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it will be TODAY

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"Summer's Comin'."

O say, fellers, Summer's comin'
Lil' 'n' t' th' birds an' hummin'
Uv th' bees,
Up in th' trees,
I'm at my ease,
An' bummin',
I think workin's kin' av erry,
W'en th' whole worl' seems 's mazy,
An' ye see,
It's up t' me,
I'm here, but—Gee!
I'm lazy.
Mighty little clothes I'm wearin',
But it's mighty good I'm farin',
An' a saint,
'Ud feel er faint,
An' tired: I ain't
A carin'.
—San Bernardino Sun.

New York Fashion Letter

New York, June 5.—In the lexicon of fashion there is no such word as monotonous; hardly a day passes without the introduction of some unique novelty.

The sensation of the hour in Gotham is the kimono coat; we have had kimono dressing gowns, negligees and coffee jackets but the kimono coat is essential to complete the Oriental fad. It is a delightful little go-sasha-like affair possessing countless opportunities for the picturesque.

Like all present-day fashions, of course, the coat may cost the proverbial widow's mite or a small fortune, but there is a happy medium for the woman whose limited dress allowance must needs be divided into many parts in a design of pale blue Japanese silk decorated with flights of white birds. There is not a touch of lace about the coat and the birds are embroidered down the front, around the collar and cuffs and around the edge of the skirt.

A rather extreme, but pretty coat is carried out in red silk elaborately sprinkled with trailing bunches of wisteria blossoms which are of a delicate lavender. The combination looks much better than it sounds, and with the addition of a few stitches in gold and silver threads here and there a charming Oriental is gained that will make its possessor happy even in the dog days. Coats will be worn extensively this year simply as a matter of fashion. They will be too dainty and light to cause discomfort and their beauty will counteract all semblance of imposing on the weather.

Among the prettiest of these coats are the accordion plaited affairs of black voile over taffeta. These have short straight yokes of taffeta covered with lace or embroidery, and the body of the coat is shaped slightly into the figure. It is usually straight in front and the unapplied voile is attached to the yoke. The sleeves are also unapplied in some instances, in others not. The plates are fastened so as to be held in place as far as the elbows.

Pongee coats are pretty and chic but they spot so easily even though the tiniest drops of water touch them; for the woman who possesses such a garment it may be useful to know, however,

that these spots disappear if rubbed gently with a bit of soft white flannel dipped in equal parts of hartshorn and water.

A beautiful color scheme is shown in a frock of turquoise blue net and a coat of Irish lace edged with narrow bands of white cloth. The gown has intricate trimmings of black and blue in blond lace, velvet and jetted frills. The flounce effect on the skirt is rendered, not by many frills, but by one gloriously deep flounce of black lace, craftily shaded into the blue blond lace, appliqued in artistic fashion. The bodice has a deep bertha around the back and front finishing an exquisite yoke of embroidery and lace.

The coat is cut out in the neck to the depth of a shallow yoke. The sleeves are elbow length—the prevailing summer fashion for coats and bodices—and flaring; the skirt of the coat shows a novel arrangement, for it is slashed up the back as high as the belt, which is a narrow band of white cloth matching the borders.

One can not resist the charms of wash materials this year and many women, who frankly admit that they have not worn laundered dresses in years, are enjoying their glories. Not always are these dresses made after the fashion of wash frocks, also not always does the wash material live up to its reputation when it is face to face with the wash tub, but this is all right, the fabric is not silk or cloth or lace and it is supposed to come under the category of wash materials.

Green was never more popular than this season. A new fabric called foulard batiste shows it with excellent effect. In a chic afternoon toilette the green is of the palest asparagus tint with a bow-knot pattern of black and white. The skirt displays two panels or wide insets of lace and is bordered along its trailing lower edge by three deep tucks, each depending from a veining of thread openwork. The suit is made over a slip of white taffeta.

The waist has a double cape gauged at the top and trimmed with guipure, through which along the upper edge, narrow black velvet ribbon is run, hanging in loops down the front. The vest which forms a pouch, and the flowing puffs of the sleeves are of white mousseline, the deep cuffs of the guipure.

