

THE INDEPENDENT,
IS ISSUED
SATURDAY MORNINGS,
BY THE
Douglas County Publishing Company.

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PRACTICAL
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
AND A FULL LINE OF
Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods.

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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
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TOYS AND NOTIONS.
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JAS. MAHONEY, Proprietor

THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.
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very handy to visit during the stoppage of the train at
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Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, OREGON.

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Constantly on hand.
I have the Best
STOCK OF FURNITURE
South of Portland.
And all of my own manufacture.
No Two Prices to Customers.
Residents of Douglas County are requested to give me a
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ALL WORK WARRANTED.

DEPOT HOTEL,
Oakland, Oregon.
RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.
This Hotel has been established for a number of
years, and has become very popular with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
AND THE
Table supplied with the Best of Market afford
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
DEALER IN
Staple Dry Goods,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
CROCKERY AND CORDAGE,
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Such as required by the Public School System.
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!
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ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and goods shipped
with care.
Address, HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Oxford (Miss.) Falcon: Any person
who is devoted only to himself, and
works only in his own little corner, he
is a professional, a merchant, a mechanic
or a man-of-all-work, will sooner or
later have his heart consumed by the
dry rot.

There is a peculiarity in camel's hair
which is worthy of scientific investigation.
It continues to grow after it is cut off.
While attached to the animal it grows in
length, and when cut it grows in value.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1884. NO. 29.

OPTIMISM.
[Ella Wheeler in Manhattan.]
I'm no reformer; for I see more light
Than darkness in the world; mine eyes are
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
And slow to note the cloud that threatens
storm.
The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give the thorn;
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night hawk's
And even in this great throng of pain called
life,
I find a rapture, linked with each despair,
Well worth the price of anguish.
I detect
More good than evil in humanity,
Love lights more firm than hate extinguishes,
And men grow braver as the world grows old.

