# THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

VOL. VIII. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883. NO. 22.



THE INDEPENDENT

IS ISSUED

Saturday Mornings,

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The Riverdale, a Hudson river steamer, while in New York harbor, on the afternoon of the 28th instant, exploded her boiler. Over 100 passengers were on board at the time and many were thrown into the river by the force of the explosion while others jumped into the water to escape scalding from the hissing steam. The steamer sank in ten minutes after the explosion. The loss of life is variously estimated at from ten to fifty, and would have been much greater were it not for the assistance rendered the unfortunate passengers by the large number of crafts in the river at the time.

## LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

At a horse race in Rossville, Kansas, recently, an Indian shot and killed in cold blood one John Hote.

It is reported that John Roach has disposed of the steam yacht Yosemite, built for Mr. Raymond, to ex-Governor Tilden.

The brigantine Ruthal L., owned by James R. Leithion and E. P. Archibald of Halifax, was burned at Little Glace bay recently.

Captain A. H. Barlow, of Effingham, Illinois, who was one of the immortal "306" in the Chicago convention, died September 1st.

Harry Packard of Hartford, Conn., an employe of Barnum's at Cincinnati, was crushed recently by an elephant, and died at the hospital.

All Philadelphia pool rooms where pools are sold on horse races, were closed recently by the police. An injunction is threatened.

John Connelly, a watchman on duty in the U. S. treasury department, shot and killed himself in one of the coal vaults in the basement of the treasury building September 1.

Lording & Avery's tannery, at Sandy creek, Oswego county, N. Y., the stock in it and hundreds of cords of bark, burned recently. Loss, $150,000. Eighty men are thrown out of employment.

At the town of Logos, in Mexico, a few days ago, while services were being held in the principal church, there was a severe thunder storm, during which lightning struck the building, killing the priest, four women and a little girl.

A New Haven dispatch of September 2d says: A disastrous fire occurred yesterday in the large building occupied by the New Haven Staple Manufacturing Company, Strong, Cartridge & Co. and Charles Brown, scroll sawing. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $65,000.

The steamer Queen of the Pacific which has been laying up for alterations to her machinery at San Francisco for some time past, has been thoroughly overhauled, and it is claimed that by reason of certain improvements, has had her rate of speed considerably accelerated.

A San Saba, Texas, special says: such a drought has not been experienced in the surrounding country for many years. From San Saba through Mount Cullough and Concho counties extensive prairie fires have raged, destroying a vast extent of pasture. Stock men will suffer heavy loss.

A New York dispatch of Sept. 1st says: A young man named Tulley, who recently distinguished himself by saving several persons from drowning during the great fire at Harbeck's Brooklyn wharves, and who has a great number of medals given for life saving, was himself drowned to day in this harbor.

A Newbergh, N. Y., dispatch of September 1 says: A cattle disease termed bloody urine has broken out on a farm here, baffling the efforts of veterinary surgeons. Fourteen cows have died. The doctors say those are the only cases of the disease ever occurring in this country, though common in Eupope.

A Frankfort, Dak., dispatch of September 1 says: A steam engine attached to a threshing machine exploded in a grain field six miles north of here today, instantly killing Wm. Bonnell, Clarence Reed, George Storm and an unknown, and injuring five others, four of whom are in a critical condition.

A New York dispatch of September 2 says: Detective Sergeant William F. Hinds killed himself to-night in a bath room in the house in which he boarded with his wife and two children. He had lately been drinking heavily and was financially embarrassed. He was a nephew of Steven B. French, president of the board of police commissioners.

A correspondent at Amsterdam says: It is believed 100,000 persons perished in Bantam in the recent calamity. It is also believed that the garrison and fort at Anjer were swept away. An extensive plain of volcanic stone has formed in the sea near Lamperg Samoha, preventing communication with Telokbelong and southwest Java.

A Baltimore dispatch of September 2d says: A collision occurred at Highland Park station, on the Western Maryland road, this morning, between a regular and an extra freight train. The regular train stopped on account of a hot box a few minutes, and was afterward run into by the extra. Joseph Cruse, engineer of the extra, jumped from his engine and escaped with a sprained ankle; Wm. A. Bell, brakeman, was killed; Joseph Dorsey, a cattle driver, was fatally injured; Wm. Fleigh, fireman, was slightly injured. The verdict of the coroner's jury charged the collision to gross negligence.

