

The tide of destiny is turning fast towards Florence. All sorts of accumulation of facts point that way

The West.

The habit of THE WEST is one of push, energy, pluck. It is the news granary of these mountain slopes.

Vol. IV.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1894.

No. 42

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge..... A. H. Fisk
 Commissioners..... Eli Perkins
 Clerk..... James Parker
 Sheriff..... W. R. Walker
 Treasurer..... J. E. Noland
 Assessor..... Frank Reiser
 School Superintendent..... J. G. Stevenson
 Surveyor..... C. M. Collier
 Coroner..... J. W. Harris

CITY OFFICERS.

President..... B. F. Alley
 Oscar Fu le
 O. W. Hurd
 Board of Trustees..... Wm. Kyle
 M. F. Parker
 Recorder..... Frank Wilson
 Treasurer..... Leonard Christensen
 Marshal..... C. B. Morgan
 Justice of Peace..... H. M. Chamberlin

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Florence, Oregon. Sabbath service, Sabbath school, 10 o'clock a. m., preaching 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper on 1st Sabbath of January, April, July and October. Everybody is welcome to all the services. Pastor requests Christians to make themselves known.
 I. G. KNOTT, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH service, preaching at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. Florence; preaching, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. Pt. Terrace; preaching 1st and 3d Sabbaths 11 a. m. Seaton, same, 3 p. m. All welcome.
 G. W. QUIMBY, Pastor.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. Sinclair Lodge No. 107. Regular communication on second Saturday night in each month. Amos H. DALL, W. M. Charles Branham, Secretary.

G. A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. Meets after the first quarter of the moon, linear month.
 G. W. CRAVEN, Commander.
 B. F. Alley, Adjutant.

A. O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
 FRED MASON, N. G.
 L. C. ACKERLEY, Rec. Sec.

NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTTOLP
 Notary Public, Surveyor
 And Collector.
 Office two doors west of Florence Hotel.
 Florence, Oregon.

JOE MORRIS, Jr
 Notary Public, Land Agt
 Florence, Oregon.

KNOWLES & GETTYS,
 Notaries Public,
 Seaton, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS.

SEYMOUR W. CONDON,
 Attorney at Law,
 Law in all its branches given special attention.
 Conser's Bldg., Eugene Or.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

L. BILYEU,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

JOHN C. GRAY,
 Dental Surgery.
 The best work at the most reasonable prices.
 Office over Orange Store.
 Eugene, Oregon.

HORACE N. CRAIN,
 Practical Watchmaker
 And Dealer in Fine Watches and Jewelry
 Eugene, Oregon.

HENRY A. BAY, Agent
 State Insurance Company
 Of Salem, Oregon.
 This is the leading insurance company of the Pacific coast. Assets a quarter of a million dollars. Private dwellings and farm property a specialty. Address me at Gardiner, Oregon, and I will call upon you and insure your property.

Head of Tide Hotel,
 W. W. NEELY, Prop'r.
 Tables furnished with all the delicacies of the season. Wild game, Fish and Fruit in season. Best accommodations for the traveling public. Charges reasonable.

H. D. CHAMBERLIN,
 CONTRACTOR, BUILDER,
 Glenside, Oreg.

L. R. JOHNSON,
 Contractor and Builder.
 All my work will be warranted to give satisfaction. Call on or write to me at Florence, - - Ore.

JOHN C. GRAY,
 Dental Surgery.
 The best work at the most reasonable prices.
 Office over Orange Store.
 Eugene, Oregon.

HORACE N. CRAIN,
 Practical Watchmaker
 And Dealer in Fine Watches and Jewelry
 Eugene, Oregon.

HENRY A. BAY, Agent
 State Insurance Company
 Of Salem, Oregon.
 This is the leading insurance company of the Pacific coast. Assets a quarter of a million dollars. Private dwellings and farm property a specialty. Address me at Gardiner, Oregon, and I will call upon you and insure your property.

