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The Plaindealer

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The Plaindealer.

VOL. XXVI. ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1895. No. 29.

IF YOU SEE IT IN

The Plaindealer

IT IS SO.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OF OREGON.

U. S. Senators ..... J. H. Mitchell, J. N. Dolph
Congressmen ..... Binger Hermann, W. R. Ellis
Governor ..... William P. Lord
Secretary of State ..... H. S. Kincaid
State Treasurer ..... Phil Metschan
Supt. Pub. Instruction ..... G. M. Irwin
State Printer ..... W. H. Leeds
Attorney General ..... C. M. Idleman
Member Board of Equalization ..... A. C. Woodcock
Supreme Judges ..... F. A. Moore, C. E. Wolverton, R. S. Bean
Railroad Commissioners ..... A. B. Compson, J. R. Eddy, H. A. Marcum
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. Gleson

DOUGLAS COUNTY.

Senator ..... Henry Beckley
Representatives ..... J. E. Blundell, J. T. Bridges, C. A. Schlbrede
Clerk ..... F. W. Benson
Sheriff ..... C. F. Calhoart
Treasurer ..... W. A. Prater
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. G. Slocum

CITY OF ROSEBURG.

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

COURT SESSIONS.

The Circuit Court for Douglas County meets the ensuing 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.
J. R. WEBB, W. M.
C. W. KIRK, Sec'y.

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. MICELLI, N. G.
S. N. T. JEWETT, Sec'y.

UNION ENCAMPMENT, NO. 2, MEETS AT Odd Fellows hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Visiting brethren are invited to attend.
FRANK G. MICELLI, 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. 20, MEETS second and fourth Thursdays in each month.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE—Regular Quarterly Meeting 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 WINSELLY, N. G.
FRANK G. MICELLI, 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.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that I have appointed D. W. Stearns of Calapooia precinct Deputy Inspector of Stock for said precinct; postoffice address, Oakland; also A. J. Chapman of Wilbur, and Ralph Smith, at Roseburg, to act during my absence, and others will be added as parties inspected make their desire known to me.
Roseburg, May 4th, 1895.
THOS. SMITH,
Inspector of Stock for Douglas county, Or.

CROSSED.

[To a girl at a distance.]

Why must you go four thousand miles away?
It throws our correspondence out of gear.
I cannot cable to you ev'ry day.
It's much too public, and it's rather dear.
You write for sympathy—I sympathize.
You get my answer ten days after date.
And then, with spirits sky high, you despise
My poor attempts your sorrow to abate
Meanwhile to my hilarious last but one
Here comes your late but similar reply.
But now my turn at dumps has just begun.
I can't enjoy your triumphs while I sigh.
And so our moods go seesaw—up and down.
Our letters cross perversely, cold or fond.
There's only one redress—come back to town,
And then we'll meet and cease to correspond.
—Punch.

TWO COMEDIANS.

That evening Bloncourt, the son, was to make his first appearance on the stage in "Chatterton." The piece, which, though not forgotten, had dropped out of sight and for some years had filled a narrower sphere in the quiet appreciation of home reading, now excited, on its first night, almost the interest that a great novelty might. Those who were familiar with it without having seen it played were curious to assist at its interpretation—a process in which certain beauties of a work, especially the most subtle points, disappear, are scattered, volatilized, as one may say, in the heat of the footlights, while others burst unexpectedly into view through the medium of voice and gesture.

Those who had been present at former performances of the piece were happy to bring back again two hours of their youth and to glow once more with the warmth of their first artistic emotion. In a word, the old play, reappearing as it did in the midst of the commonplace trivialities of the day, rejuvenated the whole audience and aroused it to enthusiasm.

It must be admitted that it would be impossible to conceive of a more perfect Chatterton than young Bloncourt made. Son and grandson of comedians, the youth had the blood of a true artist in his veins, and he was evidently bent on proving it to us that evening.

