THE INDEPENDENT.
HAS 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 Rapidly executed
AT POR[illegible] PRICES.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all Things; Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 5. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880. NO. 37.

E. R. MULLER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
OAKLAND, - - - - OREGON
Office 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. K. 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
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-
[illegible]LAND, OREGON.
[illegible]homas, Prop'r.
[illegible] BEEN ESTABLISHED [illegible], and has become very [illegible]

R. G. SCROGGS, A. M., M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Special attention paid to [illegible]erative Surgery and Treatment of Chronic Diseases.
[illegible]ice in rear of drug store nearly opposite the postoffice.
[illegible]ice hours from 1 to 3 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 7:00 P. M.,
Making quick connection at Roseburg with the cars of the C. & O. R. R.
For full particulars and passage apply to
G. F. STRICKLAND, Agt.

A Good Place to Drink Whisky.

In those days you had not far to seek for game, and you could scarcely go wrong in any direction at any season of the year. In winter and spring the park still swarms with game; but it is necessary in summer to know where to look for it, to understand its manners and customs, to go further and to work harder than formerly, for Estes Park is civilized. In summer time beautiful but dangerous creatures roam the park. The tracks of tiny little shoes are more frequent than the less interesting but harmless foot-prints of mountain sheep. You are more likely to catch a glimpse of the flicker of the hem of a white petticoat in the distance than of the glancing form of a deer. The marks of carriage wheels are more plentiful than elk-signs, and you are not now so likely to be scared by the human-like track of a gigantic bear as by the appalling impress of a number eleven boot. This is as it should be. There is plenty of room elsewhere for wild beasts, and nature's beauties should be enjoyed by man. I well remember the commencement of civilization. I was sitting on the stoop of the log shanty one fine hot summer's evening when to me appeared the strange apparition an aged gentleman on a diminutive donkey. He was the first stranger I had ever seen in the park. After surveying me in silence for some moments, he observed:

"Say, is this a pretty good place to drink whisky in?"

I replied "yes," naturally, for I have never heard of a spot that was not favorable for the consumption of whisky, the State of Maine not excepted.

"Well, have you any to sell?" he continued.

"No," I answered, "got none."

After gazing at me in melancholy silence for some moments, evidently puzzled at the idea of a man and a house but no whisky, he went slowly and sadly on his way, and I saw him no more.—[Nineteenth Century.

A Plea for Corsets.

Although some women are foolish enough to dangerously compress their vitals for the sake of unnatural slenderness, a fashion writer in a Cincinnatti paper says that no such practice is required by the prevailing fashion:

Corsets, as now generally worn, are more of a comfort than otherwise. The present evil practice in this direction is that of forcible flattening the bosom. About no other article of dress is a fashionable woman more finicky. But women who can afford it have their corsets made to order, often paying as high as $25 for a carefully fitted one. Those who demand of their dressmakers that their bodies shall fit like a glove, without a wrinkle or a strain, must consent to wear corsets of the same size and shape. Otherwise a perfect fit at one time would not be so at another. Many women are so soft and pliant that they can be shaped by a corset to almost any desired figure; but having chosen a model they stick to it, or alter their dresses with every change of stays. Formerly, when skirts were full and voluminous, it did not matter what the corset was like below the waist line; but now, with the skirts lying flat, all the outlines are of importance. This has led to the extension of corsets downward, until women who are at all round are commonly encased from shoulder to leg. The corsets displayed in the stores, with their ribs of bone and metal, look like rows of ancient armor. The leathering is a good thing, because it equalizes the pressure and prevents a girting of the waist alone.

The lines of our life stretch farther than we think. We lay our plans for the future, and they prove to be tracks that never end. All our paths go out into the unseen world. As you look across the street, the line of your vision is terminated by some building. You can see nothing beyond. If that building were away, you could see other buildings and streets; and if these, too, were gone, the line of your vision would shoot off beyond the stars till it had reached the utmost verge of the great universe. So the hopes of this earthly life—its plans and schemes and busy contrivings—are all endless lines that reach into an endless eternity. Within the little circle of yourself, the plans you make for to-morrow, the wishes and hopes you entertain for the coming months and years, you may not see or know your favorite purposes [illegible] off into the distance. Do you think how they touch on the margin [illegible] endless future? Do you ever see all earthly things are embosomed in always-present eternity? We walk [illegible] day in the embrace of fraternity. [illegible]ssue of every purpose is there; the [illegible]f every plan is there; the result of [illegible] deed is there. No path will end [illegible]side.

