

# WEEKLY COAST MAIL

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## OLD TIME SURGEONS.

They Had to Work Rapidly Before  
Anesthetics Were Used.

Before anesthetics were known the surgeon's only expedient was to abridge his patient's sufferings by working rapidly. In this the old time surgeons did wonders. They had a control and a surety in their hands that are now seldom found. One day the celebrated surgeon Malmouneure had to amputate the leg of a poor devil who began to howl in advance. "I'll give you my watch," said the surgeon, "if the operation lasts more than a minute." The man accepted the offer, but was obliged to forego the handsome watch, as the operation took less time than it requires to describe.

To amputate an arm at the shoulder is a most difficult operation. Dr. Lanckenbeck of Germany did it in two minutes. A young physician who came to see him perform the operation adjusted his spectacles to his nose so as not to lose a single movement, but when the spectacles were in place the operation was over, and the severed arm lay on the floor.

Times have changed much since then. It suffices to put a bit of chloroform on ether on a compress and let the patient breathe through it for a few minutes, to put him into a slumber so deep that he remains inert while the surgeon makes his incision, cuts, files the bone and sews up the flesh. On awaking the operation is over, and the patient knows nothing of it. Thanks to chloroform, surgeons can practice operations today which arouse our admiration.

### What They Eat.

Nearly every nation has its own particular form of food, and things which some races would not eat, as the expression goes, "touch with the tongue" are considered by others as the greatest luxury.

For instance, while the Arab eats his lotus bread and dhourra with the relish of fresh dates, the Greenlander gorges himself on animal fat and whole oil as the necessary means of keeping warmth in his body. Hindus will not touch any form of flesh, but live happily on rice and rancid butter. An Englishman is supposed to value beef and bacon above all other articles of food while the dwellers in the Apennines live on chestnuts. In ancient days the Roman emperors were accustomed to have a peacock served at all great feasts as one of the principal dainties, while in these days birds' nests and rats form choice dishes in a Chinese menu.

Some people say that snail soup is delicious, while the French assure you that there are few more delicate dishes than those made out of frog's legs.

### Big Australian Oysters.

"In the part of Australia in which I live we get oysters as big as a saucer," said a resident of Adelaide to the Washington Post. "They are twice the size of any I have seen in the United States, but in quality there is nothing to recommend them, for they have no flavor and are so tough that it takes a pretty sharp knife to make any impression on them. Still there are people who manage to eat them after they have been stewed sufficiently long. In other parts of our country we have a better grade, approaching nearly to your American oyster, but hardly its equal. In fact, after my acquaintance with the Chesapeake bay products I am firmly of the opinion that in the matter of sea food the United States leads all nations, an assertion that will be backed up by any man of wide travel."

### A Torpid Liver.

A clogged condition of the system is one symptom of a liver out of order. Here is as good and simple a remedy as any I know, writes a physician: Get a nice lemon and cut it in half. Take one-half in a tumblerful of cold water the last thing at night and the other the first thing in the morning. Half a pint of very hot water with a squeeze of lemon or lime in it before breakfast is also good. Both remedies are well worth trying.

## JAMAICA'S MYSTERY.

THE FINGER OF FATE IN THE FALL  
OF HER CAPITALS.

Tragedies That Are Written in the  
History of Her Ruling Cities—Two  
of Them Vanished Utterly From the  
Face of the Earth.

There exists in Jamaica, in the West Indies, a universal superstition that a curse rests upon any town chosen to be its capital. Since 1669, when the first chief city was founded, no fewer than three capitals have been ruined in mysterious and tragic ways. Two have vanished utterly from the face of the earth. Some of the more superstitious of the colonists, brooding over the strange history of their country, fear that Kingston, the present capital, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, will share the fate of its predecessors.

The first capital was Sevilla Nueva (New Seville), otherwise called Seville Oro (the Golden Seville), on account of its marvelous wealth. It was founded by Don Juan d'Esquivel and Diego, a son of Christopher Columbus. In a few years it became the greatest Spanish city in the new world. Thither flocked the blue blooded but impetuous nobles of Castile, eager to rebuild their family fortunes at the expense of the poor Arawak.

Cathedrals, palaces and monasteries, rivaling those of Spain in splendor, were erected. The marble streets were crowded with gayly clad courtiers and Indian slaves, who toiled for them and brought them tribute from mine and jungle.

