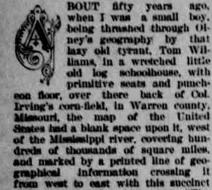
heavenly artists paint them, hose glowing tints divine, om golden censer pouring, sem shower ambrosial wine?

the fairies dwell within them, teh so faint the tones are, Only spirit sense can hear?
When the dewdrops glow and glisten
In the evening's rosy glow.
Then the angels bend and listen!
Hear the roses as they grow.
OLIVE S. ENGLAND.

A Pioneer Boy.

(From the Statesman.) (To the widow of the lamented Judge Deady; to Mrs. Emma Hughes, wife of Hon. John Hughes, of Salem, and to her two surviving brothers. Ohark and Octo Pringle, who suffered with me many of the hardships of that memorable journey across the plains, I respectfully dedicate this chapter of my life.—J. L. Collins.)



doubt, to convey to the youthful understanding the arid reason for the
unexplored condition of this vast
terra incognita. It ran thus: "The
Great American Desert."

Now, when I glance at a school
geography and find this immense
blank filled with rich and populous
states and territories, dotted with

and humming with business, I smile to remember how I almost hugged myself with delight in my childish contemplation of this "Unexplored Region." I was so glad it was not covered all over with the hard names states, counties, capitals, rivers, ies, towns, products, manufactures, gs, for old Tom Williams to wallop me for not remembering, when 'Lish' Kane had such a superb horse fiddle to let me play on, and Will Pearl and I had such a splendid set of marbles between us, and 'Tilda Menifee and 'Liza Jane Irving were such jolly girls to go huckleberrying

ith among the Charlotte hills. Yet, in the year 1846, while the white spot on the map of North Amer-ca, and James Buebanan and Sir ica, and James Buchanan and Sir Richard Pakenham were determining. ington City, at what precise degree of latitude our northern bound-ary of it should be fixed, myself and immediate friends were crossing identical solitude, from Missouri to Oregon, with ox teams.
On the 9th day of May, and about

the time we passed the western frontier of civilization, I halled my

We had started on our perilous journey in April; and, after suffering incredible toils, dangers, and hard-ships, entered at the head of the Wiltte valley late in November, and reached Skinner's Butte, near the base of which Eugene City and the state university are now located, about the 10th of December. It had n raining on us for two months, now began to threaten snow; our teams were so poor and worn out that we had not been able to travel more than from three to six miles a day during that time; our provisions re so far exhausted, that our main reliance was upon our rifles, and had en for more than a month; and we were yet about seventy miles, by the trail, from the nearest settlement where we could hope to find anything to relieve our pressing necessities. We camped below Skinner's Butte,

day with my gun, to report failure to ions, at last Sam, who acted as cook, informed me that the kettle contained prairie between the hills west of the last morsel we had in the cabin, Coyote creek and the Willamette river, where we met Wm. Stilwell, of I told my comrades it was useld North Yamhill, and another gentleman borhood of the Indian camp, and that I must try to find new hunting ground. Mr. Turnedge had been to lands of the Long Tom river were so flooded that they thought it impossi-ble for us to reach the settlements Spencer's Butte, a high peak a few miles south of us. He thought if I would take one of the horses and go over to the foot of the butte early in with our wagons before the next nmer; and that it was absolute madness to think of doing it during the winter, in the condition we were it would probably take a whole day to get the horses over from the island; in. I saw my father's lip quiver, on receiving this intelligence. I knew him to be a man of unfaltering courbesides, it was quite dangerous for age, and that no ordinary circum stances could cause his cheek to pale I already knew our situation to be on foot before daylight, and keeping difficult and dangerous; but now, I realized that it was becoming desperate—in fact, almost hopeless. the summit of the butte, as it stood relieved against the sky, constantly There was father and mother ar.

before me as a guide, endeavor to reach its base while the deer were seven children of us. My sister Eliza-beth was about 15 years old; I was next, 13; brother Frank 12; sister feeding, and before they withdrew to Elize 10; brother Douglas about 8, and brother George alas! the dear little fellow was not there. A heavy it aside for me to take with me. We wagon had run over him, and crushed him to death, on Bear river, away out ate the remainder for our supper, except a small piece we saved out for the sick man to eat the next day, in the Rocky mountains. Then there was brother Will, about 4 and little David, the baby, 18 months old.

