

## NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

#### The Shirt Waists of the Season—Elaborate Mourning Parasols—Women Blacksmiths, etc.

**The Shirt Waists of the Season.**  
The conventional style of the shirt waist as we have seen it year after year in this season frequently changed for more dressy forms, including inserted fronts of all-over embroidery, fancy yokes of pink or brilliant red, dotted with white, etc., with cuffs and belt to match. However, there is a certain air of trimness and severity lost in the change, and, while the more expensive models may find purchasers among those who crave novelty, there are yet many who will prefer the old styles made of new fabrics.

**Elaborate Mourning Parasols.**  
The mourning parasols this season, following in the wake of all the modes, are very elaborate. They can be found in shirred, tucked and frilled Brussels net, mousseline de soie and India mull. Richer and simpler parasols are covered with dull black silk, veiled with chiffon and banded with a fine rich fold of crepe. Again, inch bands of crepe are set on the plain parasol, of silk, from top to bottom. In V's. Both English and French crepe is used. In fact, English crepe is now quite as much in vogue as English crepe. It is a finer weave and thinner, and lends itself admirably to various kinds of trimming.

**Women Blacksmiths.**  
There is a blacksmith shop in South Africa run by women. The place is near King William's Town, Cape Colony, and the women are the Sisters of St. Dominic. The Sisters, in their desire to preach the Gospel in new lands, emigrated to South Africa and established a settlement in Cape Colony. Finding laborers scarce, they were obliged to put their hands to the plough and do many other kinds of labor which they had not bargained for. They sent to Cape Town for a smith's supply, secured a blacksmith for a tutor, and have learned to do their own work. They surprise visitors by ploughing, pruning and grafting.

**Metal Monograms Are Fashionable.**  
Metal monograms, the cream of fashion years ago, are back again, bigger and brighter than ever. The newest are in script, old English, of course, and heavily moulded. Some are thin and wiry and all have slender lettering. That is, the letters are tall and narrow, but deep enough to admit of the "scratching" or denting of the silversmith. Some are set in jewels. Gold and silver letters are woven together in designs that are remarkably intricate. Monograms are used on traveling bags, dress suit cases and the "pocket-bags" so long absent in the limbo of used-to-be.

**Woman's Progress in Germany.**  
The movement for the emancipation of women is beginning to make real headway in Germany, says the Westminster Gazette. In spite of the protests of the Halle students against the lectures, Baden has pronounced in favor of admitting them to medical degrees; Giessen already does so, and it is said that other universities will soon follow suit. Meanwhile a hot discussion has been going on between the Government department that controls the railways and the League of Women of Berlin. Employment has been offered women on the railways as clerks and accountants at a salary inferior to that of men employed on similar work, and this is what makes the league so angry. A protest has been sent to the Reichstag declaring the equality of womanhood and demanding an equal salary for the women clerks.

**Bright President of a Woman's Club.**  
Mrs. J. G. Hutchison, of Ottumwa, the new president of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, is a foremost club woman in Iowa. Her education, talent, graceful manners and energetic qualities eminently qualify her to fill the position with which she has been honored. She was born in Ottumwa, March 27, 1863, of Quaker parents, who were pioneers in the city. Mrs. Hutchison's maiden name was Mabel Vernon Dixon, and she was educated in the public schools of Ottumwa, at Callahan College, Des Moines, and at the Wisconsin State University. Her life in Ottumwa, where she has grown from infancy to mature womanhood, is an open book. She is a leading member of the Tuesday and Tourist clubs. She has also been actively connected with the city hospital, and has been a leading spirit in the building up of the public library. In 1895 she became acquainted with the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs as treasurer, holding the position for two terms. Mrs. Hutchison was married June 23, 1898, to J. G. Hutchison, one of Ottumwa's prominent business men and progressive citizens, and who at one time was a candidate for Governor.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Holding Up the Skirt.**  
So apparently simple a thing as holding up the dress skirt in crossing a muddy pavement is regulated by fashion. In the days of the great hoop-skirts the proper way of avoiding the mud and dust of the street was to raise the skirt daintily about an inch, directly in front, using both hands and taking the greatest care lest the space between the gown and pavement should be more than an inch. Our grandmothers tripped daintily about in this way with the mincing gait that

