"Independence or death." The trouble American recole, yet it a to

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Dec. 10, 1897.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

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Ligs Second District. J. C. Fullerton the my Second District Geo. M. Brown

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A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. Se meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month at 1:30 p. m. J. I. BUTTERFIELD, Commander.

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9. U. W. Perpetus Lodge, No. 131, each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. I. G. KROTTS, M. W. WE. KYLE, Recorder.

O. O. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets avery Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
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OHU! OH DIRECTORY

Oregon. Sabbath service: Sabbath school, 10 o'clock a. w. Presching 11. o'clock a. m. par lot Sabbath of January. April. July and October. Everypoly is welcome to all the services. Pastur requests Christians to make themselves known. themselves known.

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The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain-Alas too quickly did they ware! For each some boon, some blessing bore. Of smiles and tears each had its store, Its checkered lot of bilss and pain.

Although it idle be and vain.
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore—
The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain That long within the mind has lain, I keep repeating o'er and o'er.

"Nothing can e'er the past restoro,
Nothing bring back the years again"—
The sweet, sad years!

—Canon Fell in Leisure Hour.

OFF AT THE METER.

Vernal Choice was a pretty and commodious villa and Dovecottsm a select and salubrious suburb. To the happi-ness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green told his long suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her con-viction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be, by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass that nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter-he would on no account allow any one else to do it, as "gas is such a fickle thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes-but timdly peering under the flowered terra cotta valances for the burglar that never

Sometimes it would happen that the gas porped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might reveal the tragedy of her life, and then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches—she never could put her hand readily on the matches—and light the delicately shaded candle on the dlessing table, ere proceeding with her search and ber devotions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the under-ground regions where the gas meter neted out its dole to the company of his wife above stairs, she would rate him right soundly for so gentle a little body for what she styled his "absurd fad' about turning the gas off.

What do a few extra feet of gas signify, when three precions lives might some night be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit instead of a blue tinted, corrugated candle and a mildly scornful

When Maurice wished to be withering, he was always studiously alliterative in his choice of words. He never failed to pech-pooh the burglar notion. He said it was "the merest moonshine," and that there were "crowds of costlier cribs to crack than Vernal Choice, you

Mrs. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. She hated slang and wondered bow a man of Manrice's sense-except upon the meter question—could stoop to its use. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and, resignedly filling the baby's feeding bottle and tacking the little cherub, with saudry croonings, in its bearide cot, retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated canole. og sim-empl mer eft of begrosse

It was winter and it was midnight, Maurice had a cold, and so had the haby. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of brouchitis," and his bard breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot plainly testified the fact through the darkness. "I wouder," murmured Mrs. Green.

as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand and the influenza shore of her husband on the other-"I wonder if the little pet is warm enough. I'm auxious about his little chest, bless him. I'd take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like off so. What could I do to prevent him from taking cold afresh? Happy thought! There's that little wooden wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing table or in the wardrobe, I know. Poor Maurice! He would willingly go and find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb bim tonight for the world. I'm giad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing jacket. Those nasty influenza colos need care, and I'm so ap! to uncover him in reaching over to haby I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus solitomizing she quietly got of bed-for where baby came in tear flew out-pushed the turned back bed clothes gently against her husband's back, so that he would not miss her, and proceedca to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed bead was empty. Not a match. "Oh, dear, oear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when Laby is unwell?" she sighed as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass

slippers she could not find. Nil des-perandum! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a finger on it. The littie cherub in the cot coughed in a cheking manner. Light or no light, the wray lay the little mother walked gingerly

nto the next room.

No one could fail to find the wardrobe, as it was the first article of furniture encountered on entering the room. When its goor stood open, it was possi-ble to view oneself from the bedroom

length mirror in which Mrs. Green was wont to inspect the "hang" of her latest costume.

"I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," mused Mrs. Green, growing accustomed to the darkness and assisted by a suspicion of mounlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and and tentative pulls at wrong drawers at last opened the right one, but failed to

feel the wrap.