There are those who claim that full sleeves and the loose Bolero that are now so fashionable give the idea of untidiness. Nothing is further from the aim and being of fashion as properly understood. It is considered the smart thing for one gown to suggest an air of studied carelessness but this must be graceful and artistic. Skirts, however full, must be carefully fitted around the hips, the upper part of the shoulders and chest must be free from fussy details which interfere with the outlines, and the waist be trim and neat.

The waistband is one of the most important items of the tout ensemble and quite time it was for it to reassert itself after a period of depression during which it was overshadowed by the sheath.

The cape effect below the yoke, or to borrow an English term, the pelerine, is constantly growing in favor and adds a youthful feature to many a summer frock. It is especially effective with shirred skirts and waists. No woman who intends stopping at a hotel or fashionable villa for the summer season can do without less than four evening gowns, though they need not necessarily be expensive. One should be black, for economy, and one might add too, for elegance; another should be white, either lace or satin; a third might be of bright colored tulle and the fourth in silk mull or organdie over a pretty satin or taffeta underslip. Or, crepe de chine might be substituted for mull or organdie.

Here is a charming idea for a white satin gown: Every panel is divided by a flowing foam of chiffon, like a high tide pouring into a narrow inlet. The train is long and flowing and embroidered in bunches of grapes shading from palest mauve to the most delicate gooseberry green.

The bodice is draped with white chiffon

and appliqued with medallions of lace and clusters of grapes. The whole thing is very simple, but extremely handsome.

A vagary of fashion of which there was a faint suggestion last Summer promises to become popular. It is the paper hat. It is made of heavy French crepe paper after the Dolly Varden style and is capable of real hard wear. The colors are not much affected, but black and white are quite smart looking. The trimmings are carried out in paper and from a distance these hats really look as if they were made of expensive crepe goods. They cost very little—\$.25, with the dollar off if you make them yourself and will undoubtedly constitute the inevitable fad of the summer resorts.

MAURIE GREIFF.

CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE

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I had been in India for two years with Lowenback's men, and we had made many captures of wild animals.

One day as we were beating up a forest in search of water holes, so that we might set traps for the animals coming to drink, I suddenly heard elephants ahead of me. I was leading the way and supposed my men were following. The afternoon was wearing away, and whenever I struck favorable ground I increased my pace to a run. I finally heard the elephants ahead of me and was creeping up when I suddenly realized that I was alone in the forest. I waited for perhaps ten minutes and then followed slowly on after the elephants, who were feeding as they moved along. I expected to be overtaken at any moment and was not in the least alarmed. I was gradually getting on to the heels of the herd when something occurred to alarm the beasts again, and away they went at a tremendous gallop, and I knew I should see nothing more of them that afternoon.

I was now within four miles of the village and on a plain path, but the sun was so low that it was twilight in the forest. I was going forward at a good pace when a large hyena crossed my path with a growl. Two minutes later there were yelps and snarls from every direction, and I realized that the night prowlers of the forest were astray. I was going bravely ahead and would have been out of the forest in half an hour more when the sun went down, and I had to almost feel my way foot by foot. The situation was anything but pleasant. If I climbed a tree I might be bitten by a snake lurking among the branches, and the mosquitoes would eat me alive in two hours if I escaped the serpent. To go forward was to guess at the right compass point, and I heard sounds to prove that wild beasts were prowling about in every direction. Williams had borrowed my match box or I could have made a torch. I had a heavy single barrel rifle, but no extra ammunition, and therefore dared not fire a signal.

I was picking my way slowly, feeling a beaten path under my feet, when a sudden I felt myself falling. One cannot remember his thoughts in such emergencies. I may have cried out, but I do not recollect it. I remember that as I brought up on my head and shoulders I heard a fierce growling almost in my ear. I was stunned for a moment. When I pulled myself up to a sitting position I was at one end of an elephant pit, which was five feet wide, twelve feet long and twelve feet deep. The other end was occupied by a tiger. I knew it because I could smell him and because he had his eyes on me, and I knew his eyes belonged to a tiger. Elephant pits are generally so firmly covered that no beast weighing less than 500 pounds can break through. This one, as I afterward ascertained, had been covered so long that the poles had rotted and weakened. The tiger was ahead of me in falling in.

