HEROTE IN DISPUSION DESCRIPTION SATURDAY MORNINGS, BY THE longlas County Publishing (Company, terms of those paying in advance. The offers fine inducements to advertisers

VOL. VIII.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

NO. 40.

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Perfect Fit Guaranteed. I use the Best of Leather and Warrant all | were gointer tie on agin." my work. Repairing Neatly Done, on Short Notice.

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UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC., Major!" Constantly on band.

FURNITURE. STOCK OF FURNITURE South of Portland. Settler stood for a minute with his cane

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Promptly attended to and goods shipped with care.

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A Precarious Business.

well afford to say it," the reporter retorted, with \$30,000,000 to your credit. But did you ore car in the Ophir mine!" "I knew it then the way Hanner G. were a lettin of him different songs. are not so often quoted."

[Ed. Mott in New York Sun.]
"I hear ez the Widder Crimflint is gointer git hitched agin," said the Squire. He needn't have said it so loud, either, for the Sheriff, to Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, whom he was apparently speaking, sat within two feet of him. But the Old Settler had just of the room, by the door, where he was put-ting on his spectacles to read a vendue bill Boot and Shoe Store spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latter said:

Well, it's gittin' tol'able winterish out. 'Twent be long 'fore we hef to climb twixt the blankets, Major. Hay?"

"Did I un'erstan' you to say, 'Squire, ez some un were goin' ter be hitched?" said the Old Settler. "Ur didn't yer talk loud enough? Ur be I gittin' deef?"

"Oh, yes," replied the 'Squire. "Yes, yes, I were sayin' to the Shurf, yer, th' I heerd az the Widder-a-h-h-the Widder Crimflint

"Oh, ye heerd so, did ye?" said the Old Settler. "An' you was tellin' of it to the Shurf, was ye? Wull, now, I'm glad, b'gosh, th't ye tol' me ye was talkin' to the Shurf, fur ef ye hedn't l'd a thort to my dyin' day ez ye was whisperin' of it to them fellers ez's campin' Musical Instruments and Violin Strings two miles back yer long the Sh'holy! So ye heerd ez the Widder Crimflint were gointer tie on agin, did ye? Wull, s'pose she is? Wat's the Widder Crimfint ur her tyin's on got to do with me, b'gosht'lmighty?" "Noth'n', Major! nothin'!" replied the

> "An' w'at were the reasons fur why b'gosh ?" exclaimed the Old Settler, punctuating his remaks with raps of his cane on the floor, "W'at were the reason fur why? Ye know durn well, 'Squire, th't ef it hedn't a been fur b'ars an' some o' the tallet kinds o' lvin' Hungryfoot'd a tied to me, b'gosh, an' she wouldn't be th' Widder Crimflint now, lookin' at her time o' life fur another man,

> individjil as is goin'ter change the Widder's name this time?" There was more anxiety felt by the Old Settler than his flippant manner called for, the boys seemed to think, and they also thought that the 'Squire's reply might have been less aggravatingly deliberate.

> "Um-m-m-let me see," said he; "let-mesee. Who did I hear were the man? 'Twa'n't 'Lije Rouz r! Oh, of course not. He's gointer hitch to ole Bunny Jarvis' widder. An' boys, that's gointer be a hummer, that weddin' is! It's sot down for Thanksgivin', an' ye wanter scratch 'roun', Major, an' git an invite. Lessee -couldn't a ben Job Timpson could it? Wull, thar! Crackee doodle! Why can't I think o' who it is ez is gointer marry the Widder? I don't see anyhow what's sot her mind on hookin' on agin, for it 'twan't more'n a month ago that she tol' me she wouldn't marry the bes man livin'-oh, I tell ye who it is, Major! Pete Golip! Pete Golip's the lucky individjil,

