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STOCK OF FURNITURE
South of Portland.
And all of my own manufacture.
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RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.
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Staple Dry Goods,
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WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
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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 Legal Tenders, furnishes
Checks on Portland, and procures
Drafts on San Francisco.

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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.
Subscribing Toward Her Own Monu-
ment.
[The Current.]
Subscriptions falling, Ristort was asked to
contribute toward the erection of her own
monument, which the council in the town of
her birth decided some time ago to build to
her honor. She is said to have given the aid
asked.
Leigh Hunt: It is books that teach
us to refine our pleasures when young,
and which, having so taught us, enable
us to recall them with satisfaction when

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

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DO THE MEER INHERIT THE EARTH?

[Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.]
The eagle plucks the raven,
And the raven plucks the jay
To whose voracious craving
The cricket falls a prey.
The big fish dines at leisure
Upon the smaller fry,
And the minnow eats with pleasure
The poor, unconscious fly.
The miser skins his neighbor,
And the neighbor skins the poor,
And the poor man doomed to labor
Spurs the beggar from his door.
And thus the world is preying,
The strong upon the weak,
Despite the precious saying:
"The earth is for the meek."

How a Bear Caught Fish.

[Cor. Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]
Very few people know that bears
take to water naturally. They roam
over the mountains and through the
forests, dig open rotten logs for ants
and worms, sources of no honor to
nests they can and tear them to pieces
and eat the young grubs, pick berries
of all description and eat them, and
would seem to belong to the dry-land
animals. The fact is different. They love
the water, not perhaps as well as the
moose and deer, but better than most
dry-land animals. They are very fond
of fish and are expert fishermen, and
show more cunning and instinct, if not
reason, than many city chaps I have
seen about the lakes. I came suddenly
upon a very large bear in a thick
swamp, lying upon a large hollow log
across a brook, fishing; and he was so
much interested in his sport that he did
not notice me until I had approached
very near to him, so that I could see ex-
actly how he baited his hook and played
his fish.

He fished in this wise: There was
a large hole through the log on which
he lay, and he thrust his forearm through
the hole and held his open paw in the
water and waited for the fish to gather
around and into it, and when full he
clutched his fist and brought up a hand-
ful of fish, and sat and ate them with
great gusto; then down with the paw
again, and so on. The brook was
fairly alive with little trout and red-
dressed suckers, and some black suckers,
so the old fellow lost himself out on the
fishes. He did not eat their heads.
There was quite a pile of them on the
log. I suppose the fish in his paw at-
tracted the fish and baited them even
better than a fly-hook, and his kos-
sies came in and took them. They
often cross narrow places in lakes by
swimming, and also rivers, and seem
to love to take a turn in the water. I
once saw one swimming from the main-
land to the big island in Mooselagoon
lake, with just a streak of his back
above water, and looking like a log
moving along. Sometimes you see
only their heads out of the water; at
other times half of their bodies are
to be seen. We account for this differ-
ence by their condition. If fat, the
greaser they stick up; if lean, they
swim lower in the water.

The Children's Carnival.

[Confidential to the Children.]
The exhibition and ball of children
in fancy dresses at the Academy Mon-
day night scored about the usual suc-
cess, and netted considerable money for
the Homeopathic dispensary. It was
a pretty sight, no doubt, but even
the old folks pat in it is worse off
for it today. To turn a crowd of well-
behaved children into ballet-dancers,
and teach them to posture and whirl
in picturesque undress before thousands
of strangers, cannot be well for them—
some of them little toddlers just able
to walk.

At the public rehearsal last Saturday
I called a little girl aside—a child of 7
or 8, robed in a short frock of blue with
a sapphire of stars and lights on her
little legs. She came to me smiling
complacently and dropped her little
claw in mine as if I were her revered
uncle whom she had known ever since
she was born. Then she hitched at me
and I took her up on my knee.

"Do you like to dance?" I asked her.
"O yes!" she said, with a tremendous
explosion of enthusiasm. "I think it
is just booful!"
"Why do you like to come here?" I
asked her. "Now stop and think."
"Cause for the dancing is booful,"
she repeated, "and the people in the
boxes to sit at when we dance, and
last year they sent me a booful bouquet
with candies in it. That girl dancing
now isn't near as pretty as me, is she?"
"Yes, certainly she is!" I answered,
and trust that the remark may be
charged up on the white side of the
ledger. I am never to be questioned
about it. Presently Mr. Marwig beck-
oned to my infant friend, and she
bowed neatly and ran away like a little
quail. The children at the carnival
looked dreadfully weary, white, and
jaded, with sunken eyes. If anybody
in Chicago contemplates starting a
children's carnival I would give them
the advice that Punch gave to people
about to get married—"Don't!"

