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.

J. JASKULEK
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND OPTICIAN.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eyeglasses,
And a Full Line of
Cigars, Tobaccos and Fancy Goods.
The only reliable Optometer in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First door south of postoffice, Roseburg, Oregon.

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.

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.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF BEST QUALITY
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and Goods shipped with care.
Address, Hacheney & Beno, Portland, Oregon

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.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all Things; Neutral in Nothing."

VOL. 6. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882. NO. 46.

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 expeditiously executed
AT PORTLAND PRICES.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The private counsellor of Russia has been dismissed.

The Austrian insurrection has come to a sort of standstill.

The Riddleberger debt bill has passed the Virginia legislature.

Col. D. H. Rucker has been confirmed quartermaster general.

General Skobeloff, it is said, intends to join the Herzegovinians.

Louis Joseph Martel, ex president of the French senate, is dead.

The National Starch Association met in session at Chicago on the 14th.

Henri Auguste Barbier, the French poet died in paris on the 15th inst.

The trial of Sergeant Mason who shot at Guiteau will begin on the 20th.

Honolulu sugar is being shipped from San Francisco to St. Louis by rail.

The weather is very cold at Yreka, mercury being down to zero on the 19th.

A second large ironclad has arrived at Port Said and will be stationed at Ismailia.

The president has nominated Abraham S. Patterson postmaster of Eugene City, Oregon.

The senate committee has agreed to report favorably on the house appropriation bill.

Senator Vorhees, of Indiana, made a speech on the tariff question in congress on the 14th.

Six children of John Van Devan died in four days of diphtheria in Cleveland, last week.

The grain commission house of George H. Small & Co., of St. Louis, suspended on the 14th.

It is said in Berlin that the coronation of the czar will be postponed until Sept. next.

The president will not do anything with the Fitz John Porter case but leave all with congress.

Tamm & Co.'s glue factory at Rock Springs, Mo., was burned on the 14th. Loss $30,000.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says both Sargent and Chandler will go into the cabinet soon.

The trial of Samuel Green for murder was called on the 13th in the superior court of San Francisco.

The chamber of deputies at Rome adopted the scrutin de liste by a vote of 200 to 143 on the 14th.

The provisions of the anti-polygamy bill as passed by the senate, are regarded as generally satisfactory.

The international billiard match spoken of last week will probably not be played as a difficulty has arisen.

Advocates of an ocean steamship subsidy are preparing to press the question in the present congress.

The Mississippi levee is broken in several places at Helena, Ark., and railroad traffic is seriously impeded.

A disease closely resembling the plague has appeared in Persia and 40 deaths have occurred since Feb. 8th.

James Noonan, an employe of the Risdon iron works, San Francisco, fell dead in a fit on the 13th.

The high water in Arkansas has destroyed hundreds of cattle and hogs and many buildings are swept away.

In the New York assembly the speaker has announced committees. Organization has not yet been completed.

The National Zietung office at Neustadt, Ontario, and the residence of the publisher was burned on the 14th.

Daniel O'Leary was run over and killed at the corner of Howard and Stewart streets, San Francisco on the 13th.

The closing argument in the preliminary proceedings in straw bond cases was begun at Washington on the 15th.

The czar of Russia and Giers, secretary of foreign affairs, are inclined to peace, but those immediately around the czar want war.

General Kryshanofsky, governor of Orenburg, and Private Councilor Deklinoff, of the ministry of domains, have been dismissed.

The recent report that a committee of Dakota delegates had asked the removal of Gov. Ordway is declared by the gentlemen to be false.

The introduction in the Virginia legislature on the 16th by a readjuster Senator, of a resolution inviting Senator Mahone to leave Richmond and return to his duties in Washington, creates considerable comment there. The author of the resolution is one of the senators who bolted the readjuster caucus.

Notice has been received at the Mexican and other legations at Washington, that on the 14th of January Guatemala offered a treaty to Mexico which will be accepted, freely ceeding to Mexico the section of country about which there has been a boundary dispute, and agreeing to establish the boundary according to the claims of Mexico.

The exposure of the 306 medal project was premature. It was the intention to have them delivered from Washington and the announcement formally made, while Grant was expected to write a circular letter thanking the receivers for their support. It is said Conkling received the medal several weeks in advance of the others and signified no approval of the design.

In the matter of the proposed admission of Dakota the committee have been convinced that the proposed state has sufficient population for admission, and in their report, after saying that they are convinced that the population exceeds 150,000, will present a table showing the population of a number of counties in which the census of 1880 was taken, and the population as estimated by citizens of southern counties who have appeared before the committee.

