FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, May 21, 1897.

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Attorney Second District. Geo. M. Brown

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...... A. C. Jefinings following at 10 a. m. freasurer.....A. S. Patterson Coroner J. W. Harris at 6 p. m. Justice of Peace..........F. B. Wilson

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.....F. B. Wilson Wm. Kyle Marion Morris ard of Trustees C. C. Behnke Recorder Drew Severy Pressurer J. A. Pond farshal......J. R. Weddle

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Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month. S. L. ROBERDS, W. M. I. G. KNOTTS, Secretary.

. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. eets second and fourth Saturdays

J. I. BUTTERFIELD, Commander. J. L. FURNISH, Adjutant.

O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, standing are cordially invited to attend. I. G. KKorrs, M. W. WM. KYLE, Recorder.

1.0.0. F. Heceta Lodge No. 11, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend. J. A YATES, N. G. MARION MORRIS, Sec.

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A remarkable discovery was made a few years ago in the sandstone rock at the Nevada state prison. The "find" was considered wonderful not only from a geological standpoint, but from an ethnological point of view also. While the convicts at the institution were unearthing some huge blocks of stone they uncovered some peculiar in-dentations in one of the slabs. Closer investigation proved that these queer marks were the tracks of some gigantic beast of antediluvian time—perhaps a mastodon or a mammoth. When the startling intelligence was announced to Ore. the prison officials, they had the sandstone slabs containing the tracks carefully cleaned, whereupen another won-TERMS STRICTLY CASH. derful discovery was made. In the same pieces of stone, sometimes at the side and sometimes between the tracks, made by the great prehistoric beast, were a series of human footprints, which proved conclusively that man and the mammoth lived not only at the same time and in the same age, but that the huge beast and the man had passed that way during the same year, and perhaps on the same day. These wonderful relies of a bygone age were found in a quarry at a depth of about 15 feet from the surface and had previously been covered with a stratum composed of hundreds of tons of stone—the accumulation of the ages that had intervened between the date upon which the tracks were made and that upon which they were revealed to the scientists. Expert geologists who have since passed an opinion on the matter say that at the time the tracks were made that which is now hard sandstone was a mucky deposit of soft sediment, probably the border of a lake, where the man had been fishing, and where the mammoth had come to bathe

> A Wonderful Bird. One day a wenderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous aretic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses. The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage 80 long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to a carrier pigeon and turned the bird loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over 1,000 miles of frozen waste and then sped forward over another 1,000 miles of ocean and plains and forests and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress and delivered the message which she had been awaiting so anxiously. We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of 30 months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told. Mrs Nansen's pigeon is one of the wonders of the world .-Churchman.

or drink .- St. Louis Republic.

Why Europeans Are Safe Among Turks. The explanation of the safety of Europeans among these fellows, even where the police were absent, is probably to be found in the tentative character of the Turk's violations of right and of law. In doing what is wrong he always begins an abject coward, gaining courage with impunity. The mere fact that a European would walk straight through a crowd of the bludgeon men, jostling against them in an unconcerned manner, convinced them that for some reason he was not a safe man to attack. In some cases Armenians walked safely through the mobs on the street simply by pushing their way with a determined air. In every case where an Armenian ran from them, or even hesitated on meeting them, his only chance of life was gone. The tentative character of Turkish aggressions is not sufficiently borne in mind. At the beginning of a wrong even a sultan will draw back when he sees that his course is resented by one whom he knows to have the right and believes to in Scribner's.

Grant's Demerits as a Cadet. Grant's page of demerits at West Point shows scarcely a single mark for any real offense against good conduct.

They are mainly "lates" and negligences. He was "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill." He was a growing boy and a little sluggish of a morning no doult. Once he sat down on his post between 5 and 6 in the morning. For this he received eight demerits. Twice in his second year as squad marcher he failed to report delinquencies in others and received five demerits each time. His amiability led to this. Once he spoke dissespectfully to his superior officer on parade. The provocation must have been very great to have led to this. The probabilities are the officer was mistaken.-Hamlin Garland in Mc-

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25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WANTED-FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Oregon. Their friend had escaped uninjured, but the saw was shattered—it had struck permanent. Reference. Enclose self- his check. addressed stamped envelope. The He was a commercial traveler. —Pear National, Star Insurance Bidg., Chicago. son's Weekly.

