COAST MAIL.

VOL. VII. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1885. NO. 2

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

R. MAINS,
MERCHANT
TAILOR!
FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD

JUST RECEIVED,
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Stock of Foreign and Domestic Hats and Fancy Suits of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Which will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES.
☞ Ready-made goods bought at this shop altered and pressed free of charge.
Gives me a call. R. MAINS.
[n816]

MRS. M. TOWER,
MILLINERY
—AND—
DRESS-MAKING!
EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.
HAS ON HAND A NEW AND fine stock of Millinery and Dress-Making Goods!
☞ All orders promptly attended to.
n29

MILLINERY!
NEW GOODS! NEW STYLES!
C. F. LUSE
LATE FOR W. F. BURNS,
[illegible] Hotel,
[illegible] TFULLY INFORM [illegible] Marshfield and vicinity that [illegible] STOCK OF NEW GOODS [illegible] COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
HATS, CAPS, TRIMMINGS,
and Millinery Goods of all kinds.
ALSO—
Children's Toys
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
[illegible]

[redacted]

☞ The newsing room of this hotel contains the leading papers of the Atlantic States and the Pacific coast.
FERREY & HOLLAND,
sep10 *Proprietors.*

—THE—
WESTERN HOTEL
South Front street, Marshfield,
JOHN SNYDER, : : : : : Proprietor

I HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN CHARGE of the above-named well-established hotel, and am sparing neither pains nor expense to insure my guests the best of accommodations.
THE TABLES AT THE WESTERN
Are supplied with the best the market affords, and patrons of the house receive prompt and courteous attention.
TERMS—Board and lodging, per week...$5 00
Board by the day.... 1 00
Single meals.... 50
n17

CENTRAL HOTEL!
Corner of Front and A streets,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON,
JOHN J. KRONHOLM, - - - Proprietor

THIS WELL-KNOWN AND FAVORITE HOTEL has just been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout and is again open to the public for patronage.
New beds and spring mattresses have been placed in almost every sleeping room of the house and neither trouble nor expense has been spared to put everything in first-class order.
At the bar is to be found the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.
A new entrance to the dining room has been made that opens on Front street, and the tables will always be supplied with the choicest the market affords.
n93 J. J. KRONHOLM, Proprietor.

MARSHFIELD
LUNCH HOUSE
AND RESTAURANT!
(Formerly Belcher's.)
MATT STORA, Jr., Proprietor
MEALS AT ALL HOURS!
From 15 Cents to $1 00.
Till after Midnight, when they will be
From 50 Cents to $1 00.
☞ Board by the Day, Week or Month.

A variety of the best brands of San Francisco Beer always on hand.
Also, choice Wines and Cigars.
☞ Fresh Eastern Oysters by every steamer—served in any desired style.
Special attention paid to Ladies and Families. Give me a call.
oc25 MATT STORA, Jr.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT all county scrip accepted prior to January 9, 1884, is now payable on presentation. No interest will be allowed on these warrants after the 20th of this month.

Dated at Empire City, Oregon, this 14th day of July, A. D. 1884.

A. P. OWEN, Treasurer.

NOTHING LOST BUT A HEART.

Drifting away from each other,
Ever and ever drifting apart;
Nothing between but the world's cold screen;
Nothing to lose but a heart.

Only two lives, dividing
More and more every day;
Only one soul from another soul
Steadily drifting away.

Only a man's heart striving
Bitterly hard with its doom;
Only a hand tender and bland
Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.

The world cannot stand still,
Tides ebb, and women change—
Nothing here that is worth a tear,
One love less—nothing strange.

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart,
No wrong to each that the world can reach;
Nothing lost—but a heart.

Something New for the Sleepless.

[English Medical Journal.]

