

THE INDEPENDENT

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—Fullman, the sleeping car millionaire; Hill, the pioneer of smelting and United States Senator; Teller, ex-Senator and Secretary of the Interior; Chaffee, ex-Senator and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Republican party, and Irving Hale,

who has won renown as the foremost of all West Point students, were all residents of the little Colorado town of Central, with a population of half a thousand.—Chicago Herald.



ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1884. NO. 34.

WITHIN THE SOUL.

O, strengthen heart and clouded soul, O, cheer me with thy message bright... The sunniness of life is still spent in vain attempts to raise above the billows of adversity and sorrow...

POLAR PICTURES.

Record of the Observations Made by Greely and His Associates in the Arctic—The Midnight Sun—The Brightest Stars and the Awfully Oppressive Silence—Lieutenant Lockwood's Journey.

For the purpose of obtaining some idea of the general nature and probable value of the scientific observations made by Greely at Lady Franklin Bay, an Associated Press agent visited him at Portsmouth, N. H. Greely first stated the object of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, viz: To establish a Polar station—one of the thirteen suggested by Lieutenant Weypracht, of Austria, who discovered Franz Josef Land—simultaneous observations of all physical phenomena were to be taken.

The expedition was fitted out under the authority of Congress; was composed of three officers of the army, one acting surgeon, and nineteen enlisted men from the army. Stores for twenty-seven months were put on the Proteus, which left San Francisco July 1, 1881, with the party. She touched at Disco Island and Upernivik to procure sledges, dogs, skin and dog food. Two Esquimaux were added to the party at Proven. Landing was made at Carey Island in north water and the provisions cached by Mares in 1875 in the Alert were found in good condition.

On the 15th of October the sun left them for one hundred and thirty-five days, and a twilight, varying from half an hour to twenty-four hours, succeeded. For two weeks it was so dim that the dial of a watch could not be read by it. On April 11 the sun came above the horizon and remained there one hundred and thirty-five days, giving the party a great sufficiency of the midnight sun. During three months the stars were visible constantly, and the constellations of Orion's Belt and the Great Bear were the brightest. The North Star looked down from almost overhead. Standing alone outside the fort on one of these night scenes were weirdly grand. To the north flamed the aurora borealis, and bright constellations were set like jewels around the glowing moon. Over everything was a dead silence, so horribly oppressive that a man alone is almost tempted to kill himself, so lonely does he feel. The astronomer of the party said that with the naked eye a star of one degree smaller magnitude than can be seen here in the same way might be discerned. The moon would remain in sight from eleven to twelve days at a time. The thermometer registered on June 30 the highest temperature at Lady Franklin Bay which we knew during our stay. It was fifty-two degrees above zero. The lowest was in February, 1883—sixty-six degrees below zero. In this February our mercury froze and remained solid for fifteen days. The mercury in the thermometer invariably rose during storms or high winds. The highest barometer was

