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

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.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

VOL. IX. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884. NO. 38.

"What is your favorite amusement?" asked a friend once of Charles Kingsley. "Sleep," was the short reply. "This answer," says a writer, "absurd as it may at first seem to us, has in it a germ of sound physiological truth, especially if we substitute the word recreation for amusement. Recreation, primarily, means re-creation—the creating anew.

The silver dug out of the Comstock mine in Nevada would load a wagon train 547 miles in length.

SELECTIONS.

Love that doth count its gifts is a weak prop
Whereon to stay a weary human heart.
—Eliza Calvert Hall.

We are soul-bound. What though through prison bars
We hear the distant roaring of the sea,
And catch the golden glory of the stars,
And dream, like clouds and ocean, we are free!
At best we do, with foolishest intents,
But gild our chains and call them ornaments!

MAID AND MAN SERVANT.

The Growing Fashion of Bringing Attendants Back from Europe.

[New York Sun.]

No less than seventeen names on the published list of saloon passengers of the steamer Oregon, which arrived a few days ago, were followed by the words "and maid," or "and man servant." One or two of the passengers were accompanied by couriers as well as other servants, and of two well-known New York ladies, one was accompanied by two maids and the name of the other was followed by the words "courier, man servant, and maid." The relict of the hard-working Philadelphia manufacturer of shoe blacking, who went home from his factory in an office-coat three years ago and died of overwork before nightfall, was accompanied on her way over by "three servants." And yet the writer was informed by the agent of the steamship line of this city that this was rather a poor steamer for servants.

It appears that while very few outgoing steamers carry personal attendants for the saloon passengers, the incoming ones are invariably infected with them, and sometimes in very large numbers. An American can go to Europe without any difficulty alone, but after he has acquired the accent and the culture which travel is supposed to stamp him with he finds it impossible to come back again without a personal attendant. Women manage their maids better in public than men manage the men servants or valets. An American usually acts as though he were overcome by the presence of his servant. When he first goes to dinner on board the steamer the man stands behind his chair, if he has good sea legs and is in no danger from seasickness. He is in everybody's way, is of no particular use to his master, and usually proves a bore to everybody before the voyage is over. On this side, if he is a bright and intelligent man, he doesn't stay in service long, as the opportunities for his advancement in a social way are practically unlimited. He is constantly out of place, and has no recognized position even among the servants. There is, indeed, the same trouble with ladies' maids. In England the woman who holds the post of personal attendant to the lady of the house is considered very much above the other domestics in position, and when she comes over here and finds that she must wash her own clothes, make her own bed, and sit in the kitchen when her mistress has nothing for her to do, she relieves her mind, leaves her position, and advertises for a place as a governess.

French maids are considered more valuable, though they usually demand their evenings after 8 o'clock, appropriate the "old dresses" of their mistresses while the garments are still new, and are seldom long in attendance upon one mistress. In a family of girls, particularly if two or three of them are in society, one or more maids are considered absolutely indispensable. There is no one of the servants who can be spared from duty to assist the young ladies for a drive or for an evening entertainment, and so the maid takes her place as a matter of course.

Why anybody who can speak the language should want a courier in America is incomprehensible, for there are certainly no such difficulties to encounter here as meet the tourist in Europe. It is observed that very many women are now accompanied by their maids when they go shopping. It is an innovation in America, too, for the maids to walk behind their mistresses, but the spectacle of an overdressed woman strutting about the big dry goods shops and followed by a respectful maid with her arms full of parcels is by no means rare.

Where Counterfeits Are Detected.

[American Queen.]

In the counting and handling of paper currency, the treasury women have almost superseded men. They count better and faster, and in the detection of counterfeits are unequaled. Notes which circulate freely through every bank in the country are readily detected the instant they come into the hands of the women operators in the treasury. It will be noticed by anybody who ever gave any attention to the subject that the warnings to look out for counterfeits invariably come from the treasury department. This means that the counterfeit has circulated with impunity until it reaches the fingers of the women experts in the treasury; then it is instantly detected.

As an example: A counterfeit of the last issue of $5 bills was known to be floating about some time ago: the treasury sent out the alarm, but the officials, judging from experience, knew that it would probably not be detected until one reached the treasury in a package of money from one of the banks. At last it came in a bundle from a big New York bank. The young woman counting the bills in the treasury picked it out instantly. The note was traced and found to have passed through half the banks in New York without suspicion, to be spotted at the first glance by this young woman, who, it is said, has never yet passed a counterfeit. Not one single cent has ever been stolen by women since their employment in the treasury. When the work was done solely by men, discharges for small thefts were frequent.

