THE COAST MAIL.

Published every Saturday Morning
—BY—
WEBSTER, HACKER & LOCKHART,
Marshfield, Coos Co., Oregon.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE.

One Year.....$2 50
Six Months.....1 50
Three Months.....1 00

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THE COAST MAIL.

VOL. 1. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879. NO. 22.

THE COAST MAIL.

DEVOTED TO

ALL LIVE ISSUES.

The Interests of Southern Oregon Always Foremost.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our Harbors, and Railroad Communication with the Interior, Specialties.

An Apology for Flirtation.

"Ah women are fickle!" you tell me;
Well—yes—if by fickle you mean
A trifle less false than you men are;
And greatly more true than they seem.

"But women are cruel—so cruel!
They flatter and coax for awhile,
Then tread on the hearts that we give them,
And deal us a blow with a smile!"

We are cruel—it may be; but cruel
In a million of charming ways:
So sorry at times to have hurt you,
So kind on the gloomiest days.

But you men! you calculate nicely
How near you may go or how far,
And never one moment you soften,
Nor pity the hopes that you mar.

And when you at last are successful,
And the flower floats down to your feet,
Its colors are no more so perfect,
Its perfume is no more so sweet.

You leave it to lie on the roadside,
First, tramping it down in the dust—
And fancy, that such is your right here,
To break and to outrage our trust,

Believe me, that if you would let us
Be honest and true as we are,
Not striving to conquer us always,
The world would be better by far.

Nellie's New Year's Visit.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Quarrelled with Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth. "Quarrelled with Frank!" echoed the husband, in the same breath, and with no less amazement.

Then they both looked at Nellie. Nellie was Mrs. Wentworth's unmarried sister, and she now stood before them, all dusty with travel, having just accounted for her unexpected journey, by saying she had "quarrelled with Frank," the said Frank being her lover, to whom she had been engaged.

"Quarrelled with Frank!" repeated Mrs. Wentworth, holding up her hands. "Oh, Nellie! and I thought him so nice!"

Nellie laughed.

"Don't look so horrified," she cried. "The fault's all mine. You were good enough to ask me to spend the winter with you; but I declined, because, you see, I thought I was in love with Frank. But now that I find that I am not, I have come."

"Not in love with Frank!" exclaimed her sister, holding up both hands. "Oh, Nellie! how can you say so?"

"But I do say it. Or rather, I find I can't marry a parson, and live a humdrum life, in some stuffy little rectory, all my days. So Frank must go. I have come here, on the last day of December, as you see, so as to finish off the old year, and be done with the old life. To-morrow I begin a new year and a new life. I shall come out, as it were, at your reception. I intend to catch a millionaire, and be 'happy forever after,' as the story books say."

"Be happy forever after?" echoed her brother-in-law, dubiously.

"And why not?" replied the gay girl, turning sharply on him. "Doesn't everybody, now-a-days, say that money is the chief good? You've got so much of it yourself you don't understand about others. You can afford to be romantic; but I can't. And as for living all my days in a poky little rectory—"

"Ah, my dear!" interposed her sister, with a deprecating shake of her head.

"There, now, don't be didactic," retorted Nellie, laughing again. "It doesn't become you, darling, and besides, I intend to have my own way. I always did have it, you know."

Nothing more, therefore, was said about Frank, the winter that followed was one of the gayest for years. Not an evening passed that Nellie was not present at some party or other, and the days were filled up with reception calls, sleighing parties, etc. For Mrs. Wentworth's beautiful sister was quite a belle. A dozen fortunes were laid at her feet, before Lent came, bringing with it some slight cessation of the round of gayeties; but they were all rejected. This suitor was to old, that one not sufficiently cultivated, a third was too obviously selfish, a fourth too high tempered. Besides, now that she had tasted of the siren cup of fashionable society, Nellie found, as many a one had found before, that it was, after all, but "dead sea ashes." She turned from it, finally, with loathing.

"I suppose I have exhausted life," she said one day, as she sat in her dressing-room, and curiously regarded herself in the mirror. "I am looking frightfully old and worn—not a bit like the fresh, bright girl that came here last December. The fact is, all the men are fops or fools, seeking rich wives; and we, well, we're no better; all the women are scheming puppets, among which I may class myself, trying to secure rich husbands. I'm disgusted with them," she continued; "with myself most of all. I'd rather go back and marry the parson, and mend stockings in the bay-window of the little green rectory, than marry the best man in society."

