

CHIN, CHIN.
Tying her bonnet under her chin
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silence
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.
And many a time that little chin
He's heard from since, you bet and win!
And bonnets she had for her raven hair,
And many a time he's been called a bear;
And now she is throwing her ringlets back,
And says she shall have a seeking saucer.

Whistling Girls.
With the following letter a Sun reporter went to Dr. F. H. Hamilton for information:

To the Editor of the Sun.—Sir: My sister whistles. Should I break her of it? If so, how? Will it do her any harm? Ought a girl to whistle? Do a good many girls whistle? She says they do. Dr. Hamilton said he knew of no difference between the vocal chords, bronchial tubes, or lungs of women and those of men that should make the young man's sister necessarily a poorer whistler than the young man himself. He didn't see any reason why a woman shouldn't be a better whistler than a man, if she should give her whole mind to it. As to whether they should whistle or not, he declined to be considered an authority; and as to why they didn't, or couldn't, or shouldn't, or wouldn't, he modestly affirmed that he was not a sufficient philosopher to determine, and that he would prefer to leave it to somebody else.

Dr. A. B. Mott said: "Why, of course, plenty of women whistle. Quite enough of them, I should say. Don't you know that old French proverb that 'a dancing person, a crowing hen, and a whistling girl never come to any good?' But it is all a matter of habit and association in youth. I very much doubt if any girl that is reared in a family without boys about the house ever learns to whistle. On the other hand, a girl with brothers will be very likely to pick it up. But when she gets to be a young woman she will give it up—simply because it is not regarded as a ladylike accomplishment. I say 'she will,' when perhaps I should rather say 'I suppose she will.' At all events she will be shy of letting young men hear her whistling. There is no physical reason why a girl should not whistle as well as a boy; but at least until she begins sneezing herself short of breath, and it is the final decision in her youth, for the developing of her lungs, than she is accustomed to."

Dr. Stephen W. Roof said: "Well, while I cannot say that I have ever heard a girl emulate a boy's whistling achievement—which is to jam his two fore-fingers into his mouth until he gets a good hold on his back teeth, or somewhere, and then let off an ear-piercing note that would shame a steam whistle until I have heard a good many girls whistle quite nicely. I don't see why they shouldn't from any hygienic or physiological reasons, anyway. It might be a good thing for them to whistle. One great consideration would be that while they were whistling they couldn't be talking. Perhaps that is the reason they are not often heard whistling. But you happen to be about when they think themselves alone, you will very often hear them whistle. I think girls in the country whistle more than those in the city—that is they do so more generally. But the popular prejudice against it is such that women, as a rule, pretend it would be impossible for them to whistle. Lots of men would be very much surprised to know how well their wives can whistle."

A lady who was asked about it, said frankly, "If you won't expose me, I'll prove to you that one woman you know can whistle. And I'll tell you why women don't whistle, usually where men are. Their lips don't look pretty when puckered up for a whistle, and they can't, when whistling, smile to show their teeth if they have a fine set. Surely those are reasons sufficient why women don't want to whistle, or at least to have men catch them at it. And yet it is a good thing; you have got to use a good deal of lung power to get out a clear, fine whistle, and the more you use, the more you will have. Do I know any society ladies who whistle privately? Why, yes, a score of them. Tell you who they are? No, indeed. What would become of us women if we went telling things about each other?"

President White on Civil-Service Reform.

There are in this room, I trust, some good, substantial, hardy laboring men—there are men engaged in business in the streets, there are men who labor early and late to get an honest living and bring up their children in the fear of God and with love for their fellow-men. Let me ask every one of you what earthly chance you have to get you a worthy position in the public service? I fling back this charge in your faces—I tell you, you cannot do it. Suppose you had a son in school, a boy, a good, sound boy, you would like to have him enter the service of the country. He perhaps has not the qualities to fit him for a lawyer or clergyman, but he could serve his country well in some subordinate office. You write a letter to some member of Congress, or some senator, or some member of the administration, and you say, my boy has all these qualities, and your neighbors certify to it. What earthly chance has your boy? Not one particle. When is the aristocracy? It will tell you, when the one appointed? It is the man, nine times out of ten, who has pulled the wires in the caucus, the man who plays the tricks. I do not mean to say that this is always the case; I mean that this is the sort of character that is recognized. We want it here as it is in some other countries, we want it so that the son of the poorest man is equal to the son of the richest man in the race for such positions. We talk about aristocracy in England. But who is the main outcome of this system there. Look at it. Before civil service reform, a great number of the government offices were filled with nabobs' sons and noodles appointed at the request, nay, at the decree and command of the aristocracy. It was a nice place for the sons of the aristocrats. Look at it, and so could come to the minister and say I want my youngest son appointed. The poor man's son had no chance. But now if the lord's son wants to get an office he has to work for it. He sits down on a bench beside the poor artisan's son and the man who passes an examination goes on, whether he is an artisan's son or a lord's son. So it should be here. The son of the poorest laborer, of the poorest artisan, of the struggling clergyman, who cannot bring to bear the influence with which he is surrounded, and appointment may sit down on the bench with the son of the governor or the senator, and if successful, may be chosen to serve his country in an honorable position. This is what is proposed by civil

