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Notice. Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that the undersigned has been awarded the contract for keeping the Douglas county papers for the period of two years.

THE DOUGLAS COUNTY INDEPENDENT

VOL. 7.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1882.

NO. 15.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Michael Davitt has taken leave of the United States. Private advices indicate that the Suez Canal will be reopened to traffic forthwith.

Seneca, Kansas, was visited by a heavy wind and rain storm on the 11th. Fruit was damaged but other crops were benefited.

At 12 o'clock noon on the 12th several flags of truce were flying from forts and city of Alexandria and the town was on fire in many places.

Jack Harris, the best known gambler in Texas was shot and killed at San Antonio on the 11th by Ben Thompson, the famous marshal of Austin.

Statistics show that the condition of stock in Iowa is less favorable than in previous years. The decrease in hogs in the last year is 170,000.

Wm. Kitter, a negro, was taken from jail in Henderson, Ky., on the 12th by a mob and lynched. His crime was that of raping and killing a mulatto girl 12 years old.

The London Times says it is contemplated to call out 7000 of the army reserve to take the place of unlearned men under the skin of an impending witness of the fusillade. Both were arrested.

A very high wind storm passed over Marysville, Kansas, on the St. Joseph & Western railroad, 100 miles west of St. Joseph, on the 11th. From the fact that wires are all prostrated it is thought serious damage was done to the town.

A heavy storm prevailed at Lincoln, Nebraska, and through that section of country. Everything is quiet at the mills of the Cabinet iron and steel company at South Chicago, although a large crowd have gathered around the place awaiting the arrival of trains. Preparations are being made to start up three of the sixteen furnaces with non-union men.

Officers of the company are present and there is a large force of police on hand. About fifty specials have been sworn in. Union men claim they will not make any trouble.

A very heavy rainfall at Lebanon, O., on the 10th raised Turtle creek to an unprecedented height. The reservoir of the hydraulic works broke its banks and the lower portion of the city is inundated.

Several small houses were carried away and all the bridges in that part of the city were washed out. Thousands of sheaves of newly cut wheat were floated off. The loss is variously estimated from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

At a meeting of the Colorado Press association on the 10th, Col. John A. Atkinson of the Rocky Mountain News was elected president, W. E. Paber secretary, Grayson McArthur corresponding secretary, and R. H. Tilvey treasurer.

Fifty new members were elected. Capt. J. T. Smith delivered the oration. Eugene L. read a poem, after which they banqueted at the St. James hotel. The association accepted the courtesies extended by the C. B. & Q. railway and about 75 members with ladies left for Chicago to be absent a week.

The main building for the mining and industrial exposition at Denver is about completed and articles for exhibition are arriving in considerable quantities. The work of arranging exhibits will be commenced next week. All departments will be exceptionally large, having nearly a hundred entries. There are no doubt many interesting and novel exhibits.

The fine art department will be the most complete and will contain about 400 works of high order of merit by American and foreign artists.

A correspondent on board the Helicon sends the following. The loss of the Egyptians must be dreadful. A number of shells repeatedly struck the works just about the guns and threw up volumes of yellow dust. It was often thought the guns must have been demolished, but they appeared uninjured when the smoke had cleared away.

The funnel of the Super is pierced, and the plate below the funnel is blown to atoms. One of the boats on the river is smashed and others badly damaged. The infernal bore the brunt of the fire of the west end of the Ras-el-Tin fort for three and a half hours.

The Sultan has for a shot clear through the main magazine and another through her furnace. The harbor adjoining Bas-el-Tin, and an adjacent rifle tower, continued to burn all night.

The district attorney states it is impossible to obtain convictions under the Sunday liquor law of Ohio, and has dismissed all pending cases in Cincinnati.

Special Judge Duffie of the 4th Iowa district holds that the prohibition amendment is now in force and on the 10th he instructed the grand jury to indict all saloon keepers whether licensed or not.

In investigation as to the cause of the Scioto disaster, testimony is conflicting as to whether the pilot was drunk. The vessel has been raised and will be towed to Wheeling. 57 bodies in all have been recovered.

