

One Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.50
Three Months 1.00

These are the terms of those paying in advance. The INDEPENDENT offers fine inducements to advertisers. Terms reasonable.

J. JASKULEK,
PRACTICAL
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Spectacles and Eye-glasses.
CIGARS, TOBACCO & FANCY GOODS.
The only reliable Optician in town for the proper adjustment of spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eye-glasses.
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.
I have the Best
STOCK OF FURNITURE
South of Portland.
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 of Market affords
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

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

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

Where Nature Humps Her Back.
[Cor. Denver News.]
While on earth I never expect a view
more glorious than on Gray's Peak, Col.
No pen can describe it, and this
is merely the stub of a 5-cent pencil. If
in some sphere of the future there is
a panorama more grand in its roughness,
more magnificent in its extent and less
adapted to general transportation, no
wonder that the inhabitants have wings.
How seldom we realize the massiveness
of nature when she really humps her
back.

"OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S."
[James Whitcomb Riley.]
Wasn't it pleasant, Oh, brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were
through,
And "Aunt Mary's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "I and you,
Out to old Aunt Mary's?"
It all comes back so clear to-day!
I thought I am bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn lot and down the lane
We pattered along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture and through the wood
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering red-leads topped
away,
And the buzzard raised in the open sky
And lolled and circled as we went by,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.
And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway with the sunshine
spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
And our eyes behind our hats ahead,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and
of
The board roof. And her face—oh, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see?
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And oh, my brother, so far away,
Where you are now, I wish you were
to-day
To welcome Aunt Mary's fall
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come! And all is well,
Out to old Aunt Mary's."

GROWTH OF THE GRAVER.
Income of a First-Class Engraver—
Work on Magazines.

[Boston Herald.]
A generation ago the engraver used to be considered of comparative unimportance, and he was remunerated accordingly. Within fifteen or twenty years, however, he has come to the front, and now he divides both glory and profit with the artist on a more equitable scale.
The magazines, you know, apparently consider it as much of an advertisement to mention the engraver's name as that of the designer. The former has thus become much more independent, and a great many of them, if they don't like a drawing, won't have anything to do with it.
A proportion of the leading engravers are fairly well off. I know a number of them who may be worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000. Yet there is not enough money in the business to make a man rich, as we reckon riches nowadays.
The income of a first-class engraver ranges, perhaps, from \$2,500 to \$4,000 or \$7,000, the average being nearer to the first mentioned figure, while those who get the latter can be counted upon your fingers. In an establishment like Harper's, the engraver who works by the week receives probably from \$300 to \$350. The amount paid per piece for work, of course, varies very much, according to the size of the drawing and the nature of the subject. Speaking in a general way, the expense of engraving a drawing that costs \$20 would range from \$50 to \$100. In the case of the "Ladies" there are two sketches, for which Frost was paid \$20 each, that brought \$120 apiece to the engraver. It costs from \$100 to \$250 to engrave Gibson's work.
The illustrated magazines, as I have intimated, were a potent agent in putting up the prices of engraving by inch and a half for good work. I should judge that the monthly art bill of the Century and Harper's ranges from \$3,000 to \$4,000, and perhaps more in some instances.

Burying an Executioner's Sword.
[Exchange.]
A Paris contemporary gives, from advance sheets of the memoirs about to see the light of Henry Heine, an account of a curious episode in the life of Sefchen, the friend of Heine's child, the beautiful daughter of a public executioner. One night a number of elderly strangers assembled at her father's house, and ranged themselves round a stone table in a half circle. They remained long seated, by torchlight, whispering together. Then each in turn emptied a large goblet of wine, and all shook hands with effusion. Then her grandfather, who was an executioner, recited something which Sefchen, in her hiding-place, could not catch; while her grandfather rolled down his cheeks, and the other executioners began to show like emotion. Then all quitted their seats, doffing the red mantles they had worn, and walked two and two to the foot of a tree, where one, taking up a spade, dug a deep trench. Then Sefchen's grandfather, who alone had doffed his mantle, approached, and drew from his folds a long white packet. This he carefully covered with earth.

Five years later Sefchen learned that the packet thus ceremoniously buried was the sword with which her grandfather had cut off the heads of 100 condemned. By ancient custom, when this number had been reached the instrument was regarded as having a sort of sacredness and as a thing to be put wholly apart.

