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THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Lodge Directory.
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Church Directory.
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Regular east bound trains leave at 9:30 a. m. West bound trains leave at 4:25 p. m.

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A WICKED PLACE.

The Metropolis Seemed Full of Perils to an Innocent Granger.

He boarded the car at Twenty-third street, says the New York Tribune. There was nothing out of the way about his appearance. A broad-brimmed straw hat was worn on the back of his head; he had a good-natured face with a rather fleshy nose, large at the base; he wore a light suit of clothes and carried a bamboo switch; his first question told the story.

"Which is your destination?" was the question that he first asked the conductor, "the Astor House or the city hall?"
"Both," was the sententious and comprehensive reply of that official. This stunned him so that he didn't revive until the Bowery was reached. Then leaning over and whacking a fellow-passenger across the shins in a playful manner with his stick, he asked:

"Where's the Five Point?"
"Bout a mile further down," was the reply.

The next inquiry was directed in a general way to the whole car. "What are the police up to nowadays? I aint seen 'em make no arrests yet."

"As there are 1,000 officers on duty at one time, it doesn't take more than one arrest to every tenth man to keep up the necessary supply for the courts," suggested a gentleman sitting opposite.

"How many officers are they in all?"
"Three thousand," was the laconic answer.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the seeker after knowledge, as his wonder evaporated in a long whistle.

"I wouldn't like to walk around here after dark," was the next remark, as he gazed fearfully up and down the centre of the street, after a benevolent old gentleman had shown him the glimpse of Five Points to be obtained as the car crosses Worth street.

"Oh, this is a perfectly safe and entirely respectable locality," expostulated the old gentleman.

"Wall, down South we reckon Five Points to be a pretty tough place," was the knowing response. "Ye see we read all about these places."
After that he was permitted to revel in the imaginary terrors of his wanderings through this desperately wicked city, and when last seen he was picking his way across Broadway to the Astor house with one hand on his watch, and the other on his purse, and both eyes open for the dreaded pick-pocket and bunco man.

Creating a Sensation in Church.

Considerable commotion was caused in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, in Evona, N. J., recently by Josiah W. Alcott, of Philadelphia, who arose in the course of the service and informed the congregation that Miss Dashiell, the organist, was his wife, and the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, rector of the church. Mr. Alcott's story is as follows: In 1879 Miss Nellie D. Taylor, of Camden, N. J., eloped with him one night and they were married in Philadelphia against her father's wishes. After they had been married Dr. Taylor forgave them and furnished them with a home in Camden, where they lived for one year. After the birth of her daughter his wife was not well, and her father knowing that Alcott could not afford to send her away to obtain the needed rest, sent her at his own expense to Niagara Falls. This, he says, was a trick of Dr. Taylor's to separate him from his wife. Alcott says that he followed his wife to Canada and thence to this city, to Ocean Grove, N. J., and to Plainfield. He says that she changed her name to Dashiell while she was in New York to prevent him from finding her. Recently he went to Plainfield, and succeeded in finding where Miss Dashiell boarded. He did not inform her of his arrival, but secured a lawyer from Philadelphia, and the next day called on her for the purpose of securing a reconciliation. Mr. Alcott remained in the carriage while the lawyer went to the door, and as soon as the woman learned his business, she refused to have anything to do with him, and left the room.

Alcott went to church on Sunday morning, thinking that his wife was influenced by her father and would relent if he could see her face to face. A number of persons had been informed of his intention and the church was filled. The matter caused much talk among the members of the congregation who generally sympathized with the rector and his daughter. Their friends assert that after Dr. Taylor had furnished Alcott and his wife with a home, Alcott failed to support his wife, and that Dr. Taylor was compelled to take her away from him to save her life. Dr. Taylor owns a great deal of property in Camden, and is held in high esteem in Plainfield.

Alcott says that he is after his wife and child. He says that he was offered \$500 to allow her to obtain a divorce.

Mrs. Dashiell, or Mrs. Alcott, says that Mr. Alcott can get redress in court if he is wronged, but that he is afraid to submit the matter to a jury. In reply Mr. Alcott says that he cannot afford to hire a lawyer and stand the expense of a suit.

