THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

Saturday Mornings,

—BY—

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Six Months.....1 50
Three Months.....1 00

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E. R. MULLER,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

OAKLAND, - - - - OREGON

Office in Dr. Page's Drug Store.

Canyonville Hotel,

D. A. LEVINS, - - PROPRIETOR

HAVING RECENTLY PURCHASED THE Canyonville Hotel, I am now prepared to furnish travelers with the best of accommodations. Feed and stabling for stock. D. A. LEVINS.

W. D. WOODCOCK. H. W. CHURCHILL.

Woodcock Churchill,

MYRTLE CREEK, - - OREGON

TEAMSTERS FROM JACKSONVILLE and the residents in Myrtle Creek will find the best horse-shoers at this establishment. In this line we claim to do work equal to any in the State. New work manufactured and repairs made on the shortest notice. Give us a trial, and if we cannot suit you none can.
WOODCOCK & CHURCHILL.

JAS. THORNTON. JACOB WAGNER.
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Ashland Woolen Manufacturin Company,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

White & Colored Blankets

Plain and Fancy Cashmeres, Doeskins, Flannels, Etc.—also,

OVER AND UNDERWEAR CLOTHING

Made to Order.

W. H. ATKINSON co' y

ASHLAND, Jackson County, Oregon.

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.

Metropolitan Hotel,

ROSEBURG, - OREGON.

Perkins & Headrick, Prop'rs.

The Only First-Class Hotel in the City
—AND—
Depot of the C. & O. Stage Co.

WELL FURNISHED SLEEPING APARTments, the best of beds, and the most attentive housekeepers, and a table supplied with the best of everything.

STAGES FOR REDDING

Leave the house every day on the arrival of the cars from Portland.

The traveling public, and all who favor us with their patronage, can rest assured that they will be entertained in the most polite manner.
HEADRICK & PERKINS

MAHONEY'S SALOON,

Nearest to the Railroad Depot, Oakland.

Jas. Mahoney, Prop'r.

The finest of 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.

SALEM

Foundry and Machine Shop

B. F. DRAKE, Proprietor,

SALEM, - OREGON.

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Reapers, Pumps and all kinds and Styles of Machinery made to Order. Machinery repaired on Short Notice.

Pattern making done in all its various forms, and all kinds of brass and iron castings furnished on short notice. Also manufacturer of Enterprise Plainer and Matcher, and Suckers and Sharpers.

PATTERSON'S

SAW MILL

Jas. H. Tipton, Prop'r.

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER,

Including

Sugar Pine,

Cedar, Fir,

Pine and Oak

Lumber,

Always on hand,

And Orders promptly filled on the shortest Notice

All kinds of dressed lumber constantly on hand. Lumber furnished at any point in Roseburg without extra charge, and by application to me it will be found that

My Lumber is not only the best but the cheapest in the market. Try me and see. Address all letters to

JAS. H. TIPTON, Patterson's Mills, Or.

BLACKSMITHING,

WADKINS BROS.

Would inform the public that they have leased the large Blacksmithing shop lately occupied by George Mickle, and that they are prepared to do

All Kinds of Blacksmithing

In first-class style,

And at prices lower than the lowest. They have many years' experience in the line of

Horse Shoeing!

And claim, on this point, in the trade, they are competent to do the best of work to the satisfaction of patrons. All kinds of Machinery repaired, Plow Work, Etc.

Give them a call. Shop opposite S. Mark & Co
ROSEBURG, - OREGON.
33tf.

JOHN FRASER,

Home Made Furniture,

WILBUR, - - OREGON.

Upholstery, Spring Mattrasses, 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.

Furniture Store!

JOHN GILDERSLEVE

HAVING PURCHASED THE FURNIture Establishment of John Lehnherr, is now prepared to do any work in the

UPHOLSTERING LINE.

He is also prepared to furnish

FURNITURE!

In all styles, of the best manufacture, and cheaper than the cheapest. His

Chairs,

Tables,

Bureaus,

Bedsteads,

shstands,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Are of superior make, and for low cost cannot be equalled in the State. The

Finest of Spring Beds

And the

Most Complete Sofas

Always on hand. Everything in the line furnished, of the best quality, on the shortest notice and at the lowest rates.

COFFINS MADE AND TRIMMED.

And orders filled cheaper and better than can any other establishment.

Desiring a share of public patronage, the undersigned promises to offer extra inducements to all patrons. Give me a trial.
JOHN GILDERSLEVE.

J. JASKULEK,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER

AND JEWELER,

Roseburg, Oregon.

