THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

Saturday Mornings

BY—

JOHN W. KELLY, Publisher.

One Year	$2 50
Six Months	1 50
Three Months	1 00

These are the terms for those paying in advance. The INDEPENDENT offers fine inducements to advertisers. Terms reasonable.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY Room 21 Merchants' Ex. San Francisco, Cal.

"Independent in all Things; Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 5. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880. NO. 30.

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 urnish travelers with the best of accommodations. Feed and stabling for stock. D. A. LEVINS.

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, Secy
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.

MAHONEY'S SALOON
Nearest to the Railroad Depot, Oakland
...s. 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.

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.

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.

Furniture Store!
JOHN GILDERSLEEVE
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 GILDERSLEEVE.

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. B. CLARK.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF BEST QUALITY
ALL ORDERS
...ly attended to and Goods shipped with care.
A...ess, Hacheney & Bro., Portland, Oregon.

ALL SORTS.

We should do many more things if we believed less in impossibilities.

Silver is horrid money when you have more of it than you can handle.

In matters of the heart it is usually the fear of insolvency that leads to bankruptcy.

The fire-fly only shines when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken.

You may shrink from the far-reaching solitudes of your heart, but no other foot than yours can tread them.

Conscience and self-love, if we understand our true happiness, always lead us the same way.

Youth will never live to age unless they keep themselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness.

What's the difference between Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" and Robert Ingersoll? One is Ah-Sin; the other is a Sinnah.

Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular.

The disinterested party who is always finding fault with everybody is bound to do in the end what the man did when a brick house fell on him—cease his mad vaporings.

Women is called man's better half, but she is not half at all. When she holds a domestic convention she enforces the two-thirds rule.

If you get into an argument with a man and he gets the best of you, knock him down. All men ought to think alike, and your opinion is of course, the correct one.

The grapes are ripening and the boy that hasn't surveyed the situation and picked out the nicest arbor about town is behind the times.

The only real bull fight the Spanish matadores indulged in, in New York was a struggle with tough steak at the cheap restaurant.

Capital punishment may not be a proper corrective for murder, but we have observed that it always cures its subjects of chewing tobacco and drinking whisky.

Watch the man who pretends to be too deeply interested in your welfare. He has an axe to grind and unless you keep your weather eye open he'll use you for a grindstone.

A man who had been out with the boys, reached home at a late hour in the night and found on taking an inventory of the contents of his pockets the next morning, that his wealth consisted of four coppers, a slice of lemon peel, a chip of sassafras bark, a few bits of crackess, several cloves, a raw peanut, and the stump of a cigar. He has since concluded that soda water is a good enough beverage when not mixed too frequently with wink syrup.

The Umbrella.

The umbrella is one of the most curious things in existence. It is happy only when stolen, or when it can turn wrong side out. This seems to afford it the greatest pleasure. It is the meanest thing an umbrella can do, and it does it in the meanest way. Some rainy, windy Sunday you start for church. On your way you have enough trouble with your rain screen to make you throw stones at your grandmother—but that's enough. You reach the church and are about to enter the vestibule, when suddenly, and without warning, you find your umbrella inside out. It is somewhat annoying just at this juncture; there are a number of people passing on the opposite side of the street and they laugh freely, loudly and heartily. What there is to laugh about when an umbrella acts mean I never could understand. There are people coming up behind you and they can't get in, (an umbrella wrong side out will cover the whole front of a church.) You proceed to turn it back, by placing the head end of the umbrella against the pit of your stomach, then spreading your arms so that you can reach the opposite sides of the umbrella, you clutch the two extreme tips of the opposite ribs nervously and begin to pull. The ribs begin to bend back in the right direction. Everything is coming lovely, the change back to its right position is about accomplished when an obstacle seems to appear, you try and pull, and if you are not exceedingly pious you—it; but it is no go. All this time the people are coming and you are surrounded by a crowd of church goers, who may be talking sweetly about you; but it doesn't sound that way. At last the sexton comes out and pushes on the opposite side, and by this combined effort the umbrella is turned. It is done so suddenly, however, that you run the tip against the region of the sexton's diaphragm. He quickly bends over, you do the same, heads bump and both sit down on the pavement. The next rainy Sunday you stay at home. By the way, another peculiar property of the umbrelly is that it is only borrowed ones that turn inside out, and that too in places where you are just sufficiently known to have the people believe the umbrella is a stolen one. The only way to humble an umbrella, which is mean enough to act that way, is to run the handle right through, take hold of the tip and march off as though there was nothing the matter.

R. G. SCROGGS, A. M., M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Special attention paid to
Operative Surgery and Treatment of Chronic Diseases.
Office in rear of drug store nearly opposite the postoffice.
Office hours from 1 to 5 each afternoon.

J. JASKULEK,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER AND OPTICAN.
Roseburg, Oregon. (Opposite postoffice.)
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks & Jewelry, Spectacles AND EYEGLASSES.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired. All work warranted. Genuine Brazilian Pebble spectacles and eyeglasses a specialty.

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
G. F. STRICKLAND, Agt.

TELEGRAMS.

EASTERN.

Victorio Defeated and Slain.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—A dispatch received at military headquarters to-day gives particulars of Col. Joaquin Terrassa's victory over Victorio's band of Indians. The Mexican attacked Victorio in the Castillo mountains, surrounding his fortified position and by simultaneous attack capturing it. Victorio, 60 warriors and 18 women and children were left dead on the field. Sixty-eight women and children and two white captives were taken, and 168 animals delivered with all the arm and plunder. Terrassa lost three men kill and 12 wounded. Thirty Indians escaped through being too late on the ground, but a competnt force is pursuing. Colonel Buel, through whose hands the dispatch passed says, "This is one of the results of our movements into Mexico, and virtually ends the war with Victorio I think I shall be able to head the small party that has escaped. I shall re-orgnize here, having columns for operation both east and west.

