

Roseburg Review.

VOL. X. ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER, 6, 1885. NO. 31.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.
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SECOND JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
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DOUGLAS COUNTY.
JOHN EMMETT, J. H. SHOFF, Senators.
W. M. MANNING, HENRY ROEBER, Representatives.
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J. B. FITZGERALD, County Judge.
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W. M. TRIEL, Surveyor.
DR. S. B. MASTERS, Coroner.
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—HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND—
CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES
Crockery, Glassware,
Provisions, Cigars,
Boots and Shoes.
Wool and Produce of every Description Bought
AND THE VERY HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR THEM.
S. MARKS & CO Roseburg, Or.
M. JOSEPHSON.
Keeps a full line of Dress Goods of every variety and Shade.
A full line of Silks.
A full line of Satins, Brocades and Velvets.
A full line of Fancy Dress Goods.
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A full line of Clothing.
A full line of Furnishing Goods.
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A full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries and Tobaccos.
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And last, but not least, a full line of Ostrich Plumes and Tips, with all kinds of Ladies Hat Trimmings and Hat Shapes of latest pattern.
COME AND SEE ME
M. JOSEPHSON.

NOTICE.
P. McKinney has bought out F. P. Hogan's stock of goods and is selling out at cost, in order to close out business. Produce, such as Wheat, Butter and Eggs, taken at highest market price. Call and examine for yourself, as my low prices are cheaper than the Cheapest.
AT FLOED'S OLD STAND.

30,000 CASES OF RECTAL DISEASES!
—AS—
Piles, Rectal Ulcers, Fissures, Pruritus-ani, Fistulas in ano, Polypus Recti, ETC., ETC.,
CURED IN 6 YEARS BY THE BRINKERHOFF SYSTEM
Dr. J. B. Pilkington, Proprietor of the Portland Eye and Ear Infirmary and VENTRALS for Nervous Diseases has been appointed Agent and Physician for this in Oregon & W. T. No severe surgical operations, no pain or loss of blood. In 2 months, he has cured several cases in which severe cutting operations have failed. An permit to refer to Mr. Jas. W. Weatherford, druggist formerly of Salem, Mr. Frank Gardner, machinist, Mr. R. A. Ranney, Roseburg, and others. If several patients apply, will send one in each month in Roseburg, Address for pamphlet etc.
J. B. PILKINGTON M. D. PORTLAND OR.
Dr. Pilkington will be at the McClallen House, Roseburg from Friday evening, November 6th to Saturday evening November 7th, 1885.

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HARDWARE
Stoves and Tinware,
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DEFY COMPETITION!
—IF YOU WANT—
STOVES, AGRICULTURAL TOOLS
IRON, STEEL, NAILS,
HORSESHOES, TINWARE, CUTLERY
Or anything in my line, call and examine my stock and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere, as I am selling lower than ever.
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Plymouth Rock,
Wyandottes,
Brown Leghorns.
Having been engaged in the business of breeding thoroughbred fowls for past eight years, I am able to furnish as fine specimens of the above named breeds as can be had either on this coast or in the East.
Plymouth Rock, single bird, \$7.00 to \$10.00 pairs, \$8 to \$12; triple \$8 to \$12.
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First and special premiums awarded my fowls at the last State Fair, and wherever else exhibited. My strains of the above varieties of fowls are known in most parts of Oregon and Washington, Idaho, Cal. and British Columbia. No one who wants fine birds, and knows what good stock will object to the prices stated, which are much less than at the East.
Parties will please state just what they want, and can't furnish it I will tell them so.
CASH must accompany all orders. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. Don't wait till spring to order.
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N. E. Wells, Fargo & Co's Express make a special reduction of 20 per cent in favor of all my customers

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Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
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CIGARS, TOBACCO & FANCY GOODS.
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THE BEST OF FLOUR AND FEED OF FARMERS, AND OTHERS CAN HAVE ALL KINDS AT THE LOWEST RATES! FLOUR FROM THEIR OWN GRAIN!
CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY!

