

The Coast Mail.

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By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor

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WOMEN ON WHEELS.

The Ladies of Washington in Pursuit of Health-Giving Exercises.

What One of the Fair Sex Has to Say of the Advantages of Riding the Tricycle.

[Washington Star.]

"A good many bicyclists are giving up their bicycles and getting tricycles," said an old rider of the "bike" whom the reporter caught the other day riding a "trike." "I ride a tricycle all the time, and I think anyone who rides one will soon prefer it to the bicycle. There is one comfort in it. After long runs I come home feeling much less fatigued than I used to feel after a bicycle run. Then the tricycle is more generally serviceable, good for all roads and grades. I prefer it, really, too, as an exercise. You see in a tricycle the motion is vertical, and in going up a street grade you pull directly up as on a health lift. On a bicycle your hands on the handlebars are at right angles with your body, and when power has to be applied it requires an unnatural and unusual exertion. Yes, sir, I am a tricycle man now," reiterated the ex-bicyclist as he let go his brake and started away.

A number of tricyclists formed a club, known as the Potomac Tricycle club, on the 16th of July last. There were nine original members, three of whom were ladies. Now the club number thirty members, of whom ten are ladies. Several of the gentlemen are old bicyclists. The club has frequent runs, starting about 8 o'clock in the evening, as that hour is most convenient to most of the members. The club proposes to make a run to Cabin John bridge, and during October to make a short tour in Virginia. The little party of ladies riding about the streets in the evening has attracted much notice recently. Such unfavorable comments as are heard generally come from ladies who probably would not cut a very pretty figure on a bicycle. The grace and freedom of the poise and motion is calculated to show off a good figure to fine advantage. A reporter was at the rendezvous the other evening when the ladies were about to start for a run.

One lady, in a dainty riding-habit, was very willing to explain to him all the points about the "machine." "I have been riding about six months," she said, "and I am very glad the club was organized. It has broken the ice. Other ladies are riding, and so I have company now."

"Do you find that it agrees with your health?" said the reporter.

"Why, it is splendid. I used to have headaches all the time, but now I have none, or, if I have one I start out on a ride and before I get home again the headache will be gone. The doctors used to say it was neuritis, but I guess they were mistaken, for that could not have been cured so easily. I ride now as often as I can, and wood over the hills and do not feel tired. There is a lady here who for many years has been crippled with paralysis so she had to walk on crutches. Her husband bought a 'sociable' a while ago and began to take her out on a horseback ride. She got so used to the horseback ride that when a lady talks about tricycling she is not able to get one or she cannot 'pull.'"

"It is a mock modesty," continued the lady, "that prevents many ladies from riding the tricycle. Some of them say that a woman sacrifices her dignity when she gets upon a tricycle. I am sure I lose no dignity when I ride my tricycle. Why, there is infinitely more dignity about a lady in a tricycle than a lady on horseback. If you don't believe it, you may notice the next lady you see taking a horseback ride. When a lady talks about tricycling she is not able to get one or she cannot 'pull.'"

"How about the dress?" "Well, I wear a little longer than an ordinary walking skirt. Some ladies of the club have been discussing the question of a uniform, but they are ladies, you know, and have not decided the matter yet. It is proposed to adopt the uniform of the 'Cycling Tourists' club of England. That consists of a skirt, a short cut-away coat, and a half-beaver hat."

"No," said the lady, anticipating the next question, "the ladies do not wear any starched underclothing. Such clothing would impede the free movement of the body. They wear dark trousers, and the uniform is sensible and fitted for the purpose for which intended. There is no superfluous clothing. It is well to have a dress especially for riding, for it is apt to become greasy from the machine. Some ladies here the other day insisted on riding in light-colored gingham dresses, because they thought it would be cool. Of course, before the run was over the dresses were spotted and soiled. There are ladies who do not like to put on superfluous clothing for, you know, it shows how slender they are. Ladies now do their shopping on tricycles. I would advise every lady to try it, they have no idea of the pleasure and health they could get out of one. Good by," and as the captain gave the signal the platoon of ladies wheeled away in the gloom, their course being marked by the row of dancing, gliding lights that twinkled in the distance like stars.

