

THE INDEPENDENT
IS ISSUED
SATURDAY MORNINGS,
BY THE
Douglas County Publishing Company.

One Year - \$2.50
Six Months - 1.50
Three Months - 1.00

J. JASKULEK,
PRACTICAL
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Spectacles and Eyeglasses,
AND A FULL LINE OF
Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods.
The only reliable Optician in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Fobbe Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE - First Door South of Postoffice,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

LANGENBERG'S
Boot and Shoe Store
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office.
Keeps on hand the largest and best assortment of Eastern and San Francisco Boots and Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers.
And everything in the Boot and Shoe line, and
SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH.
Boots and Shoes Made to Order, and
Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
I use the Best of Leather and Warrant all my work.
Repairing Neatly Done, on Short Notice.
I keep always on hand
TOYS AND NOTIONS.
Musical Instruments and Violin Strings a specialty.
LOUIS LANGENBERG.

DR. M. W. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
OFFICE - On Jackson Street, Up Stairs,
Over S. Marks & Co.'s New Store.

MAHONEY'S SALOON,
Nearest the Railroad Depot, Oakland.
JAS. MAHONEY, - - - Proprietor

The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars in
Douglas County, and
THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.

Parties traveling on the railroad will find this place
very handy to visit during the stopping of the train at
the Oakland Depot. Give me a call.
JAS. MAHONEY.

JOHN FRASER,
Home Made Furniture
WILBUR, OREGON.

UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC.,
Constantly on hand.
FURNITURE. I have the Best
STOCK OF FURNITURE
South of Portland.
And all of my own manufacture.
No Two Prices to Customers.
Residents of Douglas County are requested to give me a
call before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

DEPOT HOTEL,
Oakland, Oregon.
RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been established for a number
of years, and has become very popular
with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
- AND -
Table supplied with the Best the Market affords.
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
DEALER IN
Staple Dry Goods,
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
Extra Fine Groceries,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
- ALSO -
CROCKERY AND CORDAGE.
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Such as required by the Public County Schools.
All kinds of Stationery, Toys and
Fancy Articles.
TO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.
Buys and Sells Legal Tenders, furnishes
Checks on Portland, and procures
Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and goods shipped
with care.
Address,
HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Careful of His Character.

The Worcester, Mass., town records
show that, in 1779, a 6-year-old boy had
his ear bitten off by a horse, and the
selectmen drew up a certificate showing
the manner of the injury and recorded
it on the town books, so that the loss
should not be prejudicial to the boy
when he grew up.
The total outflow of all the mineral
waters of France is estimated at 10,334
gallons per minute.

THE INDEPENDENT

VOL. VIII. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883. NO. 38.

SING ON.
Sing, sing on,
Even though no listener
Softly doth chide thee,
Sweetly doth praise.
Sing, sing on,
For thy glad music
Thrills through the azure,
Brightens the day.
Some heart o'er weary,
Some soul benighted,
Mayhap the singing
Gently hath drawn
Out of the darkness,
Into the sunlight,
Sweetly to cheer her
Sing, sing on.

Can Man Hibernate?
"Is it possible for man to hibernate?"
inquired the reporter.
"I think so," was the reply. "We often
hear of persons falling into a coma,
all the faculties being suspended, and
the patient looking perfectly healthy
after days and weeks without food.
There is no reason why the highest
mammals should not be open to similar
possibilities, as the lower. In fact
there is a case on record of undoubted
hibernation. It occurred some years
ago in India. A native fakir boasted
that he had this happy faculty that only
certain lower animals possessed,
and offered for a considerable sum
to make the experiment. A number of officers and
scientific men undertook to take charge
of the experiment. The man prepared
himself by placing something in his
throat, and was actually buried alive,
and kept there under guard for several
months. At the end of the time the ex-
perimenters dug up the body, expecting
to find it dead, but found it perfectly
fresh, and when the object was taken
from his throat the native recovered
and in a few hours was as well as ever.
He merely claimed that he was enabled
by force of will to cause an almost total
suspension of all the faculties, so much
so that at least there was no waste,
no drawing upon the system, and conse-
quently no need of fuel or food. What
is the secret? Well, that's hard to an-
swer. It is like a great many prob-
lems—we know it and there our knowl-
edge ends."