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Twelve miles from Roseburg, on the Coos Bay Wagon Road.
NEW MILL.
Any amount of Lumber—Sugar Pine, Cedar, Yellow Fir, Flooring, Rustic, Mouldings, etc.
WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.
We have appointed A. J. BELLOWS and HENRY GATES agents for Roseburg, who will have lumber always on hand. Will deliver to any part of the city from the Mill at reasonable rates.
PRICES AT MILL:
Rough Lumber.....\$ 9 00 per M
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CLARKE & BAKER, Props.
Having purchased the above named mills of E. Stephens & Co., we are now prepared to furnish 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 prices:
No. 1 rough lumber.....\$12 M
No. 1 flooring, 6 inch.....24 M
No. 1 flooring, 4 inch.....20 M
No. 1 finishing lumber.....20 M
No. 1 finishing lumber dressed on 2 sides.....24 M
No. 1 finishing lumber dressed on 4 sides.....28 M
CLARKE & BAKER.

L. C. BEARDSLEY,
DEALER IN
Lumber, Sash, Doors and Mouldings
OF THE VERY BEST MATERIAL.
COME AND GET TERMS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.
Office near Depot, Roseburg.
Agent for J. J. Whitsett's Lumber.

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Sight Drafts Drawn on
Portland, San Francisco, New York and other points. Bills of exchange on the principal cities of Europe. Deposits received subject to check. Collections made on all accessible points at reasonable rates.
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We keep all kinds of FRESH and PICKLED meats.
SATISFACTION ASSURED.
Hides of all kinds bought.
THE OLD RELIABLE BUTCHER SHOP.
Established in 1867.
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Repairs and Alterations neatly done.
MRS. S. A. HUTCHINSON,
MILLINERY STORE!
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LADIES WILL FIND MY STOCK LARGE AND COMPLETE. Prices moderate.
Give Me a Call. Mrs. S. A. HUTCHINSON.

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INVALUABLE TO ALL
WILL BE MAILED FREE OF CHARGE TO ALL APPLICANTS
and in contents of last year without charging it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, FERTILIZERS, and other valuable information.
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MANUFACTURES A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF Soda Water, Sarsaparilla and Ginger Ale. Cuts from abroad fitted with promptness and at reasonable rates.

GARLAND'S RUSE
How He Escaped Writing a Letter For An Annoying Visitor.
Attorney General Garland was sitting in front of his log house at Hominy Hill, doubtless musing over the days when he and the "old timers" took it "straight" from the jug, when he was suddenly interrupted by the presence of a stranger. The man was dressed in a patched suit of brown jeans, and on his head he wore a yellow wool hat, bell-shaped and without a band. His shoes were the coarsest of brogans and so badly run down that the wearer appeared to be walking on the sides of his feet.
"How are you sir?" said Mr. Garland arising and cordially extending his hand.
"Ain't none too peart, how is it with yourself?" the man replied as he shook hands with attorney general.
"Have a seat, sir."
"Bleeged to you, don't kere of I do."
The visitor sat down and leaned back against the house, took off his hat, stretched it over his knee and said:
"No, nothing new goin' on"
"No, anything that I know. I have come to this place to escape news."
"Then you don't know much about what's been goin' on in Washington sense you left that?"
"No, very little."
"Wall, I ken tell you o' one thing that has took place. You see I am 'Squire Zangford' n' I uster be the postmaster at May Bloom, about fifty miles from here. Old man Cleveland took a dislike to me—but why I kaint tell, as I never seed him in my life—'an' told some o' his log rollers to turn me outen the office, a house wunt I built myself. I thought that was just a little the blamedest caper I ever seed ur heard about. Built that house myself, understand. Chopped down the trees and hauled the logs with Ben Riley's young steers 'an' had a devil o' a time, too. Now after all that, that man Cleveland wanted me to get outen the office. I writ to him twice but he was so hard-headed he wouldn't answer the letter. The last time I writ I put in a post stamp, but stead o' answerin' the letter he pocketed the stamp. Is that the way the present administration is goin' to rob the country? Now general, I have come all the way on foot, 'case I ain't got no hoss, to see you about this thing. I don't like to be treated like a bigger for I am a up an' up white man every time. What would you advise me to do?"
"I hardly know, Mr. Zangford."
"But, blame it, general, you must know. That's what's the matter with you fellers that air in office now. You never know. I want you to set down right now an' write to Cleveland."
"That is unnecessary. I'll see him when I go back."
"No, that ain't the thing, fur when you get back ther' 'mong all them town scollaps you'll forget me. Just write the doxyment now an' I'll ship her off."
Mr. Zangford, I am a very tired and do not feel like writing to-day.
Wall, then, general, to 'commodate you, I'll stay till to-morrow an' then you ken fix her up. I ain't in no particular hurry, 'an' I will give you plenty o' time. I never did believe in rushin' a man.
Mr. Garland moved uneasily in his seat. A customer not easily rebuffed, had called upon him.
"How much does your office pay Mr. Zangford?"
"Bont seventy-five cents a year."
"That all?"
"Wall, ordinarily, but sometimes when drummers air plentiful the receipts is raised to mighty nigh a dollar, but I don't want the place for the money that's in it."
"Why do you want it?"
"The standin', general; the standin'. Does it give you very high standin'?"
"Does it repeated the visitor with the emphasis of great surprise. Wall, I reckon it does. W'y, sir, at a party the postmaster at May Bloom is expected to kiss all the good gals. That ain't nigh all. The fellers all tell him what they have hid ther bottles an' all he's got to do is to go out and help himself. W'y, sir when the postmaster wants to borrow a fiddle, all he's got to do is to whissin' an, here she comes. General, a constable ain't no what a nobody notices a justice o' the peace when the postmaster is around, but alas! man is doomed to disappointment. Just as I was way up on the ladder o' public pride an' prosperity, old Cleveland 'gun to buck again me. It wunt' right; I'll swar to the saints, it wunt. Now that feller they put in my place is livin like a race hoss, an I'm livin like a plow nag. Ef thars one thing in this world that I kaint stan, it is humelation. I ken stan poverty, ken stan to owe mighty nigh every man in the neighborhood, ken stan to go hungry an have a stone

