

ODDS AND ENDS.

HANDLING FERRETS.

HOW PROFESSIONAL RAT CATCHERS USE THE ANIMALS.

These Fiery Eyed, Razor Toothed Little Beasts are Effective Where Traps and Poison Fail—They are Generally Worked With a Muzzle.

"Wensels and ferrets," said a professional rat catcher, "are about the same thing. The imported ferrets trained to the business are larger than the wensels, that is all. After I am through with rat catching I use my ferrets to hunt rabbits out of brush piles, hay and straw stacks, which is a profitable business when rabbits are plenty. What you call rabbits over here we in England call hares.

"When a man once starts in as a professional rat catcher and gets to understand training and working ferrets, there is such an attraction in the trade that he never willingly gives it up. It's a profitable business without too much competition."

"Do the ferrets ever bite you?"

"It's a very careless and awkward man that gets bitten by a trained ferret. When one is bitten by an enraged ferret, the bite is of a very severe character, extremely painful and slow to heal."

As the rat catcher talked a 6-month-old ferret, his fiery little eyes gleaming like living gems, was crawling over his lap and trying to get in under his coat. "This fellow," said the rat catcher, "is as gentle as a kitten and likes to have his back rubbed and to be caressed as well as any cat you ever saw. When the ferret bites a rat's neck, he knows exactly what he is doing, and his front teeth, cutting like razors, go right through the jugular.

"Of course we generally muzzle them when we send them in after rats, and we always muzzle them when we send them in after rabbits. If their teeth were at liberty, they would kill the first rat or rabbit they met and would remain in the hole sucking its blood. When we put a ferret into a house after rats, we stop up all the holes at the outside of the house except one or two. Over these we place bags, and the ferrets, driving the game before them, run the rats into the bags. We keep the ferret without his ordinary meals before using him, and this makes him sooner in his chase.

"It's mighty easy to spoil a ferret. After a young ferret has been badly bitten by a rat, as sometimes happens, you can't get him to go into a hole again. But when a ferret is full grown and has the skill and courage that should have him as a holy terror to rats and is a valuable animal, I would not sell a well trained ferret for less than the price of a good horse. Such a ferret I should be willing to put in a pen with 50 rats, and he could in a short time kill every one of them. Rats are great fighters when they are cornered, but no other animal of the same size has as much courage as a ferret or weasel.

"In England the largest ferrets are called polecat ferrets and are a cross of the two animals, which are much alike. In this country the word polecat is applied to the skunk, an entirely different animal. The word polecat is supposed to be an abbreviation of Polish cat, and the animal abounds all over Europe. The mink is much like the weasel, except that it is larger, and many depredations that are attributed to the weasel are committed by night, and they frequently go many miles in search of food, even coming into towns and the suburbs of cities."

Audubon, who was a close student of nature, was delighted with the weasel, or American ferret. Its long, flexible body, its extraordinary length of neck, the closeness of its fur, its keenness of scent, its wonderful agility and quickness of movement, all excited his admiration.

An American writer says: "The common weasel has sometimes been caught and carried off by large hawks and owls. Sorry was the experience of the captor in such cases. He has caught a Tartar. The captive will bite into the sides of the enemy, so that both will fall to the ground, the bird mortally wounded and the weasel usually comparatively unharmed."

The weasel's courage in defending itself when attacked by birds of prey is universally admitted, nor is it deficient in fierce opposition to dogs and even men when they are invaded by either. It usually kills for food, biting through the head into the brain with such expertness that its victim can scarcely utter a cry of pain. It usually eats the brain first; then the rest of the body follows. In pursuing mice, rats and moles it follows them into their runs or holes. A weasel's proximity to a poultry yard is not to be desired. But in barns, hayricks and grain stacks it is decidedly advantageous, as it will surely exterminate or drive away rats and mice."

The weasel's characteristics are noted in two American sayings, "Catch a weasel asleep" and "Sooner trust a weasel with eggs." Stories are told that a weasel will watch a hen on the nest for an hour, waiting for a freshly laid egg.—Indianapolis News.

A Freak of the Lightning.

A curious case of lightning destruction took place at Gatchina, an Imperial summer residence not far from St. Petersburg, where stood a stone column 50 feet high, held together by iron angles. When rain fell, more or less water penetrated the stones in the interior of the monument. One day it was struck by lightning, and instantly the whole column disappeared from view, killing a lone sentry on guard. The only explanation is that the heat of the lightning instantly generated steam on coming in contact with some of the water, and the terrific explosion followed.