Monopolies in Spain.
There were recently three or four
great trade monopolies held by the
Spanish government—tobacco, gun-
powder, quicksilver and salt. The last-
named and most onerous of these—the
salt monopoly—is now repealed, and in
its place another salt tax is levied in
sort of income tax, graduated, not ac-
cording to the consumption of salt, but
the means of the taxpayer. The old
gabelle has, however, left its survivors.
Abandoned deposits of salt are to be
seen in many of the small towns. Away
from the large towns salt is never seen
in the tubs, unleached rock salt is
used in cooking, and if you should call
for salt a little of this will be brought
to you in a piece of dirty paper. Pepper,
mustard or other condiments known to
the civilized world are not to be ob-
tained. For a wonder the monopolized
cigars are good—better than in any part
of Europe or America at the same price.
One can smoke a very fragrant regalia
for a real (5 cents). The money of this
province is entirely metallic—chiefly
gold, 100 real pieces, silver, 10, 5, 4, 2
and 1 real pieces, and coppers of vari-
ous sorts, mostly, but not all on the
decimal system. In some provinces,
Catalonia, for example, the duodecimal
coppers are preferred to the decimal,
and the latter, although legal tender,
are refused. Money is not far beyond it.
Paper money has had its day in Spain,
and that day, at least for a long time yet,
is over.

**The Percentage of Active Old Men on
the Increase.**
In a young country like this, where
life is continually at fever heat, and
where action rather than reflection car-
ries the day, old age seems out of place.
In the small old towns and cities of
England, Hawthorne tells us in his
"Old Home," that he observed that
old age came forth more cheerfully and
generally into the sunshine than among
ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle
and irrevocable energy of youth are so
preponderant that the poor forlorn
grandfathers begin to doubt whether they
have a right to breathe in such a world
any longer, and so hide their silvery
heads in solitude. But "fast" as this
country and this period both
proverbially are, it is a fact that the
percentage of old men who confine in
active life, and who do not show their
years except to a close scrutiny, is on
the increase. Erect and active octo-
genarians, even, are not unknown on
our streets, whose appearance still
makes them pass current as being in
the executive period of life. The con-
stant improvement in the average style
of living in the matter of dwelling, food
and raiment, perceptibly promotes
longevity and increases the number of
cases of it.

A Ton of Gold in Teeth.
"Did you ever think that all the gold
that the delvers in the earth are work-
ing so hard to get out of it is being
gradually put back again?" asked a
Cleveland dentist. "It's a fact. There
are about 17,000 dentists in the United
States, and they pack into the teeth of
the American people a ton of pure gold
every year. I guess about five times
that weight of less precious metal, such
as tin, silver and platinum, go the same
way. Now, these metals are worth
\$1,000,000, and, in the twenty-first cen-
tury, all the coin in the United States
will be buried in the graveyards."
"Is the decay of teeth increasing or
diminishing among the people of this
country?"
"Oh, increasing. Two hundred years
ago one person in five had sound teeth.
A hundred years ago, but one person in
twenty-five had perfect teeth, and in
the nineteenth century, age of reform,
our very latest statistics show that but
one person in eighty has perfectly sound
teeth."
The inhabitants of Massachusetts are
worth an average of \$1,500 apiece.

