THE INDEPENDENT
IS ISSUED
Saturday Mornings
BY—
JOHN W. KELLY, Publisher.

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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.

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.

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.
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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
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.

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 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.

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
Promptly attended to and Goods shipped with care.
Address, Hachmeister & Benz, Portland, Oregon

# THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all Things; Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 5. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1880. NO. 32.

THE INDEPENDENT
IS THE
FINEST JOB OFFICE
IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.
CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS,
And other printing, including
Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills,
Neatly and expeditiously executed
AT PORTLAND PRICES.

### Poor Empress Eugenie.

The London correspondent of the Troy *Times* speaks as follows of the Empress Eugenie: Little as most right-thinking people may regret that the cause she represents has been overthrown, and it is to be hoped never to rise again, still he would be justly regarded as an unfeeling mortal who could not have a word of sympathy to express for this woman in the severe personal trials she has been called upon to endure during the last ten years. It is only a short decade since she occupied the proudest position, as a lady, in Europe; now it can be said, without much exaggeration, that none are so poor as to do her reverence. Driven from her throne, stripped of her honors, bereft of her husband, son, mother and home, she is all alone in the world, surrounded with gloomy reminiscences. Hers, indeed, has been a life of sorrow, her road a veritable *via crucis*. It seems on reaching England from South Africa, she was told that, after all she had recently suffered, the statue of her poor boy might not be given a corner in Westminster Abbey. The blow staggered her, and she cannot be made to understand the reasons why the English Parliament has set its face against the erection of the piece of marble in the venerable church. She cannot see why it is that the English people must perform a duty to France, a friendly Power, before considering her feelings and honoring the memory of her son, who gave up his life for the cause of the country of his adoption. It is all a dream to her. She has accordingly resolved to shake the dust of England from her feet to take up her abode in a foreign country, whither she will also carry the remains of her husband and son. The place in which she will take up her abode in future will be at her chateau of Arenenberg, situated, as almost everybody knows, in one of the loveliest parts of Switzerland. There, it is further stated, it is her intention to erect a grand mausoleum which shall be a last resting place for the ashes of herself, the Emperor and the Prince Imperial. Though we cannot sympathize with her in this resolve, thinking, as the most of us do, that the good will of France is more to be preferred than the respect of all the Napoleons who have ever lived, now live and are yet to be born, still we can be generous enough to wish, as the psalmist says, that "goodness and mercy may follow her all the days of her life," and that wherever she sojourns those among whom she dwells may remember that she is one who has been the sport of fate, one whose pathway in life has been watered with tears.

### Marked.

The other day the writer and one of the best known medical practitioners of Leadville, were talking over old episodes in business, when the man of pills and plasters said:

"I think, to tell the truth, I had the most singular experience of my whole professional career the other day."

"What was it, doctor?"

Well, I'll tell you, leaving out all names, for I expect the party will be recognized anyhow. It was just this:

"The middle part of last week one of the best young ladies of Leadville—she's sweet as a peach, too—came to my office in the evening, told me in a great deal of embarrassment that she wanted me to help her out of some trouble. Well, from her manner, my very worst suspicions were aroused, and I began to question her closely. And what the duce do you think? Well, the confounded little fool had the name of the young fellow whom she used to be engaged to tattooed on the calf of her leg. Now, she's just about to get married to quite a different party, and had sense enough to see that the marking would be likely to kick up a big row in the family. She was awfully distressed and ready to submit to anything, even a surgical operation, "to wipe out the damned spot."

"I was puzzled at first, but after studying it over for a little while I happened to remember that I had read somewhere in some old scientific magazine that tatooing may be removed by going over the design with a needle dipped in ink. It was a forlorn hope, but I thought I would try it, and taking her little foot—delicate position, wasn't it, for a married man—I carefully went over the letters. It must have hurt, but she never whimpered, and when it was all over I told her to go home and come again in a couple of days.

"Well, sir, when she came I had the satisfaction of knowing that the letters had faded into an indistinguishable blue line. The operation is a perfect success, and she is the happiest girl in Leadville. I got $50 for the job. Let's go and have a smoke."

He was brought before the Galveston Recorder on the charge of drunkenness. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I don't plead at all. I deny everything." "Do you deny having been up here before?" "I should smile. Why, Judge, I deny being here right now. If you catch me giving myself away just wake me up and let me know it."—[Galveston News.

