THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

SATURDAY MORNINGS,

BY THE

Douglas County Publishing Company.

One Year	$2 50
Six Months	1 50
Three Months	1 00

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And all of my own manufacture.

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ALL ORDERS

Promptly attended to and goods shipped with care.

Address,

HACHENY & BENO,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Inherited Neatness.

[Exchange.]

"Walter," said Mrs. Particular to her little son, whom she found eating grapes in the garden, "you must not swallow the skins of the grapes. It's bad for you to eat them." "But doesn't it make the yard look neater?" said Walter.

Edison says: "It requires as much ingenuity to make money out of an invention as to make the invention."

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884. NO. 14.

THE INDEPENDENT

HAS THE

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AT PORTLAND PRICES.

OUR KIND OF MAN.

[James W. Riley.]

The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force-like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love.
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widow's prayer goes up for him.
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
And the sick man sees the sun on e more,
And out o'er the barren field he sees
Springing blossoms and waving trees,
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way.
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

The kind of a man for me and you,
However little of worth we do—
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.
He walks abroad and meets all kinds
Of querulous and uneasy minds,
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
Of the doubts that rack us, hear and brain,
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand!
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise—
Else, should we read, though our sins should glow
As scarlet they should be white as snow!
And feeling still, with a grief half glad
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me!

PAINTINGS "IN THE LUMP."

An Artist Who "Knocks Out" a Score of Pictures Daily.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The reporter followed his friend around the corner and up two flights of stairs to the top floor of a brick building near the center of the city. The apartment which they entered was about twenty-five feet wide by sixty feet in length, having two sky-lights and six windows on the street front. Along the same side of the room were benches—paint benches, with paint grinding mills, bits of sandpaper, pound brushes, sash tools, kegs of paint, and the like, just as one might expect to find in the paint shops of a wagon factory.

"Isn't this high art?" asked the artist, as he began pulling on a pair of paint-stained overalls, at the same time pointing to a panoramic nightmare which developed itself on the opposite wall. He invited his visitor to "look the thing over."

The "thing" was perhaps twenty feet in length by two feet in width, and was tacked tightly on the board partition, and above it was tacked an almost exact duplicate. There was almost every style of land, water, and winter scape on the strips of cloth. First came a rough coast scene with a lighthouse and a wreck, which then changed to a woodland with a lake in the middle and the ruins of a castle and mountains in the distance. Then came a pastoral scene with a country road, a flock of sheep, and a good foliage in the right foreground; and so the strip changes its aspect with a sort of kaleidoscopic readiness every two or three feet.

"What is it, anyhow?" asked the visitor.

"It's a lot of cheap oil paintings. We paint 'em in the lump and cut 'em up according to needs. We make panels and large and small scenes by the rod, and let the frame-makers say how large each single section shall be."

"But you'll get bad habits."

"What, painting this kind of stuff? Not a bit of it. Now just watch me," at which the artist began putting in a sky with a pound brush loaded with blue. It was like painting the side of a barn, and as he worked the artist explained how most of the work was done with large brushes and how he could "knock out" from fifteen to twenty oil paintings a day.

"And what do they sell for and where?"

"They sell in auction stores, cheap furniture stores, and are sometimes sold by canvassers. They bring from $2 to $5 each, framed."

"And you like the work?"

"I like to eat and have a good place to sleep."

Almost a New Craze.

[Inter Ocean.]

A funny thing occurred at a wedding here this week, which caused the bridal party great mortification. As the groom got out of the carriage to enter the church he gave his hat to the footman, and that faithful individual, supposing it was intended that he should stay by his employer and see him through, followed closely behind the bridal party as they marched up the aisle. During the ceremony he stood conspicuously by the groom's side with two plug hats in his hands, and when the benediction was pronounced followed the bridal party down the aisle again close to his master's heels. The spectators thought it was some new caper that had been introduced, and if the family had kept quiet about it the idea would have been imitated, and no wedding would have been complete without a groom in livery with two plug hats, but their mortification was so great that they felt called upon to explain that the man was stupid and did not understand that he was to remain in the vestibule.

