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Eroston (Tex.) Post: When the
time comes to vindicate the honor of the
American name, the very first thing
swell down will hit bang, take of his
eye-glass, and shoulder a musket as
bravely as did his grandfather.

A French writer, who estimates that
the world contains 193,000 doctors,
explains that two of our most exasperating
affections, asthma and catarrh,
defy their utmost skill.

OUR HOPES.
The past from our hearts has receded,
The future is all that remains,
Our life towards the ocean is ebbing,
The star of our destiny wanes.

Our hopes, let us carry them with us
Like leaves that are borne by the waves,
The saddest of early grave-diggers,
Let us leave them away in our graves.

OWLS AS PETS.
Their Solemnity to be Relied On,
But Their Voices Against Them.
[New York Sun.]
"Are owls ever caught to be sold as
pets?"

"Yes, occasionally. The best way to
catch them is to surprise them in a
nest in an old hollow tree. Boys tie a
stocking to the end of a long pole and
run the pole cautiously down the in-
side of the tree through the opening.
Instinctively the old owl, to protect her
young, turns on her back in the mid-
dle of the nest, and is ready with her
claws in the air, to fight anything that
comes. Slowly the stocking descends,
and as it touches the bird the strong
claws and beak are tearing it to
pieces. The boy pulls on the pole, and
the owl is so busy fighting and splutter-
ing that it is at the top and in the boy's
arms before it shall I say tumbles? Then
the boy has to look out for himself.
If he escapes with torn clothing while
he is descending the tree and putting
the owl in a bag he is a lucky boy."

"They are usually kept in a parrot
cage," continued the naturalist. "All
my birds are very tame, and will sub-
mit to be tickled on the head, and I
suspect, rather like it, though they look
so solemn all the while that I laugh
outright sometimes at the notion of
toying with a thing that has eye like
sawyers and seems to be perpetually
meditating on the infinite. Their tem-
pers vary. The European horned owl
seems up a fierce hissing, snapping, and
barking noise when first captured, or
when provoked with a stick. The Ameri-
can great horned owl barks like a
dog, and when it lets itself loose,
gets to be a nuisance in the house, for
it can hallow with a loud hoo-hoo-hoo-ee,
and can imitate to perfection the
screams and gurgle of a choking
or drowning person. The screech owl
is easily tamed and is gentle. The
Acadian owl is the only kind of owl
in this country which wanders into
cities. It is caught occasionally in old
bellies or in deserted or unoccupied
houses. It is seeking for mice. It
makes a noise like a saw-mill at work,
and is commonly known as the "saw-
mill owl." On that account it is ob-
jectionable as a pet. The barred owl
lives in the southern states makes a
sound like an affected laugh. It is
called the buffoon of the woods. Some
people keep it in their houses to catch
mice."

"Can owls learn tricks?"
"Yes, some simple ones, like eating
out of your hand, seizing the end of a
rope in your hand and letting you swing
them around in a circle, coming to you
at the sound of their name, climbing
the balustrade of your hall, or jumping
through a hoop. The solemn air they
carry all the while makes them
amusing."

Spain's Government Cigar Factory.
[Chicago Tribune.]
Miss Emma Stratton, of New York
city, writes a letter from Seville de-
scribing the government cigar factory
of Spain, 700 feet long and almost
wide, very dirty, and in the vestibule
250 girls make cigarettes, all talking as
loud as they want to; 100 girls in the
next room doing the same; and on the
next floor 3,000 women as close as sar-
dines in a box, in a single room, making
cigars, some having their babies with
them not a month old, and dogs lying
on the tobacco-stems. The women were
divided up into seven at each table,
three on each side and the mistress at
the top. Around each table were
shelves against stone pillars, on which
lay children's shoes, socks, and clothes.
There were stone jars of water here
and there for drinking, and the air was
stinking of the government cigars, the
noise broken by the wail of the babies.
The floor was dilapidated, and it was
possible for an incautious visitor to fall
through. Two other side apartments
100 feet long were both packed with
laborers. The factory consumes 10,000
pounds of tobacco a day, and em-
ploys over 5,000 persons, who receive
30 cents a day for twelve hours' work.
The patron at each table gets her pay
from the women she commands. The
girls and the superintendents had very
little manners.

Comments on the Corpse.
[St. Louis American.]
When any one dies they ask in France:
"How old was he?" In Germany:
"What complaint did he die of?" In
America they say: "A good thing he is
dead at last!" In Italy: "Poor fellow!"
In Russia: "He doesn't need to work
any more; he is well off!" In Holland
they ask: "How much money has he
left?" and in England: "Was he in-
sured?"