The secretary of treasury has sent to the senate the manuscript of the report of the commission on cattle plague. It is a most exhaustive history of the plague and consideration of its causes and treatment for its extinction. The commission consider it necessary that the authority entrusted with that work be clothed with the following powers of law: To abolish or regulate the markets and store cattle indemnified; to prohibit all exposure of cattle on highway or in unfenced or insecure places in infected districts, or of suspected cattle on a lot adjoining one occupied by healthy cattle or bordering on highways; to prohibit the pasturage of more than one herd on one pasture, unless under special license; to disinfect all premises, fodder and other articles that have been presumably exposed to infection, and to institute and enforce such minor rules as shall be demanded by the peculiar conditions of parties.

The Merchant's bank at Watertown, N. Y., has closed its doors.

It is now rumored that Filley of St. Louis will be provided with a good place.

In the parliamentary election at Taunton the conservative defeated the liberal candidate.

The Texas Lumberman says it will take a billion feet of lumber to finish the railroads in that state.

Jos. E. Sheffield, founder of the Sheffield scientific school, connected with Yale college, died on the 16th.

The fire in the old World building at New York last week in found to have originated from a defective flue.

The committee has reported favorable on the nomination of Major Rochester for paymaster general of the Army.

Rain has been pretty general throughout California the past two days, and the indications are favorable for the farmers.

The Irish members of parliament have decided to resist any attempt to remove Parnell's name from parliamentary committees.

Nearly all the business portion of Robinson, Kansas, including a hotel and fourteen buildings, was burned to the ground on the 16th.

The controller of currency, on the 16th, authorized the First National Bank of Pendleton, Or., with a capital of $50,000 to commence business.

Great distress prevails among the people of Sweden, the mildness of the weather preventing the transportation of produce by means of sleighs as usual.

It is stated among railroad men that McIntyre, of the Pacific railway syndicate, sold his interest in the company to W. H. Vanderbilt.

At Lynn, Mass., on the 16th, Kelly's morrocco manufactory, several stores in the same buildings and adjoining dwellings were burned. Loss $5,000; partially insured.

It is reported that Columbia, Brazos county, Texas, is inundated by water from the Brazos river. Many inhabitants fled and others have taken refuge in the church and are supplied with food by boats.

The Boston Transcript says that Col. Nutt, president of the Atlantic and Pacific received notice from the Atchison Company that its $5,500,000 of Atlantic and Pacific subscription had all been taken.

The star route trial at Lincoln, Neb., was a fizzle, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty. The judge ruled that Clary could not be compelled to testify, being one of the partisans in the joint indictment for conspiracy.

The Tribune's Washington special: A close personal friend of the late President Garfield said to a correspondent of the Tribune recently that he had talked with General Garfield several times about the projected inter-oceanic canal, and Garfield said, in substance, on these occasions, that his administration would take a position and enforce it in so far as it had power, that if French, English or German capital constructed the canal, in whole or in part, it should be used exactly as it would be if it was invested in railroad or other international improvements upon the American continent, and that European governments should not acquire any rights, either proprietary or protective, over the canal.

The ship Glenmoray arrived. She picked up a boat with eleven of the crew and two passengers of the steamer Bahama from Porto Rico for New York. John L. Scott, a cabin passenger, says the Bahama left St. Johns, Porto Rico, on the 4th of February. On February 9th she encountered a hurricane which threw the steamer on her beam ends. It was concluded to abandon the ship and two boats were lowered. The captain's boat contained 17 passengers, but it was swamped shortly after leaving the ship, and two or three were seen to swim back to the vessel, but it was impossible to tell if they succeeded in getting on board. Three of the crew refused to leave ship, preferring to take chances by remaining, as the two boats were so heavily loaded. Our boat contained Robert Williams, first officer, Robert Ross, second officer, H. J. Tear and myself, three passengers, two engineers, chief steward, a cook, waiter, messman and fireman.

