

The Coast Mail.

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By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor.

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON:
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Necessity.

Gaunt-faced and hungry-eyed she waits,
This somber warder of our fates,
Forever sleepless while we sleep,
And silent while we watch and weep.

Sometimes, beguiled by smiling skies
And wooing winds, we shut our eyes,
Forgetting for a little space
That tiresome, unforgetting face.

Or, stirred as stir the sea in spring
By nature's force, we laugh and sing,
Or run to pass that waiting shape
With flying footsteps of escape.

But where we run she leads the way,
She goes before us night and day,
No flying footsteps can escape,
By any path, that somber shape.

Always she waits with whip and spur
To urge us on if we demur;
With bitter breath we call her foe,
As, driven thus, we rise and go.

The road we follow wind and twist,
Our eyes grow blind with blinding mist,
Blown down to us as we ascend
The upland heights that near the end.

And at the end—"Where is our foe?
Where hideth she?" we cry, and lo!
Through breaking mist, an angel's face
Looks out upon us from her place!

—(Nora Perry in Congregationalist.)

Curious Bits About Weddings.

Joining the right hands in the wedding ceremony was customary in Assyria and Persia, and the bride veil was worn in Greece and Rome. The Bible does not mention wedding rings, but it describes the giving of them as pledges of honor and affection. Pharaoh gave Joseph a ring when he sent him over the land of Egypt, and the prodigal was given a ring on his return to his father. Legends relate that Joseph espoused Mary with a ring in which was set an amethyst, and of course this precious relic was found (by a miracle) and performed many wonderful cures for the benefit of mankind and the treasury of the church.

The young Roman sent the maiden his family had selected to become his wife a ring in token of his fidelity. Gold was the usual material, but in the time of Pliny iron rings set with adamant were used to denote the durability of the contract. As now, this ring was worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. It was not always plain, but often bore a device as a key to denote the authority and responsibility of a wife in her husband's house.

The diamond was much esteemed as a wedding ring in Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for that gem was believed to have a mysterious power of maintaining happiness between husband and wife. Silver rings, inlaid with Niello, were also used.

Gemmed rings were in fashion forty or fifty years ago. Two and sometimes three and four delicate rings were hinged or linked together, and bore upon the top when closed clasped hands or a heart, emblem of love and fidelity. Mottoes or posies were engraved on the inside of these rings. The prettiest one I ever saw read, "Endless and pure be our love." The Anglo-Saxons used these gemmed rings, and they in turn borrowed them of the French. I for one would like to know from whom the French borrowed them, but history is silent on this point.

The wedding ring has been worn upon the thumb and upon the right hand. But women of all nations have been as busy as bees, and with spinning and weaving to occupy their fingers, it is easy to see why even a princess should put her prized wedding ring upon the hand and finger which would keep the safest. The fancy that a vein or nerve runs directly from the fourth finger of the left hand to the heart is very ancient, and no doubt helped to make it the bearer of the wedding ring, and there was in the early days of the church a curious custom of recognizing the Trinity, by placing the ring on the first finger or thumb for the Father, on the second finger for the Son, and on the third finger for the Holy Ghost. Then it was placed upon the fourth finger, from which loving and superstitious wives never removed it.

Scholars are fond of telling us that the wedding ring meant the subjection of the wife, and the placing it upon the left hand meant more subjection. But in the past the subjection of women has needed no sign to emphasize it. It was an accepted and expected fact, and was perhaps a condition of safety.

In the middle ages the wedding ring was blessed or hallowed by the officiating priest, and the form used seems to me very beautiful: "Hallow Thou, Lord, this ring, which we bless in Thy holy name, that whatsoever woman shall wear it may stand fast in Thy peace, and continue in Thy will, and live, and grow, and wax old in Thy love, and be multiplied with length of days. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

The services of the Church of England compels the use of a ring, and an old story is told of two paupers, who, too poor to buy a ring, were securely married by means of a certain ring, supplied by the sympathetic clerk. Two rings are used in modern Greece. A gold one for the bridegroom, and a silver one for the bride. The inferior metal marks the inferiority of the wife, says the antiquarians again, but it seems to me rather a survival of the old worship of the sun and the moon. The ring fell under the displeasure of the Puritans, as did all signs and symbols used by Rome, and during the commonwealth they tried to abolish it with Christmas and Easter observances, but the descendants of those Puritans wear engagement or betrothal rings, if not a wedding ring.

