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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.
The only reliable Optician in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First Door South of Postoffice,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

LANGENBERG'S
Boot and Shoe Store
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
Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
I use the Best of Leather and Warrant all
my work.
Repairing Neatly Done, on Short Notice.
I keep always on hand
TOYS AND NOTIONS.
Musical Instruments and Violin Strings
a specialty.
LOUIS LANGENBERG,

DR. M. W. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Jackson Street, Up Stairs,
Over S. Marks & Co.'s New Store.

MAHONEY'S SALOON,
Nearest the Railroad Depot, Oakland.
JAS. MAHONEY, - - Proprietor
The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars in
Douglas County, and
THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.
Parties traveling on the railroad will find this place
very handy to visit during the stopping of the train at
the Oakland Depot. Give me a call.
JAS. MAHONEY.

JOHN FRASER,
Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, OREGON.
UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC.,
Constantly on hand.
FURNITURE. 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
call before purchasing elsewhere.
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 the Market affords
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
DEALER IN
Staple Dry Goods,
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
Extra Fine Groceries,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND CORDAGE,
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Such as required by the Public County Schools.
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!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and goods shipped
with care.
Address,
MACMENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

LITTLE GIFFIN.
[Dr. Frank Ticknor.]
Out of the local and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital's walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
[Eighteenth battle and the sixteenth]
Specter, such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee.
"Take him and welcome," the surgeons said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him, and brought him where
The bath was sweet in the summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heal to head!
We watched the struggle with bated breath—
Skeletal boy against skeletal Death.
Months of torture, how many such!
Many weeks of the sick and crutch,
And still a spirit of the steel-blue eye
Told of a girl that would not die.
And did not say more, in Death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write:
"Dear Mother, as first of course, and then
"Dear Captain, I thank you for the men."
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-five
Giffin and I are left alive."
Word of doom from the war one day:
"Johnston is pressed at the front," they say.
Little Giffin was up and away!
A from nightfall till nearly good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of
The fate of Giffin—be did not write.
I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I would give the best of my bended knee,
The wisest son of my country,
For Little Giffin of Tennessee!

SUNDAY NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.
Things in Mott Street Which Strike
the Stranger as Entomiac.
[New York Sun.]
One of the liveliest places in New
York on a Sunday evening is the lower
part of Mott street, from Chatham up
to Park. It is lively with a life that
is an enigma to the stranger.
From nightfall till nearly midnight
the sidewalks, the stoops, and the steps
leading to the basements swarm with
Chinamen. It seems as though all the
Chinese in the city were gathered there.
The buildings on each side of the
street are occupied almost exclu-
sively by Chinese tenants, who are
drawn to the neighborhood, as keep
their blinds and shades pretty closely
drawn. The street is never bright
with lights, but its nearest approach to
brightness is on Sunday evenings.
Then it has a kind of holiday appear-
ance. There are two or three buildings
in the upper stories of which festivities
of some kind appear to be going on.
Strange noises come from the windows
noises like the clashing of cracked
cymbals, the piping of toy fifes, and the
clatter of unstrung snare drums. For
all that can be heard in the streets,
these ridiculous noises are made sol-
emly and for some grave purpose; no
sound of the human voice reaches the
ear. The rooms in which these things
are going on are brightly lighted. All
the stores are open and rows of China-
men, standing around, line the walls.
The stranger can look through the
window of a basement and see a Chi-
nese barber shaving one of his country-
men. The victim winces, but takes his
punishment as something which must
be endured.
Almost without exception on the Chi-
nemen are Cantonese. Nine-tenths of
them wear the dress of their native
country. Square-crowned felt hats
seem to be considered the correct
thing. In some of the stores the mer-
chants are so different from the other
Chinamen that they seem like repre-
sentatives of another race. They are
the solid men of Chinatown. They
look as the mandarins on tea chests
would look if draped in the less elabor-
ate garb of commercial life. Their
clothing is of fine texture, and it was
evidently made with great care. Long
ago the Chinese abolished buttonholes
—the tailor's friend, as the moth is the
furrier's friend. A curiously constructed
"frog" and catch serves but to hold and
button. Fashions do not change, cloth
fabrics are lasting, and the rich Chi-
nese merchant's outer garment endures for
years upon years. These autocrats of
Chinatown are seldom seen outside
their places of business. An agreeable
combination of spicy odors pervades the
atmosphere of their stores.
The Chinamen who make a holiday
of Sunday night seem to be very much
occupied. The swarms around the
doors are engaged in interested talk.
The men hurry out of basements and
disappear in the entrances from
stoops. Evidence of the Chinese ad-
miration for labyrinthine arrangement is
shown at nearly every basement door,
which leads not into any room, but into
a narrow passage that runs parallel
with the sidewalk. Within the door
the view is cut off by a turn in the pas-
sage. Some of these places are gam-
bling rooms or opium resorts, or both
combined. There isn't another place
in New York where half as many persons
can be seen about on a Sunday evening,
where it is not possible to find the side
entrance to a bar-room near not far
away. The stranger naturally falls to
conjecturing what the attraction can be
that thus draws so many Chinamen to
Chinatown, and occupies them till mid-
night.