A Council Bluffs, Ia., dispatch, of Sept. 1st says: A terrible accident occurred at Crescent city, a station on the Chicago and Northwestern road, near this city this afternoon. Freight train No. 19 coming west, ran off the switch, ditching the engine and six cars. Conductor Wesley Munn and Engineer John Mabin were buried under the cars and instantly killed. The fireman escaped by jumping clear of the wreck. A tramp aged 75 years was buried beneath the train, but was taken out alive. It is not known who is too blame for the switch being left open.

A Boston special says of the Citizens and Telegraphers' Company just incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts: Its projectors assert that they will break ground within 30 days after the stock is subscribed. The books are opened September 15th, and the company will have 100 wires in four cables of twenty-five wires each in operation between Boston and New York before January. They will extend lines throughout the country. They may combine with the Baltimore and Ohio, but will not under any circumstances unite with the Postal Telgraph Company. They will use the straight Morse system, and will have nothing to do with any patent which practical operators say have never yet proved successful. The corporators named in the document are E. J. O'Connor, Chas. E. Chute and Thos. W. Green of Boston.

The freethinkers' convention opened at Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 29th.

About 300 deaf mutes attended the first triennial convention at New York on Aug. 27th.

There was a large diminution in the number of deaths from cholera in Egypt during the past week.

The Pennsylvania greenback convention convened on the 30th of August. The attendance was only moderate.

Over 1000 old soldiers of the Confederate and Union armies met in reunion at Jefferson City, Mo., on the 28th inst.

A furious hail storm in Rock county, Wis., on the 29th inst., completely destroyed the tobacco crop of that county.

Gen. J. A. Ekin, of Colorado, and the assistant quartermaster general, has been placed on the retired list of the army.

A St. Petersburg dispatch of the 28th inst., says the official estimate of wheat and other crops of Russia is generally satisfactory.

The treasury department on Aug. 29th purchased 24,000 ounces of silver for delivery at the San Francisco, New Orleans and Philadelphia mints.

The fourteenth annual camp meeting at Ocean Grove, N. J., closed on the 30th of August. The managers claim for it a success spiritually.

A war on passenger rates is in progress between St. Louis and Louisville, and the railroad companies are vieing with each other for the cheapest passenger rates.

A New York dispatch of the 28th inst. says that the new play of "Vera," by Oscar Wilde, is a complete failure, and after one week's run has been called from the stage.

A San Francisco dispatch of Aug. 29th says that the work on the Panama canal is progressing rapidly and that the facilities are to be increased and the work hurried to completion.

Carl Schurz, in an article in the New York Post on the 28th inst., joins in a crusade against the church bill. He calls it a useless survival of mediævial times, a barbarous cruelty and an outrage.

James Dods, the Oakland embezzler, was, on the 28th inst., sentenced to five years in the state prison. The prisoner received the sentence calmly. It is stated that an appeal will be taken to the supreme court.

Recent dispaches from Victoria report that the news from the mines is of a discouraging nature, and that placer mining near Harrisburg is turning out badly and the quartz mills in that locality are shutting down.

A Washington dispatch of August 28th says: The plans are completed for the proposed new silver vault, under the cash room in the treasury department. The storage capacity of the vault will be 23,000,000 silver dollars.

A Paris dispatch of August 29th says: Placards appeared in several parts of Paris to-day, inviting citizens to rally to the support of a monarchy under Louis Phillipe II. The placards were destroyed by the police.

James O'Donnell, the slayer of the informer Carey, arrived in Capetown, Africa, on the 23d inst. O'Donnell wishes to be tried for his act here, but the English government will demand that he be sent to London for that purpose.

The British steamer Poonah from Calcutta, via Fiji islands, arrived in San Francisco on the 28th inst. During her voyage cholera broke out on board and carried off a number of passengers and attacking others. She was quarantined and fumigated.

A New York dispatch of August 29th says: Hee Ying, a Chinaman, applied to-day for naturalization papers. As he had taken out his first papers in 1880, he did not come under the operation of the act of congress of 1882, and his application was granted.

A San Francisco dispatch of August the 29th inst. says: The City of Pekin, which sails next Tuesday for China, has on board a large shipment of war material. The manifest shows a consignment of 375 cases of 1000 cartridges and 100 cases of fire arms.

A San Francisco dispatch of Aug. 25th says: At the evening session of the grand encampment last evening, it was unanimously decided that the next conclave be held at St. Louis, to commence the third week in August, 1886. No other business coming before the body, it adjourned to meet at St. Louis on the above date.

