WILL CELEBRATE

Grand Fourth of July Celebration Here.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

Daily Guard June 4.

A large number of citizens met at the court house last evening to consider the proposition of celebrating the coming Fourth of July.

It was unanimously voted that Eugene would celebrate.

P E Snodgrass was elected chairman and G W Griffin, secretary.

The following committee was appointed to have full charge of the celebration: J M Abrams, J W Kays, W C Yoran, C S Frank and A T Cockerline.

The Maccabees will Celebrate

It being the 18th anniversary of the K O T M, Goshen Tent No 54 will celbrate the occasion with a grand picnic at the Keeney grove near Goshen on Saturday, June 11th 1898, in which all Tents and Hives as well as all persons desiring to attend the grandest picnic of the season are invited to participate Among the amusements and entertainments provided for the occasion are the usual short addresses, music and other platform entertainments in the forenoon, followed by a picnic dinner after which field and athletic sports will be the order until the evening when a grand ball will be given, The Eugene opera house orchestra will provide music for the occasion. One feature of the day which will please young mothers is the baby show which will take place on the occasion.

A good time guaranteed. Stands will be charged a very small fee.

COM

Butter for Manila

Portland Telegram: The Oregon creamery, of this city, is shipping 5000 2-lb cans of preserved butter to the United States commissary at Manila, P I. It goes by rail from here to San Francisco, and then by transport to Admiral Dewey. The creamery is now making from 2000 to 3000 pounds of butter every day, from cream brought from Multnomah and four neighboring counties.

THE WHEAT MARKET.

Special to the Guard.

LIVERPOOL, June 4—Cargoes on passage, 6d dearer; Liverpool firm.

NEW YORK, June 4.—Market firm, closing at $1.02½ per bushel for July.

CHICAGO, June 4.—Closed at 92c per bushel.

SAN FRANCISCO.—Closed at $1.40½ per cental.

Blown Up by a Torpedo.

The collier Merrimac attempted to run into Santiago de Cuba harbor Friday morning and was destroyed by a torpedo when near the 500 foot line.

It is probable the vessel made the attempt in order to draw the torpedo fire of the Spanish defenders, and to gain a knowledge of the defenses.

Patent Granted

Washington May 31—A patent for a device for converting motion has been issued to Amos Hadsall, Mapleton, Oregon.

Telegram: Captain Hatch, who had charge of the government snagboat on the Willamette, and E F Hudson are going to the Yukon by way of San Francisco. Both have positions on Yukon river steamers as soon as they reach St Michael.

ANOTHER ROTTEN TUB.

Alaska gold hunters take more chances than army recruits for Cuba. If they escape wreck on the rotten tubs that are allowed to run on the northern route they must face spinal meningitis and possible starvation. The owners of the schooner Jane Gray that went to the bottom on the 19th with 34 people, in a comparatively smooth sea, with but ten minutes warning, should be prosecuted for murder. The passengers were perhaps entirely ignorant of the unseaworthiness of the vessel, but it is not probable that the owners were.

The United States authorities are culpable in allowing such rotten hulks to sail out on the open ocean. Some regards should be had for human life.

MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

A TALK WITH THE WORLD'S MOST NOTED EXECUTIONER.

For Over Forty Years He Has Been Master of the Guillotine—He Describes the Method of Execution—Feels His Responsibility Most Acutely.

Comparatively few Frenchmen are acquainted—that is, personally acquainted—with their dreaded and mysterious compatriot Monsieur de Paris, and it is no easy matter to come across him, for his name is omitted from the Paris directory, and the police absolutely refuse to have anything to say as to his whereabouts.

However, being in Paris not so very long since, and having some perhaps pardonable curiosity concerning a ceremony in which the guillotine plays the most prominent part, I obtained a letter of introduction to Monsieur de Paris, who is the public executioner of France, known in private life as M. Deibler, and who, this acquaintance of mine said, though of a most retiring disposition, with a perfect dread of notoriety and avoiding contact with inquisitive strangers, more especially journalists, as much as possible, would not be found indisposed to give just a few details of his by no means enviable profession.