Head of Tide Hotel,
 W. W. NEELY, Prop'r.
 Tables furnished with all the delicacies of the season. Wild game, Fish and Fruit in season. Best accommodations for the traveling public. Charges reasonable.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 T. G. HENDRICKS, Pres. S. R. EAKIN, Jr., Cash.
 PAID UP CASH CAPITAL, \$50,000
 SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$50,000
 ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
 EUGENE, OREGON.

E. HANSON, TH. LEADING
 Clothier...
 AND
 MERCHANT-TAILOR,
 DEALER IN
 HATS AND CAPS.
 MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
 EUGENE, - OREGON.

Florence Drug Store.
 O. W. HURD, PROPRIETOR. C. D. THOMAS, MANAGER.
 FLORENCE, OREGON.

Pure Wines and Liquors.
 Drugs,
 Medicines,
 Chemicals,
 Perfumery,
 Stationery,
 Wall Paper,
 Blank Books,
 Toilet Articles,
 Window Shades,
 Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully
 Compounded.

UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS
 TO SALT LAKE, DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS AND ALL EASTERN CITIES,
 3 1-2 DAYS TO CHICAGO
 The Quickest to Chicago and the East.
 Cheaper to Omaha and Kansas City.
 Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars.
 For rates and general information call on or address
 W. H. HURLBERT,
 Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
 254 Washington St. Cor. 7d. PORTLAND, OR.

KNOWLES & GETTYS,
 Notaries Public,
 Seaton, Oregon.

SEYMOUR W. CONDON,
 Attorney at Law,
 Law in all its branches given special attention.
 Conser's Bldg., Eugene Or.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

L. BILYEU,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

JOHN C. GRAY,
 Dental Surgery.
 The best work at the most reasonable prices.
 Office over Orange Store.
 Eugene, Oregon.

HORACE N. CRAIN,
 Practical Watchmaker
 And Dealer in Fine Watches and Jewelry
 Eugene, Oregon.

GARDINER
 STAGE LINE.
H. H. Barrett, Prop'r,
 Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
 Arrives at Florence Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
 Connects with Steamer and Scottsburg Stage Line for Drain. Also with Stage line for Coos Bay. Charge reasonable.

WHISMAN BROS.' Stage Line,
 Over Lake Creek Road,
 BETWEEN EUGENE & HEAD OF TIDE.
 Leaves Eugene Monday and Thursday mornings.
 Leave Head of Tide Tuesday and Friday at noon.
 Whisman Bros., Props

Steamer Roberts
 SAILS
 On the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month.
 Single trip \$3.00. Round trip \$5.00
 Florence to Yaquina.
 For Passenger and Freight Rates See Meyer & Kyle, Florence, Or.

STEAMER "COOS,"
 Will make
 REGULAR DAILY TRIPS
 Between
 Florence and Head of Tide.
 General office at Seaton.
 KNOWLES, NEELY and GETTYS, Owners.

EAST AND SOUTH VIA THE SHASTA ROUTE
 OF THE Southern Pacific Co.
 Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.
 South: 6:15 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:20 a. m. 12:30 p. m. Lv. Eugene Lv. 2:45 a. m. 10:15 a. m. Ar. San Francisco Lv. 7:30 p. m.
 Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive, also Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.
 ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.
 8:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 4:30 p. m. 2:30 p. m. Lv. Eugene Lv. 10:25 a. m. 7:25 p. m. Ar. Roseburg Lv. 7:30 a. m.
 Dining Cars on Ogden Route, Pullman Buffet Sleepers AND SECOND CLASS SLEEPING CARS, attached to all through trains.
 West Portland and Corvallis. MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
 7:25 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 11:30 a. m. 7:15 p. m. Ar. Corvallis Lv. 1:00 p. m.
 At Albany and Corvallis connect with train of Oregon Pacific Railroad.
 EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
 4:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:25 a. m. 7:25 p. m. Ar. McMinnville Lv. 5:30 a. m.
 Through Tickets to all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from L. G. Adair, Agent, Eugene.
 R. KOEHLER, E. F. ROGERS, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Agt. Portland, Oregon.

