

PROGRAMME
OF THE
GRAND CELEBRATION AT ASHLAND
OF THE
4th of July, '89

1. Salute of thirty-eight Guns at Sunrise.

2. Music by Band. Meeting in Uniform of all different Organizations of the City on Plaza Square.

3. Inspection and Review of Co. D, Second Reg. Inf., O. N. G.

4. At 10 o'clock A. M., Military and Civic Parade, Consisting as Follows:

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| 1. Ashland Silver Trombone Band. | 8. Citizens on Foot. |
| 2. Co. D, Second Reg. Inf., O. N. G. | 9. Citizens in Carriages. |
| 3. Burnside Post, G. A. R. | 10. Line of March: Form in Plaza, march up Main street to First ave., down First ave. to Spring street, along Spring street to Oak, up Oak to Main, through Main to Helman street, down Helman to Factory, up Factory to Main, thence to the Grove. |
| 4. A. H. Co., No. 1. | |
| 5. Secret Organizations and Federated Trades. | |
| 6. Liberty Car with New States. | |
| 7. Presidents of the Day, Orator and Reader, Chaplain, Mayor of the City and Members of City Council. | |

LITERARY EXERCISES, 11:30 A. M.

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| 1. Music. Prayer by Chaplain. | 3. Music. |
| 2. Reading Declaration of Independence. | 4. Oration by the Honorable BINGER HERMAN. |

5. MUSIC.

6. GRAND BARBECUE DINNER IN GROVE FOR ALL.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.

1. CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING, FREE TO ALL.

Conducted under the Auspices of the Ashland R. & G. Club. Full particulars next week.

2. RUNNING RACE, 100 Yards, Free to All, for Purse.
3. FAT MEN'S RACE, Free to All Over 200 pounds, for a Price.
4. FOOT RACE FOR GIRLS Under 18 Years of Age, for prize.
5. FOOT RACE FOR BOYS Under 15 Years of Age, "
6. THREE LEGGED RACE, for Price.
7. GRAND DISPLAY OF FIRE WORKS IN THE EVENING.

8. GRAND BALL in the Evening, Given under the Management of Co. D, Second Reg. Inf., O. N. G. A cordial invitation extended to All.

TWO CHOICE PIECES OF
REAL ESTATE
At a Bargain.

A. W. Scott, the Contractor and Builder, being called back to Portland by business interests, offers for sale the following property, which will be a bargain for somebody:

SEVENTEEN ACRES OF LAND

Near the Devlin Tract out on the Boulevard, less than two miles from Ashland. This is choice land for peaches or other fruit—such land as that of the Gabley Peach Orchard, which is already well known to horticulturists all over the State, and which sold for \$600 per acre during the last few weeks. About 4 acres covered and ready for the plow. This will be sold, if applied for soon, at \$100 per acre. Will be sold as a whole or in 10 and 7 acre pieces.

Two Choice City Lots

At the junction of Union, Gresham and Iowa streets in the neighborhood of the new Reecer, Carter and Eddings residences. Price now, \$350.

Apply to Roper & Helm, A. T. Kyle or G. F. Billings.

FRID. H. BOYD.

JOHN C. MORE.

ROWE & MORE,
LUMBER!

Ashland, - - - Oregon

We are now stocked up and are prepared to furnish a full line of

Dressed and Finishing Lumber,
Rustic Flooring, etc.

At lowest prices. Also any special sizes cut. Cedar also furnished. Bills figured on and cut to order on short notice.

A PEARL RING.

She looked down at her hand;
Twas slender quite; the band
Of gold so brightly gleamed,
Each day it yellowed beamed.
"My love, he'll come," she said—
The days and weeks fast sped.

She looked down at her hand;
The pearl set in the band
Seemed strangely dark to grow.
"He'll come, yes soon, I know."
The leaves turned red and fell—
"My love, he loves me well."

She looked down at her hand;
"I wonder in what land
He roves, and if this ring
Could me to sorrow bring?
O, does this shining gold
Portray my love untold!"

