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Spanish Merino BUCKS, I offer the same for sale, cheap for cash, at my farm in Douglas county, six miles from Roseburg.

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SEEDS! SEEDS! ALL KINDS OF BEST QUALITY.

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.

Patched With 806 Pies: Mr. Arkell, Vice President of the Saratoga & Mt. Gregor Railroad, though only twenty-seven years old, has survived incredible perils.

John Duffy fell overboard of the ship Detroit during the passage from Rio Janeiro to Seattle and was lost.

The grave of John Knox, a prominent citizen of the mother died about the time the robbery at West Charlton, has been robbed.

A Seattle dispatch of Oct. 13th says: An account was sent yesterday of the drowning here of a little girl named Roundberg, 2 1/2 years old, in a tub of water.

John Sharpe, chairman of the people's territorial committee, has been elected to the position of territorial delegate.

Yellow fever is abating at Brownsville, Texas. At Pensacola, Florida, there are 48 new cases reported, making a total of 1300 this year, of which 112 have died.

The Sessions-Bradley bribery case in New York, growing out of the attempt to return Comstock to the senate after he resigned, has been put over till December.

At Bridgeport, Conn., a barrel containing 50,000 breech-loading caps exploded with terrific force, destroying the building in which it was located; no person hurt.

At Canton, Ga., a bridge fell into the river and precipitated 200 persons into the water. No lives were lost, but many legs and arms were broken.

A strong reinforcement has been sent to Southern Tunis with the object of carrying on operations on a large scale against the insurgents during the cold season.

Henry Kenema, a carpenter at work on the tower at St. Xavier's Catholic church in Cincinnati, fell a distance of 60 feet, on the 12th, to the stone floor and was instantly killed.

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THE DOUGLAS

VOL. 7.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

NO. 28.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

F. Pritchard, claim agent of Washington, has been arrested, charged with forgery.

Recent contributions for the Garfield hospital from United States consuls, amounts to \$12,000.

It is announced in Paris that negotiations for a treaty between France and Corea are newly suspended.

The new steamship Belgium, 4000 tons, built at Aberdeen for the American trade, was totally wrecked on her trial trip.

Every mill on the upper dam at Milltown, Maine, and a large amount of lumber has been burned; loss \$30,000.

A hearty reception was given to President Arthur in Boston on the 11th. The streets were densely packed with people.

An intimate friend of Folger, says he will not resign before the last of December and not then unless elected governor.

Workers in the rolling mills and spike shops in Fiedler, Va., have stopped work because of the dismissal of one roller.

Rhinehart Chapman, a Baptist minister of Austin, Texas, stabbed and killed the Irishman in a quarrel. Chapman escaped.

The Irish conference at Dublin has decided to invite a much wider circle of representative men than was at first contemplated.

The report that Smith and Wise fought a duel near Washington is not credited, as both men have been seen alive and well in Richmond.

Explosion during a fire in the hardware establishment of Jacob Knoerschild, at Milwaukee, burned three firemen dreadfully; one fatally.

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The body of Annie Farrell will be removed from Bordentown on the 18th inst. and taken to Philadelphia, thence to New York and Boston, whence the body will be taken to Ireland for interment.

The North Staffordshire, England, coal mine owners have acceded to the application of the miners for an advance of 10 per cent. in their wages.

The general committee of national liberals at Berlin, have resolved not to present an address to the electors. Their prospects are favorable in western, but less encouraging in eastern provinces.

The beer brewers of Chicago have decided, in view of the failure of the hop crop and the high price of barley, that it would become necessary within the next two months to increase the price per barrel.

Maggie O'Neil, an employee of Sanford's mill, in New York, stabbed another employee, Jane Bradt, in the face with a pair of scissors, on the 12th, inflicting twenty gashes, some of which are serious.

The Smithsonian Institute have received news from the academy of Vienna of the discovery by Prof. Schmidt, at Athens, on the 6th of Oct., of a comet with the same motion in right ascension and declination.

Lovis Errington, who is reported as endeavoring to effect a modus vivendi between Great Britain and the Vatican, has arrived at Rome. He has had an interview with Cardinal Jacobini, pontifical secretary of state.

There is a scandal in the census bureau that will probably call for an investigation. It is alleged the returns on which the last census was figured were made up of speculation and are worthless. Other irregularities are spoken of.

Peruvian papers say the peace negotiations conducted by Minister Logan, between Chili and Garcia Calderon, have failed. It is reported that Calderon will not hear the proposals of Chili, and Chili prefers to treat with Pierola.

