, he could not have gone to Ford's till after 10 o'clock, and he took the lantern from a farmhouse stable. Why, he could have gone in and used the farmer's plow! He was after the reward. You will be lucky if you are not sent up for this, old fellow."

"The passengers laughed or were angry, according to their various temperaments, when the tramp tried to understand the meaning of the change in their manner, but could not exactly comprehend. Hadn't he heard the train? They took him to the hospital at Fordville, and later on the men whom they had left behind came in to report that they could not find the slightest trace of the wreckers or any evidence to prove the truth of the tramp's preposterous story.

In the morning the young doctor called at the hospital, and the nurse who received him said: "The man is dead. He died during the night of heart disease, from the fright, I suppose."

Mr. A. B. Baker of the national zoological park notes that the large snakes refuse to eat rats captured about the buildings, but quickly devour those caught out of doors. Rats taken indoors were kept for a day or so in a cage with an earth floor, after which they were readily eaten. A very similar experience was had with smaller snakes, copperheads, but permitting them to run about the cage or even over their bodies with impunity, while the mice were quickly taken even after they had been dead for some little time. These facts seem to show that snakes have a very keen sense of smell and are largely aided by it in the choice of their food.

Barbers of Austria. Austrians are very methodical in many things, and they take no chances with their barbers. The Barbers' and Wigmakers' union of Vienna sees to it that only competent persons are admitted to practice. Barbers must, of course, have a thorough knowledge of the practical side of the subject, and they are questioned as to keeping razors, brushes, etc., clean, and the general ideas of antisepsis must be well understood by them. When the barbers appear before the committee, they have their razors dulled on a pine plank and they must then sharpen them and proceed to shave a subject.

These subjects are recruited from the poor and from among those who are fond of getting something for nothing. If the apprentice performs his work to the satisfaction of the judges, a certificate is issued to him, and he must serve as an apprentice for two years before he can open a shop of his own. Provision is also made for women barbers who desire to carry on the business of their husbands. To do this the women have to be enrolled as apprentices for three years, and they must exhibit a great proficiency before they are allowed to open an establishment of their own.

The barber business in Austria is not particularly lucrative, as one can be shaved for 5 cents and have one's hair cut for about 5 cents. Scientific American.

How Queen Dess Dined. The setting out of the dinner of Queen Elizabeth was a ceremonial function. First came a gentleman with a rod, followed by a gentleman carrying a tablecloth, while after they had kept severally three times, was spread on the table. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread. They knelt three times, placed the things on the table, knelt again and retired. Next came a lady in waiting, followed by a second. The first lady, dressed in white, after kneeling three times, approached the table and solemnly rubbed the plates with the salt.

Then entered 24 women of the guard, clad in scarlet, each carrying a dish of gold. These dishes were placed upon the table while the lady taster gave to each of the guards a taste from the dish he had brought in, for fear of possible poison. Three guards were selected from the tallest and stoutest men in all England. At the close of this ceremony a number of unmarried ladies appeared and with great solemnity lifted the various dishes and carried them to the queen in her private apartments. To the queen dined and supped alone, with few attendants, and it was seldom that any one was admitted at this time and then only at the intercession of some one in power.

She Got the Money. In Berlin they tell a pretty story about Frau Blumenthal, the popular wife of the witty playwright and director of the Lessing theater. Herr Blumenthal, it appears, had great misgivings regarding the success of his new piece, "Zum Weissen Roese." One day, when he was nearly ready to throw the manuscript aside, his wife, who did not share his view, said to him: "If I had only 20 marks (\$5) for every 1,000 it will bring you I should be quite content."

"All right, you shall have them," said Herr Blumenthal. "Zum Weissen Roese" (White Horse Inn) met with an immense success. Every night the play ran and the director of the Lessing theater, for in Germany the wife shares in her husband's lion if not in his tin—went to the cashier and levied on her 20 marks per 1,000. On one occasion, after the piece had been running some months, bad weather caused a falling off in the receipts below the \$1,000 mark, and consequently Frau Blumenthal was not entitled to her "tantumies" of 20 marks.

"How much have you taken?" she asked the cashier. "Only 997 marks," was the reply. "Well, give me a seat at 3 marks, then," said Frau Blumenthal, laying down the coin. "Now you have 1,000 marks, give me my 20." She got them.

Both Helped. Zimmerman, the eminent physician, was sent from Hannover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?" Zimmerman, who was rather a bitter pill for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery.

"Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself." Where the Cars Are Buried. It is not generally known that the remains of all the czars of Russia since Peter the Great lie in a memorial chapel built on one of the islands of the Neva. All the cenotaphs are exactly alike, each being a block of white marble, without any decoration whatever. The only distinction is that one is marked in the name of the deceased emperor.

Men Who Wear Corsets. More men wear corsets than is generally believed. A certain London corset maker states that he makes hundreds every year and recently had in hand one pair of pink satin decorated with flowers-de-luce and another of blue-green satin adorned with lotus flowers, one of these being for an officer in India.

Sorry He Asked. Swell—Why is it that every clown has such a stupid face? Is he obliged to look stupid? Clown—Certainly. If I had your face, my salary would be doubled at once.—Fun.

The tree known as the "grizzly giant" of California is 275 feet high and no less than 98 feet in circumference. Tasmania has one of the most wonderful tin mines in the world, called the Mount Bischoff mine.

I have used Ripans Tablets with as much satisfaction as I can describe. I have been troubled for about three years with indigestion, and after various remedies had failed, I bought a bottle of Ripans Tablets. I had soon advertised in the papers, and one of the many testimonials you doubtless find in your possession here. A. T. DEWITT.

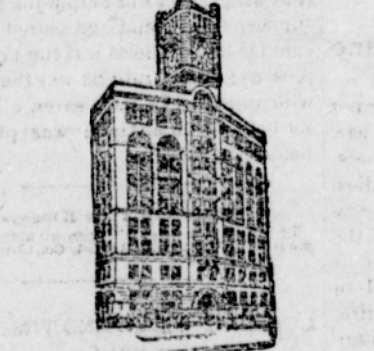
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I have been suffering from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My food and food and sleep were hauled. I could not work on my feet and only a loose stool, after some hours, would relieve me. I bought a bottle of Ripans Tablets and after taking them about three weeks and more daily, my constipation was completely cured. I am happy to say that I am now in good health. Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARK.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had about a year's 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-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. THORNTON.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and completed his stomach. He could not eat like a child of his age 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 him, but completely cured his headaches, his constipation, and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (Ripans Tablets are safe for all ages according to directions). E. W. FRANK.

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