THE INDEPENDENT

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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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Promptly attended to and Goods shipped with care.

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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. 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

A GEORGIA preacher lately warned his congregation that all who attended the circus would be expected to withdraw from the church. The circus arrived and the preacher went to see who of his flock were present. His discovery there made a capital foundation for a compromise, which was promptly effected.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The Hamilton county, New York, penitentiary burned on the 19th. Henry W. Austin perished; loss, $45,000; insurance $5000.

The farm house of John Clark, in Linn county, Kansas, burned on the night of the 17th. Three small children perished in the flames.

At Baltimore seventeen idle glass blowers have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy and for attempting to keep others from working.

At St. Louis a clerk of N. H. Fairbank, going to pay the men at six o'clock on the 19th, was set upon and robbed of $1800. No clue to the robbers.

Eight women were injured by an explosion in a cartridge factory at Mt. Valerien, France, on the 18th. Five have died and others are not expected to recover.

A building contemplated in New York by the Mutual Life insurance company is to be eleven stories high. At one point it reaches a height of 161 feet. It will cost $1,500,000.

At Waxahatchie, Tex., the city marchal, J. H. Spaulding, was killed by Chas. Smith, a negro whom he was trying to arrest. Citizens turned out in a body, hunted Smith down and riddled him with bullets.

The heirs of Wm. Blackmore have engaged attorneys to prosecute their claims for the ground in Washington, D. C, on which stands the capitol, white house, treasury and navy buildings, and a hundred residences and stores.

Alfred Clock, a respectable citizen, aged 70 years, was enticed into a house in New York and swindled out of $8575 at a bunko game similar to that played on Chas. Francis Adams. Wm. Edwards is arrested as one of the parties.

Nine prisoners recently escaped from the Pleasanton, Texas, jail, are creating a reign of terror in that county stealing horses and shooting citizens. On the 19th, they captured Mr. Lewis, took him to the woods and riddled him with bullets.

The Rochester, N. Y., City Bank, rated the third strongest in the city, closed its doors on the 20th. There is said to be a deficiency of $500,000. The cause of the suspension is thought to be speculation in stocks and oils by the president, Chas. E. Upton.

A gas explosion caused a fire in the store of John P. Lovell & Sons, Boston, dealers in fire arms, powder, etc., on the 20th. It was a sensational fire for the time owing to a constant explosion of shells, etc. Lovell loses $125,000 on stock. Building damaged $100,000

Creston, Iowa, is excited over the recent death of a German named Nast from trichinæ, caused by eating diseased pork. His wife, three children, and a girl stopping with them are sick. Nast died twenty-one days after the infection. It is thought the girl cannot recover,

The case of Mrs. Scoville, adjudged insane in Chicago recently, and then granted a new trial, has been stricken from the docket by agreement. It is reported the unhappy couple are reunited, and it is hoped this will end the domestic troubles of the Scovilles in the courts.

The Malleable Iron Manufacturers' Association of the United States met in Pittsburg, Pa., on the 20th, with closed doors. The result of the conference is not known. It is understood to be to consider the advisability of advancing prices. A general convention of iron men will be held on the state of trade.

Michael Flynn, the last of the three men arraigned for the murder of the Huddys at Lough Mask, was convicted at Dublin on the 20th, and sentenced to be hanged January 17th. At the trial eight witnesses stated the prisoner was absent at a funeral thirteen miles away from the scene of the murder on the day the crime was committed.

Dora Huber, a German girl on trial in New York for a suicidal attempt, the first case under the new statute, pleasantly compromised with the law and avoided the prison by wedding a young man for whose sake she swallowed phosphorus and came near dying. The young man was willing to marry her, but she had supposed he intended to desert her.

Two freight trains were telescoped at Melrose on the Troy and Boston roads on the 20th. The locomotives and thirty-five cars were wrecked. John Rearson, of Pittsfield, an ex brakeman, was killed, and Frank Brundages, of Pittsfield, a brakeman, is dying from a broken back. Engineers Chas. Klingbeck and George Cross and Dennis O'Brien, brakeman, are injured but will recover.

The Atlantic giant powder company, of California, has entered suit in the U. S. court at Pittsburg, against Marcus Hulings for infringement of valuable patents covering certain processes employed in the manufacture of giant powder, nitro glycerine and other explosives. If the case is decided in favor of the plaintiff it will give them almost a monopoly of the manufacture of explosives in the United States.