Then, in a night, the city vanished, and no one can tell today what happened to it. No survivors and no records were left behind to tell the tale. Today one can see, buried in tropical jungle, a mile of marble pavement and a few broken columns and arches. Nothing else remains of the Golden Seville, once so prosperous and splendid, except a few contradictory native traditions. These traditions variously ascribe the destruction of the city and its inhabitants to a mutiny of the oppressed Indians, an earthquake, a sudden visitation of millions of red ants and an attack by French buccanniers. The very memory of what was once the greatest city of the new world has almost perished. Even in Jamaica few people know anything about the Golden Seville.

The Spaniards made Saint Jago de la Vega, now called Spanish Town, their second capital. Time and again it was devastated by hurricane and plague, harassed by Indian revolts or ransacked by adventurous pirates. Gradually it sank from its high estate until now it is merely a squalid village.

When the English conquered the island they made Port Royal their real capital, though Spanish Town remained for some time the official seat of government. The emporium of the Indies and the Spanish main, the market for the ill gotten gains of 10,000 buccanniers, Port Royal soon became the richest and wildest city of the new world. At the height of its splendor and its vice it was destroyed within the space of two minutes by an earthquake.

"The ground opening in Several Places at once," wrote an eyewitness in 1692, a few days after the catastrophe, "swallowed up Multitudes of People together, whole Streets sinking under water with Men, Women and Children in them; and those Houses which but just now appeared the fairest and loftiest in these Parts and might vie with the finest Buildings in the World were in a moment sunk in the Earth, and nothing to be seen of them; such Crying, such Shrieking and Mourning I never heard, nor could anything in my Opinion appear more Terrible to the Eye of Man. Here a Company of People Swallowed up at once; there a whole Street tumbling down, and in Another Place the Trembling Earth opening her Ravenous Jaws, let in the Merciless Sea, so that this Town is become a Heap of Ruins. Several People were Swallowed up of the Earth, when, the Sea breaking in before the Earth could Close, they were washed up again and Miraculously saved from Perishing. Others the Earth received upon to their Necks, and then Closed upon them and squeezed them to Death, with their Heads above Ground, many of which the Dogs Eat; Multitudes of People Floating up and down, having no Burial. The Burying Place at the Palisades is quite Destroyed, the Dead Bodies being washed out of their Graves, their Tombs beat to Pieces and they floating up and down; it is sad to think how we have Suffered."

"The Earth hath still fits of Shaking, with very much Thunder and Lightning, and dreadful Weather; yet this had so little effect upon some People here that the very same Night they were at their Old Trade of Drinking and Swearing; breaking up Warehouses; Pillaging and Stealing from their Neighbors, even while the Earthquake lasted, and several of them were destroyed in the very Act; and indeed this Place has been one of the Luckiest in the Christian World, a sink of all filthiness, and a mere Sodom."

Old Port Royal lies buried beneath the sea. The present town of Port Royal, a place of no importance except as a coaling station, was built after the earthquake, a fine and a landslide

## having destroyed the few houses left standing.

Kingston was not founded until the early part of the eighteenth century but it has already been thrice destroyed by fire and several times ravaged by hurricanes. The inhabitants naturally wonder what catastrophe will happen next.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, but very few a puerous thing.—Pope.

### Avastee.

Howes—Yes; I suppose I am pretty well off, but not so well off as I should like to be.  
Barnes—Did you ever hear of the pig who regretted that he had only four feet to put into the trough at feeding time?—Boston Transcript.

### Wafer in the Kalahari Desert.

The bushmen in the Kalahari desert often live scores of miles from places where water comes to the surface. During a certain part of the year sharp storms pass over the Kalahari, covering the apparently arid region with the brightest of verdure and filling for a few short days the water courses with roaring torrents. The bushmen know how to find water by digging in the bottoms of the dried up river beds. They dig a hole three or four feet deep and then tie a sponge to the end of a hollow reed. The sponge absorbs the moisture at the bottom of the hole, and the natives draw it into their mouths through the reed and then empty it into calabashes for future use.

The animals that inhabit such wastes as the Kalahari are of course accustomed to living upon very small and infrequent supplies of water. The Bechuanas do not lend their cattle to the drinking places oftener than once in two or three days. It is said that goats in the Kalahari frequently pass months without water.

### "Blue Hen's Chickens."

Everybody knows that natives of Delaware are called "Blue Hen's Chickens," but not one in a hundred can tell you why they are so called. The epithet is said to have had its origin in the following:  
One of Delaware's most gallant fighters in the war of the Revolution was a Captain Caldwell, who was notorious for his fondness for cockfighting. He drilled his men admirably, they being known throughout the army as "Caldwell's Gamecocks."