A Poor Man Now.

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—John Duff, the builder of the Hannibal & St. Joe and Union Pacific Railroads, died this morning. His property was valued at four millions.

Equestrianship.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—In the twenty-mile race between Misses Jewett, Pinneo and Buckingham, the former won in half a second less than one hour. Miss Buckingham dropped out after going five miles and Miss Pinneo claimed a foul and stopped on the 15th mile. The crowd was large and wind very high.

A Year's Work.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—The bureau of engraving and printing the last fiscal year delivered 7,158,341 sheets, notes and securities, of the face value of $789,240,950; 15,252,306 sheets of internal revenue and customs stamps, containing 330,822,260 stamps; and 765,251 sheets of checks, drafts, etc., for the treasurer of the United States and disbursing officers of the several departments, besides a large amount of miscellaneous work. The aggregate expenditures for the year were, for salaries of officers, etc., on pay roll, $25,863; for labor and other expenses, $883,171.

The Drouth.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The moderate rains of the past day or two have brought but partial relief to the industries dependent on water power; the drying up of streams in the Atlantic States may be said to entend from Androskoggan down to the James, and even some of the local rivers, like the Delaware, are fordable at points where such a thing has not been known for many years. The drought, however, is felt more seriously at the eastward, and its effects are beginning to be felt in commercial as well as manufacturing circles. The Boston Journal of yesterday, says the scarcity of water is having a bad effect upon nearly all kinds of merchandise, restricting the demand especially for raw materials. Cotton, woolen and paper mills are all running on short time. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware not a few important industries have been brought to a dead halt by stoppage of the mills. The Passaic and Raritan are unprecedently low. The Brandywine is quite dry, and at Wilmington and other places in that part of the country several establishments have been compelled to shut down.

Summing up the Prospects.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The Times, summing us prospects of the campaign, says it has concentrated now in New York. Before the October elections it concentrated elsewhere. Republican tactics do not by any means include abandonment of Connecticut, New Jersey and Maine. They are conducting a fairly vigorous canvass in those states also, so necessary to their success if they lose New York, but they have evidently determined to fight the enemy on his own grounds and make their victory more crushing by carrying his center at the same moment they turn his wings. The republicans can spare New York and the democrats cannot. But, notwithstanding this, the republicans are making ten times more vigorous effects to carry that state than are the democrats.

A Flyer.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 27.—At a private trial at Narragansett Park, this afternoon, J. B. Barmaly's trotter Billy D. with running mate, made a mile in 2:13¾.

Great Windstorms.

A terrible southwestern gale reported from Plymouth, last night. Daybreak showed gve vessels stranded but the crews all saved.

At Plymouth the brig John May, from Bull river, S. C., for Friedrichstadt, drove alongside the Batten breakwater this morning and remains there. Capt. Mitchell was drowned while endeavoring to go ashore on the breakwater. At Bradford there was a heavy rain and hail storm, and heavy traffic was impeded. At Leicester the rain began to fall Tuesday and has continued since, flooding the low lying districts. Winlock experienced 36 hours heavy rain and many houses were flooded. At 6 P. M. the gas suddenly went out, leaving the whole town in darkness. At Oldham there was a heavy storm. At South Shields there was heavy rain.

Fishing boats were unable to go out and ships put back to harbor. In wealds of Sussex low-lying lands present the aspect of lakes, while in Warwickshire the waters in some places extend as far as the eye can reach. Hundreds of acres are sub merged, roads under water and traffic much interrupted. At Sirley last evening the barometer fell to 28.60.

Acquitted.

OMAHA, Oct. 30.—The trial of C. K. Allen formerly Union Pacific agent at Sidney, on the charge of grand larceny, terminated at Sydney in his acquittal. It will be remembered that some months ago $122,000 in gold bullion and a small amount of currency received from the Black hills en route east disappeared from his office in mid-day while he was at dinner. It had been taken through a hole in the floor. After some considerable search it was found hidden in a coal pile under the office, except one gold brick and currency amounting altogether to about $12,000. The evidence against Allen was very strong, but not strong enough to satisfy the jury, who were out about 18 hours before coming to an agreement of not guilty. The parties who took the bullion and hid it under the office, intended no doubt to come and get it at the first good opportunity.

Capture of Indians.

FORT KEOGH, Oct. 30.—Capt. Higgins brought in Rain-in-the-Face and 550 hostiles. Sitting Bull sent word to Gen. Miles to hold a twelve days' tongue, as he was negotiating through Maj. Walsh with the Canadians to be taken on exhibition through the states of Canada.

Latest from the Utes.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming, Oct. 31—A special to the Leader from the camp on White river says Agent Berry and party including Meachem of the Ute commission and four Utes, arrived here on the 28th direct from Los Pinos agency. They roughed it for several days as evidenced by their travel-stained appearance, Berry upon his own report is a much abused individual. Colorow, the White river chief, is at White river with his camp. Berry arrived at Rawlins this morning and will go to Denver via Cheyenne.

THE cotton crop of the South will not be so good as it was thought it would be a month ago. In consequence of the moist weather the yield has suffered eight per cent., but in any case the crop will be better than that of last year. In the Atlantic States the yield will be far above the average, while in Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas the crop will be from 10 to 20 per cent. below that of last year.

