THE INDEPENDENT
IS ISSUED
Saturday Morning
—BY—
KELLY & WELLS.
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Six Months ... 1.50
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# THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all Things; Neutral in Nothing."

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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.

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 horsekeepers 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.
W. H. ATKINSON. E. K. ANDERSON
Ashland Woolen Manufacturing 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, Sec'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 depend that they will be accommodated in the best possible 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
TIPTON BROS., 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.
3247.

JOHN FRASER,
Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, - - OREGON.
Upholstery, Spring Mattresses, 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,
Washstands,
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. 404

Oregon and California
STAGE LINE!
THROUGH TO SAN FRANCISCO
IN
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.
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
SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and Goods shipped with care.
Address, Hacheney & Ben[illegible]
Portland, [illegible]on.

## BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

**Garfield Nominated for the Senate.**

COLUMBUS, (O.) Jan. 6.—A republican senatorial caucus was held to-night, and General James A. Garfield nominated for United states senator by acclamation. Major Town send of Athens presented Garfield's name, which was seconded by Peter Stryker of Cincinnati, who withdrew the name of Stanley Matthews in favor of Garfield. Benjamin Eggleston of Cincinnati withdrew the name of Alphonso Taft, and ex Governor William Dennison sent a note to the caucus withdrawing his own name. General Garfield is in Cleveland.

**Two More Victims of the New York Fire.**

NEWARK, (N. J.) Jan. 6.—Horace O. Pierce and Edward Bloom, injured by the celluloid works fire yesterday, have died. Insurance on building and contents, $7000.

**Funeral of Bishop Haven, at Boston.**

BOSTON, Jan. 6.—The funeral of Bishop Haven took place to-day. Nearly every minister of the Methodist denomination in New England was present. The services were very impressive.

**River and Harbor Improvements in Oregon.**

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Senator Slater to-day introduced bills proposing appropriations for river and harbor improvements in Oregon as follows: For the Columbia river canal at the Cascades, $300,000; Coos bay, $30,000; Coquille river, $50,000; Yaquina bay, [illegible] thousand dollars.

Also, bills authorizing the Astoria and Winnemucca railroad company to construct bridges across Young's bay and Lewis and Clark's rivers, and appropriating $6 900 to pay for losses of private property of officers and enlisted men and laundresses of the 21 regiment, artillery, by the wreck of the government transport *Torrent*, at Cook's inlet, Alaska, in 1868.

