

OREGON SCOUT

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

A FAIR START.

Mrs. Callboard, Jr., Forestalls Any Allusions to Mrs. Callboard, Sr.'s Cooking.

When Mr. and Mrs. Callboard returned from their wedding journey they settled right down to housekeeping. Happier doves never nestled in a flat, and Mrs. Callboard determined to make a home for Charley from the start. No foolish misunderstandings should arise in their domestic arrangements, if her wisdom and tact could prevent. When they sat down to their first meal, Nellie helped him to an opaque slab of something about an inch thick, that fell on the table with a dull, sickening thud. "There is some home made bread like your mother used to make, Charley, dear," she said sweetly. "I learned how to make that solid circle of roller composition around the middle of the loaf when we were stopping at her house last week; if you should ever want a change I can make bread whiter than snow and lighter than sea foam, but this is the kind your mother makes, and I thought you might like it the first day to keep you from getting homesick. That nice cake," she added, seeing him thoughtfully endeavoring to indent with his fork a dark brown pyramid of elastic confection, "is a cake such as your aunt Ellen used to make. I got the prescription from her. I don't eat it myself, but it is said to be harmless if not taken to excess. These irregular fragments of leather belting are doughnuts, like those your grandmother makes; she taught me how to make them, and I had a coroner's permit to make these. Those ghastly remains on the platter are all that is left of the holocaust—that is a chicken roasted after the favorite prescription of your sister Jane. And this, Charley dear," she continued, pouring out a coal black liquid, not quite so thick as the Missouri river, but far more odorous, "is the coffee like you used to drink at home. I make all these things somewhat different for myself, and will use my own recipes, as a rule, after this, but any time you want things as you used to have them at home, dear, I can fill every prescription in the pharmacopoeia, and don't you forget it." And he didn't. That was twenty-three years ago, and not one of the six young Callboards can remember ever to have heard their father so much as refer to the doughnuts his grandmother used to make when he was a boy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

IT DID HIM GOOD.

Medicine Administered to a Youngster by One Who Knew How.

Said by side in the waiting room of the Third street passenger station yesterday sat a nervous little woman and a tall, melancholy man. The woman seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit. He wouldn't sit nor stand still. He didn't want apples nor candy. He couldn't be consoled nor bribed to behave himself, and his kicking and whining seemed to wear the little woman out. The melancholy man stood it for a while, but finally fell called upon to observe:

"Madam, I know what that child is aching for."

"Yes, so do I," she promptly answered, "but I've a boil on my right arm."

"I'll take the job off your hands if you say so. It's something I've been in the habit of doing almost every day of my life, for I've had three wives and three sets of children."

"The boy set up an extra howl and began kicking her shins just then, and she looked around in a helpless way and said:

"Well, you may try. Not too vigorous, but just vigorous enough."

He reached over and picked the child up, laid him across his knee, and the spanking machine started off at about forty revolutions a minute and worked to a charm.

"There—you see that!" said the old man as he straightened the boy up and sat him down.

"That's better than all the candy and peanuts in the country, and you'll behave yourself for the next three days."

The boy blubbered softly and sat still, and when the mother bowed her gratitude the old man replied:

"Oh, don't mention it. It's the best medicine in the world. Besides, I was a bit lonesome to-day, and it has sort of cheered me up."—Detroit Free Press.

Refused According to the Bill.

She was the daughter of one of the congressmen who had assisted in drafting the interstate commerce bill, and having made a copy of it for him had become tolerably familiar with its provisions. So it was only natural perhaps that when a notorious flirt proposed to her the other evening she should utilize the bill in refusing him.

"No, George," she remarked in decided tones when he had risen from his knees, "it can never be. I would not dare intrust my happiness to a man who would be certain to indulge himself in many like and contemporaneous attachments."

George protested that if she would consent to be his he would never look at any other girl again. But it was no use.

"You cannot alter my determination, George. Nothing would induce me to plight my troth so long as I remained sceptical in regard to my lover's constancy to his promise to take me for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, for short hair, for long hair."

George fumed, bit his lip and vowed that she was too cruel.

"I am not cruel, George. I am only frank. You provoke just such scepticism and I am of a peculiarly exacting disposition. I would demand of my husband a complete surrender of his heart to me and in time you would resent that demand as awarding me undue and unreasonable preference; you would upbraid me for expecting you to exercise unjust discrimination against other and competing ladies of your acquaintance. So you see, George—"

But George had vanished into the outer darkness.—New York Tribune.

