# THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

SATURDAY MORNINGS. BY THE

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Three Months - - - - 100

#### J. JASKULEK, PRACTICAL [Elvira Sudnor Miller in Courier-Journal.] I saw her on a golden day, The Spanish belle of Monterey; When first her beauty's glad surprise Shown out like starlight in the skies

Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician, ALL WORK WARRANTED. Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry. Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods The only reliable Optomer 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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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.

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FURNITURE. 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 call before purchasing elsewhere. ALL WORK WARRANTED.

# DEPOT HOTEL,

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

FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS -AND THE-Table supplied with the Best the Market affords Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

# H. C. STANTON,

# Staple Dry Goods, Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

Extra Fine Groceries, WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,

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 Cheeks on Portland, and procures

# SEEDS! SEEDS! all these things are snails, my boy, all SEEDS!

ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY. son.

ALL ORDERS

Promptly attended to and goods shipped with care.

HACHENY & BENO. PORTLAND, OREGON.

# A Hint in Tombstones.

[Chicago Herald.] A town in Connecticut has a lot containing five graves, one in the center and the others near by at the four points of the compass. The center grave bears the brief inscription, "Our husband," while the others are inscribed, respectively: "My I wife," "My II wife," "My II wife," "My II wife," "My II wife," "My IV wife."

duction has invariably increased traffic The asylum for the insane is further enormously, even peasants, who formerly from the plow than it is from the rich | did not dream of traveling, indulging in man's gold, or the honored man's fame. I the luxury of riding behind the iron horse.

# THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.



VOL. IX.

"I was evening on the Alamo,

When senoritas come and go, Each looking with coquettish glances From lace mantilla that enhances

Their beauty as the soft moss throws

An added splendor round the rose.

The high comb in her raven hair

Held one red blossom prisoned there, And round her neck an amber chain

The dusky bloom of throat and chin

Was like a flower with vine therein,

The glad spring in her step, the South

Glowed in the rose of cheek and mouth,

While over form and face was thrown

A spell the coldest heart must own.

Soft serenades 'neath lattice bars,

A dagger thrust made in the dark.

I watched her as she moved apart

So she, this radiant newcomer,

Is but the blossom of a Summer.

Like Joshua I would command

The sun of loveliness to stand,

That one so exquisite as she

And left a winter in each heart, Then said, half sadly: "As the flower Hath grace and beauty for an hour,

Might bloom and shine immortally."

Facts for Farmers.

[M. Quad's Letter.]

See here, my farmer friend, let me give

you a few facts. The average farmer

shortens the services of his lumber wagon

if kept painted and sheltered. For the

want of a little attention his harness wears

out only half its days. His barns and

sheds go to rack for the want of paint.

Where the hoof-rot could be stopped in

the first sheep if he were posted, he stops

and his horses slobber from his gate to the

village store and back. Let a man run

your farm on business pinciples and the

box-drains about the house to bring

work and the best way to manage it.

Brave Sam Houston in Alalama.

[The Century.]

With the arrow still in the quivering flesh,

follow him, leaped down into the mass of

The works were soon carried, the In-

up and spotte words of praise to his young

friend, giving him an order not to enter

the battle again, which Houston begged him to recill; but the general only re-

peated it more peremptorily, and rode on.

In a few minutes Houston was once more

Acidulated Fruit of the Vinc.

[New York Journal.]

to another in the bridge-cars the other

morning. "You sit down," was the re-

"There's a seat," said one Brooklynite

'Really, now, I don't care to sit down.

I have to be seated so much during the

day that-" Eafore the first speaker had

finished his second say a school girl had,

with a well assumed air of innocence,

slipped under their gesticulating arms

"I really prefer to stand in . the morn-

while the seated passengers betrayed the

A Rapid Traveler.

[New York Sun.]

through space at the rate of millions of

miles a day, but, comparatively speaking,

"Why, father," replied the young man,

"A \$5-bill after it is once broken, my

Kissing in Pittsburg.

[Philadelphia Call.]

got to stop. You have been allowing

all over your mouth and on both cheeks.

"Why, a, you were not there, and—"
"No, I vas not there, but I am here.

see that there isn't a bit of soot left on your

European Passenger Traffic.