Now, what is it that disturbs sleep? Noise? Not altogether, for the inhabitants of besieged towns have been known to sleep through the roar of bombardment, and to waken suddenly when the firing ceased. Millers will sometimes start up from sleep, awakened by the mere stopping of the mill-wheel. The rattle of a train in motion will induce sleep, as all travelers know. And last, not least, the sleep of infants, the sweetest and soundest sleep of all, is promoted by sound. The popular view, then, that noise disturbs sleep, like most popular views, only touches the truth, but does not grasp it. The true cause of disturbance is interruption. Any sudden cessation of the continuity of silence or of sound awakens the sleeper; for sound, provided it be monotonous, has precisely the same [illegible] as silence. That [illegible] the alarm-clock [illegible] of interruption [illegible] object, [illegible] sound? Its utility, to delicate [illegible] especially, would be undoubted. Call it a morphiometer, the somniferous, or, if a French title, and christen it [illegible] same, or sleep-preserver—a name, by the way, that would truly designate its object; for its real object would not be so much to promote sleep as to insure the sleeper against disturbance (and vulnerable side of light sleepers) by placing a bulwark of sound between him and the sudden shocks of extraneous noise. [illegible] your sleep-preserver produce the monotonous buzz of the humming- [illegible] loud as to be heard in an adjoining room, but lead one to drown [illegible] voices when placed close to the [illegible] hung over the pillow.

[redacted]

[illegible] of [illegible] low latitudes [illegible] is very [illegible] rain the [illegible] in a few hours. This quality [illegible] to make perspiration [illegible] skin dry faster than [illegible] stations. There [illegible] waste faster [illegible] that [illegible] of [illegible] than old.

It is probable this rapid evaporation at great heights and the [illegible] which it engenders that the Swiss have to thank for their wonderful drinking powers. The other week the marksmen of Canton Vaud held their annual rifle meeting at Payerne, a picturesque village on the Broye, and the local papers mention with something like pride that the shooters and their friends drank the place dry.

Everybody who has been in the Highlands of Scotland, or any other mountainland, and tried the experiment, knows that he can drink with impunity much more whisky, or whatever the vin du pays may be, than he can drink at home. This, it may be as well to observe, is mentioned as a dry fact, not as an additional reason for going to the mountains.

A Lady Mesmerist.

[Chronicle "Undercurrents."]

It has always surprised me to find that here few people have ever heard of mesmerism. Yet in the old country it is so common a thing that mesmerists have long been relegated to the country districts. I can remember as a boy the scholars having a half-holiday and being taken to a mesmerism exhibition. I think the woman's name was Mrs. Hamilton and she used to seat a lot of boys to chairs, make each of them in turn fasten his eyes upon her while she made a few passes before them and then they did exactly what she told them to do. Some of them would abandon themselves to their natural impulses and fight, or talk, or give themselves and their companions away by telling things they had no business to. It was fun for those who looked on. When they had gone far enough she reversed the passes and they woke up quite unconscious of what they had been doing. The fact is that scientists are so jealous of the general intelligence that they ridicule anything that has not been discovered by one of themselves and they never will permit anybody to believe in the genuineness of anything science can not account for. They have some scientific explanation of mesmerism, which, however, simply defines the process and the result.

An Unpleasant Subject.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

The name of Tom Scott, the great railroad manager, is not revered in Atlanta, Ga. During the rebellion, and just after Gen. Sherman's army had passed through that portion of the south, burning and destroying every thing, Scott visited that city. A great many of the houses had been burned, and nothing but the chimneys remained. Meeting a southern lady, he laughingly said:

"You Atlanta people are very strange."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because you build your chimney before you do your houses."

The conversation was repeated, and Tom was disliked.

The Greatest Coffee-Drinkers.

[Popular Science News.]

The Hollanders are the greatest coffee-drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about eighteen pounds per head of the whole population. Amsterdam has long been one of the great coffee-marts of the world; and, being admitted free of duty, coffee is very cheap. Next come Belgium and Denmark, in which the consumption per capita is about half that of Holland. Next come the United States, in which the consumption per capita in 1880 was 8.8 pounds. The present consumption of coffee in the United States may be stated at a little over one pound per week for each family in the nation.

IN A FLASH.

[Chambers' Journal.]

When first I remember my Aunt Barbara she was over 40 years of age, but she could never have been accounted a handsome woman. She was very tall and very angular, with a long, thin face, the most remarkable feature of which was a Roman nose of commanding proportions. But as she had one of the kindest of hearts in the world, her paucity of good looks seemed a matter of trifling moment to those who had the privilege of knowing her well. It was at my request that, some two or three years before her death, she wrote out the following narrative of an actual occurrence in her life. I put the manuscript away at the time and did not come across it again until the other day. On looking over it once more, it seemed to me not to be unworthy of being transcribed for a wider circle of readers than that comprised by the writer's immediate friends and acquaintances.