NO MORE USE TO SEND YOUR FINE Watches to Portland for repairs. A fine assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eye-glasses always on hand.

The only reliable Optometer in Roseburg for the proper adjustment of Spectacles and Eye glasses, which will preserve and strengthen the eyesight.

All work warranted.

DEPOT HOTEL

OAKLAND, - OREGON.

Richard Thomas, Prop'r.

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 the market affords. Hotel at the depot of the Railroad.

T. C. SMITH & CO.,

DRUGGISTS

Chemists and Pharmacists!

Patton's Block, State Street,

SALEM, - OREGON.

Particular attention given to prescriptions, and all orders by mail or express filled promptly and accurately.

Physicians and country dealers will save money by examining our stock, or procuring our prices, before purchasing elsewhere. 40tf

Oregon and California

STAGE LINE!

THROUGH TO SAN FRANCISCO

—

FOUR DAYS.

THE QUICKEST, SAFEST AND EASIEST ROUTE.

STAGES LEAVE ROSEBURG

Every Day at 7-30 P. M.,

Making quick connection at Reading with the cars of the C. & O. R. R.

For full particulars and passage apply to

PERKINS & HEADRICK.
Agent.

MAMMOTH

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.

This establishment is the

Best in the State!

and connected with it is a large

Wagon Yard and Shed Room!

Capable of accommodating any number of horses and wagons.

Best of Hay and Grain

always in full supply and at living prices.

and no one is allowed to go away dissatisfied. Don't fail to give us a call, for we are determined to suit you in quantity, quality and price.
W. W. ELY.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO WHOM IT may concern that the undersigned has been awarded the contract for keeping the Douglas County paupers for a period of two years. All persons in need of assistance from said county must first procure a certificate to that effect from any member of the County Board and present it to one of the following named persons, who are authorized to and will care for those presenting such certificates: Button & Perkins, Roseburg; L. L. Kellogg, Oakland; Mrs. Brown, Looking Glass. Dr. Woodruff is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same and who have been declared paupers of Douglas County.
W. R. CLARK.

KRIBS & M'MILLEN,

DEALERS IN

Cook, Parlor and Box Stoves,

COOKING RANGES AND HEATING FURNACES.

Manufacturers of all kinds of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE.

Roofing and all kinds of Job Work

Promptly attended to

No. 193 First Street, Portland, Oregon

L. P. FISHER'S
INVULNERABLE LATHER
Room 21 Merchants' Ex.,
San Francisco, Cal.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all Things; Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 4. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879. NO. 36.

THE INDEPENDENT

HAS THE

FINEST JOB OFFICE

IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

CARDS, BILL-HEADS, AND LEGAL BLANKS,

And other printing, including

Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills.

Neatly and expeditiously Executed

AT PORTLAND PRICES.

TELEGRAPHIC.

EASTERN.

Good News for Oregon.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—It is officially announced this afternoon that the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company have purchased steel rails, locomotives and equipment for 200 miles of standard gauge railroad, to be constructed in Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, during the year 1880. Fifteen hundred tons of the rails are now on board the ship Orient, soon to sail from Cardiff for Portland. One hundred miles will be built from The Dalles up the Columbia river, to connect with the existing Walla Walla Railroad; fifty miles more will be an extension of the latter to Snake river, and the remainder will connect Texas ferry, on Snake river, with the heart of the Palouse country. It is stated that these extensions and new constructions are made for the purpose of opening up, in conjunction with the Northern Pacific, the great grain producing district of Eastern Washington Territory. The line of the Northern Pacific in this region extends from the mouth of Snake river northeastwardly to the Bitter Root Mountains, a distance of 200 miles.

Tilden Buys a Railroad.

The *Herald* prints an interview with leading brokers here and citizens of Paterson, N. J., showing Tilden's recent purchase of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad to be part of the scheme for a new outlet from the west. It is believed by many that he is also buying up the New Jersey Midland, its stock having advanced from 65 to 75 in 90 days. The *Herald* infers that Tilden has been trying to obtain the advantage of the New York Central by equipping a rival road to the west, and that Vanderbilt, to head Tilden off by securing and monopolizing western connections and extensions, had to let his Wabash interest in the direction of the New York Central.

The R. R. Combination.

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—The *Advertiser* says of the new railroad combination: The St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, which now has its terminus at Vinita, Indian Territory, is bound to Pierce City, whence it will be rapidly pushed forward to Wichita, where connection is made with the Wichita branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road. Work on the main line of the latter is going forward at the rate of two miles daily, and will reach the Rio Grande in forty-five days. The Southern Pacific is rapidly pushing eastward, and work is being vigorously prosecuted on a third line, which will connect Guaymas, Mexico, part of the road from Guaymas to Hermonsville being under contract, and work to be commenced eastward forthwith.