A Little Curious.

Isn't it curious to think that the same citizen who may be heard on club nights bellowing forth the bacchanalian ditty, "I and lord, fill the flowing bowl," can softly croon his youngest to sleep with the seductive melody, "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber?"

Kept Up the Supply.

One of Lord Beaconsfield's peacocks died at the same time as did its master, and its carcass was given to a hanger-on about the place, who made a small fortune by selling feathers from its tail. It was marvelous how the poor peacock kept up the supply.

Arkansaw Traveler: When er ole man does wrong it is generally a wus wrong den er young man would do. De ole hoss, when he does kick, kicks a heap harder den de colt.

Paper is now used in Germany instead of wood in the manufacture of lead pencils.

PAINTING THE FACES

Of the Amateur Actors and Actresses—Modus Operandi.

["Manhattan" in Chicago Journal.]

There are men in New York whose livelihood is gained by painting the faces of actors and actresses. Nearly all of the professionals do this work for themselves, and the result is that the decorators, as the make-up artists are generally called, confine themselves almost entirely to amateurs. The most popular of the lot is a little Swede, who has a studio on Broadway. He has a pale and classical face, long hair, and is of delicate physique. He dresses chiefly in a Byronic collar, but also wears a frock coat and patent-leather boots, and is extremely dainty and neat. He is a favorite with the army of amateurs, particularly with the girls. He charges $9 a night for his services at an evening entertainment, and has entire charge of every face that goes on the stage. For $20 a night he will provide all necessary wigs and whiskers. He goes to the theatre at 7 o'clock, selects a room, places a chair in front of a mirror, and is ready for work.

The men are easily treated. As a rule, all they need is a little rouge on their cheeks and chins, shaded eyebrows and whitened foreheads. If they play characters a little advanced in life, the decorator powders their hair and whiskers, paints a line or two about the eyes where the crow's feet belong, and shades the under lip a little, which gives the mouth a drawn expression. For the villians, he usually puts on a little blue and white stuff, which represents a bristling beard, about the chin and neck, and gives the wearer a more or less villainous appearance. The make-up of the women is much more difficult. A man is usually so astonished by his beautiful appearance after he has been painted that he has little to do beyond admiring himself in the glass. The exact reverse, however, is true of the society actresses. They are never satisfied. The little Swede darkens their eyebrows, drops belladonna into their eyes, paints a line under the lower lid, shades the face carefully with white, red and whitens the nose and eyebrows, and tints the lips. The woman then looks in the glare of the foot-lights about 3,000 per cent. better than she did as nature made her, but her heart is filled with dissatisfaction, and after every act she goes down to his room.

"You've made my eyes too bright and big," she snaps. "I look frightfully sensational and glary."

"Not at all, miss," he says, in a deprecatory manner. "If I made your eyes less prominent, people would notice your nose, which you know is not particularly big."

She thereupon assures him that she didn't ask him for any criticism of her nose, which, in all probability, is of the snub variety, and still insists that her eyes look unnatural. Thereupon she flops down in the chair again, and he agrees to heighten the color of her cheeks, assuring her that that will reduce the prominence of her eyes. This he does, and she does not bother him again until the end of the next act, when she probably discovers that he has painted her cheeks so brightly that a tiny dimple goes unobserved. To all these criticisms he submits with much apparent humility, and he afterwards frees his mind concerning this subject.

"Amateurs are the most difficult people in the world to get along with," he growls; "they never know what they want, and are never by any means satisfied, no matter how well they are made up. I refer of course to the women. The men never paint, and therefore have no opinions worth bothering about. But almost every society woman has practiced upon her face at various times, and all of them think they know more about making up their faces than the best make-up artist in the world. They cannot realize the difference that gas-light makes on the face on the stage. Then, too, they are so nervous that they are glad to have somebody to find fault with. They pay me, and then think they can jump on me. It is very fatiguing. It is much greater fun to be with professional actors, for they are the jolliest men and women in the world, and there is no end of fun in making them up. They know exactly what they want, and when they get it they are pleased."

The Technicality and the Court.

[Chicago News.]