service reform, and I say, when you talk of aristocracy in this matter you are assailing the best democratic system that ever has been devised, and you are supporting the most inherently aristocratic system that the sun shines upon to-day. But there are other considerations. One man cries out, "What is to become of the great democratic party?" and another cries, "Good heavens, what is to become of the great republican party?" My friends, if I thought so poorly of the party to which I belong, as to think that it would be ruined by righteous and just reforms, I would quit that party. If it can be broken up by practicing pure and simple justice, then let it be broken up. But see that any one need waver or leave his party except when a candidate fails to come up to the mark on this question. If a man says, "I will support this reform," I would say, "I will support you." If he evades it or talks about something else, or proposes a substitute, if he indulges in metaphysics, or wakes up a cloud in order to obscure the question, I would say, "I will never vote for you if I can find a candidate who is sound on this subject." A democrat who is sound on the civil service is in my opinion a thousand times better for the office and just fifty thousand times surer to get my vote. If my friends on this side will take the same view, we are likely to arrive soon at satisfactory results.

The Rights of Travelers.

The decision, just reported, of the New York Court of Appeals in the Auerbach case is full of interest for those travelers by rail who avail themselves, as so many do in summer, of "limited" or "excursion" tickets. The plaintiff, Mr. Auerbach, of St. Louis, bought a coupon ticket to New York, which bore upon its face the condition that the purchaser should "use it on or before September 26, 1877." In the course of his journey Mr. Auerbach used up one coupon after another until he found himself, on the afternoon of the 26th, on the New York Central train at Rochester with the coupon from that city to New York. The coupon was accepted and punched by the conductor as the several stations were passed where the duty is performed, until the train reached Hudson shortly after midnight. The conductor then declared that the ticket was no longer valid, demanded fare for the rest of the trip, and upon Auerbach's refusal put him off. Thereupon he brought suit for damages, and it is the final decision in his favor the report of which has just been published. The court holds that the "use" of the ticket on the afternoon of the 26th, when he offered it to the conductor, was the "use" contemplated by the restriction. When Auerbach had that he had paid his fare was presented the ticket had performed its office. If the company meant by its limitation that the passenger must finish his journey before the expiration of the day fixed, they should have said so. The court, in its decision, is of opinion, of course, that it settles the law—so far, at least, as New York is concerned—and appraises ticket buyers what their rights are. It is interesting, however, in another aspect. It tends to revive the complaint of the people of the old-fashioned theory, concerning which they have been driven into doubt, that "the law is the perfection of common sense." The decision is so palpably a common sense one that it is not easy to see how an intelligent railroad conductor could have created any occasion for making it.

Masculine Jewelry in Europe.

Observing Americans note a revival of rings, bracelets and watch chains in continental society. Young men at the theaters are conspicuous when they stand, as is the custom on the continent, with their opera glasses levelled at the house, for bracelets on their wrists, jewels on their hands, and the slender golden chain which became the fashion among ladies not long ago. In the revived fancies of Pompeii the same thing may be seen. Young Romans fastened the sleeves of their togas with gems, and covered their bare arms from the wrist to the elbow with filigree of gold and jewels. The craving ambition of every man under a monarchy is for a decoration. A meeting of Parliament is a spectacle of such personal adornment as the wildest caricature could not surpass. So great is the desire of the nobles to be crowned from the cravens for adornment. As a youth he was plastered with jewelry in the house, as an earl he was covered with the most ostentatious of his order in the Peers. A session of any one of the great councils of the kingdom, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the Garter, the Golden Fleece, St. George, the Black Eagle, or the hundred score different companies invented by sovereigns to stimulate the ardor and flatter the vanity of the noble and aspiring, presents more theatre gorgeousness than an Oriental pageant.—Philadelphia Press.

A Beautiful Tribute to Woman.

Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is the flower of fancy, waywardness and folly—tossed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or rattling of a window at night, overpowered by the perfume of a rose-bud. But let a real calamity come across her affection, and she is the flower of the desert, the enkindling fires of her heart, and mark her then! How strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle, give her a child, a bird or a thing to protect, and see her in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for her own life to help the helpless. Transplant her to the dark places of the earth, call her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of stalking pestilence, when the strong, the brave, the noble, pale and affrighted shrink away. Misfortunes haunt her not; she wears away a life of silence and endurance, and goes onward with her timidity than for her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting for the wings of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untied in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, a center from which radiates the charm of existence.

