

THE INDEPENDENT
18 ISSUED
SATURDAY MORNINGS,
BY THE
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Terms reasonable.

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PRACTICAL
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
AND A FULL LINE OF
Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods.
The only reliable optician in town for the proper adjust-
ment of Spectacles. Always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spec-
tacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First Door South of Postoffice,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

LANGENBERG'S
Boot and Shoe Store
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office.
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, and
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 specialty.
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DR. M. W. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
Office—On Jackson Street, Up Stairs,
Over S. Marks & Co's New Store.
MAHONEY'S SALOON,
Nearest the Railroad Depot, Oakland.
JAS. MAHONEY, Proprietor.
The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars in
Douglas County, and
THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.
Parties traveling on the railroad will find this place
very handy to visit during the stopping of the train at
the Oakland 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, Proprietor.
This Hotel has been established for a number
of years, and has become very popu-
lar with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
—AND—
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 assortment of
Extra Fine Groceries,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND CORDAGE,
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Such as required by the Public County Schools.
All kinds of Stationery, Toys and
Fancy Articles.
TO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.
Buys and Sells Large Tenders, furnishes
Checks on Portland, and procures
Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
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ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
ALL ORDERS
Promptly attended to and goods shipped
with care.
Address,
HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

An Eastern Home Anecdote.
[Cecil Democrat].
The negro invariably addressed each per-
son they met as "Captain," and asked him:
"Is de right road to Denton?" and was
always informed in reply that it was. When
the place of their destination was reached the
old lady asked the negro why he addressed
everybody as "captain," when he made the
following intelligent and appropriate reply:
"Cause de land is so poor hereabouts, I
thought they could not make a livin' without
dey followed de water."

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VOL. VIII.
ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.
NO. 45.

In the Cause of Sci-
ence.

Flora L. Stanford.
The proverbial straw had broken the
metaphorical camel's back. The pa-
tience of Charlotte Brantome, usually
equal to the exigencies of the occasion,
was exhausted. The twins, as a matter
of course, were the culprits. They had
however, with the complacency natural
to boys of 6 or thereabouts, were in-
different to the utmost of despair which
raged in their sister's breast. They had
considerately refrained from adding de-
ceit to their guilt, but had confessed,
fully and unreservedly, to rifling the
canary's nest, to tearing a jacket, and
losing a hat down the well, to eating
the strawberries that were saved for
supper, and, certainly, their most
faithful hen with a fishhook. That fish-
hook represented the straw; Charlotte
the camel. She could have borne any
thing better than downright cruelty
developed so early in one of her own
blood. She never was a boy.

And a man was he? "Went on Pop-
sey," a big man," volunteered Wopsey,
the other twin. "And he asked us about
everything, and we said our mother
wasn't very well and our sister was a
old maid school-marm."

Charlotte winced. Where had he
picked up that expression? And had it
come to that?
"You must not talk to strange men
about mother or me. What did he
want?"
"He wanted to see you."

"Me?" Visions of tramps, of spying
burglars and cat's backs, nothing
"burgle," on Popsey had said one day,
came into her mind.
"How did he look?"
"He was beautiful," "He was dread-
ful," said the twins in duet.

Further questioning elicited these
facts. He was young; he was old; he
was short; he was tall; he wore spec-
tacles; he had a mustache, and was a
bug-man. In the last and crowning fact
the boys agreed.

Practice had made Miss Brantome a
tolerable clairvoyant, so far as reading
those two small minds was concerned.
She intuited that conclusion that some
wandering naturalist chasing an elusive
bug had chanced that way, and gave the
subject no more attention. She had
other things to think of than "bug-men"
or any men, and the problems of how to
provide a new hat for Wopsey and how
to install the new Indian in the hearts of her
charges drove other thoughts away.

Sitting down on the low doorstep of
the house that had been home to her for
six and twenty happy years she tried to
reason it out. The sun was yet high,
the days were at their best. Behind
her flowed the tireless river; in front of
her, across the prairie, the hills were
green. In the field of rye over the way
gleamed a large white wooden cross.
Her grandfather, in whose veins flowed
some of the blue blood of France, had
bought a home in this western country
when the remnant of an Indian war
had still property to sell. The deed of
sale provided for the preservation of
their little burying-ground. Here
among the sinking graves Pierre Bran-
tome had built the cross. It had been
renewed the times since then, but had
always seemed the same, and was
now the patient protector, solemnly
holding its white arms out as if to de-
fend the moldering sleepers. The
grass grew thick around, but the tiny
village of the dead was never disturbed
by spade or plow.

