

HINTS FOR WOMEN

An elegant way to prepare halibut with shrimp butter is as follows: Take a slice of halibut about one inch thick, let it soak in strongly salted water for ten minutes, then drain and put it in a shallow pan containing boiling salted water, enough to cover the fish. Add two tablespoons of vinegar to the water; let it cook gently for ten minutes, or until firm and free from the bone. Drain it and lay it on a hot platter, remove the skin and bones and fill the space left by the bones with shrimp butter. Garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

To make additional panades, beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and the yolks until light colored. Add to the yolks two cups of milk, one-quarter level teaspoon of salt, and three cups of sifted pastry flour. Mix all well together, add four and one-half level teaspoons of baking powder, beat well with strokes across the bowl, then fold in lightly the whites of the eggs. Have an iron or soapstone pan very hot. If it is iron it must be greased with a piece of salt pork held on a fork. Beat the batter the last time each time before turning out enough for a cake. As soon as the upper side of the cake is full of bubbles like honey-comb, turn it with a cake-turner. Some experience may be needed to turn the cakes deftly. Bake the same batter in small cakes, allowing a mixing spoonful to each. Serve with sugar and butter or maple syrup.

A resourceful young matron had a small dinner party. Covers were laid for six, and the dinner was charming. The red wine was not too cold, the white wine was not too warm and the black coffee was a masterpiece. At the beginning of the end of the dinner, a cordial was served. It happened to be cream.

Yvette, and when the husband tasted it he put down his glass with a look of disgust and was about to speak. His wife's eye glanced him. "Nobody took more than the first cup of the liquor. After the last guest had departed the husband braved his wife's eye and spoke. "My dear," said he, "what in the name of all the saints was that matter with that drink?" His wife's eye smiled triumphantly. "Why, said she, 'when I came to look at the bottle, just before dinner, I found there wasn't enough left to go round. It was too late to get any more, so I just added to it a bottle of violet toilet water. It was the same color and it had the same smell, and I knew nobody would notice the difference. Wasn't it good?"

The Scandinavian bridegroom gives his betrothed a prayer book, and many other gifts, which usually include a goose. She in turn, gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he invariably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he lays it away, and under no circumstances of state or poverty, will he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the betrothal shirt of such husbands who have never broken their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy, on

the matter of obstructions, Portland's sidewalks in the business district is a far-reaching one, indulged in by many good business men. They have been doing it so long that it is hard to make a change. But when they come to consider the matter in the proper light, they must admit that reform in this direction will be in the interest of all the people.

IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?

When I go to meet my sweetheart
With the theater in view
And I'm really in a hurry—
I have minutes just a few—
In the doorway when she meets me
And her face is all a smile,
And she lends me to the parlor,
Bids me wait a little while;
I am left all by my lonesome self,
And with patience do I wait
Till I hear her voice, "Now Mamma,
Is my hat on straight?"

Then I know I'm strictly in it
For another hour or so,
But I sit and bear and grin it
With a book I'd like to throw.
I get up and pace the carpet
Just my feelings to restrain,
And I whisper low at intervals
Vows my courage to sustain.
Oh, there moves me to the feeling
That I'd like to tell my freight,
When I hear her ask her sister,
"Is my hat on straight?"

While I love her, yet I wonder
If she ever stops to think
That the chain that binds by thunder
Is but hidden by a link?
Yet while all these thoughts come to me
And so many, many more,
I will find myself preambled
Leaving up and down the floor
In a mood that's aught but passive,
For it does exasperate
When you find it 5:30
And the curtain's up at 8.

Pretty soon the door flies open
And a change comes over me;
There she stands in real splendor
And a wealth of finery,
Tripping softly over to me
Then she gently steals a kiss,
Which accounts in a great measure
For the metamorphosis.

In an angel's voice she whispers,
"Jack, I know it's getting late;
But, you'll tell me, won't you, dearie,
Is my hat on straight?"

My hat on straight?
"Look here!" snapped the lean-nosed woman, "what are you doing in my vestibule?"

