

CONCERNING QUARRELS.

AN INTERESTING DISSECTION OF THE SUBJECT BY MRS. LESLIE.

Quarrels of Lovers—Women's Quarrels. Quarrels of Friends—Comradeship Between Man and Woman—Difference Between His Mode of Quarreling and Hers.

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I have said a good deal at one time and another about friendship, claiming for it perhaps the highest place in the scale of the happiness of life—no, mind you, of the pleasures of life, for the delirium of love brings a rapture which friendship never attains. But on the other hand, all love is of the nature of a gripe. It seizes vitally, it clings tenaciously, it rapidly attains a domination over the whole being, before which every other sensation pales, and then it vanishes. Its rise is position, it attains its climax, during which some victims expire, and all fancy they are going to, and then—then it begins to disappear, slips from one hold to another, and finally leaves the system worn, torn, shattered, exhausted, but free—that is, comparatively free, for no body soon loses all remembrance of the attack, and in some unlucky cases it returns again and again. Well, such is love, and such is the nature of it.

Mrs. Swetshing, the devoted and immaculate friend of Pere Laondaire, said, "A friendship is young and fresh at the end of thirty years, but many a love dies of old age at the end of three months." And never was a truer saying.

Today, however, I do not intend to speak of the charms of friendship, but rather of its pains and penalties, of the falling out with one's friends rather than of the harmony of mutual satisfaction.

Everybody, that is every woman, knows, for men do not know much that can't be expressed by algebraic signs, but all women know that the person of whom they are fondest is the person with whom they are most apt to quarrel, and this rule governs both love and friendship.

It is one of the queer anomalies of woman's nature that what she most values is that with which she finds most fault, and that which is necessary to her very existence is precisely what she most often imperils and pretends to fling away. It is so with the quarrel, the quarrel is proverbial, and I have heard more than one woman complain of some man that she never could care very much for him because it was so impossible to vex him.

But the quarrels of friends are of another nature from those of lovers, just because love is of another nature from friendship—the former springing into existence of its own sweet right, and bringing with it the person of the friend, while the latter is the result of all previous conditions that for a little while reason is put out of court, and justice is blinded more than usual and nobody expects to either see or listen to what is called "rational argument" in the matter. But friendship is built upon a rock foundation of esteem, knowledge, experience and observation. You like a stranger, you find him or her a pleasant acquaintance, you become more and more familiar, and perhaps in the end you arrive at friendship; but it is always, if worth anything at all, a matter of growth and time.

The Temple of Love arises from the flowers at one time of the magician's wand, is ready for habitation in an hour and vanishes with the like celerity. If some terrible quarrel demolishes the fair structure as by a hurricane the magician has but to wave his wand again, and everything is renewed just as readily as at first. But the shrine of friendship is a far more elaborate structure, built up block by block, each one a precious stone fitted to its exact position, growing by degrees under the hands and eyes of its builders, meant to endure, fitted for lifelong occupancy, and yet quite useless for any other inmates than those who build it.

If the friends are two women the chance is that this mutual structure will be a lifelong employment and happiness to both; and although it may be a very quiet and simple little dwelling, it may prove the best refuge and retreat from the storms of life. The chances are that the woman friends will never quarrel seriously; women seldom care deeply enough for each other to quarrel unless they are true friends, and then they quarrel too much—that is, each knows the other and respects the other too thoroughly, and feels that too much of her companion's hidden life has been made known to her to allow her to quarrel with her. In more or less courteous fashion, prevails all quarrels of the feminine gender.

If two mature and deep hearted women who are friends do ever come to an open quarrel it is almost invariably a fatal one. But if the friends are of opposite sexes there is again a difference. The friendship is different, the tendency to quarrel is different, the reconciliation is different. In this case it is almost always the woman who starts the quarrel, and very probably the moving cause is that she is tired of the serene and undemanding nature of her friend's friendship. She is tired of not being a lover; she would be sincerely grieved and disappointed if he were to become so, but she wants him to "care," and she shows that she cares for her and her friendship to her, and she thinks that he does not say to her people; to look pleased when she appears upon the scene; to give her now and again that "little look over the crowd" which speaks of sympathy and mutual comprehension of what she can rapport.

