

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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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1884. NO. 27.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)
You in the hammock; and I, near by,
Was trying to read, and to swing you, too;
And the green of the sward was so kind to
The eye.

And the shade of the maple so cool and
blue,
That often I looked from the book to you
To say as much, with a sigh.

You in the hammock. The book we'd brought
From the parlor—to read in the open air—
Something of the kind, I believe, was there—
And Guinevere, I believe, was there—

But the afternoon, it was far more fair
Than the poem was, I thought.

You in the hammock; and on and on
I droned and droned through the rhythmic
stuff,
But, with a wail of my vision gone
Over the top of the page—enough
To crossingly gaze at you, swathed in the
buff

Of your hair and your odorous "lawn."

You in the hammock—and that was a year—
Fully a year ago, I guess—
And what we care for their Guinevere
And her Lancelot and their lordliness—
Kiss me under my dear!

CREMATION ON THE COLORADO.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)
Here is an account of a cremation
among the North American Indians; the
Cocopa tribe, on the Colorado river: A
short distance from the collection of
thatched huts which composed the vil-
lage a shallow ditch had been dug in the
desert, in the laid logs of the
mesquite, hard and dense wood, which
makes, as all western campers know,
a very hot fire with little flame or smoke.

After a short time the body was brought
from the village, surrounded by the
family and other inhabitants, and laid
on the logs in the trench. Two relatives,
as usual with Indians, had their
faces disfigured with black paint, and
the females, as is the custom with other
savages, made very loud exclamations of
grief, mingled with what might be sup-
posed to be funeral songs. Smaller
fagots were then placed on top, a few
personal effects of the dead man added,
and fire applied.

After a time a dense mass of dark-
colored smoke arose, and the burning of
the body, which was much emaciated,
proceeded rapidly. I says the eye-
witness began to be rather tired of the
spectacle, and was about to go away,
when one of the Indians, in a few words
of Spanish, told me to remain, as there
was something yet to be seen. An old
man then advanced from the assemblage
with a long pipe in his hand. Going
near to the burning body he re-
moved the eyes, holding them success-
ively in the direction of the sun, with
his face turned toward "at luminary,
repeating at the same time some words
which I understood from our guide were
a prayer for the happiness of the soul of
the deceased. After this more fagots
were heaped upon the pile, which was kept
up for perhaps three or four hours
longer. I did not remain, as there was
nothing more of interest, but I learned
on inquiry that after the fire was
burned out it was the custom to collect
the fragments of bone which remained
and put them in a terra-cotta vase,
which was kept up under the care of the
family.

Chloroform for Cholera.

(Gen. Jordan of The Mining Record.)
A tablespoonful of chloroform in about
four times as much water is an infalli-
ble remedy for cholera. A doctor who had
lived in Mobile, Ala., and had great suc-
cess in curing people during a cholera
epidemic there, told me about it. When,
in the Cuban revolution, I went to
Cuba to help organize the insurgent
army, I had a chance to try the remedy,
for a cholera epidemic broke out among
the troops. My first experiment was on
a negro who was in the last stages. It
cured him and hundreds after him. When
we marched the officers carried
bottles of chloroform, and if a man fell
out, sick with cholera, the remedy was
applied and he was able to resume his
place. I have seen men lying on the
roadside in a state of collapse, almost
dead. An officer would ride up, dis-
mount and apply the remedy, and be-
fore the column had passed the man
would be in the ranks again.

Long-Tailed Roosters.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)
By the steamship City of Tokio there
arrived at San Francisco from China
fourteen coops of fancy chickens for
zoological gardens at London. These
fowls have been procured at great ex-
pense, and come of strains of great an-
tiquity, some of them, it is claimed,
having been in the family of a mandarin
in central China for over 300 years,
and none of them have ever been sold
before. They cost \$75 apiece. The birds
vary in size and color, but most of
them have the most striking feature of
the length of the tail
feather of the cocks, some of them being
eight feet long. These feathers are folded
in a roll and wrapped with ribbon to pre-
vent injury while en route.

To Make Coal Gas.

(Philadelphia Call.)
The preparation of coal gas may be ef-
fected in miniature by means of a com-
pact "long clay" tobacco pipe. The
bowl must be nearly filled with coarsely-
powdered coal, and must be sealed up
with a cover of moist clay. When the
clay has sufficiently dried, the bowl must
be exposed to a red heat in an ordinary
fire-grate. The gas, with a quantity of
smoke, will soon be generated and can
be lighted at the mouth-piece of the pipe.
The residue left in the now red-hot bowl
of the pipe is a lump of nearly pure car-
bon in the form of coke.