PACIFIC COAST.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

SAN JOSE, Oct. 26.—Last night the dwelling, barn and hay-stack belonging to Daniel Nolan, on the old infirmary grounds, were destroyed by fire. Mr. Nolan was absent at the time, and his wife and four children were asleep. When the mother awoke the house was filled with flames and smoke. She got out her baby and two other children and went back after the four-year-old child. She had secured it and had reached within eight-feet of the outer door when she fell suffocated. Two men who were passing heard her moans, and at some peril succeeded in getting her and the little one out. The mother was literally roasted about the face and arms. The child was also badly burned, but will recover, while there is no hope for Mrs. Nolan.

A Rise in Sugar.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28.—The Bulletin says: San Francisco sugar refiners have to-day put up prices ¼c all round. This is the first change since September 29th, and is the tenth made this year. The stock of raw sugar here has been scarce for some time, and enforced delay in arrival of expected consignment from Hong kong has made matters still worse, but for weakness in the New York market and the fear of a renewal of imports from that direction, prices here would have been advanced earlier in the month.

Revised schedule of American California refiners from this date is as follows: Fancy extra powered in bbls 13¼; powdered 12¾; cube crushed and flue crushed 12¼; dry granulated 12¼; moist granulated extra golden c, 11; Eldorado c, 10¾; Mariposa c, 10½; other yellow sugars, 10¼.

FOREIGN.

Neutrals in Peru.

LIMA, Oct. 28.—The ministers of England, Erance and Italy have taken steps to protect neutrals in the event of Chilean occupation.

Canadian Cabinet Changes,

OTTAWA, Oct. 30.—Mr. Batey, minister of eternal revenue, has resigned to take a judgeship. Mr. Caron, of Quebec, succeeds to the cabinet.

Great Storm in the Baltic.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 30.—One hundred vessels, of different sizes, were destroyed by the storm.

Monument to Freedom.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—The erection of the monument memorial to perpetuate the of Thomas Clarkson, as advocate of slave emancipation, was begun Monday at Wisbeach, when the first stone was laid.

A Royal Roll of R's.

Rely on yourself.

Render good for evil.

Resolve on doing your duty to all.

Rather suffer wrong than do wrong.

Rare gifts are seldom used with discretion.

Rude remarks manifest a lack of refinement.

Rely not on the promises of untruthful persons.

Revenge is a mean pleasure, and it dwells in little minds.

Ruin usually follows swiftly on the heels of extravagance.

Recede not from an honorable position when once taken.

Regard the rights of others while seeking to secure your own.

Restraint is always necessary to those who have unbalanced minds.

Resolve to be the first in every good thing which you undertake.

Reason is given to shed light upon the pathway of human life.

Rest and recreation are essential to man's welfare and happiness.

Repel an evil thought and you will therefore always have room for a good one.

Rail not at him who disagrees with you; for the wisest men sometimes differ.

Remedies are sometimes worse than the the diseases which they are intended to cure.

Remember, if young, that soon you will be old; if old, that once you were young and sometimes foolish.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPIES.

Cream Pie.—To be eaten warm or cold; very nice. One pint of cream, three eggs beaten separately, sugar to taste, pinch of salt, flavor as you like. Butter a deep pie-dish, or mountain cake tin, sprinkle with bread crumbs that have been sifted, about as thick as pie paste, pour on the custard and sprinkle over it some bread crumbs and cocanut mixed.

Salad of Beets.—This salad is particularly good just now, when both beets and potatoes are new and tender. Boil in salted water equal quantities of both, and set them on ice to get cold. Just before serving cut them into thin but regular slices, dress with pepper, salt' oil and vinegar and garnish with watercress.

Onion Soup.—For ten pints of soup cut four large onions into little pieces, brown them in two tablespoonfuls of beef drippings or mutton gravy; add to this five spoonfuls of flour; pour some warm water upon it and let it boil. In serving the soup add some slices of bread, according to the quantity of flour, making the soup more or less thick.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Never marry a woman without sense, unless you are a fool yourself."

London Truth has heard that M. Ashmead-Bartlette, M. P., will introduce a bill next session to enable a man to marry his grandmother.

Under the direction of a competent chemist, the fatty matters contained in the soap suds from the Paris laundries are collected and employed in the manufacture of fine toilet soaps.

Mistress (horrified)—"Good gracious, Bridget, have you been using one of my stockings to strain the coffee through?" Bridget (apologetically)— "Yis, mum; but shure I didn't take a clane one."—[Syracuse Herland.

A couple of lovers went together from Ripon, Wis., to Fond du Lac, and telegraphed back to the girl's parents: "May we get married? Please wire consent immediately, as ceremony will be performed this evening anyhow."

A photograph of the express train known popularly in England as "The Flying Dutchman" has been taken as it dashed through Twyford Station, on the Great Western Railway, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, by a photographer of Henley.

"One Touch of Nature," Etc.—Street preacher: "I now ask, brethern, what can I do to move you—what shall I do to move you in this world of wickedness?" 'Arry: "Send round the 'at guv'nor—that'll move 'em."

A droll fellow fished a rich old gentleman out of a mill pond, and refused the offer of twenty-five cents from the rescued miser. "Oh, that's too much!" exclaimed he; "tain't worth it!" and he handed back twenty-one cents, saying calmly as he pocketed four cents, "That's about right."

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable; as I can testify, but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young is to be tossed overboard and be compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintances, I have never known one to be drowned ...s worth saving.

ROOM FOR YOU.

Who shall sweep away the errors
  Crowding on us from the past?
Who shall clear the mists and shadows
  That the future overcast?

Soon we busy teeming millions
  Will have ended all this strife;
And the myriads crowding on us
  Must take up the task of life.