The Post's Washington special says: There are indications that opponents of Capt. Eads' ship railway project are endeavoring to give new energy to the Nicaragua scheme, with a view not only to defeat Eads' plan, but to advance their own. The general subject of a maritime company has been referred, in the senate, to Miller, of California, as a sub committee, while in the house Rosencrans has introduced a bill to incorporate the Nicaraguan company with other formidable list of incorporators. Among the names in this list are those of U. S. Grant, E. D. Morgan, Hugh J. Jewett, W. R. Garrison, Frederick Billings, Geo. B. Lorning, James R. Keene, E. F. Beale, Dan'l Ammen, George B. Baker, Wm. H. Barnum, A. G. Menosal and U. S. Grant, Jr. These incorporators represent some very large railroad interests and include some very prominent capitalists. They ask congress to guarantee to that company for a period of twenty years, from the time of the completion of the canal, the net proceeds of traffic, which shall not be less than 3 per cent. upon the capitol stock, which is to be not less than $50,000,000. In other words, the incorporators request the government to insure them from $1,500,000 to $3,000,000 per annum. Notwithstanding all these antagonistic movements. Eads boasts that he will receive a favorable report from the committee.

A Rock Rapids, Iowa, dispatch of Feb. 16th says: Before the coroner's jury who are investigating the murder of John Lanahan, who was killed while sitting near a window recently, Maggie his oldest daughter, confessed that she did the shooting. She also implicated her mother, her sister Anna and the latter's lover, a young man named Birch. The girl testified that it had been agreed between them some time ago to "put the old man out of the way" at the earliest opportunity. Birch furnished the pistol, and when her father came home from a farmers' club meeting and was about to sit down, she stepped up behind him and fired, killing him instantly. The three arranged the body so as to appear as if some one had shot him through the window, while her sister Anna went out and broke the glass. As to the motive for the crime, Maggie testified that Birch wanted to marry Anna, and her father refused. He also did not provide for them. The mother and other daughter corroborated this testimony. Birch at one time lived with the family and was driven from the house by Lanahan, who suspected him with criminal intimacy with his wife and daughter. All parties implicated are under arrest and the greatest excitement prevails.

THE DIAMOND RING.

"Cousin John, this is my eldest daughter, Catherine," my father said, and the strange, sad-looking gentleman arose, walked across the room, and took both my hands in his, then, looking me steadily in the face and putting his hand upon my head, he kissed me as if I had been a little child, and, turning to my father, renewed the conversation that I had interrupted by my entrance.

I was nineteen then; filled with curiosity and pique, I went to find my mother.

"Who is he?" I said.

"Your cousin John," she answered, as if that settled the matter.

But it did not; gradually I found that my mother knew but little more concerning him than myself. A distant cousin of my father's, whom he had not seen for over twenty years, living in Missouri, where he had made a fortune in irom mines and long since retired from business; a bachelor, with no near kin—none nearer than my father; that was all. Why he was in D——, where he was going, and how long he was likely to stay, no one knew but himself.

I went back into the parlor, and under the pretense of reading a novel, took a good long look at him. He was apparently about fifty years old; tall, but with an almost painful stoop in his shoulders; his face had a picture of stony sadness; deep gray eyes, long, faultless nose, and a mouth that seemed to guard more bitter thoughts than any I have ever seen. A strange looking man, that was my conclusion. Finishing the inspection, I dropped my eyes upon the book and was soon absorbed in its contents; so much so, indeed, that when my father arose and excused himself for a few moments, I knew nothing of it.

How long it was after his absence before I became conscious of it I cannot tell. I only know that pausing for a moment to turn the next page, I raised my eyes and found Cousin John steadily regarding me. I thought that he had the most unwavering eyes I ever saw. When I looked up he left his seat and took another near me, making at the same time some casual remark. His voice was deep, and he talked slowly, but all the time as if his thoughts were absent from his tongue. He talked of matters in general, and I was very much interested—more perhaps in him than in the conversation.

My father came to the door, but seeing us so well occupied did not enter. While we were talking night came on and Cousin John, saying that he had some unpacking to do, arose to go his to room. I offered my services, if they would be of any use to him, and somewhat to my surprise, he said:

"Thank you, Catherine; girls are good hands at unpacking; I should like to have your help."

So I went with him into his room, and then, unlocking a big trunk, he deliberately sat down by the fire and asked me to partially unpack it. Of course I fell to work. I had taken out a few articles and laid them on the floor around me; then, coming to a small black box marked "strictly private," I turned to ask him what should be done with it; but seeing a faraway look in his eyes as they gazed upon the fire, I would not disturb him. The box, however, was in my way, and so I took it out carefully and attempted to place it on the table near me; but in rising I stepped upon my dress, and after a vain effort to regain my balance came tumbling to the floor. The box flew from my hand, and striking the opposite wall broke completely open.

