

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. J.A. DEAN, Editor and Proprietor. Devoted to the interests of the Coquille River particularly, and of the County generally.

TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1884.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Bitter Sweet: Miss Montague Taylure (to Miss Capulet Smythe).—"I want to introduce to you Mr. Nailsley back there, who thinks you are so awfully handsome. You know of him, don't you? He is very amusing and eccentric—never thinks as any one else does."—Life.

At an athletes' ball in Philadelphia a young lady asked a young gentleman what position he held in a baseball club. "Oh, I am a curved pitcher," was the reply. "You are out of the fashion then," was the answer; "pitchers with straight lines are all the style now."—Burlington Free Press.

Reciprocity: "Vat? You have never been in France, meess! Zen'ow are you arrived at so well speaking ze French?" "Oh, well, monsieur, at school, you know, the girl who sat next to me at dinner used to eat my fat and I used to do her French exercises for her; so I got lots of practice."—London Punch.

Lillie Devereux Blake says "a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making some woman miserable." A sort of golden opportunity, eh, Lillie? It takes a good deal of money nowadays to keep a woman in real nice, miserable style—especially when the summer bonnet begins to bloom.—Lowell Citizen.

Biggs—"Did you read that poem in the last number of Palmer's Magazine?" Fogg—"You know Benzine, the liquor dealer?" "Yes, but what has that got to do with it?" "Fogg—"Everything. Benzine sells rum, but never drinks any; I write poetry, but don't read it. Benzine and I know the evils of indulgence in our respective wares."—Boston Transcript.

The memory of a drunken man is sometimes strikingly alive. A well-known citizen stood in a bar-room attempting to induce every one to drink. Very naturally his war experience soon came up and with that chest swell of pride which ever characterizes the old soldier, he said: "I fought seven battles during the war, and ain't afraid of no man." "Come on and go home," remarked a friend, taking his arm. "No, I won't go home. I fought seven battles and I ain't afraid of no man, but I won't go home. I am a married man."—Arkansas Traveler.

Plantation philosophy: Hate is de prize weed o' de human mind, but love is de flower. De 'quaintance whut woul' rush eross der road ter shake han's wid yer, woul' sometimes climb er fence ter hear yer slandered. It ain' de pusson whut takes de bath de oftenes' dat is de cleanes'. De duck washes offener den de rooster, yet he's allus got mo' dirt on him. De sadder thing ter me is de death o' a child—sadder den de death o' a grown pusson; fur de grown pusson is condemned airter a trial, while de child is cut off widout er judge er jury.—Arkansas Traveler.

First lawyer—"What in thunder are we going to do? Neither of us have had a case for a month and we owe everybody in town." Second lawyer—"I've an idea. You just apply for a divorce from your wife and give me the job and I'll forge somebody's name and get you to defend me. That'll give us both a chance to make a dollar." First lawyer—"No; let us get Brown and White quarreling over that piece of pasture land down in the hollow." Second lawyer—"Ah, you always did have a head for business. It's a bargain." Three months later the two lawyers were discovered enjoying a champagne dinner, the first fruits of that piece of pasture, while Brown and White, no longer able to make any thing else, are making faces at each other from opposite sides of the insolvency court.—Boston Transcript.

What Women can do. It is only of late years that it has become even permissible for them to have any ambition—other than to "make some good man a wife," as a waggish friend puts it. An aim or career in life for her was not to be thought of for an instant, and so many yet seem not to have the one nor to know that they may pursue the other. Still less do they realize the "ought" in the matter, nor consider that as they would despise a brother who sat down at home and waited for somebody to come along and marry him, amusing himself meanwhile with a little music, or "fancy work"—wood-carving, repousse work, painting or what not—so is a similar course on their part likewise despicable.

Usually it is not the fault of the girls at all, but of their parents, or education. As soon as a boy gets out of skirts and into knickerbockers his admiring mamma and proud papa, as well as all the rest of his friends and relatives, begin to speculate on "what Tom is going to make?" If he likes to amuse himself by hacking the furniture with his small tools, or taking the clock to pieces "to see wheels go round," then the affordside retinue of relatives, always eagerly watching for indications of the budding and beginning of future greatness decide that Tom will be an inventor. If he shows a fondness for dissecting flies, mice and "other small deer," then Tom is surely destined to be a surgeon, and so on through all the professions and trades. Whatever Tom's predilection may be, however, it is sure to be coddled and encouraged, his toys and books selected and his education conducted with a view to the desired end. But a girl—oh! well, a girl is always expected to play with her dolls, keep her frock clean, and—that's about all. Nobody tries to find out what she's good for. She may like tools as well as her brother, but if she takes his, he makes a row, which is usually quelled by the mother's "my dear those are not nice play things for you. Don't be a rude little girl."