ON A COLD TRAIL.
[Chicago Tribune.]
A tall woman leading a child by the
hand alighted from a Western train
three days ago at the Union depot on
Canal street. Her complexion was
brown, her cheeks were high and pro-
jecting, and her hair was jet black. She
was plainly dressed, and probably the
most expensive article of attire she
wore was her large, brown
varnished straw hat surrounded by a
purple feather. As she looked around
the station wondering, and her little
boy at her side clung half frightened to
her dress, it was easy to see she was a
stranger to Chicago. Approaching one
of the men around the depot, she asked
several questions, shook her head
gravely once or twice, and then with
downward head, as if she were in tears,
led her boy slowly up the staircase to
Canal street, where she stood for a few
minutes gazing alternately at all points
of the compass.
"That seems to be a kind of hard
case," said the depot-hand, whom she
had been questioning. "She has come
with her boy all the way from Pawnee
City, Neb., and if it hadn't been for the
kindness of the other passengers on the
cars she would have been dropped
somewhere on the road long before she
reached Chicago, because she started
without money or ticket, and I dare
say, for that matter the pair
hadn't a cent of grub be-
tween them. You see, this is
how it is. She is a half-breed In-
dian, and married a white man—a la-
borer on the railroad. When the man's
job was finished he deserted her and
her child and left her penniless. She
learned from some of the other labor-
ers that he had gone off to Chicago,
and without knowing anything about
Chicago, except that it was a pretty big
village somewhere in the east, she
silently went home, dressed herself and
her boy, and boarded the first train to
this city.
"The conductor was telling me all
about her. When he asked her for her
ticket she looked scared and said she
hadn't any, but he couldn't let her
alight at Chicago and the boy would
just step out and walk—walk,
mind you, to Chicago from Nebraska.
Well, this kind of staggered the con-
ductor, who began to question her. She
said she was going to find her husband,
witness the fact that she had some-
thing of a head-on, and she didn't
didn't expect there would be any diffi-
culty in finding him, as he would
probably be working among the other
laborers on the new track at Chicago.
You see, she thought Chicago was some
village where the railroad was going to
be laid for the first time. Well, the
conductor, a kind-hearted fellow,
didn't like to turn her off
the cars and he went among the
other passengers and told them how
the squaw, as he called her, was going
to take a walk to the 'village of Chi-
cago' to find her husband, who had
skipped out and left her alone with a
boy. The word was passed around and
in half an hour Mrs. Thomas had an
on'y her fare paid, but a few dollars
over to get her food on the trip and still
leave her some money to get along with
in Chicago for a day or so anyhow. For
two days she sat in the car, speaking to
nobody and staring blank in front of
her, and it wasn't until the third that
she ventured to ask the conductor if
he wasn't going out of here, and
mightn't have passed Mr. Thomas on
the road. There goes the 'squaw' and
'papoose' now, along side the fence up
there," concluded the depot-man, and
I expect they'll have a time of it before
they chance upon Mr. Thomas in the
streets of Chicago.
The same night the guests of a small
hotel on South Canal street were
thrown into consternation by singular
awakenings, and at breakfast next
morning they exchanged stories about
their experiences towards the witching
hour of midnight. One said that he
was sound asleep in bed when he found
himself grabbed by the feet. By the
light of a candle he beheld a giant-
tinged at the bedclothes and heard a
sepulchral voice saying: "You are my
husband; you come with me."
Another said that in his room there were
three fellows sleeping, when all of a
sudden they were awakened by being
pushed and hauled about. They
saw simultaneously and asked,
"What is the matter?"
"What is a voice replied,
"Which of you men is my husband?"
All in turn condemned the specter
roundly for its intrusion, and it glided
away with a kind of grunt; but a few
seconds afterwards they heard a series
of yells, and the clerk of the hotel came
tearing down a corridor with a wild-
looking woman at his heels. He was in
his night clothes. She caught him by
the hair and he yelled again. She
pulled him under the kerosene light.
He begged wildly for mercy. Gazing
steadily into his face for a few mo-
ments she pushed him away from her
with a gesture of disgust
and said: "You ain't no man
I want." By this time the whole
hotel had been aroused, and a crowd of
half-dressed people came out of their
rooms into the halls to see what the
matter was. The tall woman with phre-
nonal strides swept past them all un-
til she came opposite a stout, middle-
sized man with shaggy black whisk-
ers and a pair of cotton cot-
ton drawers, who was standing in one of
the doorways. Clutching him franti-
cally around the neck, and then sliding
down to the ground until she caught
him by the knees, she called out: "Oh,
Thomas, I got you! I knowed I'd get
you, Thomas! Oh, Thomas, don't never
leave your poor wife and baby no more
—your poor baby, Thomas—your poor
little baby, Thomas!"
In the meanwhile the man addressed
as Mr. Thomas recovered from his first
astonishment, gave a whistle, and then
said in a tone of the most ineffable dis-
gust: "Wal, I'll be doggoned! Shoot
me if 'tain't the squaw!"
Next day Mr. Thomas and his wife
and child took tickets back to Pawnee
City. It appears that after leaving the
Union depot Mrs. Thomas wandered
southward a long distance, asking peo-
ple here and there whether they could
tell her where Mr. Thomas was. She
happened to meet an elderly man to
whom she told, in pathetic broken Eng-
lish, the story of her desertion; and he,

THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
[Globe.]
In the magnificent valleys—Family
Names of the Old Stock.
[Globe's Letter.]
In Pittsburgh and its vicinity are about
30,000 Irish, 13,000 English and 4,000 native
Pennsylvanians. The great profile
hive of the well-mixed American race.
The natural increase of the German-
people in that state is enormous, and con-
sidering the number imported at a compar-
atively recent period, they have probably in-
creased much faster than the New England
stock. The Pennsylvania Germans only be-
gan to arrive at the beginning of the
eighteenth century, and they continued to
come till the beginning of the Revolutionary
war. The New England races came in from
the first third of the seventeenth century,
and they had numerous centers of population
and interest at that time much superior
to Pennsylvania.
The Germans were fortunate enough to get
into the magnificent valleys of Pennsylvania
and to understand the cultivation of the lime-
stone, and so they have slowly advanced
ward by natural lines, keeping down the valley
into Maryland and Virginia and overflow-
ing into the Allegheny and taking up
the smaller limestone valleys toward the
main Allegheny, and this old class of Ger-
mans, unlike the more recent Germans, who
came in during the intestinal commotions of
Germany, adhered to the southern side in the
West. Several of the assessors with
Wilkes Booth, was of the old stock, and al-
though he spoke broken English, was born in
this country. I think Imboden, one of the
Confederate generals, was also of this blood.
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THE UNCONSCIOUS FLIRT.
[W. M. Donnelly in Texas Sittings.]
The unconscious flirt is a frank, gen-
erous, warm-hearted girl; young, im-
pulsive, and with little knowledge of
the world. If she likes you, she lets
you see it plainly. She does not
love you, nor has it ever entered her
head to marry you. You are a man of
the world, and at once, not understand-
ing the girl's simple nature, you con-
clude that she has either fallen in love
with you, or is a most consummate flirt.
So she is a flirt, but one of the uncon-
scious kind.
The unconscious flirt is the girl
who wants to convert you. She is ac-
cursed, so pleading; her soft blue eyes
look so tenderly into yours, as she lays
her hand upon your arm and urges her
case, that, if your heart is free, it is in
serious danger.
A third variety of the unconscious
flirt is the girl who blushes and looks
down when she meets you. She draws her
hand from yours hurriedly. Her voice
falters when she speaks to you, and if
left alone with you by any chance, she
makes some excuse to get away. And
yet you sometimes catch a tender ex-
pression in her eyes as she looks at you,
that proves it is not dislike that causes
avoidance. You draw your own con-
clusions, and are perhaps led to love
the girl unwares. Then comes a pro-
posal, followed by refusal, bitterness of
heart, and disappointment; and for ever
after you regard the girl as a flirt.
The simple fact was, she had been told,
or in some way led to believe, that you
were in love with her. She liked you,
and would not marry you, and hence
her avoidance; and the pity you mistake
for love.