Particulars of the Kansas storm still come in, showing the damage was not overestimated. Destruction was complete wherever the clouds struck. Several bad accidents are reported and many wonderful freaks of wind, but no deaths yet. Damage to grain was very considerable.

Failures reported to New York last week 121, against 109 the week before. Western and middle states show an increase while southern and eastern states had 16 less. Western 41, southern 17, middle 32, Pacific, and New York city 8, Total 121. New York city failures insignificant.

News from Nebraska leaves little doubt but that state is ready to take up the prohibition campaign. Liquor men, while conceding an amendment would be adopted readily if submitted to the people, hope to beat the measure in the legislature, as they have already done, and they have the support of most of the daily newspapers.

The executive board of the union of American Hebrew congregations, representing 15 congregations, held an annual meeting at Saratoga on the 14th. The question as to what manner the Russian refugees could be best assisted to become self sustaining was discussed, and it was resolved they should be assisted in learning mechanical trades and also those who are adapted to it undertake farming.

It also resolved to issue an appeal to all congregations to appoint committees to solicit aid for Russian Jews and inaugurate a rule that every made Israelite in the United States, from the age of 13 be required to contribute \$1 annually to a common fund to aid the poor in Israel.

A dispatch from Alexandria says refugees were chiefly Greeks and Italians, only one being English. Twenty-seven of these came from the Egyptian bank, whence they made attacks on the mob, driving them away. The manager gave shelter to friends from the Banque Generale and from the Credit Lyonnais. These with the manager marched in a body to Marina at four in the morning, after the mob, satiated with butchery, had retired.

The soldiers and mob, joined by hundreds of women, sacked every shop, entered the houses of Europeans and murdered the inmates. The mob then landed took rations for the day. The party detailed for spiking guns landed at Fort Koebe and dismantled the large smooth-bore pieces. Admiral Seymour wished to land marines and take possession of Fort Naxos and the island of El-Dik, but on learning that the fort was mined and a large body of soldiers stationed at Cam-el-Dik, operations were postponed. The Candor has gone to Port Said.

The following account is given of the bombardment of Alexandria. The Egyptian witnesses on board the ship Invincible. The great artillery combat which raged all day ended in complete success. The object for which we fought has been attained, the forts and batteries on the sea face of Alexandria being a heap of ruins.

Considering the extent and nature of the works, weight and number of guns mounted, and dogged pluck with which the Egyptians fought them, the result has been attained with a surprisingly small loss of life. The total of casualties in the fleet being five killed and two severely wounded. It is difficult, so soon after the engagement, to write a cool and collected narrative of the events of the day. The dead calm which has succeeded the tremendous roar of artillery which has gone on for so many hours seems strange and unnatural and we can scarcely realize that the first great sea fight with artillery of modern type had been fought and won. At twenty minutes past six the ships of the squadron signaled all ready, but still further delay was necessary as the Egyptian officers made the admiral's reply to the ministry had to be put ashore. At half-past six a quick order was passed round the deck to load with common shell, and a gleam of satisfaction shone on the men's faces and at seven o'clock signal was made to the Alexandria to open the ball by firing one gun. A heavy boom came across the water and then there was an anxious pause. Would the Egyptians answer or would they evacuate the forts. No sound came from the fort, but in the batteries opposite we could see men loading guns and concluded they would fight. Order was given to commence independent firing and a signal was run up for the fleet to begin a general engagement. A deafening salvo from five 9 inch guns went from the Temeraire and we can see overhead ten Mordenfeldt guns on the topmast swelled the din which burst forth from all the ships. The bank of smoke which at once arose like a wall from our ship prevented me from seeing the results of our fire, but from the tops it was seen that the shells had struck rather low and the sights were raised from 1350 to 1500 yards. The Monarch and Penelope had both work close at hand. The roar of their heavy guns and ceaseless rattle of their Gatlings and Nordenfeldt machines, and the shrieks of the rockets which the Monarch was discharging, added to the sounds of our own guns, made up a deep continuous din which is impossible to describe and was most bewildering to hear. In any momentary interval the sound of guns from other divisions of the fleet and that they were hard at work. At half-past eight a midshipman posted in the maintop, signaled the direction of the stroke of shells and their accuracy of fire improved. Meantime the enemy's shots were coming thick and fast, their aim being directed chiefly against the Penelope and Invincible. They were firing principally round shot. Twenty minutes after the first gun from the fort our royal braces were shot away and immediately afterwards a shot penetrated forward, a splinter wounding a stoker severely.