A weary-looking, overworked Technicality strolled into a court-room to while away an afternoon.

A prisoner took the witness-stand.

Prosecuting Attorney—Now, sir, tell the jury, did you or did you not kill that inoffensive man?

Witness—I did.

Prosecuting Attorney—Let's understand each other clearly. Did you commit this most foul murder, coolly, and deliberately?

Witness—I did.

Attorney—Your honor, we rest our case.

"Mr. Sheriff, bring a rope," said the judge.

"No you don't," cried the Technicality; and, springing to its feet, it snatched the prisoner in its strong arms and bore him off to freedom amid the triumphant shouts of the lawyer for the defense:

"Saved! Saved!"

Rolling Easter Eggs.

[Chicago Herald.]

In Lancashire, England, they keep up the traditions of centuries on Easter Monday. In Preston, for instance, the whole population make a pilgrimage to the park outside the town, each with a hard boiled egg stained some color. Everybody, young and old, makes for the summit of a hill, down which the aim is to roll the egg without getting it smashed. To see crowds of well-dressed people rolling eggs against one another is a most amusing spectacle.

The Smallest Locomotive.

The smallest locomotive in America has been built by a Pensacola firm. The drive-wheels are only twelve inches in diameter, and the whole machine is only nine feet six inches long.

On one of our pages to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

The Superfluous Rabbit.

[New York Sun.]

The rabbit is probably the most productive of the whole rodent genus; a single pair may be answerable for a population of 500,000 within five years. Originally natives of Spain, the rabbits once multiplied in that country, as well as in some of the islands of the Mediterranean, in such an alarming manner that the people appealed for military aid to assist in their destruction. And it was not until numbers of ferrets and weasels were introduced that the rabbit population began to diminish. The quadrupeds of Australia are chiefly of the "marsupial" order; and from the great kangaroo down to the wombat and kangaroo rat (both burrowers) nearly all the tribe are herbivorous. The dingo, or native dog is destructive only to sheep, while the wildcat, though pretty common in some parts, is not generally prevalent.

When, therefore, the rabbit was first landed in Australia the land was all before him where to choose. In the official Sydney market rate for January, 1873, the price of rabbits was quoted at from 2s. 6d. to 4s. each, retail. Five or six years later they were looked upon as aggressive and destructive vermin, and had so rapidly overrun large tracts of land as to become quite a scare to the squatters. To-day every phase of the Australian rabbit plague is not only regarded as of vital interest by the colonists, but is a subject of curiosity and discussion throughout the civilized world.

Hindostan's Cars of Juggernaut.

[Benares Cor. Pioneer Press.]

Passing down the compound, we come to the barracks where the maharajah keeps his private native troops, about 150 in number. Looking over a high wall, I saw the top of what I took to be a chariot and asked the guide what it might be. "Oh, that's only a car of Juggernaut," was his careless answer, just as though that could not possibly be of interest to me. I cleared his mind of the illusion by the agility with which I flounced through the gate in order to inspect the vehicle. It proved to be a framework about twelve feet square and ten feet high, set upon four wheels, devoid of ornamentation for the most part, and altogether free from indecent carvings. On the top were three or four seats arranged in tiers, upon which it is customary to put the chief Hindoo god on certain festival days. Many of the cars are so rotten that it is not safe to have them hauled through the streets; but the British government makes it a point never to interfere in any matter affecting religious belief; and so these festivals are in no wise restrained, although they may be attended with real danger to many people. Of course, there is a law prohibiting the old-time system of voluntary immolation under the car-wheels.

Novel Costumes in Algiers.

[Foreign Letter.]

The charm of Algiers is in the variety and novelty of its costumes. We see crowds of Arabs, some lying under the shade of the houses, others mounted on little asses, or sipping their coffee as they sit cross-legged in the doors of the cafes. We meet the kabyle with his water-jug on his shoulder, the magnificent negress under whose blue haik we can see the yellow skirt and red scarf, and whose imposing figure well carries off this brilliancy of color; the handsome Turk; the multitude of Hebrews, their striking features surmounted by the triple turban; the Jewesses, who, especially on Saturday, appear in rich silks and cloth-of-gold haiks and stomachers. Add to these the gay zouaves, and the white-robed forms of the Arab women, with their full trousers, and sometimes only one eye visible beneath their veils, and we have before us a picture ever changing, and of never failing entertainment. The Place du Gouvernment is considered the center of Algiers; and around this open square, under the shade of palm-trees, moves this motley throng.

