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PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER, JEWELER, AND OPTICIAN.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

Cigars, Tobaccos and Fancy Goods. The only reliable Opiumer in town for the proper adjustment of spectacles, always on hand.

LANGENBERG'S
Boot and Shoe Store, ROSEBURG, OGN.

On Jackson Street opposite the Postoffice. Keeps on hand the largest and best assortment of Eastern and San Francisco Foots and Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers.

SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order—Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

REPAIRING Neatly Done. On Short Notice. I keep always on hand

TOYS AND NOTIONS. Musical Instruments and Violin Strings a Specialty.

DR. M. W. DAVIS, DENTIST, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON JACKSON STREET, Up stairs, over S. Marks & Co.'s New Store.

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 stoppage of the train at the Oakland Depot. Give me a call.

JOHN FRASER, Home Made Furniture, WILBUR, OREGON.

Upholstery, Spring Mattresses, Etc., Constantly on hand.

FURNITURE. I have the best stock of furniture south of Portland

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.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS. And the table supplied with the best market affords.

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

Promptly attended to and Goods shipped with care.

Address, Hachenee & Bene, Portland, Oregon.

It is reported from the Congo river that Stanley has arrived at Brazzaville with 1000 men.

At the greenback convention at Columbus, Ohio, the following ticket was nominated: Governor, Charles Jenkins;

THE INDEPENDENT DOUGLAS COUNTY PUBLISHING CO.

THE INDEPENDENT FINEST JOB OFFICE IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

VOL VIII. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

NO. 11. Large and Heavy Posters and Show Hand-Bills.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

By TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Parnell will visit America in the autumn.

The damage by the Long Island tornado was \$50,000.

At Chattanooga A. C. Jordan died June 14th, aged 107 years.

Wm. Jones was hanged at Lakeport, Cal., on Saturday, June 16th.

Sir Charles Tupper's appointment as high commissioner in England for Canada is gazetted.

It is stated that a party of natives in Borneo killed the staff of the British North Borneo company.

Dorsey, one of the prisoners acquitted in the star route trial, is suing the New York Times for libel.

Oth Stein was indicted June 15th by the grand jury at Kansas City for the murder of Geo. Fredricks.

A large portion of the business part of the town of Sterling, Ont., was burned June 15th. Loss, \$125,000.

It is understood that a general plan for a reduction of internal revenue districts has been determined upon.

At Cheyenne, June 16th, a cloud burst upon the place, flooding the streets and destroying property to the amount of \$35,000.

At Bernonrod, Wis., the sawmill of York & Co. was blown to atoms recently by a boiler explosion. George Hazen was killed.

Business failures for the last seven days ending June 15th, were 186, as against 173 last year. New England 24, middle states 22, western 53, southern 30, Pacific states 18, New York city 11, and Canada 19.

J. H. L. Tuck of San Francisco, after a labor of twenty years, has perfected a submarine torpedo boat made of steel, and cigar shaped, which it is claimed will carry three men and remain under water an indefinite period of time.

The person operating the torpedo is clad in the armor of a tank and walks about in the usual manner. It is also claimed that the boat will pass under a ship without being detected.

A London dispatch of June 16th says: A terrible calamity, involving the death of 186 children, occurred in Sunderland, county Durham, this evening.

From details received it appears that an entertainment was given in Victoria Hall by a conjurer, attended almost altogether by children, several thousand being in attendance. The accident occurred at the end of the performance, the body of the child being crushed by the pushing occupants.

When some 300 of the little ones came rushing down stairs from the gallery. At the top of the first flight of stairs was a door which opened only twenty inches, and thus but one child at a time could get through. At this point, while the mass of children were pushing forward, one of them fell and was unable to rise, owing to the others crowding.

The result was a great number was pushed down, trampled on and suffocated. The scene was terrible. No effort could stop the mad rush of the frightened children.

They came on pell mell, though strangely without much shouting, and soon 186 were knocked down and suffocated to death by the others trampling on them.

The greater number of the bodies, which were badly mangled from trampling, laid on the floor or were crushed. Many of the victims had the clothing torn from their bodies, and this, together with the bleeding bodies of the unfortunate, shows the terrible nature of the struggle.

The ages of the 186 children known to have been killed ranged from 4 to 14 years. The excitement in town when the news spread was intense. A great crowd rushed to the scene, until 20,000 were surrounding the hall.

The work of getting out the bodies began immediately. They were laid out in the hall, and the parents of those killed were asked to identify their children. Heartrending scenes transpired while the identification was in progress, mothers of the dead children constantly uttering piercing shrieks.