"Just 41 years ago," said he, "I succeeded M. Roche, who had been valet to the famous or notorious M. Heindrich, and with whom I served my apprenticeship in turn in 1855. I assisted him altogether in 82 executions before I commenced business on my own account, so I was no novice. Yet my first independent performance was not an easy matter, I can assure you, for the criminal, a youth named Laprade, who had murdered his father, mother and grandmother, resisted so strenuously that I was compelled to resort to methods the reverse of gentle. However, the story of that execution got noised abroad, and, though the Paris journalists were very severe with me and declared that I lost my head as well as did the wretch I executed, since then I have found my clients less recalcitrant. Until my appointment I followed the trade of a tailor, and so from a maker of garments in second class emporiums I have worked my way up, as you see, to be a first class cutter in the government establishment." And M. Deibler laughed heartily at his own rather ghastly joke.

I next ventured to ask if I could be allowed a private view of the guillotine, which its manipulator referred to as "la machine."

M. Deibler shook his head most decisively. "Impossible! Quite impossible! But here is a model which will show you how it is worked. It is all very simple. The culprit is strapped on to this seesaw plank, which, toppling over, brings his neck into this semicircular ring, called 'la lunette,' where it is secured thus. Then I touch this button, the knife, which is heavily weighted to make it fall swiftly, descends with tremendous force, and the head is received in a tin pan partially filled with sawdust. Is it not simple now? I may tell you that I always keep 'la machine' ready for use, as I am liable to be summoned at a moment's notice. I am supposed to receive a full day's notice in Paris and two days for the departments, but I always hold myself in readiness to start at any moment, as so soon as the day and hour of an execution are fixed by the authorities there is a great deal to be done in a very short time.

"In Paris I make it a rule to pass the night preceding an execution at the Roquette prison so as to be on the spot when the two black vans—one containing the 'woods of justice' and the other destined to convey the body of the culprit to Ivry cemetery—arrive at daybreak. Then I personally superintend the installation of la machine and give a dress rehearsal, as it were, of the performance with the gentleman who is to take the leading role left out. By this means I have always, with one solitary exception, avoided any hitch at the last critical moment As soon as the hour decided upon strikes the culprit is handed over to my assistant, who, together with the prison chaplain, escorts him to the depot—his last station on earth before reaching la machine—where his toilet is performed. This does not take long, for his hair and beard have been kept close cropped since his condemnation. He is pinioned, his shirt collar cut away, and he goes forth to his death. As soon as the body is unstrapped from the plank it is put into a coffin, with the head between the feet, driven off to the cemetery and buried."

"And now, M. Deibler," I said, "what is your opinion as to the theory that life actually endures in the head for some little time after it is severed from the body?"

"Well," was the reply, given reflectively, "I have certainly on more than one occasion seen the eyes in a decapitated head open and close and the lips twitch convulsively for quite ten minutes and even longer after the fatal stroke has been given. But though this may give all the semblance of lingering life, I do not fancy that it is life, and for this reason: You see, the knife is so heavily weighted that at the same instant that the neck is severed the occiput receives a blow that frequently cracks the skull, and would, in my opinion, be quite sufficient to drive out any ray of memory, reflection or real sensibility that might otherwise linger in the brain. Then, again, the great loss of blood would produce syncope. Still, after all, there may be exceptional cases. I should not like to assert positively that there are not."

"And with regard to the proposed universal abolition of capital punishment, are you favorable toward it or otherwise?"

M. Deibler gave a most expressive shrug of his shoulders, as he said: "One must not quarrel with one's bread and butter, you know. As I am paid to carry out the sentence of the law I do not feel justified in expressing an opinion as to whether the law is right or wrong. Still, by that you must not imagine that I feel no responsibility in shedding the blood of a fellow creature, for I do feel it most acutely, and custom has not hardened me to it in the least."—Philadelphia Press.

A Sure Cure.

"Yes, Stubbs was goin into a decline, an the doctor said the best thing for him was to get an easy government job and lie around doin nothin."

"A sinecure, eh?"

"I don't pretend to know what kind o' cure you call it, but anyway he's cured."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Chinese government levies a regular tax on beggars and gives them in return the privilege of begging in certain districts.

Powdered rice is said to be of great efficacy in checking bleeding from cuts and bruises.

BIRD SONGS.

To Hear Them Truly Requires an Ear Particularly Attuned.