[illegible] Galveston school teacher, who lost [illegible] patience with a very stupid boy, [illegible]ly told the boy's father, "Your son [illegible]tting worse and worse every day." [illegible]on't think he can be quite that bad," [illegible]onstrated the partial parent. "Well, [illegible], he is at least getting worse and [illegible]se every other day, or say three times [illegible]eek."

[illegible]ow look out for war. Planet-finder [illegible]rs refers to comet-finder Swift as [illegible]ing indicated the position of his last [illegible]et "in his usual bungling way."—[illegible]racuse Herald.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Ex-Senator J. F. Starbuck of New York died on last Saturday.

Dash & Co of New York coffee dealers have failed with liabilities of $1,400,000.

Capt. Dacy, a noted Fenian leader, died at Lawrence, Mass., on the 10th inst.

The street car companies of Chicago have been taxed $50 on each car and the courts say they shall pay it.

The county assessor and eight other officials of Decauter county Indiana have been indicted for taking illegal fees.

By a fire in Philadelphia on the night of the 11th Ann Higgins aged 73 and John Lyons aged 23 were burned to death.

The family of Harry Williams at Bryan, Texas, was poisoned a week ago by eating canned beef. two have died and four others are sick.

Ford (republican greenbacker) received a certificate of election to congress from Missouri. The final canvass gave Ford two majority in over 43,000 votes.

Secretary Thompson of the navy will soon retire to accept the presidency of the Panama Canal Co. It is rumored that chief clerk Hogg will succeed him.

Charles Marshall, a desperado, was hanged by a mob at Bellville Nevada on last Friday. He had brutally murdered an inoffensive old man a few days before.

Wade Hampton writes that he will not be in Washington until after the holidays. On account of the absence of 15 unpaired democrats the party cannot elect their house officers at present.

Delegate Cannon of Utah pronounces the position taken by the president in his message on Utah affairs as false, and maintains that the laws are enforced in that territory as faithfully as in other parts of the country.

There is an active movement to make the coming Yorktown celebration a success, and commissioners have been appointed in each state of the union, including Hon. Irving W. Stanton of Colorado, and Hon. Jas. W. Farley of California.

A letter dated at Bloomington, Putnam county ,Tennessee, to the American, says: In a fight 12 miles east of Crooksville, between the Welshegs and Capt. James Davis, U. S. deputy marshal, and U. S. commissioner G. W. Campbell, Davis was killed and Campbell beaten nearly to death.

A number of changes will soon occur in the supreme court of the United States. Judge Woods of Alabama will succeed Justice Strong. Justices Swayne and Clifford will also retire soon, the former immediately after the holidays: Atty. Genl. Devens will probably be his successor.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lawrence Mass., was shot and instantly killed on the 11th by her paramour, Mr. Wardman, a married man with a family and until recently overseer of the Washington mills. Wardman subsequently shot himself, and is not likely to recover. Jealousy was the cause.

Members of the senate foreign affairs committee say that there will be no interference what ever on the part of congress in the construction of the Panama canal, in the manner now proposed, and that no interference was ever contemplated except in the event of a European power attempting building or to control the canal.

The commissioner of internal revenue has received advices from Huntsville, Alabama, that illicit distillers who were interfered with by a U.S. deputy marshal, shot and instantly killed deputy John B. Hardie, U. S. Marshal Loss is organizing a good force to arrest the parties, of whom there are four, named Culbraith (who fired the fatal shot), Lemons and two Corsico brothers. Commissioner Raum telegraphed instructions that the most vigorous measures be taken to bring to punishment these parties. Every distillery must be seized and illicit distillers arrested. The attorney general sent similar instructions to the U. S. marshals.

The president had a long talk with Gen. Howard, in the course of which he admitted that he had called him to washington to make him command at West Point, but had been dissuaded from doing it by General Sherman and secretary Evarts, not on account of personal opposition to him, but because they held that the change would be too violent in view of Howard's well known varience, in what he regards as the correct policy, as contrasted with Schofield's admi-tration. He promised Howard, however, that he should have some good place in the east as soon as he could settle his affairs in Oregon and take it. He told him, also, it is understood, that he should make General Terry commandant at West Point.

In the National House of Representatives on the 10th Representative Shelley, from the committee on postoffice and post roads, reported to the house to-day his bill providing for the establishment of a mail steamer between ports of the United States and South America, Central America, Mexican and transpacific ports. Hubbell, from the appropriation committee, reported a pension bill; printed and recommitted. It appropriates $48,400,000 for the army $1,110,000 for the navy, $250,000 for surgeons and $25,000 for salaries. Herbert of Alabama, from the judiciary committee, reported back a bill allowing marshalls and deputies to take bonds in certain cases. The speaker laid before the house a communication from Gambetta, president of the French chamber of deputies, in regard to the exchange of documents between that body and the U. S house of representatives; A letter from the secretary of state, transmitting two additional volumes of speeches of Thiers, presented by Madame Thiers; laid on the table.

