

WHEN ROSINA COMES TO SEE US.

Rain over fell a pouring torrent,
Skies above so dark and drear,
With east howl with sound abhorrent—
When Rosina comes to see us,
All the world seems bright and clear!

Oh, the music of her laughter!
On the mountain in her eyes
How it sparkles, long time after
When Rosina comes to see us,
Gladness comes, and disease dies.

Oh, the sympathy and sweetnes
That she has for every one!
Never dies with sudden sickness,
When Rosina comes to see us,
As the mists before the sun.

She's a bit of heaven's own beauty,
And to her what is best,
Life means love, and sweet is duty,
When Rosina comes to see us,
On that day we have been blest!
—Good Housekeeping.

THE BEAUTY PATCH.

A RAILWAY COMEDY.

BY RICHARD O'MONROE.

The Etat Lazare station is a gay station in the heart of the city, a stone's throw from the Opera and the boulevard. Six minutes from the Champs Elysees, 20 minutes from the Bois de Boulogne. In the waiting room, the Hall of the Lost Footsteps, lined up before the booking offices or seeking gnomes devout, there are always a lot of pretty girls with extravagantly yellow hair crowned by marvellous hats. They walk down the Rue d'Amsterdam, their noses in the air, striking the glowing curbstones with their little high heels and generally carrying small leather bags, supposed to give them a countenance. What a countenance! Hence trips to Saint-Germain or Versailles, starting from the above mentioned gay station, are true pleasure trips.

Yesterday I was obliged to go to Versailles, and profiting by my experience—in garrison there for several years—I strolled up and down, in no haste to choose my compartment. The railway carriages standing high above the level of the platform, the women passengers have to practice regular gymnastics to get aboard, and there are, therefore, all sorts of picturesque sights to be seen, not to speak of services to be rendered. For the latter purpose the best thing to do is to stand opposite the revolving platforms. They make the steps at least a foot higher—enough to make one quite dizzy climbing in. I was on the lookout for a pretty fellow traveler. I might even say that I had the embarrassment of choosing. It almost looks as if the Western company has the monopoly of good looking ticket holders. But alas! Not one of them was alone. Naturally I avoided cavalry officers; they all go to the terminus of the line. The infantry add to the chances of a tête-à-tête, for they generally get off at Courbevoie, St. Cloud or Ville d'Avray. As to the artillery—that's a risk to run. There is a battery at Suresnes, but there are two regiments at Versailles as well.

I was at this stage of perplexity when, in one of the last of the first class compartments, I caught sight of a pretty brunelette—to be classified among the piquante brunettes—velvety eyes, fringed with long lashes, a faintly shadowed upper lip and above the left corner of the mouth—a souvenir of a bygone century—a dainty little black patch that our gallant ancestors would have called killing. She wore a matto colored bengaline bodice, trimmed with guipure. On her head was perched a big hat with outspread white wings that made her look like a Valkyrie—but a gay, not a warlike one. Beside her was seated a large, elderly gentleman, with big mustaches, a decoration in his buttonhole. He had a military air and imposing eyebrows and was reading the paper. But, from time to time, he raised suspicious eyes on her—the eyes of a proprietor defending his domain—the husband, evidently.

I got into the carriage and seated myself discreetly opposite the pair, but in the far corner. Although I had made a slight bow on entering, I did not have the good fortune to claim the lady's attention. She seemed preoccupied and kept her head out of the window, as if she were expecting some one. The mustached gentleman, however, returned my bow most politely. He was no doubt obliged to me for having left the seat opposite him unoccupied. At the moment the train was starting a handsome blond young fellow, carrying a brief case under his arm, sprang inside breathlessly. He rapidly exchanged a smile of intelligence with the lady and then sat down opposite her, knee to knee.

"Look sharp," I said to myself. "This is going to turn out interesting."

Naturally the big elderly man, absorbed in his paper, had noticed nothing. The whistle sounded, the train started, and the fair young man, no doubt to appear occupied, began to turn the leaves of the voluminous document in the leather case. But every now and then he raised his eyes, and then it was easy to see that the lady with the patch smiled at him imperceptibly. It would have been impossible to be more imprudent, and this little maneuver, barely concealed, ran a great risk of being discovered by the man with the terrible eyebrows.