A Bit to Make the Mouth Water.

—Delicious chocolate macaroons are made by melting slowly, and with care, three ounces of plain chocolate. A good way to melt it is to put it in a tin dish and set it within another containing hot water. Make a thick paste by stirring in gradually one pound of powdered sugar and the well beaten whites of three eggs, then spread or roll it as smooth as possible to a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick. Cut it in small, round and fancy-shaped pieces, butter your tins and scatter a little flour and sugar over the bottom (use equal quantities of each) and lay the macaroons on. Bake in a hot oven, but avoid having it hot enough to scorch them.

Christmas Cards.

It is impossible to omit a mention among the customs of the times of the Christmas cards and other books and stationery fancies, which have made a permanent place, and have become so important a source of revenue. It is, perhaps, five or six years ago since a young lady, who had already done some artistic work, sat in a publisher's office trying in vain to get an idea had in his mind, as an attraction for the holiday season. He had tried to explain to her that he wanted "picture" children, not fashionable children, and she had hastily sketched some conventional youngsters in the conventional fancy dresses, but he shook his head and looked perplexed, while she idly drew a sort of "Little Red Ridinghood" figure on the sheet of paper in her lap. The publisher saw the large bonnet and long cloak—"That is what I want," he said; "something like that, only more so, in short, the common dress of the last century put on the pretty, chubby babies of to-day." "I think I understand," said the young lady; and that was the beginning of the children's renaissance—the revival of old ideas in this country in the book and Christmas-card world. The young artist made a thousand dollars by her holiday sketches, and went abroad with it, fulfilling the dream of her life; and since then thousands of others have made still more by taking the same idea and working it over in a thousand and different ways. We need only to look at the card of to-day and compare it with the first crude specimens to discover how much art and skill have done to develop its possibilities, and also what rewards it has brought to the workers. The two thousand dollars was received by Miss Dora Wheeler for the first prize design of the present season, and there are many who do not take prizes that still enable them to authors—most of them young women—to earn honorable livelihood. The range, however, is constantly widening, and the efforts becoming more ambitious. Individual designs, etched or hand-painted, and not duplicated, are now produced upon ivory and satin, and bring all the way from five to fifty dollars—well-known artists not declining to sign their names to them. Very interesting and important also are the excellent photographic reproductions of the etchings of recent masters, to be followed by those of the antique schools. This season, for the first time, however, the range in the color of life and though there is a little harshness, or hardness and unreality as yet, still there is no doubt that time will perfect the process, and render the pictured semblance harmonious as well as true.

The most recent evidence has been in figure-drawing, which now shows exquisite examples in what is known as "Kensington," and in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century costumes; but we shall owe still more to the artists who will follow the lead of the winner of the contest of last year—Elliott Vedder—and give us heroic women, women who deserve to stand as types and representatives of the genius of women in the past and the present. In the meantime let us be thankful for the pleasure which the fashion and send cards. It is well to be remembered and to remember, even through so simple a medium as a card or "leaflet," and now there is surely an opportunity in lovely, quaint maidens, in rural, homelike, and moonlight scenes, in glowing interiors, the sweetness of flowers and the captivating innocence of childhood to suit all tastes.

Finding a Collar Button.

A Georgia man lost a gold collar button two years ago. The button was found in the stomach of a cow that had been slaughtered. An exchange wonders how in the world the cow got under the bureau to get the collar button. That is a question. Something is tingling about the fall of a collar button or stud. Let a stud fall on the floor in plain sight, and it disappears at once under a bureau or bed, as if endowed with life, and it is a most singular thing that a man, however brave and noble ordinarily, gets very nervous when he finds a collar button or stud. We have heard of a minister who left the ministry and went to keep books for a brewer, all on account of a shirt stud. He was getting ready for church one Sunday morning, and was standing in front of a bureau, in his undershorts and pants, his suspenders hanging down on his hips, and his white shirt in his hands, engaged in putting the collar button into its customary hole. In such a moment as he thought his fingers became lame, and the collar button fell, and he found it on the floor. Not too much but just prone enough. The pious man saw it glisten as it fell, and he stooped to pick it up when it disappeared. He dropped the shirt and began to look for it, and as he peered over the edge of everyday clothes on the floor, and could not find it, he asked his wife why in the name of the twelve Apostles she didn't watch it. She said it was all she could do to watch her own jewelry. Then he asked her to help find it, and she had got to go to church pretty soon or there would be a scarcity of sermons that day. She told him to get a stair rod and poke around under the bureau, and she went on knocking up her corset in the most fascinating manner. The pious man got down on his stomach and tried to feel under the bureau, knocking the skin off his arm by the operation. He got out a lot of marbles, some hairpins, a hair brush and a piece of hoop skirt of the vintage of 1881, but could not find the collar button. There was not another button of the kind in the house, and not a shirt he could wear without the lost stud, and as the minister heard the last bell ring for church, and thought of the congregation waiting for him to give out the hymn, and saw his wife, who had got almost ready for church, sit down on the floor to pull on her stockings, while he was no nearer dressed than when he got his ears washed, he was pretty mad, that is, he was a minister. Like a man, he laid it all to his wife, and asked why she did not fly around and help him. She said a man ought to be able to corral his own shirt stud, and suggested that hereafter he tie a string around his wife's waist, and he pulled off one little shoe that she had put on, because there was something in it, and as she turned the shoe bottom side up, the gold stud fell out, and she helped him fix it in the shirt, and he got into his clothes pretty quick and very mad. He nearly tried his wife walking to church, scolding her all the way for not looking in her shoe at first for the stud, and when he arrived at the church door he was dripping with perspiration. He had forgotten his handkerchief, and he had no other containing the perspiration off, and walked down the aisle as mock and pious as though he had just come from a missionary meeting, and he preached a beautiful sermon on "Faith," and then resigned his pastorate and looked for a chance to get