When a marriage between patrician

families was celebrated in ancient Rome, a loaf of bread, made of wheat and barley, was solemnly tasted by the bride and bridegroom before the priest of Jove and ten Roman citizens as witnesses. Children of marriage in which the ceremony was observed were entitled to certain privileges and offices, for this was the highest and most sacred rite of marriage. Dainty and sweet as it is, the bride-cake is the modern representative of that wheat and barley bread. Whence the Romans derived the custom is not known, but it came no doubt from Asia. Dreaming upon wedding cake is an old English custom.

In Greece, the bride rode to her husband's house in a litter, seated between the bridegroom and his friend—the best man. In Rome two boys led the bride, but her attendant was a married woman whose duty it was to lead the newly married pair to the altar of the family gods. In the time of the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led by a matron, and followed by a company of young girls, who were called the bridesmaids. From them the custom has descended to us.

Feminine Moustaches.

[Boston Globe.]

"There is no other facial disfigurement about which ladies are as sensitive as they are over superfluous hair," said a fashionable manicure and "beautifier," as he stood in his elegantly furnished reception room, out of which opened a still more luxurious-looking operating room. His elegant surroundings showed that he flourished in Boston, notwithstanding the reputation her daughters have for caring more for the inside than the outside furnishings of their heads.

"They will take the most extreme measures," he went on, "and run all sorts of risks to rid their faces of a few hairs which no one but themselves have ever noticed. And when it becomes an actual disfigurement there is nothing, however dangerous, that they will not try on anybody's assurance that it will remove their affliction. They will put on ointments that burn and blisters that tear the flesh, lotions that harden and linciments that discolor the skin, and they will stand before their mirrors using tweezers by the hour. I have had women come to me almost in hysterics over their despair of ridding themselves of this superfluous gift of nature. Frequently they have made themselves look ten times worse than they did before, for in their desperation and determination they will do anything to their faces. I have one patient now taking my treatment who has, I fear, disfigured her face for life and made it look worse than twice as many superfluous hairs would have done."

"Are there none of these things that do good?"

"Of all the remedies which ladies commonly try there is only one, the tweezers, that is harmless and effective. But that has to be kept up, at intervals of a few days, all one's life. I have experimented with all the remedies that, so far as I know, have been proposed. Some I have found to be positively injurious; some very painful, and but one to have any value."

"What is that?"

"The electric treatment," said the "beautifier," as he uncovered a diabolical-looking little machine, all wheels and rods.

"It looks as if it might be an infernal machine."

"I assure you," he replied with a laugh, "that there are a good many ladies in the city who regard it with feelings of gratitude not in the least akin to the way that they would look at an infernal machine."

"How does it work?"

"This fine needle is connected with an electric battery, and when I have forced the needle quickly down by the side of a hair into the root-sac I complete the circuit, so, and not only the root of the hair but the sac from which it grows is killed by the electricity, so that another hair can never grow from it. Then, you see, the cure is final. Each hair must be treated separately, but when they have once all been killed in this way the patient will never be troubled again."

"But isn't the operation painful?"

"No, not very. The needle is so fine that it is scarcely felt when it goes into the flesh and it is almost instantly withdrawn. It gives a tingling sensation, but you could not call it painful."

"Is this something quite new?"

"Yes, and no. The principle is not new, but its application to this purpose is comparatively recent and its use is not common."

A Wife's Position.