I have faced death, and encountered during my absence, and then we sadly retired to rest. Sometime before daylight . Sam

danger in a thousand forms, yet, still I shudder when I think of the crushing weight that must then have pressed upon my father's heart.

Late in the evening, while we were at a loss to know what course to pur-

sue, an old French trader, who had n out with a load of flour to meet the starving immigrants who were further back and in worse condition than ourselves, and was now return-ing to the settlements with a dozen ponies bearing empty packsaddles, came and camped close by us. On learning our situation, this kind old eer consented to help us out of our troubles, so far as he could, for a few dollars and a plug or two

We resolved that the Frenchman uld take the most of our camp equipage, beds, and the clothing of the family on his pack-horses, and mother and all the family, except father and myself, should set out on they might secure more comfortable winter quarters, before the cold weather should set in. Father and I were to remain and take care of the

Joseph Turnedge had employed some packers to convey himself and family to the settlements on horses; and they set out in company with mother and the children, leaving his

upon us, we saw that our scentry sop-ply of flour would soon be consumed and we must be reduced to such game as we could kill. We held a counci and decided that father should take

our pony, proceed to the settlements, and return with some flour as soon

heart would break as he disappeared among the tall pine trees below the cabin. But I had little time for de-

spondency. We must have meat; and we must depend upon our rifles. The next morning after father left us Mr. Turnedge killed a deer in the

it was frequently no easy matter to get them when we wanted them.

without hiring an Indian to bring

gone. And just about the time father

a tremendous snow-storm, followed by a freeze, sufficient to render it impos-

pelled to endure the constantly in-creasing rigors of our situation longer

While it was snowing we were re

was so poor, that her flesh seemed

However, we had the good fortune to trade the hide and part of the poor carcass to some Indians who were

mas. But when this poor beef and cammas were consumed, and we could

get no more supplies from our Indian

scarce and shy from being constant-ly hunted by ourselves and them, a greater calamity than had yet be-

allen came upon us. Mr. Turnedge

When I found that this faithful

riend could not go with me to the

unt, that there was but a single sad-

dle of venison in the camp, the horses were away on the island, the snow

was still about four inches deep, the

game in our immediate vicinity, our woodpile was nearly exhausted, and

here was no hope of father's return

while the weather remained as it had

been for a month, I must acknowledge

that it was a little difficult for me to

keep my courage up at all times. And

several days, with no apparent change for the better, and I had returned night after night, from tramping all

he morning. I could kill a deer.

seans we had of crossing, without a

iorse. So I finally resolved to set out

Sam selected the best piece of mus-

le he could find in the kettle and laid

waked me up; and, armed with my

rusty rifle and provided with the lit-

considerate Sam had sayed for me, I

a shallow take, more than half a mile

across; but it was frezen over, I thought, solid enough for me to cross

knew it was not over my head, as Mr. Turnedge, who had ridden across

t, had told me so. I resolved to go

the nearest way, and cross it on the

in large spots on the steep southern exposure, it still covered the whole

valley; and the frosty crust crunched

and crackled under my feet, as I went

autiously upon the ice, thinking

bear my weight, I would turn to the left and go around it. It appeared to

be solid enough, so I moved carefully

on for something over two hundred yards, when suddenly the ice gave

way and let me into the water up to

my armpits. I succeeded in keeping

my gun and ammunition from getting

wet; and for a moment I held them

above my head and looked around

me in dismay. It was but a moment,

hopefully on.

When I came to the lake, I went

Between Spencer's butte and

set out for the butte.

hunting

samped in the woods a little

sible for him to return before the

than we had expected.

eached the settlements there came on

the name where we prepared to spend the name where we prepared to spend the remainder of the winter.

