A-1 Banaray Byllon

THE INDEPENDENT,

IS ISSUED

Three Months - - - -

SATURDAY MORNINGS,

Douglas County Publishing Company.

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SEEDS! SEEDS! thinking whether it was best to tell her SEEDS!

Drafts on San Francisc

ALL ORDERS

MACHENY & BENG. PORTLAND, OREGON.

-Within the past six months about \$3,000,000 have been invested in purchasing stock ranches in Montana by Eastern capitalists. This money mainly I'll inquire about it to morrow." came from New York City. During a visit and talk among the capitalists, it was found there was great disposition to invest money in Western lands, and especially in the cattle business. - Chi-

wheat, rye, oats and barley.



THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT

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NO. 36.

THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the o'd man, waiting, sat in vigil sad and tender, Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twi-Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician, slowly from the wall and window chased the sunset's golden splendor Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her spirit seemed to hover Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bed-time cares of this.

And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,

Answered "Yes."

Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow:
But the heart was with them living, back among her toils and pleasures
Long ago;

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old summer weather,
"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and
Robert—have they come?" "They are safe," the old man faltered-"all the children are together,

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief grew strong and stronger, Till it choked and stilled him as he held and

For her soul, far out of hearing, could his foudest words no longer Understand. Still the pale lips stammered questions, lull-Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving deeds,
While the midnight round the mourner, left to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow-and the old man listened lonely— Till they led him from the chamber, with the burden on his breast,

For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's early love and only,

"Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah—you will meet the babes before me;
"Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long abide, And you'll come and call me soon, I knowand Heaven will restore me To your side."

It was even so: The spring time, in the step of win er trea ling.

Scarcely shed its orchard-blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes.

And they builed him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding."

In the skies.
-Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

CHESTER HILTON'S WIFE.

It was the close of day in midsum-"I am very sorry, Chester," said the she had a good deal of character." senior partner of the firm of Gardner,

ner He had been expecting a crash face. for two months past. Nevertheless, at heart he felt depressed and anxious. as the tears came into her eyes. "He It was just the season of year when is so proud he couldn't bear to tell me business was at its lowest ebb. Where that he was out of employment. Of and when would be get another situa- course, I shan't speak of going to Ferntion? He had nothing put by to live side again. I'll stay at home and take on during the time he might be out of the best care of baby that I can. I'll employment. His salary had been only | watch her every minute. I'm paying sufficient to pay his family expenses. Ellen large wages. I must let her go The outlook was certainly a dark one. and do the work myself. I wonder if He usually rode home in the horse cars, I could? We can buy our bread, but as he lived at the outskirts of the city, Goldie hates baker's bread. I must where rents were moderate, but that have Ellen show me how she makes FURNITURE. I have the Best stock of FURNITURE or ight a nickel looked as large to him as south of Portland. South of Portland. It was later than usual doing her own work she walked to cers including a Governor a Listrict. a silver dollar. It was later than usual doing her own work, she walked towhen he got home, and, as he drew ward near the gate, a black-eyed baby, with dust. a face illuminated by a sight of "papa," toddled out to meet him. In her haste she would have fallen upon the broken plank over which she picked her way

"What made you so late to-night, Goldie?" she asked. ". aisy and I have been watching for you for ever and ever

so long.' hot that I walked home."

"It has been terribly hot all day," much with the heat. Do you know, 'Goldie' (the pet name she always called | Gardner & Whitbeck's office. him), if it were not for leaving you, I would think seriously of going to Fern-side Springs. Mrs. Hunter says this is such a sickly season for babies, and Goldie, I saw the little white hearse pass the house twice to-day."

"You wouldn't leave me alone, dar- advertisement: ling," he said. "You know I am such a poor stick if left to myself. But perhaps it will be best for you to go."