My soul is instinctively leant to human weakness, and at the bottom of my heart I always find a secret pleasure on learning that the corporation of husbands counts one more victim. So as far as was possible I decided to come to the assistance of the sweethearts by attracting the attention of the husband. Seizing the first slight pretext, I engaged him in conversation. As we approached Asnières I uttered a reflection that suddenly passed through my mind:

"To think that that bridge was cut in

1870! What was the good of it, pray, with Mont Valérien just opposite?"

"It was idiotic," returned the decorated gentleman. "At that time I was on the staff of Admiral La Roncière Le Noury. You have no conception, sir, of all the mistakes that were committed during the siege of Paris. Just fancy!"

Here the big man obligingly changed over into the corner seat, to be nearer me, leaving the pretty brunelette opposite the fair man, and he went on with his course in tactics with broad gestures, pointing out to me the magnificent horizon, the Seine like a silver ribbon at the foot of the green slopes of Courbevoie, and, far in the background, Paris, with its houses and its monuments, among which stood out the gigantic silhouette of the Arc de Triomphe, disdained by scaffolding, and the gilded dome of the Invalides.

"Remember," continued the decorated gentleman, "that we were occupying the region near Clichy."

But I hardly heard him, for I saw with terror that, profiting by my maneuver, our two lovers had begun to whisper in smothered tones. The brief was still spread out on the young man's knees, for the looks of the thing, but it was easy to see that he no longer even cast a glance at it. And the train sped along, and the soldier, absorbed by his memories, went on with his discourse on military history that I feigned to listen to most devoutly, so as to draw his attention to the left side of the line.

We reached St. Cloud; we enter the

A PARSON FARNE ANGELIZED.

For sometime previous to this the dramatic mills have been busy grinding out chaff. After an unbroken succession of mediocre farce-comedies comes a most successful contribution in the form of a Ponthot from Paris.

The play which has been surnamed "In Paradise" was performed for the first time in its entirety in New York and its original is by Hemingway, Billaud and Barre. Its present version represents the efforts of B. B. Valentine one of the founders of Puck who has adorned the original situations with added humor. Real humor in farce plays results from a resonant protest, out of which the succeeding ridiculous complications grow. In the latest bit of folly it is not difficult to accept the premises. In Ponthot Mr. Stockwell has found a comedy character which fits him like the proverbial "paper on the wall" and he himself with the material provided would be sufficient to edify an audience during an entire evening.

However he is strongly supported by one of the ablest companies at present on tour, prominent among them being Theodore Hamilton whose reputation as an actor of exceptional merit needs no commenting upon. The remainder of the company is made up of recognized comedians. In Paradise at Shively's Opera house one night, Wednesday, March 21. Tickets on sale at Huntley's at 50c and 75c.

DO YOU WANT A ROAD?

President H. E. Cross of the Board of Trade, has sent out the following communication to the citizens of Eagle Creek precinct:

OREGON CITY, OREGON, March 14, 1900.

DEAR SIR:—

We are very anxious to build one main trunk line road in Clackamas County each year. This present season we hope by the hearty co-operation of all interested parties, the county court assisting, to build and complete a modern road from the lower Clackamas bridge to Tracy's and from the Hatchery bridge to Burghardt's mill, a total of about 15 miles of road in one year. Logan has already raised her share of the expense and Oregon City will raise her portion. What will your country do? We take it for granted you are greatly interested and have called a mass meeting of the citizens of Eagle Creek, George and Garfield at Wilburn's Hall, for Tuesday, March 20, 1900, at 2 o'clock P.M. Will you please be present. A large delegation from Oregon City and Logan will be present.