The Georreville mill dam at Providence having become dangerous, the supreme court has ordered the water drawn off as far as possible. If the dam should go a large business section of the city could scarcely escape destruction.

The Evening Journal's Pine Bluff, Ark., special of the 11th says: Daniel Camp, a well known planter, died from the effects of carelessly eating a watermelon which he had poisoned for the benefit of thieves who made raids on his patch. Three of his children who also partook are likely to die.

TOM'S WIFE.

We had just finished breakfast. Tom laid down the egg spoon he had been playing with, and looked across at mother.

"Annet Anne, I think I'll take a wife," he said, exactly as he might have said, "I think I'll take another cup of coffee."

"Take a wife?" repeated mother, by no means receiving the information as tranquilly as it had been given. "What for?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Tom, thoughtfully. "It's a notion I've got in my head, somehow."

"All nonsense!" said mother, sharply. "Do you think so?" said Tom, apparently doubtful, but not in the least put out.

"Think so? I know it. What in the world can you want with a wife? After all these years we've lived so comfortably together, to bring home somebody to turn the home upside down! And then, what's to become of that poor child?"

"The 'poor child'—that was I—red-dening at being brought into the argument in this way, was about to speak for herself when Tom interposed, warmly.

"I'm sure Mr. Tom would never have any wife who would make it less a home for her—don't you, May?"

"Of course," said I.

"And I'm sure she knows nothing of the sort," persisted mother; "nor you, either, Tom Dean. How can you answer for what a wife may take it into her head to do, once you get her fixed? You can't expect her to forget, as you do, that May has no real claim on you."

"That I have no real claim on her, I suppose, my dear mother. Tom put in for the second time, just as I was getting thoroughly uncomfortable. "But, for all that, I intend to keep her—that is," added Tom, with one of his short-sighted blinks sideways at me, "as long as she shall get with me, oh, May."

"Whoever has anything to say against that arrangement will have to go out of the house to say it—not that I'm afraid of any such result in this case—and on the whole, Annet Anne, I should like to try the experiment."

"I'm sure you'll be glad to see Tom so evidently bent on his 'experiment,'" as he called it, that she gave up the argument.

"You can dance if you're ready to pay the piper," she said, shortly. "And, pray, how soon do you mean to be married?"

"Tom's face fell a little at this question. "Well," said he, "I can't say exactly—I suppose we shall have to be engaged first."

"What?" said mother, opening her eyes; "why you never mean to say, Tom, you haven't spoken to her yet?"

"I was going to, mother, cheerfully. "Time enough for that, you know, after I had spoken to you."

Mother, as a minister's widow, was not much given to the idle mirth that is as the crackling of thorns under a pot, but to-day she laughed and laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

"Well," she said, "if it was anybody else, I should say that you were cracked; but you were never like other people and you never will be, Tom Dean. But, at least, you have fixed on the lady?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tom; "but, if you will excuse me, Annet Anne, I would rather not say anything about her just yet, for, if anything should happen, it wouldn't be pleasant for either party, you know."

With which veiled allusion to his possible rejection, Tom took his leave, and went to his room.

Our household was rather quietly put together. There was no particular reason why I should have been of it at all, for I was not really related to Tom, nor even to "mother," as I called her, though we were as dear to each other as any mother and daughter could be.

He was the second wife of my father, who, like most ministers, had been richer in grace than goods, and left us at his death with very little to live on. Then it was that Tom Dean had come forward, and insisted on giving a home to his aunt and to me, whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times in my life before. All I had to do was to go where mother went, and while she gave her energies to house-keeping, I gave mine to growing up, which, by this time, I had pretty well accomplished. But perhaps for that very reason, I was not much with different eyes at twelve and eighteen—my position in the house had already begun to seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morning's words put it in a clearer light, since it had been used as an argument against my marrying. So it must be, in coming lately, there was some clerkship, or a place in some family, and there was Will Broomley!

That may seem like going away from the point, but it was not. I had a pretty clear idea of what was bringing Will to the house so often as he had taken to coming lately. There was a "situation" then, that would give me the home life I liked best, and felt myself best suited for; but—would it answer as well in other respects? I had not come to any decision, when I was called down stairs to see Letty Walters.

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my friends, and certainly the liveliest. Tom called her "the tonic," and used to laugh heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose it was this that made mother fix on Letty as his choice. Tom came home, mother took care to mention that Letty had called.

"What, the tonic?" said Tom. "Too bad I missed her."

"But for your choice being already made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny of his face, "I dare say you might have as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homeopathic principle, you know," answered Tom, with a twinkle in his eye.

