

THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED
Saturday Mornings,
BY THE—
DOUGLAS COUNTY PUBLISHING CO.

One Year \$2.50
Three Months .75
Six Months 1.00
There are the terms for those paying in advance.
The INDEPENDENT offers fine inducements to ad-
vertisers. Terms reasonable.

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 Optician in town for the
proper adjustment of spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spec-
tacles and Eyeglasses.

OFFICE—First door south of post office, Rose-
burg, Oregon.

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 Boots and
Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers

And everything in the Boot and Shoe Line and
SELLS CHEAP for CASH.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order—Perfect
Fit Guaranteed.

I use the Best of Leather and Warrant all
my work.

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

TOYS AND NOTIONS.

Musical Instruments and Violin Strings a Spe-
cialty.

LOUIS LANGENBERG.

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 Doug-
las 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 stop-
ping of the train at the Oak-
land Depot. Give me a call.

JAS. MAHONEY.

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
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 market
affords. Hotel at the depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,

Dealer in
Staple Dry Goods!

Keeps constantly on hand a general assort-
ment 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.

BOYS 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, Hachency & Beno,
Portland, Oregon.

A Mormon apostle by the name of C.
Rich, died at Bear Lake, Utah, Nov.
17th.

The attorney-general has decided that
the proposed change of standard time in
the District of Columbia cannot be ef-
fected except through congressional
action.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., dispatch of Nov.
12th says: A naked little boy, about nine
years of age, at the West End mine this
morning, caused a terrible explosion.
Michael Barconski, John Escolas and
John Voller were killed.

THE DOUGLAS

VOL. VIII.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

NO. 33.

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The closing up of iron mills in Pitts-
burg and adjoining places, throws 8000
men out of employment.

The iron business in the east is unusu-
ally dull, prices low, and in consequence
a number of mills running on half time.

Reports from western and north-west-
ern Ontario, Canada, say that from six to
eighteen inches of snow fell November
16th.

Strong efforts are being made by Cin-
cinnati to secure the holding of the re-
publican national convention there in 1884.

The Pennsylvania railroad has ordered
all clocks and watches in their service
changed the 18th to make the time 75th
meridian.

At Shenandoah, Pa., Nov. 12th, a large
fire destroyed property to the amount of
\$1,000,000, and many families are rendered
homeless.

One of the severest gales of the season
visited the lakes on the 10th and 11th inst.,
doing immense damage to
shipping, and several lives were lost.

The bronze statue of Washington, to
be placed on the steps of the sub-treasury,
is nearly completed. Its height is
twenty feet and a half and it weighs
35,000 pounds.

The indications are that the present
year will be the best the dominion of
Canada ever experienced in the cattle
and sheep expo trade. Shipments of
sheep are at least 30 per cent. beyond
those of last year.

It is understood that Postmaster Gen-
eral Carlisle will submit to the Canadian
parliament, the coming session, such
amendment to the postal laws as will
prevent the circulation of lottery circulars
and tickets through the mails.

The British steamer Condor, from
Liverpool, sunk off Mindin, Holland, Nov.
18th, during a violent storm. Eighteen
persons were lost, including
the engineers, who were killed by a
bursting boiler. Eight were saved.

It is stated that the vatican has con-
sented to appoint a nunzio to the United
States, in accordance with the wishes of
the American bishops now in Rome.

Anna Dickinson has decided again to
go on the lecture platform under the
auspices of the Knights of Labor, and
declares her purpose to make speeches in
all the principal cities of the country
in the interest of that organization, and
at the close of the next presidential
election.

Iron for the government lighthouse,
near the gate to East river, New York, is
on the ground. The projected edifice
will be an imposing affair, built entirely
of iron, and 250 feet in height. Light
will be furnished by electricity, through
powerful engines. Six electric lights of
20,000 candle power will be seen from
Sandyhook, and up Long Island Sound
beyond New Rochelle, lighting up the
dreaded passage of Hell Gate, and making
it clear as day.

The trade dollar nuisance is certain to
attract early attention of congress.
The president and cabinet have had the
matter under consideration. It is now
certain that Secretary Folger will dis-
cuss the question pointedly in his re-
port, and strongly recommend the re-
demption of all trade dollars, and that
instead of issuing additional standard
dollars to take the place of trade dollars,
the retired trade dollars will be received
as bullion and used in coining standard
silver coin.