H. E. Cross, E. G. Caufield,
Geo. A. Harding, D. C. Latourette,
W. A. Huntley, C. H. Dye,
James Roake, Committee.

tunnel, and in the pitch darkness, on my word, I would swear that I heard the sound of a kiss. When we rush out again into the light, I cast a glance at the fair-haired man, who is once more deeply absorbed in his case. What do I make out on his left nostril but a funny little black spot? Sappit! It is the patch, the killing patch, that in a thoughtless contact has loosened and passed from the lips of the dark beauty to the nose of her admirer. I foreseen a terrible tragedy, for my tactician turned a questioning and suspicious look upon the lady, as if he had found something altered in her appearance, he hardly knew what. I would have given words to have been able to whisper to the good-looking young man, "For heaven's sake, remove that compromising patch at once, or you are betrayed!" Unfortunately it was quite out of the question, seated as I was at a distance. So it seemed wiser to recall the officer's thoughts to the war of 1870 and the heights of Virginy. But he no longer paid any heed to me. He chuckled in a sinister way behind his ferocious mustache, gazing at the bejeweled nose of the fair young man.

When Stevenson met his future fate at Barbizon, a famous artists' resort near Paris, she was the wife of Mr. Osborne, an Oakland gentleman. The friendship thus formed led Stevenson to pay a visit to California. He arrived at Monterey in a dying condition, but the loving care of Mrs. Osborne and her sister, Nellie Van der Grift, gradually won him back to life. The nursing completed his infatuation for the lady—an infatuation which he did not pretend to conceal. Fortunately Osborne raised no objections. He not only agreed to the divorce, but with a magnanimity rarely excelled actually attended the wedding breakfast. There he found his opportunity.

Mrs. Stevenson's one source of regret was the positive loss of her son, Lloyd Osborne, whom, of course, the father had the right to claim. Osborne made a happy speech, felicitating the newly married couple, and wound up by offering the most original of wedding presents. "To the bride," he said, "I give that which of all things is nearest and dearest to her heart, her own son."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

As for the woman, crimson, overcome with terror, she began to fan herself violently, a most distressing sight. What was going to happen? What terrible sentence was the implacable judge going to pronounce on the guilty wretches cowering beneath his gaze? Was I going to be obliged to look on in this narrow railway carriage at a challenge—a boxing match, perhaps a butchery, a massacre?

Suddenly, to my intense relief, I caught sight of the three little yew trees, trimmed into sugar loaf shape, that guard the entrance into the grand monarch's town. A guard called out: "Versailles! Versailles!" The train stopped. I got out, determined to stick to the officer to see what would happen. Judge of my stupor on seeing the lady take the fair man's arm and trip along at his side, while the decorated gentleman said to me as he saw them disappear:

"They are charming. I know them. They live quite near me in the Rue Duplessis. The husband is a lawyer. They are half way through the honeymoon, as you might infer, sir. What a hug he gave her in the tunnel at Ville d'Avray, to be sure!"—Translators from the French for Argonaut.

ARMY FROGGIN.

Soon after General Gatacre was appointed an ensign in the Seventy-seventh foot he turned out with the company to which he was attached to witness the flogging of a soldier. The man, who had been convicted of a serious offense and was later to be drummed out of the corps, took his punishment badly, screaming a great deal. Ensign Gatacre shut his eyes and turned white in the face, as though he would faint. When the punishment was over, he remarked to his color sergeant, "If I see much more of this, I'll sell out."

The "noncom" responded, "You'll get used to it in time, sir!"

"Used to it? I never shall!" responded the ensign. Flogging had, however, army was soon abolished, however, and the future general remained in the service.

My soul is instinctively leant to human weakness, and at the bottom of my heart I always find a secret pleasure on learning that the corporation of husbands counts one more victim. So as far as was possible I decided to come to the assistance of the sweethearts by attracting the attention of the husband. Seizing the first slight pretext, I engaged him in conversation. As we approached Asnières I uttered a reflection that suddenly passed through my mind:

"To think that that bridge was cut in

1870! What was the good of it, pray, with Mont Valérien just opposite?"

"It was idiotic," returned the decorated gentleman. "At that time I was on the staff of Admiral La Roncière Le Noury. You have no conception, sir, of all the mistakes that were committed during the siege of Paris. Just fancy!"