Trouble at Pekin.

[Chicago Times.]
There is great trouble at Pekin. In
the imperial city, just outside the pal-
ace walls, stands the Temple of Im-
perial Ancestors, and in the temple are
ranged all the spirit tablets of the
emperors of this dynasty. Night
after night there is said to be a mys-
terious sound of wailing and weeping
in the shrine and then a crash, as though
the tablets had all fallen, Dagon-like,
from their places. On entering, every-
thing is found in its proper position;
yet the next night the same inexplicable
noises are heard, and the greatest con-
sternation is felt in consequence of the
portentous omen. Weeping and wailing
arose heard proceeding from the
imperial tombs, where the old emperors
are buried. The Chinese, of course,
look on all this as big with adverse fate
to the Manchu dynasty. There is nothing
impossible in it. There are, no doubt,
numbers of secret societies in Pekin,
the members of which are quite clever
enough to play off tricks of this sort
upon the credulous population.

TRAMPS' NIGHT REFUGE.

One of the Strange Sights of Gotham
—A Peculiar Saloon on Chatham
Square.
[New York News.]

Detective Carr stopped in front of a
saloon in Chatham square and said to the
reporter: "This is the tramps' night
refuge." It was a two-story frame
building, and a coarsely painted sign
proclaimed it to be a hotel. Show
cards in the window announced hot free
lunch and all hot drinks for 6 cents.
"Just keep close to yourself," said the
detective, as he opened the door and
stepped inside. A low-sized man with
a heavy brown mustache behind the
ear, a big kettle of beef stew boiling
away on the stove, and about twenty
tables at which nearly one hundred
men were congregated. They were of
all classes and conditions. Occasionally
one would call for a drink and help
himself to a plate of the appetizing
though not aristocratic stew with
listlessly mechanical air that would
seem to indicate that he was conferring
a favor instead of receiving one. Having
drank and eaten, he sank into a chair
and looked steadily at the floor. Once
in a while he ventured to raise his
head, but did so in a dazed, uncertain
way, as if afraid or ashamed to be seen.
"You see that old man at the second
table," said Detective Carr, "who is
talking about stars and planets and
such like? His face is familiar, isn't it?
Well, in years ago he was known
all over the city as 'the telescope man,'
and had his stand in the square. He
was as big a skin as there was in the
business and swindled many a country-
man. He has no telescope now, and
peddles pencils."

"You see that man with the black
mustache and dark eyes, who sells Har-
rigan and Hart's songs on Broadway?
Six years ago he was in business in
third avenue, and was worth from
\$10,000 to \$20,000. He met with
domestic trouble, and here he is. He
may come to the front again; but I
doubt it, for once a man comes here it
is rarely he quits until he is carried out,
feet foremost."

"Over in the corner, the wrestling
with that hot rum, is the old Indian
sailor, who for years has
solicited charity on New Chambers and
South Streets. Look at that chest and
neck. What a powerful man he was
once! Unfortunately, he has been
shipped on an Arctic whaler, was frost-
bitten, and lost his legs. Still old
Ramsur is no slouch to-day, and it takes
four policemen to bring him in."

"If you want to see an inventor who
is always in the city, there is one near
here for you—that man with the keen
blue eyes and gray hair who is stand-
ing by the store. You see him during
the day selling needle-threaders on
Broadway. He has invented several
machines which ought to have brought
him a fortune, but he has never been
the benefit of his brains. He isn't the
only man of brains here. There is a
Congregationalist minister in that
second chair, and a journalist arguing
with him. The man with the crisp
black hair and bloated face, who is
smoking that dirty clay pipe, is one of
the best engineers in the land, and the
fellow asleep, who looks as if he wanted
to break his neck over the back of his
chair, is a lawyer, and a smart one, too.
How do they drift here, do you say?
I will tell you."