I would only have to buy two new dresses and some extra things for baby. Board is not very high there, Mrs. Hun-ter tells me. If it were not for baby and the sickly season, I would not think of going. You know, dear Goldie, we the wife, in her culinary enthusiasm, white-robed child tightly up to her bosom. "I am so afraid of losing her,"

After the baby had gone to sleep, the father and mother went out on the porch and sat down in the cool evening air. It was dusk, and the husband put his arm around his wife and drew her so close to his side that she rested her head upon his shoulders. He was of his dismissal. A number of times the words came to his lips, but he as often checked them. No, he could not tell

ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY. Goldie," she said. "You are unusually "You don't feel as well as usual, quiet. Does your head ache?" As she spoke she placed her soft hand upon his forehead and passed it lightly back Promptly attended to and goods shipped and forth. "I'll see if I have magnetic power enough to drive it away," she

said laughingly. "You are a good little wife, darling," said her husband, taking her girlish face in his hands and lifting it up where he could kiss it. "A good little wife." "It will be quite expensive to have us go to I eroside, will it not?" she asked. "Rather expensive," he replied, "but

The month soon passed, and Chester Hilton was out of basiness. No situation had been found, and the outlook eenied darker than ever. So many business houses had reduced their forces. -Eli Perkins says that in France the farmers plant only one stalk of corn in a hill. They hoe the weeds out of their wheat we note and bears of their wheat we note and bears.

But every day he went off at the same hour in the morning and returned the same time in the evening. His wife supposed he was still at his old place, for he had not yet made up his mind to for he had not yet made up his mind to glanced through the long list of gro-

zell her. Surely he would find another place, and then it was time enough to et her know he had left Gardner, Whitoeck & Co.

One morning, a fortnight after his lismissal, Mrs. Hilton had occasion to zo down town, and she stepped into he office to see her husband. As she came into the door, Mr. Gardner looked ap from his ledger and bade her "good

"My husband is out, I suppose," she said, looking toward the empty desk in the corner. "Your husband?" replied Mr. Gard-"He has not been in this morn-

"Not been in?" she exclaimed." "You know, of course, that Chester not in my employ now," said the gentleman. "He has not been with us

this month." A vague anticipation of something wrong filled the wife's heart, but she was reassured by hearing the senior

"We esteem your husband very highly, and were sorry to dispense with his services, but we were obliged to do so on account of the dullness of the season.

"My husband has not told me," she replied. "I respect his motive—he was afraid it would trouble me. If he comes in, please do not say a word ner, as the young wife went out of the

Turning to his partner, he said: "What a pretty wife Chester Hilton has! She is very young, though, not -Whitbeck," he continued, "how strange it is that young men now-adays take so many leaps in the dark as regards matrimony. Why didn't Chester Hilton wait awhile before he got married? It was a foolish venture. "I don't agree with you," replied the junior partner. "I married on six hundred dollars a year, and saved money too.

"D, that was a long time ago, and you got the right kind of a wife to help a man along.

"That's true." he replied, "but I bemer. Chester Hilton was putting on lieve there are a great many right kind his hat, preparatory to leaving the of wives now. You can't tell what office, when his employer asked him stuff women are made of until they are to step to the desk for a few moments. tried. Chester Hilton's wife looks as if While these gentlemen were talking,

Whitbeek & Co., "to be obliged to tell the subject of their conversation was you that we can not afford to keep you walking homeward on the shady side angry and swore that he would not after this month. As you are aware, of the street. A nickel had become as our business has fallen off to such a de- large as a dollar in her eyes, as well gree that we are scarcely making our as in her husband's. In spite of the large sun umbrella and the thin lawn Chester Hilton received this an- dress, she was very warm, and the pernouncement in a cool, collected man- spiration stood in large drops on her

"Poor Goldie," she said to herself, ward home, forgetful of the heat and

had not her tather reached out his arms and told her her mother was ill and officio Territorial Secretary and Treasjust in time to save her. He held her she must go home the following day. urer, and the Marshal ex-officio Surtightly to his breast, and bending down, The next morning Ellen showed her veyor General. There is no danger of

afraid you are working too hard, my esease to it is merely nominal. Visiting dear," she always answered with a adventurers from San Francisco are of "The cars were crowded and it is so merry laugh, "I'm just as happy as I course not included. Business is dull; ot that I walked home." can be doing my own work, and baby the officials smoke their pipes in undis-"It has been terribly hot all day," really helps me every day, she is so turbed tranquillity; and the courts—she replied. "Baby has suffered so good." Not a word had been said by that is, the Commissioners, otherwise either husband or wife about leaving Justices of the Peace-languish in

No. 57 Ralston Avenue."

it. 1 read about it vesterday in the paquartered demonstration.