Northern Pacific Railroad
 Is the line to take
 TO ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.
 It is the Dining Car Route. It runs Through Vestibuled Trains every day in the year to
 ST. PAUL AND CHICA O. (NO CHANGE OF CARS)
 Composed of Dining Cars unsurpassed, Pullman Drawn Room Sleepers of Latest Equipment.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
 Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of First and second-Class Tickets, and
ELEGANT DAY COACHES
 A Continuous Line connecting with All Lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.
 Pullman Sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.
 THROUGH TICKETS To and from member Railroad Companies for purchase of any ticket office of this Company.
 Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or
 A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First St., cor. Washington, Portland, Or.

KNOWLES & GETTYS,
 Notaries Public,
 Seaton, Oregon.

SEYMOUR W. CONDON,
 Attorney at Law,
 Law in all its branches given special attention.
 Conser's Bldg., Eugene Or.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

L. BILYEU,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

JOHN C. GRAY,
 Dental Surgery.
 The best work at the most reasonable prices.
 Office over Orange Store.
 Eugene, Oregon.

HORACE N. CRAIN,
 Practical Watchmaker
 And Dealer in Fine Watches and Jewelry
 Eugene, Oregon.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.
 While the traveler along the pathways of this probation land,
 We meet with circumstances,
 Which we fail to understand.
 Some men we see in rags,
 On the wings of fortune's wind,
 While fortune's hand is on them,
 Better far, forever stand
 In the midst of tribulation,
 On the lower's earthly ladder,
 In a way that, think our best,
 Reaches over all account.
 Every day we meet with Dives,
 Full of wickedness and might,
 Had he not been a sinner,
 At morning, noon and night,
 Yet he's clad in gorgeous purple
 An the finest of linen,
 While his car he closes tight,
 To the beggar's piteous plea,
 An keeps adding to his treasure,
 So mighty an oppressor,
 Till it seems as if his power
 Had no end in the world.
 An if this world were placed in
 Was the hand of God,
 A better star was given,
 We'd be right in thinking Providence
 Had meant it for calculation,
 But when we realize that some day
 There'll be a change in places,
 We'll keep right on our steady
 In contentment's easy traces,
 We'll be sure that at the end
 She'll even up the ration.
 -Chicago Record.

SABINA WILKINS.
 Miss Sabina had finished her morning duties, had dressed the butter, swept the back porch and turned the broom up in the corner, and then she had gathered flowers and seed and eggs and now seated herself by the window to crochet.
 But the fingers moved listlessly. She was sick sickened out of fancy work, of nursing the sick, sitting up with other people's children, going to funerals and to church picnics to see young people in love enjoying themselves. She was tired, too, of being asked why she didn't get married. She had been literally joked to death on the subject.
 But to look in the little room where Miss Sabina sat one would think she might be tolerably happy. Old Puss purred kindly at her feet, ready to follow every step. On the mantel stood vases of gay flowers, and between them an old clock, ticking and striking the hours softly, out of respect, it may be supposed, to the sensitiveness of Miss Sabina, who faint would linger awhile longer at the rosy gate to the temple of time. On a table lay the family Bible, in which, however, was recorded one date that saddened Miss Sabina—her age. Near by hung a birch cage whose occupant, with head askew, perceived his owner's melancholy and forthwith began to sing.
 Between the windows stood an old fashioned bureau, whose mirror kept Miss Sabina informed of all the changes in her face, which she prayed Father Time to touch gently, as it might yet be her fortune.
 Feeling lonelier than ever before in her life, she looked about her, sat for some moments in deep meditation and then exclaimed:
 "Is this all there is in the world for me?"
 Here was the key to her discontent. Miss Sabina was right, hadn't a sharp tongue nor a long neck and was well off. Now, why did she have to live alone? God's original plan must certainly have included her happiness. Why not? What could Providence possibly have against her? She had never harmed anybody and never talked spitefully of men—a remarkable thing in a single woman of 40. When Miss Sabina contemplated the shrews, the redheads, the fountain scorpions, that were flourishing like green bay leaves with husbands, and with children to spare, she just settled it that there was a hitch somewhere—something out of gear in the world's marriage machinery—and it never occurred to her that it is always darkest before day.
 As Miss Sabina sat musing on life and its inequalities she heard the sharp whistle of a train which passed right in front of her house. Something must have happened. The whistle did not usually sound so far from the station. Looking out, Miss Sabina saw the train at a standstill, men running back on the track and passengers looking excitedly from the car windows. Seizing her sun-bonnet, she dashed down the yard to find out what had happened. Four men were approaching, bearing gently a gentleman who had been hurt. Attempting to walk from one car to another, he had made a misstep, lost his balance and fallen. The result was a badly mutilated foot. Miss Sabina's house being the nearest one in sight, he was taken to it, a surgeon summoned from town and the train moved on.
 Amputation was at once pronounced necessary, and David Ware would not preach the next Sunday in the city to which he had accepted a call. He lay moaning on a cot in Miss Sabina's neat little parlor. She never had anything to touch her feelings quite so much in her life as his sufferings and his big brown eyes, which she caught sight of now and then through the door. David Ware's foot was taken off, and a trained nurse employed to attend him. Miss Sabina had nothing to do in the case but to furnish fresh flowers and dainty edibles to David. She was relieved of much embarrassment when she heard that it was a minister under her roof. People wouldn't be so apt to joke about a man being in a house that never had such a thing before.
 As David, in his pain, saw the little woman moving through the hall and heard her giving orders for his comfort, he thought of the cloud with silver lining about which he had so often preached. A reality was passing before him. The third day that he lay in the little parlor, the nurse left him while he was sleeping and engaged Miss Sabina in conversation on the porch. It was now she learned that David was an unmarried man. After that the flowers were arranged with greater care, the chicken was broiled more daintily, and the biscuit took on a more delicate

