THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

Saturday Mornings,

BY THE—

DOUGLAS COUNTY PUBLISHING CO.

One Year.....$2 50
Six Months.....1 50
Three Months.....1 00

These are the terms for those paying in advance. The INDEPENDENT offers fine inducements to advertisers. Terms reasonable.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. JASKULEK
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND OPTICIAN.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eyeglasses,
And a Full Line of
Cigars, Tobaccos and Fancy Goods.
The only reliable Optometer in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First door south of post office, Roseburg Oregon.

DR. M. W. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
OFFICE—ON JACKSON STREET,
OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE.

MAHONEY'S SALOON
Nearest to the Railroad Depot, Oakland
Jas. Mahoney, Prop'r.
The finest of wines, liquors and cigars in Douglas county, and the best
BILLIARD TABLE
in the State kept in proper repair.
Parties traveling on the railroad will find this place very handy to visit during the stopping of the train at the Oakland Depot. Give me a call.
JAS. MAHONEY.

JOHN FRASER,
Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, - - OREGON.
Upholstery, Spring Mattrasses, Etc.,
Constantly on hand.
FURNITURE. I have the best stock of furniture south of Portland
And all of my own manufacture.
No two Prices to Customers
Residents of Douglas county are requested to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

DEPOT HOTEL
OAKLAND, - - OREGON.
Richard Thomas, Prop'r.
THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED for a number of years, and has become very popular with the traveling public. First-class
SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.
And the table supplied with the best the market affords. Hotel at the depot of the Railroad.

HAVING ON HAND A LARGE LOT OF FINE
Spanish Merino
BUCKS,
I offer the same for sale, Cheap for Cash, at my Farm in Douglas county, six miles from Roseburg
HENRY CONN, Sr.

H. C. STANTON,
Dealer in
Staple Dry Goods!
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
EXTRA FINE GROCERIES,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
ALSO
Crockery and Cordage
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS
Such as required by the Public County Schools, All kinds of STATIONERY, TOYS and
FANCY ARTICLES,
To suit both Young and Old.
BUYS AND SELLS LEGAL TENDERS, furnishes Checks on Portland, and procures Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
SEEDS!
ALL KINDS OF BEST QUALITY
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and Goods shipped with care.
Address, Hacheney & Beno,
Portland, Oregon.

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. Scrogg is authorized to furnish medical aid to all persons in need of the same who have been declared paupers of Douglas county.
WM. R. CLARKE, Supt. of Poor.
ROSEBURG, Or. Feb. 15, 1880

Langtry, on being asked how she liked this country, said: "Very much. I think it a great country. Chicago I liked best of the cities. It is a great town, full of life and thrift. I found western society able and well informed in regard to dramatic matters—better than those of the south. I liked New Orleans, but think it a stagnant, sleepy city. The weather was so hot.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

VOL. 7. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883. NO. 48.

THE INDEPENDENT
HAS THE
FINEST JOB OFFICE
IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.
CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS
And other printing, including
Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills,
Neatly and expeditiously executed
AT PORTLAND PRICES.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The river and harbor bill passed in the house on the 2d.

John N. Irwin, of Iowa, is the new governor for Idaho.

It is thought that the tariff bill is dead in the house for this session.

Bullion in the bank of England has increased £16,700 the past week.

By a runaway at Bennington, Vermont, one man was killed and eight injured.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is seriously ill at his residence in Washington.

On Feb. 26th 200 feet of Mullett's tunnel, on the Northern Pacific, Montana, caved in.

Byrne has been aarested on a direct charge of assassination in the Ireland troubles.

Three bodies were stolen from the dead house in one of the cemeteries at Montreal on the 1st.

A fire at Paris, Ky., recently, destroyed property to the amount of $75,000 to $100,000.

The London Times says: Parnell is on the decline, many of his leading followers deserting him.

Senator Davis, president of the senate, resigned March 3d. It is supposed Edmunds will be his successor.

It is contemplated to introduce cable cars in New York the same as those in San Francisco and Chicago.

