

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD OREGON

WORKING BUTTER.

Care should be taken Not to Overdo the Matter.

One cannot write intelligently about working butter without first taking into consideration the condition of the butter to be worked, writes F. W. Money in The American Cultivator.

The hands are not to come in contact with the butter, for their warmth will have a tendency to melt its grains.

The hardest job of butter working the writer ever witnessed was at the International Dairy Fair held at the old American Institute building, New York city, beginning Dec. 8, 1879, and lasting ten days or two weeks.

There had been a charming contest resulting from a prize offered by John Stewart of Iowa, whose butter took first prize at the Centennial, 1876, and made Iowa famous as a butter producing state.

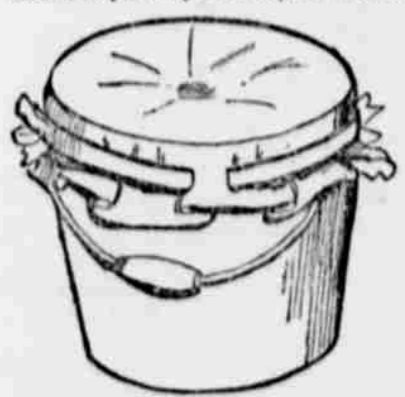
The lady in question used a common churning lever butter worker. The first spread a piece of muslin over the bed of worker, letting the edges fall over each of its sides.

Instead of using a ladle to turn the butter back to the center of the worker the edges of the muslin were lifted, first one and then the other, and drawn so as to fold the edges of the butter toward the center.

Remember that in working butter with a lever the pressure should be straight down instead of a side or sliding one, for the latter will break the grain.

Clean Milk. To secure cleanliness in milking The American Agriculturist suggests a wooden hoop a little smaller than the top of the milk pail.

This is an aid to cleanly milking and can be made in ten minutes. The cloth should be washed after each milking, when it will be ready for use again.



MILK PAIL COVER.

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Twenty years' experience in the use of the silo has brought out some facts about which all are agreed, says the Jersey Bulletin.

That a larger amount of healthful cattle food can be preserved in the silo in better condition, at less expense of labor and land, than by any other method known.

That silage comes nearer being a perfect substitute for the succulent food of the pasture than any other food that can be had in the winter.

Thirty pounds a day is enough silage for an average sized Jersey cow. Larger cattle will eat more.

A cubic foot of silage from the middle of a medium sized silo will average about 45 pounds.

For 182 days, or half a year, an average Jersey cow will require about six tons of silage, allowing for unavoidable waste.

The circular silo made of good hard wood staves is cheapest and best. Fifteen feet in diameter and 30 feet deep is a good size.

Corn just passing out of roasting ear stage is the best single material for silage. Corn and cowpeas are the best combined materials in cowpea regions.

The silo has come to be as necessary a part of a dairy farm plant as a corral or a barnyard.

Adent and Ashore. "How about that Atlantic liner?" "Oh, she's safe enough. There's a rumor ashore that she's afloat."

"That's good. I heard there was a rumor about that she was ashore."

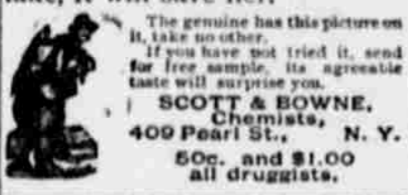
Pity and Beauty

The most beautiful thing in the world is the baby, all dimples and joy. The most pitiful thing is that same baby, thin and in pain.

Dimples and joy have gone, and left hollows and fear; the fat, that was comfort and color and curve—all but pity and love—is gone.

The little one gets no fat from her food. There is something wrong; it is either her food or food-mill. She has had no fat for weeks; is living on what she had stored in that plump little body of hers; and that is gone.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the fat she can take; it will save her.



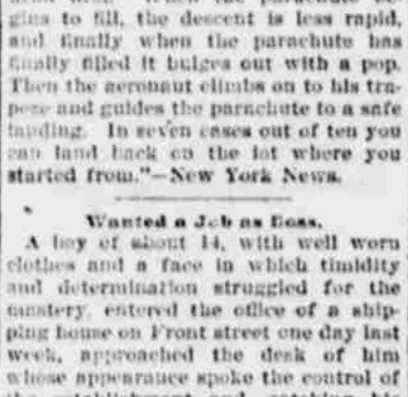
The genuine has this picture on it. Take no other.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 400 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

Coming Down With a Parachute. "Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," said a circus ballroom artist.