LOVE AT PLAY.

Have you forgotten how we used to wear our childish fancies for the coming years? In my pride would you have them believe that life meant love, and love could hold no tears.

We built our castles in the shifting sand; I crowned you with the flow'rs that fastest fade.

We wandered through an all enchanted land; We loved the sun and never dreamt of shade; Shall we again be children and forget How once we parted and how dark our night In that fair pathway let our feet be set Which leads us back into the land of light. We'll weave fresh garlands on that golden shore.

But—do you whisper something in my ear While upon mine your heart beats close once more?

Why play at love, you say, when love is here! —Pall Mall Gazette.

THE BLACK PEARL.

"The heroine of my story," said the dealer in precious stones, lighting a cigarette, "is a pearl, a beautiful full black pearl of extraordinary size and rare luster. It is difficult to express its value in figures." And this is the story:

It is just about 20 years ago when one morning a young woman entered a large jewelry store in Budapest. Every inch of her dress bespoke the backwoods; her bonnet was a composition of glaringly disharmonious colors; in one hand she held a parasol of old, large flowered, faded silk. Every one of her salesmen betrayed the country girl. Any salesman of experience who had watched her entrance into the store would have thought at once, "Ah, she wants a cheap tawny bracelet, with the word 'Sonnevent' engraved on it, as a memento of this her first visit to the city." And under ordinary circumstances he would have been about right in his conjecture; but this time he wasn't. She appeared so simple and artless, in spite of her handsome, vivacious black eyes and the dimples in her red cheeks, that the salesman, attending to her omitted offering her a set.

The young girl, however, did not seem to notice this slight, and uninvited dropped down on a small red plush fustian, principally used by the noble customers of the store. She opened the reticule hanging on her arm and drew out a small package carefully wrapped in tissue paper. After she had peeled off layer after layer of the envelope she took out the nucleus, beckoned to the owner of the establishment and exhibited to him something she held between her thumb and index finger.

"What is the value of this?" she asked in a melodious voice.

The jeweler started visibly and took the object from her hand.

It was the above mentioned pearl, of such beauty and size that he hardly trusted his eyes. At one place it had a barely noticeable flaw, which might have been done by a former setting.

"The pearl has one defect," the jeweler said.

"Indeed!" the stranger answered, bending forward to inspect the small spot.

The jeweler "eased up" the girl. Her astonishment was genuine, artless. It was not tinged with the shadow of hypocrisy.

"Where did you get that pearl?" he asked.

"That is perhaps an irrelevant question," she answered smilingly. "But to give you some sort of satisfactory answer I will say I carry on a little pawnbroker business, out in the country, inherited from my father. A nobleman desires to pawn his pearl with me, but demands much money. Please tell me what it is worth, and I will pay for the trouble."

"I cannot appraise it," said the jeweler, regarding it with an admiring eye.

"Why not? Why can you not fix its value?" the girl rejoined in a vexed tone.

"Well, well," the man said appealingly. "I only desired to express thereby that the pearl is beyond appraisal because of its great rarity. Its value belongs among the 'fancy' prices."

The young girl pondered a moment; then, regarding the jeweler attentively, she asked:

"Can I advance 2,000 florins on it?"

"Most certainly."

"And 5,000?"

"And 5,000."

"And 10,000?"

The jeweler smilingly repeated, "And 10,000."

The country beauty evidently became feverish. Perspiration showed in her face, and her youthful black eyes glittered with a fire superior to that of the costliest diamonds in the store. She asked for a glass of water. The formerly inattentive salesman rushed to get it.

"And will you pay me 10,000 florins for the pearl if I feel disposed to sell it?" I am also authorized to sell it," she said, with a certain show of suspicion, fearful lest the jeweler was simply hoaxing her.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I divined you were hoaxing me!"

"Oh, no! God forbid," the jeweler responded eagerly. "It is simply because I have no use for the pearl. There is only one firm in Austria that would buy it—the jeweler for the court."

"Would you please furnish me with his address?"

"Willingly."

He wrote the address on a piece of paper, which he handed to her; she inquired if in her reticule, drank the glass of water courteously offered by the salesman, and, in spite of protests, placed a 5 florin piece on the counter to pay for the appraisal and went out.

Twenty-four hours later the same young woman, dressed, if possible, in a more glaring suit, entered the store of the jeweler of the court. The suit of stores are situated An den Graben, the most fashionable street of the capital, Vienna. (The retailer of the pearl, however, received her. I was the principal business manager. She showed me the pearl. The attire of the woman was

I HURRIED ON BACK, FOR I HAD A LOT OF HOOTS TO LOOK AFTER.