A circular has been issued by the secretary of the treasury, containing regulations governing the admission of candidates to the grade of cadet in the revenue marine service. The circular says: A standard of proficiency will be fixed: if candidates fall below such standard, they will be rejected. They may, however, received a second examination at the next annual convening of the board of examiners. Failure on the second examination will result in the final rejection of the candidate. While applicants, as a rule, will be accorded not more than two examinations, exception may be made granting a third examination in particularly mentioned cases where the candidates have passed successfully two examinations. Cadets will be appointed for the probationary period of two years, during which they will be required to peruse a prescribed course of study and perform such duties on board ship or elsewhere in the service as may be demanded of them. In two years they will, if their probationary service be satisfactory, be examined for promotion to the grade of third lieutenant in the revenue marine service.

No local political event in the country for several years has created so much excitement as the deposition of John Kelly from the comptrollership of New York city. Republicans and Anti Tammany democrats rejoice over it while Tammany is very indignant. The Tammany committee held a meeting and enthusiastically endorsed Kelly and denounced Tilden and his party as democratic traitors who sold out Hancock. Kelly spoke saying that Tammany's record at the last election was clear and bright, and charged Cooper and Irving Hall with betraying the democracy. "Would to God," he said, "These men had been faithful to Gen. Hancock. Would to God they had buried animosities in oblivion, then there would be a different story to tell and Gen. Hancock would be president elect of the United States." The office was of no consequence to him (Kelly) nor was he ambitious to be looked upon as a leader, but as they made him so, and expressed confidence in him, they could command his services at any time and he would not be coerced by the press. He said that public men truckling to the press could receive their support, but he never truckled to the press unless it was right.

Tolman Webster, a saloon keeper, killed Wm. Stewart, a farmer, at California, Kentucky, on the 10th inst.

On the 10th Mayor Cooper of New York sent to the Board of Aldermen for confirmation the name of Allen Campbell as city comptroller, to succeed John Kelly the scahem of the Tammany Hall democracy. Campbell's nomination was confirmed by a vote of 13 to 9, amid much excitement.

A large number of people from Kansas have assembled on the borders of Indian Territory and express a determination to push ahead into the Indian Territory. Many have already crossed the line. A regiment of U. S. troops are near them to prevent their going any further and a collision seems imminent.

The quarantine convention in session at New York last week unanimously resolved that it is the duty of the general government to defray all quarantine administration which extends beyond the boundaries of a single state, and they ask for an appropriation from congress. Adjourned to meet at Savannah next December.

Congressional representatives of the mining states and territories last session being strongly opposed to numerous land bills framed by the public land commission agreed upon a short measure as a substitute for them. The substitute will not be pressed during this session except as a means of killing off the land commission bills. As representatives of the mining states are opposed to any legislation at present and as no bill can well be passed without their cooperation it is thought to be doubtful if any further action upon the subject is taken this session.

The Evening Express (Tammany) thus speaks of the Tammany aldermen who voted with the republicans and anti-Tammany aldermen and made sure a revolution: To Bernard Goodwin, Robert Foster, Frederick Helbig and Henry Hoffan, Sirs:—You were elected aldermen by the votes of honest democrats who believed your professions and trusted in your honor. You were elected as members of the Tammany democracy of this city in the belief that you would carry out your pledges before your nominations in good faith. You have betrayed your trust, repudiated your professions, turned traitor to the people who elected you and branded yourselves as utterly without private honor or manliness. You have sold yourselves cheap, very cheap, for the disgrace and infamy of your conduct will stick to your names while you live, and will attach to your children after the grave is dug for you and you lay down in it. There is no resurrection for men who have damned themselves. The parties whose abject tools you willingly became will not trust you and have no further use for you. Judas went out and hung himself after he got his thirty pieces of silver. You need not hang yourself; you are already worse than gibbeted. The brand set on Cain is harder to carry than death. Live and enjoy the price of your treason if you can, but if you live to the age of Methusaleh you will never outlive the crime of which you yesterday convicted yourself. Go! The Star, Kelly's organ says: "With the events of yesterday, the profound conviction must impress itself on the minds of democrats everywhere that New York is no longer a democratic city. It has been traded off, handed over to republicans body and soul. It will no longer roll up those magnificent majorities which redeemed the state and placed it in the van of the democratic phalanx." The Star brands the four Tammany aldermen who voted for Campbell with Cain like ineffaceable marks as "objects with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, writhing under the contempt of their indignant associates whose recorded action yesterday will haunt them during their lives as a hissing reproach."

