

CELEBRATION

-OF THE --

113 Anniversary

\_\_OF---American Independence,

EUGENE.

--- AT---

THURSDAY, JULY 4th

A Salute of 33 Guns at Sunrise.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

President—Hon R S Beam.
Vice Presidents—Hone T G Hendricks, R
M Veatch, A S Politerson, L D Searthough,
J C Goodale, N L Lee, E P Coleman, J G
Gray, C K Hale and A Wheeler,
Orator-HON, J, F, CAPLES, of Partiand
Reader—Hon E R Supwarm.
Chaplain—Rev C M Hill
Marshal—Cot J A Straight
Aids—W R Wather, J R Vates, L O'Srieft

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The procession will form in front of the Court House at 19 o'clock a.m. sharp.

1.—Freman's Cornet Band.

2.—Officers of the Day.

3.—Mayor and Common Coursell.

4.—J W Geary Post, O A R.

5.—Company C, O N G.

6.—Eagene House Team No. 1.

7.—Eagene House Team No. 1.

7.—Eagene House Team.

9.—Furene Engine Co. No. 1.

10.—Engene House Team, No. 2.

11.—38 Ladies on Horselsack representing the States. 12-Citizens in carrisges and on horseback.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION. The procession will march worth on Oal street to Sixth, thence west to Williamette, thence could to Eleventh, thence could to stak thence north to Court House square, where the exercises of the day will be held.

ORDER OF EXERCISES. Music by the Band.

1—Music by the Band,
2—Prayer by Chaplain,
3—Music by Band,
4—Reading of Decirration of Independence,
5—Music by Band,
6—ORATION,
7—Music by Band.

A Grand Barbecue ! And BASKET DINNER in the Park as

HOSE RACE.

In the afternoon there will be a Hose Racon Williamette street; lat prize, \$30, 2nd, \$20 SHOOTING AT PEORIA BLACKBIRDS for prizes, GREASED PIG;

Plug-Uglies! and other amusements on the ground. Grand Display of

FIREWORKS

Will take place in the evening. The Committee have spared no paper or Money to matthis feature of the exercises a Grand Success. GRAND BALL.

Company C, of the O N G, will give a Grand Ball in the evening at Rhinehart's Theatre.

REDUCED RAILROAD FARE.

Tickets may be procured to EEGENE and return from all points on the Southern Pacific Railroad for ONE HALF FARE. Tickets good from July 3ed to 5th includive.

LN RONEY, HC HUMPIREY, HJDAY, SH FRIENDLY, FW OSBURN, JM ABRAMS, Committee.

#### Boot & Shoe Store A. HUNT, Prop. Will hereafter keep a complete stock of

Ladies' Misses' and Children's SHOES. BUTTON BOOTS,

Slippers, White and Black Sandals,

FINE KID SHOES, MEN'S AND BOY'S

## BOOTS & SHOES

And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend by decote my especial attention. GOODS ARE FIRST CLASS.

And guaranteed as represented, and will be sold for the lowest prices that a good article can be afforded. A. HUNT

## Save Your Fruit.

HAVING BEEN APPOINTED AGENT

#### ZIMMERMAN'S Fruit Evaporator

We are prepared to show you and sell you as Factory Prices, a Fruit Dever that will do as good work as they are invested; and of an orchard can sell enough Evaporate.

Fruit to pay for it the first year. It is fireproof. Can be put up in your Kitcoen or Smoke House, and during harvest your wife-can do her

## Baking and Roasting

In it to perfection, as the Family Sizes are No. I Bakers. Write for a catalogue and prices, or call and see them at work and look at the Fruit that it turned out.

M. C. CLOSE, Agent, Creswell, Oregon.

### HER OPPRESSOR!



schoolmaster, found the above doggerel written on the blackboard in a disguised hand one morning. He promptly erased it and, to the disappointment of the per-petrator and her nothing about it.

