

UPON THE BARACOA RIVER.

A Back Door View of the Domestic and Industrial Life of Cuba.

It was one sunny afternoon in February 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 intentions, they sauntered back to a crowd of loungers, while we passed on.

We pass first the fruit houses of the different shipping firms, where we see cocoanuts piled up, as we here are accustomed to see coal in the sheds, and then past a battery of back doors which open right on to the river. Here we have a grand chance to study the domestic life of the Cubans, and in some instances the sights that we saw were very amusing. One thing that we noticed which struck us as being rather peculiar, 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, "casadoras" 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 mill where all broken or bad nuts, and in fact everything that would otherwise be wasted, are ground 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 of the river, with a banana grove on one side and a tangled mass of wild grape on the other. Here the sea breeze is broken and the stream is as 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 opening and see ahead of us a grove of tall, stately palm trees, and it is no wonder that to 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 presents itself to our view. All along both 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 rinse their clothes, and then pound them on 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 washers, 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 themselves, which is quite an advantage they have over the American washerwoman. Cor. Portland Transcript.

Her Monument.

She built it herself, and yet she did not know that she had a monument. She lived in it, but she did not know that it existed.

Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew—she did not know herself—how much she had done to tend and water and train it. Her husband had absolute trust in her. He earned the money; she expended it. And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning, each dollar was doubled in the expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste, and she cultivated it with fidelity. Every home she visited she studied, though always unconsciously, as though it were a museum or an art gallery; and from every visit she brought away some thought which came out of the alembic of her loving imagination fitted to its appropriate place in her own home. She was too genuine to be an imitator—for imitation is always of kin to falsehood—and she abhorred falsehood. She was patient with everything but a lie. So she never copied in her own home or on her own person what she had seen elsewhere; yet everything she saw elsewhere entered into and helped to complete the perfect picture of life which she was always painting with deft fingers in everything, from the honeysuckle which she trained over the door to the bureaux in the guest's room which her designing made a new work of art for every new friend, if it were only by a new nosegay and a change of vases. Putting her own personality into her home, making every room and almost every article of furniture speak of her, she had the gift to draw out from every guest his personality and make him at home, and so make him his trust and best self. Neither man nor woman of the world could long resist the subtle influence of that home; the warmth of its truth and love thawed out the frozen proprieties from impersonated etiquette, and whatever circle of friends sat on the broad piazza in summer or gathered around the open fire in winter knew for a time the rare joy of liberty—the liberty of perfect truth and perfect love. Her home was hospitable because her heart was large; and any one was her friend to whom she could minister. But her heart was like the old Jewish temple—strangers only came into the court of the gentiles, friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of heart; yet even they knew that there was a holy of holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her the more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of love, its hospitality, and its reserve.

Ah, blessed home-builder! You have no cause to envy women with a "gift." For there is nothing so sacred on earth as a home, and no priest on earth so divine as the wife and mother who makes it, and no gift so great as the

gift which grafts this bud of heaven on the common stock of earth. "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Lambs, Roast Pig, and Plagiarism.

Respecting the origin of Charles Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig," "C. O. M." writes to *Notes and Queries*: "Nearly every one is familiar with this ludicrous dissertation. But how many are aware that the diverting account there given of the origin of eating roasted flesh is identical in substance with that quoted by Porphyry in his treatise "On Abstinence from Animal Food?" The passage (quoting from Thomas Taylor's translation) is as follows: "Asclepiades," in his treatise concerning Cyprus and Phenicia, relates: "In the first place, they did not sacrifice anything animate to the gods. They are said, however, on a certain occasion, in which one soul was required for another, to have for the first time sacrificed a victim, and the whole of the victim was then consumed by fire. But afterward, when the victim was burned, a portion of the flesh fell on the earth, which was taken by the priest, who, in so doing, having burned his fingers, involuntarily moved them to his mouth, as a remedy for the pain which the burning produced. Having thus tasted of the roasted flesh, he also desired to eat abundantly of it, and could not refrain from giving some of it to his wife. Pygmalion, becoming acquainted with this circumstance, ordered both the priest and his wife to be hurried headlong from a steep rock, and gave the priesthood to another person, who, not long afterward performing the same sacrifice and eating the flesh of the victim, fell into the same calamities as his predecessor. The thing, however, proceeding still further, and men using the same kind of sacrifice, and through yielding to a desire, not abstaining from, but feeding on flesh, the deed was no longer punished." Taylor's translation of Porphyry's treatise was published in 1823, and we learn from Barry Cornhill's "Memoir" of Lamb that the "Essays of Elia" (among which is the "Dissertation on Roast Pig"), appeared in the *London Magazine* between the month of August, 1820, and November, 1824. It seems, therefore, not unfair to conclude that the above coincidence was in fact an adaptation—if plagiarism is too grave a word to apply to it.