A Charleston S. C., dispatch of Dec. 12th says: Joe. Barnes, Vance Brandt and Julia Brandt, aged respectively 16, 18 and 15 years, and all colored, entered into a conspiracy to rob the house of Mr. Kennedy, in Salem, Clarendon county. In the absence of her husband, Mrs. Kennedy, a young white woman tried to talk them, but finding her efforts unavailing ran out of a back door and attempted to escape to a neighbor's, when Vance overtook her and with a club knocked her down, and although she begged for mercy and promised to give him all the money in the house he dealt her two more crushing blows, and his sister coming up just then, severed the head from the body with a hoe. When Mr. Kennedy returned some three hours afterwards he found his wife lying outside the front gate, mutilated, cold and stiff, her head almost severed in twain. The entire cranium was cut off from ear to ear, leaving the brains scattered around on the ground. Several colored persons were arrested Monday, but no clue to their guilt being obtained they were promptly released. On Tuesday a colored boy named Joe Barnes was arrested. He showed so much confusion on being questioned as to his whereabouts Sunday that only a few questions served to bring out his full confession from which the above account is taken. Vance and Julia denied having anything to do with it, but the cloths which they wore Sunday were bloody, with small particles of brain upon them. The money and pistol of Kennedy found in their possession were bloody and on being questioned about the blood upon their clothes the woman said they had killed a chicken, and the man said he had killed some partridges. On examination, bloody finger prints on the hoe handle corresponded precisely with those on a shawl worn by the woman on the day of the murder, which circumstance had as great weight to convict her as the testimony of the boys. The horrible character of the murder awakened intense indignation in the neighborhood and a crowd of 150 white men and 50 colored men assembled to punish the murderers. A further examination established the truth of the confession of Barnes. Negroes begged the whites to permit them to take the prisoners and burn them alive, This was refused, but a vote was taken whether they should be jailed and await the court or be lynched. Only 24 voted to wait on the law, and it was determined to hang them to trees nearest the scene of the crime. Halters were obtained and fastened to a limb of a tree. A cart was placed under the limb and the prisoners ordered to mount. Just then, Joe Barnes begged to be allowed to pray, and commenced by saying that he had never prayed before and never expected to again. Nothing was said by either of the others except groans and "Lord have mercy!" from Vance. Handkerchiefs being tied over their faces, the cart was pushed away, and the trio were soon dangling in the air.

Agassiz and Home.

A good anecdote is told of the late Prof. Agassiz and Home, the spiritualist.

They happened to meet in a railway carriage, and, getting into conversation, Home complained of the prejudices of men of science, who refused to investigate the phenomena of spiritualism.

"Mr. Home," replied the great geologist. "I never refuse to investigate anything which promises to advance science, and nothing will give me greater delight than to investigate the marvels which occurs, as they say, at your meetings."

"Well, then," said Home, "come this very night and witness the appearance of the spirit hand."

"Nothing will give me more pleasure," answered Agassiz, "than to be one of the guests around the table when the spirit hand appears. My opinion is that it is a physical hand, with a little phosphorus rubbed over it; but I am open to conviction. All I ask is that I shall have the privilege of putting my stiletto through it. If the hand is a spirit hand, no harm will occur; if it is a human hand, I feel confident in my power to transfix it on the table, much to the discomfort of the possessor."

Home declined the test. Such a want of faith, he said, would necessarily prevent the spirit from appearing.

THE STAR.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

Come stand at my knee, little children;
I'll tell you a story to-night,
While the stars in the heavens above us
Are shedding their silvery light.
I'll tell you of one, little children,
That shone in the long, long ago,
And when you have heard, you will call it
A beautiful story, I know.

It was night, and the sky was illumined
With many a bright shining star,
But one in the eastern horizon
Shone clearer and brighter by far.
There were watchers who gazed on its brightness,
And followed its beautiful rays
With hearts overflowing with gladness,
With songs of thanksgiving and praise.

For it showed them the way—listen, children,
It showed them the way to their king,
And they joyfully followed its guiding,
Their love-laden offerings to bring.
They followed nor thought to grow weary,
Their bosoms with joy were aglow,
And they found Him—draw nearer, dear children,
For I would speak softly and low—

They found Him a babe in the manger;
This story you've often been told,
And yet it is new, little children,
'Twill never, no, never, grow old.
They found Him a babe in a manger,
Our Jesus, our Saviour, our King!
The sadly sweet story forever
Though Heaven's high arches will ring.