Women at the Boston Election.

The city election is bringing out a full vote. The various tickets are being scratched extensively. A novel feature of the election is the presence of women at the polls, where they were courteously treated. A majority of the women registered have voted. The polling places were never so quiet and orderly as to-day.

A Decision in the Maine Case.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 11.—The hearing in the mandamus case has been concluded and the decision will be rendered to the council to-morrow.

National Agricultural Society.

NEW YORK Dec. 11.—At a meeting to organize the National Agricultural Society here to-day the following were among the Vice Presidents chosen: Roger W. Woodbury, of Colorado; John Bidwell, of California; S. G. Reed, of Oregon; John Jones, of Nevada. Among the directors was Henry Stubbard, of Stockton, California, to represent Nebraska and the Pacific States and Territories.

Missing.

The police here have been notified today of the mysterious disappearance, while on a visit to this city, of F. S. Spaulding, a wealthy hotel keeper of Colorado Springs, whose unexplained absence has puzzled his relatives and friends. He left Syracuse on the 10th of last month to come to this city, and said he would return in a day or two, but has never returned. Enquiries developed the fact that he arrived here on that day and passed the night at the Metropolitan Hotel, leaving there in the morning, apparently to return home. The hotel register shows that another occupied the room with him, and the two left together next morning. Relatives are working on the case.

Colored Jurors.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec. 11.—The leading Democratic citizens of Richmond county petitioned Judge Jones to include within the Jury list such colored citizens of the county as the court shall think well qualified to serve as jurors. Judge Jones granted the order.

Robbery in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 11.—While the Grant procession was passing the custom house to-day, and while the clerks were temporarily absent, thieves broke open one of the inner doors of one of the safes and secured from $800 to $1000 belonging to one of the employes. The government loses nothing, but it was a narrow escape.

The Indians Surrender one of the Murderers.

LOS PINOS, Dec. 11.—Ouray brought in to-day one of the Indians who are to be tried, and promised to bring in others as soon as secured. He was locked up. The loss of property by the outbreak is to be paid for out of the Ute fund or deposit at Washington.

Indian Fight.

DENVER, Dec. 10.—A special dispatch to the *Tribune* from El Paso states that the Apaches under Chief Ju, numbering one hundred, engaged in a fight with Mexicans in Chihuahua on the 5th. Ju lost eighty killed and wounded.

A Scene at the Hayden Trial.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 10.—There was a dramatic scene in the Haden trial to-day during the cross-examination of Mrs. Hayden, when Mr. Waller asked the following question:

"Now, madam, you needn't answer this question until you are told to by the court: Mr. Hayden, you say, is your husband, the father of your three children, and that he has been a devoted husband to a loving wife for between eight or nine years; that you have constantly maintained pleasant relations, and that there has been and is now the utmost confidence existing between you; that you are convinced of his innocence, and know that if he is found guilty he must suffer ignominious punishment. Under these circumstances, would you not, under oath as you are, make a misstatement?"

There was no answer. The witness burst into tears, as did nearly every woman in the court, and fears glistened in the eyes of memoers of the stronger sex. A silence as of death pervaded the room, and the counsel for the defense hissed out: "It is an insult to the witness!" Waller defended his action, but the court ruled the question an improper one.

PACIFIC COAST.

Kearney going East.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7.—At the sand lots this afternoon, Kearney announced his intention of starting next Sunday for the east for the purpose of attending the conference of the greenback congressmen and labor organizations, to be held at Washington January 8th. He proclaimed the republican party as a common enemy which he intended to fight the next presidential campaign. He also announced that the friends of the people would contrive at the assembling of the legislature to organize the house in opposition to the republicans. This is in harmony with the report telegraphed some time ago to the effect that a bargain was a part of the programme between the workingmen and the democracy with a view to controlling the organization.

Late this afternoon the wind began to blow heavily from the southeast, and soon after rain began falling. There is every prospect of a heavy storm.

Suicide.

An unknown man was found dead in an most unfrequented portion of the a most unfrequented portion of Golden Gate park this afternoon. On his person were found an empty whisky flask and a vial that had contained laudanum and a discharged derringer near him, the bullet from which had penetrated his brain.

A Grand Success.

The attendance this evening for the benefit of the orphan children of General Hood, tendered by his old comrades and friends, is a great success. The house is jammed, and the net profits will approximate $1000. In addition to the regular performance of "Forget Me Not," Captain Jack Crawford, the poet and scout, delivered a poem written for the occasion.