accompanied the excessive modesty and fashions of those days. When the long, heavily trimmed Princess gowns came into style a new way of keeping them out of the dust was invented. It took women of great physical strength to wear such clothes as were then in vogue, and lifting the clumsy long trains was equal to an ordinary day's labor. The fashions of women's clothes thirty years ago have probably never been equalled for ugliness and disregard of hygiene. Every line of grace in the figure was spoiled. The waists were made short, the neck was loaded with trimmings, and the sleeves and bodices were covered with ribbon or velvet bows, lace frills and knife platings. The skirts and overskirts were simply masses of puffs and platings, which extended also into the trains, and the skirts were so narrow that it was a physical impossibility to take a full-sized step. The heavy trains had to be lifted, however, and a small apparatus called a skirt-lifter was invented to meet the emergency. The skirt-lifter had two strong clasps and by hitching one end of it on the dress skirt and the other to the train the latter was raised from the ground and the wearer could get along with considerably decreased discomfort. The skirt-lifters were made in black enamel, brass and silver. Silver ones were thought very fine and distinctive. After a few years this fashion was modified, and when the skirts became more rational the lifters were abandoned. The skirts were then raised at the side and brought forward toward the front. In a "Ladies' Guide to Perfect Decorum" of that time is set forth the proper procedure in the case of the lady and the muddy pavement. "A lady," says the guide, "should hesitate upon reaching a crossing. Then, carefully but lightly she should grasp a portion of her skirt well toward the back, elevate it modestly to a distance of between one and one and one-half inches, draw it gracefully to the right toward the front and trip daintily across the street." It was altogether a grave and thoughtful occasion.

With the introduction of the untrimmed skirts, which were at first cut rather long in the back, came the fashion of holding them up directly in the back, and the woman with the longest and best-developed arms was the most successful in performing the feat.—St. Louis Star.

**Women Butlers Now.**  
Several smart houses in New York City have instituted liveried women butlers owing to so much trouble with male servants. The scheme of putting women into livery originated in England among some titled house keepers for the same reason. At first the idea was scorned and met with many jests, but a woman's courage and a Regent street tailor brought scoffing mankind around in due time. An English girl was the first one to bring the fashion to America. Seeking for fortune and adventure, primed with that longing known to every feminine breast to be a pioneer in something, she came and persuaded a wealthy New York woman who was in despair to give her a trial, and the result was the entire body of first-floor servants was put into livery. One woman who has employed the liveried maid gives these reasons for her advocacy; they are more faithful and respectful than men; they are cleaner, more conscientious and less expensive; and, lastly, they possess more distinction and give an unmistakable tone to any establishment.

The butler's livery consists of a black coat and skirt of French face cloth and a strap of black silk running from hip to foot on either side. The coat is Eton, cut in a point behind, turning shirt and a low-cut white linen waistcoat. A white collar and tie and cuffs add a fine severity to the effect of the costume. No cap is worn. The hair is brushed straight back, pinned neatly to the head. The footman wears brown, blue or green cloth, plain skirt, a close-fitting basque with silver buttons and white turndown collar and cuffs. The women wear low shoes and are addressed by their surnames.—New York Tribune.

**Gleanings From the Shops.**  
White gloves in silk, lisle and suede with self or black stitching and four pearl buttons. Japanese kai kis and other wash silks in a great variety of designs for shirt waists. Blue denim sailor suits trimmed with braid and appropriate emblems for small boys. Spanish turban composed of gray tulle, cream lace and whole birds poised over the brim. Sailor ties of soft white surah with hemstitched ends and bands of blue silk above. Fancy novelty organdies with striped and checked grounds in printed floral patterns. An immense variety of crystal tie chains, pendants, hatpins and other forms of jewelry. A great variety of ready-fashioned tunics and polonaises of black, white and cream chintilly. Summer evening wraps of fine black net covered with an effective design carried out in black chenille, mounted over a yellow satin foundation. A remarkably large showing of broad-brimmed hat hats for children, trimmed with tulle, lace, flowers and foliage. Pretty evening gowns for summer wear made of India mull elaborately trimmed with yellow lace and yellow satin ribbon.

"Birchthirsty" is a recent contribution to the English language by a woman member of the London School Board, who objected to the board's attitude toward the corporal punishment of schoolboys.