John Burroughs writes for The Century an article on the "Songs of American Birds." Mr. Burroughs says:

I suspect it requires a special gift of grace to enable one to hear the bird songs. Some new power must be added to the ear or some obstruction removed. There are not only scales upon our eyes so that we do not see; there are scales upon our ears so that we do not hear. A city woman who had spent much of her time in the country once asked a well known ornithologist to take her where she could hear the bluebird. "What, never heard the bluebird?" said he. "I have not," said the woman. "Then you will never hear it," said the bird lover—that is, never hear it with that inward ear that gives beauty and meaning to the note. He could probably have taken her in a few minutes where she could have heard the call or warble of the bluebird, but it would have fallen upon unresponsive ears—upon ears that were not sensitized by love for the birds or associations with them.

Bird songs are not music, properly speaking, but only suggestions of music. A great many people whose attention would be quickly arrested by the same volume of sound made by a musical instrument or by any artificial means never hear them at all. The sound of a boy's penny whistle there in the grove or the meadow would separate itself more from the background of nature and be a greater challenge to the ear than is the strain of the thrush or the song of the sparrow. There is something elusive, indefinite, neutral, about bird songs that makes them strike obliquely, as it were, upon the ear, and we are very apt to miss them. They are a part of nature, and nature lies about us, entirely occupied with her own affairs and quite regardless of our presence. Hence it is with bird songs as it is with so many other things in nature—they are what we make them. The ear that hears them must be half creative.

I am always disturbed when persons not especially observant of birds ask me to take them where they can hear some particular bird the song of which they have become interested in through a description of it in some book. As I listen with them I feel like apologizing for the bird—it has a bad cold or has just heard some depressing news; it will not let itself out. The song seems so casual and minor when you make a dead set at it. I have taken persons to hear the hermit thrush, and I have fancied that they were all the time saying to themselves, "Is that all?" But when one hears the bird in his walk, when the mind is attuned to simple things and is open and receptive, when expectation is not aroused and the song comes as a surprise out of the dusky silence of the woods, one feels that it merits all the fine things that can be said of it.

DECAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Average Sunday School of Today Is a Rebuke to Intelligence.

In The Ladies' Home Journal Edward Bok writes on "The Decay of the Sunday School," and points out the reasons therefor. "I have in mind," he says, "not less than 12 different men who are acting as superintendents of our Sunday schools. Not one of these men has even a suggestion of force; not a spark of personal magnetism, not a personal possession which goes to draw children to him or to the school over which he presides. In five of these cases the men have been failures in business; by men in the outer world they are passed over and yet the church places them in positions which call pre-eminently for every element which they so distinctly lack.

"To be a successful head of a Sunday school calls for a man with the instincts of leadership—a man who will infuse life into the school, hope and courage into his teachers, who is fertile of mind and infinite in capacity, who can draw children to him and retain their interest. Not only must he elevate his children in a spiritual sense, but lessons of the highest morality must be taught, an influence refining to mind and nature must be exhaled, and all the time the interest of the children must be arrested and held. Infinite variety of method must be sought.

"The young quickly tire of anything which long remains the same, and that is why they are tiring of the Sunday school. It has too long remained the same. It has fallen into a rut, and the fault lies between the presiding spirits of the school who have no ability for their positions and the churches who have placed them there or allowed them to remain." Mr. Bok concludes his discussion with the assertion that "the average Sunday school of today is a rebuke to intelligence and a discredit to the church."

Siberian Gentleman's Life.

"For five months of the year the Siberian man of fashion lives in the open air, either at the mining camp or in the hunting field," says Thomas G. Allen, Jr., writing of "Fashionable Life In Siberia," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "He is an early bird under all circumstances and invariably rises between 7 and 8 o'clock, although he may have had but a couple of hours' rest. Nearly every meal is succeeded by a nap. However, dressing operations do not take very long, for when he retires the Siberian only divests himself of his coat and boots. Shirts are unknown in Siberia, and in many houses beds also. The samovar is set on the dining room table at 8 a. m., together with eggs, black and white bread, sardines, jam and cakes, etc. Breakfast is eaten and washed down by five or six glasses of tea stirred up with sugar, cream and sometimes jam. At 1 o'clock dinner is served, and at 5 in the afternoon another small meal, much like that of the morning, is taken. A meat supper follows at 9 o'clock."

What Is Defilement In India.

In every native house in India there is a shrine in which the household gods are placed, like the ikon in a Russian house. The very shadow of a European or native of a different caste passing over these or the culinary utensils of the family is a defilement, but the use of malodorous disinfectants is, in the belief of the people, an outrageous desecration, calculated to call down on the family the wrath of the gods, and only to be atoned by rigid pryaschit (penance) and the administration of the panch gaviya, a foul pill composed of the five products of the cow.—Westminster Review.

