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THE INDEPENDENT

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## Notice.

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that the undersigned has been awarded the contract, for keeping the Douglas county Paupers for the period of two years. All persons in need of assistance from said county must first procure a certificate to that effect from any member of the County Board, and present it to one of the following named persons, who are authorized to, and will care for those presenting such certificate: W. L. Butten, Roseburg; L. L. Kellogg, Oakland; Mrs Brown, Looking Glass. Dr. Scroggs is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same who have been declared paupers of Douglas county.

WM. B. CLARKE, Supt. of Poor.

ROSEBURG, Or., Feb. 15, 1880

The Jeannette board will hold a secret session Monday to consider a preliminary report. It has been charged that Parker and companions are kept in Siberia for the purpose of preventing their testifying regarding the DeLong Collins trouble. The board will not finish its labors until these men have testified under oath regarding the matter. The board will report to congress at this session if Bartlett and others do not return in time, but will meet again when they get here.


# THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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THE INDEPENDENT

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## LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The dead lock on the senatorial question continues in Colorado.

At Paterson, N. J., forty power-loom weavers in the silk mill of Hamil & Booth have struck because the firm required the weavers to run two looms each.

Carrington & Barkerville, of Richmond, commission merchants and dealers in tobacco, failed. Liabilities, $120,000. Assets, it is claimed, will pay 75 cents on the dollar.

Louisville Germans have cabled the president of the reichstag, at Berlin, 18,000 marks, first installment, for contributions for the relief of sufferers from floods on the Rhine.

Arguments were heard in the superior court of New York as to the settlement of the orders in the Western Union cases involving the transfer of $15,000,000 stock alleged to be illegal.

Ten thousand dollars has been subscribed in Cincinnati for the relief of the flood sufferers in Germany. One or two balls and benefit performances at theaters will be given to swell the fund.

Smallpox patients under treatment at Baltimore on Saturday last, 463, out of a population of 400,000. The disease prevails in wards away from the business portion of the city. The disease is now under control.

Representative George of Oregon is laboring with the fish commission to have a large number of German carp sent out of the breeding grounds to stock the lakes and rivers of the Pacific coast. It is expected the first installment will be sent out soon.

Smallpox has broken out in the lumber camps near Rat Portage. Several fatalities are reported and about 12 cases are known in the valley of St. Herbert, nine miles from Winnepeg, and the surrounding country. The government has sent out nurses and medical men.

In an interview about the passion play recently, Salmi Morse said: "I shall certainly produce it somewhere, if not in New York city. I am pestered with applications for its production in twenty other places; but I desire to start with it in New York, in my own theater."

Buffalo is excited over the arrest of Thos. Waldron, or "Brother Frank," on a charge of the rape of a girl aged 7 years. He was director of the Brothers' college, a well known Catholic school for girls. The mother got the story of the affair from the girl, who was suffering intensely. The man is 53 years old.

The Herald's Richmond special says: There is considerable disappointment here on account of utter exclusiveness of the Princess Louise. Not even a dozen people have had a good look at Queen Victoria's daughter. This, however, is partly forgiven on account of the fact that the princess is indisposed.

A Trenton dispatch of the 18th says: Rev. John DeWitt Miller, in opening proceedings in the house to-day, prayed that no member might be forced to explain to an inquisitive constituency when he returned, how, having come to Trenton, he went back richer than the salary of $500 received for the legislative session.

A Richmond dispatch of the 17th says: The Marquis of Lorne was waited on by the mayor and citizens to-day. Princess Louise was absent from the reception owing to the fatigue of travel. She drove through the city in the evening however. Gov. Cameron could not pay his respects owing to smallpox in his family. The princess and party leave to-morrow for Charleston.

The Chicago Times of the 18th says: The sparring exhibition at San Francisco between Mace, his New Zealand protege, and several local bruisers, took place at the Metropolitan Temple, which, in fact, is a church where services are held every Sunday, and frequently during the week. Prize fighters in search of a safe battle ground would probably find San Francisco desirable grounds.