His Beautiful Case.
[Arkansas Traveler.]
A horrible story has just reached us.
During the recent cold weather, an
Arkansas man, while walking along a
road, found a beautiful case with bright
colors. After walking with it all day,
he went home and stood it in the corner.
Presently it climbed down and crawled
under the house. He had been walking
with a frozen barnum.

P. T. Barnum's Wealth.
P. T. Barnum is a stockholder in two
sewing machine companies; owns three
newspapers, two of which are in
Bridgewater; about four hundred houses,
numerous vacant lots, and a cattle
ranch. He has 1,000 lots in Denver. A
building owned by him in New York
pays him a rental of \$55,000 a year.

Paris' Bad Wives.
Six hundred and fifty bottles of
wine, bought in different parts of Paris,
have been analyzed at the municipal lab-
oratory, and the wine was pronounced
pure in only six cases.

Arkansas Traveler: When I see
a man d'at us ways ter pray, I see
how 'kard' he 'think' dat he's done
suthin' dat he wants de Lawd ter wipe
out.

MME. AUGUSTE'S LION.
[N.O. Times Translation from Horace Bortin.]
I.

She had come, one summer Sunday,
to erect her canvas booth under the
poplars of the village of Le Cours, not
very far from the church. On either
side of the entrance there was a glaring
painting representing lions of enormous
size, with open jaws and waving manes
—rising upon their hind legs as though
seeking to devour the spectators. The
peasants, especially the women, felt
cold chills run down their backs; and
in spite of the pressing appeals of the
doorkeeper, no one dared for a long
time to enter the interior.

At last when the tax-collector—who
was an ex-officer of zouaves—made up
his mind to cross the threshold of the
menagerie, some of the villagers sum-
moned up courage enough to follow
him.

A boy moved back a sliding partition
in the cage, and poked a big iron pitch-
fork between the bars. Then a lion
was seen to rise up painfully—an aged
lion, all broken down and worn out—a
blear-eyed lion, whose fur was meagre
and filthy, and whose tail was all raw,
excoriated, scabby. When he yawned,
only a few stumps of teeth were visible
in his jaws. Madame Auguste drew
a curtain aside, and introduced herself
to the public. She had a thin face
scarred with smallpox, and a nose like
an eagle's beak. Her faded velvet
bodice and tight speckled with green-
spots, nevertheless excited the admira-
tion of the country people. She en-
tered the cage, brandishing a whip.
The lion uttered a feeble roar. There
was a timid shrinking toward the door-
way on the part of the spectators—and
some of the peasant women even had
one foot on the street. A little girl
sobbed with terror, and pulled at her
mother's dress.

Madame Auguste, however, flogged
the old lion; and the animal finally re-
signed himself to the duty of leaping
over a bar; but only to lie down again
immediately at the further end of his
cage. Then the lion-tamer crunched
down before the animal, and opening
his mouth, thrust her pitted face again
against his jaws. All the spectators
uttered a cry of horror, and the women
rushed out in a fright, communicating
their panic to the whole crowd of
urchins gathered at the door. A few of
the men, seeing that the tax-collector
merely scratched his shoulder, held
their ground. Madame Auguste then
arose with a smile, and the performance
was over.

As they went out the country folks
discussed the wonderful courage of the
lion-tamer; and continued to ask one
another whether the bars of the cage
were really strong enough.

The tax-collector was the only one
who had a hard word for the lion, when
they talked the thing over among his
own circle. "He's an old to-
bacco-quit," said he to the notary and
the druggist; "I've seen a very differ-
ent kind of lions in the province of Con-
stantine!"

Three o'clock had just struck. The
men of the village were amusing them-
selves in various ways; some playing at
piquet in the tavern, others at ten-pins
on the public road. The women were
loitering by the door, waiting for the
doors of the church, where respers were
commencing. The peal of bells from
the steeple alone broke the silence of
Le Cours, which soon appeared com-
pletely deserted. Behind the canvas
booths a thin column of smoke was
rising from the roof of the canary-
colored wagon, with its shafts in air.
Madame Auguste was cooking in her
traveling-car.

The menagerie was tranquil; the old
lion continued to sleep, and the menag-
erie boy had gone to the inn to see
whether Madame Auguste's horse and
mule had received their peck of oats.