No one can tell how a wild beast will act under certain circumstances. There is even a wide difference between two of the same species. This tiger did not rush upon me as I fell into the pit, but that might have been the action of another. As I became certain of the situation I found little in it to console me, and I admit that I was badly rattled. The tiger kept his two greenish eyes fastened on me, but I glanced at him only at long intervals. The fact that he had not attacked me might be taken as proof that he would not if I did not provoke him. It was a very hot night above but quite cool at the bottom of the pit, and not a single mosquito found its way down there. After a lapse of half an hour I began to get my nerve back, and it may astonish you to learn that I took a number of short naps during the long hours of that night.

I was sleeping quite soundly when daylight came and a whining, snuffing noise made by the tiger aroused me. My eyes were hardly open when he came over to me and smelled of my knees and feet and hands. He actually rested his head on my knees and

looked into my eyes. I think he was at first inclined to attack me, as he growled in a menacing way and lashed his tail, but as I shut my eyes and kept quiet he finally changed his mind and withdrew to a corner. As time passed he grew uneasy and kept up a continual whine. Every wild beast seeks its covert between daybreak and sunrise, and this instinct made the tiger restless. The sun was just up when I heard the report of rifles, and five minutes later the voice of Williams came plainly to my ears. I was watching the tiger through half open eyes when the face of Williams appeared over the edge of the pit, and he called out in horror stricken tones:

"Great heavens, he's at the bottom of this pit with a tiger! Blank, are you alive?"

"Yes," I answered in a voice just above a whisper; "go and get one of the cages and our ropes. The tiger is cowed, and I think we can secure him."

He did not stop to argue the point, but returned within an hour with the outfit. The only way to get the beast out was to noose him and draw him up through the bottom of the cage placed over the pit. Without another word to me, they began operations. At the first throw of the noose the tiger showed fight, but only for a moment. The third throw caught him, and it didn't take more than a minute to land him in the cage.

About noon he became ferocious and tried to break out, but we beat him with sticks until he gave up, and from that time on until we shipped him he was as docile as a dog. M. QUAD.

Whitewash.

A bit brush makes a good brush and does not spatter. Soiling whitewash or the old makes it smooth like

Easily Fixed.

Playwright—That villain in my play doesn't act his part up to the line. He must wear a look of worry and desperation.

Manager—Oh, don't get excited. I'll fix that. John, go up on the stage and start a rumor that I have shipped with the box office receipts. —Baltimore News.

CARE OF THE FEET.

How to Keep Them in a Healthy Condition.

No one can be perfectly happy if the feet pain or are sore. Neither men nor women should ever be conscious of the fact that they have feet, and constant attention is necessary to preserve or keep them in this healthy condition. Of course the chief thing is shoes. These should not only be perfect fits, but fits that are easy and comfortable. Shoes are an expensive item, but it is better to economize in some other direction and have a well made, properly formed foot.

To keep the feet in prime condition clean shoes should be worn each day and the shoes changed as frequently as time, money and circumstances will permit, says the New York Journal. The heavy shoes worn for walking should be taken off as soon as the house is entered. If it is necessary for a man or woman to wear heavy shoes the greater part of the time, then two or even three pairs should be owned. In this way the feet are kept from becoming tired.

After the daily bath—and it is an excellent thing to have this warm, as far as the feet are concerned—it is well to rub into the skin of the feet a small quantity of carbolic vaseline. This should be rubbed in hard and particular attention paid to the callous spots and to the toe joints. When there are hard, callous spots, these should be rubbed away with a bit of pumice stone. This may be easily done when they are softened by the warm water. Nothing is better for enlarged or inflamed joints than to paint them daily with iodine. In a short time they will become normal and natural. Weekly attention should also be given to the nails. These should never be permitted to extend beyond the length of the toe.

