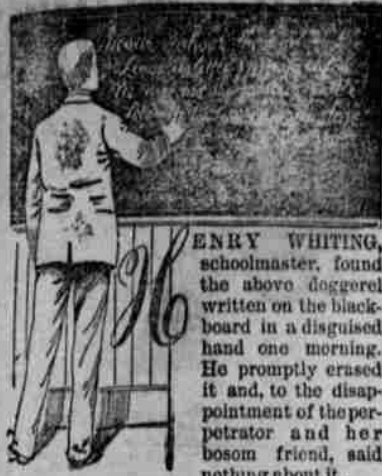


HER OPPRESSOR.



HENRY WHITING, schoolmaster, found the above doggerel written on a blackboard in a disguised hand one morning.

When he assigned the lesson in composition for the following Wednesday afternoon, the task set out for Ida Graverson was to write a new Psalm of Life.

Ida scrutinized her teacher's face carefully, but it was marked by its usual placid gravity, and she was uncertain whether this was punishment or merely an experiment to test her suspicion that she was the oppressor.

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

"What is it?" inquired the master.

Ida rose, twisted her handkerchief and hung her head in pretty affectation of childish confusion.

"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 brings down the house," 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," calmly asserted Ida, "and I can't be expected to come down with one fell fop from the eagle 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-veiled twinkle in his eyes.

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 benevolent countenance, who achieved fame by ornamenting kite-strings with keys and lightning."

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

As Mr. Whiting's back was toward the black-board, Ida seized the opportunity to caricature Mr. Franklin and the kite in a manner that convulsed the class with 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 before.

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

Mr. Whiting left his desk and walked slowly down the middle aisle, seating himself near Ida, but still in utter silence. He 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.

At length the stillness became unendurable to Ida, so she turned toward him and said:

"Well?"

"He tapped the desk before him nervously with his pencil."

"You look very sad," she said, in a low tone.

"Do you know why?"

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

"Would you like to inspect 'The Psalm of Death'?"

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 hoisted by the board)."

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

And the master moaned her folly, With a groan 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 red-haired maiden ever guessed. Will she try again?"

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

"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 school-master 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 I, 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, radiant 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 said, a moment 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 nearest the country school-house in which she had written doggerels on the black-board.

CLARA DIXON DAVIDSON.

DRINK DID IT.

A Soldier Who Faced Death on the Field of Battle Only to Meet It in a More Terrible 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 procession 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 money came to him was through running a plantation store and overseeing the hands.

Then 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 hollow-eyed. 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 job 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 be bowled up somewhere last night," said the porter to himself. "He's sleepin' like er baby ever since two o'clock this mornin'. Hey, ole man! Lunch's ready! He never failed to wake up ter that sou'n. I say," shaking him, "it's eatin' time. Get up an' have some soup."

The "halloo" threw the old soldier's head backward. It hung over the chair, and rested there.

The coroner's inquest called it heart disease.

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 dollar last night, and it upset me. They usually give only a penny or a nickel."

"Are you a beggar, as well as a drunkard?"

"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, 445 B. C.; and with the Romans under Augustus, at the commencement of the Christian era. Greek refugees caused the revival of literature, sculpture, painting and wood-carving in Italy, particularly after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, 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 century, when literature revived in England, Germany and France.

CONCERNING FLOWERS.

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 sentiment of the human heart? Poet, artist, sculptor—all lack that indescribable magnetism of arousing similar emotions within the human heart. Poetic effusion, chiselled marble and painted canvas, however grand and masterful, are devoid of that mysterious element in human nature. Only flowers—these flowers have the magic power.

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 facilities for growing them. In the event of bereavement or illness, appropriate flowers express sympathy more definitely 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 a bunch of flowers of but a single kind with nothing but its own greenery.

RED CLOVER IN STRAW HAT.

In sending flowers do not mar their natural beauty by confining them in a stiff, paper-lace holder. Simply tie the long, slender stems with a white, satin ribbon. If the flowers droop readily, wrap moist moss and un-foliage around the stems and slip the bouquet into a soft, tissue-paper holder made as follows: Take a square of French tissue-paper of the desired size and tint, from the center draw it tightly through the 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 confining the stems. Try a bouquet of poppies or geraniums in this manner. The result will be surprisingly gratifying.

A charming way to arrange delicate tresses 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 loveliness.

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 carefully in a straw hat. The stems must be well wrapped in cotton and tin-foil, for clover droops quickly. 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 a handle, at the same time holding the rim up in basket shape.

The effect is very artistic, pleasing, and has the 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 parasol and draw a ribbon about the lower edge forming it into a V shape; then fill with brakes, ferns and quantities of periwinkle 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 comfort.