Three hundred women leave Limerick, Ireland, for New Hampshire to work in cotton factories in that state.

Exports of wheat for the cereal year from San Francisco aggregate 12,000,000 centals, valued at $21,000,000.

A freight train on the Oregon Short Line at Shoshone jumped the track on the 27th ult., killing three men.

There are now but thirty miles to complete on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad between Salt Lake and Denver.

On March 1st the gas was turned off the street lamps of San Francisco, the city treasurer unable to pay previous bills.

A party of ranchmen attacked an Indian camp in Chihuahua, Mexico, a few days ago, capturing 25 squaws, and killing 10 bucks.

Sufferers of the recent floods along the Ohio are still in great distress, and earnest appeals are made to all parts of the country in their behalf.

At Oakland, Cal., on the 28th ult., Dan Cook's large and fine stable of horses were sold—sixty in number, and amounting to $50,000.

At Fresno, Cal., on the 28th ult., a dead man was found on the track, his head severed from his body. It is supposed to be a suicide.

In the house on the 1st Van Voorhees, of New York, fiercely attacked Page, of California, using abusive language towards the Pacific coast representative.

Senators Bayard and Beck retired from the conference committee on the tariff bill on the 1st, and Senators Mahone and McGill appointed to fill the vacancy.

John Heigle, merchant, living in North Leavenworth, Kansas, was found dead in his bed recently. His throat was cut and the money drawer robbed of its contents.

The appropriation bill for the building of dry docks on Mare's island, San Francisco, was raised from $200,000 to $350,000, through the efforts of Senator Miller.

Confirmations at Washington announced C. Wade chief justice of the supreme court of Montana and John B. Allen United States attorney for Washington territory.

James McVey, a blacksmith, living in Omaha, was arrested for counterfeiting and "shoving" silver coin. A large quantity of the bogus coin was found in his possession.

Gouvernenr Morris, collector of customs at Sitka, is given two months to close up his accounts and step out. Ex-Collector Shannon, of San Francisco, is recommended to fill the vacancy.

The work of pumping the Diamond mines at Braidville, Ill., progresses slowly. Twenty-four feet of water still remains in the mine. The relief fund for the sufferers amount to $11,000.

In a quarrel in a saloon at Chicago on the 1st between Jas. Elliott, pugilist, and Jere Dunn, a well known sporting man, resulted in Dunn killing Elliott. Both men fired several shots at each other.

Parnell cabled to friends in New York that if he fails to get a second reading of his land bill for Ireland, he will come to America to attend a proposed convention in Philadelphia in behalf of Ireland.

The governor of Virginia with a company of the state militia made an attack on Maryland fishermen in Virginia oyster beds, capturing six negroes as prisoners, and one vessel out of the 26 vessels in the forbidden waters.

Frederick Lunger, aged 75, one of the pioneer railroad men of the country, and one of the oldest and most experienced engineers in the west, died at Davenport, Iowa, on the 1st. He ran one of the first locomotives built by George Stephenson, and the first passenger train out of Philadelphia, and the first train that ran into Georgia, and the first train that ran into Indianapolis. In 1876 he visited the centennial exposition as the guest of Tom Scott and other railroad magnates in the east, and, though a man of considerable means, worked his way going and coming among the engineers and on the footboard.

A St. Paul, Minn., dispatch of March 1st says: Advices from the front, on the line of the Northern Pacific, show that the end of the track running west is now within 10 miles of Bozeman. The end of the track coming east is at the mouth of the Missoula river, leaving a gap of about 290 miles to be laid, all of which is in Montana territory. Work is progressing at both ends, there having been no cessation of labor during the entire winter. The grading of this 290 miles is nearly completed. Work on the tunnels is being pushed at the rate of 12 feet per day, that is, six feet from each end of each tunnel—the Boleman and the Mullen. The latter will be finished by July, at which time the two ends will be joined.

The town of Columbiana, near Cairo, is entirely submerged.

At Arkansas City, Ark., the river is rising and a great flood is inevitable.