"What?" exclaimed the Old Settler, springing to his feet. "What! The Widder Crimraised over the Squire's head. Then he slowly lowered it, and resuming his seat, wiped his face with his bandanna, and said calmly, "Wull, s'pose she is? I reckon she's got a right to marry who she durn pleases, ain't she? She's old enough to know, b'gosh!" "Yer right she is!" said the Squire, "but I kinder thort ez how ye mowt a looked on it

ez bein' ruther sing'lar th't a gal-boys, I'll jist hef to go back an' tell ye the hull story, an' let ye jedge fer yerselfs whuther you wouldn't think it was sing'lar fur th' Widder Crimflint to marry Pete Golip, if yer was the Major." The 'Squire settled back in his chair, cleared his throat, and was about to begin,

when a thump of the Old Settler's cane on

the floor bade a pause. "Stop! said he, "Consarn ye, stop! It beats the 'tarnal hills, b'gosh, how things 'll keep a turnin' up jis' fur nothin' else, ez it 'pears to me, than to turn sumpin' else up that folks has furgot forty years ago. Now, 'Squire, ef that story's got to be told yer to-night, I tellit myself! I don't want no lies strung inter it, ez has ben done 'fore now. I want the dead fac's in that case put on record fur wunst. So jes' keep yer tongue to yerself. If they's any reason fur me to think the Widder Crimflint's goin's-on is sing'lar, boys, ye kin all find it out by listenin' to me-an' don't ye take no stock in no durn mess o' trash ez mowt be dished out to ye by some fellers ez thinks they'm a leetle bit smarter'n the comthinks they'm a leetle bit smarter'n the common run o' folks ez earns their money, an' don't depend on it, b'gosh, by makin' out war'nts an' ish'in' summonses agin their pose his head to be; and he will smooth it neighbors, an' tryin' ev'ry drunken bushwhacker ez gits in a row fur 'sault' an' bat-

This shot at the 'Squire only resulted in his redoubling his winks at the Sheriff. "All right, Major," said he. "Go in. I've heerd the story more'n wunst, straight an' true. Now, I'd ruther like to hear your wersion of it. I'll kinder jog yer mem'ry, now an' then, to make it easier for ye. Go in,

The Old Settler waved the 'Squire's insinnations off with a contemptuous swish of his cane, and said:

"On the Fourth o' July, 1839, they were gointer be a picnic in the bush, over back o' to be on the carpet when she come off. Ole SEEDS! SEEDS! to be on the carpet when she come off. Ole Joe Hungryfoot an' his wife an' da'ter lived at the Holler. Joe were the meanest man, b'gosh, ez ever peeled a hemlock, but he had a wife ez were a hummer, an' in them days his da'ter Han were 'bout ez spruce a chunk o' female human natur' ez ever done her bes' to find the red ear o' corn at a huskin'.6

"Her name were Hanner G. Hungryfoot," said the 'Squire, nodding to the Old Settler, as much as to say, "I'll give you a lift on this." the people. Cigar stumps, cuds of tobacco, toothpicks, and scraps of paper far outnum-toothpicks, and scraps of paper far outnum-toothpicks. th: G stood for, but I alluzs posed it stool fur Go-it, fur she could everlastin'ly go it, and w'en she got a goin' it, boys, you mowt jis' az well try to stop a run-away mule afore he got ready az to try an' stop her till she made up her mind to. The Major, h'yer were all gone to pieces over Hanner G., and so were Sol Gable, lit'le Pelig Potter, Lije Crimflint, an' John W. Mackey said to a reporter for The | Pete Golip. Nobody couldn't tell which one St. Paul Pioneer Press: "Mining is the most | o' the five she had the sneakinest notion fur. precarious business in the world." "You can | 'cause sor times it'd be one an' then it'd be t'other. The time o' this picnic the Major is speakin' of, though, the Major ruther held the think so in 1860, when you were pushing an winnin' hand agin t'other four, 'cordin' to udder bird, but becase he's got so many only in theory, for my salary of \$4 a day was shine 'roun' her. So, when she ast him to always sure, and my wants were simple. You | run an urrand fur her over through the always hear of the successful miners. The men | woods about six miles, he clars his gun over | those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. who disappear and are lost in Pauper al'ey his shoulder an' starts. The urrand were to carry a basket o' provender fur the picnic,

A Tale of Love In

Hanner G.'s folks didn't hav no wagon but a stun drag, an' she didn't calc'late to go to no Fourth o' July picnic on a stun drag. So the Major starts fur McGarry's with the basket of the World.

