

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all things; Neutral in Nothing."

Vol. 3. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1878. No. 21

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

Cosmopolitan Restaurant
ROSEBURG, OREGON.

A. E. CHAMPAGNE, Proprietor.
The only first-class house in Roseburg kept on the European plan.

ESTABLISHED 1855
Pioneer Establishment
THOS. P. SHERIDAN.

The first hardware dealer in Umpqua Valley, in the Brick Building.

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 for quantities to suit.

Notice

Of Sale in the matter of the estate of Laren Davis.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT pursuant to an order heretofore made by the County Court of Douglas County Oregon, I will on the fifth day of October A. D. 1878, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the Court House door, in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, sell at public auction, for cash in hand to the highest bidder, subject to widow's dower, the following described real estate belonging to the Estate of Laren Davis, deceased, to-wit: The Donation Land Claim of Robert McKee, containing 140 and 22-100ths acres; all that part of the Donation Land Claim of Robert Phelps, that lies north of the South Umpqua river, containing 120 acres more or less—the S E quarter of Sec 28, Fran N E quarter of Sec 34, N W quarter, Fran S W quarter and N half of S E quarter, N W quarter of N E quarter of Sec 35, W half of E half and N E quarter of Sec 36, W quarter of Sec 27 of T 28, R of R 6, W of Willamette meridian, containing 932 and 18 100ths acres and containing in the aggregate 1-301 and 40 100ths acres more or less. All of said land being situated in Douglas County, Oregon. FRANK DAVIS, Administrator of the estate of Laren Davis, deceased.
Roseburg, Ogn., Sept. 2, 1878

SALEM FOUNDRY

AND MACHINE SHOP.

B. F. DRAKE, PROPRIETOR,
SALEM, OREGON.

STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, GRIST Mills, Reapers, Pumps, and all kinds and styles of Machinery made to order. Machinery repaired at a short notice. Patterns made in all its various forms, and all kinds of brass and iron castings furnished at short notice. Also manufacturer of Enterprise Planer and Moulder, and Buckers and Sharpeners.

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 at the initial point; thence N. 2 degrees, 30 minutes, 6.50 chains to a new post 8 feet long and 4 inches in diameter, marked on four sides, "M. 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. 19.00 chains to post No. 4; thence S. 16 degrees E 10.40 chains to post No. 5; thence S. 30 degrees E 6.55 chains to post 6; thence W. 8.64 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 10; thence N. 20 degrees E 10.50 chains to post No. 11; thence S. 5.50 chains to post No. 12; thence E. 3.74 chains to post No. 1; being the above described new 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 said 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 L. 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 news paper published at Roseburg, Oregon.

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

ESTRAY HOGS.

There are now running on my place 20 black hogs, cropped on both ears, and a split in one ear. Parties must come forward, pay charges, or I will sell them to any party. JOHN BRUCKNER.
On Plum Owens' farm, northwest of Roseburg.

THE BAD MAN OF BODIE.

Washoe Pete was generally considered a "bluffer" by the critics of Bodie, and his wild exaggerations were the subject of merriment only in that high old town. He was allowed to swagger and boast to his heart's content; and, even when he drew his "nobby whistler" and shot the lights out of all the lamps in Ryan's saloon the action only evoked a grin and the doubtful compliment that it was "putty fair shootin', an' nigh as stiddy narse as Irish Tom showed when he popped away at that 'bad man' from Deadwood."

One day last summer Pete walked into Strobridge's saloon with the remark that he had "heard the Last Chance was goin' to be sold, and they've sent an expert to look into it."

The expert, a pale, small man, dressed in gray, was standing at the bar, and looked around as the tall would-be ruffian uttered these words.

"That's so, Pete," said one of the men present, an' 'thot's the expert, pointing to the small man.

You're an expert, eh? shouted Pete, eyeing the man menacingly; you're one of them fellows as allows he knows payin' mine, are ye?

Then, after a pause, during which he surveyed the stranger from head to foot Well ye're the worst I ever saw. Experts is bad enough but you're the shinkiest, meanest, wust coot to set yer self up to report on a mine I ever laid eyes on.

I don't want to quarrel with you, sir, answered the expert.

Ye'd better not, young feller, ye'd better not. I'm a whirlwind of the desert in a fight, and don't ye forget it.

