



WOMAN AND HER WAYS.

Mistakes of Modern Woman. In an article on "Nervous Tension" in the Woman's Home Companion...

Hints for Lady Cyclists.

Cycling shoes, when new, should be worn a few times for short rides before being used for continuous touring.

To lighten the enamel wash with a large, soft linen cloth and lukewarm water, dry thoroughly with a soft cloth...

Although a "naked" machine is preferable for short out and home riding in dry weather, a tourist should not shirk a full equipment of mud guards.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied as hot as one can bear on a sprain or bruise is an invaluable remedy.

Boston's Speedy Typewriter.

Like stenographers, mediocre typewriters number themselves in legions. Few of all the hosts who graduate in this art from the business colleges ever become experts.



MISS ALICE M. GOLDTHWAITE.

Goldthwaite occupies a semi-official position, being assistant to City Stenographer E. W. Harnden. Eight years ago Mr. Harnden selected her as the most rapid typewriter in Boston to help him get out his weekly reports of the City Council proceedings.

When the hair falls out to a marked degree change your style of hair dressing and so relieve the strain.

The Lady Is Always a Lady. Ruth Ashmore, writing on "The Simplicity of the Grande Dame," in the Ladies' Home Journal, asserts that "a lady may stand behind the counter, be mistress in her own home, or busy all day at a desk, but no matter what her position in life is, she never swerves, and unconsciously she always impresses those who are around her with the fact of her gentleness and her simplicity.

ity. The lady gains her strength not from riches, not from her high position, not from great learning, but from good common sense. Any one of us may learn this if we will take a good model and copy it.

Dazzled Royal Eyes. Mrs. William F. Draper, the wife of the American ambassador at Rome, dazzled the court ladies at the recent Quirinal reception with the magnificence of her jewels.



MRS. WILLIAM F. DRAPER.

people at the recent court reception was that the American woman's jewels far outshone those of the beautiful queen. Mrs. Draper was one of Washington's statelyst dames during her residence in the capital while her husband was a Congressman from Massachusetts.

A Few Don'ts. Don't forget that although it is not easy to win a man's love, it is far more difficult to keep it, and requires some slight knowledge of men and their ways.

Don't, above all, aggravate him or argue with him. Very few women realize how valuable silence sometimes is, and many a quarrel would be averted if she could but forego the pleasure of having the last word.—Household.

Women Conscious of Dress. An acute observer points out that men are less conscious of dress than women. Of course a man in poor clothes appears ill at ease in trying to make his wit or other natural gifts outshine his raiment; but that is not the point.

When the Hair Falls Out. When the hair is falling out to a marked degree change your style of hair dressing and so relieve the strain.

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There are in India 200,000 widows aged between 9 and 14 years, and 80,000 less than 9 years old.

"RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE."

We walk in a world where no man reads The riddle of things that are, From a tiny fern in the valley's heart To the light of the largest star, Yet we know that the pressure of life is hard

We know that the problems of sin and pain, And the passions that lead to crime, Are the mysteries locked from age to age In the awful vault of time; Yet we lift our weary feet and strive Through the mire and mist to grope And find a ledge on the mount of faith In the morning land of hope.

MISS FAITH'S ADVICE.

Miss Faith sat in close companionship, as usual, with her familiar spirit, a piece of crocheted edging. Her touch upon the mazes of tangled thread was very gentle, even endearing, and her look of content as she held it up and noted its effect as a whole seemed vast out of proportion to the cause.

A change in the crochet pattern was the chief diversion of Faith's life, that ran on as monotonously to the observer as the time of the famous harper who played upon only one string. To an ant the coming of a stick or a stone may be a great event. It is not hard to understand how a life that consists in taking infinite pains with many little things may get its slips of excitement, interest and novelty from a change in a pattern of crochet.

But her face did not cloud, for she had learned resignation. She had surrendered to Mary the dishes and all the rest of the household duties that she had served so dutifully and carefully for years that she might be more at leisure to while away her time in her own innocent fashion.

She wondered, as she sat staring dully at the blaze, how the crocheting had come to mean so much to her and could not think for the instant, then half remembered, saddened a little, lost the thread of memory again, recovered it, and fell to musing, her elbow resting on the table, her cheek in her palm.

"Aunt Faith," said a girlish, tremulous voice, "I've come to ask you to help me. Mother said you had suffered like this once and you had learned to forget, and I thought perhaps you could show me the way."

