

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## SHE HAS TALENT.

**A Young Woman of St. Louis Who Will Win a Place in the Field of Art.**  
Miss Myrtle McGrew is one of the prettiest and most charming of St. Louis' new crop of artists. She is the daughter of a well known merchant, and is possessed of remarkable talent. She has been abroad for more than a year and is now studying in Paris. She will



not return until a year hence, and will then be introduced to society by her mother, who is with her during her stay in Paris. Her efforts with the brush have found great favor among the artists of the French capital, and, encouraged by their praise, Miss McGrew hopes to be able to let the world know of her existence. Miss McGrew has shown such rapid development in her studies that the rosette hopes of her friends can by no means be said to be extravagant. It is said that her technique is remarkable for so young a student. Her efforts in black and white are really meritorious, especially her pen drawings, some of which show unmistakable signs of a talent full of possibilities. Miss McGrew inherits her beauty from her mother, who was a Miss Donalson of Lexington, Mo., and whose beauty of person and character form a rare combination in womanhood.

## The Art of Bow Tying.

The art of bow tying is taught to young women, who like always to be smartly trimmed with correct bows at the neck and belt. Even the bow at the hair has a different tie from the bow at the slipper, and the waistband has a knot entirely unlike that at the throat. To know the difference is one of the arts of bow tying. The next is to be able to tie.

A bow of orange velvet of the new shade, capucine, is a valuable adjunct for a somber dress. Upon a light one it becomes positively brilliant, a beautiful decoration for dinner. For such a bow and its belt there must be a crush of velvet to go around the waist snugly. This must be crinkled to set like a girdle, and to it must be sewed the bow of velvet. Each separate loop is lined and stiffened, and the ends have sharp pieces of stiffening set in. The whole is brought under a small knot. A bow, carefully made like this, withstands a great deal of hard usage, and if it is lined with taffeta instead of with velvet it is not too bulky a thing to be worn under a coat.

## Decollete Gowns in London.

A London writer, commenting on the fact that decollete gowns are becoming more popular in New York, says: "As low necked dresses become fashionable in New York, in London they are rapidly on the decline, except for a ball or a very large dinner. At one time it was almost necessary to wear a low gown to the theater in London, but now when one sees a decollete gown it looks provincial, as all the smart set have adopted fluffy chiffon blouses for evening wear. The reason for this is that the theaters are insufficiently heated, and the houses in winter are always a little cold. For all small, smart dinners high necked, 'dresy' evening blouses, or tea jackets, are frequently if not generally worn. In fact, so well is the full made dress appreciated that even at court presentations the queen permits a heart shaped or a semilow neck, with long sleeves."

## St. Louis Women.

The women of St. Louis want representation on the school board, and as the simplest way of securing it have had a bill drawn up, which, if passed, will put an end to the existing masculine monopoly of school management in the state of Missouri. It provides that in all towns, cities and school districts the governing body of the schools shall be composed of an equal number of men and women, and no board shall be composed of more than 12 members. They have issued a long and eloquent petition to voters asking support for their measure and giving many good reasons why it should become a law.

## Denver's "Daughters."

The Denver Daughters of the Revolution opened the new year in new quarters in the City Troop armory. They will hereafter keep open house all the time, and are the first woman's organization in Denver to attempt such a thing. The Woman's club of Denver also has quarters in the armory and moved in simultaneously with the Daughters.

## Moody's Advice to Wives.

Addressing women who are wives the other day in Tremont temple, Boston, Mr. Moody told them that if they have just complaint against their husbands they should seek divorce. Anticipating the objection that such advice would break up homes, he declared that he gave it for the upbuilding of the home and the defense of the family honor.

## Mothers and Daughters.

Brooklyn has a church club called the Mothers and Daughters' club. No one is eligible for membership who cannot bring a mother or a daughter with her. They meet for play in the afternoon, and when once assembled they quickly separate into two groups, one composed entirely of daughters, the other of mothers.

## TOMMY CRUSE.

**In Hard Luck When He Struck Drums Lummond and Bloomed Out.**

When I met Tommy first, his only asset was a serious danger, for his five underfed and underbred ponies were about to be seized for overdue taxes. I tried to help Tommy with money, but I tried to with advice. "Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred dollars," I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Mo., at that period and ran a small savings bank. Tommy Cruse "tried old Sam Ashby." All he got, however, was some pretty free talk, in which the banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw his money into the home of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow.