Fooling Him.

"Dumpley, I hear that you have been misrepresenting me," said his neighbor indignantly. "Brozer told me all about it."

"All I said to him was that you were one of the most honorable men and considerate neighbors that I ever knew."

"Wonder where I can find that infernal Brozer."—London Tit-Bits.

PRIZES IN JUNKSHOPS

OLD PIECES OF MAHOGANY TO BE PICKED UP CHEAP.

Luck That Comes to the Buyer Who Knows How to Hunt For Old Furniture—Source of a Solid Mahogany Table and a Sideboard of the Same Material.

Here and there in the slums or in little frequented streets are the old metal and furniture shops where real bargains are to be had. That more real bargains do not come out of them is due to the fact of their being known to few persons who appreciate their treasures.

What one finds in these shops is no better than the stock in the antique stores of reputation which are becoming common up town and line one avenue in particular, but it sells for fractional prices. The up town dealers know the value of their mahogany and brasses, and they affix a price almost invariably well in advance of that value. Their supply is pretty regularly drawn from the same kind of source. Some man whose house is handsomely furnished dies or fails or moves away. His household goods are sold at auction. Under the red flag gather representatives of the various antique stores to buy whatever is good in massive furniture and odd ornaments at prices averaging about one-third of the price which will be asked when the article is transferred to the shop. With the small, unknown store the case is quite different. Sometimes the dealer pays almost nothing and so can afford to sell for comparatively small prices. Sometimes he is himself ignorant of the values of his merchandise, and then his customer gathers in the dividend of superior knowledge. Again, his wares, particularly in the case of small goods, may have come to him through devious ways. Honesty always gets its heavy percentage in dealing with dishonesty.

On the edge of the negro quarter on the lower west side is a little shop that does a sort of hybrid business in old metals, wood and miscellaneous junk. Without ever getting into the police records it is still a place of occasional police surveillance. One of its customers, whose dealings with it are of the kind which do not interest the police, bought two years ago a very beautiful and massive mahogany table from the proprietor of the place. Recently he found out where the table came from.

"If you see anything good in mahogany dining room tables," he had said to the half breed Italian proprietor, "hold it for me."

At that time there stood in one of the old alley courts on the west side a number of very old houses, tenanted by the lowest class of Italians, the ragpickers. Of the original magnificence of the mansions one outward and visible sign remained—the enormous mahogany doors, with small, fancifully shaped window pillars at the side. Giovanni, the junk shop keeper, had noticed those doors. He made arrangements which comprised two acquaintances of his, tenants of the house with the finest doors, an ax and a strong push cart. He himself was not concerned in the arrangements. The doors disappeared one night, also the window pillars, and two days later there were two Italian prisoners in the police court charged with malicious mischief.

"What did you do with the doors?" asked the police justice.

"Burn 'em up. Firewood," said the men.

Owing to the ignorance of the prisoners, they got off with $10 fines. The doors, being cunningly planed down and joined, made a superb table. The window pillars, fitted with casters, made a set of effective legs, one at each corner, curious enough to excite the admiration of any collector, and Giovanni's customer was as glad to pay $75 for the result as Giovanni himself was to get it. To this same shop the Italians who sell old metal, too often acquired from unused houses, bring many a rare and fine old brass knocker or drawer handle.

Further over east, almost to the river front, is another shop, half curio, half junk, where amid much rubbish one occasionally finds something of worth. A shrewd, wenzened old Irishman owns it, and to the question as to where he got any particular piece of property he gives always the answer.

"A very dear friend of me uncle's gave it him, me boy, and he gave it me."

In the regulation junkshops along the river front bargains may be occasionally found, although the chances are against it. A Brooklyn woman exhibits with great pride a piece of mahogany which she got in this way: Wandering astray from the ferry, she noticed through the window a curiously carved leg on what appeared to be a battered old chest of drawers of massive proportions. It occurred to her that nothing but mahogany would be carved in that way. Closer examination of the article proved disappointing. It was covered with a dingy, cracked veneer. Nevertheless the visitor went inside and asked for the price.

"Two dollars," said the proprietor in accents which would have told a purchaser of any experience that half the price would be accepted.