A Locomotive for Tunnels.

[Chicago Herald.]

Honigmann's locomotive is to be introduced in the St. Gothard tunnel. It can be charged from a stationary boiler with steam and hot water sufficient to make the twenty minutes' journey through the tunnel without requiring any fire. It, therefore, does not vitiate the atmosphere with smoke. The exhaust steam is taken up by an alkaline solution in a special chamber.

TELEGRAPH TALES.

[Sidney (Neb.) Letter in N. Y. Times.]

Several old telegraph operators met here recently, and in the course of a long conversation told some of their experiences on the frontier. One of them began by recalling the great bullion robbery at this place. It was at noon, and most of the depot and stage hands had gone across the yards to dinner. As the operator sat in the telegraph office alone two men presented themselves at his door and demanded admittance. Both had revolvers. He jumped up and let them in, and they quickly bound and gagged him. Believing that he was safe, they disappeared, and he saw no more of them. As soon as they were out of sight he managed to get to his instrument, and by lying down on the table found that with one of his hands he could reach the key. It was difficult work, but by degrees he improved his position until finally he raised the Cheyenne office and communicated the fact that a robbery was in progress. The operator at that point kept him posted as to the proceedings there, and in a few minutes he was gratified to hear the intelligence ticked over the wires that the superintendent and a party of detectives were en route for Sidney on a special train. The distance was 102 miles, but the run was made so rapidly that the people of the town were hardly aware of the robbery before the train dashed in. The operator had by that time been released, and it was found that the thieves, who had been secreted under the depot, had come up through a hole in the floor made by removing a board. The bullion weighed about 500 pounds, and, as it was thought that they could not have carried it far, a vigorous search was made near at hand. Before night the greater part of the gold was found in a hole under the depot, and the remainder was discovered in an adjoining coal-shed, where it had been dropped. The thieves got away with only about $13,000 in currency.

Another operator remarked that he was the man who discovered the Ogalalla train robbery. He was in charge of the little office at Kearny. He had had a very stupid afternoon, and as the day was miserable without, he dozed more or less. He tried to read, but after it became necessary to light the lamps he found this occupation distasteful, and as no one came in he leaned forward, placing his arms on his table and his head upon them.

"I must have slept soundly for a while," he said, "for I lost myself entirely for an hour or two, but presently I had an indistinct impression that some one was calling for assistance. In my dream it seemed to me that I could hear the cry 'Help!' Help!' and that I was powerless to render any assistance. Finally I sat bolt upright with a nervous feeling as if something terrible had happened which I ought to have prevented. I rubbed my eyes and looked around sleepily. The depot was empty. It was dark outside, and the rain was falling. I stepped to the door and looked out for a minute, but heard nothing. Then I went back to my desk, filled and lighted my pipe, and began to read. My eyes had just fallen on the page when my instrument sounded once or twice very feebly. I looked at it closely. It ticked again almost inaudibly. 'Something's the matter,' thought I. I got up, and leaned over the sounder and listened. I could just catch the faintest click, as if a child might have been playing with a key somewhere. While I listened, I began to comprehend the nature of the message that was being sent. I could not catch all the letters, but I got enough after listening to it a dozen times, to make out this much: 'Ogalalla, Ogalalla. Help, help.' It flashed upon me all at once. The overland train was being robbed, or had been robbed. I grabbed the key, and let everybody have it from Cheyenne to Omaha. There was some lively telegraphing there for a time. They sent engines out from two or three points, and got to Ogalalla in time to scare the robbers off. You see I was a good deal further off than a dozen other operators, but somehow I was the first one that caught on. The way it happened was this: The robbers came into the depot at Ogalalla about an hour before train time, and bound and gagged the operator. After they got him fixed they sat around and waited. When the train drew up they left him, and he immediately got himself in a position where he could use the key a little. The boys who saw him say it was a mystery how he ever did it. His legs were tied twice, and his arms were pinioned behind him, so that it was almost impossible to move even the fingers. The fact that I could not catch two consecutive letters until I had heard the message ten or twelve times shows how faint the stroke was. It was the queerest experience of my life."

A third man said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers. The country was then a very dangerous one, and the management was in continual fear of desperadoes.

"I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking, I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and, seizing the key, I broke in with 'Everybody—Don't stop, the express at Granada to-night, whether signalled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour, and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10:30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently, and go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing all over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road a way, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me, and I told them what had happened. A couple of them staid there with me, and the train went on. If an express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one did, I'd like to know it."

