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ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and goods shipped
with care.
Address.
HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

The Site of the Crematory.
(New York Mail and Express).
It seems that the officers of the United
States Cremation company, limited, have
selected one of the finest sites on Manhattan
island for the crematory which they are
about to erect, and no protest has been pre-
sented. The site is on Riverside avenue,
north of One Hundred and Fourteenth street,
and it is represented that the crematory will
be so inconspicuous to the neighborhood, owing to
the beautiful plan of its construction, while
outwardly it will be an ornament to the avenue.

THE DOUGLAS

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NO. 8.

PEACE AND LOVE

(Ella Wheeler in Lippincott's.)
There are two angels, messengers of Light,
Both born of God, who yet are bitterest
foes.
No human breast their dual presence
knows:
As violently opposed as wrong and right,
When for draws near, the other takes swift
flight.
And when one enters, thence the other
goes:
Till their life in the immortal flows,
So must dwell those angels known as Peace
and Love.
Despair and Hope may meet within one
heart,
The virtue may be comrades of the dove,
Pleasure and pain swear friendship real
and true.
But till the grave unites them, still apart
Must dwell those angels known as Peace
and Love.
For only death can reconcile the two.

SIDE-SHOW SHOUTERS.

A Professional's Ideas of His Pe-
culiar Business.
(From French Chronicle.)
Shouting for a side-show is not the
most aesthetic occupation in the world,
but it is one of the healthiest, and it
has other advantages which attract the
class of young men engaged in it. In
yesterday's rain the reporter had a
talk with one of the out-door men of
one of the recent additions to the city's
varied attractions in the amusement
line, and that was what he said about
the shouters' business. When asked
if that was all he could say for the
business he replied: "Oh, no; it gives
a man a chance to travel, broadens his
views and gives him an understanding
of human nature for which no other oc-
cupation affords as great an oppor-
tunity. This rain has knocked business
for this day, but give me one
hour's sunshine and I will start in
again with the enthusiasm of a man
who has just entered the business."

"In the east a good shouter gets \$25 a
week, and they advertise and are ad-
vised for just as for any other class of
talent. It is a regular business there
and well followed. Shouters are gen-
erally decent fellows, but as their busi-
ness is often precarious they sometimes
will accept a situation with an unreli-
able showman, and that, perhaps, is
one thing which has prejudiced some
people against our trade. But shouting
is our business, and it does not
make much difference to us whether it
is the amphibious and carnivorous dog
or a panther of the Holy Land. It is
not an easy business to learn, but when
once a man becomes accustomed to it
he can shout before the crowned heads
with the dignity and ease of a fish-
peddler in the most familiar alley on
his business route."

"It is a great business in one way.
You see, we don't have to pack any ap-
paratus or carry any wardrobe. A
man can start on a moment's notice.
But hotel men are not apt to think any
more of a traveler because he has no
baggage. That is the way it goes—
one thing balance; another. There are ad-
vantages and drawbacks, ups and
downs. The worst calamity of all, of
course, is the falling of the voice. Did
you ever see a shouter who couldn't
shout? Well, he is the most melan-
choly man you ever will see. He pines
away and dies. Before dissolution
everybody abuses him. The curiosities
whose praises he has sung for years re-
fuse to recognize him, and the boys
who steal in under the tents make him
the butt of all their jokes. He is the
embodiment of misery. You can knock
him down with a straw. Try it."

At this point the shouters paused.
He had rattled off his story of the
strange business in much the same
style he would have assumed on his
box in front of the show. He did not
appear the least exhausted, but the re-
porter found some difficulty in keeping
track of the ideas elicited by the
voluble showman.