UP IN A BALLOON.
**An Aeronaut's Account of His Voy-
age Across the English Channel.**
"We started from Hastings," says
Mr. Simmons, "under somewhat unfa-
vorable auspices, the wind being north-
easterly at the time. A crowd of some
40,000 persons had gathered to witness
our departure, and as we ascended they
gave us a tremendous cheer. My fel-
low passenger, Mr. Small, a photog-
rapher, was so lost in admiration of the
magnificent panorama of Hastings lying
below us that I had to warn him that
he must be quick if he wished to obtain
a photograph, and we just got the appar-
atus ready as we passed over the beach,
the balloon being at that moment
(3,250) at an altitude of 3,000 feet.
At 3:30 we had a long range of coast
line, Eastchurch, in view, to the west
of us. I thought we were a trifle too
near Beachy Head ever to make any
point of land on this side of the Atlantic,
but when we attained an altitude of
7,500 feet we southerly a trifle more. Ap-
pearances were, however, most against
our ever reaching land, and I must con-
fess that I was sorely tempted to
come down off Beachy Head and get
picked up. But this would have been
rather too ignominious, and I decided
to keep on our course. We had the
satisfaction, a few minutes later, to find
Beachy Head receding north of us, and
we quickly settled our minds to 'make
a night of it' if necessary.
At 4:30 we were over a magnificent
cloud sea; here and there patches of
the coast line could be described far
away to the west, while at a vast dis-
tance there was a gap, through which
we got a patch of sea, with three or
four ships very distinct. A moment
later and the great curtain of clouds
had shut out our last land-mark. Mr.
Small got his apparatus ready to se-
cure a cloud effect, but his shutter
missed the first two or three times, and
this suggested some little improvements
for such experiments in future. From 4:30
to nearly sunset (to the people on earth)
our altitude ranged between 8,000 and
9,000 feet. During this interval we got
peeps at the sea many times, but no
land was seen. We could see the
sun's rays two hours after he had with-
drawn from earth and sea. The
shadow of the balloon on a cloud
looked very much like a shuttlecock,
the car forming the tail end, and the
balloon and cord forming the feathers.
The transition from day to night was
very slow and gradual, and as daylight
departed the moon's rays from dead
gold gradually changed to bright sil-
ver. Mr. Small said, "Did you see that
shooting star?" I said, "Wait a minute,
and I will show you another." The
balloon had commenced to revolve, and
this motion made it appear as though a
bright star was darting through the
air. It was, of course, an optical
illusion.
A remarkable appearance was caused
by the reflection of the balloon in the
focusing screen of the camera. When
we surrounded with a black cloth the
frame round the glass we could see the
sky, sun, moon and stars inverted, and
the balloon clearing its headlong down-
ward course through the limitless space,
the effect being more extraordinary.
Soon after 7 o'clock we began to get
cold, and set to work to don our flan-
nels, etc. Our large wrapper got tightly
jammed in the rigging, but the hard
pulling necessary to get it loose, made
us feel warm. I had, having once
got up a good circulation, we did not
during the entire voyage again feel cold.
The cork jackets, which were supplied
by Mr. Cornish, contributed greatly to
warmth. During the night, for more
than an hour our altitude did not vary
twenty feet. This was exceedingly en-
couraging, for upon our power of poi-
singing so nicely depended our chance
of floating aloft all night. When the
balloon did take a slight downward
turn we carefully noted how much
ballast it would take to stop her."
"At 10:15 we saw a vessel almost at
under us, and came down low enough to
hail her. This we did as lustily as we
could, but at first she made no re-
sponse, and I was sorely tempted to
pull out a pistol and say, 'I am going
to test her.' At last a voice was heard
on deck. 'Voila, balloon, balloon'
'Are you English?' No reply. 'Parlez
vous francais?' 'Oui, oui,' we re-
plied, but with our French we could
not ascertain our whereabouts, and
whether we were over the English
channel or the Atlantic.
"At 10:25 something slightly darker
than the normal horizon could be
faintly discerned. We kept ourselves
absolutely motionless, and listening in-
tently, we seemed to hear in the same
direction a sound as of a far-distant
rolling surf. I looked long and eagerly,
until I exclaimed, 'It's nothing but a
mist,' for it seemed to change its form,
and at last to vanish into thin air. I
passed nearly another hour intently
watching for lights until similar dark
portion of horizon was brought under
our view. We could not possibly
bring ourselves to believe it was land,
because no lights could be seen up to
this time, but at last there was an un-
mistakable flicker in the exact direction
where I was gazing. 'Look along my
finger as telescope. What do you call
that?' 'A light-house,' exclaimed
Mr. Small. I said, 'I believe that
dark spot before us is land, with sea
just beyond it again. If it turns out
to be so, be prompt in doing everything I
tell you, for it will be sharp work to
land on that strip."
"The sound of surf was now unmis-
takable, and in about the same time it
every minute getting more distinct.
The sea now began to ripple sharply.
Ten minutes and we were making five
concentric, and sharply darting toward
the other sea beyond. 'What sort of
ground are we coming down on?' said
Mr. Small. 'Rugged rocks and stone
walls, I believe,' I said. 'Hold on firm.
Out goes the grappling iron.' At first
it would not hold, but soon it got wedged
into a crevice in the rocks, giving us
just tetter enough to pass over the
precipice and down on to the beach.
There was just room for us between the
receding tide and the rocks, and none