The September statement of the Union
Pacific Railroad Company shows: Gross
earnings for the month, \$2,994,978; a de-
crease from the corresponding month
last year of \$176,239. Expenses, \$1,935,-
188; increase, \$274,596. Surplus earn-
ings, \$1,458,883; decrease, \$450,835.
The decrease in earnings is due primar-
ily to the extension of the Chicago, Bur-
lington and Quincy to Denver, and also
to a decrease in Colorado business. Gross
earnings for October show a decrease of
\$50,000. According to approximate fig-
ures the earnings the first week in Novem-
ber show an increase of more than \$70,-
000 over the same week last year.

A New York dispatch of the 17th
says: Business shows no improvement.
The markets are dull, and speculation is
exceedingly tame. The measurable con-
sideration that has prevailed in the ne-
gotiation of doubtful paper has served
to restrict the volume of general trade,
as it cuts off dangerous credits and
brings business nearer to a cash basis.
There will probably be no immediate re-
covery in industry and trade, as we are
now at the threshold of winter, and there
are popular doubts as to what the next
congress will do in regard to fiscal
matters. Though business is rather de-
ranged, there is no real cause for dis-
couragement.

Secretary Teller has prepared his re-
port. He has undertaken a work never
before done, which is to find out exactly
the financial relations existing between
the government and the various Indian
tribes, under the treaties. It seems that
the United States is really a great rascal,
when considered as a person who, at
various times, voluntarily incurred cer-
tain obligations. There has been a per-
fect indifference manifested to paying its
debts under the treaties, and it owes in
the vicinity of \$5,000,000. There is due
and unpaid to the Sioux agent, for
school purposes, under the treaty of
1868, \$1,000,000. By that treaty the United
States agrees to support a school for every
thirty Indian children, which it has not
done. This was a part of the considera-
tion for the Indians for relinquishing their
land, and Mr. Teller holds that the
money it would have cost is honestly
due the nation for school purposes.
Again, there are 25,000 families who,
under the treaty, should have received a
cow, a yoke of oxen and \$100 worth of
tools, because they have settled down as
required, but none of these things have
been given them, because congress failed
to provide means. All information ne-
cessary to the honest discharge of these
obligations will be laid before congress
this winter, so that there will be no ex-
cuse for a failure.

The boring of the tunnel through the
Arlberg branch of the road through the
Alps is completed.

Patrick Kaledich and John Glascock,
bricklayers, were killed by a falling
scaffold in New York city, Nov. 12th.

J. M. Robbins, surveyor general of
Arizona, died Nov. 14th. He had been
suffering from consumption for some
months. Deceased was formally con-
nected with the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Clara Spreckles has ordered two new
steamers in the east. These two, with
one of the two now running between
San Francisco and Honolulu will be
placed on the China trade in opposition
to the Pacific Mail steamers.

McLean, a well-to-do farmer, who is
alleged to be 116 years old, and Mrs.
Martha Wilson, a brimstone sales-
woman, were married at Biltwood, S. C., re-
cently. Immediately after the cere-
mony the happy couple left for New
York on a bridal tour.

A wedding recently in Carrington,
N. C., liquor at the supper table led to
a difficulty in which several guests of the
party participated. Six shots were fired
in one minute, clearing the room. The
groom's best man was killed, and another
groomsman received a mortal wound.
The corpse was removed to an upper
room, and the young couple sat up all
night with the disabled man.

The November report of the depart-
ment of agriculture gives the local yield
per acre in October. In the final report
the condition of corn, which averaged
78, was interpreted to mean a product
close to 1,000,000 bushels, and the
average yield per acre appears as 23.1
bushels. 1 1/2 bushels per acre lower than
the yield of 1882. This gives a result
practically identical with that of Octo-
ber. On the average reported in July,
the exact figures would be 1,577,000 bushels.
In revision of the season re-
sults, this result will not be materially
changed, and the product will be about
40,000,000 bushels short of the pre-
vious crop, notwithstanding the in-
creased area. The potato crop is large,
amounting to 175,000,000 bushels.

A Denver dispatch of Nov. 16th says:
One of the most brutal robberies that
ever occurred in Colorado was enacted
at Petersburg Grove, seven miles from
this city, last night. At that place re-
sides an old bachelor, Peter Olsen, who
usually kept small sums of money hid
about the premises. Last night four
disguised men went to the house and
knocked, and the victim opened the door.
The former asked the visitors to come in,
and as soon as all were inside, they
seized Olsen, threw him on the floor and
held him, and then demanded to know
where his money was. He replied that
he had none. After thoroughly search-
ing the house to no purpose Olsen still
refusing to tell where the money was
hid, the robbers got willow switches and
whipped his bare feet and legs until
they were covered with blood. Still re-
fusing, they built a large fire in the back
yard, carried Olsen out and proceeded
to throw him into the flames. Olsen
placed his feet in the fire and liter-
ally roasted them. Even this terrible
treatment would not open his mouth.
The old man was then compelled to walk
back to the house, where a scullie en-
tered, during which the stove was over-
turned, disclosing a money box contain-
ing \$600, which the robbers took and
decamped. Olsen will probably recover.