The acme of laziness has been reached by the man who always kept one eye closed because he could see well enough with the other, and besides it was too much trouble to keep them both open.

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 O. & C. R. R.
For full particulars and passage apply to G. F. STRICKLAND, Agt.

# TELEGRAPHIC.

## EASTERN.

### Brutal Wife Murder.

BODIE, Cal., Nov. 8—Job Draper was arrested Saturday for the brutal murder of his wife at a point on the road between Bodie and Mammoth City and about four miles from Bodie. The couple had moved to this new location Friday, and had not yet provided themselves with a house. After building a fire of sage brush Draper accused his wife of hiding his gun and a jug of whisky. Woodchoppers who were passing heard them disputing about the matter, but, thinking it was only a drunken quarrel, moved on in the darkness. The following morning Draper went to a ranch and stated that his wife was dead, and accompanied two men to the scene. They found the body horribly bruised and cut. Her face was frightfully mangled. Draper was arrested, but says his wife came to her death by falling out of the wagon.

### Garfield's Majority in Maine.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 9.—The clerks' return of votes for the election of president and vice president are received at the office of secretary of state from all but six towns and six plantations, With the exception of adding somewhat to the total vote the figures from the remaining towns will not materially change the result, as follows: Garfield 74,005, Hancock-Weaver electors 64,832, Weaver straight greenback electors, 4,079, Dow 66, scattering 12: total 142,991. Majority for Garfield 5019, plurality 9173.

### Rumor Denied.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—President Hayes today denied to an Inter-Ocean correspondent at Washington that there was the shadow of foundation to the sensational story from Kansas that an attempt was made to assassinate him in Kansas recently.

### Preparations for Inauguration.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Preparations for the inauguration of Garfield have already assumed an organized form. The executive committee having the arrangements in charge extend a cordial invitation to all military and civic organizations throughout the country to take part in the inauguration ceromonies. All communications and enquiries on the subject should be addressed to Col. H. C. Corbin, corresponding secretary, Washington, D. C.

### Snow Fall.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—A heavy fall of snow is reported in central Michigan to-day. At Jackson the snow was so heavy that roofs of buildings are caving in under the burden.

### Self Accused Murderer.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Yesterday a rather prepossessing young man with red moustache and neatly dressed, who said his name was John McManus, stepped into Chief O'Donnell's office and said he was wanted in Philadelphia for the murder of Bernard Kelly in a political meeting there about a year ago. After killing Kelly, McManus said he went to San Francisco and rambled about west for several months, coming here last July. The Philadelphia authorities request the Chicago police to detain him, so there seems some ground for his self accusation.

### Sitting Bull Surrender.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 10.—Scout Allison has returned from Sitting Bull's camp, and reports Sitting Bull ready to surrender or to receive a proposition to that end, by the 20th instant, when he expects to hear from Maj. Walsh who went to mediate for him. The Indians are quite destitute, and have 900 people.

### The Great Jettyist.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 10.—Capt. James B. Eads, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and others, left to-night for Mexico. His mission to Mexico is to make a survey of the Isthmus of Tehauntepec and to determine its adaptability for an inter-ocean ship railroad.

### Bonds Sold.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The American Exchange Bank sold to the Government to-day a half million Goverment 6s at 2¼.

### Killed by his Wife.

RED ROCK, N. J., Nov. 12.—Wm. Grover, aged 50, was shot dead by his wife, aged 13.

### The Father of Quacks.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—The notorious Dr. John Buchanan was arraigned in court to-day and plead guilty to two charges of selling academic degrees. Sentence was deferred.

### Refinery Burned.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 12.—Places oil refinery burned this morning with engines and oil. Heavy loss.

### Chicago Wheat Market.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Wheat weak, lower, 103⅜; cash 104⅜.

### Homicide.

BRADFORD, Pa., Nov. 12.—During a row at a hotel at Knapp's creek station this evening, a rough named Thomas Scott shot and killed John Dougherty, an oil tank builder. Dougherty lived in Tardis Westmoreland county, Pa. Scott was arrested.

### Struck Oil.

SIOUX CITY, Nov. 12.—Petroleum of uncertain quality and quantity was struck at Ponca, Nebraska. Great excitement.

### Fire.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Nov. 12.—A fire in West Union, caused heavy loss, destroying Sturgis' block with the Gazette office and postoffice.