slightly above thirty-one inches, the lowest slightly below twenty-nine inches. The greatest variations were in winter. No electrometer, an instrument used to ascertain the presence of electricity, was set up, but not the slightest results were obtained. The displays of aurora were very good, but not compared with those seen at Disco Island or Upernivik. So far as Greely could observe, no crackling sound accompanied the displays, and the general shape was that of a ribbon. The southwesterly horizon was the quarter in which the highest displays were seen. Nares reported in 1876 that no shadow was cast by the aurora, but Greely says he distinctly observed his shadow cast by it. There were no electrical disturbances save those manifested by rumbling, distant thunder heard twice in the way north. In the course of the tidal observations made, a very interesting fact was discovered, that the tides at Lady Franklin Bay came from the north, while those at Melville Bay and Cape Sabine came from the south. The temperature of this north tide is two degrees warmer than that of the south tide at Cape Sabine. Why this is, Greely would not venture to state. He used in measuring the ebb and flow of the tides a fixed-gauge iron rod, planted in the mud. The average rise of the spring tides at Lady Franklin Bay was found to be eight feet. At Cape Sabine the highest tide's rise was twelve feet. Surf was only observed twice during the two years. At Lady Franklin Bay the average temperature of the water was twenty-nine degrees above zero. Wolves weighing ninety pounds were killed around Fort Conger. There are foxes and other animals there. Fish is wonderfully scarce. Perhaps the greatest surprise in all was the fishing from Lake Alexander, a fresh-water lake fifteen feet above sea-level, a four-pound salmon. From the bay or sea only two very small fish were taken during the entire two years, and few are found north of Cape Sabine. The vegetation on Lady Franklin Bay is about the same as at Cape Sabine, and comprises mosses, lichens, willows and saxifrage. The highest locality of the winds registered during a terrific snowstorm, and was seventy miles per hour. Lockwood's trips to the North in 1882 and 1883 were productive of the most valuable results. Standing May 19, in each year, where Dr. Hayes had formerly stood, about the same time of day, Lockwood took a compass bearing of two thousand feet, and using his strongest glass on Hall's Basin and Robeson's channels, could discern nothing but ice packs. Here it was that Dr. Hayes claimed to have seen his open Polar Sea on the trip of 1853. Lockwood reached the highest latitude ever attained, eight degrees north, at twenty-five minutes north. This was about five hundred miles directly north of Lady Franklin Bay, but to get there he had to travel over one thousand miles of open water and broken packs, which frequently caused him to retrace his steps fifty miles. Lockwood sounded sea both years, and in 1883 he reached Cape Britannia, but could not touch bottom with one hundred and thirty-five fathoms of line. Markham, a few years before, about one hundred miles to the west, found bottom at seventy-two fathoms. Lockwood found at his farthest northern point about the same vegetation as at Lady Franklin Bay, but no signs of a polar current or open polar sea. In 1883 he was stopped near Cape Bryant, 125 miles from Lady Franklin Bay, by an open channel extending west to the coast of Grinnell Land. The width of this channel varied from two hundred yards to five miles, but on the north the ice packs extended as far as could be seen with a glass. With his supply of provisions, the failure of which had caused his return the year before, Lockwood was confident he could have reached eighty-five degrees north, if this open channel had not barred his way. No fossil remains were discovered on the trip, and the only ones found were trunks of trees on the southwest coast of Grinnell Land. The only sea animals seen by Lockwood at eighty-three degrees twenty-five minutes were walrus and seals, and, strange to say, walrus is not to be found at Lady Franklin Bay. At eighty-three degrees twenty-five minutes the deflection of the magnetic needle was five degrees west, more than one-fourth of a circle. The maps of the new regions he discovered are in the possession of Lieutenant Greely and are very carefully made.

All through the two years at Lady Franklin Bay the magnetic needle was never quiet except during storms. In February of 1883 preparations for a return were made by setting up the steam launch behind them they left their dogs, as they could not be taken. Four barrels of pork and some seal oil were left for the animals. Lady Franklin Bay was crossed to Cape Baird, a distance of thirteen miles, and then the western coast of Grinnell Land was followed south as far as Cape Hawkes. Large quantities of heavy ice were met. Every moment they thought the little launch would be crushed. Several times all the boats were nearly lost. The sufficing of the men was great. They were now within fifty miles of Cape Sabine. Striking from Cape Hawkes for Bate's Island the party was caught in an ice-pack and frozen in, ten miles south of Cape Hawkes. In thirteen days they drifted south twenty-five miles on floes, suffering terribly from the cold. So they drifted to within eleven miles of Cape Sabine, and were obliged to abandon the steam launch September 10. The packs now remained motionless for three days, and several times the party got within two or three miles of Cape Sabine, only to be driven back by the southwest gales. Five seals were killed and eaten while the party were drifting about. Eventually a heavy northwest gale drove them past Cape Sabine within a mile of Brevort Island, but they could not land. September 22 there arose the most terrific gale they had yet experienced on the Arctic Ocean. Their ice floe was driven