[Chicago Herald.]

second and third class fares for passenger

On all European railways there are first,

Irate Pittsburg Parent-This thing has

"But, pa, why do you think-"
"I don't think; I know. He kissed you

lazily puffing a 25-cent cigar, "what can

possibly go faster than lightning?"

young Nicefellow to kiss you.

face below your forehead."

"My son," said an economical father,

ghost of a sarcastic smile.

"So do I," said the Brooklynite,

which closed only with the fall of night.

Houston now sat down,

had a space cleared around him.

housed, and -

A rose dropped silently below, Where slept the moonbeams' drifted snow Fond looks for love alone to mark—

Had caught the sunlight's yellow rain-

LA SENORITAL

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.

NO. 22.

MAKING CASTS IN PLASTER.

producing Marbles.

[Chicago Tribune.]

adhered to.

plaster is applied.

preparation of plaster is thrown and

mold. Both model and mold are de-

stroyed or wasted in the operation. The

method employed to reproduce the cast,

or a marble, bronze, or any other rigid

industry are called in Italy-

and only those of exceptional ability,

work-I will explain to you presently.

egg, by precision in the dividing line,

the mold might be made of only two

tricacies of forms in a figure or group

plaster cover of two or more parts,

called a cask, which serves the same pur-

pose as the hoops around the staves of a

"A great danger in making plaster

When They Will Realize.

the 112 young fellows who have gradu-

ated from Princeton as "journalists"

twenty-four for a few weeks, they will

The Boston Globe thinks that when

moved and readjusted.

#### ONE HEART.

[Ella Wheeler in Midland Monthly.] To rise early, work late, hurry through his three meals like some hungry animal, and plunge into bed with the first shadow of night, was John Chester's idea of existence.

To sit and talk awhile, to read an hour, to speak a tender word or bestow a tender caress, were follies and nonsense in his eyes. Yet they would have made Gertrude's life at least content, if not happy.

"Poor thing. I don't believe she has ever had any one tell her she ought not to work so hard," mused Breece. "Well. I'll do what I can to brighten her dull life while I'm here."

her that evening, as she sat mending. "Very," she answered. "I have never had very many, though, since I came to Iowa. "Would you like to use mine? or

would you like to have me read aloud a little while every evening, wh le you sew? "O, if you would only real to me! Gertrude answered, her cheeks flaming

with a sudden glory. "I will," he answered, and after that he read almost evening for an hour, while the steady, sonorous snore from the next room testified to the undisturbed slumber of John Che ter.

Of course there could be but one re sult for a woman in Gertrude Chester's situation, exposed to the constant, delightful companionship of a young, refined and handsome man. She grew to one year by leaving it out in the sun and dew. His plow would last one year longer For weeks she did not know her danger. Then she began to realize it; at first with fright and shame, and then with exultation.

"I have done no wrong," she said to her own soul-"I have not by look or word or act brought this upon myself. it in the thirtieth. The farmer who gets his It has come to me, and it would not me. Life holds a new glory for me; the world is more beaut ful than it ever was to me. I am better, stronger, nobler fence corners would not take up four acres | for my love. He does not know-be out of every forly; there would be no old need never know its existence. I can conceal it, but I will not try to banish yphoid fever and doctor's bills. Those | it from my heart."

leaks in the roof of the barn would not Breece Berton became indispensable spoil three or four tons of hay next year; in the Chester household. He often the want of an eave-trough on the house lent a strong arm at the ax, and in the would not cave in the cellar walls; the hay field. "It develops muscle," he first sign of disease among the live stock would say, and as he paid his boardwould be promptly treated; tools and imbill regularly, John Chester made no plements of every sort should be carefully objection. Gertrude grew fre her and younger every day. She had not known Well I am going to shock you. I'd what it was to have so much assistance have the harness oiled and buggies and wagons washed once a week. I'd have a and sympathy in all her married life. lawn about the house, and make a display | She sang like a bird, her step grew of flowers and shrubs; I'd give a party now | elastic, and her eyes were glorious in and then, and I'd encourage meetings of | their new beauty.