But a man, although he does all these things for love, does not do them for friendship—that is, not to any great extent. He feels that he has a friend in this woman, and if he is tired or worried, or wants a little comradeship in pursuing what absorb his life, he turns to her frankly and without sentiment; and if with more earnestness than usual he would show to a male friend, without a bit of the glamour he would throw around the woman that he loved.

Now there is something in this assumed understanding of friendship, something to a woman's inherent love of domination. If she is a cultivated and finely nurtured woman she is ashamed of her own exacting nature and tries to conceal and subdue it. She avoids making professions of her own feelings and tries to avoid expecting them. She tries to be the sort of friend a man is to another man, solid, true, but utterly unemotional, and her effort ends, as do all efforts to be what God does not intend to be, in weariness, discouragement and occasional protests of outraged nature.

Falling into one of these lapses the woman friend is ripe for a quarrel, and the occasion is never hard to find. Something that is said or not said, done or left undone, or even some fantasy of her own brain, is sufficient. She generally begins with a very cool and elaborately sensible expostulation, basing her reproaches upon jealous care for her

PREACHER AND LECTURER.

Here is a Brief Sketch of the Rev. Annie H. Shaw.

It is pleasant to record success achieved against odds of the most adverse conditions. Without having received even the common school education which falls to the lot of most children, Miss Shaw has become a learned woman and one of the foremost preachers of her sex. She was born at Newcastle, England, in 1847. When she was but 4 years of age her family came to this country, and when she was 11 years old they settled in northern Michigan, where there were no schools.

But instead of this the man will either stare and say, "What nonsense! What do I care for the opinion of a pack of fools?" or he will defend himself, intruding a position he really never intended to occupy. He is then attacked, and if he is a very manly kind of a man will end in obstinately persisting in opinions which an hour before he never dreamed of.

She, however, studied without teachers, and when she was 15 years of age she taught a country school. She continued to teach and study until she was 23, when, after attending school one year, she was ready to enter college. It was at this time that she was converted and resolved to enter the ministry.

In speaking of her life Miss Shaw says: "As far back as I can remember my great desire was to work for the uplifting of humanity. My family, however, bitterly opposed me, thinking a public life unbecoming a woman."

Miss Shaw supported herself during the three years that she was at Albion college, and also while she was at the Boston University school of theology, from which she graduated in 1878.

Miss Shaw was seven years pastor of the Methodist church at East Davis, Mass., and during this time took a course of medicine in the Boston University school of medicine. While she was still pastor of the Methodist church at East Davis Miss Shaw made application to the New England conference for ordination, but, although she passed a perfectly satisfactory examination, Bishop Andrews refused to ordain her on the ground of sex. However, a few months later she applied to the New York conference of the Wesleyan Methodist church, and was ordained and given full elders' orders.

Miss Shaw has for some time devoted herself to the suffrage movement, and has lectured much in the interests of that cause, although she makes it a point to preach on Sunday wherever she goes. She is a writer, and has delivered on an average twenty lectures each month in the year.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESSEN. A Pretty Triumf. The melon monochrom case is a change from the flat, square ones so long in use. Six pieces of satin ribbon, eighteen inches in length and three inches wide, are in alternating colors, are neatly stitched together lengthwise, sloping to a point at each end as in the cut. A flat lining of cotton wadding filled with sechet



ANTOINETTE VAN HOESSEN. A Pretty Triumf.

powder—violet, heliotrope, or the new "peau d'Espagne"—is fastened around the edges, where one seam is left open at the upper side, and a pocket of soft silk is then put in. The ends are drawn closed and fastened with full bows of satin ribbon. Any number of dainty cambric handkerchiefs can be tucked away in the heart of this little roll. Pale buff and lavender, or pink and blue, olive green and light blue are delicate combinations of color in the ribbons. In making bows it is always better to tie the loops rather than to cut the ribbon.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG. An Orchestra in a Baptist Church. The unusual sound of orchestral instruments filled the First Baptist church Sunday night and made the simple "psalm hymns" seem more than ever inspiring to the congregation. The innovation has been made with such successful results that it is the purpose of the church to hold regular Sunday evening services of music. The introduction of other instruments than the organ into church services was not made without a good deal of consideration, although the Sunday school has had such excellent accompaniment for many years by the organ. The introduction of the only Sunday school in the city enjoying such music, with the single exception of that at the First Methodist Episcopal church.