Why Indianians Are "Hoosiers."

[Indianapolis Journal.]

It was the custom among the early pioneers in Indiana in traveling through the country to hail a cabin by calling out, "Who lives here?" and "Who's here?" About the time of the treaty of peace with the Indians, in 1818, and when the state was very sparsely settled, travel was attended by great dangers, and no man ever rode away from home without his rifle. As a common precaution of safety, when a traveler saw in the distance the smoke from a camp or cabin fire, he would call out upon coming within hearing distance, "Who's here?" and from the response he would know if he was among friends. From a corruption of this form of salutation the people of Indiana were called Hoosiers. Doubtless, settlers, in writing back to friends at their old homes, would say that they "were here among the Hoosiers," and in a few years the appellation sprang into general use. Gen. W. H. H. Terrell, whose researches in the early history of Indiana have been thorough, and who may be accepted as authority, says that this is the true origin of the word.

A Double Bicycle.

[Chicago Tribune.]

An Englishman has patented a device by which the front wheels of two bicycles may be so joined as to permit the machines to be driven tandem by two riders. One advantage of this form of riding is, that falling forward over the handles is rendered quite impossible, and another is, that a greatly increased pace is attainable. Ascents and descents can thus be made when previously it was necessary to dismount.

Big Guns.

[Exchange.]

The Italian government has ordered the construction of ten sixteen-inch Krupp guns, capable of sending a projectile weighing considerably more than a ton through any armor that a ship can carry. They will cost 894,000 francs each. China has also ordered guns of similar dimensions.

A lump of Alabama coal, weighing 140,000 pounds, is on exhibition at Birmingham.

THE MEXICAN LASSO.

What It Is Made Of—The Skill in Swinging It.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The lasso itself is a rope made of the twisted fiber of the maguey, or aloe, known in European markets as Sisal hemp. There is great difference in the quality. The best and strongest are twisted so extremely tight that it is almost impossible to untwist the strands. One end is worked into a small loop, lined inside with leather, through which, when about to throw the lasso, the other end is passed. The rope is about thirty feet long, about one-third of it formed into a noose, which is grasped a little above the loop—i. e., where the rope is double, the rest of it is coiled round and held in the left hand, ready to let go, the extreme end being kept separate, and, of course, retained. The noose should hang well clear of the ground when held level with the shoulder, and, when open, forms a circle of four or five feet in diameter.

The lasso is swung over the head and left shoulder, and back over the right shoulder, a peculiar turn of the wrist as it begins to return keeping the noose open. It is thus made to circle round and round his head by the thrower, until he is within distance of his object, when it is launched and flies off at a fangent, the noose assuming a circular torm, and settling quietly round the object aimed at. Before it settles the thrower seizes the other end with his right hand, and gives it two rapid turns round the cabeza of his saddle, so as to get a purchase. If he is not quick enough at this, and the bull tightens the rope before good purchase has been effected, the result is that the fingers get caught between the rope and the cabeza and very much injured. It is no unfrequent thing to see a man who has lost one or two fingers in learning the art.

It is beautiful to see the exactitude with which an adept will throw the lasso from or to any point, over either shoulder, behind or in front. There is no credit in catching a bull by the horns, for he cannot be thrown by them; but considerable skill is required to pitch the noose just in front of him when he is at full gallop, so that next step he treads into it; then, on its being tightened with a sudden jerk, rolls over in the dust. The horse, too, has to learn his part of the business, and bear at the right moment in the opposite direction, or he might be thrown instead of the bull, to which, indeed, he is often inferior in weight. It is considered disgraceful to have to loosen the lasso, and to let the bull carry it off with him. A good hand at it will catch by either leg alone a bull galloping past at any angle.