He started up hurriedly at the fall, and after raising me from the floor, looked to see what was injured. When he saw the broken box a look of vexation swept over his face, and he commenced to take up carefully the broken pieces. The contents of the box were letters and yellow looking papers; he put them all upon the table, then commenced searching for something that was evidently wanting to make up the original contents.

I was still frightened, but I crept nearer and began to search too. Almost hidden under the rug, I discovered a small morocco case that I knew at once was meant for a ring. I placed it in his hand without a word. He took it; I stood a moment; every trace of anger vanished from his face, then he began to walk nervously up and down the room.

I stood wonderingly by the fire, not knowing what else to do. At last he ceased walking as suddenly as he had begun, and asked in a voice that startled me by its intensity.

"Do you know what that is?"

I shook my head. He touched a spring, the lid flew open, and the firelight glinted on a solitaire diamond ring—nothing else.

I raised my eyes to his in mute inquiry, and for an inquiry he drew another chair to the fire, and motioning me to it, said:

"I will tell you why the sight of that ring stings me like a serpent's bite. All my life, Catherine, I have been a lonely man, having no kith nor kin nearer than your father, and making but few friends around me in the world. There was but one human being for whom I cared more than for myself, and that was Robert Strafford. Therefore when he, with his young wife, died of yellow fever in Memphis and left their only child, a boy of ten, homeless, with the dying prayer that I would take him to my care, I accepted the trust thankfully, and took the orphan child, clothed with the memory and the likeness of his dead father, to my desolate home.

"Henry Strafford and myself lived together as father and son. He learned to love me, and my every hope lay in him. Years strengthened the mutual affection, and brought Harry to manhood—myself to the age of forty, a silent and—except to him—morose man. I was wealthy by that time; my business had been my only care, and had prospered accordingly. I was looked upon by virtue of my wealth as a prominent man.

"One day I was called upon by the cashier of the bank of which I was director. He told me that his accounts were in a fearful condition; he had used the bank money to speculate with, and ill success had involved him to a large extent. Why the man should come to me for help I cannot, never could understand. At any rate, convinced that he had been unfortunate rather than intentionally fraudulent, I made the deficit good myself. He was grateful—I thought at first troublesomely grateful. He insisted that I should meet his family—the family, as he expressed it, that I had saved from absolute ruin.

"Talford, the cashier, was a man of social prominence; so, more for the sake of my adopted son—for I called him that, although he had never taken my name—than for myself, I accepted the invitation, and met his daughter, May Talford! How the name still seems music to my ear! And so it should seem, for I loved her. Yes, until then I had never dreamed of other happiness than to live and die in comfort. But from that night I commenced to grow young.

"I called again and again at Talford's house until I began to think—fool, blind fool that I was!—that Mary loved me but little less than I loved her. She received every advance kindly, she spoke to me always with regard. I never thought until afterward that she could not do otherwise to the man who had preserved her father's good name. Neither did I think that Henry went quite as often as I to see 'Miss Talford,' as he always called her in my presence.

"When I asked Talford for his daughter's hand, his delight would scarcely allow him to give me an intelligent answer; and when fortified with that answer I went to May for hers, and received as I remembered when it was too late, a cool but ready assent, I thought I was the happiest man alive.

"The next day I went to St. Louis, and while ostensibly on business, spent the whole day at the jeweler's. Then it was I bought that ring, and had engraved upon the inside as you see here, my initials and hers. With this accomplished I returned home immediately. When I reached there it was late at night, and the rain poured down in torrents; but little I minded that I had to pass by Talford's, and my heart beat high with exultation as I neared the home of my future bride. I took the ring from my pocket and stopped under the street lamp, to see if it was safely in its case. I was childish in my love; men at that age often are.

"While standing under the lamp just across the street from Talford's, the front door of his house was thrown open. I raised my eyes, and there was May herself; the gaslight from the hall shot a broad band of light into the street and framed her form in gold. Oh, how she held possession of my heart at that moment! She was showing a caller down the steps, and triumphantly I stood and watched him linger, as if loth to leave. I felt a kind of condescending pity for the poor fellow, supposing that he was some old lover.

"'What! not gone yet? Still standing there?' I thought. Then I felt my heart leap wildly and stand still—the blood freezing in my veins. I saw May Talford in another man's arms!—saw him rain kiss after kiss upon her upturned face, and then I could see that she had fainted.

"He bore her gently into the house, and then came out. As the door opened I saw his face; it was white as marble, and it was the face of Henry Strafford!

