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THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,

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Constantly on hand.

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And all of my own manufacture.

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Residents of Douglas County are requested to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

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DEPOT HOTEL,

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This Hotel has been established for a number of years, and has become very popular with the traveling public.

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Table supplied with the Best of the Market affords

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H. C. STANTON,

DEALER IN

Staple Dry Goods,

Extra Fine Groceries,

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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.

SO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.

Boys and Sell 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.

Fifty Cents' Worth.

(Portland Herald.)

A young man sent 50 cents to a New York advertiser to learn "How to make money fast," and was advised in reply to glue a 55 greenback to the bottom of his trunk. Having neither greenback nor trunk, he is still unable to make money fast.

Thomas Jefferson Burnham: Mildly commingled, mimicry and misanthropic malice: a good medicine for many minds' maladies.

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT

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NO. 17.

WE SHALL KNOW ALL

[Owen Meredith.] Whom we first love, you know, we seldom wed. Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not The thing we planned it out: ere hope was dead. And then, we women cannot choose our lot. Much must be borne which it is hard to bear; Much given away which it were sweet to keep. God help us all! who need, in-laid, His care! And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now. Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer. He has his father's eager eyes I know. And, they say, too, has a mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one (I have no help and pity me) Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been * * * al, what I dare not think!

We all are changed, God judges for us best. God help us to our duty, and not shrink, And act in Heaven, humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times, and too too gray and light. Some griefs grow deep; some woes are hard to bear.

Who knows the past; who can judge us right?

Ab, we were judged by what we might have been, And not by what we are, too apt to fall! My little child—his sleep and smiles between These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all!

THE DONKEY BOYS OF CAIRO.

The Brillest Street Gamin in the World—The Brillest Gamin in the World—(Cairo Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

Cairo would be Cairo without its donkeys and donkey boys. They are a unique institution.

These Arab donkey boys know a smattering of the principal European languages, and can talk instantly in what tongue to address you. Not only are they thus keen, but they are also the drollest and most humorist gamin I have ever seen. They are great at pantomime, and you cannot but laugh at their good-humored antics. The donkeys are exceedingly small, but gentle and long-suffering. The majority of them are much abused, and bear marks on their bodies like the marks of the merciless donkey boys. "Mine berry good donkey, sar," said one. "Mine name Yankee Doodle, sar," said another, keener even than the rest. Then the others took up the keynote, and "Gen. Grant," "Mrs. Langtry," and other similar celebrities were at my disposal. Had I been French, it would have been "Napoleon," instead of "Yankee Doodle," and the donkeys would have been named "Napoleon," "Waterloo," etc.

I did not make any bargain beforehand. When I inquired at the hotel as to what was the proper tariff, the answer was: "Give the beggars—a great word with the English—a plastric or two per pair. There is no regular amount as the boys always grumble and demand back-sheesh, whatever the fee bestowed, but no one minds that. So on this particular morning I bade the boy hold the opposite stirrup while I mounted—the stirrups are not fastened, but in the event of a fall the distance is ridiculously slight. On each donkey's forehead is a brass tablet with his number inscribed upon it.

Pen-Picture of Oscar Wilde.

[Vanity Fair.] Oscar, the youngest son of the late Sir William Wilde, archeologist, traveler and green-streak in Ireland, won the Berkeley medal in Trinity college, Dublin, and a scholarship. Migrating to Magdalen college, Oxford, he took two "firsts" and the "Newdigate." Then he went wandering in Greece, and, full of a Neo-Hellenic spirit, came back to invade social London. He invented the aesthetic movement. He preached the doctrine of possible culture in external things. He got brilliantly launched as a good-natured lecturer in 1881, when he published a somewhat startling volume of poems, and at once went to America to preach his gospel of culture.

Then, as an itinerant art apostle, he wandered from New York to San Francisco, lectured to all sorts and conditions of men, produced a play and came back to London. Suddenly he gave up dandyism for dandyism, cut his long locks and accepted life. He is a yapper of smart things, and has a rare flow of thoroughly Irish wit, and an excellent notion of the advantage that may accrue to any man from drawing attention to himself anyhow. He has lived through much laughter, in which he has always joined. He has many disciples, and is of opinion that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." He is 28 years old, comes of a literary family, and is essentially modern.

The "Luck" of Cœur d'Alene.

