

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all things; Neutral in Nothing."

Vol 3.

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1878

No. 20



W. R. WILLIS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Roseburg, Oregon

Dental Notice.
DR. E. BARNES, DENTIST,
HAS TAKEN ROOMS OVER THE NEW York Cash Store, where he will be found prepared to Fill, Clean and Extract Teeth, Nerves destroyed, and sensitive teeth filled without pain. He will insert full or partial plates. All work done in a workmanlike manner, and at reasonable rates.

ESTABLISHED.....1853
Pioneer Establishment
THOS. P. SHERIDAN.
The first hardware dealer in Umpqua Valley, in the Brick Building.

HAS RECEIVED AND IS NOW RECEIVING one of the most complete stocks of
COOK, PARLOR & OFFICE STOVES,
Of the Most Improved Patterns ever received in this city.

And besides has the most complete stock of
General Hardware.
And manufactures everything in the line of TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPERWARE in a workmanlike manner, and on most reasonable terms.

Iron, Steel and Nails
Always on hand, and in quantities to suit.

ROSEBURG ACADEMY
THE AUTUMN SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION WILL COMMENCE:

Monday, Sept 2d, 1878.
Under the supervision of the undersigned, assisted by Miss Hattie Gilliland and J. M. Bower. The first seven weeks of the term will be free. The last five weeks will be charged for according to the following:

RATES OF TUITION:
Orthography, Reading and Writing per month.....\$1.66
English Grammar or Orthography per month..... 2.00
Higher Arithmetic, Algebra or Geometry per month..... 2.50
Latin, Greek or French per month..... 3.00
Such pupils as desire to continue the study of Latin or enter upon a commercial course, during the seven weeks free school can have their recitations heard, as was done last spring, either before or after district school hours. J. BROWNE, L. L. D.

NOTICE.
Placer Mining.
U. S. LAND OFFICE,
ROSEBURG, OR.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT D. A. Levens, whose postoffice address is Canyonville, Douglas county, State of Oregon, has made application for patent for placer claim, No. 37, in the Green Mountain Mining District, situated in Douglas county, Oregon, on unsurveyed lands described as follows: Beginning at the junction of Brandy Gulch with Hogan creek as the initial point, thence N. 2 degrees 30 minutes, 6.50 chains, to a yellow post 3 feet long and 4 inches in diameter, marked on four sides, "A. S." also "C." and "37" set for N. E. corner claim as post No. 1; thence S. 8.50 chains to post No. 2; thence S. 20 degrees W. 10.50 chains to post No. 3; thence S. 10.00 chains to post No. 4; thence S. 16 degrees E. 10.00 chains to post No. 5; thence S. 20 degrees E. 6.55 chains to post 6; thence W. 3.04 chains to post No. 7; thence N. 30 degrees W. 5.55 chains to post 8; thence N. 16 degrees W. 10.00 chains to post 9; thence N. 19.00 chains to post No. 10; thence N. 20 degrees E. 10.50 chains to post No. 11; thence N. 8.50 chains to post No. 12; thence E. 3.74 chains to post No. 1; being the above described yellow post 3d. initial point of beginning and containing twenty acres according to plat of survey filed in the Register's office by Surveyor General of the State of Oregon.

The foregoing described claim of D. A. Levens is of record; the said applicant, D. A. Levens, having acquired the same claim by purchase from John Stephens, who purchased the same from Joseph Ramsey, the original locator—all of which is a matter of record in the recorder's office of Douglas county, Oregon; and now known as "D. A. Levens' Placer Mining Claim," joined on the east, south and west by unsurveyed Government land, and on the north by ground claimed by D. D. Montgomery.

All adverse claims must be filed in the United States Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, on or before the expiration of this notice. It is hereby ordered that the above notice be published for sixty days in the DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT, a weekly newspaper published at Roseburg, Oregon.

Given under my hand this 5th of August, 1878.
W. F. BENJAMIN,
Register.

MAMMOTH LIVERY
AND.....

Feed Stable.
This establishment is the

Best in the State!
and connected with it is a large

WAGON YARD WITH FINE SHED ROOM
Capable of accommodating any number of horses and wagon.

BEST OF HAY AND GRAIN
Always in full supply at living prices

And No One is Allowed to be One Dissatisfied.

Don't fail to give us a call, for we are determined to suit you in quantity, quality and price.
WRIGHT & CARLOF.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY G. H. SHAMROOK.