How to Seal Envelopes.

Many people indulge in the unhealthy habit of applying their tongues to moisten the gum on envelopes, etc. Although one is now getting used to seeing little vessels in the postoffice on which to wet postage stamps, they are not used as much as they ought to be in private households, and an article of this sort should be found on every writing table. An old glass saltcellar, or any small china vessel, even an egg cup, can be used if a small piece of sponge freely saturated with water is slipped into the receptacle. When the sponge becomes impregnated with the gum, take it out and wash thoroughly with warm water and soap, then put it back again soaked with clean water.

How to Manage Lamp Wicks.

If a lamp wick sticks or will not move up and down easily, draw one or two of the threads from one side. In extinguishing the flame of a lamp never blow straight down upon it, but across it. The wick should first be turned far down. Again, when trimming the wick do not cut off the brown tinder, as it helps in relighting. Merely rub a cloth along it to remove any loose bits.

How to Care For Brooms.

To preserve a broom from becoming damp always hang it by the little device attached to the handle or, in the absence of this, tack on a loop in a convenient place; but, in any event, do not let the straws stand on the floor. A good plan when through sweeping is to soak the broom a few moments in warm soap suds. Shake it thoroughly and hang it up immediately. A broom treated this way will last twice the time of one standing on the floor. When the straws become bent, a broom is very soon rendered useless.

How to Cure Stiff Joints.

To keep the joints of the hands from getting stiff, after holding the hands in water as hot as can be borne massage them, both the backs and palms, with sweet oil. This should be thoroughly rubbed in. Then dip the hands in hot water again, using soap. Rinse with clear water and rub on a lotion of glycerin and rosewater.

How to Treat a Burn or Scald.

For the immediate application to a burn or a scald perhaps there is nothing more efficacious than simple flour. It should be applied immediately and spread thickly over the affected surface, the part being wrapped afterward in cotton wool, kept in place by a bandage or strips of old linen. If the burn or the scald be merely superficial, this remedy will be found most excellent, but where the deeper tissues are involved other remedies are to be recommended.

How to Repair Curtains.

To repair a curtain when ironing and a hole is discovered in it take a piece of the best part of an old curtain a little larger than the hole and dip the edges in cold starch. Then place it over the hole and afterward iron over it.

How to Make Almond Brittle.

Boil a pound of soft sugar with half a pint of water till it is brittle. This may be decided by throwing some small drops into very cold water. If it solidifies at once, stir in quickly an ounce and a half of split blanched almonds, two ounces of butter and a squeeze of lemon juice. Boil till again brittle, then pour on to an oiled slab or dish.

How to Prepare Taffy Apples.

Make a thick sirup of sugar and a very little water. Do not stir while boiling. When it threads, take off the fire and in five minutes dip the apples in it. Set on paper to drip and dry.

Sweet Scotch Voices.

For real beauty of speech many experts think that we must go to the glens that surround the highland capital. Sir Merrill Mackenzie used to say that the prettiest speakers were to be found in the Badenoch district of Invernesshire. A wider knowledge would probably have induced him to modify his views and give the palm to the glen folk of the north and west of Invernesshire. The voices of the highlanders are set low, and yet the articulation is clear, distinct and dramatic. One inclines to liken their speech to many beautiful things—to the clear, mellow note of a bell or the murmur of running water. The inflection of the voice is singularly engaging, rising and falling with exquisite cadences like bewitching music, and this, he it remembered, is the speech of the common people.

A Nation of Smokers.

Notwithstanding all one hears about the growth of the cigarette habit in this country, England occupies a comparatively lowly place as a smoking nation, says the London Tatler. Statistics prove that as smokers Dutchmen are well ahead of all the other nations. Germans come second, although, man for man, they consume less than half as much tobacco as Dutchmen. Three times as many cigarettes are consumed annually in England as in either Germany or Holland, but as consumers of pipe tobacco both these countries are far ahead of us.

Why We Say Handbox.