WHITE HOUSE CRANKS.
Crazy Callers on the President...The
Red Man of Revelations.
[Cor. Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.]
The White House is a very popular re-
sort with cranks. Every crank who
comes to Washington imagines he has
some important business with the presi-
dent. Some days the lynx-eyed ser-
geant on guard at the White House
drowns away ten or twelve crazy
people. The sergeant was
asked how he managed to dis-
tinguish the cranks from the ordinary
business callers. "It's not much
trouble," he said. "But since the
shooting of Garfield we have been es-
pecially watchful of all the president's
visitors. Usually we spot a crank on
sight. There is a wandering of the
eyes, or an abruptness of speech, or a
wildness of gesture, or some peculiarity
of dress or manner.
"This, however, is not always the case.
I remember a short time ago I was on
duty in the grounds one night when a
reception was going on. I was ap-
proached from the White House portico
by a tall, clean-shaven, middle-aged
man, neatly dressed in a black walking
suit, who asked in a tone as if he merely
wanted a chat with some one: 'Are you
a watchman here?' 'In that line,' said
I. 'The president is giving a reception,
I believe?' 'I believe he is,' said I.
'A public reception, isn't it?' asked
the stranger, 'I don't know anything
about that,' I answered. 'Would you take
me to be a respectable citizen was the next
question. I was able to judge on so slight
an acquaintance,' said I. The stranger
chuckled quietly at this and said,
'Quite right; but from my general ap-
pearance now, my manners and conver-
sation, would you set me down as a
respectable or otherwise?' 'Respectable,'
said I. 'Just so. And yet, in this great
and glorious land of the free,' sarcast-
ically said he, 'a respectable citizen is
suddenly run away from the door of the
executive mansion by funkys when
he simply seeks, with other
citizens to pay his respects to the
officer they have chosen
by ballot to preside over them; at a
time, too, set apart, it is understood,
for the purpose.' 'But perhaps,' said
I, 'there must have been a reason. Per-
haps you are mistaken, and this is not
a public reception.' 'Asked if I had a
card,' continued the stranger, indignantly
(ignoring my last remark); 'questioned
and cross-examined as if I was a felon
or conspirator, and the door then shut
in my face. All right, if this is St. Peters-
burg, and this is the palace of the czar,'
pointing to the White House. 'Infamously
wrong if this is Washington and that is the
White House.
"So far there had not been anything
in the man's manner or talk to indicate
that he was anything more than a vis-
itor to the city, disgusted and in dignant
at his disappointment at being sum-
marily deprived of what he perhaps
considered his only chance while
here to see the president; but
suddenly changing his manner after his
last remark, he abruptly asked me in
the agonized tones of the ghost in
'Hamlet,' 'Do you ever read the bible?'
'Sometimes,' I answered. 'Did you
ever read the book of Revelations?'
'Yes,' I do. 'You remember the red man,
in that book?' 'I can't say that I do.'
'Well, read it again, guardian of the
night, read it again,' said the stranger,
adding quickly, 'I am the red man there
mentioned. I hold in my hands the
files of a nation and its rulers. I
make and unmake presidents—Washington,
Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln,
Grant, and this man Arthur.
They were elected, yes, but elections
can not change destiny. That I control.
Let the present occupant of the White
House beware,' and with a threatening
shake of his long forefinger at the man
standing in the flag sidewalk toward
the gateway. Now, if that fellow had
got in he might have behaved as well
as anybody. But in case he had got
started on the book of Revelations
there is no knowing what might have
happened.'
Meals in the Po'castle.
[Exchange.]
The manner of serving meals in the
forecastle is as simple as is the system
of cookery in vogue in the galley. The
cook gives out the made dishes in the
pans in which they have been prepared.
One man in each watch is appointed to
go to the galley for the food. He places
it on the deck in the middle of the fore-
castle and the men take their shares
one by one. The man who takes more
than his just share is not regarded with
favor by his shipmates. If he persists
in his pigish method of helping him-
self, his shipmates will not only remon-
strate with him, but will go to the
length of reducing his share to the
proper limits; and if he protests against
this treatment a committee of one or
more, according to his size, is appointed
to thrash him. The sailors sit on their
cheats while at their meals. No tables
are provided for them.