It is the only Baptist church in the state which has a church orchestra, and the directors think that it is perhaps the only one south of Boston, where a full orchestra is one of the features of the service at Tremont temple. Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches have long made use of orchestral instruments on special occasions or feast days of the church, and probably the last few years they have been gradually adopting the custom. At the service Sunday night the orchestra consisted mainly of stringed instruments, but both stringed and wind instruments will be used at these services—Baltimore Sun.

How Roman Candles Are Made. Every one knows what a Roman candle is, but few know how this delightful toy is made. First of all in the making comes the pasteboard cylinder, which is plugged up at one end with clay. After this comes a small charge of powder; then a "star" is pushed tight down on the powder, and charges of powder and "stars" alternate until the cylinder is full. Then a fuse is attached which communicates with the powder nearest the top of the cylinder, which when it is exploded, sends the "star" sailing upward. A fuse running through the candle connects the other charges of powder with the first and explodes them one at a time, each one exploding on the star which is next above it.

The stars are made of chemical mixtures which vary with the colors which are produced. A red star is sometimes made by mixing four parts of dry nitrate of strontium and fifteen parts of pulverized gunpowder. Copper filings change the color to blue. Rosin, saltpeter and a small quantity of amber make it yellow. Small particles of zinc change it to blue, and another substance better red can be made by using a mixture of lamp black and zinc.

The white stars in the cheap "one ball candles" are merely balls of cotton soaked with benzine—Edward Marshall in the Youth's Companion.

Advised His People to Work Sunday. A parish clergyman in West Somerset has announced on a recent Sunday morning that he would not preach a sermon because it was most important that the morning should be got in, as the weather showed signs of breaking up and accordingly most of the men in the congregation at once proceeded to the fields and made the best of the fine afternoon—London Tit-Bits.

Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, is one of the most curious public characters in the south, as well as one of the wealthiest men in the nation. His fortune has been estimated as high as \$50,000,000. He is said to look more like a down-at-the-heel book agent than a senator.

MEN IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Measurements and Experiences in Sports are shown in this article.

It is now pretty well established that the American horse is as good as any of his kindred in the world, as is proved not only by the race courses, but by the wonderful cavalry marches made during our civil war, marches in which the sorest part of the contest came upon the mounts of the most famous of our horsemen. The horse, except in size, derived from England, Even bascule, which appears as a distinctly American game is of English form, which is really of great antiquity.

The field sports which we may compare to England and America are the games of ball, in which baseball, because of our customs, must take the place of cricket and football, which is identical in the two countries. The ordinary group of athletic sports in this country are of English origin, and the ordinary group of athletic sports in this country are of English origin, and the ordinary group of athletic sports in this country are of English origin.

The records of these measurements are contained in the admirable work of Dr. B. A. Gould, "Hunting and Shooting," which collated the observations and presented them in a great volume. Similar measurements were made by the military and naval statistics of something like an equal number of European soldiers, particularly those of the British army. From Dr. Gould's careful and detailed statistics it appears that the American man is on the whole quite as well developed as those who fill the ranks of European armies.

Professor N. S. Shaler in Science. How are we to bring down our speculations and our theories to the level of popular comprehension? Some will probably say, "Nobody wants you, we reply, to bring down to popular comprehension that which cannot possibly be popularly comprehended. We do not want you to have, and show that you have, an interest in the general advancement of knowledge, and that you regard your specialty, whatever it may be, as simply a higher development of forms of knowledge that are within the grasp of the ordinary mind."

If such is not the case, if, on the contrary, you are soaring in a region in which practical views have no place and no possible relevancy, then we make bold to say that your "specialty" is merely a horrid and pretentious delusion. It is one thing to wander far afield in search of that which may at some time or another, if not immediately, be of value to the human race. It is another and very different one to wander far afield for the acknowledged purpose of getting not only beyond general comprehension, but beyond the sphere of all possible utility.

The only condition on which science can claim the reverence of mankind is that it devote itself to human service, and it rests with the serious students of science to make good this claim. In order that the general advancement of knowledge, and that you regard your specialty, whatever it may be, as simply a higher development of forms of knowledge that are within the grasp of the ordinary mind.