New York papers say the news from France is a good deal discussed, and the apprehension is expressed that serious troubles are ahead, the causes of which are not political, but financial. It is remembered that the anticipated excesses of taxes in France have steadily declined each month, and that the deficiency for the financial year has been estimated at from 60,000,000 to 150,000,000 francs.

Local workmen refuse to erect a scaffold for the execution of Poff and Barrett, sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Thomas Brown. Marwood, the executioner, has arrived, accompanied by carpenters from Dublin, who will construct the scaffold. Upon the arrival of Marwood at Limerick, en route to Tralee, the police had great difficulty in protecting him from the crowd at the railway depot.

It is rumored in Chicago that Horace White, formerly editor of the Chicago Tribune, under whose management it went upon the independent tack in politics, is anxious to take up his home in Chicago again and that with plenty of backing he is trying to purchase the Times newspaper. A million dollars is said to be the figure offered, but thus far it has been refused by Mr. Storey, who is said to want a million and a quarter.

Rev. Dr. Hicks, spiritual adviser of Chas. Guiteau, executed a legal instrument transferring to Surgeon General Crane, all his right and title to Guiteau's body. The paper recites the clause of the will by which Guiteau bequeathed his body to Dr. Hicks, and bears evidence of acknowledgement before a justice of the peace. Surgeon General Crane is unable, at present, to give any information of the final disposition of the assassin's remains.

A Clinton, Ill., dispatch says: At a country church the other night, as the preacher was dispensing his sermon in shirt sleeves, to an excited audience who shouted, "Glory!" "Glory!" in the foreground, a number of young men were having a solid game of poker in a remote corner of the structure, while, in another corner, a number of chaps were uttering torrid sentiments to their sweethearts who sat with them. It occurred within eight miles of this city.

Ensign Hunt sends a dispatch announcing the death of Anequin Flashan, Indian, of the Jeannette crew.

The czar was present at the annual ceremony of the blessing of the waters of the Neva, which took place opposite the Winter palace.

A correspondent of the Boston Star, in New York, recently reported that John Kelly is soon to retire permanently from political life. Kelly said recently he had no such intention.

If Admiral Brison is selected to command of the Asiatic station, it is believed he will take advantage of the forty years' service law and be retired at once. In this event Commodore Simpson will probably succeed Admiral Clitz.

Reports from agricultural regions in Nebraska are to the effect that the corn bins are loaded and farmers are mortgaging the lands to carry the crop to 30 cents per bushel, paying two to four per cent. per month interest at the banks.

Changes are making in Stewart's old store, at Broadway and Chambers street, with a view of converting it into an office building. It is expected that the building will contain 400 offices. Work will hardly be completed before next summer or fall.

Extreme cold weather prevailed throughout the northwest during the week ending Jan 10th. Thermometer at Ogden on the 19th stood at 15 deg. below zero, which is 35 deg. lower than ever known there before; at Omaha it stood 26 deg. below and at Yankton 22 deg. below.

The treasury department has been informed that Hurst, of Nashville, deposited to the credit of the United States, on account of conscience, $200, recently received by him from an annonymous source, which he withheld under the belief the money was intended to benefit the Presbyterian Publishing company.

A Washington dispatch of the 18th says. The citizens' committee have a statement from the lady robbed some time ago, giving her experience with the detectives and officials at police headquarters, and showing the connection which some high district officials seemed to have with detectives, thieves and receivers of stolen property.

Representative Page, who is a member of the house committee on education and labor, argued before the committee recently in favor of modifying the laws so as to permit of the reinvestment of the funds of the State University of California. The committee agreed to report a favorable bill with this object, which has already passed the senate, as it is now on the speaker's table.

On January 20th the Western Union Telegraph Company made 25 cents the maximum rate for a message of ten words between its offices in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York city and the southern part of Maine. Orders have been given to reduce the present rates of 30, 35, 40 and 50 cents to the 25 cent rate.

A convention of all the cattle, sheep and horsemen of Texas has been called to meet at Colorado City, Feb. 1st, to discuss the live-stock business and stateland question, to determine what course the stockmen shall persue to secure legislation favorable to their interests and to organize a committee to look after their affairs at the capital during the session of the legislature.

