

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Dec. 31, 1897.

NO. 36.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor.....William P. Lord
 Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid
 Auditor.....Philip Metchen
 State Printer.....G. M. Irwin
 Attorney General.....C. M. Leeda
 Superintendent of Prisons.....R. S. Bean
 Commissioner of Agriculture.....F. A. Moore
 Commissioner of Fish and Game.....C. E. Wolverson
 Judge Second District.....J. C. Fallerton
 Attorney Second District.....W. E. Yates

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County Judge.....E. O. Potter
 County Clerk.....W. S. Bailey
 County Treasurer.....J. T. Callison
 County Assessor.....A. C. Jennings
 County Surveyor.....A. J. Johnson
 County Engineer.....A. S. Patterson
 County Commissioner.....D. P. Barton
 County Superintendent of Prisons.....C. S. Hunt
 County Commissioner of Agriculture.....C. M. Collier
 County Commissioner of Fish and Game.....J. W. Harris
 County Commissioner of Public Lands.....F. B. Wilson
 County Commissioner of Public Works.....John F. Tanner

CITY OFFICERS

Mayor.....F. B. Wilson
 City Clerk.....O. W. Hurd
 City Treasurer.....Wm. Kyle
 City Assessor.....Marion Morris
 City Engineer.....C. C. Behrke
 City Surveyor.....Drew Severy
 City Commissioner of Public Lands.....J. A. Pond
 City Commissioner of Public Works.....J. R. Waddle

CLUB SOCIETIES

A. F. A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107, meets every Friday evening on second and fourth Fridays in each month. S. L. ROBERTS, W. M., Secretary.
O. O. F. General Lyons Post, No. 58, meets every Monday and fourth Saturdays at 1:30 p. m. W. F. FIELD, Commander. L. FURNISH, Adjutant.
P. O. S. D. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, meets every 1st and 8th Saturdays. Members and visiting members standing are cordially and. I. G. KROTT, M. W., Secretary.
O. G. C. Seceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Room, Oregon. Brothers in invited to attend. H. WEATHERSON, N. G. MARION MORRIS, Sec.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

W. M. S. CHURCH, Florence, Sabbath service: Sabbath, 10 a. m., preaching 11 and 7 p. m. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on 1st Sabbath of April, July and October. Welcome to all the services. I. G. KROTT, Pastor.
EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Preaching at Glenside Sundays of each month and every Sunday at the meeting every Thursday, 7:30 p. m. Everybody invited. G. F. ROBERTS, Pastor.

ATTORNEYS

C. WOODCOCK, Attorney at Law, Oregon Building, 7 and 8 McLane's Building, collection given to collections and pro. W. E. YATES.
B. O. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law, EUGENE, OREGON. Office at the Court House.
E. E. BENEDICT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Florence, Oregon.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTTOLPH, Notary Public, Surveyor
 Florence, Oregon.

FRANK B. WILSON, NOTARY PUBLIC,
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NINETY-SIX, NINETY-SEVEN.

There Was a Difference Between the Wheels and He Learned It.
 He made a careful examination of the 1896 and the 1897 wheels, marked respectively \$50 and \$100, and could detect no difference between them.
 "These wheels seem to be pretty much alike," he remarked to the salesman.
 "The 1897 model has exactly the same kind of frame as the 1896 one, hasn't it?"
 "Yes," answered the salesman.
 "The tubing is just the same?"
 "It is."
 "There is no difference in the sprocket wheels?"
 "None."
 "The hubs are alike?"
 "Precisely."
 "It is the same chain on both?"
 "Yes."
 "The tires are of the same make?"
 "They are."
 "There is no change in the handle bars this year?"
 "No."
 "And the rims, spokes and pedals are alike in both wheels?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, then, what is the difference between the two wheels?"
 "Fifty dollars."—New York Sunday Journal.

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ON A LOW PLANE.

Japanese Commercial Morality Said to be Below Par.
 It has long been known to those who had dealing with the Japanese that commercial morality in Japan stands almost on the lowest plane possible to a civilized people. With few exceptions even those Japanese who prove estimable and high minded in all other matters are not to be trusted in business transactions. In Japan the man who fails to take advantage of his neighbor in a bargain is looked upon as a fool. The explanation of this state of things given by Robert Young, who edits a Kobe paper, is that merchants in Japan have hitherto occupied the lowest rung on the social ladder, being deemed inferior to the tillers of the soil and but little above the pariah class. Up to a comparatively recent period trader was but another name for trickster and the pursuit of commerce was held to argue a lack of integrity.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

The Good Old Times.
 "I suppose you know," said the sociable customer, "that the barbering and surgical professions were at one time combined?"
 "Oh, I have heard that," said the barber. "Great granddaddy barbers had in those days. Could cut a fellow while shaving him and then get another fee for binding it up."—Indianapolis Journal.

