

Official Paper of Coos County.

A Night in San Francisco.

(Letter in Sacramento Record, Oct. 11.)
I wish I could give you an idea of last Saturday night at the Mechanics' Pavilion. It was a gala night, as every Saturday night is, in San Francisco, and every one was out, dressed in his best, and the ladies almost in opera costumes—light bonnets, with waving plumes, white kids and fine dresses. And oh! what elegant creations went up and down; almost every one with red-dimpled eyes by contrast, and that peculiar wrinkly look lying underneath the layer of chalk which always strikes me as a four-barrel effect. That is the dead white complexion, so unnatural, so ghastly, so old that it makes my mouth water with pity for the woman who puts it on. The pinkish white, put on and rubbed in with soft chaumon skin, if it must be used at all.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred you meet on the streets nowadays use some liquid or other for the complexion. Its use never can be concealed; it is patent as the eyes or the nose on the face, for every woman who uses it has a certain look about her face, and she looks as though she had been washed with it. Her teeth look yellow, and unless she pencils them, her eyes red and weak and red beside it. On Saturday night a mother and daughter went arm and arm up and down the hall the whole evening long, and the poor old legs of the former must have ached like the toothache when at last her weary, vain promenade was ended. The mother must have been fifty, and the daughter perhaps seventeen, but she had taken a wash out of the same bottle, which evidently contained a dead white mixture. Oh! those dreadful, staring deathly wrinkles, made more apparent by an occasional vain grimace for a moment, the old, ugly wrinkles that went up and down, and up and down by the round, smooth, death-white cheek of seventeen! Bah! how I should have liked to hold both under the spray of the fountain. The fountain itself was encircled by a rim, three deep, of elderly couples, content to sit and look on, while a fourth row of chairs was occupied by young people who could both see and be seen, bowing here and there and exchanging smiles directly after the appearance of the friend they had just bowed to so politely, criticizing the dress. One wondering who her consort might be of the next party consisted of five girls, under the aspect of the much-mentioned woman I knew. He was only one man to five, and he was a poor excuse at that, but he was better than none. These girls sat the whole evening long, and kept up a running fire of comment, and when they started home they all said they had had a splendid time, "such fun," and they were so sorry they could not go again. I was on the costume of one. Her dress was of ashes of rose, silk and some one of the small-flowered stuffs, so much worn, made short with silk polonaise. The flooziness of the skirt were box-plaited, a bias band of the other material stitched on an inch from the edge. A fichu of the silk trimmed with fringe went over the shoulders to the front, where it crossed to the back with ends; gloves to match. The hat was of the same silk, made in Normandy style, a flat piece of pasteboard serving for the back frame. The shape is much worn and looks like a dunce cap. This was trimmed with cardinal roses. The young lady was a brunette, and she just thought she was "not very lovely." Her eyes were penciled and had a melting, sighing, languishing look, while enameled make her face soft and peachy, but not nearly so soft as the top of her head. "I'll warrant. Her hair was cut and elaborately laid out upon her cheeks stiff and hard, while behind it fell in a long, wavy, curling mass. Her hair was gilded with pins painfully conspicuous. This young lady kept her hand spinning, all the time, smoothing down her gloves, feeling of her hat, tenderly touching her horrible hair, patting the rouching at her neck or fingering her gorgeous locket. "How does my hair look?" she whispered to one of the other five, and her companion said: "Nice, but not very lovely."

"Somebody Loves Me."

Two or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home in R— received one morning a request from the Judge that he would come to the Court House. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond even what he was accustomed to see. The Judge, pointing to them (utterly homeless and friendless), said: "Mr. T—, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.
"All! What in the world can you do with them?"
"I'll make women of them."
The Judge singled out one even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What will you do with that one?"
"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated, firmly and hopefully.
They were washed and dressed and provided with a supper and beds. The next morning they went into the schoolroom with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T— in reference to her: "I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, and have failed."