The wind was blowing fiercely and the rain had begun to fall in heavy drops.
I was sitting in my office writing when some one wrapped at my door. It was ten o'clock; who could be coming so late at night; someone sick, I suppose. Not so; it was a young doctor—Paul Edgar, whose reputation as a physician was fast spreading.

We chatted together a moment and, after asking how I was progressing on my work on Toxicology, he departed.
He had been gone but a short moment when the bell announced another caller. Going to the door I found a servant who said that a lady wished to see me, and handed me a note, which read like this:

Dear Sir.—You will not refuse to see, for five minutes, a person whose errand is life or death.
Hem! said I, life and death are not very unusual occurrences; bring the lady in.

A moment later she appeared; a tall, stately woman, richly and completely veiled.
I handed her a chair, and then seating myself awaited her pleasure.

Dr.—I presume, speaking with foreign accent.
Yes, madam.

I wish to consult you upon a very serious matter, sir. It is entirely confidential.

It is unnecessary to mention that fact, a physician is bound by the honor and dignity of his profession to regard all consultations as strictly confidential.

I presume so, but excuse me. In two words, doctor, you have the reputation of knowing more about poisons than any other living physician.
It is of poisons you wish to speak.

Yes, I suspect that I have swallowed some deadly substance, not at once, but in too minute doses just beginning to make themselves felt. I have come to you for information, and for an antidote, which, I trust you will not refuse me.

Before we talk of antidotes, we must discover the poisons, if your suspicions are correct. Every poison has an antidote of its own, as every vice is counterpart of an especial virtue. Raise your veil and draw off your glove, if you please.

The lady, without reply, threw back her heavy veil, and showed her small black-silk mask covering the middle of her face, but leaving exposed a charming chin, and two lips that an aurochite would long to kiss.

It appears, madame, that although you thought fit to respect my discretion, you do not intend to confide in it, said I in displeasure.
Pardon me, sir; but it is very possible that you and I may meet again, perhaps, in society. It is far better that you should not be able to recognize me—better for us both.

Madame, in the seraglio of the East, when a Frankish physician is summoned to prescribe for the favorite of a prince or a noble, and discovers that he is not trusted with the sight of his patient, if he is an honest man he withdraws at once from the case, conscious that he can do nothing, and unwilling to risk his own reputation and the life of the unfortunate slave by the blind attempt.

But I am not an ignorant slave, and it is I who take the responsibility in this case, said the woman in a sweet and pathetic voice. I will die rather than reveal myself; but I do not wish to die, and I believe that you can save me. Will you not try?
How can I?
You may ask what questions you wish, and I will answer them honestly. You may see my hand, tongue; you may put your fingers on my temples, throbbing constantly with devouring heat. Will not these suffice?
I undertake the case, but it is on your own responsibility, remember.

I will bear it. What first?
Your hand.
The masked woman drew off

her glove without a word, and extended to me a little hand which I carefully examined. It was white and smooth, as marble, with thin, arching nails, and tapering fingers. In the center of her hand was a spot about the size of a five-dollar piece, which burned like living fire. The tips of the fingers were humid and cold. Across the back of her hand, extended a red stripe.

Upon this I placed my fingers and briefly inquired, natural or accidental?
Neither; it is not connected with this case.

Further examination slowed her explanation to be correct. I then began a rigid catechism, determined that if she would not show her face I would spare no questions. The unknown showed herself to be a lady of education and refinement. After thus questioning her I proceeded to the cabinet and took out a vial of golden liquid.

Madame, says I, your suspicions are correct. You have swallowed in minute doses, a large quantity of a deadly eastern drug, hardly known to physicians in this country. My toxicological studies have made me acquainted both with the drug and its only antidote. That antidote is contained in this phial, but it is in itself a terrible poison and is to be used against the other. Here are fifty drops. You will take according to the direction written on the vial. Then, if you are alive, come to me. In that event you will have no longer a motive for concealment, and should be willing to sacrifice your incognito in the interest of science.

You are somewhat brutal in your suggestions, remarked the patient arising and putting on her gloves.
Madame, you mistake; I am professionally, said I, ringing the bell. As the servant came I told him to get the lady's carriage.

Madame, I wish you good evening.
Good evening, sir, and the lady passed out, leaving in an envelope on the table a note of a hundred pounds.

