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J. JASKULEK,
PRACTICAL
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician,
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
AND A FULL LINE OF
Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods.
The only reliable Optician in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand.
Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
OFFICE—First Door South of Postoffice, ROSEBURG, OREGON.

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Boot and Shoe Store
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office. Keeps on hand the largest and best assortment of Eastern and San Francisco Boots and Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers.
AND EVERYTHING IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE, AND SELLS CHEAP FOR CASH.
Boots and Shoes Made to Order, and Perfect Fit Guaranteed.
I use the Best of Leather and Warrant all my work.
Repairing Neatly Done, on Short Notice.
I keep always on hand
TOYS AND NOTIONS.
Musical Instruments and Violin Strings a specialty.
LOUIS LANGENBERG,
DR. M. W. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
ROSEBURG, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Jackson Street, Up Stairs, Over S. Marks & Co.'s New Store.

MAHONEY'S SALOON,
Nearest the Railroad Depot, Oakland.
JAS. MAHONEY, - - - Proprietor

The Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars in Douglas County, and
THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.

JOHN FRASER,
Home Made Furniture,
WILBUR, OREGON.

UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC.,
Constantly on hand.
I have the Best STOCK OF FURNITURE South of Portland.
And all of my own manufacture.
No Two Prices to Customers.
Residents of Douglas County are requested to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

DEPOT HOTEL,
Oakland, Oregon.
RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been established for a number of years, and has become very popular with the traveling public.
FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS AND THE BEST OF TABLE.
Table supplied with the Best of the Market at a moderate price.
Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,
DEALER IN
Staple Dry Goods,
Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
Extra Fine Groceries,
WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,
—ALSO—
CROCKERY AND CORDAGE.
A full stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
Such as required by the Public County Schools.
All kinds of Stationery, Toys and Fancy Articles.
TO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD.
Buys and Sells Legal Tenders, furnishes Checks on Portland, and procures Drafts on San Francisco.

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

Ancient Projectiles,
(The Current)
A French archaeologist has discovered that the catapult projectiles of the ancients were of a cylindrical-conical shape, similar to modern rifled-cannon balls. The more the delvers after relics of bygone ages discover, the more decided grows the conviction that the peoples of those eras did not suffer for the want of inventive genius.

Steele: When a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

The Town of Ghent.

Ghent is a town which somewhat resembles its neighbor Bruges, although it is to me a sterner sort of place, as betrays it with its long history of independence and revolution. It preserves much of its ancient appearance through the remains of its walls, its cathedral and other churches, and its antique belfry, in which the great bell Roland still hangs, but it has no the misty, delightful flavor of Bruges. It possesses, however, a flavor of its own, of which, in truth, I cannot say anything in praise, for a worse smell than haunts its streets my unfortunate nose never encountered, nor could I in any-wise escape it until I got aboard the train and left the town behind me. Ghent is also associated in my mind with the worst lunch I have yet encountered in Europe. It consisted of some strange meat, which I am convinced was kitten, and had been waiting for a customer quite as long as was good for it. I tasted it once, but could not take the second mouthful, and the restaurant keeper was a severe looking person who seemed of a sort to take offense if his dishes were refused. I did not wish to become involved in an explanation with a strange, fierce man, and in an unfamiliar language, and I could not eat the lunch for fear of dreadful internal consequences. Presently the restaurant keeper stepped out for a moment; I drew a newspaper from my pocket, rolled up the suspicious portion in it and stowed it away again; the proprietor came back and looked unobtrusively at my empty plate, and I arose and paid him and went away; and I am sure I pity the dog or cat that found the package in the gutter into which I threw it as soon as I got around the corner.

The Lakes of Upper Italy.