"He passed on down the street, and I stood there in the pouring rain, stunned and almost bereft of my senses. I reeled against the wall and a passing policeman took me by the shoulder, supposing me to be intoxicated; but I turned on him and laughed in his face with such a jarring, fearful laugh that he retreated over the curbstone, and went on his way muttering of mad houses and dangerous lunatics. Presently the stunned sensation left me, and then my blood leaped fiercely to my heart, my passion turned to a wild desire for revenge, and I started almost at a run down the street in the direction that Henry had taken. Henry Strafford! My path crossed by him! Every feeling of love that I had entertained for him only made me hate him more.

"I tore into the place I had called home and went directly to his room. I found him sitting at his table, with his head buried between his hands. He arose to meet me, but seeing the look upon my face, stopped short. I raved at him; I raised my hand to strike him; but his white, calm face daunted me; he spoke no word. I raved on. Then little by little he learned the truth, and when exhausted, I stopped for breath, he advanced one step toward me, and, almost without opening his mouth, said:—

"'Your eyes did not deceive you; it was I.'

"Glaring at him, I stood before the appealing face, crushing compassion down in my anger, and pointing with my finger to the door, cried:—

"'Go!'

He stood with his hand upon the mantel, and when I said that word I saw the fingers grasp it spasmodically; he quivered from head to foot. Slowly he moved back step by step, and I followed him; the mute appeal in his eyes was useless; on, on, until he reached the door; then, turning mechanically to undo the fastening, he went out into the night without another look, out in the pitiless rain, and I was cold as stone.

"I watched him walk off slowly into the darkness. I strained my eyes to catch the last glimpse, and when the gloom enveloped him, I fainted.

"How long I lay there I do not know. When I came to my senses the rain had ceased, and the stars were shining calmly. A distant church clock began to strike the hour, and I counted the strokes—one, two, three.

"All night long I sat in my chamber. I did not move, I did not think. I felt as if a hot iron had seared my heart and brain. The gray morning broke and found me sitting there. The sun rose and danced upon my nerveless fingers, but I moved them not. To have looked at me, one would have thought that I was dead.

"At last I staggered to my feet, and, passing out into the now busy street, walked mechanically, without the exercise of any reasoning faculty, toward the residence of Talford. I asked for May, and was shown into the parlor. I was so unobservant of sound or sight that I did not know she was in the room until, touching me on the arm, she asked me in a strange, cold voice what the matter was. I started at the sight of her face; it was haggard as that of a ghost.

"'May,' I managed to say, 'last night—'

"But she stopped me.

"'Last night, Mr. Hardin. You need not tell; I know it all.'

"'You?'

"'Yes,' she answered, 'I! I, May Talford, know it all. And listen to me, John Hardin!'

"Her eyes gleamed wildly, and I, who had come to speak, remained to hear. 'Listen to me, John Hardin!' she repeated. 'I love Henry Strafford—he loves me.' Even at that I did not move. She continued:

"'Last night he came to tell me farewell forever—'

"'Forever!'

"'Wait! Yes, forever! He could not help loving me, nor I him; but we could do our duty, and if you had not been passing last night, that farewell would have sealed the marriage tie of John Hardin to Mary Talford. That is all. As you told him last night I tell you now—go! We owe you much, and if the debt has not been paid you have yourself to blame. Once more, my last word to you is—go!'

"She came toward me with that wild gleam in her face, and before her, slowly retreating, I passed out at the door. I have never seen her since.

"I knew then how much these two had intended sacrificing for me. I felt how I had repaid their devotion; and sadly, with bowed head, unheedful of the crowd, I went to my lonely home, more lonely now than ever.

"Since that day my remorse has driven me from one place to another in the search for Henry Strafford. Vain search! And my heart is ashes, my brain is ice! I have never seen or heard of him since that night when I watched him pass away, laden with my curse—pass away forever from my sight with that appealing look on his face. A bitter, bitter world, my dear, when remorseful memories haunt the vacant chambers of the heart!"

* * * * * *

The fire had burned low; my Cousin John sat with bowed head upon his breast, and the diamond in his hand, clutched tightly, shone like the eye of a basilisk. The shadows danced fantastically on the wall. I bent down quietly to stir the waning fire, and that done I rose to go; but something in the attitude of the recumbent figure caused me to pause. I crept reverently up to him and touched his arm; no movement. A wild fear leaped to my heart; I raised his head, but the gray eyes opened not; he slept—but it was the sleep of death. The story of the diamond ring was ended; my cousin was dead!