"But the parson isn't there now," said Mrs. Wentworth to her one day, when she had repeated something like this in her presence.

"What! has he left Dingley parish?" and she gave a gasp, while the color fled from her cheeks.

"Yes, I heard he had."

"Left Dingley parish! What, for good?"

"So I suppose. Some rich city church has called him. They th[illegible]t the jewel required finer setting."

"And it did," she said, frankly. "Frank was too great for us, and our little village; I might have seen it. Why hasn't anybody written? Mother knew that I—at least, she might have thought that it would have been of some interest to me."

"Mamma knew you had thrown him over, and took it for granted, I suppose, that you didn't care to hear."

Nellie's reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I shall never see him again, I suppose," she said, that night, to her sister.

"He'll find you out yet," said Agnes.

"Never! You've no idea how horribly I treated him. Now, I suppose he'll go hunting after a wealthy woman. Well, I don't care."

But she did care. Her tears, in the night watches, attested to it; she cared in her own effusive language, tremendously.

The next day was Sunday. Nellie could hardly be induced to go to church. She had suffered, in learning too late, perhaps, the priceless worth of the heart she had dared to trifle with.

The church was a goodly distance, and Nellie, as she entered, with downcast eyes and a heavy heart, felt desperately in need of its calm and strengthening service. At the first sound of the rector's voice, however, a shiver of delight thrilled to her heart. She dared not, at the moment, lift her eyes, she felt so humbled, but when she did gather the courage, there stood Frank Penrose, and his ringing voice was the sweetest music she had ever heard. And when she caught his eye she bade farewell to hope; for she felt then that she loved him and had loved him all along.

At the close of the service he came to meet them; came quietly, steadily, smilingly; this man whom Nellie had deserted for society and fashion.

If his hand had but trembled a little as he grasped hers masterfully, she might have again indulged in some flippant speech, to prove that he had not conquered her; but the tears were too near for that. He pointed out the varied beauties of the old church.

"I think you would like the parsonage—it is not green," he added with a half suppressed smile.

"Frank!" she said, imploringly.

"And when you are there it will be a bower of roses," he added. "You will come?"

What could she say? Nothing. Her eyes, eloquent with tears, did all the talking.

"Did you know Frank was going to preach this morning?" she asked of Wentworth as they drove home.

"Of course."

"You might, at least, have prepared me."

"Why! To keep you from going? And defer, if not prevent this happy ending? Confess, now, Nellie, you're tired of fashion and society."

She held out her hand.

"I am tired of it, and I forgive you," she said. "Love is better than money, after all. And," she added, enthusiastically, "there's not another man in the world so good as Frank Penrose."

"Except Harry," said Agnes, nestling closer up to her husband.

Brain and Muscle.

There is no more valuable class of men, in any community, so far as results are concerned, than those who work with muscle—the class generally known as "laboring men." Their coadjutors—the men who labor with brain—are, however, equally valuable. Outside of what is called "professional life," they are dependent upon each other. There is an unavoidable partnership between them, and they are each other's best friends. The one directs—the other performs; and both accomplish. The distinction between the two classes is made in reference to the direct means by which each one supports himself, and fills his place in life. Nobody pretends that the "working man" does not think, any more than that the worker by mind cannot saw wood, or dig in a mine. But the old notion that the lawyer, the clergyman, the doctor, the school teacher, the newspaper man, "*et id omne genus*," do not labor, has been exploded. There is many a spectacled eye and thin white finger, that tells the secret of solid hard work.

The brain, like the muscular organism, develops and wears out with hard work. They are machines that cannot last forever. The sleepless watch in your pocket grows rickety in time; and the forty-ton locomotive breaks down at last. The one is gold and the other is iron; but both must work and rest. And, like any other machine, the part which does the most work, wears out first. The sturdy blacksmith's legs and appetite are good, and his mind still bright, when he can no longer wield his hammer. The student's eyes wear out before his feet or hands.

