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The Plaindealer

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The Plaindealer.

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The Plaindealer

IT IS SO.

VOL. XXV. ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1895. No. 32.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OF OREGON.

U. S. Senators: J. H. Mitchell; J. N. Dolph
Congressmen: Binger Hermann; W. R. Ellis
Attorney-General: G. E. Chamberlain
Governor: Sylvester Pennoyer
Secretary of State: George W. McBride
State Treasurer: Phil Metschan
Supt. Pub. Instruction: E. B. McElroy
State Printer: Frank C. Baker
Member Board of Equalization: A. C. Woodcock
Supreme Judges: F. A. Moore; C. E. Wolverton; R. S. Bean
Railroad Commissioners: A. R. Compson; J. B. Eddy; I. A. Macrum
Clerk of Railroad Commission: Lydell Baker

SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Judge: J. C. Fullerton
Prosecuting Attorney: Geo. M. Brown

U. S. LAND OFFICE, ROSEBURG.

Receiver: R. S. Sheridan
Register: R. M. Veatch

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU.

Observer: Thos. Gideon

DOUGLAS COUNTY.

Senator: Henry Beekley
Representatives: J. E. Blundell; J. T. Bridges; C. A. Schlbrede
Clerk: F. W. Benson
Sheriff: C. F. Catheart
Treasurer: W. A. Frater
School Superintendent: J. A. Underwood
Assessor: J. A. Sterling
County Judge: A. F. Stearns
Commissioners: W. L. Wilson; C. H. Maupin
Surveyor: Will P. Heydon
Coroner: Dr. K. L. Miller
Sheep Inspector: Thos. Smith

PRECINCT OFFICERS.

Justices: John Hamlin
Constables: H. C. Slocum

CITY OF ROSEBURG.

Trustee: W. T. Wright; J. H. Shupe; M. F. Rapp; B. O. Strong; I. F. Rice
Recorder: F. M. Zigler
Marshal: W. F. Carroll
Treasurer: J. A. Cox

COURT SESSIONS.

The Circuit Court for Douglas County meets three times a year as follows: The 3d Monday in March, the 4th Monday in June, and the 1st Monday in December. J. C. Fullerton of Roseburg judge, Geo. M. Brown, of Roseburg, prosecuting attorney.

County Court meets the 1st Wednesday after the 1st Monday of January, March, May, July, September and November, A. F. Stearns, of Oakland, judge; C. H. Maupin of Elkton and W. L. Wilson, of Riddle, commissioners.

Probate Court is in session continuously, A. F. Stearns, judge.

Society Meetings.

LAUREL LODGE, A. F. & A. M., REGULAR meetings the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

UMPQUA CHAPTER, NO. 11, R. A. M., HOLD their regular convocations at Masonic hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting companions are cordially invited.
M. F. RAPP, H. P.
ISADORE CARO, Secretary.

PHILETARIAN LODGE, NO. 8, I. O. O. F., meets Saturday evening of each week at 7 o'clock in their hall at Roseburg. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.
FRANK G. MICHELI, N. G.
N. T. JAWETT, Sec'y.

UNION ENCAMPMENT, NO. 9, MEETS AT Odd Fellows' hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.
FRANK G. MICHELI, Scribe.
HARRY PARRY, C. P.

ROSEBURG LODGE, NO. 16, A. O. U. W., meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 p. m. at Odd Fellows hall. Members of the order in good standing are invited to attend.

RENO POST, NO. 29, G. A. R., MEETS THE first and third Thursdays of each month.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS NO. 19, MEETS second and fourth Thursdays in each month.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE—Regular Quarterly Meetings will be held at Grange Hall, Roseburg, the first Friday in December, March and June, and the third Friday in September.

ROSEBURG CHAPTER, NO. 8, O. E. S., MEETS the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.
MADELINE B. CONKLING, W. M.

ROSEBURG DIVISION NO 476, B. OF L. E., meets every second and fourth Sunday.

ROSEBURG R. D. LODGE, NO. 41, I. O. O. F. meets on Tuesday evening of each week at the Odd Fellows hall. Visiting sisters and brethren are invited to attend.
MISS SARAH WIMBERLY, N. G.
FRANK G. MICHELI, R. Sec.

ALPHA LODGE, NO. 47, K. OF P., MEETS every Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend.

THE MAKING OF THIEVES.