[San Francisco Chronicle.] But mebbe I'm a cuttin' in a little on your tellin' o' the story, Major." said the 'Squire, with another wink at the Sheriff.

"Oh, not a durn bit, b'gosh!" exclaimed the Old Settler; "only, if I hed the manners ez come in, and stood way over at the other side some folks is got, an' didn't make no more the spring. Jis' ez I were drinkin' what amount of wheat. a dead run and plump at me but a durn big b'ar. I couldn't git my gun, but any other for thirty years or more. The new north sel with the b'ar. Thinks, says I, I'll be a opened up by railroads. All the vast coun-

'Major," said the 'Squire, "you furgot sia and India possess. leetle menagerie o' your'n that ye had then- stuffs and cotton in the best markets. For the coon, an' the fox, an' the two b'ars, the these two staples the best market is the latter bein' so tame that they'd coller ye all United States. The present area of wheat over, if you'd let 'em."

all a consarned lie, b'gosht'lmighty!" ex- ranging somewhere between eight and thirclaimed the Old Settler, springing to his feet teen bushels to the acre. Wheat production and swinging his cane. "It were all started in that country cannot be materially inby that consarned Pete Golip, an' you know creased without irrigation. The present agan' the third un at that! Who's the fort'nit it! You know durn well that he started that gregate production does not appear to be story to bust me up with Han, an' he did bust greatly in excess of consumption—that is, me up, fur she went an' married little Peleg Potter, b'gosh, an' arter she'd planted him give Pete the cut agin an' married Sol Gable. | country of extremes. There are a great | Then when Sol were gathered in she throwed many famine seasons. Two or three have flash. I don't take any bunko in mine." Pete over fur Lige Crimflint, an' now, arter Lige has been called across the river for necessary to import food for the starving intwenty years, an' she is nigh onter 65 habitants, and even this expedient did not take up with Pete, an' he's got no more gizzard than to take up with her. She's tol' ye she wouldn't marry the bes' man livin', did she? Wull, she ain't a gointer, not by a durn sight. She's gointer tie to the or'nariest no-account cuss that ever hunted a coon, b'gosht'lmighty!"

And the old settler shook his cane at the Squire and took his leave with more than

"The trouble is with the Major," said the 'Squire, as the boys adjourned for refreshments, "he don't like to hear folks throw up to him that he was holed up for three days by his tame b'ar, which was only follerin' him and waitin' fur him to come out. The Major had to eat the basket o' vituals an' missed the picnic, an' o' course the boys got hold on it, an' wouldn't let up on him. Hanner G. never give him yes for an answer, an' I notice he's a mite tetchy about it yet."

A Whistling and Whittling 'Squire. [Ben Wylde in Chicago News.] The justice of the peace is a thoughtful whittler. He made a dollar and six bits in pected something all along." fees last year, and whittled away \$3 worth of wood. His knife is neither sharp nor dull. It is like his mind-surprisingly dull over the the straightest-grain questions, but wonderfully keen when knotty problems get in the turns the stick end for end and end for end again. Finally, breaking into a low, soft whistling of good old "Coronation," or "Pleyel's Hymn," he cuts a notch in one end of the stick, and, half listening to the gossip of his fellow-villagers, he goes on whistling and whittling, whittling and whistling. from the stick, and squints along the surface

Now and then he slices a long, even shaving to see if it is straight. Then he sits and looks Simply nothing. He will squint along its sides and make it as level as the villagers supdown until it is as glossy as the elbows of his coat. But, after all, he will have only a smooth, straight stick. Does it symbolize his thoughts? Is he sitting on the edge of that sidewalk dreaming of the straight path that leads to the New Jerusalem and reminding himself that, notwithstanding the gloss of varnish on the tortuous paths of vice, the straight way is the smoothest way? Nobody knows. He only whittles and whistles, and speaks not his thoughts.

The Peter Cooper Begging Boxes. [New York Cor. Chicago News.]

