

THE SUPPLEMENT

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A Wonderful Child.

I've read somewhere about a girl whose cheeks are rosy red, whose golden tresses curl on curl, and her eyes are blue and bright and blue, and her smile is kind and sweet; and the errands she is asked to do are done with willing feet.

"Is said that when she goes to school she's just the sweetest lass!

"Sick to mind the slightest rule, and prompt in every class.

To boys and girls she's a veritable rule, when all are at their play;

Her conduct—be it understood—is "perfect" every day.

Where lives this child, I cannot say, nor who her parents are, although for many a weary day I've sought her near and far; if you should ever see her smile, or o'er the world you rove, just hold her hand a little while, and give her my best love.

—Little S. Russell, in St. Nicholas.

"Sunshine."

BY ALICE.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Ethel Sharon, as on a clear summer morning she stood by the flowing waters of the noble Hudson, and watched the sun as it rested on the majestic heights of Storm King and Crown's Nest, and on the surrounding valleys below.

As she stood watching the sun rise, she made a lovely picture; tall and slight, but perfectly formed, her golden hair falling in heavy curls below her waist, her dark blue eyes lighted up with wonder and admiration at the surrounding view, and a smile on her sweet lips which lighted up her face and made her most fair to see. One hand rested on the large setter which stood by her side.

Suddenly the noise of horses' hoofs attracted her attention, and turning, she saw approaching two young men on horseback; behind them came a dog-cart with a groom in attendance, and the necessary articles for a journey across the country. As they came near they raised their hats, and the gentleman on the side nearest her said,

"Pardon me, but will you be kind enough to tell me the name of those mountains opposite?"

She felt the color rush to her face as, lifting her large frank eyes to his, she replied,

"Certainly; Storm King and Crown's Nest."

"And is that West Point just below?"

"Yes."

"Many thanks for your information," and again touching their hats, they rode on, leaving her to wonder who they were, and where they had lived, that she needed to ask the names of the mountains along the Hudson.

She watched him out of sight, then calling her dog started on a run for the lovely home nestled in among the trees at the foot of "Breakneck."

She was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, and her sweet, loving ways and pleasant disposition had given her the pet name of "Sunshine," by which all who loved her called her; and although in her nineteenth year, she was as light-hearted and gay as a child, for sorrow had not touched her innocent heart.

As she approached the house, flushed by exercise, her father met her, saying,

"Sunshine, I was afraid you had met with an adventure, you stayed so long, and was just starting to look for you."

"Suppose I should tell you I had met with an adventure?"

"I should have to put a stop to those morning walks or else accompany you. But, come, breakfast is ready, and mamma impatient."

While seated at the table a letter was brought in to Ethel from her dear friend, Minnie Watson, begging her to make her a long visit, saying her brother was to return home that morning from a trip across the country, bringing his European friend, George Stanley, with him. She wanted Ethel's help in entertaining them.

So, after proper preparation, Ethel took the afternoon train to Peekskill, where Minnie lived, and in a short time the two girls were busy talking over their school days together.

Minnie was a tall, handsome brunette, and though but a few months Ethel's senior, a society belle, and I am sorry to say, a flirt, while Ethel summed anything of the kind as dishonorable; but the girls were firm friends, and loved each other dearly.

"And who, Minnie, is your brother's friend you mentioned? Some new admirer of yours?"

"Oh, no! I had never seen him until to-day. He met Ned in London, and they traveled for over a year together, and so became fast friends. He is handsome, and I think I shall like him if he will only condescend to notice me."

"There is no danger but he will do that, Minnie. I am quite anxious to see your brother, as I have never met him. Is he like you?"

"Like me? Gracious no! He is a confirmed bachelor; unless he meets an angel in his wanderings, he will never marry, for all mortal girls fall far short of his expectations."

"Is he really so hard to suit?"