Old Pierre, however, had never prospered.
Neither did Pierre the younger;
and one night when, riding home, his
horse shied at the sight of the white
cross in the moonlight and threw him
with his head against a stone, he left
his grave and the homestead, and a debt
to his wife and children. There was a
gap of twenty years between Charlotte
and the twin babies, and she really had
a third infant on her hands, for the
mother was nothing more useful than
that after her husband's death. She
wasn't feeble-minded exactly, but pain-
fully gentle—strange and unaccount-
able.

Charlotte shouldered her burdens
with a brave heart. Her French accent
—for grandfather Brantome's blood had
never filtered through Canada—brought
her employment in the school in the
town near by. The long walks back
and forth kept the roses blooming in
her cheeks, the boys were good—some-
times—and she being busy, was happy.
It requires leisure to be successfully
miserable.

The cross typified to her the "daily
martyrdom of private life." And when
looking at it, her heart grew light. The
new hat would cost but a trifle. Surely
they were more strawberries ripe in the
garden, the canary would lay more eggs,
the jacket could be mended, and old
Speckle had proved superior to the fish-
hook.

But what could the boys be screaming
about?
"The bug-man! the bug-man!" they
were shouting, trotting toward her with
all their might on their sandy little
feet. It was certainly strange. Why
should a stranger call twice? That he
should come once was not surprising—
but twice?

"We showed him your photograph,"
said Popsey, "and he said you didn't
look like a old maid a bit."
"And he said," went on the other ter-
rible infant without a pause, "wasn't he
proud to have such a nice sister he
wished he had and he had such a lot of
bugs he puts them to sleep with medi-
cine and sticks pins through 'em and
he has a good watch and he let us wind
it up and we told him to come again
some more and here he is!"
Charlotte was speechless, but in some
way she found herself rising to her feet
to greet a gentleman who was taking off
his hat to her and bowing with a grace
which even grandfather Brantome would
have approved.

"Miss Brantome, I believe."
She acquiesced in silence.
"I am gathering materials for an his-
torical work and was directed to you for
information concerning the antiquities
of this region. And I might as well
say now that I have references and all
that sort of thing."
"Then you are not—" She stopped;
he smiled.

WOMAN AND HOME.
Helps Toward Parental Patience with
the Little Ones.

Woman's Work Among the Sick—
Medicine's Ideas Concerning
Disease and its
Surroundings.
[Rural New Yorker.]
"What a beautiful place!" was the involun-
tary exclamation as we neared my friend's
home for the first time.
They had chosen a pleasant, nearly level
spot for building. I cannot agree with those
who build on steep hillsides, or damp low
situations to be near a spring. Desirable as
that might be, I think there are many far
more reasons for selecting a higher position.
Dryer, more healthy air, better views and
superior, less mud, less washing away in
times of heavy rains, etc. The approach adds
to or takes from the appearance of a place;
it is preferable on some account to drive
directly into the yard, than to have, as upon
many other farms, the same road is used for
the carriage as for driving stock from the
barn to other parts of the place, thus render-
ing necessary to separate it from the
yard.

The lawn was not large, they preferring a
small one well kept rather than a larger one
which is so apt to be neglected among many
farmers. Yet it was not kept in the style
which seems to be growing in favor—
perfectly clean-shaven, without a tree, shrub
or flower; neither was it full of shrubbery
as to obstruct the view to or from the road.
The part was well kept and valued, and
gently to the road. A few choice shrubs
and a very few evergreens occupied positions
in the outer portions of the yard, and on one
side a lustrous summer house, covered with
climbing roses and grapevines, suggested a
cozy retreat.

