

Saturday Mornings.
PUBLISHERS.
J. W. KELLY, L. H. WELLS.
TERMS.

One year.....\$3 00
Six months.....1 50
Three months.....1 00
Advertising rates furnished on application to this office. Rates reasonable.
We are prepared to do job work of all kinds with dispatch, on reasonable terms.

THAT NOSE.

Rev. Mr. Murray, during his summer tour, has, it seems, encountered a remarkably self-asserting nose of which he has in the 'Golden Rule.' Speaking of noses he says: There was a nose on that train. Indeed, in my car there were forty noses until ten o'clock, after that only one remained. They made up the berths at half-past nine, and it only took thirty minutes for that nose to assert itself. There was a trumpet, a clarinet, a fish-horn, a snare-drum, and a cymbal, inside that one nose. In fact, it was a full band of itself.

It was in good practice and opened its concert artistically. Its prelude was in the minor key, but I have had experience in such noses, and I knew what was coming. At last it came. What a noise! It drowned the roar of the train. It filled the cars and flowed out through the ventilator.

What's that? said a heavy bass voice.

WHAT'S THAT? startlingly ejaculated a tenor.

WHAT'S THAT? timidly interrogated a soprano.

The answer came again, and again the torrent rushed out of that nose. Big? Yes, they must have been big—big as a bootleg. It takes room for such a noise to get out.

Oh! said the base voice.

Oh! said the tenor.

Oh! re-echoed the soprano.

Then silence.

Nothing more was said for ten minutes, while the noise warmed to its work. It put forth its variations; no two snores were alike. One would begin with a slight quaver, run up an ever deepening variation, and then explode. The next would be a tremendous explosion—no warning of its beginning, no premonition of its closing. Now it was a bass now a tenor and then a soprano. But whatever the key, whatever the mode, the force was never lacking; it was strongly, tersibly strong.

"I can't stand this!" said the bass voice.

"I can't stand this!" repeated the tenor.

"I can't stand this!" cried the soprano.

Laugh! I lay on my back and laughed. I rolled over on my side and laughed. I shoved the window up, put my head out and laughed; laughed with a spasmodic action of the heels. Still the man snored. Five minutes passed; the nose was executing one of its most intricate and impressive passages. It began with a tremolo, rolled on and roared itself upward, along a rising gamut of sound, until it burst forth with a snort.

Porter! called the bass.

PORTER! sounded the tenor.

OH! PORTER! cried the soprano.

The porter came hurrying in, followed by the conductor with his lantern. I was standing in the passageway trying to hold myself together in the middle.

"What are you crying for, asked the conductor.

That instant the nose broke forth; the conductor looked astonished; he explained afterwards that he had heard considerable snoring in his nine years' service, but nothing like this.

"We must wake him up!" he said.

"Oh, yes! wake him up!" said the tenor.

"Wake him up!" cried the soprano.

The soprano was nearly exhausted, but I clearly heard the word up.

We parted the curtains. The man was lying on his back, the pillow down under his shoulders, his head hanging over the north side of it. His mouth was wide

open, his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees—the angle of the highest flight for a projectile. His knees were drawn up and his hands lay on the pit of his stomach. I shook him. I shook him twice. The third time I shook him he opened his eyes. I think I should have rattled his eyeballs out of their sockets at the fourth shake. He opened his eyes. The lantern streaming into his face, and three pairs of eyes looking fiercely at him, had a discomposing effect.

"Stranger, said I in priestly tones, stranger are you prepared to die?"

"Eh? What? How? Thunder? what's the matter?" he said.

"That nose, said I.

I looked around. The conductor was going through the door. The ebony face of the porter was to be seen looking out from behind the stove pipe. The man looked at me and I looked at the man.

"Will he go to sleep again?" said the bass.

"Will he go to sleep again?" asked the tenor.

"Will he go to sleep again?" laughed the soprano hysterically.

I looked at the man. The man looked at me. I said, "Let it out." He shut one eye, and said, cheap. I saw he understood.

Don't Forget It.

If you are troubled with nervousness, are disheartened, tired of life, fear death or feel out of sorts as the saying is, you may safely conclude that you have the Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint. The liver is very apt to become torpid this season of the year as poisons arising from stagnant water or decaying vegetation are more numerous and are through inhalation taken into the blood. Unless the liver is strong and active, and furnishes a supply of fresh and pure blood to drive out the impurities, the above mentioned symptoms surely follow, and if not heeded, end in more terrible diseases and death. White Prairie Flower proves itself the Great Liver Panacea. Its action on the liver is different from any medicine ever compounded. Its cures are truly wonderful. Try it. Price twenty-five cents and seventy-five cents.