It may be an ideal morn of mid-summer. Go to some secluded spot where an unobstructed view of the rising sun may be obtained. 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. Gratefully 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 carnage are raging, amidst the tread of man and beast and the boom of cannon and gun—the humble heartsease continues to bloom, undisturbed, to make easier the last moments of a poor fallen soldier.

Whatever the occasion, be it one of gloom or gladness, nothing is so expressive of condolence or congratulation as is nature's bounteous gift—the speechless flowers.

ANNA HINRICHES.

They Work Hard.

"Miss Booklets, will you please direct these envelopes for me some time to-day?" and the chief of division laid the work upon her desk.

"I's'pose I'll have to," she languidly replied, as she took her pen and commenced the task.

"Here, Thomas, I'll give you half a dollar 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 Booklets resumed her official tating and yawning. Laidly clerks work hard for their living.

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 Caesar and dedicated by Augustus, 12 B. C. Prior to that time dramatic readings and recitations were enjoyed only by the wealthy.

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 she stepped out of the darkness to her side and kissed her.

Business for Sale.

The boot and shoe business now being conducted in the Titus block by John Ebner, agent, is offered for sale. The stock is a well selected one nearly new, and will be disposed of at a bargain.

The gentlemen represented by Mr. Ebner propose to start a boot and shoe manufacturing enterprise in Eugene and therefore desire to dispose of their retail business.

Brick. Brick.

Whitcomb & Abrams, contractors and builders, have plenty of the best quality of brick at their yard 1 1/2 miles east of town, and will supply the demand at reasonable prices. They also contract for all kinds of brick work and guarantee satisfaction. Will deliver brick on order to any part of town.

Millinery and Dressmaking.

Misses Brunley & Stafford wish to and source to the ladies of Eugene and vicinity that they have opened a full line of millinery goods of the latest styles and at reasonable prices. We are also prepared to do dress making in the most satisfactory manner. Our cutter and fitter, Miss Ella Fay Fogle late of Ohio, had several years experience in the leading cities of that state, and is highly recommended.

Delinquent Tax Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the city tax of 1890 of Eugene is now delinquent and has been placed in my hands for collection. Those who are delinquent are notified that unless prompt payment is made costs will be made.

Sept. 12, 1890. I. E. STEVENS, Marshal.

MEDFORD FLOUR.—A Goldsmith has received another car load of the celebrated Medford flour. He will keep this excellent brand of flour in stock at all times hereafter.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for child ren teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind colic. By giving health to the child it treats the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

LOCAL MARKET.—Hops, 22c; wheat, 58 cts. net; oats, 35 cts; eggs, 25 cts; butter, 30c; bacon—hams, 14c; sides, 12c; shoulders, 10c; potatoes, 6c; lard, 12c.

CENTRAL MARKET

FISHER & WATKINS, PROPRIETORS.

Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of BEEF, MUTTON, PORK AND VEAL.

Which they will sell at the lowest market price. A fair share of the public patronage solicited.

TO THE FARMERS: We will pay the highest market price for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

SHOP ON WILLAMETTE STREET. EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

EAST AND SOUTH.

Southern Pacific route Shasta Line.

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

South | Lv | Portland | Ar | 9:35 A.M. | North | Lv | Eugene | Ar | 4:44 A.M. | 12:02 P.M. | Lv | Eugene | Ar | 12:50 P.M. | 10:15 A.M. | Ar | San Francisco | Lv | 9:00 P.M.

Above trains stop only at following stations north of Roseburg: East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Albany, Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene.

ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.

8:00 a.m. Lv | Portland | Ar | 4:00 p.m. | 2:05 p.m. Lv | Eugene | Ar | 9:55 a.m. | 5:40 p.m. Ar | Roseburg | Lv | 6:20 a.m.

ALBANY LOCAL, DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

LEAVE: ALBANY: Portland 5:00 p.m. Albany 9:00 p.m. Albany 5:00 a.m. Portland 9:00 a.m. PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS, For accommodation of Second Class Passengers, attached to Express Trains.

West Side Division. BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS. MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

7:30 a.m. Lv | Portland | Ar | 8:20 p.m. | 12:10 p.m. Ar | Corvallis | Lv | 12:50 p.m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY.) 4:40 p.m. Lv | Portland | Ar | 5:30 a.m. | 7:25 p.m. Ar | McMinnville | Lv | 5:45 a.m.

THROUGH TICKETS to all Points East and South. For tickets and full information regarding rates, maps, etc., call on Company's agent at Eugene. R. KOEHLER, E. P. ROGERS, Manager, Ast. G. F. and Pass Agt.