Senator Edmunds was elected president of the senate, vice Davis, resigned.

Erie railroad stock is marked on the increase in the New York stock exchange.

On March 3d several men were killed and burned to death in a fire at Albany, N. Y.

Gov. Cleveland vetoed the five-cent fare bill on the elevated railroads in New York city.

At Paris, Texas, E. Samuel, a dry goods merchant, was shot dead by W. B. Gumport.

The river and harbor bill failed to reach a vote in the house before it adjourned.

Both houses of the 47th congress adjourned their labors at 12 o'clock Sunday, March 4th.

Ben Hill, Jr., son of the late Senator Hill, of Georgia, is confined to his bed with paralysis.

The empress of Germany gives 1000 marks for the relief of American sufferers by the recent floods.

The will of D. M. Chauncey, a wealthy Brooklynite (N. Y.) who recently dropped dead, will be contested.

Geo. Jones, Jessie Carter and Martin Weinberger were convicted of murder at Pittsburg, on the 3d inst.

The McFarlane industrial home for Indians at Fort Wrangel, Alas., was destroyed by fire on Feb. 9th.

The board of directors of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad declared a quarterly dividend of two per cent. on the 2d.

Col. S. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, was arrested at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 2d inst., on a charge of libel.

A large fire occurred at the Popular Pub. Co. in New York on the 3d inst., and it is rumored three girls were burned to death.

Jos. Paul, on trial for killing Lewis Marquis, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, at Parkersburg, W. Va., on the 2d.

The national temperance society asks the legislature of New York to submit the people a prohibitory constitutional amendment.

Ex-Senator Alexander H. Stephens died at his home in Atlanta, Ga., on the 3d inst. At the time of his death he was governor of that state.

Senator Tabor, the Colorado millionaire, was married to Mrs. Elizabeth McCourt, of Oshkosh, Wis., at the Willard hotel, Washington, on the 2d.

The tariff bill passed by the senate recently was passed by the house on the 3d inst., returned to the senate, receiving the signature of the president of the senate, and later the President signed it.

The business failures for the week ending March 2d is 272, an increase of 42 compared with the corresponding week last year. Pacific states and territories furnish 13 of them.

At Philadelphia on the 2d, a sneak thief entered the office of the Guarantee Trust & Safe Deposit Co., and got away with $70,000 worth of five per cent. bonds of the Peoples Passenger Railway company.

Secretary Chandler received a cable dispatch from Minister Hunt at St. Petersburg, stating that Ensign Hunt and party, of the ill-fated Jeannette, arrived at that place on the 3d inst. in good health.

Carnes & Forsythe Bros., large stock men of Texas, sold half their interest to Luther P. Smith and F. J. Hale, consisting of 22,000 head of cattle and 60,000 acres of land, for a consideration of $300,000.

Per order of the mayor of Chicago all the telegraph wires of the Mutual Union company in that city were cut down on the 2d inst., a recent law by the council requiring all wires to be placed underground.

The latest achievement in fast telegraphing is 3000 words per minute, on the new postal telegraph wires. It is further claimed that eight messages can be sent each way on a single wire at the same time.

The conference committee recommended that the provision of the bill reducing internal revenue taxes on snuff, tobacco and cigars, shall go into effect May 1st, instead of July 1st, as provided in the senate bill.

Sing Lum, the Chinese highbinder, who was to hang at San Francisco on the 2d, cheated the gallows by hanging himself in his cell. A. J. Hess, who was on the death watch of Sing Lum, died when in a fit occasioned by the fright.

The Oregold mining company at Benson, Fulton county, N. Y., "cleaned up" about 200 tons of gravel recently. The amalgam from this clean up gives about $150 in gold. The metal is a bright yellow, and more closely resembles Australia than California gold.