The little fact of the destruction of parts of our being by hard usage, shows, in the failure of particular mental faculties, that "headwork" is hard work. Brain needs rest. It is a noticeable fact that men famous for some special intellectual power, begin to grow old in that power first. Napoleon's greatness lay in his wonderful stragetic and executive ability. The prison of Elba could not hold him. The bare rocks of St. Helena did. He had begun to wear out. The literary world has never produced a more versatile and active intellect than that of Walter Scott. He used every part of his brain at once, and used it incessantly. When his mind gave way, it broke all over. He died almost an idiot. The most brilliant of American wits and humorists, John G. Saxe, who, until the sixtieth year of his life, was the delight of every jovial company he entered—who was restless in his funniness, has sunk into a settled melancholia. He writes no more. He sits at home, in the very abjectness of the blues, and refuses even the presence of his dearest friends. His intellect is as good as ever—all but the jolly part. That is worn out.

That the brain may work, and work hard, is as plain a truth as is the hardness of the laboring hand. That it needs rest and variety, as much as the stomach does, is proven to us every day.—*Hawkeye.*

A reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says, "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

Huxley on Republicanism.

In his recent book on the Philosopher Hume, one of the series of "English Men of Letters," (Harper & Brothers), Professor Huxley gives expression incidentally to some of his own political views. As to the monarchy he says: "At the present day the danger to monarchy in Britain would appear to lie, not in increasing love for equality, for which, except as regards the law, Englishmen have never cared, but rather entertain an aversion; nor in any abstract democratic theories, upon which the mass of Englishmen pour the contempt with which they view theories in general; but in the constantly-increasing tendency of monarchy to become slightly absurd; from the ever-widening discrepancy between modern political ideas and the theory of kingship. As Hume observes, even in his time people had left off making believe that a king was a different species of man from other men; and since his days more and more such make-believes have become impossible, until the maintenance of kingship in coming generations seems likely to depend entirely upon whether it is the general opinion, that a hereditary president of our virtual republic will serve the general interest better than an elective one or not." Speaking of republicanism, Professor Huxley reiterates the great truth so often inculcated by Washington and his compatriots: "The true reason for doubting the permanency of a republic, even if it is ever established, lies in the fact that a republic requires for its maintenance a far higher standard of morality and of intelligence in the members of the State than any other form of government. Samuel gave the Israelites a king because they were not righteous enough to do without one, with a pretty plain warning of what they were to expect from the gift. And, up to this time, the progress of such republics as have been established in the world has not been such as to lead to any confident expectation that their foundation is laid on a sufficiently-secure subsoil of public spirit, morality, and intelligence. On the contrary, they exhibit examples of personal corruption and political profligacy as fine as any hot-bed of despotism has ever produced, while they fail in the primary duty of the administration of justice, as none but an effete despotism has ever failed." Professor Huxley believes that public opinion in England has passed through and left far behind the stage when absolute monarchy could be recovered, and while he sees the "virtual republic," which England now is, steadily tending to become a formal republic, he does not look forward to that as the millennium.—*Home Journal.*

American Students in Germany.

The number of Americans who come to Germany to finish their studies, writes a correspondent at Strassburg, is not only large, but increasing. They study here chiefly medicine, philology, and music. A few hear lectures on law at the universities; but the origin, theory, and practice of German law, as well as the highly abstract and antiquated method of teaching it, are so foreign to our views of jurisprudence that such students generally themselves regard their law studies as a luxury and an accomplishment, rather than a practical gain. Though our students are to be found in nearly every university town, most of them gather at Leipsic and Berlin. Last winter there were more American students at Leipsic than there were natives of all other countries not European together. The figures were: Americans, sixty-seven; total, seventy nine. Austria excepted, no single European nation sent so many students to Leipsic as America. The chief States were represented as follows: Austria, seventy-one; Russia, sixty-one; Switzerland, forty-nine; Great Britain, nineteen; Greece, fourteen; France, four; the United States, sixty-seven. The majority of our countrymen who study in Germany are not wealthy. Most of them come supplied with a sum which they think, with fair economy, will last one, two, or three years. Their calculation is based, almost without exception upon the theory that the expenses of living in Germany are much less than at home. I venture to say that not one in fifty lives within his theoretical estimate. My own experience is derived from a residence in Leipsic and Strassburg, of nearly two years, with visits to Berlin, Dresden, and other cities of North Germany. It is not a rare thing to meet men who say that, had they known the expense of studying a year or two here to be so great as it is, they would not have come, or would have postponed their coming.—*Home Journal.*

He Let Them Talk.—It is one mark of greatness to treat small enemies with contempt. Frederick the Great never cared how much fun or criticism his people made of him. He was fond of saying that "he could *do* what he pleased, and his subjects could *say* what they pleased." How he would have treated the "seditious utterances" which Bismarck is so sternly repressing, two facts may suffice to show:

A Berlin bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon ever published against Frederick, and asked for his majesty's instructions.

