-BY-J. R. N. BELL, - - Proprieto

Three Months - - - -These are the terms of those paying in advance. The Review offers fine inducements to advertisers. Term

€ J. JASKULEK PRACTICAL

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

Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

AND A PULL LINE OF Cigars, Tobacco & Fancy Goods The only reliable Optomer in town for the proper adjustment of Spectacles; always on hand. Depot of the Genuine Brazilian Pebble Spec tacles and Eyeglasses. OFFICE-First Door South of Postoffice,

LANGENBERG'S **Boot and Shoe Store**

ROSEBURG, OREGON.

ROSEBURG, OREGON. On Jackson Street, Opposite the Post Office, Eastern and San Francisco Boots and Shoes, Galters, 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 Warran 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.

HUBBARD CDEEN WILLS PUEEV MILLO

CLARK & BAKER, Props.

Having purchased the above named mills of E.Stephens & Co., we are now prepared to fur-nish any amount of the best quality of

LUMBER

ever offered to the public in Douglas county. We will furnish at the mill at the following

CLARK & BAKER. L. F. LANE.

LANE & LANE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Main street, opposite Cosmopolitan

CHARLEY HADLEY'S BARBER SHOP Next Door Live Oak Saloon.

Sharing and Hair Cutting in a Workmanlike ROSEBURG, OREGON.

JOHN FRASER, Home Made Furniture,

WILBUR, OREGON. UPHOLSTERY, SPRING MATTRESSES, ETC.

FURNITURE. STOCK OF FURNITURE South of Portland. And all of my own manufacture

No Two Prices to Customers. Residents of Douglas County are requested to give m call before purchasing elsewhere. ALL WORK WARRANTED.

DEPOT HOTEL Oakland, Oregon.

RICHARD THOMAS, Proprietor.

This Hotel has been established for a num ber of years, and has become very pop-ular with the traveling public. FIRST-CLASS SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS

Table supplied with the Best the Market affords Hotel at the Depot of the Railroad.

H. C. STANTON,

Staple Dry Goods,

Extra Fine Groceries. WOOD, WILLOW AND GLASSWARE,

CROCKERY AND CORDAGE.

A full stock of

SCHOOL BOOKS, Such as required by the Public County Schools. All kinds of Stationery, Toys and Fancy Articles.

TO SUIT BOTH YOUNG AND OLD. Buys and Sells Legal Tenders, furnishes Cheeks on Portland, and procures Drafts on San Francisco.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!

ALL KINDS OF THE BEST QUALITY.

ALL ORDERS Promptly attended to and goods shipped

> HACHENY & BENO, PORTLAND, OREGON.

PRETTY PIPPA.

north, where the valley narrowed into a gorge with steep precipitous sides, and the brighter the light the darker resist. Tonino had his arm round her. forming a natural roadway out into the the shadow it throws.

enterprising of the villagers drove their mules once or twice a year over this pass-a day and a half journey-to the oig town of Monte Caetano, to sell the fruits of their industry; but the journey took time and money, and both were too valuable to be spent on the road

But with the energy and enterprise change. There was much talk of the inconvenience of not being able to get large and important town, but its size and importance would both be much increased if a free communication could be opened with the northern railways.

The inhabitants of Santa Chiara were startled one day by the arrival of engineers, but they were destined to be yet more astonished. In a few weeks the village was over-run with workmen, the valley resounded with the blasting of rocks, and they understood that a great tunnel was to be made through their mountain.

The work turned out less difficult than was at first anticipated. The tunnel had not far to go in unbroken solid mountain, but emerged occasionally into deep, narrow fissures, from Rei!" said Gianna, bitterly. thence making a fresh start into the

bowels of the earth. The work was finished at last, and an engine decorated triumphantly with flags passed the whole way down the line to Monte Caetano, bearing upon it the engineers, foremen, and chief workmen, and one or two gentlemen whose united money and exertions had carried the great work through. They were received at the new station at Monte Caetano with enthusiasm, were presented with handsome testimonials, and made to

It was one hot, sunny Sunday evening in Santa Chiara, about a week him in all his journeys. after the opening of the great tunnel. Vespers were over, the bell had not yet said Pippa, trying to laugh. rung for benediction, and all the inconsisted of a piazza or square, round which stood the princ pal houses, and out of which a few irregularly built, straggling streets stretched up the s des of the hill. The church stood at the head of the piazza, in the midst of the church-yard. The low wall all dull, very monotonous. round it was a favorite seat of the villagers, where they lounged away many an idle hour. In the angle of the wall stood a large, shady, chestnut tree. diction.'