Ah! the workers in the vineyard
  Are too faint and all too few,
And the field of honest effort
  Ever waits, young friends, for you.

Room for boyhood, strong and sturdy—
  Boyhood manly, brave and true;
Room for honest, lusty vigor—
  Room, my young friends—room for you.

Room for every sweet-voiced singer
  That can thrill the heart with song:
Room for though, and words, and actions
  That will drive the world along.

Statesmen, warriors, men of science,
  Once, my friends, were boys like you;
And the grandest deeds of history
  Are the ones that you may do.

A SOLDIER'S RANSOM.

"You're so cross, Jean!" pouted pretty little Marie Verneau as she looked up into her lover's face with a most bewitching little *mone*.

"It is very easy to call it cross, Marie," was his rejoinder; "but you and I both know that what you please to term my crossness is a very different matter. It isn't that I doubt your love, either, dearest; but I could hardly get word or look from you last night. It's the glitter of the buttons, I think, that's blinded you."

In an instant the girl's coquetry had vanished. He had spoken the last sentence with some strange, new bitterness, and it brought both sadness and contrition to the lovely, laughing face.

"No, Jean," she answered. "It was nothing but my silly, idle vanity. One would suppose I was the only pretty girl in Lorraine, to hear these idle fellows talk; and, in listening, I begin to believe so myself. But it's not the buttons they wear, Jean. Oh, do I not know how cruelly it hurts you not to don them in your country's defense, and the reason which prevents you? I won't make you jealous again, dear. It's only that I'm fool enough to like to hear the foolish things they tell me."

Poor little Marie! She knew that she should find it very hard work to keep her promise; but she loved Jean so dearly that she would turn her back henceforth on all these brave young French soldiers, who found her presence such charming relief to the tedium of barrack life.

She felt quite rewarded, too, when Jean stooped to kiss the red, upturned lips.

"I don't mean to be a tyrant, Marie," he said. "It's early to begin assuming that role; but you know it's never been an easy thing for me to stand by like a coward when my country needs me, and last night I felt that even you had gone over to the enemy. Sometimes I don't know which way my honor lies—whether to go or stay. You may see me with buttons yet, Marie," he added with a sickly smile.

The girl's color fled.

"You wouldn't, Jean, do such a wicked thing—for it would be wicked! You know what the doctor says—that, though you may live to ripe old age, your heart is so affected that the excitement of action would produce instant death. Your mother has given three sons. You, the youngest' are left at home to be her support. Your going would kill her as well as yourself."

"It is for her, rather than myself, that I stay. Why should not my life be offered up for France as well as another, though it may be in a different way? I wish the conflict might be ended for me. I wish that I might be conscripted. Three times mother has raised the money by bond and mortgage, to buy me off. There's nothing left now. She would have to let me go.

"And I—do you not think of me, Jean?" sobbed the girl.

"You'd only love me better," he answered. "I'd wear the buttons then, in whose reflection you could catch sight of your own pretty face."

"Hush, Jean—hush!"

And the man was fain to soothe and promise what she would, ere the smiles came back to the dimpled mouth.

Marie had spoken truly when she had said that she had not meant to wound her lover. She had loved him long and truly all these years. She could hardly remember that time when she had not loved him—certainly not when she had not tormented him with jealous doubts. But she would do so no longer, not even when handsome Ricard, the sergeant of the guard, who danced so divinely, should come pleading for one waltz.

This was the early days of the war, and Lorraine could not look already to the fate in store for her, when she must dance to German music, and correct her musical patois into the difficult German tongue. But day by day, France's need was growing sorer, and the conscription more pressing. No longer content with her willing, she must have the unwilling sons as well.

Marie's heart trembled every time she heard of a fresh list. One evening, at a little dance, Pierre Ricard approached her.

"I've not had a waltz for a full month," he whispered. What is it, mademoiselle? Are you angry with me?"

What could she say? His handsome face was close to hers, his pleading eyes more eloquent than his voice, the music giving forth its most tempting strains.

"Just one round," she thought to herself. "Jean cannot be so foolish as to object to that."

But once under the spell, it was not so easy to break it off, and when the music died away her partner said in a low, imploring tone:

"Won't you come out with me under the stars for a little while? I have something to say to you."

She let him lead her where he would, but she was still unprepared for the hot, passionate words, which rang out on the night air, and shrank away as she listened.

"I am betrothed," she said. "Surely you know—to Jean."

"No, I did not know," he muttered, between his set teeth. You have played with me, mademoiselle—you shall regret it!"

With these words he took her back into the ball-room, bowed and left her.

One week later Jean Royer's name headed the conscription list. Marie's heart swelled with pain as she saw the announcement of the news.

It was more welcome then, when, in the evening's dusk Pierre Ricard approached her, with outstretched hand.

"I was ungenerous a week ago," he said. "I want to ask your forgiveness and to express the hope that you will still let me be your friend."

Frankly she accepted the proffered truce.

The man's eyes were veiled by the down-cast lashes, and she could not guess the wave of triumph rising in his heart.

"You are looking sad, mademoiselle, he continued. "I have no right to ask you why, and yet—if you would give me this little proof of your confidence—"

"I think," she answered, "that you have won it. Look! you may se it here."

She held up before him the paper on which that day's conscription list was printed.

Again his eyes glittered, but his voice was very low and carefully modulated.

"I see," he said. Surely, mademoiselle, you do not re... Surely you would not b... [illegible] is not ... [illegible] ...t, with a ...er tone.