Three well-dressed masked men entered the office of the Detroit Copper Mining company at Morencia, four miles south of Clifton, N. M., on the 10th, and demanded of Mr. Church, the superintendent, and his brother, to open the safe, at the same time presenting their revolvers. The safe was opened and about one hundred and fifty dollars taken. A package containing $5000 was overlooked.

Walter F. Shibley and Henry L. Kipling were arraigned in the court of general sessions in New York on Dec. 20th and sent to the Tombs in default of bail, on a charge of theft and attempted black mail. Shibley was a clerk for Wm. Sutpen, a lawyer, and represented himself to be a single man. It the course of business Sutpen conveyed to him by deed, to be reconveyed when the transaction was closed, property to the value of $140,000. Sibley also got possession of a certified check belonging to Sutpen of over $14,000, and with this and the deeds disappeared. The next day Kipling called on Sutpen and offered to return the deeds for a consideration. A woman also appeared, claiming to be Mrs. Sibley, and offered to sell her dower in the property. Detectives were put on the case with the above result.

Goldsmith's hall, Liberty street, Philadelphia, burned on the 21st; loss, $100,000; insurance, $50,000.

All of the expelled juniors of Adelbert college, Ohio, have been reinstated except two of the most stubborn.

A Chinese gambling den was raided in Baltimore on the 18th. They had opened up business in the rear of a laundry.

The Pacific Mail S. S. Co., has paid its corporation tax to the state treasurer of New York, to the amount of $14,000

A fishing boat capsized in the bay at San Francisco on the 21st and its occupants, four in number, were drowned.

Near Corpus Christi, Henry Wilder, a wealthy stockman, and Dick Linn, old enemies, met on the road and Linn shot Wilder dead.

The will of Jerome J. Collins, of the Jeannette expedition, has been filed at Paterson, N. J. It gives all his property to his mother.

At Corsicana, Texas, on the 17th, a fire destroyed seven brick buildings and 120,000 bales of cotton; partially insured. The fire was incendiary.

At midnight on the 19th a fire occurred at Grand Norks, Feb., destroying a large number of business houses. The loss is $100,000; insurance, $50,000,

John R. Buchtel, of Akron, Ohio, will make an additional gift of $100,000 to Buchtel college, January 18, the anniversary of the founding of the college.

In a storm at Huntsville, Mo., on the 21st, Dean's milling house was blown down, killing Albert Dryden and four negro women who had sought shelter there. Three or four others were slightly wounded.

The Cincinnati national banks have obtained an injunction in the United States court, restraining the treasurer from collecting taxes, claiming that illegal estimates were made of the value of the stock employed.

A New York dispatch of Dec. 21st says: Owing to the magnitude of the work of preparation for the Passion play, its opening has been deferred until January 10th. The Young Men's Christian Association was invited to supply 500 young men for the Jerusalem scene as the multitude, at good wages, but did not reply.

Michael Sullivan, a miner, engaged in a lead mine at Bingham, Utah, fell through a chute in a mine on the 18th and broke his neck. He was removed to Salt Lake and taken to the hospital. His body is insensible, but his head and brain are active. He lies in bed and smokes and talks freely. It is a case that puzzles physicians.

The trial of George McDermott, on the charge of murder, was concluded in Oakland, Cal., on the 19th. McDermott stabbed and killed Ed. S. Kahill on the 2d of November at Livermore, under what appeared to be very aggravating circumstances. The jury, after a short deliberation returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, fixing the penalty at imprisonment for life.

At Fresno Crossing, Cal., on the 19th, Jose Bemal shot and killed Jose Budego. Budego had announced his intention of going into Bemal's room and killing him. Bemal knew of Budego's intention and as he forced the door open shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Bemal went to Madeiro and delivered himself up, and on examination was discharged. They were both Mexicans.

For a long time an organized system of smuggling has been carried on by a sloop and boats between Victoria, B. C., and various points on Puget Sound. The U. S. custom officers have been endeavoring to catch the guilty parties, but without success until Sunday night, the 17th, when Officer Kain at LaConner, W. T., discovered a sloop belonging to a man named Lawer Kelley, and seized it, placing Kelley under arrest. On board the sloop was found a large quantity of Chinese wine that had been brought across. Kelley was admitted to bail and the sloop towed to Port Townsend by the revenue cutter.