betrothed G anni (called the Bellino on thed on his face.

account of hs sky-blue eyes) was there, sitting on the wall, and it was so amusing to make him jealous, the foolish fellow. On the other side, sitting on the wall, and it was so said a croaking voice close beside him. "So the little traitress plays thee also false. I knew how it would be. Such Who knows?" on the grass with his large dark eyes fixed on her, and an indescribable, are all bad, and the best of them are dainty grace in the pose of his light ac- those who wear the mask longest." tive figure, sat Tonino Zei, one of the subordinates of the engineers, one of mo," said Ganna, trying to laugh. this time, and -" the flood of newcomers whom the great tunnel had brought beyond the moun- wedding day is fixed." tains to d sturb the peace of Santa

Chiara, . Tonine had not been long in the village. Only three weeks ago he had them?" he cried impatiently. "Ah, ha! as fast as her feet could carry her. come to replace a Piedmontese who Gianni, though women are false, men had finished all the skilled work and are fools. You should hold them tight, said one man to another. Would



ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1885.

NO. 46.

pronounced him a young fellow of thus? Women will always be false, and much promise. thus? Women will always be fools!" and old Gia-

heart that he sold his patrimony, bought an organ and a monkey, and went away over the mountains, and

never came back again. over the sea, and every comfort thought the little quiver was one of that the heart of a little mountain happiness. contadina could desire. When Pippa should be his wife he meant to drive her there in state, in his big voiturier Every night I must go through the tuncarriage, and he would establish her nel to see that all is well. This will be began to reel, her eyes throbbed and backward and forward on the road, would look out as he passed to see her standing smiling at the door. The vision was only too sweet. The big

But there is no rose without a thorn,

Tonino arrived with the polish of city So the valley and village were in a life in his manners. and the chic of a when there came a sudden shout that in time? cul-de-sac, and to this reason the peas- city tailor in the cut of his clothes, and ants attributed a great deal of their he began to make love to Pippa as no one had ever made love to her before. He paid her honeyed compliments, he In remote, far-away times a narrow threw an air of tender, rapt admiration road had been made over the moun- into the adoring gaze of his dark eye, tains toward the south, and the more he offered her the commonest flower

"It is too large!" she cried, pettishly, rejecting her betrothed's great posy of roses; and he had the mortification of seeing her fix Tonino's insignificant carnation into her bodice instead. Gianni flung away his roses fiercely,

and Pippa was so busy talking to of the nineteenth century came a Tonino that not until her foot trod on it did she perceive that he had done so. "Now that the tunnel is done and to Monte Caetano easily. It was a the way open, you will be leaving us." she said, softly, leaning against the chestnut tree and playing with the fading

> Tonino answered with the soft caressing sound in his voice that expressed more devotion than the words he ut-

"And if I were to be called away, Italian. would there be one heart in Santa Chiara to mourn me; one eye to shed tears over my departure?'

"Can you doubt?" said Pippa. 'Friends are not so easily forgotten." "A fig for friendship!" cried Tonino, fully. with a snap of his fingers so loud that

"That is a strange sentiment, Signor Tonino only stared at him, then turn-

ing toward Pippa he rose to his feet and approached her. "Ah, dear Pippa," he said, "will you keep the secret if I tell you some news that I received this morning?"

"Do not whisper," said Pippa, un-easily. "Gianna does not like it." "Ah, bah! he does not care! Look

Pippa turned her head and looked. Sore, mortified and angry, Gianna was feigning an indifference he did not feel. feel themselves real heroes and public He sat with a stolid look on his broad, the little Spitz dog which accompanied

"I see, it is true he does not care," "Then grant me that which I ask," habitants of the little village were said Ton no, coaxingly. "Walk with softened his heart; he will forgive me. strolling about the vineyards or sit- me up the mountain among the vine- Though Tonino is going to stay here, ting in the churchyard. The village yards. You can not refuse one who it will not matter, for I shall be the one

is bleeding at the very idea." more demonstrative. It was tiresome to see him m'serable; she wanted to see

She stood upright and said lightly: "Let us go to the vineyards. We shall have time for a short walk before bene-

Pippa Novatelli, the prettiest girl in the Pippa spoke with her face toward lage

"Croaking as usual, Father Giaco-"She has not thrown me over. Our

"But it has not dawned yet. Via!" cried the old man, throwing out both her heart. She uttered a shrill little cr passed on to new labors elsewhere.
Tonino was a beginner as yet, but he was quite capable of carrying on his predecessor's work, and his superiors Bah! why should I incommode myself went off in search of the priest.