She held a strong rein upon herself. farmers once or twice a month, not to kick about railroad freights or jaw about She was never betrayed into the slightpolitics, but to post each other on farm est look or act which told her secret. Her manner toward Breece Berton was that of a blithe, frank sister or comrade -whether in presence of others or alone with him, and this love grew, and The fire of the Indians was deadly, and filled her whole being like a great light, thus, muzzle to muzzle, the combat raged Sometimes she thought of the time for some time. Houston's major, L. P. when he must go away. The thought Montgomery, was the first man on top of the works, where he was instantly killed. | always brought a quick, sharp pain Young Houston, who had a short time bewith it, yet only for a moment. fore been promoted to ensign, seeing his

"This love is mine, whether he goes major fall, sprang at once to the spot and received a barbed arrow in his thigh. or stay-nothing can take that from me," she reasoned, and the spirit within her looked out through her lovely eyes, the young ensign, calling on his men to until all who saw her remarked how young and beauticul Gertrude Chester Indians, and by his vigorous strokes soon was growing. Breece Berton finally grew grave,

moo. y and absent-minded.

dians fleeing before the troops into the When questioned by Gertrude if he called one of his lieutenants to . him, and was ill or in trouble, he answered that told him to pull the arrow from the his business matters annoyed him, nothwound. Two strong jerks failed, when ing more. Yet, as the weeks went by Houston exclaimed in an agony of pain Gertrude knew that there was someand impatience: "Try again, and if you thing more-she feared that he had disfail his time, I will strike you to the covered her secret, and was angry or ground." Throwing his entire weight displeased. She drew more within heragainst the arrow, the lieutenant drew it self, and treated him almost with coldforth, but with fearful laceration and loss of blood. While the wound was being dressed by the surgeon, Gen. Jackson rode

A week later he announced that he was going away. They were quite alone-John Chester sleeping heavily in his room.

"For long?" she questioned, as she bent over her sewing. "For good," he replied; "I have

in the thick of that hand-to-hand struggle, thrown up my go ernment businessmy land agency affairs- and I am going back to Philadelphia to enter into business there." "Indeed." she answered very calmly;

"when did you decide upon this? and Something must have ocwhy? curred." "Yes, something has occurred," he

"May I ask what? or would you rather not tell me."

Her heart was beating wildly, a sickfor him made her feel faint and dizzy. But he was not looking at her. "I would rather not-I must not tell you," he responded. "It would pain and anger you."

She knew now that he did refer to her love for him. That he had discovered it, and was driven away by it. lady. comets are supposed to huri themselves | convince him that he was mistaken, if the effort killed her.

"If it concerns myself, or my husband," she sa'd, "I insist upon knowing. I think it is my right to know." "It concerns you both vitally," he anrather go away without telling you."

"But I do insist." he had been sitting, and arose and he was the soul of devotion. stood before her with folded arms. "Well, then," he said in a low, slow trude; one of slow torturing doubt and way-"I am going away because I love fear.

you with all my heart and soul, Gertrude." "She co ered her face with her hands. Her heart ceased beating, her whole was more majestic, his hair darker, his delight that was almost agony. He out making the least effort. loved her-he loved. Ah! now she was

ready to die. He reached forward and took her quickly away, and faced him, white and all-noting glance. beautiful as a goddess.

"No," she said. "do not stay—go. It said; "but you are not looking quite is best. But I am not angry with you well; I fear you are fatigued. -I-I, too-love you. No; do not The disappointment in his glance speak—do not touch me, Breece. Let the formality in his tone, cut her to the this love remain as holy and beautiful heart. She glanced at her reflection in as its source, which is divine. Let it the tall mirror opposite. Ah! she had

not be profaned. Go, and I will stay. But the love is ours, and will help and strengthen and glorify our lives always." "Yes, and some time-some time,

feel it. I know it. I can wait. Good night." The next day he said good-by to her in the presence of her husband; a white circle about his mouth and his verted

eyes alone spoke his agony. He was sulering intensely—it was a young man's first passion. He had never loved any woman save his mother and sister until now. All his heart and soul had gone out to this mature and beautiful and refined woman who was six years his senior.

He never liked to think of the weeks which followed, they were so full of girl." "Are you fond of books?" he asked keenest torture and misery. There was no savor in life-the city sights and sounds maddened him, the faces of old friends were hateful to him. He dreamed only of the glory of one woman's eyes.