I'm a man of peace; I carry no weapons, and of course I could not hope to stand before even a zephyr of the desert—let alone a wild, untamed whirlwind.

These deprecatory words only incensed the 'bad man' still more; and, feeling that he had a 'soft thing' proposed in his own mind to 'play it for all it was worth' and gain a 'record' by 'whipping his man.'

Look a hyar, stranger, I don't want no insinuations. Do I look like a zephyr? Say! Here Washoe Pete shook his fist in the expert's face. What d'ye mean by talkin' about zephyrs? I'm a tornado. I tear when I turn loose. Zephyr! [Snarling.] Why I've a good mind to—

Please, mighty whirlwind, resistless tornado, don't hit me. You wouldn't strike a consumptive man, would you?

Wouldn't I? yelled the fighter, in a terrible voice, wouldn't I! I'd strike the side of a mountain!

But a sick man pleaded the expert, a man dying of consumption, an orphan, a stanger and a man of peace!

What're ye giving me? Do you know who I am? fiercely demanded the whirlwind.

You're a gentleman known in Bodie as Mr. Washoe Pete—at least, I've heard you designated by that familiar appellation during my sojourn here, answered the expert, moving off.

What's am I! shrieked the rough, striding toward the cowering expert.

A gentleman, I suppose. Honestly, I do not know your other name.

Well, I'll tell you who I am, and the tall man stood over the shrinking stranger, as if about to topple upon him and annihilate him. I'm bad; I'm chief in this yer camp, an' I kin lick the man's says I ain't. I'm a 'ragin' lion of the plains, an' every time I hit I kill. I've got an arm like a quartz stamp, an' I caash when I reach for a man. I weigh a on, an' earthquake ain't nowhar when I drop!

But I've only been discharged from a hospital, replied the expert.

I'll send ye back agin! and the stalwart bluffer caught the little man by the collar and hurled him upon the floor.

It's unkind to use a poor, weak, suffering invalid that way, expostulated the expert, as he slowly rose from the floor. Please don't joke so roughly. Let's take a

drink and call it square. I am very sorry that I have offended you.

You think I'm jokin', do ye? take me for a josh, eh? I'll show ye what I am afore I git through with ye. Ye don't play me for no tender-foot. I'm a native, I am, an' I've stood this foolin' long enough. Saying which, he dashed the stranger against a table and drew a long knife.

As soon as the expert saw this he screwed his face into the most piteous shape, and, throwing his hands up, cried: I'm unarmed; I haven't got so much as a pen-knife on me. Please don't carve me; zick me to death if you must have my life, but, for heaven's sake, don't stick that terrible thing into me.

Now, as Washoe Pete had no intention of using the knife—and thereby risking the tender mercies of a Mono jury's verdict—he was well pleased with the opportunity thus afforded him of displaying the deadly weapon, and, after asserting his bloody intention, returned it to its sheath. He flourished the knife over the cowering expert three or four times, and then lowered it with the remark: Why dun yer cowardly soul, I wouldn't disgrace the weapon by ahovin' it into ye. No, sir; but I'll plug ye; and he drew a revolver.

I'm unarmed, I'm unarmed—don't ye hear? whined the expert. Go an' beet yer self thon, retort the 'bad man.'

I don't want to fight. I'll make ye fight. I'll take ye at yer word and kick you to death. Please don't.

Washoe Pete laid his knife and pistol on the counter, and then strode rapidly to the spot where the expert was half crouching, half standing. By this time the saloon was full of men, all of them smiling at the picture before them, regarding it as the height of merriment—this lively encounter between the greatest brigadocio in the Bories and a small, pale, mining expert, new to the section and a stranger to the wild ways of the border ruffians.

This thing has gone on about long enough, yelled the 'bad man' stopping before the expert. You've been chinnin' to me till I'm riled. Squar yer self—I'm goin' ter dick an' a Comstock mule an' a 'patchin' as a kicker to Washoe Pete, an' you hear me.

One instant, please, Peter (I don't know your other name); are you sure you've got no other weapons on you? They might go off accidentally and hurt some innocent party.

That's the only weepin' I've got, of the information will ease yer sneakin' mind, an' now I'm goin' ter begin kickin'. Clear the track! The woolly hoss has broke out of the kernal, an' there'll be a 'Caroer's' inquest in about seven minutes.

He raised his ponderous boot, but it did not swing.