Patents were issued to the following Pacific coast inventors on the 19th: Jos. C. Engign, Portland, cleat; Anson F. Fisher, Chico, Cal., foot power mechanism; George Goodman, San Francisco, illumination basement; John B. Kerr, Amador City, treadle power; Chas. B. Kirby, San Francisco, water raising wince; Henry E. Lee, San Francisco, coffee filterer; Joseph and F. X. Fisher, San Francisco, balanced steam valve; Moses Salberger, San Francisco, shirt; Thos. Tennants, San Francisco, artificial horizon; James H. Winne, Benicia, harrow frame; John D. Winter, Dovesville, washing machine.

Gov. Murray, of Utah, received a dispatch on the 20th from Deep Creek, stating that the store of O. B. Devine had been broken into, most of the goods stolen, and the safe rifled of its contents. Horses that were in the stable were also stolen. A band consisting of about fifteen men committed the crime, and they are encamped in the mountains around defying attempts to capture them. The governor was asked to send down a squad of cavalry, but not desiring to act too hastily, he has telegraphed for further particulars. Deep creek is situated almost on a line between Utah and Nevada, and even should troops be sent it would take at least six days to reach there. The governor has conferred with Marshal Ireland regarding the matter.

A Chicago dispatch of Dec. 21st says: There died yesterday at the "Home for Fallen," in Des Moines, a girl, whose name is written in red letters in several cities' criminal record, Ida Sloan, alias "Gold Dust." She was a pavement debauchee, and returning one night to her disreputable lodging house, she quarreled with her roommate, broke her skull with a water pitcher and in a drunken stupor slept with the corpse. Awakening, she swallowed a pint of whisky, threw the body in a closet, locked the door, flung away the key and tramped the streets, drinking heavily until late at night, when she was arrested, and the next day sent to the "Bridewell." A week later the smell of the corpse invoked a search and discovery. The girl was acquitted as she was evidently out of her senses when the crime was committed. She went to Denver and perhaps to San Francisco, and after a wild, troubled life, brought up in Des Moines, where she died of delirium tremens.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR, GOOD-BY.

The bells ring slow, in muffled tone,
The chilling wind makes sadder moan;
The flowers are dead and all must die,
Good-by, old year, good-by.

The laughing streams run coldly now,
Stern winter reigns, with ice-crowned brow,
Fair summer is dead and you must die,
Good-bye, old year, good-by.

Once you were young, but now you're old,
Our youth can ne'er be bought with gold;
Your youth is dead—all youth must die,
Good-by, old year, good-by.

Your glory came, your glory's gone,
All glory fades time breathes upon,
All grandeur and pride shall surely die,
Good-by, old year, good-by.

You brought us many glittering joys
That cloyed and broke like children's toys.
Our joys you have killed, now you must die,
Good-by, old year, good-by.

You brought us much of galling grief,
But, like our joys, its smart was brief,
If joy must aye die, then grief must die,
Good-by, old year, good-by.

Thou wast a year of a hundred years,
Of glorious triumph that endears
But, ah! as the others, thou must die,
Good-by, old year, good-by.

Though husk must die and kernel lives,
So doth the truth each year e'er gives;
Thou brought'st us much that will not die.
Good-bye, old year, good-by,

MISS PROTHERO'S EAR-RING.

When old Sam Prothero, the millionaire, in a fit of unaccustomed tenderness, gave his daughter the handsomest pair of diamond ear-rings that money could buy, he took the opportunity to caution her for the fiftieth time against holding communication with her brother John. Of late years, since his son had gone hopelessly to the bad, the old man had been a very harsh parent to his long-suffering daughter, partly owing to grief and disappointment, and partly because he resented the womanly sympathy which she felt for her scapegrace brother. Old Sam Prothero was an ill-tempered, cunning, suspicious old man, and the unremitting precautions he took to prevent the poor girl from rendering assistance to her brother were a source of misery and annoyance to her. Not only did he keep her as much as possible by his side, but he made her account to him for every farthing she spent, less the reprobate should profit by his sister's affectionate and generous disposition. Life under these conditions, and especially as the old man's temper was irritable and exacting to the last degree, was a very trying ordeal, and the ceaseless importunities of her brother did not tend to make her lot more agreeable.