hither and thither by the tempest, and waves washed over them again and again, the spray freezing to them and causing them to freeze suffering. Night came on, one of very darkness, and the wind threw heavy floes together, and crash after crash of ice breaking over their own heads warned the men death was near to them. No man knew at what minute the floe might break up and the water engulf them. The first faint light of dawn showed that little remained of the floe on which they were. The sea washed another floe close to them. Closer it came, and at last at the word the men succeeded in getting upon it. The storm slowly subsided and they again landed at Esquimaux Point, near Baird's Inlet, September 29. Here winter quarters were built, and scouts were sent to Cape Isabella and Cape Sabine. In a few days they returned, but their report sent a thrill of horror to every heart. At Cape Isabella and Cape Sabine there were found only eighteen hundred rations, and from Garlington's records they learned the fate of the Proteus. Every one knew death must come to nearly all of the party long before a ship or rescue could force its way into Melville Bay. Efforts were made to sustain the spirit of the men by lectures and light reading. On October 15 the party removed to Cape Sabine. January 18 Cross died of scurvy. In April the rations issued daily had dwindled to four ounces of meat and six ounces of bread. Man after man died, and all the rescue could force its way into Melville Bay. Efforts were made to sustain the spirit of the men by lectures and light reading. On October 15 the party removed to Cape Sabine. January 18 Cross died of scurvy. In April the rations issued daily had dwindled to four ounces of meat and six ounces of bread. Man after man died, and all the rescue could force its way into Melville Bay. Efforts were made to sustain the spirit of the men by lectures and light reading. On October 15 the party removed to Cape Sabine. January 18 Cross died of scurvy. In April the rations issued daily had dwindled to four ounces of meat and six ounces of bread.

The Young Farmer's Vacation. A young man in the country, who is apparently head-over-hills in love with a farmer's life (in a horn), writes as follows: "You know this is my birthday, and I have been celebrating it; though I have not told any one but my mother that it is my birthday, I have got my work up square now and am taking a vacation. After haying and mowing is all done with, you know, there is quite a lull for the farmer. He can compose himself to rest and have a good time generally.

Now, after getting my general routine of chores out of my way this morning (which is but an anthem of joy), I commenced my vacation. I went and helped Mr. A. get in six large loads of oats. I don't think, betwixt the two, it is quite so dangerous as base-ball playing, but it beats tennis all out and out. There is more life in one forkful of oats than there is in forty tennis. Well, after getting in the oats, I came home and thought I had celebrated almost enough, and would take the rest of the day in a quiet way with my mother. In the meantime I took my horse and went out and ran the cultivator between all the rows of my potato field, and tried to shoot a whet, but he was too quick for me. Then I concluded to sit down and talk with mother. So I took the milk pail (after I had gone out a wheelbarrow load of grass way down side of the road next to Mr. A.'s pasture bars, for the horse) and went down to the pasture and milked the cows, and did the rest of the little chores, and then came back to talk with mother.

"I intend to continue my vacation for a number of weeks, and enjoy myself as I have to-day. When the harvest comes, I shall be in good trim, bright as a new dollar, and ready to settle into the harness again. I am going visiting to-morrow forenoon up to Mr. B's, to help him get in the oats. I help'd Mr. A. throw off a couple of loads early in the morning." "My goodness! how lovely it would be to have a dear wife to enjoy my vacation with me; but I have no one to blame for that but myself, for we all know that the farmer can have the object of his heart's adoration by asking."—Boston Transcript.

Washington Irving Steals His Own Apples.

"Speaking of his liking to look at workmen," says an old friend of Washington Irving, "reminds me of another good story which he used to tell with great enjoyment—no one can tell this story as he used to. One day when he had made an extension to Sunnyside, as he strolled about in the carpenter's, he happened to pick up an apple that had been blown from a tree. The next moment he felt his arm tugged, and turning, saw a ragged little urchin—one of half a dozen who had come in to pick up the chips left by the workmen—looking up into his face.