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IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

From your past. You had had this long to go in and trap. Is it that or how? The seed is at fault, though Jove's hand said the shower.

Make way for the comets with double the power. Hail, hail, hail! There was given the grace.

To fight with the best and their rivals alike. Had the angels been winged. Stop down from the race.

One softer than this art would run in thy place. "Dear, dear, dear! You had had thy chance. Must a fellow attend this to ward off mischief?

Get full of the wine; a thousand advances. He took on and conquer with the broken lance. —Grace Deeds Litchfield in Country.

BY THE LYCH GATE

A Story of One Who Married For Wealth and Beauty.

There is a valley amid the Yorkshire hills known as Coverdale, from whose slopes, long years ago, came pious Miles, who translated the Bible, and who was called by the simple folk Miles of Coverdale, after the place of his birth.

Very calm and peaceful the little dale lies under the shadow of the great hills, whose summits are purple in the sweet summer with their royal mantle of fragrant heather, and where the curlew and the golden plover's cry alone break the gentle stillness that rests over the little world beyond the haunts of restless activity and hurrying life.

There is no railway in quiet Coverdale, no town to which the country folk may vend their way, no shops save the wonderful village emporium, where everything in a very small way may be obtained, but where few fashions come to stifle the gayer minded of the maidens, or dazzle the vision of the country lads.

To peep into the world necessitates a journey under the shelter of the lone hillside, along heavy lanes, lit with pink and creamy tinted honey-suckle, and green with waving ferns; past the quaint inn, whose sign is a famous but long ago race horse, called the Canny Yorkshire tongue the Lady Bab, and, finally, across the moor into horse loving Middleham, where are people and shops, and many inns with curiously painted signposts—the Black Swan and his brother, the White Swan, and many others too.

But down in Coverdale there is a beautiful old church, set like a jewel in its surrounding of stately trees and blossoming hedges, with the quiet greenness of God's earth lying stretched about it, and the singing of nature's choristers in the sweet air around—a place of peacefulness and repose, where earth's beneficence may fall from one for a little space and heaven's benison light already on such of its children as stay to pray and think awhile.

There is a quaint lych gate at the entrance to the holy spot, a carved half-globe of oak, set tenderly by some good man of the days—perhaps a squire of the olden days, who loved his home and his neighbors and his God full well. I think, and sought to beautify the church in which he and his had worshipped so long.

And down the fair avenue of trees within the precincts and past the quiet church lie the remains of what was once the proud abbey of Coverdale, where the monks said masses and cultivated their garden and tended the souls and bodies of the poor and needy in the dale.

It is a beautiful spot in a beautiful countryside, and so thought a man who viewed it lovingly and pointed out all its changeable lights and shadows and all its pretty peeps of field and river to his wife.

They had only been married a little while, a few short weeks, and had elected to spend their honeymoon in some of the quaint corners of England; hence their journeying thither to this sequestered nook among the hills and the far stretched moorlands in their willing of regal purple. The man loved it already with the artist love which sees the beautiful so quickly and feels it so strongly, and the woman—well, she saw the beauties, too, but she was growing a little weary of pretty sights, and she was very pretty and spoiled herself and perhaps a little jealous of admiration wasted which might have been diverted homeward.

So she stood by the quaint relics of the abbots and mailed knights at Coverdale, where the quaint forms guard a doorway, perchance their originals guarded some stronghold in the old fighting days long gone, and her white gown fell over the gray stones and gleamed against the red and orange nasturtiums in the garden which surrounds the old walls and arches, and she wondered if her husband had nearly finished his sketch and whether they should stay at Middleham for a day or two or go on further to Westburydale. "I am rather tired of admiring places," she said to herself a little impatiently, "and then, I never can remember who lived in the castles and abbeys. How uncomfortable they must have been!"

And then, for she was only a very young bride, too—she felt sorry for having been impatient, even in her thoughts, toward her husband, and she turned to speak to him with an even sweeter smile than usual on her pretty face, for her husband was a genius in his way, a thinker and an author, and every one had envied her when she married him in spite of her wealth.

