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

To advertisers we guarantee the most favorable terms and fair dealing.

THE COAST MAIL.

VOL. 1. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879. NO. 33.

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.

"Reading Pays."

Oh, yes, it pays in various ways,
To store the mind with knowledge,
At least that's what the teacher says
In every school and college;
To keep the youthful mind employed
While the happy thoughts it brings
Prevents the mind from being decoyed
To studying foolish things.

It is the bulwark of the mind,
The joy of leisure hours,
It is always fresh to those who find
The influence of its powers;
It makes you bright, it gives delight,
Its power and might in time,
Itself will show as on you go
In reaching heights sublime.

But pray take heed of what you read
Be such as always tend
To guide your actions that no deed
Of yours may e'er offend;
That poison lurks not on the page,
Or in any way betrays,
And you will find, in your old age,
The truth that "reading pays."

Trapped by an Heiress.

A cosier place than the big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find, if one had traveled from Land's End to John O'Groat's; and this eventful evening, when the destinies of two worthy people were about taking definite form—two people who had never seen each other, and who had heard of each other so often that both were curiously eager to meet—on this important evening the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pleasanter or cosier.

A huge fire of logs glowed like molten carbuncles in the open fireplace; on the table in the center of the floor, whose cover matched the glowing crimson of the carpet, was a silver stand that held a dozen snowy wax tapers, whose beaming light contrasted exquisitely with the ruddy glow of the fire.

Beside the table, in a big, cushioned chair, with his feet thrust to the genial warmth on the hearth, his gray dressing-gown sitting comfortably on his portly form, his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, sat the owner and master of Hillcrest, Mr. Abiah Cressington, rich, good-natured, and fond of his own way. Opposite him was the mistress of the place—little, shrewd-faced, sharp-nosed, merry Aunt Cornelia, his sister, who, since her widowhood, had come to Hillcrest to make her bachelor brother's home as pleasant as she could.

That she had succeeded was very evident by the way now in which he looked up from a letter he had been reading—the confidential, kindly way in which he did it.

"Walter writes a curious letter in response to my invitation to come and spend a few weeks at Hillcrest as soon as he gets over his fatigue from his ocean voyage home, after his five years' tour abroad. I'll read it to you."

He leaned near the softly-glowing lights, and began the short, concise reply that Walter Austin had written from his chamber in the Temple:

"You are very kind, indeed, Uncle Abiah, to ask me down to Hillcrest for as long as I wish to stay, and I can assure you that I have been so long a wanderer that the idea of a home is very pleasant to me. But when I take into a consideration the peculiar importance you propose attaching to my visit, I am unwilling to accept the invitation. To me, the idea of having my fancies and inclinations put into harness, and to feel that I am on continual duty to win my way into the good graces of my second cousin, Mabel, whom you are good enough to wish me to marry—"

Mrs. Cornelia interrupted sharply,—"Abiah, you surely never went and told our grand-nephew, that you had in view his marriage with Mabel?"

Her tone was energetic, almost reprehensive.

"Why not? I certainly did. I told him in my letter that it was a chance for him he'd never get again, and that he needn't feel under such terrible obligations to take a fancy to Phil's little Mabel, but to come down and be cousinly, and if anything should happen, it'd be right all round."

Mrs. Cornelia knitted vigorously, her lavender cap-ribbons quivering in the mellow taper glow.

"All I have to say is, you're—a fool, Abiah! Walter is right. A young man doesn't like to have his fancies under rein and whip, and the very fact that we want him to marry, will make him indisposed to do it. You've made a very great mistake in the beginning."

Mr. Cressington looked aghast at his sister's determined face.

"Why, I didn't really suppose—"

"Of course you didn't. It's only your natural stupidity, you dear old fellow! Men are all alike. Don't I know them like a book? And you've ruined your hopes for Mabel and Walter at the very outset."

Mr. Cressington started discomfitedly.

"I am sure I meant it all right enough, Cornelia. I certainly wanted Walter to know what a little darling our Mabel is, and what a nice little wife she would make for any man."

"Very commendable, indeed; only, if you had consulted me upon the letter you sent, I should have advised you to say nothing about Mabel, or her charms, or her expectations. I should have simply asked him to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined!"

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and the snow-white yarn came reeling merrily off the ball under her arm.

"Not at all. Leave that to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like yourself out of a scrape."