THE TWO QUATRAINS.
[Ivan Tourgueneff.]
There was once a town whose in-
habitants worshipped poetry so ar-
dently that, if some weeks elapsed
without new and masterly poems com-
ing to light, such a poetical sterility
was regarded as a public calamity.
Every one then would put on his best
clothing, would strew ashes upon their
heads, and would gather together in an
open space to wail, to shed tears, and
to murmur bitterly against the
Muse, who had forsaken them.
On one of these days of mourning,
a youthful poet, Junius, appeared in the
square, which was densely packed with
sorrowing people.
He mounted the rostrum in haste,
and made a sign that he wished to rec-
ite a poem.
The listeners flourished their staves,
and chanted the stentorian voices: "Sil-
ence! attention!" The expectant multi-
tude were silent.
"Friends! companions!" began
Junius, in a clear but slightly faltering
voice:
"Friends and companions! The lover of
Poetry,
God of harmonious beauty and light,
Charms away trouble and vanquishes sor-
row;
Apollo arises—and fed is the night!"
Junius had concluded; the answer was
—a universal burst of laughter, howls
and whistles from every side.
The upturned faces of the multitude
glowed with indignation; every eye
sparkled with rage; every hand was
raised threateningly and clenched.
"Does he wish to mock us with that?"
yelled the furious voices. "Tear the
paltry rhymester down from the rostrum!
Down with the blockhead!
Pelt the fool with rotten apples and
stinking eggs. Stones! bring stones!"
Junius rushed headlong from the
rostrum; but scarcely had he gained his
dwelling than he heard tumultuous ap-
plause, shouts of praise, and acclama-
tions.
Tortured with doubts Junius re-
turned to the square and endeavored,
if possible, to mingle unobserved in the
crowd, for "This dangerous to rouse the
grim lion."
And what did he see?
Raised high upon the shoulders of the
multitude on a flat, golden shield,
clothed in the purple mantle, his locks
crowned with laurel, stood his rival,
youthful poet Julius. * * * And
the people shouted "Glory and honor
to the immortal Julius! He has con-
soled us in our trouble, and in our great
sorrow he has refreshed us with his sub-
lime poetry, which is sweeter than
honey, more musical than the sound of
the cymbals, more fragrant than the
odor of roses, and purer than the blue
of heaven! Lift him in triumph, per-
fume his inspired head with soft clouds
of incense, fan him with palm branches,
strew all the spices of Arabia before
him! Honor and glory to the divine
poet!"
Junius approached one of the wor-
shippers: "Repeat to me, O beloved
fellow-townsmen, the words with which
Julius has enthralled. Alas! unfortu-
nately, I was not present when he recited
them. I pray you, do me the favor to
repeat them, if you can remember them."
"How could I ever forget such
verses!" cried the questioned one
eagerly; "for what do you take me?
Listen and rejoice with us! The verses
embrace thus:
"The lover of Poetry, my friends and com-
panions,
God of sublimity, beauty and light,
Care disappears, and all sorrow is ended!
When 'Apollo arises—then vanishes
night!"
"Now, what do you think of that?"
"But I pray you," cried Junius,
"those are my own verses! Julius was
among the crowd when I was reciting
them, he heard them, and has repeated
them with a few trifling alterations,
which, after all, are no improvement."
"Ah! now I recognize you," you
are Junius!" replied the other,
with frowning brows. "You are either
envious or a blockhead. Recollect your-
self, miserable youth, with what sub-
limity spoke Julius: 'When Phoebus
arises, then vanishes night! Compare
your nonsense with that!' 'Apollo arises,
and fed is the night!"
"Yes, is it not exactly the same?"
"Another word," interrupted the
other, "and I will rouse the people."
" * * * they will tear you in pieces!"
Junius prudently held his tongue.
A gray-headed man who had overheard
the conversation stepped toward the un-
fortunate poet, laid his hand on his
shoulder and said: "Junius! you re-
peated what you had composed out of
season. This one certainly repeated
borrowed words, still he has upon the
right moment; hence his success. Your
own conscience must console you."
So his own conscience must console
him; well or ill—to speak truly, I
enough—his own conscience must con-
sole Junius, who stood in the crowded
background, amid the acclamations
which were lavished upon his rival.
Froud, lofty and majestic, Junius
moved along in the golden, glittering
dust of the beaming, all-conquering sun,
splendid in purple, crowned with
laurels, surrounded with perfumed
clouds of incense; palm branches fell
before him as he approached, and the
veneration for him which filled the
hearts of his enchanted townsmen
knew no bounds.

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A Queer Sort of Truce Custom.
[A. O. Marshall's "The Truce."]

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without any formal agreement, we came
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We had much work to do upon our
new lines, the enemy was usually first
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rebel troops in their front never had
any such understanding, and with them
it was a continual fight day and night.