The most difficult feat of all is to lasso him round the quarters when at full gallop at the moment when his hind legs are doubled up under him. Usually the noose slips off, and nothing happens; but if it be thrown precisely at the right instant his hind legs are pinned tight up under his belly, and he is brought to a standstill in the position of a sitting dog, looking indescribably silly in such an unwonted position. These and other feats of lassoing are seen at their best at a hacienda, on the occasion of the annual herradero, when the young bulls are driven in from the plains, thrown down and marked with a hot iron with the initials of their proprietors' names. Friends and neighbors come together from afar and vie with one another in the display of dexterity and horsemanship.

Told to a Child.

[Boston Courier.]

It happened that one evening Ethel's mamma lit the nursery instead of Minna, the German maid. "What makes the light come, mamma?" queried the child with the air of one who knew already, but wished to test her parent's knowledge. "Why," explained mamma very vaguely, "it is a sort of air that burns. It is shut up in a pipe, and when we turn the knob it rushes out and we light it with a match." "I thought you didn't know," the little one remarked, "or you would be more afraid of it. I know all about it. Minna told me. A dragon lives in that pipe, and his tongue is made out of burning fire. He is a friend of Minna's, and when she turns the knob, he just sticks out the tip of his tongue and makes us a nice little light; but he hates children, and if Bobby or I should turn the knob he would rush right out in this room and eat us all up in a minute. This is true, because Minna told me." The small narrator relapsed into satisfied silence, and her truth-loving mamma fell to wondering which was really better—her own lame attempt at scientific explanation or the highly colored fiction of German Minna, which, while an absolute falsehood, appealed at once to the vivid imagination of the child, and effectually prevented her pursuing any personal investigation of the gas.

Against Patent Medicines.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A good example is set by the Austrian ministry of interior. It has issued an order which provides that all the so-called beautifiers, hair dyes, patent medicines, etc., containing poison, or of which a large dose is prescribed, shall only be sold by apothecaries on the strength of a medical prescription, and that no article of this description shall be sold, the chemical composition of which is either not known to the sanitary authorities or is recognized by them as injurious to health.

Bare Heads and Ventilation.

In a paper read before the Edinburgh Health society, Dr. Almond referred to the custom of having the head covered out of doors and uncovered within doors as very injurious on account of its making people so sensitive to draughts of air as to cause them to take cold. Boys, he said, who went bareheaded out of doors could stand a greater amount of ventilation in schoolrooms and sleeping-rooms than those who wore head coverings.

"Gath": Ferocity of persecution almost invariably arises from an undiscovered dishonesty in the assailant.

Pilgrims at the Ganges.

[M. D. Conway in Philadelphia Times.]

The long files of pilgrims coming in from every quarter, and their processions converging as they went to the sacred water, reminded me of the armies I saw gathering on the plain before Gravelotte on the morning of its memorable battle. As these people were, to my eye, all alike and dressed alike, I had to fix on a little touch of red in the headdress of my guide in order to follow him as he pressed rapidly before me, elbowing and shoving aside, in a way that distressed me, people who must have felt themselves more in their place than I was. As we drew near to the sandy promontory between the sacred rivers, the bazaars multiplied, and many hundreds of gay banners floated in the air, on which were pictured all manner of totems, no descripts—all the symbols I had ever seen, with more that puzzled me for the first time.

On one side was an acre of ground, where a large population squatted on the ground and were having their heads shorn by barbers. That acre was fairly carpeted with black hair, and I learned that every hair sacrificed in that sacred spot meant a considerable number of years in paradise. No woman, however, was sacrificing her glory in that way, nor did the women imitate the zeal of the many male pilgrims, who were careful to cover themselves with mud before they plunged into the waters—in many cases approaching the sacred stream by a long series of prostrations, the last of which buried their foreheads in thick mud. I was told that a priest beside each of these muddy pilgrims besought the river deities to purge the pilgrim of sins even as the waters washed that mud from his body. The rivers are very shallow at their junction, and a continuous procession of pilgrims was wading from bank to bank.