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

"Do explain, Cornelia."

And when she explained he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

"What a woman you are, Cornelia! I declare, it beats anything I ever heard in the whole course of my life!"

* * * * * *

After dusk, a glorious winter day, with here and there a star twinkling in the pale gray sky, and the lights and fires in the Hillcrest sitting-room making an eloquent welcome to Walter Austin, as he stood in the midst of the home circle, tall, gentlemanly, handsome and self-possessed.

Old Mr. Cressington was in his richest humor as he led forward two young girls.

"Come, don't be shy, now. Walter, this is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this is her good friend and inseparable companion, Irene Vance, come to help entertain you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin, girls. And this is Aunt Cornelia—you remember her well enough, hey?"

And so the presentation was merrily gotten over, and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had ever known.

They were remarkably pretty girls, with blue eyes—although Miss Vance's were decidedly the deeper blue and more bewitching—and lovely, yellow-gold hair. Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's *coiffure* before he had known her an hour; and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene, he never would come out heart-whole.

"For Mable is a good little darling," thought he, "and I will take Great-uncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her, and thereby secure a generous share of the Cressington estates. Egad! that's a happy thought!"

But the handsome young gentleman went to sleep and dreamed, instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, of Irene's gentle, tender ones; and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, unable to get to sleep again for thinking of her.

And the after days were not much better. Despite the golden value of Mabel, there was something about Irene Vance that made this headstrong fellow very foolishly indifferent to the advice he had sworn to follow.

"Because, by Jove! a fellow would have to be made out of granite to resist the sweet, shy ways of such a little darling as Irene! And I'll marry her if she'll have me, and the money and property may go to the—dogs! I've a head and a pair of hands, and blue-eyed Irene shall not suffer!"

It was not an hour later that he met her in the hall, carrying great boughs of holly, with which to festoon, down the walnut staircase.

"Give me your burden, Irene," said he. "Why did you not tell me you were going to gather it, and let me go with you? It is altogether too heavy a burden for your arms to bear."

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but it required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

"Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you! Wouldn't you have liked it?"

He demanded her answer in the most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes in great confusion.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me?"

"I am not cruel to anybody. Indeed I must go now."

Walter placed himself squarely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

"No, you can't go yet. Irene, you are cruel, or you would never deprive one of the opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society." His voice lowered tenderly, and he dropped his head nearer her golden curls. "You know I think it cruel in you to be so distant, and shy, and reserved with me—don't you, Irene?"

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily, her cheeks hanging out their signals of distress and confusion.

"Oh, please don't talk so to me. Indeed I must go! Mabel is waiting for the holly, and she—they won't like it if—"

But she was a prisoner in his tight clasp.

"If what? If they find you and me talking so confidentially together?"

"No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once."

Walter put his arm around her waist before she knew what he was doing.

"Irene, look up. You shall not go until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you! Irene, my dear little girl, I do love you very dearly!"

She was silent for one second, and he saw the quiver of her red lips. Then she raised her head slowly, shyly.

"You love me? Oh, Walter, what will they all say? Don't you know it is Mabel you should say that to? I am nobody, Walter, and Mabel is an heiress!"

Walter had both arms around her by this time, and was looking ardently in her glowing face.

"I know Mabel is an heiress, and a nice little girl; and I also know you are a darling—my darling—and the only girl I ever asked to be my wife, or ever shall ask! Say yes, pet."

His tones were low and tender, but triumphant.

"And you can deliberately give up so much for only just me?"

Her wondrous eyes met his bravely now, and thrilled him by the love light in them.

"Only just you, my own darling! Why, you are all the world to me! Come, we must go and tell Uncle Abiah at once. Just one kiss first—you must!"

And he had more than one or two, before he led her, blushing, with tears trembling on her lashes, like diamonds on a golden thread, to Uncle Abiah, who sat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, industriously looking over a receipt book. They looked up in surprise as Walter marched in, Irene on his arm, a picture of confusion.

"If you please, Uncle Abiah, I want your blessing and cordial consent to receive this little girl for your niece. I love her, and she loves me."

Uncle Abiah looked shrewdly over his glasses at Mrs. Cornelia.

"Well, sister, what shall we say to this youth's demand?"

A broad smile of perfect delight was on her merry face.

"Say? Why, tell them yes, and welcome; and let them know their Aunt Cornelia isn't a fool if their Uncle Abiah is."