And can the pearl, so dark,
Set forth a faithless heart?
False emblems, you deceive:
I'll die first than believe
He could unworthy be—
I know my love loves me.

She looked down at her hand;
With age and tolling tamed,
And loosely in the gold,
Now worn, but bright of old,
The blackened pearl remained.
She sighs, "He's long detained."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat

A Horrible Story.

I read, or rather had read to me, the other night a very horrible story of Griffiths Wainwright. It was out of a book written by an Australian clergyman, and, though the poisoner's name was not mentioned, there could be no doubt of his identity. When Wainwright was released from prison, it appears that for some time he acted as a kind of assistant surgeon at a hospital. To this institution a man, hated by Wainwright, was brought in a dying condition. Just before he yielded up the ghost a scene took place, which, as an example of unabated revengefulness, surpasses anything I ever heard before.

Wainwright gained admission to the man's bedside, and, in a piercing whisper, loud enough to be heard by the next patient, said: "Listen! I have one word to say to you before you die." The dying patient, as if suddenly magnetized, lifted his weary eyes and stared at the person who addressed him. "In five minutes," said his malignant tormentor, "your soul will be in hell, and before your body is cold, my dissecting knife will be in your entrails." Those who were present could never forget the horrified expression of the man's face as his dying ear caught the frightful words, and his dying eye took the impression of the gleaming Mephistophelian face bending over his death bed.—London Globe.

The Use of Cocaine.

Cocaine has been in use in the medicine of this country about five years. I was the first—or at least among the first—in this city to use it, and my first patient was a dog. The first application of cocaine was in ophthalmic surgery. I read a long article on the subject in The New York Medical Journal. Soon after that a gentleman came to see me about a very fierce hunting dog, who had got a thorn in his eye. I looked at the dog, and, remembering what I had read about cocaine for eye surgery, I went to a drug store and fixed up a decoction of about 5 per cent. of hydrochlorate of cocaine. I applied some of this to the dog's eye, after a good deal of trouble. While the eye was under this influence I pulled the thorn out without any trouble, and the dog soon trotted home as well as ever.—Surgeon in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stone Steps or Death.

"I want stone steps to this house," she said to the architect as they were discussing the plans.
"Yes'm, but stone steps are dangerous in winter."
"I don't care. Mrs. Blank has stone steps to her house, and I'll have to mine."
"Yes, but she fell on them and broke a leg the other day."
"Then I'll fall and break both legs. I'm not going to let her crow over me!"—Detroit Free Press.

How the Husband Gave It Away.

Here is another good smuggling story from the Belgian frontier: A newly married couple were returning to Germany after a tour to Brussels. As the train approached the frontier the bride grew uneasy and presently confessed that she had a quantity of the finest of Brussels lace in her bag, on which a high duty would have to be paid. "Put it inside your hat," she pleaded. This was done. The customs house officials looked all through the boxes of the elegant young lady, knowing by experience that such are the most daring of smugglers, but found nothing. The chief officer, charmed by the amiable manners of the husband, accompanied the couple to the train, when the wretched husband, forgetting his secret in the joy of having escaped, raised his hat to the officer and was instantly enveloped in a soft white veil. Tableau!—Pall Mall Gazette.

Vaccination.

Vaccination, which is compulsory in England, is optional in France. Post hoc (whether it be proper hoc or not), the smallpox death average is 0.31 per 1,000 in the large cities of France, as against 0.04 in this country during the same period. Of course this looks conclusive, to the ordinary man, in favor of our own practice. No doubt, however, the anti-vaccinationists will give quite another reason for the difference.—London Globe.

EACH PAYS HER OWN WAY.

How the Ladies Buy Their Seats for the Matinee Performances.

Four ladies stood at the box office window at Palmer's theatre recently just before the performance began and spent five minutes in selecting seats. There were not many to choose from. The house was nearly all sold out, and four seats in one of the rear rows in the orchestra and a few in the balcony were all that were left, save an isolated chair here and there. The ladies finally concluded to sit in the orchestra, and as they announced their decision each pushed a bank note through the window to the ticket seller. They were intimate friends, evidently, and had come to the theatre in a party, but each paid her own way.

