

ODD SORT OF SLAVERY.

SECURING GOVERNMENT LABORERS IN MADAGASCAR.

A Terrible Form of Employment That Hangs Over the Head of Every Madagascaron—What "Fanampoana" Means to a Barbarous People.

Not only is slavery universal throughout Madagascar, but also is there a still more gigantic evil, and one which is even more surely crushing the manhood and stifling the life of that curious and beautiful country.

"Fanampoana," or forced labor, has a protean shape. It may best be understood by describing it as partaking of the nature of the corvée; it is also applied to conscription, to all kinds of government service; it is part of the feudal system, and it even sometimes takes the shape of a "logging bee."

It would be unjust to the astute old man who presides over the destinies of the people of that country if it were not stated that he has more than once considered a plan by which it might be modified and reformed.

But the system is too deeply woven into the inner life of the nation to be dealt with except by a master hand, and then only with the assistance of outside and friendly financial support.

For instance, it is one of the main characteristics of Fanampoana that it supplies the place of the payment of officials throughout the island.

In fact, in all Madagascar no secretary, clerk, artisan, soldier or civilian serving the government in whatever capacity (with the exception of a trifling percentage received by some of the governors of districts) is paid or even fed by the state.

The queen honors them by employing them (so the official euphemism runs) and they must feed and clothe themselves.

But when loyalty takes the shape, as is constantly the case, of carrying vast weights of wood, iron or stone on raw and bleeding shoulders, along goat tracks (for roads there are none) through swamps and forests, up and down hills 5,000 feet high, then the additional stimulus of shackles and leg irons is needed to persuade the poor captured peasant that on the whole he had better accept the "honor," half starved though he must be.

POWER OF THE QUEEN. If he runs away he brings punishment on his family, and becomes a fugitive and a bushranger; the numerous robber bands are mainly recruited from such runaways.

Hundreds of instances could be cited, especially within the past twelve months, to show that this tyranny is becoming more and more unworkable.

In the first place all the land in Madagascar, with comparatively few exceptions, belongs nominally to the queen, but actually to the government.

At the present moment and for many years past the government is and has been completely centered in and despotically ruled by the prime minister, Rainilaiarivony, who besides his original wife has married two successive queens of Madagascar.

Fortunately for himself and his family his rule has, on the whole, been wise as well as vigorous. In the Sakalava expedition, out of tens of thousands of peasants who were summoned, assembled, and even partially drilled throughout the country, only about 2,000 could be actually laid hold of, and a few months of fever and numerous desertions quickly reduced this number.

Similarly in the alluvial gold fields, which are being worked by forced labor upon the enormous nominal royalty of 35 per cent to the government (45 per cent is divided among the foreign shareholders, directors and superintendents), immense exertions have to be constantly made to keep up the supply of forced labor.

TALENT UNDER A BUSH. Thus it comes about that this most important branch of the national wealth is not developed. Here, as elsewhere, serfdom spells poverty.

BEAR HUNTING IN ALASKA.

These Explorers Were Too Badly Frightened and Frozen to Shoot.

One dark day in winter, during a heavy snow blizzard, with the thermometer down to 40 degs. and the wind at the rate of forty miles an hour, when the mere thought of outdoors sent a cold shudder through the system, a native came rushing into the station exclaiming, "Nan-nook! nan-nook! nan-nook!" To say that all were startled would be speaking mildly.

We were excited. A few queries put to the native located brain about ten rods from the station, quietly eating his breakfast from a dead walrus that had drifted ashore the fall before.

Grasping our rifles, handing one to the native, which we kept conveniently at hand, shoving a few cartridges into our pockets, throwing on whatever garments came at hand, we sallied forth for Mr. Bruin's skin.

A short distance from the station the assistant passed the writer, his long legs having a decided advantage in wallowing through the deep snow. Some four or five rods from the station the steward was met returning with face and ears frozen.

The writer however kept on doing his best to keep the two hunters, just seen through the dimness ahead, in sight, when he heard the report of a rifle quickly followed by the report of another; thinking that Bruin had at last succumbed, the writer hurried on until he came to the dead walrus, when he stopped to listen.

