WORKING WOMEN INCREASING.

MANUFACTURER who gives employment to a large number of women and girls cites a few reasons for the preferment shown the fair sex. He says that women are more adaptable, more reliable, more easily controlled, neater, quicker, more industrious, careful, polite and doclle than "Furthermore," he continued. "where men and women are in other respects equal there is one point of superiority on the part of women that counts heavily, and that is sobriety. Taking this in conjunction with the fact that employers are more and more making it an absolute condition of employment, it will be seen that women possess an advantage that is very marked. The advantage of being willing to accept smaller pay is an unstable equilibrium, but the advantage of habits of sobriety is a stable equilibrium, and sober men possess the same advantage."

The percentage of increase of women in all gainful occupations since 1880 is 48, while the percentage of their increase in mechanical industries is nearly 63. Among the gainful occupations in which women are engaged to the actual number of 4,000,000 are those of pilot, sailor, locomotive engineer, plumber, machinist, workers in iron, steel, brass, lead and zinc; boller-maker, nail-maker, furnace-maker, roofer and slater. Although as yet women are jury when it is off. To carry it on the not found in rolling mills, blast furnaces, nor in any of the occupations that expose the workers to excessive heat, it is probable that there will be inventions before a very long time which will relieve all such labor of many of its special hardships, and the entrance of women will follow.

Barred Out by Their Beauty.

Many reasons have been advanced for the exclusion of foreigners who sought to take up residence in this country, but so far as records show none has been barred for the same reason as now operates to detain Ella and Agnes Frensdorf at the immigrant landing in New York. The girls are sisters from Hamburg, and came to America hoping to find at least a temporary home with their uncle, S. P. De Yough, a New York importer of wealth. On their arrival the rich merchant went to meet them and was at once impressed with the idea that the



ELLA AND AGNES PRENSDORF.

responsibility of looking after two girls was more than he could undertake. Mr. De Yough wants them to return to Germany and promises to send them money regularly after their arrival there, "but," says he, "beautiful as they are I cannot assume charge of them; they are too beautiful,"

The representative of Austro-Hungary found them places as governesses in a Brooklyn family, but the head of this household acknowledged that if they did not prove what he wanted he would discharge them. This is one of the contingencies to provide against which the immigration bureau was return to Germany.

Can Assume Their Maiden Name. A decision which will be of interest to women all over the country was rendered by a Cincinnati judge a few days ago. It is that a woman has the right to continue in business under her she so chooses. The judge in his opinname is that which her husband bears, cuff falling over the hand. and that as long as they are man and wife she can have no other surname, excepting for business purposes, when any other name, provided, of course, that there is no intent to defraud.

Scarcity of Women.

Young women are still scarce in Idaho, and bachelors who desire to change their conditions of single blessedness are pienty. As a result of this condition of affairs school boards in that State have difficulty in securing teachers to ten unmarried men to one unmarried woman in Idaho.

Dr. William C. Whitewell, a druggist, and the Mayor of Salmon City, Idaho, gives the following incident as a sample of the way schoolma'ams are wooed and won in Idaho:

town, and at the close of the school under the left brim.

term they were married. Her sister came to teach the next school year. When the term was half over this sister resigned and married, and sent for another unmarried sister to take her place as teacher. The third Miss Busch taught in the school the latter half of the term, but three days after the term closed she was married to a business man of the town."

Fair Sex to Be Gloried. What woman has done from the time when she began exerting her wiles on unsuspecting Adam up to the present day is going to be told in a book. It is to be written by George Willis Cooke of East Lexington, Mass. He has been collecting material for it during the last twelve years and estimates that it will require three volumes of 500 pages each to develop his plan in a satisfactory manner and that it will take three or four years to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. The work is being conducted under the auspices of Julia Ward Howe, T. W. Higginson, William T. Harris, commissioner of education; A. F. Chamberlain, Clark University; Edward Everett Hale, Ednah D. Cheney, William Lloyd Garrison, Philip S. Moxom, D. D.; Hattie Tyng Griswold, Caroline Bartlett Crane, Mary A. Livermore, Nathan Haskell Dole, Frank B. Sanborn, and several editors