Ellen Prothero prudently locked her diamonds up, and said nothing about them to her brother at their solemn interviews. In spite of her father's vigilance she had from time to time assisted the young man, both in money and by giving him trifling articles of jewelry to pledge, and though she would willingly have sacrificed her diamond ear-rings for the same unhallowed purpose, she dared not run the risk of discovery by parting with such valuable ornaments. But her prudent reticence proved futile, owing indirectly to her father's vulgar love of ostentation. He permitted her one evening to go to a ball in the charge of a chaperone on whose discretion he implicity relied, and nothing would please him but that she must wear her her new ear-rings.

"Don't you think, father, they would look too grand?" she urged, with a foreboding that they would be safer in her room up stairs.

"Of course they would look grand," snapped the old man; "that is why I want you to wear 'em. I didn't give 'em to you to hide away. I like people to see that I can afford to give my gal diamonds that will make their eyes water."

Whenever Sam Prothero was very much in earnest he lapsed into the version which had clung to him since the days when he commenced life with the proverbial wheelbarrow. His daughter saw that he was not to be gainsaid, and therefore wore her diamonds for the first time to gratify his wishes.

Unfortunately events turned out precisely as she feared. Her brother, who always insisted upon being informed of her engagements, sent in word while the ball was in progress that he was awaiting her in the public garden at the back of the house. The poor girl stole out to speak to him, and found him alas! more than half intoxicated. He wanted money of course, his needs in this respect being insatiable. Ellen's truthful assertion that she was not at the moment able to assist him, met with a scornful incredulity, and the fatal glitter of diamonds attracted his attention. He seized hold of one of the ear-rings, half in rude jest and half in spite, and, before she could prevent him he had dragged it roughly from her ear. Having once got it in his possession, he stubbornly refused to part with it, and the upshot was that the unfortunate girl was obliged to return to the house without it, and to slip the remaining ear-ring in her pocket to avoid attracting attention to her loss.

Next morning her father's first question was about the ear-rings—whether they had caused a sensation, and who had admired them. His daughter answered these inquiries with a sinking heart, not daring for the life of her to reveal her misfortune, yet knowing full well that he must find it out sooner or later. When the time came there would be a dreadful scene for her father would never believe her if she were to pretend she had mislaid the ear-ring, and would by dint of bullying or cross-questioning, get at the truth.

The storm burst even sooner than she feared. The old man seemed to have received a hint from the discreet chaperone, who had probably noticed, without saying anything to the girl, that she had not worn her ear-rings the latter part of the evening. No doubt her father, putting two and two together, had arrived at a pretty true conception of what had happened; but it was not his nature to be outspoken; he preferred to attain his object by tortous methods.

"Bring down the ear-rings, Helen," he said, abruptly, after dinner. "I want to have a look at 'em."

His keen old eyes were fixed upon her, and the girl, to hide her confusion, rose at once from her seat and hurried from the room. After a long interval she returned, looking painfully conscious-stricken and embarrassed.

"The fact is, father," she said, hurriedly, "I had to take one of the ear-rings to be mended to-day."

Poor girl! It was a lie, of course, and it made her flesh creep as she uttered it. But sudden fear and perplexity caused her to resort to subterfuge.

"Mended, eh! What has gone wrong?" demanded the old man, with a sharp, suspicious glance.

"One of the stones is loose."

"Ah! Then the other ring is no good to you till you get the pair," said old Sam, whose expression plainly showed that he did not believe a word of the story. "I'll take care of it for you."

When the girl placed the case containing the remaining ear-ring in his hand the old man looked as though he were almost disappointed. He liked to detect people in falsehoods and meanness, and he had evidently suspected that neither of the ornaments would be forthcoming. He shut up the case with a vicious snap, and tottered to his feet by the aid of his stick.

"When will the other one be home, eh? Where have you taken it?" he asked.

Ellen named a well-known jeweler from whom the ear-ring had been purchased, and desperately fixed a week as the time for repairing the defect. The next moment she wished she had said a month or a year, though by doing so she would have betrayed herself on the spot. Old Sam shuffled off to the library at the end of the passage, and locked the case containing the ear-ring in the old bureau, where he kept his secret papers.