WHISMAN BROS.' Stage Line,
 Over Lake Creek Road,
 BETWEEN EUGENE & HEAD OF TIDE.
 Leaves Eugene Monday and Thursday mornings.
 Leave Head of Tide Tuesday and Friday at noon.
 Whisman Bros., Props

STEAMER "COOS,"
 Will make
 REGULAR DAILY TRIPS
 Between
 Florence and Head of Tide.
 General office at Seaton.
 KNOWLES, NEELY and GETTYS, Owners.

EAST AND SOUTH VIA THE SHASTA ROUTE
 OF THE Southern Pacific Co.
 Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.
 South: 6:15 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:20 a. m. 12:30 p. m. Lv. Eugene Lv. 2:45 a. m. 10:15 a. m. Ar. San Francisco Lv. 7:30 p. m.
 Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive, also Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.
 ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.
 8:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 4:30 p. m. 2:30 p. m. Lv. Eugene Lv. 10:25 a. m. 7:25 p. m. Ar. Roseburg Lv. 7:30 a. m.
 Dining Cars on Ogden Route, Pullman Buffet Sleepers AND SECOND CLASS SLEEPING CARS, attached to all through trains.
 West Portland and Corvallis. MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
 7:25 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 11:30 a. m. 7:15 p. m. Ar. Corvallis Lv. 1:00 p. m.
 At Albany and Corvallis connect with train of Oregon Pacific Railroad.
 EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
 4:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:25 a. m. 7:25 p. m. Ar. McMinnville Lv. 5:30 a. m.
 Through Tickets to all points in the Eastern States, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from L. G. Adair, Agent, Eugene.
 R. KOEHLER, E. F. ROGERS, Asst. G. P. and Pass. Agt. Portland, Oregon.

Northern Pacific Railroad
 Is the line to take
 TO ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.
 It is the Dining Car Route. It runs Through Vestibuled Trains every day in the year to
 ST. PAUL AND CHICA O. (NO CHANGE OF CARS)
 Composed of Dining Cars unsurpassed, Pullman Drawn Room Sleepers of Latest Equipment.
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
 Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both free and furnished for holders of First and second-Class Tickets, and
ELEGANT DAY COACHES
 A Continuous Line connecting with All Lines, affording direct and uninterrupted service.
 Pullman Sleeper reservations can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.
 THROUGH TICKETS To and from member Railroad Companies for purchase of any ticket office of this Company.
 Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or
 A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 121 First St., cor. Washington, Portland, Or.

