

THE INDEPENDENT
18 ISSUED
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Six Months - 1.50
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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 adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First Door South of Postoffice,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

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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.
LOUIS LANGENBERG.

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.
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 popular
with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS
—AND—
Table supplied with the Best Market affords
Hotel at this Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
DEALER IN
Staple Dry Goods,
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
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 Legal Tenders, furnishes
Checks on Portland, and procures
Drafts on San Francisco.

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

While we have no desire to underrate the
enterprise and perseverance of some men, it
can hardly be denied that they too often lose
sight of the fact that their proper calling is to
guide and direct public opinion. Instead,
however, of aiming to afford information or
to lead their readers to think, they habitually
indulge in violent and reckless writing.
The greatest writer of invective is deemed
the best member of the staff. An argumentative
article would be thought wholly out of
place, heavy, dull, and deficient in the
popular element. The rule is, better to lie than
to tell.

THE DOUGLAS

VOL. IX.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

NO. 10.

ON THE BRIDGE.
[Jean Pierre.]
There are few things more dreary
and tiresome than waiting for a train
at a railroad station. It is so much
the worse where the station is a lonely
country one. I am a surveyor, and on
the day I mention I had been unlucky
enough to miss the early train, and was
compelled by force of circumstances to
wait at "Elmwood" for a later one.
"Elmwood" was composed of the
station and a cluster of small houses.
As may be easily imagined, I soon ex-
hausted the stock of amusement to be
found about the place, and by the time
nightfall came I was thoroughly tired.
It was growing chilly in the station,
too, for the fire had died out. Elmwood
lay on the summit of a deep gorge,
across which the hand of man had
flung a spider-web trestle-work, and on
this ran the rails. The station stood
immediately at the foot of the bridge.
Across the track was a flagman's
house, and, as darkness came down, I
could see him through the window of
his little box sitting by a glowing fire.
He looked so much more comfortable
than I was that I crossed over the
track and entered his box.
I soon, by the aid of a good cigar,
was on easy terms with him, and found
him to be a man of considerable natural
intelligence, with a peculiar attraction
about his manner of speaking which
made all his talk interesting.
His name was Tom Williams; he was
about 23 years old, and as manly and
handsome a youth as would often be
seen.
"There is always a good deal of dan-
ger about any kind of railroad life," I
said, at last; "have you ever had any
interesting adventures in that line?"
He thought for a moment before he
answered, and then he told me in his
modest unassuming way a tale which
made him a hero.
"You see that trestle work out there,
sir? Well, that was where I like to
have met my death one night. I never
liked trestle-works, anyhow. When a
few shaky timbers are stuck together
with pegs and then put end up in a
gorge where the floods have a chance
to undermine 'em, it allus seems dan-
gerous to me, and a riskin' life to run
trains over 'em."
"Well, sir, I'd been watchman and
flagman here for about a month, when
one dark night followin' a rainy day I
fell asleep here at my fire. I don't
think, sir, I ever did that afore or
since. I dreamt that I woke up, and
as I did so I heard the scream of a
whistle up the track—over the trestle.
"You've noticed, probably, that there
is a sharp curve right at the other end.
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like an angel. But it kept movin' right
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"The train, too, seemed unnatural and
there was no noise or rattle. It was
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her down and grind her to pieces."
"I tried to scream out a warnin', but
my tongue stuck to my mouth, and my
lips wouldn't open. I started to run,
but my feet refused to move."
"In one second more the train would
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"I closed my eyes, and as I did so I
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and blew off the clouds somewhat.
There was a full moon, and every now
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"I looked at my watch—it was nearin'
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"A heavy cloud blotted out the moon,
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"I walked slowly up the path toward
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train catches you there."
"But there was a woman coming over,
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alone was enough to shock a man's
nerves."
"But at the instant I saw her I heard
the shriek of a whistle up on the other
side of the gorge—at Ash Lane—not a
mile away. It was the through ex-
press."
"I knew this figure was no ghost, and
I determined to save her from the death
which threatened it. It was too late for
her to go back, and she had no time to
reach this end."
"Since my dream I had often thought
of the best means of savin' any one
under such chances, and my mind was
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"She must lift herself down and hang
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"I rushed out on the bridge. I would
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astonish himself, and I actually ran on
the narrow planks 100 feet above the
rocks. One of the boards was loose,
and I dislodged it in my haste, and I
could hear it crashin' down on the rocks
below.