Arrested.

A man supposed to be a member of the recently discovered gang of counterfeiters, was arrested at Los Angeles this evening in an attempt to pass a spurious $5 gold piece. Counterfeit gold to the amount of nearly $500 were found on his person. He refused to make any statement or give his name.

Escaped.

A Los Angeles dispatch says that C. A. Matlock, one of the gang of counterfeiters in the jail here awaiting the action of the grand jury, made his escape this afternoon by picking the lock of the jail doors. Officers are in pursuit.

She Would, and She Wou'dn't.

STOCKTON, Dec. 6.—Gregoria Braghetti a Swiss, about 30 years of age, suicided by taking strychnine. Deceased was to have been married Sunday, but had a slight quarrel with her betrothed.

Divy.

Ophir declares a dividend of $1.

Mud.

Mammoth levies an assessment of $1.

Another Unfortunate.

Amelia Meronez, a woman of the town, suicided last night by taking morphine. It is alleged as the cause that she was tired of the life she was leading.

Murder.

The body of a Chinaman was found lying across the track on Long bridge this morning, with four knife wounds in his head and neck and a dirk sticking in a deep wound in his side from which his intestines protruded. No clew to the murderer has been discovered.

Fearful Rain Storm.

YREKA, Dec. 5.—The most extraordinary rain storm that has ever visited this section ceased this morning. In about eighteen hours 3.86 inches of rain fell, making 4.86 since the 1st inst. The storm appears to have been equally severe all over the county. Cottonwood creek is impassable, and the stages are unable to cross over thirty miles, and at the time of the capture were reinforced by Sheriff Sprague, of this county. The information they furnished led to his capture. He is in jail here.

Killed by an Engine.

SAN RAFAEL, Dec. 11.—This afternoon soon an engine of N. P. C. R. R. near San Rafael struck C. Ellis and threw him beneath the wheels, passing over his arm and leg, nearly severing them. He also received internal injuries from which he died. Before expiring he told a friend of his where a considerable amount of money was buried near his cabin.

Patter, Patter.

SHASTA, Cal., Dec. 6.—It still continues raining. Yesterday the Sacramento river rose seventeen feet, and could not be crossed at several points.

More of the Counterfeiters.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 7.—A Los Angeles dispatch says another of the gang of counterfeiters was arrested and gave his name as James Graham. On his person was found a shipping receipt for a package which was intercepted and found to contain a complete kit of counterfeit tools, dies and molds, for making spurious $5 gold pieces. The man who was arrested yesterday gives the name of O'Rourke, a native of Canada, and furnished the information which led to the arrest of Graham.

Explosion in a Sewer.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Last evening the Oaklanders living on Jefferson street, between Second and Ninth streets, were troubled with an almost suffocating smell of gas, and about 9 o'clock in the evening a boy named John Leach, living on Second street, between Grove and Jefferson, was severely burned by the explosion of gas which occurred on his entering a water closet with a lighted candle. Nothing further occurred until shortly before midnight, when a vivid flash, accompanied by a heavy report, lit up the street for several blocks, and the explosion shook the ground and buildings. The residence of W. H. Patrick, No. 8 Jefferson street, at which the greatest force of the explosion was felt, was almost completely wrecked, the inmates escaping unharmed by what seemed almost a miracle. Other houses for several blocks were blackened, scorched and the plastering blown off, but no injury done to the occupants. The cause was ascertained to be a leak in a sewer. The damage to property will aggregate a considerable amount.

A Row Which Ended Fatally.

Last Sunday evening two Frenchmen, Henry Vienne and Frank La Pau, were engaged in a difficulty in the saloon of Hotel de France, on Pacific street, and adjourned to the sidewalk to settle it. La Pau struck Vienne, knocking him over. A team of horses stood at the edge of the sidewalk, and Vienne, in falling, struck the near horse in the flank and fell between his legs. The animal kicked him in the side, inflicting severe internal injuries. His dead body was found in his room at the hotel yesterday morning. La Pau was arrested on a charge of manslaughter.

Sad Suicide.

Miss Hattie Lucas, residing with her mother at 614 Seventeenth street, Oakland, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by shooting herself. The young lady was highly esteemed. She wrote a letter to her mother, informing her that for some time she had entertained a dread of insanity, and that she had dreamed of being in the asylum. She sat in an arm chair and placed the pistol to her breast. The ball penetrated her heart.