The Sugar Beet.
[Atlanta Constitution.]
Sugar is declining the world over, on account of the immense beet root yield. The yield of beet culture in 1883-'84 is estimated as follows: Germany, 940,000 tons; Austria-Hungary, 455,000 tons; Russia, 310,000 tons; Belgium, 105,000 tons, and Holland, 40,000 tons—making a total of 2,315,000 tons as against 2,047,000 tons the year before.

House Plants.
[Exchange.]
A method of growing house-plants without soil is claimed by Captain Halford Thompson, a similar plan having been previously suggested by a Frenchman named Dumesnil. The plants are reared in a prepared or "fertilized" moss, and are said to grow even more luxuriantly than in soil. Specimen baskets of plants cultivated in this way have been exhibited in London.

Cincinnati Saturday Night: He had just hinted that he could not spare the time to take her to a picnic. "Oh, I see," she responded cruelly, "time is money."

Marie Eschenbach: A good joke should seem unintentional.

THE INUNDATION.

[Belgravia.]
The floods were up at Wendolthorpe. Boats were moving, hither and thither, in lower-lying streets, and in the open country field after field was changed to a lake. From amid the waters rose a solitary farmhouse, black against a darkening sky. The surging flow heaved and tossed and struck heavily upon it. Here was no languidly spreading expanse, but the hurry of the swollen river rushing impatiently forward and rising in its impatience higher and ever higher. At an upper window six persons were gathered, watching the motions of a light that came and went slowly, and seemed to be drawing nearer by degrees. The group was made up of the farmer, his wife, three children and a young man who was the eldest daughter's lover. The light was manifestly approaching, the dark shape of a boat became distinct, they heard the dip and splash of the oars; at last the boat passed in the lee of the house, and their rescue was secured. It could be seen now, in the light of the lantern, that there were several persons in the boat and that one of them was a woman.

A voice called upward to those within: "How many are you?"
"And a voice called downward in reply: "Six."

To that answer followed a moment of silence.
Then, amid the sound of the water, came up the words, "We have only room for four."

"Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the farmer.
Again followed a pause, brief, but sufficient to forebode the coming negative.

No, hardly, it was getting too dark and too dangerous.
Within were quick questionings and denials, a half hearted debate, caught and lost again between the ominous beeping of the rising floods. By daylight the house-top would scarcely be left above water, even if the walls should be strong enough to hold out so long.

"Jack and I will stay," said the farmer at last.
"If Jack stays, so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter.

Then a man rose in the boat and said: "There is no woman who would say that for me, so let me stay."
The others in the boat looked at him as he stood leaning one hand against the wall. He was a stranger who had reached Wendolthorpe only that afternoon, and had volunteered his services at the starting of the boat.

The woman sitting in the stern moved a little and said: "I will stay, too," and all eyes turned back to her. Her keen gaze. She was the new mistress of the village school, a grave young woman with a stern and never so much as a smile, and a quick and ready hand.

There was no remonstrance from the boat, only a slow, rumbling surprise; from above, indeed, came protests, but faint and quickly overruled.

A window was opened in a lower story; the two entered upon a landing that was already flooded and went quickly upward. Warm blankets met them and eager promises of return in the first hours of dawn. Then, from the upper window, the two watched the embarkation of the boat, and heard the thanks and farewell, then the dip of the oars, and felt at their hearts a sudden blank.

They stood side by side, watching the wavering progress of the departure and the wavering reflection of the lantern light. At last, when the boat was far away and no dim echo reached them of its sounds, they turned towards each other and toward the inner room. The room had, in the interval, grown nearly dark and warm wrappings.

"I will fetch the lantern," said he, and swung himself quickly upward.
She stood below, holding fast to the side of the ladder. His quick step sounded above her head; the light shifted and brightened; she saw his face in a quick illumination; then the light whirled toward and beyond her, down into the darkness and flashed upon the stairs. Her breath stood still; she heard the shuffling of feet being left alone. Assurance of her own safety reached her, however, in the form of an imprecation, checked, indeed, but hearty, uttered about two feet above her.

