

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 adjust-
ment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spec-
tacles 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 num-
ber of years, and has become very popu-
lar with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
—AND THE
Table supplied with the Best 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!
ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to, and goods shipped
with care.
Address,
HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

While digging a grave in the town of
Plymouth, Mass., for the remains of
Miss Johnson, sister of the famous mis-
sionary, the workmen came upon the
foundation of the Pilgrim watch-tower
erected in 1641.

It is said that when the Zulus wish to ex-
press surprise mingled with admiration they
quietly say, "I was only born to-day."

It is stated that the Salvation army
is making many converts among the
negroes of the south.

THE INDEPENDENT

VOL. IX.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1884.

NO. 5.

EL MAHDI TO THE TRIBES.

[Elna Dean Prenter in The Manhattan.]
I have heard the Voice of the Lord,
As the Prophet heard of old;
For me have I heard the voice
Of the Lord of Hosts, the Lord of
The book of Fate unfolded;
Gabriel, holiest, highest,
Flash'd to my cave from the sky,
And cried, as the dawn illum'd the east,
"Wake! for the end is nigh!
Speed! for 'tis the time to save the saints,
And their proud oppressors slay,
And to fill the earth with righteousness
Before the Judgment Day."

Then he was gone as the lightning goes;
And my heart leaped up as if it were
And forth I rushed to the Holy War.
For the glory of Allah's name;
And tripping river, and rattling reeds,
And the hum of the desert night,
Echo'd his cry as I passed them by,
"Speed! for the hour is flying!"
The sunbeams shone like flames of fire,
Across the Mecca plain;
The roar of the hosts was in my ears,
His fury in my brain;
And I vowed to the God of the Faithful
His Prophet alone should reign!

The Wonderful Electric Disk.

[Boston Budget.]

It is rumored that a syndicate representing
some of the leading inventors of the
country, have formed for the purpose
of developing and introducing an in-
vention which is said to combine the use-
fulness of the telegraph and the telephone with
that of the electric light. The plans of the
company are said to be of a most ambitious
and comprehensive nature, and are
kept very dark, and the possibilities of
the invention are somewhat indefinite; enough
so to challenge those of the reality of the
whole thing, if it claims put forward by
those who talk about it, were so positive
and evidently serious. One gentleman,
who said he was not at liberty to
state the names of the inventors or
to give any particulars at present,
said: "The electric light will soon be a thing
of the past. The disk is an electric apparatus,
and by it, in the night time, can receive
light from any point of the earth where
the sun is shining. Don't be incredulous, my
friend; sunlight has already been transmitted
to a dark room over a wire; I have seen it
myself." Then, too, scenes of any kind, in
action or in repose, however distant, can
be focused on the disk at the transmitt-
ing end of the wire, and registered with
photographic accuracy on the disk at the
receiving end.

These particulars are all given, with more
or less positiveness, by other persons, who
seem able and willing to talk about the in-
vention. None of the parties interviewed,
however, would give the inventor's name or
localize the invention in any way, except by
saying that "it originated in Boston."

Bob Tombs Ready to Die.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The house of Gen. Robert Tombs, in
Washington, Ga., is a typical southern
home; a beautiful flower garden of an acre,
flanked by barley lots, fronts a three-story
wooden home with large chambers, wide
halls and roomy piazzas. The general's office
is in his dwelling, but he generally receives
his company in the cool sitting-room of the
second story. He is always cordial, and gives
all his friends or strangers, a kindly welcome.
Sitting in a large arm-chair, with his books
within easy reach and the well-used Bible
among them, he sat the last of the old
line. He is 74, and is broken
considerably since the death of his wife, but
is still a vigorous old man. The general has
long been a Methodist in conviction, but
only recently has he become a communicant
of the church. His determination to con-
nect himself with the church was expressed
in his usual style. Meeting his old friend,
Bishop Pierce, one day, he said: "George,
I want to repeat to you, I have no
religion, but I am afraid some of
these young fools who prate
about infidelity will say when I am dead
I was not a Christian, and I don't want
anybody's faith. He is much beloved by
his neighbors, and especially by the children,
to whom he is especially tender. He says life
is too short for animosities, and that he has
learned to cherish no resentment. He has
made all things ready for both worlds and
it matters little with him how soon he leaves
this.