The engine on the Mansfield tap, a railroad branch of the New Orleans & Pacific, exploded at the depot in Mansfield, La., on the 18th. Three men were instantly killed. Mrs. Inglas and Mr. Sampson, telegraph operators at Martsville, were mortally wounded. Taylor, freight agent, and several others were seriously hurt. Scarcely a vestige of the wreck is left on the track. The engine had just blown a whistle to start when the accident occurred.

The coroner's jury on the circumstances of the railroad disaster on the Troy and Boston road, find the superintendent, engineer, conductor and train dispatcher criminally careless and responsible for the deaths resulting from the disaster, and censure the railroad for having overworked the underpaid employes, overburdened a single track and having poor equipage, but commend the efforts of the road to improve their service since the time of the accident. The men mentioned will be arrested.

The remains of the 43 unidentified bodies, victims of the Milwaukee fire, will be interred in the Forest Home cemetery, whose officers have offered a burial site. A meeting of the clergy of all denominations is called to make arrangements and agree upon ceremonies for a gigantic funeral. The day is yet to be determined. Careful compiling places the number of victims of the catastrophe at seventy-five; seventeen of the bodies of these, killed by jumping, were taken to the morgue on the morning of the fire. Eight survivors have died since, three of whom were identified. Forty-three unrecognizable remains were taken from the ruins up to the 20th. The list of saved embraced 102 names. Taking Chief Clerk Tice's statement of 110 and 67 others in the hotel at the time of the fire for granted, these figures leave four unaccounted for, presumably in the ruins.

The sub-committee of the house and senate are at loggerheads over the Indian appropriation bill. Senator Dawes believes in the humanitarian policy and favors an appropriation of $500,000 to support Indian teaching schools. The house committee allowed but $300,000 and had difficulty in getting other members to agree even to that. Chairman Hiscock is stoutly opposed to giving another dollar toward the support and education of Indians. He claims the money spent that way is thrown away, as the Indian cannot be made a useful member of society. The policy Hiscock would adopt would be a policy of extermination. Caswell said that until he had been assigned to prepare an Indian appropriation bill he did not know there were so many Indians in the country. We find, said he, there are over sixty different bands and sixty three agencies, and upwards of 100,000 Indians in the United States, and we appropriate a little over $50,000,000 to them annually. The Sioux, of which there are about 30,000, are the worst lot. We have given them $50,000 every year to keep them quiet.

### BOBIN REDBREAST.

MRS. A. KELLY.

Cold the wintry blast is blowing,
Keenly drives the sleet and rain,
And there comes a feeble tapping
At the frosted window-pane.

Who is it that to the casement
For admission shyly comes?
As I live, 'tis Robin Redbreast,
Starved and seeking after crumbs!

You shall have them, pretty Robin;
All your troubles now are o'er.
Hop in freely—don't be frightened;
Range at will about the floor.

You are hungry now, sweet Robin,
And can very friendly be;
But when summer brings you plenty,
You will scarcely look at me.

Yet, I will not chide thee, Robin;
I have tried the world, and know
That humanity is like thee,
As the seasons come and go.

Lovers are like thee, sweet Robin,
When 'tis winter in the heart;
When our love dispels the winter,
Like thee, Robin, they depart.

### The Blight of a Married Life.

"Annie, dear, will you tell me what it is that troubles you so lately? I have known and loved you ever since you were a little child, and it grieves my heart to see so sad a look upon your once happy face. Can you not trust me? Give me your confidence, little one, and perhaps after having told some one you know to be truly your friend the burden may seem lighter; and, indeed, it may dispel more than half the shadows now lurking 'round your heart, and let in a little sunshine and scare away those dark clouds that hang so heavy upon your brow."

