

THE PLAINEALER

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1896.

WHAT ROSEBURG NEEDS.

The man who travels with his eyes and ears open, or reads with care and attention the growth and development of a city or county, never fails to perceive the course which leads to it.

No too, labor in abundance on any one plain of activity, becomes comparatively fruitless, until some channel is found to convey it to other lines of usefulness.

The construction of all these enumerated articles of use, has called into operation special industries for their manufacture.

Without manufacturing industries in a city, its growth is stunted. Just in the proportion to the manufacturing interests of a country, town or city, just in that proportion do they prosper.

Douglas county has manufacturing facilities, unlimited water power, raw material in abundance for almost every needed article of human use.

The United States, this country of ours, can endure financial disasters and economic convulsions. It may stagger and reel like a drunken man, but it will recover and go on in its grand career of material prosperity.

but our patrons do say that the quality of our goods and the accommodating service at the Square Deal Store is beyond all competition.

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LINCOLN SEEKING LODGINGS.

Seventeen Dollars for Bed Furnishings More Than He Could Pay.

Joshua Fry Speed of Kentucky was one of Abraham Lincoln's closest friends. Mr. Speed died in 1882. At the time when he made Lincoln's acquaintance he did not live in Springfield, nor had he yet been admitted to the bar.

"It was in the spring of 1837," said Mr. Speed to me once, "and on the very day that he obtained his license that our intimate acquaintance began. He had ridden into town on a borrowed horse, with no earthly property save a pair of saddlebags containing a few clothes."

"The mattress, blankets, sheets, coverlet and pillow, according to the figures made by me would cost \$17. He said that perhaps was cheap enough, but small as the price was he was unable to pay for it."

"Where is your room?" said he. "Up stairs," said I, pointing to a pair of winding stairs which lead from the store to my room.

"He took his saddlebags on his arm, went up stairs, set them down on the floor and came down with the most changed expression of countenance. Beaming with pleasure he exclaimed: 'Well, Speed, I am moved!'"

One thousand dollars invested in Crescent Bicycles direct from the Western Wheel Works of Chicago, eight wheels were sold and all are giving the best satisfaction.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization of Douglas county, Oregon, will meet in the office of the county clerk, at said county, in the court house in the city of Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 26th day of August, 1895.

Not a Dowry. Little Miss Mugg (proudly)—My papa is going to buy me a bicycle. Little Miss Freckles (doffily)—I've had one for a year. Little Miss Mugg (disdainfully)—Hah! I wouldn't be seen riding a last year's bicycle.—Good News.

A Household Treasurer. D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best relief to follow its use.

Treasurer's Notice. Notice is hereby given to all persons holding Douglas county warrants, endorsed prior to October 1, 1891, to present the same at the treasurer's office in the court house for payment.

A reliable dealer, H. C. Stanton.

WILD BEAST WHIMS.

FIERCE ANIMALS OF THE FOREST WHO HAVE PREJUDICES.

Wolves, Panthers and Bears Sensitive About Fur Overcoats—An Aged Sullivan County Hunter Tells Some Experiences Illustrating This Queer Fact.

"A bear or a panther can't stand the sight of a wolfskin or a coonskin overcoat," said an aged hunter of Sullivan county, "and both also dislike the looks of an overcoat made of buffalo skin. They become enraged when they see a hunter striding through the woods with a fur coat on. They will start for him the instant they get sight of him, and unless he stops them with a rifle ball or a charge of buckshot they will invariably tackle him. A wolf or even a pack of them will always turn tail and run away from a hunter that wears a wolf-skin coat, but they will chase a man who wears a coat of any other kind of fur and will attack him if they get a chance. In the winters early in the forties I hunted panthers, wolves and bears, killing a deer once in awhile for a change. When the weather was bitter cold, I wore a coonskin overcoat until a panther ruined it, and here is what is left of it."

"I killed an even dozen of panthers and a score of wolves while wearing that coat. It was in January, 1844, that I had to stop wearing it. One very cold morning I put on my snowshoes and started for the head of Kitchen's creek to hunt panthers and wolves. The snow was three feet deep in the woods, and the wolves and panthers were slaughtering the deer at a frightful rate. In a spruce ravine to the right of the creek I saw a movement in an evergreen tree and raised my rifle for what I thought might be a panther."