"Do not advertise it offensively," answered the king, "but sell it by all means; I hope it will pay you well."

On another occasion he found a crowd staring at a scurrilous caricature of himself, which had been pasted so high up on the wall that it was not easy to see it distinctly. The king, pushing his way through the startled throng, said to his attendants,—

"Put it lower down, that they may not have to strain their necks over it."

In an instant the obnoxious placard was torn to shreds, and the crowd dispersed with a shout of "Long live Father Fritz."

The latter part of a wire man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Form in the Trotter.

Form is of more importance than mere action. The car-horse is able to fold the knee, but you cannot train him to get over the ground rapidly or to last through a race of broken heats. He bends the knee but cannot reach and gather quickly, is overtopped with weight, and therefore falls in a struggle which is decided by speed and courage; and the cause of failure is lack of form. One of the best writers on the horse has furnished us with rules for the selection of a thoroughbred. We are advised to choose an animal with a deep and wide back and loin; with a chest to "afford sufficient room for the heart and lungs," but not too wide, for "an open bosom is regarded as a sure sign of want of pace;" "the back ribs should be long, or, as such a formation is generally called, 'deep,' so as not only to give protection to the contents of the belly, but to afford a strong attachment to the muscles which connect the chest to the hips;" the ribs "must be set wide apart, and not huddled up together;" "for fast road work where the failure of the legs is generally the limit to the amount of work, a very heavy carcass is an objection, as it increases the weight upon them; and an overtopped horse—that is, one with a body too big for his legs is a most worthless brute;" a projecting neck, moderately long and proportionately thin, wide jaws, and intelligent head, broad above the eyes, thin nostrils, which should open under exercise and show the red lining membrane; shoulders obliquely placed and broad blade, well clothed with muscles; long thighs approaching almost to the proportions of the greyhound; necks full size and clean, and all the points proportion to one another. The authority from which we have condensed these points is "Stonehenge." The fastest trotter in the world to-day, Edwin Forrest, comes up to the standard named by the English critic. He has none of the characteristics of the cart-horse, and all of the points of the substantial thoroughbred. Maud S., the great four-year-old, also has the form of a thoroughbred. The prepotent blood in both is that of the running horse. Without form neither would have shown so much speed as to attract public attention. The trotting elements in the pedigree of each have, with the assistance of toe-weights, simply given a new impulse to speed. They have influenced the motion, the folding of the knee and the action of the stifle, and thus enabled the two to startle the country with their deeds. If a sire of a cart-like form and excessive knee-action is so strongly prepotent as to stamp both his form and his action upon his progeny, you may keep breeding him from now until doomsday without getting a trotter, of more than average merit. Admit that he simply reproduces himself and allow no margin for improvement. Edwin Forrest, like Maud S., is wonderfully speedy as a trotter, because he has the speedy formation of the thoroughbred, without which formation he would be merely commonplace, in spite of the trotting elements in his ancestral tree. Toe-weights, with brains behind them, have in recent years played an important part in the development of the trotting horse. Take an animal in which the thoroughbred triumphs over the "Canuck" at the rate of seven to two, and put him in the hands of a Gilden who understands the use of weights, and he will make a trotter of him, not able merely to go the distance, but to do his miles in the quickest time. The horses which win the majority of hard-fought races in these days of progress, possess not only the form, but a large percentage of the blood of the English racer.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

A contemporary says: "There is no reason why farming may not be made to pay much oftener than it does. Very few have learned to regard it as a business. It is a sort of chance work all round. Most men look on it as a sort of real estate transaction. They hope one day to sell out at a big figure, hence are afraid to improve their farms with a view to agricultural operations, for fear that whoever buys the land will not care for those little things. We have often heard some improving farmer ridiculed for his expenditures by some knowing ones, who were very sure so and so would get more for his place than if he had thrown his money in the dirt."