In the tumult and excitement of the applause, in the midst of the hundreds of pairs of eyes and hands that were exclusively concerning themselves with the stage, I caught a glimpse from time to time of a handsome face which looked out, pale and set, from the darkness at the back of the house. It was Bloncourt, the father, who had come to be present at the triumph of his son. Evidently deeply moved, he frequently changed his place and appeared in all the different parts of the theater, sometimes in the midst of the brilliant display in the boxes and at other moments was almost lost in the crowded galleries. It was as though he wished to measure on every side this splendid success, in which he also had a share. The audience recognized him and pointed him out to each other. "Look at Papa Bloncourt. Isn't he happy tonight, though?" And some of them while applauding turned in his direction, as though to include the great artist in the triumph of his child and pupil.

It is a fact that no fame is so short lived as that of a comedian. Once he drops out of the public gaze it is all over with him. No one gives him a further thought. His is the fate of the spoken word, which, however beautiful, is carried off in air; of the musical chord that vanishes as soon as the notes are struck. But in this case, thanks to his son, Bloncourt could escape the terrible destiny that awaits comedians. He was welcoming a new glory which was rising at the fading of his own and would merge his artistic career in another full of hope and promise. So the poor man's emotion was deep and strong. I could see that his lips occasionally trembled, and his limbs twitched with nervousness. Between each act he roamed about in the lobbies, drawing near the different groups to overhear what was being said, and when hand clasps and felicitations were pressed upon him he blushed and shrank away with the awkwardness and embarrassment of a diffident youth.

Passing close by him at one of these moments, I could not restrain the sympathetic impulse which drew me toward this deep, silent joy. "You ought to be a very happy man," I said, shaking his hand. "It's an immense success."

The hand I took in mine was cold and moist, and it drew itself sharply, almost angrily, away. Its possessor smiled grimly as he looked at me.

"So you compliment, too, do you? Isn't there a single soul to understand what I am suffering? Ah, come. I am suffocating. Let us get out of here." And he dragged me with him out into the street. An icy wind was whistling round the corners, but the old comedian did not appear to notice its rigor.

"Ah, that is good, good!" he exclaimed, drinking in the cold air with delight. "I thought I should go crazy inside there. For two hours I have endured their applauding and their stupid congratulations, which are a mockery to me. You are astonished that I say this to you? Well, it is so. I am jealous. I am jealous of my own child—fairly green with envy of him. That is a frightful thing to say, isn't it? But why did he take my part away from me? It was mine. I was to have played it. It is exactly in my line, and Vigny himself promised it to me. A week before he died he said to me, 'Bloncourt, when they put on "Chatterton" again, I count on you to play it,' and I was waiting with such impatience for them to bring it out. Paris was beginning to forget me in the long period I had been inactive, and I hoped this creation would confer a second youth upon me—a renewal of past successes. I studied hard night and day. Finally I was ready.

"One morning the boy comes running to me and throws his arms around my neck: 'Oh, father, how happy I am! I am going to play Chatterton.' He knew as well as any one the promise that had been made me, but in his joy he had forgotten it. Children are so selfish in their happiness! This one dealt me the blow with a laugh. He told me they had first thought of me for the part, but I was too mature, too marked—ah, there is enough in such a disappointment as that to mark one indeed! I am sure that in five minutes 20 years passed over my head. If the boy had uttered a word of regret or of tenderness, I should simply have said to him: 'Do not play that part. You will kill me,' and I am sure he would not, because, with it all, the child loves me. But pride held me back. We talked of the part. He asked my advice about it. It had been lying on my table for two months. So now we read it together. I gave him my conception of how it ought to be played. From time to time he would break completely away from me and study a line out for himself, and with a surety of insight into the tastes of the public that I no longer possess he would find a point to be made where I saw none at all. Positively one would have to undergo it himself to know what I suffered during that interview, but it was all as nothing to the martyrdom I have endured this evening.

"Oh, I ought not to have come, but I could not stay away. I was irresistibly drawn by curiosity and perhaps—I am ashamed to say it—by the secret hope of surprising among the bravos a regret, a remembrance for me, of hearing some one in the audience say, 'Oh, if the elder Bloncourt were playing that!' But no. I have heard nothing, not a word. They have had all they could do to applaud. But really the boy does not act well. He is actually bad. I certainly thought they were going to hiss when he came on. He can't even walk well. He has no idea of stage deportment. In all that grand, thoughtful, complex part has he made a single original effect? No. He has simply thrown himself headlong into it, with all the heedlessness of youth. Impetuosity is made to do duty for talent. For instance, in the great scene with Kitty when Chatterton"—

And here the poor man began to illustrate to me in detail his son's defects, imitating his intonations and his gestures. From the point of view of the science of acting it all struck me as being very profound, very just, and I was surprised to find so many false notes in the harmonious whole that had so pleased me, all of which did not alter the fact that we were interrupted every few moments by the sound of applause, like the pattering of hailstones, that reached us from the auditorium and was intensified in sonority by the quiet, empty street.

