

**BROWNSVILLE.**

Spectacles, all prices, at Pillsbury's.  
A number of cases of measles in town; all doing well.  
Miss Maud Hume on Monday returned from Albany.

Monday, 10th inst., warmest day. Thermometer 92° in the shade.

Dr. R. H. Curran and family returned from Wasco, Sherman county, Or., on Monday.

Morris Jaeger, Supt. of the B. E. W. M. Co., on Tuesday left for Albany to purchase wool.

Mrs. N. J. Waters and Mrs. George McFarquar during the past week returned from Heppner.

Thomas Cutsforth and daughter, Mrs. McDonald, of Wisconsin, are visiting J. Harrison and family.

The wool clip in this section has for this year been large, and prices varying from 15c to 25c per pound.

Dr. J. W. Starr having satisfactorily completed his professional business, on Tuesday returned to Albany.

W. H. Kirk, accompanied by his wife, Miss Hatfield Long and Mrs. Janeey Cashman on Tuesday left for Portland.

Miss Sarah Coshow, who has been attending the last term of the McMinnville college, on Friday returned home.

Bert E. Gable and George Coshow on Tuesday left for McMinnville to attend the commencement exercises of the Baptist church.

The cherry and plum yield this year will be large, but apples in some localities will be short, owing to the ravages of the codlin moth.

The first edition of the Brownsville Times came out on Saturday. It is a neat and attractive sheet, amounting in news and general information.

C. H. Hoberg in consideration of \$200 sold to E. N. Smith, late of Dakota Ter., the "Widow Blain" farm, situated two miles south of Brownsville.

The Eagle Woolen Mills Co. are purchasing large quantities of wool, many of the old hands are at work, and entire operations will soon be resumed.

R. E. Curran, late of Oakland, Cal., arrived in town on Saturday, and on Monday took charge of the dyeing department of the Eagle woolen mills.

Coshow & Son during the past week, in consideration of \$2500, sold the Fields farm to J. J. Russell, who with his family will shortly remove to this place.

Died, June 14, 1890, Minnie, wife of L. Hasbrouck. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Kieworthy at the M. E. Church on Sunday the 16th inst.

Coshow & Son on Monday sold to R. G. Cochran in consideration of \$750 the town property formerly belonging to Dr. J. W. Starr, consisting of dwelling, barn and lots.

Scott Ward and John Tom on Wednesday started for the "Belknap Hot Springs," on the McKenzie river. They will pass a month in the mountains hunting and fishing.

Died, June 8, 1890, at his residence five miles north of Brownsville, J. W. Fletcher. The funeral services were conducted on the following Monday by Rev. Carpus Sperry, the interment taking place at the Baptist burying ground.

The Baptist Central Association met in Brownsville on Thursday and held a session lasting until the following Monday. A large number of delegates were in attendance, and the proceedings of the convention were of the most interesting character.

S. B. Standish, J. Moore and party returned from the Blue river mines on Friday. A number of claims in this section have been bonded to California capitalists and will be thoroughly looked this summer. The prospects in many instances are very flattering and the locaters are sanguine of paying returns.

"For the mines," or how much will you give to clear the Calipoota trail to the Blue River mines, was the subject under discussion at the north Brownsville city hall on the evening of Saturday last, which was satisfactorily settled, sufficient work, tools and provisions being subscribed to complete the work already begun during the previous year.

One of the most enthusiastic and largely attended gatherings that has ever taken place in Brownsville, occurred at the North Brownsville city hall on the evening of Tuesday last, for the purpose of taking into consideration the feasibility of forming a joint stock company to build an aqueduct, lay piping and supply the town with water. Long before the doors of the hall were thrown open a large concourse of people had gathered upon the sidewalk anxiously awaiting the time to subscribe for stock, and further a most desirable and much needed town improvement. At 7 p. m. the assembled crowd, numbering hundreds and embracing many of our most substantial and financially solid citizens, were admitted to the building, the meeting was called to order, a chairman and secretary appointed and the importance of the proposed measure thoroughly and lucidly explained to those in attendance. As stated by the president it was of the greatest importance that, aside from the need of an unlimited supply of water for sprinkling and irrigating purposes the safety of the town demanded adequate and ample means for the protection against fire, the recent misfortune to which Seattle had been subjected, was sufficient warning to a moralizing and intelligent community that we are without the slightest protection against conflagration, and should a fire start in our midst it would be almost a miracle if a building were left standing. It is unnecessary to follow the many convincing and eloquent appeals made by the president, which were nobly responded to, the required amount, \$10,000, being subscribed in a few minutes, thereby causing a sense of security and relief from danger heretofore never experienced in our midst. This meeting and subsequent proceedings, as above related, could have taken place had there been any one in attendance, but unfortunately for the proposed measure, there was no one on hand, the man who fit up the hall excepted, who, like "poor old Robinson Crusoe," was solitary and alone.

Died, June 14, 1890, Sarah, aged 73 years, 6 months and 23 days, wife of Captain James Blakeley. The funeral services, under the auspices of Rev. J. K. Kirkpatrick, were observed at the C. P. Church on Sunday, June 15. Mrs. Sarah Blakeley (nee Miss Dick) was born in Jefferson county, Tenn., Nov. 21, 1816. In Feb., 1841, at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., she was joined in marriage to Capt. James Blakeley, and in January 1855 moved to Platt county, Mo., at which place she resided for eight years. In 1866 Captain Blakeley and wife crossed the plains, and on their arrival in Oregon

settled upon the home farm in South Brownsville, at which place they have resided for the past 12 years. The deceased was the mother of twelve children, six boys and six girls, ten of whom are now living. At the age of seventeen Mrs. Blakeley became a member of the Presbyterian church, and died a devout and constant convert to its christian teachings.