### Schooner Ashore.

OSWEGO, Nov. 12.—The schooner Cortez, with 19,000 bushels wheat, from Milwaukee to this port, went ashore this afternoon near Sandy creek; crew saved.

### Death of an Actor.

DETROIT, Nov. 12.—Geo. F. Ketcham, the well known actor, died to-night, aged 42.

### Electric Light.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 12.—The Ogden city council this afternoon unanimously adopted a proposition for lighting the city by electric light. The manner of lighting is similar to that of Wabash, Indiana, the flagstaff to be placed on the dome of the Court House, and an elevation of 200 feet will be had, from which four lights of 3000 candle power each guaranteed to abundantly illuminate a mile in diameter. Ogden is the first city west of the Mississippi to adopt the electric light.

### The Flooded Mines.

VIRGINIA, Nov. 12.—It is now deemed certain that the accident at Jacket will flood the lower levels of both Belcher and Crown Point, as the Belcher pumps had before all the water they could handle, and the Imperial is not in a condition to help. The probabilities are that no more prospecting will be done in these mines till Jacket's pumps are running again, which will be a month hence.

### Pennsylvania Official.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 12.—The following is the official vote for President in Pennsylvania: Garfield, 444,704; Hancock, 407,428; Weaver, 20,668; Dow, 1930; Phelps, 44.

### The Father of Quacks.

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### The Complexion of the Next House.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—A Washington special says the democrats have not given up the hope of capturing the next house of representatives. Already notices have been served of fourteen contests, and as Clerk Adams has the making up of the roll-call in these contests, gives great significance to Springer's recent remarks in this city, that when the complexion of the next house was discussed that all he cared about was to know how Adams would stand, and the republican congressional committee has been informed that the republicans will contest the following districts: First and second Alabama; first and second Louisiana; third and ninth Missouri; first, second, third and fifth South Carolina; and the second and sixth Mississippi. There is no reason to believe, however, that the republicans will lose the control of the house through these contests.

### The Sprague Family Troubles.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 13.—Willie Sprague, son of ex-Senator Sprague, was in court at Wakefield to-day on two complaints—one for assault with a dangerous weapon and the other for assault with intent to kill. Robert Thompson is his mother's trustee.

Testimony conflicting—Thompson testified: Willie Sprague fired at him.

Jerome Green was present; testified that he and Willie were firing for fun and Willie fired some 50 yards distant from Thompson as the latter happened along.

### Postal Changes.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The following postal changes for the Pacific coast were announced during the week:

Postoffices established—Oregon, Graham, Clatsop county, C. B. Allen postmaster; Washington territory, Mondovi, Spokan county, C. D. Ide postmaster.

Postmasters appointed—F. E. Smith, at Gabel, Columbus county, W. T., E. H. Averill, at Langman's Creek, Whitman county, W. T.

Postoffice discontinued—Yollcott, Clark county, W. T.

## CALIFORNIA.

### A Sorry Attempt to make Business Better.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12.—Christopher Rocchicciote, silversmith, was found this morning sitting in a chair in his place of business No. 8 Tyler street, with a bullet through his head and a pistol still grasped in his hand. He has lately been despondent over the dullness of business.

### Railroads at Law.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 12.—A suit was entered in the superior court to-day by A.A. Cohen, attorney for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, against the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, for recovery of lands in this county, alleged to be unlawfully held by the defendant, and for rents since August 1, 1876, amounting to $250,000.

### The Evangelists.

Moody and Sankey opened their campaign this evening at Dr. Stone's church to an audience of two thousand which seemed much impressed with the efforts of these noted evangelists.

### Death of John H. Baird.

John H. Baird, a well known pioneer and ex-chairman of the democratic state central committee, died in his coupe this afternoon while being conveyed from a court he had been attending to the Palace Hotel; aged 62.

### Official Arrested.

City and County Attorney Murphy was arrested this afternoon charged with the violation of his official duty in employing labor on the new city wall by day's work and not publishing the contracts. He was released on bail.

### A Lot of Young Fools.

Miss Nellie Calhoun, a young theatrical debutante, received an ovation this evening at the hands of a number of young gentlemen admirers, who, at the conclusion of her performance at the California theatre, harnessed themselves to her carriage and drew her to her hotel.