F. W. A. CRAIN,

Watchmaker and Jeweler. Special attention given to Repairing WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY.

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.

MENS' AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES

And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend to devote my special attention.

MY 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

Groceries!

Having purchased the Matlock Grocery Store,

we call the attention of the public to the fact that we will keep on hand a FIRST-CLASS stock of groceries, which will be sold to our patrons at the lowest rates.

FISHER BROS.

WANTED.

WOOL, HIDES AND FURS

AT— J. L. PAGE, DEALER IN—

Groceries,

HAVING A LARGE AND COMPLETE stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, bought in the best markets

EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH, IN EUGENE.

Produce of all kinds taken at market prices.

R. B. Cochran & Son, Real Estate Agents, Eugene City, Oregon.

Will attend to general Real Estate business such as buying, selling, leasing and renting farms and city property, etc. Office on south side of Ninth street.

GEO. F. CRAW, POSTOFFICE Cigar store, Eugene City, Oregon.

J. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor.

HAS REMOVED TO THE OLD LANE County Bank Building on Willamette at He is prepared to do all kinds of work offered in his line.

A large stock of Fine Cloths on hand for customers to select from. Repairing and cleaning done promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed.

EUGENE CITY MILL CO. PATTERSON, EDRIE & CO. —Manufacture—

Best Grades Family Flour,

Store Grain on the most favorable terms. Wheat receipts of any warehouse north of Eugene, properly assigned, taken in exchange for Flour or Feed.

Highest Cash Price Paid for Wheat.

DR. JOSEPH P. GILL, CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged. Residence on Eighth street, opposite Pass for a Church.

F. M. WILKINS,

Practical Druggist & Chemist.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, Brushes, Paints, Glass, Oils, Leads,

Toilet Articles, Etc. Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded.

University Bookstore

McClarens Building, (Opposite F. M. Wilkins' Drug Store.)

—Has an extensive Stock of—

STANDARD, MISCELLANEOUS, COLLEGE AND SCHOOL BOOKS,

Mercantile, Fancy and School Stationery, Blank Books, Cutlery, Etc.

Orders for Books and Subscriptions to Newspapers and Periodicals promptly attended to.

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

OREGON PACIFIC RAILROAD —AND— OREGON DEVELOPMENT CO'S. STEAMSHIP LINE.

(T. E. HOGG, Receiver.)

235 MILES SHORTER, 20 HOURS LESS TIME Than by other route. First-class through Passenger and Freight line from Portland and all points in the WILLAMETTE VALLEY

—To and from— San Francisco, Cal. For information apply to C. C. HOGUE, Act'g Gen'l Frt & Pass Agt Oregon Pacific R R Co. SAILING DATES.

From Yaquina. January 19th Willamette Valley, 27th

From San Francisco. January 23d Willamette Valley, 21st

This Company reserves the right to change sailing dates without notice. Passengers from Portland and other Willamette valley points can make close connections with the trains of the Yaquina route at Albany and Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Passenger and Freight rates the lowest W. R. WEBSTER, Corvallis, Ore. Gen Frt & Pass Ag't, Oregon Development Co, 304 Montgomery St. San Francisco. GEO. F. CRAW, AGENT, EUGENE.

B. F. DORRIS,

INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

I HAVE SOME VERY DESIRABLE Farms, Improved and Unimproved Town property for sale, on easy terms.

Property Rented and Rents Collected. The Insurance Companies I represent are among the Oldest and most Reliable, and in the PROMPT and EQUITABLE adjustment of their cases STAND SECOND TO NONE. A share of your patronage is solicited. Office—in City Hall. B. F. DORRIS.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

POPULAR ROUTE FROM PORTLAND TO THE EAST. TWO TRAINS DAILY

No Change of Cars of Any Class No other line runs Palace Dining Cars between Portland and the East.

THE FINEST EMIGRANT SLEEPING CARS In the world are run on all through trains, day and night, without change and free of charge.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS. The Finest, Best and Safest in Use Anywhere.

SEE THAT YOUR TICKETS READ via the Northern Pacific R R Portland Ticket Office No 2 Washington St. Depot Ticket office cor 1st and G, Portland. A. D. CHARLTON, Asst Gen'l Pass Ag't. Northern Pacific Railroad. 221 First St., Cor. Washington, Portland, Or

Sportsman's Eporium.

HORN & PAINE, Dealers in GUNS, RIFLES, Fishing Tackle and Materials, Sewing Machines and Needles of All Kinds For Sale! Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted.

Guns Loaned & Ammunition Furnished Store on Willamette street.