The last speaker was one who had no hair on his head, but who said in response to an inquiry that no scalping-knife had ever taken it off. "It was just scared off," he exclaimed, "down toward old Julesburg. One day I was at my desk when the man up at Hooper's siding, ten or twelve miles away, telegraphed down that he was surrounded by redskins and that they were whetting their tomahawks on the wires. I thought it was a pretty good joke until he telegraphed that the station was in flames, and that a lot of Indians had set out for my place. Then I began to prick up my ears. There was not many of us there just then, and we were in no condition to fight Indians anyway. We threw up breastworks and got everybody who had a gun, a pistol, a club, or a knife to fall in. It was about sundown when we got all ready for them. While we were waiting nervously for the onslaught one of the citizens, a saloon-keeper, came riding up in mad haste and shouted that there were just 'millions of them coming.' 'You fellows are all as good as massacred now,' he said 'There's only just one thing to do, and that is to telegraph up and down the line for help. Put it strong, now,' he said to me. 'Beg, implore, exhort them.' Well, I could rattle a key pretty well in those days, and I everlastingly begged for help. I was thoroughly scared, and I threw my whole soul into the work. After about an hour of agony Cheyenne broke in with, 'Oh, turn yourself out, you big calf! What's the matter with you?' This cooled me off a little, and I looked outside and saw the people going and coming as usual. They had put up a gorgeous joke on me just because I was a telegraphic tenderfoot. My hair fell out soon after that, and it has never grown since."

A Full-Grown Man.

[New York Sun.]

Huxley gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, sixty-eight pounds; skeleton, twenty-four pounds; skin, ten and one-half pounds; fat, twenty-eight pounds; brain, three pounds; thoracic viscera, three and one-half pounds; abdominal viscera, eleven pounds; blood which would drain from body, seven pounds.

This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat seventy-five times a minute, and he should breathe fifteen times a minute. In twenty-four hours he would vitiate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. A man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 800 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin eighteen ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and his total loss during the twenty-four hours would be six pounds of water, and a little above two pounds of other matter.

He Got Trough the Crowd.

[Foreign Letter.]

A good story of the Viennese carnival is current in the Austrian capital. At a ball given by the Viennese Choral society, which is always sure to be so thronged that it is the work of hours to reach the entrance, a member of a well-known financial house hit on an original but successful mode of conveyance. He arranged with four bearers to carry him through the crowd on a hospital stretcher. Of course the crowd made way, and great was their astonishment when he threw off the covering and jumped out alive and hearty.

Steno-Telegraphy.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Michela in Italy has constructed a machine by which signs corresponding to various sounds can be telegraphed. Thus we have practically a telegraphic short-hand, to which the name "steno-telegraphy" is given. Michela's apparatus has now been in regular use for some period in telegraphing the debates of the Italian senate, and it is claimed that by this method 10,000 words can be transmitted per hour.

The Future of Diplomacy.

[Chicago Herald.]

Lord Dufferin is of the opinion that the diplomacy of the world will soon be in the hands of the Americans. Nearly every member of the diplomatic corps that gets to Washington, he says, tries to bring home an American wife. The wives, in most cases, become embassadresses. Result: No diplomatic secrets any more, war and peace at the will of the wives, and all wives American. Hurrah for America!

Evaporated peaches are said to be supplanting the canned fruit. They are much cheaper.

THE DRESSING OF SHOP-WINDOWS

An Art Which Is Recognized by the Business Community.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Any one passing through a shopping quarter cannot help noticing the taste and profusion shown in the dressing of the shop-windows. Colors and fabrics are grouped so as to catch the eye and arrest the attention, and the work shows the hand of an artist.

A reporter made some inquiries on the subject of the window dresser of one of our large retail stores.

"I cannot say," he observed, "that I have any rules that I adhere to in dressing the store and windows. Of course, I take care to put such colors together as will harmonize well, but in doing so I rely on my taste, and combine such goods as I think look well, without any set of rules on the subject. Window-dressing is an art I never was taught, but acquired from appreciation of color, and the incentive the rich stuffs by which I am constantly surrounded give me to display them to the best advantage. It is not my province here to dress windows, but I do it because there is no one else who can do it as well. Window-dressing is an art that cannot be taught. I have tried repeatedly to teach it, but have always failed. I have trained no less than a dozen young men to this work, so as to relieve me of it, but not one of them ever rose above an assistant. If I leave them to themselves and tell them to dress the windows, they make a botch of it. If I dress a window, say with lace certains, and my assistant sees me do it, he can do it the same way afterward, but if given a promiscuous lot of stuffs and told to arrange them in the windows, he would be completely at sea."