Some after the departure of the families, a stranger who called himself Samuel Ruth, said he was a native of Baltimore, had spent several pears at sea, and had been a stock-driver for some of the immigrants behind us, came to the cabin. He was so badly crippled in one leg that he could accreely travel a mile a day. He had no friends, was utterly destitute, and nearly starved. We gave him something to eat, but told him he must move on towards the settlements as we were almost entirely without provisions, and could not keep him. The poor fellow represented to us his inability to proceed, and begged, with brimming eyes, that we would, at least, permit him to stay and starve under the sheltering roof of the cabin. This was more than I could stand. I interposed in his behalf, and entreated curnestly that he might be allowed to stay. I pledged myself to kill game enough to feed him, if he should be permitted to remain with us. I became so determined and eloquent in my arguments, that father finally sledded, then Mr. Turnedge, and it was settled, to my great relief, and his evident joy, that he might stay a few days, until, possibly, some opportunity might offer for him to reach the settlements.

laurel, turning my coldest and wet-test side to the sun, to cut my scanty luncheon and consider what I should do. By the time I had dispatched the lunch I found that it would be better sibly, some opportunity might offer for him to reach the settlements. With this helpless cripple quartered apon us, we saw that our scanty sup-

loes to keep moving.

I resolved to die in these hills rather than return empty-handed to my hungry and helpless comrades. Just then I seemed to hear someone sny to me: "Thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee." A strange, warm thrill shot through my beart, and ran all over me. I paused and looked around me. I could see nothing but scattering feeling of utter desolation took pos-session of me; and I felt as if my trees, and snow, and solitude, moved on with a baif-frightened feeling. Again I seemed to bear the sum words distinctly spoken to me. Bu there could be no mistake; I was sure

long strip of scattering pine trees that put out from the slough, far into the words seemed to ring deep down in my very soul! They seemed to be fa-millar. I certainly had heard them before. But when, or where, I could not tell. The voice sounded exactly like the tone of my father, as he was prairie, exactly where Eugene City is built. That deer fell about where edge's mare and went to look for some cattle, acress the slough, on a wont to rend the Bible, at family grove. I found a good many cattle that were feeding on some green joness, or rushes, which grew there; and to solve their import, I rambles and among them a little brown pony; I saw that the cattle were doing well, and left them; but the pony followed me back to the cabin, where Mr. on, in the hope of starting a dee

and left them; but the cabin, where Mr. Turnedge recognized him as the property of John B. Bounds, who had camped at the pine grove before we reached it, and lost this borse. We reached it, and lost this borse. We reached it, and lost this borse, where I had vainly hoped to find alundance of game in the morning.

The sun was just setting, and the case closely follows: And so, I wandered about the foo of the butte all day; until, late in the reached it, and lost this horse. We considered "Pony" a valuable acquisition; but he also proved a great annoyance to us, for he would go back to the island when we turned him loose, and the mare followed him. So, little strenk of moon was closely fol-lowing it. As I moved cautiously along the hillside, where the snow had melted away, and the tender, green grass thinly covered the ground which had been burnt over the proceeding autumn, I was startled by the emphat ic croak of a raven, coming from the top of a dead snag on the hill above me. I paused. As I turned my eyes in that direction, they fell upon a large buck and an old doe, feeding quietly on the hillside, about sixty yards from me. Quicker than I can write it, I sent a bullet through the buck's heart. With a convulsive leap he sprung into the air, can violently

> and fell dead I might have killed the doe, too, if I had exercised my customary pre-caution, and reloaded my gun, be-beauty in any shape; but between fore rushing on so eagerly in search of the one I had shot; for, just as I came upon the dead one, I saw her standing, walling for him, not more could reload she was gone.
>
> By the time I had removed the in-

stines from my prize, it was getting to camp. At length I found a large pine tree that had been burned nearly half off at the ground and then shivered and splintered up very much at the stump, and was full of pitch. This was splendid. I went back and But what was my amazement to find that I had forgotten to bring my flint and steel with me! As for scarcely knew anything about them; for they were a recent invention that had not yet come into general use on