### Hancock Electors Chosen, Except Judge Terry—Republicans Have Twelve Majority in the Legislature.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—Official returns are not yet all in, but enough are received to determine that the Hancock electors, except Judge Terry, have carried the state by a majority of 200 to 300, while the Republicans have elected 41 assemblymen, giving a majority of two in the assembly and twelve on joint ballot.

### Pacheco Elected.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—Official returns from all the counties in the Fourth Congressional district, except Tulare, Mariposa and Inyo, which are full but not official, give Pacheco 153 majority. Official returns will make no material changes, and his election is settled.

## BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

### The Peasantry on the Alert -- British Troops Protecting Farm Hands--A Land Agent Shot Dead--Military Ordered to Use the Bayonet if Necessary--A Perilous Crisis.

### Embarrassed by Irish Affairs.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The Times' Rome special says it is well known in the Vatican circles that the Pope is much embarrassed about Irish affairs. He fully understands it is not a question between Catholics and Protestants, but between the friends of order and anarchy. He openly disapproves an Agrarian movement, and sincerely desires to assist the English government if possible. He is well aware that he is only hearing one side of the case, and feels were he to break the silence he might, in seeking good, produce a contrary result, through his imperfect knowledge of affairs.

### Land League Notes.

CORK, Nov. 12.—A meeting convened by the mayor of this city has opened subscription lists for Parnell's defence.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—All laborers in the relief expedition are tenant farmers or sons of tenant farmers. Provisions have been sent with them for 60 men for eight days. Orangemen have expressed a willingness to stay at Ballinrode after the crops have been cut and work for Boycott.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—Before the start crowds of people were in front of the gates groaning and hooting. The uproar in the principal street was tremendous. A steward to Col. Cooper, of Dromboden, in Mullinger, county of West Meath, was shot and wounded in two places by an unknown youth.

### A Land Agent Killed.

CORK, Nov. 12.—Wheeler, a land agent, has been shot dead near Oola, county of Limerick.

### Arrival.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 12.—The Channel fleet has arrived.

### Match Off.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The Laycock-Hawdon rowing match is off, Hawdon failing to make a final deposit of stake money.

### Cable Broken.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The Anglo-American company's Brest cable is broken, 230 miles from Brest.

### Money Drift.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Half a million dollars for New York.

About $400,000 specie will be shipped Saturday for America.

### Forcibly Expelled.

PARIS, Nov. 11.—Baudry Dassou, who was forcibly expelled from the Chamber of Deputies yesterday, and confined in an adjacent room, was liberated at 10 o'clock last night.

### Still Stubborn.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—Baudrey Dassou refused to promise not to re-enter the Chamber of Deputies during the time of his exclusion, and he is therefore still kept in confinement.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—Notes to the value of 60,000 francs were stolen from a postman to-day in the rue St. Vienne.

### Dasson Released.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—Debaudry Dasson was released on his promise not to re-enter the chamber for 15 days.

### Budget Opposed.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—In the Prussian parliament yesterday, Richter violently attacked the budget on account of the increase of taxation it proposes.

### Treaty Rights.

VIENNA, Nov. 12.—The Servian Envoy has given a written declaration admitting Austrians to the right to be treated on a footing with the most favored nation in the treaty of commerce negotiation, obstacles to the commencement of which is removed.

### Nihilists Condemned.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 12.—All Nihilists tried for plots against the czar's life were found guilty and five sentenced to death, 11 to hard labor in the mines at terms from five years to life. Three women were sentenced to 15 years penal servitude, and the court said it would ask a mitigation of one woman's sentence.

### Persian War Chief.

TEHERAN, Nov. 12.—The former Persian Minister of War has been sent to the seat of war in consequence of the dangerous illness and reported death of the Persian commander in chief. Some of the Kurdish chiefs have submitted, while others have fled.

### The War in Persia.

TEHERAN, Nov. 12.—Sheik Abdullah is surrounded near Urumiah. The Persians have captured the town of Soujbolak, the Kurds losing 200 killed and 80 prisoners.