Near the house, on each side of the en-
trance, was a triangular border filled with
bright budding plants—now in all their
glory. I could not help but notice, no longer
of other flowers bordering the path to the
back yard. There were no vines climbing
over the house, for pretty as a "vine-
covered cottage" is in the poetry, it becomes
wholesome and pleasant in the reality, and
down to paint under their trellises near the
windows or elsewhere are nearly as
pleasant and more desirable in many ways.
Still a few vines might be allowed on por-
tions of the house, but not on the main part,
for our hostess is smiling, "welcome to the
door. I shall not describe the furniture of
this model home, as the purchase of this
must depend so much upon one's means, but
I will say that it is a model of comfort and
it is such an inviting, cheery look, and makes
one feel so thoroughly happy and at ease. I
suspect it is inmates more than the sur-
roundings; yet who can say how much the
refined and well-kept surroundings, with
the molding of the characters and aiding in
the mental development of the gentle, or-
derly children whom we afterward saw?
For what thinking, observant person will
not be glad to have the children in the
house, when ingenious minds, loving hearts
and willing hands have made them so?

We think Bayard Taylor says truthfully
"The childless wife, which gratifies that
perception of law, that at one time the most
delicate and the most intense of our mental
sensations, binding us to an unconscious link
near to nature and to Him, whose every
thought and feeling is a link with the
unseen world, and the family life, the
pleasure room in the house. A hint of
frost in the chill evening air and the care-
ful mother, who has been so long in the
house, gives a cheerful appearance and
throws a genial glow over pictures
and ornaments. I am pleased with
the latter, for instead of cardboard and
other first-class pictures, which are so
common, and other rooms not in daily use,
my friend had chosen more substantial material.
A paper-horser of carved wood to match
the bracket on which stood a vase
freely filled with the most delicate spray
of dried grasses and a fern or two. The
case for letters, lamp-lighters and comb
and brush, were of heavy pasteboard, cut
and painted in proper shape, then painted
bright and clean, with a delicate spray
of flowers, and, lastly, several coats of
chrome or chrome varnish; these are hand-
some, easily made, and can be wiped off with
a cloth.

A few delicate mosses which had been care-
fully pressed were glued in pretty designs on
white cardboard and framed; and just here
I think of a simple and easily made frame for
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Mrs. Brantome sat upon the track, idly
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"Mother," she said, "it is late, and the
boys are calling, and you must feed the
chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion
was no persuader. Then Charlotte
scolded. Alike useless. Then, as a
last resort, she used a gentle force. A
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flowers to pieces—that the poor, un-
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In heaven's name what was to be done?
Those who have had experience know
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Blessings upon the medicine which
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the bracket on which stood a vase
freely filled with the most delicate spray
of dried grasses and a fern or two. The
case for letters, lamp-lighters and comb
and brush, were of heavy pasteboard, cut
and painted in proper shape, then painted
bright and clean, with a delicate spray
of flowers, and, lastly, several coats of
chrome or chrome varnish; these are hand-
some, easily made, and can be wiped off with
a cloth.

Leaving the twins to toddle after as
well as they could in their exhausted
state, she ran. Ran? She flew. The
bright invalid shawl was a beacon.
Mrs. Brantome sat upon the track, idly
playing with some yellow flowers. Char-
lotte knew her patient well.
"Mother," she said, "it is late, and the
boys are calling, and you must feed the
chickens."

The mother shook her head. Persuasion
was no persuader. Then Charlotte
scolded. Alike useless. Then, as a
last resort, she used a gentle force. A
balance scale and pull those yellow
flowers to pieces—that the poor, un-
balanced woman would do, nothing else.
In heaven's name what was to be done?
Those who have had experience know
the strength of the insane. The train
whistled for the crossing a mile away,
and just then, some cautious angel
guiding him, James Duncan jumped
the fence, a wet handkerchief in his hand.
Blessings upon the medicine which
subdued this poor woman in a moment,
and he had lifted her out of danger be-
fore the train rushed past.

Then he explained. He had been
copying the inscription on the Indian's
cross as the boys went screaming by.
He gathered enough from their incoher-
ent words to learn what the matter
was. The chloroform idea was simply
an inspiration.

"How can I repay you?" asked
wounded Charlotte, as the party, boys,
mother, and all, were walking back.
"By making over to me Pierre Bran-
tome's manuscripts—and his grand-
daughter. I can never write the history
without her."