American Labor.
(Globe in New York Tribune.)
When we have what we call dull
times in the United States, we are on a
tremendous boom compared to almost
any other nation in the world. The en-
terprises being carried out in a time of
depression here would amount to great
operations in such states as Prussia,
Austria or even France. We do not
perceive that nearly the whole United
States is going onward at the same
time, each one of the multitude of
towns suggesting, developing or adding
something, and when there is com-
parative lethargy here another kind of life
begins, which ought to be a truer part of
our life, the artistic cultivation of the
people.

The influence of labor-saving ma-
chinery to accumulate goods and pro-
duce stoppages is now generally per-
ceived, though the knowledge is not ap-
plied. Judge Kelley intimates that it
will be necessary for the manufacturing
operatives to work a shorter day and
spend the rest of the time in self-im-
provement. Mr. Bookwalter thinks
that these gluts indicate the retiring of
pattern-making machinery in a little
while, that kind of machinery where a
pattern duplicates itself almost auto-
matically. He says that the finest work
in the world is the work of the human
hand, in which the eastern nations ex-
cel, and that it is proved by the fact
that we send nothing of beauty to Japan
or India, while we greedily buy from
them the vases and other articles to
which our taste has risen. It might be
a blessed day if labor, instead of being
collected in great shops to do a given
thing and do nothing else for years and
years, would have its own little atelier
close to the family life, and, as in the
days of our parents, produce the furni-
ture, etc., specimens of which are now
rarities and prizes.

Not Very Watery.
(New York Star.)
Crumbling earthworks, toppling
piles of masonry, ancient guns, rusty
and dismantled, water-washed trenches
and half-completed walls are the evi-
dences on both shores of decay, nig-
gardliness and neglect. Dry mortar
crackles under the feet of the dejected
sentries, and the spiritless officers gaze
apprehensively seaward through em-
brasures that tumble about their ears.
The rest of our seacoast defenses tell the
same story: the fortifications are piles
of dust and rubbish, and in the navy
yards, obsolete old hulks lie rotting
in the docks or fall to pieces at anchor.

AN INTERLUDE.

(B. L. R. Dane, in N. O. Times-Democrat.)
It is a very strange; I puzzle over it
sometimes until I scarcely know
whether I am sitting down on my head
or on my heels. At times I almost be-
lieve it was a dream, and yet that is
impossible, because no dream was ever
so vivid, so circumstantial; even in my
most animated visions of the night I
have never an underlying conscious-
ness that they are not real, but this is
as living to every sense as if the whole
occurred but yesterday.
I even told the story to Charley Cav-
endish and he could make nothing of it;
so now in despair I have determined to
put it all in the papers, for she may
see it and make some sign, or some one
of the great reading public may possess
information that would be of use to me.
In that case they would confer an in-
estimable favor by communicating with
G. R. C., Box 309, General Postoffice,
London.

This is the story: In the latter part
of May, 1881, Maud started up to town
on the 8:30 train; we were going up to
look at the Levison-Got's house in
the latter part of the house the last
season didn't suit us, and the Levison-
Gore's being small and well situated,
and they going abroad for a year, we
wished to rent it.

When we had done about half the dis-
tance Maud was threatened with a neu-
erous attack (in selecting a sister be-
cause to get one with nerves, that's my hearty
advice).
Well, as I was saying, she was
threatened, or said she was, and at the
next station insisted upon getting out
and taking a turn in the air. I warned
her of the danger, for 'twas a little way
station and the train only stopped there
a few minutes, but Maud was an amount
of obstinacy which a donkey might
envy, and go she would and did.

Just as I anticipated, when we
were at the far end of the platform,
the whistle sounded and the train
pulled out and left us. I looked blankly at Maud, and then
rushed out, and I got it seven and
the world not be another train till 6 in
the evening; very few of them stopped
here. When I sulkily carried this in-
formation back to Maud all the threats
which her nerves had made were
promptly carried into execution. What
was to be done? Something must be
done for her, and that at once. She
was usually unable to travel for several
days after one of these attacks. Another
frantic appeal to the station-master.
Knew of a little village about two miles
away, but didn't know of any way of
our getting there, except by walking.
Just at this juncture, as I was about to
sprinkle dust upon my head and lift up
my voice to weep, an all-merciful Provi-
dence sent a one-horse fly jolting down
the road, into which I unceremoniously
bundled Maud, weeping and clutching
me, and village-ward we hied.

