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To Cure Chickens Cholera—A recipe for chicken cholera: Take as much gun- powder as will form cornmeal or any similar feed or bran moderately black, and feed it to your chickens. Give them all they will eat of it, and if fed when first taken sick, it will cure them.

The largest oyster shell in the world is in the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris. It weighs over 500 pounds, and is used as a baptismal font.

Clay Centre, Kansas, has four thou- sand residents without a rum mill.

## THE DOUGLAS



## INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VIII.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

NO. 34.

## LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Lawrence Wilmon of Illinois has been appointed judge of the court claims.

The president has pardoned Sergeant Mason, who attempted to shoot Guitau.

John Chisolm, for the murder of his wife, was hanged in the Essex county jail, New York, Nov. 23d.

Two steamers collided on Lake Geneva recently, between Brian and Quiry. Twenty passengers were drowned.

On Nov. 26th New York city celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the evacuation of the British troops.

Business failures for the week ending November 23d throughout the United States and Canada, were 247 against 235 the previous week.

The library of the late Henry C. Murray, of Brooklyn, it is announced, will be sold during the coming winter. It is valued at \$100,000, although it consists of only 5000 volumes.

Ellen Reed, wife of Charles H. Reed, counsel for the assassin Guitau, began suit for divorce in the Chicago courts on the ground of failure to support. Reed was formerly state's attorney at Chicago.

Governor Crosby, of Montana, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior, urges that polygamist Mormons be not only disfranchised, but debarred from entering government lands, thereby preventing the spread of Mormonism in the territory.

The masons have stopped work on the Washington monument, leaving the shaft for the winter at the height of 410 feet. At this elevation it is the loftiest structure on the continent, and, with very few exceptions, in the world. When completed it will be 550 feet high.

Patrick William O'Brien, the Irish giant, and Christian D. Bunz, German giantess, were married in Pittsburgh, Nov. 20th. The ceremony was performed in the German Evangelical church, and was witnessed by a large concourse of people, including the mayor and council of Pittsburgh, the mayor of Allegheny, John McCullough, Margaret Mather, Antioch Indians, and a snake charmer.

The supreme court at San Francisco has affirmed the judgment of the lower courts in the case of Wheeler, the stranger of Adella J. Tilton, his sister-in-law. He has been sentenced to be hanged Saturday, Dec. 1st. Wheeler will be brought before Judge Furland, for the third time since the murder, the sentence of death will be passed upon him.

A special from Hickman, Kentucky, gives an account of the horrible double murder of Hillman King and wife, an old couple, who were shot in the barn, visited the house and found his mother dead, in a pool of clotied blood. He gave the alarm, and the neighbors found the father in the barn, covered with shocks and partly eaten by rats. A German peddler is suspected. The house was robbed of \$3000.

A Salt Lake dispatch of November 21st says: In an interview to-day David Bookholdt, county clerk of this county, and a polygamist, announced that he will not give up his office; and that the election held last August, under the auspices of the commission, whereas his enemies among others were chosen was a mere farce, to which he should pay no attention. A large number of other polygamist officers are holding over in the same way, in disregard of the election. Their theory is that the Edmunds act is unconstitutional, and the action of the commission under it invalid. And since the newly elected Mormons are committed to the same view, and will not bring suits to oust to polygamists, the latter seem to have the best of the situation.

A Fort Benton dispatch of November 23d says: A daring robbery occurred last night at T. C. Power &amp; Bros.' store, about 11 P. M. While Mr. Stark was clearing up the work of a heavy day's business, he was asked by two strangers, who called at the rear door, the price of a ticket to St. Paul. On being informed of the price, one of the men said, "I'll take a first-class ticket," pulling out a hundred dollar bill and giving it to Stark, who opened the drawer to make change, exposing a number of bills. Just as he did so, with his back to the strangers, he was dealt a heavy blow on the ear and knocked partly down. Followed quickly by another that sent him to the floor unconscious. The robbers took about \$700 from the drawer, and made their escape before Stark revived. Officers are in pursuit. Stark is pretty severely injured, and has been confined to his room all day.

A Laconia, N. H., dispatch of Nov. 25th says: This morning residents were startled by the story of a terrible tragedy which occurred at 4 o'clock. S. F. Andrews, a neighbor of James Ruddy, aged forty years, and employed at the Laconia car works, was alarmed by a woman screaming. He aroused his son and hurried to Ruddy's house, whence the screams proceeded. They found Mrs. Ruddy, aged 36 years, lying on the ground beneath the front window, through which she had leaped. She was bleeding profusely, and said she was being cut to pieces. She was properly cared for, assistance was obtained and the door of Ruddy's house forced in, when flames burst forth and an alarm was sounded. The fire was quickly extinguished and the bodies of Ruddy and his only child, one and a half years old, were found lying on the kitchen floor, both cut in a terrible manner and covered with the contents of a feather bed which had been saturated with kerosene and set on fire. The bodies were so dis- figured by flames as to be nearly past recognition. In the bedroom was found the trunk of the lifeless body of Mrs. Ford, which was identified by her husband. One of her limbs had been chopped off, and the remaining leg was bound to the woman's body with a clothes line. The bed clothes were then saturated with oil and an attempt made to set them on fire, but failed. Mrs. Ruddy, being questioned, said that the crime was committed by Thomas Samyn, an Englishman and an acquaintance of the family, a cook by trade, and about 38 years of age, with a hatchet. Samon was arrested.