A Laredo, Tex., dispatch of Nov. 14th
says: A bold train robbery was per-
petrated last night on the Mexican National
railroad, twenty miles south of here,
across the Mexican line. As the train
from Saltillo, Mex., was passing the
place, rounded a curve on a lonely spot
not far from La Jarita, a small station,
the engineer discovered that a train had
been removed from the track. He applied
the brakes and reversed the engine as
soon as possible, but too late to save the
train, which was thrown from the track.
The engine and the first two cars were
wrecked and the others somewhat
damaged. The fireman was killed, fall-
ing beneath the engine. The engineer
was considerably bruised. Simultane-
ously as the train left the track about
four masked men issued from the ad-
joining woods and made an attack. They
compelled the conductor to give up the
money in the express car, \$8000 in silver,
and were about to relieve the passengers
of their valuables when it became known
that one of the passengers had escaped
and gone to La Jarita for assistance. The
robbers thereupon took flight, and re-
turning to their horses, retreated into
the woods. It is thought they have
crossed the Rio Grande and are now
upon American soil. Scouting parties
are out in all directions.

The statement of Director Burdard as
to the standard silver dollar will perhaps
attract most attention. He says: Since
the passage of the act in 1878 requiring
the monthly purchase of not less than
\$2,000,000 worth of silver bullion
and its coinage into silver dollars, \$154,-
370,890 had been coined prior to Octo-
ber, 1883. That this, with the \$81,000,
000 of fractional currency coin in the
country a total of \$235,000,000, is in ex-
cess of the requirements of the country
for silver circulation, is apparent from
the large amount of these coins in the
vaults of the treasury not represented by
outstanding certificates, and not required
to be held for their payment in name-
ly, over 39,000,000 silver dollars and nearly
27,000,000 fractional coin, a total of
\$66,000,000. My view in regard to the
policy of further continuing the coin-
age of silver dollars was expressed in
my report two years ago, and remains
unchanged. While believing that the
equal coinage of both metals by all na-
tions is desirable, in order to give
greater stability to the value of com-
modities and credit, yet in view of our
inability to continue the increase of silver
circulation at the present rate without
expelling a large portion of the present
stock of gold, as well as the waning hope
for the co operation of leading com-
mercial nations in securing the general use
of silver and its unlimited coinage as
money, and of the present abundant
paper, and increasing gold circulation in
this country, the question again presents
itself for the consideration of legislators
whether the law directing the monthly
coinage of not less than \$2,000,000
worth of silver bullion into standard
dollars should not be modified or re-
pealed.

SELMA DICKERSON'S FOLLY.

In a woody retreat a few yards from
her own door, sat the spinster Selma
Dickerson. Her life had been made up
more of shadows than sunshine, and as
the scenes of the past were called up in
review, she covered her eyes with her
hands and sighed audibly. She was
thinking of her forty-two years ago
when Farmer Jones came wooing. As
the memory of his generous face re-
minded her of what might have been, it
is no wonder that in her loneliness her
heart cried out for companionship and
comfort.

Listen! She is talking softly to herself.
"What a fool I was! To think of my be-
ing flattered into the hope that 'the
wealthy squire would condescend to
marry me! And yet, her eyes flashing,
"I am as good, yes, better than her
Jerry Jones I knew to be honest in his
love for me. I knew he wanted me for a
wife and companion rather than a slave
and household drudge. I knew he would
be kind, considerate and loyal, and he
might prove exacting, dictatorial, and
even untrue. Oh, it was that board-
ing school education, or rather lack of
education, that was to blame! My head
was filled with false notions of life. I
had never been shown the value of
real worth. My ambition for
wealth and the position which
it brings was fostered, while my aspira-
tions toward the good and real were
crushed and kept down by my associa-
tions and surroundings. My mother was
poor, but vain and proud. She lived
upon the surface, striving to grasp the
baubles and glitter of life. All my young
days, which should have been so full of
innocence, were made up in lessons in
worldly vanity. From my earliest re-
collection my mother's aim was to gain for
me an alliance with some wealthy fam-
ily. I see it all now. I was not so much
to blame after all, and yet how could I
have been so blind and foolish?"

