

ODDS AND ENDS.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A WINNING COMBINATION OF BEAUTY AND BRAINS.

The Country House Store-room—A Queen Ward to Manage—The Cambridge Decision—Points on Packing a Trunk—Mrs. Stanton at Eighty-one.

When beauty and brains unite, it is a winning combination, and Miss Helen Pitkin has started out in life with the double power. Not content with being a famous beauty and amateur musician, Miss Pitkin has taken up a profession. She is editor of the woman's department of The Times-Democrat, and is a writer of short stories and verse besides. Well, she comes of good stock for literature. She is related to Margaret Fuller, the New England author, and to the branch of the Gordon family which produced Lord Byron. Her father, John R. Pitkin, was minister to the Argu-



fine Republic under the Harrison administration, and Miss Pitkin is one of the youthful leaders of New Orleans society.

It is said that this amazing young southerner can play upon almost any musical instrument, from a grand piano to a cornet, and her home in the quiet residence portion of the French quarter is a Mecca for visiting artists. She is a tall blonde, of great beauty and what our grandfathers would call "a sprightly humor." In a word, this youngest member of the New Orleans literary guild is charming.

There are a number of other brainy and delightful women in the semiliterary journalistic world of New Orleans, notably Mrs. James Durno of The Times-Democrat and Mrs. E. M. Gilmer of The Picayune, and no one of the fraternity seems quite content to remain entirely within the well defined arena of newspaperdom. That is what New Orleans does to the writer—writs him on to further achievement. In a literary sense it might truly be written the "Ambitious City."—New Orleans Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.

The Country House Store-room.

The stock which the prudent housewife finds it necessary to keep on hand in the store-room of her summer home would surprise some of her city sisters as have never lived several miles from a village store and have never had to depend largely upon the market wagons that are expected to come around on certain days in the week. But the day when company arrives unexpectedly and you are most anxious for the market wagons is the time when a horse is most apt to throw a shoe or something else is most likely to happen to prevent the usual supplies from reaching your door. At such times a well filled store-room is fully appreciated. Oftentimes these store-rooms are sufficiently large to have a table in the middle. They are particularly desirable for holding such dry foods as are in daily use. A list of the many articles needed would be a long one, but an enumeration of such as would not come under the head of "staple articles" may help the inexperienced housekeeper in filling her larder.

A variety of canned soups and vegetables is essential, as well as canned salmon, shrimp and sardines. Some salted and smoked meats, bottled anchovies and bottled meats of several kinds for serving upon hot toast as a luncheon or dinner course; bottled mushrooms, marinated, fish and beef extracts are all desirable to have at hand. Other things that should be at hand are jars of pate de foie gras, a bottle of Parmesan cheese, sauce, catchups and pickles of different kinds and olives. It is best to purchase these articles in the small sized bottles, at least part of them, as in that form they will be more convenient for taking to picnics and outing parties. Have several kinds of crackers in quantities for they can be freshened by heating in the oven. Keep condiments of all descriptions; chocolate, pulverized as well as in the cakes; all kinds of flavors, including some cordials, which are so desirable for the flavoring of jellies and creams; candied fruits and ginger, that may be used for dessert sweets and will keep in closely covered tin boxes or glass; maple sugar and Jordan almonds, and a few jars of breaded fruits, which will be acceptable to help out a dessert of whipped cream.

The different cereals, macaroni, tapioca, gelatin, olive oil and dried fruits are not likely to be overlooked, and the supplies of candles, soap, polish, extra brushes, chamois and flannels all have their appointed places, together with a reserve stock of lamp chimneys, glass and glass. One small corner should be kept for simple remedies, in which should be included ammonia and some disinfectant. Then one will be prepared for all emergencies.—New York Sun.

A Queen Ward to Manage.

The queen regent, Emma, who since the death of her husband has been governing the Dutch and endeavoring to rule her daughter, Queen Wilhelmine, has evidently come to the conclusion

that the latter portion of her task is too much for her. She can manage the worthy Hollanders all right, but she cannot manage her daughter, a headstrong, passionate and willful girl, defects which the latter inherited from her father and grandfather, and which are, as in their cases, redeemed by a generous and warm hearted temperament.