"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and accordingly cleaed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the ward-robe door with some difficulty and bur-

ed herself in its spacious recesses. lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous fad about gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of leakings. He told his long antering wife almost was pitch dark. There was not even the suspicion of moonlight on this side of the house. Besides, the blinds were down. He sat up, every nerve and sin-

ew teut now. He was fully awake.
"By jingo," he breathed, and he felt
the cold sweat start to his brow, "she was right! They've come." He put out his hand to wake his wife. He felt her form under the bulging bedelothes at his side. He could hear the baby breathing huskily. There was only ope other person in that house unaccounted for. That was the little servant maid. But why should she be trying drawers in the spare bedroom? No, they had come, after all. Mrs. Green was right. It was

Maurice withdrew his hand, which rested on the hillock by his side, with the thought: "I'll not waken ber, poor soul. She'd be scared to death. I'll know the worst first." So thinking, and with a sort of infatuation—which was perhaps bravery—to get a glimpse of the marauder, he stole out of bed, tuttoned up his dressing jacket, took the little besside chair by the back, and thus armed, his heart beating like a muffled arum, stealthily turned the corner between the two rooms.

A faint light came through the landing skylight. Reavenst The villain was at the other end of the room, right was at the other end of the room, right opposite the door. What he was doing he could not make out, for he looked like a man seen through mist. The wretch! Just then the draft along the landing took Manrice shrewdly on the bare legs. The influenza asserted itself. He fought against it desperately for a moment. It but augmented the force of the explosion, Like a thunderbook he sneezed.

There was a muffled exclamation in the room. Manrice rushe i forward with uplifted chair. The burglar, too, had seized a chair and was making at him with equal fury. Grash! The house fallen. There w fearful clatter of falling glass, a piercing shrick, the sound of a body falling on the floor, and all was still but for the wail of the frightened babe in the room

What had he done? He kneeled down, careless of broken glass, and his hand rested on a bare foot. Sick with apprehension, he groped elsewhere and en-countered a planted head and a few curl-ing pips. "A match, a match, my kingdom for a match!" he would doubtless have said had he not been so terribly

Just then a rectangle of light ap peared and increased until, pale and trembling, stood the little maid in the doorway, a farthing dip in her hand, amazed to see the following tableau vivant: A wardrobe door swinging upon its hinges, with its long mirror smashed to fragments; a chair, with a broken leg, lying close by; a horrified man in a nightshirt and dressing jacket, kneeling at the feet of a prestrate wom-an in a dead faint, a dressing gown and plaits, who was none other than the

cerified man's wife. Maurice Green never turns the gas off at the meter now except when he takes his wife and family away for the summer holiday. Airs. Green still looks un-der the bed for possible burglars before retiring for the night, but Maurice has never cared to chaff ber since he mistook his own faint reflection in the wardrobe mirror for a desperate burglar. -London Tit-Bits.

"Rope Cure" For Grasshoppers. The intelligence of scent of the red legged grassbopper enables it to select its food while on the wing in the air, where, by some process of signaling known only to itself, it gathers a great army of its kind to descend with mass-ed force on the field beneath when a 45 acre field of corn will only afford them a single meal.

Last year the grasshopper reports sen to the University of Nebraska at Lincolu caused appreheusion of an inva sion this year, as great quantities of eggs had been deposited in the soil over a large mea of country, and those eggs are expected to furnish an army of active "locusts," as they are technically

Farmers call them "hoppers," but the coilege entomologist talks knowing-ly of "h. Atlantis," "Packarof" and "Campula poliucida." In Utab they have what they call a

"rope cure" for the pest, and every the performance. It consists of urawing ropes, held tant by persons at each end, across the back, over the ficius of grain, so that Mr. Grasshopper shall not find any room for the sole of his foot, and they keep this seesaw up until he is starved out.

No doubt the agricultural college will and a way to meet another visitation wit. some exterminating process, when the migrat sy locust will migrate to a clime where he will disturb no more, whither forbears of his ilk have gone.

