The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JUNE 16, 1871

A PATENT SERMON.

We had made arrangements to visit the State Temperance Convention at Salem to-day, but a sudden—and to our mind uncalled for—attack of erysipelas, which has converted our unfortunate physiognomy into the appearance of a mammoth pumpkin, and prostrated us for no one can tell how many days and weeks to come upon a bed of grumbling, has compelled us to commit a few of our remarks intended for that occasion upon paper for the attention of our numerous readers.

We are much rejoiced at the determination among so many people to crush or at least proscribe the encroachments of his infernal majesty, old king Alcohol, and we should be much better pleased to see their undertaking successful. No matter where you go, the inevitable saloon is sure to stare at you, sending its pestiferous perfumes into the air you breathe, and poisoning the otherwise moral atmosphere of its vicinity with oaths and stammerings and babblings and obscenity.

Woe unto the sons of woman whose natural inclination or curiosity prompts them to explore these mysteries! Redness of eyes and trembling of limbs and depletion of pocket change are the immediate consequences—symptoms which, while they are sufficient to alarm the fettered mother and make her wail in agony over the prospective and certain ruin of the son of her peril, but deceive and lure him to further intimacy with the wine which deceiveth when it giveth its color in the cup, and which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Woe unto that mother who sits by powerless to aid by legislation, or even by her vote, the many righteous men who fain would spare her the fearful price of tears and suffering which the advocates of Alcohol entail upon herself and children!

Woe unto the wife, as she watches the meager earnings of her poverty, as they pass from her powerless hands, through the filter of a drunken husband's fingers, into the coffers of king Alcohol!

As the masculine friends of the bloated monster out-number the friends of total abstinence at least twenty to one, nothing but woman's political power can better her condition, or remove from the path of the drunkard or the feet of his sons the temptations to intemperance which now beset them and which man alone has failed to remove. The fast multiplying grog shops attest the failure of man to accomplish this much needed reform. That good men try to arrest the progress of intemperance is gratifying; that they have hitherto met with but indifferent success is not surprising. Their enemies are legion. Let them invoke the votes of their friends, the women, and when woman, in her virtue and dignity and conscientiousness, shall answer the call—as she surely will, O brethren, when your call is heard—the devotees of Alcohol will hie themselves to cellars and by-ways, where they will gradually become smothered out of employment from lack of financial support. Intemperance would languish, fall, and fade and die right speedily had woman but a voice, as she by right should have, in making laws for the public and private weal.

Invoke her co-operation, O men of noble purpose, and be ashamed to longer let her stand at the door of temperance and knock. Restore her the share of her political power that you have usurped, and she will aid by her purity and wisdom to substitute joy and gladness for woe and drunkenness, and prosperity and peace for poverty and strife.

So mote it be!

HARDSHIPS OF FARMERS' WIVES.

The farmer, who is always busy with the routine of his business, who never feels the need of society, because his various occupations bring him in daily contact with other men, is prone to forget that his wife is a social being. He seems to fail to consider that she is not a machine, and therefore stands in need of change and recreation. The rainy season of this country is particularly trying upon the mind and body of a farmer's wife. The farm houses are generally remote from each other, and the winter rains make the traveling disagreeable; therefore the wife for months and months remains at home, not seeing the face of a single lady friend. We have ourself lived, during four consecutive winters, upon a farm where, for four months of each year, we did not see the face of a woman. Nobody need tell us that such a state of life is natural or right. We know better. Let the farmer regularly, willingly and cheerfully dress himself up, at least as often as once a week, and take his family to church or to see the neighbors. If his wife, from her long recluse habits, appears unwilling to get away from home, let him urge her to accompany him; let him help her to dress the little ones and get the house in order for their departure, and let him see that opportunities are regularly given her for social reunion with her friends of both sexes. The change in food is of incalculable value, as it wakens up the dormant appetite, and lends new impulse and vigor to the worn-down constitution.

Let the farmer never forget that his wife is the best friend he has upon the earth—of greater money value than his stock or lands; that she has periled her life for his happiness, and given up her privileges for his pleasure. Remembering this, let him strive to lighten her burdens and render her surroundings beautiful, and he will see that his reward will be health and smiles and sunlight at home, and that his wife and children will honor him for his consideration and love.