Well, the elixir I presented to her is cheap, even at this price.
With a sigh of relief, I turned to the table and commenced writing in my work, and in about an hour I retired for the night.

To be Continued.
Horrible Predicament.

A Boston paper tells of a fastidious and bashful old gentleman at Boston arrayed himself in a black suit of clothing which had been hanging in a closet for several weeks, on a recent Sunday, and started out for a walk just as the streets were crowded with church-goers. Before he had gone far his suspenders suddenly parted, and, as he excitedly clutched at his pants, and they broke away like burned paper and fell into fragments to the ground. With a shriek he fled to home, but, before he reached the friendly shelter of his house, he was almost naked, his coat and vest having dropped piecemeal to the sidewalk, and as he passed through the gate his shirt caught upon a nail and he was stripped to the skin.

It is bad enough for the young man at the picnic to sit down on the custard pie, but his agony is only made perfect when he backs up against the sapling where he hung his coat to find that the calves have chewed up both tails and one sleeve thereof. That is what makes him, in bitterness of spirit, renounce the boundless charms that nature to her votaries yields, and go home in sad solitary state, an irreligious, afflicted, country-hating unbeliever.

A DISAPPOINTED lover who went South three months ago with a blighted heart and a strong appetite for death and oblivion, came chasing back the other day with a face like new whitewash, campbark bags in every pocket and an overwhelming anxiety to behold the scenery beyond the Lakes. Yellow fever and nonsense won't bunk together.

Even the Russian language has not the power to describe the feeling of the man with a mosquito bite between his shoulder-blades.

THE GUARD OF DEATH.

A Thrilling Incident in Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow.

The horrors of war have been detailed in almost infinite variety, affording themes of inexhaustible abundance for the moralist, the poet, the historian and the romancer. Abundant in such details of suffering must have been the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia, or rather, the most disastrous portion of the campaign, the retreat from Moscow.

The ordinary disasters of a retreat through an enemy's country were, in this instance, fearfully aggravated by the intense severity of the cold, and that, of the multitudes who perished, there were thousands who sank beneath its rigors, for hundreds who sank beneath the lances of the Cossacks. Yet the assaults of these roving warriors of the deserts were fearfully destructive. Moving in small bands around the divisions of the retreating French and never failing to strike whenever a small party of the enemy separated from the main body on its march—and such separations were daily becoming more frequent, through the relaxing of discipline and the increased want of provisions—there was no possibility of either resisting or escaping their attacks. Well mounted on their fleet and hardy couriers, such was the rapidity of their movements that they seemed to spring up from the earth, always appearing when least expected, and repulsed, scouring away with a celerity that defied pursuit, even if the worn and harassed Frenchmen had been able to attempt it. From them, indeed, there was but one resource. To keep as closely together as possible when attacked by the Cossacks, to form in solid squares and meet the shock; and above all, to pursue their march with the least possible intermission, for those who halted died.

Thus were the remains of a great army toiling back across the frightful waste of that inhospitable region, but daily leaving thousands of their number stiffening on its snows; the troops of Cossacks sweeping around them, and bringing up the rear, ready to pick up every straggler whom fatigue or the hope of greater safety in isolated progress had separated from his fellows.

The main body had passed on, and there was solitude in the vast and naked steppe which they had traversed. The cold was dreadful, and a driving storm of storm of snow was whitening the ground to which the intense frost had given the rigidity of marble.

Kill the Weeds in August.

There is no better month to kill Canada thistle, as well as weeds generally, and the destruction of bushes, than August. It is also peculiarly a time when farmers are not so much hurried, and when the weeds have fully developed themselves. The farmer can see at a glance, indeed has seen all the season, the necessity of commencing the work of destruction. The best thing to be done with weeds of all kinds extirpated from the land is to use them in the compost heap, or to gather them in large heaps to remain there until dry, and then burn them, "root and branch." The practice of some farmers who look only to their own selfish purposes, who live for themselves and rarely have a neighbor with whom they are on friendly terms, is to pull up and throw into the public highway the weeds from their fields. There they are left to ripen their seed, and the first wind that comes they are carried away, sometimes for miles, either into the land of some other farmer or into a stream, to be landed along the banks for a great distance. We have more than once seen people calling themselves farmers and christians engaged in this mean business.

The poet who delights in extravagant flights of pathos will have to step up lively before he overtakes a sadder subject for dyspeptic rhyming than a man struggling home from market with both arms full of house-plants.

BETWEEN BITES.

