THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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Such as required by the Public County Schools

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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 aid 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. Scrogge 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

From æsthetic Boston comes this bit of wit: We were eating our supper, and Mrs. Dodge was cooking a beefsteak. I asked my little girl how she would have her beefsteak cooked. She replied, "I will have it tender and true."

The third and last niece of Daniel Webster, Mrs. Emily Webster, widow of the late E. K. Webster, and daughter of Sarah, sister of Daniel Webster, died in Pittsfield, Mass., Thursday, Oct. 19, aged seventy-three.

A religious editor, or rather the editor of a religious paper, wrote a rebuke to a New York belle on account of her "trosseau worth $125,000," but the compositor got it trowsers, and the good man swore for the first time in his life.

There are over $100,000,000 in gold certificates now in New York. Only $9,000,000, however, are in circulation.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

A duel has been fought in Paris by Carnudel, a deputy, and De Lignieres, a journalist, in which the latter was wounded, but not seriously.

Ex-Mayor Navin, the bond forger of Adrian, Michigan, was in the vicinity of El Paso, Texas, recently, but being recognized, he went over into Mexico, and cannot be taken.

The Stewart down town property corner Broadway and Chambers street, N. Y., is to be improved. Several new buildings will be erected, and the Broadway structure is to be raised two stories.

Railroad coal miners of the Pittsburg district resolved to strike November 20th, unless operators would concede them an advance of half a cent per bushel for mining. The present rate is 3½ cents per bushel.

Harrison, the boy preacher, has been holding revival meetings at Grand Rapids for several weeks. Three persons have been driven to insanity by the excitement, the latest victim being Miss Emmons, a dressmaker.

A company with a capital of $750,000 has been organized by prominent iron men of Pittsburg, Pa., to erect works for the manufacture of nails and spikes from steel, something which has never before been done in the United States.

At Salina, Ont., Wm. Trimble and two daughters, aged 25 and 18, partook of a supposed herb tea to relieve a cold. All were taken sick and Trimble and one daughter died on the 17th. The other daughter is not expected to recovery.

Jasper Spaulding, a well-to-do-farmer living three miles from Raub, Ind., on the 15th knocked senseless his little son and wife with a whipple-tree and then cut their throats with a razor, after which he cut his own throat with the same weapon.

At New York, while a Watertown engine, designed for the use of the fire department, was being tested it was overturned, instantly killing an unknown man, fatally injuring Geo. H. Sayre, of Philadelphia, and breaking the shoulder of a boy looking on.

The English admiralty has received a telegram from Suez stating that the Arabs took Palmer's search expedition party to a place where Palmer and his companions were murdered, and where were found buried in the ground Palmer's dispatch boats and a bag containing $1200.

The case of Emanuel J. Hanson, charged with grand larceny in stealing two checks valued at $50,000 from the Pacific bank, San Francisco, was resumed before Judge Rix on the 16th. Hanson was placed on the stand and cross-examined by the prosecution, after which the case was continued.

Dr. G. W. Wiener, formerly of Baltimore, where his parents now reside, was found unconscious in his room in Denver, Col., on the 16th, the Argand gas burner on the table turned on but not lighted. All efforts to revive the asphyxiated physician proved futile, and death resulted. It was probably the result of an accident.

Vernon Seamon and Wm. Hamilton were arraigned at the Toombs court, New York, on the 16th, and charged with malicious libel by George M. Pinney. The accused is charged with printing and disseminating in their city an extract from San Francisco papers of Sept. 8, 1877, which reflected on the conduct and antecedents of the complainant.

The remains of a man who had committed suicide by shooting were found near San Francisco on the 15th and identified as those of Edward A. Brewster, a barber, who disappeared from his residence, 1305 Leavenworth street, S. F., October 22d, after setting fires in several of the closets, which were discovered in time to prevent the destruction of the premises.

The jury in the Patrick Joyce case for the murder of the Joyce family at Cong, returned a verdict on the 15th of guilty. Judge Barry sentenced the prisoner to be hanged December 15. A fresh jury was empaneled for the trial of the remaining prisoners charged with the murder of the Joyce family, and the trial of Patrick Day began. He is accused of murdering Bridget Joyce.