"Well," softly, "in the cause of sci-
ence—perhaps."
And this is how it came to pass that
the boys marched up the church aisle
before the robin came again, with
Charlotte and the bug-man.

As for the cross—it spreads its white
arms over a new made grave. The poor
mother has "run away" forever.
"Never give way in trifles, 'cause
there's no tellin' how soon you might
be called on to give way in matters of
importance."

WOMAN AND HOME.
Helps Toward Parental Patience with
the Little Ones.

Woman's Work Among the Sick—
Medicine's Ideas Concerning
Disease and its
Surroundings.
[Rural New Yorker.]
"What a beautiful place!" was the involun-
tary exclamation as we neared my friend's
home for the first time.
They had chosen a pleasant, nearly level
spot for building. I cannot agree with those
who build on steep hillsides, or damp low
situations to be near a spring. Desirable as
that might be, I think there are many far
more reasons for selecting a higher position.
Dryer, more healthy air, better views and
superior, less mud, less washing away in
times of heavy rains, etc. The approach adds
to or takes from the appearance of a place;
it is preferable on some account to drive
directly into the yard, than to have, as upon
many other farms, the same road is used for
the carriage as for driving stock from the
barn to other parts of the place, thus render-
ing necessary to separate it from the
yard.

The lawn was not large, they preferring a
small one well kept rather than a larger one
which is so apt to be neglected among many
farmers. Yet it was not kept in the style
which seems to be growing in favor—
perfectly clean-shaven, without a tree, shrub
or flower; neither was it full of shrubbery
as to obstruct the view to or from the road.
The part was well kept and valued, and
gently to the road. A few choice shrubs
and a very few evergreens occupied positions
in the outer portions of the yard, and on one
side a lustrous summer house, covered with
climbing roses and grapevines, suggested a
cozy retreat.

Near the house, on each side of the en-
trance, was a triangular border filled with
bright budding plants—now in all their
glory. I could not help but notice, no longer
of other flowers bordering the path to the
back yard. There were no vines climbing
over the house, for pretty as a "vine-
covered cottage" is in the poetry, it becomes
wholesome and pleasant in the reality, and
down to paint under their trellises near the
windows or elsewhere are nearly as
pleasant and more desirable in many ways.
Still a few vines might be allowed on por-
tions of the house, but not on the main part,
for our hostess is smiling, "welcome to the
door. I shall not describe the furniture of
this model home, as the purchase of this
must depend so much upon one's means, but
I will say that it is a model of comfort and
it is such an inviting, cheery look, and makes
one feel so thoroughly happy and at ease. I
suspect it is inmates more than the sur-
roundings; yet who can say how much the
refined and well-kept surroundings, with
the molding of the characters and aiding in
the mental development of the gentle, or-
derly children whom we afterward saw?
For what thinking, observant person will
not be glad to have the children in the
house, when ingenious minds, loving hearts
and willing hands have made them so?

We think Bayard Taylor says truthfully
"The childless wife, which gratifies that
perception of law, that at one time the most
delicate and the most intense of our mental
sensations, binding us to an unconscious link
near to nature and to Him, whose every
thought and feeling is a link with the
unseen world, and the family life, the
pleasure room in the house. A hint of
frost in the chill evening air and the care-
ful mother, who has been so long in the
house, gives a cheerful appearance and
throws a genial glow over pictures
and ornaments. I am pleased with
the latter, for instead of cardboard and
other first-class pictures, which are so
common, and other rooms not in daily use,
my friend had chosen more substantial material.
A paper-horser of carved wood to match
the bracket on which stood a vase
freely filled with the most delicate spray
of dried grasses and a fern or two. The
case for letters, lamp-lighters and comb
and brush, were of heavy pasteboard, cut
and painted in proper shape, then painted
bright and clean, with a delicate spray
of flowers, and, lastly, several coats of
chrome or chrome varnish; these are hand-
some, easily made, and can be wiped off with
a cloth.

A few delicate mosses which had been care-
fully pressed were glued in pretty designs on
white cardboard and framed; and just here
I think of a simple and easily made frame for
the pictures, which I have seen in the
house, giving a cheerful appearance and
throws a genial glow over pictures
and ornaments. I am pleased with
the latter, for instead of cardboard and
other first-class pictures, which are so
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