## BILL NYE'S CYCLONE.

### He Was Badly Injured, but His Humor Eased the Pain.

Fifteen years ago a cyclone came out of the depths of St. Croix Lake, swept over New Richmond and Clear Lake, Wis., in the blistering heat of an afternoon, and after it had passed the searchers found Bill Nye in the wind-fall of a pine forest suffering from a broken leg. He was conveyed to his home in Hudson, where his humor served to lighten the weary days of waiting for the leg to heal. When the storm came Nye was driving through the forest with his brother, a resident of Clear Lake, and had a very narrow escape from death. In a path of some eighty miles in length, and ending with a cloudburst that flooded the towns of Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls, the cyclone sacrificed nearly 100 lives and removed one village temporarily from the face of the map. I found at Turtle Lake, eleven miles from Clear Lake, a portion of the church of the latter town, writes H. I. Cleveland in the Chicago Times-Herald. Between New Richmond and Clear Lake at a farmhouse in a pine clearing I saw the body of a little girl through which had been driven by electrical force a pine splinter as long as a blade of grass and as attenuated.

The first work that I did upon the storm was to secure an interview from Nye, and the extracts given herewith are what he had to say of his experience. He subsequently redressed the interview and incorporated it in his permanent work. At the time of the cyclone it was copied far and wide, and was regarded as one of the choice bits of humor of the genial wit. "I never did anything," he said, "to a cyclone. There is no reason why a cyclone should attack me. I never said anything mean of a cyclone, never criticized any of its relatives, never made fun of its mother-in-law; in fact, I always minded my own business in regard to cyclones, and was the victim of a base assault. "Why should a cyclone single me out? Why should a cyclone make me a target for its low wit? If I had ever given a cyclone reason for its attack there would be some explanation for my present condition, but I am an innocent man. This shows that the cyclone possesses many of the characteristics of an Indian. It is not to be trusted. I wouldn't take the word of a cyclone after my recent experience under any circumstances."

He said further: "I have lost faith in cyclones. No man can continue to believe in a cyclone after he has been betrayed. Had the cyclone given me proper warning, had it said that at such and such a time it intended to make a visit to where I was inspecting the luxuriant timber growth of beautiful Wisconsin I would have known what to do. I would have gone somewhere else and engaged in other pursuit while the cyclone was attending to its business engagement. I am no rival of the cyclone to be treated in this manner. I didn't even bear it a grudge. Nothing that I have done in my past life could be construed as having warranted a cyclone in taking umbrage at my presence when it came along. Had I been consulted in the matter I might have been willing to even have gone into business with the cyclone and given it pointers which would have been of advantage to both of us. "But," he said, "no fairness was shown me. I was struck from behind, maliciously approached, defenselessly hurled to the ground, trod and spat upon, and left to consider the futility of any effort on my part to be upright and square in my dealings with cyclones."

One of the last things Nye said of the storm was: "If I had wished to I might have struck back at the cyclone. I might have made myself disagreeable and caused a change in its plans. But I refrained. I am not of a revengeful spirit, and then I know when I have had enough of a good thing. I wouldn't ride a free horse to death under any circumstances. I just accepted things as they were and made up my mind that hereafter the cyclone could not travel in the same social set that I did. If it attempted to I intended to cut it dead." Bill Nye speedily recovered from his injury, and in a few years all traces of the great Clear Lake storm were effaced, but there are probably some old residents of the region still living who will remember the humor of the man who refused to take even his own narrow escape from death seriously.

**Animals Remember Music.**  
It is a well established fact that animals recognize musical sounds, and a traveler in an Indian city says that the horses there would paw the ground and toss their heads whenever, during their evening drives, they heard the band playing "God Save the Queen." That piece was the signal for going home, and some skeptical persons insisted that the horses recognized the tune because it was always played last. So the experiment was made of playing it in the middle of the programme, but the horses recognized it immediately, and pranced and tossed their heads just as before.

Other proof comes from an actor who recognized a horse as having once belonged to a certain circus. He went up to the animal, patted him and whistled a tune familiar to the circus. The horse immediately forgot the cab he was hitched to, and began to dance on his fore legs just as he had used to do when he too was an actor—in the circus.—Detroit Free Press.

**Innocent Diversions.**  
Fond Mother—Children, you mustn't fight. Willie—We're playin' jeweler, mamma, and Tommy's a clock out of fix and jes' keeps right on strikin' while I'm tryin' to twist his face off!—Jewellers Weekly.