The next four days was a period of torture to the poor girl, not only because each passing minute brought her nearer to the dreaded scene, but because her father, as though divining and enjoying her distress, was constantly alluding to the missing ear-ring. He inquired when it would be ready a dozen times, and threatened to call upon the jeweler and fetch the ornament himself. Meanwhile Ellen Prothero was making desperate efforts to recover the ear-ring from her brother, but without success, for the truth was, the young blackguard had sold it outright for a mere trifling sum.

At length the week expired, and on the morning of the eighth day the first thing the old man said when he came down to breakfast, was:

"Ellen, you must call for that ear-ring to-day."

"Yes, father," she said, speaking with an air of desperation.

The old man chuckled and ate his breakfast with unusual zest. He more than suspected that he was being deceived, but his daughter's disobedience and the loss of the diamonds were nothing to him as compared with the grim satisfaction of making her utterly miserable. When the poor girl started on her errand old Sam took a seat by the window, and watched eagerly for her return. No sooner did the carriage come within sight than he hobbled out as far as the door to meet her.

"Well!" he exclaimed, with a cunning look.

"Here it is, father," said the girl, bringing out a small package from her muff.

Old Sam took the package in silent amazement. Even now he did not believe that he held the ear-ring in his hand, for his daughter's crimson cheeks and averted eyes at once attracted his attention. He was chiefly possessed by astonishment at her audacity in carrying the deception so far. Doubtless she was endeavoring to palm off on him some clumsy imitation or substitute in paste. Old Sam chuckled as he thought of the utter futility of such an attempt.

But when he opened the packet his astonishment was greater still, for there lay the ear-ring, beyond all manner of doubt! Old Sam knew something about diamonds, and was connoisseur enough to recognize at a glance that the stones in the ear-ring were the identical ones which he had given to his daughter. A careful scrutiny confirmed his first impression, and for once in his life the old man felt a trifle disconcerted and ashamed of himself. He concealed this passing remorse, however, by assuming an injured and aggrieved tone as he said:

"Much thanks I get for giving you a handsome present. I shall take the ear-rings back agen and lock 'em up till you're old enough to take proper care of 'em. I don't believe you're story about a stone being loose. I expect you broke the ear-ring through carelessness. One would think diamonds were as cheap as pebbles."

With this parting shaft, delivered out of sheer wantonness and vexetion, the old man beat a hasty retreat and shuffled off to the library.

He was thoroughly out of temper, not only from disappointment at having been deprived of a legitimate occasion for venting his ill humor, but because he had a strong suspicion that, somehow or other, his daughter had stolen a march upon him. However, as he now had both the ear-rings in his possession, there must needs be an end of the matter.

Old Sam seated himself in front of the bureau where he kept his will and other treasures, and fumbled at the lock with his gouty old fingers. Having opened it with considerable difficulty, he turned to the drawer wherein he had placed the other ear-ring in its case, but, to his surprise, the case had disappeared. There were other things in the same drawer, including various antiquated articles of jewelry and a few gold and silver coins, and for some minutes the old man did not realize that the ear-ring was missing. The truth dawned upon him by slow degrees, and increased his irritation.

"Dear me, now! I thought I put it here. It is singular that I never can find anything when I want it," he muttered, as he groped about.

It was the fact that of late years the old man had acquired a singular nack of mislaying things. His memory was beginning to fail him, and many instances had occurred of this awkward infirmity. To put something carefully away, and to find it months afterward in an unexpected nook or corner, when he had completely forgotten all about it, had become quite a common occurrence with the old man, who, however, flattered himself that no one but himself was aware of his weakness. The consequence was that on the present occasion he did not trouble to make a prolonged search, feeling satisfied that that the ear-ring would turn up again unexpectedly some day or other. He contented himself with carefully putting away the one his daughter had just given him, and locking up the bureau again, muttering, as he rose from his chair:

"It is lucky I told Ellen I would take the ear-rings away from her. If she wants 'em back, she can't have 'em, that's all—at least, not till I come across the one I've mislaid."

The cunning old man was so pleased at being able to conceal from his daughter this conspicuous instance of senile weakness that he almost forgot his recent disappointment, and he returned to the morning-room in a better humor. His entrance interrupted a conversation between Miss Prothero and the butler, and had old Sam been quicker at hearing he would have caught the closing remark of his daughter, which was as follows:

"You were quite right to speak to me about it, Newton. If it had been one of the maids she would have had no business in your master's study last night, as you say, especially after every one else was in bed; but the truth is that it was I whom you caught sight of on the stairs. I—I—came down to the study to fetch something. But you need not mention this to your master. I would rather he knew nothing about it."

