

THE INDEPENDENT,
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—In America there are annually
printed about 2,800,000 copies of
daily, weekly and monthly journals,
while in Europe the annual issue
amounts to 7,300,000 copies.
America does pretty well for a new
country not yet wholly settled, and
which is not broken up into groups of
small nations—each with peculiar in-
terests.—Current.

—John King, Jr., will get \$30,000 a
year salary as President of the Erie
Railroad.

THE INDEPENDENT

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884. NO. 35.

MISCELLANEOUS

BUT I SAID TO MY HEART.

"Heed, dear child," my father said,
"Fred has just a thousand a year;
And rents are to pay and markets to make
And how will you, without any aid,
And I said to my heart: 'That's true;
But love and a thousand will do.'"

My mother sighed in her stately way:
"His family are poor and plain;
No friends, no wealthy connexions;
You have nothing at all to gain.
But I said to my heart: 'It's Fred,
And nobody else I would.'"

My friend Cecile was dreadfully shocked.
"Why, Bessie! what, marry Fred Grey!
The man isn't in society;
And he's not a wealthy connexion;
But I said to my heart: 'He'll do;
He is loving and tender and true.'"

And even my kindly brother Jack
Thought "Fred, at a desk, very well;
But dreadfully slow without any aid,
Fit only to buy and to sell.
But I said to my heart: 'Never mind,
He is clever and honest and kind.'"

And my heart said: "Marry the man you love
A thousand a year will do;
And isn't love and his plenty of 'em,
Fit only to buy and to sell.
You know very well when all is told,
True love is better than style or gold."

I married my love and a thousand a year,
And we're happy and rich to-day;
But the highest of the man I love
Has gallantly fought his way.
He's brave and true and brave and true,
They'll love him a thousand years will do.

—Little E. Barr, in N. Y. Ledger.

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

A Nihilist's Experience Between His
Arrest in Kiev and His Escape to
Irkutsk.

At midnight on February 11, 1879,
in the city of Kiev, Mrs. Kossarovsky's
house, then occupied by the Nihilist
brothers Ivichievich, was regularly be-
sieged and captured by the gendarmes
of the point of bayonets. They
fought desperately on both sides.
The gendarmes were ordered to take the
conspirators' headquarters at any cost,
and the Nihilists were determined to
defend themselves to the last shot. One
door after another was broken in but
not before each was turned into a sieve
by the shots fired from both sides.
Captain Sudek and his men wore
suits of chain mail, yet a gendarme
was killed on the spot, and several
others were wounded. N. Brantner and
another friend were seriously wounded.
The conspirators were overpowered,
arrested, and brought to the police
headquarters.

On the same night in another house I
was arrested and brought to the same
police building. In what a plight I
beheld my comrades there! N. Posen
and B. Steblin-Hamensky were stand-
ing with their arms tightly bound be-
hind their backs and held by gen-
darmes. In a corner of the same room
were sitting Miss Armfeld, Miss Pa-
latitzin and P. Sarandovich, all bound
and helpless. The room was filled with
policemen and armed gendarmes.

Amid a roar of voices there suddenly
appeared the gigantic figure of our
brave comrade, known under the as-
sumed name of Antonoff. He was
dragged behind him two policemen
who tried to hold him by his arms.
Never can I forget his appearance.
Pale was his face, sparkling his eyes,
disordered his black curly hair, and
trembling his frame from head to foot.
"What is that?" he thundered, point-
ing at Posen and Kamensky. "Arms
tied! Away with the ropes!"

"Please calm yourself," said the
police Captain. "We will untie them."
Instantly the ropes were taken away.
Water! I want a drink!" roared
Antonoff.

"Bring water at once," commanded
the Captain. Presently a Colonel of
gendarmes appeared and ordered that
of us should be taken to a separate
cell.

"Use your own swords and bayonets
in case of need," said the Colonel to
the gendarmes.
On the next day we were transferred
to the fortress where scores of our
friends had been pining for years,
waiting for the quick and just trial
which has been solemnly promised by
the Czar Alexander. Of course we
were subjected to solitary confinement.
However, we kept up a lively corre-
spondence. We telegraphed to one an-
other by rapping on the wall. Occa-
sionally we shouted to each other in
our cipher. The fortress authorities
tried to hinder us from talking in
one way or another. In April we
were tried by the military court. As
we were not allowed, though we had
the right by law, to choose our own
counsel, we decided not to take any
part whatsoever in the sham trial.