The Old Story--Too Many Stocks.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—Fleischman & Sichel attribute their business embarrassment and assignment to the speculations of their book-keeper, Ernest Loewenberg, who has been missing for two or three days. He has been with them some ten years and was fully trusted. They are unable as yet to state the amount of which he has robbed them, but say their liabilities are about $60,000 and assets $30,000 to $35,000, and that Loewenberg has undoubtedly gotten away with the balance against them. His defacation is attributed to stocks and fast living. Search is now being made for him.

Failure of Lucky Baldwin Denied.

For several days rumors have been rife that Lucky Baldwin had failed. There seems, on careful inquiry, to be no ground whatever for the report. It probably arose from the fact that a sale of real estate on Market street, made by him some time ago to Glazier & Co., has been put on record within a few days, giving the impression that he was making further transfers.

San Francisco will Sympathize.

The executive committee of the various Irish societies met this evening and resolved to hold a mass meeting at Union Hall, December 18th, for the purpose of taking steps for the relief of the distress in Ireland. Archbishop Alemano endorses the project and will be present. It is intimated that Lt. Governor Johnson will preside.

Want Him Ousted.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—The following was telegraphed to-day: "To Newton Booth, Horace Davis, H. F. Page, R. Pacheco: I am instructed to forward to you the following action of the Republican State Central Committee, and ask you to have it properly presented to the National Committee: The Republican State Central Committee of California, in the name and on behalf of the Republican party thereof, earnestly protest against George C. Gorham representing the Republican party of California in the National Committee, he having abandoned the Republican party and advocated the success of the Democratic ticket. The Republican party ask that his place on the committee be declared vacant and a representative Republican appointed in his stead.
MARCUS D. BORUCK, Sec'y."

Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 11.—Edgar Harcourt committed suicide at the Montgomery Hotel, on Second street, last night, by taking morphine. He left nothing behind him.

Died of His Wounds.

Matthew Joice, No. 127 Folsom street, died this morning from a knife wound in the neck, inflicted by his nephew two weeks ago.

The Bonanza Suit.

Testimony was taken to-day in opposition of John H. Burke to the approval of the accounts of the executors of the O'Brien estate. Cornelius O'Connor testified that he was one of the appraisers of the O'Brien estate. There have been some changes since in the value of Pacific Mill Company's, and the Wood, Lumber and Fluffie Company's stock. We jumped at the valuations. The stock has since been sold, and that is true value. J. H. Gayer, book-keeper for Flood & O'Brien, said O'Brien's interest in the firm had been sold, realizing $1,788,122, and consisting of 19,785 shares California at $6 per share, 30,705 shares Consolidated Virginia at $9 per share; 8073 shares Ophir at $37 per share, 7859 shares Yellow Jacket at $4 per share, 14,785 shares Cherokee, $7000; three-sixteenths of the Latrobe tunnel, $3750; cash, $1,048,400. All the stock was sold to James G. Fair at private sale for the prices named above. A. C. Platt, book-keeper of the estate, said that the residuary legatees, Mrs. Coleman, had been paid cash, $454,000; real and personal property, $281,000; and Mrs. McDonough, cash, $722,000; real and personal property, $103,000. The Pacific Mill Company's stock and the Wood, Lumber and Flume Company's stock was sold to James G. Fair, and the refinery stock to the Selby Lead Company, owned by Flood, Mackey and Fair.

Assessments.

Ward, 40c; Martin White 50c per share.

Captured at Last.

OROVILLE, Dec. 11.—Brown, the third of the Mendocino outlaws, was captured this afternoon near Bangor, in this county. The immediate capture was made by Thomas Moran, of Wyandotte, and J. M. Stanley, deputy sheriff of Mendocino county, assisted by C. A. White, who shot Billings, had followed his trail through the mountains on foot over thirty miles, and at the time of the capture were reinforced by Sheriff Sprague, of this county. The information they furnished led to his capture. He is in jail here.

Killed by an Engine.

SAN RAFAEL, Dec. 11.—This afternoon soon an engine of N. P. C. R. R. near San Rafael struck C. Ellis and threw him beneath the wheels, passing over his arm and leg, nearly severing them. He also received internal injuries from which he died. Before expiring he told a friend of his where a considerable amount of money was buried near his cabin.

FOREIGN.

The British at Cabul.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—A dispatch from Cabul Friday evening says that General MacPherson attacked the enemy on the ridge above the Bold Hissar at noon today. He captured and now holds the tower and part of the ridge. General Baker has arrived here from Maidan. He had some sharp fighting Wednesday and Thursday on the crest of the hill. He was surrounded and stormed on Saturday. The city of Cabul is quiet.

Report Confirmed.