Cotton Batting Versus Fruit Jars.

Vick believes that the day of patent fruit jars are ended, since the testimony is so satisfactory in favor of tying cotton batting over the mouth of the jar containing the fruit. The fruit is cooked, and then poured hot into the jars, which are at once covered with white paper, and over that a layer of cotton batting, just as it comes off the roll, and tied down securely with cotton twine. The philosophy of it is that the cotton prevents the entrance of bacteria, which are the cause of all fermentations.

Dutch Cream Toast.

Dutch cream toast is a most appetizing dish for breakfast or lunch, beside being convenient for utilizing the remnants of a cold boiled ham. Remove all the fat and dry the ham in the oven till it will grate like cheese. Make delicate, thin slices of toast, butter them and spread with grated ham. Make a sauce with the yolks of two eggs, a gill and a half of cream or milk with a bit of butter added; heat and stir it; pour boiling hot over the toast and serve.

"SUFFER NOT A MAN TO PASS."

"And They Made a Decree: That No Man Should Pass."

The interstate commerce bill having made free passes a thing of the past, so to speak, on the trunk railway lines, a new motus vivendi has been established between the newspapers and the railways. The newspapers propose to charge for all free notices of the railways and their noble managers, and the editor will be expected to pay for his ticket when he rides. The Chicago News announces the following as its new schedule for railway publicity:

1. For the setting forth of the virtues (actual or alleged) of presidents, general managers or directors, \$2 per line for first insertion and \$1 for each subsequent insertion.

2. For puffs expressed in choice English, with occasional French phrases or poetical extracts (the whole with a palpable motive of honest enthusiasm), \$2.50 per line; 50 per cent. reduction on each subsequent insertion.

3. General passenger agents and division superintendents will be accorded half rates on the terms offered in rule No. 1. But in all cases where the title of column is used regular first class rates will be demanded.

4. Thousand mile tickets on the basis of two cents per mile will be received in exchange for advertising done at our card rates, but these tickets must hold good on passenger as well as on freight trains.

5. No deviation from the card rates can be made in favor of parties handing us five cent cigars with the puffs they desire published.

6. For complimentary notices of the wives and children of railroad officials we demand \$1.50 per line. We have on hand, ready for immediate use, a splendid assortment of this literature.

7. Poetry will be made to order at \$3 per line, agate measure. We are prepared to supply a fine line of heptameter puffs, also a limited number of sonnets and triplets, in exchange for 1,000 mile tickets. Epic poems, containing descriptions of scenery, dining cars, etc., will be published at special rates.

8. General superintendents sending requests for the suppression of news must accompany their requests with \$10 bills—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Change Cars.

He was a Baltimore man on a Baltimore and Potomac train this morning, bound to Marlboro', and the conductor told him he must change cars at Bowie. At the first station this side of Bowie, the conductor discovered him in the smoking car.

"Why," he said, "I thought I told you if you wanted to go to Marlboro' you would have to change cars at Bowie!"

"Well, I did."

"No, you didn't."

"Yes, I did; I left the other car and came into this one."

The man was in dead earnest, and the conductor was so astonished at his innocent simplicity that he brought him on to Washington for nothing.—Washington Critic.

Like It Vias in Sherman.

"If I find a man who vims honest and oopright I don't go back on him because he eats mit his knife."

Some men vhill lay for you for a dozen years, and sometimes when you stahub your ley vhill stahub in and shudlge your vhole character by der remarks indulged in at dot time.

It was pooty easy to wonder how dis mans or dot mans gets along so well and don't work, but we don't stop a leedle to see if he don't wonder der same mit us.

"An old man comes to me and asks if he should get married again I tell him it vmas all right. It vmas one of der vvhays he can make a fool of himself according to law.—Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.

Western Railway.

Trate Omaha Man—See here, you sold me a lot last week.

Real Estate Agent—Yes, sir, I remember—an unimproved lot in one of our additions.

"It's improved now. There's a hen coop on it this morning."

"Put it up yourself!"

"No, the blankety blank thing came down the blankety blank Missouri river and landed there."

"Well, we won't charge you anything for that."—Omaha World.

A Hungry Machine.

An old fellow stood in a butcher's shop watching with much interest the work of a new sausage grinder. Unable to resist a closer inspection, he touched the machine in a sensitive place and lost one of his fingers. A look of astonishment crossed his face.