"You do not understand. He would have gone long ago, but that it dooms him to certain death; and he is the last of four sons whom his mother has given to France. His heart is affected. Three times that suffering mother has bought his release. She can no longer do so; her little all has gone. Ah, this will cost two lives—hers and his! I—I am young; I must live and suffer!"

She stopped, choked by tears. Ricard's hand closed over hers.

"I will save your lover, Marie," he whispered. "Will you trust it to me? Say nothing—he would not accept it, if he knew; but meet me to-morrow, at this hour, on the outskirts of the wood, and it will bring you the amount of his release. I will tell you then how you may pay the debt, so that it need not trouble you."

Then, ere she could raise objections, she felt her hand carried to his lips, and he was gone.

How she had misjudged him! How good, and noble, and true he was!

She could hardly refrain, the next day, when Jean came, from sounding his praises in his ears, but that Jean himself was so strange in manner and watched her so furtively.

It was because he thought that he was so soon to leave her, she reasoned; yet of that he might have spoken. Now his lips were compressed, and an unwonted pallor was on his cheek.

She grew nervous, too, as the hour approached for her appointment with Ricard. What should she do if Jean did not leave her? If the money were not paid by early morning of the next day, it would be too late! The thought gave her courage.

"Good-by, Jean!" she called, gaily, stooping over to kiss him. "I have an engagement for a little while. Wait my return here."

He sprang to his feet, and seized her hands in a grip of iron.

"Where are you going, Marie?" he said, in harsh, guttural tones. Tell me as you value your future peace!"

"I've not yet promised to obey," she answered, in forced lightness, striving to hide her fear at his manner.

Then he dropped her hands, and she hurried out. Already she found Ricard awaiting her, pacing impatiently to and fro.

"I thought you would never come," he said. "Here, Marie, is what I promised you!" and he held out a little bag filled with gold.

A sob of gratitude rose in the girl's throat.

"But the payment of my debt?" she said.

"I have loved you, Marie," he replied, tenderly. "I ask but one payment, and that, that once you will let me kiss your lips. My darling, I live a soldier's life. I may die a soldier's death! You will not then begrude the one little boon I crave, as a token that you have forgiven the harshness I once showed, and accept my peace-offerings."

An instant Marie hesitated—an instant only. Such a kiss could do Jean no wrong—some day she would tell him—and with this she upraised to the man bending above her the young red lips.

His kiss just brushed them, when a shadow fell across their path, and Jean sprang from the wood between them.

Something glittered in his hand, but Ricard caught and held his arm.

"It is well!" said Jean, slowly and in gasps. "Neither of you are worthy the stain of murder on my soul!"

"Jean," pleaded Marie, "I will tell you all! Listen!"

But, shaking off her hold like a viper's he strode off into the blackness.

The next morning, at daybreak, he was marching to the front.

"Poor Marie! They were sad days to her that followed. Ricard pressed his suit in vain. His presence was hateful to her. He it was who had driven Jean from her side.

Then Ricard, too was ordered to the front. A few hours before he marched he came again to plead with her.

"Your lover never will come back alive," he said. "Besides, he would no longer be your lover. Why, then, will you not consent to become my wife?"

His persistency stung her.

"Because," she said, "I would rather have Jean's frown than your smile, his scorn than your love. I cannot help it. I love him. I can never love you!"

"So be it," he answered, growing very pale. "You have lost me, but you will never win him. Ah, my lady, I have not forgotten. He will never come home. He will die on the field, believing you false. You never accepted the debt, but I had my payment. Ha! ha! it was planned well!"

A gleam of the truth broke in upon Marie's mind.

"You planned it then that Jean should see!" she said. "You brought him there. You made him think me false. Oh, coward! It was worthy of you!"

The next month the war was ended; but, spite of the doctor's prophesy, Jean Royer had come bravely through the test of battle, with a record for which he had no reason to feel shame.

His heart had given him no trouble. It had been turned into stone, he said to himself. Life was no longer sweet to him, therefore it was spared. He wished almost that he might have changed places with one poor fellow over whom he stooped, whose moment's were growing very short; but he started back as, in the pallid, blood-stained face, he recognized Pierre Ricard.

Just then the dying man opened his eyes.

"It is fate!" he whispered. "The note you got—I wrote it. She was true. It was a debt she paid. Tell her—I—sent—you, and gave—it—back—from—your—lips!"

Slowly he articulated each word; but, though Jean only half grasped their meaning, it was all made clear, a few days later, when Marie with her little hand tight clasped in his, told him the story of his would-be ransom.

But when he drew her to him, at its close doubt, shame faced, had forever fled, and in its stead was purest reverence for the noble woman who was so soon to merge the claim of "sweetheart" into the holier claim of "wife."

"Banged" Heads and the Hereafter.

I read a few days ago that the Bishop of Cincinnati had forbidden "banged" or "frizzled" hair to be worn in his diocese. A large confirmation was held lately in St. John's church (Romish) in this city. The young girls were told beforehand by their minister that the Bishop would not lay hand on any "frizzled" or "banged" heads. I am afraid in many instances the "banged" and "frizzled" heads disappeared only for the time of confirmation. Lately, too, the ecclesiastical potentate of Montreal issued an edict against the female members of his congregations appearing in the church with a shawl or some kind of flowing drapery to screen their forms from public gaze. When we were in Rome in 1841 no lady was allowed to go without a veil over her face into any church where the Pope was to officiate. I remember one day in driving out we suddenly met the carriage of the "Holy Father," Gregory XVI, and found that he was to holy some sort of a service in a neighboring church. We gave orders at once for our carriage to follow, but were respectfully told "Signora" (myself) could not go in without a veil, which appendage I did not have at that moment. To rush to a shop and buy a strip of black lace and tie it on over my bonnet, took only a few minutes, so that I was soon "armed and equipped according to law."[—Providence Journal.