"Yes, indeed; but still he admires beauty as much, if not more than most young men. You should have heard him describe a country girl he met this morning on his way home. There never was such a beautiful creature seen before. I told him he must have been a mermaid."

"Did you say this morning?"

"Yes."

"Where was it?"

"On the road somewhere between Fishkill and here; I could not find out just where."

"Were they on horseback, attended by a groom? Tell me, quickly, Minnie!"

Misdirected Letters.

Attention was recently attracted in New York, by the failure of two important letters to reach Philadelphia when the sender expected to find a number of misdirected or partly directed letters which were daily dropped into the New York postoffice. The number, Postmaster James says, is between 50,000 and 60,000 each day, and they include in some cases mistakes and errors. In some cases the superscriptions might well serve for prize puzzles, so aptly, though unintentionally, has the writer concealed his thoughts. In other cases the lack of any direction whatever makes the officials' minds blank as the envelope; in others still the omission of the name of the city or village leaves the postoffice officials powerless, as a rule, to forward the letter to its destination, though in many instances, owing to the skill and knowledge of the experts to whom the work is confided, they are able to supply the omission. But not the least source of trouble, and one which finds its origin chiefly in the negligence of business men and others who ought to know better, is that which arises from a failure to attach the name of the State to the address of the person for whom the letter is intended. In the two cases which have brought the subject into some prominence, the letters were simply directed to their proper address, Philadelphia, the State being omitted. Until within a short time since the distributing clerks had been permitted to guess at the State meant by the writer; but some mistakes having been made, and much trouble caused thereby, the postmaster gave orders that letters thus imperfectly addressed should be turned over to the experts, so as to insure greater accuracy. Consequently the two letters in question were delayed a mail or two, and by reason of the delay a cash transaction involving \$50,000 was imperiled in one case, and an important order lost in the other.

All postoffices of the first-class experience in less degree the difficulties and perplexities which the New York Postoffice daily encounters; and although mistakes are frequently made, the wonder is that they are not far more numerous. Most readers would be astonished if they examined the official list of postoffices, and observed how comparatively few places there are which do not have one or more duplicate names. It is the failure to remove doubts as to the locality of a place, by giving at least the name of the State, compels postoffice officials to resort to guesswork; and while this proves to be correct in nearly every case when an important city is involved, the chances are against correctness when all the places of the same name are obscure, and there is no certain way of selecting to which a wide field there is for mistake, it may be remarked that among the leading cities of the country, San Francisco, New Orleans and Jersey City are the only ones without duplicates in names. There are no less than twenty-nine Washingtons, besides fifteen places in which Washington forms part of the name. There are three New Yorks, seven Philadelphias, eighteen Brooklyns, four Chicagos, four St. Louises, eight Cincinnati, twelve Boston, five Baltimores, five Detroit, besides one Detroit City and one Detroit Junction, eight Pittsburgs, besides three Pittsburgs, fifteen Louisvilles, fourteen Newarks, sixteen Buffalos and twenty-seven places which have Buffalo as a portion of the name, sixteen Albany, ten Clevelands, two Indianapoles, three Milwaukees and one Milwaukee, thirteen Providences, and eighteenth Charlesowns may be added.