Tommy Cruse got the money, however. Three weeks later he located the great Drum Lummond gold mine. He knew he had a big thing, but somehow he could make nobody believe in his mine. For years he worked at it, however, living at times a dog's life.

Once, while talking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious. He had not eaten a mouthful of food for 36 hours, and yet, with dogged persistence, had worked on till he fell in his tracks. At last his day came. He opened up a big vein and had \$1,000,000 to his credit in a good safe bank. Hard times over, he decided to pose as a "solid citizen," so he opened a savings bank in Helena. One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, banker, for a small loan was the one time banker, old Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector the happiest moment of his life, one that wiped out all memory of starvation and privation. For Tommy Cruse, showing his would be customer to the door, as he would be customer, in language too emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw his money into the house of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow as Sam Ashby.—Columbia Magazine.

## THE WELL MANNERED BOY.

**He Is Simply Charming, but Altogether Too Scarce.**

Is there anything more charming in this world than a nice, well mannered boy? I don't want to be hypercritical, but I must add, as I am a strictly veracious woman, that they are, alas, as rare as they are charming.

Such a boy, the well mannered genius, thank heavens, I met not long ago, and my instant thought was, "What a fine mother his must be. I know her by reputation, a celebrated actress, who has carefully shielded her private life from the public, and my estimation of that woman immediately rose 50 degrees. None but a woman of culture, refinement and true nobility of character could rear a son whose every lightest word showed respect for women, innate good breeding, and, best of all, in this day of affected skepticism among the jeunesse doree, an honest belief in the existence of good among men and women in general.

And I couldn't help thinking sorrowfully as I chatted with this delightful boy how few mothers really understand their meter. It's the most responsible work in the world, that of motherhood, and is entered into with the least training and preparation. Women are proverbially proud, vain, their masculine critics say, and I wonder whether they realize how they are reflected in their children? If they did, would they not make a greater effort to have reflected only their good points, their gentleness, breeding, and, above all, their faith in human nature.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Sealy Ant Eater.

An animal made of tin plate, of the shape of an elongated fir cone, about three feet in length, which crackles and rustles with every movement, is one of the latest acquisitions of the Zoological society of London. Its name is the pangolin, or scaly ant eater, and it belongs to the same family group as the armadillo and platypus. It has excited great attention at the zoo, for it is—of the kind which has been exhibited there. Its home is where the termites, or white ants, are found, for the animal feeds on these destructive creatures and possesses claws which are designed to break down their strongholds. The claws are also necessary for burrowing in the ground, for the pangolin excavates a cave for himself and his mate eight feet or so below the surface of the earth, and in this strange home one or two young are produced every year. The pangolin at present at the zoo is fed upon ants and their eggs, and also scalded in milk. The scales with which its body is covered are hard and sharp as steel, and it can give a terribly cutting blow with its powerful tail. It can roll its body up into a ball like a hedgehog when it so wills.—Public Opinion.

## Clerical Dunces.

It is to be feared that clergymen who have entered the church through theological colleges are wretched scholars as a rule. The bishops have lately found it necessary to insist on an entrance examination on general subjects before admission to a theological college can be granted, and the results have been decidedly startling. The requirements are almost ridiculously elementary—a couple of books of Xenophon's "Anabasis," some quite easy Latin, two books of Euclid and so forth. Nevertheless, it is stated that a large number of candidates for orders are so grossly ignorant that they have been unable to get through this exceedingly easy ordeal.—London Truth.

## Grasping at a Straw.

Doctor—Don't be alarmed, I was sicker than you are a year ago, and with the same trouble. Today I am well and hearty.  
Patient (anxiously)—Oh, doctor, tell me, who was your physician?  
Waterbury.

## Distributing the Mail.

Any one who has known what it is to wait day after day in some out of the world nook for letters which were all the time safely reposing in some neglected corner of a sleepy postoffice can appreciate the story that is told of Lord Wolseley by Mr. Nourse, who was with her majesty's forces through the Sudan campaign.