Three of our party of fifteen—Anto-
noff, Brantner and Oesinsky—were con-
demned to death, and the rest to hard
labor in the Siberian mines for fourteen
years and ten months. When the sen-
tence of death was pronounced a lady
prisoner swooned. The spectators who
packed the hall were greatly excited;
curiosity prompted some to stand up on
the benches.

"What do you stare at?" thundered
Antonoff with his eyes flaming. "For
shame, to make a spectacle of this
thing!" The people fell back and
turned to the exit.

After the trial we condemned prison-
ers—those who were to die and those
destined for Siberia—were allowed to
pass a part of every day together. It
is impossible to describe our feelings.
On the eve of the execution of our
three friends we bade them the last
good-by. I must say that on that mo-
mentous evening the three who were
about to die tried their best to cheer
the rest of us. Antonoff was anxious
about only one thing—that his proper
name should not be discovered. He
loved his mother dearly, and wished
that she might remain ignorant of his
fate. It is hardly necessary to say that
the three died bravely.

Soon after that we were sent to East-
ern Siberia. The two of us who did
not belong to the nobility were sent on
foot like the rest of the privileged
criminals. Their heads were shaved,
and heavy chains were put on their
feet. According to the law, the nobles
do not lose their privileges until they
reach their destination in Siberia,
and so some of us drove in rude
wagons. Our heads were not shaved,
and we were free from chains. All

however, were dressed alike. We had
caftans of a coarse, gray cloth, with two
diamond-shaped yellow patches on our
backs to signify that we were sentenced
to hard labor. The Siberian exiles
proper were only an ace of diamonds.
From Kiev we went by railroad in a
special prison car, accompanied by
gendarmes. Thus we passed Orel, Mos-
cow, and reached Nijni-Novgorod.
Then we were placed in a barge, which
was towed by a steamer to Perm. Then
again we went by railroad to Eka-
terinburg. After that there was before us
the famous Siberian road. It is a com-
mon post route, with three telegraph
wires stretched on one side. These
wires lead to the very shores of the Pa-
cific. Each of us noblemen had a troika,
and each was accompanied by two
armed gendarmes. From Kieff to Eka-
terinburg we had no chance to look
upon the world except through iron bars
and nets, but now we could enjoy the
view with no obstacle before our eyes.
What a joy, it was for me! I felt as if
freedom was returning to me. True,
since the first day of my arrest the idea
of attempting to escape never left my
mind. But now I looked upon the
free wide world the thought turned into
a burning desire which controlled all
my actions. Once in the night, while
the gendarmes were asleep at my side,
I took the cap from one of them, and
tried to pull out his pistol. If I had
succeeded in getting that pistol I would
have tried my legs, but the gendarme
awoke, and I parted for the time with
my happy dream.

We made two hundred miles and
reached Tomsk. From that town up
Tomsk we were taken along with
hundreds of common criminals in a large
wagon. We ran up the Ob. The prisoners
called our barge a poultry house, be-
cause it was covered with a solid iron
net. The prisoners were packed in the
net like herrings in a box. We, the
political prisoners, were allowed to walk
occasionally on the deck. In this man-
ner we journeyed two thousand seven
hundred verst. From Tomsk to Kras-
noyarsk we traveled five hundred
verst on the troikas, and from there to
Irkutsk we had to go by the elope sys-
tem. One thousand verst were thus
journeyed in two months. There were
there one hundred and seventy
persons. There were robust men,
heavy women, babies and the aged.

The elope system is arranged in this
way: All the prisoners were put into
two lines. Then followed wagons with
the women and children and the prison-
ers' luggage. Then followed two troikas
of the noble exiles, and three troikas of
the political criminals closed the pro-
cession. An officer and thirty soldiers
formed a kind of chain around our
party. Fifteen miles was a regular
day's tramp. Then all stopped in the
prison for the night. After two days of
walking a day was allowed for rest.
The houses are divided in four unequal
parts, to-wit: a large hall for male
prisoners, a family room, a room for
noblemen, and the guards' room. Of
cleanliness and comfort in any of the
rooms there was absolutely none.