When he assigned the lesson in composi when he assigned the lesson in composi-tion for the following Wednesday after-moon, the task set out for Ida Graveson was to write a new Psalm of Life. Ida scrutinized her teacher's face carefully, but it was marked by its usual placid grav-ity and she was succertain whether this was a punishment or merely an experiment to verify his suspicion that she was the of-

After the assignments had all been read Ida held up her hand.

"What is it?" inquired the master.
Ida rose, twisted her handkerchief and bung her head in pretty affectation of childish confusion. Her friends looked on with delightful anticipation of "a time," scarcely a day passed in which Ida did not play some prank that was more amusing to her fellow-pupils than to her teacher. "Please, sir," she said at last, "great poets like me should be allowed to select

their own subjects; may I write a Psalm of Death instead of a Psalm of Life!" "Certainly, but remember it must be submitted to my inspection before it can be read

to the school."
"Ah!" said Ida, with a profound sigh that

set the whole school in a giggle, "genius such as mine should be trusted." "It may usually be trusted to bring its possessor to grief," returned the master. "But it's like Sampson, when it falls it 'bring down the bouse,' and the enemy

too," replied Ida, with serenity equal to his own as she resumed her seat. "Miss Ida," said the master, presently, "I fear you are forgetting to prepare your history lesson. The class will be called in fifteen minutes."

"Oh, I'm writing poetry now," calmiy asserted Ida, "and I can't be expected to come down with one fell flop from the engle heights where I soar to the commonplace details of a life like Benjamin Franklin."

"There are even greater depths; take care that you do not fall into them," said Mr. Whiting, a partly-vailed twinkle in his

During the progress of the history lesson Ida, being called upon to give a sketch of the life of Benjamin Franklin, said: "He was a man in a broad hat and ben evolent countenance, who achieved fame by ornamenting kite-strings with keys and

"Next may try the same," said Mr. Whiting, "while Miss Ida writes on the board a classification of the topics in the

As Mr. Whiting's book was toward the black-board, Ida seized the opportunity to caricature Mr. Franklin and the kite in a manner that convulsed the class laughter. As the master turned his head the drawing vanished in a twinkling.

"Miss Ida will please remain after the close of school to night; I wish to speak with her," said the much-tried teacher. Young men usually speak to father

first," wrote Ida on the board. Of course the class laughed again uproariously this time, but the words were quickly erased, leaving the master as greatly mystified as

The school-house was in a quiet country place, and, after all the pupils but the refractory one had passed out, an oppressive stillness reigned.

Ida sat in calm silence awaiting what the

master might have to say. She made a beautiful picture with the summer sunshine falling across her crinkly red-brown hair Her merry brown eyes looked Fate (in the person of the master) bravely in the face,



and the levely color in her fair face, with its full red lips and pink-tinted cheeks, did not change at all in anticipation of the com-

Mr. Whiting left his desk and walked slowly down the middle aisle, seating him self near Ida, but still in utter silence. fingered his watch-chain nervously and shuffled his feet uneasily from awkwardness to awkwardness. It was plainly a difficult matter for the young master to censure a bright-faced beauty of seventeen, much as she might deserve rebuke.

All length the stillness became unendura-ble to Ida, so she turned toward him and

He tapped the desk before him nervously

with his pencil.
"You look very sad," she said, in a low

Do you know why?"

"Dyspepsia, may be, or possibly remorse that you didn't divide up that strawberry pie you had for dinner."

"Ida, Ida, can you not speak seriously?"