to spare. Had we gone ten yards fur-
ther and half a second longer we should
have been in the sea.
"We heard whispering near us. In
a few moments a man and a woman
appeared, but would not at first ap-
proach us, fearing, I suppose, we were
some monsters. By and by they gained
confidence, and then they told us we
were on Cap de la Hague, the extreme
southern point of France. We then
found that our informants were M.
Auguste Lavon, of Clanton de Beau-
mont, Arrondissement Manche and his
wife. They most kindly helped us
to empty the balloon of its contents,
and gave us supper and shelter for the
night. Next morning, at 7 o'clock, we
went to view the scene of our descent,
and Mr. Small photographed it. We
afterward proceeded to Cherbourg, and
thence home."

Some Parts in the Fur Trade.
"I know a sporting man," said a
coast, the ornamental skin of which
came from Maine. He wanted some-
thing striking and cheap, and what do
you suppose he got? Give it up? Well,
our ever ready fur trader, I must say,
but it is good, honest American skunk-
a good fur, too, and sells well, only the
name would kill it if we retained it.
Over 350,000 skunk skins are handled
by the trade every year. New York
and Ohio furnish the majority. They
win the most of the fur trade. They
are derided by a new and satisfac-
tory process, and are very popular
under fancy names.
"What we call fur in the trade," said
the expert, taking up a skin, "is this.
You see, by spreading open the hair of
this sort there are two kinds of hair;
one, the fur that is short and lies close
to the skin, and another the overhair
that is long and what we see at a first
glance of the animal. The difference
between the two is very great, the fur
being soft, downy, silky, and sometimes
curly, while the overhair is coarse and
rigid. Each has a peculiar value for
many purposes, but particularly in
felting; the fine, upon treatment
to hot water, readily joins in a
solid mass, while the long hair can be
woven and spun. When the animal
is alive the underfur has two hairs to
each. The fine underhair keeps out
water and cold, while the overhair
prevents felting and entangling. In
some cases one is extremely valuable
alone, and in others the combination is
entirely so.
"The house cat is one of the most
valuable of the fur-bearing animals,
and when they mysteriously disappear
from the back fence they often find
their way to the furrier. It is an actual
fact that in 1882 over 1,200,000 house
cats were used in the fur trade. Black,
white, Maltese, and tortoise-shell skins
are most in demand. They are made
into linings, and used in philosophical
apparatus."
Mormon Wives.
The Mormon priests tell the Mormon
women that plural marriage is the or-
dinance of God! That all it brings her
of anguish is necessary self-denial, and
that she must obey, or she is in her duty.
A ghastly burial ceremony that is prac-
ticed by the Mormons in the holiest
places of the holiest polygamy has on the
superstition of these creatures. Every
wife that is buried has a black cloth
over her head, and the Mormon women
are taught to believe that on the resur-
rection day, when the righteous are
called into the joys of their Lord, no
hand but that of a husband can remove
the cloth, and that unless the cloth is
lifted by his hand she must remain in
her dark hole, and that to submit to
believe that—and the Mormon women
believe it—can't help believing herself,
no matter how many wives her husband
takes. She has to keep on the right
side of the only man who can take off
that cloth.
Heart-Broken but Level-Headed.
A lawyer for a husband who is being
sued for divorce had a visit yesterday
from the client. The client is madly
in love with his wife and believes that
she wishes to be rid of him only to be
free to marry another. "I can't live
without her," he said to his legal ad-
visor, "and I am sure that away down
in her heart she has a little thing for
me. I am going to test her." He
pulled out a pistol and said: "I am
going to her with this and say: 'Here,
shoot me down; I don't care to live any
more.'
"You had better not," said the
cautious legal man; "she might pull
the trigger."
"I don't care for that," replied the
heart-broken husband. "I don't care
for that; I have filled the weapon with
blank cartridges."
A Special Vessel for Stanley.
A vessel of special and ingenious de-
sign is being prepared for Stanley's use
in Africa. It will be propelled by a
stern paddle-wheel, and the hull will
be arranged in such a manner that it
can be readily subdivided into a num-
ber of sections, each being floatable and
provided with fittings for receiving four
large wheels. These wheels can be at-
tached to each section while afloat, so
that it can be drawn out of the water for
transport overland without difficulty.
Each of the subdivision of the hull
forms, when fitted with the wheels, a
complete wagon of itself, capable of
carrying the machinery of the steamer,
merchandise, stores, etc. It is to be
completed by the end of this year, and
will be tested afloat under steam on the
Thames.
The Climate for Good Voices.
An English newspaper says Ameri-
can singers have made a much greater
mark in Great Britain than the Ameri-
can actors, notwithstanding the conspic-
uous absence in America of long-estab-
lished academies and colleges of music.
"The climate," it adds, "clear and dry
as it is, will scarcely account for the
number of good voices produced in
America, for one effect of the Ameri-
can climate is apparently to pinch the
throat and cause the high-pitched tones
and the usual twang by which the enun-
ciation of so many Americans is
marked."

