

FOURTH OF JULY! To be celebrated AT

OREGON CITY

Best Oratorical Talent! Grand Chorus

Band of 30 pieces; Foot Races; Horse Races; Boat Races; Bicycle Races; Swimming Races; Log Rolling; Fireman's Tournament; Indian War Dance.

NUMEROUS AND COSTLY PRIZES
GRAND ILLUMINATION OF FALLS
COMPLETE PARTICULARS NEXT WEEK

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

An Impediment Placed in a Pursuer's Way That Helped Instead of Hindering.

"When I saw the gate at the top of the stairs," said the retired burglar, "of course I knew there was young children in the house. It was put there to keep 'em from falling down stairs. It was low, I guess about two feet and a half high, and it swung when closed from the post at the top of the stairs across to a strip nailed to the wall opposite."

"I noticed this gate when I went up, particular, because a man in my business notices everything, and because I thought that this would be a handy thing to shut in case anybody should get after me in the house; that shutting that gate in front of 'em might stop 'em long enough to let me get away comfortable. It wasn't more'n a year before I had a chance to try it."

"There was a long hall on the second floor of this house, with this stairway pretty near at the front end of it. I went into a room way back at the other end, and while I was looking around there I upset something on the bureau and woke up a man in the bed."

"Well," he says, "what's the matter now?" And I didn't wait to hear any more. I didn't even turn the light on him. I didn't need to. You could tell all you wanted to know about him by his voice. He was a resolute, able-bodied citizen that I could hear getting out of bed."

"I made a break for the door and sprinted along the hall, throwing my light and catching sight of that gate again and smiling to myself as I saw it. I swung it around shut after me as I passed and went on down the stairs, leaving the man up stairs coming along the hall overhead with a rush."

"But it's all right," I says to myself; "the gate'll stop him long enough for me to get out easy." But, by snakes, it didn't stop him at all. On the contrary, it helped him. Just as I was stepping down from the last step on to the floor of the hall below the man fell on my back. He'd been coming along the hall above so fast that he couldn't stop himself, and he fell over the gate, turned a summerset in the air on the staircase and came down a heap faster'n I did and landed on me. Instead of breaking his own back he pretty near broke mine."

"We rolled over and over on the floor in the hall, the man laughing fit to kill. That's the sort of a man he was. It was the funniest thing he'd run up against in a long time."

"He never once thought of stopping me, not once, but he says, when he was letting me out, 'If you should come again, don't shut the gate.'"—New York Sun.

Too Much Culture.

"Aunt Penelope Wiggins," as everybody called her, was visited one summer by a niece from the east, a Vassar college graduate. Aunt Penelope was one of the most hospitable souls alive, but she was not greatly impressed by the superior learning of her young relative, and one day she freed her mind about her thus:

"Talk to me about what a college education does for a girl! What do you suppose Matilda said to me the first day she came? She said:

"I'm so glad to meet you, aunty! You accent your name on the Aunty Penultimate, don't you?"

"Did you ever hear such nonsense? I had to tell her my name wasn't Aunty Penultimate, but Aunty Penelope, and I thought she would die a-laughing!—Youth's Companion.

Borrowers of Tobacco.

There are some smokers who do not buy tobacco or cigars more than once a year. There is probably no other article which is so often borrowed and not repaid as tobacco. A wit in this city once said in a newspaper paragraph, "The American people last year used 50,000,000 pounds of chewing tobacco, half of which they borrowed." There is almost as much truth as fun in that assertion.—Chicago Chronicle.

COURAGE.

It is not they that never knew
 Weakness or fear who are the brave—
 Those are the proud, the knightly few
 Whose joy is still to serve and save—

But they who in the weary night
 Amid the darkness and the stress
 Have struggled with disease and blight
 With pitiful world weariness.

They who have yearned to stand among
 The free and mighty of the earth,
 Whose sad, aspiring souls are wrung
 With starless hope and hollow mirth.

Who die with every day, yet live
 Through merciless, unbrightened years,
 Whose sweetest right is to forgive
 And smile divinely through their tears.