"I wonder why it is," said the ticket seller, when the rush of business was over and he had a chance to breathe, "that everybody pays his own way at a matinee."

"Is that the rule at matinees any more than it is at evening performances?" a Star reporter asked.

"Why, yes. For the evening performance a large proportion of the seats are sold in advance. A man will buy a couple of seats during the day, or perhaps several days ahead. If a party of four people or a greater number intend to visit the theatre together, some one of them will secure seats for the whole, and long enough ahead so that he can get them in a block and in a desirable part of the house. But even if several people attend in a group and get their seats on the spot, one of the gentlemen in the party will select and pay for them, and if he is not entertaining will settle the little financial pool with his friends afterward, if he has not levied an assessment before they have reached the house. You seldom see a 'Dutch treat' in the evening."

"A 'Dutch treat'?"

"Yes; 'Dutch treat,' 'Pennsylvania treat.' Every one pays his own way, you know, and pays it on the spot. It's a matinee institution. Sometimes two men will come up to the window at an afternoon performance and each buy his own seat, but not often. It is a sort of woman's fad. It makes a big difference in the work of handling tickets whether we sell them singly or in pairs or in blocks of four or more. Men are naturally liberal—extravagant, if you please—in such matters. A man will ask a friend to go to the theatre with him, and at his cost, with the same grace that he will offer him a cigar. But women very rarely entertain each other outside of their own home when it costs money to do it."

The ticket sellers at other theatres had similar stories to tell. The man who sells you "the best in the house" at the Fifth avenue said that women from the suburbs had a monopoly of the "matinee Dutch treat" at that house. "And each one of a party passes in a big bank note, usually a ten dollar bill," he continued, "and I have to make change four times in what is virtually a single sale. I wonder how it is that they always have big bills. Women who come to a matinee very seldom have the exact change to offer, and rarely hand in a two dollar note in payment for a seat. Almost always it is a ten dollar note that is pushed in through the window, and it is usually folded up. When I have unfolded four ten dollar notes and handed out four piles of change of \$5.50 each, as I frequently do, I have done about all the work I ought to in selling four seats."—New York Star.

A Grim Counterpoise.

Two telegraph linemen were at work in a suburb painting poles. The painter was hoisted to the top on a boatswain's chair by his companion, who stood sentinel below, rope in hand. The latter became weary, hungry or thirsty—or something—and sought relief at a neighboring inn, without notifying the man aloft. To guard against accident he availed himself of an old tomb stone—the line ran alongside a burial place—and fastened the rope thereto without telling the man up the tree. When the latter had painted down to his reaching powers, he looked down, saw not his partner, and, holding on to the opposite rope, kicked the one he was swung to. It yielded, and down he went, though slowly. This astonished him, but he was more astonished when he was brought face to face with the gravestone, with its "Sacred to the memory—" and so on, which had pulled up just the distance the man had descended. There was trouble in that camp of painters, and it reached headquarters.—Boston Transcript.

A Man with a History.

Private W. G. Mervin, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, is a man with a history. His right name is Gerlock, and he is one of six children, heirs to the Gerlock brewery, Milwaukee, which returns a princely income. In 1885, after recovering from a serious illness, he dropped out of sight, leaving a young wife behind him. All efforts to ascertain his whereabouts were fruitless. His mind had been impaired, and when, in San Francisco, he realized what had happened he determined to enlist in the army and work out his own salvation. A notice in a paper some time ago informed him that a Mrs. Gerlock, of Milwaukee, was dead, and thinking it was his wife he determined to know the truth and wrote a letter to that purpose. An answer came in the person of the wife herself and the reunion was a happy one.—New York World.

Making Ice in Florida.

In Florida, where ice is so desirable for cooling food and drink, it is not naturally formed, and so must be made. I visited an ice factory.