At Korti, Nourse went into the postoffice to look for some letters. The postmaster was a native and not much used to handwriting. He made a superficial examination of a big pile of letters and papers and said there was nothing for the applicant. Nourse asked to see the pile of letters, and while he was looking them over a man with nothing to designate his rank came into the office. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Let's clear this thing out," he said. "They jumped on the counter and proceeded to 'clear it out' by first bundling out the postmaster. Then they brought a careful examination of the postoffice and found it congested with mail for the army. They searched every nook and cranny, throwing the letters for each regiment into a different pile and heaping up all the newspapers in the center of the room. Then they went through each pile and separated it into companies. Before night every letter was in camp and distributed, and the next day the papers were out.

Nourse did not know the name of his companion in the benevolent deed, and when he asked the answer was, "They call me Charlie."

Some time after Nourse found it necessary to see the commandant, and, sitting near the tent to which he had been directed, he saw his companion of the postoffice.

"Hello, Charlie!" he said. "I'm looking for the commandant. Where shall I find him?"

"Well," said Charlie, "you won't have to look far. I'm the commandant. Come inside and have a bit to eat and drink."

It was Lord Wolseley.—Youth's Companion.

## A Valiant Invalid.

Huron county, O., 25 years ago boasted a resident named Jedediah Crouce, one of those hale invalids who sit all day at south windows, reading while the wives do the work.

One day Jedediah grew querulous. He had "such a distress" in his stomach. Nothing solid or liquid relieved him, but when the holdings he folded his hands resignedly and sighed. On the strength of that sigh Mrs. Crouce prepared 12 large and luscious dumplings. With much complaint the suffering farmer drew his chair to the board, tucked a napkin under his chin, and after a fault finding grace attacked the dumplings, brown and steaming. One by one they disappeared, with hungry eyed little Sammy looking on, too wise to ask for a portion. As he saw the eleventh sent below to mitigate his chair and staid around the table to where the invalid sat.

"Papa," he pleaded, "can't we have jus' one apple dumpling?"

The old man waved his hand.

"Run away, child. Papa's sick."—Chicago Record.

## Department Stores.

Department stores have advanced fortunately in both the quality of the goods sold and the amount of the sales. The business of several amounts annually to from \$7,500,000 to \$15,000,000, and this, roughly speaking, is with much money as many a prosperous railway 1,000 miles long handles in a twelvemonth. One great store in the west carries a retail amount of almost if not quite \$400,000 a year. The mail order business of another amounts to \$900,000 a year. A number of houses send to the homes of their customers more than 30,000 packages in a single day, while perhaps as many more are carried away in the hands of the shoppers. In the busiest days quite 100,000 persons have visited each of the very largest stores of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Brooklyn. One firm spends more than \$300,000 a year for advertising, and single departments in several stores sell more than \$2,000,000 worth of goods annually.—Samuel Hopkins Adams in Scribner's.

## Booms in Florida.

A lady traveling on the South Florida railway one night soon after the yellow fever scare was heard to exclaim: "Just look there! Tell me about not having yellow fever in the pine woods! Why, we've been running through a graveyard for an hour!" She had been looking out at the white painted corner stakes of an embryo city gleaming in the moonlight. There were hundreds of such towns in south Florida, in which thousands of lots were sold in good faith and in the honest belief that they would be the centers of wealth and population. Others were mapped out for the express purpose of catching "suckers." Some hunters found a "city" in a cyclical press swamp 60 miles from any human abode. There it was, laid out and staked off in streets and lots and squares and public parks. They killed a bear in the Primitive Baptist church lot.—Lippincott's.

## At a Bookstore.

Customer—But this book bears a date prior to the invention of printing.  
Dealer in Rare Volumes—So much the more valuable, sir—so much the more valuable. It is proof of its antiquity. It was only after the invention of printing, you know, that the counterfeiting of old volumes was possible.—Boston Transcript.

## Swelling.

"When Mrs. Rawton lived in Pawpaw, she wouldn't wear a gown unless it was made in Chicago."  
"Yes, and now that she lives in Chicago she won't wear any gown made outside of Paris."—Chicago Record.

# A Sufferer Relieved. Three A Tale of Suffering and Subsequent Relief.

From the Press, Columbus, Ohio.

One of the many persons in Columbus, Ohio, who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is Miss Jerusha McKinney, of 50 South Centre Street. Miss McKinney is well and favorably known, especially in educational circles, as she has been for a number of years a faithful and progressive school teacher.

