THE INDEPENDENT

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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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In all styles, of the best manufacture, and cheaper than the cheapest. His

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Are of superior make, and for low cost cannot be equaled in the State. The

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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 Paupers for the 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 certificate: W. L. Butten, Roseburg; L. L. Kellogg, Oakland; Mrs Brown, Looking Glass. Dr. Scroggs is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same who have been declared paupers of Douglas county.

WM. B. CLARKE, Supt. of Poor.

ROSEBURG, OR., Feb. 15, 1880

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Strikes are still continuing in the East.

At Hilger's Crossing, Ohio, on the 15th, Jessie Carc was killed by a railroad collision.

A violent hail and rain storm did much damage on the 15th at Madison, Wis., and vicinity.

Farmers are feeding their hogs rye as being cheaper than corn, and more meat fattening.

Unless strikers at the Empire mills at Wilkesbarre, Pa., return to work soon the mill will be shut down.

Employes and proprietors of Harmony mills at Cohoes, New York, each claim to have the best of the situation.

The trotting stallion Tom Moore, record 2:29, winner of more races than any trotter in the state of Texas, died on the 14th.

Dick Little, one of the Jesse James gang, was arrested on the 15th by a U. S. marshall at Kansas City for complicity in mail robbing.

Professor Stanley Jevens, philosopher and professor of political economy, was drowned while bathing at Bixtull, England, on the 15th.

At Providence, R. I., on the 14th, John H. Rowley's stable burned, including 47 horses, 17 carriages, 5 hacks, harness and other property. Loss, $30,000.

Governor Cameron briefly addressed the institute for colored teachers at Petersburg, Va., on the 15th, and was received with every manifestation of approval.

The amount of the defalcation of B. Frank Bigelow, the defaulting teller of the National Bank of the Republic, is $37,000. Bigelow is in jail in default of $50,000 bail.

The Prince of Wales will go to the German baths to drink their waters. The fact of the Times devoting its first leading article to the health of the Prince of Wales creates a certain sensation.

U. S. Deputy Marshal Young, was shot fataly on the 15th by Jones and Randall, in the Choctaw nation, while executing a warrant at the ranch of Jones. Jones and Randall are being pursued.

Senator Ben Hill of Georgia died at Atlanta on the 16th of cancer of the tongue and throat. His sufferings which have extended over a period of several years have been intense. The disease and death was full of horrors.

Assistant Surgeon Ganeral Hamilton has received a telegram from the mayor of Galveston asking the government to assist quarantine at that port out of the $50,000 appropriated to local state boards of health in suppressing epidemics.

The greenbackers of Vermont have nominated the following ticket: Governor, C. C. Martin; lieutenant governor, J. Jenne; treasurer, Fletcher Tarbell; secretary of state, S. Warnton; for congress, first district, Dr. Kidder; second H. D. Dunbar.

The sultan has peremptorily ordered Arabi Pasha to lay down his arms, and if he refuses the sultan will leave him to be dealt with by the English. Two regiments of highlanders, the Derbyshire regiment and the horse guards, are about to march through Alexandria. The steamer Catalonia, with the west Kent regiment, has arrived.

The Boston Herald says the extended drouth in Massachusetts, especially in the western part, has already damaged crops in some sections almost past recovery, while if copious rains do not come soon the loss to growing crops will be very extensive. Cattle had to be fed, and the corn and oat crop, already injured past recovery, is cut up and fed to stock.

The Sprague farm and mansion, at Canonchet, R. I., were sold at auction on the 15th by order of Trustee Chaffee for $62,250 to Frank D. Moulton, of New York. Wm. Sprague had partially torn down the bridges leading to the place and patrolled the avenue leading to the house armed with a rifle. The auctioneer stood on the wreck of the bridge to complete the sale.

Ex-Secretary of War Ramsey, Colonel Godfrey of Des Moines, Judge Carleton of Terra Haute and ex Senator Paddock of Nebraska, comprising the Utah commission, arrived in Omaha on the 14th and left for Salt Lake the next day. They express themselves as ready to carry out the law, but are unable to say, until they have a consultation, how they will enforce its provisions. They will supervise the elections and remain till November.