On the 15th, at Robert Station, 20 miles east of Hudson, on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad, a stock train, while stopping for water, was run into by a freight train from behind. The caboose, in which were the conductor, a brakeman, stockmen and several passengers, was smashed to pieces. The conductor was burned to death, nothing but his bones recovered. The brakeman had an arm torn from the socket and died from loss of blood within an hour. A passenger, named Fink, was badly injured. A number of cars were badly wrecked and many cattle killed.

The fine residence of Judge Sam Wilson, on Pine, between Stockton and Powell streets, San Francisco, took fire from a defective flue on the 16th. After a long-continued attempt to smother the flames by the occupants an alarm was turned in, and the department, after a vexatious struggle, subdued the fire. There was no outburst of flames, which crept slowly through every partition in the house without showing themselves. Much of the furniture, pictures, etc., were removed, but the house was finely furnished, and Judge Wilson estimates the damage at not les than $100,000; insured.

Speaking of the destruction of western forests, the New York Tribune says: "In these far western forests there is nothing to take the place of our eastern hickory, oak, ash or other hard woods, but the stores of Douglas fir and red wood, with other timber trees like Port Orford cedar, the tidewater spruce, the red cedar, the yellow and sugar pines, are worth more than all the gold in all the mines of that region, to say nothing of their higher value of conservators of those beneficent climate conditions which are absolutely essential to our future prosperity, comfort and health. The one hopeful sympton in the case is the wide interest which these authoritative statements from the census bureau are exciting. They ought to prepare the way for prompt and intelligent action."

At St. John, New Brunswick, diphtheria is very prevalent.

A Merced, Cal., dispatch of Nov. 17th says that Philosopher Hickett is dead.

Railways in Germany running towards Russia are interrupted by heavy snow storms.

President Grevy of France, is urged to resign, as the only means of prolonging his life.

A dispatch from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says it is snowing along the Hudson and the Catskills.

It is snowing at Buffalo, Albany and Boston; several inches deep at the two latter names cities.

The Lackawanna Iron and Coal Co. at Scranton, Pa., have begun working on half time.

The Marquis of Queensbury has written to the papers defending his behavior at the Globe theater.

Le Revolke, a Swiss journal, has been seized at the frontier. It contained a number of socialist articles.

An examination of the steamer Westphalia shows the damage much more serious than was supposed.

The Nard Deutche announces that taxes will be imposed on the sale of spiritous liquors in Prussia.

M. Duclerc, minister of foreign affairs, has decided to oppose an inquiry into the troubles at Moncean-Les mines.

Patrick Cassey was found guilty at Dublin of the murder of the Joyce family and sentenced to be hanged December 17.

A man named A. Slag, living five miles from Wolcott, Dakota, was found frozen to death two miles west of town on the 17th.

A new drama, "The Silver King," was produced at the Prince's theater in London, on the 17th, and was a great success.

During the absence of Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir R. Cass will act as leader of the conservatives in the house of commons.

The cabin of a negro named James Taylor burned at Higbee, Mo., on the night of the 17th, and two of his children perished in the flames.

At Holgate, Ohio, Jim McCullough, a troublesome citizen placed in the lock-up to get sober, fired the structure and burned himself to a crisp.

The courthouse at Anderson, Grimes county, Texas, was burglarized on the 18th. All the election returns were taken by unknown parties.

The body of Robert Campbell, formerly of Vancouver, was found floating in the bay at Port Blakely on the 16th. He is supposed to have fallen off the wharf.

The body of a son of Bishop Ryadath, of Salt Lake, was found in the stock yard at Grantsville on the 17th, with a ball through the head. It is supposed he committed suicide.

The strike of the printers in Vienna continues. Eighteen leading firms have closed their establishments owing to the strike. Compositors ask an increase amounting to 30 per cent.

The trial of Mrs. McConnell, charged with the murder of John C. Riley, on the 19th of last July, came off in San Francisco on the 17th. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Martha Robinson, colored, of Louisville, Ky., was arrested on the 17th for stripping the clothing from her two-year-old child and laying it upon its back on the stove. The child will die.