They lie in the lap of the mountains, and like jewels dropped from the sky, and Nature has lavished her love and man his labor on the setting. By political geography they belong in part to Switzerland; but if there be any force in the theory of natural boundaries, the Alps bar her claim with tremendous emphasis, and in climate, scenery, religion, custom, and speech they are Italian. No sooner does the traveler by the St. Gothard Railway reach Locarno, the first station on Lago Maggiore, than he finds another heaven and another earth from those which vanished when he entered the great tunnel, a few hours earlier. The mountain peaks are sharper and more serrate, the curves and indentations of the shores more delicate; the outlines of the landscape more finished and perfect; the light is at once softer and more splendid, the sky has a deeper and more tender blue, the verdure is richer and darker; the very weeds give the wayside the grace of a garden run wild. Already there are terraced vineyards to be seen, and vines trained over a sort of trellised arbor called pergola, the supports of which are some of the most ancient modes of growing grapes in Italy—and orange walks, hanging gardens, arcades of shrubbery, walls of evergreen, stone stairways and balustrades, pillars, vases and fountains among the flower beds, a different cultivation, a different style of gardening, which adorns the humblest plot. The gleaming towers upon the water's edge have irregular tiers of red-tiled roofs, broken by arched portals in the attic story, by slender Lombard bell-towers, cupolas, long, blank palace-fronts—a different architecture. All this can be seen from Locarno, which is yet but a poor place compared with the towns lower down the lake. It is worth while to stop there, though, to wash off the dust of the long journey in great white marble bathtubs, of antique form, filled with cool, diamond-clear water, and to rest and attune the spirit to a softer key. There is a new hotel, a remarkably fine building, with a lofty hall of entrance, from each end of which a marble staircase leads to galleries with balustrades, and intersecting long perspectives, like the backgrounds of Paul Veronese's banquet pictures—a Palladian interior, every corridor ending in an arch draped with muslin embroidered in Oriental patterns, through which a mellow picture of lake and mountain is visible.

Italian Marriages.

They are a prolific people. To be childless is regarded as an intense calamity; and no matter how shallow the purse, no new-comer is welcomed other than with smiles and gladness. Now, it is possible that a people so home-loving, so affectionate, so fond of offspring, should be so depraved, so immoral, as we habitually depict them? We have too long looked upon one side only of the Italian character; it is high time that we learned to know the other. Another favorite idea of ours is that the Italians never make love marriages. No doubt their marriages, like those of the French, are unlike those of the French, as a rule a vast number are left to the young people; and if we could collect statistics on that point, I am inclined to think that we should find that the proportion of these marriages, founded upon a groundwork of reason and social compatibility, which turn out well, is as great as, if not greater than, that of our marriages founded upon youthful caprice and unreason. —London Society.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—It is estimated that the average cost to the people is five thousand dollars for each bill passed by Congress.
—Thirst and starvation have caused the recent death of two thousand head of cattle in one drove at Coahuila, Mexico.
—The aqueduct of Washington, D. C., furnishes the city twenty-five million gallons of water every twenty-four hours.
—A late fashionable wedding in England the bride's bouquet, composed of white lilies, was large enough to fill a big wheelbarrow.
—Rural Congressmen will be allowed two million bushels of seeds to distribute among their constituents this year. —Chicago Times.
—A patient in the Nevada Insane Asylum grasped his windpipe so fiercely, under the impression that a frog was in his throat, the other day, that it required some hours to resuscitate him.

The Hanson Cab.