### The Land League Troubles.

DUBLIN, Nov. 9.—Four troops of hussars were dispatched hence for Ballinrobe by special train at 2 o'clock this morning. Four hundred infantry have just arrived at Ballinrobe and will encamp near Lough Mask. These precautions are taken in view of the intention of northern Orangemen to send laborers to harvest the crops of Mr. Boycott, Lord Ernes' agent, for whom the local peasantry at the instigation of the land league, refused to work. The government will protect a moderate force of laborers, but refuse to permit anything approaching an armed demonstration, which would certainly provoke a collision. A report is current this afternoon that the channel squadron is to be prepared to land 2800 troops at Queenstown, if ordered to do so.

### Nihilists Trials.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 8.—At the trial before the military tribunal all the Nihilist prisoners acknowledge belonging to the revolutionary party. One named Scheraiff admitted that he participated in the preparation of mines under the railway at Moscow in December, 1879, and two others recounted proceedings in connection with the mine or Simpheropol railway.

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The following notice may occasionally be found posted upon the door of a Parisian newspaper office: "Gone to fight a duel, be back in half an hour."

### THE DISGUISED LOVER.

My friend Tom has a natural affection for dirt, or rather, dirt has a natural affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas: whatever he touches turns to dirt. No matter how white the cravat, no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment that it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps and lamplighters never pass him without leaving upon his dress unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and only once, I saw him in the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate him, and before I could utter one word it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet, full length, in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation he once purchased a suit of precisely mud color. It was a capital idea. He crossed the street three times; he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance, at least, unscathed. True, he was heartily welcomed by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horse-pond; true he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat was "to gild refined gold—to paint the lily." "Tom will be a neat man yet," I said, as I witnessed the success of any plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was my friend Tom; he had been leaning against some newly painted window blinds.

Having no other amusement, one morning I strolled over to Tom's rooms. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone. "But it must be done, and there is an end to it."

"Really," was the reply, "anything within the limits of possibility, but to make a coat in ten hours—I will promise anything in the world, but I really fear I shall be unable to perform."

"If double your price would be any object——"

"Certainly, sir, if you insist upon it; certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time. Good morning, sir."

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and measures passed out. What could Tom be doing with a tailor?

"Just the man I wanted to see," he exclaimed. "I require your advice upon a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?" and he spread before me some half dozen, of every hue and fashion.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends will never know you. But you cannot support the character; if you had taken that of a chimney sweep, now; but that would have been too natural. Tell me truly, Tom, what does all this mean?"

"Why, the fact is, Frank," passing a hand through his hair, redolent of macassar, "I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless, remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect, I assure you."

Now it so happened that of all the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the very first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed a sloven to a fop?

"Pray, where are you going this evening?" I continued, "that you must have a new coat so suddenly?"

"Going? Nowhere in particular. I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murray; no harm in that, I hope."

"Your old friend, Mr. Murray, and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose? I heard that she arrived in town last night."

"Now, upon my word, Frank, you mistake me entirely. I did not know that she was in town last night—when I—that is, when I—I did not know anything about it."

"And so you were there last night, too! Really, this is getting along bravely."

"Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know everything! I called last evening to see Murry on some business about that real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a boa constrictor—my beard was three days old, my collar ditto—and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and somehow or other I forgot—I forgot all about the real estate."

"And so you are going again to-night—and that is the secret of your new coat?"

"By no means; I wanted a new coat, and tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favorite—that is—I men blue——"

"Oh, go on—don't stammer—blue is her favorite color, is it?"

"The fact is, Frank—take another glass of this wine—the fact is—good wine, isn't it? been two voyages to the Indies—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am a little in love. Try some of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank—a queer feeling about the heart, and something which drives the blood through one like lightning?"

"Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia; short and chubby, isn't she, with red hair and a little squint-eyed?"

"Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but if you don't stop that nonsense, I will."

"Quite valiant in defence of your lady-love. Well. Tom, I will confess that she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will call and learn your success. So, good morning. Well Tom, what success?"

"Would you believe it? she did not recognize me?"

"Not recognize you!"

"No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter, dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say one word, introduced me to Julia as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it, the little witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray said something about the fellow who called there the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clear enough, but an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said he dressed like a barbarian—just think of that, Frank, a barbarian. She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well, Frank, a clean collar does make a vast difference in a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes. The last time I saw Tom, he was scolding his eldest son for coming into the drawing-room with muddy boots."