Hook for the Theater Hat. The theater-going woman has always strongly objected to taking off her hat in the theater for the reason that no place has been provided where it can be stowed away without danger of inlap throughout the performance is a. more unfeasible idea than if it were a baby, and to place it under the seat is only to tempt the fate which falls upon the unhappy chimney-pot of her male escort. A solution of the difficulty takes the form, however, of a newly invented hat peg, which is screwed into the back of the seat in front, and, being telescopic in its formation, is drawn out when wanted, and forms no obstruction when out of use, and, joy of joys! there is a mirror at the terminal knob, whereby the fair lady may adjust her tresses and her treasured tile and go forth again with a clear

conscience and at peace with all men, Perfumes and the Nerves. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the perfumes which are the most pleasing to the senses are not in all cases helpful to the nerves. Ambergris, for instance, is positively offensive to many, yet it is said to possess a wonderful power of clearing the brain and driving away those evil spirits known as the "blues." On the other hand, attar of roses, with the suggestion of glowing suns and gorgeous eastern colors, predisposes one to tears. A faint odor of musk as a tonic, white civet brings drowsiness of soul, for which the be dote is the pungent odor of sandal wood. The fragrance of the citron and aloe wood is as soothing to nervous people as far-off music.

Fruits for the Skin.

Fruit neids will cure most skin diseases and will keep the complexion clear when medicine has failed. Apples will relieve a torpid liver, and the callowness which results from It Plums and peaches will correct neldity of the stomach. Grapes will stimulate digestion. Oranges supply food and medicine for the throat, and berries of any kind will cure cases of skin eruption. A good physician declares that the best skin and blood tonics are made from fruit acids. Girls with pallid complexions want strawberries; if not to be had, substitute bananas; but of all fruits, the apple stands unrivaled for all general purposes of diet and medicine.

Mine Worked by Women.

It is an uncommon sight in this country to see young women mining coal from the bowels of the earth. Such a sight, however, can be seen any day in Pennsylvania. The Mahoney valley, formed, so the girls may yet have to | near Shamokin, boasts of a coal mine worked entirely by women. There are seven employed, and they are all related, being the daughters of a German miner named Hans.

Toilet Odds and Ends. The favorite sleeve is one closely fitting with a crisp little puff at the shoulmaiden name after she is married if der; another is a modified mutton-leg, smooth fitting from waist to elbow, ion said that a married woman's legal with leaf point finish or flaring tabbed

A new sleeve shows the forearm very close, buttoned nearly its entire length on the outside, with three upstanding she can assume her maiden name, or tucks between the buttons, or three rows of Milan braid instead of the tucks. This arrangement reaches to

the small shoulder puff. Upright trimmings on half-large hats are a loose velvet draped about the crown, with a bow on the left from which three or five tips or a cluster of feathers rise. Full velvet crowns are found on hats of every kind for chilconduct their schools. There are about dren, misses and ladies, but for 3-yearold girls the choicest headgear is the

Bengaline bonnet. The season's bats are distinctively different. A very becoming idea is for the side-tilted hats to have an ostrich feather under the brim, resting on the hair. All large bats have the turned-"A charming young lady, Miss Busch, up effect on the left side, and a favorcame from Iowa to teach in the public ite way to trim is a half-long ostrich school in Givensville," he says, "but feather sweeping back from a rosette before she was there three months she of velvet, and a steel buckle in the was engaged to a prominent man of the front, and a smaller feather and bow

THE WELCOME HOME.

When twilight bells are ringing sweet My happy heart seems singing sweet Of some one who will meet me. Of blue eyes 'neath a golden crown; Dear eyes that watch and wait, And little footsteps pattering down

The pathway to the gate. Though sad the toil in barren soil, Though fortune has not found me, I know that night will bring me light And twine two arms around me.