This same Caldwell held to the peculiar theory that no cock was really game unless its mother was a blue hen. As the months wore away Caldwell's men became known as the "Blue Hen's Chickens," a title which only increased their respect for the old gamecock captain. The nickname became famous and after the close of the war was applied indiscriminately to all natives of the Diamond State.

### A Genius For Friendship.

No man of Johnson's time knew the great city better nor all the varieties of life contained within its walls. He slept with Laguerre or wandered homeless through the streets at night with a brother poet; he "slandered" a bargeman, laughed and jeered with Garret's actresses or talked "with profound respect, but still in a firm, manly manner, with his sonorous voice," to majesty itself. "I look upon a day as lost," he said, "in which I do not make a new acquaintance." The fact that he never lost a friend except by death shows that he was as tenacious of old friendships as he was eager to acquire new. He had, in fact, a very genius for friendship, and the circle that gathered round him in his later years included not only poets, scholars and men of letters, but the most prominent painters, actors, musicians, doctors and statesmen in England.—Booklover's Magazine.

### He Knew What It Was.

A certain minister, while passing down the village street, observed one of his parishioners seated at his cottage door supping his broth.

Thinking this an unusual proceeding, he stopped and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh," replied John, "the chimney is reeking a bit, so I can't outside to sup ma broth. Ye had better gan in and gie the missus a bit advice about it."  
The minister had scarcely opened the door when a female voice exclaimed, "Is that thee agyen, thoo awd rascal?" And the minister's hat was crushed over his eyes with a stool.

Without making a remark the minister closed the door and, stepping up to where John sat, said solemnly, "John, our chimney at home smokes sometimes too!"

### The Seven Sleepers.

The Seven Sleepers were seven noble youths of Ephesus, who in the time of the Decian persecutions, it is said, fled to a certain cavern for refuge. They were pursued, discovered and walled in the cave, the perpetrators of the deed hoping to mete out a cruel and horrible death. However, according to the legend, they were made to fall asleep and were miraculously kept alive for nearly two centuries. Their names are given as Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Denis, John, Serapion and Constantine.

## The Paris Cafe.

The Paris restaurant reflects the conservative views of the Frenchman. The Parisian loves to sit on cushioned benches along the wall and as like as not enter into talk with his neighbor.  
Again, the Parisian is a true democrat. Whatever his rank, he is willing to join in the fun going forward. I remember one night in the Cafe de Paris seeing a Hungarian prince with a rent roll of scores of thousands stalk up to a band of his countrymen and take the first violin from the hands of the leader. The next minute a score of well known people were gathered before him. A count sang a love song; a ballet dancer from the opera obliged us with a remarkable fandango; a sugar refiner gave us a comic patter. Nobody cared who his neighbor chanced to be. It was good fun. That was sufficient.

Imagine a duke and an earl and a rich merchant amusing the supper crowd at the Carlton or the Savoy!  
Decidedly they do these things better in France.—Paris Letter in London Express.

### New Stars.

It is suggested by Louis Rabourdin, a French writer, that in each of the new stars that blaze forth in the heavens from time to time we see the destruction of a celestial body by a volcanic cataclysm. At any rate, he says, if part of the earth's crust underlying the ocean should give way our earth would doubtless present in succession to a distant observer the same series of appearances that we witness in the case of "novae," or new stars. First there would be an outburst of blazing hydrogen from the sea water decomposed by the earth's internal heat, then fusion of the whole crust, reducing the globe again to a molten state, and then the gradual extinction of its light owing to cooling. As cooling would first take place locally, we should have a variable star, the darkened portions being periodically brought into view by the rotation of the globe.—Success.

### A Compliment to the Enemy.

Chattanooga creek was the dividing line between the outposts of the Federal and Confederate armies, and during a lull in hostilities the pickets on both cultivated one another as if peace, having agreed not to fire on one another. One day when the captain of the Union guard saw General Grant, with his staff, approaching he said to his men, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general." The Confederates on the other side of the creek, not more than fifty feet away, heard the order, and their captain, conceiving the idea of paying a compliment to the enemy, shouted, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general of the Federal army." The Confederate pickets stood at attention for several moments and then saluted Grant as he rode away.