The setting moon was just drawing down the curtain of the night behind her, and with the increasing darkness it was growing colder; I was several side of timt cold lake; I was wearieout, and burdened with my game which I could not so much upon my shoulder; and I could not the wolvest. So, it was a settled mater that I must stay here all night

ermining what to do. I went to th old pine stump, and selected the dries and pitchlest splinters I could find and whittled up a great pile of shav ings from the best of them. Then cleared away the snowdrift from th upper side of the log, and laid a large quantity of the pine splinters on the shavings. I took a piece of cotton cloth-used for bullet-patching-and rabbed it thoroughly in some gun powder dampened with saliva, which laid this rag on the shavings, against the log so it could not blow away

and sprinkled a little dry powder on Then I fired off my gun, and put n a charge of powder, but no ball I placed the muzzle of my rifle against the prepared cloth, and fired the loose powder from the gun. The rag took ire. And, by a little careful blowing and dextrous manipulation, the shav-ings were soon in a blaze. I piled on splinters, and soon had a fire, whose varmth rejoiced my beart, as its blaze lighted up the gloomy hills around me As soon as I got my fire well agoing skinned out a choice piece of venson and set it up on a wooden spir to roast. While my supper was cook ing, and I busted myself in gathering pine limbs for fuel, I found a place where the log I had built my fire above the ground for thirty or forty feet across the head of a little ravine. where a quantity of oak leaves had drifted in and filled up the place; and they were clean, and nearly dry. brought as many of them as I wanted and spread them down in a large pile

was done. I turned the other side to the fire, and began to est from that which was already cooked. I had gathered a good pile of fuel; so I kept up a roaring fire, and ate the swer roast, and dried out my socks and the legs of my pants, which had not been entirely dry since I fell into the lake. My feet were swollen and blistered all over, and every bone and muscle in my body ached with fatigue.

Now, when my hunger was ap-peased, and I felt warm and dry, as I lay on my rustic couch looking up at the cold stars as they blinked at me from the deep blue heavens, I began to reflect on my situation and its

J. L. COLLINS.

ASTORIA'S RAILROAD. Yesterday Chairman Weich of the in Testerday Chairman Welch of the inside right of way committee, turned over to the secretary the deed of Delph. Upton and Welch, which completes the deeds inside the city with the exception of the suits that will necessarily have to be commenced. The labors of the committee are practically ended, and in a few days their report will be ready and submitted to the general committee of twenty-one. It will certainly be an interesting document, and will show a remarkable result of the labors of the gentlemen connected with it. The right of way is complete to the O. R. & N. dock, unless it be one suit to be one suit fo be filed against a small tract in Uppertown. West of the O. R. & N. dock several strips are out, but condemnaof securing the right of way through these tracts will amount to more than a few hundred dollars.—Astorian, Thursday.

HOMELIEST OF

HAVE OFTEN PASCINATED THE LOVELIEST OF WOMEN.

Love is Born of Mystery-Masculine Comeliness is Not Always Enough to Win Women-Spiritual Sorcery is Needed - A Woman is Usually Fondest of Him About Whom She is Silent.

The mysterious source of fascination ne men have for some women

The general opinion that men draw and delibgt the other sex mainly through their good looks cannot be safely adopted, notwithstanding it has a broad basis of truth. To be sure, there was Alcibaides, Mohammed, Crichton and Mariborough, who achieved fame in that way; but other qualities are apt to be overlooked that have contributed to their success.

Women rave wildly over handsome men and magnificent figures, and yet, while they rave, find themselves fas-cinated by plain and even homely men. Love idealizes, especially in the fem-inine heart. It is born of mystery, adhering where it descends, whether or the verdant hills or in the parched valley; externals have little to do with

women; on the contrary, it often in-vites and sometimes wins them; but to hold them, some spiritual sorcery is needed which is independent of color

with outward allurement, but lacking in the higher and worthier gifts, she s apt to undergo a revulsion of feel ng but little short of contempt. The men that women talk of amiably eferring to their good looks, pleas ant ways, are not the men who appeal strongly to their sympathies or who thrill their blood.