Church Service by Telephone. The attempt made at Christ church, Birmingham, England, to hold a church service by telephone to London, Manchester and other distant points has been attended with very fair success. Some of the difficulties which had to be overcome before people can listen in comfort at their own fireside to the voice of their favorite pastor, and it seems to be a promising one. The service was interrupted by the "Hullo" of the telephone.

DRINKENESS—LIQOR HABIT—In all the world the liquor habit is the most prevalent. It is a habit that is growing, and it is a habit that is dangerous. It is a habit that is growing, and it is a habit that is dangerous. It is a habit that is growing, and it is a habit that is dangerous.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

The first edition of Michael Davitt's new paper was 100 copies, and the paper bids fair to keep that point.

The craze for collecting sometimes takes very curious forms. An old New York merchant has a fancy for collecting trusses of all kinds. Pensions are paid by the government to the widows of three presidents, eighteen generals, one colonel and two rear admirals.

Among recent inventions is "floating rope," with a center consisting of a core of small round cords placed end to end, and surrounded by a network of twine. A judicious use of yellow does much to brighten a room, and for a family apartment red, mostly in deep shades, is indispensable.

Stanley Palmer, a prisoner in the New Castle (Del.) jail, has invented a toy puzzle for which he is said to have been offered \$50,000 by New York speculators. The high explosive carbonite has recently given very satisfactory results, and it has been proved that it is a stable compound that can be stored for a length of time without deterioration.

The large five-inch wide "once over" Acots represent the premier in the neckwear field, and are truly the acme of refined elegance when worn. There is no prouder moment in a young man's life than when he first sees his picture exhibited in a show case outside of a photograph gallery.

Roman ladies kept a special slave whose duty it was to keep the mirror in good condition, and present it to her mistress at her toilet. A few of the single breasted Prince Alberts are reappearing. A coat of a novel looking cut, it was difficult to cut, but in a short shouldered, well made way exceedingly fetching.

On a tombstone in Philadelphia is the record of a young wife with the line added "Our first in heaven." It is touching, but it suggests the question what has become of the other? The police force of India numbers 17,000 superior and subordinate officers and 120,000 constables, not reckoning the 17,850 police of Upper Burma and half a million village watchmen.

In America the manufacture of fireworks has become almost a fine art, and no doubt the youth of our country could and should be interested in this patriotic enthusiasm on the Fourth of July without drawing on the products of foreign industry. McCrea has argued strongly to the Belgian Academy of Medicine in favor of bleeding. By it he arrests all cases of pneumonia, from which 5 to 35 per cent. deaths result by usual treatment—and cures rheumatic fever.

The commuters from a certain suburban town on the New Jersey Central have discovered that their daily ride to New York need not be a burden unless they make it so. They have organized a club, kept their own car and make the time spent in going to and from business the jolliest hour of the day.

The Spectro-Lantern. A novel and ingenious invention in optical telegraphy is being used experimentally in the Danish marine. The apparatus is an ordinary lantern, but instead of a lamp it is a lantern into which, consisting of the colors of the spectrum, are cut up by prisms the well known bands of the spectrum. By a suitable and carefully arranged system of lenses and mirrors the luminous spectrum bands can be given a certain form, which may be made to correspond with long and short dashes of the Morse code.

When, therefore, the light from the lighthouse lantern is observed from a distance the light appears to consist of these signals, and can be so read by an experienced Morse operator. A quick and certain system of night communication between different vessels on the one hand and between ships and the shore on the other has long been needed, and the spectro-lantern bids fair to meet the want of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Lawyer Who Can't Practice in New Jersey. There is a modest Brooklyn lawyer in New Jersey who believes he has struck the most truly rural spot in all the state. He has retained a prominent lawyer to complain before the local justice of the peace. The charge was assault, and the lawyer and his client went to fight the case. When the lawyer reached the court he was a member of the New York bar. "But may be," said the judge, "but you can't practice in this court."

The Justice of the supreme court of the state of New Jersey, said the lawyer. "That doesn't make any difference," said the judge. "Now, sit down." "That you must be a counselor at law from the state of New Jersey before you can practice here—Brooklyn Eagle.

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