Mr. T— said afterwards himself that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.
After school he called her into his office and said pleasantly: "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces and scattered them about the room. When she returned he said: "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me, and pick up the paper and see how nice you can make it look?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said: "Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

"That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people and lives in a beautiful house; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—Philadelphia Price List.

Vengeance of a Woman scorned.

A dashing young fellow arrived at Galveston, Texas, a few months since, and gave out that the death of a relative had left him a small fortune, which he wished to invest in a farm. After a week or two of leisurely retirement, he bought a ranch on Chocolate Bayou for \$5,000. There, domesticating himself at once as what he termed a "gentleman farmer," he cordially reciprocated the attentions of the neighboring "squires" for due social relations, and though uncommunicative as to all points in his past life, found no difficulty in ingratiating himself with the most select society in that section.

A man of his address, apparent property and unmarried condition, could not live under such circumstances without marking or being marked for matrimony, and toward the end of last month certain assiduous addresses he had paid to an estimable young lady culminated in a matrimonial proposition, which was not rejected. The wedding was fixed for an early day, and nuptial and domestic preparations for it were nearly completed, when, to the horror of Chocolate society, the unspeakable anguish of the bride-elect, and the dismay of the bridegroom, the latter received the congratulations of a detective officer from Pinkerton's agency in Chicago, in whose company, after a brief interview, he departed hurriedly for the East as a prisoner of the law.

It seems that some time since a wealthy oil company of Pennsylvania had its burglarious safe robbed of \$17,000, and simultaneously one Norman Spencer, the previously immaculate bookkeeper of the concern, disappeared from his desk, boarding house and other familiar haunts. The coincidence permitted but one inference, and no one doubted that the missing man had been the robber. A certain detective, aware that before his crime and flight Spencer had been devoted to his attentions to a young orphan girl in Titusville, decided to keep a strict watch on the young lady's movements, thinking that there would be some communication between them. Two months elapsed before the officer's vigilance found any reward; but at the end of that time, just after receiving a letter addressed in "backland" from St. Joseph, Mo., the lady suddenly departed for the West, followed and "shadowed" by the detective. Her movements, of course, led to the Missouri, Pennsylvania and Ohio she journeyed to Chicago, where, by the direction of his superiors at home, the officer enlisted the services of a noted young detective of that city to continue the "shadowing." From Chicago, under the surveillance of the new watcher, the lady went to Quincy, Ill., where the city lady went to a hotel, and the detective advised his employers of the state of the case. Instructions were sent to change officers, and a Quincy officer was put to work. Remaining at Quincy a day, the lady left one fine morning on the Hannibal and St. Joseph road.

Her every movement had been watched, and the officer went on the train with her. At Cameron Junction, she took the cars for Kansas City, with the argus-eyed detective on the same car. Arriving there she went to a hotel, followed by the officer. The morning after her arrival in Kansas City, the detective was seated at breakfast, when a woman exactly resembling the one he had been watching, took her seat in the dining room. She was closely veiled, but the height, figure and dress were the same, and there could be no mistake about it. He quietly finished breakfast, and then resumed his position to watch further developments. The omnibus rolled up in front of the door, and passengers bound on the Kansas-Pacification Railway were called for. The lady he had seen took her seat in the bus, he followed, and the two were soon on the train whirling westward. At Junction City the woman got off the car and took her seat in the depot, the officer following. A few hours afterward the train eastward came along, and the woman took her seat in one of the cars. Puzzled by this singular maneuver, the officer followed, and in due course of time both found themselves in the same hotel in Kansas City they had left in the morning. Next morning the astonishing fact was revealed that the woman who went to Junction City was merely a servant in the house, who nearly resembled the woman and figure the woman officer was following, and who had been dressed up in a suit of that individual's clothing as a decoy duck. Convinced that he had been sold, and unable to procure any trace whatever of the fugitive, the officer gave up the chase and reported to his employers. From this time, for some months, nothing was heard of either Norman Spencer or the woman whose wit had foiled the trained pursuers, but, inasmuch as it had been the ingenuity of a devoted woman that had covered the trail of the offender from the hunter, the game was not yet to be betrayed by a woman scorned.