Early in the afternoon, with a basket

the cashier's drawer and handed Mrs. Hilton the price paid for such cake.

"I'll bring some to-morrow," replied They were pronounced excellent, and, as the days passed by, there was such a demand for Mrs. Hilton's cookery that she was obliged to get Ellen back again. "I really can not get along alone,"

"Of course you need her," replied

she said, "and Ellen is so good."

her husband. When the second month was passed, Chester Hilton had only a little money in his pocket. The month's bills were coming in. It was the first time that he had ever had to humiliate himself by asking the "butcher and the baker and candlestick maker" to wait for their pay. His wife had kept the grocery book hidden, because it was her stock in tigde, and there had been a larger bill than ever entered against her has-

or an instant-was his wife so very exravagant, when doing her own work?" But when he got to the bottom of the page and saw the word "Paid," writen across it, he said in a tone of sur-

"Who is paying my bills?" "Nobody but your own little wife, Goldie, dear," she said, putting her arms around his neck. "You know you kept a secret from me, and so I

cept one from you." Then followed such a burst of eloquence as only a husband in the same situation can appreciate.

"I know, Goldie, you have a theory against money-earning wives, but just this once you know you must change your opinion. It was so much better than having bills carried over." "You precious darling," he said,

"But you won't have any more of your husband's bills to pay, because I have just been engaged by 'Hunt & Slocum,' to begin work there to-morrow at a higher salary than I ever had before." -Mrs. Susan F. Perry, in Chicago In-

Both Went Back.

Several years ago, there lived in Dardanelle, Arkansaw, an eccentric hotel keeper known as-well, say Ungle John. He was violently opposed to the title of governor, declaring that he once knew about my having having been here."
"Certainly not," replied Mr. Gardof a gang of thieves whose pass-word was governor; and on many occasion guests who thoughtlessly gave him the title, were driven from the house. Commercial travelers "put up" at his hotel. Those who were acquainted with his more than twenty-one, I should judge peculiarities took great delight in assuring drummers who had never be-fore visit I the town, that by calling the old man governor, special attention would be paid. One day Harry Collins, a young drummer for a New York house, decided to visit Dardanelle. "By all means stop with Uncle John

> call him governor and he will nearly ordered me out. I told him I would kill himself waiting on you." get square—and I did." "When Collins arrived he was received with a welcome that was delightful to contemplate, and during the

Pash," said a companion. "He is the

course of affable conversation, Collins "By the way, governor, how are --" and he knew that the title was intended

stand such abuse. "Come out here," said the old man. Collins followed and was conducted to the bank of the river, not far away. "Now," exclaimed the old man, drawing a revolver, "we'll settle this thing. "Two of us came down here.

Only one of us will go back." The drummer took out a pistol, half as long as his arm, and remarked: "I'm going back," "Well," said the old man, returning

circumstances we'd both better go back."-Arkansaw Traveler.

his own pistol, and eying the one held

by Collins, "I reckon that under the

A California View of Alaska.

Alaska is an anomalous Territory.

cers, including a Governor, a District Judge, a District Attorney, a Marshal, a Clerk of the Court and four Commis-She did not have to give Ellen warn- sioners stationed at different points. ing; the event, as events in our lives | They have not much to do; but to give often are, was ordered before she got some of them a little additional employhome. Ellen's sister had been there ment the Clerk of the Court is exkissed the baby face and whispered:
"Papa's little darling." A girlish figure stood at the open gate, and as he passed through lifted up her fresh, young happy face to be kissed, too.

The next morning Elien showed her veyor Gederal. There is no danger of their method their exerting themselves in the discharge of their multifarious duties to the injury of their health. Alaska possessed through lifted up her fresh, which he said were even better than young happy face to be kissed, too.