Nothing more was said for ten minutes, while the noise warmed to its work. It put forth its variations; no two snores were alike. One would begin with a slight quaver, run up an ever deepening variation, and then explode. The next would be a tremendous explosion—no warning of its beginning, no premonition of its closing. Now it was a bass now a tenor and then a soprano. But whatever the key, whatever the mode, the force was never lacking; it was strongly, tersibly strong.

"I can't stand this!" said the bass voice.

"I can't stand this!" repeated the tenor.

"I can't stand this!" cried the soprano.

Laugh! I lay on my back and laughed. I rolled over on my side and laughed. I shoved the window up, put my head out and laughed; laughed with a spasmodic action of the heels. Still the man snored. Five minutes passed; the nose was executing one of its most intricate and impressive passages. It began with a tremolo, rolled on and roared itself upward, along a rising gamut of sound, until it burst forth with a snort.

Porter! called the bass.

PORTER! sounded the tenor.

OH! PORTER! cried the soprano.

The porter came hurrying in, followed by the conductor with his lantern. I was standing in the passageway trying to hold myself together in the middle.

"What are you crying for, asked the conductor.

That instant the nose broke forth; the conductor looked astonished; he explained afterwards that he had heard considerable snoring in his nine years' service, but nothing like this.

"We must wake him up!" he said.

"Oh, yes! wake him up!" said the tenor.

"Wake him up!" cried the soprano.

The soprano was nearly exhausted, but I clearly heard the word up.

We parted the curtains. The man was lying on his back, the pillow down under his shoulders, his head hanging over the north side of it. His mouth was wide

open, his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees—the angle of the highest flight for a projectile. His knees were drawn up and his hands lay on the pit of his stomach. I shook him. I shook him twice. The third time I shook him he opened his eyes. I think I should have rattled his eyeballs out of their sockets at the fourth shake. He opened his eyes. The lantern streaming into his face, and three pairs of eyes looking fiercely at him, had a discomposing effect.

"Stranger, said I in priestly tones, stranger are you prepared to die?"

"Eh? What? How? Thunder? what's the matter?" he said.

"That nose, said I.

I looked around. The conductor was going through the door. The ebony face of the porter was to be seen looking out from behind the stove pipe. The man looked at me and I looked at the man.

"Will he go to sleep again?" said the bass.

"Will he go to sleep again?" asked the tenor.

"Will he go to sleep again?" laughed the soprano hysterically.

I looked at the man. The man looked at me. I said, "Let it out." He shut one eye, and said, cheap. I saw he understood.

Don't Forget It.

If you are troubled with nervousness, are disheartened, tired of life, fear death or feel out of sorts as the saying is, you may safely conclude that you have the Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint. The liver is very apt to become torpid this season of the year as poisons arising from stagnant water or decaying vegetation are more numerous and are through inhalation taken into the blood. Unless the liver is strong and active, and furnishes a supply of fresh and pure blood to drive out the impurities, the above mentioned symptoms surely follow, and if not heeded, end in more terrible diseases and death. White Prairie Flower proves itself the Great Liver Panacea. Its action on the liver is different from any medicine ever compounded. Its cures are truly wonderful. Try it. Price twenty-five cents and seventy-five cents.

Nothing more was said for ten minutes, while the noise warmed to its work. It put forth its variations; no two snores were alike. One would begin with a slight quaver, run up an ever deepening variation, and then explode. The next would be a tremendous explosion—no warning of its beginning, no premonition of its closing. Now it was a bass now a tenor and then a soprano. But whatever the key, whatever the mode, the force was never lacking; it was strongly, tersibly strong.

"I can't stand this!" said the bass voice.

"I can't stand this!" repeated the tenor.

"I can't stand this!" cried the soprano.

Laugh! I lay on my back and laughed. I rolled over on my side and laughed. I shoved the window up, put my head out and laughed; laughed with a spasmodic action of the heels. Still the man snored. Five minutes passed; the nose was executing one of its most intricate and impressive passages. It began with a tremolo, rolled on and roared itself upward, along a rising gamut of sound, until it burst forth with a snort.

Porter! called the bass.

PORTER! sounded the tenor.

OH! PORTER! cried the soprano.

The porter came hurrying in, followed by the conductor with his lantern. I was standing in the passageway trying to hold myself together in the middle.