"Well, I rode in a Hanson cab when I was in Chicago 'tother day," said an old kicker to another old kicker, as they met in a saloon for lunch at mid-day. "The streets are full of them, and they make no laugh."
"What kind of things are they?" asked the second old kicker. "I have read about Hanson cabs ever since I was a boy, in Dickens' works, and all English publications, but I wouldn't know one if I saw it in the road. What do they look like like the very deuce."
"O, they look like the very deuce. Take your top buggy and knock off the front wheels, and hitch the shafts to the hind axle-tree, and put an office-stool up behind the top of the buggy, with a driver screwed onto the top of the stool, with the lines running over the top to the horse, and you would have a Hanson cab. I looked at lots of them, and I honestly don't think help much as they are. They are made in England, but the imitation English affairs. Those Gurneys that have been on the streets of Chicago for a year or two are bad enough about shaking a fellow up, but the Hanson cab will dislocate a man's liver, and shiver his spinal column, and scare him to death quicker than anything. You get in and there is a couple of doors shut in on your lap to keep you from being shaken out, and then the driver locks the doors and throws the key away, and when you get to the end of your journey somebody happens along with another key and lets you out, or the doors are unlocked with a time-lock that opens when you get to the depot. The driver sits up behind, as stiff as a frozen pickerel, and I was told by a Palmer House liar that an iron rod runs from the seat right up the spinal column of the driver, to the top of his head, where his hat, which has an iron nut on the inside, screws on to the rod and holds him tight. He looks as though that was the way he was fastened on, but the fellow may have been lying to me. The horse seems to know where you are going, and all the driver does is to hold on to the lines. I suppose he is up there so if the horse runs away the driver would get off without being run over, and go around a block and stop the horse. In the meantime a passenger would be killed. To ride along the crowded streets in one of the Hanson cabs, and see the horse galloping through the crowds with no driver in sight, makes you have respect for the sagacity of the horse, and yet you feel as though even horse sense was not enough, and you are so that he will run into the next bare wagon that comes along. You forget all about the galvanized Englishman perched upon the seat behind, and you feel like grabbing the lines that pass over your head and driving the horse yourself, and when you stop to get out, and the driver appears to open the door, you look at him in astonishment, and say: "Well, how did you get here, from Heaven's sake?" When the cab strikes a rough place in the street with the right wheel, your thigh bone goes right up and knocks you around on top of your head, and you feel lopsided until the left wheel strikes something and averages you up. When both wheels strike an obstruction at once, the bottom of your stomach is struck by your boot-heels and paralyzed, so you can't eat anything but soup for a week, and your liver is just as liable to be around by the small of your back, or under your arm, as anywhere, when you get to the depot. It is a lonesome, melancholy feeling, to ride in a Hanson cab. In any other conveyance you can hail the driver and talk with him, but in the Hanson cab the driver can hear you, you have to shout against the side of a building, and depend upon the echo coming back to the driver and waking him up. It might seem as though a Hanson cab would be a good thing for a young fellow to take his girl out riding in, if he wanted to spend her the driver being a regular back behind and blinders on the horse, but it wouldn't be safe, as the driver has a hole in the back of the top so he can look right through, and he would be sure to keep awake if there was anything going on in the cab that the passengers didn't care to have commented on besides. It seems as though the weight of the vehicle was liable at any minute to raise the horse right off his feet and cause him to sit down in your lap, and no fellow riding with a girl likes to have a horse sit down in their laps, when they become interested in a conversation. The Hanson cab looks sort of lony, but a man who rides in one feels as though he was marked. Everybody looks at the rig and laughs, and the passenger feels uncomfortable. These cabs can never take the place of street cars, that is sure, and the old kicker, who had rode in a cab day before, began feeling under his shoulder-blade, to see if the calves of his legs were not beginning to work back where they belonged. —Puck's Sun.

Impressions of Amsterdam.

Now we entered Amsterdam to which we had looked forward as the climax of our tour, having read of it and pondered it as "the Venice of the North," but our expectations were raised much too high. Any thing more unlike Venice it would be difficult to imagine; and there is a terrible want of variety and color; many of the smaller towns of Holland are far more interesting and infinitely more picturesque. A castle was built at Amsterdam in 1204, but the town only became important in the Sixteenth Century. It is situated upon the influx of the Amstel to the Y, as the arm of the Zuyder Zee which forms the harbor is called, and it occupies a huge semicircle, its walls being enclosed by the broad moat, six and a half miles long, which is known as Buitensingel. The greater part of the houses are built on piles, causing Erasmus to say that the inhabitants lived on trees like rooks. In the center of the town is the great square called Dam, one side of which is occupied by the handsome Royal Palace Het Palais—but by J. Van Kammeren in 1648. The Nieuwe Kerk (1408-1474) contains a number of monuments to admirals, including those of Van Ruyter—"immensi tremor oceani"—who commanded at the Battle of Solbay, and Van Speyk, who blew himself up with his ship rather than yield to the Belgians. In the Oude Kerk of 1803 there are more tombs and admirals. Hard by, in the Nieuwe Markt is the picturesque cluster of Fifteenth Century towers called St. Antonien'swaag, once a city gate and now a weighing house. But the great attraction of Amsterdam is the picture gallery of the Trippenhuys, called the Rijks Museum, and it deserves many visits. —Good Words.

Girls, Beware!

Brown's brow was clouded.
"Some girl scrape?" queried his friend, Bilkins.
"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Brown, "there is a girl at the bottom of it. You see, ever since I made that strike in Atchison, and—thank Heaven!—pulled out of it, I've been kinder keeping my matrimonial weather eye open, as it were. I thought 'I'd found her, but well,'—heaving a deep sigh—"as a over now."