The country clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trelliswork near his front gate when he noticed that a small boy stopped and watched him with great attention.

"Well, my young friend," he said, pleased to see the interest he excited, "are you looking out for a hint or two on gardening?"

"No," said the youth; "I be waiting to see what a parson do say when he hammers his thooomb."—Plick Me Up.

"What He Forgot. "Didn't you forget something, sir?" asked the waiter. "Yes," replied Glimpy, reaching for his hat. "You were so long bringing dinner that I forgot what I had ordered."—Philadelphia North American.

Getting It Down Fine. Tinkins—That's fine music, isn't it? Simkins—Why, that's a hand-organ. You certainly don't consider such music fine, do you? Tinkins—What could be finer? It's ground over and over again, isn't it?

very way I learned to forget. The needle slips in and out, and the sunlight and bright shine on it, and the lace grows and is so pretty, and it brings comfort. When I began I couldn't see the needle—O, how long ago that is!—for the tears. That was when I knew he would never come again, and I had my wedding dress all ready— it's grown yellow in a chest in the garret. But after a while the lace took up my trouble drop by drop till it was gone, and I couldn't tell you to-day where it is. So I'll teach you, dear. These are the three rolls I did in the three years, one for each. They are yellow now, you see."

Faith opened one and spread it out. It was an intricate pattern, and very broad. "It's hard to do," she said, "but that is all the better for the forgetting. If I'd been a man I should have gone away to Africa. I've often thought it would do a good deal toward making a body forget to see the sun falling down like a ball and the dark come as if somebody had blown out the light. But I couldn't very well, so I learned to crochet. I never gave the lace away, you see. Because I had worked my trouble into it, and I was afraid. I thought along time about it when Alice was married, but I was afraid it would some way make her sad when she wore it. So it's all here. This is the first year's—you see I've numbered it one—and this is the second's, and this is the third's. There's the three.

Faith handled the rolls over and over, lost for a minute in the associations which they revived. Her niece seemed to have forgotten her own grief for the time, and was observing her aunt curiously as she bent over the lace.

"That's a fern pattern," said Faith. "It's very pretty."

Faith sat silent for a time, smoothing out the creases of the lace and drawing it out to its length. It seemed to have the effect of an enchanter's wand, for it summoned old faces and scenes at will, and Faith grew blind to the little room and the needs of her guest. At last Grace moved impatiently.

"Yes, yes," said Faith, like one awakening, "to forget. This is the way. Here is the old pattern. I will teach you."

She bustled about, finding thread and needle, seated herself at Grace's side, drew the thread through her fingers, and began her work.

"There," she said after a minute. "Do you see how it's done? It isn't hard. Try it."

Grace took the needle helplessly. "Do you think I could forget so, aunt?" she asked hesitatingly.

"I did," said Faith. Grace had returned to her task and made one or two awkward motions with the needle when there came a ring at the door.

"It's Phil!" exclaimed Grace, springing up.

"Grace!" said the recreant lover, standing awkwardly by the door, after Aunt Faith had admitted him and had retreated toward her chair. There were shame and pleading in his voice.

Grace caught her hat and went to him without another word.

"We'll try the crocheting some other time, Aunt Faith," said Grace. Then seeing her aunt's half-dazed expression, as if she hardly understood this new development of affairs, she ran back and kissed her. Grace's face bore no trace of sadness as she turned to Phil, and they went out chatting merrily.

Faith listened till the last footfall on the crust had died away, then carefully rolled up the lace.

"She thinks she's happier," thought Faith, "but I'm not so sure. A man's heart is uncertain property, but a crocheted needle," as she laid her hand approvingly upon those on the table, "is always the same."—Ex.

Snowbanks and Their Effects. An eastern exposure is not best for either a raspberry or blackberry plantation or for a young nursery. Most of our heavy snowstorms come with westerly winds, and the piles of snow that will fall on young trees and shrubs will inevitably bring them to the ground, and nearly always breaking the branches from the trunk of the tree as it goes down. But this same eastern exposure, as it protects the surface soil from blowing winds, will in an orchard make the snow lie evenly over the surface, the water sinking down into the subsoil as the snow melts. Thus the same conditions which are unfavorable for nursery trees are best for full-grown orchards, which when they begin to bear, require large quantities of moisture to perfect their crops.

A Thrift for Knowledge. The country clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trelliswork near his front gate when he noticed that a small boy stopped and watched him with great attention.

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