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JAS. MAHONEY, - - - Proprietor  
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Douglas County, and  
THE BEST BILLIARD TABLE IN THE STATE,  
KEPT IN PROPER REPAIR.

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

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Oakland, Oregon.  
RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.  
This Hotel has been established for a number  
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FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS  
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CROCKERY AND CORDAGE,  
A full stock of  
SCHOOL BOOKS,  
Such as required by the Public County Schools.  
All kinds of Stationery, Toys and  
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Buys and Sells Legal Tenders, furnishes  
Checks on Portland, and procures  
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**SEEDS! SEEDS!**  
SEEDS!  
ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.  
ALL ORDERS  
Promptly attended to and goods shipped  
with care.  
Address, HACHENY & BENO,  
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—The Oswego (N. Y.) Manufacturing  
Company claims to have the largest  
lumber-yard in the United States, having  
fifty million feet of lumber in stock.  
—The Philadelphia Ledger raises its  
voice against munching in public, on  
the streets or in the cars, a habit which  
it considers both annoying and disgusting,  
especially in women.  
It is estimated the stoves in the  
United States are worth one hundred  
and eighty million dollars. They number  
about eight million. The people of this  
country use more stoves than all the  
rest of the world together.

**MY WIFE'S AWAY.**  
What's that sensation round my heart  
That feels as if I'd lost a part  
Of self, and makes my feelings smart?  
My wife's away.  
What happy voice at rosy morn,  
On music's wine that once was borne,  
Is nuptial, and things look so forth?  
My wife's away.  
What makes me have the bluest blues,  
And all the world course and abuse,  
And sulky melancholy close?  
My wife's away.  
What's vacant at the table-head,  
Where, angel-like, dispensing bread,  
She sat, and now a blank instead?  
My wife's away.  
What ails my undergarment kit?  
Not one of them will rightly sit—  
It drives me nearly in a fit.  
My wife's away.

The socks—not two of them will pair;  
The shirts—not one without a tear;  
The buttons, too, are never there.  
My wife's away.  
The sooty servant now is boss,  
And brings her milk with a hiss,  
And looks at me infernal cross.  
My wife's away.  
What makes the evenings seem so long  
And still as night, when once a song  
Or music sweet charmed time along?  
My wife's away.  
My wife, God bless her angel face,  
And bring her safe to my embrace!  
To me the engaged one's face.  
My wife's away.  
—N. Y. Journal.

**SHE CURED HIM.**  
"You are never going to marry Philo  
Mayburne!"  
It was a bright bay-windowed room  
with a ruby fire sparkling in the grate,  
and a table well laden with work,  
drawn up beside its shine. And the  
prettiest, freshest, most attractive thing  
to look at in the whole scene was the  
widow Glenn herself, stitching industriously  
away at a strip of cambric ruffling.  
She was tall and well proportioned,  
with hair like brown satin flax, blue  
eyes and a complexion all pink and  
white, with the crimson bloom glowing  
beneath the transparent skin in a manner  
that all the cosmetics on earth  
might strive vainly to stimulate; a  
woman it did one's heart good to look  
at in these days of artificial flax.  
Perhaps she might have been thirty,  
but she did not look more than twenty-  
five; for time, grateful non-compromising  
that he is, had dealt very gently  
with Josie Glenn.  
"Why should I marry Philo Mayburne?"  
she asked quietly, as she bit off  
the end of her thread with teeth  
white and even as pearls.  
Mrs. Jonesbury groaned and gasped!  
"His handsome, isn't he?" asked  
the widow.  
"I hadn't notion to say agin' his  
looks," croaked Mrs. Jonesbury.  
"And his principles and character  
are beyond reproach?"  
"Nobody denies it that I know of!"  
unwillingly assented the elder matron.  
"He's certainly well off!" went on  
Mrs. Glenn.  
"Yes, he's rich, I s'pose, but—"  
"But what?"  
"His temper, Josephine, his temper,  
if you must have it!" jerked out Mrs.  
Jonesbury. "He's as ugly as Cain and  
as fault-finding as old Pharaoh in the  
land of Egypt, and all the world knows  
that he is, just fretted his first wife into  
the grave."  
"He won't fret me into the grave,"  
said Josie, sewing diligently on.  
"How do you give to help your-  
self?" asked Mrs. Jonesbury, with  
very evident incredulity.  
"I have a way and means!"  
"But, Josie, you don't really love  
him?"  
"Yes, I do!"  
"With his temper?"  
"In spite of his temper, Mrs. Jones-  
bury, I see and esteem the good which  
lies unclaimed beneath that upper  
stratum of acidity. Keep down the  
weeds and the flowers will grow in al-  
most any nature."  
"It's dreadful easy talkin'," said Mrs.  
Jonesbury, with a dubious shake of her  
head. "But we don't know what it is,  
Josephine Glenn, to be tied for life to a  
man that's forever grumblin' about  
nothin'!"  
"Here it is," said Josie, with a blue  
sparkle beneath her long brown eye-  
lashes. "I mean to give him some-  
thing to grumble about!"  
"I don't understand you!"  
"Don't you? Nevertheless—"  
"But at that instant a bevy of visitors  
was ushered into the apartment, and  
Mrs. Jonesbury was forced to take her  
departure unlightened as to the  
widow Glenn's matrimonial policy.  
So Philo Mayburne put a wedding-  
ring on Josie Glenn's pretty plump finger  
and surrendered himself legally in-  
to the keeping of that blue-eyed dame,  
little recking of the ordeal in store for  
him.