Uncle Billy's Superstition About Brooms.

"Ef you put a broom in de corner always let de broom part be on de fo' af de hanl stickin' up, kase if you don't bad luck gwine come to dat house des as' yo do it; 'deed it will."

This was a queer statement, in the opinion of the market men, and the idea being ridiculed, Uncle Billy appealed to a colored man whom he called Dick, whereupon Dick enthusiastically endorsed his old partner by declaring:

"Unk' Billy is talkin' de right sort er talk, gomen. He am tellin' de truf, ef ebber she wos spoke. Whatever you do, doan come ter my house an' set a broom up de wrong way, an' let her stay dat way ober night."

Dick further strengthened his testimony on the broom question by saying: "Ef you think dis ain't de truf, doan let man make pass at you wid a broom what bin settin' up de wrong way ober night, kase, if you does, you gwine ter jail, shoo!"

"Go to jail!" some one exclaimed.

"Yasser, go ter jail! Dat's what I said, an' I knows what I'se sayin', kase I done bin dar. Man made pass at me wid a long-handel broom, an' bless grashus 'fore de nex' night I was in de calaboose. 'Course, tain't no hurt ter have 'im make a pass at you wid a wiss broom, kase dat's no harm."

"Hear dat!" said Uncle Billy, as he hugged his fish tighter and started to walk off leisurely, while the Teutonic fish-vender laughed immoderately and repeated his former assertion that they were a set of "grazy goons."—*St. Louis Republican*.

His Wife Was Wise.

He had been very kind and solicitous for several days, and at breakfast one morning he suddenly remarked:

"My dear, you don't know how bad it makes me feel to see you look so thin and careworn."

"Yes," she softly replied.

"You must have lost at least five pounds in the last month."

"I presume so."

"And that haggard expression shows over-work and need of rest?"

"Yes."

"Dear me! but I should never forgive myself if you should go into a decline."

"See here, Henry," she replied, as she laid down her fork and looked him square in the eye, "you want to drop that. If you think you can pack me off to the country for a month and leave you to gallop around here you have got hold of the wrong end of the string."

He sighed heavily, but made no reply, and yet, as he stood on the corner waiting for the car, and Smith asked him how his wife was, he answered:

"Picking right up, thank you. She's gaining a pound a week right along, and was never in better spirits."—*Chicago Herald*.

The Temple of Karnak.

The temple of Karnak in the cold moonlight is indeed a sight to be seen and a thing to be dreamed of in years to come. If ever I live to be old, gray-headed, and rheumatic, only able to occupy an arm-chair by the fireside, I feel sure that the remembrance of that scene as I beheld it to-night will always remain in my mind as that thing of beauty which is a joy forever. The tender but bright light exhibited all the exquisite proportions of the building to perfection, and seemed to throw a delicate veil over the scars and scratches made by the rude fingers of relentless time, or by the hand of the spoiler. Everything seemed more perfect than in the garish light of noon-day. Columns appeared to be without crack or flaw; colossi concealed their general dilapidation; obelisks looked even higher and more pointed; the avenue of sphinxes, half buried in sand, more grand. All had an added charm in the glory of an Egyptian night, which just now is like a softer day illuminated by myriads of stars.—*Mr. Brassey, in Good Words*.

Great Head.

"I have a great head on me this morning," observed Mr. Augur to his wife, as he bound a wet towel around his cranium.

"Heaven knows that you need it bad enough," sympathetically replied that lady, as she rolled over for another nap.—*New York Graphic*.

The John Bull Joke.

The average English joke has its peculiarities. A sort of mellow distance; a kind of chastened reluctance. A coy and timid, yet trusting, though evanescent intangibility, which softly lingers in the troubled air, and lulls the tired senses to a dreary rest, like the subdued murmur of a hoarse jackass about nine miles up the gulch.

He must be a hardened wretch, indeed, who has not felt his bosom heave and the scalding tears steal down his furrowed cheek after he has read an English joke. There can be no hope for the man who has not been touched by the gentle, pleading, yet all-powerful sadness embodied in the humorous paragraph of the true Englishman.

One may fritter away his existence in chasing the follies of our day and generation, and have naught to look back upon but a choice assortment of robust regrets; but if he will stop in his mad career to read an English pun, his attention will be called to the solemn thought that life is, after all, but a painful journey to the tomb.

Death and disaster on every hand may fail to turn the minds of a thoughtless world to serious matters, but when the London funny man grapples with a particularly skittish and evasive joke, with its weeping willow attachment, and hurls it at a giddy and reckless humanity, a prolonged wail of anguish goes up from broken hearts, and a somber pall hangs in the gladsome sky like a pair of soldier pants with only one suspender.