Merely as a speculation it seemed worth the money, which was paid down, with the order that the article be sent to a place where polishing and repairing is done.

"It's glad I am to get rid of it, lady," said the man. "Last year it was I give 75 cents for it at a auction, and I haven't had the whisper of an offer for it till today."

At the repair shop there was another side to the story. The expert scraped away the veneer in various places and sponged the wood underneath.

"Solid mahogany," was his verdict, "and as fine grain as I've ever seen. It will cost $20 to polish it and fix this front, and you'll have a sideboard to be proud of."

When the fortunate purchaser went in to see the result of the polishing a few days later, she was amazed and jubilant, so jubilant that she told the expert what she had paid for the piece. He threw up his hands.

"Two dollars!" he cried. "I'd not be afraid to offer you $125 for it as it stands Not once in a hundred times will you find mahogany with so fine a knurl."

The sideboard now ornaments the Brooklyn woman's dining room, and the Brooklyn woman frequently ornaments with her presence the riverside junkshop. But she has found no more prizes up to date.—New York Sun.

The Secret Out.

"I'd rather," said the actor, "that you would devote fewer of your stories to my personal traits and adventures and more of them to my acting."

"Billy, my boy," said the press agent, with the easy familiarity of a man with an ironclad contract, "it is your acting that I am trying to draw the public's attention away from."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CONCERT

U of O Glee Club Will be Heard Again.

A RARE TREAT.

On Saturday evening June 11, at Villard Hall, the famous U of O Glee Club, assisted by a fine orchestra, vocalists and pianists, will be heard in a carefully selected program. The concert is in the nature of a benefit and at the low price of admission 25 cents should command a crowded house.

The Eugene orchestra, an excellent musical organization is on the program.

Miss Stella Pitts Dorris will sing with accompaniment of Glee Club.

Mrs R C Brooks and Mr Irving M Glen are on the program.

Miss Joyce Priscilla Brownell, of Albany, and Miss Benetta Dorris, two of the Willamette valleys popular pianists, will also play.

Married.

Last evening at the home of Mr and Mrs R A Bonney, on North Oak street a pretty home wedding occurred in the presence of a few friends. The principals of the affair d'amour were Miss Maude Bonney and Mr Robert H Scott, of Woodburn, the sacred ceremonial binding them for life being presided over by Rev Morton L Rose, pastor of the First Christian church. Miss Annetta Burr as bridesmaid, Miss Laura Bonney as flower girl and Mr S E Hardcastle as groomsman performed their duties in a graceful manner worthy of the occasion. The newly-wedded couple received a number of presents that will serve well to keep in mind their friends.

Mr and Mrs Scott left for Woodburn on today's 10:50 local train, their future home and where he has property interests. The many friends of the fair bride, who is one of Eugene's charming daughters, join the GUARD in extending best wishes for the happiness of the union so auspiciously begun.

[Those in attendance were: Mr and Mrs Sherwood Burr, Mr and Mrs L O Beckwith, Mr and Mrs J M Howe, Rev and Mrs M L Rose, Mr and Mrs Frank Bowers, Mr and Mrs E D Matlock, Mr and Mrs J B Harris, Mr and Mrs Geo H Coshow, (Brownsville) Mr and Mrs E H Gomph, Mrs Almira Sparks, Misses Ada Hanson, Pearl Roberts, Annetta Burr, Florence Burnette, Mabel Miller, Faith Johnson, Lella Hays, Laura Bonney; Messrs O Beckwith, H C Bonney, S E Hardcastle (Woodburn R R Bonney.

ALASKA INDICTMENTS

"Lon" Cleaver, Ex-Inspector, a Former Resident of Eugene one of the Indicted.

Portland Telegram June 3: The report of the indictment of seven customs officials in Alaska brought in by the passengers of the Elder last evening created somewhat of a sensation here, in view of the fact that all of the accused, with one exception, are ex-Portlanders. Those against whom indictments are alleged to have been returned by the grand jury at Sitka are C S Hannum ex-deputy collector at Juneau and a member of the late legal firm of Crews, Hannum & Ivey of that city; W E Crews of the same firm; Thomas Marquam a custom inspector; Alonzo Clever, an ex-inspector; Joseph Floyd deputy collector at Skagaway and L C Hartman and Thomas S Luke collectors at Skagway. Crews is the only man who is not known here. The charge is conspiracy to defraud the government in connection with the landing of liquor.