Home Secrets.

Possibly in the whole range of human characters there is none more despicable than that of one who acts as a spy or meddler in family matters. There is certainly none who exerts a more deadly influence on the peace and happiness of home. Young couples above all will find the acquaintance of such a person almost fatal, and the sooner the connection between them and such officious outsiders is severed the better. No matter how perfect and angelic lovers may appear to each other, it will be found out after marriage that they have their differences of opinions and tastes, and they would hardly be human if they did not discover some slight causes of provocation with each other. Such things are as different from what we call strife or quarreling as a summer breeze is from a cyclone, but let one of these officious people who delight in prying into family matters know of them, and the breeze may possibly become a cyclone before it ends. The only safe rule is for married folks to keep their secrets to themselves. There is a circle within every household into which no outsider should ever enter. It is the shrine, the holy of holies, made sacred by the great love a man and wife bear each other, and there they should agree to bear with each other's failings—to remonstrate or to complain, to forgive and make up. No school-girl friend of the wife's, no college chum of the husband's—let them be ever so dear—should be admitted into that inner court where the married couple should stand alone. How many have learned by experience what a bitter thing it is to have a third person in possession of a secret they would give their lives, almost, to get back. When a cloud seemed to rest for a moment over the sunshine of their married life, when their hearts were grieved and their tempers ruffled, they were foolish enough to confide their troubles to some caller, or some officious friend always on hand to receive such confidences. And then, when the cloud passed and the sunshine came back, and the momentary bitterness was forgotten in the sweetness of making up, oh, what a torture it was to know that a stranger knew all! If all young married couples only knew the worth of their discretion! They needed no third person in their love-making, and if, after marriage, they find out, as they most assuredly will, that human beings cannot be faultless, let them beware of taking any third person to settle their difficulties. Let them continue to be after marriage what they were before, all the world to each other. If in plucking the roses of married life a thorn wound occasionally—if a hasty word provoke an angry retort, if some thoughtless act be construed into unkindness—let the pain be ever so sharp, it will cease very soon. True love is a plant of strong growth; it will stand any amount of passing storms and still thrive in all its beauty and vigor. But it is extremely sensitive, and shrinks from common touch, and if it is exposed to the rude gaze and rough handling of passers-by it will not be long-lived. If married people would keep this treasure to the end of life, let them settle their own differences and make up with a kiss as they did in their courtship days, and let the outside world be none the wiser.

FREE AND EASY DIVORCE.—As an illustration of the beauty and looseness of the divorce laws of some States, it has lately transpired that a resident of a neighboring city obtained an absolute divorce from a second wife on a Thursday of one week, and on Tuesday of the next week attended the funeral of his wife, from whom he had also been divorced, and on the Wednesday following married a third wife—and all these events occurred within seven days, and within the past month. According to the Suffolk county records there is a lady residing in a town not over five miles from Boston who is now seeking a divorce from her fifth husband. She is a handsome milliner, and not over 30 years of age. The ministers in the State are going to move on the next legislature and see if they can have something done in the direction of modifying the divorce laws of the State. People here used to say some hard things about the divorce laws of Indiana, but there is no need of that now.

HOW THE MORMON LAW WORKS.—One of the United States commissioners who is authorized to enforce the Edmunds act against polygamy in Utah, states that he cannot perceive that they have yet accomplished much good. They have enforced the law, but the results are very little, and he cannot see that much has been accomplished beyond discovering the groundwork for future lagislation. The disfranchised Mormons do not feel the stigma cast upon them.

ALL SORTS.

No matter how small a farm may be here is always room for one mower.

Six thousand petitions, bearing 679,000 signatures, in favor of a Sunday closing bill for England, have already been presented to Parliament. People are, apparently just as ready to sign a petition in England as in America.

Talmage once said something to the effect that we are monkeying around on the apex of 6000 years. Just so; for, according to Darwin, in the language of algebra, ape x equals the unknown quantites of evolution.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Henry Ward Beecher made his Brooklyn audience laugh recently by the remark: "The age of miracles is not yet past, as was proved to me this afternoon by the return of an umbrella which I left in a sleeping-car last week." Why didn't he read the whole almanac to them?