"Mrs. Mayburne!"  
"Yes, Philo."  
"It was one evening during their first  
week at home, after the varied changes  
of the wedding tour, and the newly-  
made husband was strolling up and  
down the floor, with his hands in his  
pockets, a deepening wrinkle between his  
eyes."  
"It is one minute after six o'clock!"  
"I see it," said Josie, glancing up  
at the time piece.  
"And dinner isn't ready. Is this  
your idea of punctuality?"  
The wife made no answer.  
"The fire sizzling again. I do wish  
our servants would ever pay any at-  
tention to the fire."  
"Still Josie read on."  
"Mrs. Mayburne!" ejaculated the  
husband.  
"Well, my dear?" cooed Josie.  
"Why don't you answer me?"  
"What shall I say?"  
"Anything, Mrs. Mayburne."  
"Well, then, permit me to observe  
that I am very much interested in the  
book I am reading."  
Philo's brow grew dark; but he was  
stopped from further comment by the  
strangeness of the dinner bell.  
"Dinner soup burned again," he  
growled, letting his spoon drop into the  
dish with a splash.  
"I think it is very nice," said Josie.  
"And the beef roasted, when I told  
cook especially to have it boiled."  
"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mayburne,  
"where is the difference?"  
"Difference, ma'am—difference!"  
barked Philo, "enough difference to  
spoil my dinner, that's all."

