

# FOURTH OF JULY

TO BE CELEBRATED AT OREGON CITY, OREGON



### OFFICERS

**PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,** Mayor E. G. Caufield  
**GRAND MARSHAL,** Geo. A. Harding  
**ORATOR** Col. W. H. Effinger  
**READER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE** Miss Myrtle Buchanan

### PROGRAM

**Grand Parade at 10 a. m.**  
**Literary Exercises at 11 a. m.** in the Park on the bluff at the end of Fourth Street.  
**Grand Chorus of 50 voices** will render the National Airs under the leadership of Mrs. J. H. Strickler.  
**At 1 p. m., Log Rolling contest and Swimming Races.**

**2 p. m., Bicycle Races, Basket Ball, Jumping Contests, etc.**  
**2:45 p. m., 100-yard Sprint Open** for all, and 220-yard Hurdle Races open for all.  
**3:30 p. m., Hose Races.**  
**4:45 p. m., Firemen's 220-yd dash.**  
**Grand Illumination of the Falls and Pyrotechnic Display in the Evening.**

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE PROGRAMS

### SHE NEVER BALKED AGAIN.

Bar Harbor Man Played a Bluff Game on a Contrary Mare.

"Speaking about balky horses and the best way to cure them," said George Sperry, "I can tell you of a trick that Stephen Leland played one time and it worked like a charm—you fellows all know Steve, course you do—the lives down to Bar Harbor. Well—let's see—it was 12 years ago on the 20th day of January. You remember the heavy sleet storm—same night Linnike was married—when all the trees looked so pretty after the storm. You remember Stephen—he had a wood lot out near the foot of Green mountain, where he set his wood winters. That year he had as handsome a pair of bay horses as ever rein drew over. The night one was all right in every particular, but the off one had spells once in awhile when she would take matters in her own way and throw up her head. You might put coaks in her ears, twist her tail, pound, whip, swear and rave as much as you liked but she would never move till she got ready.

"One day I met Leland when he was hauling out the first load for the day. He told me how she worked, and I told him then and there that if it was my horse I'd just onhitch the nigh one and leave her hitched on to the load in the woods. They went into the Harbor with the first load all right, but when the second load was piled on and under way things were different. At a certain place in the road up goes that horse's head again. It was in just the same place where she balked before. Steve was mad as a hatter. He took off his coat and hat. He swore till the trees around him trembled. Next he took a sapling birch and whipped and pounded till he was all tired out. Then he sat down and rested. Then he thought he'd coax the critter, so he got a drink of water from a spring. She drank it. Then he asked her to go, but not a muscle would she move. Stephen fussed till he became exhausted.

"Then, as he told me afterward, he took Sperry's advice—onhitched the nigh one, straddled her back and made for home, leaving the ugly, contr'y thing alone in the woods, hitched to a sled with a cord and a half of green wood to anchor it. He never so much as looked round nor said aye, yes, or no, but made direct for home, putting up his horse and eating his supper. He had become so disgusted that he nearly dismissed the thing from his mind. That night began with a little fine rain. It was like a cold mist, and wherever it struck it froze. Then it snowed and blowed for awhile, then again it turned to rain—the queerest storm ever known on Mount Desert island. There was not a minute after 7 o'clock that evening till daylight next morning but it snowed or rained, and the wind was like a double edged razor long toward morning. Every tree was three times its proper size, and the ones left standing looked like the most beautiful plumes you ever see in your life. Lots of trees were broken to the ground. The telegraph wires were nearly an inch and a half in diameter, covered with solid ice. Little limbs of birch and maple were like branches of coral.

"In the morning Steve took out the old horse and started back for the woods. When he got near the place where he left the horse and load, he was astonished. The old nag was there just where she stood all night. Not the sign of a track did she make. Her legs were the size of flour barrels, her body surely three times its proper size. Her eyes and ears were hidden from view by the snow that had drifted upon her; the steam from her nostrils formed icicles that reached the ground. All in all it was the toughest sight he ever witnessed. Mr. Leland at first supposed the animal was dead, but after awhile he took an ax and broke the ice and let the poor critter out. She was like a chicken coming out of an egg. The coat came off in large flakes. When he hitched the nigh one on, he only had to speak once and she made lively time over the icy road that morning. He kept that pair till last year, when they both died.

"They never balked again."—Lewis Journal.