The great University of Pisa was founded in 1348, Heidelberg in 1546, Prague in 1548 and Vienna in 1565.

PREPARING TO GO.

An Aged Man Predicts the Day of His Death and Arranges For It.

Nyack, N. Y., Journal.
Valley Cottage is a way station on the West Shore Railroad, midway between this place and Rockland Lake. It takes its name from the hamlet, and the hamlet from the farm of John Ryder, who was long the most prominent man in the place. On the 11th inst. Mr. Ryder died, and under circumstances that caused widespread comment among the villagers. Mr. Ryder died after prophesying for three days that June 11 would be his last day on earth. Mr. Ryder was a wealthy farmer and a high official in the Methodist Church at Rockland Lake. He was seventy-six years old, and his ruddy cheek and clear blue eyes gave no indication of approaching dissolution. He used to boast he had never been ill a day in his life. Up to within a few weeks ago he worked on his farm, going out to plow at daylight. One day he returned to the farmhouse and seated himself in an arm chair. When asked if he was ill he replied that he was not, but said, "I have plowed my last. Now I feel that as I have passed beyond my threescore and ten the good Lord allowed me, I shall not live to see this harvest. God, Thy will be done."

His farm work fell into the hands of his hired men, and he mechanically received their reports. All day he walked up and down the veranda, his head sunk on his breast, deep in meditation.
"I am tired," he would say, when any of the neighbors or his relatives rallied him on his actions. "I shall not live long. Soon I will tell you beforehand the day on which I shall breathe my last." On Tuesday, June 9, he called his family around him and sent a servant after the farm hands, meanwhile preserving a calm demeanor. When all had assembled he said in deep impressive tones: "My friends, my time is drawing near. My sands of life have nearly run out. But two days more and I shall not be with you. I have received a warning, and it portends death. My friends, I leave you with a life, I hope, clear of crime, and with a hope and belief in the infinite tenderness and mercy of the true and living God." Turning to a farm hand, he said, with energy: "Harness up my horse and buggy. Do it quickly." When the vehicle was ready he sprang in unassisted, and drove to the little burying ground near by, owned by a few of the old families in the neighborhood. Arrived at the graveyard, he looked around, and, running to a mound where there was a pile of stakes, he marked off the space in which he wanted to be buried. Driving home he did not spare the horse, and when his house was reached he immediately dispatched a servant to Nyack for a lawyer who had done legal business for him before. In the note he said he wanted to draw up his will. He also ordered the man to bring an undertaker with him. The undertaker came, and jokingly measured the old gentleman. "Now give me your bill, I want to pay it now," he said to the undertaker. The surprised undertaker obeyed with reluctance, and the old gentleman paid the money down. The lawyer came after a second messenger had been sent for him. The will was duly drawn up, and after the instrument had been signed, giving the proportions to his children and grandchildren, he invited the lawyer to come to his funeral, as he was an old friend of the family, and also to act as a pall-bearer. The lawyer laughingly assented to the proposition, thinking it was but a whim of his old client. Mr. Ryder then named the three other men he wanted to act as pall-bearers. In the lawyer's presence he named all the other details about the funeral, and made disposition of his personal effects and mentioned his friends.

On the following day Mr. Ryder sat in his old arm chair on the veranda most of the time. During the following night he got up several times, and his family heard him walking through the house. He was in his place in the morning, and appeared to be in his usual health. Toward noon he called his family around him, saying: "My friends, I am now going. Good by, all, and God bless you." He then lay back in his armchair, and, gazing tenderly at his family, gently closed his eyes. His lips moved in prayer, and once again he opened his eyes and smiled, and again the eyelids closed and all was still. Those around him thought he was sleeping, but when they called him he did not answer. He was dead.—New York Journal.

General Joseph E. Johnston, President Cleveland's government railroad commissioner, is now 78 years old. His hair and beard are white as snow, save for occasional dark threads that withstand the encroachments of time. He dresses in black and wears a bell-crowned hat of light color. He is about medium height, stands erect and walks vigorously. To a Western reporter he looked as if he had some sorrow on his mind, and had the appearance of unusual reserve.