A Wash for Poultry Houses.—The *Farmer's Advocate* gives this as the best whitewash for poultry houses: "Into the whitewash pail drop a teacupful of soft-boiled rice and mix thoroughly. Then pour into a quart-pot of cold water say ten or twelve drops of crude carbolic acid. Mix this into the rest and swab the interior of your henhouse with it. For outside, use rock salt dissolved, instead of boiled rice, and dispense with carbolic acid. No other preparation of whitewash ever equaled this for poultry buildings."

Keeping Harness.—Harness should never be kept in the stables where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word, ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage more or less.

Too little attention is paid to the keeping of rabbits. They can be, and are in some countries, made as profitable as poultry. They are cheap, increase rapidly, require only such care as any child can give, and thrive in close confinement, in this respect being superior to poultry. Its flesh is agreeable and nutritious.

The estimated number of horses in the United States is 8,000,000, Illinois ranking first in number.

In Indiana farmers are hiring hands for the year at from $12 to $18 a month.

Scenes in Morocco.

On every side, as you travel through the country, you cannot help noticing the fertility of the land. Delicious fruits grow almost wild in great abundance—oranges, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, vines and fig trees. Wide fields of grain wave before your eyes, as surely they would not were it not that the soil barely needs to be turned over; for, through all the centuries since this coast was first cultivated, not one particle of improvement do the indolent people seem to have made in their clumsy methods. When a native farmer finds he can no longer sit in the sun and postpone his plowing, if he is to have any crop at all, he catches a donkey and a goat, or a cow and a mule, or any other creatures (including his wife) that will pull, and harnesses them to a plow which would be a fine curiosity for one of our agricultural fairs, since it is simply some sticks of wood bound together so that the sharply pointed end of the main or handle piece, is dragged along a little under the sod. Yet we must not forget that much nearer home a like lack of progress is seen; for in parts of Mexico an almost exactly similar excuse for a plow has been used for three hundred years, and may perhaps be used for three hundred more.

When the caravan reaches a town of considerable size, a stop is likely to be made for some days, in order to allow trading to be carried on. But business is not permitted to worry the traders much, and between the entertainments of the village people and the recreations of the camp, the stranger will not lack for amusement. It is to this race, it is always to be remembered, that we owe the Arabian Nights' tales. Of these stories our translations contain only a selection, and as you sit and sip your coffee, tea or lemonade in some little cafe of whitewashed stone, you hear the old plots and familiar names, and many new romances of the same kind, told by men who do nothing else. The tales form the treasure of a very numerous class of men and women throughout the East, who find a livlihood in reciting them to crowds never tired of listening. The public squares of all the towns abound with such men, whose recitations, full of gestures and suggestive looks, hold a circle of silent listeners spell-bound with the pleasing pictures their imaginations conjure. It is said that the physicians frequently recommend the story-tellers to their patients in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep; and, accustomed to talk to sick folk, they modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently cease as sleep steals over the sufferer.

Quite the opposite of this quiet and dreamy amusement, which takes the place of our theatres, are the shows of the snake-charmers, who everywhere collect pennies from admiring groups. They sit on the ground and handle the serpents in every way, allowing them to coil about their arms, necks and body, and dart long, forked tongues almost into their faces, while one of the group hammers a tambourine as though his life depended on it. I cannot conceive how this so-called music has anything to do with the wonderful control exercised over the snakes by the juggler; I should think they would grow cross, rather than be "charmed" by its incessant discords.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas.*

The King of Burmah.

The King of Burmah is little over 20, and he has been barely four months on the throne. He is a tall, well-built personable young man. He is very fair in complexion, has a good forehead, clear, steady eyes, and a firm but pleasant mouth. His chin is full and somewhat sensual-looking, but withal he is a manly, frank-faced young fellow, and is said to have gained self possession, and lost the early nervous awkwardness of his new position with great rapidity. Of his character little has yet developed, but circumstances have occurred to prove that he is very far from destitute of a will of his own, and that he has no fondness for any diminution of the royal prerogative. As we passed out of the palace after the interview, a house in the palace grounds was pointed out to me, within which had been imprisoned in squalid misery ever since the illness of the late king some twenty male members of the royal blood, who were regarded as likely, if left at large, to use efforts for the hindrance of the accession of the lad who now sits on the throne, and who, among the youngest of the sons of his father, was selected to succeed, partly by female influence, partly by reason of the belief of the ministers that he would interpose little obstacle toward the accomplishment of the programme of constitutional reform with which they desire to begin a new reign. And in a stable near by, incarcerated there a month ago, are confined three of these ministers, living proofs that constitutional reform is a ticklish and risky undertaking, when all the traditions about the throne are those of absolutism, and the youngsters who are soft seeming and pliable when powerless nonentities, learn swiftly to take their own part when placed in a position of power. King-makers, it is true, can be king-breakers, but it is also true that many a king-maker has himself been broken by the king he has made. And I dare say the ministers in the stable there are rather sorry now that they did not make another choice.—*London News.*