J. B. Tinsley, of Knoxville, Tenn., a stock trader, presented a forged note to the Cleveland, Tenn., bank on the 17th, and when discovered, shot himself through the head, dying instantly.

At Windom, Minn., two children of the Rev. Mr. Gleason, Methodist minister, aged 11 and 14 years, were drowned in the DesMoines river on the 17th, by breaking through the ice while skating.

John T. Raymond appeared at McCully's theater, in Louisville, Kentucky, on the 17th, in a new play, "In Paradise," being its first production on any stage. It was received with favor by a large audience.

Wm. Breckman, a well known resident of San Francisco, while out hunting with several persons in a boat near Alameda, on the 17th, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun. He leaves a wife and several children.

An accident occurred on the 17th near Salt Lake, resulting in the death of Nick Dubernardo, a miner. He was standing at the mouth of a tunnel, when a detached boulder rolled down the side of the mountain, striking him on the head.

In a row in Virginia, Nevada, on the 16th, between Wm. Miller and Dennis Sullivan, Miller shot Sullivan in the jaw, and the latter wrested the pistol from Miller and shot him in the breast. Both men are seriously wounded. The row occurred at a surprise party.

Henry Crooks, of Washington, D. C., an aged colored man, who claims to have been a body servant of General Washington, and who says he has voted for 37 presidents and never took a drink or uttured an oath, went to the work house on the 17th for a term of three months for vagrancy.

The barge Signal, loaded with 700 barrels of sugar, was run into by the steamer City of Worcester on the 17th, on the East rivers, opposite Williamsburg. There were on board at the time Capt. Taylor, his mother, wife, three children and two deck hands. The barge sank and all were drowned except Capt. Taylor.

A detective has been for months following a band of thieves to the lumber region of Elk county, Pa. About midnight on the 16th, at the head of an armed force, he captured thirty bandits asleep in the forest, and lodged them in jail at Driftwood. Their operations have been mainly directed against freight cars.

Merril & Wagner's store at Hinckley, Ill., which is also the postoffice, was entered by masked men, on the night of the 16th, who bound and gagged the clerk, and blew open the safe, getting some money, postage stamps and jewelry, in all a small amount. They then stole a horse and buggy and escaped.

How Rats are Disposed of.

"Rats, sir! rats!" exclaimed a well-known rat killer on Fulton street, "why, I can tell you more about the pesky little critters than your paper will publish." And then, with a leer on his sharp-featured and cunning face, the great anti-rodent spun his yarn. "There are more rats in the city than mice; and more mice than people. There is not a house in the metropolis that is not built upon a foundation of rats; and every year the foundations become more solid in point of quantity and of its component parts. No matter how clean you keep a house, mice will come, and after their raid upon the goodies, in the closets the rats will reinforce them. I have been in England. In fact, I am an Englishman. The English rat is only about half the size of a healthy and vivacious American rat, and their mischief is about equal in proportion to the difference in their size. The way in which rats are killed nowadays is by poison. It is cruel, I know, but a person is compelled to obtain satisfaction in some way upon the wretch that gnaws up his wife's shoes, and the poison is the quickest. It is in the form of paste, and is made up of about equal parts of phosphorous, oil of rhodium and oil of anise-seed. The oils by their odor attracts the rats and the phosphorus kills them."

"In what portion of the city do you find most rats?"

"Harlem, sir. I have destroyed more rats in Harlem than in any other portion of the country. The low ground is the breeding place best suited to them, and when they once make their way into the cellar of a house that has been built on made ground it is next to impossible to get rid of them. Paris green is also used to destroy rats and mice, but other than sometimes destroying the life of some prominent citizen who may mistake it for sap-sago cheese it is of very little use."

"How are the rats caught?"