And, pushing back his chair, he  
strode away from the table.  
Mrs. Mayburne stayed to finish her  
meal and then sauntered into the  
parlor, where her spouse sat glaring at  
the fire.  
"Where are my slippers, Mrs. May-  
burne?"  
"On the rug, close to your feet, my  
dear."  
"I don't want the slippers with the  
fox's head on. I want the slippers with  
the rosebuds and leaves. It's very  
strange a man can't take any comfort  
in his own house!"  
Josie rang the bell and ordered  
"rosebuds and leaves," but the next  
rock to split upon was the newspaper.  
"Where's my paper? What's the  
reason a man can never find a paper  
when he wants it?"  
"Here it is, Philo, folded neatly  
under the books," she responded.  
"And what is it under the books for?"  
"Why isn't it left where I can find it?"  
"If you had looked around my  
dear—"  
"But I don't want to look around!"  
And Mr. Mayburne unfolded the  
sheet and began to read, his brows still  
continuously contracted, while Josie sat  
smiling beside him, her purpose shaping  
itself more and more definitely in her  
mind at every moment that the clock  
measured off with silvery tick.  
The next evening Mr. Mayburne  
came home rampant as usual. The  
sitting-room was dark and chilly as he  
stumbled in.  
"No light!" he demanded, queru-  
lously.  
"What's the use of light?" pettishly  
asked his wife, who was reclining on  
the sofa, under an embroidered Afghan.  
"The fire has gone out half an hour  
ago."  
"The fire out!" Philo stood aghast.  
"But why didn't you have it kindled  
up again?"  
"Everything goes wrong," grumbled  
Josie, with a peevish elevation of her  
shoulders. "The kindlings were wet  
and the chimney smoked, and—"  
"Well, well, my dear," said Philo,  
driven to the unwonted task of con-  
solation. "I dare say it will be all right."  
"All wrong, more likely," fretted  
Josie. "It is so trying, and dinner isn't  
ready, although it's half past six, and  
the fruit hasn't come for dessert, and  
I'm so discouraged!"  
"We'll do without the fruit, then."  
"There's no other desert."  
"My dear, Josie, it isn't best to let  
little things fret you!"  
"I'll discharge the cook to-morrow,"  
said Josie, acrimoniously.  
"O, no, dear! I wouldn't do that;  
she understands her business remark-  
ably well."  
"She burned the oysters yesterday."  
"Only, she scolded me all day!"  
"She is always behindhand with the  
meals."  
"On the contrary, my dear Josie, she  
is generally the soul of punctuality.  
Where is my dressing gown?"  
"I am sure I don't know," said Josie,  
spiritedly. "That chambermaid makes  
rules of putting things just where no-  
body can find them."  
"O, here it is, back of the door,"  
said Philo, "just where she always  
hangs it."  
"Then why didn't you look there be-  
fore you asked?" demanded the wife.  
Mrs. Mayburne said no word in re-  
sponse, but poked the fire diligently.  
"There you go, scattering ashes all  
over the velvet rug," said Josie, tartly.  
Mr. Mayburne checked himself, and  
sat down shivering in a rocking-  
chair.  
"I wish you would stop creaking that  
chair," groaned his wife; "my poor  
nerves are all in a quiver. Why don't  
they send up dinner?"  
"There's the bell now," said Philo,  
jumping up with alacrity; "come  
Josie."  
"I don't think I care for any dinner,  
now that I have been kept waiting so  
long," said Mrs. Mayburne.  
"Now, my dear Josie, don't be un-  
reasonable. I dare say they've got  
something very nice for us."  
The beefsteak was cold, the potatoes  
water-soaked and the turnips dried like  
mummies, while the bread was new  
and heavy. Mr. Mayburne opened his  
lips to complain, but Josie was before-  
hand with him.  
"My goodness gracious!" she ejacu-  
lated, with uplifted hands and eyes.  
"Such a dinner! Take me away, Philo;  
I can't eat a mouthful."  
"Just a little bit of the steak, dear—  
it's very juicy."  
"Not a particle!" said Josie, emphat-  
ically. "Sarah, tell the cook she  
may go to-morrow."  
"My dear, my dear, pray consider—"  
"There's a chicken coming with  
bread sauce," suggested Sarah, with  
twinkling eyes.  
"Chicken and bread sauce—the very  
thing I desire of all others!" exclaimed  
Josie.  
"I am sure it's very nice," said Philo;  
"see how savory it looks. Let me give  
you a wing and a little slice of the  
breast!"  
"It's burned to a crisp!"  
"Burned, my dear? Not a bit of it."  
"It's raw, then, under the side!"  
"Do try it, Josie—really I think it is  
delicious—and here are some steaming  
baked potatoes."  
"No," said Josie resolutely, shaking  
her head; "my dinner is spoiled—that's  
enough."  
And she walked out of the dining-  
room precisely as her husband had  
done the night before. But Philo, less  
philosophical than his wife, rose and  
followed her.  
"Josie, dear," he said, hesitatingly,  
as she flopped down upon the sofa.  
"Well."  
"Aren't you just a little—a little  
cross?"  
"Am I?"  
"And unreasonable? A trifle so?"  
"Do you really think so, Philo?"  
"Yes."  
"So do I. I am very cross and out-  
ragedly unreasonable."  
The dimples had come back to Josie's  
lips and the sparkle in her eyes. Philo  
looked bewildered.  
"But, my dear, what do you mean?"  
"Philo," said Mrs. Mayburne, calmly,  
"you have only been looking into a  
looking-glass."  
"Into a looking-glass, my dear?"  
"Exactly so. During the last hour  
you have seen yourself as you appear  
to the world. How do you like the re-  
flection?"

She laid her hand lightly on his  
shoulder as she spoke. Philo May-  
burne sat stroking his whiskers medita-  
tively, without answering.  
"Am I really as disagreeable as  
that?" he asked presently.  
"Yes, quite."  
"I hadn't any idea of it!"  
"Because you have never seen your-  
self as others see you."  
Another silence ensued, and then Mr.  
Mayburne spoke again.  
"Josie, nobody shall ever see me  
again in that light!"  
Philo Mayburne kept his word, and  
this day Mrs. Jonesbury has never  
left off wondering what marvelous  
agency wrought such a marvellous  
change in the spirit of Philip May-  
burne's dream.  
"For he ain't like the same man, no  
more, he ain't!" truthfully observed  
Mrs. Jonesbury.—Boston Budget.