My Little Wife.

Mattie had a fiery temper, but that was her worst fault. When she married Marsh Hunter people said:

"She'll make his life a warm business for him."

But Mattie thought differently.

"I will show them what a triumph of love I will work. I'll teach them I'm not the vixen I seem."

And so she married him. The wedding was a very pleasant affair—something to look back to as long as they lived. Mattie looked very sweet in her new white Swiss. Her long, jetty curls trembled and shone in the brilliant light, her eyes sparkled like twin stars, and her soft cheeks were mantled in softer blushes as she leaned trustingly on the strong arm of the stalwart man who was to be her guide and guard through life.

The honeymoon was rich with the pleasures of new married life to the humble pair; but the time soon came when the bride must leave the old roof-tree for the untried realities of a home of her own. This was the first sorrow—the trial of leaving home and mother—but it was fleeting, for, in the excitement of the "setting up" housekeeping in the white cottage on 'Squire Blackburn's farm, the little sorrow was drowned.

It was very funny, and Marsh laughed and Mattie laughed, when just they two sat down to the little new table and ate the viands prepared by Mattie's own hands.

Everything was new and strangely sweet. Everything went on nicely, and Mattie was triumphant. But all things earthly must change. The weather grew warm and the kitchen hot, and one of the hottest days of the season Mattie had the headache, and the supper must be ready at 5 o'clock. Mattie tried hard to get it ready, but burned her wrist; then she burned the bread. Then she looked at the clock, and saw that it had stopped, and looked out at the door she saw Marsh

"Is supper ready!" he asked, and she blurtered out something and they had their first quarrel.

Oh, dear me, the first quarrel. How sorry it made the poor little woman.

But Marsh looked sullen, and went off without kissing her. They never talked that quarrel over, simply because they were both too proud to broach the subject. After that qurrels came oftener and easier. They did not mean to quarrel, but somehow angry words would come up.

After awhile a little boy came to their household, and it seemed for a month or two a good deal like the well-remembered honeymoon, but Mattie's wretched temper would fly to pieces again, and the happiness was spoiled.

"It's curious we can't get along without so much quarreling," said Marsh one winter day.

Mattie felt the tears in her eyes in a moment, and her heart softened towards Marsh, and she was about to confess her failings and ask forgiveness, when he continued:

"It's all your hateful temper, Mattie—you know it is."

That was enough, and what was meant to be a reconciliation was simply another quarrel.

"Oh, dear me; it's my wretched temper—I know it is," sobbed Mattie; after Marsh went out, "but he needn't have said so."

"If I only wasn't so blunt," said Marsh to himself, with a sigh.

So things went from bad to worse. Little mistakes were imagined into terrible wrongs.

The neighbors had their fill of gossip about the matter, and finally one day when Marsh was away Mattie thought the thing over.

"I am a wretched little nuisance," she said mentally; "I don't know why I am so, either, but I cannot help it," she said, despairingly, her eyes filling with tears. "I've a great mind to take Neddie and go home, and stay there. My shame couldn't be any greater than it is."

She clasped the baby close in her arms, and the tears fell fast on his curly head.

Her heart seemed bursting within her, but she wrapped the child in her shawl, and with a quickening pace she fled the place and hurried across the snow-covered fields to her mother's."

"What's the matter, child?" asked her mother, as Mattie, pale and shivering, appeared at the door.

"Don't ask me, mother," sobbed the wretched little woman.

"You ain't left home?"

"Yes, mother, forever."

"Don't say that to me. You shall go back this instant," said her mother, thinking of the scandal that was sure to follow such a proceeding by her miserable daughter.

"Oh, don't, mother!" and Mattie looked the picture of despair.

"Tell me about it, my child," said the mother, melted into tenderness by the look.

Then Mattie, through her tears, told her mother all, and ended with these pitiful words:

"But, oh, mother, I do love him, the father of my child—I love him, but he doesn't understand me. If he could but understand me!" and she fell sobbing beside her mother's knee.

"Let me advise you, my child," said the mother, softly stroking her daughter's glossy hair. "I've passed through it all, and I'll tell you a secret. There is almost certain to be mistakes come up between husband and wife, and often words are spoken that are regretted a moment afterward. But, my child, such a word can do no harm if repented of and a confession made. If you have said anything to wound your husband's feelings, no matter what he may have said to you, go and tell him you are sorry, and I know that he will not only forgive you, but will beg you to forgive him. The hour that follows will be more delightful than the hour of your wedding. Let me tell you a little instance in my own life."

And her mother told of one of those little family differences that come up between so many worthy couples. The story ended so pleasantly that it soothed the tempest in the breast of the heartsick daughter.

After the story was done Mattie still kneeled, resting her tired head on her mother's knee. Her mother stroked her glossy hair in silence for a quarter of an hour, but Mattie's thoughts were busy. Suddenly she arose, took her child into her arms and wrapped it close in her shawl, she prepared to go.

"Where are you going, my child?" asked her mother.

To make my confession," answered Mattie through her tears.

"Heaven bless you said her mother.

When Marsh Hunt came home that night a pretty sight met his view. The fire was burning brightly on the hearth and before it stood Mattie, dressed in a neat calico wrapper, with snowy collar and cuffs, and a scarlet bow of ribbon at her throat. Baby sat on his pallet before the fire, crowing lustily, and beating the floor with a tin rattle.