"Oh, Aunt Carrie, I am so unhappy! You know how much I loved Tom when I married him—how I almost worshipped him; and he seemed so fond of me (for a while). We were so happy, too, for the first few weeks, he seemed to find so much pleasure in his wife and home. But you know, auntie, Tom used to love to go out and have a good time, as he called it, and I suppose he got tired of being at home with just me, and longed to be away with his old comrades and friends. So when he got to staying out (at first he came home early—about nine o'clock) I tried to feel that it was all right, that it was hard to break away, all at once, from the habits long formed. But you see, auntie, I have been so happy at home, with father and mother and the children about me all the time, and we always had company. Kate and I would sing, and Jennie would play, and I never knew what it meant to be lonesome. So when Tom left me alone after supper, I would wash up the dishes and tidy up things and set down to wait for Tom. And oh, what long evenings! I would strain my ears and listen to every footstep I heard; my heart would give a great bound; I was sure it was Tom; but it would pass by and die away in the still night. Then my heart would sink and almost die. But when he did come I would be so relieved and glad I forgot to be angry, and would sit on his knee and tell him how lonesome I had been.

But I began to notice that he did not seem pleased when I complained, and I grew gloomy and had very litte to say, and he got to staying out later and later. He often got up cross in the morning and left the house without a word. Many a day I had to fetch water, and sometimes split wood to get dinner. You know I wasn't much of a cook when I married Tom; but he said he didn't care—we could live on love. But I noticed that, if the beefsteak was not done to a turn and the toast just to his liking, love didn't seem to take the place of it. But after the baby came he did seem to be like himself once more, and I forget all the neglect and what seemed to me like unkindness on his part, and I felt so proud of both Tom and the baby. But that soon grew to be an old story, too. He scolded, and sometimes swore, if the baby fretted at night, and after a while, he slept in the spare bed, and left me alone to work and worry over the baby if he was sick or restless. I grew so weak and ill I could scarcely do my work and take care of the baby, but I had to do it. He said his mother had seven children, and did all the work—washing and all—and it was strange if I couldn't, with only one; he couldn't see, for his part, what I had to do, anyway. I dragged around all summer until father came to see me, and he soon saw how things were and took me home with him, and mother doctored me up and the girls took care of the baby, and I got strong before Christmas.

"At New Year's I went back, and the same evening Tom went out with the boys, as he called them, and never got home until after daylight, and I thought he had been poisoned, he was so fearfully sick; but I afterward learned that he had been drinking. I grew ugly and talked hateful, and said cutting and unkind things. He would get mad and say such horrid things to me, until I believe we learned to hate each other cordially. We go for days without speaking. I would not care if he had not taken me from a home where I was happy and free from care—if he had not promised to love and care for me tenderly. But he has blighted my life and taken every ray of sunshine out of it. I hate him! yes, I do; I hate him! and if I should live a hundred years I could never like him again."

"Don't talk so wild, and in such a fierce mood, my child. You have indeed tasted the bitterest part of life. Why is it that a man will trample the heart and love of a good woman under his foot—throw them away as worthless—I cannot tell; but true it often seems to be, few women marry a man unless she devotedly loves him. Most women show by their every day life that they are willing and glad to give up their whole lives to the pleasure of the man they marry. But men of the world ought to know that most women, if they are neglected and forsaken by the man who ought to protect and give them the affection all women need, that they will find pleasures somewhere else. It depends entirely on the woman what kinds of pleasure they will seek. There would be few unfaithful wives if husbands were more careful of their pleasures and needs—if they would find and take time to bestow a little of the pleasant talk, a few of the smiles they bestow upon other women, and spend a little kind thoughtfulness and affection upon the poor hard-working wife at home, who is toiling and wearing out the best part of her life for him and his children. Some women bear the yoke patiently for years. Some never remove it until death unclasps the chain, and the poor, tired soul finds rest, which she never found on earth. Some are high-strung and quick tempered, and the man who gets such a wife doesn't get much the best of it, sure. But, for the sake of the little ones, women will bear and forbear; and, my dear child, I see no other way. Try to find pleasure and comfort in your children; bring them up in such a way that they will be a blessing to you, and in after years you may feel and say that your life has not been the failure it now appears to you."—[Helena Herald.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Red-headed student to professor: "Professor, why is it that you never seem to recognize me on the street?" Professor: "Well, Mr. X., the truth is I am slightly color-blind."

"Pay that $10 to day?" "Why, my dear sir, do you expect a man to take Christmas money to pay debts? No, sir! no, sir! I still have a warm heart in my bosom, sir!"