A Washington dispatch of the 28th instant says: General Sherman recommends that the Twenty-first infantry, now on the Pacific coast, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, change stations with the Tenth infantry, now on the lakes with headquarters at Detroit. If approved by the secretary of war the change will be made this fall.

A Kansas City dispatch of August 25th says: The Missouri free trade league has issued an invitation to all who oppose a protective tariff and favor a genuine reform of the revenue laws, to a conference at St. Louis on the 2d of October, 1883, for the discussion of this question. The meeting will be non-partisan, and all organizations who sympathize with the movement are requested to send delegates.

A Vandalia, Ill., dispatch of August 28th says: A fatal encounter occurred early this morning near London City between Louis Phillips and Jacob Rosenbrook, in which the latter was killed instantly, and the former wounded so badly that he died in a few hours after. The affair had its origin in a grudge of long standing, growing out of disrespectful remarks by Phillips concerning Rosenbrook's sister.

A dispatch of the 29th inst., says the inhabitants of Rushville, Ill., are greatly excited over the rapid growth of a so-called religious movement which started about a year ago, and threatens much danger to the younger portion of the community. It bears a close resemblance to that of the Mormons and free-lovers, and already claims a membership of over 300. The society has considerable money in its treasury and have erected a temple at the cost of $50,000.

### THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

Ah Deacon Smith was a pious man—
I kind o' guess as you'd seldom find
A leveler head o' the orthodox plan,
Or a much more regular tun o' mind.
Scripture he'd quote by book and verse,
From Adam and Eve to Revelation;
An' as for the hymns he'd rehearse,
When once set goin' t'ud beat creation.

An' when the summer came reekin' hot,
An' things in the city were kind o' biliin'
An' the whitin wheels o' life hed got
Rusty an' stiff an' wanted oilin',
Then board 'ud go up an' nary a one
O' all them homesteads in yonder vale
As wasn't crowded an' overdone
By folks as come down from town by rail.

No depot, you say? I rather guess not;
But twenty miles over Graylock hill,
By Glenway creek—you know the spot
Close to where Hulburt owns the mill—
Stood a tumble-down shanty as ever I seen,
An' the deacon stayed yer three last season
In a kind o' Ramshackle batting machine
As he called a coach—'thout rhyme or reason.

Now the deacon druv a wall-eyed mare,
A flea-bitten gray, a useful critter.
As 'ud do twelve miles wi'out turnin' a hair
I' less nor a' hour, if he would but hit 'er
But the deacon was slow and methodical some,
An' the beast got into the way o' her master,
Till you'd think to see her jogging to hum
At a ten-forty gait as she could't go faster.

Wall one day last fall the down train brings
A city young sport—a glorious being,
Fixed up wi' watch chains, pins an' rings
He a jewelry store gone out a spreein',
An' he off wi' the deacon over the hill
An' they fell a-talking o' gettin' religion;
An' this here young chap he argyed u'ntil
The deacon sot ruff'd like a moultin pigeon.

He gev him Bob Ingersoll hot an' strong;
He dosed him wi' Darwin's evolution;
An' prayers in the public schools was wrong;
An' he'd hev no God in his constitution
An' he talked o' advancement in Reason's Age,
An' his tongue ran on like a streak o' lightnin'
An' the deacon was biliin' over wi' rage
An' his lips grew white an' his breath kept tightnin'.

Fur he hadn't the words to answer him back
Though his hair was liftin' his hat wi' horror,
As the young un' kep' the inside track,
An' poured out his vials on sin an' sorrer.
Then the deacon thought he'd give him away
An put a stop to his high fallutin',
So he let the whip into his flea-bitten gray
An' way down hill went the critter scootin'.

I guess 'twas a sight to see the old stage
Rock like a ship in a stormy ocean,
An' the gray mare's heels—wall, I'll engage
She can kick like a mule when she's got the notion.
Then white as death grew that young man's face:
An' he clung to the seat in desperation,
An' he prayed the deacon to slacken the pace,
But the deacon was sot on his soul's salvation.

"D'ye believe in Adam?" he screamed in his ears,
"In Eve's temptation an' Noah's story?
In Methuselah livin' eight hundred years,
An' Elijah ridin' to heaven in glory?"
"I don't!" yelled the youth But there lay just there
A corderoy road over which they flew, sir,
Which shot the poor lad clean up in the air,
An' when he lit down, says he "I do, sir!"