Luckily we found a clean little inn and
a motherly old landlady, who "did for
the poor devil" of her. She had a room
of flannels and brandy, and the bald, dapper
little village doctor, having taken
Maud in hand, I took a cigar and started
out for a stroll to soothe my nerves, de-
cidedly unsettled by this contretemps.
The village was not particularly in-
teresting, so I turned my steps toward
a wood about a mile or more distant.
The day was perfect; the sky of that
gentle, clear blue that makes one think
of maidenhood, and a shy little breeze
kissed the leaves and the flowers. A
cheek like the light curves of a hand.
Most jovially sang the birds, and the
sunshine filtered goldenly down through
the yellow-green leaves of spring. In
short, everything was most uncommonly
rural and jolly.
I was plain to see she was "culti-
vated," because the gown was so short in
the waist and so puffed in the sleeves.
She was clasping one knee with both
hands, and her dark head was
bent forward intently; the sifting
sunshine swayed back and forth
through the moving leaves, casting
tremulous, lace-like shadows over her;
she was the dominant note in this
vernal symphony, the highest light in
this yellow-green picture of spring.

All the mad life of the lusty young
year seemed racing through my veins.
One knew when young men's fancies
form in this season. So, I forgot the
realities, and wandered off into a little
dreamland, where Phyllis and Corydon
tended opeal, and I was not even
nearly waited for the formalities of an
introduction. I got off some more
spring poetry, I remarked confidentially
to myself that
"The arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of the particularly
soft, damp moss nearer and nearer
until I stood just behind my belle dame."
She was very interested in her book or
she must have heard the loud throbs of
my heart. She was reading Chateaubaud,
and Chateaubaud was over her shoulder,
and I was in the land of nod.

Voyez comme Avril fait l'amour aux fleurs:
D'une d'amour, d'une aux belles couleurs,
D'une d'une, d'une aux belles couleurs,
D'une d'une, d'une aux belles couleurs.
And, indeed, she herself had God made
beautiful!
I could see her thin nostrils quiver
with the quick breaths that heaved her
maiden breast. I saw the blue veins
in her temple and the little pink ear

like crumpled satin against her dark
hair; her bent head showed the back of
her neck; like milk, it was, and tiny,
vanishing dark rings of hair crept down
and encircled upon its whiteness.
I thought of the minutes that curled
down the "exquisite neck" of Norma-
ha. Talk of Venus' nape! you should
have seen that one. And I—I utterly
lost my head, and bending forward
kissed it. Tableau! She sprang up
and faced me with a "furious" look.
"You kissed my neck," she cried,
gasping with rage.

I felt uncommonly sneaky. I am
sure I looked so, but for my life I didn't
know what to say. I couldn't say I was
sorry, and I couldn't say I wouldn't do
it again; in my dreadful embarrassment
I made a fearful ass of myself, trying
to be clumsily playful.
"Was that your neck?" I said in
weakly simulated surprise.
"Of course it was mine," scornfully.
"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
"I am ashamed," I said humbly,
"awfully. I was an abominable brute;
please try to forgive me. I won't do it
again—that is, I suppose you won't let
me. And, after all, it wasn't entirely
my fault. If you carry your neck out
into the world, you run an awful
danger of having it kissed, you know."
I blundered on, making matters
worse at every word.

She turned haughtily away, saying, "So
you are not even gentlemanly enough
to apologize."
I sprang over the log and stood be-
side, and expostulated meekly. "You
know I feel mean about this, and I am
dreadful, humiliated at having lost my
self-control, but your neck was ravish-
ing and I couldn't help it. I was very
nervous, and it's a fellow when he is
down."