Confirmations at Washington March 2d: Marcelin R. Redet, Louisiana, United States consul at Tuxpan. Registers of lands: Benj. M. Thomas, Tucson, A. T.; Jos. Jorgensen, Walla Walla. W. T. U. S. attorneys: W. H. DeWitt, Montana; Frenimore Coffin, Nevada. Indian agents: Geo. S. Davenport, Sacramento and Fox agency, Iowa; Pedro Sanchez, Pueblo, N. M. Postmasters: H. H. Street, Sonora, Cal., J. H. Jones, Colusa, California; Robert Morris, Denver; A. B. Crossman, Salem, Oregon.

A dispatch from Helena, Ark., of March 4th says: The struggle with the besieging water in this vicinity has been slow and steady the past week, and smart increase in the last 24 hours is registered. This brings the water within 31 inches of the maximum last year. An examination of the levee, from where it leaves the hill one mile above town, to the long lake four miles south, reveals the fact that its substantiality may be relied upon. Five miles north of this place several newly repaired breaks are regarded as doubtful, but as a large force is at work on the weak points it is thought they will be made secure, and there is no apprehension of Helena overflowing. Coahoma county, Mississippi, opposite Helena, is a vast sea of water. Crops are necessarily greatly retarded. No serious losses of stock are reported.

Found at Last.

Since the success of my late expedition in the search of the egg of Christopher Columbus has become known beyond the worm eaten antiquarian association for the discovery of the rarities, I have been unremittingly pursued by persons desirous of my service in the special detective business.

A good natured but rich old virtuoso called upon me one morning and introduced himself. I asked him whether I could do anything for him, and he said he hoped so, but I could, perhaps, tell better after he had made his wants known.

"I have lived," said he, "a long time upon this planet—have had unusual opportunities and means of seeing the world—and I am pretty well assured that there are few rare or curious things that have not come to my knowledge. "Your fame," continued he, "has reached my ears, and, as you have performed many apparent impossibilities, it is fair to infer that you are capable of accomplishing more. I desire, sir, to come across a man who never told a lie. Can you furnish him?"

"Indeed," replied I, "you pay a very high compliment to my powers. I have no hesitation in confessing that the task of finding a person of any reasonable age who is guiltless of a falsehood is a very difficult one."

"Yes, sir," my visitor returned, "it is a job of unsurpassing magnitude. There is only one instance in history, I believe, of a man who never told a lie, but he died long ago, and his great virtue died within him. He exhausted the subject."

"I presume," said I, "you insist upon an 'out-and-outer'—that is, one who never told even the slightest fib, either in joke or in an innocent, philosophical manner."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I want the genuine article."

After a few more remarks between us, my customer withdrew. I had bound myself to find a man who had never told a lie.

At last, after spending time, money and health, without the remotest symptom of success, I began to feel strong suicidal tendencies. I was within about a week's journey from home. Dark, indeed, had been my returning path, and now the deepest gloom weighed down my spirits. I seemed to me that nature was given up to the sin of lying to a greater extent than I had ever dreamed of.

But somebody has said that "it is always darkest just before day." I have the best reason for subscribing to the perfect correctness of that apothegm. With what indescribable feelings, then, of triumphant joy did I send off the following telegraphic dispatch to my friend, the virtuoso:

"Complete fruition has crowned my work! I have this day found the object of my search. No doubt of its genuineness. What shall I do with him?"

In a short time a response was returned, in which, after being congratulated, I was directed to bring my man to him, sparing neither money nor influence for that purpose.

I consulted with the gentleman and obtained his assent to the proposition. He was perfectly willing to go with me, and he evinced as much interest in this novel business as either my customer or myself.

I found him comfortable apartments at one of our best hotels, and sent for my employer. He came without the least delay.

"And so, my dear fellow, you have found him?"

"I have," I replied, "but it was after a most arduous search." And after telling him where to find him, my delighted customer withdrew, while I sought that rest which my long-worked and overtired system required. I slept that night as one covered with laurels.

I had a very early caller next morning in my anxious customer. He quietly took a seat by my side, wearing upon his face the most curious, solemn expression I ever saw on a human physiognomy. He placed his hand upon my knee and looked into my face. Pausing a moment, he said:

"What is the matter with that man?"