Besides the officer and the soldiers
two men play an important role in the
prisoner's life. Each group of prison-
ers elects from among themselves the
elder, who serves in the common inter-
est, representing the others before the
authorities, and keeping the prisoners' funds.
That elder is a kind of a guard-
ian angel to the prisoners. But then
there is an angel of quite a different
character. This is the tradesman who
keeps a store and a club for the pris-
oners. He is a prisoner who outbids his
competitors for his privilege. He keeps
for sale tea, sugar, tobacco, candles,
cards, etc. Each prisoner receives ten
kopecks, or five cents each day. The
officer turns the money over to the
elder, who distributes it among the
prisoners. On entering the store the
elder and being counted over the pris-
oners are let free. Whereupon they make
a lively run, each one scrambling for a
good place. He who gets a bed of plain
boards is deemed lucky, and whoever
secures a place under such a bed is also
contented. The remainder sleep on the
floor.

Before bedtime the prisoners make
fire in the yard and prepare their por-
ridge and tea. This forms a unique
scene. Scores of wood-piles burn
brightly in the yard, and around each
the prisoners swarm, adjusting their
iron tea kettles and stirring porridge.
Here and there men are taking off their
worn-out boots, unwrapping their feet,
and examining their hands which often
cause bad sores. Some of the prison-
ers deftly remove their irons altogether
and others assisted by specialists, try to
smoothen the leg rings or even to stretch
them so much that the foot will easily
pass through. Here are two men ready
to fight, and there is a group cautiously
whispering, discussing some conspiracy.

"Why is a song 'The Mother of the
Volga,' is heard. A young prisoner
possessing a melodious and strong voice
sings his very soul into that favorite
Russian ballad. The prisoners' camp
is hushed at once. Everybody drinks
in that melody, and happy reminis-
cences of the past, of wives, sisters,
sweethearts, mothers, companion and
children, chase one another through
these saddened minds. Some of the
men though rough looking, show tear-
dampened eyes. It is a sacred moment.
Even the guard sent to order the pris-
oners to bed, stops as if petrified, his
heart melted by the familiar air.

Many of them do not care to sleep.
Here and there they light their candles
and play cards. But the measures are
soon the liveliest spot. There piles
of coppers constantly appear on the
table and as rapidly disappear. The
prisoners play for cash, and occasion-
ally the tradesman advances a few
kopecks, under the guarantee that he
will get the prisoner's share next day.
Sometimes the play is for the Govern-
ment things. That is to say, the prison
clothes are pawned, and the wretched
man sacrifices his necessities to his pas-
sion. The further we went into Siberia
the harder it was to move on. The
men grew tired, and many fell sick.
Bread was dear, and the "hunger
typhus" was spreading in our party.
As the camp hospitals were far apart,
we were compelled to carry our sick
and dying patients. Now there were
stranger scenes in the resting places.
In one corner men gambled, in another
a story teller provoked paroxysms of
laughter; here was heard a merry song,
and there came forth the last groans of

dearly man. But it was only the
world on a minute scale.

On the route we often met with run-
aways. The guard did not bother
with them. Sometimes conversations
were held between the runaways and
the prisoners.

"Hullo, Ivan, you are again in the
regulars!" a runaway would remark.
"Hullo, Semen, are you not satisfied
with free board?" a prisoner retorts.

"I say, Semen, you are a good run-
ning horse," puts in a jester, "yet you
will not escape his Majesty's stables."
The condition of the political pris-
oners was far better than that of the cap-
ital criminals. The political prisoners
got fifteen kopecks per day, rode in
wagons and had a separate room for
themselves. It was the Government
order that the political prisoners should
be kept quite apart from the others. But
on the journey that order could not be
ways be executed. Every evening in
the houses the prisoners of all grades
came together. It is a common practice
for the prisoners to exchange sentences.
A man condemned to settlement as
a felon for some payment the name and
fate of his fellow sentenced to hard labor
for a long period. I engaged an exile,
a robber, to assume my role for a pair
of hunter's boots, flannel shirt, and
eight roubles (four dollars). I am
told that in our party twenty-eight
exchanges took place. Yet the guards
and the authorities knew nothing
about it. As a rule the prisoners
do not betray one another.