"The collars worn by the English in the seventeenth century," said an old hat dealer, "were big, starched things a good deal like a ruff. Sometimes indeed they were bigger than the biggest ruff. They required a box of a good size to be carried about in."

"These collars were called hands," Ben Jonson in 'Volpone' says, "This hand shows not my neck enough," Steele says, "The next that mounted the stage was an under citizen of the bath, a person remarkable among the inferior people of that place for his great wisdom and his broad hand."

"Hands, you see, were collars, and by the same token handboxes were collar boxes. They were big and round, just big enough to carry a clean, well starched hand—just as big, in fact, as they are today."

"Whenever, therefore, you talk of handboxes you are unconsciously referring to the collars as huge as ruffs that the English of the seventeenth century wore."

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not. —Colton.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

An Eeking.

"Twas in a breach of promise suit the lawyers all were feud,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:

"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John," "My Darling Four Leaf Clover,"
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear John," "Dear Sir," then, "Sir," and all was over. —Town Topics.

Top Notch.

"But," persisted the St. Louis woman who had the shopping habit, "the firm declares in its advertisement that it only asks a fair price for its goods."
"Exactly," replied her husband, "by which it means a 'world's fair' price."
—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

He Knew It All.

Little Willie—Say, pa, did Solomon know more than anybody that ever lived?
Pa—He did, my son—with the exception of your eighteen-year-old brother George. —Buffalo Times.

Letter Perfect.

A girl who was awfully's
Met an old man with love in his eye,
He fell on his knees, and
And said, "Marry me, please."
She soon did O. K. that lively old J.
On account of his x's and y's. —Judge.

Settled Him.

Hewitt—You don't seem to be in the swim.
Jewett—My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired. —New York Times.

The Pair Graduate.

Love knows not the words
That the red lips speak,
But they win their way
To his soul in Greek
And bloom like the rose
On the dimpled cheek! —Atlanta Constitution.

Plenty of Practice.

"Your wife talks well, Bittenger."
"Of course she does. What else would you expect from forty years' constant rehearsal?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Outlashed.

The barber shaves the broker's chin
And makes him feel in clover,
But the broker beats the barber, for
He shaves his man all over. —Denver News.

Watered Milk.

"This milk tastes as if it was watered," said Mr. Newlywed.
"I know it," said Mrs. N. "I saw the cow taking a drink myself"—What to Eat.

The Era of the Hustler.

Lives of some great men remind us
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise. —Washington Star.

Love's Lessons.

He—You passed me without speaking to me.
She—Oh, I must have been thinking about you. —Detroit Free Press.

Keeping His Face.

The bell player works as a motor man,
And most luck his record preserves,
For while he is on to the dodges of folks
No one can get on to his curves. —Baltimore News.

Choice of Evils.

Miles—They say that poverty is a sure cure for dyspepsia.
Giles—Perhaps it is, but I'd rather have dyspepsia. —Chicago News.

Natural History.

The fly, they say, has a thousand eyes
To hunt up things to vex;
No wonder he is so careless, then,
As to where he leaves his specks. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What Did She Mean?

Jay Spooner—I'm going to kiss you when I go.
Miss Pansie—You're sure to forget it if you wait that long. —Town Talk.

A Real Philosopher.

My cat is a philosopher,
With claws upon the paws of her,
And that's the only way to be
An adept in philosophy. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Substitute.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir."
"You can go to the devil!"
"But your daughter told me to come to you." —New York Herald.

Knowing Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb;
She went to pluck some mint.
When she returned, the lamb had fled,
For it could take a hint. —Chicago Tribune.

Willful Misinterpretation.

Belle—I cannot bear to think of my thirtieth birthday.
Alice—Why, dear, what happened?
Baltimore News.

Overburdened.

The billionaire cannot enjoy
His wealth, like me or you;
If he should count it up in cash,
He never would get through. —Boston Herald.

Trains at Downsville.

"We used to miss that accommodation train every morning."
"What do you do now that they have taken it off?"
"Why, we miss it more than ever." —Chicago News.