There are "periods" in the lives of all women when, under their peculiar organization, they are liable to fretfulness, irritability and general depression. Not one man in a thousand knows or cares enough about woman's comfort to be sufficiently sensible and considerate at such times to see that she is not overworked. The very nature of her disorders renders her complaining at such periods impracticable; and if the husband does not shield her by his love and care, nobody will, and she struggles on, suffers on, endures and dies, when to have been "protected" and "cherished" would have saved her life. Man owes to the wife of his bosom a feeling of tenderness, support and sympathy which should far outweigh profit and loss when they are placed in the balance against the welfare of the mother of his children as to her mind, body or affections.

Men have taken to drinking under the periodical visitation of a wife's bad temper, and been commiserated therefor by men and women. How much more the suffering woman needed help and pity than did the foolish and unstable man, let the conscientious and clear-minded physician tell, and let us have done with the nonsense that overworked, and consequently irritable, women drive good men to drunkenness.

Fisk, jr., enjoys an unlimited and *recherche* supply of the most elegant female acquaintances, while Woodhull illustrates the amiability of a highly progressive mind by living happily for years in the same household with two husbands, from both of whom she has been divorced—one of whom, Dr. Woodhull, has the honor of giving her his name, while the other, Mr. Blood, enjoys honors even more substantial.—*The Papers.*

Fisk, jr., possesses vast wealth and seems to do just as he pleases. Woodhull, equally prosperous and progressive, does equally disgraceful deeds without show of saintliness or attempt to screen herself from contumely. The first sins because he likes it, the second because she dares. Both are hybrids between the harmonial extremes of humanity. That such horrible sentiments exist and prosper is evidence that times are sadly out of joint. Wise and good men, unaided by wise and pure women, have failed to make and enforce wise and wholesome laws. It is quite time that good women arise in their purity and legislate for the overthrow of the growing and sadly flourishing social evil. This sin presents too many attractions to man for him alone to legislate it down. Bad women will not try to avoid it, therefore let good women come to the rescue before it is forever too late.

We have sometimes been puzzled to understand the reason why the few editors of Oregon papers, who are not personally averse to woman suffrage, are yet so wary about giving it encouragement.

The other day while our Mongolian was "pottering" round the house, busy, as usual, with pots and kettles, we mustered the little Chinese and Chinook at our command and began a conversation. We might have talked good Anglo-Saxon and he would have understood us quite as well, but that is neither here nor there. Said we, looking wondrous wise, "Why not dless hyas close likee one 'Melican man?" Wide open rolled the zigzag eyes, and upward curved the classic nose of our culinary head. "Me likee 'Melican clo' va' muchee. But me no cutee ha'; no weelee coat, no weelee boots, causee Chinaman too many laugh."

Of course his reasoning was conclusive. He had not the moral courage to endure the ridicule of his comrades. And this is what is the matter with our brethren of the press. Each is afraid to boldly speak his own mind in favor of the woman movement, although he "likee it velly much," because "editors too many laugh."

We acknowledge a pleasant call from our personal friend, Rev. E. R. Geary, of Albany, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Lindsley, of this city. These gentlemen stand deservedly high in the clerical profession, and we believe (though we say it softly) are almost persuaded to advocate feminine equality.

Rev. Harry Taylor, of the Baptist Church, has also visited us; also Elder S. C. Adams, of Salem, and Rev. Wm. Jolly, of Hillsboro. We're not afraid to speak right out in meetin' when we say that these gentlemen are thorough advocates of woman's emancipation, as well as noble men and able ministers.

When the churches acknowledge themselves converted, we shall have little difficulty in converting the world. And we believe that investigation will result in conversion everywhere.

Our new converts, the *Herald* and the *Era*, are very weak workers. The former has "gone back on his Bible," leaving interpretations of the Scripture entirely to ourself, and the *Era's* articles on the woman question, not being such as it mentally bargained for, are to be discontinued. Brethren, you need the prayers of the righteous.

What's the Use.—What the use of minding what "they say?" What's the use lying awake of nights with the unkind remark of some false friend running through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use getting into a worry and fret over gossip that is set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combatting give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch, until it dies of inherent weakness.