J. H. Sanders of Chicago, a member of the United States cattle commission, says for the month ending July 15, Chicago received nearly 80,000 head of Texas cattle, a greater number than ever before in the same length of time. They were mostly slaughtered, and those not killed were kept apart from domestic cattle and are not likely to infect them with Texas cattle fever this year, although eastern breeders, who have not learned how to deal with the disease, are troubled with it.

The most destructive tornado ever experienced in that vicinity, passed over Bangor, Me., on the 16th. The wind was terrific and rain fell in sheets, accompanied by incessant taunder and lightning. Destruction of property is very great: buildings were blown down, roofs taken off, chimneys demolished and signs and awnings carried away. A set of buildings in Veasir was destroyed by fire during the storm. A vast amount of damage was done to orchards. The loss will be between $50,000 and $100,000.

An Irish national demonstration occurred at Ogden's grove near Chicago on the 15th attended by 10,000 persons. The speakers and invited guests were escorted to the grove by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Irish Riders and Clan Nagie guards. Rev. G. C. Betts of St. Louis delivered an address and Judge Morgan of this city read the declaration of principles. In the evening James Redpath spoke and the remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing and display of fire works. A large number of mottoes displayed and the Irish and American flags intertwined.

Speaker Keifer has arrived at Washington.

President Arthur left for Newport on the 22d.

A carrier pigeon recently flew from Detroit to Toronto, 155 miles, in 5 hours.

Vanderbilt's Maud S., and L. T. Sanders' bay, have arrived at Charter Oak Park.

The secretary of the treasury has purchased 617,000 ounces of fine silver for the mints, on the 17th.

The Prince of Wales has gone to the continent for his health. He is accompanied by the Princess Alexandria.

Oregon's share in the apportionment for the survey of public lands is $20,000. Washington territory's share, $25,000.

Important changes are impending in the administration of Castle Garden, including the resignation of four commissioners.

General orders have been sent out by acting superintendent Thorne in New York, directing strict enforcement of the law regarding the selling of opium by police.

Local assemblies throughout the Cumberland mining region have heard the report of the conference between operators and miners and resolved to continue the strike.

A woman was gored by a vicious cow in Kansas City recently, the horn of the brute passing through her face, literally tearing it off. The wound is a frightful one and will prove fatal.

Secretary Lincoln has allowed 200 clerks in connection with the pension cases provided in the appropriation bill. Four of these appointments are credited to California and one to Oregon.

The Bankers' Association annual session began at Saratoga on the 16th with a very large attendance. Wm. H. Foster, of Salem, Mass., 59 years cashier of a bank, was introduced, and then President Coe gave the opening address.

A Bangor dispatch of the 16th says: Large gangs of men are to-day clearing the streets of debris. The terrible devastation of the storm is confined almost entirely to Bangor and Brewer. The storm was the most severe that ever visited Maine.

The Dundee Land Company of Scotland, on the 17th closed the purchase of forty-four thousand acres of timber lands in Mississippi and Crittenden counties, a portion of one hundred and fifty thousand acres to be bought in the state by that company.

Mooney, president of the national land league, telegraphed Parnell on the 15th, that the central land league union of Philadelphia, in compliance with your request, passed a resolution discountenancing any scheme to send men or money to Arabi Pasha.

On the 17th 150 hod carriers and brick layers at Pullman went on a strike for two dollars a day, previous wages $1 55. They have other grievances including lost time, incorrect time keeping, and necessity of paying car fare to Chicago. Both sides are stubborn.

Losses by the Madison street fire at New York on the 17th are about $110,000. The principal sufferers are Geo. B. Eddy, machinery; Emil Steffini, lithographer; Robse & Cole, cardboard manufacturers, and P. Wanner, furniture. The buildings were damaged to the extent of $15,000.

Twenty-two bills of indictment were found against A. M. Dunder, the defaulting county treasurer by the Berks county, Pa., grand jury. The bill charges embezzlement forgery, perjury and making false returns and entries, and also indicted him for conspiracy to defraud in connection with Matiplas, ex-clerk of the quarter sessions.