The Paris Club Scandal.

[London Daily Telegraph.]

It appears that complaints have been made
of robberies at the club in the Rue Royale
where the White of the Stars is playing.
Good actor, but bores too much. That is
why he and his wife separated. It's lucky
she got the boy. He's worth a cool £75 to
her every week.
Raymond listened with his eyes intent
upon the stage. Little Dot was responding
to the second encore. When he finished he
was vociferously re-demanded. Again he
came out and delivered a pathos-filled recit-
tal that evoked fresh applause. Raymond
grew indignant.
"What a shame!" he muttered angrily.
"They'd keep the poor little fellow before
them the whole night if they could."
At that moment Little Dot appeared from
the wings and raised his hand to his lips.
The pink glow on his cheeks had died out,
and in its place was a look of utter despair.
The audience must have noticed it for the
house grew still and the performance pro-
ceeded with the next act.
Raymond buttoned up his overcoat
and left the theatre. It was a
bitter night, and the streets were well-
nigh deserted. The snow lay deep upon the
ground, and a raw, bleak wind blew the
falling flakes remorselessly into his face.
He placed his hand to his forehead and
peered, with face, from his thoughts. A
picture rose before him of Little Dot, trug-
gling his way back to the hotel in the snow
at an hour when other children were cozily
tucked away in bed, and his heart was filled
with pity at the contrast.
"Poor little chap!" he said again, with a
sigh. "I'll give him a good notice."

Foreign Wheat Supply.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Ten years ago India did not send a bushel
of wheat to Europe; five years ago only a few
cargoes; this year it is estimated that its ex-
ports will be not less than 50,000,000 of
bushels, or one-half as much as was exported
by the United States last year. Australia is
a late-comer in the breadstuffs market of the
world, but will this year supply probably
25,000,000 bushels, one-fourth as much as our
exports in 1883. Russia is increasing her
capabilities by the spread of railways and the
adoption of American elevators and
machinery. The average exports from the
United States to Europe for the last six years
have been less than 150,000,000 bushels a
year. These facts exhibit at a glance the
serious character of the competition to which
the American farmer is being subjected and
what he has to encounter in the future.

Louisville's "Bad Boy."

[Courier-Journal.]

The most pestiferous small boy in Louis-
ville, who respects persons and property
least, and who does all the wickedest and
most sneaking things that can occur to a
young imagination, is not a rough, tough,
square-jawed, freckled, bullet-headed dirty
little wretch, as might be supposed, but a
sweet, pale boy, with a delicate frame and
eyes of "heaven's own blue." Those who
look upon him for the first time wonder if he
is not a little stray angel, or at least the best
boy in all the Sabbath-school. They wonder
why so peaceful a child has not long since
climbed the golden stair and left his pants
behind. No, he does not look bad, but all the
boys are anxious that he shall grow up
a hanger.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: A preacher
who resents criticism as an outrage to his
"couth" mistakes the century he lives in and
the land.

THE CHILD VOCALIST.

[Malcolm Douglas in The Continent.]

"He's a splendid card," exclaimed the man-
ager, enthusiastically.
"Is he, indeed?" said Vance Raymond,
rather abstractedly, as he gazed at the packed
auditorium.
They were standing in the lobby of the Va-
rieties. Raymond had dropped in for a few
minutes while making his nightly round of
the theatre. The manager, eager for a good
notice in the daily upon which his company
served as a dramatic critic, was himself al-
most offensively agreeable.
"The hit of the show!" he emphatically af-
firmed. "You'll wait for him, won't you?
He comes on next."

LITTLE DOT!

"The phenomenal child artist, in his wonder-
ful character changes—followed by more
terrors of a laudatory character, similarly ex-
travagant."

Raymond carefully cast his programme
aside and watched the two upon the stage.
They were going through what figured on
the bills as an "aerobically song and dance."
Presently they executed a remarkable
somersault that brought forth a cloud of
dust and made their exit, followed by the
deafening applause of the gallery. In re-
sponse they bowed out and bowed, and the
stamping of feet and clapping of hands grad-
ually ceased.