You ask me to go back in memory (begins my aunt) to what seems to me now like a period of remote antiquity, when I, Barbara Waldron, was [illegible] years of age, and my sister Bessie [illegible] years younger, and endeavor to [illegible] in writing the little story I told [illegible] end of mouth a few days ago.

You must know [illegible] those far-off days my sister [illegible] keeping house for our brother [illegible] at that time filled the position [illegible] and land agent to Lord Dorrington. The house we lived in was a pleasant [illegible] somewhat lonely residence, about [illegible] from the little country town [illegible] field. The house suited us for several [illegible] In the first place, the rent was [illegible] the next, a large walled garden [illegible] to it, in which Bessie and I [illegible] happy hours; and in the third place [illegible] was a side entrance to Dorrington [illegible] which our brother could [illegible] named Reuben Gates, who did not, however, sleep on the premises. An important part of John's duties was to receive and pay into the Levensfield bank the rents due from the farmers and other tenants of property held under Lord Dorrington. One such tenant was a certain Mr. Shillito, a corn and seed merchant, who was noted for his eccentricities. It was only in keeping with Mr. Shillito's aggravating way of doing business that he should never pay his rent at the time other people paid theirs; that he should pay it in gold and notes, instead of giving a check for the amount, as he was quite in a position to have done, and that he should make a point of bringing it himself, instead of naming a time when my brother might have called upon him; and finally, that he seldom arrived with the money till after banking hours.

We come now to a [illegible] autumn evening. Kitty had [illegible] tea-tray. It was [illegible] dusk, almost too dusk to [illegible] the lamp, but Bessie [illegible] economize the daylight [illegible] especially now [illegible] lights were so close [illegible] had come in for a cup [illegible] evening he was going to [illegible] to Nethercroft, some ten miles [illegible] dine there with some friends, and [illegible] all night. After dinner there was to be a dance, and I was not without my suspicions as to the nature of the attraction which was taking him so far from home, although he laughingly pooh-poohed the soft impeachment when I challenged him with it. John was in the act of putting down his cup and saucer when he heard a noise of wheels outside, which presently came to a stand opposite the house. He crossed the room and peered through the window.

"It's old Shillito, come to pay his rent," he remarked a moment later. "Two hours after banking time, as usual. What a nuisance he is!" He went down stairs; and about ten minutes later we heard Mr. Shillito's trap start off. Presently John came back. "Ninety pounds, all in gold and notes," he said. "I've had to lock it up in my desk till morning."

"I may here remark that iron safes for the custody of money and other valuables were by no means so common in those days, especially in out-of-the-way country places, as they appear to have since become.

"But the money will be quite safe in your desk, won't it, John?" asked Bessie.

"Safe enough without a doubt, seeing that no one but ourselves knows of its presence there. Only, as a matter of business, I should prefer to have had it in the coffers of the bank." Presently he added: "The old fellow was half-seas over, as he generally is, and I have no doubt, with so many houses of call by the way, that he will be soaked through and though before he reaches home. I wonder whether he goes to bed sober a night in his life?"

A few minutes later John kissed us and bade us good night. Bessie and I went to the window to see him start, but by this time it was nearly dark. He waved his whip at us as soon as he had settled himself in his seat, then he gave the reins a little shake. Black Berly's heels struck fire from the stones as she sprang forward, the gravel scrunched beneath the wheels and a moment later the shadows of evening had swallowed up horse and gig and driver. My sister and I pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains and rang for Kitty to bring in the lamp.

The evening passed after our usual quiet fashion. We worked a little and read a little and played some half dozen duets and chatted between times, till the clock pointed to 10:30 o'clock, at which hour we generally retired for the night. My last duty every evening was to go the round of the house and satisfy myself that all the lights were out, that the fires were safe and that all the doors and windows were properly secured. When this duty had been duly accomplished to night the drawing-room lamp was extinguished and then Bessie and I took our bed candles and marched up stairs, leaving darkness and solitude behind us. Mary Gibbs and Kitty had retired long ago.