Accounting for Some Mean Dogs.

(Detroit Free Press.)
It is believed in Holderness that if a
man has a favorite dog, or if the dog is
very fond of him, when the man dies
his soul will go into the dog and stay
there until the dog dies. This will ac-
count for the existence of some mighty
mean dogs.

Washington Hatchet.

De Smith—
What is the reason, I wonder, the electric
lights always go out during a thunder-
storm? Van Jones—Professional jeal-
ousy, I suppose.

The Egyptian lotus grows in this country

at Jones' creek, Maryland, and at
the mouth of the Raisin river and along
the River Rouge in Michigan.

TWO NOTED AUTHORS.

A Chat with Mayne Reid—Three
Minutes with Charles Reade.
(Loko Sharp in Detroit Free Press.)

A little over a year ago poor old
Capt. Mayne Reid moved up from his
country place near Ross, in Hereford-
shire, to London, where he died. It was
his custom to come to London during
what is called the "season," and he gen-
erally occupied rooms in the Langham
hotel or lodgings in Bloomsbury. But
the move I speak of was caused by in-
creasing infirmity, and he came up to
London to get the benefit of the expert
medical attendance which the metropoli-
tan afforded him, and it was the last
move he ever made. In a scrap-book I
have just turned up the letter which he
wrote to me. After speaking of some
personal matters he said:

"I am helpless as a child; completely
crippled and cannot move from my
chair. Come up and see me, for I can
now grimly say my friends will always
find me at home. I have taken a tur-
nished house at 12 Bloomfield road,
with a pleasant bit of garden at the
back. Things are all in confusion so
far, but if you come I'll not make you
set out our supper as when the bell
rope broke at Bedford street. If the
Free Press with that Cheptulpep
article is not out of print I would be
very much obliged for a few more
copies. My stock is exhausted.

"Your friend,
"MAYNE REID."

"P. S.—Come up to-night; 12 Bloom-
field road, right hand of canal. Bus
from Charing Cross passes end of
street."

"The writing is in a heavy hand, big,
upright letters, 'six words to a page,'
as the printers used to say. The bell-
rope incident he spoke of referred to a
visit I paid him at his lodgings at Bed-
ford street, when with semi-military
impatience that was characteristic of
him he gave a jerk to the bell-rope
which hung with its big tassels by the
side of the fire-place, and the wire
snapped at the ceiling. The captain,
who was sitting in a big arm-chair with
his right foot heavily swathed on a
common chair before him, and a glass
of favorite hot toddy at his elbow,
said:

"All communications with the enemy
are now cut off. The garrison will be
stormed if you do not form yourself
into a forlorn hope and go down into
the kitchen and get help. You see, the
rest of the army is in the hospital."

Just as I had volunteered to go for
help the captain remembered that the
supplies were in the huge mahogany
sideboard at the end of the room, and so
he sat there and directed the ex-
ploring party while I followed his di-
rections, and soon had a most excellent
cold lunch spread out on the table, un-
corked a couple of bottles of Bass, and
thus was the conversation stayed off.

On getting the letter I have quoted
above, I made up a parcel of The Free
Presses that Capt. Reid wanted and
walked up the ever busy Strand to
Charing Cross.

"Do you know where Bloomfield
road is?" I asked the first bus con-
ductor.

"Pass the end of it, sir," he replied,
and without more ado I climbed to the
top.

Bloomfield road proved to be a long
way out to the west. We went past the
National gallery, up Regent street,
along Oxford street, past the Marble
Arch, that might be ebony for all the
smoke of London has left of its white-
ness; along the north side of Hyde park
and Kensington gardens; through Bays-
water; over one railway and under an-
other; past the triangular green spot
near Shepherd's. Then into the Ux-
bridge road, when the bus man hailed
up and said:

"Bloomfield road, sir."

I got off and speedily found No. 12
as one of a row of terrace houses with
very little indications of a pleasant
garden at the back or a canal at either
end. I rang, and a frowsy girl ap-
peared at the door.

"Capt. Reid, sir? No, sir, don't live
here, sir. No, never heard of 'im,
sir."

"Do you mean Mr. Reade, the au-
thor?" said a voice from the parlor, and
the next moment the lady of the house
appeared at the parlor door.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, he lives in that large square
brick house at the corner of Bloomfield
road, facing the Uxbridge road."