"Go on—applaud!" said the unhappy comedian, turning pale at each burst. "Applaud. He is young. To be young, that is everything. I am old. My age is written on my face. Ah, how stupid it all is!" Then in a low voice, as if talking with himself: "What I feel is almost incomprehensible. Here is a boy who has stolen everything away from me—my name and my glory, who has not even waited for me to die to step into my shoes—and in spite of it I cannot help loving him. He is my son, after all. I have nourished him, cared for him, taught him, and when I hear them applaud him I feel a movement of gratified pride in spite of myself. There are some clever touches in the young scamp's work. The mistake was teaching him my own calling. I should have diverted his talents in some other direction. Then I could have been proud of him to my heart's content. I should not have had the grief of seeing my 30 years' successes wiped out by his first day of triumph."

At this moment the crowd commenced to pour out of the theater. A murmur of approbation, an atmosphere of success passed from group to group and by way of the silent streets was going to communicate itself throughout all Paris. The old comedian was leaning against a pillar, his ear strained to catch the commentaries of the last straggling spectators. All at once he gave a spring. "Goodby," he called out to me hurriedly. I tried to hold him back. "Bloncourt, Bloncourt, where are you going?" He turned his face toward me, his eyes glistening with tears. "Where am I going? To hug the boy, parbleu!"—From the French of Alphonse Daudet in Short Stories.

Gravels of the Glacial Age.

Some 10,000 or more years ago the conditions which had brought about the great ice age were beginning to change. The elevated land began to sink, and a higher temperature slowly followed. The long winter was gradually drawing to a close, and the great springtime of the world was beginning to hasten its influence upon an ice covered land. Tons, rather mountains, of ice began to melt, and the water filled the river valleys to overflowing. Gravel, sand and mud were borne along by these raging waters and deposited wherever the conditions were favorable. Ice rafts covered the surface of the flood, bearing rocks and bowlders from more northern lands.

All rivers which had glacial sources were greatly influenced by the final melting. As the southern part of the ice sheet rested over northern Pennsylvania, the Delaware and the Susquehanna were typical rivers of the age. The rocks and gravels which line their banks show how well they have kept the record. In the Delaware valley brick clay and gravel are laid out in beautiful terraces, especially at Stroudsburg and the Water Gap. Here the waters rose some 200 feet, and an artificial dam is supposed to have formed the river into a broad lake. The Indians, it is said, have a curious legend about this flood. They tell us that the "Minsics" were the first race which dwelt here, and the region round about they call "Minisink," meaning that the "waters are gone"—a vague remembrance perhaps of the postglacial floods.—Lippincott's.

Two of a Kind.

Jack—What's an iridescent dream?
Tom—It's an opalescent phantasy.
Jack—And what's that?
Tom—It's what my landlady mostly gets for boarding me.—Detroit Free Press.

Ice cream and ice cream soda at the Kandy Kitchen.

Notice is hereby given to the public by the undersigned that I do not allow dead animals to be buried on my premises, at Roseburg, Oregon, or garbage dumped thereon or sand or gravel taken therefrom, unless the party taking sand or gravel first contract with me for the right to so do.
Tresspassers will be prosecuted according to law. AARON ROSE,
Roseburg, Oregon, March 17th, 1891.

Buy your cigars at the Rosseleaf.

BUSINESS PERSONALS.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Umbrellas and parasols at the Novelty.

For a good 5-cent cigar call on Mrs. N. Boyd.

Go to the Novelty store for children's clothing.

Pure fresh candies, fruits and nuts at the Roseleaf.

A fine line of gent's furnishings at the Novelty store.

Buy your furnishing of Jack Abraham and save money.

For Sale—Old papers, at this office, at 25 cents per hundred.

Try the ice cream soda at the Kandy Kitchen. It is delicious.

School books, a full and complete assortment at Marsters' drug store.