THE MODERN JONAH.

STORY OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR SWAL-LOWED BY A WHALE.

The Account Bears Some Resemb That In the Bible, Though James Bartley Was Not So Long In the Whale's Belly as Jonah Was.

John Townshend of 302 West Seventythird street gives information that the story of the sailor, James Bartley, supposed to have been swallowed by a whale and rescued alive, was printed in detail in The Mercury of South Yarmouth, England, in October, 1891. Bartley sailed on the Star of the East and is supposed to have met with his

adventure in the vicinity of the Falk-land islands. Mr. Townshend says the story is a good seaman's yarn, whether one chooses to believe it or not. According to the story, which is told in great detail, "the ship sighted a whale one morning on her starboard quarter. Two boats were manned, and

in a short time one was near enough to spear the whale, which was an unusually large one. The fish made a terrific fight. Both boats got spears fastened in it and were dragged some three miles.
"Finally, when the whale came to the surface, it managed to strike one of the boats with its nose. The boat was upset. One man was drowned, and an-

other, named James Bartley, disappear-

ed. It was supposed at the time that he, too, had been drowned. "The whale gave up at last and was taken back to the side of the ship. The crew went to work with axes and spades to secure the fat. They worked all day and a part of the night and resumed operations the next forenoon. They had now reached the stomach and were clearing it to hoist it on deck when they were startled to notice something inside of it which gave spasmodic signs

of life. "The vast pouch was heisted to the deck and cut open, and inside was found the missing sailor, doubled up and un-

conscious. "He was laid out on deck and treated to a bath of sea water, which soon revived him, but his mind was not clear, and he was placed in the captain's quarters, where he remained two weeks a raving lunatic. He was carefully treated by the captain and officers of the ship, and he finally began to get possession of his senses. At the end of the third week he had entirely recovered from his shock and resumed his duties.

"During the brief sojourn in the whale's belly Bartley's skin, where it was exposed to the action of the gastric juices, underwent a striking change. His face and hands were bleached to a deathly whiteness, and the skin was wrinkled, giving the man the appearance of having been parboiled.

"Bartley affirmed that he could probably have lived inside of his house of flesh until he starved, for he lost his senses through fright and not through lack of air. He says that he remembe the sensation of being lifted into the air by the nose of the whale and of falling into the water. Then there was a fearful rushing sound, which he believed to be the beating of the water by the whale's tail. Then he was encompassed by a fearful darkness, and he felt him self slipping along a smooth passage of some sort that seemed to move and carry

him forward. "This sensation lasted but an instant. Theu he felt that he had more room. He felt about him, and his hands came in contact with a yielding, slimy substance that seemed to shrink from his touch. It finally dawned on him that he had been swallowed by the whale, and he was overcome with horror at the situation. He could breathe easily, but the heat was terrible. It was not of a scorching, stifling nature, but it seemed to open the pores of his skin and draw out his vitality.

"He became very weak and grew sick at the stomach. He knew that there was no hope of escape from his strange prison. Death stared him in the face, and he tried to look at it bravely, but the awful quiet, the fearful darkness, the horrible knowledge of his environhave the force to do so. - Yvan Troshine ment and the terrible heat finally overcame him, and he must have fainted, for he next remembered being in the

captain's cabin. The account further says: "The health of the man does not seem to have been affected. He is in splendid spirits and apparently enjoys all the blessings of life that come in his way. The whaling captains say they never knew a parallel case. They say that it frequently occurs that men are swallowed by whales who become infuriated by the pain of the harpoon and attack the boats, but they have never known a man to go through the ordeal that Bartley did and come out alive. "-New York Times.

His Awful Cheek Did It. It was in the cabinet maker's shop, and a party of strangers were looking at the different labor saving devices. One gentleman, very shortsighted, had tarried at the bench across the room. He was examining a circular saw that was whirling its teeth with lightninglike rapidity.

Absorbedl interested in the piece of mechanism, his face drew nearer and nearer to the cruel teeth tearing round and round with remorseless energy. At this instant his friends turn about. They see his danger. Inevitably the gap grows smaller and smaller. Spellbound, they are unable to utter a sound. They cannot endure to see their friend torn and lacerated. Instinctively they shut their eyes.

Then comes the awful jar of the collision. There is a whirling sound and a crash. A shudder runs through them all. The next instant they hear the voice of the cabinet maker:

"Of course you will pay for that saw, sir?