"Rat-catching in England and in the farming regions of this country is pursued on a far different system than in this city. There are professional rat-catchers who do nothing else than use their sweet, seductive ways in the annihilation of rats. They make their rounds in the spring and fall, and in favorable seasons make sufficient money to support them the remainder of the year. The most infallible weapon of destruction they carry with them is a weasel. They keep him in a chamois bag, well perforated to allow the entrance of the air. When they are about to committ the deed of destruction they carefully darken the room which is supposed to be infested by the rats and unbag the weasel. The little animals quickly make their presence felt in a colony of vermin and kill about half the number of rats. The remainder, frightened by the near approach of their arch enemy, run out into the room and are dispatched by the rat-catcher. The price received by the catcher for rats killed in this way is about two cents each. He keeps the bodies of his victims, skins them, and sells the skins for mink and ermine fur. I knew a man in New Jersey who had a very peculiar way in which he captured his living. He was in the habit of carrying a flute with him whenever he went on his business. He would go into the room where the rats were and set his weazel to work. Then he would play on his flute. The rats that escaped from the teeth of the weazel would run toward the man, and, apparently charmed by the sound of the music, would nestle beside him. Then the cold-hearted fellow, taking advantage of their innocence would set upon them and kill them one by one. I saw this done myself. I know another man who sang to the rats in the same manner, and with the same result. Of all the animals affected by music or rather by rhythmic sound, rats are the most susceptible. I have known rat-catchers to earn $300 in a single season, by using their weazel alone, and the man I mentioned to you who used the flute, is now retired from business and owns a house in Chicago.—[New York Mail.

Down Cellar.

We have had a dreadful time at our house, and I have done very wrong. Oh, I always admit it when I've done wrong. There's nothing meaner than to pretend that you haven't done wrong when everybody knows you have. I didn't mean anything by it, though, and Sue ought to have stood by me, when I did it all on her account, and just because I pitied her, if she was my own sister, and it was more her fault, I really think, than it was mine.

Mr. Withers is Sue's new young man, as I have told you already. He comes to see her every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening, and Mr. Travers comes all the other evenings, and Mr. Martin is liable to come any time, and generally, does—that is, if he doesn't have the rheumatism. Though he hasn't but one real leg, he has twice as much rheumatism as father, with all his legs, and there is something very queer about it; and if I was he, I'd get a leg of some thing better than cork, and perhaps he'd have less pain in it.

It all happened last Tuesday night. Just as it was getting dark, and Sue was expecting Mr. Travers every minute, who should come in but Mr. Martin. Now Mr. Martin is such an old acquaintance, and father thinks so much of him that Sue had to ask him in, though she didn't want him to meet Mr. Travers. So when she heard somebody open the front gate, she said, "Oh, Mr. Martin I'm so thirsty and the servant has gone out, and you know just where the milk is for you went down cellar to get some the last time you were here do you think you would mind getting some for me?" Mr. Martin had often gone down cellar to help himself to milk, and I don't see what makes him so fond of it, so he said, "Certainly with great pleasure," and started down the cellar stairs.

It wasn't Mr. Traver, but Mr. Withers, who had come on the wrong night. He had not much more than got into the parlor when Sue came rushing out to me, for I was swinging in the hammock on the front piazza, and said: My goodness gracious Jimmy what shall I do, here's Mr. Withers and Mr. Travers will be here in a few minutes and there's Mr. Martin down cellar and I feel as if I should fly what shall I do?"

I was real sorry for her, and thought I'd help her, for girls are not like us. They never know what to do when they are in a scrape, and they are full of absence of mind when they ought to have lots of presence of mind. So I said: "I'll fix it for you, Sue. Just leave it all to me. You stay here and meet Mr. Travers, who is just coming around the corner, and I'll manage Mr. Withers." Sue said, "You darling little fellow there, don't muss my hair;" and I went in, and said to Mr. Withers, in an awfullly mysterious way, "Mr. Withers, I hear a noise in the cellar. Don't tell Sue, for she's dreadfully nervous. Won't you go down and see what it is?" Of course I knew it was Mr. Martin who was making the noise, though I didn't say so.

"Oh, it's nothing but rats, Jimmy," said he, "or else the cat, or maybe it's the cook."

"No, it isn't," said I. "If I was you, I'd go and see into it. Sue think's you're awfully brave."

Well, after a little more talk, Mr. Withers said he'd go, and I showed him the cellar door, and got him started down the stairs, and then I locked the door, and went back to the hammock, and Sue and Mr. Travers they sat in the front parlor.