A terrier at Americus, Ga., has forsaken home and taken up his lot with a herd of goats, confining himself as near as possible to their habits and customs, and refusing to associate with other canines. He'll find old tin cans and circus bills a pretty tough kind of food to get accustomed to.

A man in Alexandria, Va., while drunk made two attempts to commit suicide by throwing himself before locomotives, but was prevented. He was fined for "obstructing railroad trains." If he tried to make his exit by means of a mule's heels he might have been arrested for cruelty to animals.

Sometimes we think a highly-organized thief makes the best newspaper editor. Or are we the victims of delusion when we find in the columns of our esteeemed contemporaries original productions which we were fortunate enough to be first to print and had fondly supposed to be our own?—Philadelphia Record.

An editor once Owned three Hundred thousand dollars worth of Railroad stock, twenty-One Thousand dollar Government bonds, six white Shirts, A country Residence on the Hudson, a farm in Illinois, a span of Horses and a wagon, two Suits of Clothes and a Plug hat. This fable Teaches that all the Liars are Not Dead Yet.

Rumor has it that buckwheat cakes will be made this season in the form of billiard balls. This is a concession to the time-saving idea of the expeditions American, it being a part of the design to discharge the spherical buckwheat concoction for the needy stomach from a Gattling gun set at the head of the table.—[Yongers Gazette.

A nice young man thought he had found something pure and fresh in the shape of a laughing little witch of a girl and was on the point of proposing marriage, when she scattered his fond hopes to the winds by remarking one evening: "You hug and kiss me more than any gentleman I am acquainted with, except Bill Wallace and he is a baggage smasher and only comes here once a month."

A few days ago, during a heavy storm, the Rio Grande river suddenly changed its course by cutting through a bend near Camargo, and thus placed several acres of inhabited territory within the legal limit of the United States. It was awful severe upon, and nearly drove crazy, a man who had just paid his taxes in Mexico, and found that the American tax collector would call in two days.—Som. Journal.

"Grandpa, does hens make their own eggs?" "Yes, indeed they do, Johnie." "And do they always put the yolk in the middle?" "Guess they do, Johnny." "And do they put the starch around it to keep the yeller from rubbing off?" "Quite likely, my little boy." "And who sews the cover on?" This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnnie's mouth with a lollipop.

"John," said the casbier's wife, dropping into the bank in the midst of a shopping trip, "you forgot to leave the money this morning." "What name?" asked the cashier without looking up. "Name! n me!" exclaimed the lady, "I am your wife." "No doubt, no doubt," answered the cashier mechanically, and going on with his writing; "but you will have to bring some one to identify you."—Phil. News.

Dr. Mosso of Turin has invented a machine for measuring thought, which he calls the "Plethysmograph" One of these contrivances was recently left in a room for several hours with a dozen converts to the Oscar Wilde craze, and after their departure it was examined and found to have not been effected in the slightest degree, the indicator pointing at zero. The Plethysmograph, therefore, may be pronounced a great success.—Nor. Her.

"The salary of a Congressman is $5000 per year, and when he runs in a city district his expenses of, election are seldom less than $10,000. He can't save anything from his salary, and if strictly honest, and without a private fortune, will have to borrow money to leave Washington. Now, then, how do so many of them turn out rich at the end of a term?" wildly demands the Detroit Free Press. Just as though the system hadn't been explained a hundred times.

A noted physician says that many persons, simply by deep and rapid exhalations of pure air, can become intoxicated on oxygen as if they had taken a draught of alcoholic stimulants. This is an important discovery, but it doesn't cost enough to make it popular. There would be no fun in saying: "Come, boys, let's go out and take a few vigorous draughts of fresh air—it's my treat." The temperance problem is not yet solved.—Norristown Herald.

Deacon Levi Carter; of New Hampton, 95 years of age, has given his pew in the Freewill Baptist church in that town to the society, for the exclusive use of widows. This is very kind in the good deacon, as it gives the inconsolable ones a chance to advertise their willingness to be consoled; but it's awfully dangerous to establish such a precedent. It will get so in time that the church-going bachelors of America will be driven terror-stricken from the sanctuary if these matrimonial traps are to be set up in our meeting houses.—Boston Transcript.