All the banks far and near were black with the swarm of people. There were lines of barges also, and in the center of the river an island made up of bamboo boats, from which Hindoos were leaping every moment. I was soon on one of the barges, moving about and watching the ecstacies of these people and listening to their loud invocations as they immersed themselves. None of them were actually naked, though the men rarely wore more than the regulation fig leaf insisted upon by the government. The women seemed to think themselves sufficiently clothed in their transparent wrappers. There was however, no sign of any conscious or recognized indecorum in the scene. On the other hand, there was no solemnity whatever; all were merry, laughing, noisy, as so many Ostend bathers on an equally warm and sparkling day. The women changed their clothing on the bank, and the men, after bathing, were dressing themselves with forehead ashmarks, put on carefully before oval hand mirrors. There were very few children.

How Preaching Differs from Whitewashing.

[Albany Argus.]

I met the Rev. William Henry Augusta yesterday. His former dressy hat was replaced by a demoralized plush cap of yellow, his sometime Prince Albert coat by a blue army oversack, buttoned with a wire, and his face, which formerly wore a look of peace and calm resignation, was sicklied o'er with drops of dry whitewash.

"Have you abandoned preaching for the whitewash brush?" I inquired.

"N-no, sah, not 'zackly. Yo' see sah, at dis season o' de y'ar dar er a greater call fo' whitewash dan fo' speer'tooal labah. I do bof, sah—bof."

"Well, Mr. Augusta, which pays the better?"

"Oh, jis' now, whitewashin' sah—witewashin' by a large plurality."

"It is harder to whitewash than to preach, I should assume?"

"By no means, sah—by no means. I spose de majority o' people labah undah de same error dat yo' am strugglin wid. I'ars a good deal o' work in hanlin' a witewash brush, er it needter be dun, ef yo'er con iensh us ez to de quality ob work yo' do, sah; but preachin' am far mo' laborious, sah—far mo'."

"Why?"

"Well, sah, in witewashin' yo' kin releeve yo' min' by tinkin' o' suthin' else, an' yo' body by restin' now an' den. But preachin', sah, er a nebbah-endin', rasslin-mat h, ketch ez ketch kin, wid de debble."

Billings on the Paragraph.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Only the other day, Josh Billings told a newspaper reporter that the leading principle of his humor was condensation. He believed, he said, that a paragraph was better than a page and nothing at all was better than a dozen pages. He never read a book through in his life, as it was too exhausting to hunt for two or three ideas in so many pages. For his own part he never wrote a page on any one subject in his life. Now, this is the talk of a paragrapher who has a craze on the subject of his own specialty. Some of the greatest wits and sages of the world could not write paragraphs. Their continuity of thought, wealth of illustration and copious vocabularies made it impossible for them to be brief. In this instance Mr. Billings oversteps the mark.

An Opera Star's Talisman.

[Chicago News.]

"Do you know what makes me so successful?" Mme. Vanoni asked, after a pause. "It is this big railroad spike. I found it on the track just outside of New York and have carried it ever since. Why, it has made me a regular mascotte. I wouldn't take $10,000 for it. Mr. Miles Barton is going to give me a golden nail for it when the season closes, but I am a little dubious about making the trade. You see it is not a good scheme to trifle with a talisman."

Madagascar's Minister.

A New York Herald correspondent recently called on the prime minister of Madagascar, and in accordance with the regular form, asked him, "How is her majesty, the queen? How is the prime minister? How are the judges and officers of the kingdom?" The prime minister then asked, "How is the great president? How are his twelve wives? How is the republic?"

BISMARCK AS A SMOKER.

His Audacity and Coolness in the Presence of His Superiors.

[Busch's Life of Bismarck.]

The following amusing account of the manner in which the prince treated the Austrian president at Frankfort, who monopolized the privilege of smoking, is from Bismarck himself. I asked about the famous cigar incident. "Which one do you mean?" "That in which your excellency, finding Rechberg smoking, lit up a cigar too." "You mean Thun. Yes: that was a simple matter enough. He asked me to wait a minute. I did wait some time. When I began to feel bored, however, as he did not offer me a cigar, I took one out of my pocket and asked him for a light, which he gave me with astonishment depicted upon his countenance. But there is another story of the same sort. At the sittings of the military committee, when Rochow represented Prussia at the federal diet, Austria smoked alone. Rochow, who was an inveterate smoker, would have gladly done the same, but did not dare to.