After that mother's belief in Letty's guilelessness wavered. Her suspicions were transferred from one to another of our acquaintances, but always with the same unsatisfactory results.

THE INDEPENDENT.

But there is no use crying over spilt milk. You'll be married directly, I presume. I must be leaving out for a house," and mother stroked her nose reflectively with a knitting needle.

"What for?" said Tom; "I thought of keeping on here all the same."

"I never supposed otherwise," mother said. "Of course I did not expect to turn you out of your own house."

"But what is the need of looking out for another, then?"

"Why, for myself."

"For yourself!" repeated Tom, in a tone of utter amazement. "Going to leave us just now? Why, Annet Anne, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Now, Tom," said mother, speaking very fast and making her needles fly in concert, "we might as well subject to an understanding on this subject. I am fully sensible of your past kindness; now just let me finish—I say I appreciate it, and have tried to do my duty by you in return, as I hope I should always be ready to do. I wish all good to you and your wife, and shall be glad to help her if ever I can, but to live in the same house with her is what would turn out pleasantly for neither of us, and, once for all, I can't do it."

"Annet Anne!" said Tom, pushing back his chair, and staring in mother's excited face, "either you or I must be out of our wits."

"It's not me, then, at any rate," retorted mother, getting nettled. "Amusement and certain embarrassment had kept me a silent listener so far, but there was no standing this; I tried to speak, but could not, for your laughing."

"I think you are all out of your wits together," said mother, turning sharply. "What ails the child? It's no laughing matter."

"You don't understand each other," I gasped; "oh, dear!—it's not Letty—oh, dear, dear!"

"Not Letty?" repeated mother, turning to Tom. "Then why did you tell me so?"

"I never told you so," said Tom.

"Why, yes you did," persisted mother. "You came in and told me you were going to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-purposes.

"Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising and confronting him, "what do you mean? Who is going to be your wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom.

"May!" and then after a pause of inexpressible astonishment, it was mother's turn to laugh. "Do you mean to say, Tom, it was that child you were thinking of all the while?"

"Tom, why else could it be," said Tom, sharply.

"Well," said mother, "I ought to have remembered you never did anything like anybody else. But, still, why in the world do you go to work in such a round about way?"

"I wanted to see how you took to my idea," said Tom.

"And how do you suppose we were to guess that your idea meant May?" mother asked.

"Who else could it be?" repeated Tom, falling back on what he evidently found an unanswerable argument. "It was no use talking to him. Mother gave it up with a shake of the head."

"And you won't want another house, then, Annet Anne?" said Tom, suddenly. "That set mother off again. Tom, joined with her, and, altogether, I don't think we ever passed a merrier evening than the one that made us acquainted with Tom's wife."

Appearance of Arsenic Eaters. "Whenever you clap your eyes on a woman as plump as a partridge, with a milky whiteness of complexion, puffy eyelids and swollen skin, you've found a victim of the habit," said a physician to a reporter in alluding to the growing use of arsenic among ladies. "If there is a delicate tinge of red on the cheeks, don't be deceived. Paint, not nature, is responsible for the bloom, made hideous and ghastly by contrast with the corpse whiteness of the rest of the face. The arsenic eater is seldom downcast or despondent, come what may, for the drug not only affects the skin, but produces mental exhilaration. The plumpness produced by arsenic is not natural plumpness, but rather a dropsical condition of the skin. Cessation of the habit causes this water-distended skin to collapse, and wrinkles and sallowness are the inevitable results. Of course no woman is willing to submit to this ordeal when it may be prevented, at the condition of the rest of the face. The inevitable results of the arsenic habit are hideous and incurable cutaneous eruptions and loathsome diseases of the scalp, falling out of the hair, dizziness, and oftentimes insanity. But what care the foot-light favorites or the society belle for these trifling after-inconveniences so long as they can borrow illusive charms and fictitious beauty by the use of a deadly drug?"

Pisto. To great minds, immortal truths are self evident. In every age of the world some one man has reigned, despised, scorned, hated and ignored by the world at large, but still a king in the realms of intellect. This is the only royalty approved of God, the kingship of intellect. It is well to draw courage to support our own ideas from the corroboration of great and noble men. What their minds all agree upon as truths we should have no doubt of. And it gives us a newer courage and a more aggressive will to read in the misty and yet ever shining pages of the greatest sage of the ancient world, the fundamental principles of liberty. All men are by nature equal, made all of the same earth by one Workman; and however we deceive ourselves, as dear un- God is the poor peasant as the mighty prince.

A man's own conscience is his own tribunal; and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at night.