DOG TRAINS IN IDAHO.
[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]
During the day of my arrival I saw a few
men amusing themselves by pulling two
sacks of flour on a toboggan, and several dog
trains. These dog trains are amusing, if not
admirable, as means of transporting freight.
They are made up of Indian dogs, collies,
mongrels, scrub yelpers, Newfoundlanders, and
poodles, with new and the old. The
driver goes behind and urges them on with
snowballs, now and then flinging it necessary
to his collar by giving him the light of a
pack of paper. Four brutes! Probably it is
his only life of any kind for many hours. I
asked one dog-train man what he felt to his
dogs, and he said:
"Tallow and Indian meal."
"Are they trained?"
"No, we pick up all sorts of dogs and work
them in very soon by putting a good dog on
the lead."
"Do they never bark?"
"No; dogs is the biggest fools in the world,
while they is the sagacious animals. Why,
when they see a man, they bark out their
delight when I go up and pat them on the
head and call them 'good dog.' Horses
nor no other animals won't be fed on such
talk. Why, these dogs will 'd it to be
used for miles and then be tickled to death
at a pat on the head."
So he rattled on about the dogs. The
merchants say the dog teams spoil dogs like
the mischief. They are all the time tipping
over and rolling them around. The latest method
of packing has been developed to-day. Two
fellows came into camp with two sticks and
a crosspiece, upon which were piled flour
sacks and bacon, the ends of the sticks rest-
ing upon the shoulders of the carriers. The
ends of the toboggan are pretty much ended.
There is no snow enough, but it is not evenly
enough distributed to be of any use. The
toboggan has loomed up during this Con-
d'Alene excitement, and has found its way
into literature to a remarkable extent. The
men who have been most intimate with it
will curse the toboggan for the ruin of
their lives.

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE.
[Chas. A. Dana in N. Y. Sun.]
The population of Mexico is commonly
estimated at nine or ten millions. No census
has been taken, but this estimate is probable
enough. The population is made up of the
inhabitants are Indians, and in race and
habits they are similar to the Pueblo, Zuni,
and Navajo Indians of New Mexico and
Arizona. They are generally small in stature,
solar, honest, industrious, temperate and
intelligent. A more exact estimate of the
country are decidedly Spanish in their
nature. School education has done little or nothing
for them; but of late years efforts have been
made to establish schools for their benefit.
They seem very capable of being instructed,
and if, as we trust, there is a bright future
for Mexico, it lies in the development and
education of the native race.
The ruling classes in Mexico are mainly of
Spanish and mixed blood. The late Pres-
ident Juarez was a pure Indian, but the
number of educated people with nothing
Spanish in their origin, must be very small
indeed. Among the civil and military func-
tionaries the Spanish element appears to
predominate; and the political usages of the
country are decidedly Spanish in their
nature.

SPORT AT WASHINGTON.
[Chicago Times.]
Washington, it seems, can be made just
as much a paradise for the sportsman as it is
for the state-man. The Potomac, forty miles
below Alexandria, is famous for its ducking
sport. From the middle of November till
the 1st of May curlewbacks, red-bills, black-
heads and whistling tees on the wild
cherry beds which line the shores. The great
forests of Stafford County, Va., are alive
in the fall with wild turkeys, and the bot-
tom lands are thick with quail. The
best fishing of the upper Potomac can't be
excelled. The finest woodcock ground in the
world—the glades of Garrett county, Mary-
land—is within a few hours' ride. A fair
day's sport is a dozen brace of fine birds
as eventful as the eye or tickled the pal-
ate of an epicure. Blackwater, a day's ride
from Oakland, Md., is the greatest trout
stream south of Maine.

MARK TWAIN'S REVENGE.
[Inter Ocean.]
Mark Twain now proposes to plague the
inventors of the autograph April Fool hoax
by publishing in a pamphlet all the requests,
with caricature portraits of the senders, and
brief biographical essays, for which the
sharp pen of Twain will be dipped in a mix-
ture of vitriol and vinegar.