When you hear a woman of any force speak of a man's mere hand-American army was amusing itself While it was snowing we were re- he sprung into the air, ran violently someness he has merely caught her west of the Rio Grande, settling with duced to the extremity of killing the over the ridge, just out of my sight, eye, her heart is for another.

> of him about whom she is silent. No beauty in any shape; but between beauty and brains there can be only one choice. A man who is consciou his personal attractions and shows tacitly admits that they are the est of him, and he becomes emascu lated. This vanity makes him wom anish, and no womanish man can awake a grand passion in the beart of any true woman. When a man power to judge of him rationally. He has become transformed; however plain be may be she does not think Hyacinthus, he would not be acceptable. A man who has been denied condiness evokes a woman's sym-

pathy by that alone.

She may say mentally, at first, "How ngiy he is," but she will not repeat it; soon she would not change him i she could. Man's ugiiness seems often to conceal mysterious fascinations which women find impossible to resist. The illustrious men in history who have kindled in women's hearts inextinguishable passions, have been, as

a rule, plain. Julius Caesar, as a great victor over far from beautiful. He had a distemper in his head, Plutarch tells us, and was subject to epi

and irresistible of men, he owned his powers to his masterful mind, not to n attractive person.

When a more stripling, before his ame in Rome, girls of his own age ighed for him, and mature women Sylla said of him while in his early "They know little who do not

many Mariuses in that boy." Women Zuttered about him like ooths about a flame. It is the moral, of less than the physical law, that odies attract in proportion as they Fascinating as Caesar was, he coul-

not keep his third wife, Pompela, from desperate and dangerous flictation with Publius Ciodius. But Pempela was not very fond of him; for she must have knowp that he married her or political reasons, and that domestic loyalty was not one of his virtues Very likely she caused Clodius to be introduced into her house during the estival of Gynaecea, with the delib ate intent to revenge herself for her shand's infidelities, although she had o fear that her gallant would be disvered. When her lord put her away without appearing as a witness against the profligate partician, and made to his inquiring friend the well-known reply, "I am unwilling that my wife ould be even so much as suspected," he showed that his pride was hurt more than his affection. If such a man as Caesar had really loved Pomhave been-as he would have had her-womanly above suspicion. When against lay up about a foot and a balf he fell at last beneath the swords of the conspirators, many of the patriall the women of Rome were heart-broken at the tragedy. Like Brutus, they loved Caesar and they loved Rome; but unlike Brutus, they loved Caesar more than Rome.

Sir Philip Sydney, the accepted pink of Elizabethian chivalry, whom women of all times adored, was plain to a degree of ugliness; his face and figure have been exaggerated to harmonious before Agametinon, but it is doubt ful if there were gentlemen before Sydney. His travels and his sojourn at the French court gave him a polish of manner superior to his countrymen; and with his strong literary talent he was enabled to impress himself vividly He was a truly knightly soul at base

his spoken gallantries were not screen He fascinated by his mind, not by his person, and his victories were free

and controlled the sensibilities of some of the finest women of France during the reign of Louis XIII and XIV, Nature had been miserly to him as respects his person, even before disease had made him a wretched cripple.

But even then he had no trouble in obtaining for wife the young and love-Francois d'Aubigne, who, as Madame de Maintenon subsequently subjugated the most fastidious and fickle of French kings.

Baron Friedrich von der Trenck was a great favorite with the sentimental sisterhood and yet he was cheated of attractive features, owing all his success, as he once wrote, to his uncompromising ugliness. There are many records besides his own interesting memoirs, of how, when he sought to

Amelia, siste of Frederick the Great, avolved him in life-long troubles. He ary man that has ever lived, the most surprising production of the Author of Nature—Voltnire—was in no wise framed like Paris, nibelt he had many Helens. Brilliant as a diamond in the sunshine, incontestably the eleverest of the human race to the present time he would never have been chosen as a typical lover. Wonderful as his mind was, he was ugly of feature, but capa-ble of delighting women with all his

gratify a woman's eye. Nevertheless, he stirred her to her depths, thrilled her to the core, set her blood on fire. her to the core, set her blood on fire.