[Exchange.] The "kid's fund" was established by the pioneers of Eagle City, M. T., for the endowment of the first native Cœur d'Alene. The fund had just reached the comfortable sum of 5,000 dollars when it was appropriated by an enterprising son of the soil, whose mother had walked thirty-five miles, through snow from three to ten feet deep, in order to give him birth within the confines of Eagle. The woman was living with her husband—a freight-hand on the Northern Pacific road—in a cabin near the main line, when she heard of the premium offered for babies up at Eagle, and determined to secure it. When the husband and father reached the camp he was presented with the 5,000 dollars in dust and nuggets, with which he went prospecting, and, it is said, struck it rich. Romance still lingers about the mines, and Dr. Hattie's "Luck of Roaring Camp" is well paralleled in this story from Eagle City.

Averting the Hissing.

[Exchange.] It is stated that John Porter, an engineer on the Michigan Central road, has been offered 47,000 dollars for his patent on an attachment to a steam cylinder which condenses the waste from the steam on starting the engine, thereby averting that hissing noise which is so disagreeable to the ear and such a terror to horses.

Josh Billings: I think I had rather trust my faith than my judgment.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

Thrown Out for a Fourteen-Year-Old Boy to Think Over.

[M. Qua's "Talk with Boys."] Ah, my lad! I just wish I was about 14 years old and had the chances you are daily throwing away.

What would I do? Why, I'd post myself. For one thing, I'd walk down to the depot and when a locomotive brought in its train and went off to the round-house I'd follow it and find out how it was made. I'd have a peep at every lever and crank and cog and wheel and rod. I'd know why and how steam exerted its power. I'd satisfy myself why that boiler mounted on wheels was able to pull and push. When I left the round-house I'd go to a factory and overhaul a stationary engine and see where the two differed. Then I'd get hold of some railroad man and pump him until I was posted even as to the quantity of oil used to run a locomotive 100 miles.

It may not be money in your pocket to know these things, but 't will be food for the mind. You cannot post yourself too much. The mind is a book in which there's always room for another page.

Did you ever take a common door lock apart? Then you do not know that a bit of brass spring is the hidden mystery which works both catch and bolt. With-out this insignificant little, costing less than a penny, the lock, costing from thirty cents to a dollar of itself, would be only so much old iron. You have opened and shut a pocket-knife thousands of times, but it never occurred to you that a spring, acting on a different principle, holds the blade shut or open.

You see a paper-hanger at work, but you are ignorant of the fact that he must begin his work in one corner of the room by a plumb line, or he will not make a good job of his papering. You can't tell whether a horse-shoe is put on with six or ten nails. You never counted the spokes in the wheel of a wagon. You never counted the bricks which a hod carrier can shovel up one ladder. You don't know whether a cow has teeth in both jaws or only in one. You don't know that a blundering Detroit lad 10 years old carelessly put together the pattern of ice-tongs now used all over the country, and let a man steal his idea away and make a fortune out of it.

If he had been an observing boy he would have seen and realized the value of his invention. He would have sold up-sods and stones, and when offered ten cents for his crude tongs he had made a good thing.

The Election of Lincoln.

[Blenc: Parley Poore.] The electoral votes for president and vice president were counted in the hall of the house, on Wednesday, the 13th of February. The senators, and the vice president, presided over the proceedings. The speaker of the house, Mr. Schuchert, presided over the proceedings. The speaker of the house, Mr. Schuchert, presided over the proceedings.

The vice president said that, according to the constitution, both houses of congress had assembled in order that the votes might be counted and declared for president and vice president of the United States, who were to take their seats on the termination of the present term, the 4th of March, 1861. It was his duty to open the electoral votes, and he now proceeded to perform that duty. The votes were accordingly opened by states, and the separate vote of each state was announced by the tellers. When the name of South Carolina was called a suppressed laugh was heard from all Breckinridge then announced the whole vote to be: For Lincoln and Hamlin, 150 votes; for Breckinridge and Lane, 73 votes; for Bell and Everett, 12 votes; for Douglas and Johnson, 22 votes. He therefore declared Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, to be duly elected president and vice president of the United States. There was no demonstration of any kind on the floor of the house or in the galleries. The speaker then retired and the house adjourned.

Wasted Wealth in Nevada.

[Virginia City Enterprise.] During the bonanza days, when nearly a dozen big mills—on six-mile and seven-mile canyons—were rushing through the rich ores of the Comstock, the tailings that left the mouth of Six-mile canyon were allowed to run to waste, and spread abroad on the desert to the northward of the town of Sutro. Six-mile canyon was then filled from end to end with blanket-slues and all kinds of sulphuret catching traps. It was thought that when the tailings left the mouth of the canyon they contained so little valuable material that it would not pay to catch them up in a reservoir, but the blanket slues caught only the sulphurets and other heavy matter. They did not get the chloride; that went out with the slums. For some years past men have been delving for this wealth lying scattered upon the desert sands, and they are still gathering it in. In the places where they are now "mining" for this material, it does not show on the surface. The shifting sands of the desert have hidden it, and it is over-grown with sagebrush and greasewood. The deposits must be prospected for, but when found pay well for the work of collecting.

Pacific Coast Clams.

[Hartford Post.] Alas for the glory of Rhode Island clams! At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences R. E. C. Stearns, Ph. D., spoke of the rapid increase of the soft-shelled or long-necked clams in the Pacific bays. Some Oregon clams weighing fifteen pounds with necks three feet long, require three men to dig them. They are accessible at extremely low tides. Their delicate white meat, when boiled, cut into strips and fried in batter, is exceedingly good. Some enterprising Yankee will be introducing these monster bivalves on the Atlantic coast, and then what will become of the Rhode Island clam-baker?

A Good Short Story.

[Detroit Free Press.] It is impossible to give a receipt for the manufacture of a good story. The chief ingredients are handsome girls and young men of various grades of intelligence. As in the making of a cake, the way you mix them up has a good deal to do with the success of the story. About the best thing the writer can do is to study the stories that have been successful. The best short story that was ever written in America, or anywhere else, is probably T. B. Aldrich's "Margery Daw." A splendid story of an altogether different stamp is "A Man without a Country," by E. E. Hale. Frank Stockton is very good at a short story. "The Lady and the Tiger" is an example of what he can do in that line. Mrs. Margaret Eyttinge writes about as brisk and breezy a short story as an lady writer anywhere. Charles Reade was good at short stories, and so is Willie Collins. Some of James Thurber's short stories are models. It is a very good thing for the person who sets out to tell a story to have a story to tell.

Every newspaper and magazine is just yearning for some sprightly young writer who can tell a good story. As I look about? Then you do not know that a bit of brass spring is the hidden mystery which works both catch and bolt. With-out this insignificant little, costing less than a penny, the lock, costing from thirty cents to a dollar of itself, would be only so much old iron. You have opened and shut a pocket-knife thousands of times, but it never occurred to you that a spring, acting on a different principle, holds the blade shut or open.

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Wonders of "Muscle-Reading."

[Exchange.] Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the muscle-reader, had a great success in London, the "sanctum" of The Pall Mall Gazette being chosen as the scene of his experiments. Muscle-reading has not, as might be at first supposed, any connection with pugilism, but is a kind of mind-reading by touch. Mr. Cumberland's theory is that any exertion of the mind produces a muscular contraction, and that by taking hold of a person's hand, the muscle-reader can tell what he is thinking about. The crucial experiment made in London by Mr. Cumberland seems to consist in holding short an absolute demonstration of the truth of this theory—which is vouched for also by our old friend Col. Olcott, of the Theosophical society. Mr. Grant Allen thought of an object not in the sanctum at all, and Mr. Cumberland then proceeded to find it blindfolded. Taking Mr. Allen by the hand, he made a baseline for No. 7 Northampton street, and here the great moment came. Mr. Allen thought that he had thought of something at No. 7, whereas he had really thought of something at No. 6. On this being called to his attention in an inaudible whisper by the only other person who was in the secret, straightway Mr. Cumberland turned off to No. 6. They entered the house up-stairs they got Mr. Allen led by the muscle-reader to the drawer of a table, then round to an ottoman, of which he lifts the lid, and from it he pulls out a strange-looking object—a book—or, as we should say, a hunk of wood—the very hunk of hunk given eighteen years ago to the earliest process of reports in France. The felon's corpse was quickly carried to the dissecting table, where the wounded arm was amputated.

The investigation was profitable. It exploded a false theory, one which very likely in practice has been attended with serious consequence to people who have suffered with broken bones. The immediate perfect adjustment of fractures has not been deemed absolutely necessary to perfect repair. From an examination of Major's arm the precious and practical truth has been evolved that it is unwise to delay the work of perfect adjustment.

An Important Service to Surgery.

[Virginia (New) Enterprise.] Lloyd L. Majors rendered an important service in the cause of surgery when he undertook, a few days ago, to break out of jail. In his fight with the jailers his arm was broken, and he died on the scaffold with the wounded limb in splints. Until Majors died the surgical profession has rarely had an opportunity to study the earliest process of reports in France. The felon's corpse was quickly carried to the dissecting table, where the wounded arm was amputated.

The Bostonian's Voice.

[Boston Cor. Philadelphia Voice.] The very tone of a Bostonian's voice has a gentle, dog-eared curve, so to speak, that suggests frequent handling, a mellow turning of tones, a readiness to go on or turn back until the question is made quite clear to us. There is a detailed touch in the voice that answers and questions us that seems to fold about its words in a kind of patient, loving naturalness and to draw about the spirit of the listener in a subtle encouragement to the ideal value he has somewhere placed upon himself. The Bostonian listens as well as he talks. His interrogation is perfectly sincere. He means you should bring your facts and theories to the front. If he sounds the "personal note" in himself he rings your own out with quite as beneficent impartiality. Emerson is said to have been almost too good a listener. He listened to your smallest fact with an expectant attention that shriveled your conscious-ness into nothing. But one of Emerson's most potent charms, is the sense of room that he seems to offer to the humblest—not only the sense of room, but that he causes us to feel that he has given us almost of his very identity—a greatness, so impartial in his view and sympathy.

After Their Retirement.

[Chicago Herald.] Gen. Grant's recent difficulties have engaged a newspaper correspondent to inquire into the lives of the various presidents after their retirement from office. In Washington, he finds, went to Mount Vernon and raised tobacco, and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe followed his example at their homes; John Adams returned to Quincy and raised corn and cabbages; Jackson returned to the Hermitage; Van Buren went to his Kinderhook farm; Polk died a few months after returning to Tennessee; Fillmore re-entered his old law office at Buffalo; Buchanan pursued agriculture at Wheatlands; Hayes lives on his Ohio farm.

Malignant Mitiades.

"Look at that doggie with the long nose," said young Mitiades at the menagerie. "What's that called?" "That," replied his mother, "is an anteater."

"An anteater," he repeated thoughtfully. "Then I wish I'd feed him on Uncle Jack's wife, 'cause she didn't give me any birthday present."

Peck's Sun: Deception, my son, is the twin brother to fraud, and the stepping-stone to theft. Be positive, firm and honest.

LEFT HAND WRITING.

Teaching Ambidextrous Penmanship in Business Colleges. [Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"Is ambidextrous or left hand writing taught now nowadays in the reporter asked the principal of a leading business college where the study of penmanship is one of the great features.

"Yes," was the reply. "There is not an institute of penmanship in this city that does not devote almost as much time to the development of the chiro-graphic faculties of the left hand as to those of the right. Years ago it exploded the then prevailing notion that the action of the muscles that induced the formation of script characters was natural to the right hand alone. In fact there is nothing natural in writing. Good penmanship is the result of incessant practice, in which the left hand may be trained with as satisfactory results as the right."

Mr. H. A. Spencer, son of the founder of the Spencerian system of penmanship, was seen by the reporter ambidextrously writing in his study.

"Within the last four years," said he, "the number of pupils whom I have taught successfully to use the pen with both hands may be counted by the thousands, and may be encountered in nearly every part of the United States. Through my efforts two of the principals of public schools in this city have taken hold of the matter, with extremely gratifying results. No, there are no rules for the development of left hand writing. All I do is simply to instruct the pupil to write his signature with his right hand in pencil and then go over it in ink with his left. This is the commencement. Next, the signature is written without the aid of the penciled copy, and practiced until a sufficient degree of perfection has been obtained. Can I give you an estimate of the number of ambidextrists throughout the Union? Well, only a few years ago I taught a class in Washington of 500, one in Baltimore of 100, and one in Galveston of 200, and instructed several thousand children in the New Orleans public schools, and as I am only one of the many teachers engaged in the business, you may calculate accordingly."

Washing Out the Stomach.

[The Lancet.] The practice of treating patients suffering from chronic dyspepsia, who resist the influence of regular diet and drugs, by washing out the stomach, which originated some years ago in Vienna, has recently taken root in America, and has formed the subject of a short paper by Dr. W. B. Platt, in The Maryland Medical Reporter of recent date. We are there informed that cases most intractable to all other treatments have quickly yielded to this means. The principle underlying the treatment is to keep the stomach clean, and, as far as possible, at rest, for a time sufficient to allow of its complete recovery. The operation should be performed in the morning, before breakfast.

A soft, red rubber tube is passed gently down into the stomach quite to the pylorus; with this is connected about a yard of common flexible tubing and a glass funnel, which is held on a level with the patient's breast, and tepid water is poured slowly into the funnel until a sensation of fullness is experienced; the funnel is then depressed to the level of the waist, and the fluid allowed to syphon out. The process is repeated until the water returns quite clear. The washing should be repeated every day for a week or ten days, and during that time the diet should be restricted to milk or a little meat; then the washing may be done every second or third day, and finally abandoned at the end of three weeks. The advantages claimed for this method are that it is efficacious, simple and safe, and it certainly is worth a trial in intractable cases of chronic dyspepsia. A disease which makes its victims a burden to themselves and their friends, and hitherto has brought but little credit to physicians.

English Song-Writing.

[The Athlete.] Without going so far as to say that no man is a poet who cannot write a good song, it may be safely said that no man can write a good song who is not a good poet. Heartiness and melody—the two requisites of a song which never can be dispensed with—can rarely be compassed, it seems, by one and the same individual. In both these qualities the Elizabethian poets stand pre-eminent, though even with them the melody is not so singable as it might be made. Among the more prominent poets of our time, Mr. Browning, though he has heartiness in plenty, betrays a love of rugged consonantal effects such as would always prevent him from writing a first-rate song. Here, indeed, is the crowning difficulty of song-writing. An extreme simplicity of structure and of diction must be accompanied by an instinctive apprehension of the melodic capabilities of verbal sounds, and of what Samuel Lover, the Irish song-writer, called "singing" words, which is rare in this country, and which seems to belong to the Celtic rather than to the Saxon ear. "The song-writer," says Lover, "must frame his song of open vowels, with as few guttural or hissing sounds as possible, and he must be content sometimes to sacrifice grandeur and vigor to the necessity of selecting singing words and not reading words."

Largest Artificial Stone.

[Atlanta Constitution.] The largest artificial stone in the world is the one just finished and which is to form the foundation for Barthold's statue of Liberty on Bollo's island in New York harbor. The stone is made of broken brick rock, sand, American and foreign cement mixed, and water. Twenty thousand barrels of cement were used. The mixture for the stone was emptied into the "jacket," or mold, and the surplus water was squeezed out. The stone rapidly hardened and will now bear 100 tons to the square foot.

Climatic Eccentricities.

[Boston Budget.] The very remarkable climatic eccentricities, if so they may be termed, that have lately attracted attention in the world over, are typically exemplified in the last winter season about Stavanger, Norway, where in latitude 58 degrees, 58 minutes, or only 1 degree south of the extremity of Greenland, the thermometer but once during the month of January fell to the freezing point. The grass plots of the various gardens are described as having been practically as green as in summer. "Paisley, snow drops, pansies, violets and primroses had their blossoms well set. Peonies had appeared above the ground, and many roses had thrown out vigorous shoots."

Arkansas Traveler: Money is er two-face article. It ken be yer bes' friend or yer worst enemy.

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

A Novel Means of Livelihood in Which Citizens of Detroit are Engaged. [Detroit Post and Tribune.]

There is an enterprise carried on in Detroit which is not generally known, and never appears in the statement of the city's varied prosperous industries. Its novelty is such that it has never as yet attained the dignity of a name. It is carried on when a majority of citizens are asleep. Those engaged in it prosper upon the carelessness and misfortunes of others. Their income defies definite prediction, but can be depended on for a handsome return on the capital invested. The few engaged in this industry might be termed "lighters." The pioneers in the business were gas-lighters. Scarcely one of their number, who has been engaged with the craft for any considerable length of time, has failed to find one or more articles which afforded a handsome addition to his regular income. Almost every night there was a valuable find or two, and as a knowledge of the fact came to a few men who were waiting for something to turn up, they saw in it a golden opportunity, and are now laying up treasures from what they can find.

One of these individuals lives in Close's alley and is a negro. At the very peep of day he may be seen abroad, tramping at a good round pace, scanning the sidewalk and doorways, and swooping down on anything of sufficient value to repay the loss of a minute or so. There are also three men who travel together, their rounds generally beginning about midnight and continuing until daylight. They walk abreast, taking in the sidewalk, scanning it as they go, the center man carrying a bull's-eye lantern attached to the front of his coat. They go as rapidly as is consistent with their business, and nothing of value escapes their notice. A basket is the receptacle for many articles, money goes into their pockets, and heavier finds sometimes necessitate the use of a detail of one or two for assistance or a wagon. What they pick up comprises almost every movable commodity worn or carried upon the streets. They secure hats, handkerchiefs without number, coats, money, umbrellas, feathers of value, occasionally a valuable watch dropped by some night marauder, purses, rings, breastpins, canes, chains