Kind Words.

"I saw in de papers de odder day," began Brother Gardner, after carefully wiping the top of his head, "a leetle item 'bout speakin' kind words to our feller men as we trabble de highway of life. Dat's easy 'nuff to do, an' a mighty cheap way of scrubbin' 'long, but I doan' want nobody to practice it on me. If I use men right dey will use me right, an' we kin trade kind words. If you meet a man in de gutter, doan' stand on de sidewalk an' tell him dat you are ready to bust wid sorrow, an' dat you solemnly wish he wouldn't do so agin', but stan' him on his feet an' start him for his home to his pore wife an' chil'ren; or hunt for a purleecemen and have him boosted for sixty days. If you meet a pore man whose wife am lyin' dead in de house, doan' wipe yer eyes an' rattle yer chin an' tell him you'd jine de funeral purceshun if you only had a mule. Walk right down inter yer west pocket fur half er week's wages to help pay fur the coffin an' odder expenses. If you meet a feller man who am out of wood an' flour an' has a broken arm to excuse it, doan' pucker yer mouth an' tell him dat de Lawd will purvide. De Lawd doan' furnish purvisions fur dis market. Instead of droppin' a tear of sorrow on the doahstep, step aroun' to the woodyard an' de grocer's and lay down de cash for de feed an' warm de family fur a fortnight. When I meet a leetle gal who has lost her dollbaby, or a leetle boy who has stubbed his toe, I take 'em up in my a'ms an' wipe their little noses and sot 'em down wid a handful of peanuts. When I meet a widder who am out of wood, an old man who has bin turned out doahs, or a workin' man who's home am under de shadder of death, I doan lean on de fence an' look to heaben for relief. If I'ze got a dollar I han' it out. I lend it or give it or make 'em take it, an' if heaben does anything further dats extra When you read dat it am easy to speak kind words, jist reflect dat it am de cheapest way in de world to help a neybur. Turnips am quoted at forty cents a bushel; kind words have no value in de market. Les us now attack the reg'lar order of business.

Killing a Catamount.

The Frenchtown, N. J., correspondent of the New York Sun, has been interviewing a local hunter, with the following result:

"I don't mind telling how I did it," said John O. Smith, who recently shot a catamount near here. "You see, my barn is only a short distance from a stretch of woods which lies between here and Stockton. The other morning I went into the barn to get a robe for a wagon. My shot-gun rested against the wall in the harness room. Just as I went in for the robe, I saw a head at the back window which wasn't an ordinary head. Grabbing my gun, I started around the barn. The animal got to the corner before I did, and jumped out at me. I had no time to shoot, for the catamount, that's what it was, had its claws on me before I could do anything. I yelled like a trooper, and reversing my gun struck the critter on the head with the butt. The critter was stunned for a moment and then sort of let go its hold, giving me a chance to move back a few yards and bring the gun to my shoulder. Just then my wife appeared upon the scene, and I yelled to her to run and bring out a pail of hot water—the hottest she had. Then I fired, and hit the cuss square between the eyes. It ought to have settled him, but it didn't. It only made him mad, and he crouched down to jump on me. I dodged, and got in another blow on the animal's head, laying him on his back, but not killing him. My wife had then returned with a pail of boiling hot water, and she threw it at the catamount. Part of it scalded the animal, but the most of it struck me, and took the skin clean off of one of my legs from the knee down. I danced around with pain, and the catamount raised up as though he meant to fight again. I gave him another blow on the head, which settled him. This is the first day I've been out since."

Reining Horses.

One of the most senseless, and yet a very common habit of the American people, is the reining of driving horses so tight as to inflict upon them a great deal of pain, under the mistaken idea that it adds to the stylish appearance of the animal. When people see a horse's head drawn up by the bearing rein, and see him stepping short and champing the bit, tossing his head and rattling the harness, they assume that he is acting in the pride of his strength and fullness of spirit, whereas the animal is really suffering agonies of pain, and is trying to gain by these movements momentary relief. To our view, a horse looks better, and we know he feels better, when pursuing a natural, leisurely, swinging gait. It is as necessary for his head to oscilate in response to the motions of his body as it is for a man's hand to do the same thing. A horse allowed his head will work easier and last longer than one on which a check is used.

Blinds are another popular absurdity in the use of horses. They collect dust, blind the eye and are in every way a nuisance. A horse that cannot be driven with safety without them should be sold to a railroad grader. No colt should be broken to them.