It appeared that after having sent off the "decoy" the lady hurried to St. Joseph, where, under an assumed name, Spencer met her. Representing that he had resolved to buy a ranch in Galveston county, Texas, "far from the maddening crowd's strife," assume the name of Norman, and then marry the woman who had been so true to him, he induced her to remain in St. Joseph until he should send for her. She, all trusting, consented, and he returned to his Chocolate Bayou ranch. The man was false to her as to his employers, and his last letter, of comparatively recent date, counseled her to return to Titusville, as he was about to marry a lady of Galveston county. Desperately for him and happily for the law, she who had once through the bounds of the law off his trail, could put them on again, and she did. The result has been told already. The gentleman farmer of Chocolate—no longer Mr. Norman, but Norman Spencer, the felon—was arrested for his crime in the supreme hour of his fancied security, and, like Eugene Aram, went forth to retribution "with gyves upon his wrists."

The London newspapers tell of a belle who paid \$25 to have initials of her lover's name tattooed on her arm, and later, having quarreled with him, was offering \$500 for a means of obliteration.

Indian Massacres.

Thursday evening the people of Hillsborough were horrified by the intelligence that the Indians had raided the placer camp, about five miles below that town. The news came to the effect that they had ridden into camp in great numbers, mounted on government horses and armed with revolvers and government rifles. They sacked the camp, driving between thirty and forty head of stock. The miners were mostly all at work on their claims, and having no thought of an attack, had left their arms in their cabins. Some few, however, rushed for and obtained their guns and opened fire on the band of red devils as they were riding lightly and thither through the camp. This fire was unavailing, and the Indians, who immediately shot and mangled several women and children in isolated cabins, as also wounding several men. They rode off in a body, driving the captured stock before them, in the direction of the Patches river. The band numbered seventy-five to one hundred Indians. A number of miners rode pell-mell for Hillsborough, carrying the startling news that the copper-colored devils were heading toward that town. For a while this caused great consternation and excitement. Women and children were gathered together in a common place of safety, and the town, though woefully deficient in arms, presented a stirring and martial appearance. Soon came another courier from the placers, saying that the band had divided into two parties and that both divisions were making south: one toward the Trujillo place, and the other toward McEvar's ciénega. A band of twenty Americans, imperfectly armed and poorly mounted, started out at once to intercept them. The band was followed by other smaller parties—starting out whenever they could find horses and guns to go with. The first party which started after the Indians came upon them in a cornfield the other side of McEvar's house, and immediately gave them battle, but the force of the red skins so overpowered them in numbers, and was so much better armed than the Americans were scattered, although fighting in a brave manner, only like Hillsborough boys can do—like chaff before the wind. They broke and separated, each man taking care of himself as best he could, meanwhile many a saddle they emptied of its red skin occupant, and a large number of Indian horses were left as prizes. The Indians are known to be on the road, but were intercepted by a detachment of Indians before they could reach the ciénega, where they could hear the rattling. The relieving party at once engaged the detachment of reds and fought as only men can fight whose lives are at stake, but all to no purpose, the odds were too great; they being outnumbered ten to one. They saw that they were surrounded; a shower of Indian bullets was poured in upon their little company from all sides, and finally they, too, sought each for himself shelter as best he could find. They retreated, some on horseback, some on foot, and some on the field, a larger number wounded, and animals crippled and dying on every side. Small parties made their way afoot, skulking behind bushes and rocks, where they joined those who had first gone out and who had reassembled after the rout at McEvar's ranch; others picked up their horses on the other side of the hills, and made their way back to Hillsborough, to carry the direful news and obtain reinforcements; and others detached in their flight by the merciless savages, were ridden down, trampled upon, mutilated in every conceivable and inhuman manner, and left dead or dying—food for the vultures and coyotes. In this conflict the Indians are known to have lost their chief, who fell from his saddle, pierced through the heart by a bullet from the unerring rifle of poor Tom Hughes, who paid the forfeit of his own life just one moment after. The savages having now whetted their horrid thirst for blood, and maddened beyond measure at the death of their chief, they fresh parties to attack, made their way to a Mexican ranch a short distance off, where resided ten souls—three men, a youth, three women and three children of tender years, one a mere suckling babe. All of this congregation were cruelly massacred, the men hacked to pieces with lances and killed with axes and their little innocent heads cleft from crown to chin, and the women, reserved for a still more horrible fate, were left dead and mutilated after atrocities that had been committed, the very thought of which compels humanity to shrink.