"Oh yes! and I can think seriously, too,

of the shortcake mether promised for sup-per if I got home in time to gather the

berries. I'm just dying to go; I'm famish-ing for my supper. It will be an extreme case of cruelty to animals to keep me here "You are always cruel to me. You know I could compel civility and obedience from you or require your withdrawal from the school, but—you also know that I would rather suffer in the esteem of my patrons

than bring any sorrow upon your bright young head, and so you have your way and sometimes it is a way not improving to the discipline of the school." The merry brown eyes softened and the full, red lips of the pretty maiden trembled, but she was loth to betray any feeling and ictermined to divert the conversation into some other channel until she recovered her-soil, so she drew forth her slate and said:

"Would you like to inspect 'The Psalm of

He took the slate and read: Once we had a jolly master,
Whom the children all adored;
Never had we crammed books faster; (This was boasted by the board).

But a wicked, red-haired maiden Broke the peace one awful day; Her benighted mind was laden With desire to say her say.

And the master mouned her folly. With a grief he could not hide;

So at last, of melancholy—
And strawberry pie—he died."
Mr. Whiting laughed softly and said:
"That is not a bad performance for a little girl like you, but the poor master had even more reason to feel melancholy than the redmore reason to feel melanchely than the red-haired maiden over guesed. Will she try

Perhaps he had bunions."

"Try again."
"Or boarded where they put onions in the

"Try again." His eyes were fixed upon her face with a look that brought a rush of color to her cheeks. She looked down and murmured confusedly:

"I give it up."
His musical voice dropped almost to a whisper, his mesmeric eyes swept her face as he bent toward her and said:

"It all came of one great folly on his part—he loved the maiden, not as a schoolnaster should love a pupil, but as a man loves her whom he wishes to win for his wife. Then," dropping the half-playful tone in 'which he had spoken, he added: "I did not keep you here to tell you this, and yet, now that I have told you and the mis-



chief is done, will you not give me a word of hope! I know you are very young, so am l, for that matter, but I would wait for you as long as Jacob waited for Ruth were I sure you would be mine in the end." She looked up with the old, daring smile, but there was moisture on her long lashes

as she replied:
"He didn't die, after all! You see, there was nothing seriously wrong, and he had no real excuse for dying," and, taking a sponge in her hand, she quickly erased "The Psalm of Death." "No," she added, a mo-ment later, "he didn't die, neither did she, but the chances are that she will suffer the

loss of her hands by amputation after he has crushed them as much as he likes." After four years of waiting, the master, then principal of a high-school, claimed his beautiful, merry-hearted bride, and made her mistress of a little home in the village she had written doggerels on the black-board. Chara Dixon Davidson.

DRINK DID IT.

A Soldler Who Faced Death on the Field rible Form.

He was a common soldier of the Confederacy. Somehow he couldn't get on in the world. He had no luck. Standing with his back to the wall he watched the cession of prosperity pass by without even touching the garment of one in it. Then he would sit on the curbstone, his chin in his hands, and think of what? Of the past, irresistibly; of the future, fearfully. But he did not grumble. His ill-fortune he was accustomed to describe as equivalent to that of the man "who played seven-up all winter and never held a trump until spring, when it was a misdeal." The free drinks he consumed would start a first class saloon in a high-license town; but he was not a "beat," "standing off" a bar-keeper was always an awkward action with him, and although he had done it ten thousand times, it always required a mental struggle and a suppression of pride. Raised on a farm, he was used to negroes; and what little mon-ey came to him was through running a plantation store and overseeing the hands.

Thence he would drift to town, spend his cash and look lonesome. He was not lazy, and was willing to do any thing honest; but his shabbiness spoke against him, and not even the influence of a stray friend could get him the meanest job. He was gray and holloweyed. To strangers he appeared venerable; to those who knew him he was "old Tom Jones," who could laugh out with an empty stomach upbraiding him and gleefully relate a war joke when the rheumatism was tearing his joints apart. The bar-room of a barrel-house was his sleeping apartment and his bed a chair, a privilege granted him by the proprietor, whose books he would "unravel" when the ignorant fellow got them in a badly-tangled condition. One

free lunch a day kept him from starving. "Old Jones must er bowled up somewheres last night," said the porter to himself.
"He's steepin' like or baby ever sence two
o'clock this mornin'. Hey, ole man! Lunch's
ready! He never failed ter wake up ter that soun'. I say," shaking him, eatin' time. Get up an' have some soup."