Social Uses of the Telegraph.

"Queer messages pass through our hands continually," said the Western Union telegraph correspondent, 'but we do not often recollect their contents. A message may cause a smile at the time, but is sent and then forgotten. Operators do their work mechanically. The words are ticked off at their finger ends, and are forgotten at once."

"Do you ever get regular social letters for telegraphic transmission."

"That has become a matter of frequent daily occurrence, and often they come to us in regular epistolary shape, beginning with "Yours truly.' Of course the telegraph company is quite willing to adhere to epistolary forms, for they make so many more words to charge for. Some time ago we had a regular, downright love letter by telegraph. It was from some fellow traveling in the south—a drummer, I guess—to his sweet heart at home, and it began with 'My Darling Lizzie,' and went on to say that this would show to her how fervently and devoutly he loved her when he could not even wait for the mail to tell her how she was in his thoughts night and day, and so on for several hundred words. That sort of thing is unusual, of course. If it was a regular way of lovers we might find ourselves called into court occasionally as witnesses in breach of promise cases, because the originals of the letters are in our custody.

"It is a common thing for us to send out telegraphic announcements of a betrothal, and get a flood of congratulatory telegrams in reply. Telegraphic birthday congratulations are also of frequent occurrence, and the Purim festival always brings out a crop of telegrams between friends and relatives. Sometimes a message will simply read, 'I drink your health.' We get such even for cable transmissions.

"The uses of the telegraph for social purposes have become very large, however, among people generally," the telegraph man went on. "It constitutes about twenty per cent. of our domestic business, and about seven per cent. of our cable business. Most of our half rate night messages are of that character. 'How is Ida this morning?' a man will ask his relatives in some other city. Every day telegraphic queries of a similar nature go across the ocean. The telegraph brings people into one community and, aside from the expense, there is no more trouble in making such inquiries than in sending around to a neighbor's house to find how a sick friend is getting along. Some times a man visiting here on business will send a short letter to his wife by telegraph every night. Want of form and ceremony is excusable in telegraph messages, and busy men to whom the expense is no consideration are getting more and more in the habit of preferring the telegraph to mails, even when there is no necessity in the world for such expedition. Fellows who come to town on larks sometimes can't wait till they get home to tell their comrades of the good times they are having. Their messages have a high flavor at times, but we rarely make any objections. Even profanity goes by wire sometimes.

"Since the introduction of cipher codes the amount of business correspondence transferred from the mails to the wires is very great. About sixty per cent. of our business telegrams are now in cipher, and by means of the codes in use a great deal can be condensed into a little. Where a business man used to send by mail, he will now write a cipher letter to get at half rates at night. He can write at the close of one day's business, and the telegraph puts his letter on his correspondent's desk before business hours of the next day. In fact, the transfer to the telegraph of matter that used to go by mail has been so great since the adoption of the half-rate night system six or seven years ago, that the amount of business increases faster than facilities can be provided. Business telegrams fluctuate in quantity from day to day, but taking the year by seasons, the amount of work remains pretty steady. But in summer, when people are traveling about for pleasure, the increase of social communications is tremendous. We have to increase our staff of operators along the coast watering places fully twenty per cent. Lots of little offices are opened that there is no demand for in the winter months. People send gossip, love, congratulations, regrets, jokes, condolences, appeals, and money by telegraph."—[N. Y. Sun.

The Man Who Was warned.

During the uncertain days following the close of the war there were certain localities in the South where a man who had a grudge against a neighbor got rid of him by writing him an anonymous letter warning him to leave the State inside of ten days or prepare to fill a grave over which no one would feel particularly interested in keeping the grass green. One day Colonel Blank, who had removed to Arkansas from Southern Michigan and was attending strictly to his business, received such a missive It was the rule to turn pale as death, rush home and pack up, sell out or nothing and skedaddle on the wings of chain lightning, but the Colonel did not follow it. It struck him that he knew the handwriting and he went home and buckled on a knife and revolver, and took a ride of three miles into the country. He dismounted at the cabin of a long-haired, long-legged old swamp owl, named Patterson, who was in the back yard mending a harness. The Colonel approached him within three feet, and after they had seated and discussed the state of the weather, the Michigander remarked:

"Patterson, I am going to leave Arkansas."

"Shoo! Anything wrong?"

"I've been warned away."

"You don't say!"

"I've been given five days to leave the State."

"And you calkerlate you will go?"

"Yes, I'll have to go or be waylaid or hung up."