Walter looked astonished, and felt Irene's hand tremble on his arm.

"What is it, dear?"

She smiled through her tears as she looked into his inquiring eyes.

"Oh, Walter, I am afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel after all, and—and—"

"And you have made love to your cousin, the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy! So Hillcrest is a foregone fate, after all, eh?"

"Don't scold, please, Walter!" Mabel pleaded, in a low voice, with her blue eyes looking into his.

"As if I could scold you, my love! Since I have you, what need I care?"

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt-book until she came to "wedding-cake," and avers that she made the match herself.—*Waverly.*

Teaching Calves to Eat.

We have always had considerable trouble to get our calves to eat dry feed, as soon as is desirable. We usually take them from the cow at from three to five days old, and give them fresh milk until two weeks old, when we begin to add skim milk to their rations. At this period we should like to have them begin eating bran, shorts or shelled corn, or better all together, to make up for the diminished quality of the milk. But how to get them to eating has been the difficulty. As the easiest way out of it we usually practiced the plan of stirring the bran or shorts into the milk and letting them drink what they would of it. But for various reasons we don't like that method. We prefer that they should eat it. If you think that a mere "notion," we shall not quarrel with you about it. The past winter we accidentally discovered a way out of the difficulty of teaching them to eat. When the first calf put in an appearance, we had no separate stall or shed to put it in. Our sheep shed being of good dimensions for the number of sheep, we concluded to turn it in there. About the time we fixed for feeding skim milk and shorts we happened to visit the shed soon after the boy had fed the sheep their morning feed of corn and shorts, and to our surprise we found the calf occupying a place at the trough, and eating with avidity. The next one that came we disposed of in the same way and with the same result. The third followed, a little bit of a half-blood Jersey, that we could pick up and carry under one arm, almost as easily as a lamb; and it could not have been more than ten days old when we observed it beginning to imitate the sheep and other calves in going to the trough, and at least "going through the motions" of taking the feed. Now we are not going to advise you to raise sheep to teach your calves to eat dry feed (perhaps ours didn't), but if you have the sheep and want your calf to learn early to eat without taking the trouble yourself to teach it, you might try the plan.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Felt That Way Himself.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," and so sometimes does a little good-natured raillery. Some people, be it known, always wake up in good humor, some in bad humor and some in "middling" humor. Causeur had a neighbor who is blessed with a daughter and a son, the latter some years younger, a little fellow who often says a bright thing without knowing it. The other day his sister had been enjoying an afternoon nap, and woke up just as supper was ready. She came to the table, and having occasion to reprove her brother for some breach of table etiquette—older sisters are great sticklers for etiquette—spoke rather more harshly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Instead of resenting the reproof, the boy looked up and said sympathetically, "Been asleep, haven't you?" "Yes," answered the sister. "Thought so," continued he, "I often feel that way when I wake up." That boy has learned to "round the corners already; he'll find it a useful accomplishment when he begins his battle with the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

How to Buy a Horse.—The *Rural New Yorker* says: "An intending purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion and urging him to "show off," something may be suspected, because it is when the horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse be sound he will stand square on his limbs, without moving any one of them, the feet being placed flat upon the ground, and all his legs plump and naturally posed. If one foot be thrown forward, and the toe pointing to the ground, and the heel raised, or if the foot be lifted from the ground, and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected."

Cauliflowers are not quite so easily raised as cabbages; still, if a man goes to work in the right way, he will seldom fail to obtain a fair crop. The soil should be rich, and perhaps a little richer than for ordinary cabbages. It should also be worked deep—that is, not less than ten inches to a foot or more, as the cauliflower requires a cool, moist, but not a wet soil. The plants should be treated the same as cabbages.

English Skies.

One effect of the climate of England (it must, I think, be the climate) is the mellowing of all sights, and particularly of all sounds. Life there seems softer, richer, sweeter, than it is with us. Bells do not clang so sharp and harsh upon the ear. True, they are not rung so much as they are with us. Even in London on Sunday their sound is not obtrusive. Indeed, the only bell sound in the great city of which I have a distinct memory is Big Ben's delicious, mellow boom. In country walks on Sunday the distant chimes from the little antique spires or towers float to you like silver voices heard through the still air. Your own voice is hushed by them if you are with a companion, and you walk on in sweet and silent sadness. I shall never forget the gentle, soothing charm of the Boiney chime in Sussex, which, as the sun was leaving the weald to that long, delicious twilight through which day lapses into night in England, I heard in company with one whose sagacious lips, then hushed for a moment, are now silent forever. These English country chimes are very different from those that stun our ears from Broadway steeples. They are simple, and yet are not formless jangle; but the performers do not undertake to play opera airs *affetuoso* and *con expressione* with ropes and iron hammers upon hollow tons of metal.