'Twas for you and for me, little children,
He laid all His glory aside,
And left His bright home to be homeless,
And sorrowed, and suffered, and died.
Then, oh, let us come with our offerings,
Our hearts and praises to-day;
Then strive to be stars, brightly shining,
So show unto others the way.

OUR LAST CHRISTMAS.

A GIRL'S STORY.

BY G. DE B.

Last winter, when money was so "tight" and times so "hard" that it affected even "hearts" and "good cheer," we three girls, Lou, Nell and Susie Waters, agreed among ourselves that we would have no "tree" and make no holiday presents. We knew of several families, a great deal better off than we were, who had given out among their friends that they would "neither give nor receive, this year," so we thought we might as well follow their example.

"It's nothing but an old heathenish custom, anyway," said Lou, the eldest of us three, and our walking encyclopedia. "The Romans, you know, gave presents of gold and silver fruits and coins to one another on the first day of the new year, and the old Germans used to burn the 'yule log' about that time of year, and so, when the early Christians took the twenty-fifth day of December on which to celebrate the birth of our Saviour, they adopted both customs, and in that way we get our 'gifts' and our Christmas tree—nothing but an old heathenish custom."

We all tossed our heads upon receiving this information, and congratulated ourselves upon being sensible and civilized sufficiently to put away these old-time Roman and Saxon observances.

We missed the pleasant little secret preparations, however, which had always given a certain air of excitement to the few weeks previous to our holidays; the whisking in closets of some half finished little gift whenever the recipient-elect made her appearance, the little, bright tag ends of ribbon, and velvet, zephyr, that used to make our dingy sitting-room carpet look almost like a Turkish rug, with its bright patches of color scattered here and there; indeed the whole house had a very different sort of flavor about it, and in our secret hearts I believe we all felt a sad regret over our decision not to make each other any present.

"What shall we do to-morrow, girls?" cried Nell, as we sat talking together after our return from the church, where we had been helping festoon the holly and evergreens for the morrow's services.

"'Do!' Why 'do' as we always have done, of course!" replied Lou, a little sharply. "Go to church in the morning come home to turkey and cranberry sauce, and then sit at the parlor window the rest of the day."

"And see the children's bright, happy faces as they troop by, going to 'grandma's; little girls with new dollies, and boys with drums and horns," and I almost sighed as I thought there would be real giving Christmases in some houses if there wasn't in ours.

"Bah! Those terrible horns!" said Lou with a shudder. "I don't see why they are not prohibited! They no doubt are a relic of barbarous ages also. Why can't people be civilized and sensible in their observances of the day?"

"But that is such a little thing, Lou," spoke up Nell; "and it seems to give the rogues such exquisite pleasure to blow them. For my part, I like to hear them; they seem to say over and over again, 'Merry Christmas is come; let all the world rejoice!'"

"Yes," said I chiming in with Nell; "they're like the trumpet in the organ, when our organist accompanies the choir in the Christmas carol, 'Peace on earth and good will toward men!' What does 'good will' mean, Lou?"

"What a question!" replied Lou, coloring a little as she explained. "As if you didn't know it meant the feeling of kind-heartedness, charity, and genorosity toward one another!"

"Generosity. Then it must mean 'giving,' Lou," said I with a curious sort of smile.

"And the old Romans were right after all, then!" cried Nell, a little timidly, however, as though she felt she was uttering heresy.

"Pshaw!" said Lou, in a cross sort of voice; "I believe both of you girls are Pagans at heart, you harp so continually upon heathenish customs. I actually think Gussie would like to have an idol. I have seen her fairly bow down before that statue in Mr. Harrison's gallery."

"Why, Lou Waters! How hateful you talk. To be sure I do worship the beautiful—but an idol! Who ever heard of such an accusation in the nineteenth century!" and now I was cross.

"See here, girls, where did the custom of decorating churches with greens originate? Do you know, Lou?" and Nell, who was always our peacemaker, and usually threw oils upon our troubled waters, asked this question, knowing Lou would prefer answering it to continuing our little squabble.

"I don't recollect the first introduction of decorating churches, but I dare say it is a continuation of the old custom of the Druids, who strewed their altars with holly and mistletoe during the performance of religious rites. They regarded the mistletoe as an especial gift of heaven, and thought it contained some divine virtue. The Romans and Greeks also decked and ornamented their temples, you remember, and—"

"And so," interrupted I, hotly, "it was just a lot of good old heathens who have set our good old fashions—for it is a good custom—that of giving presents; and a beautiful one, that of the Christmas tree; and a holy, rightful one, that of adorning the church in commemoration of the blessed day!"