WHAT BROKERS DRINK.
**Financiers Who Find Forty Whiskies
a Day an Easy Load.**
One of our reporters has been inter-
viewing saloon-keepers on the subject of
what brokers drink. "How many drinks
do brokers take in a day?" replied a
well-known New Street saloon man.
"Let me see. Well, I should say they
take on an average fifteen apiece between
10 in the morning, and 3 or half-past 3
in the afternoon."
"What do they most drink?"
"Straight whisky; almost entirely;
generally a little seltzer with it. A
drink called 'whisky daisy' was intro-
duced down here a few years ago, and
became quite popular. Some were in-
duced to try it, but this summer it was re-
vived and has become very popular
again. It is made something like a
whisky-sour, with the addition of seltzer.
But plain whisky is the handiest for
brokers. When they are out for a
drink they only have to select a glass
and few care to wait to have a fancy
drink made up."
"Do they drink just the same whether
business is good or bad?"
"Well, I think they drink more when
they are not doing their business. The work
and excitement, you see, is just the same
in unprofitable times, sometimes more,
and then there is the additional want of
something to cheer the drooping spirit.
Brokers are not drinkers in the sense of
drunkards. You will, in fact, never see
them under the influence, or very rarely.
They require above all things a level
head, and when they get down in the
morning you will find them as clear as
a whistle. I know several brokers who
take during business hours in Wall Street
twenty or thirty drinks of whisky, and
there are some who are more liberal,
drink as much as forty drinks, and are
never what is commonly called 'full.'"
"What is the size of a broker's drink?"
"Well, that has a great deal to do
with the time of day. I should call
small drinks, not a finger deep—with
the finger held sideways alongside the
glass, mind you."
It is well known to all who are ob-
servers of Wall Street men that it is sel-
dom one is found under the influence
of liquor. When the stock exchange
closes there is a rush for home, and by
half-past 3 few brokers can be found in
the vicinity of Wall Street. They are
great home people and are much de-
voted to their families. They live in
such a whirl that the quiet of the fire-
place is a great boon to them. They dif-
fer as much in their choice of brand in
whisky as they do in their opinions on
the workings of the market, and certain
brokers go to this resort and none other
because their peculiar flavor is there,
and others to that for the same reason.
One reason why brokers are given to
the occasional stimulant is that they
seldom find time to lunch, and the
drink is made to answer.
English Opinion of the "Hub."
It is obvious that what Americans in
modern times have learned to call, and
sometimes sneer at as "Boston cul-
ture," was based on the most rigorous
purtanism; and it may be that a good
deal of puritanical gall and wormwood
entered into the concrete of their foun-
dation of learning. The sages who, in
the midst of a half-cleared wilderness,
were so sternly resolved that their
young men should "fortwith enter
upon the study of Aristotle and the
philosophies of Horace and Tacitus, and
the Hebrew bible," used their own in-
tellectual gifts and their own scholastic
attainments in a certainly eccentric and
not altogether beneficent fashion. They
were very earnest and very conscien-
tious in their studies, and they were
not fuller of intolerance and of the rage
for persecution than were these exiles
for conscience' sake. The mind of Bos-
ton culture was very harsh, but the
fruit within, when it ripened—and it
took a long time to ripen—proved very
sweet and of a most excellent quality.
The Boston of the present day is as
joyous a city as any other in the United
States. Opera and drama, concerts
and lectures, flourish there abundantly.
Fine art is extensively and appreci-
atively patronized, and, as for science,
an average Bostonian young lady pos-
sibly knows much more about organic
remains, the old red sandstone, and
vertebrates fossilized in blue limestone
than a finishing English girl fresh from
a finishing school. A great many more
publishing firms, and their books, and
magazines, and reviews, must migrate
from a city full of agreeable places of
meeting and refined society ere Boston
ceases to be "the hub of the universe"
—from the Bostonian point of view.
A Thirty-Three Years' Sleep.
In the very heart of the Adirondack
wilderness is located what is known as
"the d-erted village." Fifty years ago
90,000 acres of land were purchased by
a man named Henderson, and other
capitalists, St. Francis Indian having
discovered to the party that the region
was rich in ore. A blast furnace, a
forge, a saw mill, tannery houses, a
store, a school-house and a bank were
erected, and hundreds of thousands of
dollars expended in cutting roads and
other improvements. Operations were
carried on for years. In 1849 Hen-
derson was accidentally shot dead, and
five years later business was suddenly
suspended. The ponderous water-
wheel and machinery are just where
they stood thirty-three years ago.
Wheelbarrows and tools lie around as
though operations had been discon-
tinued only yesterday. The village is
now the headquarters of a New York
sporting club, and the greater part of
the year Myron Butties, agent of the
club, and his family, are the only in-
habitants of this once busy spot.
Ready to Swear Any Way.
A Chinaman had to give his evidence,
and was asked how he would be sworn.
His reply was: "Me no care; clack 'im
sawyer, kill 'im cock, blow out 'im
matches, smell 'im book, all same."
He was allowed to "smell 'im book."
**French Writer: Do you complain
that the roses have thorns? Let us re-
joice that the thorns have roses.**