**Some Observations.**  
"This is the editor, is it?"  
"Yes, sir, it is."  
"Well, now, Mr. Editor, I'll tell you  
what I'm going to do. I'm introduc-  
ing the 'Morning Star' brand of coffee  
among your merchants here, and if  
you'll give me your address, I'll send  
two pounds of the 'Morning Star'  
to your house. I want your wife to  
serve you with a cup of it, and after  
you've tried it, you may just say what  
you please about it in your paper."  
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Like the scorpion the centipede also  
seems partial to grasshoppers, when it  
can get them. An enormously magni-  
fied copy as it is of the little home-  
sucker, with its multitude of pre-  
hensile feet all moving at once, and its  
long feelers steering its way, causes an  
involuntary creeping of the flesh. Once  
while reclining on a sofa perusing a  
daily paper after mid-day breakfast,  
preparatory to "turning in" for the  
customary siesta, I was surprised by a  
thumping against the sofa which  
was lying in a corner of the room, and  
the continuance of the sound induced  
me to jump up to ascertain the cause,  
suspecting, of course, a snake and frog.  
The raising of the paper disclosed a  
centipede of about five inches long,  
holding in its jaws a large grasshopper,  
which he was quietly hollowing out  
without the least regard to the frantic  
kicks of his victim, which had occasioned  
the noise against the paper. Nor did he  
seem disposed to relinquish  
so choice a morsel, but allowed himself  
to be burned over and over without ever  
relaxing his hold, and the grass-  
hopper could not physically reciprocate his  
love. I let the devourer continue, till in  
a quarter of an hour only the shell re-  
mained, and only then did the dim-  
ishing kicks of the grasshopper cease  
altogether.

On another occasion, in the hot month  
of May, during my morning ablutions,  
while raising the sponge to my  
face, I was met by the near view of an  
ugly pair of horns, followed by a head,  
emerging from one of the pores. Not  
an instant too soon, I dropped it down  
again on the basin stand, upon which  
the full length of a hideous centipede  
gradually unwound itself as the  
sponge was raised.  
Such are instances of the way these  
creatures come upon now and again  
in India, generally when and where  
least expected, and showing the warn-  
ness people require to practice in every  
movement, even in lifting a book or  
paper, or putting the hand anywhere  
where the eye does not also reach. The  
bite of the centipede is rarely heard of,  
but it is more or less poisonous, and  
like the sting of the scorpion, is consid-  
ered serious to children.—All the  
Year Round.

The Treasury Department has in  
its rogues' gallery photographs of 3,000  
counterfeit makers and "shovers."  
These persons are of all ages, from the  
child of fourteen to the gray-haired  
sinner of seventy. They represent every  
nationality, even to the African and the  
heaven Chinese. The latter, indeed,  
are much more numerous than might  
be expected. Those thrifty pagans are  
perhaps the most expert imitators in  
the world, and they stand at the head  
of the class in the production of base  
coin. Many women are engaged as  
"shovers."—Washington Post.

A cab driver in Paris was recently  
engaged at the Champs Elysees by a  
lady who, after making a drive all  
over the city for nearly six hours,  
finally alighted in the Faubourg Mon-  
martre, and told him she "had been un-  
able to find her son." The driver at  
once demanded his fare, but was told  
that she did not possess a cent. He  
then invited her to ride again, and  
drove directly to the nearest police sta-  
tion, when it was found that the woman  
was insane.

The Lutheran Church of Finland is,  
for the moment, bishopless—its  
three chief pastors having died within  
a few months of one another. The first  
clergyman elected to the episcopal of-  
fice will have to go to Sweden for con-  
secration.

The newest thing in weddings, New  
York, is to send invitations on cards  
to Queen Victoria and the nobility of  
Europe. It is extremely "tony," and  
it costs nothing but the postage.—N. Y.  
Graphic.

During the last five years New  
Yorkers in Paris purchased \$7,882,000  
worth of paintings.—N. Y. Graphic.

**Scorpions and Centipede.**  
Frequently though the scorpion is  
met with, yet a sting from one is rare.  
An instance coming within my observa-  
tion was that of my chowkeedar, who  
had been stung during the night while  
asleep on his mat in a corner of the  
veranda where the reptile had evidently  
dropped down from above. I was  
awoke by a loud "bapre-bap" and the  
very familiar "sapatkadya" ("Father,  
oh, father, a snake has bitten me"),  
and on going to the spot with a light,  
we discovered the assailant to be, not a  
snake, but a scorpion, which was stand-  
ing motionless in the corner, still  
angrily curving its tail—a discovery  
which afforded unspeakable relief to  
the chowkeedar, who had thought his  
last hours were come, and who now  
with folded hands and upturned eyes  
devoutly acknowledged his escape in  
the exclamation: "Dohai Ram Ji, jan  
buehga!" ("Merely, oh, Ram, my life  
is spared!"). He had pressed upon the  
reptile, no doubt, while turning round,  
and had been stung on the arm, which  
rapidly swelled to a great size, accom-  
panied by pain so excessive as to cause  
a feeling of faintness. With his mind,  
however, relieved from the "worst," he  
soon set about collecting herbs from  
the compound and garden, under the  
application of hot washes of which the  
pain gradually subsided, and, along  
with the swelling, disappeared in a  
couple of days.