On the Yacht.

He—I wonder why that young man and woman occupy two seats? I should think they could easily crowd into one and give some of the other passengers a chance to sit down.
 She—Oh, I suppose they've been married for a year or two.—Cleveland Leader.

A Rival's Query.

He—I'm so glad you came by. I've been simply devouring myself with unsatisfied curiosity.
 She—What about?
 He—Whether those girls you'd seen me bathing in their bicycle costumes or biking in their bathing suits.—Truth.

A Real Calamity.

Gus—Pity Cholly is so awfully deformed, doucherknow!
 Bertie—Poor fellow! What's the matter with him?
 Gus—Why—aw—his neck's so decidedly short that he always has to wear a turn down collar.—Pick Me Up.

According to the Book.

Miss Goodly (to the Bible class)—Johnny, do you know what line in the Bible forbids a man having more than one wife at a time?
 Johnny Wise—"No man can serve two masters."—Up to Date.

Timely Expenditure.

Fuddy—I understand that Wigley spends most of his evenings here at your house?
 Daddy—I had an impression that it was my evenings that he spends here.—Boston Transcript.

Drawing the Line.

"Why have you never tried to get Gabler to join your secret society?"
 "Because it wouldn't be a secret society after he had joined it."—Chicago Tribune.

Restricted Freedom.

"The style of Queen Victoria's bonnet hasn't been changed for 25 years."
 "Well, that's what she gets for living under a monarchy."—Chicago Record.

The Very Way.

Mrs. Church—Did you ever catch your husband flirting?
 Mrs. Gotham—That's the way I did catch him.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Motor.

A cab owner had the word "excelsior" painted on the door panel of all his vehicles. He explained that his motto was "hire."—Tit-Bits.

Killing.

The literary shade will dream His thought in language till You cannot see the thought at all—That is, he'll dream to kill.—Detroit Journal.

MAGYAR FOLKLORE VERSES.

Ah, how muddy's our country lane
 After autumn rains have soak'd the dust
 But worthy, worthy is the girl I love
 Of all that can a youthful lover move,
 And I my top boots muddy make
 Willingly for her sweet sake.
 With cards but set justly
 And decked with perfume rosy,
 I'll stroll down the village street,
 How all the girls will smile on me!
 Upon their cheeks soft spurs shall bright
 They'll claim the time to dance and sing
 How all the girls will smile tonight!
 —A Girl's Wandering in Hungary.

ASHES OF ROSES.

On that particular morning I was in a decidedly sentimental mood, because the day before I had heard a young and charming woman accompanying herself at the piano and singing the tenderest of romances in which during the last note the butterflies of the song linger at the heart of the roses.
 And the garden in which I was walking was quite of a character to foster this gentle frame of mind. It was not wild or overgrown.
 Its flower beds, where blue, red and yellow balsams were ranged with as much precision as the Sèvres cups and Saxony statuettes on a whicket of a provincial housewife; the sand of its paths, where the rake had left markings as distinct, straight and exact as the lines in a bar of music, and its correct and uniform borders, stiff as the frills of a dress that has not been crushed, seemed to suggest the ambition of a very pleasant ideal—an ideal in perfect taste, without violence or exaggeration; narrow, elegant, pretty and quite suited to furnish water color subjects.

A July sun lavished its gold and threw into the garden all the infinite that a bouquet is capable of holding.
 A butterfly which was fluttering around like two flower petals set free by the wind brushed past my hand, leaving on it a little of its fine, white powder.
 "Write butterfly," said I, for the remembrance of the song led me into such conversation with this delicate wit and creature, "white butterfly, do not hasten away, but stay rather, and settle down on this leaf—a flower would take too much of your attention—and lift up a question which I have always wanted to ask you or one of your kind."
 The butterfly poised himself on a leaf. "I am listening," said he. For why should he not have answered, since I had spoken to him?
 "Ervivous I've ever of roses and lilies," I began, "whence comes this delicate powder you scatter from your wings as you fly from flower to flower, can you tell me? I am sure you must have suggested the arts of the toilet to the perfume, for yours are the only wings that scatter whiteness like a puff."
 The butterfly said, "Tis strange." But as he had nothing to do he condescended to enlighten me. I am sure you should learn many things that are not in books and not known by learned men if we chatted more frequently with the insects of the woods and fields.