"By this time the lights had been
lowered, and stretching themselves on
chairs and tables, entered into rest.
Some removed their hats and boots,
which they placed under their heads
for safety. Others were not so careful
and braved adverse fortune without a
frown, one young man remarking:
"Well, any fellow that naps his kinks
won't have a — of a lot." So they
slept undisturbed until 6 o'clock, when
the light of day broke in, and the
tables with a huge cane. Ten minutes
after the motley gathering had com-
pletely disappeared. They had washed
themselves, stepped into the street and
had been swallowed up by the pulsing
tide of the great city."

He Didn't Believe It.

[Wall Street News.]
A private banker in a town in Wis-
consin received a call a few days ago
from a stranger, who deposited \$10,
and then turned around and asked the
banker for a loan of \$50.
"Why," said the banker, "I lend you any
money," replied the banker.
"I think you can. Please take time
for reflection."
"I don't want to reflect upon the sub-
ject, sir."
"Would a run on this bank damage
you \$50 worth?"
"There will be no run here."
"Suppose there was?"
"It is absurd to suppose. Good
day, sir."

The stranger walked out doors, and
the banker closed for the day. He
entered a grocery and stationer's
store, and asked if the bank
was sound. He entered a drug store
and inquired if the hard times
might not pinch the bank. He entered
a drug store and offered his certificate
of deposit for \$5. He met a lawyer
and inquired if a receiver had been ap-
pointed to look out for the interests of
depositors. Next morning he was at
the door of the bank, gesticulating and
lamenting, and behind him were
seventy-five angry citizens. Before
noon the bank was cleaned out and the
doors closed, and an ex-private banker
was shipping out to avoid being
lynched.

A Slow Young Man.

[Inter Ocean.]
"I am afraid that young Featherly,
who calls on you so often, is rather a
fast young man," said a father to his
daughter.
"Oh, no, he isn't father," replied the
little brother who was present.
"What do you know about Mr.
Featherly?" demanded the old man.
"I only know he replied, 'that I
heard him ask sister for a kiss last
night and she told him he could have
one if he would be quick about it. But
it was the slowest kiss I ever saw.'"

Helen Wilman: War does not
educate; its mission is accomplished
when it has burst an inelastic imped-
iment.

How It Feels to Kill a Man.

[Senator Manderson of Nebraska.]
"One gets used to that sort of busi-
ness, just as a surgeon becomes hard-
ened and calloused in his profession.
The first man whom I killed was be-
fore Richmond, when McClellan was in
command. I was doing picket duty
late one night near the bank of a creek,
and had been cautioned to be especially
watchful, as an attack was expected. I
carried my musket half-cocked, and
was startled by every rustle of the wind
among the trees and dead leaves. It
was some time after midnight that I
saw a Confederate cavalryman dashing
down the opposite side of the creek in
my direction. As he was opposite, I
fired upon the horse, and it fell. The
cavalryman reined and fell with a moan,
and had drawn his pistol.

"I called to him to surrender, but his
only reply was a discharge from each
revolver, one bullet inflicting a flesh
wound in my arm. Then I let him
have it full in the breast, two or three
feet in the air and fell with his face
down. I knew that I had finished him.
I ran and jumped across the creek,
picked him up and laid him on his
back. The blood was running out
of a rent in his mouth, and poured in
a torrent from the ragged hole in his
breast. In less time than it takes to tell
it he was dead, without having said a
word. Then my head began to swim,
and I was sick at my stomach. I was
overcome by an indescribable horror of
the deed I had done. I trembled all
over, and felt as faint and weak as a
kitten. It was with the greatest diffi-
culty that I managed to get into camp.
There they laughed at me, but it was
weeks before my nervous system recov-
ered from the shock. Even in my
dreams I saw the pale face of the
cavalryman, and the specter haunted me
like a Nemesis long after I had got
over the first shock of the affair. It
was simply horrible, but in time I re-
covered, and at the close of the war I
was quite as indifferent to the sacrifice
of human life as you could imagine."

Rice Culture.

[Inter Ocean.]
The best rice is that raised in South
Carolina, where the rice is sown in
trenches, which are eighteen inches
apart, and flooded to a depth of several
inches. The water is then drawn off
and later, the fields are flooded again,
to kill the weeds. The water is al-
ways about two or three inches deep
at this time, and not again turned into
the field until the grain is almost ripe.

Marshy places are not so good as
well-irrigated land. Most of the rice
used in Europe is imported from India.
There, and also in China, the hills are
chosen rather than the plains, and are
so well irrigated that often it is only
with the greatest difficulty that the
fields can be weeded on account of the
water. In some districts canals are
carried along the hillsides, and the
water is conducted to the fields by
means of a series of small canals. In
Ceylon and Hungary, which requires
drainage, rotting if placed under water.