She was evidently a generous natured
girl, for this view of the matter appealed
to her. "It was a very horrid thing to
do," she said.
"If you just could see the back of
your neck," I answered, "you would
see that there is some excuse to be
made for me; but still I am willing to
do anything that might atone for my
handiwork. There is no danger in
this. You can go away. That is the
only thing you can do," she replied
gravely.

This was an awful blow. I hadn't
expected it, but I did not dare disobey,
and almost weeping turned to go.
I took a few reluctant steps, but seized
with a bright idea, turned again: "Don't
you think," I said eagerly, "that you
had better let me see you out of these
woods? It isn't safe your being here
alone."

This speech seemed to find un-
commonly funny, for she said with a
little derisive laugh:
"So I have discovered; but I don't see
how I will be benefited by your
society."
I was really hurt, and said bitterly
and despairingly, "I do not blame you
for thinking me a scoundrel; I have
quite forfeited the right of a man to
protect a woman. There is no place
for me in this house, and I am going
to leave it. I am in my own words."

Then she held out her little hand; I
pulled off my Glangarry and took it
reverentially, yet all my audacious weak-
ness returned when I felt its soft
warmth in mine.
"May I?" I whispered pleadingly.
Her eyelids drooped and her fair face
flushed, so I fervently kissed the
slender, blue-veined wrist, and gently,
reluctantly releasing her hand, turned
toward her groves, and did not even pause
to look back.

When I reached the inn Maud was so
much better that she insisted upon
pursuing our journey in the evening.
In London we found Uncle Chol-
mondeley desperately ill, and then came
all the duties attendant upon his death
and funeral, and the stress of business
following upon the inheritance of an
estate. This was not over when Maud's
nervous attacks culminated in a severe
illness, and the physicians ordered me
to take her to the south of France,
where we staid nearly a year. But as
soon as we returned, though weighted
with many difficulties, I made every
effort to find "a belle dame."

But alas! I have a wretched memory
for names, and rack my brains as I will,
I can call up no recollection of the
name of that little way station. For
days I have studied Bradshaw, hoping
to recognize the name if I saw it. Times
when I have traveled back and forth
between London and the towers, closely
scanning every station I passed, sure
I should know that one if I saw it;
but all in vain.

Maud, when appealed to, says she
has the faintest recollection of such an episode;
she is sure she never had a nervous attack
on the train; but her memory is much
worse even than mine.

I could not have dreamed; that is ab-
surd; one does not dream such things
as the touch of her hand, the sunlight,
and the curls upon her neck.
I have at times thought it might be
one of those strange experiences of
which there is never any reasonable
material explanation; but then I never
was a fellow given to indulging in
psychological phenomena.

However it may be, this I know, that
Cholmondeley towers will not have a
mistress until I find my beautiful young
love in the daffodil gown.

Watering Cattle.
(Exchange.)
It has been said that because cattle
sometimes prefer impure water to pure
drinking water no pains should be taken
to supply them with pure water. The
British Medical Journal explains to
agriculturists that the reason for this
fact is that cattle, when given tank wa-
ter, are not kept properly supplied with
rock salt. In their desire for saline
food animals will drink the most im-
pure fluids, and will even eat earth.
The writer thinks that it is injudicious
and cruel to deprive cattle of salt, and
thus compel them to seek it in refuse.

Donis Kearney, the ex-sand lot leader,
is keeping a coffee and doughnut stand
on the beach, not far from San Fran-
cisco.

The Boy of the Empire.