A Brownsville, Texas, dispatch of the 17th says: Seventeen new cases of yellow fever to-day; 12 Mexicans and 5 Americans. Three Mexicans died. Publication of daily papers is suspended, so many hands being down with the fever. At Matamoras the number of cases is decreasing and four deaths were reported in the 24 hours ending at 9 A. M. Weather clear.

The project of sending Arabi Pasha money and volunteers it is understood has been abandoned by American-Irish in deference to the counsels prevailing at Philadelphia, both as impolitic and impracticable, but there is general concurrence in the expediency in calling an outdoor mass meeting in order to assure Egyptians that as against England the sympathies of Irish-Americans are on their side.

After two postponements David Belasco's sensational drama, American Born, received its initial representation in Chicago on the 16th at the Grand Opera House by the Baldwin Theater Company of San Francisco. Everything ran smoothly considering all the circumstances. John Dillon, the old Chicago favorite, was enthusiasticall applauded. Standing room only was announced before the curtain rose.

The ex-confederate reunion assembled at Sedalia, Mo., on the 16th. There was a parade in which about 3000 took part. The procession was made up of Mexican veterans, union veterans, mayor and members of the city council and city officers, ex-confederates, Sedalia fire department, citizens and visitors. At the park, Rev. Dr. B. T. Lacy, corps chaplain for Stonewall Jackson during the war, offered prayer. Chas. E. Sally, mayor of Sedalia, delivered a welcoming address, replied to by General John L. Marmaduke, president of the association. General Leroy Utland, of St. Louis, delivered the oration of the day.

James Valentine Taylor, from whom Laura Joyce obtained a divorce four years ago, is dead, aged 38. On the death of his mother in 1873, young Taylor fell heir to some $300,000. He at once began to spend money, and, as he frequented theaters, became infatuated with Laura Maskell Joyce, then the "Evangeline" of Rice's company. They were married after a short courtship and lived in elegance in Cambridge until their domestic infelicity became a cause celebre in the courts. Disclosures on the trial on both sides were exceedingly salacious. Finally Laura gained her suit and an order for alimony. Soon after Taylor married a Miss Davis, who, with a seven-year-old son by his first wife, survives him.

WIFE OR DRUDGE.

"Ten o'clock and the lunch basket not ready to take to the field! As usual!" grunted Farmer Brewster, as he threw himself into the rocking chair in the kitchen and fanned his flushed face with his straw hat. "A quarter of an hour wasted, very likely, waiting here. Right in the midst of as fine a hay-day as one would wish to see! Now, my mother used to have her lunch ready to the minute whenever we came for it, and I don't see why—"

His jeremiade was checked by the appearance of his wife, who came out of the pantry tugging along the great lunch-basket, almost too heavy for her strength.

Farmer Brewster was a young man in spite of his grumbling. Only twenty-three, tall, straight, healthy, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair, curly hair—and handsome face when it was not darkened as now, by a scowl of discontent.

An only son, he inherited a large and handsome farm, clear of mortgage and debt, which supplied all the wants of his household most liberally and gave him a nice little sum of money to deposit in the bank each year.

There was no reason why he should be mean, and yet miserly habits were gradually growing upon him far faster than he knew.

Nor was there need of grumbling over the household arrangements, since the wife of his choice was a farmer's daughter who knew well how to work, and who had taken delight in setting her home in a faultless order when first she came as a bride to the pleasant Brewster place.

The same order reigned still from garret to cellar of the old square house; but Mrs. Brewster went through her tasks mechanically now, or with a nervous haste and hurry that made them almost unendurable sometimes.

The constant drop of water will wear away a stone; and the constant faultfinding in which her husband saw fit to indulge had nearly worn the patience, the hope and the endurance out of the young wife's heart.

The comfort and happiness of that home hung upon a thread, which frayed more and more, hour by hour, under the pain of unmerited blame.

Yet George Brewster saw nothing of this until the morning of which I write.

"There is the lunch and it is exactly five minutes past ten," said Mrs. Brewster, setting the basket down with some emphasis at his feet. "I was delayed that much with the butter. It had to be seen to before the sun got too high."

"My mother always churned before breakfast," observed George, rising slowly to his feet.

His wife said nothing, but the color rose hotly in her cheeks, till the lost bloom of her girlhood seemed to have come back again, and she raised her eyes to his with a look that startled him.