"Are there not professional window-dressers?" was asked.

"Yes, there are lots of them in New York and in some of our large western cities, but I do not know of any in Baltimore. These professional window-dressers make a good living at it. Some of them have a list of stores that they dress two or three times a week, and receive a regular salary from each. Others are engaged by one only, and are kept simply for this purpose. A clerk that can do this will be paid extra. It is strange how few have taste in this way. Out of 1,000 salesmen, perhaps only one will display an aptitude for this work. It is just like dress drapery. Out of 100 dressmakers who can sew neatly, and even trim well, very few can drape artistically.

"Of course, to make a handsome window display, you must have the goods to do it with. Rich goods and such as are showy and attract attention are best. For rich brocades, evening silks, etc., some rich ground must be chosen that will throw them out well. It is a habit of mine to show goods as I want to sell them—thus, if there is a plain and plaid or embroidered goods that go together to make up a costume, I will show them that way in the window. An abominable habit with some window dressers is to put stiff paper inside the folds of silks, satins, etc., and set them up in rows in the window, than which nothing can be more ugly. The idea with me is to make them look graceful. The way goods fall is the best. No pins should be used. It spoils the goods and makes the effect stiff. In all my experience of window dressing I never spoiled but one piece of goods, and that was a piece of pink satin brocade which faded from being placed too close to the glass. Delicate tints, such as pink and lavender, will fade from the reflected light, even when there is no sun directly upon the glass. No goods should ever really touch the glass. In summer the heat and in winter the dampness will affect it. Windows are rarely dressed with dressgoods during hot weather, table linens and napkins, hosiery and lace curtains, taking their place. Excepting during the dull season, windows are dressed every other day. In Europe they are changed every day.

"Much of the effect depends upon the window and light. Windows cannot be dressed flat, but to look well must be higher at the back than in front. Frames or stools are the foundations on which the display is made. Sometimes after a window is dressed it looks dull and heavy from the street. Then a few laces, handkerchiefs, fans and gloves lighten it up wonderfully. There's a good deal of satisfaction in arriving at a beautiful and harmonious result, and one's success in this varies, just as I suppose it is with any work that may be called artistic. I think window-dressing is artistic work. It might be classed under the head of art decoration."

Japan's Professional Story-Teller.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

I have seen in Japan, on many a warm summer evening, under a tree by the roadside, a group of half-clad coolies and even better class people in a circle round a man in the middle who was relating the old legends of the race in a homely, graphic, interesting style. He had the "gift of the gab werry gallopin'" always, this romancer. He had a good voice and a great deal of expression. He brought in little bits of jokes and light touches of frivolity to lighten the serious interest of his tale. He grew animated, he gesticulated, he acted scenes so vividly that his auditors would unconsciously rise and want to take part. He interjected every now and again a bit of song, and when he had wound his hearers up to a point he would stop and say: "Let us have a pipe," deliberately take his smoke and then proceed.

When it was all over the crowd would rain tempos and even bigger coins on to his little mat and go home delighted. There was always to me a strange charm in the man, and I have often thought that he was a more influential individual and led a happier life than the Daimois or the Samoural. What a fascinating existence, wandering through the loveliest country under the sun, among the most simple, kindly people, spending one's evenings telling stories to grateful audiences.

Should Take the Chances.

[Detroit Free Press.]

When Darwin was asked if it were not a more plausible theory to affirm that apes were descended from man he was silent. Great men should seldom stand in the center of the board to teeter, but take one end and run the chances.

The Rope Dancer's Strange Custom.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A strange custom prevails in the Himalayan districts. It is a ceremony performed by the Badis, or rope dancers, to bring prosperity to the villages to which they belong. A rope is stretched from the summit of a cliff to the valley beneath, the ends being made fast to stakes driven into the ground. The Badi, seated astride on a wooden saddle, well greased to make it run freely, rides from the top to the bottom of the rope. The pace, of course, varies according to the degree of inclination given to the rope, but as may be imagined, it is always very rapid and sometimes terrific.