WORKING THE HOSPITALS.
[Chicago Herald & Examiner.]
Scheme of a Burial Company's Agent
—Quick Sales and Small Profits.
A man with a decided stoop in his
shoulders and a pair of before-the-way
saddle-bags walked into the office of
the warden of the county hospital and
asked to see the captain. "You mean
the warden?" inquired the young man
at the desk.
"The man that runs the whole hildin'
is what I mean," answered the visitor.
"I don't know what new-fangled name
you may have for him."
"You want to see Mr. McGarigle,
then."
"If that's his name, that's the man."
In response to a shrill whistle up a
tin tube, which caused the visitor to
make a tighter grip on his baggage,
Warden McGarigle came in. "Is this
him?" asked the visitor. "I want to see
you privately." The warden led the way
into his private office and the
visitor began to open the luggage.
"Cost much to run a hospital?" in-
quired the curiosity, who began to fish
in the bottom of the saddle-bags. The
warden grinned. "Sick folks lots
trouble, ain't they—ever s'ck so's you
couldn't hold up your head? Ever
hang out of the bed and feel as if you
wanted to tare up the floor and throw
it out of the window?"
"You are very impudent. Now what
are you driving at—what have you got
in them saddle-bags?"
"Crampers? What is a crammer?"
"Tell you, now, that we are ac-
quainted; I'm an agent for a new burial
company that's just been organized.
You know that competition is the life
of trade—quick sales and small profits
—a nimble shilling is better a slow
sixpence—three acs beats two pair.
See? Now, what we want is dead men.
Want 'em bad, too. Got to have him
in the business w're in. Mighty poor
show so far. But here—here's a
cramper. We raise 'em; they are our
own, and are the l'vance agents. You
take one of these crampers, size of this,
and cut it into slices—the sicker the
man the smaller the slice. Man eats it,
thinks it's a water-dies; there's—
lemme see—three times four ac twelve,
and three times three ac nine, and one
you had left over makes ten, and four
that I forgot to count, that makes 108
—don't it. Well, one of these crampers
that we give way in Peory harvested us
106—think of that! Of course, you
understand—we give you these crampers
on condition that you will furnish
to furnish the burial case. We thought
we'd work the hospitals first—give you
fellows first show. This is the first
hospital I've been to in the city."
"That's a new name for it," laughed the
warden, "that's a cucumber." "We call
'em crampers; they do the business,
won't they? But I say, you see, and
wastin' time with you. You look to me
like a man who didn't believe in dyni-
mite—how do I get out?"

DEVOTES BURIED ALIVE IN INDIA.
[M. D. Conway's Letter.]
At last I approached a village, whose
name was given to me as Dabarwanga.
It must be four or five miles from Alla-
habad. Having passed through the
village came to a sort of a common, where I
got out of my carriage and walked. I
had not moved far before I came upon
a human head lying in my path on
the ground. Starting back I perceived
that this painted and ashen head,
though its eyes were closed, belonged
to a living man. The rest of his body
being buried in the earth, and the
tent had been raised over another head
farther on to keep the sun from beating
upon him. Scenes like these began to
multiply. I came upon several naked
bodies, apparently decapitated, their
heads being buried and the gravel
smoothed flat over them. There were
number of children in the same situation,
stretching out their hands and evi-
dently expecting gifts. So little re-
spect, however, did their young com-
panions feel for those infant devotes
that they sometimes put bits of tin or
flint stones in the hands, which were
promptly thrown away.
I came to a point where a young
woman was just burying a child—
apparently her own—up to the neck.
She indicated to me her expectation of
pie for that performance, which, how-
ever, she did not get. I perceived that
I was in some comparatively unillu-
minated spot which supplied a habitat
for the fatal self-burials once so fre-
quent in India. The feeling stole over
me gradually that in the last days of
Dabarwanga these half-throated children
might not so long ago, have been
really decapitated, even if a severe vigi-
lance might not discover some horror
of the same kind now.

LAST STAGE OF BOYHOOD.
[The Providence Journal says of the
boy who has reached it, the last stage of
boyhood: "There is no question of which
he has not a confident and all-dispos-
ing judgment. Why, if we were all 16,
there would be no need of congress nor
of the supreme bench. We should each
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man."
Cured His Throat.
[Sanitarian.]
A gentleman was suffering from an
ulceration of the throat, which at length
became so swollen that his life was de-
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bedside to bid him farewell. Each in-
dividual took hands with the dying
man, and then went away weeping.
Last of all came a pet ape, and shaking
the man's hand went away also with its
hands over its eyes. It was so ludicrous
a sight that the patient was forced to
laugh, and laughed so heartily that the
ulcer broke and his life was saved.

A BAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.
[Theodore Cuyler.]
Thousands of young men really have
no home, except the parlor of a board-
ing-house, and no domestic property,
except a trunk up in a third-story bed-
room.