Newly-married people are generally warned by their more experienced elders to beware of their first dispute; and certainly a want of self-restraint mars home life more than anything else. Still, "it's hardly in a body's power to keep at times from being sour," and we must not attach undue importance to the little trifles of early married life. Generally speaking, there is not much fault on either side. Some men are inclined to be cross in the early morning, or on returning home in the evening, because their minds are intent on unpalatable items in the day's business. Forewarned is forearmed; the fact that it is so should be duly recognized, and nothing done to ruffle or annoy them. It is a great mistake for a man, in his early married life, to be overcome with domesticity. The young wife, if she is wise, does not insist upon her husband giving up his club, male friends and all the interests of bachelorship. She, probably, is quite content with his company alone, but she is aware that a man is apt to weary of the toujours perdrix. Appearances should not be disregarded in home life; husbands attach much importance to what others think of their

wives and their homes. It is a part of the science of home life to present a good face to the world; it argues bad housekeeping to be seen at a disadvantage. At the same time the young wife must never dwell down into a mere housekeeper and head nurse, with a spice of the dressmaker. She must keep her place as a companion. A good wife is a priceless treasure; and the husband is none the worse that he is made to realize she is a lady, and to be treated as such.

Surround your lord with tender care and thought for his comfort, but it does not become you to fetch and carry, and wait on him hand and foot, or he will come to expect it as a right, and think the less of you rather than the more. Therefore, from the very first expect and demand respect and you will get it. —Quiver.

Are Strong Men Unsound?

The autopsy on the body of Robert E. Odium, the man who leaped into the East river from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) bridge, not only showed that the fall had crushed nearly all his vital organs, but also disclosed the fact that, in spite of his magnificent muscular development and stalwart physique, his body was far from sound. There was a tubercular deposit at the apex of the left lung, his liver had been ruptured years before and healed again, and one kidney showed fatty degeneration, while the other was full of cystic degeneration. That is to say, he was likely to become a consumptive or to die of kidney disease, and yet Odium was a man of fine physique and rugged appearance. When Garfield died the surgeons learned that his digestive organs were not in good condition, though he had every appearance of being a remarkably strong, healthy man. It was the same way with one of the athletic, hardy desperadoes killed in the fight near Shelby, O., a year or so ago. In fact, it seems as if the doctors can discover something wrong in the body of almost every strong, healthy man they get a chance to cut up. Are we all unsound? Is a man who looks like a model of physical perfection always a shell, a fraud upon the eyesight? Perhaps, after all, the invalids are the ones booked for long life, and the weak and puny are provided with perfect internal organs. Let more autopsies be held upon dead athletes and the truth be known. Perhaps, however, the trouble is that organs unsound under a surgeon's knife were well after all, and that strong men live to a hale and hearty old age without suspecting the horrible truth that their kidneys are full of cysts and their lungs of tubercles. —(Cleveland O.) Leader.

He Got the Girl.

A young editor, bright, poor and punster, had won the affections of a rich man's daughter, and they fixed a day for him to call on the father, and on that day he was promptly in the old gentleman's office.

"Good morning, sir," he said, confident, but ready to run. "I have called on you on a matter of—"

"We don't want any advertising to-day," interrupted the old gentleman, looking up over his glasses.

"I am not on that business, sir; I came to ask you for your daughter."

"What do you want with her?"

"Marry her."

"For better or worse."

"What does the girl say?"

"She says she will be my wife."

"Ugh! You haven't got a cent in the world, have you?"

"Yes, sir. She gave assent, and if you will do the same, that will make two, and we can buy a postage stamp and write to you for the balance of our salary."

It was a wretched attempt, but he got the girl.

Geese are fond of music, and a lively air will set them wild with delight. On one occasion, at a country wedding in Maryland, a lady entertained the guests after dinner with music on the lawn, her instrument being an accordion. A flock of geese were feeding in the road just below the house, and, with outstretched necks, answered back with notes of satisfaction. Soon a white gander commenced dancing a lively jig, keeping good time to the music. For several minutes he kept up the performance, to the great delight of the company. The experiment was tried several times for a week or more, and tones of the accordion never failed to set the old gander into a lively dance.