"Nothing, I hope," said I, "to his discredit. He hasn't been lying to you, has he?"

"I think not," said my visitor—and the frozen face melted a little. "Why, sir, the fellow's as dumb as an oyster!"

"That's correct," said I. "And he has been ever since he was born. "Here," I continued, suiting the action to the word, "is the joint affidavit of his father and mother to that effect. He has never spoken a word in his life. Ergo, he has never told a lie."

A Young Lady's First Glimpse of the Brokers.

The New York Stock Exchange is a monied institution of leviathan dimensions, founded in 1792, and numbers 1100 members. It is governed by a president, vice-president, and two chairmen, also a governing committee of forty. It meets for the transaction of business daily from the hour of 10 in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, and all transactions are forbidden except during those hours. The building occupied by the Exchange is a very elegant structure, fronting on Broad street, and also on Wall. The main room devoted to the transactions in stocks is an oblong, and capable of accommodating from 700 to 800 members at one time. It is flanked by galleries provided for the convenience of visitors. In one of them let us stand and take a survey of the operations on the floor.

"What are they doing," said a beautiful young lady from the country, "that they make such a dreadful noise; are they quarreling? Why, just look how rudely that old gentleman is behaving; he has just knocked that young man's hat off. Will there be a fight?"

"No," rejoined her attendant, "they are buying and selling stocks."

"But I don't see any money change hands."

"No," he replied, "everything here is done on tick, which accounts for the sounds you constantly hear."

"What crowd is that just below us, and who is that gentleman with a very high collar?"

"That is where they deal in the Erie securities, and the possessor of the giant collar is Mr. Valentine, a very amiable person. He owns the chair he occupies, and watches over Erie interests, like Cerberus at the gates, and is easily won over by commission orders. The neat-looking gentleman you see standing in yonder group is Mr. Woerishoffer, of Teutonic origin, who from a modest trade, has grown to be a marked object in the Exchange. His transactions are huge, and afford a large revenue to a great number of brokers whom he employs. He is a good friend and a man of noble impulses. No one, if deserving, applies to him in vain when in trouble. He has been conspicuously identified with the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and by his great efforts the stock has reached a very high figure; all those who followed him amassed fortunes; but, like Oliver, they cried for more, and lost what they had made, and consequently accused their benefactor of bad faith. He has outlived all their slanders, however, and to-day he stands in the front rank of the Exchange. That Saturnine-looking cavalier with very high cheek bones is Mr. Addison Cammack, possessed of great wealth, but no sympathies. He had some operations with the Government during the late war. He ranks among the rich men of the metropolis to-day."

"But where do you get all your knowledge of the members from?" quoth the little beauty in the gallery.

"Don't ask me that question, lest I betray confidence."

"Well, I have really enjoyed my visit, and would like to stay longer, but it is lunch-time, and ma expects me home. Will you bring me again and tell me more of the brokers? I begin to get accustomed to their pleasantries, and would not mind having a frolic with them myself."

"You shall come any time you desire it, and I will tell you more about them, for I possess an inexhaustible fund of facts pertaining to the Exchange."

Ready-Made Houses.

The London (Ont.) Advertiser, in referring to this new industry, says that the Truaxes' planing mill at Walkerton, is turning out material for ready-made houses at a rapid rate. Orders for a whole row of houses can be filled in a few days, and it is not uncommon to see an entire street for Brandon or a block for Winnipeg sent out on a train twenty or thirty days after the order has been received. During the past season Messrs. Traux shipped two hundred and nineteen cars of knock-down house material to the Northwest. One of the partners in the firm accompanies each train and superintends the putting up of the houses. Sometimes houses are ordered by telegraphed in this fashion: "What can you furnish me a tidy cottage for, 22x40 feet, with bay window and verandah?" Next spring the enthusiastic house-builders expect to receive orders for entire villages, something after this style, "What is your lowest figure for five stores, two wagon and two blacksmith shops, one Methodist and one Presbyterian church, twenty-five cottages, a town hall and a lock-up, to be delivered on or before July 1st?" Orders have been received for twenty-one houses to be put up in Brandon next spring. The freight rate on these houses from Walkerton to Chicago is $40 a car; from Chicago to Minneapolis $20 a car. The charge the balance of the way is enormous, owing to the lack of competition, the cost of a medium car through from the start to Winnipeg being $361. The large ones used by the Truaxes cost more. With British Columbia's inexhaustible timber resources there is no reason why whole cities should not be manufactured at Burrard Inlet and other lumbering centers, and transported over the C.P.R.R. to the other side of the Rockies for the treeless plains of the great interior. There is no reason why British Columbia lumber and timber products should not be exported to Edmonton in two or three years, or even further at less cost, than the same material can be furnished from he east.