I thanked the lady and left.

The corner house stood in a large
garden that was completely surround-
ed by a high brick wall. A ring at the
bell brought a middle-aged servant to
the door, who looked rather sour and
suspiciously at me, and kept my card
very kind of at arm's length, as we
were not at all the sort of person that
she approved of, and that really they
had no old clothes or broken
vintages to give away. My bundle of
papers seemed to add to my unpromis-
ing appearance. She said, sullenly:

"Mr. Reade is not feeling well to-
day."

"I know that," I said, rather shortly.
"But Mr. Reid sent for me, and if you
take that card to him I guess you'll find
he'll see me."

She shut the door in my face, and I
was at a loss whether to go or stay.
Just as I turned to go away the door
opened again and she asked me to come
in, but I could see that her good
opinion of me had not increased in the
interval. I was shown into a room that
was half parlor and half reception-
room. The next moment I heard a
slipped step come shuffling along the
uncarpeted floor, and a middle-aged old
man, with short and thick gray beard,
a black silk skull-cap, a long dressing
gown with dangling tassels, stood at
the door looking at me with knit brows
over his glasses, as if trying to recollect
me. Then he glanced at the card in his
hand and said:

"I really have no recollection—" then
he paused and looked inquiringly at me
over his glasses again.

"I am afraid I have made a mistake,"
I said. "I expected to see Capt. Mayne
Reid. I was directed here."

"Well," said the old gentleman
quietly, "I think my neighbors might
know better than direct you here. If it
were a man here celebrated as Capt.
Mayne Reid I might be tempted to tell

the duke of Wellington's story. My name
is Charles Reade."

I apologized for my intrusion and
tried to express my pleasure at so un-
expectedly seeing so celebrated a man.
I admit I was rather confused. I should
of course, have interviewed him then
and there, but I lost my presence of
mind. As we stood in the hall I ven-
tured to ask him what the duke of
Wellington's story was.

"Oh, no doubt you've heard it," said
the author. "It runs something to the
effect that some one said to the duke
that a certain Jones had often been
taken for him, and the duke said that
it was rather remarkable, as he had
never been taken for Jones."

Charles Reade saw me to the door
himself, and that was the first and last
time I ever saw him. Thinking over
the matter I could not help wondering
at his mild and gentle manner and soft,
low voice, for judging by the somewhat
laconic letters he had written I would
have expected him to be a loud-
mouthed, irritable man of the style of
Anthony Trollope.

The next evening I found Capt. Mayne
Reid snugly quartered at his home in
the north of London, No. 12 Bloomfield
road, Maiden hill, and if he had added
those last two words to the address I
would probably never have seen Mr.
Charles Reade.

Aaron Burr's First Duel.

(New York Star.)
Burr, during the summer of 1799,
lost patience under the attacks of Ham-
ilton's partisans. He especially re-
sented a rumor that had been started,
to the effect that for legislative services
rendered by him the Holland company
had cancelled a bond against him for
\$20,000. Burr cast about for the au-
thor of this rumor, intent on obtaining
satisfaction. John W. Church, a dis-
tinguished New Yorker, the uncle of
Hamilton, was heard openly
repeating the story as a fact, and
him Burr held responsible, and
which was promptly accepted. They
met at Hoboken. Church had for his
second one Abijah Hammond, while
Burr was attended by Judge Burke of
South Carolina. The serious affair
ended in a joke that amused all New
York and furnished a popular by-word
in the city for some time.

On the morning of the duel, when
Burr, before leaving home, handed his
pistol case, Judge Burke, his pistol case,
remarked that the balls were cast
intentionally too small, and that chaotic
leather, not the proper size, must be
greased and put on them to make
them fit. The leather and grease were
in the case. When the principals had
taken their stand, Burr, who had
noticed that the judge had been trying
to hammer the ramrod in with a stone,
remarked that he took the weapon from
his hand, that the ball had not been
driven home.

"I know it," replied Burke with the
spirit of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. "I for-
got to grease the leather; but don't
keep your man waiting—just take a
crack at him as it is, and I'll grease the
next."

Burr bowed grim and gracious in ac-
quiescence to the humor of his anago-
nist, and took his place. Shots were
exchanged without effect, and then
Church made haste to apologize, and
the affair was over with a hearty laugh
as the consequence.

A Boston Drug Drummer.