And let the day be gold or gray, What thought so sweet as this, It drifts and dreams my darling's way, Who keeps for me a kiss.

Oh, love of life, and strength in strife; Oh, joy to sorrow given, O, dear child eyes that make life's skies And earth as sweet as heaven, I still can bear with grief and care,

And face the storms to be, If love, the comforter, will share, The crust, the crumbs with me. -Baltimore American.

A SENSE OF HUMOR.



IVE me," said I. before everything sense of humor." "To him that hath?" inquired Arabella.

"Well," said I. modestly, "I hope I have. But I would desire even more." She smiled, "You may smile, young lady." 'I'm not smiling."

"Look in the "I don't want to grow vain."

Then look. "Evidently there is some joke in your remark, if I could see it. But you know I have no sense of humor.

"Then you should cultivate it. It is a remedy for half the ills of life, and when you are my age you will realize

"When I am my grandmother!" am 33 and she is 20. "You wouldn't make that remark if

you had any sense of humor," I retorted, crustily. "But I haven't, and I don't see that I

should be any better if I had." "I admit it is difficult to imagine any Improvement in you." "Is that humor or sarcasm?" "Oh, well! Humor is-er-well, it's-

"Ignorance of itself?" Arabella has plenty of humor, you know.

'Humor is a kindly appreciation of folbles and incongruities. And--' "I don't appreciate the kindness,

How can you feel kind to people when you're making fun of them yourself?" "I don't see any difficulty. Why, I had an example this morning." laughed at the thought. "I've half a mind to tell you."

"Oh, do!" Arabella is as curious as a -woman.

"It was rather confidential, you see." I knew that would excite her interest, "But you might trust me." You may have noticed that the more attractive oman is, the more she emphasizes the first person singular. Arabella almost puts it in capitals, "In strict confidence?"

"Yes-of course."

"Well, a nice young fellow, whom you know, came to me this morning, and-"

"Who was It?" "That isn't material."

"Oh, but it is, though! Very material." "But, my dear Arabella!"

distant terms." I've known her since she was in short frocks. "It really isn't relevant to the point of humor.'

"If you will not trust me we are on

"I don't care anything about the point of humor."

"Oh, well, if you don't want me to tell you-

"But I do. There's a good-Tom." "It was Ted Naughton."

"Oh, how interesting. I like Ted awfully, don't you?"

"Yes-oh, yes, certainly. I do, but I don't see why Arabella should." "Now, tell me.' She clasped her

bands round her knees and cocked her pretty head expectantly on one side. "Well," said I, laughing, "poor Ted

Is in love." "With whom?"

"I didn't ask." "Is that your sense of humor?" She looked at me as if I had made a plum

pudding without the plums. "I don't see that it matters."

"Not matter! You don't care who it

"Why should I so long as he's satisfled?" "Well!" Words seemed to fail her,

which is rare with Arabella. "Anyhow, she seemed to be the usual kind. There never was anyone like her, according to the love-lorn Ted. She was beautiful, amiable, accomplished, gentle, saintly-in short, per-

know. "So they should be-to the lover." "Of course they should." Why, it's just what I think of Arabella.

tect. They all are in these cases, you

"Where is the humor?" "I'm coming to it. Poor Ted, it seems, is very diffident in the face of such wondrous charms. He is burning to avow his passion to the young lady, but he doesn't know how to pro-

ceed. So he came to ask my advice.' "What do you know about it?" Arabella sat bolt upright, and put the question like a sword thrust.

"Nothing-except a vague general idea. But he evidently thought I did." I had a little experience, but, of course, wasn't going to tell her.

"Did you give him the benefit of your vague general idea?"

"Oh, yes, poor beggar! Indeed, I put It into concrete form for him. It was very funny."

"You are so humorous, you see," Somehow Arabella seemed a bit cross. "Please go on,"

"We went through quite a little rehearsal. I assure you. They were to begin with the weather, of course. Ha, "Very humorous, certainly."