THE GIANTS OF THOSE DAYS.
[Chicago Inter Ocean.]
In Phly's time it was customary to
describe the warriors of a few genera-
tions before as giants. Alexander the
Great very well understood the strength-
ening effect of a little substantial evi-
dence on such descriptions. On one of
his expeditions he caused a tomb to be
constructed and placed in it arms and
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the whole with his name. It has been
suggested that this clever fraud was
practiced by William the Conqueror,
whose supposed tomb was opened in the
sixteenth century and found to con-
tain the bones of an uncommonly large
person. The attempt made to destroy
a dear belief, however, received a se-
vere blow by a discovery made in Ronen
in 1509. On the authority of Le Cat a
stone tomb was uncovered in which was
a copper plate bearing the inscription,
"Here lies the noble and puissant lord
the Chevalier Riccon de Vallemont and
his bones were found on the 11th of
January, 1613, mentioning the date
particularly. The skeleton of another
monster thirty feet long was found at
Mazeno, Sicily, in 1516, and still an-
other at Palermo in 1548, which meas-
ured the same. The appearance in the
flesh of these creatures had better be
left to the imagination.
As if determined to show that his
country was eminent as a producer of
the skeletons of giants, an Italian of
the fifteenth or sixteenth century re-
lates the finding of a skeleton 300 feet
high! It was immediately announced
to be the skeleton of the giant Polyph-
emus, and treated with various cere-
monies by the awe-stricken discoverers
and the people of the country. The bones,
the author naively observes, differed
somewhat from those of the ordinary
human frame, but that was to be ex-
pected in a man so tall.
The evident compounding of prehis-
toric animal relics with human remains
was one of the many cases. The stories
of human skeletons of 100 and 200 and
even 500 feet high, which began with
the Polyphemus incident, belong to the
same category of mistakes. There is,
however, good ground for supposing
that Faugus, the tyrant, slain by Or-
lando, nephew of Charlemagne, was a
huge man, eighteen feet high. Bucart
of Vivans, whose bones were found on
the banks of the Morder river, in the
mountains of Crussol, on grave author-
ity was stated to be twenty-two feet six
inches high. Richard, a celebrated an-
tiquary, saw in the suburbs of St. Germain
in 1614 the skeleton of a man twenty feet
tall.

UP IN ALASKA.
[The Current.]
When it is remembered that, even at
Point Barrow, the most northern point
of Alaska, the average temperature is
only 7° below zero, according to the
United States signal service report, it
is evident that the people of Illinois,
Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Da-
kota are qualified to receive certificates
as to their ability, through severe tests,
to endure Arctic weather.

WANN' HIS WIFE.
[Merchant Traveler.]
A man rushed up to a woman looking
in a show window, and grasping her by
the arm, angrily exclaimed: "Come on,
I'm tired waiting for you. Then not-
ticing he had made a mistake, he drew
back with, 'Oh, I beg your pardon
madam, I mistook you for my wife.' "I
thought so," she answered with a scorn-
ful sneer, and passed on.

A PLECKY BOY VIOLINIST.
[Chicago Tribune.]
A boy of 13 years, whose violin play-
ing had long been the wonder of a
Cossack village, recently reached St.
Petersburg after a journey of 1,500
miles on foot, allured by the hope of
obtaining free instruction at the con-
servatory. But hardships and overex-
ertion had worn the little fellow out,
and he was taken to a hospital danger-
ously ill of typhoid fever. Should he
recover he will certainly find abundant
opportunity to show whether his talent
is equal to his courage.

FROM THE WIGWAMS.
Fifty Indian Maidens Leave the Prair-
ie and Go to Philadelphia After an
Education.
[Philadelphia Record.]
The family of twenty-three Indian
girls who have been living for some
time at the Lincoln institution, Eleventh
street below Spruce, were expected to
arrive on Thursday afternoon by the
fifty of twenty-seven girls from the
Indian training school at Carlisle, Pa.,
from which place they were sent by
order of the interior department of the
United States government. The fifty
who are now in Philadelphia will, in
the course of a few weeks, be joined by
twenty-five more, which will complete
the number to be taken care of in this
city.
The new arrivals are apparently per-
fectly satisfied with their quarters.
They ranged in age from 6 to 20, and
were all neatly dressed and wore their
jet-black hair in plaits. The fifty
scholars are divided into two divisions,
each of which goes through a regular
routine of study and work daily. They
rise at 6 o'clock, and after breakfast
one division goes to the school-rooms
and studies from 9 o'clock until noon,
the other girls spending these hours
in learning to sew, cook, and attend
to the general housework of the institu-
tion.
In the afternoon from 1 o'clock until
4 the second division attends school
and the first division attends to the usual
branches just mentioned. Each day the
scholars are taken out for an hour's
walk, but as a general thing they do
not like this, as they are very sensitive
about the attention they attract. On
Sundays they attend divine service at
the Church of the Ascension. The hours
when they do not have to be in
school-rooms or at work are spent in
the play-rooms of the institution, and
some of the girls are very clever at
making Indian dolls, which they deco-
rate with beads, bits of metal, and
strips of bright fannel. During the
day they are obliged to talk to each
other in English, but in the hour that
intervenes between supper and bedtime
(8 p. m.) they are allowed to converse
with each other in their native lan-
guages. This, however, is impossible,
in many cases, as the institution are the
Pawnee, Sioux, Cheyennes, Comanches,
Diggers, Osages, Omahas and
Delawares.
A large number have Christian
names and civilized surnames, but
some are still known by their Indian
surnames, with a Christian name at-
tached, the effect of which is often
rather amusing, as in the following
cases: "Essie, Big Indian, Susan,
Feather, Frankie Bear, Ella Man
Chief, Mand Echo Hawk, Fannie Crow,
Ennie Bear Shield, Sarah High Pipe,
Lizzie Spider and Olive Battle.
The majority of the girls will remain
in Philadelphia five years.