Very handsome they were—soft, dark and velvety, with a world of love and tenderness in their depths.

Yet now they met his own coldly and sternly, with such an expression that he exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Letty! You look as if you hated me!"

"I'm afraid I do," was the astounding reply.

And with a swift glance at the clock, Letty hurried down into the cellar with a knife and a pan to make her preparations for dinner for six hungry haymakers.

"Afraid she hates me! My wife! She that was Letty Grover!" muttered he to himself, in his bewilderment. "Why, what on earth—! She must be going crazy or something or other.

"Letty!" he called at the cellar door.

"It is ten minutes past ten," she answered, from the depths of the cellar. "If I don't see about the dinner now, it won't be on the table at twelve to the minute, as your mother used to have it. I can't come."

"Well, if this don't beat all!" said he to the maltese-and-white cat who ascended from the cellar and rubbed against his legs.

A shout from the hayfield roused him to the recollection of the day's business.

He went out and dispensed the treasures of his basket among the hungry men, who praised Letty's excellent cooking with every mouthful they swallowed.

"It is enough to make an old bachelor like me sit down and cry to eat such raspberry shortcakes as that," said Solomon Wyse, wiping the crumbs of the feast from his lips, before he drank sweet cider from the jug. "Tell you what it is, George, you drew a prize when you went courting."

"So he did. And here's her good health," chimed in another mower, as he took up the jug.

George assented vaguely.

They were talking of his wife—his wife, who was afraid she hated him!

Never had the two hours between lunch and dinner dragged so slowly.

As he rode round and round the field with the sharp rattle of the mowing machine he guided in his care, his mind was continually busy with Letty's looks, and her words, and his eyes turned often to the cream-colored farmhouse, behind whose spruce green blinds his wife was busy preparing dinner.

"I used to think how happy I should be if I ever persuaded her to come here," he thought. "It is two years—why, I declare, it is two years this very day that we were married! I wonder if she remembers it! But it isn't very likely when she says she hates me."

Did she remember? Ah, in that very remembrance lay the sting!

All that morning, while she got breakfast at five o'clock, and washed dishes, swept the rooms, made beds, churned butter and prepared a hearty lunch for six men, her heart turned back to that other morning, twenty-four months ago, when the bright eyed country maiden rose at four o'clock to complete her preparations for her wedding day.

How good, how kind, how handsome, he was then! How his eyes followed her! how his love blessed her!

Was it all her fault that the bloom and beauty of life had departed in those two years?

Looking back she could see no day in which she had not at least tried to do her duty.

And looking in her glass, she saw how the light and glow of youth had passed from her face while accomplishing the task uncheered by the approval of the man she loved.

"George has kept his color and his good looks because his work lies out of doors," she mused, "but I have worked in this old kitchen until I look old enough to be his mother!"—she paused with a bitter laugh—"I almost wish I was his mother, then he would be suited with what I did!"

Noon came. The twelve o'clock whistle sounded sharp and clear from the factory in the village a mile away; and before the whistle ceased a little figure stepped out on the side porch of the Brewster house and blew a horn.

"There's a woman for you," said Solomon Wyse, admiringly. "Dinner to the minute—and won't it be a good one!"

The dinner was indeed a success. Every dainty of the season and the farm was there, skilfully cooked and neatly served on a table in the cool dining room—a table covered with a snowy cloth fresh from its folds, and glass and china.

In the center of the table stood a great china bowl full of red roses that perfumed the room. Her cheeks were red, her eyes shone dark and bright, and her words and smiles were ready—for every one save George.

As she sat, grave and silent, at the foot of the table, he looked at her wonderingly.

She wore a dress of silver gray alapaca that had been her traveling dress when they were married.

A large white apron with a bib shielded the glories of the costume. But why did she put it on? Surely she could not think of "going visiting" that afternoon with six haymakers to get tea for and the milk of eight cows to attend to afterward.

The question burned upon his tongue as he lingered a moment behind the other men.

But he finally went out without asking it. The wife, who was afraid she hated him, seemed almost like a stranger, although she looked so much on this occasion like the girl he had married just two years ago.

As George neared the door of the woodshed where the men were lounging away the rest of their nooning, he heard his own name uttered by Solomon Wyse, in tones of anger

Involuntarily he stayed his steps.