They are the noble, they the strong,
 They are the tried, the trusted ones,
 And though their way is hard and long,
 Straight to the paying God it runs.
 —Harper's Weekly.

SMITH'S CAKE.

It Was Something of a Surprise When Served at Dinner.

"Madam, you don't know how to make cake!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, throwing a lump of half cooked dough across the room at the cat. "You never knew how to make cake. I'd rather eat wet sawdust. You ought to have seen the cake my mother made. That was cake!"

"Your mother again—always your mother!" retorted Mrs. Smith. "Pity she didn't teach you something!"

"What do you mean, madam? I'll warrant I'll make better cake myself than you any day."

"Why don't you try? You'll find everything in the kitchen."

"Well, I can."

"Well, why don't you? You are all talk!"

Smith found himself cornered, and felt very uncomfortable, as he had either to surrender unconditionally or to make good his boast. He had never made a cake in his life, had no idea how cakes were compounded, but thought he knew what was in them.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come into the kitchen and make it," proposed his wife.

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. I'll get the things for you."

Smith took off his coat, his collar and necktie and rolled up his shirt sleeves. They walked to the kitchen together, and Smith said:

"What shall I mix it in?"

"Oh, you're doing it," Mrs. Smith replied.

"Ah, this will do," he said, taking up a bowl. "Now bring me some water, now some raisins and currants, sugar and ginger and allspice. There, that will do." He put them all into the bowl and mixed them with a spoon.

"They don't seem to stick together," he said. "Looks more like a thick soup than anything else. Fancy I've got too much water." Smith drained off some of the water and was about to put the cake into a pan, when his wife said:

"Didn't your mother use flour?"

"Oh, yes—yes—ah, yes—flour, of course." Then he mixed in flour until it was so stiff that he could hardly knead it.

"Now," said he, "I'll take this cake round to the baker's and have it baked properly." He started off, and when he reached the baker's he said:

"Will you just throw this stuff away and put in its place one of your best plum cakes?"

That night at supper Mrs. Smith had her mother and sister with her. She had told them of the cake, and they were expecting great fun at Smith's expense. The cake did not come until supper time. Smith took it from the boy and said:

"This is my cake—something like a cake." He carried in the cake, and placed it on the table.

"Here's a note in the paper," said Mrs. Smith. "I'll read it:

"DEAR SIR—I am sorry we are all out of plum cake, so I send you a pound cake instead. Yours obediently, B. BROWN, Baker."

—New York Ledger.

"Trivial" is derived from the Latin for three ways and means the petty gossip of the crossroads.

A Beautiful Present

In order to further introduce ELASTIC STARCH (Flat Iron Brand), the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to GIVE AWAY a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

Beautiful Pastel Pictures

They are 13x19 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

Lilacs and Pansies.

Pansies and Marguerites.

Wild American Poppies.

Lilacs and Iris.



These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist, R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public.

The pictures are accurately reproduced in all the colors used in the originals, and are pronounced by competent critics, works of art.

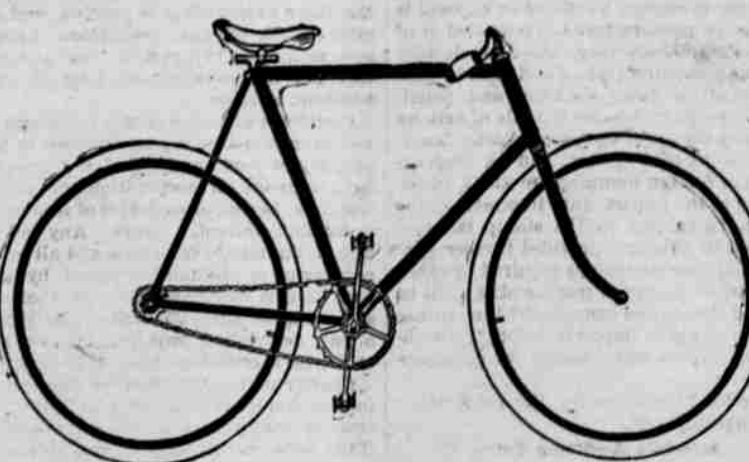
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For sale by C. G. Huntley.

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