FARM, GARDEN, HOME.

REBUILDING PICTURE FRAMES.—Get a bottle of gold paint, take a sauce dish and mix up a little at a time, for it is in two bottles, and apply with a small paint brush; it will cost sixty-five cents, and will regild a number.

RUBBING POSTS.—A few rubbing-posts set up in pastures, will save injury to the fences. Cattle will use these conveniences very often, if provided for them, and it is worth all the trouble to witness the enjoyment of the animals in the use of them.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Twelve ears of green corn, grated, one quart of sweet milk, three tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar and three eggs; bake in a buttered dish until it begins to thicken, then it is done, put the butter in last on top and it will bake nice and brown.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Take one peck of tomatoes, gathered green, and one third as many peppers, soak them in cold water twenty-four hours; cold, sharp vinegar enough to cover, with an ounce of bruised cloves to a gallon of vinegar. Tomatoes pickled in this way will keep one year.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, one of butter, two of raisins, two of currents, one of citron, ten eggs, one quarter ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, two nutmegs, an ounce of mace, half ounce of allspice, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of brandy and one-half cup of wine; bake four hours.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Take ripe tomatoes and wipe them dry, taking care not to break the skin. Put them into a jar with cold vinegar, adding a thin muslin bag filled with cloves and whole peppers. Then cork the jar tightly with a cork that has been dipped in melted rosin and put away in a dry place. Tomatoes pickled in this manner keep perfectly well and retain their color. For this purpose use the small round tomatoes.

How the Caffre King Kept His Word.

Trooper Riekers, belonging to one of the corps engaged in hostilities against Seccoeni, and who has been missing for some time, has come in with a remarkable story of his adventures during his peregrinations. He was captured by the enemy and taken to Seccoeni's, where he was right royally treated, and sent away with a present of £5 from the chief and a letter to prove that he had been in the kraal. He says: "My horse being knocked up, I was ordered to remain with the Caffres at Murder Kop, with Mr. Tainton, but as I did not rigidly comprehend my instructions I continued on the march and rejoined my troop, which was B troop, Ferreira's horse, and I remained with them until the first lot of cattle were taken. After this I got separated from the main body and fell in with five others who had also lost themselves. They were Peter Grant, Abramson, Jackhorst, George and St. Croix. We rode through the morning without finding the spoor of the main body. My horse by this time was so exhausted that I shouted to the men and wanted them to stop, but they went on, and were frequently two hundred yards ahead of me. At length I was left alone together, as I could not keep up to them. I remembered that Grant had told me that the Panama flats were on the other side of a high mountain; but before I got halfway up my horse gave in, and I let him loose, after which I never saw him again until I got to Seccoeni's. I then walked over the mountains and on the flats in search of water, but found none until noon the following day. The river where I got it was smaller than the Olifants river, and I followed it because I met large troops of cattle. Nobody saw me. I went toward a high mountain, but was too tired to get to the top that night, and walked up the next morning. When here, I made up my mind to follow the first path I saw. "While going along I saw large troops of cattle, and at noon I observed a Caffre town in front of me. Two Caffre women saw me and gave the alarm. I then hid my gun in the bush. I was beaten and scratched by the women, and some men came out and took me into a kraal. I told them that I had left Middelburg drunk, and had lost the road, but they laughed at me. They, however, gave me something to eat and drink. After this I was marched off to Seccoeni's town, about six miles away. Here the men came out in thousands, and I was beaten with sticks. A brother of Seccoeni's came out afterward and took me up to Seccoeni's kraal. Seccoeni sent to say that I must not be afraid and ordered that I should be taken to a hut and tied up. In the evening I had an interview with Seccoeni, and told him the same story I had told the others about the reason of my being in the neighborhood. He believed that he was not such a fool as to believe that I had been drinking beer to drink and dismissed me, saying that I must not be afraid as he would see that I should be sent to the fort safely. The next day I did not see the Chief, but on the day after he sent for me and told me to speak the truth to him. I was shown four Martini-Henry rifles, one of which he recognized as mine, which I had hid away, and fifteen cartridges. Seccoeni then produced the arm and hand of a white man, and said the five men had been seen and two were dead. He again asked me to speak the truth, and I confessed that I belonged to Ferreira's horse. He then said that he had given me word, and never broke it, and I should go and added that he knew just as well as a white man how to treat a prisoner.