"Yes, I knew George from a baby up, and I always said he'd make a likely man. But I vow is's a shame to see how he treats that pretty little creature! Such a lunch this morning and such a dinner this noon, in such a nice, cool room, with the red roses and all the rest of it! and she just as pretty as a picture, with her red cheeks and bright eyes and her wavy hair, and dressed as neat as a pink, too! And he sitting there as glum as a cross old man of ninety. I was ashamed of him."

"I've heard he does nothing but find fault with her all day long," said a second voice. "My wife says if I threw my mother into her teeth the way George does his in Letty's, she'd run away from me before she was a day older."

"And serve you right," chimes in a third. "I'll tell you what my wife says. She says it is confounded mean and small of George not to keep a woman here to help his wife. And when I saw the dinner to-day that the pretty little thing had got for us, all alone, I thought so too. Hang me if I hadn't half a mind to stop here this afternoon and help her wash up that great pile of dishes, and let the haying go to thunder! It's enough to kill the woman to have all that work to do. And George is rich. What on earth is he thinking about? But he'll be sorry for this a year or two hence, when we have to come here on a different errand."

"To carry her out in a coffin," said Solomon Wyse. "Yes, I suppose it will come to that if some of us don't talk seriously to George. She don't look at all strong now, and her hand trembled when she changed my plate. It's a burning shame, and if none of you will talk to George about it, I will."

They moved off to the hayfield, talking as they went.

But when George Brewster joined them Solomon Wyse deemed it prudent to defer the proposed "talking to," for his brow was black as night, and he had no more to say to his neighbors now than to his wife at the dinner-table.

This, then, was the way in which they spoke about him behind his back! these men who labored beside him, and took their wages from his hand and pretended to be his friends.

And his wife was afraid she hated him!

To whom could he turn for comfort—from whom could he expect true friendship—if she who should have been nearest was an enemy in disguise? Lost in a moody reverie, he paid little attention to his work.

And at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a sudden uproar in the hayfield—a tramping of hoofs, a rush of terrified men, a confusion of voices, and among them all George Brewster lying on the ground beneath the mowing machine, his right arm and leg broken by the wheels, his head cut and bleeding with a heavy fall.

Meanwhile Letty, in the cream colored house, had not been idle.

Tying on a great calico apron in place of her white one, she had quietly washed and put away the dinner dishes and reduced the dining-room to order.

Tea was easily arranged, since it was to consist of cold dishes, with glasses of milk for the men.

She threw a table-cloth over the whole as soon as it was finished, and went up stairs into the spare chamber to pack her trunk.

Yes, Letty had made up her mind at last. She was going away.

Life had degenerated into slavery, unbrightened, as she fancied, by a ray of love.

"And slavery will support one anywhere," thought Letty, as with trembling hands she locked and strapped her trunk and fastened her few lines to George upon the lid.

At the porch door she paused for one last look around the house that might have been so happy.

She did not intend to glance toward the hay-field.

Yet in spite of her resolution, her eyes turned that way to single out the tall figure that guided the rattling, clicking mowing-machine.

"I wonder if he will miss me a little—just at first?" she mused. "He can get a divorce, if I desert him, and then he can marry again. I hope he will be kinder to his next wife than he has been to me!"

With tears that rose at the thought of her successor blinding her eyes, Letty failed to see the figure that she sought.

"I am foolish to look at him again. I have never been more than a housekeeper to him from the first," she thought, stumbling blindly on toward the gate, and opening it, to find herself in the center of an excited group.

"There, don't you take on like that!" said Solomon Wyse, who came first and saw the tears upon her cheeks before she could wipe them away.

"Were you coming out to meet us? We were in hopes you didn't see anything of it. It's a bad accident, but George is so strong and hearty that he will be up and around again almost before you know it. We've sent Bill Hill off on one of the colts for the doctor, and if you'll only tell us where to carry him—"

"Carry him?" repeated Letty.

Solomon stepped aside. She saw behind him a litter roughly made of hay-rakes and covered with coats, and on that litter George was lying, pale and bleeding, with his eyes closed.

"Oh, Mr. Wyse, is he dead?" she asked, turning even paler than George.