A Significant Increase In the Number of Child Criminals.

There has surely been of late a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teacher, and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered. To begin with, the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy, and the policeman stands for the established order of things.

Thus the groundwork is laid for whatever mischief comes along. It is not long in coming, rarely longer than the dinner hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appeased with promises. He wants something at once. If he is playing hooky, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. A grocer's stand is handy, or a pie wagon; better still, a soda water wagon. The bottle is worth so much cash at the junkshop. The driver's back is turned. The boy "swipes" one.

It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping stone to many greater. A horse blanket or a copper bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lockup. The friends he makes in the street soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride in the other.—Jacob A. Riis in Century.

A CALLER FOR MR. DE MEDICI.

An American Art Lover Who Proposes to See Him In Person.

There is a lady tuft hunter in an up town boarding house who has the foreign title fever of the most pronounced type. She paralyzes the other roomers by the easy, matter of fact way in which she tells the names and titles of her distinguished callers. One night it was the Prince Bombastes Deadbeati. The night before it was the "Dook" Indebto, and the next night it will be the Count Freakivitch. She has been across our great salt water privilege several time and has contracted the broad gauge style of murdering the English language. There is reason to believe that she bewails her fate at having been born in plebeian America. The other evening while her parlor was filled with princes, potentates, "dooks," counts and bald heads in the absence of crowned heads she incidentally remarked that on her next visit to civilization she would get more works of art and among them a work of "Venus de Medici."

"You must be varee particulare and not let the Paris clever venders sell you ze imitashion," said a "dook" by way of precaution.

"Oh, I shall guard against that," she replied gayly: "I shall call upon Mr. de Medici himself. I can get letters of introduction to the greatest artists in Europe."

And then there was a silence like that before a storm, and the titled admirers of the tuft hunter could scarcely conceal their laughter.—New York World.

The Night Conductor's Courtship.

The conductors on the night runs are usually more genial than those who look after the fares in the daytime. Just why this should be so is not quite clear, but the fact that most of them conduct affairs of the heart with young women who are engaged in domestic service during the daytime may have something to do with it. In making assignments the aim usually is to put the married men on the day runs and the single men on at night. As soon as the evening dishes are out of the way the lady in whom he is interested boards his car, and between one end of the line and the other they manage to have a lengthy tete-a-tete. The gripman is more fortunately situated than the conductor in this respect, as his little chats are not subject to frequent interruptions, as the conductor's are.—Chicago Tribune.

Many Kinds of Days In One.

A mean solar day is the average or mean of all the apparent solar days in a year. Mean solar time is that shown by a well regulated clock or watch, while apparent solar time is that shown by a well constructed sundial. The difference between the two at any time is the equation of time and may amount to 16 minutes and 21 seconds. The astronomical day begins at noon, and the civil day at the preceding midnight. The sidereal and mean solar days are both invariable, but one day of the latter is equal to 1 day 3 minutes and 56.555 seconds of the former.

Mars.

In a paper on Mars published in Natura ed Arte Professor Schiaparelli says that it has an atmosphere charged with water vapor. In spite of this, however, he thinks that it rarely rains, but that water circulates through canals back and forth from one pole to the other, this circulation being accompanied by "extraordinary periodical floods which at every revolution of Mars inundate the polar region at the period of the melting of the snow."

Well Placed.

"Did the colonel ever pay you that bill he owed you?"

"Never."

"What's he doing now?"

"President of a collection agency."—Atlanta Constitution.

Stock Brands.

My stock brand is a cross behind left shoulder and on left thigh. Ear marks, under half crop in both ears. Range on Mill and Canyon creek.
E. L. GOODRIDGE.

Expense Bill Paid.

Any person in Douglas county purchasing a piano of The Wiley B. Allen Co. during the fair at Portland, Or., can have freight bill refunded if presented to T. K. Richardson, Roseburg, within 15 days after purchase of goods.

A WICKED WAG.

Sending an Annoying Letter to Well Known Washington Women.