Solid Milk.

To make condensed milk, the milk is subjected to a heat of some 230 degrees, which, it is said, scalds it. By a new process, the heat is only about 130 degrees, and the produce is called evaporated milk. When the time of exposure to that moderate heat is sufficiently prolonged, all the watery part of the milk is driven off, and the remnant is a tough, solid mass, creamy white in color and much resembling a chunk of wheat-flour dough. That is granulated, by artificial means; a little fine white sugar is added to make it keep, and then it looks like corn meal, and is called granulated milk. The evaporated milk is only about half as near solid as the condensed milk, but is very rich, and so little effected by the process through which it has passed that when water is added the most delicate taste cannot defect a difference between it and pure nature's milk; cream rises on it and butter can be made of it. The same desirable peculiarities belong to the granulated milk. The evaporated milk is used in the Nursery and Child's hospital, and on most of the steamship lines. The granulated is made to keep in all climates, for any desired length of time.

A RARE ECLIPSE.—The total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of May next will last six minutes, and no longer one will probably occur within the next hundred years. It will be partially visible in many places, but few will see it entirely, as its path lies entirely, through the ocean, touching land nowhere but at a little island in the South Pacific, called Caroline island, which is out of the track of any established commerce or travel. The French government has determined to send an expedition to that island, and it is probable a grand international gathering of astronomers will meet there to take part in this scientific quest.—[N. Y. Sun.

George Edwards, who was employed at the North Carolina warehouse in Goldsboro, bet that he could eat a quart of oysters and "wash them down" with a quart of whisky. He accomplished the undertaking and fell into the hands of the undertaker. The fool-killer seized him shortly after the monsterous meal had been devoured.

Jake's Little Girl.

There is a gambler here in the saloon attached to the dance house who rejoices in the name of Faro Jake. Jake is a very gentlemanly fellow, and as polite as a French dancing master. He has no small vices; neither smokes, drinks, chews, nor swears. He is accounted the most expert faro dealer on the frontier. He lives in a little tent on the outskirts of the town, his companion a lovely little girl about six years old who calls him papa. The little one's name is Bessie. She is a pure and innocent creature, with a fresh, sunny face, lighted by great blue eyes. Her hair is as flossy as corn silk and hangs down her back in long curls. At very infrequent intervals she comes into town. I was here on the occasion of one of these rare visits. It was Sunday evening, and work being suspended on most of the railroad contracts, the town was full and business was booming. The saloon where her father deals is the largest in town, and at least two hundred rough men, armed to the teeth, were scattered about the apartment. A dance was in progress in the hall. It was just after pay day, and money was flush and was being squandered with prodigal liberality. I was seated at the corner of the bar, watching the nimble fingers of a monte dealer at an adjoining table. The air about was blue with tobacco smoke and profanity. Suddenly a hush fell upon the rioters, and all eyes were turned towards the door. Standing on the threshold, with a half confident, half timid look on her face, was little Bessie. She was dressed in a snow white dress, and her dimpled arms were closed about a rough doll, which she held tight to her breast.

"Come in, little one!" cried a big navy. "Sure, there's no man here will harm a hair uv yer head, you pretty little sunbame."

Thus assured, Bessie came into the room and walked straight to the table where her father was dealing.