## How Animals Keep Cool.

"Wild animals oppressed by heat are almost human in their actions," observed a naturalist. "They seek shelter from the sun, thirst much for water and fall down at last sunstruck. The tigers of India and the lions of Africa seek jungles that are nearly impenetrable for man where in pools they wallow for hours chin deep in the water rather than endure the intense heat of the sun driving through the mass of foliage overhead. Further than this, they may sometimes be surprised like deer in the water."

"In hot weather fishermen often see along the shores of the Adirondack and Maine lakes numbers of deer. These animals make frequent visits during the day to the water, where they nibble at a lily pod now and again and swim across to islands or to the opposite shore to cool off their overheated bodies. "Cattle seek the woods and shaded spots when the sun begins to show its fury, but they are often driven out of such cool places by a more deadly enemy, the armies of bloodthirsty and keenly winged insects, and resort to the hills. Curiously enough, many insects prefer keeping in the shade to quenching their thirst for blood. When cattle seek the pools and streams fishes gather around to snap up the flies killed by the tails of the beasts. "The woodchuck retires to the moist depths of its burrow, the squirrel to its home tree. The hare lies in the long grass beside the brook in an alder bed."—Washington Star.

## Story of a Parrot.

Rayard Taylor relates the following about a parrot once owned by a lady in Chicago: When the great fire was raging, an owner saw that she could rescue nothing except what she instantly took in her hands. There were two objects equally dear, the parrot and the old family Bible, and she could take but one. After a moment of hesitation she seized the Bible, and was hastening away, when the parrot cried out in a loud and solemn voice, "Good Lord, deliver us!" No human being could have been deaf to such an appeal; the precious Bible was sacrificed and the bird saved. He was otherwise a clever bird. In the home to which he was taken there were among other visitors a gentleman rather noted for volubility. When the parrot first heard him it listened in silence for some time, then, to the amazement of all present, it said very emphatically, "You talk too much!" The gentleman, at first embarrassed, presently resumed his interrupted discourse. Thereupon the parrot laid his head upon one side, gave an indescribably comical and contemptuous "H'm-m" and added, "There he goes again!"

## A Word in Season.

Hugh Montgomery, whose father owns a large ranch in the fertile San Joaquin Valley, came up to town the other week and paid a brief visit at the house of a clerical uncle. This divine, who is one of the best and most hospitable of men, follows the custom of having prayers before breakfast. In connection with this service each member of the family circle is expected to recite a verse of Scripture. Hugh, who has habitually a very hearty appetite, became decidedly sharp set before the amen was said. When his turn came to recite a verse he significantly repeated the familiar words: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, while I perish of hunger." The reverend uncle listened with twinkling eyes and there was a speedy adjournment to a well-spread table.—San Francisco News Letter.

## The Cattle Queen of Sonora.

A woman known as the cattle queen of Sonora is now in Tucson, Arizona, completing a deal for the sale of 5,000 head of the fine stock cattle to a local broker for shipment to Kansas. The deal will bring her \$75,000, but is only one of the many she will make this season. She is Senora R. M. Serano, a handsome and talented widow, with a fluent knowledge of French, as well as of her native Spanish. She has a home ranch in Sonora forty miles square, stocked with a myriad of cattle and horses. She does her own selling as shrewdly as any stock yard professional, and states she only asks ten days' notice at any time to deliver 5,000 head of cattle at the border. She owns the largest mercantile house in Altar, Sonora, doing an immense jobbing business.

## Building Stopped for Pigeons.

Although London is popularly supposed to consist exclusively of stones, bricks and mortar, it still contains many students of natural history who also hold strongly pronounced humanitarian views. In one of the most retired spots close by Mark Lane, a pair of wood-pigeons are now making a home, and so solicitous about their future comfort is an occupier of an adjacent building that, in order that the prospective parents may not be disturbed in bringing into the world creditable offspring, he has decided to suspend for a while sundry building operations which he had intended to commence last week.—London Telegraph.

## The Mistake of His Life.

"I shall not marry," he declared, "because if I were to be shipwrecked a wife would be right in the way!" But he never was shipwrecked. Instead, he was pursued by wolves in Russia. Now at once he became aware of the un wisdom of his choice. "Alas!" he cried. "If I had a wife I might throw her out to the wolves and make my escape while they were devouring her!" It is very difficult to anticipate exigencies.—Detroit Journal.