Supper was on the table, and the tea was steaming on the hearth. Marsh was cold, but such a scene warmed him. He went straight to the pallet and commenced a romp with the baby. Mattie went and knelt there too, determined to make a confession, but she did not know how to commence. It was easy to think of beforehand, but when the time came she was lost. There was an awkward pause, then both spoke at once:

"Mattie, I've been—"

"Marsh, I'm sorry—"

Their eyes met, and each saw the tenderness in those of the other; all was now told in an instant. Both made their confession.

Marsh opened his arms and Mattie fell sobbing on his breast, while baby looked on in amazement. From that hour they were the happiest of couples.

Dr. Paley's Famous Illustration.

The following is a condensed statement of the famous watch illustration of Dr. Paley: If, he says, in crossing a heath, I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how it came there, I might reply, without necessary absurdity, that for aught I know it had lain there forever. But if, instead of a stone, it were a watch, the unmistakle evidence of design in its mechanism would compel the inference that somewhere, and at some time or other, it had a maker, who comprehended its construction and designed its use. And the inference would still be the same, although the finder had never seen a watch made, nor was himself capable of constructing one. Neither would it invalidate this conclusion, that it sometimes went wrong, since a machine need not be perfectly in order to show evidence of design in its construction, or that it had a few parts whose relation to the general effect was not apparent. Nor would any man in his senses think the existence of the watch accounted for by being told that it was one out of possible combinations of material forms, and happened to assume that particular form; or that its form could be attributed to a principle of order; or that its mechanism was no proof of contrivance, but a mere motive to induce the mind to think so; or that it was the result of the laws of metallic nature, since law presupposes an agent, being itself only the mode according to which the agent proceeds. Nor, again, would the discovery that this watch could re-produce itself lessen the force of the inference, since, however far back the series may be traced, the evidence of design remains, implying the existence of a designer; and this implication cannot be avoided by supposing the series of watches to have been infinite, and consequently to have had no *first*, for which it is necessary to provide a cause. Here would be contrivance, but no contriver; proofs of design, but no designer. But in reality, the maker of the first watch is the maker of every watch produced from it; the only difference being that the reproductive power imparted manifests a more exquisite skill in the artificer than the making of a single watch. Now, as every indication of contrivance, every manifestation of design, which existed in the watch, exists also in nature, only in vastly greater perfection and variety, the conclusion is irresistible. Design must have had a designer; the designer must have been a person, and that person is God.

One From Whose Lips Jewels Fell.

Of all the fairy tales dear to us in childhood, we gave the preference, after due consideration of the charm of "Cinderella" and the "Sleeping Beauty," to that of the two sisters who were rewarded by the fairy that interviewed them at the fountain, and besought each in turn to relieve her thirst, the one receiving a good and the other an evil gift. Everybody knows it, how the obliging maiden gave water to a lovely lady at the spring, and upon opening her lips to relate her adventure at home' pearls and diamonds fell from them in profusion, which sent her ill-natured sister in turn to seek so good fortune, and how the latter, unable to penetrate the disguise of the fairy, crossly repulsed the wrinkled old woman whom she found there, and in consequence conversed in toads and vipers instead of jewels. It now appears that this tale was prophetic as well as symbolical, or possibly it was historical. At any rate there are, if we may believe a correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, persons who would be living mines of wealth if their speech could be stored up. At the funeral of an excellent woman in Peabody, Mass., the other day, her friends were addressed by Miss Lizzie Doten. "A gentleman saw the words as they as they fell from Miss Doten's lips form into beautifully colored jewels, each facet a difference hue, and as they fell making a brilliant shower of light and color." We have all heard of honeyed words, and oily speech, of weighty argument, and spicy discourse, and gems of thought, of "thougts that breathe and words, that burn." but we have always believed these expressions to be figures of speech. A continuous shower of words made visible strikes us as wonderful in latter days, to say the least. It is probable that lady of the jeweled speech is a lineal descendant of the good sister who gave drink to the fairy; or it may be that the observer is an opium eater, and the brilliant spectacle existed only in his imagination.

The London correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* says of several gentlemen who have made experiments in ballooning: Mr. Lefevre, the President of the Balloon Society of Great Britain, assisted by Col. Noble. Sir John Adge and others, organized a series of simultaneous ascents, which, with two exceptions, proved successful. Aerostatics and aeronautics engage the attention of many scientific men; but up to the present time the secret remains undiscovered as to how a bird supports and directs itself in its flight through the air. This secret is being dilligently sought after, and when found will form a guiding principle in aeronautics. Mr. Templar and Dr. Lawrence Hamilton were at one time devoting their united energies in trying to solve the mystery, and it is to be regretted that Dr. Hamilton found that the prosecution of his work engaged too much of his valuable time. A great deal of money is required for carrying out experiments, and I am glad to learn that the government will give material aid for the furtherance of this end in the services of efficient officers and men, as well as by a grant of money. For meteorological purposes, and, under certain conditions, for military observations, balloons may be of great service. Let us hope that before long aerial navigation may prove a practical fact.

Borrowing money is a bad habit; and borrowing trouble is no better. Some people are always borrowing trouble, and in the way making not only themselves but every one around them uncomfortable. They have contracted the habit of taking a discouraging look at everything. What they do not spend lamenting over the unalterable past they devote to the prognostication of evils to come. It is a most pernicious and disagreeable habit. There is no use of regretting the past except so far as to profit by experience in the future; while half the evils a gloomy-minded person is always predicting never happen. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, not only on your own account, but for its happy influence on with whom you associate.

Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities.

THE INDE[PENDENT]
HAS THE
FINEST JOB OFF[ICE]
IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.
CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLA[NKS]
And other printing, including
Large and Heavy Posters and She[et] Hand-Bills,
Neatly and expeditiously executed
AT PORTLAND PRICES

The Three Rogues.