bruise an dow pizen at the same time, but I kaint bar to think that the general government o' this country has got it in fur me. When ken you write that letter?"
Mr. Garland's eyes had brightened, I am perfectly willing to accommodate you, Mr. Zangford, and will write pretty soon. I am very thankful that you came, for I am very lonesome.
Lonesome!
Yes, you are the first man that has called on me for several days. You see my cook is down with the yellow fever—hold on squire!
When the squire reached the foot of the hill he realized that he had left his hat, but lacking the courage to return for it, he shook his garments and pursued his solitary way in the direction of May Bloom.—Arkansaw Traveler.
Fun at the White House.
Anybody who supposes it is all dignity and decorum at the White house is liable to find himself mistaken if he happens to spend much of his time about this home of the chief magistrate of the nation. It would probably shock a good many people, both in this country and elsewhere, to hear of some of the antics that are cut in and about this establishment when circumstances permit. It would be quite shocking probably to think of the great east room with all its gorgeousness, being turned into a bicycle hall or to see marbles or copper pitching carried on at the very door of the presidential mansion. Yet these sights are unknown to those whose duties call them to the White house often. Only a few days ago one of the officials of that establishment was observed enjoying a game of marbles with a small boy on the tiled floor of the vestibule through which all the callers pass on their way to and from the president's office and that of his secretary. It is not a very uncommon thing to see members of the press, assisted by some of the attaches of the White house, engaged in the delightful and highly intellectual pastime of pitching coppers or quarters at one of the cracks of the stone floor of the broad porch of the main door. Local tradition tells us how, during the reign of Hayes, and perhaps at other times, the east room was utilized by some ambitious students of the bicycle, who found, on the soft Axminster carpet, a tolerably soft place to fall, and in the privacy of the closed room an opportunity to escape observation until the art of riding and mounting had been gained.—(Washington Letter to Memphis Avalanche.)
Prof. Le Conte at the Vernal Falls.
From the top the view is far grander than from below; for we take in the fall and the surrounding scenery at one view. An immense natural parapet of rock rises, breast-high, above the general surface of the cliff, near the fall. Here one can stand securely, leaning on the parapet, and enjoy the magnificent view. The river pitches at our very feet over a precipice four hundred feet high, into a narrow gorge bounded on either side by cliffs such as seen nowhere except in Yosemite, and completely blocked in front by the massive cliffs of Glacier Point, three thousand two hundred feet high; so that it actually seems to pitch into an amphitheater, with rocky walls higher than its diameter. Oh, the glory of the view! The emerald green and snowy white of the falling water; the dizzying leap into the yawning chasm; the roar and foam and spray of the deadly struggle with rocks below; the deep green of the somber pines; and the exquisite fresh and lively green of grass, ferns, and moss, wet with eternal spray; the perpendicular, rocky walls rising far above us toward the blue arching sky. As I stood there, gazing down into the dark and roaring chasm and up into the clear sky, my heart swelled with gratitude to the great Author of all beauty and grandeur.—Joseph Le Conte, in November Overland.