But after a little while, the lion
teased and harassed by flies, opened
one eye, moved his tail, and rubbed his
head against the bars. Fortwith the
barred door by which Madame Auguste
had entered the cage moved upon its
hinges, and stood ajar. It had not
been properly secured, and nobody
had observed the fact—not even the
lion, who had lain down more contentedly
than usual after the departure of
his mistress. The captive pushed his
nose against the door, looked before
him, and after a moment's hesitation,
leaped into the booth. He proceeded
very slowly, very cunningly, and poked
his head through the calico curtains
which concealed the entrance of the
menagerie from the public. Le Cours
had all the aspect of an uninhabited
place.

The lion stepped into the street and
halted again. He recommenced
his promenade, but very timidly, with
an embarrassed air—as though very
distrustful and supremely suspicious.
One would have thought that he had
already regretted having proceeded so
far; and every once in awhile he would
turn his head half-round to look at his
domicile. Nevertheless he skirted the
church-wall, and finally took up his
position under the porch, without making
the slightest noise. The church-
doors had been left wide open, be-
cause of the heat, and within a
profound silence reigned, broken only
by the outbursts of the preacher's voice
from the pulpit, and the mad music of
the crickets from the neighboring trees.
The priest had only just commenced his
sermon; and the peasant women in their
rows of straw-bottomed chairs, were
either listening or yielding to the drow-
siness of the hot day.

It was the beadle who first perceived
the enormous shadow of the lion upon
the wall of the porch. He let his hal-
berd fall to the pavement, and cried
out in a voice half-choked by terror—
"There's the lion!"

The whole congregation was imme-
diately seized with unutterable terror.
Chairs and benches were overturned in
all directions. Some rushed toward
the organ-loft, others to the door of the
sacristy, others to the high altar. White
as sheets, and with eyes wild with fear,
the women shrieked helplessly or
uttered nameless cries. The children
yelled, and called upon their mothers
to save them. Several peasant women
almost died of fright, and huddled to-

gether in the nave, actually holding
their breath from terror.

People trampled each other on the
pulpit stairs behind the altar on either
side of the sanctuary railing. Prayer-
books, chaplets, benches, stools, can-
dlesticks and censers were scattered on
the floor. The beadle had barricaded
himself within the sacristy, and the
chanter, whose face was full lit by a
gush of light from the window, was
livid, and his knees were knocking to-
gether almost violently enough to
break the bones. A little boy that had
squeezed himself under a big chair
strutted out from betwixt the rungs a
face comically distorted by tears of
terror. The sacristan had run up the
bell with all his might, as if there was
a conflagration to be extinguished. The
few women who had succeeded in get-
ting out of the church with the first
rush, were running through all the
streets of the village, throwing up
their arms, and screaming for help.

The priest alone—who from the
head of the pulpit had seen the wild
beast walk quietly away—tried to re-
establish some calm among the faithful.
But his voice was lost in the tumult of
the panic; and already, from all the
houses, drinking-places, club-rooms,
taverns, etc., men were running to the
scene armed with Lefauchaux revolvers,
pistols, clubs, and other weapons.

The lion indeed, had very quietly re-
traced his way to the menagerie, as
soon as he had heard the beadle's hal-
berd fall on the church pavement.
Madame Auguste at once rushed at her
boarder, raining lashes upon him
with her whip, and hurried him into the
cage, with many kicks in the hinder
portion of his emaciated body.

But the whole village had been ter-
rified.

Headed by the tax-collector, who had
taken down an old revolver from his
panoply, the peasants poured into the
booth; and, in spite of the supplications
and even tears of the lion-tamer, who
clasped their knees in her vain despair,
they put the muzzle of their weapons
to the poor brute's head and blew his
brains out. One peasant even carried
his ferocity so far as to shove a billiard-
cue down the lion's throat. The
village folks seemed to have been
wrought up to a pitch of unheard-of
fury; and every possible term of abuse,
invective, and insult were lavished upon
the wretched animal's carcass.

"At last," shouted the tax-collector
to Mme. Auguste, who had almost
fainted with grief, "now this will teach
you that I have never been afraid of
lions!"

Madame Auguste long remained
motionless with grief and despair. Her
lion represented a great mile from whose
flanks the rain-water poured in streams.
The old horse who pulled the other
vehicle containing the carcass of the
lion, hung his head sadly under the
furious downpour. The thunder rolled
madly overhead, and by the light of
the lightning, Madame Auguste showed
her tear-streaming face at the little
beadle, who was standing in the
terrors flung the epithet "cowards!" into
the great tumult of the tempest.