Tonino had lost his heart. From the moment that Pippa passed him, the day after his arrival, in her dark gown, with a searlet handkerchief knotted round her curly black hair, with her brown skin and red lips, and the wondard seefful dark eyes which flashed on him as she turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder with a glange of the brown skin and red looked at him over her shoulder with a glange of the lost flashed on land the mouth of the tunned her mouth of the tunned her mouth of the tunned of Gianni and his br de.

The college which has the largest riage, and Pippa's dark curly hair and ber destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked from the flashed of lunwillingly enough. Meanwhile Pippa r

Tonino bent lower over Pippa and clung.

there, and as he drove his travelers necessary for long months, till we see ached with the strain to see where

Pippa was too much astonished to and now he bent forward and kissed and the distance between them seemed her once, twice, before she could speak, to be diminishing. Would she arrive sounded more like the roar of a wild beast than a human vo'ce, and Gianni threw h'mself between them, his eyes flashing, his face convulsed with rage. Pippa was terrified, and in her terror

one of the two would be killed. She did not sound like her own: "Fly, Tonino, fly! He will kill you. We sha!l all be lost. Fly! fly!" Tonino was not brave, he turned

and went, gliding away among the vines with his head turned back over Gianni with a look of intense hatred. "He has gone," cried Pippa, sink- The train was coming. ing on her knees, but still clinging to her betrothed. "Thank heaven, he

"You have saved your lover this once." said Gianni between his teeth. "But opportunities do not lack." "You would kill him," cried Pippa

"Had he a hundred lives, I would take them all!" and Gianni ground his teeth with the ferocity of a jealous "But why should you kill him?" cried Pippa, bursting into tears. "He "Tell that to whoever is fool enough

to believe you," said Gianni, scorn-"Oh, Gianni, are we not betrothed?" "That also is a thing of the past. Old G acomo is right-all women are

Gianni strode away and left her. Pippa stood looking after him. "Giacomo is right in everything," she said to herself through her tears. "And all men are fools. Oh, Gianni! Gi-

But whether he heard her piteous little cry or not he did not turn, and Pippa sat down under the vine leaves and sobbed as if her heart would

The sun went down, the church bell rang, the people poured into the last service, and still Pippa sat sobbing. comely face, playing with the ears of Then she heard the voices of the congregation as they once more came out of church.

"Gianni is a good man," she said to herself. "He never misses Benediction. The holy service will have may leave you so soon, and whose heart to go. Gianni and I will be married at on e, and we will go away in his big P.ppa thought that Gianni should be carr ag : to Sestri. After all, we may be very happy yet. I won't put off the wedding any more, it shall be at once. him angry. This betrothal was very I am sure that Gianni will see when he looks at me that I mean to be good

> Pippa had no tears left to shed; she dred her eyes and pu hed back her curly hair, and walked down to the vil-

village, leaned against its trunk, with Gianni, so that he must hear; and, half The people were all clustered togeth- may yet be living." her little brown hands demurely thinking that she spoke to him, he er in the piazza, but she saw neither leaped to his feet, and the light G anni nor Tonino among them, and out of the mouth of the tunnel appeared

heart! Look there! The little viper!"

Pippa was look ug her best, for her betrothed Ganni (called the Bellino on the betrothed the betrothed

"Gianni had an old look on his face. The ev I eye has crossed him, perhap: faltered Gianni.

"But where is he?" she faltered. "It is very strange," said Giacomo but he also took the way of the tinnel. He also must be some way in by

But Pappa waited to hear no more. A horrible dread had seized upon her; a terror cold as a hand of ice laid upo

In a few minutes quite a crowd had to Monte Caetano to see the departure RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL, gathered round the mouth of the tun-

as she turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder with a glance of mischievous pleasure in his too-evident admiration.

Pippa had many lovers. Old Pietro, with his farm, and the well-known hoard of money in his big gilt cassone. Young Ceceho, who possessed nothing but strong arms and wistful eyes. Baldovinetto, called il Zoppo, and Lonzo, who had so taken her refusal to heard that he sold his partimony.