(Archibald Forbes in English Magazine.)
I have seen Napoleon III at the pin-
nacle of his hollow splendor. From
the German picket line on August 2,
1870, I heard the distant cheering on
the Spichersberg that greeted him
and the lad whom he brought from
Metz to receive that day his "bap-
tism of fire." Again I saw him
on the morning after Sedan as the
great man lay in his bed in pain,
in prestige, in health, in spirits,
sat with Bismarck on the grass
plot in front of the weaver's cottage
on the Donchery road. Next
morning I witnessed his departure into
Villiersville, captivity. I have
seen him doddering about Brighton,
and strolling under the beech trees that
encircle Chislehurst common. And for
the last time of all I saw that stolid,
care-worn face as it lay on the raised
pillow of the bed in the broad corridor
of Camden place, and when the face
was no more visible I witnessed the
coffin laid down in the little chapel
among the Chislehurst elm trees.

I knew the boy of the empire when
he was a scrawny child of five, and when
the mountains of the Caucasus, the
Kalmucks have about 20,000, and the
Khingese not far from 180,000. Camels
are bred for their labor principally, but
also for their hair and milk. A camel
will shear from eighteen to twenty-
two pounds of hair. This is worth in
the open market about \$2.50 a pound.
"You also raised goats?"
"Yes, I had about 800 on my ranch
when I left. There are over 1,500,000
goats in European Russia. The in-
dustry is the most important in the
mountainous portions of the Caucasus.
The Angora and Cashmere breeds are
bred in some of the governments for
their milk, meat, and hair. In 1880
the export of goat down amounted to
\$38,000, while the coarser qualities of
hair about doubled it. The largest ex-
port was in 1876, when it reached \$400,
000 for down and coarse hair combined."

"What do you know of bee culture in
Russia?"
"In Little Russia and Lithuania, the
great linen forests near the Caspian
are very profitable. The finest honey I
ever saw is produced in Kovno. The
largest quantities come from the gov-
ernments of Yekaterinoslav and Poltava.
There are over 450,000 hives in those
two districts. Kaluga produces annu-
ally about 1,700 pounds of honey and
3,500 pounds of wax. A pound contains
about three-sixths of a pound. The annual
production in the Don Cossack country
amounts to \$50,000 in round numbers.
In Volynia and Bessarabia the com-
bined yield of honey reaches a value
of nearly \$200,000 a year. The annual
yield of the whole empire is not far
from \$4,000,000, or about 18,000 tons.
To this must be added nearly 5,000
tons of wax, worth \$2,000,000. This is
about all consumed in Russia, the ex-
ports being very small."

One of Farragut's Men.

(Continued.)
"One of the best of them was Thoro-
n Jenkins, who for a good while was
Farragut's chief of staff and fleet cap-
tain. Jenkins, like Farragut, was a
southern man, and was a good deal up-
braided for remaining in the govern-
ment; but he had a simple, dauntless
heart, and neither Farragut nor him-
self cared one cent what they said in the
south about their conduct. Jenkins is
still living at Washington, and is lame
from a wound that killed another very
distinguished officer during the war."

"The name of this officer I forgot,
though Mr. Davis told it to me with the
following anecdote:
"This man," said he, "was one of the
most wonderful men in Farragut's fleet.
He went among the rebels by the name
of 'The Black Devil of the Mississippi,'
because, when the government ordered
the vessels at large to be painted lead-
color, he kept his black; and wherever
there was a fight, a mortal wound, or
black hull going in as if it was the child
of war. One day a shell struck a lot of
cannonballs which were lying on deck, and
one of those cannonballs gave Jenkins the
wound which has lamed him ever since;
and another inflicted a mortal wound
on 'The Black Devil of the Mississippi,'
the last words that he uttered are still re-
membered in the navy for their sweet-
ness. When a naval officer or com-
mander visits an admiral, and he gets
down in his launch to leave, he is apt
to loiter a minute or two before he says
the last word. Then the word almost
always is: 'Well, admiral, I guess I'll
shove off.' This man, as he lay dying,
opened his eyes for the last time and
looked around him on the friendly faces
of his associates, and said: 'Well, I
guess I'll shove off,' and then died."

Enormous Literary Earnings.