"Just you come with me, and I'll show you where to get some good apples; but mind you don't let the old man know," meaning Mr. Irving himself. "Well, Mr. Irving used to say, telling the story, 'the little scamp brought me to the very best tree in the orchard and there we filled our pockets together and ate our fill of my very best apples. We got on very well together, and I believe it's the only case I ever heard of where a man participated in the robbery of his own orchard.'"—Christian Union.

—Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's last bonnet cost \$150. This may seem like a large price, but if half the wearers of ten dollar bonnets were to buy in like proportion to their wealth their bonnets would not cost over fifteen cents.—N. Y. Herald.

Solutions of chloral should be kept in dark glass bottles. Sunlight decomposes it into chloroform, and this change is not easily perceived, and has caused a number of accidents in the past five years.—Indianapolis Journal.

—More money can be made in one day's strict attention to one's own business than by ten days' minding the affairs of one's neighbor.—Whitchell Times.

—Ten years ago there were only 150 newspapers published in Japan; now there are 2,000. The wonderful progress of Japan is no longer a mystery.

—Ignorance of reading and writing is so prevalent in Mexico that the letter-writer is an established institution of the country.—Chicago Journal.

The Legend of Star Island.

During the troublesome times before and subsequent to the revolution the Isles of Shoals, off the coast of New Hampshire, were the resort and hiding places of the freebooters who haunted the northern coast, and these silent rocks, if they could speak, would tell many a tale of bloody cruelty and gloom here to divide and hide their booty, and melt up the silverplate they captured from the colonists along the coast.

For a long time it was supposed that bushes of doubtions were buried in the gaping crevices of the rocks, or the ledges by the restless tide; but the place was thoroughly searched by several generations of fishermen, and nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass or a blunt blunderbuss was ever found. The grandames tell how Captain Kydd came here often "as he sailed as he sailed," and there are legends of other pirates quite as fierce and free as he. The Star Island used to be haunted by a beautiful specter with long white robes and golden tresses reaching to her heels, who used to come out of some undiscovered cavern at dawn and shadow her eyes with a hand that was as white and beautiful as a lily's bosom, gaze off upon the sea in hopeless expectancy of the return of a clipper that sailed away and never came back again.

The story goes that a bloody-hearted old pirate, being pursued by a cruiser, brought his beautiful mistress here and left her while he went out to battle, telling her that by dawn he would be back again, but he came not, not even till now. She died of starvation, but her faithful spirit still comes to the summit of the island at the sun rises each morning, to meet the corsair, who never returned.

There are eight of the islands, the smallest being as large, or rather as small, as a city building lot, and the largest containing only a couple of hundred acres—nothing but bars, lifeless rocks, covered by incessant waves into strange grotesqueness, and covered by no vegetation except low clinging vines and the New England blueberry. Four of the islands are inhabited, the largest, the Appledore, bears a hotel and a few cottages. Star Island has another hotel and a small settlement of fishermen, a third has a few fishermen's huts, and the fourth has a white lighthouse springing out of its crest. They were discovered by Captain John Smith, the friend of Pocahontas, who in 1614 explored the New England coast in an open boat, and spent some time here making repairs after a long voyage.

On Star Island stands the only monument erected in America to Captain John Smith it is a rude affair—a prismatic-shaped shaft of marble, upon a pedestal of sandstone, inscribed at length with the record of his valorous deeds, and some cyclopedias say he is buried here, but that is a mistake.—Detroit Free Press.

They Drove Him In.

The owner of a place on Sibley street appeared in front of the house yesterday morning with a step-ladder and a saw and began the work of trimming up his shade trees. While he was at the first limb a pedestrian halted and queried: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "I see. First-rate time to trim trees. Um! Exactly."

He hadn't got two blocks away before number two came along and called out: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "Ah! I see. Ought to have waited a month later."

The limb was off when No. 3 halted, stood for a minute with his hands in his pockets, and then asked: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "Ought to have done that last month."