My new role and that of my substitute
was bothersome. I was a medical stu-
dent, a political criminal and a noble-
man; and he was a peasant, hardly able
to sign his name. But if I could drag
his iron, he too, could support my rep-
utation. Once our officer was taken ill,
and as he knew that one of the prison-
ers in his command had studied medi-
cine, he called upon me, that is, upon
my substitute, to treat him. My sub-
stitute did it well.

Toward the end of October we reached
the city of Irkutsk, where the prison-
ers are usually classified. Those con-
demned to settlement are sent to their
new home, and those condemned to
hard labor are distributed among vari-
ous mines. My substitute and I resolu-
ed to make the best possible use of my
freedom by running away from Siberia.
I had sold some of my things and re-
alized about seventy-five cents, wherewith
I determined must support me during
a week. I had to travel one hundred and
forty miles to reach the residence
of my trusted friend. Profit by the
lessons of the old man.

I made my way successfully, though
the gendarmes were after me. It was
in November. Snow covered
the ground. Whenever I hid myself
in any bushes I reached them by
walking backward into them, and thus,
perhaps, I misled my persecutors. My
friend met me in his country place
for two months.

On the elope road I made the acquaint-
ance of a few old runaways, who gave
me the knowledge needed for becoming
a successful tramp. In Siberia there
are about thirty thousand runaways
tramping, as the sun does, westward
to Russia. The villagers treat them
well so long as they do not injure prop-
erty or otherwise misbehave. Other-
wise they hunt them like wild beasts.
Yet, if a runaway is badly handled by
villagers without just cause, the run-
aways pledge themselves to have re-
venge. Incendiarism is meted out for
the whole village and death for the in-
dividual. I am told that in the Irkutsk
province there was a native who made
it his business to hunt fugitives. "If
you kill a squirrel," he used to say,
"you earn only fifteen kopecks, but kill
a runaway and you are sure of earning
fifty kopecks at least, for his dress costs
that sum." That brute was in turn
killed by runaways.

A professional runaway, Beloff, who
for twenty-five years has tramped Sibe-
ria eastward and westward, from the
Ural Mountains to the island of Sagha-
lien, told me that for many years it
was impossible to escape from Sagha-
lien, because the Goulsaks, the natives, used
to kill every fugitive they saw. At last
a party of runaways, thirty strong and
well armed, banded together for their
freedom and revenge. They ransacked
several Goulsak settlements and killed
everybody in them. After that the
Goulsaks ceased to hunt runaways.

When my health was restored I
started back to Russia in the most dig-
nified manner. I went by the office
post road, changing my troika after an-
other. My pass was all right, except
that it belonged to a retired officer re-
cently dead. In May, 1881, I reached
Geneva.—N. Y. Sun.

The Siege of Saragossa
"Every convent, every house holds
out like a citadel, and every one has to
be besieged by itself. The whole is dis-
rupted by foot, from the cellar to the
loft, and it is not until everyone is kil-
led with bayonet thrusts or run out
of the window, that we call ourselves
masters of a house. As soon as we have
conquered one there come upon us
from the next house, through holes
made for the purpose, grenades, shells,
and a rain of musketry. It is necessary
to raise barricades and cover ourselves
very speedily till measures are taken for
attacking this fresh fort, and that can
only be done by piercing the walls, for
traversing the streets is impossible; the
whole army would perish in them in a
couple of hours. It was not enough to
make war in the houses, it is carried on
beneath the earth. An art no doubt in-
vented by devils leads the miners be-
neath the building held by the enemy.
A large quantity of powder is laid
there, fired at a given signal, and the
vretches fly into the air or are buried
beneath the ruins. The explosion makes
the enemy evacuate the neighboring
houses in fear of the same fate. We
are posted very near and rush into them
as quick as we can. This is how we
make our way in this wretched city."
—Memoirs of Marshal Bugeaud, Count
H. d'Arville.

—Governor Waller, of Connecticut,
was once a printer's apprentice in New
York City.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

One-seventh of the population of Ken-
tucky is colored.

