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SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS! ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

HACHENY & BENO, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Pavements in Paris are made in this way: A bed of lime concrete is made for base, and on this are placed narrow side up, blocks of pine wood previously steamed in tar, and of the size of ordinary bricks.

THE INDEPENDENT VOL. VIII. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883. NO. 37.

What Came of It.

Mr. Smith missed the train by just one-half minute and he was in a furious temper over the matter.

Of course the person on whom he could most quickly and with the least impunity cast blame was his wife.

It was all her fault. Why couldn't she manage household affairs so that he could get his breakfast earlier?

It was a full hour and a half till the next train; it was nearly half a mile back to Mr. Smith's house.

But as he hastened along somehow or other his absorption was diverted by the song of a bird in the trees that lined his path.

He noticed the fragrance of the apple and plum blossoms, distinguishing the peculiar strain of a bird he used to hear in boyhood.

She was thin and careworn. The plump rosiest and merry smile were for the most part gone.

As Mr. Smith neared his house he felt a certain shrinking from meeting his wife as he did.

"What is the matter, Bridget?" "Faith, sur, and it's the stove that breaks me heart entirely."

"Well, Bridget, I believe that's all my fault. Your mistress has asked me many times to bring a new grate from the city and to have a man come and clean out the stove-pipe and chimney."

"Yes, Bridget, I will have the cistern fixed for you, sur. I'll get it fixed for you, sur."

"Well, sur, that I think I'll stay. I was just tellin' the mistress that I wouldn't work any longer with such inconveniences, but if the stove and cistern are fixed a poor girl can get along."

Mr. Smith made another memorandum in his note book and passed on through the dining-room towards his wife's room.

"And so you missed the train—breakfast was late, well, I can't help it—Bridget is going to leave, too."

I remember how the jockeys used to ride in the olden days. They had no saddles, and each man who mounted a horse was required to wear home-made lance pants.

A MARYLAND ESTATE.

How the Negroes Were Provided for—Their Allowance of Food and Clothing.

Fred Douglas, in his autobiography, thus describes the management of a Maryland estate, in the times of slavery:

"The men and the women slaves on Col. Lloyd's farm received as their monthly allowance of food eight pounds of pickled pork or their equivalent in fish."

"The little boys and girls were nearly all in a state of perfect nudity. A coarse blanket, such as cover horses, was their only bed."

As a coach in which a banker of Pennsylvania is traveling with his family is described as follows:

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On the banks were several battalions of infantry, encamped in good tents, all laid out in first-class order, properly pitched and nicely inclosed.

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The performances by the Davenport brothers and other spirits are clumsy compared with the acts of the far northwestern Indians.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it before writing, which is habitual with many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason.

A Boston editor became "a walking encyclopedia of historical and biographical knowledge" and then died.

There is a man in New York who manufactures diamonds for actresses to lose. They are sold at so much a quare.

BEWARE, PROUD WORLD.

Beware, proud world! now thou displeas't The humblest of thy creatures, lost In melancholy's sunless mine.

I believe, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it.

I am inclined to think, however, that the effects of liquor on a person following a strenuous and exhaustive vocation, especially if he be used to trace up to greater efforts and harder work,

It is a pleasure to me to write a large class. My advice to all workers is to go slow. Do not brace up that you may overwork.

Surely the anthropometrists will do harm if they encourage the craze of tallness. It seems one ambition of mothers that their boys should be tall.

In the carriage-makers' convention in New Haven, Conn., after the committee report had been reported in favor of restoring the old system of indenturing apprentices until they reach their majority.

At the forthcoming international exhibition of Naples will be exhibited in action a submarine observatory, or balloon, which will sink people to the bottom of the Mediterranean shore waters.

The New York Tribune has been trying to fix the authorship of the pathetic ballad, "Old Grimes."

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Gen. Grant's Office.

"Where is Gen. Grant's office?" is a question often asked by sightseers. Nearly every person familiar with Wall street is competent to reply:

Gen. Grant's office is a fine large room in the seventh floor of the United Bank building.

"How many persons that inquire for Gen. Grant's office really want to go there?" asked the reporter.

My aunt used to relate the following anecdotes of Mrs. Siddons: One day, while seated in a well-known draper's in Bond street, busily engaged with her purchases, "suddenly became aware of a voice of extraordinary tone and pathos."

On another occasion my aunt was seated opposite to Mrs. Siddons at a dinner party. Some salad was brought to her, which she declined; but the host loudly extolled its very special merits, and urged her just to "try it."

"Two mafes of mine were hired some years ago to go down to a ship on the coast of Brazil. They found her a full-rigged vessel, but so closely battened down they couldn't do anything with her; so they went up and got tools, and, going down, finally pried up the hatch-cover. It came off with a rush, and in a moment they seemed inclosed in a cloud of flame, and the next they saw they were in a crowd of persons that seemed to be walking about, moving slowly up as if they were swimming for the surface."

It has always been thus in the history of the country. Paris makes revolutions, but it is France which has to bear the consequences. France cries, "To Berlin!" and then skulks behind its fortification, leaving France to fight on the quarrel.

Right-handedness extends very far along the animal series. Parrots hold their food by preference in the right foot, and, though we cannot speak positively, wasps, beetles and spiders seem to use the right anterior foot most commonly.

The number of old arms on hand in the government arsenal at Washington will aggregate 100,000 of all kinds. They are being sold at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1 each.

There are people so cross-grained that they wouldn't like things if they suited them exactly.

THE OLD-TIME ATHENS OF THE SOUTH-- THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF THE WEST.

[A. K. McClure in Philadelphia Times.] I find myself for the first time in Lexington, the home of Clay. Grant as it is in the associations which gather about his lustrous name and career, it is not the Lexington that called the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" to seek home and fame in the Kentucky wilderness.

Before Clay had reached national distinction as a Commonwealth, Lexington had become the great commercial centre of the west, with Cincinnati, Louisville and the city of Richmond, seeking it as a wholesale trading depot. Its law and medical colleges rivaled even the great cities of the east, and its temples of learning were the pride of the nation.

But commerce is shifting as the sands of the sea, and the Lexington that Henry Clay dreamed of and saw in commercial and social pre-eminence three score years ago, is no more.

We school the children too much; that is to say, we keep them at school all the year round; we continually force their perceptive and memorizing faculties, and give no time for the play of their reflective faculties.

Another Fashionable Craze. Just now it is said to be a craze among the fashionable ladies of New York society to own valuable cows, paying for them sums varying from \$6,000 to \$16,000.

Voltaire: I never was but twice in my life completely on the verge of ruin—first when I lost a lawsuit; and, secondly, when I gained one.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild took dinner on golden plates.

A Plea for Little Men.

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