He wrote occasionally to the Chesters, letters which all the world might see. They were life and light and food to Gertrude. She read between the lines Her days were not so full of misery and pain as his. Her love was an exalted sort of eestacy, which sustained her in his absence as well as in his presence. "He is mine, here, there in life or

physical presence. Nothing can divide us - now, or ever." She believed in this fully, and was happy, but she wrote nothing her husband could not see, and she felt sure Bree e would understand all that she

in death," she reasoned. "It is a spir-

itual union which does not depend upon

left unsaid. Two years had pas:ed, when John Chester went on a protracted land hunt to I akota. Gertrude had mentioned the fact in a recent letter. By return mail came one from Breece, a few brief, passionate lines, begging her to agricultural hints from the almanac loses have come if it had not been best for filled with a wild longing to see him, but she wrote him a calm refusal "It is not right, or wise, or best," she

> during his absence." Breece Berton's jealous hatred of the man who called her wife, prevented him from accepting the conditional invita-

said. "Come when he returns, but not

He wrote less frequently after that, but he sent her papers and books. She always felt herself remembered, even when six months passed with no letter. And so two more years passed away, and then John Chester's robust frame became the prey of pneumonia. At the end of another year he died.

All that tender nursing and constant care could do, Gertrude gave. She slept only by snatches for months before he died. She sat in torturing positions and held his head upon her breast for hours, that he might rest easier. She lost flesh and color, and dark circles came about her eyes. Yet her spirit never faltered, some

strange power sustained her. After he was dead and all was over, she was ill for a time. Two months after John died she

wrote her first letter to Breece. It was but a few lines announcing his death, and her own subsequent illness. It brought a letter of conventional sympathy in return. She had not ex-

pected more, yet in her heart was a new feeling. the could not curb her love, now that it was not wrong, yet she waited for him to be the first to suggest Eight months went by, and no line from him. The silence grew unbear-

able. She wrote again-a formal enough letter, and yet she felt that it would breathe the fire of her soul in every line. He replied after a month or two, with a letter of some length, but made no reference to any meeting. "I fancy you will soon be besieged by fortune hunters," he said. "You have my sympathy.'

She smiled over that. Ah! that was it! he feared to be accused of seeking her fortune. That was why he kept away from her. Well, she could go to

She had sent no intimation to Breece of her visit, but she dispatched a messenger with a note, telling him of her arrival in the city, and asking him to call that atternoon. She found it difficult to await the return of her messenger. She paced her room, saying over and over:

"It is like a dream-a dream! But O, he predicted it; he foresaw it! He said God would yet give me to him." And great tears broke over her cheeks. The messenger brought back word that Mr. Berton was just going to the matinee with a lady; that he read the note, and begged the messenger to sav ening fear that he referred to her love he would call in the evening; that he was already late, or would write his re-

Her heart fell. Could she wait until evening? And how could he ask it of her? How could he bear the interval, and she so near? Ah, but he was acting as escort for a

"an express train attains great speed. A blaze of angry pride brought the She called back the messenger. "Do Lightning is proverbial for its rapidity, | blood back to her cheeks. She would | you know to what theater he was going?"

"Why, with the crowd, to hear Gerster, I suppose," the boy answered. "Everybody goes there to-day."

Gertrude rang, and ordered a carriage. She, too, would attend the matswered, "yet, unless you insist, I would | inee. She swept the house with eager eyes. And not in vain. She saw him with a fair young girl at his side. She He shoved back the chair in which was very young, not more than 18, and It was a horrible afternoon to Ger-

At last he came. He had grown

handsomer and grander during the six years since they parted. His form being thrilled with the most exquisite face had more expression. He was a delight as she listened to his words-a superb man-a man to win hearts with-Her heart heaved with a wild, suffocating passion as she looked at him.

He came forward with easy dignity, hands from her face. She drew them and gave her his hand, and one swift, "I am very glad to see you again," he

not thought of it before, but she had grown old. O, very old, since they parted. The physical aspect of their The Model-The Danger-Coat-Relove had never entered very largely into her views. She had dwelt in a state of spirit:al exultation, and had Gertrude, God will give you to me. I forgotten the years that were stretched between them.