## IMITATIVE FILIPINOS.

The American Local Paper Says They Exceed All Other People in Imitation. Of all the races peopling this mundane sphere not one has such an extraordinary spirit of imitation as that which inhabits the Philippine Islands. This race of people, of Malay origin, which occupies all the archipelago of the Celebes Sea, lacks the aesthetic taste necessary for the proper combination of colors, constructive ability, uniformity in architectural designs, and the good taste which is required for the culture and advancement of a people. They have no ideas of this kind of their own, and in all matters of taste do nothing more than what they see in races of the West.

Any one who has observed the Filipinos will have noticed that they have no ideas at all in regard to the proper combination of colors in their wearing apparel, as, in spite of their dusky complexions, they select in their clothing the colors which are least suitable to them. You will see Indian girls and half-breeds as brown as berries using in their dresses and scarfs such colors as blue, green, yellow, brown and black. A woman of dusky complexion with a dress of any of these colors presents an appearance that is hideous in the extreme. It is not uncommon to see dark-skinned Indian girls dressed in such bright greens that if they should encounter a carabao they are liable to be eaten by that festive animal on account of their similarity to a bunch of hay.

The reason why these people cut this ridiculous figure is that they see these bright colors on European women, and, without thinking of the effect which on account of their different complexion such hues are liable to produce, readily adopt them and consider themselves the most elegant of the elegant. No sooner does a new fashion arrive from Paris, Vienna or Berlin in shoes, trousers, hats, shirts or neckwear, no matter how extravagant, the Indian and the half-breed immediately adopt them. The American troops had been in Manila only a few days with their brown suits before the stores on the Escolta were besieged by natives and half-breeds buying all the brown cloth obtainable, wool, cotton or silk, and in a few days they were all arrayed in suits of the same color as those worn by the army of occupation. They noticed the hats of straw or felt with a blue polka dot band, and in a few days all the Indians and half-breeds were wearing the same kind of hats as the Americans.

I believe that the Americans will have but little trouble in introducing here their usages, customs and language, as to that end the spirit of imitation which predominates in the native race will be a powerful factor.—The Manila Freedom.

## Facts About Olives.

Every one knows there is such an article as olives, most everybody has eaten them, but few are aware of their nature, properties and characteristics, to say nothing of their origin, home, cultivation, preparation, etc. The original home of the olive tree was in Syria and Palestine, thence it was carried to Greece, where it flourished in the time of Homer, who makes mention of the tree and its fruit. The origin of the olive is lost in antiquity, but there is little doubt that it is many centuries older than the Greek poets. The olive tree is a small one, generally from 1 to 3 feet in diameter and 15 to 35 in height. Old specimens are found which have attained larger proportions, but these are exceptional. Italy is the most prolific country at the present time in the production of olives, France and Spain being second in the order named. Olives are also produced in many other countries. They were planted in California by the Spanish missionaries somewhere about 1765, and to this day "Mission" olives are considered the best in the state. The value of the olive as a rush is of considerable importance, but its oil is of more importance, commercially speaking.

## Men's Feet.

The man buying a pair of shoes found the right one perfectly comfortable and easy, the left one rather snug. "It's usually so," said the salesman; "the left foot is commonly a little bigger than the right foot." "Why don't you make the left shoe a little bigger, then?" asked the customer. "Well," said the salesman, "the difference is usually not great, and it might not be enough so that it would be noticed in trying on shoes. And then it is not so great but what the difference in feeling of the two shoes disappears very soon. And then, too, in some cases the man's right foot is the larger, the man being right-footed in this respect as men are sometimes left-handed, the reverse of the common habit in the use of their hands. If shoes were commonly made with the left a little bigger than the right, to fit the majority of cases, they'd be worse than ever when you hit a right-footed man. So the shoes are made alike in size, a man gets a pair that fit him comfortably to start with, and they adapt themselves quickly to any slight differences in the feet."—New York Sun.

## A Loud Interruption.

"I declare, Maria, this is too irritating to be endured. I told you I didn't want to be disturbed, and here somebody has suddenly sprung a most infernal clatter on me. What does it mean?" "There wasn't any clatter, my dear." "What was it, then?" "Why, I just happened to pass through the room in my new red-and-yellow shirt waist, that's all." "Well, don't do it again."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## JOKERS' BUDGET.