**Bookkeeping and Bag-Picking Com-
pared.**
Something light and genteel is what
most of the young women who
have to work want. I don't blame
them for it, but as a rule it
doesn't pay. Ninety-nine in 100
would rather be "salesladies" at \$3
a week than take hold of a trade that
would give them \$8 or \$10. (Speaking
of salesladies, you may have heard that
the superlative idiot who invented that
word died lately of softening of the
brain, but I am sorry to say it is not
true; he didn't have enough brain to
soften.) A great many young women
now take to bookkeeping. They would
do much better by taking to millinery
or dress-making, but these look more
like real work than bookkeeping. The
bookkeeping ranks are terribly over-
crowded already.
An item now going the rounds says a
New York business man who lately ad-
vertised for a bookkeeper at \$10 a
week, received 700 applications for the
place, and that there are 500 bookkeep-
ers out of work in this city. It seems
to be the same old story that has done
service the same way any number of
years, but though an exaggeration, it
contains enough truth for a moral any-
way. New York certainly has an enor-
mous number of bookkeepers and mis-
cellaneous clerks out of work. The
kind of work they have to sell is not in
demand—at least, there is an immense
deal more of it than the demand calls
for. All the Italian rag-pickers can find
plenty to do. The Chinese washee
washmen are busy all the year round.
Most men who know how to sweep the
streets can find employment. Nine-
tenths of the hod-carriers are always at
work. Blacksmiths, carpenters, masons,
bricklayers, cabinet makers, and so on,
who know their trade, need not be
pinched except in very bad times.
But the bookkeepers and miscellane-
ous clerks are all the time walking the
streets looking for something to do. A
great many of the poor fellows may be
found every night in the cheap lodging
houses along the Bowery and Chatham
squares. The rag-pickers, street-
sweepers, hod-carriers, etc. don't have
to go to those wretched places. I don't
mean to say that it is better to be a
rag-picker, street-sweeper, or hod-car-
rier than a bookkeeper, but what I do
say about plenty of work for the former
and very little for the latter is true.
Some bookkeepers in New York are
paid as high as \$10,000 a year, and
many get from \$3,000 to \$5,000; but
two-thirds of the whole number regu-
larly employed are glad to get \$10 to
\$15 a week. I have myself had men
offer themselves at \$7 and \$8 a week.
Spain's "Dark-Glancing" Maidens.