Nothing of Bruin or hunters could be seen and nothing but the howling of the winds could be heard. Retracing his steps he arrived at the station with face frostbitten and both ears frozen.

Some half an hour after the assistant and native returned and the assistant tells the following story: Approaching the place they suddenly came upon Bruin quietly feeding, scarcely ten paces distant.

The native being in advance without intimating his intention raised his rifle and fired, causing Bruin to raise his head and give an ominous growl.

The assistant, in order to use his rifle more dexterously, had taken the mitten in his right hand, in his agitation dropped it and the wind whirled it instantly out of sight.

In stepping aside to bring the native out of line he stepped into a hollow, came near falling, thereby losing his sight on the bear when he fired. He thinks his bullet must have struck very near the animal, as the snow flew all over him, and he was so frightened that he marched off, they following, but soon lost sight of their object.

Perhaps they did not care to get too near and were perfectly willing he should go. One of the natives in the old signal station hearing of the occurrence, muffled himself up in skins, took his rifle and a supply of cartridges, went down to within fifteen paces of the dead walrus, sat down and waited for Mr. Bruin to come back and finish his breakfast.

He had not long to wait, for Bruin soon came and commenced tearing off the flesh at a great rate, as though in anger for having been driven away and now determined to make up for lost time.

At the proper moment the native raised his rifle and fired, killing the brute instantly. Help being near, he was dragged into the old station and skinned, the carcass furnishing a good supply of fresh meat for the natives and his skin proving to be one of the largest and finest the writer ever saw.

Alaska Cor. New Bedford Standard.

Fighting His Flesh.

General Furlong is a gentleman of independent means, who lives at the Fifth Avenue hotel. He is a large, heavy set man, whose tendency is to get larger and heavier set.

All he has in the world to do is to look pleasant—in which he succeeds admirably—and to fight his flesh. Most people thus unhappily situated have some hobby to ride and always go cantering off on the slightest provocation.

Not so General Furlong. His hobby is walking. He never rides anything—not even his hobby. Most people in easy financial circumstances would now and then try a Broadway car if they didn't keep a brougham and pair, but he entertains a prejudice against everything on wheels.

He walks. Technically speaking, there are eight furlongs to the mile; in his case one Furlong will cover eight miles without stretching. Sixteen to twenty miles a day are as nothing to him.

There is a pleasant fiction about the aristocratic Fifth Avenue that when General Furlong is out he has "just stepped down to the Astor House." If anybody calls for him, "Oh, he'll be back soon—he is probably strolling around Irvington somewhere," or, "He went out for a short walk—he is by this time either at the Battery or in Harlem."

Manhattan island is too small for General Furlong. This talk of rapid transit makes him tired.—New York Herald.

Attends Executions, but Dislikes Funerals. The great weakness of a well known reporter in a large city is a partiality for attending executions!

For many years past he has been present at all the executions which have taken place in his own neighborhood as the representative of and important daily journal.

Mr. Titeope can tell you scores of interesting anecdotes about celebrated criminals, unknown to or forgotten by the present generation, whose departure to another sphere he assisted at, as he himself jocularly puts it. He can make your blood run cold with his stories about awful scenes on the scaffold.

He is still hale and hearty, and expects to be a witness of many more scaffold scenes before his own work is ended. A murder in his own neighborhood is enough to raise him to an unwanted state of excitement, for in the murderer he sees a wretch who probably will pay the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold.

Mr. Titeope is an excellent reporter and is ready for any kind of work with one exception. That exception, strange to say, is a funeral. His chief and his colleagues are aware of his dislike for that particular kind of duty, and to a funeral he has not been for years.

But what an extraordinary thing it is that a man with a fondness for executions should be so averse to attending a funeral.—London Tit-Bits.

Pure Coffee. There is one consolation for the prevalent adulteration of coffee, which is that the people who use the adulterated article are apt to be better off in health than those who partake largely of the pure article.

It is known that coffee increases the pulse, makes the mind active and produces wakefulness. Consequently most people take it in the morning. In large quantities it produces palpitation of the heart, consequently people with heart trouble are forbidden to drink coffee.

Taken at night it produces wakefulness. One cup of black coffee at night will give a night of misery to any one inclined to heart trouble and keep awake for the entire night a person not accustomed to its use.