Somehow we say as though we were going into the present campaign without having been sufficiently subsidized. The Texas Siftings says that some men are born bores, some become bores and others are made bores thrust upon them. Salting mines is no new thing. They have found a mine in Austria 2000 years old that is nothing but salt. We'll bet some Egyptian tenderfoot got it in the nose on his mine.

A household journal bears a health-hint article which says, "May is a fat person now." That's all right enough, now bring on your fainting person, and don't be all day about it either. Washington people are fleeing by hundreds from the miasma of the capital, and it is thought there will be an epidemic and a heavy mortality here, as if Giteau's brain isn't buried pretty soon. Somebody wants to know whether dueling is murder and we reply in clear tones that it depends on how fatal it is. There are some who throw paper at a distance of 1200 yards is not murder. The Eye is authority for the statement that Wilbur F. Story has been denied editorial control of the Times. We are sorry, Wilbur, and sympathize with you, but if you want to break in, you must get a croquet column of the Boomerang, we will try and make room for you. A letter from our private prospector in North Park, relative to the condition of our Golconda property, states that he made upon a thorough examination of the mine that has been a too wall on one side and an injunction on the other. This settles the fact that it is clearly defined lead. A mid-eyed youth wearing a desert spoon hat and polka dot socks went into the Park the other day and claimed to be a mining expert. The boys inveigled him into driving a stick of giant powder into a drill hole at the bottom of a shaft with an old axe, and now they are trying to get him out of the ground with ammonia and a tooth-brush. Mrs. De Long's Letter. The following letter of thanks to the Nautical school graduates, class of '76, who recently presented her with an elaborate memorial in honor of her brave husband: New York, Sept. 7, 1882. To the Graduates of the New York Nautical School, Class of '79: Dear Sirs:—It is impossible for me to express my thanks for your kind and generous offering to be as a tribute to the memory of my husband. I am too deeply touched to summarize my language that can convey to you the great amount of my appreciation. In my dreadful affliction and bereavement my only consolation has been that my husband died nobly, without a murmur and in a grand cause. I will take new solace from your sympathy for me, your love, respect and admiration for you, and the memory I can leave in your hands, for you young men, starting in life, will cherish and preserve it. Under all circumstances you have shown how faithfully he worked for good when he was your instructor. His heart and soul were ever in his work, and no testimonial of any kind would have brought him the gratification and satisfaction yours would were he among us. Thanking you from my heart for your appreciation and sympathy, and wishing you all success and happiness in life, I am, sincerely yours, EMMA DE LONG.

HOUSEHOLD.

Thin slices of bread dipped in tomato sauce and then fried in butter until they are brown, take the place of an omelet. This is a good way to utilize stale bread.

The rind of a lemon is recommended by a noted cook as giving a delicate flavor to tomato catsup. It should not be put in until the catsup is done and is cool. Cut it in small pieces.

When about to broil fish it is a good plan to grease the gridiron well with a little lard. You will not be troubled then by having about half the fish sticking to the gridiron when you attempt to remove it to the platter.

If you wish to clean your spool-mill, you will find that by grinding a handful of raw rice through it this can be accomplished. The particles of rice and paper or coffee will not adhere to it after the rice is ground through it.

Pretty and odd chairbacks are made of squares of linen and of satin. This seems at first a queer combination, but the effect is well broken up and the squares are joined cover the seams with fancy stitches. The satin squares may be left without ornamentation, and all the work put on the linen ones. Embroidery, or painting, or etching are the favorite methods.

Sometimes the mackerel intended for breakfast is not fresh enough in the morning to be eatable; it is then a good time to serve boiled mackerel. Wrap the fish in a cloth soaked in water, so that you can lift it from the kettle when it is tender without breaking it. If you change the water twice or three times, it will freshen in a very few minutes; do not change from boiling water to cold, but pour from the teakettle each time.

Lemon shortcake requires a rich and very light crust; it must not be too thick, either; when baked, cut it open and spread with cream, sugar and tender parts; then put in a filling made of the rind, juice and pulp of two lemons, one heaping cup of sugar, and cup of cream; if you cannot procure cream, make the filling as for lemon jelly cake, with water thickened with cornstarch, in place of cream; cook in a basin set in a pan of boiling water.

Tomato salad is an agreeable entre, and goes exceedingly well with almost any dinner, but particularly well with fried or roast meats. To half a dozen medium-sized tomatoes, with the skins removed and the tomatoes sliced, add the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, also one raw egg, well beaten and mixed with a tablespoonful of melted butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, with cayenne pepper and salt to suit the taste. When all these are mixed thoroughly, add half of a small cup of vinegar.

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