My sister's room and mine adjoined each other, with a door of communication between, which generally stood partly open at night for the sake of companionship. The windows of both rooms looked into the garden, which ran in a wide strip along that side of the house and was shut in by a wall some seven or eight feet high, beyond which there were three or four meadows, and then the boundary wall of Dorrington park.

It was close on 1 o'clock—as I found out afterwards—when I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep. The instant I opened my eyes the room was illuminated by a vivid flash of lightning and it was in all probability a peal of thunder that had broken my slumbers. Another flash followed after a brief interval, succeeded again by the deafening accompaniment. My sleep was effectually broken. I arose, flung a shawl over my shoulders, and crossing to the window drew back the blind and peered out. As long ago as I can remember lightning has always had a singular fascination for me. As a child I loved to gaze upon its vivid splendors and in this respect at least years have left me unchanged. A board creaked as I crossed the floor.

"Is that you, Barbara?" asked my sister from the other room.

"Yes, dear. I am going to look out for a few minutes. Is not the lightning beautiful?"

"Very beautiful; only I wish it were anywhere rather than here," answered Bessie, who at such times was just as nervous I was the reverse.

The flashes followed each other at intervals of about a minute. I had witnessed three or four when suddenly I gave a start, and an exclamation broke involuntarily from my lips. The last flash had revealed to me the figures of two men in the act of climbing over the garden wall. One of the men was a stranger to me; but in the other, instantaneous as was the revelation, I recognized the somewhat peculiar face and figure of a man named Dethel, whom my brother had employed temporarily during the last week or two in the garden, our regular man being laid up at the time with rheumatism. There was something in the looks of the man in question which had set me against him from the first; but if we were all to be judged by our looks alone what would become of us? For aught I knew to the contrary Dethel might be an honest, hard-[illegible] fellow, with a wife and children [illegible] on him; but for all that, on [illegible] was working for us I carefully [illegible] from going into the garden.

And now here was [illegible] another with him, effecting [illegible] entry of the premises at [illegible] this morning! Such a [illegible] have but one end in view. [illegible] at once put themselves to [illegible] were these [illegible] was from [illegible] only three [illegible] were left in the [illegible] by some [illegible] the fact that a [illegible] Shillito had paid [illegible] sum of money, which must necessarily still be somewhere on the premises? In my mind there was little doubt that both these facts were fully known to the men. My brother's movements were as open as the day, and Dethel had doubtless ascertained from Reuben, the groom, that his master would be from home on this particular night; while, as for Mr. Shillito, everybody knew how he talked in his loud-voiced way about his most private affairs when he had taken more to drink than was good for him. At the bar of more than one tavern that evening every one who might chance to be within hearing would not fail to be informed that Mr. Shillito had just paid John Waldron his half-year's rent.

These thoughts flashed through my mind almost as quickly as that flash which revealed so much. Breathlessly I waited for the next flash. It came, shattering the darkness for an instant, and then it, too, was swallowed up. The men were no longer visible. Between the two flashes they had had time to drop on the inner side of the wall, where the thick clumps of evergreens which clothed that part of the grounds would effectually screen them from view. At that very moment they were doubtless making their way stealthily toward the house. What was to be done? Never had I realized so fully as at that moment how helpless a creature a woman is. Drawing my shawl more closely around me and putting on a pair of list slippers which I wore about the house in cold weather, I crept noiselessly out of the room. At the top of the stairs I halted and listened, but all was silence the most profound. The corridor out of which the bed-room opened was lighted at the opposite end by a high, narrow window which looked into the garden. To this window I now made my way, and there, with one ear pressed to the cold glass, I stood and listened. Presently I heard the faint sound of footsteps, and then the subdued voices of two people talking to each other. Directly under the place where I was standing was the back drawing-room which opened on the garden by means of a French window; and, although this window was secured at night by shutters, I had an idea that the security in question was more fancied than real, and was of a kind that would be laughed to scorn by any burglar who was acquainted with his business. If the men had made up their minds to break into the house—and with what other object should be there?—the probability was that they would make the attempt by the way of the French window. Even while this thought was passing through my mind the voices of men sank to a whisper, and a low, peculiar grating sound made itself heard. Evidently they have already begun to force the fastenings of the window. I crept back to my room, feeling utterly dazed and helpless.

