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OPPORTUNITY

NO. 41.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Feb. 11, 1898.

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O. W. Hurd, W. M.
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A. C. WOODCOCK, Attorney at Law, Eugene, Oregon.
E. O. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law, EUGENE, OREGON.

NOTARIES

A. R. BUTTOLPH, Notary Public, Surveyor, Florence, Oregon.

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A hand-drawn illustration of a mechanical device, possibly a pump or engine component, with various parts labeled.

Two Southern Women. Mrs. William Felton, who represented Georgia in the national council of mothers in Washington, and Mrs. William King, who was the leading delegate from the Atlanta Women's club to the same convention, worthily represent the highest order of southern women. Both are identified prominently with the great co-operative movements that have been made for women's advancement; both have done good work for the world in the fields of philanthropy and literature, yet they have preserved the modest, sympathetic charm that distinguished the southern woman of the old regime. Nor have they been allowed to interfere with their home duties or the claims of their families and friends. They have proved efficient helpmates to their husbands and wise mothers to the children they have reared to worthy manhood and womanhood.

Mrs. Felton, who occupied an important official place at the Chicago World's fair and also at the Atlanta exposition, may be styled, as regards progress and intellectual freedom, the pathfinder for the women of her state. She was the first to brave prejudice and foggyism through her fearless utterances on the platform and in the newspapers against political dishonesty, intemperance and religious bigotry and narrowness.—Eugene Register.

The Gaylord (Kan.) Herald says that the experiment tried there a year ago of electing women to fill all the city offices has proved a complete success, the city business being conducted by them in a careful, economical and efficient manner.

A box rent is a useful piece of the porch furniture for summer. This may hold extra wraps, or cushions, or magazines, etc. They will then be at hand at a moment's notice, and yet not in the way when not wanted.—Exchange.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND intelligent men or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dupinjon Company, Dept. Y Chicago.

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HAMPTON BROS., Eugene, Oregon.

A Useful Boot Hack. No well regulated houses should be without a boot rack that will allow the air to get at the soles of boots when not in use. During these summer months especially people are continually being caught out in damp weather without the protection of rubbers, and on removing their boots at night allow them to stand with the soles in contact with the floor. In this position the air cannot get at the wet portion of the boots, and they are often still damp in the morning when one puts them on again. A very simple and entirely sufficient rack may be made at very little cost. All that is needed is two side brackets and three wooden rods. One rod is placed a little higher than the other two in order to prevent the boots slipping backward. The other two should be so arranged as to well support the boots, the heels being so placed over the back rod as to prevent any slipping forward.

In order to accommodate boots of different sizes the rods may be fixed closer together at one end than at the other. It is a great and inexpensive home comfort.—American Queen.

A Curious Argument. Mr. Labouchere argues as though one of the necessary qualifications for the discharge of public duty was the possession of muscles or the power to kill somebody. That is a curious argument in the reign of a woman. If women cannot organize themselves to kill other women, it only implies that men ought to give up such insane folly, and the advent of woman will, doubtless, hasten the day when international issues will be settled, not by base bloodshed, but by rational arbitration. As things are now, women suffer quite as much and in some respects even more from war than men suffer, and it is a monstrous injustice that women should have no voice at all in relation to an unpeppable curse of their sex.—London Methodist Times.

The Latest in Eric-a-brac. The oddest thing in Eric-a-brac is a little Italian vase made of red clay, upon which, with a little care, you can have the "green grass growing all around" in the utmost luxuriance. All you have to do is to soak the vase in water for a day and then sprinkle simethy seed all over the outside. The seed sticks to the wet clay and sprouts, and in about ten days from the time you sow your seed you have a harvest in the form of a green jacketed vase that makes the most beautiful flower receptacle imaginable.

The grass lasts for about a month if you are careful to keep water in the vase, and then it can be peeled off and renewed in the same manner as before.

Miss Druff's Prize. Miss E. Druff has just carried off the Lister scholarship of the Royal Academy of Music, London, which entitles the holder to free tuition at the academy for three years, and, on the termination of this period, a substantial sum in aid of a further two years' study at a foreign conservatory. It is awarded to the man or woman who shows the greatest merit in composition or pianoforte playing.

Laundry classes at which little girls are taught how to wash and iron are now established in connection with boarding schools in London and are reported to have proved thoroughly satisfactory this year.—their first.

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A box rent is a useful piece of the porch furniture for summer. This may hold extra wraps, or cushions, or magazines, etc. They will then be at hand at a moment's notice, and yet not in the way when not wanted.—Exchange.

