

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE BREATH OF ARBUTUS.

What is it in the summer air tonight
That brings me dreams of dear days long ago
And memories of hearts that have for years
Been colder than the Alps' eternal snow?

The dewy violet of heavy 'nly blue,
The faint breath of arbutus on the air,
Being sadly lack those dear old days
And one who told me I was fair.

We stood amid the flowers, dewy, sweet,
My hero in the coat of loyal blue.
He kissed my cheek and said: "Forewell!
My country needs me, dear, more than do you."

There came a day. The sun refused to shine,
High heaven tried to wash away the stain.
Night spread her mantle gently o'er the field,
The south wind moaned a requiem for the slain.

Back in a corner of the garret dark
There stands an arbutus and hurried deep
Within it lies a garb of worn and old,
But when 'tis taken still my heart will leap.

In sacred memory the love that gave
To me the sweetest smiles, faded, dead,
But gave to God and country all he had,
And in the southland found a narrow bed.

'Tis this the south wind wafts to me tonight—
Fond memory is the harp o'er which she plays—
The gentle breath of sweet arbutus flowers
And tender thoughts of unforgetten days.

—R. V. B. Insurgent Republican.

TOILERS OF THE AIR.

How the Work on a Suspension Bridge is Done.
The workmen on the cables follow closely after the builders of the iron roadway. These men are engaged in more perilous employment, if anything, than the former. They climb nimbly up to the very summit of the huge towers, and then without flinching proceed to descend the inclined cables. It makes the spectators below tremble for them, so dangerous is the descent, but the workmen have no fear, else they would be unfitted for the duty required of them. After sliding down the cable a dozen feet, they stop and turn around and face the towers. The men working the derrick slowly swing out to them the end of a cable about three inches in diameter. Another man carries out to them by means of a small hand pulley and rope a redhot band of steel, which the cable workers seize with their pliers and clamp around the large cable on which they are resting. Then while the steel is still hot and malleable, the small cable, with its end secured in a thick bolt of steel, is brought into position, and the end welded into the red-hot steel band encircling the main cable. The workmen pound and forge away, hammering, twisting and bending the metal before it cools off. The welding must be done rapidly, and the workmen have no time to stop and think of the dangerous position in which they are placed. Probably the only support they have comes from their legs, which they swing tightly around the cable, as they swing their arms and upper part of the body with violent exertion.

When this cable is forged into its place, the workmen take a few moments of rest, and then slide down to the next joint, where the same operation is repeated. Cable after cable is attached in this way until there is a regular tangle of steel work and dangling cables, looking for all the world like a spider's web. But there is order in this colossal spider web such as never existed in the home of the insect that weaves the webs in our homes and woods. Gradually one part of the bridge after another is finished, and when the "false work" of scaffolds is removed the structure stands out in all the beauty of its finished state. The bridge builders must not only be skilled in their work, but they must have the hardihood and daring of the sailor, for most of their work is performed at an altitude higher than the topmast of any sailing vessel. They labor in all kinds of weather—when the sun is pouring down its torrid rays in midsummer or when the mercury registers zero in winter.

To them their dizzy height is no more than the 15 or 20 feet are to the ordinary carpenter or house painter. They seldom use ladders. They would be constantly in the way. If they want to reach a higher framework, they climb nimbly up the steel works or jump lightly across from one truss to another. A jump of three feet from girder to girder is a commonplace occurrence to them.—George E. Walsh in Godey's Magazine.

Free Shows in Paris.

The theaters of Paris have popular representations on certain days, when the seats cost only a quarter or half the usual price. There are also days like the national holiday (July 10), when most of the theaters give gratuitous spectacles. These occasions are characterized only by the best pieces, and actors dispute among themselves for the advantage of playing before this special public. No other audience is more grateful or more impressionable. They rarely have the pleasure of being present at the play. They are not blasé, nor are they familiar with the wings. Having gained their places by long waiting at the door, they occupy them as conquests; they listen in silence, applaud with enthusiasm, weep all together, the prey of simple and contagious emotion.—Outlook.