Whether I was favored by the English climate I do not know, but in addition to this soft, sweet charm which the air seemed to give to everything that was to be seen or heard, I found late autumn there as verdant and as variously beautiful as early summer is with us, and without the heat from which we suffer. In Sussex the gardens were all abloom, wild flowers in the wood, blackberries ripening in the hedges, the birds singing, and everything was fresh and fragrant. Among the birds, I observed the thrush and the robin-redbreast; the latter not that tawny-breasted variety of the singing thrush which is here called a robin, but a little bird about half as large, with a thin, pointed bill, a breast of crimson, and a note which is like a loud and prolonged chirrup. It would be charming if we could have this mantrusting little feathered fellow with us; but I fear that he could not bear our winters. In Warwickshire, I found roses blooming—blooming in great masses half-way up the sides of a two-story cottage on the road from Stratford-on-Avon to Kenilworth; and this was in the very last days of October. True, I had only a few days before shivered through a rainy morning drive in Essex, when the chill dampness seemed to strike into my very heart; but on the whole I found myself under English skies healthy, happy, and the enjoyer of a succession of new delights, which yet seemed to me mine by birthright.—*Richard Grant White in Atlantic.*

A Revolution in Mexico.

A year without a revolution in Mexico, or an attempt at one, at least, would be like a summer without rain in other countries. It is not surprising that one is in progress now. President Diaz, it will be remembered, owes his office to a revolution. In 1876 President Lerdo, a Liberal, was chosen to succeed Senor Juarez. The rival candidate was General Porfirio Diaz, who on pretence that the election had been irregular, marched on the capital and proclaimed himself provisional President. But he was at once plunged into difficulties. Senor Iglesias, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, had aided Diaz in overthrowing Lerdo. According to the Mexican Constitution, the Chief-Justice succeeds to the Presidency whenever there is a vacancy or failure to elect. Iglesias, therefore, claimed the Presidency, and when Diaz usurped it, withdrew from the capital and declared against him. It was not until the close of 1877 that the opponents of Diaz were conquered and he became firmly seated in the Presidency, to which he had in the meantime caused himself to be elected.

Diaz was supported by the wealthy and influential classes, who had been alarmed at the innovations of the Liberals under Juarez and Lerdo. He promised "reforms" freely, which meant a reactionary movement. But whether because he has found himself unable to induce the Legislature to pass the measures desired, or because he did not have them sufficiently at heart to press them, he has failed to give Mexico the promised reform. For some time past administration has been very freely criticised in some of the journals of the capital, but it has not been supposed that there was any great disaffection behind these utterances.

But it is now said that the generals of the army have openly declared against him, that the merchants and landowners are unanimously opposed to him, and that his downfall is imminent, if not certain. Precisely what has brought about this state of feeling, beyond that chronic unrest that makes a settled government a seeming impossibility in Mexico, is not known. But that it exists there can be no question, and that it portends another civil war there can be no question. President Diaz is not the kind of a man to give up his hard-won honors without a struggle. Should he be overthrown, there would be a fitness in the event; an administration that began in a revolution might very properly end in a revolution.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Count Andrassy, who is known to be very close about politics, was lately asked by a witty Viennese journalist, who had interviewed him for twenty minutes without getting anything worth putting in his paper out of the chancellor, "What is the difference between your excellency and myself?" Answer: "Whilst your excellency who knows so much will tell nothing, I, who know nothing must tell so much."—*London World.*

Man's Walking Powers.