New York ought to be ashamed of herself for permitting the continuance of begging other public places are seen boxes labled with an inscription soliciting pennies for a work that should be one of love-if the work was to support Italian opera, while well-meaning lican, Denver News, Oregon News, Kellogg people are begging pennies for Peter Cooper's monument and the foundation of the Bartholdi statue. The new generation in this San Francisco Bulletin, San Francisco Call, city possess little heart or sentiment,

[Arkansaw Traveler.] De pusson what is only smart in one thing may make a big success ob hisse'f, but he oughten'ter thing hard ob people case da gits tired ob him, fur we think more ob de mockin' bird, not becase he can sing better den any

Horace Walpole: The world is a comedy to A man, as he manages himself, may die which were to be left at Huldy McGarry's to old at 30 or young at 80.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDI

It has been well enough known for some time that the production of wheat in India was increasing rapidly. A pamphlet on the subject has recently been published in Cal-cutta, and some facts stated therein are of inbones a showin' of 'em, I wouldn't take it no terest. The object is to show "the dominant ting on his spectacles to read a vendue bill which had been pasted on the wall since his last visit to the Crissman house. He turned sharply about as the 'Squire spoke, walked forward and took a country of the doing to me, an' she says to me th't she'd gimme my answer at the picnic, an' she gimme to un'erstan', b'gosh, h't it'd be yes! So I trapsed India, swaying from one country to the other through the woods feelin' durn good. I on the slightest fluctuation of the price. It is stopped at a spring to get a drink when I were half way to McGarry's, an' in doin, that I sot my gun down quite a distance from

States indicated to the pitch. It is to be noticed, however, that these "oscillations" amount to very little, the United States furnishing from year to year a larger should I see a comin' through the woods on Wheat production in this country has not

t.me I'd a jis' buckled in and had a bully ras- west is a vast country. It is just now being durn nice lookin' thing going to a picnic all try, including an area greater than all the clawed up by a b'ar, to meet the girl ez is states east of the Mississippi river, is a wheat right across the hole, an' had myself barred in. The basket were strapped to me. The been brought to greater perfection than in b'ar came a sniffin' about, but couldn't git his nose in, even. I thought the b'ar would kinder hang 'roun' fur a little while an' then make off, an' then I'd come out an' mosey on make off, an' then I'd come out an' mosey on this country to Great Britain will be dimingished by reason of the resources which Russished Russis 'Squire. "Leastways, not now. An' come to think on it, they never did hev nothin' to do with you?" and a little while an' then danger that the exportation of wheat from think on it, they never did hev nothin' to do with you?"

mpin'. You furgot to speak about that The truth is, Great Britain will buy breadcultivated in India is not much short of "That yarn about them two tame b'ars is twenty million acres, the average production India needs all the wheat produced in that country for a well-fed population. It is a occurred within a few years, when it became she's a day, she's willin' to prevent a great many from starving to

"Matrimonial Agencies."

["Durandal" in Cincinnati Enquirer.] This time the sign was in bronze and very beautifully finished. The house was pretentious and elegant, and the neighborhood firstclass. I had thought several times of the little Swiss agent and his unremunerative venture on Great Jones street, and who the matrimonial agency in Forty-ninth street caught my eye I stopped instinctively before the house. Then I noticed that below the sign were two other signs, one of which was that of a dentist, and another of a dressmaker. These signs coming together in New York are always suspicious, for either one of them gives an opportunity for women and men to enter a house or leave it at any time of the day or night without being suspected of anything wrong. * * * I related the incidents to a friend later on in

the day, and he laughed good-humoredly. "Well," I said, in an apologetic way, "I was not taken in either by the sign. I sus-"Oh, I have no doubt of that," said my

friend, with a sarcastic grin; "but you went into the house all the same, and that is just what the keeper of the place wanted. These matrimonial agencies are increasing every way. He breaks off a piece of wood with his | year in New York. A great many of them stumpy fingers, and sits on the edge of the now are located in Fourteenth and Twentysidewalk as if he had come to stay; and why third streets, where there is a constant zation which we will call "The Great Humshould he not stay since he has all the time stream of women rushing to and fro. They there is, and can do nearly as much business are often attracted into the places by the of the stockholders. When all were assemthere on the sidewalk as in his little temple of novelty of the sign or through some frisky bled the secretary reported a deficiency of justice hard by? Before proceeding to whit- desire for adventure, and once in they are \$180,000 for the year; also that the stock had tle he thinks it over a long, long time, and sure to slide downward in the moral scale."