Well, sir, I was the proudest man in the west when I went back there for the first time. Everybody crowded round, even the old ladies, and told me what a pretty dancer Mary was. All the young folks in the country was there, but Mary was the popular of 'em all. They wouldn't hear of our drivin' back then, but made us both come right in to supper. I didn't exactly calculate on doin' this, but Mary looked like she wanted to, so I did. They tried to make me dance, but I don't know how. It was the openin' of a new summer hotel, you know. A young fellow that set next to me at the table an was mighty polite in handin' me everything said he was gonter be there at the hotel for some time, an that we must come 'round often. Of course I asked him to come see us too. He was a pretty good talker. When we was leavin' an tellin' everybody goodby and promisn' to come again soon, I heard a lady from New York say to another one, 'Wouldn't she be a queen with the right trainin'?' We got in the spring wagon an drove home, an she was jes' all excitement tellin' me what a time they had that day an how I ought to learn to dance.

"Two days after some ladies drove round in their carriages an asked her to go to the Springs with 'em again. She said 'No,' but when she seen I was anxious to have her go she went with them. They drove back after supper, and the two ladies an a young man, an they all told me I ought to have been there. That night she seemed kinder unres'less. She talked a heap 'bout the nice things they'd all said 'bout her at the Springs, but mostly talked 'bout how nice it would be if we could go an travel an go to New York an everywhere, an she said we ought to read books an the like, an that a lady there said what she needed was cultivatin'.

"I didn't like this talkin' 'bout her like she was a field to be plowed up, 'stead of a flower jes' to grow an bloom natural, an when I told her this she jes' laughed an slapped her hands over my mouth. She went to the Springs right reglar for a time. Then she wouldn't go no more. Somebody sent her some books—four or five of 'em. She commenced to read one of 'em out loud to me one night. 'Twas a nice story about some rich folks, some artists, an how they was lovin' each other, an the thing they went to, but while I got to likin' the pesky books after awhile, I told her all the time that it was jes' stories an that there wasn't no such folks in Paris or New York or anywhere else. Since she was teachin' me, a-readin' out loud, I took to teachin' her, tellin' her what I thought 'bout the books. I told her that life was a reality an that even if there was such people they wasn't no better off than us, 'cause there's advantages an disadvantages everywhere, an it all amounts to 'bout the same, 'everything in its place is the best. That's the way I'd write if I wrote books.

"Maybe it was readin' in them durn books 'bout the fashion an the wealthy, or maybe it was them people at the Springs puttin' foolish notions in her head, or maybe it was jes' 'cause she come to know she was too good an pretty for a man like me, but anyhow she commenced to pine an droop like a flower that's witherin'. I'd beg her to go to the Springs an enjoy herself like she was invited to do, but it wasn't no use. She wouldn't do it. After 'bout a week of this thing that same lady from New York drove up to our gate an asked Mary to come in an pay a visit to her at the Springs. She wanted her to stay as long as she would, an then Mary did agree to go an stay a week, makin' the condition that I was to come to see her every day.

"It's a lonesome time I had then. I didn't go to see her but three days, an every day it seem to me I was unwell-comer than before, so I thought I better not go no more an let the chile enjoy her visit. It took to me like the harder I try to please her the more things would go wrong. Wimmen folks is curious little things, stranger, an a awkward fellow like me don't know jes' how to handle 'em. I had done mortgaged my farm again an went in town an brought her silks an dresses an gloves jes' the right size, an when she see 'in she jes' cried an said I was too good to her. The wages her to stay, but nothin' would suit. This was before she went for the last time to the Springs. The things is all at home now, but I never wants to see them again, an if God spares me I never will. There's nothin' else to say now, but that I feel 'cause I couldn't stan' the sympathy an the talkin' of the neighbors after I got this letter."

Here he paused and took from the inside pocket of his corduroy coat a square envelope addressed in a round, girlish hand. The faint odor of violet sachet which had once permeated the pages could still be detected, though mingled somewhat with the aroma of tobacco. It read:

I hope that you will understand and forgive me, Jack, although I know you never will. I was never happy with you, and I never was able to make you happy. A few days ago when you got this letter, I was so glad that you got it, I will be far away. I don't think I'll be here any more.