Joseph H. Blackfan, superintendent of foreign mails, died Nov. 24th.

Fifty persons in Thorn, West Prussia, have been attacked by trichinosis.

Captain Samuel Richardson Knox of the United States navy died Nov. 22d.

The Chicago city hall, costing \$1,123,000 is ready for use, but is not done.

The duke of Castlemont, who was captured recently near Trapani by brigands, has been ransomed for 30,000 florins.

The budget of the German empire estimates the receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year of 1884 at 1,112,800,000 marks each.

The Postal Telegraph Company, for a consideration of \$10,498,500, full paid stock, transferred all its lines, franchises, etc., to the Postal Cable Company.

The national home for disabled volunteer soldiers has commenced suit in the federal court of Boston, to recover from General Butler \$18,275, for which he has failed to accout.

It is said that O'Donnell, who is soon to be tried in London for the killing of Carey, was once a Molly Maguire in Pennsylvania, and was prominent in several riots in the coal region.

A Danville, Ind., dispatch of November 20th says: Early yesterday morning unknown parties inserted dynamite cartridges under the Dewdrop saloon. The explosion blew the building to pieces and the shock was felt over the entire town.

At Rasville, Indiana, recently, Edward Payne, cashier of the Rasville national bank, was awakened by a noise. He started down stairs and met a burglar coming up, who ordered him back, threatening to shoot. Payne hurled a vessel at him, whereupon the burglar fled, the shot taking effect in Payne's right lung.

A Coal Creek, Col., dispatch of Nov. 20th says: This morning Isaac Jones and Phil Griffith started down the shaft of the Canfield coal mine, for the purpose of examination. When down 300 feet their lamps ignited the gas, causing a terrific explosion. Griffith was stunned and badly burned, but managed to escape. Jones was found on the bottom of the shaft, dead.

A pool known as the Consolidated Paper Company, comprising fifty mills throughout the northwest, manufacturing wrapping paper, met in Chicago recently, and resolved, in view of the overstocked condition of the market, to shut down all mills from December 1st to February 4th. They have been running on half time since November 1. This will throw 2000 men out of employment.

In pursuance of resolutions adopted by the annual meeting of the grand army of the republic, Captain N. Shockey, chairman of the committee appointed for the purpose, has sent circulars to all the posts of the G. R. in Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico and Indian territory, asking signatures of all comrades to a memorial to congress, praying for the establishment of a soldiers' and sailors' home in Kansas. Speedy action is asked, so that the memorial may be presented to congress early in the coming season.

A suit involving over \$20,000,000 was commenced in the U. S. Cir. court at San Francisco, by Jennie M. Gray of Virginia, widow of John Bowie Gray, against the Quicksilver Mining Company of New England.

The original owners of the property, and died in New York in 1861. His partners were Knowles Taylor and Robert J. Walker, formerly secretary of the treasury. Action is based on fraud in the admission of the two partners to Gray's interest, whereby the company, for a small sum, succeeded in obtaining entire possession of the property.

Jacob Thompson, who, besides General Holt, is the only living member of Buchanan's cabinet, stated that he contemplated writing a history of his visit to Canada as agent of the southern confederacy. Thompson speaks of it as his "Canada campaign." He supposes that a full publication of all facts would create a considerable breeze. His sole reason for hesitation, he declares, is that several prominent citizens, one or more of them occupying seats in the congress of the United States, would be utterly ruined. He intimates that one, at least, of the gentlemen was in the confidence of the United States government at the time of which he speaks, and was at the same time aiding him in his efforts for the success of the confederacy.