"Yes, I reckon that's so," chuckled the old man.

"But I want to take something with me to remember Arkansas by," continued the Colonel, "and I came out after your scalp!"

"My what?"

"Sit still, old man, or I'll bore you through! That's it—up with your hands! If I go back to Michigan and tell 'em I was warned out of Arkansas, and that I got up and dusted without firing a shot, they'll call me a coward. If I carry your scalp back I've got something to show for the two years I've put in here and the $6000 I've laid out. Old man, if you know the Lord's prayer you'd better repeat it quick, for I'm in a dreadful hurry to get back."

"Say, Kurnel, don't you like the kentry down here?" asked Patterson.

"Yes."

"Is the climate all right?"

"First rate."

"Chance to make money?"

"Good chance."

"Then, Kernel, don't go back! I don't keer two cents about my scalp, but somehow I've got attached te you, and it will rip up all my tender feelings to see you go! Let my old scalp stay right whar' she is, and you stay right whar' you be, and if any of the boys look cross-eyed at you fur the next ten years I'm a kyote if I don't drive 'em into Mexico or make 'em lose themselves in the ground!"

The Colonel is down there yet, and old Patterson never meets him without anxiously inquiring if he's got over being homesick yet.

Bismarck as a Patient.

It may be interesting to many of our readers, says the Berliner Tagblatt, to take a look at the most powerful statesman of the age, the "Iron" Chancellor, on his weak side, namely as a patient. The Prince's chief trouble, as is well known, is a painful nervous affection, which the physicians call "sciatica," and which they greatly dread on account of its obstinacy. Besides this, the Chancellor suffers at times from an inflammatory swelling of the veins in the feet, and like all other mortals, occasionally from lighter indispositions—colds and indigestion. It seems that the patient is as inconsistent regarding the methods of his treatment as he is in other matters. With the same feeling of "absolute indifference" which, according to his own words, he manifests in certain political topics, he also deals with the exigencies of the medical science. Homœpathy or allopathy—it is all one to him as long as he believes one or the other will cure him. It has even happened that he allowed himself to be treated by an allopathic physician and soon after by a homœpathist. When at Friedrichsruh he sends for Privy Sanitary Councillor Dr. Dohn of Hamburg, who is an allepath. At Varzin, when medical attendance is needed, the physician, also an allopath, in the adjacent town of Schlawe is applied to. When at Kissengen the Prince consults the well known Diruf, also an adherent of the old school. At Berlin, however, he inclines to homœpathic treatment. Since 1870 the Chancellor, as well as the whole of his family, are regularly attended by the Sanitary Councillor. Dr. Swingenberg, one of the most noted representatives of homœopathy in Berlin. Nevertheless (at all events before 1870), the Chancellor also frequently consulted the present Director of the Imperial Sanitary Bureau, Dr. Struck (allopath). At present Dr. Swingenberg seems to be the Chancellor's only medical adviser, who visits the patient twice a day, and has frequently been sent for from Varzin as well as Friedricksruh. Previously Prince Bismarck had put himself in the hands of the late Dr. Velsmeyer, and before him in those of Dr. Kleinschmidt, occasionally also Dr. Martens, all of them homœopathists. The Prince has frequently expressed the opinion that he is less concerned about the mode of treatment than about the result of the same. At times he goes so far as to insist upon being restored to health and activity within a specified time; if his physician succeeds in this the Prince is content but rarely ever has a word of appreciation for the brilliant achievements of his medical attendants. Thus it will be seen that the Iron Chancellor, even in private life, stands on as completely realistic a ground, and calculates as realistically concerning his health, as he does in his peculiar "policy."—[American Register of Paris.

Japan Marriages.

Marriages in Japan is an institution unknown as a religious sacrament, or as a legal contract, pronounced or ratified by any civil officer of the court. It is the simplest form of matrimonial union that can be conceived under the name of marriage. It is simply this: When the child is born and named in Japan, it is registered in the official register of the district where the parents live. If at any time the person removes to another Province he takes his registration from where he is leaving and is registered at his new home. There is no Japanese living unregistered. When the man wishes to take a wife, and the consent of the selected one is obtained, or that of her parents, the husband, that is to be, appears at the office of the registration, and there registers the name of the woman as his wife, and the woman is then known and considered as his sacred property, to have and to hold so long he likes, and no longer. If this man wishes for more female companionship than his wife affords him, he contracts for and registers another woman as his mistress, and she is thus known and