Wyoming Territory.

—We think of Wyoming Territory as a desert and of Cheyenne as a frontier camp, but a New Yorker lately returned from that Rocky Mountain settlement says that he found there a gentlemen's club as complete as any in New York. The members are principally rich cattle owners, many of them Englishmen. The club house is illuminated by the incandescent electric light, and a chef from Delmonico's looks after the cuisine. Turkish rugs, marble statuary, a fine library, rich chandeliers, tropical plants, etc., adorn the interior. He also says that as elegant equipages are to be seen every day in the streets of Cheyenne as in New York. —N. Y. Herald.

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"Yes, telegrams are coming in for watches, rings, pocket-books, and everything a traveler carries, come to us every day. We've got lots of things that have not been asked for. We shall keep them so long as we have a hotel here. Everything found is put away and carefully tagged with its history."
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"Last week a patron of the house, who lives in Harrisburg, came down and staid over night. When he came to the office in the morning to pay his bill he fumbled through his pockets, looked at me with a puzzled expression, and said: "I haven't any money; why, I've been robbed. I know all about it now. I went to take my trunk down, and afterward rode in a horse-car. The car was crowded, and I stood up and grasped a strap with my right hand, that pulled my coat away from my vest. I had \$900 in bills in one roll in my right-hand vest pocket." Of course he didn't pay his hotel bill, and I even had to look him up and take him back to Harrisburg. He hadn't got twenty miles out of town before the chambermaid who fixed up the room that he had occupied brought the man's roll down to the office. She said she found it under the pillow of his bed. I telegraphed a reply to Harrisburg, and he might receive a reply telling him to take the amount of the hotel bill and \$10 out of the roll and transfer the remainder by telegraph. We had a hot time here several months ago about a lady's solitary diamond ear-ring. She lost it in bed, and made a great time about her loss. I telegraphed the matter, and she ripped up the mattress, and she pulled everything out of the room, but the diamond could not be found. The woman accused the poor chambermaid of stealing it, but we felt satisfied that the servant was innocent. Two months afterward the diamond was found in the mattress. It had caught under one of the buttons and had been left in place, and had remained secreted there all that time.
"We have several watches in the safe that have been left under pillows, a few pairs of bracelets, lots of gum shoes and slippers, a book-case full of novels, packs of playing-cards, pocket-knives, razors, hair-brushes and combs, and various other things—I suppose enough to start a regular pawn-broker's auction store. There is any number of umbrellas and canes. But night-gowns beat everything. They have been accumulating for years, and we've got over five hundred of them, some elaborately embroidered. A few are trimmed with expensive lace and a great many are prettily marked with the owners' initials. Hardly a day passes without our receiving a letter asking after the fate of a certain night-gown. Some people won't write for them, and wouldn't admit the ownership of them if we should forward them. I received a letter from a lady this morning asking us to look up a night-gown that was left here more than two months ago. I suppose we'll be able to find it. Nearly every day a night-gown is sent to the laundry; a label is then put on it, showing the room it was found in and the date, and then it is packed away with the other night-gowns to be kept until called for. There are a hundred of them, yellow with age. Annie Pixley, the actress, left a white satin night-dress here the last time she played in this city. It was embroidered all down the front with a dozen different kinds of sewing silk, and must have cost seventy-five dollars. We sent it to her in a few days after she left here." —Philadelphia Times.
—A policeman who was patrolling Montcalm street east of the other day heard a whistle blow for all it was worth, and ran a block and a half to find a woman with her head out of a chamber window waving a white flag. "What's that whistle?" "I did." "Do you want me?" "No, sir. My gal and her beau are spooning around on the side street, and I blew the whistle to let him know that it was time to skip or look out for clubs." —Detroit Free Press.