**The Step Upon the Stair.**  
I heard a footstep on the stair;  
My heart stood still a space,  
And I could feel the hot blood mount  
In waves upon my face.

"Tis she, my love," I told myself;  
I rose to meet the dear,  
And met her slipped dad, who  
growled:  
"Well, what do you want here?"  
—Chicago News.

**Giving Him No Encouragement.**  
Mr. Spooner (seriously)—"Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?"  
Miss Sharpe—"I don't know; if he's anything like me he would."

**A Treaty of Peace.**  
"Have Scribner, the author, and his wife made up?"  
"Oh, yes! She now reads what he writes, and he eats what she cooks."—Jewish Comment.

**Protecting Himself.**  
"Isn't that man travelling incognito?"  
"S-s-h! Yes. Don't speak of it!"  
"Why? Is he in danger?"  
"In great danger. S-s-h! Whisper it. He is the weather man."—Chicago Post.

**His Excuse.**  
She—Do you remember how you used to put your arm around my waist when we were engaged, ten years ago? You never do so now.  
He—No; my arm has not grown any longer.—Indianapolis Journal.

**In a Hurry.**  
He (anxiously)—"What did your father say?"  
She (sweetly)—"Nothing, except that he would look you up and see if you had enough to support a wife."

He—"Um-m—my dear, hadn't we better elope to-night?"—New York Weekly.

**Surprising Information.**  
The Cook—Who's that saved-off fellow I saw in the hall, just now?  
The Butler—That's the master's barber.  
The Cook—What! That little shaver?—Yonkers Statesman.

**A Sign of Forethought.**  
"Such an insult!" she exclaimed.  
"What?" he asked.  
"Why, you know what long hair Brown, who married Miss Smith today, always has had?"  
"Of course."

"Well, just before he became a benedict he had it cut short. Just think of the natural inference."—Chicago Post.

**His One Chance.**  
Mother (coming swiftly)—Why, Willie! Striking your little sister?  
Willie (doggedly)—Aunt Frostface made me.  
Aunt Frostface—Why, Willie! I said if you did strike her I would never kiss you again.  
Willie (still dogged)—Well, I couldn't let a chance like that slip.—Boston Journal.

**The Complacency of Things.**  
The conductor of the train had answered them civilly.  
"How kind everybody is to us!" whispers the bride, with a happy smile.  
"Yes, even inanimate things are kind to us!" cries the bridegroom, for the car window had just submitted to being opened by him with little or no resistance.—Detroit Journal.

**The Glamour of Wealth.**  
Hicks—I wonder what Grogan could see in Miss McMidias?  
Wicks—They say she is worth half a million in her own right.  
Hicks—Although, as I was about to say, she is by no means a bad-looking girl, and everybody must admit that she has a very engaging way with her.—Boston Transcript.

**Theory Falsified Him.**  
"Yes, he had it bad. Went 'round arguing that there was no such thing as disease, and sneer'n' at death."  
"What's he doin' now?"  
"The last seen of him he was driv'n a hearse."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Devoted to Art.**  
"How are you getting on in your clay-modelling, Kittle?"  
"Oh—just lovely; I'm devoted to it."  
"This is a fine head; who is it?"  
"Goodness—don't ask me; isn't he sweet? It is either Martin Luther or Benjamin Franklin."—Detroit Free Press.

**He Had His Doubts.**  
"As I understand it an X ray will go straight through a man's head. There is nothing quite so penetrating, is there?"  
"Oh, I don't know. Did you ever hear my daughter sing?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Domestic Economy.**  
The young wife was ready to cry with vexation.  
"It's the most disappointing box of strawberries I ever bought!" she protested. "Why, there wasn't enough wood in the bottom of it to cook dinner with!"  
She was tempted to believe the whole commercial world in league to take advantage of her inexperience.—Detroit Journal.

**Her Little Dog Kept a Cougar Out.**  
John Berry, who recently returned from Sweet Home, tell of a thrilling experience by a little girl. The ten-year-old daughter of Thomas Lewis had been to a neighbor's a mile away through the woods after some flour, accompanied by a small dog, when a big cougar appeared and started for her. The dog did brave work in her protection, and succeeded in keeping the ferocious animal off until she reached home. A brother of the little girl and a big cougar dog then started for the monarch of the Oregon forest, treed him and shot him. He measured nine feet.—Albany (Ore.) Democrat.