Pretty soon I heard a heavy crash down cellar, as if something heavy had dropped, and then there was such a yelling and howling, just as if the cellar was full of murderers. Mr. Travers jumped up, and was starting for the cellar, when Sue fainted away, and hung tight to him, and wouldn't let him go.

I staid in the hammock, and wouldn't have left it if father hadn't come downstairs, but when I saw him going down cellar, I went after him to see what could possibly be the matter.

Father had a candle in one hand and a big club in the other. You ought to have been there to see Mr. Martin and Mr. Withers. One of them had run against the other in the dark, and they thought they were both burglars. So they got hold of each other, and fell over the milk pans and upset the soap barrel, and then rolled round the cellar floor, holding on to each other, and yelling help, murder, thieves, and when we found them, they were both in the ash bin, and the ashes were choking them.

Father would have pounded them with the club if I hadn't told him who they were. He was awfully astonished, and though he wouldn't say anything to hurt Mr. Martin's feelings, he didn't seem to care much for mine or Mr. Wither's, and when Mr. Travers finally came down, father told him that he was a nice young man, and that the whole house might have been murdered by burglars while he was enjoying himself in the front parlor.

Mr. Martin went home after he got a little of the milk and soap and ashes and things off him, but he was too angry to speak. Mr. Withers said he would never enter the house again, and Mr. Travers didn't even wait to speak to Sue, he was in such a rage with Mr. Withers. After they were all gone, Sue told her father that it was all my fault, and father said he would attend to my case in the morning; only, when morning came, he told me not to do it again, and that was all.

I admit that I did do wrong, but I didn't mean it, and my own desire was to help my own dear sister. You won't catch me helping her again very soon.—[Jimmy Brown, in Harper's Young Folks.

The Papal Navy.

Perhaps not the least singular circumstance connected with the practical wars of the Mediterranean is the fact that their latest and ablest historian is a Roman Dominican monk. Padre Alberto Guglielmotti, of the Order of Preachers, is the author of a series of valuable works all dealing with marine matters, and especially and peculiarly with the Papal navy. Perhaps to the general reader the very phrase "Papal navy" may appear almost incongruous. Yet a Papal navy once existed, and its captains and sailors were among the most valliant and skillful of all those who manned and navigated the fleets of the Mediterranean. Still more incongruous does it appear to think of a cowled friar in the cell inditing treatises and narratives about naval doings, which not only manifest the most complete mastery of technical details, but have as breezy a salt savor of the sea in them as Dibdin's songs. The phenomenon is partly accounted for when we learn that Padre Guglielmotti is a native of Civita Vecchia, and that his boyish reminiscences include listening with eager delight to the yarns of an old sailor who was wont to sit on the quay on holiday afternoons and recount his adventures. But Padre Guglielmotti's natural bent and aptitude for maritime things have been cultivated by assiduous and intelligent study. On navigation, gunnery, and fortification, on marine topography and meteorology (especially as regards the phenomena to be observed in the Mediterranean,) this Dominican monk speaks with science and authority. One is tempted to exclaim: "What a fine sailor wasted!" But it must be remembered that for thousands of stout fellows able to take part in doughty deeds afloat, all the sea-ports in Italy could perhaps not furnish one other able to chronicle them as Padre Alberto has done for us. He brings to the performance of his task some valuable elements which are supplied by the learned leisure of a cloistered life, and a mass of very varied erudition is fused, so to speak, into homogeneity by the glow of a strong and steady enthusiasm.—[The Cornhill Magazine.

MAKING FENCE POSTS LAST.—A Western farmer says that he has discovered a model by which the part of fence-posts buried in the ground can be made to last longer than iron. Time and weather seem not to affect it. Posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. The recipe is to take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of cream, and apply a coat of it to the lower half of the post a few days before setting.

Dress Reformers.