Most of the important towns in Michigan have their duplicates. Thus there are twenty-six Greenvilles in the United States, twenty-three Monroes and twenty-one Jacksons, while there are forty-eight other places with Jackson as the principal part of the name. There are thirteen Hillsdales and as many Albions; fourteen which rejoice in the name of St. Joseph; eleven called Coldwater, nine Masons, eight which are plain St. John, and five which make the name St. John's, seven Lansings, six Ionia besides an Ionia City, and six each respectively called Hastings, Charlotte and Adrian. There are five cities each going under the name of Battle Creek, Flint and Niles. There are four Paw Paws, besides a Paw Paw Ford and a Paw Paw Grove, and there are four Grand Rapids. There are three each called respectively Bay City, Calumet, Lapeer and White Pigeon. There are two Pontonvilles, and, closely allied to them, three Pontons. There are two Allegans, two Grand Havens and two Kalamazos. The list of Michigan postoffices which have their "double," and in some cases their double several times over might be continued at great length; but the instances we have given are sufficient to show how essential it is that the name of the State should follow the name of the postoffice in an address on a letter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FRESHLY PAINTED ROOMS.—The impression that those who inhabit rooms freshly painted are in danger of lead poisoning has been shown by Dr. Clement Biddle to be quite unfounded. He bases this statement upon the result of the following experiment: He introduced into a glass box a number of sheets of paper saturated with white lead (lead paint), and upon the bottom of the box placed a shallow dish of pure (distilled) water, previously tested to make sure of its perfect freedom from impurities, and from lead in particular. After an exposure to the atmosphere of the box for three days, the water-dish was removed, acidulated with nitric acid, and treated with sulphuretted hydrogen, when not a trace of lead precipitate occurred. Dr. Biddle therefore attributes the colds and other unpleasant consequences experienced by sleeping in freshly-painted apartments to the irritating action of the vapors of turpentine on the lining membrane of the air-passages.

The daughter of Jenny Lind is coming over next year.

The Way One Man Got On.

He applied to the editor-in-chief of a New York daily, who knew him well and was aware of his ability and experience. "I've nothing to offer you," he said, "but perhaps you had better see the managing editor." To the managing editor, who also knew him well, the applicant went. "There's nothing I can give you," he said pleasantly; "why don't you see the editor-in-chief?" The next day he applied to the editor-in-chief, and the next, each day repeating the same answer. Dropping in on the fourth day he noticed a vacant desk in the reporters' room, kept for any one who might use it. He called the office boy, told him to clean up the desk and bring writing materials. Having "moved in" he sought the city editor's assignment book, picked out a job that he thought he could do, and laid the rest on the city editor's desk, and went home. The next day he did the same thing, and the next, and the next. On the fifth day the editor-in-chief passed through the room while he was at his desk. "So you've got to work?" he said, pleasantly. "Yes, sir," answered the self-appointed reporter. A day or two later the managing editor forgot to put on name in the roll. Never mind, I will. How much did he say you were to have?" "He didn't say, sir," said the reporter, telling the truth very literally. The chief fixed the pay then and there, dated it back two weeks, and the "hanger on" became a full fledged member of the staff on the spot. And this is the way one man got on.

A Drunken Deer.

Man is reproached or commended, according to taste, as the only animal that gets drunk. But how about the deer? It is stated by an authority that the deer—at any rate the French deer—for all his amiable qualities, "n'est pas moins affecté d'un assez vilain penchant, celui des jolisesses heurtées." But only at this time of the year. He then "throws himself with avidity" upon certain tender shoots containing a juice which ferments in his stomach and intoxicates him to such an extent that he strays from his usual haunts and "follows his nose." Thus it came to pass that a deer "in liquor," was discovered by a peasant, also "in liquor," trying to get drunk in a ditch on the road to the village of Queen on Brice. The peasant, delighted at the gossend, tied the deer's legs together with a handkerchief, and, having hoisted the animal on his shoulders, prepared to carry him off. The deer, roused from his drunken sleep by this treatment, became so troublesome that the peasant, who was of an inventive turn, took off his blouse, passed it over the deer's head, and improvised by means of it a sort of strait-jacket which paralyzed the beast's movements. He had just finished these intelligent proceedings when he perceived two gentlemen, who, without more ado, requested to be furnished with his name and address, and then, taking the deer by the neck, carried it to a public house, where they proceeded to "car to chasser et à clore." In the meanwhile the deer, whose feet had been untied, scampered off, a little embarrassed by the blouse, to his doe and family, whose consternation at his strange appearance may be readily imagined. He had probably had a bad time of it when he reached his own quarters, but he would not care to quarrel with the legal authorities. Thus we see how a deer, as well as a man, got into trouble through drink; and the case is recommended to the notice of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. *Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Czar Draws a Tooth.