It is at the suggestion of the queen regent that the young sovereign, who attains her majority in August of next year, has been provided with a newly constituted council of guardianship, which is to assist her mother in controlling her actions during the 13 months which have still to run before she becomes constitutionally independent.

The council is composed of eight members, of whom no less than three are Roman Catholics, an astonishing state of affairs when one recalls the prominent part which the royal house of Orange as well as the Dutch took in championing the cause of the reformation 200 years ago.

Queen Wilhelmine has now reached a difficult age. She is too old to be subjected any longer to the discipline of governesses, all of whom have been sent about their business, and, on the other hand, she cannot be said to have attained as yet the age of discretion, and this, added to her impulsive temperament, is continually getting her into trouble, all the more so as she has commenced to resent being treated any longer by her mother as a child.

The Cambridge Decision.

The result of the polling at Cambridge was a foregone conclusion. The proposal to confer university degrees upon women was rejected by a vote of 62 for it and 1,712 against it. If there be room for any surprise, it is that the adverse majority was not still larger.

It must not, however, be for a moment imagined that this result is a setback for the higher education of women, or that it expresses any disapproval of such education. It means merely that the two great, historic universities of England, which have so largely shaped national life and character and have exerted over the current of English affairs than any other universities have over affairs in other lands—that these unique institutions are to retain their unique character. They are essentially masculine, not only in courses of study, in which indeed such distinction of sex is scarcely to be made, but in tradition, spirit, social organization, in a word in that university life which cannot be exactly described or defined, but which is perhaps the most important of all the elements of a university career.

There are other universities in England of high rank to which women are admitted on terms of equality with men and in which they may obtain substantially as good education and as high degrees as in Cambridge or Oxford. The number of them and the number of women students in them will doubtless continue to increase. But these two universities are to be kept aloof and reserved as, in the words of Dr. Goldwin Smith, "places of education, moral and social as well as intellectual, for the youth"—that is, the male youth—"of the governing class."—New York Tribune.

Packing a Trunk.

In the summer season, when the average woman lives in her trunks, it is a useful thing to begin, they should be packed as lightly as possible, in order to prevent the articles shifting about. The underclothing should be placed in the bottom of the trunk. Small articles take less space rolled than folded and should be packed as closely together as practicable. Woolen dress skirts may be folded on top. The trays should hold waists, jackets and light silk and organza gowns. The sleeves of all garments should be filled out with tissue paper and folded over the fronts. Skirts ought to be doubled over several times, so that the folds are adjusted without wrinkling. They should be laid on a bed and the ruffles or other trimmings smoothed out from the top. If the trunk is not sufficiently long, the top and not the bottom should be folded over. The sleeves of coats must be stuffed with tissue paper and the arms crossed upon the front. Bonnets and hats may sometimes be packed by putting the crown one inside of the other, filling in the space with tissue paper. To keep bows in shape, stuff with paper. Light collarettes, laces or veiling may be packed around them in order to keep them steady.

Each tray should be protected with unbleached muslin or cambric, to keep the dust from sifting through.

Much trouble may be avoided by placing a tag with the owner's name and place of destination plainly written upon it. These may be procured from any express company.—Godley's Magazine.

Mrs. Stanton at Eighty-one.

Miss Frances Ellen Burr of Hartford lately made a call on Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is 81. Miss Burr writes to the Hartford Times:

"Few women would care to have their age mentioned, but Mrs. Stanton is an exception to the general rule in more particulars than one. She sees no reason why it is any worse for a woman to get old than for a man, and if all women could do it as gracefully as she is doing it they would have reason to take pride in every added year. She retains a perennial flow of good spirits,

and her mind and reasoning faculties are untouched by age. She has no idea of dying yet. I remarked that I thought the natural term of human life was 100 years at least, and that people would attain to that when they learned how to live. She assented and said she would like to live to 100 if she could retain her faculties.

"She spoke of the enjoyment of old age and thought it really the happiest part of our life. Of course the great secret of the fabled fountain of perpetual youth is a contented, happy mind, and a mind that is occupied with work or that can enter with zest into the thoughts of the best writers and philosophers. With such a mind old age is not to be dreaded. While the heart is young the body can be kept in fair tone."