The coming crop is estimated at
1,297,000,000 bushels, against 852,-
065,000 last year and 812,771,000 in
1882.

Most of the more than 4,000 women
employed in the Government service at
Washington are from the Middle and
New England States.

If all the locomotives in the United
States were placed in line they would
make a train more than 200 miles long,
worth \$30,000,000.—Chicago Herald.

The supply of postal-cards this year
will cost the Government \$232,000, and
it will require \$7,300 to pay for their
distribution and the expense of the agency.

The sugar consumption of the
United States is forty-one pounds
a year to each inhabitant. One-fourth
of all the sugar produced in the world
is consumed in the United States, where
the sweet tooth seems to be in every-
body's mouth.—N. Y. Sun.

If the engines, passenger and freight
cars of the United States were placed
in line they would reach 5,400 miles,
or form one solid train from New York
to San Francisco, with lateral trains
reaching from Chicago to St. Paul, to
New Orleans and Washington, D. C.—
Chicago Herald.

In 1871 there were 300,000 deaths
from cholera in Russia; in 1873 there
were 16,000 deaths in Poland; in 1872-
73 there were 140,000 deaths in Hun-
gary; in 1872-73 there were nearly
27,000 deaths in Prussia; in 1865-67
there were 145,000 deaths in Italy. In
Paris the mortality from cholera has
been as follows: In 1832, 18,654 deaths;
in 1849, 19,184; in 1853-54, 8,096; in
1855-56, 12,082; in 1873, 885. In En-
gland in 1849 the deaths from cholera
were 70,000. In 1817 the army of the
Marquis of Hastings lost in India 9,000
men in twelve days from Asiatic
cholera.

The officers of the United States army on
the active list: One Lieutenant-General,
three Major-Generals, fifteen Brigadier-
Generals, twenty-three Aids-de-Camp,
one Military Secretary, sixty-six Colo-
nels, eighty-five Lieutenant-Colonels,
241 Majors, 311 Captains (mounted),
301 Captains (not mounted), thirty-four
Chaplains, fourteen Store-keepers, forty
Adjutants, forty Regimental Quarter-
masters, Adjutant and Quartermaster
of Engineer Battalion, 218 First Lieu-
tenants (mounted), 350 First Lieu-
tenants (not mounted), 145 Second Lieu-
tenants (mounted), 300 Second Lieu-
tenants (not mounted), 180 Acting Com-
missaries of Subsistence.—N. Y. Herald.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is a wise young man who early
makes up his mind that gamblers know
more about gambling than he does.—
Dial.

—A little school girl's definition of
scandal: Nobody does nothing, and
everybody goes on telling of it every-
where.—Troy Times.

—True wealth consists in health,
vigor and courage, domestic quiet, con-
stant public liberty, plenty of all that
is necessary and contempt of all that is
superfluous.—Fenelon.

—"Do acts reason?" asks a writer in
natural history. We don't know whether
they reason or not, but for pure, unad-
ulterated argumentation they take the
cake.—Burlington Free Press.

—Justice is blind according to the old
tradition, but it looks a little late as
though it was only blind in one eye and
that the big rascal succeeded in getting
on the blind side every time.—Philadel-
phia Times.

—He if I were to live my life over
again, madam, I would do very differ-
ently. See—Indeed—and what would
you do? He—I should marry nobody,
madam—nobody at all. She—You
would make a great mistake if you did
that. He—I don't think so. She—Yes,
you would. I married nobody when I
married you.—N. Y. Graphic.

—A writer in the Providence Journal
says we "must wait until 1892 for Jupi-
ter's next perihelion." Well, if we
must wait, though it seems pretty
rough. We don't suppose the writer
could induce Jupiter to perihelion next
year? There may be two or three persons
right here in this town who wouldn't
murmur greatly if Jupiter were to de-
fer the exhibition until 18,920. They
would be willing to wait.—Norristown
Herald.

—"Say, Pat," said a gentleman to
his hired man, who had many domestic
quarrels, "with whom would you sooner
fight, the English or your wife, Biddy?"
"Oh, bedad," was the reply, "win-
ning the English declare war a month
in advance, an he gets a chance to
run, but whin Biddy declares war,
niver a bit do I find it out until I have
recovered. D'yee understand?" The
gentleman comprehended the peculiar
position of his domestic.—Scissors.