Hats! hat! hats! The latest. Where? Just arrived at Osburn's new store.

C. Coffman has removed his office to the Marsters' building, rooms 6 and 7.

Smokers' articles of every description and the best brands of tobacco at the Roseleaf.

Small profits and quick sales is the principle of success. That's Jack Abraham's policy.

The Kandy Kitchen, in the Taylor & Wilson building, is the place to go for pure fresh candies.

Try the
Kandy Kitchen
Ice cream soda.

We have no seconds or job lot goods. Our stock is best in quality for the money. Novelty store.

If you are in need of any thing in the hat line it will pay you to examine the we stock at Osburn's new store.

Wall paper in all designs from 25 cents up, hanging thrown in. Call on A. C. Marsters, who is prepared to execute your orders.

What's the use of paying 25 cents when you can get a good square meal for 15 cents. Stop at the Central hotel and be convinced.

If you want a good suit of clothes for a little money call on H. C. Stanton, examine samples, get the prices and leave your order with him.

Mrs. Lynne, a pupil of the late Prof. Speranzi of Milan, Italy, gives vocal and piano forte lessons. Terms reasonable. Residence at Mrs. Parties.

If you don't want to suffer with corns and bunions, have your boots and shoes made at L. Langenburg's. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

E. Du Gas, physician and surgeon. Office upstairs in Marsters' block. Residence opposite U. B. church. Calls in town and country promptly answered.

Why patronize traveling dentists when Dr. Davis will do your dental work a great deal cheaper and as good again. Call and get his prices and be convinced.

Just received our *new stock* of *straw hats* and *shoes*. Straw hats at 7 cents and up. Men's fine calf shoes at $1.40 and up. Call and see *them* at Richards Bros.' Racket Store.

Dr. F. W. Haynes has just returned from the East and opened dental parlors in Mark's building, where he will be pleased to welcome persons desiring dental work.

L. Langenberg is still on top. He carries a full stock of choice music, musical instruments, violin, guitars, accordeons etc., violin strings of best quality always on hand.

J. J. Webb, the second hand furniture dealer in the Flood building, can furnish goods in his line on the most reasonable terms. Give him a call and examine goods and prices.

Ten cents saved is ten cents earned. Save ten cents by stopping at the Central hotel. A good square meal for 15 cents, beds the same. Board and lodging only $3.50 per week.

Those having second hand stoves, furniture, etc., for sale can receive the highest cash price by calling upon N. Rice, the furniture and supply dealer, 221-23 Jackson street Roseburg, Or.

Buy your berry boxes and crates at home and save the freight. You can get them at Hunters' box factory for less than Portland prices. Call and see my stock. J. HUNTER.

Frank Bigger, the genial proprietor of the Central Hotel, is doing a flourishing business notwithstanding the general depression. He sets a good table, his prices are low and he makes every effort to please his patrons.

J. J. Webb has opened a second hand store in the old Flood building at the corner of Main and Washington streets. Second hand goods of all kinds will be bought and sold, and the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Parties desiring monumental work will do well to call on D. Looney, at the Roseburg marble works on Oak street opposite the hardware store of Churchill, Woolley & McKenzie. These works are turning out some fine specimens of monumental work.

Our readers will consult their own interests in having their dental work done by reliable, experienced and resident dentists and that Dr. Strange & Toye, who are here to stay, guarantee all their work and make good their guarantees. All their work is first-class and as painless as consistent with good work.

Albert G. Osburn, successor to Louis Langenberg, is a natural born American citizen, he speaks the American language and conducts his business in an American way. Mr. Osburn carries a full line of ladies' and gent's furnishing goods, fancy goods, etc., besides a fine stock fo shoes which have just arrived from the East. Examine his stock; he will treat you well and will be glad to get acquainted with you as he expects to make Roseburg his home in the future.

Special Offer.

Six choice building lots in Fruitvale addition, 50x100 feet. Price $20 each.
D. S. K. BUICK.

THE MAID OF MEXICO.

To her all things unreal seem.
Through her black eyes her bright soul peeps
And sees the world as in a dream,
For with wide open eyes she sleeps.

And what is Mexico today?
A nation ever in a doze,
Where slumber holds eternal sway
Whether or no the eyelids close.
—Lee Fanchild in Overland.