Being curious to watch the habits of  
the scorpion, I placed one under a  
glass case along with a grasshopper  
two inches long, whose sharp-spined  
legs constituted its strong natural de-  
fense. For a while the scorpion took  
no notice of the wild leaps of his com-  
panion, though every now and again it  
struck against him in rebounding from  
the glass cover, but at length, irritated  
by the continuance of these, it assumed  
the offensive. After several unsuccess-  
ful clutches, he managed to seize with  
one leg of the grasshopper, which he  
held in his jaws, while endeavoring  
to transfuse him with his sting, till he  
succeeded in driving it through and  
through him. The leaps of the grass-  
hopper now speedily grew feeble, and  
soon he lay motionless and dead. For  
twenty-four hours the scorpion took  
no further notice of his companion, and  
then, pressed by hunger, he he thought  
himself of him, and speedily devoured  
him.

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ugly pair of horns, followed by a head,  
emerging from one of the pores. Not  
an instant too soon, I dropped it down  
again on the basin stand, upon which  
the full length of a hideous centipede  
gradually unwound itself as the  
sponge was raised.  
Such are instances of the way these  
creatures come upon now and again  
in India, generally when and where  
least expected, and showing the warn-  
ness people require to practice in every  
movement, even in lifting a book or  
paper, or putting the hand anywhere  
where the eye does not also reach. The  
bite of the centipede is rarely heard of,  
but it is more or less poisonous, and  
like the sting of the scorpion, is consid-  
ered serious to children.—All the  
Year Round.

The Treasury Department has in  
its rogues' gallery photographs of 3,000  
counterfeit makers and "shovers."  
These persons are of all ages, from the  
child of fourteen to the gray-haired  
sinner of seventy. They represent every  
nationality, even to the African and the  
heaven Chinese. The latter, indeed,  
are much more numerous than might  
be expected. Those thrifty pagans are  
perhaps the most expert imitators in  
the world, and they stand at the head  
of the class in the production of base  
coin. Many women are engaged as  
"shovers."—Washington Post.

A cab driver in Paris was recently  
engaged at the Champs Elysees by a  
lady who, after making a drive all  
over the city for nearly six hours,  
finally alighted in the Faubourg Mon-  
martre, and told him she "had been un-  
able to find her son." The driver at  
once demanded his fare, but was told  
that she did not possess a cent. He  
then invited her to ride again, and  
drove directly to the nearest police sta-  
tion, when it was found that the woman  
was insane.

The Lutheran Church of Finland is,  
for the moment, bishopless—its  
three chief pastors having died within  
a few months of one another. The first  
clergyman elected to the episcopal of-  
fice will have to go to Sweden for con-  
secration.

The newest thing in weddings, New  
York, is to send invitations on cards  
to Queen Victoria and the nobility of  
Europe. It is extremely "tony," and  
it costs nothing but the postage.—N. Y.  
Graphic.

During the last five years New  
Yorkers in Paris purchased \$7,882,000  
worth of paintings.—N. Y. Graphic.

**The Stage Coach in New York City.**  
When the railroad car took the place  
of the slow stage-coach, it deprived  
travelers of most of its pleasures. One  
sees but little of the country as he is  
whirled rapidly through it amid noise  
and dust. There is no way in which  
scenery can be so well enjoyed, as from  
an outside seat of a stage-coach. The  
moderate rate of speed allows all the  
beauties of the scene to be appreciated,  
and the changes of the road present an  
ever-varying panorama. Then the  
stage-coach allowed of social enjoy-  
ment, and chat and stories made the  
time pass pleasantly. What a contrast  
between the tavern, where the stage-  
passengers stopped for dinner, and the  
present railway station with its "five  
minutes for refreshments!" There is  
so much that is pleasant and enjoyable  
in travel by stage that wealthy gentle-  
men in New York City and vicinity not  
long ago formed a coaching club, each  
member of which had a "coach and  
four." These are now many members,  
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