The little man straightened up like an uncut bow, and his left hand shot direct from the shoulder like the piston of a locomotive, striking Washoe Pete between the eyes, and sending that worthy sprawling on the sawdust-covered floor.

I'm the cyclone of the West, he shouted, as he bounded to the prostrate form of the 'woolly hoss' and raised the braggart into a sitting posture. The latter was dazed by the terrible blow he had received, and did not even throw up his guard when the expert drew back to strike again. Then the blows fell like thunderbolts upon the head and face, and the 'whirlwind' induced that individual to rise once more and attempt a defense. He made an effort to reach his weapons, but the active expert flanked him and planted two terrific blows on his ear and neck. Then the 'bad man' howled: Let up! I was only foolin'—can't ye take—take a joke, dern ye?

Ye think I'm jokin', do ye? ye take me for a josh, eh? I'll show ye what I am afore I get through with ye. I'm a native, an' I've stood this yer foolin' bout long enough.

A roar of laughter greeted this apt reproduction of the 'bad man's' speech.

I give in, dern ye, I give in! Can't ye take a man's when he squeals? shouted the tornado, as he swung his arms wildly, and staggered against the bar in his efforts to dodge the lightning strokes of the athletic expert.

I'm a howling hurricane of wrath, shouted the expert sending in both fists, with terrific effect.

Let up won't—won't you? I ain't a sandbag.

Not much, you're a 'ragin' lion of the plains. And a swift left-hander lit on the bully's nose.

Come on with your quartz, old wholly hoss. When you hit you kill, and you weigh a ton. Fetch in a couple of your earthquakes. Why don't you chew my mane? You're chief, are you? All right, chief, there's a neat one for you, and there's a couple more.

With these words the expert cornered on the bad man's cheek and then stretched him panting for breath on the floor with a stinger straight from the shoulder, inflicted upon the lower portion of the chest. Then the expert coolly called all hands to the bar to drink, and as the bad man of Bodie crawled away he was heard to mutter that he didn't lay out to fall up against a battering ram, no more'n he would be was game in front of a bull-gymnasium.

The Astonished Englishman.

A young Englishman stopped at a tavern in Nashville, Tenn., where he got into conversation with a native Tennessean. As usual, he boasted of everything English in comparison with Yankee products. He said it was not uncommon to see English cheese weighing a thousand pounds.

"Pooh, said the Tennessean, my father keeps a dairy ten miles from here, and supplies all the large taverns. He never thinks of making cheese of less weight than a ton each."

"You can't put that joke on me, said the Englishman laughing.

"Ask the landlord."

The landlord, thus appealed to, replied:

"I never weighed his cheese, but I know that the old man runs at the bottom of the hill in his place, two saw mills, which are driven the whole year round by the whey which runs from his cheese press!"

"Will you be so kind as to order up my horse," quietly remarked the Englishman.

Lord Beaconsfield.

What a marvelous man is this Disraeli! Son of a proscribed and reviled race; his ancestors banned for their religion, and their property confiscated and themselves declared out-laws; himself a poor scrivener and living by his wits, scribbling for the papers, writing novels, the butt and jest of his associates, and the contempt of the men who at the time governed England—now standing on the throne, handing to his imperial majesty a new title and new crown studded with Oriental jewels, and offering with odd nonchalance to give Jerusalem to the Pope; that Christians may again kiss the altars where the apostles worshipped, where his ancestors crucified his Divine Head! The whole scene is dramatic beyond parallel. Tolerance must have done its perfect work when a Jew yields the most important scepter in Christendom.

A Curious Episode.

A Berlin professor makes a statement in illustration of the production of snow by change of temperature. On an extremely cold but starlight night a large company had assembled in a ball room in Sweden, which in the course of the evening became so warm that some of the ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but found it was frozen to the sill. He then broke a pane of glass, and the rush of cold air from without produced a fall of snow in the room. Its atmosphere was charged with vapor, which, becoming suddenly condensed and frozen, fell in the form of snow upon the astonished dancers.

Wind vehicles, fitted with sails, masts, etc., are now in use on the long stretches of tracks which extend over the Western Prairies, and the speed which attained results that of the fast express. They are employed to convey repairing parties to pumps, telegraph lines, along the route. They are, of course, exceedingly cheap to construct and maintain, and save the labor involved in running a hand car.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

BY MONA WHITLAND.