**An English Criticism of Parnell's Scheme.**

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The *Telegram* has a five column letter by cable from Earl Dunraven on Parnell and his mission, from which the following extracts are taken: "Of all the quack cures for hard times the 'patent Parnell pill' is the simplest and most deleterious in its consequences. It consists of the maxims, 'When hard up, don't pay your debts;' 'Pay your rent when it's convenient to do so; if it's inconvenient to pay it, do not;' 'Unite and you cannot be compelled to pay, neither can you be turned out.' Robbery organized on such a scheme would, of course, be hard to deal with, and there would be some sense in the idea if Irish tenant farmers were devoid of all moral feelings. But they are not. It is obvious that if tenant farmers paid no rent they would be better off for a little time, in the same way that they would be better off if they did not pay for their clothes and for the provisions they purchase. The proceedings of the Parnellites are peculiar. They assert farmers cannot pay their rent in hard times. As a remedy they propose that the people should pay rent, and a large sum in addition, to the government, for a term of thirty-five years. Are they certain that there will not come bad harvests in that period? Do they think the government would make abatements or trouble their heads about the condition of their tenants? The Parnellites recommend the people that what is illegal, but beg them to keep within the limits of the law. They urge them to keep possession of the property, money or land belonging to others, and excite them to expressions of sentiments which imply a determination to cheat one class of creditors rather than pay debts due them, and apparently fail to see that they are recommending theft and condoning murder. They claim to have the welfare of the Irish people at heart, and endeavor to prevent them from bettering their condition by emigration. If a company can only be formed successfully in large holdings, you cannot alter circumstances by changing the tenure of land. Emigration is powerless to deal with immediate need, and relief must be obtained from other sources. The government appears to have wisely decided against granting state aid to Ireland at present. State interference in such matters is usually injudicious. It is essential that private charities should be carefully administered, and the money judiciously employed. If large sums are subscribed, the money, after the present pressing necessities of the country have been relieved, can be spent with certainty of profit in one way, and that is by helping and encouraging emigration. An experiment in the way of 'peasant proprietorship' might be tried. It is hard to theorize in such matters. In very exceptional cases it might prove a success—in unusually prudent, man might succeed in getting and keeping his freehold, and where a farm contained large proportions of unimproved but improvable land, its yield might keep pace for a time with the increasing number of human beings to be supported by it. I fear, however, that the experiment would invariably prove a lamentable failure. Ireland ought to be fairly prosperous. One such period of agitation, however, by disturbing men's minds, by inducing them to indulge in foolish dreams, by reducing values and destroying credit, by alienating English capital and producing in the English mind a feeling of disgust in everything Irish—sets the country back years and years. Feeling this strongly as I do, and seeing that Mr. Parnell proposes to devote the funds he may obtain in America to foment and keep up a state of things fatal to the country, I do most sincerely hope that his success may be small. No man would more heartily wish success to his mission than I, were it in money to be supplied in any practical manner that could benefit the people."

The earl concludes by saying that he looks in vain through all the speeches of Parnell and his adherents for one little glimmer of practical common sense.

**An Invitation to Parnell.**

OMAHA, Jan. 6.—An invitation has been sent to Parnell to make Omaha a visit on his way to California. In case he accepts he will be given a big reception by Irish citizens, who meet to morrow to make preliminary arrangements.

**"MY LAST DAY IN THE COMPANY."**

The *Rural Spirit* says: On the third day of the present month, when in conversation with Captain J. C. Ainsworth, he made this remark: "This is my last day in the company (meaning, as you are quite aware, the O. S. N. Co). Thirty-two years of our life seemed to flash across our memory; for it was in the summer of 1847 that we were walking along the levee in St. Louis, looking to see if there was any boat "up" for Keokuk, Iowa, when our attention was attracted by the singing of a crew on the forward deck of a well-appearing steamer, the song being—

"Oh, come on board the old Kentucky,
She will rock you slow and easy;
She is a bully boat, with a bully crew,
With a bully mate and captain too."

We stepped on board and soon made the acquaintance of Captain Ainsworth, who, it was said, was the only captain that could make the Kentucky pay. After a short visit home, we again visited the Great River and engaged our services to the Iron City, Captain Bill Brown being in charge, with the late W. C. Ralston as chief clerk. When the boating season closed, we were placed in charge of the latter boat. She proved to be in a bad condition, and we wrote to "Old Uncle Jimmy" at Keokuk (the boat being at Montrose) that she could not be "kept up." On the third day of January, 1848—just 32 years ago—who should take command but Capt. J. C. Ainsworth. After an unsuccessful attempt to get the Iron City to Rock Island, to put her in condition, we returned to Montrose. At this place Capt. Ainsworth left us. Captain Brown coming up and taking charge, with orders to haul her out for repairs. (If Captain Bill Brown should ever see this article, we presume he will call to mind the "rock on the capstan," and the order he gave to Charley Baker for the best horse he had in the stable to carry the young mate "ten thousand miles away." We met Captain Ainsworth on his arrival in Oregon, and have known him ever since. No pen or words can recommend Captain Ainsworth. And now that he has retired from a successful business career, we trust that he may live long and enjoy the fruits of such an honorable and exemplary spent life. We regret to learn, however, that he expects to reside outside of Oregon.

The temperature in Mercury is supposed to be seven times hotter than our torrid zone; therefore if it is inhabited it must be by people very differently constituted from ourselves.