"Is that you, Barbara? Where have you been?" asked my sister.

Going into her room, I sat down on the side of the bed and told her everything in as few words as possible. She was of a somewhat timid and nervous disposition, and my news visibly affected her. She sat up in bed, trembling and clinging to my arm.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "if we lock our bedroom doors and keep very quiet they will go away without coming near us."

"Why, you goose, it's not us they have come after, but Mr. Shillito's 90 pounds sterling," I answered.

"And there's poor mamma's silver tea-service down stairs; I hope they won't find that," said Bessie.

I hoped so too, but there was no judging how much Dethel had contrived to ascertain respecting us and our affairs. I went to the corridor window again and listened. The noise made by the men was now plainly distinguishable. It seemed as if they were trying to file or cut their way through some obstruction. After listening for a few moments I went back to my room and began, almost mechanically, to put on a few articles of clothing, asking myself again and again as I did so whether it was not possible to do something—though what that something ought to be I knew no more than the man in the moon. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile away, and even if I could have stolen out unnoticed by way of the front door, before I could have reached the farm and brought back help the burglars would have effected their purpose and decamped. Our pecuniary means at that time were very straitened. For some time back John had been paying off some old family debts; and the loss of the 90 pounds sterling—which, as a matter of course, he would feel bound to make good—would be a great blow to him. If I could only have got at the money and have hidden it where the burglars would not be likely to find it, I felt that I should have accomplished something. But the bag was locked up in John's strong mahogany desk and was as utterly beyond my reach as if it had been in the coffers of the Bank of England, while yet it could hardly have been placed more conveniently ready to the hand of the thieves. To them the strong mahogany desk would seem a trifling obstacle indeed.

At this time, metaphorically speaking, I was wringing my hands, knowing full well how precious was the fast fleeting moments, but only feeling my helplessness the more I strove to discern some loophole of escape. Oh, the wretchedness of such feeling! I hope never to experience it again in the same degree as I experienced it that night.

The lightning, if not quite so vivid as it had been a little while previously, still came in as frequent flashes, and by its light my sister and I made a hurried toilet. Our house stood a little way back from the highroad, from which it was divided by a tiny lawn and low screen of evergreens. Once or twice in the course of the night one of the mounted constabulary would ride slowly past as he went his rounds; but I was without any knowledge as to the particular time when he might be expected, or whether, in fact, the time at which he might be looked for at any specified point did not vary from night to night. Still, there was just a possibility that he might put in an appearance at any moment; so I stationed Bessie at the window to keep a lookout for him and be in readiness to raise an alarm the moment she heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs. For once, in a way, the lightning was something to be thankful for; each flash lighted up the highroad for a considerable distance on both sides of the house.

When this was done it seemed as if everything possible had been done, and yet it was next to nothing. With both hands pressed to my eyes I stood thinking as I seemed never to have thought before. Then it was that—as sudden, swift and startling as one of those flashes which were momentarily illuminating the outer world—an idea shot through my brain which, for an instant or two seemed to cause my heart to stand still. And yet at the first blush it was an idea that had about it something so preposterous, so ludicrous even, that had the need been at all less imminent I should have discarded it at once as little better than the inspiration of a mad woman. But, preposterous as the idea might seem, for the life of me I could think of no other, and every minute now was invaluable. There was no time for hesitation. I must discard it or adopt it, and that without a moment's delay. "I will try it; it can but fail," I said to myself, with an inward groan.

On the toilet table was a jar of white tooth-powder, which had been replenished the previous day. I shook out a quantity of this powder, shut my eyes, and proceeded to rub it thickly over my face, arms and hands. That done, I drew the white coverlet off the bed and draped myself with it loosely from head to foot; then I unbound my hair, which in those days was ebony black and reached below my waist, and shook it round my face and over my shoulders in "most admired disorder." I was now ready for the role I had made up my mind to enact.

Bessie has told me since that she thought I had taken leave of my senses. Just at the moment my toilet was completed, and as I turned and advanced toward her, another long, quivering flash lighted up the room. A low shriek burst involuntarily from my sister's lips, and she shrank away from me as though I was something altogether uncanny.