"What's the matter?" the butcher asked.

"Nothin' much," he replied, looking at his bleeding "stud" and then at the grinder. "But I was just o'ber thinkin' that this is the ham-grinder machine I ever seed."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Horrible Suggestion.

Omaha Girl—No, I never visited in Chicago, although I have passed through it.

Chicago Girl—Oh! you can't tell anything about the city that way, you know. You should meet and know the people.

"They are very refined, I suppose?"

"Mercy! we are not cannibals."

"Cannibals?"

"Why, no? We don't refine people, we refine hard."—Omaha World.

The Hen.

What a vain, foolish creature the hen is! Now the lobster lays from 6,000 to 12,000 eggs a year, and never eackles one. Go to, vain hen! you, verily, go three, or four!—Journal of Education.

Mark Him Number One.

Pretty School Teacher—Thomas, state some of the beauties of education.

Thomas (oldest boy in the class)—School ma'am's.—Boston Record.

Musical Catechism in Sheegahgo.

Oh, where abides the fond kazoo,

The barrel organ fair,

And where is heard the tra-la-loo

Of fish horns on the air?

And where are found the fine and drum

Discouraged with goodliest zest?

And where do fiddles liveliest hum?

The west—the mighty west!

Sonatas, fugues and all o' that

Are rightly judged effete,

While larges written in B-flat

Are clearly out of date;

Some like the cold pianny forty,

But whistling suits us best,

And op'ry, if it isn't naughty,

Will not catch on out west.

From skinning hogs or canning beef

Or diving into stocks,

Could we expect to find relief

In Haydn's or in Bach's?

Ah, no; from pork and wheat and lard

We turn aside with zest

To sing some opus of some bard

Whose home is in the west.

So get ye gone, ye wasking crew!

Your tunes are stale and flat

And cannot hold a candle to

The words of Silas Pratt!

His opuses are in demand

And are the final test

By which all others fall or stand

In this the mighty west!

—Chicago News.

THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

HOW THE PASSENGERS ARE PROVIDED AND PROVIDED FOR.

The Cooks Kept Busy. "How High, Blow Low"—The Amount of Provisions, Groceries, Etc., Brought on Board—Drinkables and Crockery.

Passengers inhale with the sea air an excess of enthusiasm, and are ready to become excited on the smallest provocation. Is it a passing vessel. Or a sporting whale? Or a towering iceberg? It forms for the notice an all absorbing topic of interest and eager speculation. But, even to those who cannot be termed epicures, the chief concern and uppermost thought of each day is undoubtedly "What shall we eat and what shall we drink?" The fresh breezes create hearty appetites, and with numbers of people the time is agreeably spent in the enjoyment of one meal or in the anticipation of the next. No apology becomes necessary for introducing some statistics relative to the consumption of victualing and other stores, especially to such readers as have crossed the Atlantic, and to those who contemplate making the trip.

The chief steward is not only responsible for the good order of the servants and the cleanliness of the saloons, cabins, bath, etc., but for providing the passengers with a good and liberal table. The greatest care is exercised in the selection of the staff who have to attend to the passengers' wants, and that there are many and constant the ordinary routine will show.

THE COOKS KEPT BUSY.

The bakers turn out at 4 a. m.; this is not a case of "weather permitting," for "blow high, blow low," out they come, or there would be no hot rolls or bread or cakes for breakfast. The cooks turn out at 5:30 a. m. At 6 a. m. coffee is served in the staterooms to any passenger requiring it, or on deck should any one have so far forgotten himself as to get out of bed at that hour. Breakfast is served from 10 to 10 a. m., lunch from 1 to 2 p. m., dinner from 5 to 7 p. m., in the intervals between breakfast and lunch, lunch and dinner, and dinner and supper, the passengers assist digestion with ginger nuts, prunes, oranges, nuts, cake, and many other things looked upon with horror by the natural man; and this never ceases until the end of the voyage, giving employment to the cook till 10 p. m. The bakers finish the day's work at 7 p. m. The stewards turn out at 6 a. m., clean saloons, smoking rooms, etc., and prepare the tables for breakfast; a portion of the stewards attend to the bedrooms, but the greater number attend at bed or wherever they may be required. They finish the day's work at 11 p. m., and are the hardest-worked men on board the ship.