## REPAID.

BY MAY KESTLER DALLAS.

"No Elson, I don't think you are acting quite the gentleman in regard to Annie Gray. She is but a child, and as innocent as a baby in the art of flirting. If you wish to try your powers in that line, why don't you take up arms against some of the gay heartless coquettes with which this place is swarmed. There's Kate Leslie, Maud Fulton, Mary Dubois, and a number of others, all willing to have a lark with the rich and handsome artist."

Now, Dick, old boy, don't be too hard on a fellow. Those gay butterflies tire me. I want something new. Annie is such a pretty little thing and her simplicity amuses me. She is only my sister's servant, and of course she don't expect that I mean anything serious. She is pleased with my attentions, and just like all the women always ready to fall in love with every nice looking chap they chance to meet. I should not be surprised if she would meet me to-night with a frown and a cold how do you do? And to-morrow smile lovingly on you."

"Frank Elson, you have no more heart than a mummy. Can't you see that the child is passionately in love with you? One look into her eyes will tell the story. Poor child, she might as well have thrown her affection away on a marble image as to bestow it on one like you. At least be man enough to undeceive her before the knowledge that you are only trifling with her gives her too much pain."

"Good Lord! man, to hear you talk one would suppose that I had been guilty of some dreadful crime, the greatest villain in the States, just because I've been amusing myself with a servant girl."

There was a ring of scorn in his tones which aroused the blood in Richard Sword's veins, and he replied hotly:

"And so you are a villain, if you play with the affections of that innocent child."

There was an angry flush on his face, which boded no good, and Frank Elson, not wishing to provoke the anger and thereby lose the friendship of the young lawyer said laughingly while he knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar:

"Well, Dick, since you take this matter so much to heart, I will let Miss Annie understand, in the most delicate manner possible, that our friendship must end. Do you know Dick, although I treated the subject so lightly that I do really care for the child; and if it was not for my family, I almost think I would be tempted to marry her. No woman ever inspired me with the same feeling she does. What a great pity it is that she is nothing more than a servant."

"She is a thousand times better than any of the painted dolls we have here, and a more perfect lady than any of them. I am much mistaken, or Annie Grey has been reared to be waited upon, rather than to be the servant of others. Did you notice how very small and white her hands are?"

"Yes, Dick; and my sister also remarked it. By George, I wouldn't be surprised if she had run away from home. My sister knows nothing about her. She employed her two weeks ago, through the recommendation of one of her lady friends. When I come to think of it, no poor girl could have obtained the education she possesses. My suspicions have been aroused, and I am determined to find out something about her. When I first saw this young girl, she was reading a letter written in French, for one of the servants. I promised Captain Justian that we would ride with him this evening. Will you come?"

"Yes; I want to see the Captain about the Trescot estate."

The young man rose and entered the hotel parlor, just as a slender, white-robed, girlish figure glided swiftly out of one of the Summer house, and sinking into one of the low seats, she drew a long, shuddering breath.

She was apparently about sixteen. The round, sweet face was very white, and the scarlet lips were tightly compressed. There was a dangerous gleam in the blue eyes, as she muttered under her breath:

"Only a servant! The contemptible flatterer; I will repay him for this or die in the attempt."

A few minutes after she passed out, and met Frank Elson and Richard Sword on their way to Captain Justian's.

Annie met the young artist with bright laughing eyes and sweet smiles. She returned Dick's deep bow with a slight inclination of the head, but the lawyer saw a look in her eyes that puzzled him for a long time after.

She tripped along towards the house; and the young men continued their walk in the direction of the Captain's cottage. When Frank Elson returned to the hotel late that evening, his sister flew to him with the intelligence that Annie Gray, her children's nurse, had left that evening.

"Oh! Frank, what shall I do? Annie was a perfect treasure. I'll never get another one like her."

"Probably she might be induced to return. Did she leave her address?"