"Not a bit of it! Worth twelve dozen dead men yet. Only a bit of a break in one arm and one leg, and a little knock on the head where he fell. The horses didn't kick, and he'll be all right as soon as the doctor sees him. Shall we take him up stairs, or where?"

"Bring him in here," crid Letty, recovering herself.

She led the way into the bedroom on the ground floor, and helped to shift the maimed figure from the litter to the bed.

Her soul was dying within her for fear, yet not a word passed her lips.

When the doctor came he found a capable nurse, dressed in a dark print, who listened intelligently to his directions and promised to carry them out faithfully.

And so it happened that as George Brewster returned to life the first words that fell upon his ears were uttered by the doctor outside the window, as he mounted into his gig.

"Yes, he will do, Mr. Wyse; he will pull through nicely if his wife nurses him. And she can do so nicely if some of you will send some one to take charge of the house. She is a woman in a thousand. I hope he knows how to value her."

The doctor drove away.

Letty, bending over the bed absorbed in the invalid, had not heard him.

But she plainly heard the faint voice of George calling her by name.

"What is it, dear?"

"The doctor is right. You are a woman in a thousand! I always knew it Letty, if I never said it. So I tell you of it now, before I die," he added, going off into another faint.

It was all that Letty's sore heart needed. Beside the bed of suffering she spent two of the happiest months of her life. The first act of George Brewster on his recovery was to secure help for his wife, so that she now has plenty of time to get back her lost color and plumpness. They are one in heart, as one in name and home now. And Solomon Wyse has never seen occasion to administer the "talking to."

"Some how or other," drawls Solomon, "getting run over by that mowing-machine was the making of George Brewster."

And Letty and George think so, too.

A Bashful Man's Dilemma.

A horse-car is a bad place for a bashful or nervous man. Such a one was noticed recently, as he was a very polite man, too, which somehow seemed to aggravate the case, although the reason why it should do so is not quite evident. He was a little near-sighted, also, and when an aged woman got out and dropped a particularly disgraceful handkerchief on the floor, the bashful man did not perceive the article for a moment, although the rest of the passengers did, and bawled out unavailingly at the unconscious owner. But when the modest man did see it—being also as above stated, a polite and gentlemanly person—he picked it up at once and smilingly offered it to the young lady who sat opposite. The look she gave him made his spinal marrow feel coolly, and when he passed it in turn to all the ladies in the car, and got only sniffs and "Well, I declare!" and "What an idea!" from each in turn, he looked such a picture of hopeless misery that it was quite pitiful. And when a rough, brutal man at the other end of the car called out, "You'd better keep it yourself!" the bashful man smiled feebly, said, "Very likely," and stuffed the rag into his pocket, and then attempted the feat of reading his paper upside down. And when he left the car, the people who looked after him saw him pause at an ash barrel on the sidewalk, drop something into it, and ram it down with his cane.

How They do it in Detroit.

A Detroit lawyer took in a new boy the other day, and, as he had suffered to some extent from the depredations of the former one, he decided to try the new lad's honesty at once. He therefore placed fifteen dollars in bills under a weight upon his desk and walked out without saying a word. Upon his return half an hour later, the bills were gone and seventy-five cents in silver had taken their place.

"Boy, when I stepped out to get a draft on London I left fifteen dollars under this weight!"

"Yes, sir."

"And now I find only seventy-five cents!"

"Yes, sir; but you see you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you of $14.25, and I paid it. I guess the change is correct."

"You—you paid a bill?"

"Yes, sir; there it is, all receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the last four years, and so—"

He didn't get any further before he was rushed for the stairs, and he isn't in the law business any more.—[Detroit Free Press.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

That kind of religion is likely to be the most popular which does not seriously interfere with what you intend to do.

A Canadian widow recently achieved local notoriety by marrying her daughter's widower eleven weeks after the death of her husband.

It is estimated on fairly good authority that there are seven millions of boys and girls in the Sunday-schools of the United States. These are taught by about one million of teachers.

In accordance with the request of the Dry Goods Clerks' Union, New York, all of the leading stores close up at noon on Saturday. The clerk is becoming a power in the land.