In that old time neither of them considered her six years of seniority. Now, they loth thought of it, for as she looked in the mirror, it was painfully evident.

"Yes, I am fatigued," she said. "The journey tired me, and then I attended the matinee, and the air was close." "Yes, it was close. I did not see you there.'

"I saw you," she answered, "and your companion. She was a lovely A slow flush crept over his face.

"Yes, she is a beautiful girl. A guest of my mother's -and a great favorite at the house." "And liable to hold a nearer place yet," Certrude suggested, her own

he lifted his eyes and met hers bravely. "Yes," was all he said. Soon afterward he rose to go. They exchanged a few commonplaces, and then he turned

voice sounding strange in her ears.

There was a moment's silence, and then

and took her hands. "We are to be friends always, I hope?" he queried. "('ertainly; why not?" she responded,

with a ghastly attempt at a smile.
"Well, I hope as much. But its
somet mes hard, after an experience like ours, to establish a friendship. It cannot be done unless the passion is wholly outgrown. I knew it was on your part, four years ago, when you refused my last appeal to see you. I think your feeing was more pity and sympathy for a mad boy than anything else, but mine was a gen-I was beginning to feel a caluer and lest the old fury should return. But now I am glad I have met you, for I know we will be royal friends hereafter —and that the past is wholly buried.'
He paused.

"Yes, wholly buried," she replied, "and we must a ways be royal friends, indeed, Breece.'

"I will see you again, I hope?" "' o, not this time. I am on my way east and only remained over here one day to meet you." It was true - but the plan had been

conceived during the last five minutes. She could not let him think she came from Iowa wholly and solely to meet him, and risk this result. "Then good-night and good bye," he said. "Write me at your leisure, and

when you return, come and visit-us. I think we shall be settled by that time." She closed the door behind him, sending a blithe good-bye after him down

the hall. Then she turned the key and was alone, with her castle crumbled at her feet, and the happiness of six years lying

"My life is all in ruins-all in ruins-God help me," she mosned. Then, after a little, she said slowly: "It is not so much that he has gone - but that it has gone; the love which was so beautiful and terrible-so strong with life and passion. And to think it could be outgrown-and leave nothing, nothing." Then she arose from her crouchng position before the open grate, and retired. Next morning a strong smell of gas pervaded the room, and Gertrude was quite dead.

#### "Only a Man." [Ben: Per ey Poore.]

Aunt Sallie Davis, a well-educated lady of the old school, who died in September, 1881, aged 94 years, had shaken hands with every president, from Washington to Hayes inclusive. She was tall and commanding in appearance, with a strong and pleasant face, keen black eyes and affable manner. She was born in a house which stood near where the congressional cemetery was afterwards located, was married in the same house, died within sight of the place, and was buried in the cemetery. Mrs. Davis saw Washton lay the corner-stone of the capitol on Sept. 18, 1793. She was then a lit-

tle girl, 6 years of age. A few years afterward she saw the father of his country at Rockville, Md. and was fond, in after life, of telling an incident of that occasion. So great was the enthus asm that the people took the horses from the carriage and pulled it along the crowded thoroughfares. At a certain point the carriage was stopped by the crowd opposite to was stopped by the crowd opposite to type.
where she was standing. Directly in When the mold is completed the cask prostrate foe, gathered himself together and flew away. While the thrush was front of her a mother proudly lifted up her curly-haired boy to get a glimpse of Gen. Washington. The little fellow ous pieces of the mold are adjusted as with him, although there were ten or burst out in exclamation: "Why, ous pieces of the mold are adjusted as twenty of them in the vicinity, watchmother, he's only a man!" Washing-ton heard the remark, and laughingly called the child to him, gave him a coin, and said: "Yes, my son, only a man; always remember that."

# A Solemn Decree.

[Chicago Herald.] From a French state paper, lately brought to light, it appears that in 1770 the following parliamentary decree was unneccessary to describe. Gelatine "If a woman is bad," writes the queen, "man is generally the cause thereof." From a French state paper, lately solemnly passed and duly registered under king I ouis XV.: "Whosoever, by means of red or white paint, perbounded by a cask."

unineccessary to describe molds are now frequently used, the gelatine being held in position, like the piece mold, by a cask. fumes, essences, artificial teeth, false hair, cotton wool, iron corsets, hoops, molds on marble lies in the fact that shoes with high heels, or false hips plaster expands slightly in setting. shall seek to entice into the bands of While this quality adds to the perfecmarriage any male subject of his majesty, shall be prosecuted for witcheraft and declared incapable of matriforms in high relief, such as ornaments mony."