(Exchange.)
"Well, you see, he was traveling for
a Boston drug house, and was pretty
much of a dude. He had an end seat
in the car that went over first, and after
the excitement, when all the other
boys had got out, and were doing what
they could to save the balance of the
people, they discovered that the Boston
man was missing. They skinned
around awhile in the debris, and in the
second car found Mr. Boston crawling
through a window. Boston caught
on at once, and, looking up at
the crowd, said coolly and with a
drawl: 'Aw, gentlemen, I weal-
ly beg pardon faw causing
you any delay or uneasiness, but I
thought the climax was the assault of Pic-
tett's division. The flower of Virginia,'
against Webb's front on the left of Com-
te's hill. Before me a heroic Armistice
gibbon for the 'cold steel' and carried
Gibbon's battery with a rush, the
division had met with a variety of ex-
periences during its mile-and-a-half ad-
vance over the smooth ground up the
crest. 'When it first came in sight
it had been plied with solid shot; then
half way across it had been vigorously
shelled, and the double canister had
been reserved for its nearer approach.
An enfilading fire tore through its ranks;
the musketry blazed forth with deadly
effect.' This is the evidence of an eye-
witness on the opposite side, who adds,
'but it came on magnificently.' Yes, it
came on to cold steel and clubbed mus-
kets, and after a desperate struggle, it
went back for the second time, and
which marked its advance. But heavy
as were its losses, it was not 'annihil-
ated.' Pickett's division survived to
be once and again a thorn in the Fed-
eral side before the final day of fate came
to it at Appomattox Court House.

Sorghum vs. Beet Sugar.

(Atlanta Constitution.)
The beet sugar industry has received
many serious checks in this country, but
it undoubtedly has a future before it.
At present only two beet sugar factories
are in operation in North America. One
of these is at West Farmham, in Canada,
and the other is located at San Francisco.
The production of sugar from the sorghum
beet has one great advantage over sorghum.
In the latter not only is the season
of growth to be considered, but what
is of more importance, the season of man-
ufacture. Sugar manufacture from beets
can be continued all through the winter.
The sugar beet contains only one kind
of sugar, viz: sucrose. The amount of
glucose in the healthy, ripe beet is so
small as to be practically unappreciable.
In the sorghum, on the other hand, the
percentage of glucose, or uncrystallized
sugar, is often so great as to unfit it for
sugar-making.

Dog Cheap.

Twenty-four greyhounds, of a choice
breed, were recently sold in England for
upwards of \$7,850, which they say was
dog cheap.

HOW SOAP IS MADE

When It Is Manufactured on a Large
Scale.
(Chicago Tribune Interview.)

"There is great competition among
soap manufacturers, as there is in the
production of all staple articles," re-
marked a leading soap-maker recently
in a conversation with a reporter, "and
there is consequently very little profit in
soap-making. There is, in fact, no money
in it unless the stuff is made in enormous
quantities. It is, nevertheless, a trade
that is gradually increasing. Formerly
nearly every family, especially among
the farmers, made its own soap for gen-
eral housekeeping purposes, but that is
no longer the case."

In the course of further conversation
the manufacturer said: "Nearly every
practical soapmaker looks upon the de-
tails of soapmaking as a secret. Here is
a published work on the subject, but, as
you see, it is locked, and no one has ac-
cess to it but its owner. The real secret,
however, is the filling that is used in
order to make the soap heavy and thus
realize big profits. Now, any filling is
used, such as adulteration, and these
adulterations frequently consist, among
other things, of common starch, pow-
dered alabaster, pulverized lime, gym-
sum, and pipe-clay. The basis of first-
class goods are refined tallow, or, more
properly speaking, stearine, vegetable
oils, caustic soda, and rosin, the residuum
of the distillation of rough turpentine.

The stearine and the oil, both of which
we make ourselves, are weighed off in
the proper quantities to make a batch of
soap, are then pumped into a kettle cap-
able of holding from 36,000 to 60,000
pounds. Open steam is introduced by
means of a pipe which leads to a cir-
cular perforated ring at the bottom of
the kettle, and the contents are brought
to a boiling point. A fixed por-
tion of a certain degree of strength of
caustic lye, made from soda, which is
obtained from England and shipped in
air-tight sheet-iron drums, is then
added. This causes the fatty substances
to saponify, as it is technically called—
that is, it converts them into soap.