Many fainted on the discovery that the little ones they loved were gone. Those who went to the rescue of the sufferers found the work of removing the heap of bruised, crushed and suffocated bodies was no easy task. Two hundred children were rescued from the pile who were uninjured, and many others were found in an unconscious condition.

Those of a number were restored to their homes. Those who had perished, together with a number whose friends thought were fatally injured, were laid out in the main hall, and every effort to restore those whom a spark of life could be detected. One eye-witness stated that he saw lying on the flag-stones, a short distance from the bottom of the stairs, the dead bodies of seven children.

Many of those who came to assist in removing the dead, and dress the living, were utterly overcome at the distressing sight of so many dead and dying children. The stair case from the gallery was a winding one, and the face of one of his children, the father, pointing, exclaimed: "That's one." Passing on again, he recognized another, and then the third. Staggering in a fit of agony, he cried, "My God! whalmed with grief he sank to the floor. In some houses there are five children dead.

An Irish Heroine.

Chicago, as most of our readers probably know, gets its drinking water from Lake Michigan.

About two miles out in the lake is the "Crib," where the water is taken into the great pipe under the lake. Kalkstrom is the name of a gigantic Elm who had charge of this crib.

The Chicago Tribune tells the following story of his wife's devotion: "Kalkstrom was known about the wharves as 'Big Charlie.' His claim to distinction is that he commanded a bark of a thousand tons; which, he says, he sailed the north sea, and in which, yiking like, he had carried off his wife, a bright-faced Irish girl, from Drogheda, one of the great ports of Ireland."

"She was a woman with gray eyes and long, black lashes. She had strongly marked eyebrows, and a mass of waving black hair crept in little curls around her temples and neck. She had the piguant nose of her race, and a generous mouth filled with strong, white teeth."

"It was in March. The sun shone warmly, and the great lake seemed to dream of springtime. 'His food was one day getting scarce; and Kalkstrom took his small boat and rowed ashore, for the purpose of getting some.'"

"The few hours he spent among the slops the wind changed; and, when he reached the shore of the lake with his stores, he found it churned up to the fury peculiar to inland seas."

"He did not dare to venture upon it; and, though somewhat worried, he has such confidence in his little Irish girl, as he called her, that he spent the night in the city without serious anxiety."

"The next day found the storm as wild as ever; and he spent the hours of daylight striding up and down the shore, for by this time he knew the few provisions had given out, and that his wife was suffering for food. Twice he launched his boat, and twice it swamped."

"At dark, the light gleamed out from the crib-top, but to Kalkstrom's eyes it had a baleful glare; and morning found him determined to go, or to live to swim or it."

"Fortunately, the wind was more quiet; and, after hard work, he came under the lee of the crib walls."

"His wife had seen him, and cast him a despairing glance; but he knew she was waiting for the waves were so high that all the storm doors and shutters were battered down, and the white caps spit at the lanterns as they drove before the wind."

"He caught the rope, and passed up his second time; and just as he got it under his arms, a great wave swamped his boat, leaving him clinging to the wall, blinded and bruised, and depending on the little woman 'up aloft for his life.'"

"She began hauling on the rope, and pulled at it until she had drawn him as high as the window sill, he thrusting his fingers and toes into whatever crevices offered."

"As he reached his right hand up, the wind came around the corner with a yell and tore him loose, dropping him into the lake; but the heroic Irish girl paid out the line as fast as she could, and he caught it himself with a chance of life still within his reach."

"Up he came, hand over hand, and as he entered the window, he saw a strange discoloration of her face, a black stain on the bright rag-carpet, and the fact that her dress was torn to rags in front."

"He quickly picked her up and found the wedding ring of her left hand entirely gone, and the tendons actually torn out up to the elbow."

"It had been caught between the rope and the stene casing when he fell; and his great weight, playing against the wedging ring, had done the mischief. But as she said, 'It weren't a time for fainting, miss.' And she had hauled him up with her right hand and the help of her strong white teeth."

"The rugging of the hemp had cut her mouth cruelly, and she had ground her teeth against the rope, and the matter of the thick stuff-gown she wore was frayed through and through."

"That night the lake shrieked and roared till the lake went mad with noise, and the waves threw their spray among the pigeons under the eaves of the cabin roof; and the tiny woman moaned through the house for the relief that could not come."

"Kalkstrom signalled and signalled for help, and four days after the accident a boat got out, and Mrs. Kalkstrom was taken to a hospital, where she was nursed, and where she lay for many a weary day."