The "shake" threw the old soldier's head backward. It hung over the chair, and rested there. The corener's inquest called it heart dis-

CHARLES S. BLACKBURN. He Was No Beggar.

"Prisoner, you were beastly drunk last night, and disorderly, too. What explanation have you to offer?" "I couldn't stand prosperity, your honor.

That's all." "What good luck have you been having, Patrick!

"A fine gentleman gave me a half dol-lar last night, and it upset me. They usually give only a penny or a nickei."
"Are you a beggar, as well as a drunk-

"Neither, your honor. I holds out my hand, sometimes, and rich people drop money into it. That half dollar upset me."

Eras of Universal Learning.

" Learning and the arts flourished among the Greeks, especially under Pisistratus, 537 B. C., and again under Pericles, 444 B. C.; and with the Romans under Augustus. at the commencement of the Christian era. Greek refugees caused the revival of liter-Greek refugees caused the revival of literature, scalpture, painting and wood-carving in Italy, particularly after the taking of Constantineple by the Turks in Italy, and the invention of printing shortly before the Renaissance period. Leo X and his family (the Medici of Florence) greatly promoted learning in Italy in the sixteenth contury, when literature revived in England, Gormany and France.

How to Arrange Them Effectively—Their Importance in All the Affairs of Social Life.

What more appropriate than flowers-silent messengers of love, gladness and sympathy? What can more delicately express the sentiments of the human heard Poet, artist, sculptor—all lack that inde-Poet, artist, sculptor-all lack that inde-scribable magnetism of arousing similar emotions within the human heart. Poetic effusion, chiseled marble and painted can vas, however grand and masterful, are de-void of that mysterious something which so appeals to the pathetic element in human sture. Only the simple, speechless flowers that nameless charm

One who has never tried it can not know the pleasure derived from remembering friends with flowers. The attention is so trifling; yet how gladly it is received, particularly by those who have not the facili-ties for growing them. In the event of be-reavement or illness appropriate flowers express sympathy more delicately than words. For social gatherings of any kind; parties, receptions, etc., the hostess is grateful for floral decorations. On such an occasion flowers can not be too profuse. The characteristic beauty of any flower is

best brought out by being arranged with nothing but its own foliage. A mass of a single color is more artistic than a display of various colors A bouquet of assorted flowers is not so effective as is a bunch

of flowers of but a single kind with noth-RED CLOVER IN STRAW ing but its own green. In sending flowers do not mar their natural beauty by confining them in a stiff, paper-lace holder. Simply tie the long, siender stems with a white, satin ribbon. If the flowers droop readily, wrap moist mess and tin-foll around the stems and slip the bouquet into a soft, tissue-paper holder made as follows: Take a square of French tissuepaper of the desired size and tint, from the iter draw it tightly through hands; this creases it beautifully. Cut the outer edge in deep, irregular, zig-zag points. Slip the bouquet into this holder; the creased paper being elastic, it spreads out, showing the flowers while closely con-fining the stems. Try a bouquet of poppies or geranlums in this manner. The result will be surprisingly gratifying.

A charming way to arrange delicate tearoses is to place them, moist cotton or moss about each stem, in a small work-basket. With a ribbon tie the cover back to the handles of the basket, disclosing the roses peeping from underneath in fragrant loveli-

If flowers are scarce, take the fragrant red clover. It is a flower which is too often slighted. It is easily gathered, for the meadow is a crimson mass of honey-sweet clover blossoms, nodding their pretty heads with every gentle zephyr.

To be effective, the rural simplicity of

their origin must be preserved in their arrangement. This is successfully done by placing them care-lessly in a straw hat The stems must be well wrapped in cotclover droops quick-ly. For this purpose take a boy's ordinary straw hat, not too large. With pale pink and green ribbons tie a bow at the crown and bring up. the ends to serve as time holding the rim

up in basket shape.
The effect is very ARTISTIC ARRANGEpleasing, and has the MENT OF FRENS. appearance of having just been gathered and thrown into the hat.