No. 4 said that April was the proper month. No. 5 wouldn't trim a tree except in May. No. 6 thought November the best time of year, and so it went until every month in the year had been named and there were five or six individuals to spare. Before the last tree was finished the seventeenth pedestrian halted, threw away the stub of his cigar and loudly demanded: "Going to trim your trees, eh?" "Yes." "The man hung his saw to a limb, got down off the ladder, and spitting on his hands he walked close up to the inquirer and said:

"Supposing I am! What are you going to do about it?" "Oh, nothing," answered the other, as he looked around a pile of brick; "I was simply going to ask you if you used tar or porous plasters to cover up the scars."

The citizen got his saw and ladder and disappeared in the house, and the remainder of the work will be done at night.—Detroit Free Press.

Hawaii N. Houses.

The houses of Honolulu are always open, day and night, as the temperature is so warm that one has to sleep out of doors, as it were, to get enough fresh air. They are built mostly of wood, though many of the oldest and more substantial houses are built of coral stone, a few of lava stone, and many may yet be seen within the limits of Honolulu made of grass and occupied by the natives. These native huts or houses are built by making a framework of bamboo poles covered with layers of the banana tree, the trunk of which can be removed in layers. This frame is covered with grass and trimmed along the corners and top by weaving the grass into different patterns. One opening or door usually admits enough light and air for the average native, though some huts are divided into several rooms, with two and sometimes three doors. A mat hung down on the inside, covering the opening, is the common door. Mats made of broad grass interwoven or braided, and some times flags form the carpets, and a pile of from two to ten, and sometimes even more, make the bed on which the natives and invited guests sleep. Furniture there is none, the natives all sitting on the ground with their legs crossed beneath them. Their kitchen is outside, and is composed of a heap of stones and ordinarily an iron pot.—Boston Transcript.

Teaching a Calf to Drink.

Many a reader, man as well as boy, will recognize the truthfulness and enjoy the humor of the following description of experience in giving the calf its first lessons of how to drink properly. We take it from the Irish Farmers' Gazette: Those who have had the mournful experience know that there is nothing more trying to the temper than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is a failure for every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk go into the stable, catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner and bid him drink. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail he employs his time in slobbering the corner of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about, and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way, and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "blouice." He believes he will go and stay on the other side of the stable, but doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment, and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs, one on each side of the critter, keeps up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf, and your back is on the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail of milk. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair, and imprecations out of your mouth, and you solemnly declare that you will teach that calf to drink or break his neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glances at you in a stupid fright across the stable. He was not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you. The calf is out of wind, and these were invited by an grace left in your heart. You are astride the calf's neck, and jamming the fingers of one hand into his mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and shove his nose into the pail, fully resolved to strangle him if he doesn't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence for the space of a minute, as the brute's throat and the blockhead, who hasn't drunk a drop, suddenly makes a plunge, knocks the pail over; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt. Not a drop of milk has gone down the brute's throat, and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you with another free ride wherever you want to go. With an affidavit you seize the pail, and hobble out of the pen, fully resolved to let the four-footed fool starve; and thus endeth the first lesson.

His Opposite.

Humiliation has come to the family of Prof. Gansing, the celebrated physiologist. Several days ago, John Gansing, a young man of promise, married a Chinese woman. When the Professor heard of the disgraceful affair, he swore that never again would the worthless fellow find shelter under the paternal roof. Several days afterwards the son came home, bringing his wife with him. Unobserved, they entered the parlor. When the old gentleman entered, not suspecting his son's return, he was shocked by an avalanche of indignation.

"How dare you bring this woman to my house?" he exclaimed. "The young man was astonished, 'Father, I do not understand you,' said he. 'I thought that you would welcome my wife. She doesn't speak very good English at present, but under your teaching, she can overcome the difficulties of our uneven tongue.' 'Welcome your wife with scorn,' the Professor, 'welcome such a thing as she is!'" "Don't be violent in manner. Ying Voo is a gentle creature and your gestures might frighten her." "How on earth can you love such a creature?" said the humiliated father. "Oh, I don't love her."

Too Many Farm Implements.