Weston's performance in covering 550 miles in rather less than six days may be of no particular importance from a patriotic point of view. If Weston had been a new man the fact that he had "beaten the record" by ten miles or so would have furnished an occasion for the American eagle to display himself, but Weston has engaged in so many matches that his victory will not create nearly the same excitement in New York as if his achievement had been made by Ennis. It has always been Weston's weakness to set his mark a little higher than he could reach, and his remarkable performances have been overrated simply because of the impossibilities he has undertaken. Nevertheless, what he has now done is a very remarkable achievement. Rowell in Gilmore's Garden, and Brown at the long-distance walk in Agricultural Hall, seemed to those who saw them to have exhausted the limits of human endurance. What they did has now been so badly beaten that there is more difference between Weston's performance and Rowell's than between Rowell's and that of the second man in this race. Rowell made barely 500 miles and Ennis made 475, whereas the winner in this race in making 550 miles has beaten Rowell by something like fifty miles. There is every reason to expect that within a very few years a long-distance walking match of six days will be won with a record of not less than 600 miles, or 100 miles a day. This would be an excellent performance for a horse. In fact, so far as we remember, it has never thus far been equaled or even approached by a horse. People who have studied the powers and performances of horses and men have long been of the opinion that in point of endurance the biped was much to be preferred to the quadruped. They are justified by the result of the recent long-distance matches. The owner of a horse who should subject his animal to the extreme tests to which Weston and Brown have submitted themselves would probably come under the official notice of Mr. Bergh. The record of any six days' walk is regarded with consternation by every man who has walked enough to know what fast walking means, and who has yet not walked enough to know how much exertion the human system will bear. There is no reason to believe that any professional pedestrian could come nearer to Weston's record than his opponent in the present match has heretofore done, but there is reason to believe that professional pedestrians will hereafter succeed in beating Weston's time even more than Weston has beaten the time of his predecessors. At all events, if the present race is repeated in this city, there is reason to expect that the record will be beaten, and that the winner will be obliged to surpass a feat of pedestrianism which now seems to be the limit of human perseverance and endurance.—*New York World.*

Sentimental Flirts.

No flirt does more damage than the undemonstrative man who takes sentiment as his ground of action. Soft eyes that look dark and melancholy in the twilight; a sweet, sad voice that awakes responsive echoes in the imagination of the hearer; a languid, still, and self-contained manner, giving the impression of a reserve fund of force, of talent, feeling, of capacity for sorrow, of power of sympathy—these are the various items which make up the stock-in-trade of the sentimental flirt; and with these he dispenses sweet pain and pleasant anguish to all around. All, that is, who are weak enough to believe, and innocent enough to be deceived; and who take tinsel and tinfoil for shining silver and ruddy gold. How much mischief these sentimental flirts do in their day! They give you the impression that you and you only are the one sweet woman whose love is needed for their happiness. And all the time you are the victim of a cruel experiment! Or take the tragic flirt from the other side of the house, that beautiful little woman with the big eyes and the melodious voice, who sings sad love songs as if she felt them, and round whom melancholy clings as a graceful garment, how many men has she not captured and drowned in the unfathomable abyss of her vanity. She looks all sorrow, and her life has not a cloud; she seems all sentiment, and no nether millstone is harder, or more prosaic; she gives you the impression of one seeking consolation, and the merriest little grig who dances all night in pink and rosebuds is not more light of heart, more free from care. She is a sham throughout, and she attitudinizes—she does not feel. But clever men believe in her, and good ones fall down and worship her, and she rides on the crest of the wave in the world's esteem; while her sister, who disdains falsehood and coquetry alike, gets only scant admiration, and is hardly considered worth the winning.

A Whale Attacks a Schooner.—The Halifax *Chronicle* says: Captain Logan, of the schooner *Katie E. Stuart*, which arrived Saturday, reports that when off Whitehead he saw a whale about fifty feet long coming toward the vessel. He threw a billet of wood at the monster, which seemed to enrage it, and it dived under the vessel and came up alongside, blowing water on the deck. It was struck by several missiles, but did not seem afraid. Then bilge water was pumped overboard. This drove the whale off for a few minutes, but it came back and was evidently about to strike the vessel, when it was struck close to the blow-hole by a large lump of coal. This seemed to take the courage out of the whale, and it swam off in the direction from which it had first come.

The chief art in learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.

Life at Saratoga.