Artificial Fiction.

[The Independent.]
It would be a much wholesome sign of the times if our fiction writers were discussing how to make novels pleasingly harmless, or grandly helpful, or harmlessly amusing, or charmingly instructive, instead of warring over what a novel is. Of course there is a difference between ambrosia and baby tea. Fiction may be wholesomely virtuous without being in the slightest degree rank and vicious; so it may be tender and sweet without being insipid in any of its elements. The poignant danger of the present situation is that all the lines of fiction literature appear to be converging to a focus somewhere in the distance, on that realm which dissects rottenness, nastiness, wickedness, and artificial happiness under the sweet light of genius and in the delusive atmosphere of rarest art.

Sentencing a Grave-Digger.

[Texas Sittings.]
"And does this man refuse to provide for you and his children?" said a New York judge.
"Provide, yer honor," said the heart-broken wife; "av black eyes wor bread and mate, our cupboard would never be empty."
"What does he do for a living?" said the judge.
"He digs graves for his broken promises," said the wife.
The judge gave him six months.

A Love Song to a Wife.

Tis the beautiful love-breathing gleaming hour,
And the breeze is rocking each stamborous flower,
And 'neath the clustering hawthorne boughs
Lovers are breathing their tender vows.

Shy lids are drooping o'er radiant eyes
And the air is full of delightful sighs;
Cheeks glow and dimple and red lips part—
And, oh, how fondly heart answers heart!

For very gladness young pulses sing—
Ah, love is a wildering, witching thing;
An exquisite, treacherous, heaven-born strain,
That fills the soul with delicious pain.

We have been lovers for forty years;
O, dear cheeks, faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love ye tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I love ye well.

O, pale brow, shined in soft silvery hair!
Crowned with life's sorrow and lined with care:
Let me read by the light of the stars above
Those dear, dear records of faithful love.

Ah, fond, fond eyes of my own true wife!
Ye have shown so clear through my chequered life,
Ye have shed such joy on its thorny way,
That I cannot think ye are dim to-day.

Worn little hands, that have toiled so long,
Patient and loving and brave and strong!
I'll never tire, ye will never rest,
Until ye are crossed on my darling's breast!

Oh warm heart throbbing so close to mine!
Time only strengthens such love as thine;
And proves that the holiest love doth last,
When summer and beauty and youth are past.

—Fannie Forrest.

The Wreck of the Silva De Grace.

The wreck of the Silva De Grace by buoy No. 4 is fast disappearing. "In the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49," there came a man named Gray with that vessel, up from California. It was some time in July or August, and he beat up the river as far as he could get and ransacked the country for lumber, buying every foot he could find at from \$12 to \$15 per m. He bought as far as Salem and had the lumber hauled to the vessel; then warped and worked her down, loading at every place possible till he had night on to a million feet aboard. His heart was glad with high hopes of great fortune, for lumber was selling at \$350 a thousand in San Francisco, and the cargo of the Silva De Grace was worth to him \$350,000. Day and night he worked, and one pleasant afternoon in September, '49, he got the vessel round Tongue point, when, standing too far to the south of the channel, she ran on a sort of forked rock and no amount of effort could get her forward or back. Gray was almost frantic. Every day's delay made it all the more probable that some kind of a saw mill would be rigged up in the harbor of Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, and the golden visions of selling a million feet of lumber at \$350 a thousand fast disappeared as he found the unfortunate Silva De Grace fast on that fatal rock. Three days after there came an American ship from the Sandwich islands which had sailed from Boston with cargo for that place and was now under orders to return via the Columbia with what freight could be there procured. To the captain went Gray and offered him \$10,000 as a gift to himself and \$75 a thousand to load the lumber from the wreck of the Silva De Grace and carry it to San Francisco. The captain refused and Gray offered him \$15,000, \$20,000, \$25,000, but to no avail, the captain remaining obdurate and declaring that were he to lose his vessel in the attempt he could never look the owners in the face after disobeying their orders.