The success of the mixed classes in University College, London, is now assured. In some classes the attendance of young women is as high as thirty per cent. of the whole. The professors are perfectly satisfied with the result of opening the classes to women students, and the young men have not the slightest fear that the standard of education will be lowered.

A paragraph in the hand is worth two in an uncrediting exchange.

"Going A-Fishing."

The man who invented the fishhook will some day have a monument. It will be a granite column five hundred feet high, built by the boys alone. A boy might possibly get along with marbles, tops, stilts, balls and kites, yet he would feel that there was an aching void enough somewhere. A kite does well as long as it will outsail all other kites and the string doesn't break, and a pair of stilts are good property until after the first fall; but for real solid pleasure the fish-hook can never be beaten. A boy will always expect more and get less from it than anything else invented, but he never gets too discouraged to try again.

The Smith boy was observed trying his luck yesterday in a pond on a vacant lot on Alfred street. As far back as last December his mother promised him half a day out of school as soon as the fish began to bite, and yesterday was the glorious day. Where there's water there ought to be fish, according to every boy's reckoning, and this youth "surrounded" that wee little pond-hole with its barrel of muddy water with just as much enthusiasm as a man would throw a line into Lake St. Clair. He had ham, sweetcake, potato, dried beef and boiled egg for bait, and when he had spit on his bait and cast in his hook all the Seth Greens ever born couldn't have convinced him that he would fail of at least one good bite. For two long hours he fished for sturgeon and pickerel and pike, changing the bait now and then and never forgetting to spit on it, and as he hauled up for the last time he would simply admit that it wasn't just the right sort of day to go fishing. If he had had a little one to carry home his triumph would have been more complete, but yet his eyes were like diamonds as he met two boys on the corner and called out:

"Say! I've stayed out of school a whole half day and been a-fishing! I didn't catch any fish, 'cos they were all on their nests, but you ought to have seen the big frog which tumbled off a stone!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How They Euchered the "Old Man."

We are told on the "best authority" that a wealthy old gentleman residing in a high-toned portion of this goodly city had a beautiful motherless daughter from whom he exacted a promise that she would never marry without his sanction. Her first lover, though "poor but honest," won her heart. The father rejected him, and bade her choose another. She said, "No, I shall yet marry him under your own roof, but not without your consent." Time passed along, and one evening, not long since, her father, for her especial amusement, gave a select masquerade ball, to which, of course, her lover was not invited. While the masks were on and mirth running high, there was a shout for some one to play preacher, as a youthful pair were to have a sham wedding. Some one volunteered, and the bride and groom stepped forth, he hobbling on crutches and she gray-haired and decrepit. Their appearance was greeted with roars of laughter. The minister said: "Some one must give this bride away; she is too young to be responsible." She chose a couple for guardians, apparently because they stood nearest. The ceremony was performed, and the hand-shaking and congratulations commenced, but the bride had fainted. Her husband snatched off her mask and his own, and in the general consternation everybody followed suit. When lo! the married couple were the "poor but honest" and his chosen one; the minister a bona fida Justice of the Peace. The girl had selected her father and aunt to give away the bride, and thus with his consent she was married at home to the man of her choice. The old man saw the joke, pronounced them too old for him, gave his blessing and received the husband into his family.—*Golden Era.*