Now the deacon made him eat every word,
Take all of it back as he dar'd to say,
An' promise he'd ne'er again be absurd
As to sneer a religion in that sort o' way,
Then the gray mare stopp'd an' that child o' sin
Started afoot to his distant goal,
While the deacon druv on wi' a placid grin,
Right pleased to have saved an immortal soul.

## THE LOG WAY.

In the winter of 1880, Ralph Shephard was foreman of a logging gang in Northern Michigan, and, as ill luck would have it, his own townsman and worst enemy, Deane Page, was foreman of a similar gang in a similar lumber camp three miles away.

Both men worked for the same company, and on pay days—once a month—were forced to meet when they went to the general office at Sank Rapids, to draw the rations and money for their employes. At these meetings each man was distinctly courteous, as distinctly cool, and most plainly antagonistic.

Naturally enough there was—or perhaps had been—a woman in the case. In a word, Ralph had wooed and won the belle of Rivertown, where they both lived, thereby defeating his rival, Deane, and incurring his bitter enmity.

This animosity, far from being singular, might, and doubtless would, have died a natural death in the course of time, had not Page, with a finesse of hatred, at several times made unpleasant remarks with regard to Mrs. Shephard, the result of which was at first angry words, and later angry blows, between the men.

Three times already the two had fought, and at the time of our story it was whispered among the lumbermen that a duel, pure and simple, with axes, or knives, or rifles, would doubtless result before the winter was over if the contestants met too often; and because of this, it must have been ill-luck alone that cast the lot of the married man, with a wife and child to support, so near that of his deadly enemy for the eight long months that go to make a Michigan winter.

Notwithstanding this unpleasant, and even dangerous state of affairs, however, neither foreman would leave his work, but each adopted a system of watchfulness rendered necessary by the threats of the other, and both went armed.

It is but fair to say that no murder was in the heart of Shephard. Indeed, at times he felt a sorrow for his enemy, knowing how great a prize the other had lost in the true, sweet wife he had won, but it was his duty to care for himself, and so, with a determination not to be caught napping, and to strike first, if striking was to be done, he performed his daily duties.

As the winter grew, he became aware that his life was constantly in danger. Twice he had been fired at in the woods, once a bear trap was set in the very path he must travel, and once he received a heavy blow in a dark thicket, that all but brained him.

One day in the timber, Zack Brown, an old chopper, called Shephard one side.

"Ye'll do well to keep about with the men, boss," said he, quietly. "I've had my eye out for some time back, and there's that in the air abroad that's bad for ye."

Ralph smiled.

"Zack, I thank you for the hint," he returned; "but am I not as good as the next man?"

"Yes, and better, if the next man's the foreman at Camp Number Two. But the panther may kill the bear if he hides long enough, and jumps right. A shot in the daytime is worth two in the night."

"I see," responded the foreman. "And you honestly believe that there is danger for me?"

"I know it," concluded the old man. "I can not tell you why, but a wink's as good as a nod."

Feeling that his employe had strong cause for the warning, Shephard was guided by it, and for several days remained near the choppers, and out of the heavy timber. During this time nothing new occurred.

It so happened, however, that upon one dull, cloudy morning, when the air was thick with coming snow, it became necessary for him to make a trip of several miles through the forest to a distant point in search of needed timber; and after a hearty breakfast at early dawn he started.

The way was through the unbroken timber, away from all paths add trails, so that although he carried rifle and pistols, he hardly deemed it possible that his enemy could find him.

Rapidly he urged his way over the rolling ridges, often tufted with dense thicket of pine and sometimes cedar, and across the intervales of hemlock and black ash, and following the line of his compass and the old surveyors' marks on the trees, until, several hours before noon, he found himself upon the ground he wished to examine.

Until now the air had been clear; but just as he concluded his inspection of the timber on the tract, and seated himself to eat his lunch, snow began to fall.

This was unpleasant, and might prove even dangerous. Good woodsmen were sometimes lost in these mighty solitudes, and Shephard hastened to begin his campward journey.

"I'll strike for the river," said he to himself. "It's a bit longer, but I can follow the stream up to the log-way, then find the trail, and so have a direct oad to camp."