One who has never been vaccinated might just as well take up an abode in a small-pox hospital and expect not to catch small-pox as to come to Saratoga and not get into a flirtation of some kind. Flirting is in the air—you may be ever so well-meaning, so good-hearted shat you wouldn't hurt a fly, that is, under ordinary circumstances; but here, well, you are seized with the epidemic before you know anything about it, and almost unconsciously you find yourself saying pretty things to Tom that you wouldn't quite like Dick to hear, while in the absence of the two first-named worthies, more than one Harry may come in for a share of the many polite speeches which rise to your lips spontaneously. Now, of all this something tragic might ensue, but luckily the evil works its own remedy. To break one's heart about one false one is quite *en regle*; but to break one's heart about a half-dozen or dozen, as the case may be, is quite unheard of. So, then, it is all resolved into a pleasant way of passing one's time, and nobody comes off much worsted.

The novelty which attracts most attention is the three electric lights at the Union, which are under the immediate supervision of Maxim, the inventor and patentee, who anxiously watches every succeeding improvement. Chiefly during the evening performances of Lothian's band are the new and strange effects made manifest. At the main entrance to the piazza on the inner court a light is suspended on high, and from its single radiance the entire length of that side is illuminated with a wonderful brilliancy, yet without that glare and heat consequent upon the employment of gas. Diagonally opposite at the other end of the court yard, a similar light is placed, and by virtue of the two the entire lighting of the court is accomplished. The *piece de resistance*, however, and that which attracts so much attention is the throwing of variously colored lights upon the central fountain by means of colored electric lights placed on the piazza at the further end. The result is magical. One moment you see the fountain playing waters of a delicate rose color; the next moment they deepen into the richest crimson, and change alternately into orange, pale yellow, green, purple or blue. All these, and other colors which I cannot think of at present, are intensified, then paled again, and not only this, but oftentimes three and four are simultaneously united with incredibly beautiful results. Then again, all are withdrawn, and the fountain left for some moments to its natural play; this, indeed, being a cunning device, since when the colorings are resumed we appreciate them the more from their temporary withdrawal.

All the hotels are now fast filling up. I had a pleasant talk yesterday with Dr. Perry, of the States, who seems exceedingly well-pleased with the turn which affairs are taking, for each day brings recruits, while rooms are engaged by parties who soon will occupy them. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, as you know, is at the Union, but seemingly aware that she is apt to be unpleasantly stared at, keeps almost exclusively within her own apartments, which are fitted up an a scale of regal magnificence. Even when she goes driving she takes the precaution to go quietly out of a side entrance, rather than in front where everybody is seated.—*Rosalind May in N. Y. Home Journal.*

Bees on the Wing.

When a swarm leaves for the woods they are off before you fairly know it. They drift away from the hive in a wide-spread and apparently aimless concourse, then suddenly gather up their skirts, draw together their forces, and away they go, a humming, flying vortex of bees, the queen apparently in the center and the mass revolving about her as a pivot, over orchards and meadows, across creeks and swamps, or woods and deep valleys, straight for the appointed tree, slow at first, so that you can keep up with them, but presently with a speed that would tire a fox hound. In this flight the individual bees do not move in right lines, or straight forward like a flock of birds, but round and round like chaff in a whirlwind; unitedly they form a whirling, revolving, nebulous mass fifteen or twenty feet across, that goes as straight as a projectile to its mark. They are not partial as to the kind of tree—pine, hemlock, elm, birch, maple, hickory—any tree with a good cavity high up or low down. A swarm of mine ran away from the new patent hive I gave them, and took up their quarters in the hollow trunk of an old apple tree across an adjoining field. The entrance was a mouse hole near the ground. Another swarm in the neighborhood deserted their keeper and went into the cornice of an out house that stood amid evergreens in the rear of a large mansion. But there is no accounting for the taste of bees, as Sampson found when he discovered the swarm in the carcass (or more probably the skeleton) of the lion he had slain.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner for May.*

A Thirty-seven Pound Rattlesnake.—The Americus (Ga.), *Republican* says: As Mr. John Renew, of Sumter county, was plowing a field recently, he discovered a large rattlesnake coiled up under a bush, enjoying the sight of man "earning his bread by the sweat of his brow." He attempted a conversation by a loud rattle, which John thought meant for him to get his whisky ready, but as he had none handy, he called in the services of a stout fence rail, gave battle to the huge reptile and succeeded in killing it. It had seventeen rattles and a button and weighed thirty-seven pounds. The fangs were ugly-looking things, and our informant says he shuddered as he looked at them.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—*Fuller.*

A Chat with the Family.

BY AGRICOLA.