The only states of North America
which cultivate rice for market are
South Carolina and Georgia. The rice
will not grow as far north as Minne-
sota. What the Indians use there is
Canadian or wild rice, which grows
abundantly in the northwest, in mry
places, and often on the margin of the
lakes. It reaches the height of seven
or eight feet, and the long and narrow
seed makes a nourishing meal of which
the Indians are very fond.

The Turk's "Sweating-Stone."

[San Francisco Chronicle.]
Another popular cure is the "sweat-
ing-stone," so called, in the mosque of
St. Sophia. It is a large pillar near
the left-hand entrance, of a sort of
greenish-white stone. In this, about
the height of a man's head, is a small
hole hardly large enough to contain the
entire fingers. Through some peculiar
natural property of the stone, the inside
of this hole is always covered with a
salty moisture. No matter how often
this is wiped away, it instantly re-
turns. It is said that the stone is
this "sweating" of the stone the Turks
credit with miraculous curative qual-
ities. Hundreds come here, it is said,
to rub their diseased members with
the healing moisture. The graves of
the great men of the past, and in
life had extra luck as tramps, have
been converted into shrines, to
which sick people make pilgrimages in
hope of cure. They tie on the gratings
before these tombs long strips of flannel
and wool, and yellow and red ribbons,
and when they have done so they do not
forget to leave a piaster or so in the
money basin before departing. This is
the cure for fevers and colds and also
a protective against the "evil eye."

"Decentful" Teeth.

[New York World.]
A few days ago a teacher in one of
our up-town public schools was exer-
cising his class in definition of words
and the writing of sentences. "Decentful,"
said she, "means false." And she
told one of her scholars, a tow-headed
boy, to write on his slate a sentence
with "decentful" in it. He scratched
his cranium, looked at the ceiling, and
then ran his pencil over the slate.
"Read what you have written," said the
teacher. "My ma has decentful teeth,"
was what he read. The teacher
laughed so long that it was time to go
home before they recovered.

Why They Are Drowned.

[Chicago Times.]
An old steamboat captain once told
me that most men who fall off the
steamboats are drowned by endeavor-
ing to get back to the boat. He said if
a man would let himself float down the
stream, using every exertion to reach
the bank, he would be saved in nine
cases out of ten, but no one was ever
saved who endeavored to get back to
the boat he had fallen from. I believe
the captain told the truth, and making
it public in this way may do some
good.

Yale Literary Magazine.

There are now few traces of the old-time opinion
that much learning unites one for the
rational duties of a scholar, clerk or
agent in winter department.

A patent for a "new and attractive
design of shoe" was recently granted to
an inventor of Farmington, N. H.

RUSSIAN CRUELTY.

Some Remaining Beliefs of the Dark
Ages.
[Nineteenth Century.]

However, for the great mass of exiles,
the foot journey has been reduced by
one-half, and they begin their peregrina-
tions in Siberia in special carriages.
M. Maximoff has very vividly de-
scribed how the convicts at Irkutsk
to whose judgment such a moving
machine was submitted, declared at
once that it was the most stupid vehicle
that could be invented for the torment
of both horses and convicts. Such
carriages, which have no accommoda-
tion for cradling the shocks, move
slowly on the rugged, jolting road,
plowed over and over by thousands of
heavily-loaded cars. In western Siberia,
amid the marshes on the eastern
slope of the Ural, the journey be-
comes a true torture, as the
highway is covered with those beams
of wood, which recall the senseless
experience when a finger is drawn
across the keys of a piano, the black
keys included. The journey is hard,
even for the traveler who is lying on a
thick felt mattress in a comfortable
tarranquin, and it is easy to conceive
what the convict experiences, who is
bound to sit motionless for eight or ten
hours on the bench of the famous ve-
hicle, having but a few rags to shelter
him from snow and rain.