KNOWLES & GETTYS,
 Notaries Public,
 Seaton, Oregon.

SEYMOUR W. CONDON,
 Attorney at Law,
 Law in all its branches given special attention.
 Conser's Bldg., Eugene Or.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

L. BILYEU,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.

JOHN C. GRAY,
 Dental Surgery.
 The best work at the most reasonable prices.
 Office over Orange Store.
 Eugene, Oregon.

HORACE N. CRAIN,
 Practical Watchmaker
 And Dealer in Fine Watches and Jewelry
 Eugene, Oregon.

A MENAGERIE BREAKS LOOSE.
 Wild Beasts Terrorize the Community Until Captured by the Circus Men.
 A most exciting episode occurred near Dunlap, Mo., the other day and promised for a time to upset the country for miles around. The woods were full of lions, tigers, panthers and other wild beasts.
 Sells Bros' circus showed at Milan, Mo., Wednesday last and was on its way to Trenton. About 2 o'clock Thursday morning one section of the circus train turned a curve near Dunlap, a few miles the other side of Milan, and three cages on the flat car broke the blocks which held them and toppled off the car. The fall burst the cages, and the animals in them bounded off to the woods. In one cage were two lions, in another three tigers and in the other two leopards.
 As these animals bounded into the woods they uttered the most terrible screams and roars, which alarmed the entire countryside. Terror struck the people when day broke, when it was learned that the woods were filled with wild beasts. Women and children remained indoors, while the men went round carrying loaded guns. All through that day and the following night the howls and screams of the wild animals could be heard, and a cow was killed by them, torn to pieces and partially devoured.
 While the population hereabouts were keeping pretty well indoors, the circus men were endeavoring to capture their valuable property. Although the animals were wild, yet they acted very much frightened at their unexpected freedom. Some of the beasts had never known freedom, while others had been in captivity so long that they forgot how to act in the woods except to howl howl in fright than anything else. The circus boys corralled the brutes, however, in a commonplace way by taking the empty cages into the woods and baiting them with huge chunks of juicy meat. They would locate an animal, set a cage near him and then "shoot" him into it as an old lady would drive chickens. In this manner all the beasts were finally captured, and peace once more reigned in the country.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

BOTH WANTED THE SCHOOL.
 The Woman Took Things as They Came, the Position Included.
 Rather an amusing race for a school occurred the other day when the passenger train was wrecked about a mile west of here. Only one school in the country remained not contracted for.
 Two teachers living in San Diego wanted the school. Both obtained their certificates Monday. The trustees lived at Pena and Realtos, in the west end of the county. The teachers must see the trustees at once. One was a strong man; the other a young lady. Both learned that the other was an applicant for the school. Both boarded the train Tuesday to see the trustees. Both were on the wrecked train when out a few miles from town. Both were in a predicament.
 The man said to himself: "I am a man. I can walk," and he started out on foot to see the trustees.
 The lady, being a woman, sat quietly and waited developments until the train would go.
 The strong man walked to Benavides, 16 miles. On his way he obtained a mule and took the road 35 miles farther for the home of the trustees, certain he was the lucky one, as he was a man. And he thought of his opponent sitting back at San Diego in the wrecked train.
 But the walk of 16 miles and mule ride of 35 miles took time. In the meantime the wrecking train at San Diego had done its work, and to make a long story short as the solitary mule rider loped up to the home of the trustees whom did he see but the young lady, with the trustees before her, who had just signed the contract? She had secured the school, having bided her time, and reached the place on the wrecked train, feeling happy that in this progressive age woman is obtaining her rights.
 The mule rider came back to San Diego and takes it in good part.—Dallas News.