# Licorice.

A company in Connecticut manufactures nearly all the licorice used in this country-17,000,000 pounds a year. Confectionery and medicine, take about 1,500,000 pounds, and the remainder have worked twenty-three hours out of goes into tobacco.

> when he wrote: "Life is real, life is Thriving Industry. earnest."

drapery."

One of the most thriving industries of Germany is the manufacture of antique armor, which modern wealthy families buy to exhibit as heirlooms.

THE INDEPENDENT

FINEST JOB OFFICE

IN DOUGLAS COUNTY. CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS,

And other Printing, including

Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills, Neatly and expeditiously executed

AT PORTLAND PRICES.

The Aucient and Modern Needle, [Hardware.]

The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any rec-"Casting in plaster is apparently a simple process, but in the art centers of Europe it is really a profession, and one in which years of practice are required in order to obtain proficiency." So said Mr. Howard Kretchmer, the sculptor, in answer to innumerable questions. "The specimens of celebrated works of sculpture seen in America are good, bad, and indifferent. Too often they are the copies of copies—that is to say, they are not made in the molds taken directly from the original. The infinitesimal variations in the first copies—differences so slight as not to be detected by eye or measurement—are serious if continued.

"Did you ever notice that when a carerd. The modern needle is a pointed "Did you ever notice that when a car- describes the needles of bronze which penter is sawing several lengths of board | were used by the Greeks and Romans. he always uses the same piece for a These instruments have been found in

measure? The reason is, that, whatever | the ruins of Herculaneum. difference or error may occur in any The first account that history gives of single measurement cannot be continued the manufacture of needles is that they or increased if the original measure is were made at Nuremburg in 1760, and while the date of their first manufacture "But you wish to know how plaster in England is in doubt, it is said to have casts are made; well, then I must first | commenced in that country about 1543 impress you with the fact that sculpture or 1545, and it is asserted that the art consists of three distinct processes. First, was practiced by a Spanish negro or nathe clay or wax model; second, the plaster copy; and, third, the finished work in marble, bronze, or whatever material reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry is desired. Now, a tinted preparation was revived and has continued ever of plaster of Paris mixed with water, of since. Christopher Greening and a Mr. the consistency of rich cream, is thrown Damer established needle factories at in a thin layer upon the soft, moist clay Long Credon, Redditch, near in England, model. This is called the danger-coat, and these were soon followed by and is followed by a thicker coating of other London needle makers.

coarse plaster, sometimes supplemented by iron rods or sticks imbedded in it to manufacture. The eyes of the earliest give proper strength to the mold. In a needles were square. Many unsuccess few moments the plaster by a chemical arrangement sets and becomes a hard, rigid covering, the inner surface of which is finally introduced in 1826. Two years in close, perfect contact with the sur- later the burnishing machine, in which uine frenzy. I had to fight it for years Gertrude. During the last two years. I fancied I was outgrowing it; and I fancied I fancie during the last year I have dared dream arated into such portions as the charac- caused to revolve rapidly and thereby ter of the form may render necessary by impart a beautiful finish to the eye

more healthful love in my heart. I pieces of tin or brass set edgewise, like The process of hardening needles was half dreaded to meet you, though, a division wall in the clay, before the for many years accomplished by casting them, while red-hot, into cold water. "When the plaster is hardened suffi- By this means a large proportion beciently the several pieces are separated came crooked, and the services of a large from each other and from the clay with number of workmen were required to but little difficulty. Of course the clay straighten them. In 1840 the substitumodel is partially and sometimes wholly tion of oil for water took place, and as destroyed in the process of removal. this caused a large number of the work-Any adhering clay is removed; the sur- men to be thrown out of employment, a face is carefully washed, and after the riot took place at Redditch, and the inapplication of oil, soap-suds, or a solu- troducer of the oil process was driven out tion of soda-to prevent adhesion of of town. The machinery for making the plaster with which the inner surface needles has now been brought to such a of the mold is afterwards covered-the state of perfection, that from the coil of pieces are adjusted and firmly bound to- steel wire to the finished needle, the machines used perform their rigorous "We have now a plaster form akin to operations in a manner that may said a jelly or ice-cream mold into which a to be almost automatic.