A peasant was taking a goat to Bag[dad]. He was mounted on a donkey, and the goat, with a bell tied around its neck, was following him. Three rogues saw this little company go past, and desired to enrich themselves.

Said the one, "May I carry off that fellow's goat in such a way that he shall never be able to ask it again of me."

And the other cried, "Grant me the wit to rob him of the ass on which he is mounted."

"Oh, truly, what an exploit!" exclaimed the third. "What would you say if I meant so to despoil him of his clothes that he will actually be obliged to me?"

The first rascal following the traveller softly, by stealth took the bell from the goat's neck, fastened it to the ass's tail, and made off with his booty.

The man, still riding the ass, heard the sound of the bell constantly behind him, and never for one instant imagined that the goat was no longer there, till, by-and-by he happened to turn around. [Pic]ture to yourself his astonishment w[hen] he could not see the animal that [he] had been taking to market to sell! everyone who passed he asked ne[ws of] his goat. Presently the second [rogue] met him, who answered, "At th[e end] of yonder lane I saw a man run[ning] dragging a goat along with him."

The countryman jumped from [the ass] saying. "Please take charge of [my don]key," and ran after the thief in the [direction] he supposed him to have taken.

When he had been running hither and thither for some time, he came back to find that neither ass nor keeper was to be seen. Our two rascals had already got far away, both well content with their booty. The third now awaited the simple man, leaning against a well by which the latter must pass. Then with loud wails, he began to lament so bitterly that the loser of the ass and goat was led to accost a person who seemed thus afflicted. Approaching he said, "What are you grieving about? I am sure you cannot have had as much ill luck as I have had. I have lost two animals, the price of which would have made my fortune."

"Oh, but think what a loss mine is!" exclaimed the thief. "Have you, like me, ever let a casket full of diamonds fall into a well when you are told to carry them to the judge? I shall perhaps be hanged for theft."

"But why do you not go down into the well?" asked the countryman; "it is not very deep."

"Alas! I am not clever enough," said the rogue. "I would rather run the risk of being hanged than drown myself, which I should certainly do: but if there were anyone willing to do me this service, I would gladly give him ten pieces of gold."

"Promise me those ten pieces of gold," cried the poor dupe, thinking the sum would more than repay him for the loss of his animals, "and I will get you your casket back."

No sooner said than done. He threw off his clothes with such rapidity, and descended into the well so quickly, that the robber saw at once that he would scarcely have time to possess himself of his spoil. The countryman having reached bottom of the well without finding any casket there, came up again, and was speedily aware of his new misfortune. Thus clothes, ass, and goat had alll gone different directions; and their unlucky owner, with all his toil, could scarcely find people charitable enough to be willing to clothe him.

The moral is, be carful of the company you choose.—[Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Saved by a Parrot.

They sat together in her parlor. Although the furniture looked to be solid and substantial, it could not have been so, for they both occupied one chair away over in the corner.

"Another year is almost past and gone," said she, "and looking through my diary I almost feel as if I hadn't improved one bit since it began," and she shuddered.

He thought that she might be cold and he put his arm around her to find out where it was.

"Do you ever feel that way?" she asked with a winning smile. We say, "with a winning smile," but as there was no light in the room we only imagine it, as there are always winning smiles floating around where there are two lovers in a room all alone.

"Yes," said he. "When the year started off in its first lap I swore off, and I find that it's a bad precedent. When a man begins on the first day of the year to swear off, he generally contracts a bad habit and is compelled to keep it up for the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days, twenty-four minutes and twenty-four seconds."

"I hope you haven't drank anything this year," whispered she; "you know that you promised me that you wouldn't."

The dastardly liar said that he hadn't, but only twenty minutes before as he passed by the corner drunk-store he had taken a bath, and then rubbed his mustache full of cologne and chewed nearly a bushel of coffee.

"That's right, dear," and she tried to crawl into his vest pocket.

"Who does oo love?" he asked.

"Oo, pet," came from the fair maiden with large blue eyes and feet. [Not blue feet.]

"Oh, pet, do you know what year this is?" she asked, as she endeavored with all her might and main to get on the other side of the chair without going around him.

"Yes, darling," he answered, "this is 1880. "Why?" and he put his right arm around to see what his left arm was doing, and it took him nearly five minutes to find it.

"How many times does four go until 1880?" she asked, with another winning smile.

He shudered, and his hair began to drop out one by one. He saw the drift of the catechism, and could have told all that was in it from "who made you?" down to the little boy catching a snake with "Finis" on its back.

"Upon my word, I believe I've forgotten to register," he responded, "and as I will be away on the next days of registration, I think I'd better go now."

"Oh, dear, let it go! One vote won't make any difference. Do stay! We'll have such a nice time."

He settled down, determined to brave it out.

"Yes, said she, after awhile, "this is leap year, and I had almost forgotten it."

This time she was a dastardly liar, for she had started out with the determination to pop the question or have her pop him.

She talked bout flats and cottages, servant girls and groceries, and his arm began to unfold from around her.

He finally saw there was no way out of it, and determined to ask her to have him and then flee the country.

He got down on his knees, and she had just got her "yes" ready, when a sonorous voice remarked:

"Here, here, that'll do!—none of that! No taffy here."

He grabbed his hat and beat 2:13¾ down the street.

The next day the cat had parrot potpie for breakfast.—[N. Y. Dispatch.

Two Ohio boys killed a valu... [illegible] by rolling a heavy stone [illegible] upon it. This proves that the "A rolling stone gathers no [moss]" is a mistake.