THE DANCING ANACONDA.
[Corpus Christi Critic.]
Baron Non Schoeler, of Corpus
Christi, has a strange pet. It is an im-
mense snake of the anaconda species.
The baron's influence upon his horrid
prisoner has been such as to reduce it
to a fawning docility. At the merest
sound of the baron's voice the reptile
immediately manifests a sense of
perfect delight by describing such a
variety of evolutions as to amaze one.
It will actually assume a perpendicular
position, resting upon its head, and in
a twinkling assume the reverse by resting
upon its tail, and all this and much
more while the baron stands
in the den of the writhing, squirming,
acrobatic monster.

A LEAP YEAR PARTY.
[Jefferson City Tribune.]
The gentlemen wore toilets of sur-
passing richness and elegance, shone in
all their lovely and radiant beauty, and
made themselves utterly and entirely
irresistible. The young ladies all wore
handsome, hand-made goods, purchased
at a fire sale of damaged goods at Osgue
City, and were simply enchanting in
their loveliness.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.
[Frederick Lockyer.]
I recollect a nurse called Ann.
Who carried me about the grass.
And one fine day a little young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass—
She did not make the least objection.
Thinks I, "Ah,
When I can talk I'll tell my tale,
And that's my earliest recollection.

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other at Palermo in 1548, which meas-
ured the same. The appearance in the
flesh of these creatures had better be
left to the imagination.
As if determined to show that his
country was eminent as a producer of
the skeletons of giants, an Italian of
the fifteenth or sixteenth century re-
lates the finding of a skeleton 300 feet
high! It was immediately announced
to be the skeleton of the giant Polyph-
emus, and treated with various cere-
monies by the awe-stricken discoverers
and the people of the country. The bones,
the author naively observes, differed
somewhat from those of the ordinary
human frame, but that was to be ex-
pected in a man so tall.
The evident compounding of prehis-
toric animal relics with human remains
was one of the many cases. The stories
of human skeletons of 100 and 200 and
even 500 feet high, which began with
the Polyphemus incident, belong to the
same category of mistakes. There is,
however, good ground for supposing
that Faugus, the tyrant, slain by Or-
lando, nephew of Charlemagne, was a
huge man, eighteen feet high. Bucart
of Vivans, whose bones were found on
the banks of the Morder river, in the
mountains of Crussol, on grave author-
ity was stated to be twenty-two feet six
inches high. Richard, a celebrated an-
tiquary, saw in the suburbs of St. Germain
in 1614 the skeleton of a man twenty feet
tall.

UP IN ALASKA.
[The Current.]
When it is remembered that, even at
Point Barrow, the most northern point
of Alaska, the average temperature is
only 7° below zero, according to the
United States signal service report, it
is evident that the people of Illinois,
Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and Da-
kota are qualified to receive certificates
as to their ability, through severe tests,
to endure Arctic weather.