In the great Northwest, as hitherto in Kansas and Nebraska, the reckless purchase of farm machinery, and the failure to properly take care of it, is frequently noted. The new comers, because he can buy his reaper and other machines on credit, purchases freely, with the confident expectation that good crops will enable him to discharge his obligations; but if the crops are not so good, and he is unable to sell as much as he expected, he frequently gets in a close spot financially. Perhaps he has no building beyond a stable for his horses. Boards are expensive. He leaves his machinery in an open lot, with no cover, exposed to all the changing weather. It often results that he can not pay for his machinery, and, furthermore, it is much damaged sooner or later. So not get to the Western prairies to farm, unless you have enough money to pay for some machinery, and enough money to construct a proper shelter for it, after the season is over. It is an oft recurring and painful sight, as one rides over the prairie, to see these farm implements lying around loose in every direction.—American Agriculturist.

—There was really nothing the matter with the young orator but nervousness; nevertheless, when he opened his speech by saying, "My cello citizens, I am pleased to have the honor of addressing you," his friends led him off the platform, and next morning published a physician's certificate to the effect that he was suffering from an acute attack of "malarial cerebration."—Burdette.

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—Quee. A nearly forty years ago, when staying at Ardverikie, Sir John Ramsden's beautiful place in Inverness-shire, planted a spruce on one of the islands in Loch Laggan. The tree grew and flourished until quite recently, when it began to decay mysteriously, and in the course of time it died. A careful investigation by the forester has revealed the fact that it was killed by the tourists who now infest the historic large, elegant, innocent of whom had cut their initials deep into the bark. The tree had been whittled to death.—London Truth.

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The Boa Dines.

The seventeen-foot African boa constrictor which J. W. Holmes, the proprietor of the Brooklyn Standard Museum, bought from the stock left by Shawman Rilly, who was recently killed by a rattlesnake bite, had one of his eventful days yesterday. He was fed. Ordinary boa constrictors get along comfortably and live a century or more by eating a good sized animal three or four times a year and lying listless the rest of the time. Mr. Holmes has been making this boa a high liver, but he had eaten nothing for about two weeks. Shortly after eating his last meal he had an altercation with a South American anaconda, twelve feet long, who was kept in the case with him, and the anaconda, after a dangerous struggle by Holmes, was taken out dead and without an unbroken bone in his body. The anaconda had also been one of Rilly's snakes, and was worth about \$300.

The boa lay coiled up in one corner of his case yesterday when a fine seventy-five-cent rabbit was shoved in. The rabbit sat down quietly in one corner, and the boa's tongue began to play in and out with lightning rapidity. Then the muscles of the looped body began to move throughout its entire length and the head was pushed slowly toward the prey. The rabbit put its nose out inquisitively toward the boa's head, but as the forked tongue glittered it drew back and jumped to the other end of the cage. The snake moved slowly along as before, its eyes fixed on the rabbit.

"He's looking to get a good hold," said the proprietor. The rabbit, after its momentary fright, seemed unconscious of its danger. It again put its nose out and again jumped to the other end of the cage. The serpent moved its head about for a quarter of an hour, its eyes always fixed on the rabbit, its red tongue darting constantly in and out. At last the rabbit sat motionless in one corner, and the boa lay still for a moment eying it.

"He isn't very hungry, I guess. He acts lazy," said the proprietor. Suddenly the boa's head darted forward. There was a slight squeal from the rabbit. The boa had both the white feet in its mouth, and a coil about the body squeezing tighter and tighter. The rabbit did not squeal again. It couldn't. It kicked a few times, but the reptile held it firmly, and in a minute it was its motionless. The beautiful rabbit lay deformed and dead. The boa took the head in its mouth, and, holding the body in its coils, stretched it out, and then very slowly swallowed it. Afterward it darted its tongue in and out, and moved its head toward the outside of the cage.

"He isn't very hungry, I guess. He acts lazy," said the keeper. "Well, give him one more in an hour. That will last him two weeks."—N. Y. Sun.