Alabama's strongest man is J. H. Clark of Shirley, Covington county. It is said that he can take a 250-pound anvil, and, by placing his thumb in the mason hole, throw it off like a marble, and to handle two stout men at a time is child's play. He weighs about 250 pounds.

The Country Gentleman in a report of a visit to the Holstein herd of Smiths, Powell and Lamb, Syracuse, N. Y., says:
Among the individual animals which we examined was the cow *Ægis*, now eleven years old, and from her ample size and capacious udder, no one could hesitate to receive the statement that she had yielded in a day not less than 83 pounds 5 ounces of milk, and had made in a week 19 pounds 10 ounces of butter. She has given 16,823 pounds of milk in a year, and before dropping her last calf weighed 1,945 pounds. The quantity she gives requires milking four times in twenty-four hours. The cow *Aaggie* (of which a good portrait was given in the Country Gentleman, page 100, of 1882), also eleven years old, is noted for being the first cow that gave over 18,000 pounds of milk in a year, and 84 pounds 12 ounces in a day. *Aaggie* Ross has a high record, and at her present rate, her year, which ends on July 7, will exceed 20,000 pounds of milk, or 10 tons! In the same field we saw three cows which had exceeded 19,000 pounds each. A two-year, for which \$4,200 was paid when she was eight months old, came from a dam which made 99 pounds 7 ounces of butter in 30 consecutive days, winning as we are informed, the silver cup from the Jersey cow Mary Anne of St. Lambert. We saw a large number of two-year-old heifers, thirty-five of which had averaged 44 pounds of milk

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Growing Pansies.

From the Germantown Telegraph.
This is one of the most popular flowers, and though it is popular and to be found in most gardens comparatively few people understand its cultivation with a view of obtaining the finest flowers. They will go into the grounds of the florist and express amazement at the great size and beauty of the pansies they see there, will forthwith purchase a supply for their own planting, and will be charmed with them, and be determined to grow the same on their own premises though their previous efforts have so signally failed. When asked how they had been growing them, they often reply: "I got some, but they are so small." When told that they should sow the seed of the finest of those obtained from the florist as soon as the seed was matured—say some time in August—and that was the only way to have fine large flowers, the idea was jumped at. That is the way to get them. Every August the seed of the largest and most desirable should be sown, and the old ones dug up and thrown away. And we should say that this is easy enough to do when it is once known. In the winter the plants should be lightly covered. There are new pansies advertised every year, but any one, growing them carefully and taking, as we say, the seed from the best every year, will be as likely as anybody to have large, new kinds and will thus save the expense of purchasing them, which, at most, last only for a single blooming.

Lesson for Parents and Teachers.
As a means of influence, the habit of bringing faults and weaknesses to the front cannot be too strongly condemned. It kills sympathy and fosters a repellent attitude that rejects all overtures, however well intended they may be. It actually increases the very evils it deprecates by keeping them constantly in view. Parents and teachers often make this fatal mistake. Anxious to cure a fault, but thoroughly unphilosophical in their methods, they harp continually upon it and keep reminding the child of its presence, its enormity, and its dangers, until at length he comes to regard it as a necessary part of himself. An experienced educator says that an infallible way to make a boy irremediably stupid is to assure him constantly that he is so; and the same is equally true of most other faults. Only through good can we produce good; and, if we would truly help or improve another, we must find out the best thing that is in him, and from that point must try to develop that which is lacking. Let us ever bear in mind that goodness and truth go hand in hand, and that to discover, to welcome, and to emphasize the one is the surest way to attain the other in its fullness.

Living too Fast.

Dr. Hitchcock, the professor of athletics at Amherst college, has been trying to explain why we do not live longer. He thinks that we condense into forty years the work that should be extended over a period of seventy years. Men's heads are prematurely bankrupt; their stomachs are worn out; their hearts, kidneys, muscles are overworked; and then, as if to put a climax upon the whole ordering of life upon the present plan, he says: "If the use of tobacco increases during the present as it has during the past twenty-five years, we shall not only know of sudden death from heart and brain injuries consequent upon it, but we shall see in the Anglo-Saxon race men emaciated and sorely deficient in muscular strength. A lack of control over our bodily and mental functions is one reason why we live forty instead of seventy years."

Remarkable Milkers.