Of all the summer evening gowns the prettiest are those made of organdie and muslin. These have to be lined, or., rather, are made over a fitted lining. but are so arranged as to look loose and full. White organdles and lawn trianmod with quantities of real valenciennes lace are the smartest of any. The lace is put on to form a bertha or fichu if it is the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this thought, she ignored the wardrobe for the present, crossed the wardrobe for the present, crossed the room to the dressing table, and after sundry clickings of little brass handles and the cream white of the real lace is and the cream white of the real lace is and the cream wanto of the real factors invariably becoming. These gowns are worn not only by young girls, but by older women. In fact, they are too elaborate for young girls. The skirts are not lined in any case, but are worn over hown skirts and an inner silk lining. The seven and nine gored pattern is the The seven and nine goved pattern is the prettiest, as the broad circular sides in such thin materials are apt to pull out of place. A pale yellow organdic is made up over white silk, with ruffles from the waist to the hem. The waist has a bertha made in a deep point in front and at the back and edged with belt and shoulder knots are of black satin ribbon, and yet the whole effect of the gown is exceedingly light and cool.

—Harper's Bazar.

If there are any unwashable buttons or trimmings, remove them, brush the dust from the seams and throw the shirt into clear, cold water for an hour.
If you are afraid of the color running, add a handful of salt. After washing in warm sads and drying it make your starch by dissolving a tablespoonful of dry starch in a quart of water. Thick cambric blouses should be only starched at the collar and cuffs and down the front hem. To the starch should be added half a teaspoonful of gum arabic dissolved in water with a little borax. Wring the shirt dry out of the rinsing water and hold it by the back of the neck. Gather up collar, ouffs and fronthem and work in the starch, after hem and work in the starch, after which wring these parts in a towel and rub them thoroughly, roll up tightly and leave them for half an hoor, at the and leave them for half an hoor, at the end of which they are ready for ironing. Iron first the yoke, then the collar, inside and outside, then the back, front and last of all the sleeves and cuffs. A shirt board and sleeve board are very helpful, and, indeed, the latter is a necessity

No one can dispute the fact that the new tight fitting sleeve is unbecoming to women who have long, thin arms, even when frills, tucks and other decorations are resorted to to conceal the defects. Sleeves shirred from wrist to some inches above the elbow, with a puff on the shoulders and a full lace collarette shaped with vandyke points to partly cover the puffs, give the effect of roundness as well as any style now popular among summer toilets, and in this manner art is made to overcome nature's neglect in a very satisfactory manner. eglect in a very satisf Thin women, however, have but little more to regret in this matter of the great change in sleeves than their beavdeparture of full puffs and voluminous sleeve effects generally, very stout women whose huge arms were covered and concealed by these draperies have as equally good reason to regret the inva-

"Since women's clubs have become universal," says a well known observer of the trend of affairs, "it is a roticeable fact that women are doing more solid reading than they have ever done before. The public libraries show inter-esting statistics in regard to this, and action and light literature have given fiction and light literature have given way to the demands for history, biography, the arts, sciences and household economics. Club women are becoming students, serious and reflective. They have learned the value of public libraries, with their collections of the works of the best writers; of free kinderartens for the children; of free scholrehips for young wemen. Everywhere the clubwomen are becoming thought-ful readers, careful thinkers and belpful and practical interpreters of the

Dinner Decorations.

Floral decorations for dinner and luncheon tables are as subject to strict rules as the costumes of a guest. The beautiful horse chestnut blessoms, minled with delicate ferns, were the desirble and unusual table decoration while they were in their prime, sharing their popularity with the delicate lily of the valley and the fragrant white Hisc. As a lily of the valley luncheon these dainty flowers were beautifully arranged in a high silver dish in the center of the table on puffs of green billowy silk, with festoons of green ribbon starting from it like a May pole. The ribbons were finished with a bouquet of lilies of the valley for each guest. The dishes were designed with a view of carrying ont the green and white coloring. — New York San

An Object Lesson. Miss Belle Norman received a large vote for member of the board of elec-tion in St. Louis on May 18, but failed of election. It was the first time that a woman had been a candidate for the school board in that conservative city. Miss Norman had the earnest support of a multitude of St. Louis women, both or a multitude of St. Louis women, both rich and poor, who used their "instruct influence" for her to the utmost. In view of her personal fitness and of the good work done by women on school boards in other cities, it is a pity she was defeated. But it is an object lesson for Missouri women on the need of the ballot. If they would be and of the