"Bessie!" he cried, and frowned.

"Oh, papa!" she shouted, and sprang forward. "I was so lonely and just came for one kiss." She put her arms around her father's neck and laid her soft cheek against his. "Now, please don't be cross, papa. Kiss me, and I will go straight back."

Faro Jake kissed the soft, red mouth uplifted to his a dozen times.

"I can't be cross with you, Bessie," he said, and carried her to the door. "Run home now, like a good girl."

The hush in the room had deepened, and men who, for aught I know, had hands red with the blood of their fellow kind, held their breath in the presence of this vision of loveliness and purity. Jake stopped to kiss her again at the door. One of the dance hall sirens had been devouring the little one with hungry eyes. As Bessie gathered her doll closer and prepared for the run home she stepped forward.

"Jake!" she said in a hoarse voice and touched the gambler's arm. "I know I ain't fit to, but will you let me kiss her?"

Bessie heard the question and turned her wondrous blue eyes towards the speaker's face.

"Papa don't care," she said, "he likes to have people kiss me."

The woman sprang forward and caught her in her arms. She kissed the pure face a score of times and hugged her close.

"God bless you, little angel," she said, and sitting Bessie down, she turned away. The child ran off, throwing back kisses from the tips of her pink fingers, and the men cheered.

"You're a fool, Liz," said a tall cowboy, striding up to the woman. "What do ye want to act so babyish for? Come, let's have another drink and go back to the hall."

"No!" cried the woman fiercely. "I dance no more, drink no more this night."

She rushed past the cowboy toward the door leading to her tent. When she passed me her painted face had a new light in it and there were tears in her eyes. Ah! one sees a great deal of human nature, good and bad.—[Philadelphia Times.

The Vanderbilts.

William H. Vanderbilt, the richest man in the world, may be seen driving his mare, Maud S., which, rumor says, he is spoiling by injudicious handling, almost any fine morning on Fifth avenue. Look for a large, heavy man with dark eyes, swarthy skin and black side whiskers, an intently-earnest but not over-intelligent face. If the weather is cold, the owner of untold millions will be wrapped up in a close-fitting coat of sealskin, and have over his knee a robe of the same fur. The superb horse or horses he happens to be driving do not seem to be going very fast as they dance along, but it will be noticed that he goes faster than other people, and the group of sight-seers who stop for a moment to gaze at the well-known figure, wrapped up in sealskins, as he flits by, get but a brief glimpse of him. Perhaps Jay Gould, looking out of his library in the second story of his big house at Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, wonders that a man with such magnificent opportunities for making more money does not devote his days to it instead of trifling away his time with fast horses. Jay Gould never drives fast horses or indulges in any kind of sport except money-making. From 2:30 to 4:30 every afternoon, Vanderbilt drives his fast horses. Then his horses get to their stalls of mahogany, trimmed with silver, and Vanderbilt goes to his palace. He always passes his evenings at home, not having been to the theater or opera this year since Wallack's was opened last January.

When the Baron James de Rothchild died in 1868 near Paris, his wealth was estimated at 700,000,000 francs, and he was accounted the richest man in the world at that time. At the present the distinction of being the richest man in the world certainly belongs to William H. Vanderbilt. With the $70,000,000 which his father left him he made more than twice that sum, and, moreover, put his railroad property in a shape that it produces an income of at least 8 per cent. At present he has an income of $10,000,000 a year, or $20 a second. Thirty years ago he did not know where to turn for $5000. Vanderbilt has eight children and eleven grandchildren. His four daughters are married to New Yorkers, and two have been presented with small palaces, costing $600,000 apiece, while he is building houses for the other two at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fouth street, adjoining St. Thomas church. The ground for the two buildings cost $400,000 last spring, and I suppose the houses will cost double that.

His two eldest sons, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who seems destined to occupy toward his father the same relation that William H. held to the commodore, and William K. Vanderbilt, the second son, are already millionaires in their own right, and are now finishing palaces which even eclipse the new house which Vanderbilt moved into last year. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the financier among the sons, while William K. is the æsthetic member of the family, having employed Richard M. Hunt to build his white stone chateau at the corner of Fifty-second street and Fifty avenue, and having paid $285,000 for the carving alone on the inside of his house. Some of the tapestries for his house are on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

A Judicious Wife.