The quiet that fell upon the house was
broken by the tinkles of the proprietor's bell.
The eyes of the audience expectantly sought
the wings. The musicians raised their in-
struments and began to play one of the popu-
lar airs in vogue.

"Watch that!" whispered the manager.

"A born actor and no mistake."

As he spoke, a little figure, clad in a black
velvet suit with delicately striped pink stock-
ings, appeared on the stage. A crimson
handkerchief protruded slightly from his
pocket and an eye-glass dangled at his side.
In his hand he held a light cane, which he
twirled flipshod at intervals.

Such a plucked, was he turned to
ward the audience, as he began his song in the
yellow glow of the footlight! A feverish
flush was on his cheeks and his eyes
sparkled with unnatural brilliancy. Ray-
mond felt his heart give a little jump as he
listened to the low, sweet voice that to his
experienced ear already showed signs of
breaking.

"Poor little chap," he murmured, "he's
scarcely 7, I should judge."

And somehow a tender thought of his two
little chicks, dreaming perhaps of their
childhood heroes at the time came to him.
He watched Little Dot through the mist that
had gathered in his eyes.

The song soon came to an end, and the
child disappeared, followed by the enthu-
siastic approval of the audience. The man-
ager, in the applause and turn of the
stage, looked at his watch and turned to
Raymond, his face beaming with pleasure.

"Eh! eh!" he said, delightedly. "Doesn't
he bring down the house? An infant prodigy,
and all that, you know. You won't mind
the price of admission to see him alone."

"Rather a fit subject for the Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Children,"
should say."

"For my part I hate your infant prodigy."

They all ought to be in their beds at this
hour enjoying the sleep of healthful chil-
dren."

The manager eyed him sharply.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he grunted. Then,
in a more cheerful tone: "Just watch him
in this next turn. His drunken man is something
wonderful. I'm capable of criticizing the
performance of the White of the Stars, but
on his lips as Little Dot—a complete melo-
drama—staggered in with a high silk hat
crushed over his eyes and a white handker-
chief hanging from his coat-tail pocket.

The drunken hiccough and stilted utterance
with which he rendered the song fairly con-
vinced the audience. When he was through,
he was greeted with a terrific storm of ap-
plause.

"True to life, wasn't it?" laughed the man-
ager. "Well, it ought to be. He's had
plenty of chances to get points, goodness
knows. His father's the White of the Stars,
who is playing at the Globe this week.
Good actor, but bores too much. That is
why he and his wife separated. It's lucky
she got the boy. He's worth a cool £75 to
her every week."

Raymond listened with his eyes intent
upon the stage. Little Dot was responding
to the second encore. When he finished he
was vociferously re-demanded. Again he
came out and delivered a pathos-filled recit-
tal that evoked fresh applause. Raymond
grew indignant.

"What a shame!" he muttered angrily.

"They'd keep the poor little fellow before
them the whole night if they could."

At that moment Little Dot appeared from
the wings and raised his hand to his lips.

The pink glow on his cheeks had died out,
and in its place was a look of utter despair.

The audience must have noticed it for the
house grew still and the performance pro-
ceeded with the next act.

Raymond buttoned up his overcoat
and left the theatre. It was a
bitter night, and the streets were well-
nigh deserted. The snow lay deep upon the
ground, and a raw, bleak wind blew the
falling flakes remorselessly into his face.

He placed his hand to his forehead and
peered, with face, from his thoughts. A
picture rose before him of Little Dot, trug-
gling his way back to the hotel in the snow
at an hour when other children were cozily
tucked away in bed, and his heart was filled
with pity at the contrast.

"Poor little chap!" he said again, with a
sigh. "I'll give him a good notice."

"Quite well," the child faltered, "only
—nir—I'm a little tired and—my head aches.
Hurry, mamma," as the call-boy ap-
peared at the door; and, turning to
Raymond, he held out his little hand.
"Good-bye," he said. "It's time for me to go
on."

Little Dot hastened with his mother
through the dark and gloomy passage leading
to the stage, and stood at a wing waiting for

THE CHROMO AN EDUCATOR.

[Believing in the Influence of Litho-
graphs, a Vendor is Eloquent.]