"Water is next added, after which
a quantity of salt is thrown into the ket-
tle, the effect of which is to separate the
water not absorbed by the soap from it.
The curds of soap float on the top of
the kettle, while the excess of water sinks
to the bottom and carries all impurities
with it. A certain percentage of rosin,
according to the quality of the soap to
be made, is dissolved in a large vat, and
added to the contents of the kettle, which
is again boiled up. Sufficient lye is now
used to form a perfect soap. After this
is done more salt is used in order to
cleanse the resin thoroughly. The kettle
is now allowed to stand for two or three
days, at the end of which time the water
at the bottom is drawn off, and the soap
then given what is called a washing
change. This is done by adding water
and a little lye, and opening the mass
with salt. The water is then run off and
a 'strengthening change' is given to the
soap. This is done with a strong alkali,
and the boiling is continued for several
hours in order that the soap may become
thoroughly saturated. The excess of lye
settles to the bottom.

"The effect of all these 'changes' is the
removal of whatever impurities may be
in the materials used. To make the soap
perfectly neutral it is given a 'settling
change.' This is accomplished by run-
ning in water sufficient to bring it into
a sirupy condition, when it has a semi-
transparent appearance, looking more
like honey than anything else. The soap
is now allowed to settle two or three
days, according to the weather. This
settling process answers a two-fold pur-
pose. The soap being 'finished' (the
technical term) the kettle is covered up,
and the 'nigee,' a technical term for the
impurities, is allowed to settle or pre-
cipitate at the bottom, while the soap
cools off until the temperature falls to
about 100 degrees Fahrenheit, when it is ready to
be formed.

Pickett's Division at Gettysburg.

(Exchange.)
The Confederates, out of 68,000 men
engaged at Gettysburg, lost 18,000, but
Mead held his hand from interfering
with their orderly retreat. Of that bat-
tle the climax was the assault of Pic-
tett's division. The flower of Virginia,
against Webb's front on the left of Com-
te's hill. Before me a heroic Armistice
gibbon for the 'cold steel' and carried
Gibbon's battery with a rush, the
division had met with a variety of ex-
periences during its mile-and-a-half ad-
vance over the smooth ground up the
crest. 'When it first came in sight
it had been plied with solid shot; then
half way across it had been vigorously
shelled, and the double canister had
been reserved for its nearer approach.
An enfilading fire tore through its ranks;
the musketry blazed forth with deadly
effect.' This is the evidence of an eye-
witness on the opposite side, who adds,
'but it came on magnificently.' Yes, it
came on to cold steel and clubbed mus-
kets, and after a desperate struggle, it
went back for the second time, and
which marked its advance. But heavy
as were its losses, it was not 'annihil-
ated.' Pickett's division survived to
be once and again a thorn in the Fed-
eral side before the final day of fate came
to it at Appomattox Court House.

A Freak, by Jove!

(Shelby (N. C.) Argus.)
On Sunday afternoon the storm raged
furiously and heavens and earth heaved,
often to the consternation of many a
woman. After the storm had ceased
Archibald Roberts, colored, went to the
stables to feed his mule. He saw the mule
standing on its fore feet and resting on its
hind legs. He called to the mule and
said: "Bill, get up," but Bill listened not
to his words, supposing the mule was
too lazy to rise he shook Bill's head, but
there was no movement on Bill's part.
Then the tail was twisted in vain—Bill
was dead. He had been killed by the
mule in the act of rising, and there, statu-
like, it stood on its fore feet. Bill has
plowed his last furrow and now sorrow
sits with poor Archibald.

Gone on the Orchid Question.

(Chicago Herald.)
The display of orchids at the great hor-
ticultural show at Paris, and the fash-
ionable flutter round the curious flowers,
has revived a story of a certain English noble-
man "gone" on the orchid question.
It seems that a wonderful specimen of the
plant was exhibited in a shop on the Quai
de la Megisserie. This gentleman walked
in, got the history of the plant from the
owner, learned how it had been discovered
in Mexico, that it was the only one known
in Europe, and valued at 500 francs. My
lord threw down a note for the amount,
bald the orchid on the ground, and, crush-
ing it with his heel, told the indignant im-
porter that now no one should boast of a
rarer plant than he himself possessed.

New Orleans Architecture.

(Chicago Herald.)
New Orleans, a semi-tropical city, in-
stead of adopting a style of architecture
suited to the climatic conditions preva-
lent there, imitates the methods of higher
latitudes; resort to architectural forms which,
however beautiful in themselves, are ut-
terly un-suited in the place. The Times-
Democrat calls this an endeavor to "en-
graft upon the stock of the equatorial
product of the arctic," and wishes a re-
formation.

Obituary.