A Jackson, Mich., dispatch of Nov. 22d says: This morning four persons—Jacob B. Cronch, aged 73, and a widow, Henry White, aged 38, a son-in-law of Cronch, Eunice White, aged 33, daughter of Cronch, all of Summit township, Jackson county, and Moses Polley, aged 40, of Transfer, Mersey county, Pennsylvania—were found murdered in their beds, all having been shot through the head behind the ear. It is supposed they were chloroformed first, as no signs of a struggle appeared, each victim lying as if asleep, and the odor of chloroform being noticeable when the bodies were discovered. Mrs. White was also shot through the left arm. No clue, has, as yet, been discovered, although it is deemed that a guard was placed while the murder was being perpetrated. Cronch was a wealthy farmer, living seven miles southwest of Jackson, and the owner of an extensive sheep ranch in Texas. It is rumored that he had just received \$50,000 from Texas, in payment on sales made on the ranch. Bankers here state that no money was deposited by Cronch, and it is presumed the money was in Cronch's hands. Polley was stopping at Cronch's, having just come from Texas with a large amount of money for the purpose of buying blood stock. The theory is that he (Polley) was followed by the murder or murderers, for the purpose of robbery. The bodies were thoroughly ransacked, and everything of value carried away. A young girl, adopted daughter of White's, and a negro, aged 18, were sleeping on stairs. The girl says she heard no firing although the negro says he heard a thumping noise about the middle of the night, and thought that it was caused by a fierce wind which was blowing.

## FOR HIS BROTHER.

"The governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his excellency will be generally commended."—Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.

I read this little paragraph and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben. I also knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed John Brisben in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to mind so vividly I must write out, for never before have I met a case so prosy or poetic, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than this, a man of fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great-grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's station, between the present city of Maysville and the historic old town of Washington, was the principal settlement. One of his sons, Edwin Brisben, came from upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone creek. He was an industrious, strong limbed, lion hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, John Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the federal congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben. Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his widow an excellent blue grass farm and a snug little stock of horses, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained a widow until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman and she idolized her two boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate friends could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the dispositions of the twins. Joseph Brisben was surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was without a dreamer and an enthusiast; and before he knew it he was a beggar. There was the blue grass farm valued at \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well-invested securities which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never out on for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money that he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town and began a life of pleasure seeking of the grossest sort. His brother gave him no advice, for he knew it was useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality, and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles.

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out like a good fellow, and I will settle down in sober earnest."

For an answer John Brisben placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

In less than three years Joseph Brisben was in the hands of the law, closed creditors, and a sheriff's officer seized his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy.

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into debt once again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

It took all of John Brisben's hoard to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said: "I am glad you are coming back to the farm, John. You need not do any work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and, remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country.

In the meantime John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton, by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself, and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very much money. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for the furnishing.

"Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still worked from dawn till dark that his brother might play the gentleman and live in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily, and had invariably lost.

One day—it was the summer of 1877—a forged check was presented at one of the banks of the shire town, by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for \$2500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. He down his claims he became a badly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check. The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace was sent to John Brisben.

"He must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparation to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together for several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," said he, in his slow, hesitating way, "you have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

"But"—began the magistrate.

"Issue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man, and I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You!" cried the astonished magistrate. "You a forger—impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible in these days," said the white haired old man, sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at the jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known, several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankfort, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph remained on the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never passed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession, duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance it was this: That he was guilty of the forgery for which his brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he, who had no ties of blood or marriage, could better suffer the punishment and disgrace than I, who had dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.

## Overcrowding and Crime in Paris.

Overcrowding, however, has now reached such a point that serious business is beginning to be felt by the municipal council of Paris. The communal instruction of 1871 proved that the people of Paris had not grown less revolutionary because they lived in better looking houses, and, indeed, the embellishments of the city had, as already shown, simply altered the conditions of the working man's life without improving them. One of the emperor's ideas was that by erecting fine streets everywhere he might disintegrate the popular mass. Instead of clustering together by themselves, workmen would be spread over all parts of the city, and those of them who became tenants of sixth floor rooms in houses the lower flats of which were occupied by bourgeois lodgers would, as he calculated, be reformed by the influence of these respectable abodes. This was only a dream. The increase of population has caused whole districts to become once again "quartiers ouvriers," and in these the almost entire extinction of home life has had the most demoralizing results. Children being sent away, the horrid custom of "son d'etre," and marriages are becoming rarer and rarer. The Parisian workman lives mostly out of doors and in wine shops. He does not carry his dinner to his work, but takes his meals in an "es- taminet," and as a rule his evenings are spent in a cafe. What instruction in morals he gets is derived from the theatres and from newspapers—the spiritual agencies which countless churches, temples and societies and other religious bodies bring to bear on the poor of London there is little to be seen in Paris. The city has sixty Catholic churches and perhaps thirty chapels of other denominations, so that one place of worship might be reckoned for about every 20,000 inhabitants; and to all appearance even this is more than the people desire. To Catholicism, however, the faithful are counted among the elements which operate for good on workmen; but in respect of thrift the Parisians may be compared to ants who are preyed upon by ant-eaters. They save, but innumerable financial companies are on the lookout to catch their savings. "Changeurs," who are the popular bankers, abound in every quarter, and more than twenty financial journals, which profess to act as guides to investors, are published daily. But every week the disappearance of some changeur and the collapse of some company is reported, and after every such event it turns out that hundreds of workmen and servants have been pinching themselves for years simply to feed a gang of swindlers. Under the influence of all these causes, overcrowding, childlessness, immorality, irreligious-