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in a day, and sixteen of them averaged 50 pounds."

Cookery.

CHEAP AND GOOD BAKING-POWDER.—Sift together three or four times, 1-2 pounds baking soda, 1-4 pound tartaric acid and 1 pound corn starch. Very excellent.

POTPIE DUMPLINGS.—When making these, the moment they are done and the cover lifted, pierce each one with a fork, which will make them much lighter.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—1 cup white sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 cup butter, 1-4 cup corn starch, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, 1-1-2 cups flour.

GOOD CHEAP CAKE.—1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 2-3 cup sweet milk, 1-2-3 cups of flour, a small piece of butter or lard, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda, flavor to taste.

LAYER CAKE.—Sift 1-1-2 cups flour and 1 teaspoonful baking powder together. 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, a pinch of salt and 1-2 cup water (or milk). Beat all together and bake in three layers. Jelly may be spread between the layers.

LEMON PIE.—1 lemon cut fine, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, boil these together a few minutes. Beat one egg and a large spoonful of flour, add a little cold water, stir this into the boiling mass and let it cook a few minutes. This makes two pies.

COOKIES.—2 cups sugar, 2 eggs, one very full cup of butter, 1 teaspoonful saleratus boiled in 1-2 cup of water, and not used until cold; nutmeg or caraway seeds; mix eggs, sugar and butter lightly together, and make stiff enough to roll out well, and then bake.

Horse Stables.

The condition and health of a horse depends very much upon the kind of stable it is kept in. There are horses which suffer from disease of the eyes, from coughs, from scratches and other skin diseases, all of which are produced by the pungent foul air in the stables. Farmers and others who have horses will take pains to keep their carriages and harness protected from the strong ammoniacal air of the stables lest the leather may be rotted or the varnish dulled and spotted; and at the same time they will wonder why their horses cough, or have weak eyes or moon-blindness, or suffer from other diseases, which, if they would only think for a few minutes, they would readily perceive are due to the foul air the animals are compelled to breathe every night in the year, while confined in close, badly ventilated stables. The remedy is very easy. The stables should be kept clean; this will prevent the greater part of the mischief; and it should be well ventilated. The floor should be properly drained, so that the liquid will not remain on it, to be absorbed, and decompose, and produce the pungent vapors of ammonia, which are so injurious to the eyes, nostrils, throat, and lungs; and this liquid waste should be carried away to some place where it can be absorbed, and utilized. The floor should be washed off at least twice a week with plenty of water and then liberally sprinkled with finely ground gypsum (plaster), which will combine with the ammonia and fix it. A solution of copperas (sulphate of iron) will have the same result. Lastly, the floor should be supplied with absorbent litter, which should be removed when it is soiled. Ventilation should be provided in such a way as to avoid cold drafts. Small openings, which may be easily closed with a slide, may be made in the outer wall near the floor, and similar ones near the ceiling or in the roof, through which the foul air can escape. Pure air is of the utmost importance to the well-being of horses. As an instance of it may be mentioned the fact that in the English cavalry stables a complete system of ventilation reduced the average loss of horses from the deadly disease, glanders, from one hundred and thirty-two per thousand yearly to nine in the thousand; and when a similar improvement was made in the French army stables, the percentage of death was reduced in a similar ratio, with a still larger decrease of milder ailments.—American Agriculturist.

One Use For Straw.

Those who raise clover can find a profitable way in which to utilize the surplus straw. The value of clover hay depends upon the curing. If exposed to sun and dew until thoroughly dried, it will be bleached, and half its value gone in the process. It must be put up as green as possible. Right here straw comes in as a preservative. Whether the clover be put in a bay or in the stack, by the free use of straw it may be put up almost green, and kept without danger of heating and burning. By alternating the straw and clover in layers, the dry straw will absorb the moisture of the clover, and so cut off the connection that general heat in the mass will be impossible.

Not only is the clover preserved in its natural good qualities, but the intervening layers of straw seem to imbibe a part of the aroma of the clover. At any rate, it is readily eaten by the cattle in winter, and I think it much better for them to have a mixture of this kind than a sole diet of dusty clover.