Touino bent lower over Pippa and looked at him over her shoulder with a glance of a short, bitter exclamation of almost is savage disgust with himself because he could not resist the temptation to folloged to move slowly, for several obliged to move slowly, for several against one of the sleepers and nearly fell. Oh, how pitch dark it was, and how cold! She gasped for breath. Now her hands rapidly passing along the wall away he muttered a short, bitter exclamation of almost. It was quite dark now. Pippa guiding the wall; she was obliged to move slowly, for several against one of the sleepers and nearly fell. Oh, how pitch dark it was, and how cold! She gasped for breath. Now her hands rapidly passing along the wall away he muttered away along the road through merry adams the processor. But as short, bitter exclamation of almost. It was quite dark now. Pippa guiding the wall; she was obliged to move slowly, for several against one of the sleepers and nearly fell. Oh, how pitch dark it was, and how cold! She gasped for breath. Now her hands rapidly passing along the wall away he muttered away he mettered: "All the same, all women are false."

Touino bent lower over Pippa and clumps the processor. Work not resident to form the barbarous perstions.

Baldovinetto, called il Zoppo, and the well-known hoad of dust, the little beil on the harness jingly a harmoniously. Were out, of sight, then as he turned away he metred away he metred against one of the sleepers and nearly fell. Oh, how pitch dark it was, and how cold!

Should far how pitch dark now. Pippa guiding the wall; she was come the provided in Alcuin

haps I am not going away from Santa slackening her steps. All was deadly snarl. But after a weary courtship of alternate hopes and despairs, waverings, at last Pippa agreed to marry Gianni il Bellino, and he thought himself the happiest of men. He was a vetturino on the great Corniche road, and he prepared a sunny little home for his bride near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. A house at the end of a near Sestri. All was deadly still—she could hear her own panting blacks. She balack. Now a sort of pale color betolk. Now a sort of pale color betolk. Now a sort of pale color betolk. Now a sort of pale color betolk the had held held the had held held the had not thought that he was going away, now at once, through the blackness, and a warmer breath of air; she could hear her own panting to look. The had held the standard making the cried, "And all long avenue of acacia trees, with a "Not going away!" she said, with a courage, plunged on again into deeper vineyard of its own, a loggia looking little quiver in her voice. Tonino night than before.

Pippa could feel the darkness, the cold, breathless atmosphere; she was getting into the longest, most unbroken

She gasped for breath, her brain

Then suddenly, quite suddenly it seemed to her, in the far distance she ded carelessly. "How fast w A Tragedy Which Came Near

Happening in a Tunnel.

Timbedded in a deep Italian valley lay the village of Santa Chiara. Mountains surrounded it on all sides except on the north, where the valley narrowed into following the lantern, in pursuit of it.

> She had grown accustomed to the sleepers now and knew mechanically when to expect them as she ran. She

was getting nearer and nearer. Suddenly she saw the lantern stop; she could think of nothing save that there was a sound that made Pippa pause to listen with the terro; of a with an air of devotion which threw herself upon Gianni, clinging hunted animal. A rush of footsteps, a with all her weight, bind of short a ground of a death When it was again opened, however, it into the shade Gianni's far larger round his arms with all her weight, kind of shout, a sound of a death while she cried with a hoarse voice that struggle. Pippa bounded forward with a cry, the guiding light disappeared. she heard the crash as the lantern fell, and all was total darkness.

Suddenly rang out a sound that filled the whole tunnel-a wild, unearthly whistle, a distant roar approaching his shoulder, and his eyes glaring at nearer and nearer. Pippa shrank back, erouched, pressed against the wall.

She heard a cry from the fighters: "Back, back! let go! The train comes! Maria Santissima!

"Never, never! Go, then, to thy The roar increased louder and louder; with a terrific noise the train rushed past; a cold air filled the place, a sudden dense sensation of suffocation. What sound was that? A kind of sickening crash, as if something had been crushed out of all human recognition under those awful wheels. Then came a dead, awful silence. No one spoke; no one seemed to breathe. Then Pippa turned and crept back the way she had come, conscious of noth-

ing but a frantic desire to get back to the air, to God's light again. Round the mouth of the tunnel the crowd of villagers had assembled, but no one went in. They stood waiting uneasily, wondering what was happening. They had seen the train go by, and kept on saying to each other that it must be all right.