Fear anticipates and magnifies future evils.

RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.

Signs of the times seem to indicate that France will soon resume the monarchial form of Government. It seems to be the only form under which she is capable of prospering.

The British House of Commons has passed a bill enlarging the power of the Government for the suppression of violence in Ireland.

French prisoners are rapidly returning from Germany.

Trains over the Lyons and Mediterranean railroad, via Mt. Cenis Tunnel, have commenced running again.

Starving Prussians have killed and eaten fifty children.

Mr. Seward, who is traveling extensively with his adopted daughters, is to be received as a guest of the nation, at Constantinople, by the Sultan.

Arrangements are being made by which the President is to visit Oregon.

A rumor reaches us that there has been an attempt at revolution in the city of Peru.

Yreka and Scott Valley have been visited by a heavy wind, accompanied by thunder and rain, unroofing several buildings.

Lightning struck the telegraph line and set the office at Rough-and-Ready on fire. A remarkable occurrence in that latitude.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE BAZAR.

We are indebted to the San Francisco *Pioneer* for the following graphic and pleasant description of the Suffrage Bazar. Never did the signs of the times predict a speedier victory than the coming one, which even now perches upon the banners of progression. Women lack money; that is why their work seems to move slowly, but such a Fair as is here described will doubtless prove profitable. Oregon is a little way behind her sister State, but in her own good time she will throw off her lethargy and her women will work for their own emancipation:

Pacific Hall last evening presented a brilliant appearance. The Bazar Committee, through the assistance of the ladies, arranged the tables and the different departments with commendable skill and excellent taste. There is a great variety of articles both for use and ornament. They speak loudly for the industry of the ladies and present an unmistakable indication that the women of California are not only disposed to talk of their enfranchisement, but they are also willing to work to secure the desired boon.

Contributions of goods and money have been sent in from Nevada, Sacramento, Solano, Contra Costa, Napa, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Diego, Los Angeles, Yolo, San Bernardino, Sonoma, San Francisco and other counties.

The Post Office is a decided feature of the Fair. We heard several gentlemen remark that the letters received were worth a dozen postages.

Madam Koshock, ensconced in her beautiful Gypsy tent, did a thriving business. Her patrons left her charmed circle profoundly impressed with the grandeur of her gifts. She excels in the department of love, marriage and business.

The army of little people will doubtless enjoy themselves hugely in their angling experiments this evening at the fish-pond. There is but one condition necessary to be observed in order to obtain good game and plenty of it, and that is, plenty of bait. The pond is rich in its great variety of the finny, feathered, metallic and saccharine tribes.

At Jacob's Well, Miss Rebecca, costumed to suit the occasion, dispenses a more exquisite beverage than ever delighted the lips of the ancient patriarchs of the desert and more delicious than was sipped by Jupiter from golden cups. We advise the weary waltzers and promenaders to pay their particular respects to this department of the Bazar.

The refreshment departments are finely arranged, and tea, coffee, cake, ice cream or strawberries can be readily obtained. The ladies are ready to serve and ambitious to please.

The wax flowers are very natural, artistic and beautiful. The large vase of wax flowers and the pool of pond lilies were made by a pupil of Mrs. Gerrish, and reflect credit both on teacher and scholar. The large frame of autumn leaves in wax, contributed to the Fair by Mrs. Gerrish, has been greatly admired.

The Art Gallery is richly worth a very general patronage. Among numerous works of art, too numerous to particularize, there are photographic pictures of many of the most distinguished suffragists in the old and new world. The ladies superintending this department will be but too happy to furnish each visitor with a package containing a photograph of each suffragist represented there. These photographs are also elegantly framed. There is dear Lucretia Mott, as she looked when she was young and charmingly beautiful; as she looked 25 years since, and as she looks now. Here is also the great and good Gerrit Smith and Mrs. Davis, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Anna Dickenson, and numerous others.

The Floral Stand is another very important feature of the Fair. It is fitted up with excellent taste, the flowers are artistically disposed, and it is really a thing of beauty. We understand, by the way, that there will be an exhibition of living pictures to-morrow (Thursday) evening; but of the truth of the rumor we are unable to vouch.