Ellen's. A month passed by, and whenever her | population does not exceed two thoushusband said, as he often did, "I'm and in number, and the annual inennui for lack of occasionl excitement One morning, after "Goldie" had in the shape of some petty cause of litlooked over the advertisements in the igation. A Legislature is of no earthly column of "Wanted" in the morning requirement in Alaska, as averred by paper, and had put it down with a sort of hopeless look upon his face, his wife officials, the Alaska Fur Company being took it up and her eye fell upon this fully competent to transact its business without the impertinent interference of "Wanted - First-class home-made such. The Postmaster at Sitka apcakes and pies, also bread and rolls, at | pears to be the most important personage in that pleasant region. He does "It's the Woman's Exchange," she not receive much pay for his labors, said to herself. "They've just opened such as they are, but he manages to live as well as the best of them with per. I'm going to try it, I know commissions of a higher grade: Gov-I can do it," and the lit- ernor Kinkead was Postmaster at Sitka in 1867 at a salary of twelve dollars a couldn't live without baby." As the hugged the baby so hard that the little year. Whether or not he saved the mother spoke, she hugged the little, one protested loudly against such close | whole, or even fifty per cent. of it, is a matter which concerns only himself. But he is now the Governor of the Teron one arm and the baby on the other, she took the horse-cars for 57 Ralston leap from the Postmastership to the Avenue.

"Very nice cake," said the lady who waited on her. "We will take the three loaves." As she spoke she opened

Governorship. Can he or any other of Alaska's National officials higher ascend? They have the audacious examples and the decisive success of Orthree loaves." As she spoke she opened

Governorship. Can he or any other of youngster in the tree. The old gentleman forgot the iniquity of their act and ran to the barn, took the rope out of his hay-fork and went to the tree at a specific recommendation. Governorship. Can he or any other of egon and Nevada before them, and two two-forty gait. The question was: United States Senatorships are worth struggling for. Still a white popula After considerable cogitation the lad struggling for. Still a white popula-

> ture. - San Francisco Bulletin. -The leper quarter of Jerusalem is just outside of Zion Gate. We first saw woman without any nose, who was hanging clothes upon a line in her back vard. Going a little farther we came upon sights that beggar description. Stumps of arms were held up to us, hands from which fingers were dropping away, faces wrapped about with cloths to keep the parts together. Mute appeals for charity gurgled through throats without palates. - Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

-The cable car system is to be used

on the streets of Pittsburgh. - Pittsburgh

-The absurd office of King's cock-

A Case of Like Cures Like.

An old bachelor friend of mine who

lives up town has had a dreadful experience lately.

"Remark these sunken eyes," said he with a wan smile, "see this wasted visage, that flattened cheek, and this come to us. Let the n ght-lamp, therepinched nose. It's all on account of a fore, be trimmed and burning, and the neighbor who has got into the habit of alum where we can lay hold on it at giving summer night next on the limitless exgiving summer-night parties. But I've any time. But, above all, we should panse of the universe through the chancured her, I reckon," and he chuckled make ourselves conversant with those "Summer-night parties?" I echoed, iterrogatively.

"Yes: Mrs. Blank, who lives not a social contact with the child. A lives and there is another channel through the mouth, which communicates with the lungs, and these two channels unite in a little cavity just besavagely. "Yes; Mrs. Blank, who lives next door to mine, is a votary of fashion in a small way. But as her husband isn't wealthy enough to south the contact with the child. A low the Velum pendulum palati, or, as the doctors sometimes call it, the soft palate, which is attached by one end to interrogatively. wealthy enough to send her to Saratoga, she conceived the idea of making the cultivated parent and distinguishing him or her from the vulgar, this bone is bounded in front and at the things lively in town for a while by getting up ice-cream evening parties. Ice-

cream, as everybody knows, means girls, and girls mean flirtation and music, and pandemonium generally. The racket began some three weeks ago. I smoke a pipe and read or chat till bedtime, and generally go to sleep by 10:30. Well, sir, just as I would be off in the first blissful doze, there would come a tremendous racket. All of a sudden, bang! bang! would go the cheap hired piano, and some wretch who makes believe to sing tenor, or possibly a fiend in a clawhammer coat who professes to sing bass, but only succeeds in emitting a hideous series of grunts and roars, would begin the circus. The windows being open, every one on the block was treated to the infliction of a free concert. In one short week I heard the score of a dozen prime operas murdered, a raft of solos torn to shreds, and Heaven knows how many arias from the best composers rendered in a way that would make angels weep. I lost my sleep on an average of three nights a week."