Where one is a little short of hay, this plan helps wonderfully to splice out the fodder supply. It is needless to say that the straw should be bright

and clean. Oat straw is the best for this purpose, but any will do. Now that the barns are nearly empty, the straw may be hauled inside and put where it can be used on the bay in hay-time. It will serve another purpose in this way, and make just as good manure in the end, as if scattered in the yards.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Each hen in a house should have one foot of space on the roosts. One hundred hens then would require four roosts 25 feet long, and to prevent the hens crowding too much upon the top roost these should be all on the same level. The roosts should be one foot apart and be arranged in a frame hinged to the wall, so they can be lifted and hooked up for the purpose of cleaning. The roosts will take up four feet, and there should be 25 by 12 feet on the floor inside, and should be at least six feet high in the rear and nine feet high in the front, with ample ventilation.

Forest trees are now felled with dynamite. A cartridge of the explosive substance is placed in a channel bored directly under the tree to be operated upon, and when exploded the tree is simply forced up bodily and falls intact on its side. In most instances it is found that the tree is not fractured by the force of the explosion; a large proportion of valuable wood at the base of the trunk can be utilized which is now lost. For clearing forest properties this method is admirably adapted, as it brings up the root of the tree at the one operation, and dispenses with the tedious and costly process of grubbing the roots of the felled timber.

The currant is one of the most easily grown fruits. It succeeds upon any kind of soil; produces a crop of some kind even under the most neglectful culture. But it well repays care and good treatment. In a rich, light loam of well cultivated and manured clay it grows luxuriantly and bears large and high flavored berries. The best method of propagation is by cuttings of the previous year's wood, set out in rows a foot apart and transplanted to permanent beds 5 feet apart each way the next year. Liberal applications of manure spread around the bushes every Fall will produce a heavy crop every year after the third from setting out the cuttings. It increases by sprouts from the roots, and the wood should be thinned out as it is replaced by the new growth. The young bushes should be transplanted early in the Spring.

The forests of New England now have a chance to recover from the disease of the ax. Fifteen years ago hard wood sold at \$8 per cord within 25 miles of Boston, where coal was easy to obtain. Now \$5 and \$6 are large prices. Birch wood then brought \$9; now \$3 and \$4. Fire-wood is worth little more than the cost of cutting and drawing to market, in many places. Thus in coal Nantux provides compensation for the scarcity of wood, and means for the clothing of her nakedness with the stout and wondrous garment woven of tree and shrub, of which her child, Man, has robbed her.

Clothing in Summer.

Twenty, or even ten years ago, before the fashion of taking exercise in summer had set in, the smart young man of the cities put on as much white linen or cotton as his purse would allow. The poorest and most forlorn revelled in a waistcoat which used to be white early in the week. Those better off wore spotless waistcoats of the same material all the week, and if their means allowed it, added thereto white duck trousers. The real swells, however—the men who had nothing to do and did it, clothed themselves in white linen from head to foot in warm weather. The South-sea voyager, who used in anti-bellum days to be the wonder and delight of Newport and Saratoga and Sharon, were particularly given to raiment of this sort, and in fact it was the mark of pecuniary ease combined with perfect leisure. Nobody who is anybody is seen in that attire now. The stiff linen has gone out; the soft woolsen has come in. The men are, in short, all slimy and squeezable as well as the women. A suit of white flannel in summer, in the country at least, is the highest point in the matter of dress to which the ambition of the most restless dude carries him. It means not only disregard of expense, but perfection, as regards comfort. But then the wearers of white flannel by no means monopolize the good results of the woolen revolution. All Summer clothes are now in a sense flannels. Of whatever color they may be, they are thin, porous and light to a degree which makes linen seem hot, heavy and cumbersome in comparison. It has been discovered, and the discovery will never be forgotten in any change of fashion, that woolen clothing, if thin enough, is to the wearer very much what the Irishman's whisky was both winter and summer. It keeps the heat in when it is cold, and keeps the heat out when it is hot. It enables anybody to lounge on the grass or on the deck without getting rumped or soiled, and to exercise into any amount of perspiration without getting chilled. In fact, a well-educated man, clothed in thin flannel from the skin out and free from any organic disease, is, in summer, one of the highest products of modern civilization.