Some lunatic or practical joker has been taking liberties with the proudest dames and dowagers of Washington, and from letters and telegrams that have been received here it would seem that he has done the same with prominent ladies in other cities. He signs himself Colonel Starberry Fairfax, but that does not appear in the directory, nor is it known to any of the Virginians or Kentuckians who would be likely to have an acquaintance with such a person if he existed. His letter head read, "North American Lecture Bureau, Western Division," but he gives no street or town address, and if any one wanted to answer him he would not know where to direct the envelope. The letters are all uniform and read as follows:

DEAR MADAM—The constant expression of sympathy which is manifested throughout the country for that distinguished but martyred statesman of Kentucky, Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, suggests that the people of the land should have an opportunity of hearing his eloquent defense of religion and morality. In response to vehement calls from the women of America it has been deemed wise to place him upon the lecture platform. It is intended to have him lecture in the principal cities under the auspices of a board of national patronesses, one representative lady from each principal city constituting that board. Your name has been suggested for the city of Washington, and unless we hear from you to the contrary by the morning of the 21st inst. it will be printed as a member of the national board on all the programmes and show bills throughout the country. I have for the west on Wednesday morning. Thanking you in advance for your courtesy, I remain your most obedient servant.

Very naturally the ladies who have received this communication—and they are among the social leaders of Washington—have been thrown into a state of panic, particularly as the writer threatens to accept silence as assent and does not tell where a refusal will reach him. It is not believed that Colonel Breckinridge has anything to do with the affair, but it is supposed to be the work of some wicked wag.—Washington Dispatch.

THE TROUBLESOME SULTAN.

He Will Attempt to Play the Queen Against the Foreign Office and Russia.

One of the first questions in which England and Russia will be strongly urged to take united action in the matter of the Armenian persecutions. The Turks themselves now confess that 2,000 Armenians were slaughtered in what they describe as the suppression of a rebellion. The British foreign office has already made a protest, which is as strong as any form of interference it usually indulges in. It is well known that no diplomatic weapon short of a threat which amounts to an ultimatum has any effect on the porte. Public opinion in this country, therefore, clamors loudly for extreme measures, and the indications are that the government will be compelled to yield to this pressure.

Popular opinion is also expressing itself in another way. It has been a grievance with the sultan for many years that Queen Victoria has not made him a Knight of the Garter. Over and over again plain hints have been given to successive embassadors and to distinguished visitors that the distinction of the blue ribbon would be much appreciated by his majesty. Now the sultan has decided to force the queen's hand. He has intimated his intention to send the grand master of ceremonies to England to deliver to her majesty the ribbon, star and insignia of the new Turkish Order of the House of the Family of Osman, which is limited to crowned heads. It was recently conferred upon the German emperor, who forthwith created the sultan a Knight of the Black Eagle. Of course the queen now cannot avoid returning the sultan's compliment by giving him the garter, and it has been privately arranged that the Duke of Coburg shall go to Constantinople in the spring to invest him with this order. The English press are now voicing strong protests against such a compliment until the sultan grants full justice to the Armenians.—London Cor. New York Sun.

A Tiny Moon's Inhabitants.

The inner moon of Mars is named Phobos and is a tiny satellite only eight miles in diameter. Let us suppose that everything on our earth, which is nearly 1,000 times larger than the little Phobian planet, is to be found on the surface of this miniature moon, reduced proportionately. We find, to begin with, that a terrestrial man of 6 feet, if transferred to Phobos, would be .072 of an inch in height. A good microscope would be necessary to determine the true shape and form of this speck of humanity, and it would be wholly invisible to the unaided eye at a distance of three feet. A ship of the dimensions of the Great Eastern would be but 7¼ inches in length if reduced to the Phobian standard, and a duck pond would be a "fathomless ocean" to the lilliputian inhabitants of this Marsian satellite. A whale would be as small as a cheese mite, and a real sea serpent, which would be a terror to the Phobian mariner, would be like a section of a hair worm five-eighths of an inch in length. The largest rivers cannot be more than a few feet in breadth and not more than 2 inches in depth. A railway train like the "Chicago flier" could be carried in an earthly cardcase, and a city the size of New York could be covered with a blanket!—St. Louis Republic.

Venal French Press.

The wholesale exposure of the venality of the Paris press even in its high places has made a great sensation in the French capital, but it has not surprised those who are acquainted with journalistic methods in this city. Not only such shady establishments as the Monte Carlo casino, but many big gambling clubs in Paris and great financial houses as well, have long supplied big annual press subsidy funds to escape annoyance at the hands of blackmailing editors. The demands finally became too great to be borne; hence the revolt and exposure by the victims.—Paris Letter.