When I arrived, seeing no reason to the contrary, I asked the presiding power to oblige me with a light. This request was apparently regarded by the chairman and the other gentleman with amazement and displeasure. Obviously, it was an event. As matters then stood, only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the others considered it a question of such importance that they reported upon it to their respective governments. Somebody must have written to Berlin about it, too; for an inquiry reached me from his late majesty, who was not a smoker, and probably did not find the occurrence to his taste. The incident called for serious consideration at the smaller courts, and six months elapsed, during which only the two great powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian, began to vindicate the dignity of his position, by smoking. Nostitz, the Saxon, had doubtless a great mind to do as much, but had not received permission from his minister.

When, however, at the next sitting, he saw the Hanoverian, Rothmer, light up, he must have come to some arrangement with Rechberg (Nostitz was under Austrian influence, having two sons in the Imperial Army), for he took a cigar out of his case and puffed away vigorously. The only ones left were the Wurtemburger and the Darmstadter, neither of whom smoked. But the honor and importance of their states imperatively required that they should smoke, and so the next time the Wurtemberger (Von Reinhardt) also produced a weed—I think I see it now, a long, thin, pale yellow thing, the color of rye straw—and smoked it with sullen determination half through, as a burnt sacrifice for his Suabian fatherland. The only one who altogether refrained from tobacco was the representative of Hesse Darmstadt.

Advice to a Boy.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.]

Don't I want a boy to have fun?

You bet I do! and, by and by, I'm going to put you up to a dozen different things in that line. But this grabbing your hat after supper and sneaking out over the back fence is a mean piece of business, when you come to figure it down. Down on the corner you meet Jim this or Tom that. You go "over town" and are seen hanging around this or that place. You may sneak into a saloon to see a game of billiards, but you hate yourself for it. You may sit in Smith's grocery and hear a lot of old bald-headed liars spin their yarns and abuse religion, but you go out feeling that you could kick any one of them who dared bow to your mother.

You'd go home and go to bed if it wasn't for Jim or Tom. He wants a little "fun" and he drags you into it. What he calls fun is stringing a rope across the sidewalk. It doesn't occur to him that some person may break a limb and be put to several hundred dollars expense, or even to be killed outright. He thinks it a cute thing to roll off barrels of salt, barricade the bridge, set an old shed on fire, or stop up the chimneys on a widow's house. When you have played such tricks it comes very easy to play others which the law won't look at in the funny light.

Making Due Allowances.

Middleton Transcript.

"Do you want a snake item?" asked a man from Elk Neck at the sanctum door of an Elkton newspaper.

"Yes," said the editor, "come right in and tell us all about it."

"Well, I killed it to-day down on the Northeast road. It was nineteen feet from head to tail. I took out my rule and measured it."

"How many drinks of pear cider have you taken to-day?" asked the editor.

"Only two," said the man from Elk Neck. "What has that to do with the snake item?"

"Oh, a great deal," answered the editor. "We always deduct nine feet from the snake for each drink of pear cider taken by the man who brings in the snake item. Making the usual deductions for Cecil county pear cider your snake was twelve inches long. A very good snake for the season. Come in again when you have a snake item."

And the editor held the sanctum door wide open for the man from Elk Neck to pass out.

Two Capitals.

[Exchange.]

"Do you use capital or little letters when writing the name of a state?" asked a new reporter. "What state is it?" "Rhode Island." "Use little letters, of course—don't crowd the state." "But there are two capitals in Rhode Island." "Oh, ah—ahem—yes, so there are—but we can't help it."

The Current: English law-makers who are in favor of compulsory education, are embarrassed by the fact that there are many poor children who have no time to be educated, their bread absolutely depending upon their labor.

Archibald Forbes in his recently published biography of Chinese Gordon connects him, genealogically, with Enderby, the tea merchant, whose tea was thrown into Boston harbor.