Frank asked the question quietly, but there was a queer feeling at his heart.

"No; she didn't tell me where she was going. I even offered her higher wages, but nothing would induce her to remain."

Mrs. Hoffman ran out to meet her husband, and Frank was alone. His sweet little wild rose had flown. He would miss her; for the feeling at his heart told him that he loved her.

Six months later Frank Elson was seated in Dick's town office, talking over the fortunate young lady, who, by the death of her grandfather, became heir to his vast estate.

"I am going to call on her this evening, to give her the account of the estate. Will you come?"

"Well, I dont care if I do. Is she handsome?" asked the artist, stroking his yellow mustache.

I never saw the lady myself, but rumor says she is quite young and very pretty. You can judge for yourself this evening," replied the lawyer.

The town clock had just pealed forth the hour of eight, as our two friends were shown into the brilliantly-lighted parlor of the Trescot Mansion, while their cards were conveyed to Miss Trescot.

The artist was as handsome as ever, but his gay, careless manner was gone. He had searched everywhere for Annie Gray but his efforts were in vain. He found no trace of her. It grieved him much, for he discovered that he loved her fondly, and would marry her at any cost. His proud family and her position in life were forgotten. Her pure love was all he longed for.

There was the rustle of silken robes as as the door opened to admit Miss Trescot.

Both young men rose instantly, but as their glance rested upon the young lady they stood still. Frank came forward with outstretched hand, saying eagerly, while his eyes lit up with wild joy:

"Anne Gray! Is it possible! At last I've found you."

The color deepened in her cheeks, but she answered haughtily with a proud inclination of her head:

"Not Annie Gray—Miss Trescot, if you please."

His outstretched hand fell listlessly to his side as he stood looking at the fair girl in blank amazement.

Miss Trescot advanced towards the astonished lawyer. She held out her hand saying sweetly:

"I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. Sword, and thank you for your noble defense of a servant."

His hand closed over hers, and the eloquent look he bent upon her expressed his pleasure more fully than simple words could have done.

"Miss Trescot, by some means you have learned the conversation that passed between Mr. Sword and myself, the day you left my sister's employ. But believe me when I say that I've bitterly repented of the words I used. I searched everywhere for you to ask you to marry me, but found no trace of you till this evening. Won't you forgive me? I ask nothing more, for I know you hate me, and I deserve it. But ere we part—" his voice choked, and he walked hastily to the window ashamed of his emotion.

She looked after him; pity taking the place of scorn in her eyes.

Miss Trescot glided to the young artist's side, and laying her hand on his arm, said softly:—

"I do not hate you, Mr. Elson, and I'm truly glad to meet you as a friend."

Frank grasped the white jeweled hand, and a bright, eager look crept into his eyes as he spoke; but, as the word friend fell upon his ear, the light died out, and a hopeless expression settled over his face.

"I freely forgive you, but all the affection I ever felt for you died a sudden and violent death, when I accidently overheard you and Mr. Sword conversing about Annie Gray. No doubt you think it very strange," she continued, "why one who had been reared to a life of ease and luxury, should seek employment as a common servant: I will tell you what prompted me to take such a step. My grandfather sent for me one day, and informed me that he had chosen a husband for me, and if I did not consent to marry him—would never receive a penny from him. I became very angry, and told him very plainly that I would rather starve than marry a man I hated. I determined to leave my home, and accordingly acquainted a lady friend of my intention, receiving her solemn promise to keep my secret. She gave me a letter to your sister, who employed me at once. I met you and thought you were true and perfect. There I also met the man my grandfather willed I should marry. I found him a gentleman in the true sense of the word. Becoming disgusted with my life as a servant, I returned to my home; my dear grandfather freely forgiving my little adventure."

As she ceased speaking the young lawyer drew near. Bowing low before the heiress, he said quickly, while a flush swept over his face—

"Miss Trescot, your grandfather surely informed you that the person whom he had done the great honor to choose for the husband of his grand-daughter had declined to accept the honor until he had formed the acquaintance of the young lady, and had won her heart and her free consent to become his wife."