Tattooing.
 That the old world custom of tattooing heraldic and other designs upon the arms, back and chest of men is coming into fashion here is shown by the presence in the daily papers of advertisements offering to tattoo crests, coats of arms, monograms, etc., at the client's residence for the moderate sum of from \$5 to \$10. There are a large number of royal and imperial personages in Europe who are tattooed, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark having an anchor tattooed on her shoulder as emblematic of her husband's seafaring profession, while several well known Parisiennes being their fair shoulders adorned with flowers-de-luce in token of their monarchical preferences.
 Grand Duke Alexis, the czar's brother, has his entire right arm tattooed from wrist to shoulder, while the wrist of King Oscar of Sweden is not free from decorations of this character. The reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has his left arm tattooed, as has also his nephew, Prince Henry of Prussia, while the Duke of York has the union jack and St. George's ensign indelibly marked on his forearm.—Vogue.

A Famous Bible.
 The family Bible of George Washington's mother is owned by Mrs. Lewis Washington of Charleston, Va. Six leaves from this historic volume were torn out and deposited in the cornerstone of the Mary Washington monument at Fredericksburg a few years ago.—St. Louis Republic.

Wanted to Applaud.
 There was immense applause at the first performance of a new play. Suddenly a one armed gentleman turned to the person sitting next to him and said, "Caballero, be good enough to clap thy hand, as I want badly to applaud myself."—Sobremesa.

Attempt.
 Critic—Is that meant for a mountain? Artist—No; only a bluff.—Detroit Tribune.

Who He Was.
 Dr. Meredith, a popular and well known clergyman of Brooklyn, in a recent address to his Sunday school, urged the children to speak to him whenever they met him.
 "I may not always recognize you," he said, "but you to me, and I want you to speak to me." Not long afterward a small boy accosted him on the street with:
 "How do you do, Dr. Meredith?"
 The doctor stopped at once and replied cordially and then asked:
 "And who are you, sir?"
 "Oh, I'm one of your little lambs," was the unexpected and offhand remark as the youngster sauntered on.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Thorn in His Knee.
 When a boy 17 years of age, in the year 1850, V. Newell, who now resides beyond Nichols' ranch and is now over 60 years of age, was out hunting and ran in his knee what he supposed was a thorn. It broke off so deep in the knee that the wound closed up, and all search failed to locate it. Mr. Newell finally concluded that he was mistaken, and everybody told him his troubles were caused by rheumatism.
 Of late the old gentleman's knee got to be so bad that he had it lanced several times and was treated for rheumatism. A few days ago the thorn worked its way out and was found to be half an inch in length. Mr. Newell says after suffering untold misery for 43 years he now feels easier with the thorn in a little bottle instead of in his knee.—Grass Valley (Cal.) Union.

A Costly Glass of Beer.
 Theodore Voeste was today sentenced to 60 days in jail, to pay a fine of \$200 and costs of trial and to give \$2,000 bond to not again engage in the liquor business. All this for pleading guilty to selling one glass of beer.
 Previous to sentence, Judge Randolph, who is and always has been an enthusiastic prohibitionist, asked Voeste if there was any reason why his sentence should be light. Voeste said he had paid regular monthly fines to the city, and as he had now quit the business he ought to be let off easy.—Emporia (Kan.) Dispatch.

Postage Stamp Collectors are hereby notified to look out for a possible rarity. The French government is about to establish a postal service by camels in the French territory of Obock and the Somali coast. In the center of a triangular stamp will be a mehar, or racing camel, and in the background a desert. As the route is only for experiment the stamps issued may be very few.—New York Sun.

Better Than Falls Cure.
 "Yes," said a tall stranger in a dark suit of clothes as he lighted a fresh cigar in the office of the Pacific hotel. "Yes, it was the most extraordinary case I ever knew. I had rheumatism for 10 years. Both arms and shoulders. Had to be fed like a baby. My arms hung helplessly for two years. No use of them whatever."
 "And you mean to say that you were cured without a dose of medicine?" asked Lamford King.
 "Entirely without medicine. In one moment, as if by miracle."
 "I've heard of such things," remarked the man in his shirt sleeves. "It was under circumstances of strong mental excitement, wasn't it?"
 "Yes."
 "I thought so. You were induced to believe that you could be cured if you only made the effort, weren't you?"
 "I suppose so. Something of that kind."
 "Then there's nothing strange about it. The history of medical practice is full of such cases. It was only an instance of what they call faith cure."
 "No," said the man in the dark clothes reflectively, "you could hardly call it that. The cure was effected by a man who met me on a lonely road with a gun in each hand and said, 'Hold up your hands.' And I held them up."—Pomona Progress.