"When I first saw her, I noticed with great satisfaction that a fall of pretty lace covered her meined hand, and that 'Big Charlie' under his rough husk, held a small round object in his hand."

"To these feelings, he bore witness everywhere; and when his friends would play upon him, and say half in jest and half in earnest—"

"Ah, Charlie, you are a fine fellow, isn't you? he would answer with naive conceit and confidence—"

"Yase, I am, for I hef gomedd a bark of a thousand tons; but dere's a better one dan me at home. And ev' anybody says, 'Kalkstrom's a vine veller,' you can doll him 'Yase, but Kalkstrom's wife is a viner.'"

Trees Around Farm Buildings. Many of the farm buildings of the country have around them trees no shrubs, and are thus exposed to the direct rays of the sun in summer, and the cold winds in winter, giving a bare and desolate look to the premises.

There are exceptions, and these exceptions are the result of the action of the Great Steel Association, Philadelphia, the third Thursday in June, for the purpose of arranging if possible, a new schedule of prices to conform with the changes made by the new tariff law.

The construction train and first locomotive of the Northern Pacific railroad arrived at Helena, Montana, June 12th, amid the shouts and rejoicings of the people, many of whom had never seen a train or heard the screech of the iron horse. The day was warm and bright, and the great body of the citizens of Helena were out in carriages and on horseback, viewing the track layers as they pass in front of the town.

Does the World Miss Any One?

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten.

Those of us who are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of men in a few months, or at farthest in a few years after the grave has closed upon their remains.

We are shedding tears above a new-made grave and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable, yet in a short time the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone.

So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. These are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch.

These are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives away as profane those who would entice them from a worship of their buried lovers.

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After scanning it from top to bottom, he winked to the waiter, and then, as if he were about to hear what he had to say, and the following dialogue took place:—"I say, young man, what do you charge for a square meal?"

"This is after the regular dinner hour," replied the waiter, "and you must pay, but you can order anything you like on the bill of fare, and pay only for what you order. You will find the prices opposite the articles."

The greenhorn looked at the bill of fare for some time and then, taking it down on the table, and pushing his old, dilapidated slouch hat on the back of his head, rushed out into the street remarking, as he passed out: "Not much, by jeeminy, it all comes to over \$25."

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Miseries of a Defective Memory. The miseries of a poor verbal memory are great. Says the Athol Marcell of England, says that his own father was one of the most impassioned and powerful extemporaneous orators he ever heard; but he had a bad verbal memory, and after working up with a splendid passage of unprepared and impromptu eloquence, he tried to close the sentence with the text, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." But as the verbal memory may by nature be, it is capable of great improvement. We have seen a minister who, till he was 40, did not dare to quote a verse of Scripture or a line of poetry; when, hearing some one else that the defect could be removed, made it a matter of study, and soon attained the power to quote what he would.—Christian Advocate.

A REPTILE HOUSE.—The new reptile house in the zoological gardens, says the London Graphic, will probably, be opened to the public about July or August next. A building stands in the southeastern corner of the enclosure, and is 120 feet long and 60 feet wide, having a large porch in front and the keepers' rooms at the back. Three sides of the house will be occupied by fixed cages for the pythons and large reptiles, and the fourth will be kept for small movable cases, while in the center there will be a large tank for crocodiles, and two smaller ones for tortoises. The zoological gardens, according to the latest report, contained on December 31st 2355 creatures, of which 750 were mammals, 1364 birds, and 241 reptiles. Last year 849,776 persons visited the gardens, the number of visitors being considerably larger than usual, owing to the Jubilee excitement.

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Grand Fourth of July Celebration and Reunion of Old Soldiers.

The committee appointed by the Grand Army of the Republic to arrange for a reunion of the old soldiers have completed arrangements for a grand reunion and celebration to be held at Portland, Oregon, July 3d, 4th and 5th.

General Nelson A. Miles, commanding General Morrow, commanding troops at Vancouver Barracks, has accepted an invitation to be present with his troops and go into camp with the Grand Army boys.

Moving guns, grand military dress parade and sham battles will be indulged in by the soldiers and old veterans.

There will be a brilliant display of fireworks in the evenings of each day, specially prepared for the occasion.

General Nelson A. Miles, commanding department of the Columbia, will deliver the oration on the Fourth, and other prominent men from different parts of the North Pacific coast will have a part in the exercises. Special rates will be made by all the transportation lines.

A. E. Borthwick, corresponding secretary, may be addressed or found at the headquarters of the committee, No. 127 1/2 First street, and who will give all desired information relative to the reunion or celebration.