The river ran in a wide circle some three miles to the west of where he was. At a point about two miles from the camp, on a high bluff, wrs a storing point for timber, from which, to the water's brink—perhaps a third of a mile distant, and 500 feet below—there ran a log way, or rough, strong trough, built of heavy planks. down whsch the logs were shot in the early springtime, or, in fact, at any time when desired, to be gathered into rafts at its foot.

Shephard's plan was to find the river and follow it up to this point, from which he could travel the beaten road home.

Without delay, having formed his plans, Shephard threw his rifle to his shoulder, glanced at his compass, and started.

For a time his path ran along the ridges already spoken of, where the snow was not particularly heavy, and as the storm increased but slowly, he made fair progress. At length, however, he found himself upon lower ground as he approached the river, where the depth of snow was much greater, and at the same time the wind increased and the storm swept through the mountain forest.

Still the man kept bravely on. He was accustomed to the work, and thought but little of danger in connection with it, his whole mind being given to the care and watch of his path, when suddenly, as he climbed a fallen pine to gain a little better view through the now fast-falling snow, he heard a low growl almost at his very feet. The next instant the brown and shaggy form of a gaunt bear arose before him, and with a snarl of rage and surprise, bruin struck viciously at Shephard's legs.

The foreman was taken completely unawares, and the blow threw him backward into the deep snow, his rifle falling from his hands as he fell.

He heard the angry brute crashing through the dead branches of the pine toward him. He felt that but a few seconds only separated him from those vicious and hungry teeth, and with a desperate effort he regained his feet and turned and seized his rifle; but, to his horror, the muzzle was full of snow, and he dared not fire it.

Snatching a pistol from his belt, he turned again, just in time to meet his eneny face to face. He could not retreat, and, as the bear arose with another terrific growl, and struck a sweeping blow, the man bowed himself, and pressing his weapon full against the shaggy body so near him, pulled the trigger.

There was a sharp report, mingling with a shriek of agony, a smell of burned hair, and then, without a sound, but with the bright blood welling from her side, the monster sank, quivering and lifeless, to the ground. Shephard's bullet had found her very heart!

To say that the man had not been frightened would be wrong, but he did not stop to glory over his success. The storm and the coming night were his most dangerous enemies, and he hastened on.

An hour later he stood beside the river, silent now in the ice chains, and rapidly he forced his way up stream toward the log-way.

The short winter's day was drawing to a close, and already night was beginning to creep from the tangled thickets along the bottom land, while the snow still fell, though not so fiercely as before.

A sharp walk of another hour brought Shephard to the foot of the log-way, and, to his astonishment, he saw that the men had been running logs during the day; for already a large number were at the foot of the trough, and the way itself was almost clear of snow.

Even as he looked he heard a distant roar, increasing each moment and then, far up the narrow pathway, he saw something flying toward him, a snow-cloud hanging above it, and as he crouched to avoid it, the great log reached the end of the slide, struck heavily against others that stood or lay near, and flew into the air, falling, at length, a half dozen rods away in the snow.

"What in the world do the boys mean by running to-day?" queried the foremen of himself. "The snow will cover the legs so that it will bother us to find them. I must stop it at once."

The night was now close at hand, but Ralph cared little for that, for all danger was past. Rapidly as might be he began to climb the hill by the side of the log way, hoping soon to be within calling distance of his men, so that he might cause them to cease running.

Onward and upward he panted, with no thoughts of trouble, no remembrance of any enemy—brute or human—when just as he rounded a little thicket of cedar, there stood suddenly before him the one man of all the world whom most he dreaded.

He saw the cruel light in his eye, saw his uplifted hand wielding his clubbed rifle, heard one scornful laugh, and then the blow fell and all was blank.

Slowly consciousness returned, and as the light crept under his eyelids, Shephard strove to turn his head, to rise, but could not; and then, bending above him he saw Dean Page, and he remembered.

"Mine now, curse you!" hissed the other, gloating; "and I will marry your widow, or kill her, too! Do you know where you are?"

He smiled a devilish smile.

Shephard could not move, bound hand and foot, but he knew where he lay. It was on the log-way. He shuddered. "You do know," said the other. "And only think—there'll not be enough found of you to bury. Nobody will blame me—you fell in yourself. Good-bye! The log's coming!"

It was coming.

Far up the way, Shephard could hear the rumbling rush, as the great tree trunk gathered momentum in its downward plunge.

It was coming! Great heavens, it was hard to die thus!