They have twenty tons of ice forming here all the time. They lift a tank every thirty minutes, take out the ice, refill the tank with water and replace it. The freezing takes forty-eight hours. The tank they have just emptied will be filled soon, and a new block of ice will be taken from it on "the day after to-morrow."

Now, it seems that this freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies imbedded, in all its beauty of form and color—a marvelous thing, I think. The icemakers like to perform this experiment, as it shows the clearness of their ice; and pride is taken in freezing pieces of unusual beauty and transparency.

A delicate spray of flowers, a cluster of ripe fruit, or a brilliant colored fish are favorite subjects. Exhibitions of such freezings are occasionally made at fairs, and a particularly beautiful or interesting piece makes a very attractive gift for a birthday or for Christmas.

What a pretty way to preserve objects! I would like a collection of Florida specimens so preserved. No dried out herbarium specimens; no faded and distorted alcoholic preparations; no unnatural taxidermist mounts, but everything in its natural color, its perfect outline, its living beauty. Here, a clear little block with a chameleon; here, a larger one with a coiled rattle snake; there a young alligator, a cluster of grape fruit or oranges, a spray of flowers or a series of forest leaves. But alas! such a collection would not last a single week.—St. Nicholas.

Some Superstitious Statesmen.

Nothing can induce Senator Voorhees to ride in a street car drawn by a white horse.

Senator Joe Blackburn not only takes the white horse, but also one having a white spot on it, or one white foot.

Senator Edmunds regards it as unlucky if the first person he meets on emerging from his house is a woman, and will return for a fresh start.

Senator Sherman will not extend his left hand in greeting or receive one extended to him—a familiar habit with politicians.

Senator Call will bury or burn a pair of socks one or both of which he has put on wrong side out.

Representative Kennedy, of Ohio, wears a voodoo charm which he obtained from an negro in the swamps of Louisiana.

When Senator Harris, of Tennessee, is in doubt as to a course of action, he decides it by spitting at a mark.

If Senator Vest, of Missouri, meets a beggar in the streets before he has spent any money he invariably gives to the mendicant.

If the first person Representative Breckinridge meets in the morning is a colored man or woman he crosses to the other side of the street. He claims if he continues on the same side he will be hoodooed for the entire day.

Senator Evarts is a great admirer of the flaming beauties of the circus posters and theatre announcements on the billboards, which taste he has in common with Hale, of Maine; Butler, of South Carolina, and Pascoe, of Florida.—Washington Letter in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Is Electricity?

As the use of electricity becomes more general there is increased curiosity to learn what it is, says The Electric Power. It is considered a mysterious force, because in its normal condition it cannot be seen. The wire which conveys the current gives no manifestation of the energy which is passing through it. Just as the poet said, "We take no note of time save from its loss." So with electricity, it must be measured as it flies. It is true, however, that its laws are perfectly understood. Is it necessary that we should know what it is? Nothing is more familiar to us than the action of gravitation. We know that it is the attraction of the earth. It holds the atoms of the earth together and enables us to perform all of the operations which make up our daily life. It is, however, a mystery, but its laws are as well known, and if we violate them by jumping off a precipice should we consider the force of gravity necessarily dangerous? Steam is also something of a mystery. It has been familiar to mankind since the dawn of civilization, yet how many people know that it is transparent and therefore invisible until it comes in contact with the air?

Chopin's Musical Likes and Dislikes.

He worshipped Mozart, and was a zealous student of Bach. One day, Halle played to him a Beethoven sonata (one from op. 31). Chopin found the last movement vulgar. From this Halle concluded that he could not have made a deep study of the master's works. Lenz, indeed, has said: "Chopin did not take a very serious interest in Beethoven. He knew only his principal compositions, the last works not at all." Chopin cared little for Mendelssohn, and—if the statement of Schlessinger be true that he did not consider Schumann's "Carnaval" to be music at all—still less for a composer who thoroughly appreciated and admired his own genius. He preferred Bellini to Berlioz.—Nicok's Life of Chopin.