In those days vessels in the Columbia were like angels' visits—few and far between—that season a brig and a little later a schooner put in here and took a part of Gray's cargo to San Francisco; the rest staid here till it was no longer profitable to move it, and the Silva De Grace, which was built of live oak and as sound as a dollar, was cut down to her bulwarks, the stubby edges showing up black and grim even now, after a lapse of 36 years, as the tide ebbs its lowest to the west.—[Astorian.]

Bruce and Boggy.

Blanche K. Bruce, whose signature as register of the treasury now graces every national bank bill, was very popular while he was in the senate, although he is of African descent. Unobtrusive, attentive to business and modest, he conquered the prejudices against his race and was treated with marked courtesy by his associates. One day, after he had been a senator for two years or more, Senator Boggy, the aristocratic descendant of one of the old French families of St. Louis, took a seat by his side, saying: "Mr. Bruce, I have a bill here I want you to vote for. It is one in which I have a great personal interest. It has nothing political in it. Look at it and tell me what you think." Bruce laughed as he said: "Senator Boggy, I hope we shall arrange this more satisfactorily than our last business transaction."

"Our last business transaction? What do you mean?" Don't you remember meeting me before my coming to the senate?" "Most decidedly no." "I think I can refresh your memory, senator. Some twenty years ago you were one day running down Olive street in a hurry to catch a steamer. You were carrying an over-heavy valise. The day was very hot. Don't you remember the colored boy who came up and offered to carry the valise down to the levee for a quarter? You ran along with the boy. Soon the wharf-boat dock was reached. The boat was just swinging out. You ran and jumped on board. You called for the valise. The colored boy put the valise behind his back and called for his quarter. You hunted, fished out a quarter and tossed it ashore, but the gap was too wide to toss the valise. The captain had to stop the boat and back up before you could get your valise. Do you remember that?" "Well, I should say I do." "I was that colored boy."

The other day an itinerant musician, who carried under his arm a weather stained violin, entered a provision shop in the Rue des Martyrs, Paris, and

bought a pound or two of cooked ham. Suddenly discovering that he was moneyless, he left his violin with the shopman, and ran home to get the trifling sum of which he was in need. During his absence a carriage drew up at the door, a distinguished looking stranger having alighted from it, entered the shop and ordered a large quantity of goods to be sent to "Lord Russell," at the Grand hotel. While thus engaged he caught sight of the violin, picked it up with the air of a virtuoso, examined it very carefully, and finally offered to buy it for 1000 francs. The shopman explained that the instrument was not his, but offered to see what could be done. The stranger then withdrew, and the ragged musician, who soon after returned with his money, gladly accepted 800 francs for his violin. The jubilant shopman thereupon put on his best clothes, and, taking his purchase, went to the Grand hotel. But, alas! no "Lord Russell" was known at that hostelry, and the unfortunate provision dealer slowly awoke to the fact that he had bought a worthless violin for \$100.

An interesting clock has been fixed opposite the National Provincial bank in Bishopgate street, London. It is on the 24 hour principle, and is remarkable as possessing the simplest method which has yet been introduced for indicating time upon the new enumeration. The new clock has only one hand, the long minute hand, and the figures around are placed as heretofore; instead, however, of indicating the hours, they indicate the minutes only, which are marked from 5 to 60. The hours are shown on a sunk dial revolving under the upper dial, a space being left in the upper dial in which the next hour figure comes forward instantaneously upon the minute hand completing its circuit of 60 minutes. In short, the solitary hand marks the minutes, and the sunk space shows the hour.

The general prevalence of neuralgia of the head and face among women is beginning to attract the attention of the medical profession. And the absurdly diminutive hats and bonnets which so many women wear, covering, as they do, only a small portion of the head, come in for just denunciation as the cause of this disease. A writer in the British Medical Journal calls upon women to abrogate a fashion which is so unreasonable and deleterious. But the practice is not nearly so injurious in the mild climate of England as it is in this country.