### FASHIONS IN TEARS.

Strange as it May Seem, There Are Modes Even in Weeping.

Fashions change even in spiritual matters, and it has been decreed that it is no longer a subject of pathetic interest for women to weep.

Those tender lines of Kingsley, "For men must work And women must weep. And there's little to do, But many to keep Though the harbor bar be moaning,

are still true enough when applied to the men who go down to the sea in ships and to the wives, daughters and sweethearts who wait and watch for them. But to the women in town and country the edict has gone forth, "Weep no more." The day has passed when the big, sad eyes, ready to send forth a flood of tears on the slightest provocation, can prove an effective weapon against refractory man. He knows too much about it. It is useful to a woman as a relief to her nervous system—any physician can tell her that it has its physiological benefits—but masculinity cannot be subdued by these moist methods. When she begins to show the old fashioned signs of distress, man cruelly interferes: "Now, don't cry. It makes your nose red and your eyes ugly. It won't change me." Or if he is especially coarse he will shout: "For heaven's sake, stop that crying game unless you want to get rid of me! I won't stand it."

A woman enjoys crying. The wise man is aware of this and is never heartless enough to attempt stopping a source of pleasure. But it is one more reason why he is not affected by her tears. If they arise from bodily pain or intense mental suffering, he is all sympathy, but the hysterical overflow that can be produced on an instant's notice, that seems to be on tap—because her dress doesn't fit in one particular or she lacks a dime to complete one especial purchase—does not now excite his interest.

When a man cries, it is from the diaphragm, and the sobs give him actual physical pain. His sex fellows know this and can sympathize with him. But women cry from the chest or throat without the slightest effort, and men know that too. The old German proverb, "Nothing dries sooner than a tear," must have been written by a man who had had experience with the wiles of weeping women. There is a quaint old English poem that gives a list of the various evil spirits that infest this world and inflict injury upon more or less undeserving mortals, and concludes with the startling statement that "a weeping woman with two black eyes is the wickedest devil of them all."

The principal point for the consideration of woman is that when she must have her "good, comfortable cry" she should take her consolation privately. When not in the presence of unsympathizing man, she may even forget to cry, and if she remembers there is a possibility that she will forget the cause of her lachrymose desires, and smiles may soon chase away the tears as they did in childish years. If the sex has reformed in this respect, man need not claim the credit. It is a busy, bustling age, in the cities at least, and there women have learned to be wise, earnest and strong, as factors in the daily life of a world that demands the best efforts from them. They are responding bravely and intelligently, and there is no time left for crying.—Philadelphia Times.

What He Would Do.  
 "I regret to say," she said reprovingly, "that you do not always use words with a due regard for their exact meaning."

He bowed with becoming humility.  
 "Now, if Fido had bitten you," she went on, caressing the dog, "you would doubtless be angry, and he might be mad."

He shook his head.  
 "No," he replied with much feeling, "for he had no great love for the dog, 'he would not be mad; he would be dead.'"  
 —Chicago Post

Somewhat True.  
 To err is human, and to stick to it is still more so.—Chicago News.

## 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

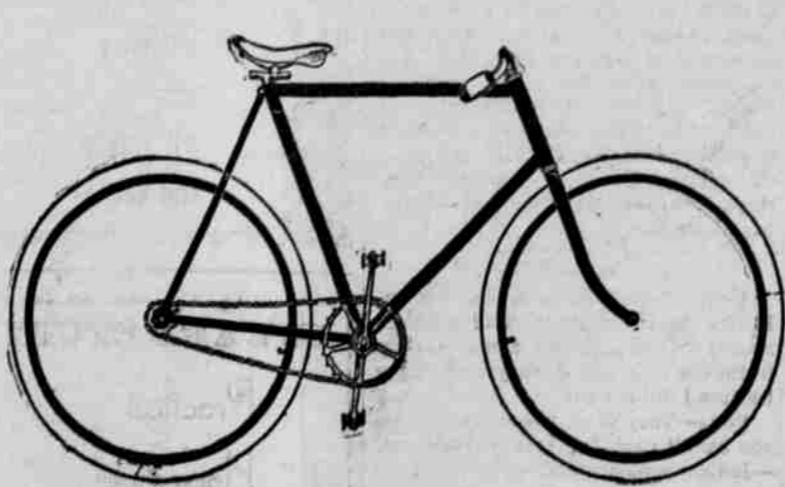
They are 13x19 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

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