"Not much. I went to Mr. Blank and told him that unless he called his wife off I was a dead man. He laughed best feeder in the country; and-say, at me; then he swore and then he

"I went down town the next morning and bought of a dog fancier a canine that was warranted to how enough to turn the edge of a razor. Oh, he was a beauty! His teeth were set The old fellow became furious. He back as far as his ears, and when he lay had been teased several times that day, back, set up his snout and howled, you could hear him to Harlem. I chained him in the back yard, and that night there was a concert. He took his feed quietly, and I thought he was really going to sleep, but he was only saving himself for a good time later on. About 10:15, sure enough; bang! bang! pumpetty! whack! thump! squirr! rickety! rack! br—r—r—rip! went the piano, and out on the night floated the strains of a wheezy soprano in

Some day-a-some-day-a-Some day I-a-shall-a-meet you, when my dog caught on. He thought it was a duet, and he did his part of the business right up to the handle. Every time the singer caught breath that dog gave a series of yelps and howls that made the windows rattle and my soles tingle. He really spoiled the effect of the song, I think, for a moment later the music stopped and somebody flung a boot, or something that scunded like it, into my back-yard. But that made him howl the louder. He got well into the kennel and lay down with his head a little on one side, nice and easy like, and there he howled so lusti-

ly that I felt I had got him cheap at the "We'l, he kept it up for three nights. Then old man Blank came round to my house and said he guessed there wouldn't be any more parties this summer as his wife had concluded to go to the country for a spell, and if I would call off my dog he would call off Mrs. Blank. So we called it square and now I get my night's rest. But another week of it would have made a total wreck of every soul in the block."-N.

Stealing Eagles. A farmer named Peter Gow, in Dunwich, is in possession of several young eagles, whose eyrie is in a tall tree on his farm. Several boys in Dutton have had a hankering for these eagles for some time, but Mr. Gow said he would not part with them at any price. The boys were determined that he should, and one night this week they appeared at the foot of the tree with pikes attached to their legs, after the mode of the telegraph erectors, and a stout strap to buckle around the tree to assist in climbing. The boldest boy in the crowd climbed the tree, and when about sixty feet from the ground, just under the eagle's nest, his strap dropped and lodged where it could not be got. He was in a predicament. He could not get down without assistance, which the boys could not give. Various plans were suggested, but to no purpose. So towards morning, when the boy in the tree got tired of hanging on and was about to drop, they went to Mr. Gow's house and besought him to come out with a rope and help save the life of the "Can you make good cookies and ginger-snaps? There is such a demand for them that we can't half supply our custements and ginger-snaps? There is such a demand for upon which to found so great a structure was seen tearing them that we can't half supply our custements. The shirt not being sufficient his pants were next made into strips and tied to-gether. They reached the ground; the rope was attached to it and drawn up, and down came the lad from his precarious position as naked as when he was born. Mr. Gow provided the youngster with a pair of pants and a horse blanket to keep the musquitoes from eating him up on the way home through the swamp. These boys think stealing eagles a poor spec .- Toronto News.

> -She looked just a bit anxious as she appeared on the wharf at the foot of Woodward avenue yesterday and asked:
> "Anybody jumped in here to day?"
> "No, ma'am." "Will you please do
> me a favor?" "Yes'm." "My husband crower was continued so late as the crower," crowed the hour every night | don't want him to. I can't stay here

The Duties of Parents.