"Yes, Mr. Sword," Annie replied, a vivid blush lying on her cheeks. "Dear grandpa told me how nobly you had acted, even refusing to be mentioned in the will."

"I was only just, Miss Trescot; the money was rightfully yours, and I would have been a villian to act otherwise. If you will lend me a few minutes I will give you an account of your estate."

The lawyer drew out a package of papers, as he spoke, and taking a seat on the sofa beside Annie, he began to explain the different meanings to her.

Frank Elson, after bidding Annie Trescot good-bye, bowed to Dick, and took his departure, a wiser if not a happier man.

When he had gone an awkward silence fell between the two, the color coming and going in the young girl's cheeks, and Dick's heart beating at a rapid rate. At last Annie buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Dick drew one of her hands gently away from her face and said softly:

"What grieves you, Annie?"

She did not answer but continued to weep.

"I must tell you now or never, Annie, I love you. Is there any affection for a great rough fellow like me in your pure heart?"

There was a passionate feeling in his tone which caused her to dry her tears and look up to him with bright, loving eyes:

"Yes, Dick; I—do like you."

HOW SANKEY MET MOODY.—Well, sir; it was a most unexpected meeting. I was living at this time at Newcastle, Pa., pastor of a little Methodist church. Some gentlemen had come down from Pittsburg and organized a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Not long after there was a convention in Indianapolis. I was persuaded upon to go and went in company with another gentleman. Mr. Moody was also a delegate to the convention and it seems he was struck by my singing, as my voice was a prominent one. He inquired of a friend who I was and said he wanted to meet me. The Sunday following there was a prayer meeting, and it was announced that Mr. Moody would preach. I heard of Moody and had always liked to read anything I saw in the papers about him, and of course we all went to hear him. It happened that the singing lagged badly, and it came near ruining the meeting. A friend of mine came to me and said, "Now when this man finishes his prayer you start up a hymn and it will give this thing a start for we cannot afford to have the meeting fail for want of singing." I did so. I sang the old hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." The people took it up, and the meeting was successful right through. After that Mr. Moody sent the Rev. Mr. McGillen to me and he wanted to know me. Mr. Moody did not say, "How do you do?" or "I am glad to see you," or anything. He took me by the hand though, and immediately said, "I have been looking for you for eight years. Where do you live?" I told him. "How are you? I told him how old I was and he asked: "Are you married?" "Yes." How many children have you?" "One." "Well, I want you to leave your home and come to Chicago' I have got a place for you. You must come, for there is work there that the Lord wants you to do, and you must do it. Two months passed, I guess, and he wrote me so much that I finally went to Chicago, sang for him in his church, and have been with him ever since."—[Sankey's Account told to a Cleveland Interviewer.

A SYMPATHIZING STRANGER.—On the Grand river car the other day a lady suddenly discovered that she had lost her purse. The other passengers consisted of an old man and six women. Three of the women chuckled at the loss, two whispered to each other that they didn't believe it, and the sixth looked around on the floor with eager eyes. The old man's sympathies were aroused from the first, and he asked: "Did your wallet contain any money?" "Of course it did!" she sharply replied. "Did it contain a photograph of your deceased husband and other relics of no value to any one but the owner?" "No, sir! My husband is not dead! I had over $8 in the purse." "Over $8 and winter right at your doors!" he mused. "Were you carrying this wallet in your—in your pocket?" "Yes, sir." "Did you stop in my tobacco store down town?" She gave him a blast with her eyes and refused to answer. "Because," he went on, "I allus lose my wallet in a tobacco store, if anywhere. I don't think you will ever see your lost wealth again. Have I your permission to take up a collection on this car for your benefit?" "No, sir; you will please attend to your own business!" "Very well—I will! My sentiments, however, force me to say I sympathize with the bereaved in her loss. That's all!" Then he sat down.