Lou was silent, and Nell sat meditating over my bold words, and it was still and quiet so long in our little sitting-room, that mother opened her bed-room door at length and peeped in.

"What is the matter, girls?" said she. "I was afraid that you were disputing a while ago, and now this strange silence seems quite as alarming. Where are your merry Christmas Eve voices? I don't hear the pleasant tongues and cheery laughs as usual on such a night!"

We all looked at one another. It was true. We had spent the most unhappy, disagreeable Christmas Eve together that we have ever spent in all our lives. Ah, there was the lack of "peace and *good-will*" toward one another; and, heathenish though it be, the merry Christmas *cheer* is the little leaven that lightens the whole world's heart on once a year!

We looked at one another, and then smiled, and as the old clock struck "twelve," three hearty, merry, ringing laughs burst out on the air like glad bells of Christmas morning.

"Don't let's be sensible and civilized any longer, girls," cried I. "It's a great deal nicer to be heathens once in a year, and give gifts; and after this let's have a tree, if it's only a pine branch, and hang up our stockings if there're only holes!" and then we all shook hands on my proposition, and each stole mysteriously off to her room to fashion some little present for mother on the morrow, for it was too late now to make or buy each other any thing.

Next morning, when we all came rushing down to breakfast, the room rang with our merry Christmas greetings, and each girl's face was radiant with love as she handed to mother her little offering.

"They are out of our *hearts*, not our *pockets*, mother," said Lou, as she gave her her gift; it was all she had, a little bouquet off her plants, some geranium leaves and a rose-bud.

Nell then came forward with a plate and a napkin, which contained her gift—a prettily iced cake, which she had set up half the night to make.

And mine? Of course they all knew what mine would be. I will copy it here, saying first, by way of preface, girls, if any of you, have made up your minds, on account of the "hard times," to be "sensible" this year, *don't*—not in the way we were, I mean—give *something* to each one of your beloveds who have been accustomed to receive, let it be ever so trifling; but let it be a gift prompted by true feeling, for after all, it is the *sentiment* which makes the gift rare and prized!

Some Astonishing Memories.

Of Fuller we are told "that he could write verbatim another man's sermon after hearing it once, and that he could do the same with as many as 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice. One day he undertook to walk from Temple Bar to the furthest end of Cheapside and to repeat on his return the names of every sign on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, a feat which he easily accomplished." And what has lately been reported of the Rev. Orlando Hyham, as an example of his most distictive faculty, "that his memory was such that as he read Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary he destroyed the successive pages, content with having mastered their contents," is told of Bishop Bull, at the end of a masterly array of intellectual powers:

"And as his reading was great, so his memory was equally retentive. He never kept any book of references of commonplaces, neither did he ever need any," the writer adding that, "together with this happy faculty he was blessed with another that seldom accompanied it in the same person, and that was an accurate and sound judgment." Memory was in a past day more systematically cultivated than with us. People set themselves to work. Thus Thomas Cromwell, of the Reformation period, as a traveling task, committed to memory the whole of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the New Testament. Bishop Sanderson could repeat all the Odes of Horace, Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius without book. Bacon alludes to recepts for its improvement, as well as what herbs, in the popular mind, tend to strengthen imperfect memory, such as onions, the beans, or other such vaporous food. Again, he writes, "we find in the art of memory that images visible work better than conceits" in impressing things on the mind. A fact which finds modern illustration in the case of the Fifth Avenue Hotel waiter who daily receives some 500 hats from chance persons dining together in one room, and without any system of arrangement promptly returns each to its owner, explaining that he forms a mental picture of the wearer's face inside his hat, and that on looking into the hat its owner is instantly brought before him. Again, to recur to Bacon's speculations, he finds that "hasty speech confounds memory." Again—as writing makes an exact man, so—"if a man writes little he had need of a great memory." And he criticises the exercises used in the universities as making too great a divorce between invention and memory in the cultivation of both faculties.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

Bee Mysteries.