He closed his eyes with a half prayer—there was not time for more, and then the roar increased, became terrific. The trough trembled, the flying snow fell upon his upturned face, and then—

He lived! Slowly, almost unbelievingly, he opened his eyes. Yes, alive and unhurt; and as he turned his head his enemy was gone; but close to the side of the way lay the great log, and beneath it, silent and crushed, lay what had been Dean Page.

Fate had saved the victim and punished the would-be-slayer.

Writhing desperately, Shephard at length threw himself out of the way, and released his hands and feet. Then he saw what had happened.

The bottom plank of the trough at the point where he had lain was loose; his weight upon its lower end had raised its upper end two or three inches, and this lower obstruction had hurled the sliding log out of the way, through the air onto the man who had planned his death. Thus was he saved.

### A Beautiful Monument.

The most beautiful monment in the world, save t at of Queen Louisa, wife of Frederick William IV., in Charlottenburg, near Berlin, is that of Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince of Wales, afterward King George IV., and wife of Prince Leopold, late King of Belgium. It stands in St. George's chapel, Windsor, England.

Her sudden death and that of her infant son, who was the heir to the throne of England, at Claremont, near Windsor, in 1816, caused deep and universal sorrow throughout the kingdom.

She lived a sad life until her marriage, when, emancipated from the heartless bondage of her parents, and the tyranny of her domestics, she really entered upon the true enjoyment of life. But death destroyed the hopes of a sympathizing kingdom.

She not only stood high in rank, but higher in the Christian graces, and a mourning and grateful nation erected this splendid monument to her memory.

The monument is of white marble, and attests the skill of the artist, Matthew Wyatt. The vault is found in Urswick chapel, at the eastern end of the building. The cenatoph consists of two parts, the front, or lower one representing mortality, and the higher one, back of the former, representing the resurrection to life and glory.

The body of the princess is carved above the sarcophagus, covered with a white robe, her right hand falling gently over the edge of the sarcophagus.

It is so finely executed that the outlines of her figure, and even her countenance, are admirably preserved.

At each of the four corners a female figure with head covered has fallen upon her face in passionate grief. In the background the princess is represented as ascending in joyous aspect from the tomb, between two winged angels, one of them supporting her child.

A canopy of carved gilt-work encircles it above, on which are intertwined the arms of England and Saxe-Coburg, to which Leopold belonged. On the window back of the monument six of the apostles are painted, and a rich purple-and-orange light streams down through the invisible side windows upon the rising figures, giving them a most beautiful celestial glow, and representing to the spectator a strange contrast with the dim and shadowy figures in front.

It gives one a vivid idea of the difference between the earthly and the heavenly, and unfolds to his enraptured vision the glories of immortality. The visitor may study it in its finely executed details for hours with increasing interest.—Philadelphia Saturday Night.

### Starting Out in Life.

Speaking about boys. Did you ever notice how some boys make an effort to get along in the world? When a young man starts out in life he commences by looking for a position in which he may earn his daily bread and find clothes to cover his nakedness. If he is one of these reckless, vagabond sort of boys whose thoughts don't run a rod into the future, or hardly keep pace with the things going on around him, or has grown up about as does a lonely and isolated weed in the garden that obtains its strength from a rich spot in the ground and draws nourishment from the better fed plants and vegetables that from their value receive care and attention, it is safe to say that he is one who never thinks of what the next day, month or year may bring forth, and though nearing the age of manhood he is about as capable of filling the position of a man as a mulley calf. Still, he makes a pretense at caring for himself and claims to be doing all in his power to get along in the world. Such a boy starts out to obtain a situation. He is reckless about his personal appearance. His hair is uncombed, face and hands unwashed, and the general appearance of a tramp in his exterior recommendation. If he applies for a position, the man who happens to need a young man sizes him up and concludes that he had rather employ a Digger Indian, if he has got to reform and make clean the person whom he hires.

And again, he will wander around for days and weeks, hanging around places where they have no more use for a boy than a dog has for two tails. He spends one day loafing about the depot, expecting some one will come around and offer him a fine situation at four dollars per day and board. He will stand around and talk with the baggage-man at the depot, or help the lunch-counter clerk to carry in coal for his dinner, and in the afternoon he loafs around some more and scrapes the acquaintance of the brakeman in the yard and helps him couple cars and unload freight, while the brakeman fills him full of taffy about how easy it is to get a soft thing working for a railroad company. The next day he spends at the police court listening to the cases tried, loafs an hour or two at the postoffice, awhile in a billiard hall, and winds up with a visit to a saloon. All the time he is fairly aching to have some one give him a position and he curses the country where a young man can find nothing to do. When you see that kind of a young man you can set it right down that he don't amount to a row of pins. Men don't hire boys from under the eaves of a saloon, and when they are looking for a young man to do a job of work they do not go through the crowd loafing around the depot with a search warrant, and pick out the dirtiest young tramp among the number.