The amount of provisions, groceries, etc., on board at the time of sailing are very large. For a single passage to the westward of our most noted steamers, with 547 cabin passengers and a crew of 287 persons, had, when leaving Liverpool on the 28th of August last, the following quantities of provisions—12,500 pounds fresh beef, 700 pounds corned beef, 3,250 pounds mutton, 350 pounds lamb, 350 pounds veal, 350 pounds pork, 2,000 pounds fresh fish, 500 fowls, 300 chickens, 100 ducks, 50 geese, 50 turkeys, 200 brace grouse, 15 tons potatoes, 50 hampers vegetables, 240 quarts ice cream, 1,000 quarts milk and 11,500 eggs.

In groceries alone there were over 200 different articles, including (for the round voyage of twenty-two days)—650 pounds tea, 1,300 pounds coffee, 1,600 pounds white sugar, 2,800 pounds moist sugar, 750 pounds pulverized sugar, 1,500 pounds cheese, 2,000 pounds butter, 3,500 pounds ham and 1,000 pounds bacon.

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

The foregoing seem enormous quantities, but very little was left upon the ship's arrival in port. The consumption may easily be accounted for when it is considered that the crew (each member of which is allowed two pounds of beef per day) use 574 pounds, that 350 pounds per day will be used in making beef tea, making a total of 924 pounds for the crew and the single item of beef tea; then breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper for 547 passengers accounts for the remainder. Eleven thousand five hundred eggs appears to be a large consumption for an eight days' passage; it is in reality one egg per minute from the time the ship sails from Liverpool until her arrival in New York, but they are prepared in many ways for breakfast and disappear in hundreds at supper; in fact it is not an unusual thing to see a lady or gentleman finish off a supper of grilled chicken and deviled sardines with four poached eggs on toast, and it is the same with everything on board. Lemons are used at the rate of 1½ per head per day; oranges, 3 per head per day, and apples, when in season, at the rate of 2½ per head per day.

The quantities of wine, spirits, beer, etc., put on board for consumption on the round voyage comprise 1,100 bottles of champagne, 850 bottles of claret, 6,000 bottles of ale, 2,500 bottles of port, 4,500 bottles of mineral waters and 650 bottles of various spirits.

Crockery is broken very extensively, being at the rate of 300 plates, 250 cups, 48 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters and 63 water bottles in a single voyage.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tribute to an American Singer.

The French people think that Miss Thursday should cast aside her prejudices and sing in opera. Her success with the most difficult operatic music at concerts given here in 1883 was almost without a parallel, but the singer herself expresses not the least desire to become an operatic star. American papers have given accounts of her reception in all the musical cities of Europe, of the gold and jewels she received on her part, but I do not think that America has been of one royal gift.

Once she sang at Prague to an audience of princes. The enthusiasm was great. All complimented her, with the exception of one prince, whose name, perhaps, was the most celebrated. He said not a word.

The next day this silent lover of music called upon the singer, carrying with him two nightingales. His presentation speech was most exquisite: "No woman's voice has ever given me so much pleasure as yours, and as a proof of my admiration desire to accept my most precious treasures, these nightingales, whom you will teach to sing." The nightingales in themselves were beautiful, as each one was marked with a red cross, but to the prince they were of great value. At the time of the Crusades one of his ancestors was imprisoned, and his captivity was lightened by the singing of two nightingales. The crusader's ransom was paid; he was released and allowed to take his comforters away. Since then the race of red cross nightingales has been in the possession of the prince's family, but there are never more than two in existence at a time, and the last two were given to Miss Thursday. Was not the prince right to consider these his most precious treasures?—Baroness Althea Salvador in Kansas City Times.

Lords in Disgrace.

Lords Granville and Northbrooke are in terrible disgrace because they wore no collars at the last levee—collars, we mean, of their orders. Walter would scarcely speak to them, and it was shocking.

HUMAN LOVE.

There is a story told

In eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold, And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit, With grave responses listening to the tale: One, on the strains of his merry bent, Bud'ha, the holy and benovolent, Met a full morn, huge and fierce of look, Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook. "O, son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate." The unarmed Buddha, looking, with no trace Of fear or anger, into the monster's face, In pity said, "Even thou I love." Lo! as he spoke the sky tall terror sank To land beneath—the huge abhorrence shrunk Into the form and fashion of a dove, And where the thunder of its rage was heard, Circling above him sweetly sang the bird—"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song, "And peace, unweaponed, conquers every wrong."