Probably bee culture has made as rapid march of improvement during the past five years as any branch of agricultural pursuits. During the present season the same care and expense has been employed in selecting and importing bees from Italy, the island of Cyprus, and the Holy Land, as has been employed in the perfection of our various breeds of horses and cattle. Although we do not have the best pasturage in New England that is found in the basswood and wild flowers of the West, still many bees are kept here with profit, even in the old box hive. How much more, then, might be expected with the new appliances of frame hives, comb foundation, the prize section box, the extractor and smoker. With the aid of a little smoke an expert will open his hives and remove the brood, bees or honey, show you his choice queens, and discourse on their fine points with as much accuracy as the best horse-trainers or herdsmen. On holding up a frame of brood he may say: "You see this queen is laying, for here are eggs less than twenty-four hours old. See what a prolific queen she is; does not miss a cell," or "I do not like this queen; she lays too many drone eggs; I will kill her and put in another. You ask, "How can you prove that workers only live thirty or forty days of labor, but live all winter without labor?" He will say, "If I remove the queen from the black colony and replace her with an Italian queen, who begins to lay immediately, in twenty-one days her eggs will hatch, the black bees will continue to die till they are all replaced with Italians, and we note the day when the last fly dies." "Do all bees sting?" "No, the drones are as harmless as flies. Queens will not sting you, though they will bite and will sting a rival to death in five minutes after being hatched. The workers, which are the only ones to be feared at all, can usually be subdued by blowing smoke made from punk among them."—[Worcester Spy.

A young lady artist, who receives pupils, was called upon the other day by a miss of 13 who announced her intention of taking lessons. "Do you take lessons in water colors or in oil?" asked the artist. "Oh, as to that," returned the visitor flippantly, "mother says I shall take the thin kind, but I'm bound I'll take the thick kind or I won't take any."

A certain musical critic is so full of melody that he eats his soup with a tuning fork.

HOW I GOT PROMOTED.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

"Tom," said the chief, "there has been a rather mysterious robbery at Barrowtown, and it's likely to give the 'locals' some trouble. I wish you to go down as soon as possible."

This order I received one hot day in August, on the day after the robbery had taken place. Of course I did not let much time pass before I was at the station and fairly started. Once there, Barrowtown is a quaint, picturesque little town like many others in goodly England. It seemed almost too dull to be able to boast the doubtful honor of having had a full grown robbery. Still I like the quiet little town, for it was there that I had gained my first promotion.

I was met at the station by the local inspector, a stout, pompous excitable little man, who looked doubtless as to the prudence of the Scotland Yard authorities in sending down such an ordinary looking mortal as myself.

"Oh," he remarked at last; "so it's you, young man, is it? I don't think we are likely to trouble you much this time. The fact is, ahem! we have caught the culprit ourselves."

I merely bowed and expressed a wish to see the prisoner; and we both set off for the county jail, perhaps a mile or so away.

Well, it certainly seemed as plain as day to me that the unhappy wretch on whom Inspector Muggridge had laid his fell grasp could easily have proved an alibi, had not that worthy officer continually interrupted him with:

"Better keep all that for your examination, my good fellow, or it'll all be brought up against you, you know."

I told him seriously, as soon as I could, in private, that the man he had arrested was no more guilty than I was; but he simply smiled incredulously, and asked who else could be the culprit, as this was the only really abandoned character of the town, and it was plainly the work of some one who knew the place. "Beside," he added, "it isn't very likely that any one could beat me on my own ground where I know everybody, you know; and if he didn't do it, who did?" With which really unanswerable argument he accompanied me to the scene of the robbery, where we were shown over the premises by the mistress of the house.

When I saw the ground floor window by which access had been gained to the house, I quite agreed with the worthy "local" that it was not the work of a new hand, and that from the fact that his footprints, wherever we could trace them, showed no hesitation, but rather a thorough acquaintance with the grounds, the culprit, whoever he was, must have had some opportunity of visiting the scene of operations, and probably lived somewhere in the neighborhood.

It seemed that the thief had entered the house by a window in the rear, and carried off a small box of valuables from the room of the master of the house, who had been staying at a friend's on that night. Both these facts showed an intimate knowledge of the premises on the part of the culprit, and strengthened our former belief. We were informed that the lost casket—an ordinary tin cash-box—had been almost filled with various articles of jewelry, and therefore the loss was rather heavy. Of course the knowledge that there would be a good reward for the recovery of the missing property did not abate my zeal. Still, in spite of my eagerness to discover the culprit, I could make but little of the case, and even have come over to the opinion of the "local" but for a very important fact, namely, the footprints in the garden bed were all smaller than those of the prisoner. Now although a man may wear boots several sizes too large for him on occasion, yet he can hardly walk with comfort in shoes an inch or so too short.

