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VOL. VIII.

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NO 35.

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O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131. Meets every 1st and 3rd Saturdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. I. G. KNOTTS, M. W. Wm. Kyle, Recorder.

O. O. F. Hecceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend. W. H. WATKINSON, N. G. MARION MORRIS, Sec.

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METHODIST CHURCH in service. Preaching at Glensda and Aene two Sundays of each month at Sabbath School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Everybody cordially invited. G. F. ROSENDA, Pastor.

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OUR BIG BUILDINGS.

For Them We Have No Architectural Tradition to Guide Us.
To take the 20 story steel frame building and think it out for itself is to begin with that building of Chicago in which the panels between the uprights of the steel frame are filled with thin iron, just as they might have been filled with pasteboard or leather. Such a building has no walls. The spaces between the vertical uprights and horizontal members are simply filled, partly with glass, partly with an opaque screen. That is the logical beginning of the new tradition, and if the designers will take that up and work at it, they may, in the course of the century, develop a new style of architecture. There is little chance, apparently, of that being done. Instead of that, each designer is applying to his own tall building the forms which he finds in books or in used in his own practice on buildings of a far-different character, these previous buildings having been designed themselves by reference to books rather than under the sway of tradition.
In short, no man can say that he has learned of his predecessors any new and certain way of going at his work, and the consequence is that those conditions under which alone can the design of any building be made successful are wanting. Hence the world began no man has ever designed a good building independently of tradition. It is as certain that no man ever will do so as it is certain that no man will build a good, swift, large freight carrying ship without having consulted the lines of other ships not quite so highly developed.—
"The Field of Art" in Scribner's.

Wanted to Be Truthful.

The sour and early looking visitor called the little boy to him and took him on his knee. It so happened that at this particular time he wished to make friends with him in order to stand well with his parents.
"I like little boys," said the visitor. The boy looked as if he doubted it, but he held his peace.
"That is," explained the visitor, in order that there should be no mistake, "I like good little boys, and you're a good little boy, aren't you?"
"Well," returned the boy cautiously, "there are a lot worse than me on our street."
"I want that you should like me, too," persisted the visitor.
Again the boy was wise enough to hold his peace, but he looked as if he thought the job was a pretty big one. The expression was not lost on the visitor.
"Don't you like me now?" he asked. The boy looked at the visitor and sighed. Then he looked at his father, and his expression was one of great doubt.
"Pop," he said at last, "do all that stuff that you told me about never telling a lie or not?"
Then the meeting was promptly adjourned amid considerable confusion.—
Chicago Post.

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BE GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER.

Dear little children, where'er you be,
Who are watched and cherished tenderly
By father and mother,
Who are comforted by the love that lies
In the kindly depths of a sister's eyes
Or the helpful words of a brother,
I charge you by the years to come,
When some shall be far away from your home
And some shall be gone forever,
By all you will have to feel at the last,
When you stand alone and think of the past,
That you speak unkindly never.

A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

It was in a corner of the conservatory behind the palms during one of the most fashionable functions of the season. This seems a favorite situation with fate while weaving the web of human destiny. Fred Trevor, tall, dark, self contained, with power apparent in every look, movement and feature, stood with hands crossed behind him before the magnificent woman he had just seated.
"You know, Miss Alden," as he leaned toward her, "that my knowledge of the social tenets is not profound."
"You have only to follow your instincts, Mr. Trevor."
"And you are the gentle mentor who warned me against the sin of flattery?"
"If I have paid an undeserved compliment, it is to society in assuming that it has attained to your standard."
"You're incorrigible, but I'll accept the verdict and carry out the thought I had in bringing you here."
She made no answer, save to withdraw her eyes from his and gather in the folds of her dress to make room for him to sit down.
"I want to tell you something of my life and then ask your advice. I am not assuming that the story has any special interest for you, but I have a selfish desire for your opinion after I have told it."
"But don't you know, as a general truth, that with the average woman, the man who is rich, famous and honored glorifies his antecedents, no matter what they may be?"
"If you were the average woman, I would never have sought this opportunity. When I first faced the world alone, I was a little, ill fed, sorrow-ragged and half-dressed boy in the Cumberland mountains. I did not know that there was such a thing as a railroad, a steamboat, a book, a hereafter, music, culture or anything different from the deplorable surroundings from which I longed to escape. My father had been killed in defending an illicit still, and mother just seemed to go with the mountains flowers which I had gathered for her all they ceased to bloom that fall. During the winter I was kept alive despite frost and blazes by a family that had me as their sole reliance in 'boiling' water and gathering wood."
"In the spring I went away; made up a little bundle and stole off in the night. Till the evening of the next day I hurried over the red clay roads and paths, terror of being caught and taken back crowding out every other thought and feeling. But hunger and exhaustion are not to be denied, and at last I went stealthily to a little cabin where a girl of my own age was 'keeping' house in a hollow stump, just outside. She put her fringed head over the wall of her primitive shack to conduct an examination. 'Who is you, boy?' 'What's your name?' 'What's you for?' 'What's you for?' 'Then she said wisely, 'I love that you is runned away.'"
"This would have put me to flight, but she sprang out, told me to take her place, and while I sat in the cramped quarters she brought me all that I could eat and a paper of food to carry with me. After assuring me that she would have her 'par' shoot any one who might be trying to recapture me, she pointed the nearest way to a town, walked a way with me and said as we parted, 'I reckon you uns 'll hev ter kin back some time an marry me far all them wittles an far tellin folks we uns haven't saven you when they comes 'archin.' I promised her, of course."
"But you never told us that you were engaged," laughed his brilliant listener.
"Where can we find your mountain daisy?"
"I wish I could tell you. The incident was one of the events of my life. For the first time I knew the sweetness of sympathy. I have grown to almost detest the people from whom I sprang because of their ignorance and lack of ambition, but the little girl of the hollow stump has always had a warm place in my memory. You know most of my experience in the far west. Before I had been there six months I found the old man known as Hermit Ben lying unconscious and apparently dying in one of the mountain gorges. I brought the aid that carried him to his shanty, procured a doctor and his nurse till he recovered. He felt toward me as I did toward the ignorant little girl back in Tennessee. I had been good to him without any selfish motive, and he was no sooner well than he announced that I was his boy Jim. This was my protection, for despite the fact that he was a recluse, Ben was known as a bad man when interfered with and commanded a respect that was heaped upon by the mystery with which he sur-