She inquired of the different persons in the corridor of the postoffice as to where the money order department was, and not feeling satisfied with this, she asked at both stamp windows. Then she felt reasonably certain that she would not go down cellar or up stairs in going to the money order room, and she timidly entered that place and asked:

"Can I send a money order?"

"Yes'm."

"For $5?"

"Yes'm."

"To Saginaw?"

"Yes'm."

"To my husband?"

"Yes'm. Hlease fill out a blank."

She filled out three different ones before the writing suited her, and tried four different pens before she found a holder of the right build and color.

"This order is for $5," she said as she stood at the window.

"Yes'm."

"He went there to secure work, but he can't find any."

"Yes'm."

"And he wants to come home."

"No doubt of it."

"But $5 seems like an awful price to bring anyone from Saginaw."

"So it does."

"He might not get work if he came home."

"No, ma'am."

"And so he might as well be there."

"Yes'm."

"Well, I guess I'll wait a day or two, anyhow. If he finds work he won't want it, and if he gets tired and comes home on foot, he'll be so worn out that he can't more than half jaw around. Five dollars is quite a sum. I can buy a nice pair of shoes for that.—[Free Press.

Hindoo Lady Lecturer.

Pundita Romabai, a learned Hindoo lady who has consecrated her life to the work of promoting female education in India, has aroused profound interest by a course of lectures she is delivering in Bombay. She is a widow, aged barely 25, and renowned among the natives for her complete emancipation from all narrow and debasing superstitions. There was a very large attendance of Hindoo and Parsee ladies at her first lecture, and the hall was crowded to excess. The lecturer, who, it is stated, was modestly attired in a simple white dress, spoke with perfect fluency and complete self possession. She dwelt at great length upon the benefits arising from education, and impressed upon the members of her sex the importance of cultivating and embellishing their minds if they wished to advance with the progress of the times. A native, commenting on the results of her lecture, states that her example "has had something of an electrical effect on the large number of native ladies that have attended her lectures." Although native ladies are usually bashful, yet when, after the Pundita had finished, the ladies were asked to express their thoughts on the subject which she had dwelt upon, one of the ladies present, after a slight pause, gateered courage and stood up and spoke, and nearly half a dozen other ladies followed, vieing "eagerly with one another for the privilege of gracefully speaking to the audience in praise of their able and learned sister. "Even the most hopeful of womad's advocates among us," the native paper adds, "were hardly prepared for this singular but most delightful spectacle."

DEATH SWIFTLY FOLLOWS A WEDDING.—Friday night Mr. James Guthrie, a prosperous young farmer living near Halifax courthouse, Va., was married to Miss Hulda Martin. A large company was present at the wedding, which was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father. Owing to bad weather, the guests remained at the mansion all night. Saturday morning, when they had assembled at the breakfast-table, it was remarked that the bride and groom were late in coming. Suddenly the shrieks of a woman were heard, and the startled guests hurried into the hall, where they met the bride of a night, who cried: "My husband! Oh, my husband!" When she awoke Saturday morning she found her husband dead by her side. She is almost insane from grief. His funeral took place Sunday from the house in which he was married. His four groomsmen acted as pall-bearers, and the minister who married them read the burial service.

Butchers in Pendleton have been paying from $55 to $75 per head for beef cattle. As much as $5 a head has been paid for sheep. A prominent butcher told us a few days ago that he paid $75 for a steer and sold all the beef within two days, and received only $20 in cash, the balance was on his books. He compiained very much of the scarcity of money and the careless way people have of saying "charge it." The butchers are having a hard time of it, as they have to pay from $50 to $75 a head for beef cattle, $5 for sheep, and other meats equal in proportion. These prices are for cash and the butchers compelled to retail these meats at small profits and on credit.