Ah, there was a pitiful ring in the story—poor and nameless, but clever; beating himself to pieces in his eager attempts to win fame single handed, and rich and beautiful the woman with the fairy like figure and exquisite face who had given the artist love which sees the beautiful so quickly and feels it so strongly, and the woman—well, she saw the beauties, too, but she was growing a little weary of pretty sights, and she was very pretty and spoiled herself and perhaps a little jealous of admiration wasted which might have been diverted homeward.

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to pay her the attention she loved so dearly to exact from every man and especially from her husband. "Let us go home to town," she said suddenly. "I am so tired of roaming in this out of the way place, Wilfred, and there is still so much going on, I hear. You must have got lots of ideas now. I am sure." She laughed gleefully as she spoke. The murmur of the streets seemed already in her ears, and the flash of silks and jewels came over the sunlight on the grass.

He paused a moment. "Will you not come on a little farther?" he asked kindly, yet a little wistfully. "There are some lovely places in the dale, and you would be interested in them, I think."

But she shook her head until the diamonds in her little ears twinkled like dewdrops. "You know I am not interested," she said petulantly. "I hate those old people who perchance caw on the tops of hills and expect you to climb up to see them. Do let us go back."

They had reached the lych gate now, and a girl was entering it from the other side, where their carriage—his wife's carriage—with its beautiful boys, stood waiting. The sunlight fell on her quiet black gown and her soft hair as she passed under the quaint oak structure, and then she lifted her eyes, and a sudden light flashed into them and then died very gently again.

The man's face grew white in the shadow of the leafy elms, but his wife chattered on in her high, pretty voice and noticed nothing of his pallor. And then, as they met, he advanced quickly to meet the girl as quietly as if they had never parted in bitter, bitter sorrow, the care here and ready to sacrifice herself for his sake, the other, as he said to himself bitterly enough, a coward and a craven. And now they met again in the soft sunshine of the autumn day, with the first few leaves falling, golden tinted, from the trees around, with the blue, bright sky overhead and the purring of a little stream somewhere near, under the old gateway that leads to the house of prayer.

She spoke to him very calmly and quietly, and he introduced her to his lovely wife, and she told the stranger at once in her pretty, petulant voice of her wish to go back to town and his gayeties, only Wilfred wouldn't, he was so cross.

But the girl smiled so gently and spoke so soothingly that the little lady's wrath melted away, and she laughed like a merry child and straightway invited her new friend to pay them a visit in town.

"We will go tomorrow, won't we, Wilfred?" she said laughingly, and the grave faced man answered that her will was law.

"Yes; we will go tomorrow," he said when the girl had answered that she never went to town now. Her father was old and needed her care, and she was so content with her life in the still country side.

"I have him, and he has me," she said, with her peaceful smile, and the laughing woman before her could not guess and would never have realized that this gentle faced girl had loved the man beside her with all her heart and soul and had passed through the deep waters alone with her sorrow to take up her life again bravely and with few strained words.

And then one of the beautiful horses claimed the pretty wife's attention, and she went hurriedly on, leaving the two together for a brief moment in the sunshine of the old gate.

"Forgive me, Emil!" he said brokenly. "Ah, I have wronged you so, and I deserve your hatred, but forgive me, if you can!" His face was haggard, and his lips whitened and trembled as he spoke the few strained words.

But she laid her hand on his very gently, as if to say goodbye to a dear, dear friend forever. "I have forgiven you, dear," she said. "I may call you that for this one last time? I have forgiven you everything, and God keep you, keep you safely and lead you aright!" She paused, and the great tears rose in her calm eyes and rolled down the pale cheeks. She loved him so well still, and the meeting and the parting were very hard to bear.

And then, with one last look, she passed on into the loneliness of the still graveyard and the quiet dead.—Exchange.

Abyssinians Expert at Thatching. In describing Abyssinia and its strange capital a writer in Pearson's Magazine, where the quaint forms guard a doorway, perchance their originals guarded some stronghold in the old fighting days long gone, and her white gown fell over the gray stones and gleamed against the red and orange nasturtiums in the garden which surrounds the old walls and arches, and she wondered if her husband had nearly finished his sketch and whether they should stay at Middleham for a day or two or go on further to Westburydale.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. The true and full life of man depends upon activation of the common life of God.—Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Rabbi, Chicago.