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"Last week a patron of the house, who lives in Harrisburg, came down and staid over night. When he came to the office in the morning to pay his bill he fumbled through his pockets, looked at me with a puzzled expression, and said: "I haven't any money; why, I've been robbed. I know all about it now. I went to take my trunk down, and afterward rode in a horse-car. The car was crowded, and I stood up and grasped a strap with my right hand, that pulled my coat away from my vest. I had \$900 in bills in one roll in my right-hand vest pocket." Of course he didn't pay his hotel bill, and I even had to look him up and take him back to Harrisburg. He hadn't got twenty miles out of town before the chambermaid who fixed up the room that he had occupied brought the man's roll down to the office. She said she found it under the pillow of his bed. I telegraphed a reply to Harrisburg, and he might receive a reply telling him to take the amount of the hotel bill and \$10 out of the roll and transfer the remainder by telegraph. We had a hot time here several months ago about a lady's solitary diamond ear-ring. She lost it in bed, and made a great time about her loss. I telegraphed the matter, and she ripped up the mattress, and she pulled everything out of the room, but the diamond could not be found. The woman accused the poor chambermaid of stealing it, but we felt satisfied that the servant was innocent. Two months afterward the diamond was found in the mattress. It had caught under one of the buttons and had been left in place, and had remained secreted there all that time.
"We have several watches in the safe that have been left under pillows, a few pairs of bracelets, lots of gum shoes and slippers, a book-case full of novels, packs of playing-cards, pocket-knives, razors, hair-brushes and combs, and various other things—I suppose enough to start a regular pawn-broker's auction store. There is any number of umbrellas and canes. But night-gowns beat everything. They have been accumulating for years, and we've got over five hundred of them, some elaborately embroidered. A few are trimmed with expensive lace and a great many are prettily marked with the owners' initials. Hardly a day passes without our receiving a letter asking after the fate of a certain night-gown. Some people won't write for them, and wouldn't admit the ownership of them if we should forward them. I received a letter from a lady this morning asking us to look up a night-gown that was left here more than two months ago. I suppose we'll be able to find it. Nearly every day a night-gown is sent to the laundry; a label is then put on it, showing the room it was found in and the date, and then it is packed away with the other night-gowns to be kept until called for. There are a hundred of them, yellow with age. Annie Pixley, the actress, left a white satin night-dress here the last time she played in this city. It was embroidered all down the front with a dozen different kinds of sewing silk, and must have cost seventy-five dollars. We sent it to her in a few days after she left here." —Philadelphia Times.
—A policeman who was patrolling Montcalm street east of the other day heard a whistle blow for all it was worth, and ran a block and a half to find a woman with her head out of a chamber window waving a white flag. "What's that whistle?" "I did." "Do you want me?" "No, sir. My gal and her beau are spooning around on the side street, and I blew the whistle to let him know that it was time to skip or look out for clubs." —Detroit Free Press.

The Hanson Cab.

"Well, I rode in a Hanson cab when I was in Chicago 'tother day," said an old kicker to another old kicker, as they met in a saloon for lunch at mid-day. "The streets are full of them, and they make no laugh."
"What kind of things are they?" asked the second old kicker. "I have read about Hanson cabs ever since I was a boy, in Dickens' works, and all English publications, but I wouldn't know one if I saw it in the road. What do they look like like the very deuce."
"O, they look like the very deuce. Take your top buggy and knock off the front wheels, and hitch the shafts to the hind axle-tree, and put an office-stool up behind the top of the buggy, with a driver screwed onto the top of the stool, with the lines running over the top to the horse, and you would have a Hanson cab. I looked at lots of them, and I honestly don't think help much as they are. They are made in England, but the imitation English affairs. Those Gurneys that have been on the streets of Chicago for a year or two are bad enough about shaking a fellow up, but the Hanson cab will dislocate a man's liver, and shiver his spinal column, and scare him to death quicker than anything. You get in and there is a couple of doors shut in on your lap to keep you from being shaken out, and then the driver locks the doors and throws the key away, and when you get to the end of your journey somebody happens along with another key and lets you out, or the doors are unlocked with a time-lock that opens when you get to the depot. The driver sits up behind, as stiff as a frozen pickerel, and I was told by a Palmer House liar that an iron rod runs from the seat right up the spinal column of the driver, to the top of his head, where his hat, which has an iron nut on the inside, screws on to the rod and holds him tight. He looks as though that was the way he was fastened on, but the fellow may have been lying to me. The horse seems to know where you are going, and all the driver does is to hold on to the lines. I suppose he is up there so if the horse runs away the driver would get off without being run over, and go around a block and stop the horse. In the meantime a passenger would be killed. To ride along the crowded streets in one of the Hanson cabs, and see the horse galloping through the crowds with no driver in sight, makes you have respect for the sagacity of the horse, and yet you feel as though even horse sense was not enough, and you are so that he will run into the next bare wagon that comes along. You forget all about the galvanized Englishman perched upon the seat behind, and you feel like grabbing the lines that pass over your head and driving the horse yourself, and when you stop to get out, and the driver appears to open the door, you look at him in astonishment, and say: "Well, how did you get here, from Heaven's sake?" When the cab strikes a rough place in the street with the right wheel, your thigh bone goes right up and knocks you around on top of your head, and you feel lopsided until the left wheel strikes something and averages you up. When both wheels strike an obstruction at once, the bottom of your stomach is struck by your boot-heels and paralyzed, so you can't eat anything but soup for a week, and your liver is just as liable to be around by the small of your back, or under your arm, as anywhere, when you get to the depot. It is a lonesome, melancholy feeling, to ride in a Hanson cab. In any other conveyance you can hail the driver and talk with him, but in the Hanson cab the driver can hear you, you have to shout against the side of a building, and depend upon the echo coming back to the driver and waking him up. It might seem as though a Hanson cab would be a good thing for a young fellow to take his girl out riding in, if he wanted to spend her the driver being a regular back behind and blinders on the horse, but it wouldn't be safe, as the driver has a hole in the back of the top so he can look right through, and he would be sure to keep awake if there was anything going on in the cab that the passengers didn't care to have commented on besides. It seems as though the weight of the vehicle was liable at any minute to raise the horse right off his feet and cause him to sit down in your lap, and no fellow riding with a girl likes to have a horse sit down in their laps, when they become interested in a conversation. The Hanson cab looks sort of lony, but a man who rides in one feels as though he was marked. Everybody looks at the rig and laughs, and the passenger feels uncomfortable. These cabs can never take the place of street cars, that is sure, and the old kicker, who had rode in a cab day before, began feeling under his shoulder-blade, to see if the calves of his legs were not beginning to work back where they belonged. —Puck's Sun.