work at some other business. It is singular that a little thing like the loss of a collar button should change the whole course of a man's life; but one of the minister's old congregation who saw him in St. Louis a few months ago, at the brewery, says he thinks the elder has struck his gait last. But we wander from the subject.

CREMATION.—Cremation has not, as yet, come into popular favor in this country, and it has made even less headway in England. Eight or ten years ago Sir Henry Thompson and others established a society to introduce cremation into England. Some thousands of dollars were spent in the erection of a crematorium, but down to the present time, only one body has been cremated and that the body of a dead horse. The residents at Woking, where the crematorium was built, petitioned for the removal or closing up of the furnace as soon as they became aware of its intended use, but being unable to show that it was a public nuisance, their petition was not granted. Legislation has been had in England, however, surrounding cremation with certain safeguards, which grew out of the complaints of the victims of poisoners might be readily cremated and evidence of guilt thus destroyed. There are a few private crematoriums in England and human bodies have from time to time been burned in them. Sir Henry Thompson is not discouraged by the lack of interest manifested in only undertaking by the public, and he proposes to have his establishment at Woking completed by the addition of a chapel, mortuary and waiting rooms.

A MOTHER IN A GIRL'S HAT.—From the Boston Herald we learn that a young lady of Chelsea, who had been shopping in Boston, visited the office of a prominent physician recently. She was flushed with excitement and said she had a very strange sensation which led her to apprehend some serious brain trouble—in short, insanity. The peculiar sensation she described was a peeling running round in a circle on the top of her head. The doctor took off her hat and examined her head, but found nothing, and she remarked that the sensation had left her. She put on her hat, and after sitting a few moments, jumped up with a scream, saying that it had come again. Another examination followed, first of the head, then of the hat, and in the hat a small but distinct discovery was made. If we can only convey the impression to all ladies who wear large hats to the theater that they are liable to be infested with mice, we shall have earned the thanks of thousands. This little story is true.

CAESAR'S FORTS.—About a hundred years ago, some forts were discovered which is supposed to be similar to those described by Caesar. These were found in Scotland, but similar to those found in France, Thuringia, Bohemia and other places on the continent. These forts were constructed of both wood and stone, the wood being placed crosswise, forming a circular wall, and then the stone being thrown upon this, the stone protecting the wall, and keeping it from being burned. Recently, other forts have been discovered near Bingen on the Rhine. The walls of these forts, as discovered, are vertical; and a supposition is that the enemy, in attacking the forts, set fire to the wood, burned the inhabitants, and left the walls as a vitrified mass. The vitrification of the walls would of course preserve them, and so we have visible ruins of those very forts which Julius Caesar attacked and destroyed.—American Antiquarian.

THE BOSS CORN CROP.—The yield of corn this year, it is thought, from the most reliable information that can be obtained, will be the largest ever known in the country's history. The crop of 1879 reached 1,754,000,000 bushels, and was the largest ever produced up to that time. In 1880 there was a falling off of about 37,000,000 bushels, and in succeeded in year of 1881 the crop only reached 1,640,000,000 bushels, which was a very heavy decrease. The crop of the present year is estimated at 1,800,000,000, which is an increase of 50 per cent over the production of 1881, and 5 per cent over that of 1880.

NOTICE.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Oregon, Washington Territory and Idaho: We wish to call your attention to the fact that our annual Catalogue and price list for 1882-83 is now ready for distribution. It will be found very valuable and instructive reading, and we are prepared to furnish it free of charge. Send your name and postoffice address to FARMERS and MECHANICS STORE, 184 First Street, Portland, Oregon, Sept-1st P. O. Box 175

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