No one ever heard of a man who wanted to hire a young, bright, active, stirring boy, with fire in his eye, energy and vinegar in his constitution, looking over the loafers at the police station for such a boy. At such places all the boys you would find would only have enough energy to masticate a chew of tobacco, or hold down a dry goods box on a street corner all day and swear through the evening about the cursed country where there was nothing for a boy to do. When a farmer comes into town looking for a boy to help at the spring work, at fifteen dollars per month and board, he don't look through the corridors of the postoffice and pick out the slouchiest looking loafer in the crowd, or hunt up a billiard hall and hire the boy who can "pocket" the most balls at pool or drink the most beer.

Though a boy may wear a ragged coat, or his pants may be out at the elbows because he has no one to mend them, it is no reason why he should not be a trump, and take the highest trick. Many a boy with holes in his boots and his coat torn, but whose face and hands were clean, his eyes bright, and his system full of energy, has carried off the persimmons when others and better dressed boys have stood around with their hands in their pockets, cursing their luck. But the boys can make up their minds that while a business man sees them loafing around depots, police courts, the postoffice, or street corner, he would not hire any one of their number to carry swell to his pigs. That's about the way business men feel about it, and it is time the boys knew it. The cleanest, brightest boy is the one who catches on every time.—Milwaukee Sun.

### Dancing With a Duke.

The other night the young duke of Newcastle danced with five gorgeous partners. It was a special ball night, and so the toilets were such as to illustrate the newest developments in the summer styles. His first partner is an Algerian striped muslin, transparent, lined with pink silk and looped over a short underskirt, of white satin cut into blocks around the bottom. Each block is hand painted with a spray of pink morning glories and foliage, this block trimming falling over a deep flounce of Oriental lace. The satin bodice has a spray of morning glories, starting from the left shoulder, crossing the waist diagonally and falling in a garland over the sides of the paniers.

His second wore a dress of heavy white corded silk, hand-embroidered in white sadler silk bouquets. The front is a breadth of splendid chenille embroidery in the proper colors for roses and drooping clusters of wisterias and their foliage. The long train is split up the back, and from the opening there rushes a sweeping of this chenille-embroidered silk.

The third is in purplish blue and bluish French gray, both materials the heaviest satin, and at the smallest calculation twenty yards of each is gobbled in the manufacture of this stunning costume. Newcastle's fourth waltz was with a girl in a toilet of oak satin merveilleux, trimmed on the bottom with a puffing of the same stuff, surmounted by a flounce of old-rose silk, embroidered in open work. The corsage, of oak armure, is pointed at the waist, with a flounce in large pleats set on all around.

But the most gorgeous dress pressed by the duke's son's arm is gendarme blue, with huge brocaded flowers of shaded gold nearly covering the surface. This superb material is puffed, looped and draped from the waist to the end of the train, with a freedom utterly regardless of cost. Besides, there ran up the front, across the breast and down the back, an exquisite trimming of floss embroidery of flowers and leaves in natural colors, cut out and thickly studded with pearl beads. The fellow might easily have imagined that he was dancing with a duchess.—Long Branch Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Western Mystery.

A letter from Milwaukee, Wis., says: A great sensation was caused lately by the publication of statements concerning one Michael Holmes, who died in this city a few days ago. Holmes came here but a short time ago, and no one appeared to know anything about his antecedents. He was non-communicative in regard to his history and made but few acquaintances. About two weeks ago he had a misunderstanding with a fellow countryman named Patrick Johnson, which ended in his receiving such injuries that he has since died from them. It now appears that he made a partial confidant of another Irishman named Fitzgerald. So much of his story as is known is now made public. With three others he secretly left Dublin the night following the Phœnix Park murders and came to this country, and after drifting about from place to place finally came here. He told Fitzgerald in confidence that he had not written to his wife in Ireland for fear that his wheeabouts would be learned, and also said that some of those charged with murder were innocent men. The opinion is universally entertained here that Holmes was connected with the assassination, if not actually engaged in it.


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