After a silence of some minutes, with
her hand pressed to her heart, as if to
still its wild beating, she murmured, "In
the white house over the lawn, silence
reigns, for Theresa Jones is dead. Did
she love him as I have loved him all
these years? Has she been to him what
I might have been had it not been for
my pride? Was his heart filled?
Does he bend over her dead form and
weep? I can see it all now. I have loved,
and he would if I were in her place? The
world calls me hard and cynical, says I
am intellectual and cold; that all I care
for is to place the ballot in the hands of
my own sex, that we may rule the world!
How little I am understood! If the world
knew that all these years I have loved,
and hopelessly; that my heart yearned
toward every little child from whom I
have turned almost harshly to hide my
true self; if it was known that my close
study of social life, as represented in
marriage, has been prompted by the
earnest desire to help other women to
avoid the rocks upon which my ship of
happiness was wrecked; if people knew
that beneath my cold exterior—"

Approaching footsteps roused Miss
Dickerson from her soliloquy. Farmer
Jones came to see to the terms which
Selma tried to hide. Extending his
hand, he said with emotion:
"I am sorry to find you in trouble too.
Has any thing happened?"

"No, no," she answered, "I was only
thinking how this effect upon you."

The emphasis upon his words showed
too plainly that he, too, had the opinion
of other people as to the finity nature of
Miss Dickerson's heart. He continued,
"I have come to ask a favor. You know
Theresa died last night, and I have no
kind and look after things, or even to be
kind to my motherless girls. I thought
perhaps—"

Rising abruptly, Miss Dickerson said,
"I will come in an hour; and hurriedly
into the house, leaving her friend grate-
fully but bewildered.

In Farmer Jones' home Miss Dick-
erson was truly an angel in disguise. By
degrees the little girls learned to love
her. As time wore on, their father be-
came silent and thoughtful, even absent-
minded. In the early days of his grief
he had been frank and open in his man-
ner toward Selma. A change was com-
ing over him which even the children
noticed, and commented upon to "dear
Miss Dickerson." Poor Selma! She felt
that the crisis was approaching, the
time when she must leave this lonely
man, and his children whom she had cared
for so tenderly. She could no longer
endure the false life which she was com-
pelled to lead. Misjudged by all the
world, it was bitterness indeed to be
misjudged by him. And yet she hid
the sweet satisfaction in her life of
weary loneliness she had been able to
rouse many women first to thought-
fulness, then to steps toward the free-
dom and happiness of true womanhood;
that she had been instrumental in qual-
ifying many of the mothers to train
their offspring properly; that even young
girls came to her for advice, and that
from them she commanded the respect
which gave weight to her sage, practical
words.

Thinking all had retired, she lingered
one night by the falling embers, as a
long fire had been much the same as
that with which our story opens.

Farmer Jones had been sitting silent,
but full of thought, in the room where
two years ago Theresa Jones left her
earthly form. Worn at last, he rose,
and feeling that he would never sleep
noisily through the room where Sel-
ma sat in the abandonment of her grief.
She was rocking to and fro, silently,
while the tears coursed down her cheeks.

For a moment he stood astonished, and
somewhat awed—for a moment only.
Approaching, he laid his hand gently
upon her shoulder and said, "In tears
again, Selma? What does this mean?"
Startled and abashed at being thus sur-
prised, she hid her face in her hands,
making no reply. Bending over her,
and forcing her hands from her face,
William Jones, with eager trembling
tones, questioned:

"Is your life lonely? Has the noble
effort on your part to help women to
health and freedom failed quite to fill
your life? and then sadly, bitterly, he
asks, "Can it be that you still grieve for
that dastardly fellow who won your love
only to throw it back in your face?"

These words roused Selma, and rising,

she exclaimed, "Forgive me, William,
for all the past, and for this strange
scene. Try to understand me when I
tell you that I leave you to-morrow, and
that henceforth our paths must lie
apart."

"No, no," he cried; "that must not,
shall not be, until at least you have once
more listened to me, as on that bright
autumn day so far away in the past. I
loved you then—I have never ceased to
love you, and I love you now with a hol-
ier, truer love than ever before. I do not
wrong my dead wife by these words.
When I wooed her I was honest, and
told her that my heart was loyal to an-
other. She married me, and we lived
peacefully, quietly together. After years
had passed, I fancied that my old love
was conquered even by its hopelessness.
I did not know then, as I know now,
that it was smothered for a time only to
rise in greater strength in this hour.
Upon your decision hangs my destiny
for weal or woe. Can you, will you
give me mine own?"

No response. Strong-minded Selma
Dickerson was silent.

When the quiet wedding was over, the
townpeople shook their heads and said,
"Woman's suffrage and reforms in gen-
eral have lost a quiet but efficient ad-
vocate." But they were mistaken. William
Jones warmly seconded his wife's wishes
to continue in the good work, and bet-
ter still, he joined hands with her in
striving to elevate and redeem humanity
from the thralldom and attendant mis-
eries of ignorance and consequent in-
difference.