What a Sermon Should Be. A sermon should be a thing of life and beauty. It should glow, brighten, convince, convict and arouse to action. Empty powers are in a large measure caused by weakness in power of statement.—Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, Baptist, New York.

The Unseen. The hidden God is not the absent God. God hides himself that he may be the Saviour. Man can develop no higher, the spiritual life only as he can take a grip on the unseen whose realization is in the future.—Rev. C. B. Wimper, Episcopalian, Atlanta.

Justice. If we are Christians, God's justice is the great rock on which we stand. Christ has for us met all the demands of the law, and justice demands our salvation. It is forever unjust that

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any soul should perish clothed in the righteousness of the Redeemer.—Rev. Dr. Thomas T. Eaton, Baptist, Louisville.

Walking With God. There can be no walking with God upon the broad road which leadeth unto destruction. God cannot be found there. We can walk with God only if we are in the narrow path, and we are in the narrow path only if we have entered by the straight gate.—Rev. George Marsh, Congregationalist, Pittsburgh.

Christian Character. The highest type of Christian character has the insight of divine wisdom to search out and wisely employ those methods which will best promote human welfare, and the working of this character becomes the practical expression of the principles of the inner life.—Rev. Walter Peirce, Unitarian, New Orleans.

Care For Our Character. We must be supremely careful about the one thing, and that is that we must be careful to have a supreme thought of character. Character is of value here, and when a man has made it he should keep it beyond the tongue of scandal. In God's grace it is above everything else.—Rev. Dr. McDowell, Methodist, Baltimore.

Brightest Woman. The brightest woman would be thoughtful in personal conduct and dress. She would be a woman who would not live for herself alone. The brightest woman is the one whose intellect is in unison with the glory of God and who can see the inestimable value of redemption through Christ.—Rev. H. Francis Perry, Baptist, Englewood, Ills.

Seed of Christianity. China will be regenerated and will open her doors to the world in the near future. This great change will be brought about not by fire and sword, but through planting the seed of Christianity. Present troubles will furnish the opportunity for future work in the east. A policy of force should be deprecated.—Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, Presbyterian, Montclair, N. J.

Christ as a Priest. Christ was not a priest in his divine nature. It was only when he assumed the vesture of our human nature that he could worship God. At the same time all his acts of worship, of adoration, received supernatural merit from his divinity. The end intended by our Creator for us is supernatural and only obtained by supernatural means.—Rev. F. Harvey, Catholic, San Francisco.

Poor Against the Rich. Since the increase of property means the increase of happiness for all classes, men who love their country and their kind will view with apprehension and profound alarm the attempt to array the poor against the rich, the farmers against the bankers, the classes against the masses. Every age and nation has been cursed by the demagogue who practices as a fine art the stirring up of class hatred. Now the class hatred that prevails in those countries where the hereditary classes rule has no excuse in this free land. Here there is no position so high that the boy at the forge cannot aspire to it.—Rev. Dr. Hillis, Congregationalist, New York.

Happiness. Have the courage to be happy. It is better to be born malnourished or crippled in body than with a perverse, sickly mind. He who is not satisfied with what he has will never be satisfied. Place and possessions do not count for anything so long as we remain what we are. Only those who live the larger life can know the luxury of living. In conclusion the worth of a man is known not by the things which make him happy, but by the things which fall to despair, discouragement or overwhelm him. If you have not had great happiness in life, count it also a happiness that you have been spared great sorrow.—Professor M. M. Mangasarian, Chicago.

When you do good to others, you do a still greater good to yourself.—Rev. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York.

Christ's Whosoever Philosophy. Get the whosoever to Christ and you win the classes, but never the reverse, and this is the "whosoever" or philosophy of Christ.—Rev. Dr. George A. Lottan, Baptist, Nashville.

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NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that all County Warrants endorsed prior to Oct. 14th 1898, will be paid at my office in Coquille City, Or. No interest will be allowed after December 31st, 1900. J. B. Dullea, County Treasurer. Coquille City, Or., Dec. 31, 1900. This is an era of great business activity and intense effort for wealth. It is often called the age of the "mighty dollar" or the commercial age. There are hardly any critics of the in which an empty greed for the dollar does not work injustice and create discord and suffering. And all because people seek not you, but you.—Rev. A. B. Church, Universalist, Akron, O.