Very much annoyed at my want of success, and dreading the chaff I would be sure to get when, compelled to give it up, I should return to town, I was not particularly delighted next morning to see Mr. Muggridge coming up the road to the house accompanied by the editor of the Barrowtown weekly *Banner* who had determined, he said, to write up the account of the robbery himself. But there was no escape; and so, prepared for a host of questions, I was walking slowly to meet them when my eye was caught by something bright among the bushes by the wayside. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; there lay the lost box, empty of course. Without stopping, however, I walked as calmly as possible on to the inspector, and was introduced to Mr. Shear's, the editor. It was simply wonderful how obliging I had become. I even, when Mr. Muggridge hinted that he was pressed for time, volunteered myself to give Mr. Shears the information he wished, and to go over the premises with him. Once left alone with the zealous representative of the press, I gave that gentleman all the points of the case, and a few more, as you shall see.

The next afternoon as soon as a copy of the *Banner* came to the house where the robbery occurred—I had for the last two days spent from the forenoon until dusk there—I turned to the end of the column devoted to the "Great Robbery," and read, with a chuckle, the announcement that "the loss of the jewels would be less felt had there not been between the two bottoms of the box almost two hundred pounds in bank notes, of which, unfortunately, the numbers had not been taken."

Probably the intelligent reader sees my plan; but certainly I did not choose to explain it to Mr. Muggridge, when, an hour later, that worthy but excitable gentleman rode up, very hot and very red, up the shadeless road, to complain of my having "made a confounded mess of the account, you know." I simply advised him to wait for a very few days, and then I would be happy to explain everything I knew."

That evening, as usual, I left the grounds at dusk, after spending most of the day in watching—though apparently engaged in something else—whether any one went near the spot, a few hundred yards from the grounds, where lay the box on which I especially depended as a bait to hook the thief. By walking slowly I managed to let the shades of evening close around me before I was far beyond the spot where I had made up my mind to watch and wait.

Eight! Nine! Were they never coming? and was my trap laid and baited in vain? Ten! Surely they should have come by this time. Still— Was that a sound on the road? Yes, and coming from the village. There were evidently several of them, and I began to regret not having brought some help. Nearer they came laughing and talking, as I cautiously drew further back from the road. And now they were opposite the spot where the box lay hid. But what! They've gone by, and in the hearty guffaw of a man furthest away of the three, I recognize Farmer Lobbins, an honest fellow, whose acquaintance I had made during my short stay. After this sell I had almost given up, and actually making up my mind to "abandon the affair, when a faint sound from down the road made me crouch as low as possible once more. It made no hoax this time. A short, thin man, whom I easily recognized as a man of all work who had been helping the gardener that day, was walking stealthily down the road, close to the bushes. As soon as he reached the spot where the box had been thrown, he lit a small lantern to aid him in his search. This time I felt sure; and so, when the man blew out the light, after securing the supposed treasure, the capture was then made.

"Oh! why, yes," observed the worthy Mr. Muggridge, who was in the office when I brought in the prisoner that night, "I thought as much; I've had my eye on that fellow all along."

The man made confession; indeed he was caught in the act, and could not deny it. The jewels were all recovered, and the reward proved very useful in helping me to marry and settle down quietly, when, one month later, I received my promotion.

A Thief's Suicide.

Another strange story illustrative of the extraordinary eccentricities for which Russian military officers of late years have rendered themselves unpleasantly noterious, reaches us from St. Petersburg. It would appear that on the 17th ult., a lady of rank was traveling on the Fastova line of railway in a first-class compartment, the only other occupant of which was an elderly cavalry captain, with whom she casually entered into conversation. Arrived at the Ustinovka station she summoned a gendarme to the window of her carriage, and informed him that she missed two hundred roubles from her hand-bag, and suspected her traveling companion of having stolen them. A few minutes previously she had requested him to take her ticket out of the bag, which he had done, and since that time she had discovered her loss. Search was forthwith instituted upon the Captain's person for the missing money, and a hundred-ruble note was found thrust into one of his boots. No sooner had this evidence of his guilt been brought to light than he produced a small parcel of bank-notes from his pocket, with the remark:

"As you have got the 100 rubles, I may as well give you the other 60."

Directly after he had spoken these words he drew a revolver from the breast pocket of his coat, set its muzzle against his right temple, and blew his brains out. Insensible to the dishonor of theft, that of detection seemed to him so insupportable that, rather than endure it, he died by his own hand.—[London Telegraph.

Japanese Art.

The enthusiastic worshippers of Japanese art who have become so very numerous of late will be pleased, or the reverse, according to their disposition, by some remarks on the subject in Sir Edward Reed's new book on Japan.