Peter the Great attended surgical classes in Holland. Indeed, he dabbled in all the sciences and mechanical arts, but was especially proud of his attainments as a surgeon. He gloried in drawing a tooth, bleeding a patient, and for money or love he would draw a tooth. "Let me see her," said Peter, "and I warrant you I'll cure her." The poor woman insisted she had no toothache; "Sire," said the valet, "she always says that when I bring the doctor." "Hold her arm, then," said his Majesty, and will relieve her suffering. Peter seized the tooth which the woman's husband pointed out as the bad one and smartly whirled it out. The Czar afterward discovered that he had been tricked, and the poor woman made to suffer unnecessarily, and he gave the valet a knouting with his own royal hands.

The Fashionable Mother.

Whether the woman of the world is blessed with maternal instincts or not is an open question. She certainly seems, as little of her children as possible. The boys are not such a care to her as the girls; for they may be packed off to school while yet at a tender age. But the girls cannot be thus exiled. They must be educated; must have a French *bonne* in the schoolroom; distinguished professors even in their teens; dancing-masters, singing-masters, and drawing-masters; their teeth must be seen by the best dentists; their hair, their complexion, their figures as carefully tended as the points of a race-horse which carries the fortunes of its stable. She is haunted by a constant dread of what the future may have in store for them; will they grow up ugly or well-favored; will they be stupid or silly things, marry judiciously, badly, or not at all? But these are mere passing inconveniences compared to the active annoyance the daughter occasions when duly polished and prepared, emancipated from the schoolroom, or launched forth from the high-class finishing establishment, she is ready to make her debut in the world. Now at length the mother is brought face to face with a trouble she has hitherto only vaguely dreaded, but which at length she fully realizes. She is about to be burdened with an incubus and encumberance, she cannot shake off. No more privacy in *boudoir* or drawing-room. The daughter's inopportune appearance upon the scene, with a claim to free *entree* and the assumed right to be in her mother's company, threatens to put an end to all private friendships or innocent flirtations. Hence, from the first, an estrangement springs up between the pair, that soon widens into a breach. To the mother the situation is full, if not of possible peril, at least of grave present annoyance, and she staves off the danger by strict precautionary measures. Her daughter is repressed, kept to busy in the background, is sentenced to a species of solitary imprisonment, and obliged to spend her hours wearily in her own room, denied any but a nominal part in the society of the house, from which she desires to escape at any cost.

THE HEALING VIRTUES OF PLANTS.

New discoveries—or what claim to be discoveries—of the healing virtues of plants, are continually making. One of the latest is that celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is almost always put on the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from becoming known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drunk by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour and nutmeg, into saucapan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment.

TOMATO SOUP.

Take of a neck piece or from the round, two or three pounds of pepper and salt, then a thick layer of bread crumbs, also seasoned with butter, pepper and salt. Thus alternate the layers until the dish is nearly full, having tomatoes last; cover tightly, and bake one-half hour or longer if the oven be hot.

CUCUMBER RELISH.

This pickle may be made from those cucumbers which have grown too large for pickling whole. Peel, cut in half, remove the seeds, and grate on a coarse grater; drain the water from the mass, season highly with pepper, salt and ground cloves, cover with cold vinegar, bottle and seal.

BEESWAX AND SALT WILL MAKE YOUR IRONS AS CLEAN AND SMOOTH AS GLASS.

Take a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

TOMATO SALAD.—Skin, remove the seeds and pulp from fresh tomatoes; chop what is left with the heart—if it may be so called—of a cabbage and a little parsley, and serve with a good salad dressing.

The Weaker Sex.