THE INDEPENDENT
HAS THE
FINEST JOB OFFICE
IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.
IN CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS,
And other Printing, including
Large and Heavy Posters and Show Hand-Bills,
Neatly and expeditiously executed
AT PORTLAND PRICES.

WORKING THE HOSPITALS.
[Chicago Herald & Examiner.]
Scheme of a Burial Company's Agent
—Quick Sales and Small Profits.
A man with a decided stoop in his
shoulders and a pair of before-the-way
saddle-bags walked into the office of
the warden of the county hospital and
asked to see the captain. "You mean
the warden?" inquired the young man
at the desk.
"The man that runs the whole hildin'
is what I mean," answered the visitor.
"I don't know what new-fangled name
you may have for him."
"You want to see Mr. McGarigle,
then."
"If that's his name, that's the man."
In response to a shrill whistle up a
tin tube, which caused the visitor to
make a tighter grip on his baggage,
Warden McGarigle came in. "Is this
him?" asked the visitor. "I want to see
you privately." The warden led the way
into his private office and the
visitor began to open the luggage.
"Cost much to run a hospital?" in-
quired the curiosity, who began to fish
in the bottom of the saddle-bags. The
warden grinned. "Sick folks lots
trouble, ain't they—ever s'ck so's you
couldn't hold up your head? Ever
hang out of the bed and feel as if you
wanted to tare up the floor and throw
it out of the window?"
"You are very impudent. Now what
are you driving at—what have you got
in them saddle-bags?"
"Crampers? What is a crammer?"
"Tell you, now, that we are ac-
quainted; I'm an agent for a new burial
company that's just been organized.
You know that competition is the life
of trade—quick sales and small profits
—a nimble shilling is better a slow
sixpence—three acs beats two pair.
See? Now, what we want is dead men.
Want 'em bad, too. Got to have him
in the business w're in. Mighty poor
show so far. But here—here's a
cramper. We raise 'em; they are our
own, and are the l'vance agents. You
take one of these crampers, size of this,
and cut it into slices—the sicker the
man the smaller the slice. Man eats it,
thinks it's a water-dies; there's—
lemme see—three times four ac twelve,
and three times three ac nine, and one
you had left over makes ten, and four
that I forgot to count, that makes 108
—don't it. Well, one of these crampers
that we give way in Peory harvested us
106—think of that! Of course, you
understand—we give you these crampers
on condition that you will furnish
to furnish the burial case. We thought
we'd work the hospitals first—give you
fellows first show. This is the first
hospital I've been to in the city."
"That's a new name for it," laughed the
warden, "that's a cucumber." "We call
'em crampers; they do the business,
won't they? But I say, you see, and
wastin' time with you. You look to me
like a man who didn't believe in dyni-
mite—how do I get out?"

DEVOTES BURIED ALIVE IN INDIA.
[M. D. Conway's Letter.]
At last I approached a village, whose
name was given to me as Dabarwanga.
It must be four or five miles from Alla-
habad. Having passed through the
village came to a sort of a common, where I
got out of my carriage and walked. I
had not moved far before I came upon
a human head lying in my path on
the ground. Starting back I perceived
that this painted and ashen head,
though its eyes were closed, belonged
to a living man. The rest of his body
being buried in the earth, and the
tent had been raised over another head
farther on to keep the sun from beating
upon him. Scenes like these began to
multiply. I came upon several naked
bodies, apparently decapitated, their
heads being buried and the gravel
smoothed flat over them. There were
number of children in the same situation,
stretching out their hands and evi-
dently expecting gifts. So little re-
spect, however, did their young com-
panions feel for those infant devotes
that they sometimes put bits of tin or
flint stones in the hands, which were
promptly thrown away.
I came to a point where a young
woman was just burying a child—
apparently her own—up to the neck.
She indicated to me her expectation of
pie for that performance, which, how-
ever, she did not get. I perceived that
I was in some comparatively unillu-
minated spot which supplied a habitat
for the fatal self-burials once so fre-
quent in India. The feeling stole over
me gradually that in the last days of
Dabarwanga these half-throated children
might not so long ago, have been
really decapitated, even if a severe vigi-
lance might not discover some horror
of the same kind now.

LAST STAGE OF BOYHOOD.
[The Providence Journal says of the
boy who has reached it, the last stage of
boyhood: "There is no question of which
he has not a confident and all-dispos-
ing judgment. Why, if we were all 16,
there would be no need of congress nor
of the supreme bench. We should each
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