I've a very sad story to tell, I assure you, And alas! it's a common one too; 'Tis a story of hunger, a story of sorrow, Because I have no work to do.

In the country, as well as the city, There are thousands who want a square meal.

There is plenty of work for the Chinese— A poor white man must starve or else steal.

For Ah Chin you will find in the kitchen, In the laundry, Ah Chung and Hop Lee; On railroads, in workshops, on ranches, There is work for the heathen Chinese.

I've four little children at home to provide for; They are starving and crying for food, My husband is sick, my rent is due, I've no money to buy coal or wood, I've walked all the streets of the city, In search of employment or bread.

But I find there's no work for a white man.

They all hire the Chinese instead.

Then, round Freeman's rouse! Let us fly to the rescue, Let's battle through fire and blood, To be rid of this viper, this 'curse of our nation—

This leech that is sucking her blood, And aware by your wives, and your children, In this golden land, here by the sea, We'll be rid of this scourge on our country, We'll be rid of the heathen Chinese.

For a white man we'll have in the kitchen, In the laundry old Mrs. Magee, On railroads, in workshop, on ranches, No more work for the heathen Chinese.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY G. H. SHAMROOK.

The next night about 9 o'clock I was disturbed by a ring of the bell. On opening the door I found it to be Dr. Edgar of whom I have spoken before. We chatted for a while about things in general, and the book I was writing.

He said he had come to see if he could get my assistance in helping him dissect a subject he had obtained in a somewhat singular manner, which afforded a very good study of the nerves.

We had left my office, and were walking up town when Edgar asked me when I could assist him in the operation, and if I could not come to-night, "No, it is impossible to assist you to-night, for I have a patient that I must be with and the crisis of his disorder should occur to-night," said I. "Can you come to-morrow at eleven?" "No, I have a lecture at that hour." "But, stop," replied Edgar, "we are at the door of my house, will you not come in and take a look at my subject?" "Thanks, I shall be glad to, as have heard some very flattering reports about you. For the best, I suppose," cried Edgar, at the same time unlocking a door which he told me to shut and stand still a minute, as he had a secret passage by which he entered his other room. We then entered the other door and by the glare of a match, which he struck, I observed that the room was filled with boxes, casts, instruments, books and all other horrible impediments of a surgical retreat.

He then lighted the gas and I perceived that a table with something upon it stood in the middle of the room. It was covered with a cloth that hung down on either side about 4 inches; it resembled a fresh grave covered with snow, and lifting the cloth I saw it was the body of a very young lady. As Edgar turned on more gas, he said she was the nicest featured lady he had ever seen. I then took hold of her hand and noticed that there was a red spot in the center, and a stripe on the back. It seemed to be the same hand, and the same lady, that I came to my office the night before, and I was so certain of it that I told Dr. Edgar of the occurrence and asked him where he procured the body, and he said:

"I was in a certain place a few evenings ago, and was called to see a lady who was very sick. As soon as I arrived I saw that she was dying, and I closed her eyes that morning. After she was buried I got a man, by paying him well, to go and bring me the body, merely because I was so enchanted by her beautiful features, and lovely form, and I have just got her here."

PHILOSOPHY OF STRIKES.

"Where are you going with the puppies, my little man?" asked a man of a boy yesterday whom he met with three puppies in a basket.

"Goin' to drown them, was the answer.

"I want a pup for my boy to play with. What do you say to letting me have one of them.

"I'll sell you one, spoke up the boy with true American enterprise. "I'll sell you, this yaller one for half a dollar, the black one for seventy-five cents and the spotted one is worth a dollar.

"I think my boy would prefer the spotted one best, but you ask too much for it. You had intended drowning them all, but I will give you 25 cents and save you the trouble of drowning the spotted one.

"Twenty-five cents for that spotted pup! I can't stand it; taxes is high; groceries is high; oil is lower and going lower; oh, no; I can't stand less than a dollar.

"But you intended to drown him.

"Take the black one at twenty-five cents.

"My boy won't like the black one.

"Take the yaller one at fifty cents.

"I don't like his color.

"Well, then, you'd better tell your boy to play with his toes; no party can beat his way on me these hard times.

He Knew the Man.

"The court would remind the gentleman that his hour is nearly up, remarked the genial judge the other day, as an attorney was in the midst of his oration to the jury. "I trust your honor will allow him to proceed, said the district attorney, courteously. "I do not wish the counsel to be embarrassed for want of time," Embarrassed said the judge, with a knowing look over the top of his spectacles, "there is not the least danger of that. The orator was the judge's son.