The following preparation, it is claimed, will render wood incombustible and impermeable: Sulphate of zinc, 55 pounds; alum, 44 pounds; sulphuric acid of 60 degrees, 22 pounds; water, 55 pounds. All the solid ingredients are put into a boiler containing the water at 45 degrees C. (112 degrees F.), and as soon as they are dissolved the sulphuric acid is poured in gradually until the mass is completely saturated. The pieces of wood are kept about five centimeters (1.97 in.) apart, and after three hours' boiling they are dried in the open air. The natural appearance of the wood is not changed. To whatever heat it is subjected it resists combustion, the surface being simply covered with a thin, charred coating, which is easily rubbed off.

### Living too Long.

Generally speaking, one of the last and least of our anxieties is that we may live too long. Throughout youth and maturity the prospect of longevity is very apt o be pleasant, for the thing itself seems desirable—for more so in the distance than if at hand. But even when it is upon us, with all its burdens and impotencies, we are prone to cling to life, as still we call it, though it has, strictly, ceased to be life, having become mere vegetation. That we should want to live while we have health, physical and mental; are in possession of all our faculties; are able to do some good; are fitted to impart and receive satisfaction, is entirely natural and reasonable. But that the wish should continue after everything that should excite it has gone, appears, or would appear, strange, were not the fact so notorious.

Comparatively few men are glad to surrender existence, notwithstanding the ostensible loss of its final allurements or its slightest compensation. The habit of life may have grown so strong by continuance that they can not complacently contemplate breaking it; or the great hopefulness which incites and deludes us from the cradle to the grave may yet whisper in their dull ear its flattering tale. Be the cause what it may, old age, joined to discrepitude, seldom has for its sufferers the irksomeness that it has for its observers. Men, in other words, do not know as a rule, when they have lived too long, and in their earlier years do not fear old age as they should. They cannot imagine, while vigorous, ambitious, full of plans and purposes, that they shall be in time feeble, heedless, dwelling only on the past, wearisome with endless repetitions. Their egotism prevents such anticipation, as it prevents their understanding of their senility, after it has come, and the extreme tediousness it entails upon their kindred and friends. Weight of years so impairs their faculties, so obscures their judgement, so changes their angle of vision, that they never suspect their dotage. Self-love, which yields to death alone, misinterprets their waning nature to their scattered intelligence. Through it garrulity becomes eloquence; trifles assume importance; iteration shows like wisdom; ordinary hum-drum experience assembles illustrious history.

Old age is, in its usual aspects, the reverse of attractive. It may beget pity, but it expels sympathy and annuls interest. It ought, have twenty times the terror of death, which is so mysterious, so impenetrable as to be invested with a certain dignity often absent from, and impossible to, old age. Old age, generally venerated throughout civilization, is very frequently not venerable. It needs, in many cases, constant reflection and exercise of charity to check disesteem and hinder ridicule. In and of itself, it is neither beneficial nor interesting, and many who claim to honor it simply tolerate it, and secretly wish the while that it may not be too protracted. It may be beautiful and lovable, helpful and inspiring, up to a certain point; but the point once passed, its late lingering charms fade forever.

Young old age, to name it such, has its compensations, even its enticements. But old, old age is dreary and distressing enough. If we could see it as commonly before we have reached it, we should most earnestly beg of Fortune to preserve us from its privations and penalties. Should we not rather drop suddenly from a career of high satisfaction and wide usefulness, with a glorious name reflected, with future bright and beckoning, than to go on to its ample fulfillment and then steadily decay, becoming only a mournful memento of a past which should satirize our present? To die in the midst of laudable activity, of enterprises uncompleted, of radiant dreams unrealized, may be very sad; but it is not one tithe so sad as to survive one's self, to drag about a superannuated body after all that is best in it has been buried. Premature death is sure to be regretted by many; the dead are like to be idealized for what they have done, especially for what they might have done. But over-mature life is a source of sorrow that it had not ended sooner. To live too briefly may be unfortunate, to live too long is positively calamitous.

It is not the very old the decrepit alone who live too long. Many men, and not a few women, who have not exceeded middle age, who sometimes have not fairly passed their youth, have lived too long. They have survived their reputation; they have come to great disappointment, sorrow or shame; they have neglected some brilliant opportunity to die; they have not made their exit at the proper time, on the proper scene. They do not see their error until they look back, retrieval is then too late. There is no use then of their slipping off the planet; nobody is watching their movement with mingled envy and admiration; nobody would note their absence. They feel this deeply, bitterly; they cannot help regretting that nature and fortune had not been kinder; that they had not got their cue from fate in the nick of time. They can now see all the advantages of going out in glory, instead of waiting for extinction in emptiness and obscurity. There are doubtless hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men in every populous town, both at home and abroad, who can turn to the past and see with clearness the hour and place where they should have died. Retrospection illuminates their whole career so as to reveal with lustre the exact point or points whence their departure would have been accompanied with mingled honor and sorrow.