WANN' HIS WIFE.
[Merchant Traveler.]
A man rushed up to a woman looking
in a show window, and grasping her by
the arm, angrily exclaimed: "Come on,
I'm tired waiting for you. Then not-
ticing he had made a mistake, he drew
back with, 'Oh, I beg your pardon
madam, I mistook you for my wife.' "I
thought so," she answered with a scorn-
ful sneer, and passed on.

A PLECKY BOY VIOLINIST.
[Chicago Tribune.]
A boy of 13 years, whose violin play-
ing had long been the wonder of a
Cossack village, recently reached St.
Petersburg after a journey of 1,500
miles on foot, allured by the hope of
obtaining free instruction at the con-
servatory. But hardships and overex-
ertion had worn the little fellow out,
and he was taken to a hospital danger-
ously ill of typhoid fever. Should he
recover he will certainly find abundant
opportunity to show whether his talent
is equal to his courage.

FROM THE WIGWAMS.
Fifty Indian Maidens Leave the Prair-
ie and Go to Philadelphia After an
Education.
[Philadelphia Record.]
The family of twenty-three Indian
girls who have been living for some
time at the Lincoln institution, Eleventh
street below Spruce, were expected to
arrive on Thursday afternoon by the
fifty of twenty-seven girls from the
Indian training school at Carlisle, Pa.,
from which place they were sent by
order of the interior department of the
United States government. The fifty
who are now in Philadelphia will, in
the course of a few weeks, be joined by
twenty-five more, which will complete
the number to be taken care of in this
city.
The new arrivals are apparently per-
fectly satisfied with their quarters.
They ranged in age from 6 to 20, and
were all neatly dressed and wore their
jet-black hair in plaits. The fifty
scholars are divided into two divisions,
each of which goes through a regular
routine of study and work daily. They
rise at 6 o'clock, and after breakfast
one division goes to the school-rooms
and studies from 9 o'clock until noon,
the other girls spending these hours
in learning to sew, cook, and attend
to the general housework of the institu-
tion.
In the afternoon from 1 o'clock until
4 the second division attends school
and the first division attends to the usual
branches just mentioned. Each day the
scholars are taken out for an hour's
walk, but as a general thing they do
not like this, as they are very sensitive
about the attention they attract. On
Sundays they attend divine service at
the Church of the Ascension. The hours
when they do not have to be in
school-rooms or at work are spent in
the play-rooms of the institution, and
some of the girls are very clever at
making Indian dolls, which they deco-
rate with beads, bits of metal, and
strips of bright fannel. During the
day they are obliged to talk to each
other in English, but in the hour that
intervenes between supper and bedtime
(8 p. m.) they are allowed to converse
with each other in their native lan-
guages. This, however, is impossible,
in many cases, as the institution are the
Pawnee, Sioux, Cheyennes, Comanches,
Diggers, Osages, Omahas and
Delawares.
A large number have Christian
names and civilized surnames, but
some are still known by their Indian
surnames, with a Christian name at-
tached, the effect of which is often
rather amusing, as in the following
cases: "Essie, Big Indian, Susan,
Feather, Frankie Bear, Ella Man
Chief, Mand Echo Hawk, Fannie Crow,
Ennie Bear Shield, Sarah High Pipe,
Lizzie Spider and Olive Battle.
The majority of the girls will remain
in Philadelphia five years.

THE DANCING ANACONDA.
[Corpus Christi Critic.]
Baron Non Schoeler, of Corpus
Christi, has a strange pet. It is an im-
mense snake of the anaconda species.
The baron's influence upon his horrid
prisoner has been such as to reduce it
to a fawning docility. At the merest
sound of the baron's voice the reptile
immediately manifests a sense of
perfect delight by describing such a
variety of evolutions as to amaze one.
It will actually assume a perpendicular
position, resting upon its head, and in
a twinkling assume the reverse by resting
upon its tail, and all this and much
more while the baron stands
in the den of the writhing, squirming,
acrobatic monster.