Following the American Lead.

So great an authority as the London World declares that London society has become Americanized in tone in the course of the last quarter of the century.

The restful and domesticated English women who were content to sit at home and work embroidery by the square mile survive now only in the country, if they are to be found even there. To them has succeeded a new generation which loves not rest and adores action. The fair ones of the present time love to be up and doing. Like their American sisters, they are endowed with a high proportion of nervous energy, which has to be worked off once in the 24 hours. They have an infinite capacity for "getting through things." They will do as much in a morning as would have satisfied their grandmothers for a week, and then are prepared to skate or pay visits all the afternoon, drive out, and go to a succession of parties in the evening. To women of this caliber what would have seemed to the ladies of a preceding generation a whirl of dissipation is merely a common round which serves just to occupy the day. With less they would be dull. They are prepared to do twice or thrice as much in "the season."

White Frocks for Summer Wear.

"This, certainly, may be called a white summer, for never before has the white frock been given so pronounced a vogue," writes Isabel A. Mallon in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The materials favored are organdie, dotted Swiss muslin, dimity, pique and corded cloth in the necks, and china foulard and tafeta in the skirts." "Pique of the received weight, which, by the way, is not as heavy as many sellies, is popular. The skirt of a pretty costume that I have just seen has the fashionable curve and is not over wide. Around the edge is a design in white braid that harmonizes with the pattern which outlines the short jacket. The shirt waist is of white silk, finished with a high white silk stock. The sleeves are decidedly small, having enough fullness on the shoulders to be graceful, but fitting the arms closely, and finished with narrow braiding. The belt is of white leather with a gold buckle. The hat is made of white chiffon and is elaborately trimmed at the back with enormous white roses and their foliage."

Neck Trimmings.

The woman who wishes to look her best must never blindly follow any and every new caprice of fashion, but adapt fashion to her own special needs. Take, for instance, the very large ruffles and collarettes now so popular. Very many women purchase these full frilly neck accessories with no thought beyond selecting the shapes which please their fancy. They put the huge ruffy yokes about their necks, and in not a few cases they have a hideous appearance. As a rule the all round collarettes are not so becoming to most figures as the pompadour style, or, better still, the shape cut in deep points one on either shoulder, the other two or three on the front and back respectively. Some of the latest collarettes are much elongated, not meeting just in front, but tapering downward, forming a sort of border to the wide box plait which still distinguishes the fronts of many fancy waists this season.—New York Post.

The Goodwife's Misfortune.

Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale and her daughter, Miss Dora Read Goodale, both of whom are constantly engaged in literary work, lost nearly all their manuscripts and literary material, as well as their books and personal belongings of every kind, in the recent destruction by fire of their home at Amherst, Mass. Such a misfortune should awaken a general and effective interest, not alone among the personal friends of the Goodales, but among those who have not forgotten Sky Farn and the exquisite verse of the young poets.—Woman's Journal.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with 18 various colored flags, and never more than 4 at a time, no fewer than 78,643 signals can be given.

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Farmer Hopkins' Evidence.

HE TELLS ABOUT THE SUFFERING OF HIS DAUGHTER.

A Victim of Nervous Prostration and Neuralgia, Saved After Her Physician Abandoned Hope.

From the Republic, Columbus, Ind.

While in the neighborhood of Rugby, Indiana, recently, a reporter was told that Miss Clara Hopkins, daughter of Mr. Dennis Hopkins, a prominent farmer of Bartholomew County, had been the subject of a remarkable transformation. The reporter decided to investigate and learn the particulars. He was driven to Mr. Hopkins' splendid country home, where he had an interesting conversation with that gentleman regarding the illness of his only daughter. "You have been correctly informed," said Mr. Hopkins, "for Clara has indeed had a severe attack. She tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and they did her more good than all other medicine together that she ever took. A few boxes of that medicine accomplished the cure of a case in a few months which had baffled physicians for years."