Precautions are taken to prevent accidents. The saddle is fastened, for instance, so that it cannot slip round the rope (as saddles on horses have sometimes been known to do, to the discomfort of their riders), and the Badi's feet are ballasted by sand-bags to maintain his perpendicular, and the only danger is from a possible breaking of the rope. This is usually made of bhabar grass, and naturally the Badi takes great care to see that it is equal to the strain it has to bear. The remuneration paid to the Badi for this novel form of Blondinism is 1 rupee (50 cents) for every 100 cubits of rope traversed, and the longest journey of the kind on record is one for which 21 rupees were paid, and which accordingly measured 2,100 cubits, about 3,675 feet.

The practice is not so dangerous now-a-days as it was in the "good old times" of native rule, when to the risk of a fall was added the certainly that such a mishap would entail death, because it was the custom, whenever a Badi fell, for the surrounding spectators to promptly dispatch him with swords. The rope or bast used for the ceremony is supposed to be endowed with remarkable properties by the successful accomplishment of the feat, and it is cut up and distributed among the people of the village, who hang the pieces to the eaves of their houses to serve as charms.

The Badi's hair is believed to have similar properties, and is cut off and preserved, and he himself is supported by contributions of grain from the villagers, in addition to the monetary reward for his feat, the theory being that his share in propitiating the gods to secure fertility to the land of others makes his own land unlucky and any seed he might sow would be certain not to germinate.

A Departed Industry.

[Baltimore News.]

Two old sea captains were standing on the wharf when a reporter came up. One of them remarked: "I miss some familiar faces that I used to see on this wharf," and turning to the clerk in charge, he inquired: "Where are the old Dutch women who used to pick up coffee grains here?"

The other captain echoed the inquiry, saying that he had always seen them as thick as bees when he arrived in port with a cargo of coffee, sugar or molasses.

"Gentlemen," replied the clerk, with a serio-comic countenance, "that is one of the departed industries of Baltimore. It went with our sugar refineries, great cooper shops and other things connected with our lost foreign trade. Ten or fifteen years ago, these coffee pickers plied their trade regularly. They started out in the morning and made a round of the wharves. The coffee imported by the merchants was then taken to private warehouses and on its arrival, it was sampled by running a 'tryer' into a bag as you see that clerk over there doing. As a matter of course, some of the grains fell to the ground. The stevedores also dropped some grains in handling and sometimes a bag was torn and more grains would fall out. Again, when the bags were thrown on the drays more grains would be spilled and these women, Ruth like, would glean after the laborers. When the drays reached the merchant's store, the women would be on hand and gather what grains would fall. Often a clerk would sample the sacks to see that the coffee graded all right. This gave them another chance. So you see they followed the coffee from the ship's side to the merchant's store.

"Now you can well imagine that one industrious and lively woman could gather from five to ten pounds a day. They had no expense; they brought their meals with them, and ate when the men stopped work for dinner. Some of them got on the right side of custom-house men, who, as there was a duty on coffee then, had to be around, and they often got a good gleaning from an extra large rip in a bag. Now, ten pounds of coffee was worth at least $2 then, and, by counting that up in a year, you will see that I was not wrong in the statement that the business was a good one. Besides, coffee was not their only commodity. They did very well in sugar, too."

American Edelweiss.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Lovers of the edelweiss, who may in late years have noticed that it is no longer so common as it was among the mountains of Switzerland, will be glad to hear that specimens of it have recently been met with on Mount Tacoma—or, as it is otherwise called Mount Ranier—in Washington territory, at a height of 6,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, near at hand, flourishes another Alpine favorite, the vanilla-scented mannertreu. A quarter of a century ago edelweiss grew plentifully but a few hundred feet above Zermatt; now, owing to the thoughtless greed of the Swiss peasantry and the rapacity of cockney tourists, it is only to be seen upon the higher and more inaccessible summits of the Alps.

Want to Find Out.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Ready-made doors and window-frames from Sweden and Norway can be delivered and sold cheaper in France than the raw material in that country, and the Paris municipal council has voted $600 to enable a delegation of Paris carpenters to go to Norway and Sweden to ascertain now these northern people manage the tuing.

London's Sunny Days.

The sun shone only 974 hours out of a possible 4,456 hours in London during 1883, which was an average of only two hours and forty minutes per day. London smoke is charged with the loss of sunshine.

WHAT THE DREDGE BRINGS UP.

Many Strange Things Found on the Bottom of New York Bay.

[New York Times.]