rounded himself. Something had made him at enmity with the world. For years he told me nothing, though from the first he showed me all the affection of a mother and care of a father.

"It was soon a matter of common report that Ben's new boy was to be a gentleman. The hermit himself took charge of my primary education. He was delighted with my lack of knowledge and my endless list of simple questions, for it showed him that he was working on virgin soil. He molded me in accordance with his own conception of manhood, forever impressing upon me that ingratitude was the cardinal sin. When I could comprehend, he told me that I would be rich, that I must spend money generously and that some time he would let me into the secret which would place at my command all the immeasurable power of gold.
"When it came time for me to go east to college, I suggested that I should go back to the old place in the mountains and see if I could find anything for the girl who had been kind to me. No set of mine ever pleased him more, and when I left him it was with unlimited credit authorized by one of the greatest banking institutions of the west. I did not find the girl, but learned that she had first been employed and then adopted by a widow whose husband had fallen in the war. I left money with a lawyer, telling him to find the girl and have her educated. A year later this money was returned to me with notice that he could do nothing for me. I wrote for further information, but could get no reply.
"Before my benefactor died he told me of the rich gold find he had worked without sharing his secret with any one. You know how it proved a veritable mine of wealth, built up a thriving city and won me the title of a bonanza king. He also told me how a heartless woman had wrecked his life and asked me to never abandon the search for the little mountain girl until I knew what had become of her and whether it was within my power to help her. You have no idea how man and boy, thrown together as we were, could build a romance upon a foundation so slender."
"I think I understand. And you have found no trace?"
"None that I could follow. After that fight when the strikers tried to destroy the machinery at the mine, my wounds threw me into a fever, and through all the delirium I talked in the dialect of my boyhood with the little maid I had never seen but once. That shows you the hold she had upon me, and even yet I have an ideal that must either be shattered or confirmed before I can be content. Now for your advice. Should I marry before I have seen this girl?"
"Not with my approval, Mr. Trevor. Go to the end of your foolish dream, or it might haunt you and some woman might suffer."
"I had hoped for a different answer from you." And his eyes told the old story.
"But I'm your friend and can give no other. This is our talk."
Within a month Trevor received a letter in a yellow, blotted envelope. The scrawl only said: "I reckon you uns hev forgotten me. I'm back here again, an I hev heard you uns was rich."
Trevor shuddered. His romance had died a cruel death. But gratitude was his strong point. Reluctantly he went. When at length he rode to the front of the old cabin there was a woman in a linen dress, her back to him, while she threw food to the noisy chickens. Just as he reached her side she turned with "Well, you uns did kin back, hey?"
"Miss Alden," gasped Trevor, as he crushed the "mountain daisy" against his breast. And the promise of the boyhood was made good.—
Detroit Free Press.

Chinese Hotels.

The hotels are usually grouped within a little cabin where a girl of my own age was 'keeping' house in a hollow stump, just outside. She put her fringed head over the wall of her primitive shack to conduct an examination. 'Who is you, boy?' 'What's your name?' 'What's you for?' 'What's you for?' 'Then she said wisely, 'I love that you is runned away.'"
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The hotels are usually grouped within a little cabin where a girl of my own age was 'keeping' house in a hollow stump, just outside. She put her fringed head over the wall of her primitive shack to conduct an examination. 'Who is you, boy?' 'What's your name?' 'What's you for?' 'What's you for?' 'Then she said wisely, 'I love that you is runned away.'"
"This would have put me to flight, but she sprang out, told me to take her place, and while I sat in the cramped quarters she brought me all that I could eat and a paper of food to carry with me. After assuring me that she would have her 'par' shoot any one who might be trying to recapture me, she pointed the nearest way to a town, walked a way with me and said as we parted, 'I reckon you uns 'll hev ter kin back some time an marry me far all them wittles an far tellin folks we uns haven't saven you when they comes 'archin.' I promised her, of course."
"But you never told us that you were engaged," laughed his brilliant listener.
"Where can we find your mountain daisy?"
"I wish I could tell you. The incident was one of the events of my life. For the first time I knew the sweetness of sympathy. I have grown to almost detest the people from whom I sprang because of their ignorance and lack of ambition, but the little girl of the hollow stump has always had a warm place in my memory. You know most of my experience in the far west. Before I had been there six months I found the old man known as Hermit Ben lying unconscious and apparently dying in one of the mountain gorges. I brought the aid that carried him to his shanty, procured a doctor and his nurse till he recovered. He felt toward me as I did toward the ignorant little girl back in Tennessee. I had been good to him without any selfish motive, and he was no sooner well than he announced that I was his boy Jim. This was my protection, for despite the fact that he was a recluse, Ben was known as a bad man when interfered with and commanded a respect that was heaped upon by the mystery with which he sur-