Much has been written and much more has been spoken about reforms in dress. Women have always been the agitators of this subject, and mainly women of an uncertain age and frequently unmarried women of uncertain age. The mania on the part of these women is usually a desire to secure the breeches where a failure has been made to secure a man in them. In other words, she pants for the pantaloons, and is known among the anti-cranks as a pantaloonatic. Women of this class look with scorn upon their supposed weaker-minded sisters who take pleasure in Paris millinery, and who endeavor to enchance the beautiful charms that nature has endowed them with a tasteful ornamentation of their persons. The pantaloonatic rebels against this. The limited amont of charms that she has been blessed with she aims to destroy. Instead of arranging her tresses in handsome braids and forms, she ruthlessly crops them short, giving her the appearance of a convalescent brain-fever patient. On top of this usually rests a man's Derby hat; next comes a garment as nearly as possible to a man's coat, the whole finishing with a scant skirt, or, where the mania is very strong, with a pair of trowsers.

The pantaloonatic announces that she has a mission to perform—that of raising her erring sister to the dignity of her own high level; to raise her, as it were, from the fashionable slough into which she has fallen and set her firmly upon the dry sands of simplicity and natural perfection; to make her feel that she is no longer to be bound down by petticoats and an insane desire to please the male sex, but is in future to be actuated by the far more noble purpose of rebelling against such social tyranny and simply please herself.

Although the pantaloonatic arrays herself as nearly as possible after the ordinary habits of men, yet is she also arrayed in defiant warfare against the ordinary man's habits. Her models of men are found among the frequenters of associations that deal in isms. While she crops her hair close, his must be worn long. She glories in a man with an unnaturally bright eye that looks into the dim future from a sallow face elongated by some thought, but little reason and much dyspepsia. The president of the Anti-Matrimontal Alliance is her friend, and she claims fellowship with members of the Neeldow-sebago-croton-hydraulic-dry colic association. She demands the privilege of voting and holding office, and unsexes herself generally by attempting to imitate many things in men which she affect to despise.

The true dress reformer is the woman or man who can combine utility with the greatest elegance, who can please the eye with graceful and artistic combinations both of materials and colors, and who can introduce into human attire the magnificence shown by nature in clothing all her beauties of the woods, fields or gardens.—[Millinery Review.

A Fire Proof African.

Nathan Coker is of pure African lineage, black as ebony and of stalwart frame. He is now somewhere between 60 and 70 years of age and has resided all his life in the lower part of Tuckahoe Neck, Md. He has no knowledge of books—cannot even repeat the alphabet—but is much above mediocrity in point of general intelligence and good, hard, corn-field common sense as compared with his race. When quite young he conceived the idea of becoming fire proof, and before he was 25 he was a veritable fire-king. How he acquired the power to perform the feats of placing his hands and arms in a vessel of boiling water and keeping them there for ten minutes, licking a red hot shovel, holding in his mouth molten lead, and even swallowing it, as well as many others more daring; without apparent injury, no one knows, nor has he ever revealed the secret. In fact it is doubtful if he can explain the mytery; but he can and does handle bars of iron glowing with white heat, eat glowing charcoal made from hickory or oak wood, walk barefooted on a red-hot bar of iron sixteen feet long, with perfect coolness and deliberation. These facts are attested by many respectable witnesses. He used to delight in frightening the ignorant and superstitions country people, to whom he was unknown, whenever he could find a crowd gathered around the stove in a village or country store, by stalking in, opening the stove door and running his hand down in the fire and deliberately taking a live coal in his fingers and place it in his pipe and walk off.

He was at one time on exhibition, and his strange feats created considerable excitement, but owing to his dislike of notoriety and his lack of education he soon retired from the stage. His power of resisting the effects of fire is singular, and has never, so far as we know, been explained, though he has been examined by a number of scientific men. Many of the colored people, and, in fact, not a few of the whites, who have been taught by the crude theologians of fifty years ago to believe in a personal devil with horns, tail and cloven feet, whose kingdom was the bottomless pit and who occasionally treated his refactory subjects to doses of molten lead, firmly believed, and perhaps some of them still believe, that Nathan was a sort of brevet devil himself.—Wilmington News.

Why He Couldn't Rent the Houses.

The following incident was printed in an exchanged whose identity has been lost:

He was a real estate agent, and complained that he had three adjoining houses to let since last fall, and couldn't get rid of them on any terms.

"What's the cause?" asked a friend; "malaria?"

"No."

"Rum mill on the corner?"