Children's Charitable Club.
[Washington Letter.]
The Children's Christmas club, of
which the president's daughter, little
Nell, is president, gave a Christmas
feast to poor children, and three other
clubs, the outgrowth of this, gave din-
ners in other sections of the city; so
over 2,000 youngsters had a vision of
good living far ahead of their ex-
pectations. The club which has
sponsored a national promotion was
started by Miss Marion West, the
daughter of Commissioner
West of the district, the day after
Thanksgiving among a little group of
acquaintances. Miss West, by the way,
claims San Francisco as her birthplace,
and it has reason to be proud of a gen-
tle young lady who has made so many
poor homes happy. Miss Nellie Arthur
accepted the presidency of the club and
with it considerable hard work, as she
has had to sign hundreds of member-
ship cards. They not only gave the
children all they could eat, but also all
they could carry home in the way of
edibles and toys.

I never saw such a crowd of delighted
faces. President Arthur entered the
hall in time to see a "Punch and Judy"
show for the entertainment of the chil-
dren and took a seat very demurely in
their midst. Such a scene was
probably never witnessed here before.
Nell Arthur sang with a chorus of girls.
Tiny Tim's injunction, "God Bless
Every One," is the watchword, and the
president, like simple folk, wants his
laughter to grow up generous and
thoughtful. For a child of 11 years,
petted and noticed as she is, she is not
a bit spoiled by it all, and came attired
in a simple blue worsted dress. The
Christmas club is going to be a perma-
nent affair and expects to do much
more next year.

A White House Room.
[The Current.]
A room in the White House is de-
corated in the style of the thir-
teenth century. It contains
some of a Japanese screen, a piece
of tapestry showing Gutenberg reading
aloud from his first block-letter bible,
and furniture of cherry wood. When,
after the lapse of a century or two, the
decorative artists of that period search
for specimens of nineteenth century
decorations, they will doubtless find
themselves a trifle puzzled on entering
this room.

NEW ORLEANS CEMETERIES.
A Lottery Man's Revenge Changes a
Race-Course into a Cemetery.
[Letter in New York Times.]

Any stranger here in search of curi-
osities is pretty sure to go back again
and again to the cemeteries, just as I
am going back to them for the first time,
without exception, the most interesting
points to visit. All the other New Or-
leans curiosities may be duplicated in
other cities, but there is nothing like
the cemeteries anywhere else in
America. They are so full, so well
kept, so curious in their arrangement,
so quiet and respectful, that it is a pleasure
to go into them.

One of the oldest of the French
cemeteries is in the heart of the city, only
a few blocks from Canal street. It is
inclosed with a high stone wall, and
the entrance to it is through a narrow
gateway. The graves are all above
ground, as they are in all the New Or-
leans cemeteries, and the brick burial
houses are so close together it looks
impossible to find room for another
body. There are several large vaults
belonging to benevolent societies, and
two or three are filled with bodies of
Confederate soldiers. Narrow walks
wind among these dwelling houses of
the dead, with which the entire
inclosure is filled. The inscrip-
tions on many of the tombs show
that the occupants came years
ago from the French provinces, but a
fair proportion of the names are Ger-
man, Irish, or American. Nearly every
grave shows some mark of affection,
with its bouquet of flowers, festoon of
grape, rosette of black beads, its tiny
cross or font of holy water. The
French do not forget their dead friends.
There are graves in this cemetery so
old that the plaster is crumbling away,
that still are ornamented with fresh
bouquets of flowers. But this old
French cemetery in the middle of the
city has not the charm of the newer
ones in the suburbs.

About three miles from the center of
the town, straight out Canal street,
there is a village of cemeteries whose
population must equal, I should think,
that of the city. It is just a pleasant
walk to them on a fair day. The first
to be reached bears a sign over the
gatehouse, "Derech, Rest;" then next
is the Lutheran cemetery, then the
Jewish "Cemetery of the Congregation
Dispersed of Judah," St. Patrick's
cemetery, which probably is not filled
with Frenchmen; the beautiful Fer-
men's cemetery, and the "Old-Fellows'
Rest." The last to be reached in point
of distance is the largest of all, the
Metairie. This word was a sticker, and
it took me a long time to find out what
it meant. I asked several gentlemen
whom I met on the broad gravel walks,
and they all to me it was a race-track,
but the exact connection between a
cemetery and a race-track was hard to
see. It was plain enough, however,
when I heard the story.