"What are you crying for, asked the conductor.

GOODS TO BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN BEFORE OFFERED IN ROSEBURG.
GREAT SLAUGHTER IN PRICES

J. C. FLOED
Has the largest and best selected stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

Ever brought to Roseburg, which he proposes to offer to the market at prices lower than can any other house in the city. His stock embraces the Latest Novelties in

Ladies' Fancy Goods
AND ALL STYLES

LADIES DRESS GOODS,
Consisting in part of

SKIRTS, UNDERWEAR, LACE CUFFS
COLLARS, EMBROIDERIES, TIES,
LACES, PLAIN & FANCY HOSES,
ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

He desires to inform the trade that he has a Complete stock of

CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,
Comprising Full Suits, Ties, Scarfs, Cravats, White and Fancy Shirts, White and Colored Underwear, etc.; also,

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, GROCERIES
In full supply and cheaper than all.

HARDWARE
Of all descriptions.

I am also agent for the celebrated

Fish Brothers' Wagon!

Thankful for many past favors, I respectfully invite all my old customers and the public generally to examine the stock in my store. All will find it in every way complete, and that I have uniformly reduced the price of goods. J. C. FLOED.

Wheeler Bros.
Postoffice Building, Locust street, Oakland

...DEALERS IN...
DRY GOODS;

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

We will
Pay the Highest Price FOR WOOL.

And store
ALL WOOL FREE OF CHARGE.

We are prepared to receive wool at either of the following places:

Roseburg, Wilbur, Oakland, Yoncall
Or Drain's and Scottsburg
WHEELER BROS.

Largest Stock

Best Goods

Lowest Prices

C. COHEN'S

ROSEBURG, OREGON.

Auction Every Saturday

SUBSCRIBE FOR

The Independent

LARGEST CIRCULATION

THE ONLY PAPER CONTAINING SPECIAL

Dispatches by Telegraph

IS BY FAR THE BEST

Local Newspaper.

ONLY \$2.50 PER ANNUM

IN ADVANCE.

JOB-PRINTING
NEATLY EXECUTED.

ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

GO TO
M. APPEL!
HE HAS THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF
Cigars and Tobaccos

Candies and Notions
EVER BROUGHT TO ROSEBURG, AND HE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

H. C. STANTON!

DEALER IN...

STAPLE DRY GOODS
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

EXTRA FINE GROCERIES,
Wood, Willow and Glassware,

CROCKERY AND CORDAGE!

A FULL STOCK OF.....

SCHOOL BOOKS!
Such as are required.

STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS!

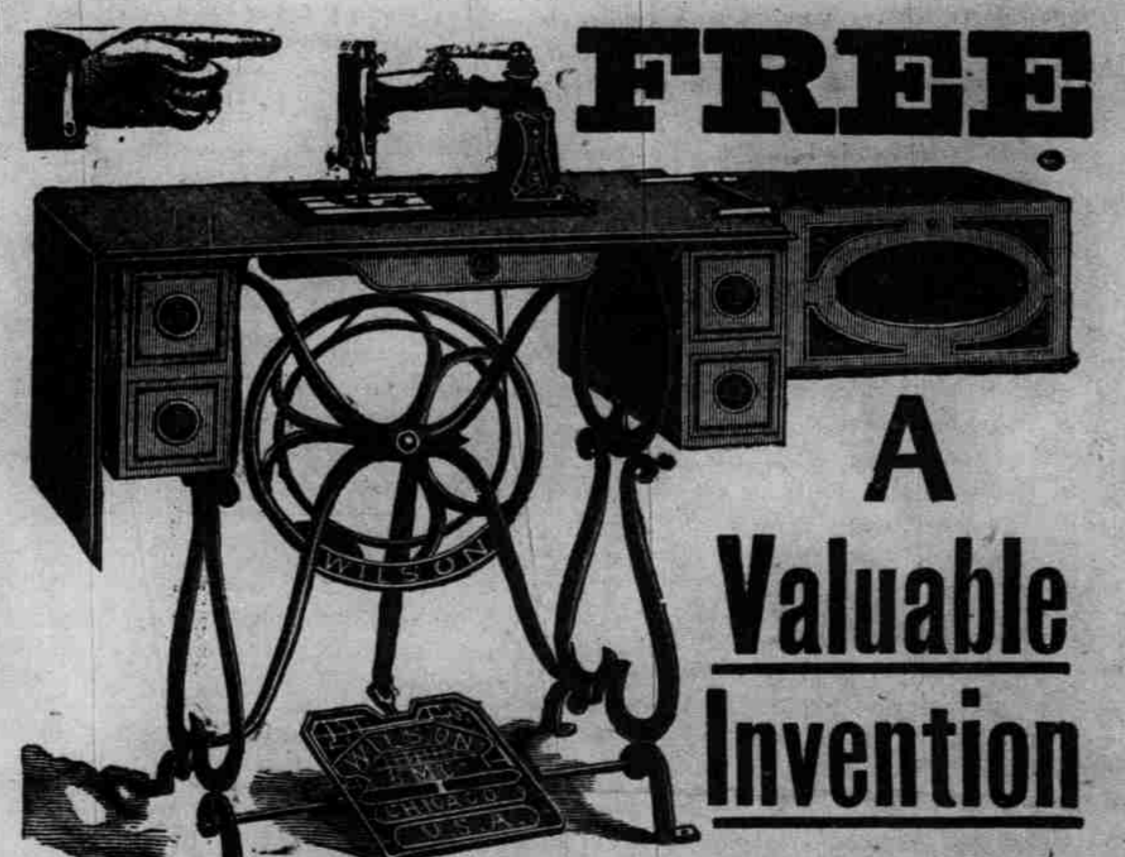
TOYS & FANCY ARTICLES
To please both old and young.