"The handle of the lantern was loose," said he, as he came to her level. "I'll go down and fetch it up."
"No, don't! It's too dark. Please don't let us go up."
She had found her arm in the darkness and held him back. In the darkness, which was much the blacker for that brief interposition of light, they made their way into the attic, and crossing it carefully, afraid of the low roof, afraid of unseen stumbling blocks, afraid of the yawning aperture, made their way to the gray square of the window. Here they found a large box, upon which they sat down. They spoke but little; there were so few things left worth utterance in such a hour as this. By and by, as their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, they discerned the general character of their surroundings. There was a table near them with food; there were boxes and bundles and a couple of old pictures, brought up hither apparently when the tide began to rise. In the middle lay the black square through which they had made entrance; at the far end a rough heap of straw was dimly distinguished, and from this came rattling gnawings, scarpings and rustlings, causing the woman to shrink and shudder.

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sounds grew louder.
"I suppose so; do you mind very much?"
"No, if we could only see them."
Again for awhile they were silent, bearing the little sounds within and the ever increasing sounds without.

At last the man stood up, and, passing his hand across his face, said: "Oh, this is very cold-blooded! They used to torture witless oxen, fixed to a stake, when the tide was coming up."
"Moved to do so impromptly, and stood still by the table."
"Could you not eat something?"
"No, thank you."
He broke himself a piece of bread, and re-

turning to the window, ate a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out.
The water was rising rapidly, and was already washing on the window of the room below. He turned back toward her a face of dismay; hers she sat within the room was not clearly visible, but her attitude was calm and undisturbed. He sighed and came back quickly to sit beside her. But his quietness was of short duration. He asked, after a few minutes, "Would you not like to go out upon the roof?" "We shall have to do it sooner or later, and I don't think we should feel quite so much imprisoned."
"Oh yes, let us go. Is there a trap door?"
"I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window—the roof is close above—and then I can help you."
"I can't be long now, said the man."
"No," said she.

There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gust of wind abated; the moon forced a wide, open archway among the clouds; the face of the waters grew by comparison still again.

"And so," said he, "it was for me you stayed, and even at the end I can't go away in peace without pulling down some one else. And you stayed, as a stranger, and I shall die here together, strangers. Oh, the irony of this world! All my life I have been solitary and deserted. It has been my fault—no doubt it has been my fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time."
She remained silent, and the monotonous pulse of the water throbbled below.

"But if, by any miracle, we should be saved, at least we know each other now," said she.
"Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, of each other, but not the shallows. If we were to be saved we should feel like friends till we came to land, and then you would go your way and I mine, and we would meet again one week for a twelve-month, and we should speak to each other at first, and then we should not and smile, and by and by we should pass and take no notice. No, what knowledge or friendship we have does not belong to this life."
"You believe, then, in another?"
"It is hardly that I believe in another life, so much as that I can't believe in death. We could not be capable of so much, and delicious of so much, and nothing come. We have not half enough. I feel so much, much more. No, I am not afraid. There's more."

Against his turn was silent. Perhaps he forebore, out of pity, to put forth a word against her hope; perhaps in his soul, too, a like hope, which he had taken to be long dead, began to stir and murmur.

The moon had put on, minute by minute, a fiercer glory; it was a bright, clear, cold, and beyond the arch lay moonless liquid, lucid depths. She looked and pointed upward. The full glow shone on her face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow, ineffable softening; in the lines of her features breathed a spirit of calm reception. He began to move about. In the consciousness of virtuous industry he despises all who do not get up as early as he does. Sometimes he sings, but there is always a heartiness and cheerfulness about his dressing in the morning which keeps all below him awake.

As a positive fact the early riser is a nuisance. In these days when life only begins after dinner, the man who rises with the lark breaks up everything. He begins to yawn during dinner. He goes to sleep and snores immediately after. He is remonstrated with, and gives as an excuse that he gets up at daylight. He gets up at daylight, he wakes up all the house, he is merry when people are enjoying their best sleep, and he simply inflicts upon himself, with the most virtuous and praiseworthy intent, annoyance.

An Army of Benedictines.
[London Truth.]
The Italian army has for some years been known as a legion of monks. For many years it was a royal rule that no officer holding his majesty's commission should marry unless he possessed a certain amount of private income. Italy is not a rich nation, and the subalterns of its army are not wealthy. The consequence is that married officers have been the exception, not the rule in Italy. The grievance—for in this light the rule has been regarded by its victims—was recently brought under the notice of his majesty, and the king has now relaxed the regulation, fixing the marriage income of his officials at a point which will enable gallant gentlemen to enter the bonds of matrimony in the broad light of day, as becomes the action of the soldier, instead of marrying in secret and repenting at leisure.