Made of awl work—shoes.
Phosphorus was discovered in 1677.

A popular steak-holder—gridiron.
Gold fish were introduced into England 1691.

A tooth pick isn't the worst toilet these days.
A passee beauty has to make up for lost time.

How to get a head—Steal into cabbage patch.
Truth is not drowned in water nor burned in fire.

The man who is honest from policy needs watching.
The new tints in note paper are shell-rose and primrose.

The sea holds the oil and wick for our final conflagration.
America takes the prize for paper at the Paris exhibition.

In Noah's ark it took two of a kind to beat a pair.
Keep clear of the man who does not value his own reputation.

A young lawyer of Pittsburg has invented a water velocipede.
Every boy has to let something off sudden near a cat once in his life.

He who smiles at another's mistake forgets his own ignorance.
The Graphic has seen ladies in their shirred sleeves. Owing to the heat.

Beaconsfield is ill; so much Turkey. Gortschakoff is ill; too little Turkey.
Why is an idea like a pig? Because you must catch it before you can pen it.

When a pickpocket pulls at your pockets tell him you have no time to wait.
In this fast age, he whose feet are beautiful on the mountings is the horse jockey.

Dennis Kearney is in favor of a community of brains. He gives a division, if nobody else does.
It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. The yellow fever has driven the lightning-rod peddlers out of Memphis.

The same backache that makes a boy howl when he's digging potatoes wreathes his face with smiles when he sips off to a picnic.
Alexander H. Stephens was never married. He has always had all he wanted to keep from being blown away by an ordinary breeze.

It is debatable whether yellow fever was sent to scourge Bob Ingersoll or the Potter Investigation committee. Thus far the innocent alone have suffered.
"Each heart knows its own sorrow best," thought a pious father as he sat down on an egg which he had forgotten to remove from his coat pocket before going to church.

Five years ago a woman in Steele county, Minnesota, was struck dead by lightning. Nothing daunted, she married again, and recently her second husband was killed in the same manner.
Edson's new electric coffee-mill not only grinds the coffee quicker, but it indicates where the servant girl has hidden a pound and half of sugar to take home with her.

The London *Lancet* says a blow on the ear often ruptured the drum, and warns parents against boxing children's ears. You can get more music out of a child by applying the slipper a couple of feet below the "drum."

An old Irish soldier who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape as others had done on that famous occasion, he replied, "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yet."

It was not believed that the Paris exhibition would be a financial success, yet the government commissioners feel that they are out of financial difficulty. The cost of buildings and maintenance is estimated at about \$9,000,000, and a revenue of nearly \$7,000,000 is already assured. The attendance has exceeded all expectations.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

The Irish have a curious legend respecting what they call *Blaid na oge*; in other words "The blossoms of youth." The legend is this: "An Irishman at one period went to Denmark, where he was hospitably received, much to his astonishment. He was taken into immediate favor by those among whom he visited. He was told that in a certain part of the country of Limerick, from which it appears he came, there was a crock of gold hidden under a thorn bush in a garden which was so clearly pointed out to him that there could be no mistaking the locality. He was further told that among the gold was a remarkable circular piece of coin with which he should return to Denmark, but that he might become the possessor of all the gold in the crock with the exception of that particular circular piece. The Irishman was obedient to the letter. He returned to Denmark with the circular piece, and kept for himself all but that. The Danes were rejoiced. A very aged Dane having been rubbed with the wonderful circular piece of gold, at once became young again fresh and vigorous as in the days of his boyhood. So with other Danes, 'You have brought back the blossom of youth, and Ireland shall be poor evermore.'

He Would Tell.

She had invited him to stop to supper and he was trying to appear at ease and unconcerned, while she was on her prettiest behavior.

Have you used the sugar, John? inquired the mother, in a winning manner.
John don't want any sugar, said the young man abruptly.

Why not? inquired the father, curiously, while John, in his surprise, swallowed a bit of toasted crust, and nearly cut his throat open.
Cos he don't, I heard him tell Mary his night—

You keep still, interrupted Mary, in a hurried manner, while the young man caught his breath in dismay.
I heard him say, persisted the heir, with feigned eagerness, that she was so sweet he shouldn't never use no sugar any more—an't he when he kissed her, an' I said I'd tell, an'—

The heir was lifted out of the room by the ear, and the supper was finished in noisy silence.

American Machinery.