A ROOT DIGGERS' COLONY.

A Traveler's Queer Adventure—Life in Underground Houses.

While dashing furiously along I suddenly felt myself sink into the earth up to my armpits. At the same instant I heard down in the ground the shrieks of human beings—women and children. I felt hands clutch at my legs and naked human bodies pressing against them. I uttered no sound—I was too much frightened. I held my breath and shrank within myself. Every instant I expected to feel a knife or a spear thrust into my body. My feet were on the ground, and without knowing what I was doing, I gave a strong push with my breast. Finding that something was giving way, I plunged forward and up a steep slope of two or three feet, when I found myself bounding like a deer across the level meadow with a great contrivance of basket work suspended from my hips and extending a yard or more on all sides. I looked for all the world as if I had donned a huge hoop skirt.

While making a momentary halt, in order to disengage myself from the singular machine hanging upon me, I cast my eyes backward and saw an old woman and three or four naked children scrambling out of the hole from which I had just made my escape. Yelling at the top of their voices, they dashed away as fast as their legs would carry them, making for the nearest hills. By the time I had pushed my basket skirt down to my heels and stepped out of it I saw a dozen or more black heads emerging from the earth in my immediate neighborhood. Seeing the shaggy heads popping up all about me, I darted away at a pace that must truly have astonished the natives. I think I must have left the village at least five miles behind before I halted. I then threw myself upon the ground too much exhausted to even load my gun.

Was it one of their houses that you had jumped into, uncle?" here asked a small boy, who had been listening with "all his ears."

"Yes, boy, the roof of one of their huts. You see these miserable root digging, frog eating devils live in holes dug in the ground, just like so many woodchucks. They make a kind of basket work dome of witlow, which they place over the hole and cover with grass and earth by way of roof, and in hot weather they sometimes strev this roof with green leaves as an additional protection from the heat of the sun. The one in which I plunged was so covered, and the framework being old and rotten I popped through it easily enough."—Salt Lake Tribune.

Novel Club in Paris.

We have a new club and one of the most novel ever organized. It springs from that insatiable desire of Parisians for originality. The members of the club are not more likely to be congenial associates than if they were selected entirely at random, for the chief and distinguishing requisition is shortightedness. Nevertheless the first dinner of the club was an interesting and pleasant occasion, and as all will continue to look upon the affair in a more or less humorous light it may continue to be successful. To determine eligibility the managing committee decided that a candidate must wear either spectacles, eyeglasses, or at least a quizz-glass to one eye. In consequence of this rule, who wore colored glasses were admitted, but it is declared with much solemnity that this will not be done again. The club has not as yet a headquarters, and it is doubtful if the idea will be carried further than a monthly dinner in some hotel parlors. Among the members are many women, and indeed one of the vice presidents is a lady, who is, I believe, most favorably known in America—Mme. Aima Judic. The club is called the Association of the Short Sighted—"Des Myopes."—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Times.

She Wasn't Mashed on Him.

The young ladies in a popular retail establishment have been joking one of their number, a pretty, curly haired brunette, about her seeming infatuation with a good looking bank teller. The young woman in question displayed anxiety to make the daily deposits at the bank, and always on her return could be noticed in front of the mirror. Her companions decided that there could be but one explanation of such conduct, and that the brunette was in love with the teller, and consulted the mirror to assure herself that her charms were not on the wane. But a few days ago the young lady made such a satisfactory accounting that the joking ceased at once.

"You see, he has short curly hair just like mine," she explained naively, "and he gives it the most beautiful twist over the left ear. I give anything if I could only get my hair like that, and I study his style every time I go to the bank, and then brush mine to correspond as soon as I get back to the store. He's very nice, of course, but you couldn't think I'm mashed on him."—Buffalo Courier.

The Car as an Author.

The czar of Russia is about to join the ranks of royal and imperial authors. He has revised his diaries for the last ten or fifteen years, and has intrusted M. Zichy, the Hungarian painter, with the task of illustrating them. The work will be published at St. Petersburg in the autumn. Before the critics get through with him he will probably regret the failure of the Neapolitan pilots against him.—Chicago Tribune.

Cuban Ladies' Head Dress.