"Oh, Barbara dear, what is the matter?" she cried. "Why do you frighten me so?"

"It is not you I want to frighten, but the men down stairs," I replied. Then, in a few hurried words, I told her my plan.

She would have tried to dissuade me, but there was no time to listen. Leaving her there watching by the window, ready to raise an alarm in case the mounted constable should pass on his round, I stole swiftly and noiselessly down the carpeted staircase and only paused when I reached the corridor below. I could hear a subdued murmur of voices and a moment later I was startled by a noise of falling glass. The burglars had succeeded in effecting an entrance. They and I were separated only by the drawing-room door, which, although locked, was an obstacle that very few minutes would suffice to overcome. With an indrawing of my breath I sped quickly past the door along the length of the corridor until I reached the opposite end, where there were two more doors, one of them being that of my brother's office, which also was locked, and from the lock of which I now withdrew the key. I have omitted to state that the window of John's office was secured by two stout bars, which was probably one reason why the thieves had chosen to effect an entrance at a point more readily adopted for their purpose. The second door at the end of the corridor shut off a short passage leading to the kitchen. This door I succeeded in opening without noise. I had decided to take my stand a little way on the inner side of it, and there await the course of events. By this time the men were busily at work forcing the lock of the drawing-room door. A thin thread of light which shone from under showed that although the lightning was still as frequent as before they did not find it sufficient for their purpose.

Scarcely breathing, I waited. I was too excited, too wrought up, the tension of my nerves was too extreme to allow of any personal fear. It was all terribly real, yet with a strange, vague sense of unreality underlying it. I felt as if I should not have been surprised had I woke up and found the whole affair resolve itself into a dream, while yet fully assured in my mind that it was nothing of the kind. Suddenly the noise at the door ceased; the lock had been forced. The thread of light disappeared; for a few moments all was silence the most profound. Then a faint creaking, which at any other time would have been inaudible, told me that the drawing-room door was being opened and that the crucial moment had come. I pressed one hand over my heart, and for a few brief seconds an almost overpowering longing seized me to get back to my room at any cost and lock myself within. But it was too late; by this time the men were in the corridor. I knew it, although I could not see them.

"Where's the door we want?" I heard one whisper to the other.

"On the right—the first door we come to."

As they advanced a step I did the same.

"What noise was that?" asked one of them quickly.

"Don't be a fool. There was no noise."

"I tell you there was. Where's the glim?"

But the lightning was quicker than the bull's-eye. It came, smiting the darkness and flooding the corridor with the blinding intensity of its glare. Then I saw the men and the men saw me, but darkness had hidden us from each other again before they had time to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them.

One of them gave a gasp and whispered to his mate: "What was that tall white thing at the end of the passage? Seemed to me like a ghost."

"Ghosts be dashed! There ain't no such things. Here's the glim. We'll soon see what it is." As he spoke the light of his bull's-eye lantern was turned full upon me.

I advanced a couple of paces and the men fell back in speechless surprise and terror. I have often tried since to picture to myself the appearance I must have presented when seen at such a moment and by that uncertain light, with my ghastly, death-like face, my dilated eyes, my black, snake-like locks, my tall figure all in white and with one extended arm and finger pointed direct at the men. I cannot wonder at the fright.

At this juncture came another flash, and a terrible peal of thunder startled the air and shook the house. At the very instant, impelled thereto by something within me that I was powerless to control, I burst into a wild peal of maniacal, blood-curdling laughter. One step nearer I advanced, but that was enough. With a loud yell of terror the men turned and fled the way they had come. I heard a crash of shattered glass and after that I remembered nothing more till I came to my senses, to find Bessie supporting my head on her lap and pressing her smelling-salts to my nose.

But John's 90 pounds sterling was saved and it is hardly necessary to add that Dethel, the ex-gardener, was never seen in those parts again.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

The Age of Patents—The Type-Writer and the Telephone.

[Gath's Letter.]