A VENDEAN HEROINE.

It was a pretty little windmill, with its big round tower capped by a weather vane, its long arms or blades which rattled in the west wind like the sails of a boat in stays, and its little round windows looking over the hills of Anjou like the telescopes of an astronomer—such was the windmill of Bernardeau, and when it was working all the windmills around the neighborhood looked like white sea gulls pursued by a bird of prey. It was situated on the slope of the Guigne at the end of a little crooked pathway hardly wide enough for the mill donkey, and in which one might search in vain for traces of human footprints, because it was so dark under its vault of shrubbery, so muddy and rugged that the woman of the mill always took to the vines when on her way to Ancenis on foot.

And a handsome woman, too, was this lady of the mill. She was 25 years old, with a well rounded form, a little hand, flashing dark eyes, lips as red as wild cherries and a well turned leg. She was smart in her attire, and there was little in her appearance to reveal the fact that she was a widow. When she came into the village mounted upon the donkey that carried her bags of flour, all the young fellows came out to admire her fine figure and the beautiful limbs which appeared below her short skirts.

Even the donkey himself seemed proud of his mistress. He traveled along at an easy gait, tossing his head and cocking his ears, as if to say to everybody: "Here she is. You have only to look at her. This is la Meuniere of Bernardeau. There isn't another woman like her in all the country!" And that was the truth. But she was the subject of a great deal of gossip. How the tongues did wag on her account! It was said that since the death of her husband, a poor goose of a fellow who had taken her without a cent from a farm and left her all his property, she frequently tossed her cap over the blades of her windmill. Whether this was true or not, the blades certainly never told, but one thing is certain, and that is that she did hang up her cap there publicly on one occasion, and it cost her her life. Here is her story:

The first thing the Vendeans did when they rose in revolt against the republic was to make use of the windmills. Nothing could be better suited for signaling or more troublesome for the enemy. Where the Blues could only see white wings turning round in a melancholy fashion, the Chouans possessed a perfect telegraphic system, which told them of the movements of the republican army.

The windmill of Bernardeau was one of the principal vedettes on the Loire. Three days before the attack upon Nantes, Cathelineau came to the mill of Bernardeau and asked for shelter. It was the 22d of June, 1793. Bonchamp was at Ancenis since the 17th awaiting the main body of the army. The weather was magnificent, and the Vendeans camped in the open air. When Cathelineau at the end of a little road found himself face to face with the beautiful woman of the mill, he asked her if she was a royalist.

"One might easily become a royalist to serve under so handsome an officer as you," said she.

"Good enough! Then let me have shelter here tonight."

The meuniere cheerfully welcomed him, and Cathelineau slept that night in the mill. The next morning when he was leaving she sent to him from the threshold of the mill a perfect volley of kisses, after which she went up to the highest little window in the mill and waved her little white handkerchief.

Eight days afterward Cathelineau, mortally wounded, was coming from Ancenis in a carriage, and as he passed by the mill he cast a long and sad look at it. According to the order, its blades were arranged so as to announce the approach of the soldiers of Canclaux.

From the 17th of October to the 17th of December, during the 60 days which separated the two retreats of the Vendean army on the Loire, the mill of Bernardeau continued its signals of intelligence with those of La Vendee. But the 17th of December was its last day.

Harassed by the Mayencais, that crushed them at the battle of Mans, the Vandeens reached Ancenis and endeavored to cross the Loire, but for want of sufficient rafts a considerable number of them were obliged to abandon the effort and to advance through the country, in the hope of escaping the enemy.

At sight of this old mill, which they immediately recognized as an ally, about 20 men took refuge in it just at the moment when Westermann came to the heights of Bel Air.

Suddenly a puff of blue smoke rolled from one of the upper windows of the mill. The meuniere herself commenced the fight.

"Good shot!" she said. "There is one less now."

Westermann ordered a company of hussars to surround the old mill. He was in too great a hurry to finish with La Rochejacquelin to bother himself with windmills. The hussars had hardly arrived at the mill before his flying artillery began to cannonade the few rafts of the Chouans, who were endeavoring to cross the Loire. The officer who was in command of the company summoned the occupants of the mill to surrender.

The meuniere opened a little window, fastened her lace cap on the point of one of the blades and shouted out,

Continued on fourth page.