Mr. John McCullough is advertised to give one of his pleasing readings this evening.

Allen's Band will discourse delicious music every evening during the week.

In our next, we hope to be able to give a more particular idea of the various tables and their contents.

Vinnie Ream's Roman Work.—Some of Vinnie Ream's Roman work, just arrived in New York, includes a figure of Sappho and a figurino representing the spirit of the Carnival. The former is described as a full length figure, almost completely draped; the hands are crossed in front, and she holds in the right a stylus, and in the left a scroll of papyrus, on which is written, in Greek, the words from her own poem: "Thou shalt die, and no memory of thee shall remain." At her feet lies a lute; her tunic is edged with Greek embroidery, and the sandals upon her feet and the fillet that binds her hair adds to the classic effect of the whole. The Carnival figure represents a young girl seated, and in the act of throwing a wreath of flowers, her face lit up with a laughing grace. An antique flower stand, from which flowers are overflowing, is by her side and a mask is thrown at her feet. A mosaic pavement and a broken capital of a column, over which a shining lizzard is crawling, reminds us at once of Rome.

"THE NEW NORTH-WEST."

We have received a copy of a newspaper bearing the above title, hailing from Deer Lodge, Montana. We thought we were doing something original when we chose this caption for our paper, but have learned that we were mistaken. However, we are not one whit ashamed of our prototype. The paper is creditable in every particular, and is issued daily and weekly by Capt. Mills, at the moderate rate of $8 00 per year for the weekly. We clip the following good thing, entitled "Sunday Closing," from the issue of May 27th, which lies before us:

With laudable purpose the principal business houses of Deer Lodge have agreed to close their stores on Sundays after June 1st. We know, and so does every one familiar with the mining country, that the closing of stores on Sunday in a mining camp, is regarded as ominous of decay as a shark in a ship's wake is of death. It has become a belief, firmly fixed in the minds of old Pacific coasters, that "Sunday closing" is an evidence that the glory has gone out of the place, and the closed stores are the procreating cells of the bats and owls that will soon hold sway over its crumbling walls and deserted streets. This is a belief founded on experience. The key to it is the fact that "Sunday closing" has rarely been begun until business had declined, and, in many places, where it had almost ceased to be worth while to keep open. It has usually been the death-bed-repentance sort of morality that instigated the observance of the Lord's Day—when there was nothing to lose by it. Now, if there ever was a town differently situated, Deer Lodge is the one. It is in the very vigor of prosperous growth, and doing treble the business it ever did before. While a great many goods would be sold on Sunday, and it may inconvenience some who would otherwise prefer to come in on that day and buy goods, it is more a commercial than a mining town, and our merchants realize that one day in seven is needed for rest. It is a conceded fact that this proportion of rest is essential to all, and the Sabbath is the proper day. We believe to Mr. W. W. Higgins, one of the leading merchants, the credit is due of originating and consummating this movement, and that it met with cheerful acquiescence. And now, if it be done, let it be done wholly. The fact of closing the front door and doing business all day through the back door is a farce. We once were in a business house that was religiously closed on all holidays—except that the front door was kept open a few inches just to let customers know that they could slide in quietly. We have worked from morning till night many a Fourth of July and Christmas in that store, and put it up that holidays of that kind are a deception and a nuisance. If the "Sunday closing" is righteous let it be observed to the letter. If it is to be a dead letter, like the Sunday statute of Montana, it had better be rescinded. If it won't work, open the doors and shutters, and sin in the full light of day, at regular rates and in the regular way.