"Then he was to make some remarks about the weather, not mattering

where she was Of course, she would blush and look down." Arabella laughed. "I don't suppose she would."

"She ought to, according to the laws of the game. Then he was to take hold of her hand and ask if she would make life all, fair weather for him-and so

"And, then?" "Oh! he'd be able to go on from there. He's not a fool, you know, really. He's a very fine fellow, as a matter of fact."

"Did he do it?" "I expect so. Anyhow he came back beaming like a sunflower, and threw up his hat when he saw me at the window; so I concluded they'd settled it." I chuckled.

"So that is humor!" Arabella strolled over to the window, and her lips quivered as if I had hurt her. "Why, whatever is the matter, Bell?"

"I call it mean-horrid-cruel," she cried, stamping her little foot angrily, to make game of a man when he's in love. I don't see that it's a subject for humor at all." "But, my dear Bell-"

"Miss Murison, if you please." And we had always been such chums! "I think that if humor is making ridicule of the most sacred thing in life, one is better without it," she continu-

"But I do not ridicule it, Bell. There was an element of humor in the case. all the same.'

Arabella twisted her handkerchief round her fingers. Did she think that I had no serious affection for her, I wondered? Perhaps I had better tell

"Let me tell you something serious, Bell," I said, going close up to her. But she suddenly interrupted. "You do not know her name?"

"No. But if you want to know I'll-"I know," She turned upon me with her eyes flashing. "And I know that she is a very proud and happy girl." Good heavens!

"So perhaps we had better close the subject," she said. I felt as if the room was going round me. I had made a pet of her from the time she was 10, and I thought that she and all the family understood that I was only waiting for my promotion this year. But she must never know now, or she would be so grieved for me-for a very kind-hearted little soul is pretty Arabella.

"Well, my dear," said I, slowly, "I didn't think it was you, I confess. But Ted's a good fellow-almost good enough for you, even-and I congratulate you." I spoke so unsteadily that she must almost have noticed it, so I tried to laugh it off. "When you were a little girl, you know, you promised to be my sweetheart, so I feel a bit jealous"-I felt nearly mad, to tell the truth. "Perhaps the best amends I can make is to ask you to choose your own present. A piano-or a necklace and bracelets-or anything you like." Well, well-dear me! I couldn't pretend cheerfulness much longer. I must be off. "God bless you, little Bell!" said I. "He's a lucky fellow." And I made

for the door. Just as I was taking my hat she rushed down the stairs in her most reckless fashion, and ran right into me, so that I had to catch hold of her. "I believe I have a sense of humor," she sald breathlessly, "It was young Sis he proposed to-not me. Hadn't you better go and offer her the plano?"

It was Ted and Sis who caught us ten minutes later, and my arm was round Arabella's waist,-Black and White,

She Didn't Want Much.

When Andrew D. White, now United States ambassador at Berlin, was our minister to Germany, nearly twenty years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence in their behalf in court circles, says the Youthful Companion.

Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the West, who inclosed in her letter four patches of white muslin, each some six inches square,

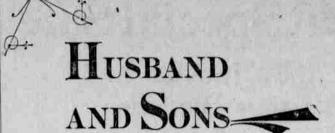
"We are going to give a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince and Bismarck, and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

Not Exactly the Words,

Irish orators frequently discount their own rhetoric through an imperfect appreciation of word values. Home Ruler was haranguing on English terrorism, and after drawing a picture of babies speared on the points of bayonets, etc., he concluded: that's your civilization you may keep it. I call it most improper." This recalls the story of the Westerner who, having been absent from home for a day, returned to find his house and family swept away by a cyclone, Looking around him in amazement he exclaimed, "Well, I call this redic'lous!" The poor fellow had used what he considered the strongest word in his vocabulary.

Eating Contest.

An eating contest is to be held at Paint Lick, Ky., between two men, one of whom has a record of thirty-two hard-boiled eggs and a dozen onions. It is pleasant to see this sort of friendly rivalry succeeding the toll gate war in the Blue Grass State



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