REMEMBER HIM

BY EDWARD KING.

Out of the mellow West there came A man who neither prate nor whine Could gild or tarnish; one who rose With fate appointed swiftness far Above his friends, above his foes; Whose bow was like a splendid star To fill his people's heart with flame; Who never sought for gold or fame— But gave himself without a price— A willing, humble sacrifice— An erring nation's Paschal lamb— The great gaunt patient Abraham.

I never saw his wrinkled face; Where tears and smiles disputed place; I never touched his hair, and that seemed in benediction raised; Even when it emphasized command, "What time the firm of battle blazed— The hand that just had raised of grace Which freed a wronged and tortured race; And yet I feel that he is mine— My country's and the light-divine Streams from the sunset's cradle of Great gaunt patient Abraham.

He was our standard bearer; He caught up the thread of destiny, And around the breaking Union bled; And wore it firmly. To his task He rose gigantic, not a coward; Of menace daunt him. Did he ask For homage when glad victory Followed his flag from sea to sea? Nay, he stanchly set his face; And you owe all you have and are— And love all I have and am— To great gaunt patient Abraham.

The pillars of our temple rocked Beneath the mighty wind that shooked Foundations that the fathers laid; But he upheld the roof and stood Fearless, while others were afraid, His sturdy strength and faith were good; While coward knees together knocked, And traitor hands the doors unlocked To let the unbeliever in.

He bore the burden of our sin, While rebel voices rose to damn The great gaunt patient Abraham. And then he died a martyr's death— Forgiveness in his latest breath, And peace upon his dying lips; He died for me, he died for you; Heaven help us if his memory slips Out of our hearts! His soul was true And his work was never done— The lines of our war-torn land— Has all our dearest love; in tears We chant the Memorial Of great gaunt patient Abraham.

Majestic sweet was Washington; And Jefferson was like the sun— He glorified the simplest thing; He touched; and Andrew Jackson seems The very heart of our nation.

To leave upon us. These in dreams Are of before us, but the one— The one that we are daily doing— The lines of our war-torn land— Has all our dearest love; in tears We chant the Memorial Of great gaunt patient Abraham.

THINGS BEING EQUAL.

"Things are not equal in this world," sighed Hester Thorn, sitting down at the end window of the farm house, and letting an open letter fall from her hand on the floor.

"What is it now, dear?" asked her sister Ruth, who was lying on the chintz lounge that was drawn up under the two front paneled windows. "Any new trouble?"

"Yes, Oh, dear! it is nothing but trouble, Ruth. I am tired, tired, tired of it all. I have lost the school. The committee prefer a teacher from the city. And how are we to get through the year now? I have just been reading about the grand doings among the court people in England, and among our own aristocracy in this country—balls, parties, operas, and all the rest of it—my little heart is 'gray,' as our old Irish nurse used to say."

"Does seem hard," said Ruth, who grew more composed; "but God knows best what is best for us, dear. And I am afraid I have been a little selfish lately, while you have been toiling and thinking so hard. It has seemed so sweet to me to be free from pain, after that long fever, that I have thought of little else. To see the sun and the green leaves, and to hear the autumn whistle of the birds, has been such a blessing, that I have scarcely known how to be grateful enough for it."

"It does seem great, too, Ruth, that you are getting well again," cried Hester; "and I know that every one ought to be thankful, if they can eat, drink, and sleep well, and be free from sickness and pain. But, Oh Ruth, all the same, there is the doctor's bill to pay, and all the bills of the year! The farm we cannot work ourselves, and I'm sure that Geneva takes advantage of my ignorance in the way he manages it and the land does not furnish half we need, though while our poor father lived, it supported us all; and now that I have lost this last chance—the high school—I really and truly, Ruthie, don't know what to be done!"