(Chicago Tribune.)
Some interesting figures are given in
London Truth of Jan 3 concerning the
literary earnings of well-known authors.
Butcher (the younger) made \$150,
000; Byron \$115,000; Lord Macaulay
earned \$100,000 on his history, getting
three-fourths of the net profits. Thiers
and Lamartine made similar sums by
their histories. Thackeray never made
more than \$25,000 by his novels. Sir
Walter Scott was paid \$550,000 for
eleven volumes of three volumes each, and
nine volumes of "Tales of My Land-
lord." For one novel he received \$50,
000, and between November, 1825, and
June, 1827, he received \$130,000 for
literary work. Lord Lytton is said to
have made \$400,000 by his novels;
Dickens, it has been computed, ought to
have been making \$500,000 a year for
the three years prior to the publication
of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Peverell of
Fenwick." The following prices were paid for single
works: George Eliot's "Romola," \$50,
000; Scott's "Waverley," \$35,000; Scott's
"Woodstock," \$40,000; Scott's "Life of
Napoleon," \$30,000; Wilkie Collins' "Armadale," \$25,000; Moore's "Lalla
Rookh," \$15,000; Goldsmith's "Vicar
of Wakefield," \$300; Gibbon's "De-
cline and Fall," \$50,000; Johnson's
"Rasselas," \$500; Johnson's "Lives of
the Poets," \$1,500.

The Proper Proportion.

A writer in The Cincinnati Enquirer
gives the following estimate as the
proper proportion of weight to height
in women: Five feet in height should
weigh 100 pounds; 5 feet 1 inch, 106
pounds; 5 feet 2 inches, 113 pounds; 5
feet 3 inches, 119 pounds; 5 feet 4
inches, 130 pounds; 5 feet 5 inches, 138
pounds; 5 feet 6 inches, 144 pounds; 5 feet
7 inches, 150 pounds; 5 feet 8 inches,
155 pounds; 5 feet 9 inches, 163 pounds;
5 feet 10 inches, 167 pounds; 5 feet 11
inches, 176 pounds; 6 feet, 180 pounds.

Something to Be Ashamed Of.

(Rev. E. D. Towle.)
Who doubts that calamities would be
reduced one-half if the managers of all
corporations considered a man more
precious than gold—saw often the
almighty dollar? I am ashamed of my-
self. When a ship goes down I get the
number of cabin passengers, accurately
the number of steerage slips my
mind. If there are no cabin passengers
—only steerage—I feel relieved. And
I do not make confession for myself
alone.

A Costly Undertaking.

Rear Admiral Ammen says that the
Panama canal will cost \$300,000,000 in-
stead of \$100,000,000, as estimates put
it, and that when finished it will constantly
require the most formidable and ex-
ensive repairs. The earth of the isthmus,
it seems, is without the requisite prop-
erties of firmness and stability.

Judge Tongue: No nation that for-
gets its songs will long keep its national
life intact. When Americans cease
singing their own songs they are ceas-
ing to live their own life.

GOATS, CAMELS AND BEES.

**Experiences of an American Farmer
Who Has a Ranch in Russia.**
(New York Sun.)
"A camel can carry a ton."
Robert Eldridge, of Cincinnati, who
has just returned from Russia, where
he has been rearing goats and camels,
says he has seen good pack camels carry
more than a ton on their backs, but a
ton is considered a fair burden.
"Are there many camels reared in
Russia?"
"The industry is not important in a
commercial point of view. I have been
engaged at it for four years. I have
figured that there are 25,000 camels in
the Kuldsha and Erivan districts; the
Kalmucks have about 20,000, and the
Khingese not far from 180,000. Camels
are bred for their labor principally, but
also for their hair and milk. A camel
will shear from eighteen to twenty-
two pounds of hair. This is worth in
the open market about \$2.50 a pound.
"You also raised goats?"
"Yes, I had about 800 on my ranch
when I left. There are over 1,500,000
goats in European Russia. The in-
dustry is the most important in the
mountainous portions of the Caucasus.
The Angora and Cashmere breeds are
bred in some of the governments for
their milk, meat, and hair. In 1880
the export of goat down amounted to
\$38,000, while the coarser qualities of
hair about doubled it. The largest ex-
port was in 1876, when it reached \$400,
000 for down and coarse hair combined."