If enough flowers of any kind can not be procured the treasures of the woods must be utilized. Rich green ferns are always to be had in abundance. Arranged in the following manner they retain their freshness several days: Take a Japanese paper para-sol and draw a ribbon about the lower edge forming it into a V shape; then fill with brakes, ferns and quantities of perzywinkle or lovers' tangle. Each, or several fern leaves together, must be well bound with plenty of damp moss and tin-foil. To the handle of the parasol securely tie a ribbon for carrying or hanging. This arrangement makes a beautiful decoration for a bare corner or beneath the hall chandelier.

Whatever the flower-whether the simple blossom of the fields, the verdant growth of the wood, or rare hot-house roses-all serve the same admirable purpose of gladdening the hearts of friends. They are always acceptable, bringing good cheer, pleasure and

It may be an ideal morn of mid-summer Go to some secluded spot where an unob-structed view of the rising sun may be obstructed view of the rising san may be to tained. His coming is heralded by fiery lines shooting out before. At last the splendid orient becomes visible. His warm, soft rays intensify the rare, fresh beauty of the rural surroundings. All nature is bathed in sparkling dew-like a shower of diamonds. Or the elements, instead of being passively beautiful, may be terrifically sublime in the intensity of their raging fury. It matters not to the flowers. Grate ful for sunshine and shower they smilingly hold up their pretty heads waiting to fulfill their sweet mission in life-to be plucked for some one's joy.
On the battle-field, where war and car

nage are raging, midst the tread of man and beast and the boom of canfon and gun—the humble heartsease continues to bloom, un-disturbed, to make easier the last moments of a poor fallen soldier.

Whatever the occasion, be it one of gloom of glee, nothing is so expressive of con dolence or congratulation as is nature's bounteous gift—the speechless flowers. ANNA HINRICUS.

They Work Hard.

"Miss Boofuls, will you please direct these envelopes for me some time to-day!" and the chief of division laid the work upon "I s'pose I'll have to," she languidly replied, as she took her pen and comm the task.

"Here, Thomas, I'll give you half a dol-lar if you do this work," she said to a colored messenger, as soon as the chief was gone from the room. Thomas complied, and Miss Boofuls resumed her official tatting and yawning. Lady cierks work hard for

The First Public Theater.

The first theater, that of Bacchus at Athens, was built by Philos 420 B. C. Marcellus' Theater at Rome was begun by Cæsar and dedicated by Augustus, 12 B. C. Prior to that time dramatic readings and recitations were enjoyed only by the

A Will and a Way. "Where there's a will there's a way," and she sighed a sigh in the gloaming.
"Yes, Minette, where there's a Will there's a way to matrimony. I am the Will and the way," and he stepped out of the darkness to her side and kissed her.

C. HODES,

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CHEAPER Than any house in this city, and our friends can rest assured that anything bought from us

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Jewelry, Musical Instruments, and Gold Pens,

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)r. Gill's Catarrh Cure I purchased a box of "Gill's Catarrh Cure, I purchased a box of "Gill's Catarrh Cure," finding my nephew, C. A. McMahon, in nH of such medicine. I let him have the box ed e now sends for three more boxes, saying its the lest thin that wis ever tried by himan his friends.

J. A. McMAH A Springfield, Oregon, Feb. 23, 1884.

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TIME SCHEDULE-EXCEPTSUNDAY Lv Albany 1:00 p m, Ly Yaquina 620 sa Lv Corvallia 1:47 p m, Lv Corvallia 1020 sa Ar Yaquina 5:50 p m, ArAlbany 11:05 sa

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Albany and Corvallia, and if desired to Se Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yapathe evening before date of sailing.

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