Male and Female Doctors.—The impression has become public that the American Medical Association, which lately convened in this city, expressed animosity toward female medical practitioners, and pronounced the "taboo" against any male physician who should consult with one of the feminine persuasion. Such impression is erroneous. The Association did nothing of the kind. Ostracism of female doctors only exists in Pennsylvania; and even there the feature has never been entertained by the Philadelphia College of Physicians and Surgeons, which represents the ablest practitioners in the State. The American Medical Association merely refused to impose a dictatorial edict upon those of the Pennsylvania professors who have ostracised women doctors, allowing them to govern themselves by their local and exclusive ethics. Any physician, outside of certain organizations in the State named, can consult with a female practitioner without incurring the censure of the American Medical Association. Another error that has become public, is to the effect that Dr. Toner stated that of the 60,000 medical practitioners in the United States, only 3,000 were homœpaths. The fact is, Dr. Storer—not Toner—said that of the 60,000 physicians in country 4,000 homœopaths paid license. The women can be of good heart. They are not excluded, and are gaining ground gradually in the fields of medicine and surgery. As no daily journal has deigned to give the exact facts, we have made a note of them for public information.—*Eastern Exchange.*

Fecundity of the Queen Bee.—In a paper read before the London Entomological Society, Mr. Desborough said:

"I have succeeded in ascertaining that in certain cases the queen bee will survive and deposit eggs during not fewer than six seasons, whereas the worker bees only live about eight months. A single queen bee had produced as many as 108,000 eggs, which would be about 20,000 a year; but the greatest amount of eggs was deposited during the first two years of her life, only about 15,000 being laid during each of the last three years.

To this a writer for the London *Farmers' Journal* replies, that he thinks the life of the queen bee does not exceed four years; and as to her fecundity, he says:

A healthy, vigorous queen, at the head of a strong and prosperous colony, a well proportioned hive, instead of laying only 108,000 eggs in the course of her natural life—according to the author, six years—will lay much nearer 100,000 eggs in one season. I have myself had hives in which I have been quite certain that the queen has laid at least 70,000 eggs in a single year; and I have had and heard of other hives in which I have no doubt the numbers far exceed that amount. I have also had occasion to notice that the fertility of a queen is most abundant in the third season of her life, a great change for the worse taking place in her fourth or last year.

The best quality of mucilage in the market is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, and adding one fourth of an equal volume of alcohol, and a small quantity of a solution of alum in water. The action of the vinegar is due to the acetic acid which it contains. This prevents the glue from gelatinizing by cooling, but the same result may be accomplished by adding a small quantity of nitric acid. Some of the preparations offered for sale are merely boiled starch or flour, mixed with nitric acid to prevent the gelatinizing.

A New York religious newspaper, describing Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a jocose and rather graphic manner, speaks of him as the Booth of the pulpit, the Burton of the sanctuary, and the Dan Rice of the Plymouth Church.

A new style of ear-ring is the shape of a tambourine, the bells of which jingle pleasantly at every movement of the wearer's head.

Operations of the California Rescue Mission.

The California Rescue Mission held its regular quarterly meeting in the parlor of the Young Men's Christian Association, yesterday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Turner, President, in the Chair.

VISITS TO HOUSES OF ILL-FAME.

The Visiting Committee made a report of considerable length, which in the main was quite encouraging to the cause in which the Mission is engaged. The Committee have held conversations with a large number of females who reside in the houses of prostitution on Waverly Place, Dupont and Stockton streets, and received hopeful assurances from many of them.

Mrs. Thompson spoke of a woman who keeps a house of ill-fame who expresses a desire to reform, and promises to leave by will $3,000 to charitable societies—$250 of the money to the Rescue Mission.

A lady said that they called on the "Fire Queen," and were encouraged by the promises they received from that unexpected source.

FINANCES.

The financial condition of the society was rehearsed, and the prospects of obtaining rooms for the Mission discussed at some length, but no final conclusion arrived at.

C. D. CARTER.

Mrs. Hall spoke very feelingly of the death of Charles D. Carter, stating that he took a great deal of interest in the Mission, and was the first life member.

EXPERIENCE OF AN ILLINOISAN.

Mr. Turner said that Rev. E. R. Heuland from Springfield, Illinois, was present; that Mr. H. was very much interested in the work, and had a large experience in the reformation of fallen women, and we would like to hear some of Mr. Heuland's experience.