A few years ago Metairie was the
fashionable race-course of New Orleans,
owned by a club composed of a number
of prominent citizens. The president
of the Louisiana Lottery company de-
sired to join the club, but the respect-
able gentlemen connected with it did
not care to be mixed up with any
4-11-4 business, and promptly
black-balled him. He made effort after
effort to get in, but was black-balled
every time. At last he grew indignant
and said to them:

"It's not much of a race-track, any-
how. I will buy it and make a cemetery
of it."
He kept his word. Before long the
sporting club was in difficulties, and
the lottery man got possession of most
of its stock. As soon as he was able
to control it he tore down the grand
stand, laid the whole place out in
burial lots, and the old race-track is
now the fashionable cemetery of
New Orleans. No choice lots, how-
ever, are reserved for the lottery com-
pany's victims who spend their last
dollar for quarter tickets and die in the
poor-house. This connection of a
swindling lottery company with a
cemetery is beautifully appropriate,
leaving nothing to be desired but an
almshouse on one side of the big
arched gateway and a jail on the other.

Utilizing Old Corks.
[Mineral-Water Trade Review.]
In a low wooden building in Mul-
berry street old corks are made as
"good as new." This is the only place
in New York where they are dealt in.
The dealer buys the corks by the bar-
rel, and pays from \$1 to \$3. His trade
is mostly in champagne corks. The
best and cleanest of these he sorts and
sells to American champagne-makers.
The bottom of the cork, where the first
bottler's brand appears, is shaved off,
and the name of the second stamped on
them. These corks are used, especially
for champagne bottles, and, as they can
be bought much more cheaply than
new ones, the bottlers purchase them.
The old-cork dealer obtains 25 cents a
dozen for them, and makes a handsome
profit.

The broken and dirty corks go
through a peculiar process. They are
first subjected to a sort of Turkish bath
to clean them, and after they have dried
are cut down. They are put in a ma-
chine and turned, while a sharp knife
runs across them. They can be cut to
any size, and, with the soiled surface
removed, look as bright as when new.
The corks cut down are purchased by
root-ber and soda-water makers,
who use smaller bottles. They can save
a considerable amount by purchasing
old corks, which, as it is easy to see,
will do as well as new ones. The "old
cork man" is rushed with business.
The champagne and root-ber and soda-
water bottlers take all the corks he can
furnish. He gets his supply at the
hotels and elsewhere.

On the Verge of Reaction.
[Helen Williams in Chicago Express.]
The day of military leaders is past.
The day of political leaders is past. I
doubt whether there will ever be a new
party formed or a new church. I
doubt whether they are needed. I see
something better ahead; I see that cor-
ruption in the old parties and in the old
churches, having gone its entire length,
begins to tremble on the verge of reac-
tion.

Wilkins: He who makes the best of
life loses the worst of death.

Women Sea Captains.
[Harper's Weekly.]
Mrs. Mary Miller met the first
woman who has served successfully as
mistress of a ship. Mrs. Capt. Patten,
of Bath, Me., who while her husband
was lying ill in his berth, navigated his
ship around Cape Horn and up to San
Francisco, although his timid first
officer wanted to stop at Valparaiso for
assistance. Mrs. Capt. Abbie Clif-
ford, of the brig Abbie Clifford, who,
after her husband had been washed
overboard, brought the vessel safe into
New York harbor from below the
equator; of Mrs. Capt. Reed, of the
Oakland, of Brunswick, Me., who was a
practical navigator of celebrity, and of
Miss Janet Thoms, who often used to
navigate her father's ship, who is now
teaching a school of navigation in this
city and who was in part the author of
"Thoms' Navigator," a book of au-
thority among mariners.

These cases are all of recent date. To
them The Leavenworth (Kan.) Times
adds the case of Mrs. Capt. John Oliver
Norton, of Edgartown, Mass. Her hus-
band commanded a whaling vessel, and
she frequently went with him into the
Arctic waters. On one of these expedi-
tions all the boats were out, leaving on
board the captain and just enough of
the crew to manage the vessel. A
whale was noticed off to the starboard,
and the captain and men were puzzled
how to get it. It was the woman who
solved the problem and settled the fate
of his whalship. Going to the wheel she
prevailed upon her husband to leave
the ship in her charge, with two dis-
abled men, while he and his men went
after the whale. He did so. The
woman managed the ship all day until
nightfall, when the boats returned, that
in command of her husband and having
captured the biggest whale ever seen in
those waters. When the ship put in
home the New Bedford owners made
the "woman commander" a handsome
present.