"Reform" has struck McMinnville, Yamhill county. A "rascal" named Turner, who has been postmaster there for the past five years, has been told to "go." He fought throughout the war as a union soldier, and has been removed to make room for an admirer of the lost cause, whom Missouri got too hot to hold toward the end of the war. Turner was removed arbitrarily and peremptorily. There was no reason whatever for it, beyond the desire of the administration to make room for one of its own "offensive partisans," at the expense of a union soldier. —(Oregonian).

O. H. Cambridge, an ex-policeman, has been tried and convicted in the circuit court at Portland on a charge of attempting to extort money from Emil Weber, a gambler. Cambridge lodged a complaint against Weber and then agreed not to appear against him upon condition of being paid \$100, which he received. A motion is pending for a new trial.

Wm. Vaughn has confessed to a successful conspiracy between himself and three other young men to rob the stage between Montesano and Olympia, W. T., a few days ago. Vaughn is only 20 years old. He says it was arranged between

himself, Alex. Melville, Jasper Jones, a farm hand, and Albert Clay, the driver, that the first two named should stop the stage, while the last two were on the box, and that they should throw off the express box, which they did. Melville and Vaughn are farmers' sons and have hitherto borne good reputations. All four were held to answer in \$3000 each, while the others are in jail at Olympia.

A remarkable fatality to a child 1 year and 9 months old has just been investigated at Little Hampton England. One day the deceased was taken up by a neighbor's child, and almost immediately was heard to cry, as if in great pain. The mother rushed out, and observed a large game fowl standing upon the head of her child, who was lying upon its back in the road. It seems that the child had pulled the tail of the bird, which had immediately turned upon it, knocked it down and struck it savagely three or four times in succession with its spurs. The post-mortem examination showed that the spur of the fowl, which was two inches in length, had penetrated the child's skull behind the left ear, and all efforts to save its life were unavailing.

An individual, well known on the Berlin bourse for his wit, one morning wagged that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then another, until he reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won his bet: He whispered half audibly to each, "I say, have you heard that Meyer has failed?" "What Meyer?" queried the whole fifty, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.

The Astorian says John Hobson, the newly-appointed collector of the port of Astoria, has entered upon the duties of his office. J. E. Higgins and Clum Brown are in the office with him. Brown, who was deputy collector under Capt. Merryman, will remain for some time, his services being found valuable. E. Z. Ferguson takes the place of A. Montgomery as inspector. Milt Parish remains as the other inspector.

"What did you mean by telling that infernal lie?" "What lie?" "You said you were with Grant at the battle of Bull Run. Grant was not at Bull Run at all." "Wasn't he?" "No, he wasn't." "Well, then, there ain't no lie out, for I wasn't there either."

Andrew Olsen of Portland, a Norwegian and a ship-carpenter by occupation, is mysteriously missing. The last seen of him was when he started to Rock island to work on the sunken steamboat City of Salem.

STEAMER MYRTLE
HALL & LIGHTNER, Proprietors.

NEW TIME-TABLE.
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE steamer Myrtle will run as follows: Leave Marshfield for Uter City every morning at 7 and every afternoon at 2 o'clock. Leave Uter City for Marshfield and Empire every forenoon and for Marshfield every afternoon on the arrival of the Coquille passengers. Leave Empire City for Marshfield and Uter City every day at 1 o'clock p. m.

TIME TABLE
—OF THE—
STEAMER COMET
DAN ROBERTS, . . . Captain

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE steamer Comet will run as follows: Leave Marshfield for Empire at 8:30 a. m. and at 2 p. m. daily. Leave Empire for Marshfield at 11 a. m. and at 4:30 p. m. daily, excepting Saturday evenings, when she will leave Empire at 6:30 o'clock.

DAN & MANLEY ROBERTS,
Managers.

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and all kinds of **SALT MEATS AND VEGETABLES** constantly on hand. Also a good stock of **GROCERIES.**

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Vessels and Logging Camps promptly supplied. Such a share of public patronage as first-class goods, low prices and square dealing entitle us to be respectfully solicited by

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E. F. COOK,
PAINTER, GRAINER,

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Paper-Hanger,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

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