"What do you know of bee culture in
Russia?"
"In Little Russia and Lithuania, the
great linen forests near the Caspian
are very profitable. The finest honey I
ever saw is produced in Kovno. The
largest quantities come from the gov-
ernments of Yekaterinoslav and Poltava.
There are over 450,000 hives in those
two districts. Kaluga produces annu-
ally about 1,700 pounds of honey and
3,500 pounds of wax. A pound contains
about three-sixths of a pound. The annual
production in the Don Cossack country
amounts to \$50,000 in round numbers.
In Volynia and Bessarabia the com-
bined yield of honey reaches a value
of nearly \$200,000 a year. The annual
yield of the whole empire is not far
from \$4,000,000, or about 18,000 tons.
To this must be added nearly 5,000
tons of wax, worth \$2,000,000. This is
about all consumed in Russia, the ex-
ports being very small."

Australian Nomenclature.
(Cor. Philadelphia Times.)
This way the Australians have of
calling things by inappropriate names
is inconvenient. Their "bear" is no
bear, their "whiting" (fish) is no whit-
ing, their "cherry" is no cherry, their
"flying-fox" only a big bat. It is used
to be proverbially reported that "Aus-
tralia is a place where the oysters grow
on trees, the fences are made of ma-
hogany, and a woman gets with child
from her stones outside." There is no re-
mahogany in the country, so far as I can
learn, except it has been imported; the
so-called cherry is a kind of cypress,
and the only truth about the oyster is
that about some harbor oysters cover-
ing everything close to the water, in-
cluding occasionally the roots and
fallen trunks of trees. (Miserable lit-
tle bits of oysters, of which it would
take a dozen to fill a tablespoon.) More
wonderful is the title "hand-dish,"
which climbs up on the beach sand,
props itself on its fin-fins, and looks
at one partly as a sparrow.
The "Australian devil" is a good
deal of a humbug, too. At Auckland
I heard him described as a fierce, un-
tameable, dangerous; at Sydney (his
bones only are found in New South
Wales) he was fierce, but not often
met with in Tasmania; at Melbourne
he sank to an "ugly little beast"; in
Tasmania he is described as a pest
little neutral creature is rare and
timid. There is one creature of whose
alleged habits I had heard with some
skepticism—the ground parrot of New
Zealand. In inquiry I found the worst
reports about it confirmed. This par-
rot builds its nest on the ground and,
since the introduction of sheep, has
been building it chiefly of wool. To
obtain this it perches on the sheep's
back. For some time the worst of
was feared from this parrot was such
thefts of the golden fleece, but for some
years now it has taken to tearing
through the sheep's back and
dragging out the liver, which it
devours. It has been known a pest
in New Zealand since this rapid
evolution in English civilization. It is
a large parrot, but I do not think it
rusty; its breast is the color of iron
rust.

A Remarkable Time Piece.

(Texas Sittings.)
"I wouldn't take \$100 for that
watch."
"Family relic, I suppose."
"Not a bit of it. I'll tell you why
that watch is so valuable. You see, it
never keeps the correct time."
"I wouldn't have it as a precious gift."
"Maybe you wouldn't, but I would.
You see, I am a traveling man. I'm
traveling here in Texas all the time
where the railroads never arrive on
count. Now, if I had a watch that
kept correct time I'd be left half the
time, but thanks to this watch, I'm
more liable to catch the train than I
would be if I had half a dozen watches
that could be relied on."

Something to Be Ashamed Of.