Mr. Heuland said that he was delighted to be present and hear what God had done for the Mission; that he began in the work by becoming acquainted with a few unfortunates who were incarcerated in a calaboose, and was led on, step by step, until he discovered that these persons were cruelly neglected; he thought the Gospel could reach this class as well as any other. He had held meetings from time to time in those houses, and the Spirit of God did reach them. They had bought a comfortable home in Springfield for $650, and then the only drawback was a good matron; but God gave them a good one. After the House had been in operation for six months they began to enlarge, and now they average in inmates, including matrons, about forty. Mr. Heuland then spoke at considerable length and with much feeling of the different abandoned characters who had been reformed through the influences of the Springfield House, and of the gratitude, which was truly heartfelt, which they expressed after again assuming a respectable position in society. "I know," said Mr. Heuland, "that under the surface, away down in the hearts of these women, there is yet honor and truth, and all it needs to develop this feeling is something to love, a heart that beats in sympathy with theirs, and that they can trust." Mr. Heuland spoke of one woman who led a life of shame for years, but whom he finally rescued from degradation, and now she is married and living in this city, as fine a woman as he ever met. She desires to help the work along, and proffers her service to the Mission. "What you need most," said he, "is patience—untiring patience; with this we can accomplish all." A great deal of interest was manifested by those present in the remarks of Mr. Heuland, and a number were frequently affected to tears. At the conclusion of Mr. Heuland's address, the Mission adjourned.—*San Francisco Exchange.*

Tact.—"What is tact? What is the peculiar qualification which one possesses and another does not?—which enables one to avoid disagreeable issues that others, apparently quite as keen-sighted, quite as well informed, quite as experienced, are unable to shun?" All concede it to be an element of success. We often hear it said, in commendation of some eminent man, that "he is a man of great tact;" that "he has the tact to manage men;" that "he has a superior tact for business," etc. The primary meaning of the word "tact" is touch—feeling. The figurative meaning which has been attached to the word is difficult to accurately define. It has been defined as perception, peculiar skill, or faculty, discernment; but neither of these definitions is complete or satisfactory. Thus, when we say, "he had sufficient tact to withdraw," we do not mean that he had skill, or discernment, or perception, sufficient to prompt him to withdraw; there is something more subtle involved than these definitions express. There is nothing so good as the primary meaning of the word—touch, feeling. Conceive the mind to be able to touch, to feel other minds, and you have got it exactly. The mind has many subtle modes of expression. An elevated eyebrow, a puzzled look, a modulation of voice, an impatient gesture, or a quiver of the lip, reveal hidden feelings, offentimes against the will. Tact enables its possessor to immediately recognize these indications, and to shape its conduct accordingly.

Progress.—One fine evening this week we happened to be near the track when the afternoon train from Portland passed through the town. First, the great locomotive, with its breath of fire and its nerves of steel, plunged across the street where we were standing—then we counted, one after another, nineteen cars. The last was a passenger car comfortably filled. The most prominent articles in the line of freight were three fine threshing machines, apparently all set up and ready for work. They were painted a bright red, and made a very striking appearance as the train swept by. Riding on those high cars, with the bright sun shining on them, they looked like three mighty conquerors going forth to victory. And they were just the kind of conquerors we ever stand ready to welcome. We felt like taking off our hat and shouting when that train passed. Less than ten years ago, when we were talking in our boyish enthusiasm about the prospects of a railroad across the continent and through this valley, we were coolly told by a prominent individual that we would be under the ground long before any of these dreams were realized. But we are on top of the ground yet. So is the aforesaid prominent individual. In some respects he has succeeded in life better than we. He has held more offices and made more money; but he is no prophet. We were right then, and are glad now. Our eyes have seen the dawn. Progress, progress!—*Farmer.*

Oregon Produce.—The San Francisco *Commercial Herald* of June 2d says:

The receipts of certain articles of Oregon produce from January 1st to date, have been as follows: Flour, qr sks, 288,738; wheat, sks, 28,247; oats, sks, 3,404; salmon, bbls, 2,652; hf bbls, 705; pkgs, 3,628; bacon, pkgs, 1,429; beef, bbls, 161; cs, 26; hams, pkgs, 176; butter, pkgs, 248; lard, pkgs, 404; pork, bbls, 1,136; dried apples, pkgs, 979; ripe do, bxs, 27,431.

God hands gifts to some, whispers them to others.

Gentlemen's Fashions.