THE SILENCE CURE.

A Physician Who Says Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much.

"I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration, and who could be cured if they would stop talking," said a nerve specialist the other day. "They waste their nerve tissue as fast as I can supply it, and they are on the verge of hysterics and acute nervous pain all the time. A woman, if she be inclined to talk too much, should time herself just as she would take medicine and allow herself only just so many minutes of talk.

"Now, the other day a woman who is troubled with insomnia came into my office for treatment. She had been taking drugs. She told me about her troubles, and her tongue ran like the clapper of a farmhouse bell at dinner time. I thought she never would let up. Finally I stopped her.

"'Do you talk as much as that very often, madam?' I asked.

"She drew herself up and said in an offended tone: 'This is no laughing matter, doctor, I assure you. I am worn out from lack of sleep, and though my family do all things possible to divert my mind and I make calls and see people all the time I get steadily worse. I am worn to a shadow. Why, last summer'—

"And so her tongue rattled on until I again had to stop her.

"'Now, listen to my prescription,' I said. 'Go home and keep still. Don't talk. Time your tongue waggings. At breakfast allow your husband to read the newspaper without interruption. After breakfast sew a little in your own room. Read as much as you please. Walk long distances if you are strong enough. Do not make any calls. At dinner talk all you please, but spend a quiet evening. If you go to the theater, do not talk much during the play. Exercise a little self denial. It will be hard at first, for you are a chatterer, but if you persevere you will succeed, and your nervous system will get rest.'

"What did she say to that? Well, I do not think she liked it. But if she took me seriously I think I can cure her in a month.

"Do I have many such cases? Well, I should say I did. It is almost safe to declare that there never is a case of real acute nervousness unless the woman is a talker. With a man it is different. He may worry himself into insanity or complete loss of brain power if his business goes wrong. But the very nervous woman is seldom a worrier. She is the woman of leisure with a small family—few in numbers, I mean—to direct. She buys their food, their clothing, hires the servants and 'keeps house.' She has no real worries. But does she think she has? Oh, dear, yes! She thinks she has more to do than any other woman of her acquaintance.

"'Keep quiet a few hours every day, and you will be a well woman,' is what I tell half my woman patients. When I can persuade them to try it, they come back and say, 'Why, doctor, I haven't been nervous enough to fly since I began to try your queer prescription.'"—New York Sun.

It Went Off.

A story is told of a certain showman who combined with the ordinary circus performance a display of fireworks. At one town he advertised the "Battle of Trafalgar," with burning ships, blazing oceans and other magnificent effects. He drew such a vivid picture of that great naval encounter that the people from the entire countryside were attracted to see it. When the time arrived, the showman brought his guiding hand to bear on the set piece, applied the match in the usual manner and retired to await results. Several minutes passed, but no battle ensued. The showman then stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

"It has not went off," he remarked and proceeded to investigate.

Again the same result followed, and again.

"It has not went off, ladies and gentlemen," continued the showman. "I will now show you the great earthquake of Lisbon." He gathered the fireworks together and filled a barrel with them. He poured turpentine over them and sprinkled the lot freely with gunpowder. Once more he applied the torch, with astonishing results. There was an explosion, and when all was over he gave a parting address.

"It has went off, ladies and gentlemen, and so has three fingers of my hand. Good evening, and many thanks. The earthquake will not be repeated."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ethel's Choice.

Amy has very beautiful hair, which curls in lovely fashion. Her next door playmate, Ethel, has straight hair and is envious of Amy's curls.

The other morning Ethel had been very naughty, and her mother, who was born in Boston, was obliged to say: "Ethel, go directly into the other room. I am going to punish you right straight off."

Ethel whimpered, "Mamma, can't you punish me the curly way?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the mother in astonishment.

"I heard Amy's papa tell her this morning that he was going to give her a whipping that would make her hair curl, and if—if it's just the same to you I'd rather have that kind."—Chicago Post.

Rocks That Float In Water.

A geologist who is well up in his business can name a dozen or twenty different specimens of rocks and minerals that have less specific gravity than water, and which will, if tossed into that element, float on the surface. Hubelite is one of the best known representatives of that class. The common pumice stone is another example. The rock with the very least specific gravity known is "damari," a substance found in an extinct volcano in Damaraland. Its atomic weight is .5, or exactly one-half that of hydrogen.—St. Louis Republic.