For some time she has been very ill and the sufferings and tortures endured by her for months have been unusually severe. The tale of her sufferings and the subsequent relief and final cure which she derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, aroused considerable agitation among her many friends and others.

A reporter was detailed to obtain a reliable account of this marvelous case, and when he had by him Miss McKinney at her comfortable and cozy home where she cheerfully complied with his request. She said: "The first indication that I had that anything was radically wrong with me was about three years ago. I suffered the most excruciating pains in different parts of my body and was almost crazed at times. My sleep was disturbed by horrible dreams and I had begun to waste away to almost a shadow. To add to my other afflictions the malady assumed a catarrhal form. I was soon a victim to that horrible as well as disgusting disease. I consulted the family physician who gave me some kind of a medicine, but I was foolish enough to imagine that it benefited me. I followed the advice of the physicians but noticed no perceptible improvement in my condition and was about to despair of becoming a strong and well woman again.

"Some of my lady friends were calling on me one afternoon and when I happened to mention my troubles, when one of them recommended that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

**SLAUGHTER OF DEER.**  
Game Killed in Montana by Sportsmen Just For the Fun of the Thing.  
W. H. Wright tells in Recreation where much of Montana's game has gone. He says:

"I have known two self called sportsmen to leave Spokane for two days, and on returning tell of having killed 63 deer, a story the ranchmen at whose home they put up corroborated. That was years ago. It would take a long hunt to kill 63 deer. I once knew a man to go and make a winter camp and kill over 100 deer, which he hung up. He tried to sell them where they hung, but failed. He went east somewhere, where he lived, and I've never heard of him since. He claimed to have killed 100, but I counted 150 carcasses in sight near his camp the following spring.

"While going from Palmer's lake, in Washington, to the Salmon river I passed through Toad-coulee and stopped overnight near a small lake on which was camped a party of hunters. It would have been easy to load a four horse wagon with the heads of deer alone that were piled up in one place. There were deer carcasses all about the camp.

"I could name more than 50 of such hunters who have killed thousands of deer and left them where they fell. Only last winter two men left Spokane and killed 33 deer in Idaho, not bringing out a pound of meat to show for it. "I have seen many Indian hunts, one of which resulted in the death of over 400 deer, but not one of the deer was wasted. The Indians hunt and then eat the meat before they hunt again. They kill to eat, but the whites kill for fun. Last spring one man in the Bitter Root valley killed seven elk without stirring from his track. Not one was saved."

## Tennyson and His Wife.

Tennyson was devoted to his wife, but, like a man of true taste, he wrote very little about his feeling for her. That beautiful dedication beginning, "Dear, near and true," is that bit of his writing which will be most often associated with her name. She was a shrewd critic of her husband's work. Tennyson has been accused of inability to fuse the different portions of a long poem, and the difference in style between "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur" and the other "Idylls of the King" has been cited in illustration. Concerning this difference Lady Tennyson said to her son only two days before her death, "He said 'The Coming of Arthur' and 'The Passing of Arthur' are purposely simpler in style than the other idylls as dealing with the awfulness of birth and death," and she wished this statement of the poet to be put on record in her son's biography of his father.—New York Tribune.

## A Queer Coin.

Fully half of the grown up people of France believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver 5 franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation. They say that the people did not want the 5 franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for it Napoleon resorted to the device mentioned. The check or treasury order, it is said, was written upon asbestos paper and inclosed in the metal at the time the coin was made. Thousands of 5 franc pieces are annually broken open and have been so inspected since the story of the check was first circulated.—New York Journal.

## Spider Wort.

The Virginia spiderwort is apparently unable to endure a high temperature. During the day it is wilted and dejected. As the evening comes on it revives, all its leaves assume a lively appearance, and the plant appears to flourish and enjoy its life until the morning light again returns.

By the nearest mail route from St. Louis to meet a distance of 643 miles must be traveled.

# Desirable Stars in LITERATURE And The ARTS and SCIENCES

Sold With

# THE WEST

Scientific American.

# ANDY CATHARTIC

## Cascarets

### CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. They are mild, pleasant, and do not grip or irritate, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

# THE COSMOPOLITAN

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 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, O.