Hannum, Crews, Marquam and Cleaver are alleged to be jointly indicted for conspiring with other persons to import and land liquors on the 1st of last November, it being charged that they received 75 cents a gallon for participating in the conspiracy. Floyd, Hartman and Luke are charged with selling seized liquors without accounting for the proceeds to the government.

A Pleasant Evening.

Daily Guard, Jun 4

The Fortnightly Club of this city gave their annual reception in the parlors of Mrs Wold's last evening to all members, ex-members and their husbands and sons. It was a most delightful affair and was greatly enjoyed by every person present. A luncheon, very choice, was served during the evening.

Spanish newspapers claim that Cervera's fleet is sailing for the Philippines. That is the best evidence they are somewhere else. The Spanish are such liars that they must be taken contrariwise.

COL W J BRYAN

His Regiment will go to the Philippines

GUNBOAT ARRIVAL

Special to the GUARD.

LINCOLN, Neb, June 4; 4.35 p m—Wm J Bryan's regiment has been accepted for the service at the Philippine Islands. Mr Bryan will be its colonel.

GUNBOAT ARRIVED.

KEY WEST, Fla, June 4—The gunboat Marietta arrived this morning from Valparaiso, Brazil.

A Fresh Confidence Man.

Daily Guard, June 4

A young lady employed by a family on East 7th street is somewhat wiser for some experience. She became acquainted with one of the employes of the concern that has been doing business on the streets for the past year and allowed him to get possession of her gold watch worth about $25. He pawned the watch for $5 and when the young woman wanted the watch back was unable to return it at once. On being pressed he finally procured the money with which to redeem it.

It appears singular that a stranger should gain the confidence of a girl in a short time to such an extent as to get possession of her watch.

Personals.

Daily Guard, June 4

Secretary Kincaid is in the city.

Dr D A Paine came up from Salem this afternoon.

James Abrams went to Southern Oregon this afternoon.

Judge Bean and family were arrivals by this afternoon train.

H Denlinger Jr, returned to Lincoln county by today's train.

H E Morris and wife, of Harrisburg, spent last night in Eugene.

The Hon M J Hillegas was in the city today He is an enthusiastic Unionist.

E Hofer of Salem, was a passenger enroute to Cottage Grove this afternoon, where he speaks tonight.

Mr Chas Lyons, who has a contract for building a wagon road into the Bohemia mining district, is in the city.

Hon Ike L Patterson of Salem, is in the city. He is a great Mitchellite and his coming at this time is noteworthy.

Today's Salem Statesman: Mrs J Shannon, of Eugene, who has been visiting relatives in this city and county for several days, will go to Turner this morning to make a short visit with friends. Mrs Shannon is a former resident of Salem and owns a considerable amount of farm property in Howell Prairie. Her husband was Wesley Shannon, now deceased.

Today's Salem Statesman: H W Rowland city editor of the Eugene GUARD, is in the city, having accompanied the U of O athletic team, which will participate in the intercollegiate field day contests this afternoon at the state fair ground. Mr Rowland is a hard worker in his special line, and through him the GUARD is being made one of the best and newsiest dailies in the Willamette valley.

Commencement Programme.

Sunday, June 12, 1898—Baccalaureate Sermon.

Monday, June 13, 7:30 p m—Graduating Exercises in music.

Tuesday, June 14, 10 a m—Field Day.

Tuesday, June 14, 3 p m—President's Reception.

Tuesday, June 14, 7:30 p m—Reunions.

Wednesday, June 15—Class Day.

Wednesday, June 15, 3 p m—Alumni meeting.

Wednesday, June 15, 7:30 p m—Address before the University.

Thursday, June 16—Annual meeting Board of Regents.

Thursday, June 16, 10 a m—Commencement Exercises.

Unity News.

Lowell, June 4

Mr Brown is in this vicinity looking for cattle.

The speaking announced for this place Monday was rather slim, only one candidate present. Decoration Day the reason.

Mr Blackburn who has been in Portland having his eyes doctored is again in this vicinity.

The sawlogs for the Eugene mill are in the river ready for the drive.

Several people crossing the mountains. They report little snow.

The rain has destroyed the wild strawberries.

de a grand showing at the polls I had a very well conducted

friend and brother, it may be added, hat the writer does not claim for him

Adams, a resident of Portland.

to trade for a bicycle. It quire at the

Bears the