His presence moved women as well as his writings strangely enough withal, for he was not in the least amiable, nor capable of appearing so.

John Wilkes, often mentioned, even
by himself, as the ugilest man in all
England, was a British Don Guzman
de Alfaruche. He had the gift of talk-

de Affarnche. He had the gift of tak-ing women out of all respect for the best known of the ten commandments. He had the art of dissembling to per-fection when he wished to, and women who abhorred him from his reputation were sure he had been foully slandered

trait of a man who could be a dange called a satirist should be choose the portrait of Jonathan Swift. But ev-erybody knows how he subjugated their minds by his rancorous pride sweetest women in Great Britain looked for all their happiness in his

looked for all their happiness in his harsh homely face, until they drooped with disgust or died with despair. There are many other men ill-favor-ed of mind and body, in the present, not less than the past, who may be cited as bewitchers of women. But tune. There are Sydneys, gifted and gentle, too chivalrous to wrong wonen conscientiously. There are Aretinos, capable, witty, unscrupulous, in-decent, who prey like beasts upon

There are Scarrons, there are Trencks, with whom love is a riot of the blood, who approach women as they do a citidel, with no thought of

What is the attraction of such men liancy, tenderness, or kindness? Some-thing, no doubt, of each and all of these; but exactly what can no more be named than the source of the sun's heat, or the reason why the moon affeets the tides.

The charm is dangerous, often fatal, it is a beautiful flame that consumes the radient possession, that curses the

heart than he to mhom a hundred

hearts are given. SATURN'S RING

Viewed in the Light of a Recent Alleged Astronomical Discovery.

positively demonstrated and estaburn is composed of innumerable small satellites, he has achieved a notable is not new entirely, but it has never been fully verified. Prof. Keeler's tific, but exceedingly ingenious, and it seems that he has solved an astron-

The ring of Saturn is itself one of

the strangest mysteries of astronomy. Why Saturn alone of all the planets of the solar system should have a ring is incomprehensible. Jupiter, which is more than three times as large as Saturn, has no ring, and all the smaller planets ge along without one, Saturn alone being supplied with the exceptional and apparently use less appendage. The ring consists of three apparent rings lying in one plane and of different degrees of density. The inner edge of the ring is 5,900 miles from the planet itself, and its total diameter is 172,800 miles. It was first discovered in 1659, and has been more or less a subject of sumed to be solid, but that theory was abandoned. Then the accepted theory for a long time was that it consisted ute bodies free to move relatively to one another; in short, that it was fluid. The theory was largely conjectural.

For about twenty five years past the ring of Saturn has been a subject of continual vigilance and study by as-tronomers. Searching telescopes in all parts of the world have been pointed at it at regular and frequent ntervals, and there have been few nights in the year when sharp and learned eyes have not been trying to unravel its mystery. In 1870 M. note at that time in this country, but who afterward returned to France. began a series of observations of Satim, first with his own telescope at Cambridge, Mass., and the much larger ones at Harvard university and the observatory at Washington. In 1876 he announced some nteresting conclusions, but none except that "the matter composing the dusky ring," meaning the part nearest the planet itself, "is aggiommasses which almost wholly prevents the light of the planet from reaching the eye of the observer. From 1875 to 1877 Crofthall of Washington made a series of observations which let to no definite canciusion beyond con-firming Mr. Teouvelot's description of the appearance of the dusky part of the ring as "somewhat like particles of dust floating in a ring of light traversing a dark chamber."
In 1881 Dr. Meyers, a Swiss astron-

which led to a careful revision of the Saturn and the diameter of the ring.
Prof. Kirkwood of this state had, as early as 1868, demonstrated that the division in the ring or the space be-

ian observations during the last twenty-live or thirty years, an outlin which conveys no adequate idea of been brought to bear on the subject, it will be seen that not much advance has been made in determining the character and composition of the ring. Astronomers can estimate its mass, determine its distance from the planet, measure its diameter, and calculate its mathematical elements, but what it is composed if or what pur-Madame de Genlis tells us that he was the only man of the eighteenth century who could talk to women as they really enjoyed being talked to.