Guaranteed.

At a matrimonial agency in Paris:

We have just the thing you want—an orphan of 20 next grass.

Pretty? Not exactly.

Worth—? Half a million francs, in governments; and then she is consumptive.

Consumptive, eh? Well, that's always something. Perhaps, however, you are only exciting my hopes to—

Sir, the house always guarantees its goods to be as represented.

If men go to heaven when they die, why don't the artists illustrate them, as they do female angels? No one ever sees a man angel in a picture, and its giving men the cold shake.—*Los Angeles Express.*

This is not a very good joke; for the fact is that all the historical angels in revelation, poetry and art are masculine.

A chap in Arkansas, in the act of ramming a heavy charge in an old musket was killed by the discharge of the piece. The local paper speaks of it as a tragic affair, but to us it seems to partake of the nature of a "m-l-l-l-rammer.

The persistent stretch who is always asking "Is this hot enough for you?" will get his reward one of these days. When a dark complexioned old person with horns shall lead him in saying, "Is this hot enough for you?"

The editor of a religious paper which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago, says that it is a good city for religious papers provided the devil can have two pages and the other mixed.

General Lafayette once stopped over night in Buddeford, Me., and the people are so proud of it that they show you eleven different houses in which he slept.

Why is love like a can about? because it is an internal transport.

After telling Dr. Edgar I would assist him to-morrow at twelve, I departed for my home.

It was after eleven when I had closed my lecture, and was just stepping from the platform when I met Dr. Edgar; and together we proceeded to the dissecting-room.

The subject lay cold as snow apparently no more life than a stone.

We concluded to experiment on the subject with electricity, using a process known only to ourselves. We were rewarded after considerable labor, with signs of "life" in the body. Continuing the process she regained sensibilities and soon was able to speak. We removed her to a warm room, and then she gave us her history, as follows.

"I was married when a child, to a man who loved another woman. He grew to hate me as time went on, for standing between him and his desires. Besides, he wished to possess my immense estate. He took me to the East, to Africa and to the infected districts of Russia. I was so inconsiderate as to decline all infections, all dangers and to live and thrive. He then commenced a course of slow poisoning, and carried me to America to die, where no one could watch the progress of his evil designs. I suspected my danger and came to Dr. Edgar for advice and help. He gave both, and his fifty drops of liquid gold saved my life for that time. Then my husband tired of waiting, administered some new drug, which the antidote failed to reach. I became insensible, knew nothing until the present. My name is Countess von Wrecker."

Her sweet manner and high social refinement won my affection and in due time the lovely Countess became my life companion. I ascertained, that my wife's former husband, in attempting to secure his dead wife's estate, saw on the records that she had obtained a divorce from him. On ascertaining the circumstances, he fled to foreign parts, leaving my wife in possession of her estate.

Everyday Talk Wins.

Yesterday, when the black clouds gathered in the north and betokened the coming of a thunder storm, a citizen who was coming down on a Jefferson avenue car remarked to an elderly man beside him:

A storm is portending. Hay? I say there are tokens of a storm. Hay? Apppearances indicate a storm. Hay? What did you say about indelicate?

There's going to be a thunder storm! shouted the stranger.

Ah! Now I understand, said the old man—going to be a thunder storm. Well, what do you want me to do about it?

When a man enters a post office and sees a woman standing at the delivery window, he braces up, smiles, and concludes to wait patiently a few moments. If there be two women he sneaks up behind them and tries to wink the clerk to get him his mail. But when one of the women enters into conversation with the official as to the reasons why the magazine has not come, and how long before it will be here, and if he is sure he looked in the right box, the citizen jams his hat over eyes and walks out of the post-office lobby in a way that would do credit to a professional pedestrian. The next day he negotiates for a lock box.

The relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather is discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all the umbrella, and the man won't care how wet he gets. But if married it is just the opposite. Marriage is the difference.

There is a young woman in Elmira, New York, who has hair 29 inches in length. It she was only a man, what a superb corn doer she would make! All a man needs to make him a professional chiro-podist is long hair.

Railroads carry three million passengers safely where one is killed, but the trouble is to know when the three millions is counted just when the killing is to commence.

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