Happily enough, this journey lasts
but a few days, as at Tumen the exiles
are embarked on special barges, or
floating prisons, taken in tow by special
steamers, and in the space of eight or
ten days are brought to Tomsk. I
hardly need say that, however excel-
lent the idea of thus reducing by one-
half the long journey through Siberia,
its partial realization has been most
imperfect. The convict barges are
usually so overcrowded and are usually
filled with a mass of filthy
that they have become real nests
of infection. "Each barge has been
built for the transport of 800 convicts
and the convey," wrote the Tomsk cor-
respondent of The Moscow Telegraph,
November 15, 1881, "the calculation
of the size of the barges has been
made, however, according to the
necessary cubic space, but according
to the interests of the owners of the
steamers, MM. Kurbatov and Ingatoff.
These gentlemen occupy for their own
purposes two compartments for 100
men each, and thus 800 must
take the room destined for 600.
The ventilation is very bad, there being
no accommodation at all for that pur-
pose, and the cabinets are of an un-
imaginable nastiness." He adds that
"the mortality on these barges is very
great, especially among the children,"
and his information is fully confirmed
by official figures published last year
in all newspapers. It appears from
these figures that 8 to 10 per cent of
the convict passengers died during
their ten days' journey on board these
barges; that is, something like sixty to
eighty out of 800.

"Here you see," wrote friends of ours
who have read this passage, "the
"mortality on these barges is very
great, especially among the children,"
and his information is fully confirmed
by official figures published last year
in all newspapers. It appears from
these figures that 8 to 10 per cent of
the convict passengers died during
their ten days' journey on board these
barges; that is, something like sixty to
eighty out of 800."

Paint for Ship Bottoms.

[Chicago Tribune.]
The government is now making ex-
periments to ascertain the best kind of
paint for the bottoms of the new steel
cruisers. It is desired to get, if possi-
ble, a paint that shall protect the bot-
tom of iron and steel vessels as thor-
oughly from barnacles and grass as
copper sheathing protects the bottom of
wooden vessels. That degree of suc-
cess is expected as to call for a new
approach to it is hoped for. Plates of
iron have been sunk in the water at
Key West and at Portsmouth, N. H.,
painted with thirty-six kinds of paint.
They are lowered into the water from
a derrick, so that they shall not touch
bottom. When they have been down for
several months they will be taken up
and examined, and the paint which ap-
pears to be most nearly "anti-fouling"
will be used for the cruisers.

Ohio River Philosophy.

[Walt Reed in Cleveland Sentinel.]
I never feel comfortable when there's
a man around that smiles all the time.
The only dog that bit me never stopped
wagging his tail.
On show me a man that's allus
workin' in politics an' I'll show you one
that gets a darned sight more an' bet-
ter to eat than his wife and children do.
There's a great deal of talk about
folks killin' themselves by overwork.
There's more people starvin' by light-
nin'." Most such citters work eight
hours a day, an' dance, drink or play
poker ten more. Then, wen they break
down, their wives put on the tombstone
"Died of Overwork!"

Greecy's Slippers.

[Chicago Tribune.]
On one of Horace Greedy's visits to
Pike county he nearly trod upon a
rattlesnake. A friend killed the snake
and afterwards had the skin tanned
and worked into a pair of slippers,
which were presented to the great
editor. Mr. Greedy prized them highly
until the failure of the Fourtierre ex-
periment, when, disliking to see any-
thing that reminded him of Pike county,
he gave the slippers to his brother, who
now lives in western Pennsylvania, and
still retains them in his possession.

Absent-Minded.

[Exchange.]
An absent-minded Austin justice of
the peace, whose customers are prin-
cipally melons, was brought before
his court. It was called on to marry a
couple. He did not make any mistake
until he asked the bride if she took the
groom to be her wedded husband. "I
do," "And what are the mitigating
circumstances, if any?" inquired the
absent-minded justice.

Back Into the Murky.

Some of the mummies in the British
museum have false teeth. This throws
the origin of the railway sandwich
away back into the murky clouds of an
antiquity again.

The Mummy Business.

[New York Tribune.]
"Mummies, as a staple article of
trade, are quite new. Ten years ago
the idea of buying and selling human
flesh, even though it is dedicated,
would have sent a thrill of horror
through every honest Abolitionist. But
now—ah, my dear sir, we live in a pro-
gressive age. I went into the business
about five years ago, when mummies
sold—with the wrapping all intact—at
about \$250. I made a good deal of
money at it, for mummies can be ob-
tained in the land of their curing for
the simple expense of digging for them.
Then the duty on them is not excessive,
and the consequence is that the profit
is exceedingly satisfactory."