Heavy Life Insuran [Chicago Inter Ocean.1

Not very long ago the British life insurance companies were called upon, within the short space of one year, to pay the enormous sum of \$6,250,000 on policies on the lives of three heavily insured noblemen, viz: the duke of Newcastle, the marquis of Anglesea, and the earl of Fife; and shortly afterward the same eompanies paid \$1,250,000 insurance on the lives of two noblemen, making an aggregate sum of \$7,500,000 paid on five lives. About fifteen years ago the heirs of Sir Re . rt Clifton received from the life insurance companies of Great Britain \$1,250,000, that being the amount of insurance he carried. King Umberto of Italy is making efforts to obtain insurance on his own life for \$600,000. The Italian insurance companies refused to take the risk, and application was made to English companies with no better success. King Umberto has comparatively impover-ished himself by paying his father's debts. ries a large life insurance in foreign companies. Napoleon III had an insurance of \$600,000 on his life, and this was the chief redeath. One English earl has his life insured for \$1,000,000, partly in American compa-

[Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.] boxes are treated in a shameful manner by Louisville Commercial, St. Louis Republican, And they fled. bering the pennies dropped in. The people Courier-Journal, Peck's Sun, Omaha Bee, here cheerfully face an expense of \$1,000,000 Kansas City Journal, Washington Repub Chicago Grazer and Baltimore American. the building.

> Our Population. [Demorest's Monthly. the population and wealth of our country through the chinks of the coffin been increasing with so much rapidity. It is

close of this year will be fully 56,000,000. Our increase is over 2,000,000 per annum. The wagis of sin is deth but a 5 cent cigar it every clatter.

DERRINGERS FOR BUNKO MEN.

from the Wiles of Gotham Trick-

[Albany Journal.]

[New York Letter in Chicago News.]

Gen. V. D. Groner, of Norfolk, one of the leading Virginia Readjusters, stopping in the city a few days, was approached by bunko men on Broadway, but they failed to victimize him. "I had been to the office of one of my acquaintances," said the general this afternoon, "and after transacting some business started up town to my hotel. I had walked but a few yards when I was tapped lightly on the shoulder, and looking around I saw an old and respectable-looking man who extended his hand and said: 'Excuse me, sir, but I think I know you. You are, I believe, the third ongineer of the Pennsylvania rail-troad? I looked at the old person a moment sharply about as the 'Squire spoke, walked forward, and took a seat by the stove. He handled his cane nervously, and looked straight at the 'Squire, who to all appearances was not aware that he was in the room. But the 'Squire winked at the Squire winked at the Squire winked at the Sheriff, and then the boys knew that he had Sheriff, and then the boys knew that he had spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Old Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit. The latifum and the spoken for the Settler's benefit and the statistic straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had to the like thin to the straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had to the like the straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had to the like the straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had the statistic straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had the statistic straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had the straight; an' consequently, 'Squire had the straight and the mistake.' So saying, he again asked my pardon and turned away. Then, as if he had up to me he added: 'Since you look so much like my friend, will you be kind enough to tell me rouse and the continent of the heat of the hea

then he wanted me to go into a little office | Chicago gam remonstrated, but Hank inand do him the favor of identifying him, as sisted in his own good-natured way, saying he had struck luck in a lottery. Before we go, said I, 'let us take a drink.' 'Certainly, Mr. Tompkins, certainly, with the greatest From that point luck changed. Dutch Hank of pleasure,' he replied, his mouth watering | quit the game the winner of nearly ten at the prospect of a free whisky. We en- thousand. The weight used by the Chicago tered a saloon. Before we drank, however, I gambler was an ingenious reflector, so placed said: 'Be kind enough to put both your that it revealed his opponent's hand. He read hands on my hips behind. There you will the reflection with a magnifying glass, feel two of the prettiest little derringers that which he used on the pretense of being nearever a man carried, and remember, too, that sighted. Dutch Hank was the first man to I am a dead shot.' The fellow," continued the general, "gave one look at me and one at the bar, and then shot out of the door like a Over Colorado Mountains.