Our daughters must be educated to bear their share of the burdens of life. We do not wish them to be Amazons, to contend as athletes, to become renowned as horsewomen, as good shots, as successful pedestriars; but we must not get to the other extreme and train them to be delicate, helpless, ignorant, incapable. They must understand the whole duty of woman. Of course we desire them to have loving, indulgent, faithful husbands. But marriage is a partnership, and unequal partnerships never turn out well. Suppose to the partnership the husband brings a strong, well-built body, developed by all manner of wholesome and manly exercise, and the wife brings a feeble body, weak from want of exercise, injured by tight-lacing, improper dress and bad ways of living, so that how willing she may be to do her part she is physically incapable of discharging the responsibilities she assumes at the hymeneal altar. What then? Can happiness follow such a union? There is plenty of work about a house that will make girls strong. Sweeping is capital exercise, so is ironing and cooking and the whole round of domestic activity, and it is so varied that one has a chance to rest from one kind of labor while performing another kind. Then in the husbands of our daughters we wish intelligence, culture, knowledge of men and things. Do we see to it that in these respects our daughters shall be capable of becoming companions to them? A marriage in which there is no companionship is a very flimsy and unsatisfactory affair. If the husband is to have all the fun and the daughters are physically and intellectually capable of becoming good wives and mothers and bearing easily the burdens of married life the course of moral reform would be wonderfully helped. As we can not foresee what burdens our daughters may be called upon to bear, it is well to prepare them for all emergencies. There is no objection more pitiable than a feeble, incapable woman who must depend upon herself.

USEFUL HINTS.

If a coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water. In boiling the juices in cooking, it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turn frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours, with pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the meat boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oil cloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will run them. Tumbler that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet it and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

HOW TO CHOOSE SILK.

Many ladies do not know how to choose a good black silk; but well informed women know that it should be soft and heavy. Good silk must never be gummy or stiff. They prefer a *gross grain* because it is fashionable; but they will have it light, though "full in the hand." They do not look so much at the grain as at the gloss they pull out of it. If this process of investigation is not allowed, they pinch the specimen between the cross, and pull it in a contrary direction. If the crease looks like a fold in a paper, they reject that piece; but if it smooths out and disappears they are secure. They also imperceptibly touch the sample with the tip of the tongue, for the presence of iron used in dye is thus detected. As regards the color of black, there are very variable grades of black and dun blacks. A black, singularly enough, and without the slightest desire to appear ridiculous, should be blue. The raven's wing has a blue haze over it. No one not in the business can know how difficult it is to get glossy blue black; a dead black is not such a feat. Cheap qualities of silk would not reward the manufacturer for his trouble, therefore a brown or green black are of inferior fiber. There is not a more useful investment to be made than money expended for a really good black silk.

CHOW CHOW.

One peck of green tomatoes, three dozens of green peppers, one cabbage, one bunch of celery, one-half peck of onions, two cups of grated horse radish, one ounce of whole allspice, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce of whole cinnamon, one gallon of vinegar, one pound of mustard seed, one gallon of vinegar turned on boiling hot, after chopping all fine, and salt to taste. Put the cinnamon, allspice and cloves in a bag and put in the chow chow, let the chopped tomatoes lay in salt and water over night.

PICKLED BLACKBERRIES.

Seven pounds of fruit, three pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one-half ounce of cloves, one-half ounce cassis buds. When the syrup is boiling add the berries; boil one-half hour; skim out the berries; boil down the syrup and pour it over them.

Weather report—a clap of thunder.

Boston's Ostracism of Summer.