"Half a minute I had reached her,
for she had made considerable progress
toward me. In three words I told her
of the danger and the only way of
avoidin' it."

"Even in the terror of the moment I
could see she was beautiful. Her form
was full and supple and unbound by
any lacing, and her face was a mixture
of a child and a woman. Her long
black hair blew about in the wind just
like that of the girl of my dream. Why,
sir, I never cared much for girls, but I
would have died for this one then and
there."

"No time was to be lost!
"The light of the engine's eye was on
the track and rocks in the curve, and
we could hear the singin' of the rails.
I could not be measured by seconds.
Had there been a moment's more time,
I would have found a place where there
were braces across, so we might
brave our fate. But it was too late."

"Below us was nothing but air—and,
100 feet down, rocks."
"You may not believe it, but I threw one
arm about her yieldin' form, and in an
instant I was lowerin' her through the
timbers. 'Clasp the plank tight, with
both hands,' I said, and hold on for
your life."

"She was a brave little woman, and
said so, but did as I told her.
Another instant and I was hangin' by
her side, as it were, between heaven
and earth."

"I hung by one arm, while I threw
the other about her waist and sup-
ported her there in the air."
"You may not believe it, sir, but at
that moment I was happy. The joy of
holdin' her, even in such danger, was
bliss."

"The train was now on the bridge,
and we could hear the creakin' and
groanin' of the timbers and feel the
swayin' of it all. Then, with a noise
that was deafenin', the whole train
passed over."

"A hot coal from the engine fell on
my hand which held me up (you can
see the burn there now), but I never
noticed it."

"The excitement had been too much
for my brave girl, and I saw her face
grow white and her form hung heavier
on my arm, though she did not entirely
lose her hold on the timbers."

"The strain was terrible. I feared
I dreamt that I woke up, and as I did
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was a human figure about a quarter
way across the bridge comin' toward
me—and it was a woman!"

STYLES OF ADDRESS.

How the President and Other Public
Men Should Be Addressed.

[Washington Cor. New York World.]

I have been considerably amused in
glancing over the addresses on letters
to public men to notice the different
styles which are used by people living
at a distance. For instance, some com-
munications are addressed to "Hon.
Chester A. Arthur, President of the
United States." The simplest and best
form is to write, "To the President,
Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C."
In addressing the president personally,
you should always say "Mr. Presi-
dent." "Your Honor," or "Your Ex-
cellency" is never used, and is con-
sidered in bad taste, as it is no more
than a thing to hear public men from dif-
ferent parts of the country open con-
versation with the president in these
terms. The official title of the governor
of Massachusetts is "His Excellency,"
and of the lieutenant governor "His
Honor." The president has no official
title, and is called simply "Mr. Presi-
dent."

In addressing communications to the
cabinet officers you should, however,
write "The Hon. Charles J. Folger,
Secretary of the Treasury; The Hon.
William Chandler, Secretary of the
Navy," etc., but in personal intercourse
you should always say "Mr. Secretary,"
"Mr. Attorney General," or "Mr. Post-
master General." Should you desire
to write to a senator you would direct
to "The Hon. Rogers P. Homer, U. S.
Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.,
and if a formal communication com-
mence the epistle "Mr. Senator," which
title you should also use in private con-
versation with him. Of course, if you
were an intimate friend, you could take
greater liberties, and perhaps call him
"Dear George," or something of that
sort; but I am talking now only upon
formal communications. A member of
the house is not so particular, however.
You would address him after this style:
"The Hon. John D. Long, M. C., House
of Representatives, Washington, D. C."

In speaking to a member you
would ordinarily address him by his
last name, but if he had ever been a
speaker, senator or governor invariably
give him that title, for it is not only
customary, but it gives him the impres-
sion that you have made a particular
study of his record.

Many a man has wrecked his chances
by calling an ex-senator simply "Mr.
Blank." You must have some knowl-
edge of the war in order to steer skill-
fully around among these state-men. If
a member has been general, call him
that, and you can safely go down as far
as major, but I would advise you to
draw the line in the last-named title,
for a man who has served during the
war and risen no higher than a captain
does not care to have it thrown in his
face after he has been elected to con-
gress. I do not know how the custom
was originated to limit the title to the
grade of major, but I do know it to be
a fact, nevertheless. In addressing the
speaker of the house you should always
say, "Mr. Speaker," and the same for
Carle, and justices of the United
States supreme court, the court of
claims and other judicial bodies of final
resort, as "Mr. Chief Justice" and "Mr.
Justice." This is a republican form
of government, where every man is sup-
posed to be as good as every other man,
and a little better if he can make him-
self so, but these titles which I have
mentioned are as immovable as the long
line in the court of "Victoria R."