[New York Sun.]

"These things are a nuisance, and should
be slated," a gentleman remarked emphat-
ically after stumbling against a street
vendor's cart loaded with many bright litho-
graphs.
"Is that true?" a bystander asked, address-
ing the vendor.
"No. We are public benefactors—at least
I am. Chromos are not in so good repute as
they were years ago, but not every one
knows what good chromos have done for the
city."

"They have cultivated a taste for better
things. They are bright, and generally
cheerful. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' is no
longer a true picture in detail. The sear-
ing goes a chromo at the tea store to take
the place of the shadow she used to thank for
falling on the bare wall. A chromo is much
more exhilarating than a shadow. People
who go into the room equipped by chromos
very poor find the walls less repulsive than
formerly. Especially is this true in rooms
occupied by the thousands who have known
better days."

"But how can an unreal picture cultivate
taste?"

"Let us see. Are chromos less true to
nature than paintings? Are they not fre-
quently copies of famous paintings? Sup-
pose they are unreal! They are like of bright
color. The housewife and the children ar-
range them on the wall. Pretty soon some
one notices that the color of one does not
blend well with its neighbor. A rearrang-
ing follows with an improved effect. That
has been a lesson in art to the wife or
daughter or son, or all three, of a home-
keeper. Perhaps, cultivation has begun at the
root. You will see the result in the next
generation. From free tree advertisements
the housekeeper comes to me. For 25
cents I furnish her with enough
to adorn a wall beautifully. You may
not call it adorning, but chromos that
I sell for 25 cents retail for \$1.12 twelve
years ago. From my cart the woman
will go to my neighbor there and buy, for 5
or 10 or 25 cents each, plaster of Paris
plaques and figures. I'll wager now that she
has never heard of the word plaque ten years
ago. At that time plaster of Paris was used
for making angels and saints, and gaudily
painted dogs, cats, and awkward figures.
Now we have copies in plaster, some of them
bronzed at that, of very famous works of
art. You can find them on the mantels
of considerable property. Their chief
mission is among the poor. The wife having
a copy of a work of art reads certain things
in her newspaper that she formerly skipped.
The man, even if a national capitalist, now
cries low-priced copies, and even imitations
of works of art, succeeds in showing that
frail humanity is liable to err."

Farming Down South.

[Huntsville Post, Detroit Free Press.]

In this section of Alabama a farmer can
raise anything which will grow in the north,
and in much greater abundance. Wheat
and corn are raised, and the farmer can
sell his crops at a profit. One of 100 acres
last year yielded an average of twenty-two
and one-half bushels to the acre. Oats will
run from sixty to seventy-five bushels, and
are very heavy. Clover makes an excellent
pasture. A farmer told me that he had
cut 100 tons from fifty acres, selling it read-
ily at \$15 per ton, and the second crop
brought him five bushels of seed per acre,
and the seed sold at \$6 per bushel. The
acre brought in the gross sum of \$4,500 in
one season, or at least \$3,000 above all ex-
penses. Do we do any better in the north?
The farmer here is getting his crops
open very wide. If you doubt it, let me
tell you that there are over 500 mowers and reapers
in the county in which Huntsville is sit-
uated.

Corn will yield forty bushels to the acre
without much care. Irish potatoes yield an
average of 400 bushels to the acre, and sweet
potatoes, flung into the earth and the field
scarcely looked at again, pour out 500 bush-
els to the acre as a reward. Apples, peaches,
plums and all other fruits do splendidly here,
and if any of the figures above seem exag-
gerated, I ask that at least 10 per cent be
added to them in case a northern farmer were
to work the ground with white labor.

Spring opens here from four to six weeks
earlier than in the north, and white men can
work in the fields the year round. Taxes are
low, school privileges abundant, and the
land and order everywhere prevail. I have been
in Alabama two weeks, and yet I have not
heard a dispute, seen one drunken man, nor
read of a crime. Crime is not common here
because the people are sober, and men are
drinking places in plenty, but men are get-
ting drunk. There is no quarrel about it,
but everybody seems good-natured.

The Story of an Artist.

[Curis in Inter Ocean.]