Sole Agent for the celebrated

Pacific Threshing Machine Co.
Including the well known

PLTON SIX-FOLD HORSE-POWER.

Buys and sells legal tenders, furnishes checks on Portland, and procures drafts on San Francisco in sums to suit all requirements.



A Valuable Invention
THE WORLD-RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE

in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. THE WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT, for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine. A Certificate is given with each Machine, guaranteeing to keep it in repair, free of charge, for five years. It requires no special instructions to learn how to use it. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. Machines delivered free of charge anywhere in the United States.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, and ask for sample of mending, and our Circular No. 197 for further instructions for buying machines upon terms stated in the Catalogue.
AGENTS WANTED: WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.
827 & 829 Broadway, New York New Orleans, La.;
Cor. State and Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill. and San Francisco, Cal.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
E. M. MOORE, Agent.

MAHONY'S SALOON,
Nearest to the Railroad Depot, Oakland
JAS. MAHONEY, Proprietor.
THE FINEST OF
WINES, LIQUORS & 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.

J. B. SMITH,
Opposite Abraham & Brown, Oakland, Or.
...DEALER IN...
Stoves and Tinware
HARDWARE,
AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
Keeps always on hand a
FULL STOCK
And is always ready to sell goods for cash at prices so that all will be satisfied.

QUICK SALES AND READY RETURNS
Is my motto. Now is the time for your
Winter Trade.

New Book Store,
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.
...AND...
STATIONERY,

Constantly on hand a full and complete stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS
For Common and Graded Schools;

WRITING PAPER, PENS, INK, PEI CILLS
Also the most popular and
LATEST BOOKS OF THE TIME
And Books in sets of all the Popular Authors
NOVELS,
Song Books, Sheet Music, "The Latest" Hymn Books.

BIBLES, TESTAMENTS,
Daily and Weekly Newspapers
MAGAZINES, PICTORIALS

And all the Novelties
First-class Bookstore.

Will furnish any Paper or Magazine Club rates, and any book not in our stock we will send and get on short notice.
We have the nicest and best stock in goods in Southern Oregon
Who will help us to promote interests of this community,
call and see our stock.
844
DR. J. WOODRUFF.

ROSEBURG MILLS.
ALWAYS ON HAND
THE VERY BEST OF FLOUR
ORDERS FOR
Cracked Wheat, Graham Flour,
and Cornmeal
Filled on short notice, and on most liberal terms.
J. WILSON & CO.

DEPOT HOTEL,
OAKLAND, OREGON,
RICHARD THOMAS, Prop.

THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED
for a number of years, and has become very popular with the traveling public. First-class

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
Are the Table supplied with the best table articles afforded.
Hotel at the depot of the Railroad.

GREAT Reduction!
In the price of

Patent Paints!

The Manufacturers of the

RUBBER AND IMPERISHABLE PAINTS

Having recently reduced the price of their paints, I am now enabled to sell, for cash down, either paint for

\$2 per gallon in 5 gallon cans
\$2 25 " " 1 " " " " " "
Proportionately " 1 4 " " " " " "
" " " " " HAMILTON, " " " "
Roseburg, Or.

844

844