About three years ago her health began to fail. The doctor who attended her said this was caused by weak digestion. This produced nervousness, which was accompanied by neuralgia troubles, which at first was located in the nerves about the heart. Of course this was a dangerous location for any such trouble, and she rapidly grew worse, notwithstanding the care of the doctor. She continued till a year ago last November, at which time she was almost constantly confined to her bed.

The neuralgia became gradually worse, and finally she was a confirmed victim to it. "Nervous prostration set in, and she was soon all run down. Her blood was impure

and watery, and her complexion became sallow and colorless. She had no strength, and the least noise irritated her, she was so nervous. She had another physician, and he treated her steadily for a year without doing her any good. In fact, it seemed that she was continually becoming worse. He finally gave up the case as hopeless, and advised us to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her, as he said that they were the only thing that would benefit her.

"I procured a couple of boxes of the pills, and found that their use helped her considerably. She kept on taking them till she used about a dozen boxes, with the result that she was entirely well, and since then there has been no symptoms whatever of her old trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly wonderful medicine, which did a wonderful good in Clara's case, doing what several physicians failed to accomplish."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as depression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (carver in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

COME TO COTE.

M. QUAD'S Story of Lovemaking on the Cumberland Range.

I sat with the Widow Twinkl in front of her cabin on the Cumberland range one summer evening, when a tall and angular native about 20 years old came out of the woods and halted about ten feet away to stare at us.

"That 'ye, Reuben?" queried the widow after a minute.

"Of co'se," replied the young man.

"And what d'ye want?"

"Wanter cote Sary?"

"Oh, that's it. Sary, come out yere."

In response to her shout her daughter, a girl about 16, with no looks to brag of, came from the kitchen and asked what was wanted.

"Reuben's come to cote," said the mother.

"To cote who?"

"Yo', of co'se. Wanter cote or no?"

"Reckon so."

"Then go out and cote on that log."

The couple sat down on a log about 20 feet away, with a space of about six feet between them, and both looked off in the brush and swung their feet. It was fully ten minutes before Reuben said:

"Sary, yo' gwine to the circus?"

"Nah! no circus, Reuben."

"Thought there was."

"Num."

There was an interval of five minutes, and then Reuben said:

"Pop cotched a coon last night."

"A whoopper?"

"Fur shore."

"Didn't yo' catch one too?"

"Num."

"But yo' orter."

That ended the "coting" for seven or eight minutes, and then Reuben worked up nerve to say:

"I come to cote yo', Sary."

"But sin' yo' cotin'?" she replied.

"Reckon I am. Like to be coted?"

"Of co'se."

Reuben then moved over about three feet, but lost his nerve and moved back again, while the girl hid her face in her hands and giggled. A long and painful silence was finally broken by her asking, "Gwine to ask ma'am, Reuben?"

"Mobbe."

"Yo's afearid to."

"No, I ain't. Want mo to, Sary?"

"Yep."

"Real bad?"

"Yep."

"Then I will."

He swung himself round on the log to face us and stood up and bit at his finger ends, and the widow quietly inquired, "Waal, Reuben, what is it?"

"I 'coted Sary."

"Then what?"

"Then we want to be j'ined."

"I see. Waal, come around in the mornin and jump over the broomstick and take her away with yo', and yo', gal, Sary, go in and finish up them dishes."—M. QUAD.

An Appropriate Test.

Native—"The man you're after is dead. He put the muzzle of a double barreled shotgun between his teeth, kicked the trigger with his toe and blew his brains out. He's buried in the cemetery over there."

Stranger—"How shall I know his tombstone? Has it any inscription?"

Native—"Yes. It says, 'He hath put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.'—New York Press."

An Utterly End.

"If I might venture to make a suggestion," remarked the obituary editor as he glanced over the copy handed in by the woman in black, "I would say that the words 'untimely end' are hardly appropriate in this case, since the decedent was over 70 years old."

"Well," sighed the caller, "he ought to have died long ago."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Well Grounded Reputation.

"You have deceived me. Before we were married you told me you were a prominent citizen."

"No fake about that. I am known to every one as the biggest liar in town."—Chicago Record.

The Pearl Up to Date.

"Pa, what is a pearl?"

"Pa, what is a woman who meets her tired husband at the door with a glass oficed lemonade and then sits down by him and fans him."—Exchange.

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