We in America are apt to judge of
the Spaniards by the Mexicans and the
Cubans. Nothing can be more different.
Whatever their faults or virtues, the
Hispano-Americans seem to have taken
nothing but the language from what of
the conqueror's blood they may have.
All else has come from the native. Un-
broken in pride and unbent in their
habits, self-respecting, sober in speech
as in food, the Iberian needs only a
leader to again take his rightful place
in the family of nations. And the
woman? Is she beautiful? I hardly
know, but she is the most beautiful
looking, bewitching, fascinating of all
Eve's daughters. There is a magic in
her step, a poise of foot, a grace of
rhythmic motion, a proud tenderness in
her dark eye, a something voluptuous
which is yet chaste; a magic in her
smile, such as no other race or clime
can show. Beautiful? A man whose
blood runs red within his veins may see
beauty elsewhere, but he has never felt
the perfect charm of woman's womani-
ness until he has met love looking
from the melting brightness of those
matchless orbs which none but Spain's
"dark-glancing" maidens bear. There
is no neglect here. The dress may not
be rich, but there is not a fold ill
placed. To her is paid the reverence
of passionate devotion. Still is Spain
the land of romance and of song, be-
cause her men are brave, her women
worthy to be loved.
A Chinese Restaurant in France.
While the French are marching into
China, the Chinese restaurant has in-
vaded Paris. Among the delicacies of
its bill of fare are desiccated eggs. Fresh
duck eggs are covered with a mixture
of cinners, lys soda, powdered licorice,
lie in oil and are left for several months
until their yolks become first green
and finally black. The darker the yolk
the greater the delicacy. The birds'
nests from which the far-famed soup is
made are built by a species of swallow
which abounds on the coasts of Java,
Ceylon and Borneo, and practically
consists of a gelatinous substance ob-
tained from marine plants. The nests
are boiled either in chicken broth or in
milk with almonds. The result very
much resembles vermicelli soup, but is
more costly. The Chinese restauranter
also offers his customers smoked sharks'
fins, dried cuttle and salted rats.
Utilizing the Water Power of Falls.
It is proposed to utilize the water
power at the falls of the Potomac, a
few miles above Washington, for the
purpose of lighting that city by elec-
tricity. The plan is to put a cluster of
powerful lights upon the top of the
Washington monument, which is 400
feet high, and this will give the city
a condition of perpetual moonlight.
The experiment will be interesting and val-
uable, and ought to be encouraged.
The idea of supplying motive power for all
New York by wire from Niagara falls
has often been talked about, and the
Potomac scheme, if successful, will
demonstrate its practicability.
Ireland's Reformatories.
Ireland has ten reformatory schools—
five for girls, five for boys. There
were at the close of last year 956 boys
and 186 girls in reformatory schools.
The year does not show an increase in
the number of young female offenders in
the schools is very remarkable, but op-
posite results have been obtained in the
boys' schools, the inmates numbering
more last year than ever before; 984 are
Roman Catholics and 156 Protestants.
There are sixty-one industrial schools,
in which there are 2,418 boys, and 3,860
girls, being an increase of four boys and
174 girls.
Don't hope to speak a courtship by abuse;
When hoars are trumpets clare of little use.
—[Taunton Republican.]