CALCUTTA, Dec. 13.—General Roberts telegraphs a confirmation of the report of General MacPherson's partial failure in his attempt to capture the ridge above Balahissar. At Cabul on Saturday morning General Baker attacked the Afghan's position with two and a half regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and eight guns, and succeeded in capturing the hill and driving the Afghans from their positions.

A letter dated Candahar, 1st inst., and published at Bombay, says that Gen. Stewart has been instructed to send a messenger to Ayoub Khan, the Afghan commander at Herat, requiring him to hold Herat in the name of the British government, and threatening the advancement thither of the British force in case of his failure to do so.

Latest from Cabul.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—General Roberts telegraphs from Cabul under date of the 13th inst., that the enemy have been defeated on all sides, but that notwithstanding their heavy losses parties of Afghans still remain in the neighborhood. General Roberts announced his intention to attack on the 14th inst., (yesterday), unless these parties disperse. The total British loss during three days' fighting was forty-three killed, including six officers, and sixteen wounded, of whom ten are officers.

Troops for Cabul.

A dispatch from Bombay says the enemy in the vicinity of Cabul numbers 12,000 men. The 29th Madras infantry has been ordered to prepare immediately for active service in Burmah.

Dead

PARIS, Dec. 12.—Paul Dupont, member of the senate from Dordogne, is dead.

The English in Africa.

A dispatch from Cape Town, dated Nov. 25th, says the colonial forces successfully stormed Moirosis mountain on the 20th of November. Chief Moirosis was killed during the fight. On the British side two colonists were wounded and two natives killed. The attack on Chief Secocorie has been postponed until the 28th.

Contraband of War.

BERLIN, Dec. 12.—A letter from St. Petersburg reports that in the possession of the six persons recently arrested the police discovered fifteen hundred copies of the revolutionary committee's proclamation and thirty revolvers.

American Enterprise.

BERLIN, Dec. 12.—An American, a petroleum well owner, has arrived at Baker in search of the naptha fields of the peninsula of Apsharon.

The Floods.

PESTH, Dec. 12.—The overflowing of the rivers Koros and Maros has caused fearful destitution in the city of Aran on the Maros, and several other towns have been ruined and their inhabitants driven away. Fully ten thousand persons were rendered homeless.

Worse and Worse.

Later—Six villages have been ruined by the flood near Aran. Many entire families who had found refuge in the neighboring woods, were frozen to death. Several hundred persons are missing.

Subsiding.

PESTH, Dec. 14.—A dispatch announces that the rivers having their source in Transylvania are rapidly falling.

Out on Bail.

CARRICK ON SHANON, Dec. 12.—Killen has been allowed to go on bail. This seems to confirm a Dublin dispatch announcing that the government does not intend to press the prosecutions of Davitt, Baly and Killen.

Olive Logan comes to the defense of Lucy Hamilton Hooper, the brilliant Paris letter writer, who has been unmercifully abused by the *Figaro* for some very free criticism on French society. Olive calls special attention to the fact that no attempt is made to disprove or deny Mrs. Hooper's assertion that a young lady would be safer in the hands of an American in a journey across the continent than she would be if left alone with a Frenchman for ten minutes in a drawing-room.

"Ah, Louise, my heart is very despondent. Ever since I have gazed into the depths of those lovely, I——" Hush; John, put an air brake on that train of thought. Pa has introduced me to his new partner, and I am his for $2,000,000. That settles it.

Deadwood, uses five hundred beef cattle per month.

A MISTY NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

One evening, about a year ago, I was standing on the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-sixth street. It was about 11 o'clock, and a heavy mist was falling, though the night was warm. I was about to take a down-car, when I was accosted by a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking man, who called me by name, but whose identity I could not fix in my mind, though I knew I had seen him before.

"Patsey, old boy, how are you?" said he, grasping and heartily shaking my hand. "I'm glad to see you, Pat, really. Come, take a walk with me up town. The night isn't particularly inviting, old boy, nor is it terribly severe. Come!"

Why I should take a walk with a man whom I couldn't "place," at that hour, and on such a night, I didn't ask myself and can't answer even now. Perhaps it was the man's manner of speech, earnest and peremptory, his commanding rather than soliciting tones, that caused me to think he had some kind of an affair on hand which he did not wish to "give away," and that a companion would be desirable. Something influenced me at any rate; for, with a "Come on!" to him, and without asking his name or anything concerning him, hoping to "place" him by my own efforts at retrospection, I turned and started off with him up the avenue mentioned.