I fancy the day is near at hand when there will be an enormous collapse in patent supplies. If men only could believe it they would get on very well to-day if they would do all their own errands and have no more interruptions in their daily lives than their fathers had. We can telephone the grocer to send up more beer, the banker to buy us more stock; cable Europe, when we used to sit down and wait for Europe to come and visit us. All this expenditure of force in trifles probably expedites intercourse, but at the expense of the mental and moral fabric of man. He loses simplicity and identity and becomes a mere gadfly in the gadfly world.

Note, for instance, what a thing the type-writer has got to be. It is said that this invention was started in Milwaukee by a man who manufactured blank-books, and after they were bound had certain letters stamped on some of their pages. He wanted to make blank-books by the 10,000,000, and started to find somebody who would contribute the mechanics. They fussed along from year to year, until about 1873 they got the type-writer almost as it is and sent it to the factory to be made.

Of all the engines of war turned out by that factory it is the most revolutionary. The young woman who formerly drummed the piano from morning until night now executes on the type-writer. She thinks she can get employment, and, if not that, she can see her own contributions in print. The merchant finds that he can no longer do with pen and ink. The writing-master has gone out of use. If there are any longer perfect systems of penmanship, they are given up to the small boys. The next thing at hand is said to be a type writer into which you can talk, telephone fashion, and it will make the impressions.

It is simply impossible in such a chattering age for force of character to produce its due impression. Here is Africa being subdued with the old coffee-mill gun I once saw in the Army of the Potomac. Every body tried it there and said it wasn't worth a cuss. I put it away in my mind among the amusing things to recall at the fireside in old age. I suddenly wake up and find that the coffee-mill gun is the gatling gun, and that the greatest soldiers are merely doing like the organ-grinder, turning the crank and letting the pipes all off at once.

Krupp is making guns in Germany which throw red-hot stoves through the air seven or eight miles, but the man is born who will kill him with a small pill or pea of some kind. The wonders of science, which were expected to supplant religious systems in some way, have, up to this time, merely supplanted the usual common-sense of mankind. They have destroyed what was the last work of God himself to execute, man and woman.

Advantages of Mountain Air.

[London Times.]

A correspondent analyzes the causes of the undoubted advantages of mountain air. Mountain air, he shows, is less moist and heavy than the air of the plains and valleys. Much of the trouble of filtering it is spared the hard-worked lungs. As he ascends the climber carries a diminished weight. Physically the spirits rise with the lightened atmospheric load. Morally the mind is gladdened by the unclouded radiance of the landscape. In summer the heat is tempered for the mountaineer. An interesting series of scientific observations has demonstrated a graduated fall in the thermometer for each distinct increase of altitude.

Cold is not to be measured simply by Fahrenheit or centigrade. A Canadian frost is exquisite for vigorous constitutions. They who have experienced it complain bitterly of their sufferings from half the apparent cold in the British Isles. Winter on a Swiss mountain is, like a winter in Canada, more enjoyable than in the lowlands, because it is drier. For sickly frames it is more endurable, because it is more quiet and calm. It is a modern discovery that heights are not so unbearably cold as valleys. Though the breeze may career over them at will, there are no draughts. Weak chests are not assailed by a dozen temperatures within half a dozen hours. Of late years consumptive patients have substituted the still cold of Davos and St. Moritz for the more capricious mildness of Montpelier and Nice, with manifest improvement.

Sobriety Among Railroad Men.

[Chicago News.]

There is an enormously large number of laboring men who are practically under bonds to abstinence. This is particularly true of railway employes. The situation was well expressed by a locomotive engineer a few days ago when he said: "Things have come to the pass that railway managers have no use for a man addicted to liquor." This is true in exact proportion to the ability of the management. The Pennsylvania rules are extremely arbitrary upon this point. The Chicago & Northwestern general superintendent, when he hears that a man is indulging in drink, sends for him and talks to him like a father. If he reforms, well; if not, he is discharged. Drinking while off duty is forbidden on account of its after effects. The same thing is true of the Missouri Pacific, and in fact of about all the large roads. The various "brotherhoods," such as those of the locomotive engineers, firemen and conductors, discourage drink by every means in their power. An engineer discharged from the brotherhood for intemperate habits can not get a job upon any railway in the country. It is to be observed further that the restraint exercised by these forces is brought to bear upon a peculiarly restless and energetic class, who without it would be among the first to yield.

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