Here the big man obligingly changed over into the corner seat, to be nearer me, leaving the pretty brunelette opposite the fair man, and he went on with his course in tactics with broad gestures, pointing out to me the magnificent horizon, the Seine like a silver ribbon at the foot of the green slopes of Courbevoie, and, far in the background, Paris, with its houses and its monuments, among which stood out the gigantic silhouette of the Arc de Triomphe, disdained by scaffolding, and the gilded dome of the Invalides.

"Remember," continued the decorated gentleman, "that we were occupying the region near Clichy."

But I hardly heard him, for I saw with terror that, profiting by my maneuver, our two lovers had begun to whisper in smothered tones. The brief was still spread out on the young man's knees, for the looks of the thing, but it was easy to see that he no longer even cast a glance at it. And the train sped along, and the soldier, absorbed by his memories, went on with his discourse on military history that I feigned to listen to most devoutly, so as to draw his attention to the left side of the line.

We reached St. Cloud; we enter the

A PARSON FARNE ANGELIZED.

For sometime previous to this the dramatic mills have been busy grinding out chaff. After an unbroken succession of mediocre farce-comedies comes a most successful contribution in the form of a Ponthot from Paris.

The play which has been surnamed "In Paradise" was performed for the first time in its entirety in New York and its original is by Hemingway, Billaud and Barre. Its present version represents the efforts of B. B. Valentine one of the founders of Puck who has adorned the original situations with added humor. Real humor in farce plays results from a resonant protest, out of which the succeeding ridiculous complications grow. In the latest bit of folly it is not difficult to accept the premises. In Ponthot Mr. Stockwell has found a comedy character which fits him like the proverbial "paper on the wall" and he himself with the material provided would be sufficient to edify an audience during an entire evening.

However he is strongly supported by one of the ablest companies at present on tour, prominent among them being Theodore Hamilton whose reputation as an actor of exceptional merit needs no commenting upon. The remainder of the company is made up of recognized comedians. In Paradise at Shively's Opera house one night, Wednesday, March 21. Tickets on sale at Huntley's at 50c and 75c.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day you are not doing yourself a favor. Eat well. Force in the size of violent physic or pill poison is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clean and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC
ASCARETS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sticks, Weakens, or Gripe, etc., Write Name, Address, Name, Sample, and books on health. Address: Shively Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

HELLO!

23,000 miles of long distance telephone wire in Oregon, Washington, California and Idaho now in operation by the Pacific Station Telephone Company, covering 2,250 towns.

Quick, accurate, cheap. All the satisfaction of a personal communication. Distance no effect to a clear understanding. Spokane and San Francisco as easily heard as Portland.

Handy, compact, portable. Hand book for traveling. Send for our catalog.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.

A TENSION INDICATOR

IS JUST WHAT THE WORD IMPLIES.

It indicates the state

of the tension at a glance.

It use means time saving and easier sewing.

It's our own invention and is found only on the

WHITE

Sewing Machine.

We have other striking improvements that appeal to the careful buyer. Send for our elegant H. T. catalog.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

300-306 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

C. A. Hawkins, Gen'l. Mgr.

Bormeister & Andresen, Agents,

Oregon City, Oregon.

W. S. Booth, Agent,

Tel. 914. Portland, Or.

Office and wharf, foot of Oak St.

Regulator Line.

PORTLAND TO THE DALLES

Regulator

Leaves Portland daily except Sunday at 7 a.m.

This is the Great Scenic Route. All tourist admit that the scenery on the Middle Columbia is not exceeded for beauty and grandeur in the United States. Full information by addressing or calling on

J. S. BOOTH, Agent, Tel. 914. Portland, Or.

Office and wharf, foot of Oak St.

EAST AND SOUTH

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—Of the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Trains leave Oregon City for Portland and way stations at 8:34 A.M. and 6:03 P.M.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

300-306 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

C. A. Hawkins, Gen'l. Mgr.

Bormeister & Andresen, Agents,

Oregon City, Oregon.

W. S. Booth, Agent,

Tel. 914. Portland, Or.