A Burial in Palestine.
[Jaffa Cor. Kansas City Journal.]
The other day a tomb was opened, and I had the surprise of discovering that the Biblical method of interment still prevailed. It was a young man who had died. His body was first washed and then wrapped in new white linen, the feet and hands being tied with the same stuff, and a napkin being wound around his face, as in the case of Lazarus. Then the bones of the young man's father were taken out of the grave, and put back into the new grave with the fresh remains. As this process is repeated from generation to generation, of course the dust of previous paternal ancestors is mingled with the fresh consignments of clay, so that the dead may literally be said to "sleep with their fathers."

A French Equipage.
[New York Post.]
A new style of equipage is to be introduced at Newport and Lenox this year, called by the French char-a-banc. It is intended to accommodate a large party, and is better adapted for country drives than for regular avenue parade. Its distinguishing novelty is the three horses abreast which drag it, and a Russian innovation of a large hoop fastened over the back of the middle horse, to which small bells are attached, has been introduced with those that have been imported to this country. The effect will be novel and picturesque, no doubt; but in a country neighborhood the tinkling bells might call up memories of the rag and bottle man, or the summer ice-cream cart.

The Strength of Growing Birch.
[Exchange.]
There is a birch tree in York, Me., only about forty feet high, two roots of which have been able to lift some twelve inches a block of granite compacted to weigh twenty tons. The tree is still growing, and the rock continues to be raised and pushed sideways at the rate of nearly an inch a year.

Philadelphia Call: A patent device for fastening a neck-tie has just been sold to a company for \$1,000,000. If it will keep the necktie from playing leap-frog with the collar it is worth it.

A Real Summer Hotel.
[Cor. New York Mail and Express.]
Of the days I spent in exquisite coolness and comfort in the delightful Cuban houses, there was none when I did not reflect how strange a thing it is that our summer hotels and summer cottages in this country are not built upon the tropical plan. The more I turned the question of the practicability of the matter over in my mind the less reason I could see why, with such modes before us, we continue to build summer dwellings upon the same plan as our city winterhouses.

The most delightful lodgings I ever inhabited were in a hotel in Mantanzas. My bed-room had a floor of tiling at least fifteen and perhaps twenty feet below the ceiling. The door was cut in two, with a view, so that the top could be shut to keep the sun out, or the bottom could be shut to keep intruders out while the open top let in the air; or a curtain could be drawn across the lower half when I wished to read or write, or take comfort in my shirtsleeves, with privacy and coolness combined.

A little window high in the opposite wall provided for the circulation of air. But when the door was wholly open, I saw beyond the little covered gallery that led to all the rooms around a central court, a tropic garden at my feet and the clear sky overhead, for the court was open to the sky, and was planted with fruit trees and flowers in gray boxes on a flooring of marble mosaic. Every room in the two-story hotel opens on this court and has a window or door through the outer wall. The guests sit in the dining-room looking out upon the smiling park across the street or back into the little garden in the heart of the house. The kitchen, the bath, the closets and the sleeping-rooms of the help are on the farther side of this court, to all intents and purposes in a separate building. The front of the hotel on the ground floor is a series of doors and windows so big and close together that when all are open the people of the house enjoy all the advantages of the open air without suffering from the sun. If the air is moving in Mantanzas it moves through that hotel.

The Early Riser a Nuisance.
[San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."] I remember many years ago reading a most sensible article in an English paper on early rising. It set down early rising as the bane of modern civilization. Really, I believe it is right. The gentleman over me is not a newspaper man. He goes to bed early, and very early he begins to move about. In the consciousness of virtuous industry he despises all who do not get up as early as he does. Sometimes he sings, but there is always a heartiness and cheerfulness about his dressing in the morning which keeps all below him awake.

As a positive fact the early riser is a nuisance. In these days when life only begins after dinner, the man who rises with the lark breaks up everything. He begins to yawn during dinner. He goes to sleep and snores immediately after. He is remonstrated with, and gives as an excuse that he gets up at daylight. He gets up at daylight, he wakes up all the house, he is merry when people are enjoying their best sleep, and he simply inflicts upon himself, with the most virtuous and praiseworthy intent, annoyance.