Eight Year Presidential Terms.
We have now too many elections. The enormous business of our vast country suffers a partial paralysis every fourth year. The danger that a change in administration may result in a change in the tariff, currency, coinage, internal revenue, or foreign affairs, effects every merchant in the land, curtails business, produces contractions and failures, and is attended with no corresponding benefit. That eight years is really preferred for the presidential term by the people is shown by the fact that out of our fifteen Presidents seven have been re-elected, while in other instances the attempt has often been made either to nominate or re-elect the retiring President.—C. T. Hopkins in October Overland.

Any one who performs anything noble in society is a working man in the true sense of the word.

SOME LANGUAGE NEEDS.
Gilbert M. Tucker discusses in a late number of the New Englander some "Language Needs," saying: Our list of words, numerous as it is, is yet not comprehensive enough to fulfill the highest ideal of a perfect tongue. We need more tools, a good many of them, and it sometimes seems a pity rather than when we cannot manufacture and introduce them when the need is perceived, than that some of those we have offered in their composition the strict requirements of congruity. We badly need, for instance, epicure pronouns in the singular answering to they, them and their in the plural. True it is, one can often use he, him and his, expecting hearers or readers to remember that "the brethren embrace the sinner." True it also, one can often get around the difficulty by rearranging a sentence; but there is a difficulty, for all that. A man wishes to say that each of his two children, a boy and a girl, has the exclusive use of a bedroom. He naturally begins: "Each of my children has a room to—" how shall he finish? It is not quite right to say that each has a room to himself, or to herself, and it is certainly far from grammatical or pleasing to say themselves. What shall he do? The problem is of daily occurrence, as any one will find who will take pains to watch for it.
We need, too, a preterit for the verb's ought. We are compelled to say "you ought to have done such and such things"—which is by no means what we really mean. One can not possibly be under obligation to have done anything—the phrase is absurd. All obligation is to do, and it would be an important gain in the direction of clearness and conciseness if we might say, when speaking of past time "you oughted."
We need a word almost synonymous with many, but having a slightly different shade of meaning—a lack which is often supplied, awkwardly and incorrectly, by the use of numerous with a plural noun. People say, "There are numerous books on that subject"—which is clearly ungrammatical; there may be a numerous list of books but that expression, correct in syntax, does not seem quite to express the idea; and to say there are many books may be rather too strong a statement.
We need, once more, a verb for which replace is commonly substituted there being nothing better at hand. One removes a painting from the wall and hangs up an engraving in its stead. For a brief statement of this action, we have at present nothing better than to say that the painting was replaced by the engraving. Yet this is really nonsense. To replace a thing is to put it back where it was before.
Of course this list might be prolonged indefinitely and the poverty of the English language, redundant as the language is, might still be, upon occasion deplored. Let us console ourselves, however, with the reflection that with the present vocabulary at our disposal we can manage to make our ideas tolerably clear to others if they are at all clear to ourselves.
The printing press has made presidents, killed poets, furnished bustles for beauties, and finished with the sand paper of criticism. It has made words get up to roll all every morning, given the pulpit lungs of iron and a voice of steam. It has set the price of a bushel of wheat, and made the country post-office the glimmering goal of rural scribbles. It has curtailed the power of kings, embellished the pantry shelves and busted rings; it has converted bankers to paupers, made sawyers of college presidents, it has educated the homeless, and robbed the philosopher of his reason. It swales all kicks, cries and dies, but it can't be run to suit everybody.

All the insurance he Wanted.
"Young man," said a minister to a passenger who had finished curing the peanut boy for waking him up "does it ever occur to you that we know not what a day may bring forth—that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow?"
"I should say so; I'm a Cincinnati drummer."
"Do you know," went on the minister solemnly, "that in the midst of life we are in de—?"
"You're too late, old man," said the Cincinnati brisly; "I've got \$10,000 in the Occident and Orient, and that's all the insurance I can carry."—New York Tribune.

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THE BEST SALVE IN THE WORLD FOR
Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts. per box.