The table jardiniere which all winter has held maidenhair and feathery farleyensa is now filled by the smart woman with new flowers. It takes a good deal of trouble to keep them damp and not too hot, but when she considers how frequently the little fernery had to be refilled to the florist to be refilled and refreshed there does not seem a great difference in labor. The hepatica, or almost any wild flower that can be taken up with native moss around the roots, will look charming when set in its saucer inside the silver rim, which is really one's centerpiece. After the table is cleared the plant, in its own saucer, is lifted from the rim and set back in cool surroundings. One fortunate woman who "can grow any thing" kept her "table garden" shut up in a wash boiler in the cool, dark cellar.—Exchange.

When autumn haired Eve was born at 16, an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enough—in the miraculous Eden, teeming with life and youth, she was plucked at first and cast out of the garden, and the sight of so much magnificence, and the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the nearest spring all creatures crowded around to do her homage, and after having seen her own radiant reflection she conceived a profound feeling of compassion for all other created things.

The splendid lights in the lion's mane, luminous in the sunshine, could not rival the tawny brightness of Eve's long, floating locks.

Why should he have been jealous of the swan, since her own throat and arms were made of living snows, or why of the great vines in the forest, her own embrace being far more treacherous and more sweet.

The sky, in its deepest, clearest blue, might have heaped to rival her eyes had they not had a softer and more exquisite azure.

In fine, she looked at all things, and a great wave of pride came over her. "Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but then what of it all?" And thereafter her favorite amusement was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rosy tips of her slender fingers.

Till one day she saw a rose. The rose was there before her, as yet scarcely a rose, almost pale in its triumphant grace. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman.

MAGYAR FOLKLORE VERSES

Ah, how muddy's our country lane
After autumn rains have sunk'd the dust
But worthy, worthy is the girl I love
All that can a youthful lover move,
And I my top boots muddy make
Willingly for her sweet sake.

ASHES OF ROSES.

On that particular morning I was in a decidedly sentimental mood, because the day before I had heard a young and charming woman accompanying herself at the piano and singing the tenderest of romances in which during the last note the butterflies of the song linger at the heart of the roses.

And the garden in which I was walking was quite of a character to foster this gentle frame of mind. It was not wild or overgrown.

Its flower beds, where blue, red and yellow balsams were ranged with as much precision as the Sevres cups and Saxony statuettes on a whatnot of a provincial housewife; the sand of its paths, where the rake had left markings as distinct, straight and exact as the lines in a bar of music, and its correct and uniform borders, stiff as the frills of a dress that has not been crushed, seemed to suggest the ambition of a very pleasant ideal—an ideal in perfect taste, without violence or exaggeration; narrow, elegant, pretty and quite suited to furnish water color subjects.

A July sun lavished its gold and threw into the garden all the infinite that a bouquet is capable of holding.

A butterfly which was fluttering around like two flower petals set free by the wind brushed past my hand, leaving on it a little of its fine, white powder.

"White butterfly," said I, for the remembrance of the song led me into such conversation with this delicate winged creature, "white butterfly, do not hasten away, but stay, rather, and settle down on this leaf—a flower would take too much of your attention—and listen to a question which I have always wanted to ask you or one of your kind."

The butterfly poised himself on a leaf. "I am listening," said he. "For why should he not have answered, since I had spoken to him?"

"Fruitless lover of roses and lilies," I began, "whence comes this delicate powder you scatter from your wings as you fly from flower to flower can you tell me? I am sure you must have suggested the arts of the toilet to the perfumer, for yours are the only wings that scatter whiteness like a puff."

The butterfly said, "Tis strange." But as he had nothing to do he condescended to enlighten me. I am sure you should learn many things that are not in books and not known by learned men if we chatted more frequently with the insects of the woods and fields.

When autumn haired Eve was born at 16, an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enough—in the miraculous Eden, teeming with life and youth, she was plucked at first and cast out of the garden, and the sight of so much magnificence, and the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the nearest spring all creatures crowded around to do her homage, and after having seen her own radiant reflection she conceived a profound feeling of compassion for all other created things.

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In fine, she looked at all things, and a great wave of pride came over her. "Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but then what of it all?"

And thereafter her favorite amusement was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rosy tips of her slender fingers.

Till one day she saw a rose. The rose was there before her, as yet scarcely a rose, almost pale in its triumphant grace. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman.

A tiger passing that way lingered to gaze on it and wept from tenderness.

Then Eve felt something stirred within her. She understood that throughout all eternity she had a rival. Beautiful as she was, the rose was not less beautiful. Perfume against perfume, grace against grace, to the end of time their charms would be pitted against one another and there would be an endless and unceasing struggle.