Six years ago the residents of Washington
were invited by neatly printed circulars to
visit Old Fellows hall on Seventh street.
At a witness a test of the endurance of the
champion female pedestrian, "who was at-
tempting to walk 100 miles in 100 consecutive
hours. The walking mania was then at its
height, and the hall was crowded with
distinguished gentlemen and ladies who
paid 25 cents a head to see a little woman
trudge a circle of savannah. She was the
first of her sex to accomplish
the feat, and she won the match easily
hour came, and she won the match easily
time and fatigue, bouquets were showered
upon her from fair and jeweled hands. This
week the residents of Washington are re-
quested to visit a similar exhibition, and the
gallery where a number of beautiful land-
scapes are on exhibition, and the fashion-
able people are flocking there in large num-
bers. The artist is the "champion female
pedestrian," Miss Barthe Von Hillers, and
her triumphs are as great upon the canvas as
upon the sawdust. The money she gained by
her pedestrian exhibition was spent in culti-
vating a natural taste for art, and her genius
is recognized by the best critics of the coun-
try.

What Literary Workers Are Doing.

[Chicago Current.]

Among the interesting literary news afloat
are the statements that Robert Browning's
new poem will appear in April; that Justin
McCarthy is at work on a political novel; that
Victor Hugo is about to publish a new volume
of poems; that the author of "Gina's Baby,"
is giving the finishing touches to a novel;
that Susan B. Anthony is writing a book on
the condition of her country in Europe; that
Crawford's "No Loeward," has reached a
sale of 25,000 copies; that the empress
of Austria is printing herself the sonnets
which she has written; that John Hawthorne
is writing a novel for The Boston Sunday Globe;
that the "Blackwoods" will soon publish
Anthony Trollope's last completed novel,
"An Old Man's Love"; that Prof. Whitney
of the University of California is publishing
the forthcoming volume of the Encyclopedia
Britannica; that Walter Besant is writing a
story to be called "Julia"; that the new edi-
tion of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," will
be so successful that copies will cost several
hundred pounds; that Bancroft, the historian,
is at work in Mexico; that the Brazilian em-
peror has just issued a subscription to the
Longfellow memorial fund.

A Circulating Museum.

[Chicago Current.]

An English educator has submitted a plan
for a circulating museum, containing groups
in natural history, to be used for subjec-
tious in the schools. It certainly is worthy
the consideration of educators everywhere.

THE CHROMO AN EDUCATOR.

[Believing in the Influence of Litho-
graphs, a Vendor is Eloquent.]

[New York Sun.]

"These things are a nuisance, and should
be slated," a gentleman remarked emphat-
ically after stumbling against a street
vendor's cart loaded with many bright litho-
graphs.
"Is that true?" a bystander asked, address-
ing the vendor.
"No. We are public benefactors—at least
I am. Chromos are not in so good repute as
they were years ago, but not every one
knows what good chromos have done for the
city."

"They have cultivated a taste for better
things. They are bright, and generally
cheerful. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' is no
longer a true picture in detail. The sear-
ing goes a chromo at the tea store to take
the place of the shadow she used to thank for
falling on the bare wall. A chromo is much
more exhilarating than a shadow. People
who go into the room equipped by chromos
very poor find the walls less repulsive than
formerly. Especially is this true in rooms
occupied by the thousands who have known
better days."

"But how can an unreal picture cultivate
taste?"

"Let us see. Are chromos less true to
nature than paintings? Are they not fre-
quently copies of famous paintings? Sup-
pose they are unreal! They are like of bright
color. The housewife and the children ar-
range them on the wall. Pretty soon some
one notices that the color of one does not
blend well with its neighbor. A rearrang-
ing follows with an improved effect. That
has been a lesson in art to the wife or
daughter or son, or all three, of a home-
keeper. Perhaps, cultivation has begun at the
root. You will see the result in the next
generation. From free tree advertisements
the housekeeper comes to me. For 25
cents I furnish her with enough
to adorn a wall beautifully. You may
not call it adorning, but chromos that
I sell for 25 cents retail for \$1.12 twelve
years ago. From my cart the woman
will go to my neighbor there and buy, for 5
or 10 or 25 cents each, plaster of Paris
plaques and figures. I'll wager now that she
has never heard of the word plaque ten years
ago. At that time plaster of Paris was used
for making angels and saints, and gaudily
painted dogs, cats, and awkward figures.
Now we have copies in plaster, some of them
bronzed at that, of very famous works of
art. You can find them on the mantels
of considerable property. Their chief
mission is among the poor. The wife having
a copy of a work of art reads certain things
in her newspaper that she formerly skipped.
The man, even if a national capitalist, now
cries low-priced copies, and even imitations
of works of art, succeeds in showing that
frail humanity is liable to err."