In thinking it all over, although we re-
gret the sufferings we cannot forbear the
conclusion that out of "Selma Dick-
erson's folly" came much good both to in-
dividuals and to the race.

Stranger Than Fiction.

On Monday evening, October 24th,
Mr. T. G. Childers and Mrs. Lucinda
Phillips were married at the latter's re-
sidence on Division street. This is their
second wedding with each other, and the
story of their separation and final
reunion after twenty years, is equal in
point of romance, to that of Enoch Ar-
den.

Mr. T. D. Childers and Mrs. Lucinda
Taten were first married in their native
country, Franklin, in 1866, and lived to-
gether until 1861, when the husband
joined the southern army in response to
a call for volunteers. Soon he was made
prisoner by the enemy, who kept him for
awhile in St. Louis, and finally sent him
to Alton, Ill., for keeps. After sixteen
months of captivity he was exchanged,
and resumed his duties as a southern sol-
dier, remaining in the army until the
close of hostilities in 1865, when, like a
dutiful husband and father, he returned
to his wife and little children; but sad
changes greeted him where all had once
been contentment and happiness.

The husband had been badly hurt and killed
in the terrible struggle of Vicksburg, and
his wife, after long and fearful waiting,
was forced to give credence to the story,
and subsequently found solace in the
love of Mr. Phillips, whom she had
known from childhood. True to vows of
long ago, she was loth to bury the first
love. Still she was a woman, and there-
fore to be won, and so it was the soldier
husband returned from the dangers and
privations of war to find her whom he
had vowed to love until parted by death
the wife of another. It was an ordeal
more trying than any he had experienced
during all the bloody conflicts through
which he had passed. Yet there was no
remedy save to suppress the affections so
fondly treasured, and trust in time, whose
easy light corrects all errors, softens
grief, and re-creates memories to sleep.

He married again in 1866, but his sec-
ond wife died three years later. In 1875
he married a third time, but was again
robbed by death of his consort one year
afterward. About a year ago Mr.
Phillips died, leaving Childers' first wife
a widow.

Mrs. Phillips has a brother residing in
Franklin, whom she visited not long
since, and at whose house she chanced
to meet Mr. Childers, her first husband.

They met as friends, but their friendship
quickly warmed; the love of twenty
years ago returned, and though not so
fervent as in the earlier days of youth,
it was not wanting in earnest devotion.

Their second marriage to each other oc-
curred on Monday evening, October 24th,
in the presence of their families, respec-
tively and collectively. The event was
celebrated with music and dancing, and
the bride and groom, though sprinkled
with the silver of time, seem happier for
the sorrow they have known.—[Spring-
field (Mo.) Herald.

Carving a Canadian Goose.

Mr. McCloud will please carve the
goose."

These words were addressed to a
young man who made one of a party at
a breakfast table on Tuesday morning
last. The table was standing in a house
on King street, near Widmer, and the
breakfast—"dejeuner" would be a better
fitting word—was given in honor of a
young couple who had been married
about an hour before. There was no
three contained in the words above
quoted, but nevertheless they sent a
thrill of terror through the young man
to whom they were addressed. He had
never cut up anything before except a
few capers when out with the boys at
night, and the idea of carving a goose
before company made him so nervous
that he fancied the other guests were be-
ginning to regard him as akin to the
bird he was called upon to mangle. How-
ever, he was ashamed to show his igno-
rance of a useful accomplishment, so he
drew a long breath and the carving-knife
towards him. As he arose to his feet
the eyes of the party were upon him.
So was the goose a moment later, for it
slid from beneath his fork and flew like
a real live bird out of the dish and into
his very best waistcoat. Of course ex-
pressions of sympathy were tendered on
all sides, but somehow or other
they didn't make the young man feel
better or look less greasy. The goose
was returned to the dish, and Mr. Mc-
Cloud returned to the work before him.
The accident had not a reassuring effect
upon either the carver or the company,
and the renewed operations were watched
with greater interest than before. This
increased interest in his maneuvers with

the roast goose had a tendency to make
the obliging gentlemen quite careless
as to whether he attempted to carve with
the edge or back of his knife; and, as a
matter of fact, he did try to dismember
the goose with the broad back of the
carver. He thought at the time that the
bird was "confounded tough," not being
aware of his endeavor to slice with the
back of the knife, but when the sharp
edge pierced the finger which he had
pressed upon it in his frantic effort to
cut, he knew that "some one had blun-
dered