NO 4.

In no field of literature have the forget and the manipulator worked with greater vigor and success. From Percy's day to our own it has been thought an innocent device to publish a bit of one's own versifying now and then as an "old ballad or an "ancient song." Of-"old ballad or an "ancient song." Often, too, a late stall copy of a ballad,
getting into oral circulation, has been
innocently furnished to collectors as
traditional matter. Mere learning will
not guide an editor through these purplexities. What is needed is, in addition, a complete understanding of the
"popular" genins, a sympathetic recognition of the traits that characterizacral literature wherever and in whatcral literature wherever and in what-ever degree they exist. This faculty, which even the folk has not retained, and which collectors living in ballad singing and tale telling times have often failed to acquire, was vouchsafed by na-ture herself to the late Professor Child. In reality a kind of instinct, it had been so cultivated by long and loving sendy of the traditional literature of all ne-tions that it had become wonderfully swift in its operations and almost in-fallible. No forged or retouched piece could deceive him for a moment. He detected the slightest jar in the genuine ballad tone. He speaks in one place of certain writers "who would have been all the better historians for a little reading of romances." He was himself the better interpreter of the poetry of art for this keen sympathy with the poetry of nature.—Atlantic.

"During the Prince of Wales' tear through Canada I had attributed the strange conduct of the ladies to an excess of loyalty. As soon as the prince had left a hotel they would rush into his rooms, seize all sorts of articles, from a furniture button to a soiled town. towel, as souvenirs, and even bottle up the water with which he had just washed his face," writes Stephen Fiske in The Ladies' Home Journal. "But in the United States the women were equally curious and sycophantie. The luggage of the royal party was carried in small leather trunks—a trunk for every suit of clothes—and whenever the train stopped the crowds would beg that some of these trunks might be handed out, and women would fondle and kise them. I need not say that the trainmen were never too particular as to whose luggage was subjected to this adoration, and I have had the pleasure of seeing my own portmanteau kissed by mistake. Before the prince arrived at Richmond his room at the Ballard House was en-tered by the laties, and the pillowslips and white coverlet were so soiled by the pressure of hundreds of fingers that they had to be twice changed by the chambermaids. When he attended church on Sunday, the whole congrega-tion rose as he departed and climbed upon the seats to get a better view of

A well known physician once told a patient, who he suspected was receiving too many calls from solicitous friends. to make a stroke with a pencil on a piece of paper every time he was asked, "How

The result for one day was just 24 strokes, and the physician immediately gave strict orders that no visitor should be permitted to enter the sickroom until further notice, remarking to the nurse that if his patient must be worried to death there was at least no reason why it should be done in such an

nacientific manner. Only those who have suffered serious illness know how trying it is to be required to answer again and again the same question, asked by one well mean-ing individual after another. It would natter less if visitors contented themselves with asking just the one question, but they do not, and the minate details of one's ailments become peculiarly de-

pressing after a few repetitions. Many people forget that rest and quiet are often invaluable agents in securing restoration to health.—Philadelphia

There is an awful amount of so called prayer that is only from the throat outward; it begins nowhere and ends in nothing. Such pointless repetitions of stereotyped phrases must be as weari-some to God as they are unprofitable to the utterers. There must be pith, point and purpose as well as faith in every effectual prayer. At an evangelistic meeting for "roughs" over in New York, when the leader called on some one to pray, a hard looking character in the crowd arose and said: "O Lord, for-give me for being a bad man, and please excuse me, Lord, from saying any more now. Amen." He did not need to say any more. He had told God just what he wanted .- Rev. Dr. Cuyler in Central Presbyterian.

Botany was scientifically discussed by Aristotle about 847 B. C. He is acknowledged to be the father of the science. Works on botany appeared in several European languages about the close of the fifteenth century, general attention being at that time directed toward

the study of this science. The first encyclopedia of plants appeared in 1839. Not Legal Tender "What's the matter, chum?" sched

who was making the air a dark blue. "Matter! I wrote the governor to send me some money for textbooks, and here he's sent me the books. I can never pay my bills at this rate."—Detroit Free Press.

The unity of carthly creatures is their power and their peace, not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust and the living power of support, of hands that hold each other and are still -Ruskin.

The traveler from New York may reach Sydney in 81 days.