The London *Times* prints two columns of description of the mechanical display of the United States at the Paris Exposition. In the editorial article commenting thereon, the *Times* says: "The pre-eminence of the mechanical genius of the United States may be admitted and is illustrated not for the first time in the exhibition in Paris. The *Times*, without pretending to exhaust the whole secret of the phenomena of the inventive genius across the Atlantic, finds a reason therefor in the greater efficiency of labor there, and the increased cost and difficulty of hiring it. The condition of a union is an economic society drives its inhabitants toward invention, and there, as elsewhere, necessity may be said to be the mother of it."

Green Tomato Soy.—Slice two gallons of green tomatoes and twelve or fourteen good sized onions; two quarts vinegar; one pound sugar; two table-spoonfuls salt; two of ground mustard; two of black pepper, ground; one table-spoonful all spice and one of cloves. Mix all and still until tender, stirring often lest they should should scorch. Put up in small glass jars. This is very nice for most every kind of meat and fish.

Pickled Peaches.—Put the down all off with a coarse towel, steam in a steamer until they can be pricked with a straw. Have ready a jar and some whole cloves, stick three or four in each peach and drop in the jar. To every quart of cider vinegar put one pint of white sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon; boil all together half an hour, then pour on the hot peaches. If the vinegar is good these will keep all winter.

SHORT COURTESHIP.

The Omaha *Republican* of a recent date says: Bernard Volk is a well-to-do farmer, living in Ad-disco county, Iowa. He is a native of Germany and is twenty-five years of age. He visited Omaha on Tuesday a single man, with no intention of committing matrimony, and before night he was married to a young lady whom he had never before seen. It happened in this wise: He imbibed quite freely of liquor, and in this happy condition he made up his mind to hunt up a wife. He walking along Tenth street he saw a young girl washing in a room between Barnum street and No. 2 Engin house, and walking up to her as she was, he asked her if she was married, and if not, would she marry him? She saw that he meant business, and calling in the other women of the house, they made an immediate investigation into his ability to support a wife. He showed them he had considerable cash with him and a good farm in Iowa. She gave her consent, and proceeding to the office of Hon. W. O. Bartholomew, County Judge, license was obtained, and Bernard Volk and Annie Fisher were made man and wife. The bride is nineteen years of age, and was born in Sioux City, Iowa.

A Wonderia Spring.

Silver Springs, Florida, is one of the greatest curiosities of the South. It bubbles up in a basin nearly 100 feet deep and about an acre in extent, sending from it a dead stream 60 to 100 feet wide, and extending six to eight miles to the Oelwina river. In the spring itself sixty boats may lie at anchor quite a feet. The spring thus forms a natural inward port, to which two steamers run regularly from the St. John's, making close connection with the ocean steamers at Palatka. The clearness of the water is truly wonderful. It seems even more transparent than air. You see the bottom 80 feet below the bottom of your boat, the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline and color of the leaf that has sunk, and all the prismatic colors of the rainbow are reflected. Large fish swimming it, every scale visible and every movement distinctly seen. If you go over the fissures in the rock from which the water rushes forward like an inverted acheract.

American Machinery.

The London *Times* prints two columns of description of the mechanical display of the United States at the Paris Exposition. In the editorial article commenting thereon, the *Times* says: "The pre-eminence of the mechanical genius of the United States may be admitted and is illustrated not for the first time in the exhibition in Paris. The *Times*, without pretending to exhaust the whole secret of the phenomena of the inventive genius across the Atlantic, finds a reason therefor in the greater efficiency of labor there, and the increased cost and difficulty of hiring it. The condition of a union is an economic society drives its inhabitants toward invention, and there, as elsewhere, necessity may be said to be the mother of it."

Green Tomato Soy.—Slice two gallons of green tomatoes and twelve or fourteen good sized onions; two quarts vinegar; one pound sugar; two table-spoonfuls salt; two of ground mustard; two of black pepper, ground; one table-spoonful all spice and one of cloves. Mix all and still until tender, stirring often lest they should should scorch. Put up in small glass jars. This is very nice for most every kind of meat and fish.

Pickled Peaches.—Put the down all off with a coarse towel, steam in a steamer until they can be pricked with a straw. Have ready a jar and some whole cloves, stick three or four in each peach and drop in the jar. To every quart of cider vinegar put one pint of white sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon; boil all together half an hour, then pour on the hot peaches. If the vinegar is good these will keep all winter.