An Army of Benedictines.
[London Truth.]
The Italian army has for some years been known as a legion of monks. For many years it was a royal rule that no officer holding his majesty's commission should marry unless he possessed a certain amount of private income. Italy is not a rich nation, and the subalterns of its army are not wealthy. The consequence is that married officers have been the exception, not the rule in Italy. The grievance—for in this light the rule has been regarded by its victims—was recently brought under the notice of his majesty, and the king has now relaxed the regulation, fixing the marriage income of his officials at a point which will enable gallant gentlemen to enter the bonds of matrimony in the broad light of day, as becomes the action of the soldier, instead of marrying in secret and repenting at leisure.

A Burial in Palestine.
[Jaffa Cor. Kansas City Journal.]
The other day a tomb was opened, and I had the surprise of discovering that the Biblical method of interment still prevailed. It was a young man who had died. His body was first washed and then wrapped in new white linen, the feet and hands being tied with the same stuff, and a napkin being wound around his face, as in the case of Lazarus. Then the bones of the young man's father were taken out of the grave, and put back into the new grave with the fresh remains. As this process is repeated from generation to generation, of course the dust of previous paternal ancestors is mingled with the fresh consignments of clay, so that the dead may literally be said to "sleep with their fathers."

A French Equipage.
[New York Post.]
A new style of equipage is to be introduced at Newport and Lenox this year, called by the French char-a-banc. It is intended to accommodate a large party, and is better adapted for country drives than for regular avenue parade. Its distinguishing novelty is the three horses abreast which drag it, and a Russian innovation of a large hoop fastened over the back of the middle horse, to which small bells are attached, has been introduced with those that have been imported to this country. The effect will be novel and picturesque, no doubt; but in a country neighborhood the tinkling bells might call up memories of the rag and bottle man, or the summer ice-cream cart.

The Strength of Growing Birch.
[Exchange.]
There is a birch tree in York, Me., only about forty feet high, two roots of which have been able to lift some twelve inches a block of granite compacted to weigh twenty tons. The tree is still growing, and the rock continues to be raised and pushed sideways at the rate of nearly an inch a year.

Philadelphia Call: A patent device for fastening a neck-tie has just been sold to a company for \$1,000,000. If it will keep the necktie from playing leap-frog with the collar it is worth it.

"OUR OLD MAMMY."
[Detroit Free Press.]
"What's that for?" asked a Free Press man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare box.
"For her."
"What her?"
The car stopped and the driver got down with a "Good morning, mammy," and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car.
"Do you pay for her?"
"Yes."
"Why?"
"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill—?"
"Yes."
"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled, and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car, that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."
"What?"
"He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand, and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out:
"Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"
"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along, and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."
"And the old woman?"
"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as our 'Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."
"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"
"Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago and said:
"My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! Oaths go after a while, and you'll keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!"
"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart, and I looked at her and I said something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and maybe you'll believe with some of us that Providence had a hand in it."
[New York Times.]
A correspondent in a foreign scientific contemporary tells this story about dreaming: "In the summer of 1822, when an undergraduate of Trinity college, Cambridge, it was permitted to reside in college rooms during the summer long vacation. As fires were not wanted in our sitting-rooms it was customary for each resident's bed maker or other officer to carry his water kettle for breakfast and tea to the college kitchen, and bring back with him water boiling. On one occasion I had overslept my usual hour, and I dreamed a dream. I was at the gate of a country farmyard well known to me, and there came a long procession of horses, asses, oxen, hogs, sheep, and all the animals usually to be found in a farmyard, followed by a north country drover with his plaid crossed over his shoulders, who walked up to me and said: 'Sir, I have brought your cattle.' In an instant I perceived and actually heard (so intimately were the auditory sounds and the intellectual interpretation intermingled) the man say to me: 'Sir, I have brought your kettle.' The hearing had been confused; there had been no reasoning; but there had been instantaneous vigor of creative imagination."
[New York Tribune.]
"I was in court a few days ago," said a time-worn litigant, "when a young lawyer, arguing before Judge Joseph Barnard, read from one of the papers in the case including the usual verbiage. The judge suggested a briefer statement of the point, probably believing, with the judge of the supreme court in the anecdote, that justices may be presumed to know something of the forms of law. The young man then stated his point in plain and condensed English. The idea then struck me, and I would it be possible to relieve the law of all the flummery of verbiage now employed."
[In actual proceedings before a magistrate this verbiage is discarded as absolutely unnecessary in argument; yet it is religiously maintained in all matters of pleading and in all orders, injunctions, etc., granted by the courts. Half the delays grow out of the use of verbiage. Half the quibbles out of which some unscrupulous lawyers make their living are based upon this needless use of unnecessary words." A lawyer who was present could give me no encouragement to look for a speedy reform; on the contrary, he irreverently said that the verbiage of the law was as necessary to the existence of the lawyers as the flummery of some religions was to the success of its advocates and ministers.