"I hadn't been standing a minute when I heard a twig snap back of me, and before I could turn half way round something struck my back and drove me forward on my hands and knees. Of course I instantly realized that a panther had landed on my back. It stuck its claws into my shoulders and began to kick with its hind feet, snarling and tearing at the coonskin with its teeth. I knew in a second that the only thing for me to do was to throw myself backward, and this I did at once, burying the panther in the snow beneath me. The panther then started to scream, but the snow and my weight kept it from making much noise. It continued to claw great rents in the coonskin coat until I stabbed it three times in the side, when it stopped kicking and began to gasp. I knew that the point of the knife had touched a vital spot, so I lay still till the panther stretched out dead. Then I got up and pulled the beast out of the snow by the tail. I'd hardly dropped it on the surface than there was another movement in the evergreen tree."

"This time I spied a pair of eyes on a limb about 15 feet above the snow and blazed away at them. A panther tumbled out, began to pitch and dive in the snow, soon turning up its toes. Then I pulled off the overcoat and discovered that the panther had ruined it. The claws hadn't touched my flesh, though, for I wore three thicknesses of deer skin and two of wool under the overcoat. On that trip of three days I got five panthers and four wolves."

"The same winter I surprised a pack of wolves that had cornered three deer in a pen up in the Mehopyany country. I had on a wolfskin coat, and the wolves legged it out of the pen the moment they got sight of me. I pulled off the coat and put it behind a tree, and the wolves, when they stopped to look back, acted as if they had been scared by a false alarm. When they saw that the overcoat wasn't in sight they didn't care more for me than for a sapling. They immediately returned to the deer pen as bold as you please, and I shot the whole five as fast as I could load and fire."

"One winter Joel Wright, who used to hunt and trap all the way from the Logansock to the Mehopyany, rolled up a log in the woods till he could go over a knoll and look at one of his traps. When he got to the top of the knoll on his way back, he heard a bear bellowing down in the hollow, as if it was challenging another bear to fight with him. In a minute Joel caught sight of the noisy bear, but couldn't make out where the other one was. The challenger was slouching toward the log on which the coonskin overcoat lay in a bunch, and Joel made up his mind that the bear had got scent of the coat and was about to tackle it."

"Joel had a better fur coat at home, and he didn't care much what the bear did with the one on the log. Anyhow he was going to watch the bear, and, if he got the better of the coat, all right. He could see that the fellow was angry before he got within ten rods of the log. Rushing up to the log, the bear seized the overcoat in his paws and began to squeeze and shake it as if it was a thing of life that he held an old grudge against. Joel tramped down the knoll then to see all the fun at short range, and pretty soon the bear gave the coat a dreadful tug, let out a yell, fell over backward and went to sprawling and rolling in the snow. Joel knew what the trouble was, but he didn't say a word. The bear had his own way, and he was dead as a flint when Joel got to him. Joel's hunting knife was in a pocket of the overcoat, and the point of it had pierced the heart of the angry animal when he hugged the coat to his breast in a fit of rage."—Scranton Letter in New York Sun.

Not a Dowry. Little Miss Mugg (proudly)—My papa is going to buy me a bicycle. Little Miss Freckles (doffily)—I've had one for a year. Little Miss Mugg (disdainfully)—Hah! I wouldn't be seen riding a last year's bicycle.—Good News.

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THE THIRD ADDITION OF BROOKSIDE. The Howe Farm, east of town, has been platted and is now on the market in Lots and Blocks containing 3, 20, 30, and 40 acres, ranging in price from \$25 to \$100 per acre. Any one wanting a fruit, vegetable or chicken farm or a suburban home can now be accommodated on easy terms.

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H. G. POTTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 1106 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C. For many years in the General Land Office, Examiner of Contests, Mineral vs. Mineral vs. Railroad, and Agricultural claims, and Late Chief of the Mineral Division.