Rosseau (Jean Jacques) looked the reverse of the sentimentalist that he was. Not only was he remarkably plain, his face being dull and his features heavy, his appearance was rustle, his manner awkward, in truth, there was nothing in his appearance to

> STATE FAIR PREMIUM LIST. Now Ready for Distribution-A Neat Book - Some of the Salient Features for 1895.

The premium list for the Oregon State Fair, 1805, has just been completed by the printer and binder and will be ready for distribution tomorrow. In workmanship it is the neatest ever issued in this state and is exceedingly attractive in general ap-

The list is rearranged, modified and improved in many ways for the ben-efit of patrons and visitors to the great gathering, which will begin Wednesday, September 25th, and continue ten days, closing Friday, October 4th It appears that no pains will be spared on the part of the management to make this year's fair of interest, pleasure and advantage to all who may

The Oregon state weather bureau, in connection with the government weather service, has been invited to make an exhibit of instruments, charts, fings, etc., and the exhibit will be one of the interesting features of the fair.

lege and government experiment sta-contests are to be expected. A center of attraction will be the ed salmon and other fish from the fisheries department of the Oregon World's Fair commission, together with the glass exposition jars from the agricultural department of same commission, which have been donated by the state to the board of agriculfair, as a souvenir of the Oregon ex-These jars and other specimens will be arranged to the best possible effect Music for the fair will be furnish

"The Parsons band and orchestra, Portland, consisting of twenty ng of any band in the state. The order high class concerts in the large pa-vilion from 7 to 11 o'clock each even-

ever given at an Oregon fair, The pavilions, racetrack, exhibition R. M. Estes. buildings, refreshment stands, etc., will not be permitted to be opened to the public on Sundays, the programme for which day will be of a religious nature, accompanied by a grand sacred concert.

A new and convenient feature of this year's premium list is an explicit statement of the transportation arrangements which have been made with the several railroads. This in tion has been invited to co-operate in making the fair a success and some interesting agricultural, horticultural, may be expected therefrom.

The bicycle races, which proved interesting in 1894, will interesting in 1894, will occupy prominent place on the daily pr the constantly increasing number of League of American Wheelmen. The best racing talent of the upper coast will be present and some exciting except upon individual inquiry.

Besides the long list of premium subracing everything produced by human or by nature's handlwork, the state board has this year offered a few special premiums that will be conducive of widespread interest as

follows; premiums to become the property of the board as the nucleus of a perma nent mineral exhibit-first premium. \$150, second premium \$100,

Best exhibit of native woods (Oregon), to be labeled with common and botanical names, the exhibit getting the premium to be the property of the board-\$150. Best exhibit of Oregon building stone—first premium, \$25; second, \$15. Best exhibit of Oregon potter's clay

first premium, \$5; second, \$3. Best county exhibit of agricultural and horticultural products—first pre mium \$200; second, \$100. The race programme has been published in the Statesman already and will not need repeating until the en-

The officers of the state board agriculture are: President, Wm. Galloway, McMinnville; vice president, J. T. Apperson, Oregon Oity; secretary, C. B. Irvine, Salem; treasurer, A. Bush, Salem; chiof marshal, W. L. Simeral, Macleay; superintendent of pavilion, Wm. H. Savage, Salem.

advices are to the affect that the daughter has so far recovered that he expects to be here by June 10th, and may possibly be accompanied by his entire family to spend the summer in Oregon

and they set out in company with mother and the children, leaving his younger brother with us, to take charge of his property.

Harrison Turnedge was a good hunter, and we were glad to have him with us; so, we all three moved into a partly floished cabin that Eugene Skinner had built during the summer of my gun, until I came out where the summer leaves the children, in the sales of foreign wool in the last division in the ring or the space be from fleshy taint.

Pictor Arctino, celebrated as a writer in the six of the domestic product. Under the six teen it is time I came out where the last division in the ring or the space be from fleshy taint.