We should so live that when the summons comes to be a parent it will find us prepared. Like a thief in the night, the snide, the plebeian, the canailles (as we say in France), the James Crow and gums; behind it is continuous with the the sans culottes parent, might not be soft palate, or, as it is commonly called, ill-timed or inopportune

In wiping a child's nose be extremely of the mouth, which is covered by a careful to leave the nose. Some parents dense structure formed by the periosuse so much unnecessary strength in teum and mucus membrane of the doing this that they find when it is mouth, is sometimes called the hard too late that they have wiped the nose palate. Well, now, one end of the soft of a pet child into space. Nothing palate—if I may be allowed to use the gives more needless pain. Nothing can professional name—is fast to the hard be more pitiful than the child's first palate. The other end hangs out in look of sorrow and disappointment when infinite space, like the leg of an old lady he starts to wipe his nose and discovers | backing out of a carriage, wildly feeling that it is gone. Pause, fond parent, for the ground with one foot. This while the wipe is in its incipiency, and loose end of the soft palate is lightly resolve that you will spare his nose. It and easily moved by the air as your can be of no use to you, and the loss of mortal breath breezes itself along the it will be a constant source of annoyance avenue to and from the lungs. The

Teach your child the teauty of frank-ness and open candor toward all. Im-fessionally, like Prof. Sullivan, the press upon h m the beauty of being great slugger. what you appear to le, and hate de-

constitution and bring on delirium far from any human habitation, and no watch ng all night for him. He wil Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle. look upon you with distrust, and no doubt at last tell you to go and soak

weed"-and finally make him think he is a giraffe. If you keep it up you will bill of face. It was given him. finally make a round-shouldered, awkgood-looking boy. If every tail boy in this country will agree to lick every wooden headed man who tells him who tells him ively, "gimme two fried eggs, turned "how he does grow," I will agree to over." ho'd the coat of said tall boy. I am now dealing with a subject on which I happen to be informed. The same rule amazement mingled wit applies to girls as well. If you want to solemn man continued: make your daughter fall over the piano sees anyone come toward the house, tell her "what a great swalloping tom boy she is getting to be." In this way, if parents act judiciously and in concert, we can soon have a nation of young men and women whose manners and carriage will be as beautiful and as symmetrical as the plaster cast of a sore toe .- Bill Nye, in Denver Opinion.

Uncer ainty of the Law. Here is another instance of the glorious uncertainty of the law. The case of the father who caught diphtheria from sucking a tube to d aw out the "diphtherian matter" in his child's throat and brought an action again t the doctors in consequence, has already been twice tried-the first trial ending in a disagreement, the second in a ver dict for the doctors. A divisional court, yesterday, ordered a third trial, which, just to complete the fitness of the thing, will no doubt end in a verdict for the father. We will refrain, however, from pre udicing the legal aspect of the case. and will content ourselves with pointing out that a very interesting question of ethics was involved in the argument yesterday. Lord Coleridge had assumed that the paternal instinct would have made the father suck the tub: in any case, and did not think, therefore, that his not having been warned of the danger made any d'fference. But the judges decided yesterday that the father ought to have been told of the dan ger and thus to have "had the alternative presented to him whether he would suck the tube or not." And this is fice of it was not d ctated by the renson?-Pall Mall Gazette.

A Japanese Monument.

The growth of modern ideas in Japan has been significantly indicated of late in the erection by a Japanese land-own er of an imposing monument to C. D. Richardson, an Englishman, who died in 1863 during the fierce struggle possible to call in the aid of specific against the outside Nations. Mr. Richardson was hacked to death by the guards of a Japanese nobleman, and ed. The affair was one of the causes but remain floating upon the surface, of the bombardment of Kagosheema by a British squadron, in which 1,500 Japan and it is from these last that the most ese were killed and wounded and \$5,000. vigorous plants must come. It is a most important thing in successful crop Then indirectly also the murder led to growing to have seed of uniform grow-the suppression of feudalism in Japan ing, and the great loss in grain producthrough the agitation which followed, reign of George I. During Lent an officer denominated the "King's Cock-crower," crowed the hour every night don't want him to. I can't stay here within the precincts of the palace, in-stead of pronouncing it in the usual eursion. In case he comes won't you where he fell, and is inscribed with be chanced upon, it is not beyond the please discourage him. He's very easy discouraged, and I can go on my trip and feel like enjoying myself." The man promised, and she went away in the man promised, and she went away in the best of spirits.—Detroit Free Press.