Presently out of the darkness crept forth a figure they hardly recognized as the beautiful Pippa. Her hands stretched out blindly before her, her ves wide open and unseeing, her lips

"But what is it, Pippa! Santa Aposoli! what has happened?" But she answered nothing; only

Another! The crowd separated in a kind of terror, for out of the darkness

breathe, to get air. made way for the Priore, who was has-tening forward, followed by old Mariuce a. Gianni reeled forward as if railroads to carry the birds, and as he were drunken. "An accident, many as 30,000 have been known to be Father," he gasped--"a horrible accident, the wheels! the—the—" carried away to be flown the same day.

The most prominent fancier in this

"Give him water," said the priest, quickly, "and fetch lanterns. Quick, quick, lose no time, the unhappy man

but all was not over vet. Once more "Aha! it is true that Pippa has beauty," said old Mariuccia to another faded away at the sound of her coquet-

head to foot. They had to throw water over her several times, and for a long time in vain.

Intersection this city to New York.

One characteristic of the homing p geons is that they will alight on no

The villagers gathered round the two men. "I thought I had killed thee," "I also thought thou wast dead."

said Tonino, shuddering violently. "Oh! it was horrible, horr.ble!" "God has been very merciful to you both," said the Priore, gravely. The two men took off their hats and muttered an amen. They could neither of them cease

"But what was that horrible noise."

as of something crushed?" asked Gianni at last, every trace of color again ton. -Providence (R. I.) News. leaving his cheek. "It was my bag of tools," said To-nino, with a pale smile. "Truly, friend. thou owest me a new set."

A fortnight later the whole village

went by train through the big tunnel | seasor.

shuddering.

"No!" oried the peasant girls, against \$7,500 allowed to each of the said softly: "The news I have to tell you, my Pippa, is that, after all, perder as she got rid of it at last, never Giacomo turned round with a kind of —Germans, who have hitherto

Handle the Staple.

"Um, yum, I smell burnt cotton, said a cotton buyer in front of Toole, McGarran & Tondee's warehouse several days ago

picking up a handful of scorched cotton which was lying on the ground.
"There is no fire in it, though," he ad-"There is no fire in it, though," he ad

"Now wad that up tight and put your cigar to it. Then fold it up and put your hands over it."

The reporter did sc. The moment the cigar was applied the cotton caught and the fire began to sink down like a quired in preaching them, but the abdrill into the handful. He closed his hands over it, and in a short time it be-came so hot that he was unable to hold sermons to the printer. He never it. Picking up another handful he could get any sermon done in less than wrapped it around the fire, and, holding it tightly in both hands, succeeded by 365, they would get five years or in crushing out the fire, as he thought.

began to burn as hard as lever. "It is almost impossible to put the fire out when once it eatches cotton. The closer a bale is packed the faster will it burn. It don't spread out like anything else, but burns directly to the center and consumes the inside of the bale first. I remember once in Savannah on the wharf, when I was billing some compressed bales, that all at once a boy yelled at me, and looking around I saw a bale I had just passed fall to pieces and flames begin to come from drop into a cotton basket. It is dumped into the wagon and then into the gin- hair?" asked the small boy. "No; why house, and does not get fairly started | did you think so?" "O, I dunno, only before night, and before anyone knows | it's black, and sister said she reckoned

it the ginhouse is on fire and burnt." "Big fires in warehouses," he con- Tribune. tinued, "are often caused by careless when a big fire is going to occur."-Americus (Ga.) Record.

HOMING PIGEONS.

Birds That Have Been Taken From New York to Chicago and Found Their Way Home Again.

"Are there many homing pigeons owned in Providence," asked a News reporter of a well-known fancier Saturday. "Well, yes, there are; more than many people have any idea of." There pointed to the tunnel with ghastly are about thirty fanciers in the city, representing an aggregate of between Another! The crowd separated in a kind of terror, for out of the darkness staggered forth another panie-stricken human creature—Gianni, who with buman creature—Gianni, who with templing hands was atmosphing bands with the country are raised from that stock. trembling hands was struggling at his country are raised from that stock. have a son to succeed me as editor of shirt-collar trying to tear it open, to There are no less than 100 societies in the Evening Clarion." "Yes, and no reathe, to get air.

Antwerp for the flying of homing pigdoubt the youngster will inherit his
eons, the natives finding it their favorfather's talents."