Pictor Arctino, celebrated as a writer in the six teen it is time and hungry how, in as many different directions around me; and an owl tesponded with a desolate hoot from the six teen is the six teen in the six teen in the ring or the space be division in the ring of the space be division in the ring of the space of the domestic product. Under the six teen it is the six teen in the six teen is the conclusion that the division in the ring or the space be division in the ring of the space of the domestic product. Find the six teen is the six teen it is the six teen it is the six teen it is the sales of foreign wool in the ring of the space of the domestic product. Find the six teen is sales of the domestic product. Find the six teen is space of the domestic product. Find the six teen its sales of the domestic product. Find the six teen is sales of the domestic product. Find the six teen is sales of the domestic product. Find the six teen is sales of the domestic product

TOWN OF DEMOREST

PURITAN VIRTUES PLANTED IN REMOTE GRORGIA VILLAGE.

Samed for the Late W. Jennings Demo rest, Who Presented the Town with a Church Bell.

There is one spot where the name or the famous New Yorker, who died ibition. Mr. Demorest acknowledged the compliment by presenting the town with a bell, which summons emorest Christians to worship on aday.

vice is unknown. It is, of course, a vice is unknown. It is, of course, a no-license town. Even tobacco is under the social ban. There are nearly one thousand inimbitants. Of these, but one is tainted with negro blood, Mary Jones Tramwell, a young woman in the employ of the only Southern family in the place and negroes are not wanted there. Nearly all the residents are of New England origin. Their love for the freedman had faded under the Southern sun, and yet the late Mr. Demorest was an and yet the late Mr. Demorest was

abolitionist.

Demorest is a levely village, built around an artificial like a mile in length. In its center is a pretty pathat this pavilion has occasionally been the retreat of guilty parties ad-dicted to the sinful practice of danc-ing. If discovered, these wicked in-itators of Herodias's daughter would far larger planet than Saturn, only four. If the ring is really composed of moons, Saturn could afford to spare a few for the other planets.

Indianapolis Journal. trains convey tourists to the far-famed falls of Tallulah distant some twelve miles. The Blue Ridge mountains loom near in view. The town is only eighty-nine miles from Atlanta, on the Blue Ridge and Atlantic road. Demorest is a very healthful town None dies and very few scena to ent, except sparingly. The inhabitants

drummers have avoided the pissue the grip of one of them a searched on suspicion that it contains a flosk of whisky. Of course, the a pickon was unfounded.

There is a commodious hotel, a fortably equipped, but as no mover stopped in it the manager contains the sheriff assisted. The Derest Times has also ceased to a lits owner and editor was a docty divinity. The postmassier following.

Had blood was engendered between. Theological prejudices deoped into overt warfare. The edition day sent down a bundle of pap to be mailed to his subscribers wout accompanying the package wout accompanying the package wout

out accompanying the package win the price of the postage. The pos-master refused to help out his brothe in the church and even refused to as

miling up sapidly. Demorest is a treatm's rights community. It is to tering the newest ideas in politics and social philosophy and disdains the fads and capers of the world of

LAST OF LINCOLN'S CABINET With the death of Hugh McCullock Stanton and Pates departed a few years later, followed not long after ward by Welles, Denn son and Monward by Weller, Denn son and Mon-gomery Blair, while the demise of Speci occurred about eight years ago and that of Cameron and Usher at a more recent date. McCuiloch was a later appointee than any of these, qual-ifying on March 7, 1865, a month and eight days before the death of Lin-

The wit who declared that money was feminine because it talks probably knows that a good wife is a treasure.

Since the republican party can settle the money question right it should have the right to settle it.

Michigan has adopted an anti-trest-

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TABLE supplied with the best in market.

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ture that they may be "placed on exhibition for observation by the people of the whole state at the Oregon state Stylish Turnouts Always in Readiness. Having lately purchased the entire interest in the stables of Peter Cook, we are now better prepared than ever to meet the demands of the public as we are now making and are preparing to make many substantial, improvements. Teams boarded by the day or month.

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Draying - and - Hauling, DONE TO ORDER. Charges Low and Prompt Service.

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