After the correspondent had read and returned the letter both men were silent. They watched the little knots of officers and privates talking together under the shade trees, the squads of uninformed recruits crossing the grounds to their various commands, the amateur cooks preparing the midday meal and all of the lazy restlessness of camp life. The Hancock volunteer was the first to speak. "What posters me most in that letter," he said in a voice tremulous with suppressed emotion, "is that she says that she knows that God never will forgive her, an sure God (if there is any) shouldn't be more unforgiving than one of his creatures. If I'd loved you as she loved you, I'd be prayin' for that little girl now, but as 'tis the best thing I can do is to go to the front an fight for my country."—Barton Pittman in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I had been suffering from indigestion for about three years with a loss of 100 lbs. I was advised by several doctors to use a cathartic, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in the papers and had not faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. I have taken two of the small bottles in the past month, and have had no recurrence of the attacks. I have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I have had from these Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. J. DEWEY.

I want to inform you, friends of Ripans Tablets, of the success I have derived from their use. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is of the highest importance. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Dr. Geo. Bower, Ph. D., Esq. Ripans Tablets was given me. I have since used it with great results. Miss Emma Wheeler.

My mother was troubled with a severe case of sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is of the highest importance. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Dr. Geo. Bower, Ph. D., Esq. Ripans Tablets was given me. I have since used it with great results. Miss Emma Wheeler.

A new style packet containing the Ripans Tablets packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—see your carrier. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the Ripans Tablets (20 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Tablets Company, 19 Spruce Street, New York—a single carboxylic tablet will be sent for five cents. Ripans Tablets may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They cleanse the bowels, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon, March 8, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before C. H. Holden, U. S. Commissioner, at Lake Precinct, Oregon, on April 28, 1900, viz: Peter E. Schmidt on his H E No 6941 for the SW 1/4, NW 1/4, NW 1/4, SW 1/4, & Lots 1 & 5 Sec 25, Lot 7, Sec 25, T 19, S R 12 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

E. H. Harwood, of Lake Precinct, Oregon, G. E. Harwood, of Glendale, Oregon, John Dale, of Lake Precinct, Oregon, C. M. Savery, of Lake Precinct, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before C. H. Holden, U. S. Land Commissioner at Florence, Oregon, on April 28, 1900, viz: Edward H. Anderson, on his H. E. No. 7179, for the Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, & 7, Sec. 6, Lot 1, Sec. 7, T. 19, S. R. 12 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

George Glover, of Lake Precinct, Oregon Henry Gates, of Acme, Oregon, Sid Waite, of Acme, Oregon, G. C. Cumpston, of Florence, Oregon.

J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

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Real Magic Number.

"I often hear of the magic number," said some one. "What number is it?" "Why, nine, of course," replied some one else. "There are nine muses, you know, and you talk of a nine days' wonder. Then you bow! at nine pins and a cat has nine lives." "Nonsense," broke in another. "Seven is the magic number; seventh heaven, don't you know, and all that; seven colors in the rainbow; seven days in the week; seventh son of a seventh son—great fellow, and!" "Tush, tush," remarked a third. "Five's the number, you mean. A man has five fingers on his hand and five toes on his foot, and he has five senses, and!"

"Three is undoubtedly the magic number," interrupted another, "because people give three cheers and Jonah was inside a whale three days and three nights, and if at that you don't succeed, try, try again—three times, you see!" "This was received with some contempt by the company, and a soulful youth gasped out:

"Two, oh, two is the magic number. Cause if one and one—the adored one! Just two!"

A hard featured individual, who had been listening to the conversation hitherto unmoved, here remarked in a harsh voice:

"The magic number is No. 1 in this world, and if you want to succeed never forget it."

An interval of deep thought on the part of all followed, after which they went in silently to supper.—Brooklyn Citizen.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My last and only relief was had when I used Ripans Tablets. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, and at once sent for a trial. I had taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I give it to my children. 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 so better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter as you like. Mrs. MARY GOSMAN CLARK.

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 had tried many remedies, but nothing would do for me. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, and at once sent for a trial. I had taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I give it to my children. 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 so better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter as you like. Mrs. MARY GOSMAN CLARK.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and complained for several days. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, and at once sent for a trial. I had taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I give it to my children. 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 so better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter as you like. Mrs. MARY GOSMAN CLARK.

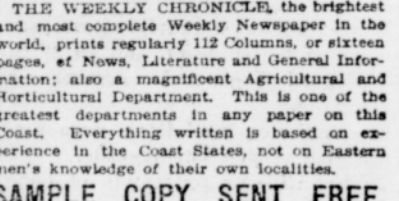
Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headache has disappeared, he is in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions. W. W. KRAVITZ.

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