—What in the world brought you
down here to-day, Charlie?" exclaimed
the surprised Miss Cassenfeather to
young Crimmonbank, who had quite un-
expectedly presented himself at the re-
sort where she was stopping. "I was
drawn toward you, dear," replied the
lady, in dulcet tones. "How, Charlie?
What drew you toward me?" "The
cars, dear." "Oh, no, you provoking
fool! I mean what was the motive
that brought you here?" "Oh, the
hoo-motive, dear," and they went out
to perform the hammock act alone and
unobserved.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Execration and the Eulogy.

An Execration, lying in the shade
reading a newspaper, was approached
by a Eulogy.

"Amth' n'p now, Execration?"
"Yes, I've lost a job."
"How's that? Panic knock you out?"
"No; but you know Mr. P'om nent
Man?"

"What, that generous gentleman, so
kind yet so firm, so proud yet so hum-
ble, so profound yet so simple?"
"Yes, that old skinflint so full of obse-
quies, so pig-headed, so vain yet so tas-
seful, so bombastic yet so uerlie;
that's the fellow."
"What of him?"

"Why, he's dead, and that throws
me out of a job."

"I'm sorry for you, Execration, but
your loss is my gain; his death gives
me plenty of work."—Chicago News.

Domestic and Industrial Life in Cuba.

It was one sunny afternoon in Feb-
ruary when we started, three of us, for
a little tour of discovery up one of the
small rivers which drain the beautiful
island of Cuba.

We left the vessel in our dory, the
only small boat we had, and rowed past
a Spanish gun-boat and through a
swarm of fruit-lighters to the wharf,
by the side of which the river enters the
harbor. As we went up by the wharf,
the two guards who are always on
watch there, came to the side and looked
into our boat to see that we smuggled
nothing ashore, but being satisfied of
our peaceable intention, they entered back
to a crowd of loungers, while we
passed on.

We first pass the fruit-houses of the
different shipping firms, where we see
cocoanuts piled up, as we have been ac-
customed to see on the S. side, and then
past a battery of back doors which
open right on to the river. Here we
have a grand chance to study the do-
mestic life of the Cubans, and in some
instances the sights that we saw were
very amusing. One thing that we no-
ticed which struck us as being rather pecu-
liar, was that all the ladies smoked,
not the dainty little cigarettes which
some of our American girls have been
known to indulge in, but real long,
strong cigars, "cassadors," as they call
them. It was like listening to music to
hear them talk, for such a melodious
language I never before heard.

The next object of interest that we
pass is the cocoanut grove, where all
broken or bad nuts, and in fact every-
thing that would otherwise be wasted
are ground up to make cocoa or
palm oil. This is on the outskirts of
the town, and soon after leaving it we
pass a narrow, deep channel in the
river, with a banana grove on one side
and a tangled mass of wild grape on
the other. Here the river is broken
and the stream is still as a pond.
There is no sound except the splash of
our oars or the occasional whistle of a
bird, and as we float lazily onward it
seems hard to believe that it is not all
a dream. Still more unnatural does it
seem as we come to an open place and see
ahead of us a grove of tall, stately
palm trees, and in no wonder, for our
unaccustomed eyes the scene is one
of delight and surprise.

Just beyond the palm-grove is a ford
in the river where we expected to be
obliged to drag our boat, but we pass
it all right, and here a novel sight pre-
sents itself to our view. All along the
sides of the river, standing in the water
are women and children, mostly black,
washing clothes. Their manner of
washing is very different from what we
had seen anywhere else, and is certainly
one of the most peculiar features of
the people. They stand in the river
and raise their clothes, and then pound
them in the smooth, flat rocks which
line the edge of the water, and hang
them to dry on the bushes all around.
We kept on through the files of wash-
ers who paid no particular attention to
us, so that we had a good chance to
watch their operations. We noticed
that almost all of them after washing
their clothes took a ducking, then
selves, which is quite an advantage
they have over the American washer-
woman.—Cor. Portland Transcript.

California's Apples.

A visitor to the fruit markets of Cal-
ifornia is usually astonished beyond ex-