"The debt must be paid, and paid at once," said Ruth decidedly. "I see but one way, Hester."

"What is that?"

"Mortgage the farm." Hester was silent.

"And for the sake of his old liking for our father, I think Steadman Richings would lend you what you need," continued Ruth, watching her covertly. Hester started. A crimson blush dyed her face and throat, but still she did not speak.

"Hester, come here and tell me. How was it between you and Mr. Richings?" she asked sternly.

"The tears rose again in Hester's bright dark eyes. She looked out drearily across the reaped fields, toward the high hills where the Richings homestead dominated the town.

"He used to come very often to see me." "I know."

"Not a word. He went next day to the city, and then to Europe. It is two years since I have seen him; and I can't go to him on an errand like this, Ruth."

Nevertheless Hester did go to Steadman Richings before twenty-four hours had passed over her bonny brown head. The next afternoon was one of those serene and lovely ones, such as are only vouchsafed to America in the latest of the autumn, after the harvest is reaped, and the fruits are gathered, and the sun has only to shine warmly down upon the children of men, without a care. The sky, from north to south, from east to west, was a deep, deep blue, and only a gentle breeze was stirring among the tree-tops and the blossoming vines.

With infinite exertion Hester dragged and tilted the old lounge out into the sunny yard, and afterward wrapped Ruth carefully in a cloak and shawl, and half led, half carried her out there for the first time since May.

As Hester sat by the rejoicing invalid, Geneva, the farm hand, entered the kitchen and laid two letters on the table. With a swift foreboding of misfortune, she left Ruth and possessed herself of them. They were from the butcher and grocer of the village, demanding immediate payment of the accounts inclosed.

The news of her loss of the high school was already known throughout the place. One look at Ruth, so happy in the golden sunshine, and Hester's mind was made up.

She ran to her room, made a hurried toilet, stole out by the back door, and took the hill road that led from the village to the Richings place.

How calm and restful and happy the grand old red-brick house looked, with its French windows, and its double-leaved doors, standing wide open to the autumn sunshine. Two gardeners were at work in the grounds, but not a servant was visible in the house as she stole in through the wide hall and opened the library door. Steadman Richings, just risen from his writing-table, laid his hand on her forehead, and asked her if she was well.

He started as if he had seen a ghost entering; for Hester was now deadly pale, and only by keeping the thought of her errand firmly before her, could she summon courage to go through the interview.

"O, Mr. Richings, we are so poor!" she began, incoherently; "and Ruth has been very ill ever since last May. She needs nice things to strengthen her; and I have lost the school. I cannot get them for her unless we mortgage the farm. Will you please lend me your hands and allow us what you think proper for it? It may save Ruth's life! It is for her sake. I could not have come to see you else. She stammered, turning crimson at the end of her gaze, and feeling a wild desire to sit down and cry her heart out then and there.

With an effort Mr. Richings recovered himself, and set about making his visitor comfortable and at ease.

He wheeled an arm-chair, of violet velvet, to the open window, and made her seat herself in it. Then he rung the bell for his old housekeeper, a quiet, neatly dressed "friend," who had known Hester and Ruth since their earliest childhood, and their dead parents before them.

"Throw off your hat and shawl, Hester, and stay and take a cup of five o'clock tea with Mrs. Paynter and myself," said Mr. Richings, adding his entreaties to those of the gentle old lady.

And then catching sight of the anxious eyes that she lifted to his face, he smiled, and whispered: "Be at ease, Hester, you shall have that money, and as much more as you need, foolish child," he added tenderly. "You have only to ask and have, though it should be half my kingdom. You know that will six years ago, and I have not changed in that time, though you have."

Mrs. Paynter had been bustling about, ordering in her best silver, her prettiest china, and her choicest delicacies, in the way of presents and preserves, to do honor to her unexpected guest.

She smiled a little to herself, as she persistently turned her back upon her master, and his significant whisper.