The optimist must therefore hail with delight the prevalence of adulterated coffee. The epicure, however, will continue to get his coffee green, roast it himself, grind it with religious exclusion of any adulterants and use it at once by making a decoction by pouring boiling water over it and never boiling the coffee in the water to be drunk.

Thus the epicure may extract the utmost of unhealthfulness from the fragrant and delicious berry, adding another to the long list of pleasures that are somewhat hurtful.—New York Sun.

Fashion in Pill Boxes. You saw the customer ahead of you. You heard him ask what sort of pill boxes we are using this season.

There is a fashion in pill boxes the same as in hats and bonnets and parasols. Some years the round pill box of the olden times is the rage.

Then we have the oblong box and the box which has a drawer in it. There is a variety of shades in these boxes. Some seasons they run to one color altogether, and there are customers who insist upon their pills being put into the box which is all the go.

A Woman's Terrible Experience.

A farmer named Morrard found a woman lying underneath a tree near his farm in St. Jerome parish. She was alive, but almost a skeleton, unable to speak and insane. She was Matilda Grapin, a domestic. Over a month ago she left a house to go to church, but had never been heard of again and was believed to be dead.

She had laid down under a tree where she and her dead husband had often sat together. She fell asleep and slept for two days, and when she awoke she had lost her reason. She wandered about the woods for thirty-five days, and never tasted any food.

She obtained water from a brook. Since she has been found she has been rational at times and has told the above remarkable story. She is in a very weak state.—Montreal, Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.

Too Late with His Objections. A marriage ceremony at Roseburg was interrupted in a sensational manner a few evenings ago.

Charles Minkler, a freight conductor at Woodburn, was the groom, and Lottie Critzen, of Roseburg, the bride. During the ceremony the officiating minister asked if any one had any reason why the ceremony should not proceed.

A young dry goods clerk of Roseburg, named Mannis, stepped forward, saying he had serious objections. He said he wanted to see and speak with the girl privately. He was put out of the house and a pistol was found in his pocket.

He said he had always wanted to marry the girl, but had never gathered courage to tell her of his feelings.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity.

Just 24.

In just 24 hours J. V. S. relieves constipation and sick headaches. After it gets the system under control an occasional dose prevents return. We refer by permission to W. H. Marshall, Brunswick House, S. F.; Geo. A. Werner, 531 California St., S. F.; Mrs. C. Melvin, 125 Kearny St., S. F., and many others who have found relief from constipation and sick headaches. G. W. Vincent, of 6 Terrace Court, S. F. writes: "I am 60 years of age and have been troubled with constipation for 25 years. I was recently induced to try Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. I recognized in it at once an herb that the Mexicans used to give us in the early 50's for bowel troubles. (I came to California in 1852) and I knew it would help me and it has. For the first time in years I can sleep well and my system is regular and in splendid condition. The old Mexican herbs in this remedy are a certain cure in constipation and bowel troubles." Ask for

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A Severe Law.

The English people look more closely to the genuineness of these staples than we do. In fact, they have a law under which they make seizures and destroy adulterated products that are not what they are represented to be. Under this statute thousands of pounds of tea have been burned because of their wholesale adulteration.

Tea, by the way, is one of the most notoriously adulterated articles of commerce. Not alone are the bright, shiny green teas artificially colored, but thousands of pounds of substitutes for tea leaves are used to swell the bulk of cheap teas; ash, sloe, and willow leaves being those most commonly used. Again, sweepings from tea warehouses are colored and sold as tea. Even exhausted tea leaves gathered from the tea-houses are kept, dried, and made over and find their way into the cheap teas.

The English government attempts to stamp this out by confiscation; but no tea is too poor for us, and the result is, that probably the poorest teas used by any nation are those consumed in America.

Beech's Tea is presented with the guaranty that it is uncolored and unadulterated; in fact, the sun-cure tea leaf pure and simple. Its purity insures superior strength, about one-third less of it being required for an infusion than of the artificial teas, and its fragrance and exquisite flavor is at once apparent. It will be a revelation to you. In order that its purity and quality may be guaranteed, it is sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark:

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