### Telling of the Baby.

When a Dutch baby makes its arrival, the fact is announced by a man wearing a black coat and a white hat who is hired by the little one's parents to go round to all their friends with packets of sweets, which are appropriately decorated with a picture of a baby and an angel. The confection is made of unisced and sugar. Rough sweets signify the birth of a boy, smooth sweets that of a girl. The children of the families to whom they are sent eat the sweets spread upon their bread and butter. In the eighteenth century the birth of a child was announced by tying a phylionion decorated with lace and ribbons to the door knocker of the parents' house.

### Why He Was Arrested.

"When I was in the legislature," said the Kentuckian, "I was called over to the penitentiary to see an old friend. He said that wasn't a place to keep a gentleman in and asked him to get him out. 'How'd you get in, Jim?' I asked."  
"Well, Mr. Tom, it was this way: You know peppery little Dr. Smith down to Owensboro? Well, I met him on the street and set to him. 'Doe, I'm feeling so bad I think I'm sick.' 'Feeling bad, are you?' he sez. 'Well, Jim,' he sez, 'why don't you take something?'"

"'And that night, Mr. Tom, I took his two mules.'"  
"Knew What Struck Him."  
Daly—Ye were sunstruck, ye say? Why, man, alive, the sun could never disfigure a man's face like that.  
Riley—Ye don't know me son, Daly.—Brooklyn Life.

### Golf as a Home Wrecker.

Judging from the number of wives' complaints and confessions published every week in the Scotsman, golfers must be ranked among the most neglectful of husbands, says a London cable dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. Golf, the writers assert, has paralyzed the enterprise and energy of many breadwinners. The time formerly given by the golfer to the companionship of wife and family is spent now, it is declared, on the links. His conversation is confined to mere club room gossip. He has no interest in literature, save that of the golfing papers and magazines. The neglected wives complain bitterly that they have sunk to the level of mere housekeepers since their husbands have become golf maniacs.

## Sweet Child Dreams.

The dapper waiter lingers:  
What shall I drink tonight?  
I turn, with listless fingers,  
The wine list to the light,  
And while I scan it, thinking  
That wine has lost its charm,  
I dream once more of drinking  
Sweet child at the farm.

From granddad's ancient settle,  
Before the crackling blaze,  
I watch the stinging kettle,  
A merry tune it plays.  
There, when the corn was snapping,  
And apples stazed and steamed,  
With granddad stily napping,  
My sweetest dreams were dreamed.

The winter wind, snow laden,  
Coaxed up the roaring flames,  
And there a rosy maiden  
Sat by and played me games;  
There love, who heard the clinking  
Of glasses, came and saw  
Two happy lovers drinking  
Sweet child through a straw.

Snug sheltered from the weather,  
Coaxed up the roaring flames,  
And quenched our thirst together  
In that cool amber draft.  
That drink of granddad's making,  
Pressed in the mill hard by,  
Set no light head to aching,  
Turned no bright speck awry.

Stilled are the clinking glasses,  
Long vanished is your smile,  
Oh, rosiest of roses!  
But still I dream and while  
My gray mustache I'm dipping  
In wine without a flaw  
I see your red lips sipping  
Sweet child through a straw.  
—Frank Roe Bacheider in Lippincott's  
For November.

## CHAMPION OF A RIVER.

Clubwoman Would Restore the Chicago to its Former Beauty.

"It was born of the wide western plain, reared in the freedom of the endless prairie and flowed peacefully and with dignity by the tide of the aborigine, who admitted its beauty and let that beauty develop.

"It truly is a Cinderella of rivers—of white birth, now made to drudge and save in the dust and ashes of the city!"  
No one may recognize it from the description, but the Chicago river is dead. The characterization is that of a Chicago clubwoman, Mrs. Kate S. Woods, says the Chicago Tribune.

The river has been abused. There is no doubt of that in Mrs. Woods' mind, for she declares the city has been ungrateful and has chided where the aborigine lauded.  
"For almost thirty years after his coming," she says, "the white man found that the natural course of the river did not run counter to his. Soon, however, the new city became a harsh stepmother, and the Cinderella of rivers was sent to work in the dirt and soot of manufacturing hearth."

It is sad for even a river to have to work, Mrs. Woods contended. But more than that is the ingratitude of Chicago. So appealing was the plea for the river and so harsh was the arraignment of the city that an auditor proposed the organization of a society for the prevention of cruelty to the Chicago river. The city is cruel, for:  
"We never gave this Cinderella a chance to put on new or better raiment. We never gave her a chance even to wash her face until the drainage canal went through, and that was merely for the sake of ourselves, not to enhance the beauty of the river."  
"How good the river has been to all of us and how little we appreciate it! It is despised, neglected and overworked. It is used as a dump, a ditch and even as an open sewer. Men stop its current with big, cumbersome tunnels below and span it with unsightly bridges above; they stick ugly piles and piers in it; they make it mathematically straight and inartistic and then throw up their hands in astonishment, crying, 'How ugly, what an abomination!'"