[Cor. Akron (O.) Beacon.]

From Leadville we started for Utah, first making the ascent of the famous Marshall pass. The train was drawn by two powerful locomotives. The motion was so slow that hours without pausing or once striking a mask." level. The air became rare and frosty. Snow was on the mountain sides close by, but we did not strike a drift. Again and again the road doubled on itself. Sometimes we went two or three miles to reach an altitude of a few hundred feet immediately over a stated starting point. Snowsheds were numerous. At one point near the summit we looked down and counted four distinct tracks on successive ledges, the bottom one looking like two slender wires almost in parallel contact. The descent at last begun; we carefully retraced as many long loops as we had made in the ascent, and presently pulled up in the in the guide books that she could contain all New England within her borders and still find room to stow Indiana away. But to ride three days and nights without once getting beyond her boundaries was an object lesson not to be escaped.

They Declared.

[Wall Street News.] Over in Chicago, the other day, an organiboldt Rail and Water Line," had a meeting front ob it." depreciated one-half, and the future prospects were extremely dark and dubious. In-deed, he argued that the company had bet-ter wind up and get out from under the best old man to death: Mr. Reid, his successor,

it could. "We owe \$180,000, eh?" queried one of the many years before he reached the crest. The stockholders. "Yes, sir."

"The income won't meet current expenses?" "Fact is, we are as good as bankrupt?"

"That's it, sir. We can't run another "Then, sir," continued the speaker, "I move the community a service which, in its lary vessels, and to explain many of that we declare a dividend of 22 per cent., pecuniary and general bearing, has had no the symptoms of intermittent fevers. It and begin to unload stock on the confiding A Woman's Joke.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Mr. Oscar Wilde's American story, which | were between \$150,000 and \$350,000 per anwe noticed yesterday, was first introduced num. The New York Herald, after the first to England, or at least to London, by Sir heroic struggle of its great and persevering Charles Bowen, at a great bar dinner about founder, had few financial trials, and at the Dom Pedro II, the emperor of Brazil, car- this time last year. It was then given as time of the death of Mr. Bennett, senior, its liance of the Empress Eugenie after his best." This remote American town, proprietor, its circulation has vastly increased, which possessed at least one church and one its advertising patronage is the marvel of organist, and evidently a high standard of modern journalism, and its reported profit make the most of the minutes by worktaste in ecclesiastical service, was not im- for the fiscal year ending Oct. 1, 1883, is within ing in a cool, clear, orderly, and Gumption Holler, an' all that part o' the county, an' more, too, were gittin' ready fur boxes for Peter Cooper's monument. At Biggest Newspaper Hendquarters. probably the same which on another occa- a fraction of \$1,000,000. of these, as a rule, was crowded, till on one The Tribune building is the greatest news- Sunday morning, when the assembling worthat should be one of love—if the work was papers headquarters in the world. Not only needed, and it is not. Peter Cooper The Tribune, The Journal, and half a dozen locked and inaccessible? There was, for the needs no monument. He built for other paners, are printed there, but occupy moment, no resource but to disperse. Later American placers. He was mining in a riverhimself a grand pile in Cooper ing the rooms of the front building are representatives of the following papers, recording little triangular park near the institute would litt be almost a caricature. And the begging ward: Chicago Times, Pittsburg Telegraph, following terms: "All is discovered; fly." in the sand lay an even baker's dozen of reg-

> Some Queer Notions. [Laramie Boomerang.]

These newspapers fill up the best rooms in Eden. Instances have been observed of nails the avarice of Pizarro and other vandals, who cover or top lifted off so that the cake and when the coffin containing the corpse of occupied the same territory since. the great Napoleon was opened long after his death at St. Helena, his toe-nails had grown At no previous period in our history has clear through his boots, and his hair stuck believed that our actual population by the

Down to a Fine Point.

[Exchange.] "There are souls in my church so small," said Mr. Talmage to a reporter, "so infinitesi mal, so mean, that fifty of them could dance can give sin moren ten yards start and beet a schottische on the point of a cambric needle without touching each other."