"Who knows," she thought, thinking the heavy silver spoons against the costly "dragon" china. "In my opinion there was always some misunderstanding at the bottom of their separation. If they have been brought together again by a fortunate chance it shall not be my fault if they do not stay here to it all explained. Friend Steadman will be a happy man if he wins her for his wife at last."

Hester sat looking on like one in a dream, as the good old lady did the honors of her tray.

That whisper still haunted her; haunted and puzzled her at the same time. There had been one bitter drop in the cup of which she had not spoken to her sister.

During Mr. Richings' absence in Europe, rumor had been rife concerning his devoted attentions to a beautiful and intelligent young lady from Boston, who was traveling on the continent with a party of her friends. Hester had heard the news like every one else, and by day, in many a lonely reverie at night, in some miserable dream, she had followed the happy pair in their wanderings among foreign scenes. Her cheeks had grown paler, her eyes less bright; in consequence; yet even Ruth, who knew all other of her secrets, knew nothing of this one.

It was because of this rumor, because she looked upon her former lover as one lost to her forever, as completely as if the marriage vows had been spoken, that she had finally summoned courage to apply to him for help for the sake of Ruth.

the thoughts of the two, who were still unconscious lovers, much better than they could do to themselves. "I will make some tea that is fresh. I will see myself that the water boils."

"No, pray don't. Indeed, I need no more tea; and I must be going, or Ruth will grow anxious," said Hester, rising from her chair.

But the designing old lady trotted out with the silver teapot in her hand, saying decisively: "Only one cup. These must wait."

"You were more willing to stay with me once, Hester," said Mr. Richings, as the door closed upon Mrs. Paynter. "I wish I knew what first changed you. Did I offend you in any way in the good old days?"

"No, oh no!" stammered Hester, looking for her hat.

Mr. Richings gently removed it from her head.

"You shall have it presently. But now that we have met, I think you owe me an explanation. Why did you not tell me in that old time, dear, that you loved your cousin best?"

"My cousin? What cousin?" asked Hester wonderingly.

"Your cousin, John Thorn."

"I never cared for him, Mr. Richings, except, of course, as a cousin."

"Hester, he was here on a visit once. It was the day before I left my home for Europe."

"I remember," she said with a sigh. "He came to me that evening, as if from you, Hester. He told me that you had always loved him, from your childhood; but that you had been dazzled for a time by my superior wealth and position. He brought me a letter, supposing to come from you, begging my pardon for having encouraged me, when you ought not to have done so, when your heart was his, and his alone. I have that letter now. You shall see it to-morrow. He seemed truthful and manly, and he certainly loved you with all his heart, Hester. He asked me to go away for a time, and let your mind recover its usual balance, so that you might choose intelligently between us. Under the circumstances he described, it was a fair and reasonable request. I wrote a reply to your letter, and gave it to him to deliver. I then went abroad. Six months later your cousin enclosed a second letter from you, to say that your choice had fallen on him. So I gave you up at once. And I was much surprised on reaching home, to hear that you were still single."

"My cousin John was foolishly fond of me," said Hester, as calmly as she could speak. "I never cared for him, and he was very jealous of you. Those letters were forgeries. I never saw them. Nor did yours reach me."

"The scoundrel!" began Mr. Richings, hotly.

"But her look stopped him.

"He is dead. We can forgive," she said softly. "I am glad to know that you were true, and I hope you will be happy in this lovely home when Miss Senter comes to share it."

"You have heard that stupid report, eh?" said Mr. Richings, tossing her hair and shawl on the sofa behind him, as she again reached after them. "Maud Senter is a lovely girl, a good girl, too; and yesterday morning she married one of my dearest friends, and I was 'best man' on the happy occasion. How much man! And now, Hester, my darling, the troubles and clouds of ten years past can be cleared away at once and forever, if you will only say the word. That dead man's falsehood has kept us apart quite long enough. We will forgive, as you say. But it must be in this house, and together, as man and wife. Hester, you won't refuse me? Say yes; and let our troubles end here on the spot."

Hester must have made a satisfactory answer, for Mrs. Paynter opened the door at that moment, and drew back with her unneeded to after one half starting, half amused glance at the reconciled pair.