His pace, though not a hurried one, was as earnest as his speech. He put his feet down as if he had something to walk for, and he talked commonplaces in a crisp and solid tone, so to speak. In short, there was nothing of the idler in his walk, and nothing of the sleepy-head in his talk.

I walked along beside him, wondering, as I walked, what was up, of course, imagining all sorts of things. We walked till we reached Central Park, having "dropped in" once on the way, at his invitation, to partake of the inevitable "invigorator," when I scanned my midnight companion closely—not for a mental inventory of his apparel, but to "take in the situation" in respect to his sobriety.

If I was any judge—and I thought I was—he was as "straight as a string," as free from the influence of liquor as a lump-post, and standing as firm, while his eyes shone with a light as clear and bright as health and vivacity could impart. I have thought of that light since—I should have more closely observed it then—it was a glare.

We entered the park. I was now an involuntary, I may say, a mechanical accompaniment, and nothing more—he talking as usual, and the stages as usual, putting his foot down as firmly and speaking as earnestly, though dwelling not for a moment on any one topic, broaching and disposing of one in less than that time, and taking up another.

My curiosity in regard to my companion and his "mission," was now only exceeded by my desire to be "in at the death," as it were—to "see the thing out."

"Who the deuce is this man?" For the life of me I couldn't "place" him, though I had worked the "retrospect" to the best of my ability. "What is his lay?" "How will it end?" "He isn't drunk. He isn't a lunatic." "It's very queer, anyhow." Such were a few of the questions and remarks mutually asked and made by myself as I was drawn alongside the tall unknown—"drawn," that's what it was, for I was impelled by some strange influence to keep alongside my companion, whether I would or not. In fact, it didn't occur to me to attempt to break the spell upon me—the "spell" operetes to the contrary, I suppose.

Well, on we went through the mist and darkness—opaqueness, let me say; for, though "lost to sight," there was a moon above us, according to the almanac, and it was not dark, a dull, gray, ghostly sort of light pervading—until "the lake" was reached, when my companion incontinently seated himself, pulling me down beside him—a physical effort on his part, and not one of attraction, magnetic or otherwise.

No sooner were we seated than he spoke of the gray mist, as if for the first time noticing it, and went on to remark upon mists in general, if not this one in particular.

He discussed mists for two minutes, perhaps, when he dropped the subject as one—well, too moist, perhaps, or maybe too "dry." At all events, he dismissed the mist without ceremony, and for the first time since we set out on our walk, spoke not for the space of forty seconds.

Suddenly, he broke the silence with a remark that came from his lips as suddenly as the report and flash of a gun, and, if not so sounding as the report, quite as startling to me.

"Patsey," (I shall never forget how "short, sharp and decisive" was the pronunciation of my Christian name) are you fond of sensations? I tell you we'll create one in the morning, you bet! When they find us both laid out here as dead as herrings, in the morning, I rather think there will be something of a sensation, eh!"

He paused then, and it dawned upon me that my companion was a lunatic. And when, the next moment, I saw in his right hand a good-sized revolver—none of your little vest-pocket affairs—the broad sunlight of conviction, so to speak, forced itself upon me that my position was a ticklish, if not a perilous, one.

A cold sweat started out all over me—the condition which conduced to that sweat saved my life, perhaps; for the opposite, which would have prompted me to spring to my feet and fly, would very likely have precipitated matters to a serious if not fatal conclusion. My hair stood up, I am certain, and my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth as if glued there, while my heart beat the "tattoo" on my ribs.

I suppose you think I was frightened. Well, you have been mistaken before now, without doubt; and you might be now—but you are not. I was frightened—and don't you forget it!

Out there in the dark at midnight, in a cold, gray, ghostly mist that looked like the shroud of all things earthly, seated beside a powerful fellow who coolly suggested a "sensation" of a startling and tragical nature, strengthening his suggestion by the production of a murderous-looking revolver!—yes, I was frightened, and don't care who knows it.

"I shall shoot you first, Patsey!" was the next remark of my friend (?), and how crisp and firm the utterance! "Then I shall shoot myself! The sensation in the morning will be tremendous, my boy!"

His right hand moved—my eyes were glued upon it—and something I had to do, or *something* he would do, most certainly, and cause a "sensation in the morning." Retrieving my tongue (minus the skin, I am certain), from the roof of my mouth, I managed to moisten it sufficiently to speak in a husky voice:

"Only, don't shoot, as that will bring the park police upon us, who will carry us to the station-house, and spoil the morning sensation. See it?"

"Sound as a nut," said my friend immediately, and, putting away his revolver, brought out a large knife, which he opened, showing a wicked-looking blade inches in length.