Sometimes it is a different thing from mud that the dredge brings up from the bottom of the bay. Usually it is mud, however—mud and gravel, bits of rock, and long strings of slime. It is clean mud, however, and the dredger thinks nothing of plunging feet foremost into it in search of anything bright that glitters for a moment in the sun as the jaws of the scoop are jerked open above the scow. Close to the docks the mud is not so clean, but the chances of finding something valuable are so much greater that the difference is not taken into practical consideration. Sometimes it is a silver dollar that glitters in the sun and finds a resting place in the scow; once in a rare while a watch, made useless by long contact with salt water, comes to excite in the dredger the blistering regret that it cannot be sold or pawned and quite frequently knives of strange shape and rusted out of all semblance to edged steel join forces with bits of broken glass, to cut the feet of the dredger who treads unwarily along the bottom of the scow. Twice the harbor dredges have brought up, within the past year, a bright-bladed knife, showing along its point and edge a corroded stain, as though blood had stuck there. Once the sharp jaws of the scoop cut off both feet of a drowned man, and the tide carried the body beyond the reach of grappling hooks. A human hand, with one of the fingers bruised as though a ring had been torn from it by great force, fell out of the scoop several months ago. The dredgers thought that the man from whose arm the hand had been torn had been led down to a dock while intoxicated, and robbed and thrown overboard by the members of a "gang." It is a common practice, but the dredge rarely disturbs the body.

An immense drag-net stret hed across the Narrows would catch a multitude of strange and mysterious things. It would be a storehouse ten times more ghastly than a morgue. There is a tradition that years ago a murderer was convicted by a blood-stained knife brought up in a dredge. The names and dates are lacking. Another tradition says that a dredger once brought up his own runaway daughter from the bottom of the river. A ghastly bruise on her temple told the story of her death. The dredger beat his brains out against the barred door of an insane asylum two years later. He had lived sane long enough to murder the man that ran off with his daughter, and a merciful court sent him to an asylum for the insane. A third blood-curdling tradition is to the effect that a dredger nursed a grudge against another dredger for many years, hoping for vengeance. At length when the enemy got between the jaws of the scoop to fasten a loose rivet, the jaws closed on him, and he was swung out over the water. Then the dredge went out slowly, and the last thing that the dredger saw of earth was the face of his murderer grinning triumphantly over the edge of the scow. These traditions have no facts to make them real, but the dredgers believe in them. An old Spanish proverb says: "For the character of the people look in the bottom of the canal." New York would not find much of a character in the bed of the East river, or in the slip adjoining the mouth of the sewers. When the water closes over the unlawful deeds done in the darkness or the night, only the dredge can bring it back to life. How many bodies weighted with lead lie in the mud beneath six fathoms of water, how many bodies float out to sea, no man can know. How greatly the number of discovered dead exceeds the number of unknown dead reported by the police can never be estimated.

Other than ghastly things, however, come up in the dredge. Down the bay, a few days ago, a big crab was found in a copper kettle, and an eel was found confined in a long-necked bottle, much too small for him. While still young he had made the bottle his home, and had grown so rapidly that he could not get out. A lizard crawled out of a rusted musket last summer in Burling-slip, and a big "bullhead" was found in a rat trap. A three-foot shark came up on the end of a fishing line, and two sting-rays were found dead in a crabber's dip-net. Hammers, hatchets, saws, adzes, pieces of ship's stoves, pots, kettles, table dishes, and various articles of ship's outfittings seem to strew the bottom of the river. Few of them are of use. Only the new ones pay the dredger for his trouble for fishing them out of the mud in the scow. Those that are of no value help fill up the channel again when the scow is dumping. Some time in the future they will be dredged up again, in order that the channel may be kept clear.

Emperor and Workingman.

[Chicago Herald.]

A favorite amusement of Dom Pedro II, of Brazil, is to leave his gorgeous turnout in a side street, and, accompanied by a gray-haired chamberlain and a stalwart lifeguardsman, walk the distance of a square or more to a manufactory or other establishment and surprise the proprietor and employes by his sudden and unannounced appearance among them. Of course he is given the liberty of the establishment, and he takes his time in examining the machinery and modus operandi. With a kind word of encouragement and commendation, he goes away, perhaps to pay a similar visit to another establishment. These visits he makes impartially to the mechanical and mercantile establishments, controlled by foreigners as well as natives.

To Prevent Petroleum Fires.

[Scientific Exchange.]

As a preventive of petroleum fires it is now proposed to place a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil. On ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapors would be to extinguish the flames.

Keenness.

[A. M. Arnould.]

Keenness in a man is not always to be taken as a sign of capacity, for it is generally observed most in those who are selfish and over-reaching; and his keenness generally ends in that kind of penetration into other people's interest which will tend to benefit his own.