THE POOR CONGRESSMAN.
**How He Must Economize to Save
Money While Living in Wash-
ington.**
[Judge Ramsell in Philadelphia Press.]
I ran across a congressman the other
day, who was looking for quarters for
himself and family for the coming ses-
sion. He is a poor man, who is obliged
to live on his salary, and who is, there-
fore, compelled to count the cost of
everything and cut his cloth close.
A congressman's salary is \$5,000 a year,
and mileage, and an allowance of \$100, I
believe, for postage. I cannot mention
the name of the one I allude to, but he
has a wife and three children. His
mileage amounts to about \$200 or \$300 a
year; so his whole income is less than
\$5,500 a year. Out of this sum he must
pay three or four or a half dozen coun-
try newspapers for printing tickets (a
mere nominal service for a good deal of
money); he must pay for banners,
transparencies, flags, brass bands, hand-
bills, and I don't know how many other
things in the campaign. Added to all
this, ten chances to one he has to pay
pretty dearly for his nomination—not
perhaps, in buying delegates, though that
is often done, I am told, but in pay-
ing car fares, hotel bills, and so on, you
see that a congressman comes to
Washington he does not have \$5,000 a
year to his credit.
My friend, as I have said, is a poor
man, although he is one of the ablest
men in the house. He never made a
dollar impropely, and does not know
how to be dishonest. He stands as
high as any member of the house.
Said he, "I don't know what to do. I
have lived in every way. When I first
came to Washington I went to a hotel,
with my wife, leaving my children at
home and at school. I kept up my
house at home, and my expenses there
were little less than if I had been here.
My hotel expenses, including washing
and the outrageous extras one always
finds on his bills, were never less than
\$300 a month. My expenses at home
were about half as much; but you see,
I could not stand that. The next win-
ter I went to a boarding-house and left
my family at home. Of course I had
to have a parlor and bedroom I paid
\$100 a month at the boarding-house.
But I did not live; it was simply a mis-
erable existence. A boarding-house
table may give good, well-cooked food,
but you are obliged to meet and be po-
lite to people whom you do not care
for, whom you detest, in fact. Then I
was deprived of my wife's company,
which, strange as it may seem, I value
appreciate. Well, that year, a close
economy and many deprivations, I came
out about even. The next year I hired
rooms and had my meals sent
in from a neighboring restaurant.
But this life was very unsatis-
factory. I had to take my meals
fast at a certain hour, whether
I wanted to or not, and my dinners
were served at the same time every day,
and they were nearly always cold when
brought. But a member of congress
cannot always be at his dinner at the
exact minute. The consequence is that
there may be a caucus or a commit-
tee meeting, or you may be detained by
constituents, or a dozen things may
happen to detain you. Well, last win-
ter, as you know, I took a furnished
house and brought my entire family
here. I shut up my house at home, but
Great Cesar! my expenses drove me
wild, though I tried to live very quietly
and cheaply. What I shall do this
winter heaven only knows. I suppose
I must go back to the boarding-house.
A congressman's life is but a dog's life,
after all."
Amsterdam and Rotterdam.
Amsterdam and Rotterdam look like
no other cities in the world. They
have hydrocephalus, like Venice—
oceans of water everywhere. Amster-
dam is built on eighty islands, con-
nected by 300 bridges across the muddy
ditches they call canals. The buildings
mainly are of unpainted brick, with
gable-ends to the streets, and they are
erected, like those of Venice, on mil-
lions of piles driven into the mud. But
this alluvial deposit is not so firm as
the sandy sediment in the Adriatic lag-
oons, and so it happens that almost all
of the houses here and in Rotterdam
are out of plumb. You cross a bridge
and instinctively hesitate to advance,
for it seems as if the buildings ahead
were about to tumble down and crush
you. On both sides of the street
they lean forward toward each other,
so that their cornices are
two or three feet nearer than their
bases. You gather courage and pro-
ceed, and further on you see other
houses bowing. Here is a tall, toppling
chimney, and around it in a circle are
houses bowing gravely, saluting it.
None of the buildings seem to fall
down—at least I did not detect any in
the act—but they rise and engage in
utter disregard of the feelings of way-
farers. Crazy little steamboats tra-
verse the dirty little canals; great brick
warehouses boldly bend over and look
down into their turbid mirrors; mer-
chantmen from Java stick their yards
up through the branches of sycamore
trees upon the banks; here and there
facing climb up the ladder-locks; here
and there windmills churn the air and
pour the water out into the sea. This
is a queer old town. But I should
think the Hollanders would wash their
canals.

Stopped the Foolishness.
A Willimantic factory girl wrote her
name and address and a desire to be
married in a nice little note, which she
slipped inside the band of the hat she
had just finished. Her father bought
the hat. On his way home that