Where he left, and is inscribed with the shades in the left, and is inscribed with the shades in the left, and is inscribed with the bounds of reason to suppose that better crops can be raised in the Unnited States than in Egypt and India with the rude, barbaric ways and implements of the centuries.—Cleveland Herald.

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Easy Lessons in Science.

When you lie down to sleep you have your choice of doing either one of two things-you can sleep like a Christian or a tiend; but you can't do both. In the case of a Christian the act of breathing the Velum pendulum palati. This roof lungs, my dear child, are your breath-

Now, when a sleeping Christian cept on everywhere. It you will fondle breathes, he breathes through his nose him and dote on h m in society and alone. When the air passes through erk h m aldheaded in the seclusion of the nose it gently presses the swaying the home circle, he will readily under-stand what you mean. Children soon The vibration is greatly impeded, if not learn that if you hug their Ittle giz-zards fat while visitors are about, and duced. But if you hold your mouth then, when the home life is again re- wide open while you sleep, so that the su ned, you throw them down cellar two currents of air pass in and out and wear out a table leg on their chub- through the nose and the mouth, the by limbs, that I fe is real, life is earnest, soft palate is right in the path of a and the squa e-toed, open, frank pol cy respiratory cyclone, it is thrown into a state of violent vibratory commotion, it Pa ents should impress upon the'r flaps and flutters about like a robe de children the beauty of self-sacrifice and | nuit on the clothesline on a raw and self-abnegation. if they know what that | gusty day in March, and you snore like is I don't. If the e should be but one a policeman. According to the rapidity piece of pie, give it to "poo sick or slowness of the vibrations, the snore is papa." It may kill him, and after the shrill and sonorous or profoundly deep tune al your young life will be one pro- and guttural. So, if you snore, or longed hallelu ah and rose t nted think you do, you know now how you can easily prevent it. Put a base ball Parents should not be costantly sus in your mouth when you lie down; or pic ous of their children. This will in | you can sit up all night and keep awake; evitably breed hypoc isy and unreliabil | or you can fasten your mouth shut with ity If you fear that your son is play- screws and thongs of leather; or, you ing pin-pool, do not break down your may sleep out on the pathless prairie, tremens hang ng around the pool tables one will care how much you snore .-

The Talking Dog.

It was a Market street restaurant. A Do not constantly tell your boy "how a like a solemn man entered, followed by his solemn man entered, followed by his dog, seated himself and asked for the

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon ward, bashful bean-pole out of a mighty | the chair on the other side of the table,

> "Gimme the same," said the dog. The waiter gazed at the dog with amazement mingled with horror. The

"Then I guess you can give me a sirand yearn to climb a tree whenever she loin steak, very rare, with fried pota-"Gimme the same," said the dog.

The waiter's face assumed the color

of cold boiled veal. "Cup o' coffee, plenty o' milk," went on the solemn man. "Gimme the same," said the dog. The waiter shuddered, and turning,

fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint, at an adjoining table, was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man: "It must 'a' been a fearful lot o' work

to learn that dog to talk, mister."
"It was," said the solemn man. "I should smile," said the dog. "What 'nd you take for him now," said the man with a squint. "Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn

"You'd better not," said the dog. "The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached a thousand dollars, the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, I can't refuse that. I hate to part with him, but you can "He'll be sorry for it," said the dog. The man with a squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the

solemn man. The latter was about leaving when the dog cried again: "Never mind-I'll get even. I'll never speak again ' He never did.

The gentleman with a squint was the proprietor of a dime and freak museum on Market street. The solemn man was a ventriloquial crook. - San Francisco Argonaut.

Vigorous Seed Corn.

It has been noticed by every farmer that corn when planted exhibits all degrees of vigor in growth, even upon soil that cannot possibly be unlike in fertility. It has been suggested that such vigor is attributable to seed itself, and that if certain precautions are taken, seed of uniform vigor may be more closely approximated to size, or weight will not etermine this, but it might be gravity, and thus discriminate between light and dense seed. If seed of any kind is put in brine it will be found that his companions were cruelly maltreat- a greater or less quantity will not sink, tion results from this very cause. With improved machinery, rotation of crops, better understood methods of fertilization and cultivation, if a way of obtain-