One object of clothing the body is to secure uniformity of temperature. A temperature of 99 degrees F. is the average for a person in health, and without counteracting influences this will be maintained by the action of the blood. Clothing may disturb this uniformity in various ways. Compression upon any part of the system obstructs the flow of blood, which results in the lowering of the temperature. The feet and hands are made cold by tight boots and gloves. Too many thicknesses of clothing at a particular point results in the accumulation of heat and consequent congestion. A lack of clothing results in the escape of heat, and the forcing inwardly the surface blood, tending to produce congestion of the internal organs. One part may be overheated by too much clothing, while another part is suffering from cold. Too often do we see children loaded with clothing about the chest, while the neck and legs are barely covered.

In some parts of the body the blood vessels are larger and more numerous than in other parts—as in the throat and lungs and liver and kidneys. Hence these organs are liable to become overheated by too much clothing, and especially if other parts of the body are imperfectly protected. The region of the kidneys is often overdressed by the lapping, at this point, of the garments which clothe the trunk and lower extremities. Two or three extra thicknesses are thus obtained, and the tendency is to accumulate an excess of blood in these delicate organs.

It is maintained that the muffling of the throat is the cause of more sore throats, coughs and croups than all other causes combined, especially when supplemented by thinly clad extremities. As I have intimated, flannel should be constantly worn next the skin. This prevents sudden chills of the surface, which is very important in our variable climate. If flannel irritate the skin, cotton flannel or silk may be substituted. Linen may never be worn as an inner garment.

Much injury has resulted from the false notion on the part of mothers, that children need to be hardened by exposure; but more often this hardening process results in sickness and premature death. Suitable clothing as nutritious diet is necessary to healthy growth.

Food is the source of all bodily functions. Each day's bodily and mental exercise, each day's waste, repair and growth depends upon food, as the recuperating power. Animal heat is lost, and must be reproduced through the consumption of food, and blood making. If the body is insufficiently clothed, there must be extra loss of heat, and a reaction upon the constitution. If there is a waste of heat during the years of childhood, there will be a consequent lowering of the processes, both of body and brain, which will, in consequence, fail to reach a vigorous development. Hence the naked legs and arms of children, which delight the vanity of silly mothers, are often at the expense of health and life. Such mothers are as really guilty and chargeable with the crime of murder as is the Hindoo mother who throws her child into the Ganges.

As a matter of course, when the bodily functions decline in vigor, with advancing age, the protection of clothing becomes more necessary.

I shall next take up the relations of exercise to health. Man was evidently made for activity. The indolent man deserves to be sick and die. The jointed skeleton, the contracting muscles, the controlling nerves, the digesting and circulating functions were made for activity. Man must work or die. This fact is engraved unpn his very constitution.—*Green Mountain Freeman.*

Canning Green Corn.—Cut the corn off the cob and fill your cans (after thoroughly scalding them) with the corn, take a spoon and press very hard so as to fill the can full, put on the cover loosely. Put the cans into your wash boiler after putting something under them to prevent them from breaking. I use the grate from the bottom of the oven. Fill in cold water up to the bulge of the can, put on the boiler cover and boil four hours, take off the stove and let stand until cool enough to handle, fasten the covers tight and set in a cool place in the cellar. I usually get mine ready in the forenoon and boil after dinner. If these directions are strictly followed, you can enjoy the same pleasure that we have for years, of eating sweet green corn in the winter. It will need only to warm when you use it out of the can.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put one pound of very fine raspberries in a bowl, bruise them well, and pour upon them a quart of the best cider vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries; bruise them also, and on the following day do the same, but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment—only drain the liquor as dry as you can from the fruit. The last time pass it through a canvas bag, previously wetted with vinegar to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar with a pound of sugar to every pint of juice; stir it, and when melted, put the jar in a saucepan of water, let it simmer a little, skim and remove from the fire. When cool, bottle off.

Peach Jam.—Gather the peaches when quite ripe, peel and stone them, put them in a preserving pan, mash them over the fire till hot; rub them through a sieve, and add to a pound of pulp the same weight of pounded loaf sugar, and half an ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; let it boil ten or twelve minutes. Stir it and skim it well.

Sponge Cake.—One and one-half cups sugar, one cup sifted flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar mixed with flour, whites of ten eggs; beat well; mix the tartar and flour; lastly the eggs; bake quickly.