DUTCH HANK

How a Virginia Politician Escaped His Coolness in Adversity and His Remarkable Insight.

tell me your name? I am the engineer of the of the best of us. Dutch Hank tackled him in the Brower house, New York. That was his etc. They own thousands of acres of I thought by this time that the stranger hang out on his periodical voyages to the timber land in Michigan, and their lumwas not exactly square, and to get rid of him metropolis. Well, the Chicagoan was slicker I told him that my name was Tompkins and than a wizard. Hank held cracking good that I owned a tobacco warehouse in Rich- fists and didn't want for luck when he drew mond. He then disappeared. As I walked to fill, but somehow or other the chap from along I thought of the bunko game, and involuntarily awaited the pal of the old man. As he did not make his appearance after I had walked several blocks, I thought after of thousand. The Chicagoan whenever a line many ways by the old monopoly, clawed up by a b'ar, to meet the girl ez is gointer say yes, and marry me! So I made fur a hole I see in a ledge ez laid in back thar, an' dropped inter it in double quick, an' pulled a good sized stick ez lay at the openin' right across the hole, an' had myself barred in. The basket were strapped to me. The

This seemed to please him greatly, and that he wanted the diamond removed. The tumble to the trick on which the Chicagoan had won three or four hundred thousand."

"Was Dutch Hank known in Albany?" "Yes, to some extent among the richer gamblers. He never bothered with small fry. In the old Tweed days he used to come down to give the legislators lessons in poker. He took many big rolls out of their pockets. The fraternity will be sorry to hear that he has passed in his chips. He was as jolly as Charley Backus, with whom he was good some of the passengers got off and walked friends, and on the stage would have made I have seen a bruise at the root, and in alongside the track. Up, up for two long his fortune. He had a face as funny as a one instance the sting of a bee over the

> out in the country and brought her to the it is located on the backs of the fingers, "I tells yer, Aunt Sukey, dat it am all a piece ob foolishness, a delusion an' a snare, dis brunging country female niggers inter a big metropolis like Austin. It's shoah ter done spile 'em. Dere's too many frivilities

A Bigamist in His Mind.

[Texas Siftings.]

"How does yer new wife take to city life!"

an' follies an' frippries fer dem to stan' it. handsome depot in Gunnison, Colorado's Dey becomes jist too vain an' peacocky for western metropolis. Now we began to realize any use, an' sling on mo' style den a mule how large a state Colorado is. We had read kin draw. My two wives will be de ruinashun ob dis niggah." "Your two wives, Gabe! What does yer mean? Yer aint got no two wives, has

"Dat's a fac'. I 'spects ter be indicted fer bigmany ef I desn't keep my eye peeled." "How does yer make out dat yer's got two

"Every night I goes home, I sees 'em." "Yaas, one in de lookin' glass, an' one in

> New York Newspap rs. [Joe Howard in Boston Herald.]

The Tribune under Horace Greeley did had an uphill journey before him, and it was Times, a great property under Mr. Raymond, changed its tack at his death, guided first by one and then by another incompetent pilot, scraped its financial keel on the oyster and from that time on until within a few years past it flaunted the Gonfalon of prosperity. Its rentals alone were not far from \$100,000 a year, and its unquestioned profits

Prehistoric Golden Fishhooks. (Tucson (Arizona) Citizen.1

gold fishooks that he unearthed in the South
American placers. He was mining in a riverbed near the city of Call, in the state Cauca,

T ularly shaped gold fishhooks of the ordinary size. They are not bent in the Limerick fashion. Without doubt they are the work of prehistoric Indians, governed by the Incas. The old Jewish doctors entertained some When Mr. Smith returned to San Francisco queer notions in regard to finger-nails. A he gave some away, lost others, and now has favorite theory was that before Adam's fall only four left. He has been repeatedly asked the bodies of the first parents were perfectly to put his price on these, but refuses to do so. transparent, and that the nails are the vestransparent, and that the nails are the vestige left of man's estate in the garden of one. It was such trifles as these that excited feet high and weighed 227 pounds. The growing on the stumps of amputated fingers, tore down better governments than have ever | could be cut.

A Versatile Editor.