The Turkish Bath.—Dr. Fleming, of Glasgow, has presented to the British Medical Association an account of some experiments by the author upon himself at the temperatures of from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit, upon the weight, temperature, pulse, respiration and secretions. The result showed that the immersion of the body in hot, dry air, produced loss of weight to an extent considerably greater than normal, amounting on the average at the rate of about forty ounces an hour. This was accompanied by an increase in the temperature of the body and a rise in the pulse rate, with at first a fall, then a rise in the rapidity of respiration. The amount of solids secreted by the kidneys was increased, and coincidently the amount of ures. The sweat contained a quantity of solid matter in solution, among other things a considerable amount of ures. The most important effect of the bath, however, was the stimulation of the emunctory action of the skin. By this means, the tissues could, as it were, be washed by passing water through them from within. The increased temperature and pulse rate pointed to the necessity of caution in the use of the bath when the circulatory system was diseased.

The "Wicked Weed."—Hops are first mentioned by Pliny, the young plants being eaten as a vegetable, like our asparagus. But until the sixteenth century they were not used as an ingredient in beer; and, when their cultivation was first introduced from Flanders, in 1525, an outcry was raised, and Parliament was petitioned against a "wicked weed that would spoil the taste of the drink and endanger the people." But the piquant bitter found favor with the public, who relished this addition to the previously unmitigated sweetness. And so the hop was promoted from the hedge-row to the "garden," and ever since, labor and money has been constantly expended on it.

Train the Boys for Business.

There is one element in the home instruction which boys receive prior to their advent into the business world to which too little attention has been given. We mean the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility. In too many households boys from twelve to seventeen years are administered to too much by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys' lives through those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but start off early enough so as not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where everything is system, order and precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, file letters, do errands—in short, become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for the correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds task-masters, more or less lenient, to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous, blunders, overlooked at first, get to be matters of serious moment; then patience is overtasked, and the boy is told his services are no longer wanted. This is his first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise to the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is every boy to have something special to do, to have some duty at a definite hour and to learn to watch for that hour to come, to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household, to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and to be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy and application, too often of more importance than superficial book learning.—*Com. Bulletin.*

Brilliant Whitewash.—Take half a bushel of good unslacked lime and slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam; strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste and stirred and boiled hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whitening, and a pound of clean glue, which had been previously dissolved by first soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a larger one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well and let it stand for a few days, covered from dirt. The whitewash should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on the stove. One pint of this mixture will cover a square yard of surface if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used according to the nature of the job required. The wash retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls.

Gravy for a Roast Fowl.—Boil the neck of the fowl, after having cut it small, in half a pint of water, with a seasoning of spice or herbs; let it stew very softly for an hour and a half. When the bird is just ready for the table, take the gravy from the dripping-pan and drain off the fat; strain the liquor from the neck into it, mixing them smoothly; pass the gravy again through the strainer; heat it, adding seasoning if necessary, and take it hot to the table.

Fried Oysters.—Large oysters are the best for this purpose. Simmer for a minute or two in their own liquor, drain perfectly dry, dip in yolks of eggs and then in bread crumbs, seasoned with cayenne (or black) pepper and salt; fry them of a light brown. These are chiefly used as a garnish for fish or fowls, but if intended to be eaten alone, make a little thick melted butter, moistened with the liquor of the oysters, and served as sauce.

Boiling Potatoes.—Have your saucepan half full of water; let it boil, then throw in two teaspoonfuls of salt, then add your potatoes; let them boil twenty minutes; do not let them stop boiling one instant; when they crack open or seem inclined to do so, take them off the fire, strain the water off, put them back on the stove with the cover on the saucepan; let them stand so three or four minutes and you will have them mealy and white.

To Boil Pickled Beef.—Put on the fire in cold water; let it simmer slowly, allowing fifteen minutes for every pound; do not let it boil; keep skimming or it will look dirty; if it is left in the pot until the water is cold it will be much more tender. Among all the recipes no one seems to have thought of giving one for

Boiled Ham.—Put a ham in a boiler while the water is cold; be careful that it boils slowly. A ham of twenty pounds take four hours and a half, larger and smaller in proportion; keep the water well skimmed. A green ham wants no soaking, but an old one must be soaked sixteen hours in a large tub of water.

Dressing for Turkey.—Take dry pieces of bread or crackers, chop them fine, put in a small piece of butter or a little cream, with sage, pepper and salt, one egg and a small quantity of flour moistened with milk.

Remove the *threads* before sending roast fowls to the table.