A French chemist thinks he can resuscitate a human body after it has been frozen a few weeks. He might experiment on Oscar Wilde, and if he missed the combination people would be just as well satisfied.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose: in other words, not the power to achieve, but will to labor. I believe that labor judiciously and continuously and determinedly applied becomes genius.—Lytton.

"Perhaps I haven't been so lucky as some," remarked Brown; "but for all that there's lots of people who would like to stand in my shoes." "And no doubt they could all do it," said Fogg, with a glance at Brown's thirteens.

A Chicago bachelor who, on leaving his boarding house for a week's journey, after taking leave of his landlady stepped up to a salt mackerel on the table and shook it by the tail and said: "Good-by, old fellow, I will see you when I return."

FUN AT A DANCE.—At a dance given in North Carolina the other night one man was stabbed, one shot, two clubbed, two had bones broken, one woman had an eye put out, and the house burned up. Balance to partners. "All shassay."

Wild geese are greatly damaging the grain in San Joaquin valley. A man killed sixteen at one shot in Stanislaus county the other day. It is not safe to eat them, on account of the quantity of poison set out for them by farmers.

A gratifying announcement.—Will you please insert this obituary notice? asked an old gentleman of a country editor. I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death.

Some French chemists have succeeded in solidifying petroleum, in which state it burns like tallow. This solidification is effected by adding to distilled petroleum 25 per cent of the purified juice of plants belonging to the family of the euphorblacæ.

William Youmans, a wealthy lawyer of Delhi, N. Y., has two horses buried in his front yard, and a magnificent granite monument erected to their memory. It bears the inscription: "This monument, erected by William Youmans to the memory of Bob and Charlie, who died in 1876, aged 36 and 37 years; in life inseparable, in death united. Ever trusty and faithful. Travelers halt, greater travellers than you stop here."

### Tall Times in Store.

Something is very likely to happen next year. If not next year the year after. Prophecyings and miracles seem to have broken loose all along the line. The attack began in Canada, where one would suppose the winter air cool enough to tone down undue cerebral action. Wiggins had it. His great blow about a tornado next March, attracted the attention of "three worlds," as the ministers say. They were Canada, the United States and New Jersey. Then Cincinnati got it. The prophet was one Swormstedt, who is exceedingly liberal in the unfoldings of the future. Next year, "even if nothing splits more than what is cracked," we are to have a financial panic, communistic war, a great whirlwind (which Satan will whirl out of Jeremiah xxv.), seven great comets (also under the control of Satan), which will re-enforce the sun until light will be thrown upon many dark subjects. There are also to be earthquakes, and so on. But the Lord will restore double to us. All who survive these "hard times" will stand a chance of being at the millennium, which is to begin forty years sooner in the United States than in other parts of the world. Persons desiring a safe place of refuge meanwhile are invited to resort to the immediate neighborhood of the great pyramids of Egypt, which are old settlers upon the face of the earth and do not mind this sort of thing. After the spring of 1885 they may safely return to this country.

New York had it next, but not so bad. This one is a medium, and the medium, of course is always safest, as the ancient Romans well knew. He is a Psychic artist. He can "sense" conflicts and wars in the spirit world, where common sense is of no use to a man. He foresaw the shooting of President Garfield (but not the location of the ball). According to spirit guides the last king or queen of England now sits upon the throne. Queen Victoria is to be succeeded by an Irish President whose name will be Patrick McLaughlin. After three years comes the millennium.

The Herald is obliged to confess that some of these things are a strain upon its faith. That something unusual is likely to happen next April we can readily believe. Mayor Harrison and Mike McDonald have agreed with us and made a note of it. Something more is likely to happen within three years. But the prophets are mistaken in basing their expectations of the millennium upon the prospective coming in of a Democratic administration.

### Vanderbilt's Christmas Gift.

The New York Journal relates an incident of Mr. Vanderbilt's drive: While he was passing through the park a small boy atrempted to cross the road in front of his flying horses. The boy, in his attempt to avoid the horses, fell over in the road, but was not hurt. Mr. Vanderbilt was frightened. He does not care much for human life, but on this glad Christmas day he did not want to run over anybody. Bad enough for his railroad to crush, pierce and burn the life out of them. There was a difference between that and actually doing it himself. He felt so glad when he saw the lad safe and sound that he, who had just been preparing to rush on in the hope that he had not been recognized, pulled up and beckoned the boy towards him.