Indian Names.
 Sometimes names have been made to appear unnecessarily grotesque in their writing—in some instances as much so as the rule savage himself appears personally—the fact illustrated in the writing Youghiegheny for simply Ya-og-ha-na and in Esquemaux for Es-ka-mo. Many purely poetic garbs of the old words have become incorporated into our permanent geographical literature. The names Mississippi and Tennessee are examples of the fanciful versions of the old aboriginal titles—the former is supposed to have been in sounds represented by the English writing Mis-sis-sapa, while the oldest historic records extant showing the latter give the writing as Ten-assa. What is evidently one ancestral word appears in the modern versions of Shawnee, Swanoes, Swanoes, Swanan and Chowan. The French writing Cheyenne is the same word in the remote ancestry, as is now believed.—Popular Science Monthly.

Who He Was.
 Dr. Meredith, a popular and well known clergyman of Brooklyn, in a recent address to his Sunday school, urged the children to speak to him whenever they met him.
 "I may not always recognize you," he said, "but you to me, and I want you to speak to me." Not long afterward a small boy accosted him on the street with:
 "How do you do, Dr. Meredith?"
 The doctor stopped at once and replied cordially and then asked:
 "And who are you, sir?"
 "Oh, I'm one of your little lambs," was the unexpected and offhand remark as the youngster sauntered on.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Thorn in His Knee.
 When a boy 17 years of age, in the year 1850, V. Newell, who now resides beyond Nichols' ranch and is now over 60 years of age, was out hunting and ran in his knee what he supposed was a thorn. It broke off so deep in the knee that the wound closed up, and all search failed to locate it. Mr. Newell finally concluded that he was mistaken, and everybody told him his troubles were caused by rheumatism.
 Of late the old gentleman's knee got to be so bad that he had it lanced several times and was treated for rheumatism. A few days ago the thorn worked its way out and was found to be half an inch in length. Mr. Newell says after suffering untold misery for 43 years he now feels easier with the thorn in a little bottle instead of in his knee.—Grass Valley (Cal.) Union.

A Costly Glass of Beer.
 Theodore Voeste was today sentenced to 60 days in jail, to pay a fine of \$200 and costs of trial and to give \$2,000 bond to not again engage in the liquor business. All this for pleading guilty to selling one glass of beer.
 Previous to sentence, Judge Randolph, who is and always has been an enthusiastic prohibitionist, asked Voeste if there was any reason why his sentence should be light. Voeste said he had paid regular monthly fines to the city, and as he had now quit the business he ought to be let off easy.—Emporia (Kan.) Dispatch.

Tramps May Ride Free.
 Vice President Crocker of the Southern Pacific has announced that his company does not propose to make any fight against the hordes of tramps who are beating their way westward on freight trains. He has arrived at the conclusion that it is useless to unload these ticketless tourists, because they get aboard again in sufficient numbers to overpower the trainmen. Therefore Mr. Crocker believes that time can be saved and bloodshed averted by allowing the tramps to ride so long as they are peaceable. No proclamation to that effect has been issued from the company headquarters, but it is to be mutually understood that the trainmen are not to molest the "nob" except in self defense.
 It is likely that the other lines extending from the Rockies to the Pacific will follow the Southern's example in this respect, if they have not already done so in a quiet way.—Portland Oregonian.

The Koch Tablet Torn Down.
 Professor Koch, the Berlin bacteriologist, who recently secured a divorce from his wife and married an actress, has told his friends that if they want his society in future they must receive also

AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS WORLD'S FAIR.
DR. PRICE'S
 Cream Baking Powder.
 The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia, No Alum.
 Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.