"Do mummies ever spoil in transit?"
"No," said the irreverent old man.
"They have been too well brought up
for that sort of thing. Then they are
hermetically sealed and have been well
cleaned before coming, and there were
never mummies in Egypt, nor Jersey
lightning, nor Maine maple sugar,
nor oleomargarine. The Egyptians were
well-conducted individuals who died
when their time came and had them-
selves sewed and glued up in the old
clothes of their relatives. No, they
don't spoil, my boy, but they improve
greatly after they have been partially
unwrapped."

"In what way, most mighty sage?"
"Well, when we unwrap them the
surface of the body is almost white as
your flesh. A white mummy is like
curry without peppers, so we take him
out into the sun and set him full in the
rays of it. Before many days are passed
he assumes a color nearly like that of
California redwood, and then he is
marketable. When he is sufficiently
tanned we varnish him, and you may
place him in the darkest corner of your
brandy closet to frighten Bridget when
she gets thirsty without endangering
his complexion. I could give you no
definite idea how many mummies are im-
ported into this country every year. I
myself sold nearly 500 of them in 1883.
You see, when a person gets tired of
his mummy and pines to be relieved of
his uncommunicative presence all he
has to do is to break the Egyptian up
with an ax, put the pieces in a coffee-
grinder, and then mix the dust up with
turpentine and linseed-oil. The result
will be an excellent color with which
to paint your dodo an Egyptian red."

Sickness, Old Age, Death.

[Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.]
I wish I was a doctor. I would like
to study my own case. Doctors ought
to be sickly folks anyhow, so they could
learn from their own experience what
the matter and how to give relief.
When rheumatism gets in my bones I
want to know what to do for it on sci-
entific principles. If a change of atmos-
phere relieves me why won't something
else? Have the doctors been studying
over this 2,000 years and can't tell? Well,
I reckon I can grunt on. A man would
enjoy good health if he was never sick.
He would want to live always if he
never had a pain.
There was old Parr who lived to be
145 years old, and was married twice
after he was 100, and he took on
powerfully about dying when he was
taken suddenly with pneumonia. He
was no account. He was lazy and he
never concerned himself about anybody
or anything, but just lived along like a
mud turtle. Some men live longer in
one year than old Parr did in a hun-
dred. I reckon that three score years
and ten are about right. That long
suits most of folks very well. I notice
that most all old people are willing to
die. They get reconciled to it in due
time, and I'm glad it is so, for it is
a wonderful change, a leap in the dark
and it takes abundant faith in Providence
to prepare one for it.
I used to think when I was a boy that
it was awful and terrible to die, and
bear to think of it, and one day I heard
an old man get up in church and say he
had just as leave to die as to live, and
he could shake off life as easily as he
could shake off his coat. He had on a
great big old-fashioned coat, and he
sleaves to it, and he just gave it a little
shake at the shoulders and it fell off on
the floor. I will never forget that
I wondered if I would ever feel that
way.

How He Fools His Horse.

[Evansville Argus.]
There is a doctor in this town who is
too parsimonious to enjoy good health.
He eats about one square meal a day,
and tries to make himself believe he gets
two more, but he don't, for breakfast
and supper are merely a sham. Not
contented with starving himself and
family, he has just hit on a new scheme
to starve his own horse and make
the poor animal think it is his own
fault that he don't get fatter.
In the back part of the manger,
where the corn is put, he has set a
square piece of looking-glass, which he
keeps highly polished. He puts in
about four cents of corn and of course
the poor horse sees the reflection and
braces himself for a good square meal,
fondly imagining that he is getting
eight. As he eats the corn off the cob,
the fictitious ears also disappear, and
eight cobs appear up his astonished
eyes. He then wonders how he can
have gotten away with eight ears and
yet feel no more weight in his stomach.
This conundrum, added to the light
feed, is wearing the poor animal away
so fast that if the doctor don't make a
change ere long, he will go around
killing his patients on foot.

Prehistoric Americans.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
There is no evidence that the prehis-
toric races of America had any knowl-
edge of iron, or that they knew how to
manufacture bronze. Copper, however,
was used extensively for ornaments and
for implements. The specimens of
copper tools found in ancient earth-
works show that the prehistoric Amer-
icans did not understand the art of
casting, but were compelled to ham-
mer their pure copper into shape.

Bulwer-Lytton: Our ideas, like

orange-plans, spread out in proportion
to the size of the box which imprisons
the roots.

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Where the Literati of China Do Con-
gregate—Candidates on Examination
Day.
[Cor. London Telegraph.]

It is a curious fact that of all the
Chinese cities Canton, though it is
within eight hours