"Here, Johnny," he said, "here's a dollar; don't you try to cross roads that way."

"Why, sir, I was running for a doctor. Father told me to hurry up, 'cause he 'ad to go out and mother's all alone."

"Why does your father go out on Christmas Day? To the rum shop, I suppose," said Mr. Vanderbilt, frowning.

"No, sir. Father works on the railroad, and if he misses a day he gets docked."

"Even Christmas?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Vanderbilt don't let up on nobody 'cause it's Christmas."

"He works for Vanderbilt, does he?"

"That he does, and more's the bad luck of it, as he says."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, mother's sick, and father has been staying up nights with her, and then he'd take a nap, and twice he got late to the switch and got fined a quarter each time."

"How much does he get a day?"

"One dollar, sir."

"Seventy-five cents a day?" Good God! and a sick wife at that," thought Mr. Vanderbilt, and his heart misgave him. Was this right, after all? "And what sort of a Christmas dinner will you have to-day?" he asked.

"We don't get none. Father ain't at home, and mother's sick. The money has to go for to buy medicine, you see, sir."

This was hard, and no mistake.

"Will you take me to your house?" asked Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Yes, sir; it's right here, sir," said the boy.

It is a picture of desolation, but cleanly; no carpet, but a good substantial cottage; a small sprig of firs, a woman sitting in an easy chair, thin, pale, but cheerful. When Mr. Vanderbilt entered, the woman exclaimed:

"Why, you're not the doctor, sir?"

No, my good woman; but I came from him. He is very busy. Now, what is the matter with you?"

"Weakness, sir."

"What from?"

"Well, sir, I hate to say; but I think it's from want of food."

"I thought so," and Mr. Vanderbilt turned around and put a $50 bill in an envelope and also his card.

"In half an hour open this and send it around to the store. You will find a prescription that will do you good. There is also a card in here. Send your boy to that address to morrow and I'll give him something, too. You shan't starve any more.

Before the sick woman could say anything he was out an i off; but as he rode back to his palace yesterday afternoon his face looked the picture of good-nature. He smiled and laughed to himself so that people turned around and exclaimed, "What can be the matter with William H.?" When anybody looked at him he did not pale, and the rattle over the hard road made rythmic music to the joyous beating of his heart. It was the merriest Christmas day Mr. Vanderbilt has spent this many a year.

### A Cowboy Pays $35 for a Six-Year-Old.

The Toronto Globe publishes the following:

One day not long since, though the weather was bitterly cold, there was a lull in the storm, and word was brought over to the saloon that there was to be a horse race between the Indians and the half-breeds on the other side of the Elbow. There was a general stampede for the foot bridge, and I made my way over in company with a cowboy, whom I know only as "Shorty." As we were crossing the stream he handed me a handful of nuts and remarked that he was taking a pocketful over to "his girl."

"Where did you get a girl?" I asked.

"I bought her over here at the Blackfoot camp last night."

"What did you give for her?"

"Thirty-five dollars. Oh, here she is," he added, as a little six-year-old Blackfoot girl came capering down the bank to meet him and take possession of the nuts. The little one had on a new dress, warm stockings, new shoes, and a little black blanket, all of which had evidently come out of the store within the last twenty-four hours.

After loading her with the nuts, Shorty allowed her to start back toward lodge; but, thinking her blanket did not fit close enough, he called her back, and, taking off the empty cartridge belt which held his own overcoat together, he belted her little blanket snugly around her waist and sent her off, the happiest youngster in the Blackfoot camp.

"What will you do with her?" I asked.

"Her mother is to keep her till I go back to Montana, and then I'll take her down home and give her to the 'old woman, (his mother), and then," he added, very seriously, "she's a nice, innocent little girl now, but if she stays here she'll starve till she grows up and then go to the bad. I'll take her home, and mother'll make a woman of her."

### He Wanted to Pose

A resident of Park street had a photographer come up the other day for the purpose of taking a view of his residence and the man of the camera had just got in position when along came an old coon with a bucksaw on his arm and wanted to know what was up.