## Colonel Jack Hays' Men.

The Indiana *Register*, in February, 1848, published a series of letters from Lieutenant Colonel Ebenezer Dumont, Fourth Indiana Volunteers. One of them we find in a copy of the New Orleans *Delta*, of February 13, 1848, in our possession, containing the following exceedingly graphic and interesting description of the entrance of Col. Jack Hays' Texas Rangers into the city of Mexico:

"Well, yes, I was about telling you how the Rangers came to town. They rode—some sideways, some standing upright, some by the reverse flank, some faced to the rear, some on horses, some on asses, some on mustangs, and some on mules. Here they came, rag-tag and bob-tail, pell-mell, helter-skelter. The head of one covered with a slouched hat, that of another with a towering cocked hat, and a third bare-headed, whilst twenty others had caps made of the skins of every variety of wild and tame beasts. The dog, the cat, the 'bar,' the coon, and the wild-cat, had for this purpose all fallen a sacrifice, a willing sacrifice, on the express condition that not one hair of their tails should be touched; that is to say, I suppose it must have been on this condition, for each cap had a tail hanging to it, and the very tail, too, I am keen to swear, that belonged to the original owner of the hide. I fancy even now that I hear the last request of that same old coon, which was, 'Oh, spare that tail!' This dying injunction has not been forgotten. His tail is still where nature placed it, and will there remain. But I am wandering. The subject upon which I started was the Texas Rangers, and find that I am on the subject of coons. To return. A nobler set of fellows than these same Texan tatterdemalions never unsheathed a sword in their country's cause, or offered up their lives on their country's altar. Young and vigorous, kind, generous, and brave, they have purposely dressed themselves in such a garb, as to prove to the world at a glance that they are neither regulars nor volunteers common, but Texas Rangers—as free and unrestrained as the air they breathe, or the deer in their own native wildwood.

"Many condemned them on sight, for the world is prone to judge a man by his coat. But by correct deportment and marked propriety, during their stay at this place, they won rapidly upon the esteem of those who had condemned them in advance.

"Before they left, they accompanied General Lane to Matamoras, and fought that battle, and as usual came off first best, with the loss of but one man. I have described the entrance of Hays' regiment into this town, and will now tell a little of what took place on their arrival at the city of Mexico.

"Hays' men entered the City of the Aztecs and approached the Halls of the Montezumas, as at this city, the subjects of universal curiosity. The sides of the streets were lined with spectators of every hue and grade, from a Major General of the North American Army to a Mexican beggar. Quietly they moved along. Not a word was spoken. They seemed unconscious that they were the observed of all observers. The trees in their own native forests would have attracted as much or of their attention as they seemed to bestow upon anything around them. They seemed to say, 'We have seen men, and been in cities before.' The difference between their entry into the city and that which I now describe was a mere freak of their own. It is said that a real gentleman is as much at home in one place as another—in the bear-dance and the hoe-down, as well as in the King's palace. In each place, they acted their part well. In this, it was to play the part of a bull at a fair—to show more courage than conduct. There, as the sequel proves, it was to show both courage and conduct. This, with them, was to be the bear-dance, and the other the King's palace.

"After entering the city, they had proceeded some distance without being molested; but the temptation at length became too great for a Mexican to withstand, and one standing upon the sidewalk threw a stone at the head of one of the Rangers. As usual with the Mexicans, he overshot the mark, and took off the cap instead of the head of his intended victim. Never was a guilty act more instantly punished. It was the last stone he ever threw—for, quicker than thought, a flash was seen, a report was heard, and the offender fell dead. A flash of lightning from the Eternal Throne could not have more speedily called him to account. The Ranger quietly replaced the pistol in his belt, reclaimed his cap, and rode on. Ere long, another stone was thrown and another greaser launched into eternity. During all this time no noise was heard, no disturbance was perceivable, the column never halted, and the ranks were not broken.