Farming Down South.

[Huntsville Post, Detroit Free Press.]

In this section of Alabama a farmer can
raise anything which will grow in the north,
and in much greater abundance. Wheat
and corn are raised, and the farmer can
sell his crops at a profit. One of 100 acres
last year yielded an average of twenty-two
and one-half bushels to the acre. Oats will
run from sixty to seventy-five bushels, and
are very heavy. Clover makes an excellent
pasture. A farmer told me that he had
cut 100 tons from fifty acres, selling it read-
ily at \$15 per ton, and the second crop
brought him five bushels of seed per acre,
and the seed sold at \$6 per bushel. The
acre brought in the gross sum of \$4,500 in
one season, or at least \$3,000 above all ex-
penses. Do we do any better in the north?
The farmer here is getting his crops
open very wide. If you doubt it, let me
tell you that there are over 500 mowers and reapers
in the county in which Huntsville is sit-
uated.

Corn will yield forty bushels to the acre
without much care. Irish potatoes yield an
average of 400 bushels to the acre, and sweet
potatoes, flung into the earth and the field
scarcely looked at again, pour out 500 bush-
els to the acre as a reward. Apples, peaches,
plums and all other fruits do splendidly here,
and if any of the figures above seem exag-
gerated, I ask that at least 10 per cent be
added to them in case a northern farmer were
to work the ground with white labor.

Spring opens here from four to six weeks
earlier than in the north, and white men can
work in the fields the year round. Taxes are
low, school privileges abundant, and the
land and order everywhere prevail. I have been
in Alabama two weeks, and yet I have not
heard a dispute, seen one drunken man, nor
read of a crime. Crime is not common here
because the people are sober, and men are
drinking places in plenty, but men are get-
ting drunk. There is no quarrel about it,
but everybody seems good-natured.

The Story of an Artist.

[Curis in Inter Ocean.]

Six years ago the residents of Washington
were invited by neatly printed circulars to
visit Old Fellows hall on Seventh street.
At a witness a test of the endurance of the
champion female pedestrian, "who was at-
tempting to walk 100 miles in 100 consecutive
hours. The walking mania was then at its
height, and the hall was crowded with
distinguished gentlemen and ladies who
paid 25 cents a head to see a little woman
trudge a circle of savannah. She was the
first of her sex to accomplish
the feat, and she won the match easily
hour came, and she won the match easily
time and fatigue, bouquets were showered
upon her from fair and jeweled hands. This
week the residents of Washington are re-
quested to visit a similar exhibition, and the
gallery where a number of beautiful land-
scapes are on exhibition, and the fashion-
able people are flocking there in large num-
bers. The artist is the "champion female
pedestrian," Miss Barthe Von Hillers, and
her triumphs are as great upon the canvas as
upon the sawdust. The money she gained by
her pedestrian exhibition was spent in culti-
vating a natural taste for art, and her genius
is recognized by the best critics of the coun-
try.

What Literary Workers Are Doing.

[Chicago Current.]

Among the interesting literary news afloat
are the statements that Robert Browning's
new poem will appear in April; that Justin
McCarthy is at work on a political novel; that
Victor Hugo is about to publish a new volume
of poems; that the author of "Gina's Baby,"
is giving the finishing touches to a novel;
that Susan B. Anthony is writing a book on
the condition of her country in Europe; that
Crawford's "No Loeward," has reached a
sale of 25,000 copies; that the empress
of Austria is printing herself the sonnets
which she has written; that John Hawthorne
is writing a novel for The Boston Sunday Globe;
that the "Blackwoods" will soon publish
Anthony Trollope's last completed novel,
"An Old Man's Love"; that