SHORT BITS. In answer to the question, "What is fame?" a Kentucky newspaper replies that it is a word of four letters, and that's about all it is.

If you ask a bald-headed man how he would prefer to be upholstered, he'll likely express a desire for mo'air on the top of his head.—Yonk. Gaz.

Many New Yorkers who changed their places of residence on the first of the month have already discovered that they may say mistake.—Law. Cour.

"The largest button house in New York has suspended." Now, if the largest suspender house had buttoned, it would not have been so bad.—Nor. Her.

"Are you Owen Brown?" asked a Harlem man of a gentleman he met yesterday. "Yes, I am, Owen Brown, but what business is it of yours if I am?"—Har. Times.

A young Chicago lady read that ice was four feet thick in Maine. Then she glanced at her pedestal, and raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "How preposterous!"—Bos. Tran.

Bethel, Conn., claims a cat which eats needles and pins, and doesn't seem to mind it. The man who dared to kick that animal would be made a cripple for life.—N. Y. Com.

When Carlyle said that everybody should have an aim in life, he had no reference to the fair sex. He had doubtless often seen a woman trying to throw a stone at a hen.—N. Y. Com.

"Where are the springs of long ago?" writes Edith M. Thomas, in sweetly flowing verse. Give it up, Edith. Some of them may be hanging in that old hoop skirt in the attic.—N. O. Pic.

The London police who investigated the suspicious movements of an American journalist, were obliged to attend churches, prayer meetings, and Sunday schools constantly.—N. Y. Com.

When a man is carrying home a dozen eggs in a paper bag and one of them slips out on the pavement, he never stops to pick it up. In the hurly-burly of this life one egg is a very small matter.

It is a breach of etiquette never to be forgiven to sneeze in the presence of royalty, but royalty has never bothered itself to tell a man what to do with his nose when he feels a sneeze working along up his suspenders.—Detroit Free Press.

Those New Yorkers who applauded Jules Isaacroti's "The Passion Play" was presented, have not yet been forgiven, though they explained that, being totally ignorant of the history of the affair, they merely thought he was a shrewd business man.—Bos. Post.

Literary market report: Short stories are more lively and in fair demand; editorials are more full; sermons duller; French novels have a downward tendency; poetry has suddenly advanced from one cent and a half to three cents a yard.—Phila. News.

Excavations at Athens. The excavations of the Germans cover an irregular area of about ten acres. Just to the north of the excavations rises a steep, conical hill, once sacred to the goddess Athena, and which a good comprehensive view of the ruins can be obtained. Near the middle of the excavated area is the Temple of Zeus, with the remnants of its Doric columns, thirteen on each long side and six across the ends.

North of that, not far from the foot of the hill of Kronos, is the Heroon or Temple of Hera, one of the most ancient of the Olympic temples, and just east of the Heroon is the Metroon, or Temple of the Mother of the Gods. Along the northern edge of the excavated area, just at the foot of the hill of Kronos, are twelve treasure houses, which were built by twelve Greek cities to hold their dedicatory offerings. From the northeast corner of the main excavated area a narrow passage leads out into the Stadion, or race course where the foot races were run. Of the hippodrome or horse-race course no remains have been found. Sluts of the Temple of Zeus was the Bouleuterion or council house, and in the northwest corner of the excavated area the foundations of the great gymnasium. All the excavated area is filled with the ruins of buildings, some of which have been identified with those mentioned by ancient writers, while in regard to others nothing is known. Though little more than the foundation of the various buildings is now in position, the fragments lying on the ground are sufficient to make an almost complete restoration of nearly all the buildings possible. The ground is literally covered with the drums and capitals of mighty columns, the great stones of massive walls and other architectural remains. The mass of brown

ruins in the green, fertile valley is truly an imposing sight.

What must it have been when those brown stones were brilliant with bright colors and gilding, when bronze and marble statues stood on every wall and pedestal, and the paths were crowded with the noblest and greatest of the Hellenic race.—Corr: Springfield Republican.

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IN YE OLDE TIME.

A most delightful article from the pen of President Porter appears in the May number of the New Englander, the subject being the "New England Meeting House," which the author considers to be the symbol of much that is characteristic of New England life, as it has been the rallying point for nearly everything distinctive in the New England communities. Out of the rough grew the town or, rather, the town New England or developed along with the church. The church was the germ and the meeting house the center of the self governed commonwealth. The name "meeting house" is significant. The edifice was used for religious, social, educational, and to the early New Englander both were equally solemn and sacred. There was no warrant in Scripture for calling an edifice a church.