"Information soon reached Scott that two Mexicans were killed as Hays entered the city. Having exerted himself to suppress all disorder and prevent all outrages, the commanding general was extremely wrathy, and despatched an order for Colonel Hays to appear instantly before him. In five minutes a tall, gentlemanly young man stood before the commander-in-chief of the American army, and accompanying the word with the proper salute, thus addressed him: 'I, sir, am Colonel Hays, commander of the Texan Rangers, and report myself to you in accordance with an order just received.' General Scott replied: 'I have been informed, sir, that since the arrival of your command in this city two Mexicans have been killed. I hold you, sir, responsible for the acts of your men. I will not be disgraced, nor shall the army of my country be, by such outrages. I require you, sir, to say whether my information is correct, and if so, you will render me a satisfactory explanation.' 'Your information,' replied Colonel Hays, 'is correct, General. The Texas Rangers are not in the habit of being insulted without resenting it. They did kill two Mexicans as I entered the city, and I, sir, am willing to be held responsible for it.' The manner in which this was said, and the whole bearing and deportment of Colonel Hays was so sincere, frank and manly, that none could have doubted his own belief that his men had done right. The General's wrath began to abate, and desiring the Colonel to be seated, he requested a full statement of the facts. They were detailed to him."—*Washington Vedette.*

## GENERAL AND PERSONAL.

The Chinese believe that cats go to heaven and howl around the same as on earth.

Senators Anthony and Burnside are called "the twins" because both love fried clams.

Cremation is on the increase, but so is murder, and if anyone can draw any consolation from either fact he is welcome to it.

A number of political astronomers go so far as to say that a slice of Mexico will be pat into some of the next national campaign platforms.

Mr. P. T. Barnum has presented the City of Bridgeport with a $7000 bronze fountain. Barnum has long been known as a cold-water man.

At Gateshead, England, a case has come to light of a female Fagin, wife of clerk, who compelled her children, by dreadful threats, to pick pockets.

A London journalist wrote up an interview with Eugenie without having been within 300 miles of her, and it read better than the accounts of those on the spot.

## An Infallible Remedy.

If there is one thing more than another that annoys a good wife, who is nervously sensitive to all that is gross and ill-timed, it is the habit some husbands have of using profane language in their homes. In many cases it is mere thoughtlessness on the part of the good man, who never gives a thought to the better-half; even should she mildy remonstrate, he pays no attention to the rebuke.

A lady whose husband was addicted the bad practice to we have alluded to, came to her family physician, laid her grievances before him, and said.

"Now, Dr. N——, won't you remonstrate with him, and try to break him of his habit? I know he will listen to you."

"Why, madam," said the doctor he would pay no attention to any thing I could say to him, although somewhat out of my line, I will recommend a prescription to be administered by you that will certainly cure him. It is an infallible remedy."

"Oh, what is it, doctor?"

"Well, when Jones comes home again and swears, do you swear back at him. Of course, I don't want to take the name of the Lord in vain, but, d—n things a little for his benefit."

And she did.

The next day John came in and inquired whether dinner was ready and was told it was not.

"Well, why in the devil isn't it?" he asked.

"Because," she replied, "the wood was so d—d wet the fire wouldn't burn."

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you? Are you crazy or have you been drinking.

"Neither," she said, and quietly proceed to put on the dinner.

Beef didn't melt like butter between his teeth—it rather resisted all efforts at mastication, like so much India rubber, and finally John blurted out:

"What makes this d—d beef so infernal tough?"

Mary looked up archly and replied:

"Well, John, I suppose you went down to the butcher's, and without knowing the difference, picked out a piece of some d—d old stag that hadn't been fed for a month."

John jumped up, looked at his wife in dismay, and wanted to know what such language from her lips meant.

"It means just this, John:—you are the head of the family, and just as long as you think it manly to swear in my presence, I intend to do the same. If you don't like to hear it, you know how to prevent it."