"I am just trying to get out, ma'am," said the peddler, as he started for the steps.

"Yes, but what were you doing there in the first place?"

"Well, er—yes, see, ma'am, I am selling face powders and paints, but I see you are too young and beautiful to need any cosmetics."

"You think so? Well, yes, are right, but let me look at a box." And he sold three packages right there.—Chicago News.

TRADE TRICK.

The Missouri undertaker had become rich and had retired from business.

His first use of his leisure was to start with his wife on a tour of the country in the capacity of a leisurely person of wealth.

On the morning of the second day they arrived at a big city.

"Planters' House," yelled a hotel runner, as they walked out of the railway station.

"Dang their hides, Maria!" exclaimed the retired undertaker, turning to his wife. "They've found me out already!"—Chicago Tribune.

Preferred Stock Tinned Corn.
Extra sweet and tender.

the eve of his second marriage, the wedding shirt his first wife gave him.

The women of Norway have recently exercised their privilege of franchise. In Christiania one-half of the votes were cast by women, and six of them were elected to the Council. A man and his wife will sit in that body.

Mrs. C. N. Whitman, of Denver, Colo., owns the largest ranch of any woman in the world. It is located in Texas, near Tascosa, and is called the L. S. Ranch, after Lucien Scott, the first owner. The ranch is thirty miles square and is devoted entirely to cattle raising. Mrs. Whitman makes her home in Denver, although she is absent a great deal, both at the ranch and in Europe. Mrs. Whitman understands the management of the ranch thoroughly. When down there she rides over it from day to day on horseback, and keeps herself thoroughly informed as to its needs. She knows both ends of the business; how to raise cattle and how to sell them profitably.

One of the latest neck-tie fashions consists of seven bunches of violets and their leaves. Between each bunch there are its frillings and there are two long accordion-plaited cascades of pale lavender liberty silk.

The hats this year are inclined to be small and to be worn over the face. French women sometimes make a mistake by wearing their hats too far over the face, so that the best part of the expression is lost. To be becoming a hat should form some shade for the face, but should also allow the softening effect of the hair to come over the forehead.

Hats of eury lace and insertion, trimmed with pale blue and pink, promise to be among the season's novelties, white beaver of a mixture of straw and beaver ranks first, while soft straws mingled with chenille are also making their appearance.

Chrysanthemum straw braids is the newest yet.

No more do frimmings soar high at the left.

New hairdressing braids seem to have been subjected to the mercantiling process.

No matter what the size of the posies on your hat, have the foliage microscopic.

A fall of lace in veil effect is a feature of dress hats. It is either left down or thrown back.

Hats formed of folds of tulle are now draped with sheer, delicately figured lace. Black and white marguerites, with their golden centers, are used on children's hats in any quantity.

Strands of jet or of pearl beads form an attractive back drapery over the hair on many dress hats.

Intertwined garlands of button roses are the daintiest underbrim trimming for Marie Antoinette hats.

Two big-headed hat pins are the most proper fastening for hat draperies.

Tulle embroidered in georg and fine, pale straw is one of the loveliest fabrics.

WHAT WILLIE SAW.

Dr. Saxton was a very learned man with skin that reddened on the slightest provocation, and very light—not to say white—eyelashes. In the hard days immediately after the civil war, in the absence of other employment, the good doctor took charge of the village school, and was soon nearly beside himself with what seemed the impossible task of getting little Willie Brewer to learn his a b c. Finally Dr. Saxton resorted to a system of mnemonics original with himself and began with what he thought were the easiest letters.

"Now, Willie," he said, "when you come to this long, straight letter just think of your eye. Remember, now, that it is 'I'."

But when Willie came back to the doctor's knee an hour later he had forgotten "What is that, my son?" inquired the doctor.

"I do know,"

"Oh, yes, you do. What is it?" encouraged.

"I do know," with mournful conviction.

"What do you see here?" asked the doctor, pointing his forefinger close to his own eye and involuntarily shutting and squinting up that organ as he did so.

Willie looked earnestly and much longer than seemed necessary. "I don't see nothing," he at last whispered out "but six little white hairs."—March Woman's Home Companion.

Preferred Stock Stringless Beans.
New York's finest production.

SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

"I dunno why it is," said Uncle Zebedee Woolblazer, "but it is sure that my misfortune lately is, yis ma'am."

"What's happened to you?" asked Aunt Ethelinda Clingstone.

"Well, yistiddy I lost a two-bit piece, outer man pocket, an' only de day before, I mos' cut off my hair, yis ma'am, me knife."

"O, de me, Ye mus' be hoodooed sure."

"Das what I tink, but I can't tink ob anybody hoodooing me."

"Perhaps ye' has walked under a ladder, yis Zebedee?" she suggested.

"No, chile. I might be keerful 'bout walking under ladders."

"Praps ye' saw de new moon ober yer left shoulder, Uncle Zebedee?"

"Den, said Aunt Ethelinda, "dere may be some signs dat we don't know, or dat we're disremembered, fo' ye' has certainly been as hoodooed as ye' could be. I can't imagine how ye' could be so misfortunate."—Detroit Free Press.

The Columbia Telephone Co. has its printing done in Portland. Are union men sure others do?

WITH THE FUNNY MEN.

IN NEW YORK SOCIETY.
"Were you and your husband engaged very long?"
"Oh, no. He had good luck and got his divorce right off. I had already secured mine when we first met."

VERY LIKELY.
Aunt Debby (viewing the city)—What does that sign "Miss Store" mean?
"Uncle Abner (a close observer)—I s'pose that's where these 'ere anglermanlike gets measured for clothes so folks'll think they was made in London."

A LAUGH ALL ROUND.
"I suppose it would be laughable if we could see ourselves as others see us."
"Yes, and I would be still more laughable to others if they could see us as we see ourselves."

ANCESTRAL.
Father: "Tell me why you want to get married?"
Daughter: "I expect it's one of the traits I inherited from my mother."

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER.
"I thought I had alienated him," remarked the man whose mind stoops to small things, "but I didn't."
"To whom do you refer?"

"That old inhabitant, who is always declaring that it's the hottest day of the coldest weather the city has known. I strolled up to him and said, 'This is very moderate weather, we're having.' Yes," he said, "my personal knowledge it's the moderate weather we've had in sixty years."

TABLE TALK.
Mrs. Kidder—So this is really artificial honey. Where does it come from?
Mr. Kidder—I understand it is gathered from artificial flowers by artificial bees.

Mrs. Kidder—The idea!
A ROUGH GAME.
"Mamma," said Pickenanthy Jim, "Bill is smacking Joe again." "Well," said the colored woman, "you tell dem chit-lun dat dey gatter quilt playin' 'Nited States senate. Dat game's too rough."

AFTERMATH.
He at the ball: "Your card is full and I'm not in it either."
She: "Well, it's your own fault. You and my card are being filed at the same time."

BUILDING NOT TOLERATED.
"I hope," said the visitor quietly, "that you will not use money in your next campaign."
"I've got to do it," answered Senator Sorghum simply. "I come from a district where bulldozing would not be tolerated."

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.
"Irate Father—"I thought you said you were worth ten thousand a year."
"Would-be Sutor—"Yes, sir; but I only got six hundred."

HIS LIVING.
He—My living expense save \$5,000 a year.
She—What a waste of money.

THROUGHOUT THE STATE.
Wasco has a case of smallpox.

The police force of Union now appear in full uniform, and there will be no trouble for strangers to locate the men with the "billy."

While on his way to the Soldiers' Home, at Boise, Idaho, William V. Ford, a veteran of the Mexican war, tried to climb up the steps of the eastbound train at Walla Walla and fell back lifeless. His discharge papers, faded and worn, were found in his pocket.

The Weston Leader has a remarkable display in its office. Which does credit to a certain Weston hen. It is an egg within an egg, discovered after boiling. The outer appearance of the egg was perfectly natural, but inside was an other, about the size of a robin's egg.

Austin Craig, formerly of the Washington County Hatchery, at Forest Grove, now of Bumper, has been acquitted of the charge of embezzlement.

A rock that became loosened from its place on the mountain side rolled down upon the Sumpter Valley railroad track near a sharp curve, came near causing a serious wreck one day last week.

Julius Pamburn, a 10-year-old boy of Athens, had an exciting experience the other day. While on his way to Brigsport postoffice on Weston mountain he discovered that he was being followed by a cougar. The boy was frightened out of a year's growth.

It is expected that the right of way of the Central Navigation Company, commonly called the Paul Mohr line, will be sold at public auction at Goldendale within six weeks.

The annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held at Astoria June 4, 5 and 6. It is probable that the old veterans will turn out en masse. The program will be made public later.

L. J. Carter, formerly superintendent of the school for the deaf and dumb at Salem, was injured in a runaway at Hood River last week. When the team started to run, Mr. Carter held to the lines and was dragged off the wagon, the wheels passing over him.

IF.
If I had a million in money
Do you want to know what I would do?
I'd purchase a beautiful mansion
For a cool hundred thousand or two;
I'd furnish it richly all over,
And then give my vanity vent
By giving grand dinners and so forth—
But I can't, for I haven't a cent!

If I had a check for ten dollars
Do you want to know what I would do?
I'd pay my landlady eight shillings,
And get a new sole on my shoe.
And then, for the dollar remaining,
I'd follow my natural bent
And go to some play worth the seeing—
But I can't, for I haven't a cent!

If I had five cents in my pocket
Do you want to know what I would do?
I'd go down at once to the "Palace,"
Where Jack sells an excellent brew;
I'd call up a schooner of lager,
And, smiling in fullest content,
I'd blow the foam and—but blague it—
But I can't, for I haven't a cent!

AN EXPERT WORKMAN.
"Sit a little closer, please."
It is the polite street car conductor who thus adjusts his passengers.

"Sit a little closer, please!"
Again do they crowd together, while ten more people get aboard.

"Sit a little closer, please!"
The passengers squeeze into yet smaller spaces.

From the press of people a hand is seen urgently signaling the conductor.

He approaches the hand and traces it to its owner.

"What is it, sir?" he courteously inquires.

"I'll give you \$100 a day to superintend my sardine canner," says the man at the end of the arm attached to the hand.

—Baltimore American.

Dr. L. M. Thornton, Dentist, Rooms 202-203 Marquam Bldg., Phone, Hood 607; residence phone West 1214.

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We will give a 30x60-in. Smyrna Rug FREE with every cash purchase of \$25.00. Come and see us before you buy.

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CARPET AND FURNITURE CO.

166 and 168 FIRST ST.
Between Morrison and Yamhill Sts.

MARRIAGE IN ARABIA.

A marriage procession among the Arabs is a very elaborate affair. The camel which bears the bride is decorated with bright henna, dyed on his neck and shoulders, while there are verses from the Koran inscribed in the hangings. His smooth legs are often swathed with bright cloths, his head bedecked with plumes and small mirrors, while his back is resplendent with bright colored bits of tinsel which glisten about a patchwork of many hues, cloth. A hood or cage conceals the bride, and no doubt adds to the discomfort of the cramped ride on the beast. There are attendants, and last of all the handsome, shaggy drummers who attract the crowds by their incessant pounding on small but highly decorated instruments.

If the journey to the groom's home is a short one, it is lengthened by stops at frequent intervals, and all the while the lover must not show and eagerness to welcome her, no matter what his feelings may be. The Arab may be affectionate, but he cannot with dignity betray emotion. Among the lower classes, however, accompany the procession with performing bears or other wild animals, and when the bride is wealthy, a large band of all the musicians, chatty drummers who attract the crowds by their incessant pounding on small but highly decorated instruments.

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