When such a girl grows up, what is there for her to do but dress and visit and gossip, and with no work to develop body and mind, grow weak and vapid at least in ways. Oh, fathers and mothers pray you watch Susie as well as Tom, and if she shows indications of wanting to be a doctor or a lawyer or an editor, help and encourage her as you would him. Try to assist her to finding an aim in life, and let her be something and do something like her brother. "But she will marry probably." Well, if so, there is no loss, but rather so much the better for all concerned. "Careers" for women, if they revolutionize the home relations at all, will change things for good and not for evil. A woman with an independent work in life will not marry for a home or because she has nothing else to do, but because her love is strong enough to dominate her ambition and all the rest of her being.—Farmer.

A Tramp Sees. His beard was long, tangled and gray, and indicated age. His clothes were scant and ragged, and indicated poverty. His eyes were dreamy and his nose was red. These, with a tomato can, which was only partially concealed in one of his coat-tail pockets, indicated the tramp. The charge against him was "no visible means of support." He seemed to be familiar with the court and its surroundings, and when his name was called he stepped briskly to the bar. "What do you do for a living?" "I look into the future," he answered solemnly. "Scan its mystic realms now and tell us what you see," ordered his honor sarcastically. The prisoner threw his arms over the rail, leaned heavily upon it, and throwing his head back, closed his eyes, and for a moment was motionless. "I see," he said, "a cruel man in a blue coat with brass buttons and

a club, dragging a poor, old man along the street. The scene changes; the cruel man is now being rebuked by a kind gentleman with a magisterial air, who then says to the poor, old man, 'Go home, my friend, and may God bless you.' The scene again changes; the poor, old man is in his bare, cold attic room and is down on his knees in prayer for the good, kind gentleman with a magisterial air." The prisoner here shook himself and straightening up asked: "Did I say anything while I was in a trance?" "You did. I presume you said just what you saw." "Ah! that's good," said the accused, rubbing his hands. "You didn't see anything of an island, seagirt and dotted here and there with massive castles; of a coach like a mail wagon, and a sail on the laughing waters that connect the island with the main land, did you?" "No, indeed, I did not," said the accused, hurriedly. "Then you can't see any further into the future than the end of your nose, for just what I have described you are going to see, and see them every day until the festive month of March blows in."—Detroit Free Press.

The Wife and Mother. What mothers of to-day need is independence and common sense. In these days of fashion, many a woman wears out because she is desirous her children shall have as many tucks and flounces, plaits and frills as her neighbor's children. Or she heats her blood up until she is tired and cross over a cooking range that she may prepare food to equal or excel her near neighbors. She, may be, belongs to that unfortunate class whose better half judges her from the amount of labor she performs. "My wife is the smartest woman in town. She will do more work than a man any day."

Have you not heard such remarks? Beware, husband; nature will have her range, and if you want that "smart" woman to care for you in your old age, save her strength, stop the overworking of those strained nerves, unless you desire to have another to fill her place. Mothers, dress your children according to your means and ability. If your friend's two-year-old Susie is "so sweet and pretty in her embroidered white dress," don't try to excel, but let your two-year-old Flossie wear her warm, dark woolen dresses, and her health will be cared for and she will become a more sensible woman than Susie, whose mother's aim is for her baby to be admired. I do not discard fashion when properly used. Copy that happy medium which calls for no remarks.

If you cannot dress as your neighbors without working far into the small hours of morning, wearing out brain and body, for your husband's sake, for your children's sake, make your dresses with less bands and sherrings, and save your strength. "As you commence so you must go on," is an old saying. Make yourself a slave to fashion for a child, and assuredly, by the time she is sixteen, your bones will ache and your spirit quake over the endless work of the wardrobe. If a person visit you for the amount of food he gets, let him stay at home before you worry yourself almost to desperation, neglecting your babies and many other duties, preparing "company fare." Let him content himself with such as would constitute the repast of your ordinary family. If your husband constantly praises you for the amount of work you master, take his praise kindly, but don't try to accomplish more than you are bodily able, for the sake of obtaining his praise. Save your strength for the future, when you will be of more value to him than his praise is to you now. If your neighbor does think you slow, lazy, be independent, and if you are wearied from your morning's labor, lie down for a half-

hour's nap—if the dinner dishes do remain unwashed and the floor unbrushed for a while. Refreshed by your rest, those dishes will disappear rapidly, other chores be accomplished, and it will be a bright, cheerful face which greets the boys and girls on their return from school, and father from his day's labor. In caring for yourself, your health and strength, you are caring for all the members of the family.—S. F. Examiner.

A BARGAIN! We have the selling of a half section of land, half bench and half bottom land, near Coquille City. It would make a half dozen good little ranches, or a good dairy and stock ranch. The price is \$20, per acre.

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