This is the mere worldly way of regarding life and its discontinuance. But it is the way life is generally regarded by others. We may be sentimental and vapid respecting our ending, though we are reasonable and philosophic about the ending of those for whom we are not personally concerned. We think, in reviewing the antecedants of any public man, that we know when he should have gone. We do not permit his small conceits or human weaknesses to distort our judgment. So others see, if they take the trouble to take ourselves into account, when we have walked too far upon the hard, crowded, struggling highway leading to the grave. We cannot choose when we shall be born or unborn; yet the dullest of us can perceive the best season for the final exodus of our neighbors, as they can perceive our season. Youth has its fascinations, its rewards, its illusions; middle age its comforts and compensations. We sorrow for those who pass away before many years have fallen upon them. Nevertheless, it is far better that they should go early than linger late. More truth and wisdom than we fancy lies in the utterance: "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

It is said that pencil drawings may be rendered ineffaceable by this simple process. Slightly warm a sheet of ordinary drawing paper, then place it carefully on the surface of a solution of white rosin in alcohol, leaving it there long enough to become thoroughly moistened. Afterward dry it in a current of air. Paper prepared in this way has a very smooth surface. In order to fix the drawing the paper is to be warmed for a few minutes. This method may prove useful for the preservation of plans or designs, when the want of time or any other cause will not allow of the draughtsman reproducing them in ink. A simpler plan than the above, however, is to brush over the back of the paper containing the charcoal or pencil sketch a weak solution of white shellac in alcohol.

### Thurlow Weed.

While talking with Thurlow Weed about the political situation, my eyes fell upon a steel engraving of Lafayette on the wall with a letter in French on the broad margin, written by the daughter of the great champion of liberty. It thanked Mr. Weed in warm terms for his polite attentions to her father "when in America recently," and expressed the most earnest interest in the future progress of the republic.

"So you knew Lafayette?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," the old gentleman said, his face lighting up, "I knew him well—intimately, in fact. I traveled considerably with him while he was here. That was in—in what year was it?—I forget."

"In 1824," I suggested.

"Yes," he went on, "he was 65, I should think, and I was about 27. I was invited down here and accompanied the General and his suite to Albany. We went on the steamboat 'Chancellor Kent.' It was summer time, and we were three days going to Albany. The boat stopped at all the villages along the river, and everywhere an ovation awaited the great deliverer. There were flags and speeches and dinners, and every expression of joy. An event of a lifetime—that was. As we moved quietly along from point to point, Lafayette sat on the promenade deck viewing the beautiful scenery and responding to the welcoming shouts of crowds along the shore. Lafayette was a very large man, a man of colossal proportions and of majestic demeanor. He was larger than I am, and I am over six feet, even now, in my old age."

"How did the company amuse themselves during the three days?"

"Most of the time was spent by the veterans in telling stories of the revolution. There were more than a dozen revolutionary officers there; and they have all been dead these forty years. One of these was, I remember, Col. Nick Fish, father of Gov. Fish. He had served near the person of Washington, and he was a good story teller. He told a great many amusing anecdotes, showing that all hands had a good deal of fun even when the army was ragged and barefoot in the Jerseys, and it wasn't certain where they were going to get their next dinner.

"And here is a picture," said Mr. Weed, rising and feeling along the wall for it, that interests one about as much as that of Lafayette."

He laid his hand on a framed copy of the familiar silhouette of the first railroad train that ever ran in this country—from Albany to Schenectady, in 1831. Then he carefully measured off a distance from one end, and pointing with his finger said, "I am right there—do you see me in that car? I was greatly interested in the experiment, and when I sat there I foresaw some of the greatness to which the railroad system has since grown in this land. The train made very good time that day, too, surprising every body."

Mr. Weed resumed his easy chair and said: "The first steamboat, too. I reckon I may be the only man living that saw Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont, make its first trip in 