Dr. V. Poulin writes to the British Medical Journal that he has always found a tablespoonful of fine bran in bread and milk, night and morning, to be the best method of combating constipation in children, and it is very useful in conveying to the child silica and phosphates. The bran may be allowed to soak in the milk, and then, when warmed up to a little below boiling point, it should be poured on the bread.

While a heavy storm was passing over Washington city on the 8th inst. the Washington monument was struck three times by lightning, without causing the least damage. Col. Casey examined the aluminum tip next morning with a powerful telescope, and found it as sharp and bright as when it was placed on the summit some months since.

It does seem rather foolhardy, if not foolish, for missionaries to continue insisting upon losing themselves in the wilds of Africa, when there are so many heathen nearer at home whose conversion is surely warranted, and which would not be attended by the loss of a single missionary in a field that can be worked for years to come.

There is nothing new under the sun. The New York Sun disquisitions us on the subject of roller skating by saying it is not a distinctive American amusement, nor was an American the inventor of the roller skate. A Frenchman has that honor and the introduction of the amusement as early in the present century as 1819.

To reduce the expenses of the inspection bureau of the postoffice department within the limits of the appropriation, the postmaster general has requested the resignations of 14 inspectors, including J. J. Murphy of Oregon.

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Our extensive show cases are filled with the finest MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS. PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

N. B.—All goods purchased at our Store will be delivered free of charge at any point on the route of the steamer Myrtle. vlc-4

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Few papers in the country are so extensively quoted by the press in general for their bright and humorous paragraphs as the Chicago Daily News. These are all reproduced in the WEEKLY NEWS. In its editorial expression the paper speaks from the standpoint of the independent journalist, thereby escaping the temptation to support or condemn the questionable under the pressure of party allegiance. Mere partisan extremists will not like it; the fair-minded and thoughtful of all parties will appreciate and value its candid statements of facts and conclusions, all calculated to qualify the reader for the formation of his own intelligent opinion. The political events of the year to come promise to assume such a character that a thoroughly truthful and impartial record becomes all important rather than a partisan one, colored and perverted to individual liking.

In all its departments the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS aims to present an enterprising, impartial and entertaining family newspaper of the very highest grade.

WHAT OLD SUBSCRIBERS SAY

When they Renew their Subscriptions.

William Cannon, Pontiac, Oakland County, Mich., says: "I think it is the best paper in America. I like it better than any other paper I have ever read."

W. W. Rhodes, Adrian, Mich., says: "I don't want to miss a number. It is the best paper for my family."

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Execution Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF EXECUTION, tested the 27th day of March, A. D. 1895, out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Coos, on a certain decree and order duly rendered by the said Court, in favor of George H. W. Weaver, plaintiff, and against the HARDY COAL MINING COMPANY, defendant, commanding me, as Sheriff of the said County of Coos, to sell the premises hereinafter described, and apply the proceeds of said sale towards the satisfaction of the sum of \$17,320 62-100, by the said decree adjudged to be due from the said defendant to the said plaintiff, together with interest thereon from the 28th day of March, A. D. 1895, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and the costs of and upon this writ, I will,

On the Second Day of May, A. D. 1895, at one o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, offer for sale, at public auction, at the Court House door, in Empire City, in the said County of Coos, and then and there sell, to the highest bidder, for cash, all those certain pieces and parcels of land described as follows, to wit: The southeast quarter and lots one, two, three and four, and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-five, in township twenty-four south, of range thirteen west; also the southeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter and lot one of section one, in township twenty-five south, of range thirteen west; also the east half of the northeast quarter and the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter and lot four and five of section two, in township twenty-five south, of range thirteen west; also the northeast quarter and the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter and lot one of section three, in township twenty-four south, of range thirteen west; also lot two of section eleven, in township twenty-four south, of range thirteen west; all of said tracts being situate in said County of Coos and State of Oregon, and containing in the aggregate about 88-100 acres, together with the appurtenances or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said sum, interest and costs aforesaid.

Dated at Empire City this 21st day of March, A. D. 1895. Sheriff of the County of Coos, mrsdtd

In the State of Oregon.

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