The Might of One Man's Intellect.
[Emil De Bois Raymond.]
[Philadelphia Ledger.]
"Do you beat brass?" is the initial
catchword of the latest fashionable
handicraft in Philadelphia. It is a par-
ticular pet with feminine fingers, and
requires thorough and practical knowl-
edge of hammers and tracing tools,
brass and block. A class of ladies, un-
der the patronage of the Scandinavian
Thor, have produced some beautiful
and lasting work. The instructor
teaches them the way of using and
holding the tools, and the proper kind
of stroke to make upon the steel dies.
The method is simple. On a block
of wood a brass plate of sheet is fast-
ened. The design is then drawn upon it,
the outline hammered by a die, which
has a row of dots. Other dies give
the groundwork a frosted or mottled
appearance. Everything depends on
the skill of the workman. Really
valuable articles in repoussé brass can
be made from a piece of brass costing
but a small sum. Card-receivers, pa-
per-weights and plaques can be made.
The brass beating educates the hands
and develops the muscles. It is worthy
of note how much interest in the me-
chanical arts is publicly shown. Some-
times the hammering of brass is com-
bined with the use of the paint brush.
A brass tray lately seen has a loose
spray of purple pansies, apparently
flung down carelessly upon it.

**Uncle Remus on the Art of Court-
ship.**
[Joel Chandler Harris in Atlanta Constitu-
tion.]
"I know'd a nigger one time," said
Uncle Remus, after pondering a mo-
ment, "w'at tuck a notion dat he want
to bait er simmons, en de mo' w'at de
notion tuck 'em de mo' he want 'em,
en bimeby, hit look lak he des natally
erleebzed ter have um. He want de
simmons, en dar dey is in de tree. He
mout water, en dar hang de simmons.
Now, den w'at de tuck nigger do? 'Wen you
en me on dish yer, den de nigger, den
we goes out on shakas de tree, en
de dey good on ripe, den dey comes,
en de dey good en green, dar dey
stays. But dis yer uthar nigger, he too
smart dar dey. He des tuck 'em de
stan' 'ud de tree, en he open de
mout, he did, wait fer de simmons fer
ter trap in dar. Dey ain't none drap
in yit," continued Uncle Remus, gen-
tly knocking the cold ashes out of his pipe,
"en w'at's mo', dey ain't none gwine ter
drap in dar. Dat des zackly de way
wid Brer Jack yer 'bout marrin'; he
stan dar dey, en he hol' 'ole ban's
wide open, en he speck de gal gwine
ter drap right spang in 'um. Man want
gal, he des got ter grab 'er—dat's w'at.
Dey may squall on day may flutter,
but flutter 'an squallin' ain't none da-
mage yit. As I knows 'um 'en 'tain't gwine
ter. Young chaps kin make great 'mira-
tion 'bout gals, but wen dey gets ole ez
I is dey 'ull know dat folks is folks, en
wen it come ter bein' folks de wimmen
ain't got none de vantage er der men.
Now dat's des de plain up en
down tale I'm a tellin' you."

The Color Line in Liberia.
[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]
The tendency among the negroes is
to draw the line between those of pure
blood and mulattoes. They had trouble
of this kind in Hayti, and it crops out
here in the south to a greater or lesser
extent during every political campaign.
It has become the controlling issue in
the politics of the republic of Liberia.
The constitution of that republic erects
a bar against all men of white blood.
They cannot hold office and are re-
stricted in their rights of citizenship.
The black negroes now propose to bar
out the yellow ones.

J. J. Roberts, Liberia's first presi-
dent and the George Washington of
that country, was defeated when he last
ran for office on the color issue. He
was very fair, almost white, in fact, and
a native of this country. The Liberians
now have a black president, who is a
native of Africa, and the mulattoes are
not wanted to understand that they are not
valued. Very few mulattoes can now
be induced to go to Liberia, the dispo-
sition being to let Liberia be purely a
black republic.

Arizona's Petrified Forest.
[Cor. Boston Herald.]
One might almost pass by and notice
nothing unusual. But on looking closer
the rocks are found to be the trunks
of fallen trees burned to stone. They
lie about you here and there, and every-
where, some preserving their shape and
outlines, others broken or cracked.
The scene is a strange one. It smacks
of enchantment. Perhaps some potent
magician blew upon this forest in the
vigor of its prime, and before his chill-
ing breath the stout trees bowed them-
selves and fell, and from into flint and
agate. Still you hardly see why you
came, but after the coffee had been
boiled and breakfast eaten your Mexi-
cans slowly enlighten you. They bring
out hammers and drills, and selecting a
likely spot in