Gentlemen will wear business coats with sleeves. They will open and button in front. Coats buttoning behind now meet with no favor from the strictly fashionable classes. Coats for evening and dress occasions, however, will open behind as well as in front, but they will not open all the way up the back, unless in case of accident.

Pantaloons will be worn on the legs, as last season, and they will reach below the knee.

Vests will be worn under the coat this winter, and will have pockets. One of these is to be appropriated to the watch, and the practice of carrying it in the coat-tail pocket will be entirely abandoned, as it is now considered neither convenient nor stylish.

Collars will be worn around the neck, as last season, and cravats will tie in front. The "Greeley" style is, however, an exception to this rule. It is considered the correct thing, among gentlemen of position in the fashionable world, to wear a cotton or linen shirt under their ordinary suits. Only a small portion of this garment must be exposed—a part of the bosom, for instance. Handkerchiefs should be hemmed. Stockings are to be worn, this year, under the boots, and although a different arrangement may be allowed to old gentlemen, in icy and sleety weather, it is not considered proper to wear woolen or other stockings over the boots at evening parties or other social reunions. Black is the favorite color for boots, and the most *recherche* and convenient style is that in which small loops are placed at the top of the boot-leg, one on each side, so that they may be drawn on after having been taken off; thus avoiding the necessity of wearing them at all times. Any one who dislikes sleeping in boots will appreciate this arrangement. Gloves will be made with separate compartments for the fingers, and few wear the old-fashioned mitten at the opera. The best fastenings for gentlemen's clothing will be found to be buttons. No gentleman, having tried these, will be any longer content with hooks and eyes.—*Punchinello.*

The Teeth of a Horse.—At five years of age a horse has forty teeth. These are twenty-four molar jaw teeth, twelve incisor or front teeth, and four tusks or canine teeth, between the molars and incisors, usually wanting in the mare. At birth, only the two nippers or middle incisors appear. At a year old, the incisors are all visible on the first, or milk set. Before three years the permanent nippers have come through. At four years old, the permanent dividers next to the nippers are out. At five the mouth is perfect, the second set of teeth having been completed. At six, the hollow under the nippers, called the mark, has disappeared from the nippers, and diminished in the dividers. At seven, the mark has disappeared from the dividers, and the next teeth, or corners, are level, though showing no mark. At eight the mark has gone from the corners, and the horse is said to be aged. After this time—indeed, good authorities say five years—the age of a horse can only be conjectured. But the teeth gradually change their form, the incisors becoming round, oval, and then triangular. Dealers sometimes bishop the teeth of the old horses; that is scoop them out to imitate the mark.

But this can be known by the absence of the white edge of the enamel which always surrounds the real mark, by the shape of the teeth, and other marks of age about the animal.

A Fine Brandy Face.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* tells a good story. It says:

How often is it that a rosy-cheeked man, who never indulges in the use of ardent spirits, is suspected of taking a drop now and then? An occurrence which took place yesterday verifies this fact.

Our old friend, William Luck, was passing along Fourth street early after breakfast, when his progress was politely arrested by a well-dressed, well-fed gentleman from the country, with:

"Sir, can you inform me where I can procure a few gallons of fine old brandy? I wish to take it out to my place for private use."

"Well, sir," said Mr. L., "I am informed that Mr. S——, of the Bank Exchange, is *au fait* in those matters, and will supply you."

So, after showing the stranger where Mr. S—— was to be found, he continued:

"You have the advantage of me—I don't know you."

"Nor do I know you," replied the stranger, "but you look like a man who knows where the best brandy in town is to be found."

Mr. Luck bowed to the stranger, and passed down the street, muttering that he did not know which excelled—the man's politeness or his impudence.

Man and Woman.—Gail Hamilton, in the *Independent*, philosophises on Woman's Rights and all that, as follows:

In listening to some of the arguments against woman suffrage, one might suppose there was danger lest the sexes should become disaffected toward each other; lest women should be able so to array themselves in masculine armor as to alienate the regard of men. That will never be. The Minnesota farmers were far nearer the real state of the case in their comical Fourth of July "sentiment:"

"The woman of the coming time,
Shall man to vote appoint her?
Well, yes, or no; your bottom dime
He'll do as she's a minister!
We know she 'will,' or else she 'won't,'
'Twill be the same as now;
And if she does, or if she don't,
God bless her anyhow!"