"Going to photograph the house," was the reply.

"Then I guess I'll pose," remarked the old man. "I'll take a position at the left of the gate and represent the statue of Industry."

The members of the family came out and arranged themselves, and the man called out:

"Here, old man, you want to get out of that!"

"Can't I represent Industry?"

"No, sir!"

"Can't I stand over there and represent Laziness?"

"No, sir! We don't want you in the group at all!"

"Lemme represent the Sleeping Beauty?"

"You go aw y!"

He drew off to one side, the passing teams halted to give the artist a chance, and directly the plate was made. Everybody rushed forward when it was ready for inspection, and the old man was one of the first. As the plate was held up he giggled and tickled, and finally burst into a loud laugh. He had dodged around the corner of the house and his full figure was revealed behind the family.

"What do you represent in that attitude?" sternly inquired the photographer.

"Well, I reckon that's a pretty good pose for Contentment."

"Very well. I will now represent Dissatisfaction."

And the artist took the festive old chap by the ear and walked him out of the crowd and put in a couple of kicks which changed the pose of Contentment to that of Sorrow.—[Detroit Free Press.

### Saved by His Scissors.

The editor carries a beautiful slip of paper when he travels. He shows it to suave conductors and they all admire it. It has the editor's own name on it, written in his very best Sunday-go-to-meetin' style. That is what the conductors particularly like to see, and they like it so much that they want him to write it again in exactly the same fine style.

The other day the editor exhibited the beautiful chirography, and the conductor as usual requested him to duplicate it in another place. The editor knew he had never written in that style before and never should again, but he did his level best. The conductor shook his head.

"Don't correspond," he muttered.

"Best I can do," said the editor. "Do you suppose I can dash off 500 pages per day and keep up the Piercerian system of penmanship? Do you suppose I can write like that with these cars of yours banging away at my elbow?"

"Don't correspond," repeated the conductor ominously.

"Do you imagine I'm not the editor of this paper?" asked the editor, drawing out a gilt-edged card and a copy of The News.

"May be a sub," suggested the conductor.

"Do I look like a sub?" inquired the editor, indignantly pointing to his dollar diamond shirt studs and finger ring. "But I can prove my identity," he added, with a chuckle of satisfaction.

He whipped out a bright pair of scissors and commencce slashing up that newspaper into articles at such a rate that in two seconds the whole paper would have been converted into copy.

"Stop! That will do," exclaimed the conductor, smilingly. There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind. You can travel on this line as long as I am conductor and there's a rail and a piece of of the engine left."—[Keokuk News.

### Old Pianos.

Sometimes we see an old piano standing in a house, and hear parents say, "we thought it would do well enough for the children to learn to play on." They have imbibed the idea that to run the fingers over the keys is to play on the piano; and, no matter how much out of tune the instrument may be, "it will do to learn on." Such people forget that a musical education is more an education of the ear than of the fingers; and that every time a child touches one of these instruments that "answer just as well to learn on," so far as fingering is concerned, the ear is vitiated, the musical sense blunted, and a delicate perception of correct musical sounds is rendered impossible. The Germans are among the most musical people in the world; and, while their children were taught music in the public schools, it was found that the hand organs about the streets were out of tune and tended to vitate the children's ear. Accordingly, an effort was made to put the vagrant instruments in tune, and keep them so; but, failing to accomplish this, the government prohibited the playing of such instruments in the streets. It was thought needful to preserve the delicay of the trained musical sense; and so everything that could vitiate it was discarded.—Herald.

### The Boy Had Them.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, works in an office as an errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day, the gentlemen, chaffing him a little about being so small, said to him:

"You never can amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you four men can."

"What can you do?"

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the subject.

A negro man in Jeffersonville, Ind., is sick with the small-pox, and the attending physician expressed the belief that the disease was communicated by a mosquito which had previously nipped another patient. If that mosquito is a native of New Jersey he can easily be vaccinated.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Perhaps I haven't been so lucky as some," remarked Brown, "but for all that there's lots o' people who would like to stand in my shoes." "And no doubt they could all do it," said Fogg, with a glance at Brown's thirteens.—Boston Transcript.