"I was next asked if I recognized the arm, and the spectacles of Peter Grant were held up before me. The day after I saw Seccoeni again, when he said I should get my horse back, and in the evening he told him that I could not get without a saddle. In the morning he ordered two Caffres to accompany me with a white flag, and I was brought through by Mamalube to this side of the road to the fort. Seccoeni's brother was with me up to this time, and before leaving he gave me ten half-sovereigns in gold, and told him that I had been given many thousands of Caffres. Seccoeni wanted to know why the war was still carried on against him, and why peace was not made. The chief whose cattle was captured by us was there and he tied my legs. He added that he and his people would fight the white man to the last, and that he had better not come to his side of the mountains, as we would never get out again. A paper was given me by Seccoeni's brother for Capt. Ferreira. When Riekers arrived in camp he looked more dead than alive.—Transvaal Argus.

ACTOR AND KING.—The King of Denmark was the other day driving along a sea-side road, when suddenly his carriage came in collision with another driven by a well-known young actor. The King was unhurt, but his vehicle was so injured that he was obliged to finish his journey on foot. The actor was so comically depressed that he recognized his sovereign but he was unable to give utterance to his feelings. Nor was he less perplexed when the King turned and said to him: "My dear Mr. A—, I would really suggest to you the propriety of studying your part as coachman a little better next time. If you had not prepared yourself more carefully for previous performances in which I have seen you, I am afraid I should never have had the pleasure of witnessing your performances at all; and if you continue to appear in the role you have now taken up, with no better success than has attended you to-day, I fear that that will happen which will effectively deprive me of the pleasure of ever seeing you again."

A LITTLE FELLOW IN NORWICH, CONN.—A little fellow in Norwich, Conn., rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused the "Original Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration a few minutes, and then rushing into the house, he met his grandmother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady in her usual candid way. "Well," said the grandson, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done."

FIVE HANDED WELSH IMMIGRANTS have lately arrived in Scranton, Pa.

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.

Oregon.

[St. Louis Republican.]