The cure was radical, and to this date Mary has never been compelled to administer another dose of Dr. N——'s prescription.

## It Is Hard to Understand.

Why an endless procession of drinkers from a public dipper, will, without exception, drink close to the handle.

Why a woman will make excuses for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made, and knows her "company" knows it.

Why one's piety strengthens as his health weakens.

Why people will get married, when courtship is so sweet.

Why a man who claims to have found marriage a delusion will again embrace the delusion upon the first convenient opportunity.

Why cold weather comes during the season when it is least agreeable.

Why it is much easier to be polite to people whom we shall probably never see again than to those whose good opinion we have every reason to cultivate.

Why boys should run after girls, when there is a whole housefnl at home.

Why Jane finds Sarah's hateful brother so attractive, and why the hateful brother of Jane finds favor with Sarah.

Why a man should court the good opinion of another, when he can never hope to secure his own self-respect.

Why it is so much easier to close a door in summer than in winter, considering that exercise is generally considered distasteful in warm weather and pleasant in cold.

Why one feels bad when appearing in company in shabby garb, knowing well that one's shabbiness gives more pleasure to others than one's rich clothing.—*Boston Transcript.*

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who follows the life of a peaceful farmer in Essex, is an industrious student of the various dialects of the British Isles. Among philologists the good old man is a little laughed at on account of his foibles but he is much respected every where, especially around his old home. His garden produces some of the finest cucumbers in Essex, which reminds us that the best remedy for indigestion, diarrhea and dysentery, griping of the bowels, bilious and liver complaints, etc., is Emil Frese's celebrated Hamburg Tea. It always regulates the bowels with comfort and safety.

## The Deepest Well in the World.

The sinking of the deep artesian well near Buda-Pesth, Hungary, is now completed. The works were commenced as 1868, and during their progress many interesting facts relating to geology and underground temperature have been brought to light. The total depth is 3620 feet, and the temperature of the water it yields is nearly 165 degress Fahr. The temperature of the mud brought up by the borer was taken every day, and was found to increase rapidly, in spite of the loss of heat during its ascent, down to a depth of 2070 to 2700 feet. Below this point the increase was not so marked. At a depth of 3000 feet the temperature was 177 degrees Fahr., giving an average increase of one for every twenty-three feet bored. Water first began to well up at a depth of 3070 feet; here its temperature was 110 degrees Fahr., and from this point onward it rapidly increased both in quantity and temperature. Thus, at 3092 feet, its temperature had already risen to 150 degrees Fahr., and the yield in 24 hours from 9500 to 44000 gallons. Finally, when the boring had reached 3200 feet, at which point it was stopped, the temperature of the water, as it burst from the orifice of the tube, was 175 degrees Fahr., and the volumetric yield 272,000 gallons in 24 hours. The yield was afterwards reduced to 167,200 gallons, in consequence of the bore being lined with wooden tubes, which reduced its diameter. The water obtained disengages carbonic acid in abundance, and also contains nitrogen and a little sulphureted hydrogen, and 80 grains per gallon of fixed matters, chiefly sulphates and carbonate of potash, soda, lime and magnesia.

An ancient burial ground is being excavated by a local literary society in Madisonville, O. Many human bones and stone implements have been found, but the strangest discovery is that of about four bushels of corn, thoroughly carbonized, but retaining its original appearance, except in color. The conjecture is that it was put there as part of an Indian burial rite.

The Moon never leaves our globe; therefore it is called our satellite. Though to us it appears larger than the stars, it is really smaller than any of them, but much nearer to us.

## Wonderful Surgery.

The San Antonio correspondent of the Galveston *News* tells the following story of a wonderful surgical operation recently performed in the former city. Dr. F. Herff has long been a resident of San Antonio, and is justly considered one of the best physicians and surgeons in Texas.

San Antonio contains a wonder, the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child, seven years old, that, instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining str