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THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT

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Promptly attended to and goods shipped
with care.
Address,
HACHENY & BENO,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

A Shabby Excuse.
[Rev. John Hall.]
Men do things which their fathers
would have deprecated, and then draw
about themselves a tinsel cordon of
sophistry and liberal thought, when it
is nothing after all but a preference for
individual license.

Philadelphia Ledger: The prevailing
disposition is to trust too much to
legislative remedies for moral short-
comings.

MY OWN GIRL.
[Frederick Langbridge.]
Only ten dollars—no more sin—
The wages I weekly touch,
For labor, steady and sore, sir,
It isn't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
And vanishes left and right,
But I hand it all to Kitty
As sure as Saturday night.
She hasn't a thought or feeling
That isn't for my own good,
She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and still,
Or how could I pinch her dimple,
Or gaze in her frank eyes blue?
I feel, not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bad;
I say, "They've never a Kitty—
They'd all be keener if they had."
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

Earthquakes and Luminous Paint.
[Iron.]
The connection between earthquakes
and luminous paint would hardly be
apparent to anyone without explana-
tion. It nevertheless exists, and the
recent earthquakes in our own country
have served to remind us of its exist-
ence. As a matter of fact, large con-
signments of this paint are sent to those
countries where earthquakes are preva-
lent. The use to which it is put invests
it with the utmost importance just for
the few critical moments of the shock.

In the Philippine islands, where earth-
quakes are not uncommon, small me-
tallic plates coated with luminous paint
are so placed about the premises, that
at the first warning the inmates are
quickly guided to the door, and thence
to the street.

In Manila it is laid on in patches
about the bedrooms and staircases, serv-
ing as guides for the door-handles and
the stairs, night lights being considered
as especially dangerous, as likely to set
fire to the building, houses, and thus to
roast the inmates in their own homes.
It follows that those who live in dis-
tricts likely to be visited by earth-
quakes will do well to adopt this plan,
and to burn no flame lights at night,
especially in the case of gas, the pipes
for which might be taken asunder, and
the gas escape and take fire. The
gas should be turned off at the main
nightly, and luminous labels be so
placed as to indicate the door-handles
and other guides to the main point of
egress, which would enable the resi-
dents to find their way out of their
houses in the dark before the walls per-
chance buried them. It will be remem-
bered that at Ischia there was just suf-
ficient time between the first shock of
the earthquake and the downfall of the
Grand hotel to permit those who acted
promptly to save their lives.

Garden of Eden Rocks.
[Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.]
Since the days of the "forty acres and
a mule" dodge, if a month has passed
away without some ridiculous fraud be-
ing practiced upon the colored people
here, your correspondent fails to re-
member it. The latest and most ab-
surd was brought to light to-day, when
a colored man, with his eyes dancing
with delight, came in to show me a
treasure that he had just bought in the
shape of a rock from the Garden of Eden.

It looked like a small piece of slate,
was highly perfumed with musk and
packed in a small pasteboard box. He
had bought it from a white woman,
who told him she was from the Garden
of Eden, and that she had been engaged
for the sale of the rocks. She had
thousands of them put up in similar
paper boxes, and sold them through the
country at 25 cents each. She has sold
several hundred in Columbia, S. C. The
Times-Star correspondent tried to buy
the colored man's rock, but he resolutely
refused ten times its price. A big re-
vival is in progress among the colored
people of this city, and this afore-
said white woman is reaping a rich
harvest in the sale of her "Garden of
Eden rocks" among the ignorant re-
ligious enthusiasts.

His Wife Invented a Crazy Awning.
[New York Sun.]
When a Ninth avenue painter came
out into the sunshine a day or two ago,
and let down the awning before his
show windows, some of the people gathered
about and fixed their eyes curiously
on the awning. It was made of paper
work, and the oddly shaped bits of
silk or cor were mingled artistically
and pleasingly after the style of crazy
quits.

"It's a success," said the painter
jubilantly. "The popular fancy just
now is for crazy quits. That's a crazy
quilt that's the thing in the city. It's
hit the public fancy, my wife's happy,
and I'm getting lots of custom by it."
Pantation Philosophy.
[Arkansas Traveler.]
De bes' pus on is make 'o de smile
an' de tear. Sunshine an' rain is what
makes de cotton.
When de ole n' gits mad he's aw-
ful. De ole family boss, when he runs
erway, it's de buggy all ter ieces.
De man what tells one truth, al-
though he may make de curmudgeon mad,
is greater den de man what tells a hun-
dred lies ter please de neighborhood.
Truth ollers in de right way, is de
foundation o' dis world's happiness. De
far many muse de folks but nobody
wants ter ax his 'pinion consarnin' a
'portant matter.

The Old Black Tie.
[Hartford Post.]
Owing to the crazy-quilt mania,
society young men on small in ones
have been obliged to fall back on the
old black tie. It is too narrow for a
pat h and too black to be attracti-
ve.

Over 40,000,000 cent pees were
coined in the United States

THE TREASURE CASKET.
[Chicago Tribune.]
"Avant, villain!"
The man thus addressed—a power-
ful-built young fellow of 25 years or
so, with strong limbs and bright blue
eyes, that even in this moment of shame
and degradation looked unflinchingly
into those of the girl who stood be-
fore him in all the regal splendor of
her peerless beauty of face and figure,
started back with a convulsive, shud-
dering movement, from the effects
of which his frame seemed to writhe as
if in mortal agony; and then, recover-
ing the self-possession which had
momentarily deserted him, placed an
arm in such a position that it prevented
the outlines of his face from being
plainly seen, and stood there like a lion
at bay.

Two years before our story begins a
solitary horse mackerel might have
been seen swimming leisurely across
the Atlantic ocean to open the summer
season at Newport. And what a sum-
mer it proved to be for Violet Caryl!
Coming there in all the freshness of
her youthful beauty, she had seemed, in
contrast to the habits of the place,
like a lily growing white and
pure and stately in a bed of
roses from which the early splendor
of freshness had forever fled. With
heart unfettered, a mind of unusual
vigor, and a soul as pure and stainless
as the life record of a girl who has
never learned to play the piano, Violet
Caryl had met at Newport the man in
whose presence she felt for the first
time that indefinable sensation of joy—
that thrill of super-sensitive emotion—
which marks the beginning of an epoch
in the life of every girl—an epoch
in the future shall be looked
back upon as a time when all the world
seemed filled with sunshine, when every
day that diled upon the horizon's purple
rim seemed crowned with the stars of
joy—that festal time when love,
warm-hipped and glowing, sits en-
tailed upon the cloud-tipped summit
of a soul whose corridors are lighted
for the first time by the glorious sun-
burst of changeless affection, and whose
parching thirst for kisses, and caresses,
and low-spoken words of tenderness is
forever quenched by the limpid, pur-
ling stream of a passion that can never
die.

It was at a fete champetre that Vi-
olet Caryl first saw Rupert J. Hether-
ington. She was standing near a por-
tierre through which the chicken salad
and nickel-size sandwiches were soon
to be brought, when suddenly her
escort, Bertie Cecil—a young man who
hoped to be promoted to the ribbon
counter the following winter—observed
what seemed to him like a bluish pass-
quely over her face, and, looking in
the direction indicated by her eyes, it
did not take him long to discover that
Violet was gazing earnestly at Rupert
Hetherington.

"Would you like to know him?" he
asked.
Violet moved her head slightly in
assent, and a moment later the intro-
duction had taken place.
"You are from Cincinnati, I believe,"
said Rupert, after they had conversed a
moment upon ordinary topics.
"Yes," answered Violet.
"Then we shall surely be friends. I
once knew a man who lived in Dayton."
"Ah, indeed!"
Then Rupert excused himself, but as
he walked away Violet knew, by that
subtle instinct which enables women to
tell that there is a fly in the butter even
before they have entered the din-
groom, that no other man would ever
possess her heart so completely. And
so when they met again she was very
cordial. It was the old, old hump-
backed and gray-headed story of friend-
ship that grows into love, and before
the Newport season was ended Violet
Caryl and Rupert Hetherington had
pledged their troth.

Why they had quarreled nobody
seemed to know. It was simply given
out that the engagement had been
broken, and soon after this came the
news that Rupert Hetherington's im-
mense fortune had been engulfed in the
maelstrom of a free-for-all pacing
race. Then he drifted out of Violet's
world altogether, and for nearly two
years she had been living at Rosebud
Villa, her father's country-seat. Al-
ways fearless of personal danger, she
was accustomed to take long walks
about the place in the soft June even-
ings, and during one of them had dis-
covered a grave, forcing his way into
that part of the house where the silver
and jewels were kept. It was this man
to whom she had spoken the words
with which this chapter opens.

He stood there for a moment, and
then suddenly dropped his arm so that
his face became visible.
"You know me, I suppose," he said.
The girl looked at him intently for
an instant, and her face became white
as marble.
"Great God!" she cried. "It is
Rupert Hetherington!"
"Yes," he answered, "Rupert J.
Hetherington, once your promised
groom. It is all true. I am a com-
mon burglar. I must steal or starve."
"For an instant the girl did not speak.
Then she simply said: "You say that
you are poor; that with wealth you
more in your possession you would be
honest. Do you mean this?"
"I do."
"Then follow me," and walking be-
fore him the girl led the way to a hot-
house which stood near by. Entering
it, she soon returned and placed in the
man's hand a small package. "Take
that," she said. "You can sell it for
enough to again place you beyond the
reach of want," and waving him away
with an imperious gesture she turned
and entered the house. Rupert hastily
opened the box, and as he saw its con-
tents a great wave of joy swept over his
soul. "God bless her!" he murmured.
"She has, indeed, redeemed her
promise, and with what I shall receive
for the contents of this box I may live
all my life in luxury."

She had given him a quart of straw-
berries.—From "A Newport Squabble,"
by Murat Hals ed.
The latest Cin innati song is "My
Boy, Where Is Your Father To-night?"

WHAT KIND OF BOOKS?
Rev. Robert Collyer's Talk Before the
Young Men's Christian Union.
I have felt that it would be a good
thing to talk to you to-night about the
companionship of good books. They will
depress and sweeten the joys of
young men and women. I suppose that
I might say it is fifty-five years, or
nearly so, since I dreamed over the first
of them, of one of them especially,
"Whittington and His Cat." It was
when I was five years old, and it was
the first book I remember reading. Every
boy should have it. Good books are
good friends; they will never desert us.
I sat in Shakespeare's chair at Strat-
ford-upon-Avon, and went into his garden
and had flowers from the flower-bed
near his door. It was all as lovely as a
midsummer night's dream; but I could
not make him live in Stratford; he lives
with me. My companions may be your
friends, young men and women, and fill
your life with pleasure, as they have
mine.

The best books often reveal their
worth after many years. They did not
think much of Shakespeare in his time.
Good books are like the wine we hear
of (that we never see of course), that
grows precious in the long lapse of
years. Such is the genesis of all the
great books. We old readers know we
can only get the good from a book by
some such process as that by which it
was written. I speak only of the best,
not of such as you can read as you
would crack a nut, or greater books
are always growing better. We can
hardly blame the simple fellow who
read Robinson Crusoe through every
year; and who, when he was told it was
not true, said he would not believe it,
adding to his informant: "I don't thank
you at all for telling me, either."

I would say a word of caution. There
are books we can read as a man takes
opium, which make us feel like heaven,
but they leave a greater desolation than
opium. There are also books we may
devour in any quantity without harm,
except the taking up of our time—
books that are as foam to the sea. It
is not for me to say, however (human
nature is so different), what to take and
what to leave. This is a sure criterion,
however: First, if when I read a book
about God, and find it has put me
further from Him; or about humanity
and find it has put me further from
men; or about life, and it makes me
think it less worth living, then I know
that for me it is not a good book. It
may charm me, but it is not my book.

I want to speak of novels. I always
enjoy a bright, good story. I used to
hide them under the bed when I was a
boy, and would do it again if I had to.
This is what Walter Scott did for me
forty years ago. And I read him now
with the same interest. You say you
cannot read Scott; you do not know
Scott. I would say, then, "Go learn
Scott." Some call novels week-day sermons
and authors week-day preachers. It is
about so.

The Sunday Schools of the World.
Mr. Fountain J. Hartley, one of the
secretaries of the Sunday School
union, has published in The Sunday
School Chronicle two statistical papers,
in which he gives an estimate of the
number of Sunday school teachers and
scholars in the United Kingdom and
throughout the world.

In the United Kingdom the totals are
—teachers, 67,704; scholars, 6,060,677.
In Great Britain there are 760,355
teachers and 6,225,708 scholars. In
the United States, 1,322,283 teachers
and 6,820,885 scholars. As to Sunday
schools on the continent, and in connec-
tion with the various missionary soci-
eties throughout the world, only an ap-
proximate estimate is possible; but Mr.
Hartley gives the following figures as
the minimum computation: In European
countries 53,053 teachers, and 775,100
scholars; in connection with the several
missionary societies, 21,403 teachers
and 386,808 scholars. The grand total
throughout the world is therefore:—
teachers, 1,766,996; scholars, 14,806,
451.

Solomon Words to Kentuckians.
[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
Again we say, as so often we have
said, to the citizens of this State, that
of blood quillness no citizen of this
commonwealth is free. We do not deal
with crime as we ought. We tolerate
murder and pardon vice and honor
criminals if they are brave. Physical
progress is the only virtue that appeals
to us. We are passionate, unreasonable,
unrestrained, lawless. Society prote-
ct no man or other by its recognized
rules of law, but that public sentiment
which is stronger than the master of
vitality to all written laws. Until we
change all this; until I murder is pun-
ished; until we educate men to look to
the law for protection and vindication;
until the law does what it pretends to
do, what it is in titrated for, we should
cease our boasting, and no longer con-
tend ourselves with traits and achieve-
ments which equally distinguish the
barbarous and half civilized communi-
ties.

Bottled Tears.
[E stern Letter.]
In Persia they bottle their tears as of
old. This is done in the following man-
ner: As the mourners are sitting
around and weeping, the master of cere-
monies presents each one with a piece
of cotton, with which he wipes off his
tears. This cotton is afterward squeezed
into a bottle, and the tears are pre-
served as a powerful and efficacious
remedy for reviving a dying man after
every other means have failed. It is
also employed as a charm against evil
influence. This custom is probably
alluded to in Psalm vi, 8: "Put thou
my tears into a bottle." The practice
was once universal, as is found by the
barbarous which are found in almost
every ancient tomb, for the ancients
buried them with their dead as a proof
of their affection.

Morphy, the Chess Player.
[Chicago Journal.]
Paul Morphy, of New Orleans, the
greatest chess player of the world, is a
recently deceased wreck. A very small
man, spare of flesh, scrupulously neat
and stylish in dress, came in hand,
and down he goes jabbering softly to
himself. His insanity, not always ap-
parent, was not caused from overstudy
but from a loss of laws.

Incombustible Manuscript.
An incombustible paper, and inks
and colors not affected by fire, have
been invented. At a trial some speci-
mens were assigned to a retort in a
pottery furnace for four hours and
came out unchanged.

Coleridge: Advice is like snow; the
softer it falls the longer it dwells upon
the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Shakespearean Slang.
[Herald in Troy Times.]
The power of Shakespeare over the
public is shown by the extent to which
his phrases, and even his slang, has be-
come incorporated into our language.
In this point, indeed, he is unequalled.
Among the "is" "has" and "baggage,"
"dead as a door nail," "proud of one's
humility," "tell the truth and shame
the devil," "hit or miss," "love is
blind," "selling for a song," "wide
world," "cut copies," "fast and loose,"
"unconsidered trifles," "westward ho,"
"familiarity breeds contempt," "patch-
ing up excuses," "misery makes strange
bedfellows," "to boot" (in a trade),
"short and long of it," "comb your
head with a three-legged stool," "danc-
ing attendance," "getting even" (re-
venge), "birds of a feather," "that's
flat," "tag-rag," "Greek to me" (un-
intelligible), "send me packing," "as the
day is long," "pakin' a jury," "mother
wit," "kill with kindness," "nu" (for
silence), "ill-wind that blows no good,"
"wild-geese chase," "s are a row of
value," "viva voce," "give and take,"
"sold" (in the way of a joke), "give the
devil his due," "your cake is dough."

These expressions have come under
my notice, and of our there must be
many others of equal familiarity. The
girl who playfully calls some youth "a
milksop" is also unconsciously quoting
Shakespeare, and even the "logger-
head" is of the same origin. "Extemp-
ore" is first found in Shakespeare, and
so are "almanacs." The "elm and vine"
as a figure may also be mentioned.
Shakespeare is the first author that
speaks of "the man in the moon," or
"the moon in the water," or "the term
"eyegore," for annoyance. Another
often quoted utterance may here be
mentioned, simply because it is generally
misunderstood: "One touch of nature
makes the whole world kin," which
is supposed to express the power of
sympathy, whereas it solely referred to
the widespread operation of selfishness.

Gen. Grant's Missouri Farm.
[St. Louis Spectator.]
One of the possessions of the Grant
family, which will now probably go to
pay their debts, is their old Dent farm
near St. Louis. It is about ten miles
from the city, perhaps fifteen, on the
Carondelet branch of the Missouri Pa-
cific railroad. It was left to Mrs.
Grant by her father, and is now held
probably in her individual name. It
was there where Mrs. Grant was raised,
and it was from there that Gen. Grant
used to haul wood to St. Louis. The
place now looks well worn and some-
what dilapidated, though it has an
immense barn, built some
years ago when Gen. Grant pur-
chased a number of fine horses and
left them there. It was his intention at
one time to turn the old Dent home-
stead into an extensive stock farm, but
he soon got tired of the experiment and
had a sale whereat he let go all his fine
horses.

I was there last spring and the once
splendid farm was only a reminder of
what it had been. The only family
residence where in, and Mrs. Grant
had lived for a number of years was
almost ready to fall down, and a
neglected and dilapidated. I remem-
ber one of Gen. Grant's abortive ven-
tures in stock-raising were the magui-
tude but empty barn, and a vacant
broken-down mule that minced the
grass lonely enough in a slovenly-look-
ing pasture. Mrs. Grant has always
retained a warm affection for her family
homestead, and when she and the gen-
eral were in St. Louis the last time
they hired Mr. Jes e Arnot's best pair
of horses and drove out to spend the
day there.

The Boys' Fault.
[Chicago Times.]
A veteran of Wall street says it is re-
markable how many young men there
are in the street, to get some of the
largest banks and banking houses and
you will find respectable positions filled
by striplings hardly showing the dawn
of adolescence on their cheeks. So it
is at the stock board and other ex-
changes. The old fellow, who says he
has no prejudices against young men,
adds: "The great financial business of
New York is done by an army of im-
bumpious boys. It is strange that we
have constant failures, plunderers, de-
baucheries and dissonances? It is not
strange; but it is strange, that nothing
is learned by bitter experience; that
there is no attempt at reform. If you
observe the bulk of the failures in that
quarter you will find them occasioned
by younger members of the firms, who
have tried to improve on the fathers'
methods, and who scorn conservatism
and eat on as old-fogies."

A Very Steady Pulse.
[Chicago Journal.]
L. D. Chevalley, a native of Switzer-
land, aged 66, when recently on board
a steamboat on the lake of Geneva, en-
gaged to indicate to the crowd around
him the lapse of a quarter of an hour,
or as many minutes or seconds as any-
one chose to name, and, further, to indi-
cate by the voice the moment the hand
passed over the quarter-minutes or
half minutes. On this he did without mis-
take in the midst of a diversified con-
versation. He acquired by imitation
and patience a movement which neither
thought nor labor nor anything can
stop. It is similar to that of a pedu-
lar, which at each motion of going and
returning gives him the space of three
seconds, so that twenty of them make a
minute, and these he adds to others con-
tinuously.

A Chinese Notion.
The Chinese hold the theory that by
preserving a fellow creature from
drowning, the rescuer is answerable in
the next world for all the sins after-
ward committed by the person rescued,
which literally means that a wise dis-
pensation of Providence has been frus-
trated.

Foreign Telegraphic News.
The total deaths in France from cholera
are about 2,300.
Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer,
has arrived at Plymouth, England.
The renewal of cholera is feared at Tou-
lon owing to the return of fugitives.
The Hastings sawmill property on Bur-
rard inlet, B. C., owned in San Francisco,
was sold last week for \$275,000.
Six thousand persons, says a Rome dis-
patch, are detained in various lazarettos
on the frontier and along the coast.
A son of the British vice-consul at Ro-
dosto, Turkey, was captured last week by
brigands who demand \$7,000 ransom.
Rebels attacked Suakem in the night
last week in great force. They lost four
men killed, and had several wounded.
A Chinaman named On Hing was fined
\$200 and costs at Victoria, B. C., recently,
for assisting her majesty's sailors to de-
sert.
A good many sunstrokes are occurring
among the troops in Suakem. The ther-
mometer registers as high as 120 in the
shade.
It was reported last week that France
and China had made a treaty of peace.
China is to pay France an indemnity of \$7-
250,000.
The Supreme Court of Vienna has con-
firmed the sentence of death upon Stell-
macher, the Anarchist, recently convicted
of murder.
Port Puelva, Spain, is declared infected
with cholera. Ports between Cadiz and
Ayamonte, both inclusive, are also sus-
pected of being infected.
The French government has received
advice from Tamatza, Madagascar, stat-
ing that the reported combat, June 29th,
was not a defeat of the French.

A panic exists at Uelage, near Bigieres,
France. Last week the population, headed
by the mayor and members of the council,
drove off and stoned refugees from Mar-
seille.
The new divorce law was gazetted in
Paris last week. Three thousand appli-
cations for divorce have already been begun.
Many noble and prominent families are
involved.
Advices received in London state that
the British ship Aros Bay, from Dundee,
April 4th, for San Francisco, has been to-
tally wrecked off Valparaiso. The crew
were saved.
The libel suit by Belton, the prosecutor
for the crown, against William O'Brien,
editor of the Dublin United-Ireland, has
been concluded by verdict for the plain-
tiff giving him \$3,000.
It is reported in London that 500 passen-
gers were murdered in Agadez, Egypt. A
letter from General Gordon, dated on the
11th ult., emphasizes the necessity of his
remaining to protect Kassala.
The chief of police of Victoria, B. C.,
retained from the Victoria river last week,
bringing the murder of Yeomans. The
prisoner was surrendered by his tribe
after a slight show of resistance.
Two more persons have been arrested in
Dublin in connection with the unsavory
Cornwall scandal. Many other persons
have become frightened at the prospect of
arrest, and are leaving the country.
Captain Aitchison, of her majesty's flag-
ship Swiftshire, while on riding in Vic-
toria last week, broke the girl his saddle
and fell to the ground, causing mental
aberration. He is pronounced incurable.
Two weeks' quarantine will be imposed
by the Spanish government against all
scholarships arriving into that country from
Newfoundland in consequence of the
large trade of that country with France.