The immense shipments of grain from this country to Europe during the last four years have opened our eyes and the eyes of foreigners to the unsuspected capacities of the West. But the whole truth is not known even yet. We have measured the proportions of Texas and its marvelous capacity for cattle growing; we have some exhibitions of the grain-growing powers of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado; we have seen Minnesota increasing its wheat yield with each succeeding year, and during the last twelve months we have become slightly acquainted with the immense fertile region of Dakota, where the machinery-respiced wheat fields are as large as principalities, but there is another region of almost boundless resources lying still further west which has almost escaped observation. Oregon is a State scarcely less interesting than California, though it does not attract as large a share of public attention. The population of its chief city, Portland, has grown in the last nine years from 9000 to 20,000. Last year a thousand new houses were erected, and it is stated that there is "more actual wealth per capita in Portland than in any other city in the country, except Providence, Rhode Island." The wheat fields of Eastern Oregon and Washington and Northern Idaho are as fertile as those less marvellous than those along the line of the Northern Pacific in Dakota. This region was once given up to bunch-grass but it has been found by experiment that bunch-grass land is good wheat land, and the district lying along the Columbia river in Oregon and Washington Territory a hundred miles in width and three hundred miles in length, being larger in extent than the State of Pennsylvania, is being gradually broken up in to wheat cultivation. The soil is declared to be fertile and productive beyond the conception of those who have not looked upon it and seen the illustrations of its yielding capacity—turning out thirty, forty, fifty and even seventy-five bushels per acre, and giving an average of thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre, with still larger yields of oats and barley, year after year, with unfailing regularity—for, unlike the wheat crop of California, that of Oregon never fails. A State with such agricultural resources as these, with a genial climate and with a seaport whose harbor affords shelter to vessels drawing nineteen feet of water, cannot but rise to wealth and honor, and it will not be many years before Oregon will contest with California the Pacific Coast supremacy.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAUX IN A NEW ROLE.—Carlotta Patti and De Munck are married. The Marquis de Caux was one of the witnesses. At the reception after the ceremony, the Marquis blessed the happy couple like a *pere noble*, or rather a *beau frere noble*. He made a touching address that drew tears from the eyes of a *Figaro* correspondent who was present at the buffet. He warned M. De Munck against the vice of gambling. He assured him that this was the happiest moment of his life—of course, the happiest but one; for, at least, the happiest was that; his faith to the fondly loved and fondly regretted Adeline before the Mayor of the First Arrondissement. He welcomed M. De Munck into his family; as a noble, as a Marquis, as a Breton gentleman, he embraced in spirit his new parent. Henceforth their interests were in common. Would M. De Munck lend him a thousand francs till Tuesday next, at 3 o'clock p. m.? These were for Adeline—poor angel! Here emotion choked the Marquis' voice. As for Carlotta, he continued, he looked upon her as a sister; it pained him to think that she was going so far away. Were he not the husband of Adeline he would gladly be the spouse of Carlotta. Finally, he wished them all the happiness that can befall a loving pair. He could offer no better model for imitation than his own domestic career. But let Carlotta beware of avarice, to which Adeline had become a victim, refusing absolutely to furnish him, a Breton gentleman, with the pocket money necessary for his *menus plaisirs*. Let her not be extravagant and squander on a "celist" he meant let her always remember that she had a brother-in-law, poor, destitute and abandoned. He then solemnly gave them his blessing.

HOW TO PRINT SEVERAL COPIES OF A LETTER.—A new process, by M. Charodon, is as follows: Make a zinc tray about a quarter of an inch in depth and pour into it a solution made as follows: Water, four ounces; sulphate of barium, two and one-half ounces; sugar, one ounce; gelatine, one ounce; glycerine, six ounces. Write whatever is required to be printed upon a sheet of white paper, using instead of ordinary ink the aniline color known as "violet of methylniline." As soon as the writing is pretty dry, lay it upon the gelatine surface and rub the back of the paper with the palm of the hand. The ink will be absorbed by the gelatinous product. All that is to be done in order to obtain a fine simile of the writing is to lay a sheet of paper upon the writing on the gelatine and rub the back with the hand. From forty to fifty can thus be drawn off in a few minutes. We find that in warm weather, plates thus prepared to remain too soft and adhesive to work satisfactorily. Better results are obtained when a larger proportion of barium sulphate—say three and one-half ounces—are used and the mixture is heated for an hour on the water-bath.—[Scientific American.]

A lady's underwear is described by that delicate and dainty term "lingerie," but a man is obliged to use such blameworthy compounds as "shirt" and "night-gown."—[Boston Post.]