"No."

Neighborhood infested with cats?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Well, there's a man who lives across the way with his daughter, and he's trying to make an American prima donna of her."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Poetry has been the guardian angel of humanity in all ages.

Pride hath two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

We let our blessings grow moldy, an then call them curses.

Favors of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred.

The next dreadful thing to a battl lost is a battle won.—[Wellington.

No denunciation is so eloquent as the final influence of a good example.

The world is satisfied with words; few care to dive beneath the surface.

A man's character is like a fence—it cannot be strengthened by whitewash.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.—[Wm. Penn.

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.—[Irving.

Pure religion and undefiled is "ministering," not the other thing, "being ministered unto."—[A. L. Stone.

A lie is like a brush heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than to try to extinguish it.—[Josh Billings.

Music and flowers are evangels of purity and faith, redolent of God, if we but unlock our hearts to their ministry.

A man ought to keep his friendship in constant repair. I look upon a day as lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance.—[Dr. Johnson.

Commend us to a man who holds his faith, whatever it be, with a manly grip, and dares to defend it in a manly way—"speaking the truth in love."

Why the Postoffice was Closed.

The postoffice at Iron Rod, Montana, has been discontinued, and the explanation is thus given by an officer of the department:

"A postoffise agent, while officially visiting various offices in Montana Territory, for the purpose of correcting any irregularities of postmasters, stopped at Iron Rod. Going into the postoffice he found the room divided into three sections—first a saloon, next the postoffice, and last a faro bank. The mail bag was brought in, a rough looking customer opened it and emptied the contents on the floor. The entire crowd at once got down on their hands and commenced overhauling the letters, among which several were registered, and selected such as they wanted. After they were through the remaining letters were shoveled into a candle box, and placed on the bar. The special agent, thinking the office needed a little regulating, asked the barkeeper, who had received and distributed the mail, if he was the postmaster. He answered:

"'No.'

"'Are you the assistant postmaster?'

"'No.'

"'Where is the postmaster?'

"'Out mining.'

"'Where is the assistant postmaster?'

"'Gone to Hell Canyon; and, by thunder, Bill Jones has got to run this office next week; it's his turn.'

The government official stated who he was, and demanded the keys of the office. The barkeeper coolly took the candle box from the bar, placed it on the floor and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying:

"'There's your postoffice, and now git.'

"The agent says:

"'Knowing the custom of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got.'

"This is why the postoffice at Iron Rod was discontinued."

Single Women.

A clever old maid once said that it was far better to be laughed at because you were not married than not be able to laugh because you were. There is sound logic in that. It is well far women to marry if she meets a good, true man, who loves her, and whom she loves; but if she be not suited, better that she remain single. Many old maids are helpful, lovable and sweet tempered, and fill their allotted niche as acceptably as do their married sisters. Are they not more to be honored than they would have been had they married merely for a home or position? Our young ladies have erroneous ideas upon this subject. They feel almost disgraced if they have arrived at a mature ago, and are not able to write "Mrs." before their names. Their whole ambition is to get a husband by hook or crook, but get him somehow they must. Consequently they take the first man who offers himself, whether he really suits them or not. Now, girls, do not marry in haste. Get the best education possible, help about domestic affairs, and enter some trade or profession for which you have a taste, and master it. Skilled labor is always well paid. Don't spend your time repining because you cannot see the coming man. If you never see him you can live useful, happy lives.

A curious use of postal money orders is made by traveling "show people," and especially by those in circuses, during the summer-months, in which their harvest comes. They buy orders on New York with the money they save from time to time, payable to themselves, and hold them until they get to the metropolis at the end of the season. Thus the system becomes a savings-bank which will receive deposits at any town of consequence, very convenient, perfectly safe, and only wanting because it pays no interest. But it enables an improvident class to lay by the principal, which would perhaps in most cases otherwise be lost or spent; and many of the actors, riders, clowns and tumblers save enough by this means during the summer to support them through the winter. The New York office now has on hand $20,000 due on these orders which has accumulated in the past few months, with the postmaster's letters of advice filed away and labeled "Traveling showmen"—for the clerks are familiar with the names of most persons who save money in this way.