In vain impassioned pets of all ages would try in enthusiastic madrigals to prove to their mistresses the defeat of the sovereign flower. Eve had no illusions on the subject. The rose would always defy her, and to woman's eternal humiliation she would be compared to her splendid and victorious rival.

cold indifference of the stars. For hours she would remain seated under a tree without once kissing the slenderest of her rosy finger tips.

So great was her despair that at last she resolved to destroy the rose that had dared question her title to incomparable loveliness. Alas, she knew only too well that a dead rose did not mean the disappearance of roses altogether. They would bloom again, every spring, time, every summer; to the shame of lips less red and of chin less rosy white. But at least Eve would have avenged the first insult.

First she thought she would tear her enemy to pieces, trample it in the dust among the stones, then fling it to the furious wind as it passed. She had once seen a vulture seize a lamb; so would she have liked to tear the rose.

However, she thought herself of another torture. She built upon the sand a little pyre of dried grasses, lighted it with a glowworm and picking the rose tossed it into the fire. A shudder passed through its delicate petals, as, with a low, plaintive murmur, it yielded up all its perfume to its charn. Its ashy whiteness, its life and incomparable grace to the devouring flame.

At last nothing was left on the dying embers but a little heap of white dust—the ashes of the rose—and the woman, in whom savage instincts were already rife, was satisfied.

But the butterflies in the garden of Eden were mad with anguish, for they loved the rose so hated by the woman. Never again, quivering with pleasure and delight, would they settle on its trembling petals, never again brush with open wings the perfumed mysteries of its heart.

While the fatal net was being committed they flew wildly round the merciless executioner, but Eve did not even see them, so entirely was she given over to her revenge. And now, as she walked off triumphant, they drew near to gaze upon the pale remains of their beloved lying on the little heap of extinguished grasses.

At least they would keep as much of her as they could. So in a tumultuous swarm they fluttered down upon the precious relics, sometimes singly, sometimes all together, rolling themselves in the ashes, enveloping themselves in her dust.

And ever since that time the fine white powder, scattered from the wings of butterflies, is the ashes of the rose.—From the French for Short Stories.

The Absentminded Man. An amusing case of absentmindedness was experienced by a young fourth sider the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been noticing that he does some peculiar things. Not long ago he was at a reception, and a few minutes before closing time he went to the coat box and secured his hat and coat. Then he walked up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and walked home with it on his arm. Arriving at his home, he found that he had one coat on and another on his arm. The next day he found the owner of the extra coat, and all was well. But that has been eclipsed by his latest exploit. He had finished his toilet and started for the street. As soon as he made his appearance he was greeted with smiles from everybody who saw him. He walked down the street and could not imagine what made the passerby smile at him. Finally he reached the restaurant where he takes his meals, and he realized that he was carrying something in his hand. He looked at it and found that he had carried the lighted lamp from his room and had walked several blocks along the main street with it in his hand.

Another case is cited concerning the same young man. At the office where he is employed he has occasion to answer many calls at the telephone. One evening he was reading a book in his room when an alarm clock rang in the adjoining room. The absentminded youth got up and commenced to yell "Hello! Hello!" and when the occupant of the other room inquired as to the cause of the yelling the young man said in a sheepish manner, "Oh, I thought it was the telephone bell ringing."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Talk It Over. I have talked some things in the course of a long business life and still have a great many others to learn.

But the chief thing I have learned can be condensed into one unget of wisdom in three words, Talk it over.

If thy business enemy offend thee, don't smite him on the cheek. Talk him by the buttonhole in a friendly manner and talk it over.

Some one tells you that Smith, down the street, has said or done something to your detriment. Perhaps he has, and perhaps he has not. If he has, your best policy is to prevent his repeating hereafter or deed in the future. If he has not, you don't want to do him an injustice, even in your own mind.

Put on your hat, leave your temper at home, go down and make a friendly call. Be moderately frank, open. Tell him the truth and ask him for equal frankness. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand the whole matter will be explained and straightened out in five minutes, and you will part as personal friends rather than as personal and business enemies. You will both feel better, you will live side by side in harmony, the earth will be brighter, the sunshine clearer. Your own heart will be glad, and you will have a more pleasant life.

Don't get mad and rush to your desk and send a scorching letter to a man and a Christian and go yourself.

Talk it over.—Hardware.

Wife.—My father used to say I was the brightest jewel he possessed.

Husband (growingly)—Opal has meant, for you've brought my bad luck ever since I've had you.—Fun.

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