The solemn toll of the funeral bell broke with muffled note upon the quiet of a Sabbath morn., as slowly a immense procession followed to its last resting place all that remained of these noble pioneer women, whose christian lives had passed away, leaving with loving friends hallowed thoughts of the many kind and endearing acts of long and well spent lives, gone from this earth, free from care and pain, gone to a happy home, well earned by years of christian devotion. With hands peacefully crossed upon a breast that had plowed many tired little heads, hands that in pioneer days long passed have been worn by toll and privation, clearing a way for those to come, lay these two wives and mothers separated by but a few feet, one in the Presbyterian and one in the Methodist church, where weeping friends with bowed heads listened to the last sad rites, and joyfully say we have lost dear friends, but they have gone ahead, pioneers to heaven, as were they pioneers to Oregon, peace be to them, devout christian wives and mothers, noble self sacrificing woman of years gone by, that have completed their task and gone to reap an everlasting reward. T. S. P.

**SODAVILLE.**

Sodaville is still alive, and on the way to permanent success.

The hotel problem is settled, so we understand, and will be built right away.

The traveler who for the first time wends his way towards our little town and finds himself in the hands of its hospitable people, looks out over the broad expanse of our prairie, valley scenery and wonders and admires.

It seems to be the query in the minds of the pleasure seekers as well as men of business "Why doesn't the Railroad make its extension to this point?" And it will still be the query until the enterprise is accomplished. The people of this place have done every thing they are able to do to secure it and now it only remains for the managers of the road to move in this direction. With an abundance of Sodaville and good camp grounds this is destined to become the leading watering place of the valley.

We notice, despite all the false report concerning this place, it has a large number of visitors every Sunday.

Your Waterloo correspondent seems to be a little touched by what we said several weeks ago. Well, it seems the shoe fit pretty well or he would not have let it pinch. Now for the benefit of the reader, and we hope the Waterloo correspondent will take a part to himself. I will try to explain why I wrote as I did. Several years ago a correspondent from Waterloo published in the Democrat, of Albany, that there were a lot of pups found in the spring here. And with that falsehood in his throat, to haunt him day and night, he kept up his assailing thrusts toward Sodaville and even at the present season. The report comes from Waterloo that there are no accommodations here for man or beast. That the hotel charges are beyond reason, that the livery stable doesn't attend to the wants of the people, and that it costs from \$1 to \$2 to get from the depot at Lebanon out here. Now I can speak knowingly that Sodaville has never tried to debase Waterloo nor to keep sojourners from there. But on the other hand has been perfectly willing that people from here should give it a trial, feeling assured that this place would gain more than she would lose. Again your policy of waging a warfare on every one who comes into your town, and undertakes to carry on any business is met with a suspicious gaze and a cool reception and in fact you would much rather he would stay away and leave all the profits of business to Waterloo. Now it was not our intention to create any newspaper quarrel in fact we are opposed to any sort of quarreling, but when it becomes necessary to define our position we can, and will do it to the best of our ability. Our fellow townsman Dennis Klum moved to your town to run business for awhile and you hurled your spleen at him, and if you will let him alone he will prove an honor to your place and do the fair thing with you. I don't understand that any one has entire control of the local affairs of a community in fact the world is wide and one should remember that his neighbor has just as much right to live as he has.

The family of Mr. L. Koper will leave in a few days for Spokane, where he is at work, firing for the railroad. School is pretty well run down on account of warm weather, but it will go along until the term expires which is about two weeks yet. Some haying was done in this vicinity. The average citizen would like to see some rain an account of late gardens and spring grain

**"OUR MOTHER."**

The following beautiful piece of poetry was written, under the above head, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. James Blakely, by Mrs. John Brown, and read by the Rev. A. J. Adams at the funeral ceremony, which took place at the C. P. Church, South Brownsville, Sunday, June 16:

O, many lips are saying this  
'Mid falling tears to-day,  
And many hearts are aching sore;  
Our mother's passed away.  
We watched her fading year by year,  
As they went slowly by;  
But put far from us e'en the thought  
That she could ever die.  
She seemed so good, so true, so pure,  
To our admiring eyes,  
We never dreamed this glorious fruit  
Was ripening for the skies.  
But when, at last, the death-stroke came,  
So swift, so sure, so true,  
The hearts that held her here so fast  
Were almost broken, too.  
We robed her in familiar dress,  
We smoothed her gray hair down,  
Gave one last kiss—then laid her 'mid  
The autumn leaves so brown:  
Then each took up the broken thread  
Of life and all its cares,  
How sad the heart 'mid daily tasks,  
We miss our mother's prayers.  
We ne'er shall know from what dark path  
They may have kept our feet;  
Yet holy will their influence be  
While each fond heart shall beat:  
And as we tread the thorny way,  
Which her dear feet have trod,  
Ever shall feel our mother's prayers  
Leading us up to God.  
And for the one still left to us—  
Our father, aged and lone,  
Who hears, perhaps, by night and day  
The old familiar tone.  
We'll gather closer round him now,  
To guard from every ill,  
As nearer the darkness river side,  
He waits a higher will.  
And when the storms of sorrow come,  
To each bereaved heart,  
Let Faith glance upward to the home  
Where we shall never part:  
Where one awaits with loving eyes  
To see her children come,  
As one by one we cross the flood  
And reach our heavenly home.



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