The occasion was a debate at the meeting of the Boston Prison Discipline Society (1847). He had done or said before this some things which offended the inner circles of Boston society, but in setting forth his views on prison discipline, he, in the heat of debate, made some needlessly cutting remarks on persons of the first respectability in the city, and he was thereupon voted by them to be "vulgar." His offenses against what was considered social and political decorum went on increasing year after year, and the houses where he had before been a welcome visitor closed their doors to him one after the other. It is curious that this fashionable ostracism continued after he had made himself a great reputation in the United States Senate, and held the position of chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He was a political force of the first rank, in the opinion of ambassadors of foreign states, when numbers of the commercial and manufacturing aristocracy of his native city rated and berated him as a vulgar fanatic. Mr. Samuel Hooper—a Boston merchant, who represented Boston in the national House of Representatives for many years before, during, and after the war of the rebellion, and who was an intimate friend of Sumner—told me that one of his solid mercantile friends once asked him how he managed to get along with that fellow Sumner.

"Oh, very well," was the reply. "I meet him very often. He appears to be invited to every party given in Washington. You can't go any where without meeting him."

"But you don't say he is considered a gentleman? You don't say that he is a man that one would ask, now, to dine at your table or mine?"

"No," Mr. Hooper rejoined, with that dry, delicious, and quietly malicious humor which characterized him. "I don't think that it would become you to invite him to your house. But society in Washington is mixed up of heterogeneous elements such as we never find in Boston. There, you know, a lot of ambassadors from the various countries of Europe,—dukes, earls, barons, knights, and other persons, with this or that title prefixed to their names—and they are compelled, for political reasons, to invite all kinds of persons to their dinners. Sumner seems to be their favorite guest; but I would not, of course, advise you to invite him to dinner. In Boston we are naturally more cautious in selecting the persons who are to eat our meals and drink our wines. In Washington we have to be less discriminating."

After this conversation a merchant departed, fully assured that his friend Hooper entirely agreed with him as to the propriety of excluding such a fanatic as Sumner from the inner sanctum of his own unpolluted dwelling. And yet at this very time Sumner was recognized at the seat of government as one of the powers to be consulted in the settlement of matters which intimately affected the prosperity of the commerce of Boston in common with that of the whole commerce of the country.—*E. P. Whipple, in Harper's Magazine.*

Scientific.

The National Academy of Sciences has appropriated \$5,000 for the construction of the necessary apparatus to determine the distance of the sun by measuring the velocity of light.

The *Scientific American* contains some careful studies of Dr. Weir Mitchell on the relation of neuritic pain to storm and the earth's magnetism. He finds the best yield of pain to be in January, February and March, the poorest in July, August and September.

M. Bourguignon, of Douchery, has discovered a method of weaving feathers (deprived of their horny substance) and incorporating them with woolen and cotton yarns in proportions varying from ten to seventy-five per cent. Several very fine textiles are thus made, which for warmth and lightness are unsurpassable.

In his examination of the oils to be found in the shops in Colorado, Dr. Amhook found that nine-tenths of the samples gave off on an ordinary summer day such a quantity of ozone that papers that a lighted match applied to the mouth of an open lamp would cause an explosion.

M. Clemandot, of Paris, has invented a globe for electric lights. It is double—one globe placed inside the other, and the space between is filled with powdered glass. It is said to diffuse the light without lessening its illuminating power so much as the opaline globes generally used.

The ozokerite, or mineral wax, which has been used in such quantities in Vienna, has now a great many applications in addition to that of illumination. Wax pencils of this material are now sold in Vienna for marking and writing on all kinds of wood, linen, cloth and paper. It is an excellent substitute for chalk for the blackboard. The marks produced by these pencils are not obliterated by moisture, acid or friction.

The English, in their campaign in Afghanistan, employ the mirror as an instrument of telegraphy. Their mode of use is very simple. The mirror of the heliostation is placed so as to reflect the sun's image to a distant station, and when the instrument has once been set in position, the distant station always sees the dazzling ray reflected from the mirror, except when purposely obscured. The appearance, disappearance and duration of the flash constitute the signals. The ordinary Morse alphabet supplies an intelligible code, and no one out of the line of signals can read or understand the message. The flash can be seen at a distance of twenty miles. Heliostation stations are now established throughout the Khyber Pass.

Weather report—a clap of thunder.

Weather report—a clap of thunder.