"But he won't." pened?" cried the people. Then they ite pastime; and such proportions has "Won't?" "No; I shall never be able

country, and the man who has probably imported more pigeons than any other, is John Van Opstal, of New York, who has given the majority of his life to the study of birds.

am not sure, but I think he is an old beau of mine." "How long has he been waving his handkerchief?" "Oh, more

study of birds. much care and a great deal of patience

old crone yet more wrinkled than herself.

"Old Giacomo came bubbling up to self.

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed and the self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed are self."

"No, no, Gianni! I would not distributed."

"No in our self."

"Tonino! It is heave, no self."

"Tonino other than their own roof.

"When a race is to take place the club number or letters is stamped in ink usually on the third or fourth flight feather of one of the wings, and each owner has also his name and residence stamped upon the wing.' The longest flight made last year in

this country was from Salem, O., to Jerse City, a distance of 704 miles, and this year that distance has been exceeded, several b rds flying from Chicago to New York. These birds are much hardier than common high-class p geons, and need less care and atten-

FINEST JOB OFFICE

IN DOUGLAS COUNTY.

CARDS, BILL HEADS, LEGAL BLANKS,

And other Printing, including Large and Heavy Posters and Showy Hand-Bills.

Neatly and expeditiously executed AT PORTLAND PRICES.

zines and papers of other colleges.

—A striking influence of Christianity

-Germans, who have hitherto been snarl.
"Bah!" he cried, "And all men are fools."

"That's as may be," said the lads, and they also learned they also lea

-The class of '75 of the College of the City of New York has given its alma mater a rare electrotype collecdeGarran & Tondee's warehouse sev-tion of ancient coins taken from the collection in the British Museum. "Here it is," said another buyer, There are 375 distinct pieces, both sides the bronze coinage under the Roman Empire during the first two centuries

ing that he had been five years in preparing these 1,800 sermons for the press. He did not mean in getting them ready to preach, or the time resolute time spent in revising the shorta whole day, and if they divided 1,800

WIT AND WISDOM. -"What is the stuff that dreams are made of?" inquires a poet. If he wants to manufacture a first-class variety dream, lobster salad can be highly rec-

ommended. -Boston Post. -Think of your own faults the first part of the night (when you are awake), and of the faults of others the latter part of the night (when you are asleep) .- Chinese Proverb.

-Traveler, to railroad newsboy: it. By good luck the fire got no further. That bale, probably, had been burning a couple of days. Ginhouses are often burned up by the pickers smoking in the field and letting a spark smoking in the field and letting a spark of the spark o "Can you get me 'Anderson's Antiqui--"Mr. Smith, do you dye your

you was born light-headed."-Chicago -"Did you hear any disturbance or drivers, who smoke as they drive the outcry on the street last night, about cotton to town. The tiniest kind of a twelve o'clock?" asked Kosciusko Murspark will sink into a bale, and if not discovered will burn thousands of didn't hear anything in particular. But dollars worth of cotton. That is why buyers always carry as much insurance from an oyster supper, and I slipped as they can get. There is no telling and fell right in front of your house. I

thought perhaps 'Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.' "-Texas Sift--She Beats Them All. There's the girl with the smiling face,
The girl with the witching eye.
There's the girl with stately grace,
And the girl that is modest and shy;
There's the girl with the winning air,
The girl that's reserved and cold,
There's the girl with the curly hair,
And the girl that is rather old;
There's the girl that is grand and tall,
The girl with the dimpled chin,
But the girl that beats them all
Is the girl that has got the tin.

-All hopes blasted: Jenks-"Ah, Blinks, glad to see you. How is Mrs. Blinks and the baby?" Blinks—"Well and stays awake all night."-Philadel

-Painful Suspense-"My dear," he said as he entered the house, "who is that gentleman across the street?" " In the training of pigeons for flying than half an hour." "Is he trying to much care and a great deal of patience flirt with you?" "That's just what annoys me. He may mean it for me, or

No hostess is to be more dreaded than then one who frets under her duties. If she is absent-minded at the table and conscious of the blunders in the service she is an affliction to all about her. Let mistakes go. An easy, attentive bearing is worth all the angel's food and wine and jelly in creation; for is it not the essence of the angel itself—that which puts us thoroughly at our ease? Oblivion is an absolute essential after the guests are seated at the table. One must be unconscious of mistakes if they occur. We have known instances when an evening has been marred by the obvi--A worm which thirty years ago destroyed many of the pine trees in North us then have frequent entertainments Carolina is again making havoe this and less expensive ones.—Baltimore