ness, and financial robberies, crime has developed to such an extent in Paris that the most drastic legislation has had to be proposed. It is computed that after the overthrow of the commune about 20,000 of the most reckless characters in Paris were got rid of by shooting or transportation; but, notwithstanding this great purge, M. Gambetta had to declare, less than ten years afterward, that the criminal classes formed an "army of desperadoes ready to the hand of any political adventurer." Last year the chamber of deputies passed a bill (which has not yet been voted by the senate) for sentencing to transportation for life all felons twice convicted; but even the heavy menace of this act has had no deterrent effect, for only a few days ago the Parisian papers reported that regular batties of criminals were being conducted in the suburbs, whole companies of gendarmes and mounted police being sent out against them with firearms.—London Times.

## The Beauties of Polygamy.

A Mormon missionary on his way east last spring, in broken English, was complaining to the passengers in the car the beauties of religion and especially the charms of polygamy. At last, addressing a prominent gentleman of this place, he asked: "Are you a married man?"

The gentleman responded in the affirmative, whereupon the saint continued as follows: "If you are married you know some things and can understand one beauty of polygamy. You know most married people have little misunderstandings, tilts as they are called. If one wife 'puts on,' all you have to do is go to the house of another wife, that soon brings the obstreperous wife to her senses, and I tell you it causes them all to use us mighty well." "You damnable scoundrel," said the gentleman, "you would tear out a woman's heart and hang it on the wall to minister to your own pleasure, and another as your pleasure was satisfied; and you have been selected to preach the gospel abroad?" It was even so, and from that circumstance alone we can estimate how much of devotion is blended with the meaning of plural wives. The ruling thoughts are simply selfishness and brutal lust, and under the system there can result only women deformed in mind and with hearts either turned to gall or stone, and men in whose souls the nobler instincts have been blunted forever. For the government of the United States to take the mantle of protection around this practice and to shield it through a sensitive dread of interfering with anything which is called a part of a religion is an injustice to the country at large, a cruelty to the Mormon people themselves. To this country it is what it would be to support to permit passengers bringing a dreadful epidemic sickness to land without quarantine.—Salt Lake Tribune.

## Women of the World.

Go west, young girl! In Texas they are paying servant girls \$20 a month.

An Indianapolis woman who wears a No. 1 shoe claims to have had sixteen offers of marriage on account of her foot.

The ladies of Cleveland hold an annual doll show for a charity called "The Doll Show." The last one held recently, netted \$4000.

"Come and see me on important family matters," was the invitation sent over to her relatives by a lady in Berlin. This was the delicate way she desired them to see her hanging to a bedpost dead.

Tom Thumb's poor little widow is in a lonely and bad way. She has been shocked by the fire, and is in need of help in her family and then by the Milwaukee fire, that she wonders she isn't dead.

Chicago Herald: Mary Anderson was presented to the Prince of Wales, but Mrs. Wales was present by way of no harm. Now let the patriots in the Blue-grass state hang their mute sentinels of the fresside on the antlers.

It is rumored that the lovely Countess of Londale will cut an anti matrimonial swathe in this country before settling down to married joys. It is not stated whether she will bring her Freddie with her or depend on our domestic stock.

London World: An accident happened last week in which a dog-cart driven by a lady, a private carriage and a fly were in collision. No one was injured. Their great object was to escape an accident which may happen in Brighton.

In the first place, the fact that women have taken to driving is in itself prolific of danger. They seldom have any strength, they never have any discretion, they would be lost to attract attention and to do this they rattle on in the most reckless manner.

## HOUSE AND FARM.

To Remove Warts on Cattle—A correspondent asks how to remove warts on cows' heads. Use raw potatoes for the removal of warts. Cut a tomato in two and rub with the inside. Try it.

Hockery Nut Cake—One and a half cups white sugar, a half cup butter, two cups flour, three-fourths cup sweet milk, one cup nut kernels, whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar.

To Sweeten Rancid Lard—Place the lard over the fire, slice fresh potatoes thin, a few or many, according to the quantity of grease, then fry until the slices are brown. The grease will be sweet, while the potatoes will be immensely strong.

Delicious Pudding—One quart of boiled milk, mixed with a quarter of a pound of mashed potatoes and the same quantity of flour, with one or two ounces of butter, and two ounces of sugar. When it is cold, add three eggs well beaten; bake half an hour, and eat with wine sauce.

A Nice Sauce for Tea—A nice sauce for tea can be made of eggs. Let them cook in cold water, or, better still, in a little sour cider, all night. Then let them boil gently till they are tender. Just before taking them from the fire add sugar to your taste. If you do not use cider, the juice of one or two lemons should be used to prevent the sauce from tasting insipid.