"There is hope for the future," Mrs. Woods held. "Let us each be a fairy to bring Cinderella back to her own, the Cinderella which has drugged for us for seventy years."  
JERRY SIMPSON OUTDONE.

## To Die of Paralysis Like Father.

Helpless Invalid For Three Years.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Made My Nerves Strong.

"For many years I suffered from terrible headaches and pains at the base of the brain, and finally got so bad that I was overcome with nervous prostration. I had frequent dizzy spells and was so weak and exhausted that I could take but little food. The best physicians told me I could not live; that I would die of paralysis, as my father and grandfather had. I remained a helpless invalid for three years, when I heard of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and began using it. That winter I felt better than I had before in many years, and I have not been troubled with those dreadful headaches since I first used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. My appetite is good and my nerves are strong."—Mrs. N. M. Bucknell, 2929 Oakland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

"For many years I suffered from nervous prostration, and could not direct my household affairs, nor have any care. My stomach was very weak, headaches very severe, and I was so nervous that there was not a night in years that I slept over one hour at a time. We spent hundreds of dollars for doctors and medicine. I was taken to Chicago and treated by specialists, but received no benefit at all. Finally I heard of Dr. Miles' Nervine and began its use. I was surprised that it helped me so quickly, and great was my joy to find, after using seven bottles, that I had fully recovered my health."—Mrs. W. A. Thompson, Duluth, Minn.

All druggists sell and guarantee first bottle Dr. Miles' Remedies. Send for free book on Nervous and Heart Diseases. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## going too far! "I hope it will succeed.

Allen deserves a nice wife, and she would make one."

Three hours later the carriage bearing Miss Elizabeth Parker rolled noiselessly along College street. She felt distinctly nervous. Professor Allen would very certainly be there. And at the last faculty dinner, just before commencement, she had given him the pose from her hair, and he had said—

"As she stepped into the Hastings' hall Mrs. Hastings called from the top of the stairs:  
"Come up, dear. How perfectly sweet of you to come! I was afraid you wouldn't get the message in time. Jean will be delighted. Do go right in. I have to see that John's tie is straight." And she disappeared through a half open door.

Elizabeth on opening the nursery door was joyfully welcomed by the tiny Jean, who sprang into her arms with a cry of delight and hugged her close. Then she curled up contentedly in Elizabeth's lap, murmuring, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Sting 'Ticken-at-ay!"

The songs went on uninterruptedly for half an hour. Then the carriage began to arrive. Elizabeth could hear the ponderous annual joke of the professor of mathematics and the obedient laugh of his assistant as they passed into the dressing room. She heard the rustle of skirts as the women fluttered to the stairs.

"They must all be here," she thought, "but I won't go down till I have to."

She glanced at Jean, whose eyes were heavy with sleep, and sang again the favorite song. And this was the scene upon which Professor Allen gazed a minute later as he stood at the nursery door. In her shimmering satin gown, her crimson cape falling back, revealing her beautiful neck and arms, her sweet face slightly turned from him as she looked down at the drowsy child cradled in her arms, she seemed to the unhappy professor almost divine.

As he stood listening to the lullaby Jean, suddenly raising her head, saw him.

"Oh, Mr. Allen, tum in, tum in!" she cried.

There was no escape. He came in. Elizabeth's heart beat so loudly she felt sure he must hear it, but she did not speak.

"Jean, I came in to say good night."

"Is it your sweetheart tonight?"

"Yes, dear."

"Does you lub me?"

"Yes, Jean."

"Does you lub Lizbuff too?"

He gave one appealing look, but the dear face was turned away. He resolved to risk all in one desperate stroke.

"God bless us, do, Jean."

"Vell, this us bafe dood night, and I'll go asleep."

He kissed her. But the baby insisted.

"Now Lizbuff."

"May I, dear?" very tenderly, bending over them both.

"Tiss her, Allen," urged Jean.

"Elizabeth!" pleadingly.

Ever so little she turned her face to him.

Jean sank back satisfied.

Downstairs all wonder at the delay of dinner was changed into delight when Professor Allen and Elizabeth came into the drawing room together.

And dinner was served.

There will be perfect newspapers when there is a perfect world.—Baltimore Herald.

# Fated

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