OUR OLD MAMMY.
[Detroit Free Press.]
"What's that for?" asked a Free Press man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare box.
"For her."
"What her?"
The car stopped and the driver got down with a "Good morning, mammy," and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car.
"Do you pay for her?"
"Yes."
"Why?"
"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill—?"
"Yes."
"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled, and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car, that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."
"What?"
"He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand, and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out:
"Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"
"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along, and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."
"And the old woman?"
"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as our 'Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."
"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"
"Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago and said:
"My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! Oaths go after a while, and you'll keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!"
"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart, and I looked at her and I said something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and maybe you'll believe with some of us that Providence had a hand in it."
[New York Times.]
A correspondent in a foreign scientific contemporary tells this story about dreaming: "In the summer of 1822, when an undergraduate of Trinity college, Cambridge, it was permitted to reside in college rooms during the summer long vacation. As fires were not wanted in our sitting-rooms it was customary for each resident's bed maker or other officer to carry his water kettle for breakfast and tea to the college kitchen, and bring back with him water boiling. On one occasion I had overslept my usual hour, and I dreamed a dream. I was at the gate of a country farmyard well known to me, and there came a long procession of horses, asses, oxen, hogs, sheep, and all the animals usually to be found in a farmyard, followed by a north country drover with his plaid crossed over his shoulders, who walked up to me and said: 'Sir, I have brought your cattle.' In an instant I perceived and actually heard (so intimately were the auditory sounds and the intellectual interpretation intermingled) the man say to me: 'Sir, I have brought your kettle.' The hearing had been confused; there had been no reasoning; but there had been instantaneous vigor of creative imagination."
[New York Tribune.]
"I was in court a few days ago," said a time-worn litigant, "when a young lawyer, arguing before Judge Joseph Barnard, read from one of the papers in the case including the usual verbiage. The judge suggested a briefer statement of the point, probably believing, with the judge of the supreme court in the anecdote, that justices may be presumed to know something of the forms of law. The young man then stated his point in plain and condensed English. The idea then struck me, and I would it be possible to relieve the law of all the flummery of verbiage now employed."
[In actual proceedings before a magistrate this verbiage is discarded as absolutely unnecessary in argument; yet it is religiously maintained in all matters of pleading and in all orders, injunctions, etc., granted by the courts. Half the delays grow out of the use of verbiage. Half the quibbles out of which some unscrupulous lawyers make their living are based upon this needless use of unnecessary words." A lawyer who was present could give me no encouragement to look for a speedy reform; on the contrary, he irreverently said that the verbiage of the law was as necessary to the existence of the lawyers as the flummery of some religions was to the success of its advocates and ministers.

A Real Summer Hotel.
[Cor. New York Mail and Express.]
Of the days I spent in exquisite coolness and comfort in the delightful Cuban houses, there was none when I did not reflect how strange a thing it is that our summer hotels and summer cottages in this country are not built upon the tropical plan. The more I turned the question of the practicability of the matter over in my mind the less reason I could see why, with such modes before us, we continue to build summer dwellings upon the same plan as our city winterhouses.

The most delightful lodgings I ever inhabited were in a hotel in Mantanzas. My bed-room had a floor of tiling at least fifteen and perhaps twenty feet below the ceiling. The door was cut in two, with a view, so that the top could be shut to keep the sun out, or the bottom could be shut to keep intruders out while the open top let in the air; or a curtain could be drawn across the lower half when I wished to read or write, or take comfort in my shirtsleeves, with privacy and coolness combined.

A little window high in the opposite wall provided for the circulation of air. But when the door was wholly open, I saw beyond the little covered gallery that led to all the rooms around a central court, a tropic garden at my feet and the clear sky overhead, for the court was open to the sky, and was planted with fruit trees and flowers in gray boxes on a flooring of marble mosaic. Every room in the two-story hotel opens on this court and has a window or door through the outer wall. The guests sit in the dining-room looking out upon the smiling park across the street or back into the little garden in the heart of the house. The kitchen, the bath, the closets and the sleeping-rooms of the help are on the farther side of this court, to all intents and purposes in