Marseilles dispatch says that the lower
classes dislike and oppose physicians, be-
cause they have got the notion that the
physicians have been instructed to help
cholera along in order to get rid of the
surplus population.
A Victoria, B. C., dispatch says: A man
named Casey, late from California, who
murdered last week at Cache Creek with
a shovel in the hands of another man
named Abiesher. The murderer fled, but
is now pursued by constables.
It is reported in Berlin that the Grand
Duke Louis of Hesse abdicated in favor
of his son Ernest, under the name of
Emperor of Germany. His moragnic
marriage with Mme. Kalemine, and his
subsequent divorce, have compromised his
position.
The Spanish government has made the
following reduction in Cuban export
duties, which commenced August 1st: The
sur-tax of 5 per cent is abolished, and the
present rate of 40 per cent reduced, and
made payable on half in bank bills, at
one-half their nominal value.
An Arab trader has arrived at Assouan
from Ammar, which place he left on the
20th ult. He says it was reported that
Osman Digma was killed on the 18th ult.
by a member of the tribe, whose strong
nephew Osman Digma had stabbed be-
cause he refused to join the rebels.
Irish members of the English parliament
have decided to send Sexton and W. Red-
mond on a special mission to America, for
the purpose of reviving the interest in the
national cause. The mission is to en-
able the Nationalists to run ninety candi-
dates at the next general election.
Great precautions have been taken at
Warwick, England, to preserve order dur-
ing the trial of Daly, Egan and O'Don-
oghue. The suspected dynamite strong
barrier has been erected to protect the
proceedings of the court. Constables armed
with revolvers will be placed on guard at
all public buildings.
A number of women and girls have been
arrested at St. Petersburg for conspiracy
against the Russian government. They
are connected with the Marie institution
scholarship girls of good families. The con-
spirators met in rooms of the institute,
and had accomplices among teachers and
elder pupils of the school.
A City of Mexico telegram says that the
American prisoners have been released.
It is presumed Secretary Frothinghysen
has been released. The minister has said
they were confined five days in sepa-
rate cells. When informed of the sen-
tence for defaming the government they
asserted complete innocence.
The inhabitants of Donzola, through
the Mendic, have sent a dispatch to the
general commanding at Assouan, declar-
ing their loyalty, and expressing regret
for their wavering in the past. The tele-
gram is regarded as actually a proof that
Mahdi's influence is waning.
Leon N. Hartmann, the notorious Nil-
list, implicated in the assassination of
Czar Alexander II of Russia, committed
suicide in Paris last week by taking a
dose of poison. He shall never die the
death of a revolutionary patriot, he re-
cently boasted, "but shall come to it for
the want of bread." His words were
prophetic.
Captain Newton, a passenger in the
steamer Latham, which sunk after the
collision with the steamer Gijon, who es-
caped with fifteen Spaniards and landed
at Muros, reports that immediately after
the collision the captain of the Gijon shot
the Spaniards, he said, he said, he said,
badly. There is no news of the captain of
the Latham.

Domestic Telegraphic News.
Pearl Eyinge, the actress, was married
to J. W. Ward, of New York, last week
and another hippodrome.
A Hawthorne, Nev., dispatch says: Lun-
g was totally destroyed, with the excep-
tion of the depot buildings, by fire last
week.
New York dispatches report that the
propeller J. M. Osborne sunk in Lake Su-
perior last week. Eight persons were
drowned.
The steamship Oceanic, which arrived at
San Francisco recently from Hong Kong,
brought 400 Chinese. Most of them are
for Victoria.
Receiver John S. C. Harrison, of the In-
diana Banking Company of Indianapolis,
Ind., has been arrested charged with em-
bezzling \$65,000.
Lucie and Tenie Jones, two young girls
of good parentage, aged 19 and 17, living
near Gadsden, Ala., committed suicide by
hanging last week.
Mrs. A. T. Stewart has contracted a
habit of being weighed every Saturday
afternoon, giving the man who operates
the scales a \$5 note.
Crop reports from Ohio, Indiana and
Kentucky are to the effect that wheat is
the best both in quality and quantity,
that has been raised in years.
Forty buildings were burned at Devil's
Lake, D. T., recently, including ten real-
estate offices, eight saloons and a number of
other buildings. Loss, \$200,000.
Bettle & Bro., wool merchants of Phila-
delphia, made an assignment last week to
Samuel Lee, a creditor,