A Wise Charity.
[New York Times.]

The late Peter Cooper wisely founded
the Cooper Union long before his death,
and had the pleasure of seeing many
thousands of young men and women
prepare themselves for useful and com-
fortable lives by means of his benefi-
cence. The schools of every other man,
and a little better if he can make him-
self so, but these titles which I have
mentioned are as immovable as the long
line in the court of "Victoria R."

"I rested for a moment and then
clasped the girl in my free arm and
threw one of my legs over the plank.
In another instant I was sitting on the
cross tie with the girl clasped in both
my arms and her head resting on my
shoulder."

"The station-master soon saw us and
pushed out a hand-car and helped us
on. The girl soon revived under the
care of his wife, and in half an hour
she was talking to me as calmly as
though the whole affair had never hap-
pened. She said her name was Mollie
Wilson, and she was the daughter of
old Jim Wilson, the wood-cutter across
the gorge. The old man was taken
very ill suddenly, and she was comin'
over to the village for the doctor. She
was sent to the school for the blind,
and she said she never thought of the
danger of the walk—and she did not
know there were any trains at that
time."

"Her voice, sir, was like the chirp of
some bird of the forest, and I knew
then that I loved her. We got the doc-
tor and I took them both across on the
hand-car."

"She didn't even thank me for helpin'
her save her life; but when I left her
she let her chubby little hand lie in
mine, and looked into my eyes, sir, in a
way that was worth a whole book full
of thanks."

"Somehow I found my way across the
gulch quite often after that. First it
was to ask after her father, and then,
when he got well, to walk with her in
the hand-car."

"Sometimes, in my haste to see her,
I walked on the flimsy planks of the
trestle-work, but I always took good
care that no train was comin'."

"Yes! that's your train, sir; and just
in time, for my story is ended. Over
there in that little house—my house,
sir—lives the girl that I saved, and the
purest, pinkiest little baby that was
ever born."

"Thank you, sir, for your cigars.
I'll tell Mollie of you, sir. And this is
actually threatens to sue me!" "Does
he? Why, haven't you paid him for
your portrait?" "No, I haven't, and
what's more, I won't." "What, aren't
you satisfied with it? It's a perfect like-
ness." "I know it. Isn't he awfully
mean?"

Too Truthful a Likeness.
[Burlington Hawkeye.]
"Only think of it," exclaimed Mrs.
Bullion, "that creature Mahlistick
actually threatens to sue me!" "Does
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The Irish population of the earth is
as follows: At home, 7,500,000; in
England, 2,600,000; in Scotland, 2,000,
000; in Canada, 2,000,000; in Australia,
1,000,000; in America, 12,500,000; else-
where, 5,000,000. A total in round
numbers of 32,500,000.

A Curiosity.
[Chicago Herald.]
A veritable natural curiosity is in the
possession of a St. Louis editor. It is
the head of a 2-year-old rattlesnake
preserved in spirits, the lines and trac-
ings on the back of which formed a very
well defined picture of the head and
body of a woman. The gentleman states
that he and a party of friends were rest-
ing under an apple tree in Cleburne,
Johnson county, Tex., when they per-
ceived the reptile on a branch above
them, and knocking it down with a
whip, killed it.

Something A-f-r-o-o.
[C. C. Co. in The Great.]
In all the patchwork of hypotheses
(not science) the mechanicians cannot
account for the "primordial germ;" nor
for the existence in man of the abstract
sentiment of good and evil, for moral-
sense, for a belief that the soul will be
something after this life—which Max
Muller once called "part of the original
dowry of the human soul."

Pine Italian Air.
[Arkansas Traveler.]
A scientist has discovered that in the
air of Italy rests the secret of the coun-
try's fine vocal music. It is said any
one can breathe the air of certain sec-
tions of Italy and become a fine singer.
An enterprising New Englander will
soon begin to ship boxes of Italian air to
this country.

The Festive Crocodile.

[London Telegraph.]