The thought that I was about to be hacked to pieces caused a sickening chill to run through me. I would have preferred being shot.

"This will do better, Patsey. It is silent and sure. I will stab you to the heart, or cut your throat, just as you prefer," he said, in a tone that was blood-freezing from its diabolical earnestness and calmness.

"That is better than the pistol, my friend," said I, "but I hate blood. I propose something better than either; let us both drop ourselves in the lake here. There'll be a sensation, sure, when they fish us out. What do you say?"

I got to my feet without being hindered, my sensational friend rising also.

"A good idea, Patsey," said he, at once. "It is better than the knife or pistol. Can you swim?"

"Not a stroke," said I.

It was a lie; but, under the circumstances, excusable, I think.

"Ha! ha!—good! Nor I, Patsey—never could get the stroke. We'll walk in hand in hand—give me your hand, Patsey."

"I'll do it," said I, quickly—"that just suits me exactly. But, now the thing is settled, let's go and have one good square drink, cully—a parting drink to all the world and the rest of mankind—and then we'll come back and walk in here, and sink out of sight and trouble together. I'm willing and anxious"—the mental reservation was—"to get that drink and get away from you."

He met me like a trump card.

"I'll do it, Patsey—come on. A parting drink to all the world, and then we'll go to sleep in these quiet waters."

"Not if I know myself!" I mentally exclaimed, and started away, my sensational friend grasping my elbow and accompanying me—his grip was a tight one, too.

"You must not deceive me, Patsey," said he the moment we moved away. "If you do, I have the knife and pistol. You and I are booked for the Unknown, and the boat leaves shortly."

"Deceive you, my dear fellow?" said I, as if deeply wounded in feeling, though struck by a "happy thought," as I felt—"never fear. Why, when you hailed me I was thinking of getting out of this into the other world, and I was going down to the river to jump in. I didn't think of this lake—it is much more genteel. Now, let that settle it, my dear fellow."

It did. He expressed himself satisfied, and gave vent to nothing more that implied doubt on his part. I set out to reach the "Mount St. Vincent," but missed the way in the thick gray mist, and fetched up on 6th avenue at 110th street. I knew of a place some ten blocks up there. If I could only reach it, I felt certain I could elude my companion; and I walked for it as Weston for the belt. I reached it, and in less than five minutes my sensational friend who had known me for an hour or so (he must have known me formerly) knew me no more that night, nor has he known me since.

I suppose the fellow had the "jams;" and while I don't wish to have to do with any more such, late at night in the Park, yet I can't help thinking how more tractable he was, though with brain adrift, than a "mussy lush" would have been.

An invitation to "take a walk" at or about midnight I do not now accept, unless I can "place" my man.—*New York Clipper.*

When to Sell.

Every one who is engaged in any department of agriculture or manufacture is supposed to have, from time to time, something to exchange or sell. On the disposition of this surplus depends the supply of all articles that the person does not raise, embracing all implements and improvements of every kind that require an outlay. Hence it is a matter of moment that the sale of these things be made at the time the best price, all things considered, will be obtained. Is it possible to be certain of this time? In general, no. There many articles that constitute exceptions. Those that cannot be, conveniently preserved, must, of course, be thrown on the market at once. Others that are in demand in certain seasons only will be governed by the season trade. But the most common and valuable products of human industry are always in market, and yet are subject to frequent functuations in price. Such are the leading products of the farm and most of the valuable manufactures. As to these no fixed rule can be given, but the following suggestions will commend themselves to the prudent: One should keep himself informed of the state of the market, especially in places accessible to him, and far as practicable in places whose trade affects directly his local market. The best way to secure this is to take and read good papers, that give not only the tabular market statements, but also intelligent and impartial comments and counsels. When necessity compels one to sell he can only submit, regardless of price, but in all other cases he ought to govern himself consistently by reasonable probabilities. Unless in the face of a comparative certainty there will be no advance, economy plainly forbids the disposal of a commodity at a price that is not more than its cost to the producer. Business cannot live on losses. A certain farmer, who always prospered, made it a rule to sell everything he could spare as soon as it was in a marketable condition. He never made much at one time, but he avoided all risks of rogues and fires, all injuries by vermin and weather, all the trouble and expense of protracted storage, all the reduction of shrinkage and accidental waste; and he was receiving money, now and then, throughout the year. It is safe advance to say that every one should be content to sell at a reasonable profit. To wait for very high prices is a dangerous policy, and, especially as to the necessaries of life, very bad morals. What man must have, his fellow man should be willing to furnish at rates that are not exorbitant or oppress