The Flew of Blood.

Professor Mosso, the Italian physiologist, constructed a couch so arranged that it could be accurately balanced in the middle when the slightest change of weight should make either end incline. A man was laid upon it, balanced in a horizontal position. As he went to sleep his head rose and his feet sank. As he awoke the opposite occurred, proving that the blood left the head in the one condition and returned to it in the other.

In Sweden and Norway a legal marriage is not allowed to be solemnized till both parties produce certificates attesting that they bear genuine vaccination marks.
I hate a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilda.

LOVE AT PLAY.

Have you forgotten how we used to weave
Our childish fancies for the coming years?
In my pride would have you then believe
That life meant love, and love could hold no hours.
We built our castles in the shifting sand,
I crowned you with the flowers that fastest fade,
How once we parted and how dark our night
In that fair pathway let our feet be led.
Which leads us back into the land of light,
We'll weave fresh garlands on that golden shore.
We loved the sun and never dreamt of shade,
I shall we again be children and forget
How once we parted and how dark our night
In that fair pathway let our feet be led.
Which leads us back into the land of light,
We'll weave fresh garlands on that golden shore.

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 motions 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 plated bracelet, with the word 'Souvenir' engraved on it, as a memento of 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 seat.

The young girl, however, did not seem to notice this slight, and uninvited dropped down on a small red plush fauteuil, 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 precious stone, held it to the light and examined it with the most careful attention. It was a magnificent gem, but she seemed to have no feeling for its value. "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 gem.
The jeweler "sized 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 apologetically. "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?"
"Also 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?" she asked, with a certain show of suspicion, fearful lest the jeweler was simply coaxing her.
"No."
"Ah," she exclaimed, "I divined you were coaxing me!"
"Oh, no! God forbid," the jeweler responded evasively. "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 enclosed it 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 Gralen, the most fashionable street of the capital, Vienna. (The reciter of this occurrence received her. I was the principal business manager. She showed in the pearl. The attire of the woman was

out of keeping with the value of the jewel entirely.

"Before taking any other steps, miss, it will be necessary for you to go with me to the chief of police and explain in what manner the pearl came into your possession."
Her eyes darted fire. "And if I refuse to do it?" she exclaimed passionately.
"Your refusal would compel me to call in a policeman," I rejoined dryly.
"All right," she said; "I go along with you, if this is the custom in Vienna when storekeepers are dealing with their customers. Please call a carriage."
"You must pardon me," I said apologetically, "but this is really an extraordinary case. A jewel of such value!"
"All right, but whatever you do you do at your risk."

The girl appeared to me entirely above suspicion and to be quick witted. A long acquaintance with crooks of all kinds permits me to quickly distinguish between the hypocrite and the honorable, and I was indeed not mistaken in my diagnosis. Arriving at police headquarters, she was asked who she was, whence she came and whence the pearl. She gave her name and residence. Her father, she stated, had at his death bequeathed her a small country town, which had often been visited by a young farmer who had pawned various articles with her. He was very poor, she said. One day she accidentally passed near his miserable hut and heard a noise in the yard. Well knowing the man, she entered and learned that all his possessions were being distrained for a debt of 10 florins. The young man called her aside, secretly showed her the pearl and asked for a loan of 20 florins on it to pay the debt. He said the pearl was an old keepsake with which he parted most unwillingly. Moved rather by pity than by the value of the collateral, she advanced the sum desired, although she knew from general experience that if the pearl was genuine it must be quite valuable, but she thought it to be an imitation only. It is barely worth while to add other data. The telegraph was called into requisition and the truth of her statement established.

The history of the pearl was as follows: The father of the young farmer had been a chamber valet of Count Louis Bathany, the minister president of the revolutionary government of Hungary, in 1848. The count wore the pearl as a cravat pin, and a few hours before his death—as is known he was shot in Pest by order of a military court martial—he presented it to his faithful servant, who under no circumstances ever parted with it. At his death his son took the pearl out of the setting, which he sold, keeping the pearl and parting from it as recited.

The pearl itself had been stolen about 150 years ago out of the English crown, which had contained three of them. Two large diamonds went with it at the same time. The English government had been looking for it for 150 years, but to no avail. Nothing was ever heard of it until this accident. In what manner it drifted into Count Bathany's possession will doubtless remain a secret forever. He had most probably bought it of some antiquarian.
The English government redeemed the pearl, paying for it the offered reward of £3,500, a handsome sum, which the girl divided with the farmer—but not divided, because the history of the pearl says that the two concluded to keep the money together—best done by getting married.
"Yes," added my gray haired informant, "many jewels and pearls have had their eventful history, and during the many years that I have been engaged in dealing in precious stones a good many of their ups and downs and mishaps—theft, arson, murder and all the crimes on the statute books—have come to my knowledge. I propose to write a book about these adventures sooner or later, and I assure you it will contain entertaining and startling reading matter."—Jewelers' Circular.

Walking Sticks.

The sixteenth century is that in which the walking stick became not merely a useful implement, but an article of fashion, dignity and luxury. In the seventeenth century it was gold headed and made of rare woods. It was a sign of leadership.
For a long period there was little variety among Englishmen in the material used for the majority of walking sticks. The "oaken towel," as it was pleasantly termed when an enemy was to be "rubbed down," shared popularity with the crab tree edged, which, among rural folk especially, was much valued and classic from the conflict in "Hudibras," when
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hiss'd crab tree on a child from ransy.
Classic, too, is that stout oaken stick which sturdy Dr. Johnson, who, like Knox, "never feared the face of living man," provided himself with when he went to the pit of the little theater in the Haymarket in full view of Foote, who had announced his intention of "taking him off" on the stage—an intention which, in view of the stick, he did not carry into effect.—Gentleman's Magazine.

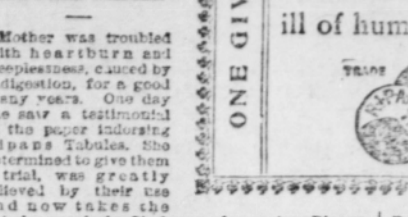
The Married Husband is Worthless.

Helin Watterson Moody believes that the husband who can be managed is not worth managing. "And there is no better principle," she adds, "in The Ladies Home Journal, 'for both husband and wife to adopt in adjusting themselves to the new relation than that of trying to do each by the other what men are accustomed to call the square thing.' Many a woman understands 'managing' a husband better than she does doing the square thing by him, and many a man understands and practices doing the square thing by other men who would be affronted if he were to be told that, judged by his own standard, he habitually dealt unfairly with his own wife."

It shows that I am thoroughly conversant with the facts of the case, and I am sure that I can do you a great deal of good. I have had the most extraordinary success in curing all kinds of ailments, and I am sure that I can do the same for you. I have had the most extraordinary success in curing all kinds of ailments, and I am sure that I can do the same for you. I have had the most extraordinary success in curing all kinds of ailments, and I am sure that I can do the same for you.

RIPAN'S

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



ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripan's Tablets, I tried them. Ripan's Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my younger son, the headaches had disappeared, bowdler in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby, healthy boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripan's Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.
March 8, 1909.
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 on April 28, 1909, viz: Peter Erhardt on his H. E. No. 7412 for the Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 47, Sec. 6 & Lot 1 Sec 7, T. 19 S. R. 11 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
L. E. Harwood, of Lake Precinct, Oregon, C. E. Harwood, of Glenada, Oregon, John Dale, of Lake Precinct, Oregon, C. M. Savery, of Lake Precinct, Oregon.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hodge's Kidney Pills cure all kinds of kidney troubles. Ask your druggist for them.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.
March 8, 1909.
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 Florence, Oregon, on May 22, 1909, viz: Robert J. Minor on his H. E. No. 7412 for the Lots 2 & 3 of Sec 23, T. 18 S. R. 10 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
D. A. Bradley, of Point Terrace, Oregon, Morcan Allen, of Point Terrace, Oregon, George Allen, of Point Terrace, Oregon, Charles Anderson, of Point Terrace, Oregon.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.
April 6, 1909.
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 Florence, Oregon, on May 19, 1909, viz: Robert F. Bernbach on his H. E. No. 7412 for the Sec. 14, N. 21 E. Sec. 2 & 3, NW 1/4 & SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec 33, T. 18 S. R. 11 W.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:
John Holger, of Florence, Oregon, John Mason, of Point Terrace, Oregon, Arnold Kaminsky, of Florence, Oregon, William Hoffman, of Florence, Oregon.
J. T. BRIDGES, Register.

WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS FOR DISTRICT OFFICE MANAGERS.

Representing the U. S. District Office for the District of Columbia, we desire to employ several persons for the purpose of managing the office in various parts of the District. The position is a permanent one and the salary is \$1,000 per annum. The successful candidates will be those who are well educated, of good character, and who have had some experience in office management. Applications should be made to the District Office, Washington, D. C., or to the District Office, Chicago, Ill.

A FREE PATTERN

Our own selection to every subscriber. Beautiful colored illustrations of the most modern styles in hats, shoes, and other accessories. Send for your free pattern today.

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE
The most popular and authoritative source of information for women on all matters of dress, fashion, and home life. Each issue contains valuable articles, patterns, and recipes. Subscriptions are available for a single issue or for a full year.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for many years. I have tried every remedy, but nothing has done me any good. I have been told that I should try Ripan's Tablets, and I have done so. I have had the most extraordinary success in curing all kinds of ailments, and I am sure that I can do the same for you. I have had the most extraordinary success in curing all kinds of ailments, and I am sure that I can do the same for you.

Send for Catalogue of the

English-Bookkeeping-Short-hand-Pennmanship-Celebrating.

Three Desirable Stars in LITERATURE And The ARTS and SCIENCES Sold With THE WEST-Scientific American.

THE DAILY Chronicle

Only \$6.70 a Year.

The Weekly Chronicle

Greatest Weekly in the Country, \$1.50 A YEAR

THE CHRONICLE ranks with the greatest newspapers in the United States. It is the most complete and most reliable source of information on all matters of interest to the people of the Pacific Coast.

THE CHRONICLE BUILDING.

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

THE CHRONICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people, an earnest co-ordinator, exposé, corporation, or oppressor of any kind. It will be independent in everything, neutral in nothing.

DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE Reversible Map?

Showing the United States, Dominions of Canada and Northern Mexico ON ONE SIDE.

Map of the World ON THE OTHER SIDE.

SEND FOR THE MAP AND BOOK OF THE YEAR, POSTAGE PAID ON MAP AND BOOK.

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

Don't Tobacco Spoil and Ruin Your Life.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco. It cures the habit, restores the system, and builds up the body. Address: The No-Tobacco Co., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

If you suffer from any of the following conditions, you can be cured. Send for our free literature and you will receive it at once.

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

Three Desirable Stars in LITERATURE And The ARTS and SCIENCES Sold With THE WEST-Scientific American.

THE DAILY Chronicle

Only \$6.70 a Year.

The Weekly Chronicle

Greatest Weekly in the Country, \$1.50 A YEAR

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

THE CHRONICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people, an earnest co-ordinator, exposé, corporation, or oppressor of any kind. It will be independent in everything, neutral in nothing.

DO YOU WANT THE CHRONICLE Reversible Map?

Showing the United States, Dominions of Canada and Northern Mexico ON ONE SIDE.

Map of the World ON THE OTHER SIDE.

SEND FOR THE MAP AND BOOK OF THE YEAR, POSTAGE PAID ON MAP AND BOOK.

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

Don't Tobacco Spoil and Ruin Your Life.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco. It cures the habit, restores the system, and builds up the body. Address: The No-Tobacco Co., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

If you suffer from any of the following conditions, you can be cured. Send for our free literature and you will receive it at once.

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

WOMEN YOU CAN BE CURED

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including the name 'THE WEST' and other publication information.