A LEAP YEAR PARTY.
[Jefferson City Tribune.]
The gentlemen wore toilets of sur-
passing richness and elegance, shone in
all their lovely and radiant beauty, and
made themselves utterly and entirely
irresistible. The young ladies all wore
handsome, hand-made goods, purchased
at a fire sale of damaged goods at Osgue
City, and were simply enchanting in
their loveliness.

A TERRIBLE INFANT.
[Frederick Lockyer.]
I recollect a nurse called Ann.
Who carried me about the grass.
And one fine day a little young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass—
She did not make the least objection.
Thinks I, "Ah,
When I can talk I'll tell my tale,
And that's my earliest recollection.

THE TWO QUATRAINS.
[Ivan Tourgueneff.]
There was once a town whose in-
habitants worshipped poetry so ar-
dently that, if some weeks elapsed
without new and masterly poems com-
ing to light, such a poetical sterility
was regarded as a public calamity.
Every one then would put on his best
clothing, would strew ashes upon their
heads, and would gather together in an
open space to wail, to shed tears, and
to murmur bitterly against the
Muse, who had forsaken them.
On one of these days of mourning,
a youthful poet, Junius, appeared in the
square, which was densely packed with
sorrowing people.
He mounted the rostrum in haste,
and made a sign that he wished to rec-
ite a poem.
The listeners flourished their staves,
and chanted the stentorian voices: "Sil-
ence! attention!" The expectant multi-
tude were silent.
"Friends! companions!" began
Junius, in a clear but slightly faltering
voice:
"Friends and companions! The lover of
Poetry,
God of harmonious beauty and light,
Charms away trouble and vanquishes sor-
row;
Apollo arises—and fed is the night!"
Junius had concluded; the answer was
—a universal burst of laughter, howls
and whistles from every side.
The upturned faces of the multitude
glowed with indignation; every eye
sparkled with rage; every hand was
raised threateningly and clenched.
"Does he wish to mock us with that?"
yelled the furious voices. "Tear the
paltry rhymester down from the rostrum!
Down with the blockhead!
Pelt the fool with rotten apples and
stinking eggs. Stones! bring stones!"
Junius rushed headlong from the
rostrum; but scarcely had he gained his
dwelling than he heard tumultuous ap-
plause, shouts of praise, and acclama-
tions.
Tortured with doubts Junius re-
turned to the square and endeavored,
if possible, to mingle unobserved in the
crowd, for "This dangerous to rouse the
grim lion."
And what did he see?
Raised high upon the shoulders of the
multitude on a flat, golden shield,
clothed in the purple mantle, his locks
crowned with laurel, stood his rival,
youthful poet Julius. * * * And
the people shouted "Glory and honor
to the immortal Julius! He has con-
soled us in our trouble, and in our great
sorrow he has refreshed us with his sub-
lime poetry, which is sweeter than
honey, more musical than the sound of
the cymbals, more fragrant than the
odor of roses, and purer than the blue
of heaven! Lift him in triumph, per-
fume his inspired head with soft clouds
of incense, fan him with palm branches,
strew all the spices of Arabia before
him! Honor and glory to the divine
poet!"
Junius approached one of the wor-
shippers: "Repeat to me, O beloved
fellow-townsmen, the words with which
Julius has enthralled. Alas! unfortu-
nately, I was not present when he recited
them. I pray you, do me the favor to
repeat them, if you can remember them."
"How could I ever forget such
verses!" cried the questioned one
eagerly; "for what do you take me?
Listen and rejoice with us! The verses
embrace thus:
"The lover of Poetry, my friends and com-
panions,
God of sublimity, beauty and light,
Care disappears, and all sorrow is ended!
When 'Apollo arises—then vanishes
night!"
"