It is not beauty, nor wit, nor goodness; for the attraction exists independent of all these. It is simply womanhood. Man pays deference to woman, instinctively, involuntarily, not because she is beautiful or truthful, or wise, or foolish, or proper, but because she is woman, and he cannot help it. If she descends, he will lower to her level; if she rises, he will rise to her height. This is the real danger—not that she will drive him from her, but that she *cannot* drive him from her.

Our Own Flowers.—Large sums of money and much time are spent in Oregon in the cultivation of exotic plants and flowers. We would find no fault with this, but would say all in our power to encourage it. But why not, at the same time, be doing something to preserve and improve our native flowers? True, the imported and cultivated flowers are more gaudy and fragrant than the wild natives. But there is a wonderful variety in our woods, and we believe many of them are capable of improvement by cultivation. What more pleasant or profitable pastime could be proposed to the young woman on the farm, or to any one who has the time, than to transplant and cultivate, and study, a few of our native flowers? Who will do this and report?—*Farmer.*

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence. The deepest love flows through the eye and touch. The purest joy is unspeakable. The most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Why a Clergyman Dyed his Hair.—A clergyman in Massachusetts, who had seen his two score and ten, was complimented on his hale and youthful looks the other day. Smiling, he touched his handsome brown hair, and replied, "You know they have a way of helping old men a little these days." "What!" said his friend, "have you been coloring your hair?"

"Yes," replied he, "I have been doing what I once thought nothing would induce me to do. I have been turning my gray hair brown, and I will tell you how I was brought to it. After leaving my position as—, I proposed to go back into the ministry and become a parish minister. Accordingly as I had opportunity, I preached to some few destitute churches, and was gratified to hear at the conclusion of my services, that the people were well pleased with my preaching, and but for my gray hair would gladly have me for a pastor; but they could not think of so old a man! Well, while I was going through this experience, an old friend suggested to me to color my hair, and thus remove from the eyes of the people the reproach of being an old man. And I consented, finally, to make this experiment. And what do you think? The very first time I preached with brown hair upon my head, I was greeted with a call to settle in the ministry, and have ever since been the happy pastor of a united and apparently perfectly satisfied people!"

So much for the color of one's hair—so much in proof that looks are something, after all, notwithstanding the old proverb that looks are nothing and behavior is all.

Curious Facts about Water.—The extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Nevis have many millions of tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster of Paris statue which a man carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The air we breath contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips, which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent., and the other ninety per cent., of water. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a-half pailsful of water. In plants we find water mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one pint and a quarter of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat plant exhales in 175 days about 10,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water a day. The sap of plants is the medium through which the mass of water is conveyed.

A Rich Man's Girl.—Here is a girl who happened not to be born poor. Her father is rich enough to live in Fifth Avenue; but he does not live there. He gives her all the advantages of city education which she chooses. Eight months in the year she spends in home duties, charities, parties, concerts, operas, theatres, her own music and the like. But in the other four months she lives her own true life. She has found a pure country town, undiscovered yet by tourists; and there she goes, with a bloomer dress, and lives on a farm and works like a farm-hand—up in the morning with the men, helping take care of the animals, then to the fields to work with them, driving the oxen and pitching the hay. She has a very definite idea of perfect earthly happiness. It is to raise animals on a stock-farm; and, if she were thrown on her own resources, I have no doubt she would do it. No starving over the needle or stooping behind the counter for her. And yet she is no amazon; but a pure, womanly girl, without a grain of coarseness, a true lover of nature, with an insight almost like Thoreau.—*Gail Hamilton.*

Mrs. Blaine, the accomplished wife of the Speaker, had a difficulty with Mrs. Stockton, the charming better-half of the Senator, about a cook. Meeting at a dinner with only the Hon. Fernando Wood between them, Mrs. Stockton, leaning forward, said: "I am sorry, Mrs. Blaine, that we have anything disagreeable between us." The Hon. Fernando was embarrassed, not having heard the interesting story of the cook.—*Washington Capital.*

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