Girls, Beware!

Brown's brow was clouded.
"Some girl scrape?" queried his friend, Bilkins.
"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Brown, "there is a girl at the bottom of it. You see, ever since I made that strike in Atchison, and—thank Heaven!—pulled out of it, I've been kinder keeping my matrimonial weather eye open, as it were. I thought 'I'd found her, but well,'—heaving a deep sigh—"as a over now."

Wyoming Territory.

—We think of Wyoming Territory as a desert and of Cheyenne as a frontier camp, but a New Yorker lately returned from that Rocky Mountain settlement says that he found there a gentlemen's club as complete as any in New York. The members are principally rich cattle owners, many of them Englishmen. The club house is illuminated by the incandescent electric light, and a chef from Delmonico's looks after the cuisine. Turkish rugs, marble statuary, a fine library, rich chandeliers, tropical plants, etc., adorn the interior. He also says that as elegant equipages are to be seen every day in the streets of Cheyenne as in New York. —N. Y. Herald.

Forgotten Valuables.

A messenger boy ran up to J. E. Kingsley in the Continental Hotel and handed him a telegram. Mr. Kingsley tore open the envelope and read this message:
"SARATOGA SPRINGS.—For heaven's sake, send my speculates at once. I can't see. I left them in room 8 in night before last."
"Have this attended to at once," said Mr. Kingsley, handing the dispatch to Cashier Stokes.
The cashier went to the big safe back of the key-rack and pulled out a basketful of gold watches, spectacles, rings and other things. They had all been left behind in the course of years by guests of the hotel. The cashier fished out from the collection a pair of spectacles, to which was attached a little tag on which was written: "Found in room 18, September 3, 1884." The spectacles were immediately mailed to their owner at Saratoga.
"Do you receive many communications like that telegram?" a Times reporter asked.
"Yes, telegrams are coming in for watches, rings, pocket-books, and everything a traveler carries, come to us every day. We've got lots of things that have not been asked for. We shall keep them so long as we have a hotel here. Everything found is put away and carefully tagged with its history."
"Do guests frequently leave valuables after them?" said Clerk Cornack, of the Girard House, echoing the reporter's question. "I should say they did; so frequently, indeed, that we've got a man, known as the property clerk, whose duty it is to take charge of everything left in the rooms and try to track down the owner. He has a list of precedents and sometimes he does not. Only this morning we received a letter inquiring for a seal ring that was left