# A Battle of the Birds.

worked, covering the inner surface to the necessary thickness, and allowed to [Long Branch Cor. New York Sun.] harden. The coarse plaster and bind-In front of Maggie Mitchell's cottage ing irons of the mold are now broken off in Park avenue, near Elberon, a robin, by means of a dull, blunt chisel and plump and large, was enjoying a soli-tary feast recently in the middle of the mallet, leaving the plaster cast covered by a thin coat of tinted plaster. This danger coat is then carefully removed road, when a pugnacious sparrow alighted alongside of him. The sparrow by the same means, the previous applichattered and flapped his wings as if to cation of oil and soda admitting of easy invite the robin to leave. The robin separation, while the difference in tint evincing no disposition to retire, the between the cast and the danger-coat sparrow forthwith proceeded to perch serves as a valuable guide in the delicate upon the robin's spinal column. The contest was brief and bloodless. The "I have already explained to you the robin came to the conclusion that that way in which a copy of a clay model is was no place for him. made by means of what is called a waste

Hardly had the victorous sparrow turned to taste the sweets of his triumph when there was a sharp whirr, and a thrush darted through the air, swooped down upon the sparrow like an avenging form, without injury to the original is very different and requires great skill. angel, and the feathers began to fly. Indeed, very few of the for- The sparrow chattered as if calling for assistance, but kept on fighting like a matones-as men who follow this Turk. The thrush make no noise. For a minute the fight was maintained with are permitted to make copies of the val-uable works contained in the public and sults. The sparrow, in point of size, sults. The sparrow, in point of size, was overmatched, but in agility he was private galleries of Europe. The reason for this—the danger attendant on the the superior.

The birds rolled in the dust, picking and clawing at each other. The spar-"Reproductions are made by what is called a piece mold, which is so arranged row at last gave indications of weariness, but when two others of his species clatthat the various pieces can be readily retered up, like reserve fire engines after a third alarm, his courage revived. "Thus, in molding a sphere, or say an

But now the thrush resorted to strategy. He darted away, thus separating his antagonists. He then spread pieces, as both would draw from the obhis wings, and, like a flash of lightning, dashed into the nearest sparrow, stretch-ing him out in the dust. The other asject without difficulty. A pear of irregular shape might require three or four pieces. And when you consider the insistant sparrow displayed no longer any enthusiasm to continue the contest. you will not be surprised when I tell you that several hundred or even a thousand | The sparrow that first got into the fight, seeing one of his comrades prostrate and pieces are sometimes necessary. These himself deserted, flew up into a tree and gave vent to his feelings in chatterings. pieces are held together or keyed by a

The thrush, finding himself the sole survivor of the fight, helped himself to tub or barrel, or a printer's chase for the repast discovered by poor robin, and looked unconcernedly at his stunned and ous pieces of the mold are adjusted as with him, although there were ten or ing his movements.

# What a Queen Has Written.

the mold representing the danger coat. Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, is one When a plaster cast has been made in of the most literary ladies of European this the mold may be removed, as I have courts. She has written much about just related, and is ready for another women, and some of her thoughts are

> "Do not trust a man who does not believe in thy happiness in thy home." "Among the savages the wife is an animal of burden, among the Turks a

> luxury, among the Europeans she is "The woman of the world is seldom the wife of her husband.' "An unhappy wife is like a flower exposed to the blast; she remains a bud

or even limbs or delicate masses of for a long time, and when she develops to a blossom she quickly withers and "The virtue of a wife must often be very great, for not unfrequently she

must have sufficient for both herself and her husband." "If one forgives one loves no longer, for true love knows nothing of forgive-

begin to realize what Longfellow meant "The jealousy of those who love us is the grandest flattery."

Dr. Talmage: Genius is worse than "Man and wife should never cease to stupidity if it moves in the wrong direc- do a little courting, no matter how old they may be."