And Ruth, an hour later, found herself gathered up from the lounge, and carried, in a light, strong grasp, to a easy chair, beside the cottage window.

"I take all Hester's beloved cares on myself henceforth," said Ruth and I begin with you," said Steadman Richings' genial hearty voice, as he pressed a brother's kiss upon her lips and brow.

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Simple Idiocy. An editor of a great city paper is supposed to be ordinarily posted on the important facts of the world. If an ordinary clod-hopper should talk ignorantly of certain well-known facts, it is not to be wondered at. How many leading newspaper editors about gold being the standard and basis?

The report of the secretary of the treasury of the United States for 1879, is an example in point. In one place he quotes and urges on congress as follows: "The secretary recommends no mere paper money scheme, but measures looking to gold and silver as the only permanent basis."

In another part of the report, after showing how enormously reduced is the average production of gold and silver since 1856, and how both these must diminish in quantity, and how population and consumption increase, he says that "if other nations use as much in proportion as does France and the United States, there can be no permanent basis for a permanent standard." (See page 186, Messages and Documents, 1879-80). Is not this simple idiocy?

What would be thought of anyone who would advise a return to log cabins, wooden bridges and fences, and would talk of wood as being the only safe permanent basis for everything in architecture and mechanism, in view of the rapid decrease in the lumber supply and increase of demand? What would be thought, even though man has the power to increase the growth of timber?

But there is a more precious metal; its annual supply diminishing while daily its consumption increases through ten thousand inventions and improvements in the arts, and the rapid growth of the world's population. Yet we find some persons, the silly pretenders, talking of a permanent basis. "I am for the single standard," says one. "If he who talks about what he is ignorant of be a fool, then you certainly are one," could be retorted on him.

As pertinent to this I will just add that the ablest, most exhaustive work on the question is the report of a special report on demonetization of silver, 1877, No. 703. The facts developed there and admitted by all parties show that the product of the two metals is rapidly approaching nil. Per contra the number of consumers of silver is increasing at a rate with daily accelerated speed hurried on to infinity. One or two facts from it should be enough. Thus, three nations that between 1820 and 1830 did \$70,000,000 of trade, now, in the same time, do \$70,000,000,000. Again, Sir Hector Hay, a great authority, as all admit, says that Great Britain destroys in some manner unaccountable £5,000,000, or \$20,000,000 of gold each year, one-fifth of the whole annual product of earth and earth's population is rapidly doubling.

Well may the Jeweler's Journal, of Chicago declare, as it did last January, that gold will soon be too costly for jewelry, and silver must in a few years later become as scarce; for any increase in the supply of either metal, drops while that of demand is a steadily enlarging stream.

These are facts undisputable. How long then will men talk foolishly about either single or double basis?

The Squirrel Up a Tree Problem. "A squirrel is up a tree and a man on the ground with a gun is trying to shoot it; but the squirrel persists in keeping on the opposite side of the tree from the man. The man walks clear around the tree to the place of starting, the squirrel going about in the same direction and keeping the tree between himself and the man. Now the problem is, 'Has the man been around the squirrel?' He has been around the tree with the squirrel on it but has he been around the squirrel?"

The Boston Express answers to the problem, and received thirty-seven, of which fifteen say yes, the man does go round the squirrel; and twelve say no, he does not. A few have sent us their reasons, and two furnish figures demonstrating the problem. The following answers are printed: "Of course the man goes around the squirrel. He goes around the tree and everything on it." "Should the squirrel have the start, I am of the opinion that the man goes around it."

"Not by a darn sight does the hunter walk around the squirrel. The man don't go around the squirrel. I have tried it, and had I got around the squirrel I would have shot it. If there was no tree there, and the squirrel was running around in a circle on the ground, and the man was going in a larger circle, I should say the man went around the squirrel. But when you put a tree there it is different. The man doesn't go around the squirrel any more than the squirrel goes around the man. Of course, if I am standing on the right side of the horse and I start to walk around him, and the horse keeps turning as I go, I am on the right side of him