If the lost and undone victim to the great catalogue of damning vice and eminating dissipation will for a moment turn his mind to the solemn consideration of the London *Punch*, and wrestle with it alone, where the prying eyes of the world cannot penetrate, though unused to tears, the fountains of the great deep in his nature will be opened up, and he will see the blackness of intense darkness which surrounds him, and be led to penitence and abject humanity.

The mission of the English humorist is to darken the horizon and shut out the false and treacherous joy of existence—to shut out the beauty of the landscape and scatter a \$2 gloom over the glad green earth.

English humor is like a sore toe. It makes you glad when you get over it. It is like small-pox, because if you live through it you are not likely to have it again.

When we pass from earth, and our place is filled by another sad-eyed genius whose pants are too short, and who manifests other signs of greatness, let me storied or animated bust be placed above our lowly resting place, but stuff an English conundrum so that it will look as it did in life, and let it stand above our silent dust, to shed its damp and bilious influence through the cemetery, as a monument of desolation and a fountain of unshed tears, and the grave robber will shun our final resting place as he would the melon patch where lurks the spring gun and the alert and irritable bulldog.—*Bill Nye*.

Naming Steamers.

The practice of giving what might be called family names to fleets of steamers has become almost universal among British ship owners. Formerly a ship, like a man in the middle ages, had no family name. The Cunard Company was the first to name its fleet systematically. We have now fleets named after States, cities, hills, and monarchs, and one of the first elements of respectability in a line of steamers is that the vessels should have a uniform system of nomenclature, or, in other words, a family name. The search for fleet names has led to occasional absurdities. Why, for example, should a ship be named after a city? Cities never go to sea. Even Venice, the most maritime of cities, lies forever at anchorage in her lagoon. To go to sea in the City of Pittsburgh would be as absurd as it would be undesirable, and the man who would embark in the City of Cincinnati would be simply tempting sea-sickness. Still more objectionable would it be to go to sea with a Parthian Monarch or an Ethiopian Monarch. A steamship is modern to the last degree, and there is no democracy which levels so surely as the waves. What, then, has the seafarer to do with "monarchs," and ancient monarchs at that? From a marine point of view they are as absurd as "cities," and, if possible, more absurd than "hills," "glens," or "castles."—*New York Times*.

What They Live On.

"Gracious me!" said a young lady of the slums committee, going into a room on the fourth floor of a miserable tenement, "this is awful."

"Fearful," replied her companion. "Why here's a mother and five children, all cooped up together in a little room, with not even the necessities of life."

"Terrible, terrible. I don't see what the poor things live on."

"I do," said the man carrying their basket; "they live on the fourth floor."

The young ladies dispensed their charity in silence, and then reported the man to the police.—*Merchant Traveler*.

Feared Another Attack of Malaria.

A long-striped snake crawled into a basement saloon and was in the middle of the room before any one saw it. The inmates stood aghast and speechless for several seconds, when one of them, pointing his finger at the object, managed to articulate: "Do any of the rest of you see that?" They responded in a chorus: "Yes, we all do." "It's a great relief to me to know it," said the first, "for I thought I was going to have another attack of malaria." "Me, too," responded the chorus, and then they fell on the snake with billiard cues and killed it.—*Yankton Press*.

Great Head.

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"Heaven knows that you need it bad enough," sympathetically replied that lady, as she rolled over for another nap.—*New York Graphic*.

"A bent pin on a chair is an indication of an early spring."—*Texas Siftings*.

Capital Comfort.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mrs. Mary K. Sheed, 1110 Maryland avenue, Washington, D. C., states that for several years she had suffered terribly with facial neuralgia and could find no relief. In a recent attack, which extended to the neck, shoulders, and back, the pain was intense. She resolved to try St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain reliever. Rubbing the parts affected, three times only, all pain vanished as if by magic, and has not returned.

Taking Care of a Family.

"I tell you what it is," he said, as he begged a little assistance. "It's pretty tough to see one's wife and children suffering for bread."

"You look as though you had all you wanted to eat."

"Yes, I have to keep myself in good condition. You see, my wife is obliged to stay at home to take care of the children, and if I should give out, I don't know what they would do. There wouldn't be anybody to beg. Poverty is a bitter thing, gentlemen."—*New York Sun*.

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BURLINGTON, Vt., May 8, 1882. I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali and any other substance injurious to health; that it has been made with the Butter Color in the market and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. I have examined it after two months' free exposure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid.

A. H. SABIN, Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

THE modern funeral is dearer than life. This is why so many people hesitate to die. It costs more to die than to live."—*Peek's Sun*.

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IT is probable that beef tea was invented about the time Henry VIII. dissolved the Papal bull.

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