In all the cities of Cuba the ladies, no matter what their rank or means, go to the theatre uncovered. A mantilla or a gossamer head scarf of lace is the most that they wear in their carriages or in the streets on the way to the play, and indoors these pretenses are removed and one sees them as they appear in their parlors. It is a pity that New Yorkers should be less sensible than these.—New York Sun.

An Oath With Gloves On.

It has generally been considered an indiscreet part of the formality of taking an oath in an English court that the witness should remove his gloves, if he happens to wear one, before taking the oath in his hand. Recently a judge has had the courage to give an opinion that there was room for doubt whether a man may not swear a perfectly good oath with his gloves on.

Never put a good knife into hot grease, as it destroys its sharpness. Have always at hand a kitchen fork for turning meat or frying potatoes.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

THE WORK OF A YOUNG GYMNASIUM-NER IN A GYMNASIUM.

The First Thing to Do—Something Else Needed Besides a Big Biceps—Gymnastics in Later Life—Finish with a Bath.

In these days of muscular activity a gymnasium is an interesting place even to those who know nothing about gymnastics. Here is a large hall, with a gallery running around it, and filled with all sorts of curious contrivances for developing physical strength. A dozen men, of as many kind of build, are exercising their muscles and preparing for the outdoor contests of power and endurance which are to take place during the summer. There are big men "shoving" dumb bells and little men standing on their hands, while men of middle size pull on strange looking machines composed of pulleys and weights. The outsider wonders what all these things are, and what they are for, and it may be well to satisfy his curiosity.

The first thing a man wants to do who wants to be a gymnast is to convert his soft flesh into tough, elastic muscle. The careful observer fancies that muscle ought to be as hard as wood, and he is often misled into fancying that the biceps is the chief, if not the only, muscle that is useful.

A BIG BICEPS.

"Oh, look at his biceps," is the common exclamation when a man brings his wrist up and flexes his neck and raises a swelling lump on the front of his upper arm. Well, a big biceps is a good thing; but a man who lacks triceps and pectorals major will not do a great deal of damage in a fight or in a football match. The biceps is a pulling muscle, and it happens that a man has to push just as hard as he has to pull in all contests of strength. So the young gymnast usually begins with Indian clubs, which produce a general development of the arms, shoulders and chest. At all public gymnastic exhibitions fancy club swinging is one of the features, and some of the intricate and graceful evolutions that are performed by crack club swingers are surprising. But for the mere development of strength three or four of the rudimentary movements, which can be mastered in an hour, are all that are necessary.

The young gymnast usually begins by working too hard. It is hard to teach a man moderation on his first day in the gymnasium, but on the second day it is usually more difficult to persuade him to do anything at all. The first day's exercise has a telling effect upon the untrained muscles. By the time the young gymnast goes to bed he begins to feel as if he had the rheumatism in every fiber of his body from the waist up, and when he awakes in the morning he is so sore that every movement causes pain. He is loth to make a single motion that is unnecessary, and the exertion of strength causes him to groan. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to go right to work again. The muscles are stiff and the stiffness must be taken out. So let the young gymnast get his clubs and swing away. After the first few moments the soreness will begin to decrease and will gradually disappear. The next day it will be just as bad as ever, and must be removed by the same method. In a few days it will permanently disappear, and the gymnast will discover that his muscles have already begun to show the effects of systematic exercise.

THE PARALLEL BARS.

It will be time for him to take to the parallel bars—two long pieces of wood supported by uprights and placed side by side just about as far apart as the width of a good sized man's shoulders. The first thing that the beginner usually does is to practice pushing up and down. Placing his hands upon the bars he supports his body above them, while his legs hang down between them. Then by bending his arms at the elbows he lowers his body as far as he can and pushes it up again by straightening his arms. This looks simple enough, but it is cruel, hard work at first. The beginner, however, must keep at it till he can do it fifteen or twenty times. He must continue the club swinging, and may add a little light dumb bell exercise. Heavy dumb bells should be eschewed by all except those who are not going in for heavy gymnastics. They are not healthful, and plenty of fine development can be got without them. The man who has to sit in an office all day can go to his gymnasium for an hour in the evening and get all the exercise needful for health and strength. Once acquired, the ability to do gymnastic feats may be retained for years. Daily practice is all that is necessary. It is a mistake to suppose that a man must give up gymnastics when he has got along to say 60 years of age. If he will continue to practice an hour daily he may go on doing good back and front somersaults until his children are old enough to take lessons from him. And if he cannot spare the time to