[New York Graphic.] Mr. Clinton A. Snowden, editor of The Washington Republican, has invented a po-tato peeler and engaged himself to be married to a daughter of Assistant Postmaster Gen eral Hatton. Few men are more versatile than the average Washington editor.

George W. Julian, of Indiana, is writing Blood in your eye, but the Switch in political reminiscences also.

Blood in your eye, but the Switch in your Hand, that Makes me Tremble!" political reminiscences also.

THE INDEPENDENT

FINEST JOB OFFICE

IN DOUGLAS COUNTY. CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS.

Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills

Neatly and expeditiously executed

AT PORTLAND PRICES.

Extent of the Match Trade. "Mentor" in Chicago Herald:]
"That match you are lighting your cigar with is a very small thing, isn't

manufacturing facilities, large capital ber is cut by their own men and shipped on their own boats. And then they have contracted for nearly all the world's one of them has a capacity of 72,000,000 of matches daily.

The Growth of the Nails.

[Manufacturer and Builder.] The nails are structures which are very nearly like the epidermis and the arranged in the form of cells. They are, indeed, only altered portions of the external or epidermal layer of the skin, and rest upon their nail beds in much the same manner as the epidermis or scarf skin lies on the true skin or derma. We speak of the root and body of the nail-the root being that portion toward the hand which is situated beneath the skin, the body of all the rest of the nail. The matrix is the bed upon which the nail rests and to which it is firmly adherent. Nails grow from the root just as do the hairs, and only slide over their matrix or bed, so that an injury to the matrix, such as slivers beneath the nail, or run arounds, or even a bad bruise, need not cause a disfigured nail other than of the portion directly injured; whereas injury or disease of its root will generally cause a distorted and disfigured nail. root of the nail, followed by an irregularly formed nail, which lasted for a long time. Thus, also, eczema attacking the hand may affect the ends of the inquired Aunt Sukey of Gabe Sloshing. The fingers, or even the sides at the ends, latter had quite recently married a negro girl | and the nails remain perfect; but when and involves the roots of the nails, the latter rarely if ever escape distortion and mal-growth,

A Noted Singer's Beginning. [Chicago Tribune.]

Alboni, at the age of 19, one day amused herself by singing at the top of her voice the arias she had heard some then famous artists sing. She was all alone in her parlor, and much enjoyed what she considered her extravagant burlesques of operatic performances. But Franz Liszt was somewhere within earshot, and suddenly he burst into the room with his face aglow. "Who was that singing?" "I." "And who are you?" "Marietta Alboni." "Well, then, Fraulein Marietta Alboni, do you know that you sing like a great prima donna?" Thirty years later the two met again in Rossini's salon, and Liszt reminded her of the incident and of his comment upon her singing, which had been so signally justified.

The Parasite of Malaria.

[Scientific American.] The observations of M. Richard seem to affim those of Leverau; he found in the red corpuscles of the blood of persons suffering from acute malaria a par-asite of oscillating form moving very beds of impecuniosity. Fortunately the ring rapidly and sometimes disengaging frauds were brought to them in itself from the globule. These parathe very moment of their extrement sites have been met with in a number peril. The Times rendered itself and sufficiently large to obstruct the capilparallel in the history of modern journalism, has also been proved that the culture of these parasites in a fertile gelatine basis can be brought to an immediate cessation if a two per cent. quinine solution is added.

> Those Who Accomplish Most. New York Sun

The men who accomplish the most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. Everybody not troubled for lack of time, for they methodical fashion, finishing each job properly, and not wasting their nervous force on trifles or expending it in bustle. They never complain of overwork. They E. J. Smith, the county coroner, has four are more likely to be hunting up new used. A DOMEST OF EST

A Wonderful Wedding Cake.

An English bride, Miss Jessel, has had a wonderful wedding cake. On top, done in sugar was representa-tion of the meeting of Rebekah and Abraham's servant at the well, the grouping modeled after Vernet's cele-

> Blood in Her Eye. [Chicago Naws. is is

A precocious Child, having Broken one of his Mother's cut-glass Tumblers, was confronted by his Irate Parent, who Wrathfuky rad: "Tis well you Tremble, for I have Blood in my Eye." "Nay, be not Deceived, dear Mother," said the Precocious child, "'t's not the