With its short legs out of sight in the
ooze, its murderous snout sunk to the
upper jaw, a tangle of river drift caught
upon its shoulders, and the tail perhaps
lying in a pool of water, the bulky rep-
tile looks so harmless that birds sit twit-
tering upon its armor, and hunt among
the crevices of the fungoid-grown and
slimy scales for insects. Its very size
disarms suspicion; the outline becomes
indistinct, the complete monster indis-
tinguishable. And a crocodile's patience
for mischief is prodigious. Hour after
hour, and all day long, the abominable
frank lies in its place without a sign of
life. Natives going to their work in
the morning look down from the bank
and see the birds flitting about the dark
object at the water line in pursuit of
the swarming mud flies that are at-
tracted to the brute by their keen sense
of smell; but, familiar as they are with
the wiles of a muggur as ghastly (as
they call the blunt, and the sharp-
nosed crocodiles respectively), they are
deceived to the last, and go on their
way to the field or shop thinking it
was only driftwood that they had seen.
If it had been a dead body, bullock or
tattoo, washed up by the river, the vil-
lagers would have been close by, pa-
tiently waiting for the carrion to ripen
in the festering heat, and the crows
and off it impatiently, trying the tough
hide here and there with their beaks,
and cawing and cawing in discontent
at their baffled appetites.

But by and by, if the crocodile will
only hold out, or unless some one pass-
ing halloo to it at a venture—"just to
see if it is a muggur or not"—there will
come along the water's edge a hungry
pariah dog, trotting in an aimless, shuf-
fling way, and sniffing as it passes at
everything in the line of drift, with its
head turned toward the river, and away
from the crocodile. And so, trotting
along, thinking only of chance offal,
it comes up to the waiting brute.
A sand-piper, startled by the dog's
plashing feet, tumbles up with a
sharp cry from under the shade of the
reptile's side, and the pariah stops
dead, startled as the bird, watches it
flit along the shore and resettles a few
yards further on and then resume its
trot, or rather, it has just made up
its mind to go on, when suddenly the
ooze all around it seems to heave up,
and in a shower of mud there is an in-
stant vision of a huge pair of jaws,
glistening with white teeth, and then a
crimsoned ripple on the river, and the
tragedy is complete. The native thinks
he heard a dog yelp, and turns his
head. There is only a scared sand-
piper wheeling in the air.

The Man With a Beard.
[Milwaukee Sentinel.]
The man with the long beard at the
dime museum passed the seven feet of
brown hair on his chin through his
hands yesterday forenoon when asked
how he accounted for it, and said that
scientists called it a "freak of nature."

It is a tall (nigh to six feet) man, with
thick gray hair, trimmed up close, and
rather thin, gaunt face and frame. His
mouth is as good as hidden by a thick
mustache that mingles with the beard
growing high up on his cheeks. And
that beard runs on and on, tapering
toward the end, and is just made up
to thin point over seven feet away, and
changing from a dark brown in color to
a light straw as it gets away from the
foundation. The reporter of The Sen-
tinal ran the curious growth between
his fingers and found it fine and silky.
Then he inquired how long that thing
had been going on.

"When I was 12 years old," answered
the wearer, "I had a very good and
strong beard that grew very fast, and
when I was 16 I had an astonishing for
a boy. I was brought up on a farm in
Vermont, N. Y., where I still live, and
placed, and was always good deal
talked about around home on account
of my whiskers. My name? Oh, yes!
It is Edwin Smith, and I was born in
1732."

"Did you use to shave often?"
"Between 12 and 20 years of age I
shaved some, but after that I let it
grow, although keeping it trimmed up
well. It grows about five inches a year,
and I have had it measure seven feet
nine inches. Just now it is worn off
from having been cut."

"Been in the show business long?"
"I started at it three years ago as a
professional. I lost my wife and got
uneasy staying on the old place, so went
out with Barnum for a change. I used
to, six or seven years ago, go out to the
country fairs and make \$50 a day by
showing myself in a little tent I owned.
Then I went to California, and there I
surprised the whole coast."

"How do you account for it?"
"I don't. The scientists have studied
it, but couldn't make anything out of it,
except that each child has a certain
brother whose beard never gets beyond
six inches long. That seems strange to
me."

A Missing Link.
[Exchange.]
A primary school teacher in one of our
New England cities, met with a strange
experience. Having taken pride in im-
parting to her pupils much information
not found in their spellers and readers,
she thought she would show this to the
visitors on examination day, and framed
a set of questions, such as "Who made
you?" "What are you made of?" etc.,
and so drilled the scholars in the an-
swering that each child