A score of men will rush to raise a car window for a lady, but when it comes to holding her baby, "just for a minute, you know," the rush dwindles down to a very faint rustle.

A colored man, while plowing near Opelousas, La., a few days since, struck a ten-gallon jar filled with Spanish silver coins of date of 1779. The amount is estimated at $8,000 to $10,000.

St. Louis has two pretty female homeopathic physicians. The first patient was a man who said he had the neuralgia from too much kissing, and wanted to be treated on homeopathic principles.

A marked difference between the Egypt of Joseph's day and the Egypt of Arabi Bey is that, whereas in the old time there was no corn in the land it is now absolutely full of kernels.—N. Y. Graphic.

A patent medicine advertisement begins by asking: "How do you account for your having an extremely tired feeling?" Well, sir, we've laid it largely to reading a joke in a St. Louis paper.—[Boston Post.

A Kansas man ate 21 boiled eggs in seven minutes, and thereby won a bet of $2, which subtracted from $25, the doctor's bill, left him only $23 out on the transaction, counting the loss of a week's time as nothing.

There is nothing that soothes a bee sting on a young girl so much as the remark coming from a nice young man to the effect that the bee was a discriminating insect, and knew a sweet thing when it saw it.

The grand residence of the late Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, on Vanderbilt Hill, Hartford, was never occupied by its owner. It looks deserted, and the entrances of the two roadways are placarded "No admittance."

A man living near Dalton, Ga., is said to have the loudest voice of any person in the State. When he calls his children he can be heard a mile away, and when he tackles a hymn, he shakes down young peaches from the trees two miles away.

Thirteen gold watches of French make were dug up on Scituate (Mass.) beach the other day, and as a Boston jeweler says, they were all made prior to 1820, it is believed by many Bostonians that they were buried by pirates, several of whom were hanged on Boston Neck in 1820.

It is pleasing to learn, by upward of 3000 miles of reliable cable, that it was not Clanricarde who was murdered in Ireland, but his agent. That kind of an agent must be a great convenience, particularly in Ireland. He might be called in one sense of the word a life insurance agent.

Ex-Governor Hubbard, who weighs 300 pounds, and who is combatting Gen. Weaver's greenback arguments on the Texas stump, began a speech at Minerola the other day: "If I sit down on Weaver I'll crush him." The audience all got so uproarious that it was necessary to adjourn for drinks.

Cincinnati has steadily outdone Chicago in musical achievements, largely through the magnificence of Mr. Springer, who built and endowed her Conservatory. But Chicago now projects a hall of music and art. The building alone will cost a million dollars, and will be finished in two years.

Dr. Clayton, says the Philadelphia Record, has found that rabbits soon die from an injection of human saliva, and that the saliva of some races, notably of negroes and residents of the tropics, exhibits a remarkable degree of virulence—a virulence that bears relation to the amount of tobacco used by the person.

The census gives the population of Japan as 36,358,994, which is an increase of 2,000,000 since 1873. This apparent increase is in part attributed to growing accuracy in collecting returns. The population of the three principal cities is: Tokio, 979,084; Kioto, 830,829; Osaka, 587,990.

A new invention promises to preserve beef or mutton while the animals are still alive. Boric acid is injected into the animal's veins, the natural circulation of the blood carries the anticeptic through every part of the body, and when the unfortunate animal that thus innocently preserves its own flesh for future consumption comes under the care of the butcher, it will be found that the mutton will keep perfectly wholesome for a considerable period.

A Modern Fable.

Little Red Riding Hood having made a cake all by her own self, was sent by her proud and happy mother to carry it to her grandmother. Upon her way she encountered a wolf, who, representing himself to the credulous child as the old lady's Newfoundland dog, so won upon her confidence that she disclosed to him the object of her mission. "Then," said the crafty wolf, "I will run on ahead and pull the bobbin that the latch may go up." The silly child, being touched with gratitude, accepted his services, and gave the animal a nice big piece of her cake; and the wolf perishing miserably of indigestion long before he had reached the old dame's cottage, Little Red Riding Hood obtained a red tipet and muff from his skin, and was enabled to soothe her grandmother's declining years with the bounty paid for his scalp.

MORAL.—This fable shows that cunning vice should never attempt to take the cake from confiding innocence.