When autumn haired Eve was born at 16, an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enough—in the miraculous Eden, teeming with life and youth, she was plunged at first into an ecstasy of admiration at the sight of so much magnificence, and not the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the nearest spring all creatures crowded around to do her homage, and after having seen her own radiant reflection she conceived a profound feeling of compassion for all other created things.
 The splendid lights in the lion's mane, luminous in the sunshine, could not rival the tawny brightness of Eve's long, flowing locks.
 Why should she have been jealous of the swan, since her own throat and arms were made of living snows, or why of the diamonds in the forest, her own emerald being far more treacherous and more sweet?
 The sky, in its deepest, clearest blue, might have hoped to rival her eyes, but they were not a softer and more exquisite azure.
 In fine, she looked at all things, and a great wave of pride came over her.
 "Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but then what of it all?"
 And thereafter her favorite amusement was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rosy tips of her slender fingers.
 Till one day she saw a rose.
 The rose was there before her, as yet scarcely a rose, almost pale in its triumphant glow. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman.
 A tiger passing that way lingered to gaze on it and wept from tenderness.
 Then Eve felt something stirred within her. She understood that throughout all eternity she had a rival. Beautiful as she was, the rose was not less beautiful. Perfume against perfume, grace against grace, to the end of time their charms would be pitted against one another and there would be an endless and uncessing struggle.
 In vain impassioned poets of all ages would try in enthusiastic magnificence to prove to their mistresses the defeat of the sovereign flower. Eve had no illusions on the subject. The rose would always defy her, and to woman's eternal humiliation she would be compared to her splendid and victorious rival.
 A sadness, of which you can form no idea, took possession of her, whose supremacy, acknowledged by all other created things, was dignified by a mere flower. She no longer had any pleasure in the limpid streams, whose clear waters mourned her bright image. The swans, whose whiteness had not rivalled hers, still sported on the azure lakes, but Eve no longer watched them.
 All night she dreamed bitterly of her rival and tossed uncomforted under the

cold indifference of the stars. For hours she would remain seated under a tree without once kissing the slenderest of her rosy finger tips.
 So great was her despair that at last she resolved to destroy the rose that had dared question her title to incomparable beauty. Alas, she knew only too well that a dead rose did not mean the disappearance of roses altogether. They would bloom again every spring-time, every summer, to the shame of lips less red and of skin less rosy white, but at least Eve would have avenged the first insult.

First she thought she would tear her enemy to pieces, trample it in the dirt among the stones, then fling it to the farious wind as it passed. She had once seen a vulture seize a lamb; so would she have liked to tear the rose.
 However, she bethought herself of another feature. She built upon this and a little pile of dried grasses, lighted it with a glowworm, and picking the rose tossed it into the fire. A slender passer passed through its delicate petals, as with a low, plaintive murmur, it yielded up all its perfume, its charms, its rosy whiteness, its life and incomparable grace to the devouring flame.
 At last nothing was left on the dying embers but a little heap of white dust—the ashes of the rose—and the woman, in whom savage instincts were already rife, was satisfied.

But the butterfly, in the garden of Eden were mad with anguish, for they loved the rose so hated by the woman. Never again, quivering with pleasure and delight, would they settle on its trembling petals, never again brush with open wings the perfumed mysteries of its heart.
 While the fatal act was being committed they flew wildly round the merciless executioner, but Eve did not even see them, so entirely was she given over to her revenge. And now, as she walked off triumphant, they drew near to gaze upon the pale remains of their beloved lying on the little heap of extinguished grasses.
 At least they would keep as much of her as they could. So in a tumultuous swarm they fluttered down upon the precious relics, sometimes singly, sometimes all together, rolling themselves in the ashes, enveloping themselves in her dust.

And ever since that time the finest powder, scattered from the wings of butterflies, is the ashes of the rose.—From the French for Short Stories.

The Absentminded Man.
 An amusing case of absentmindedness was experienced by a young son-in-law the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been noticing that he does some peculiar things. Not long ago he was at a reception, and a few minutes before closing time he went to the coat box and secured his hat and coat. Then he walked up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and walked home with it on his arm. Arriving at his home, he found that he had one coat on and another on his arm. The next day he found the owner of the extra coat, and mutual explanations followed and all was well. But that has been eclipsed by his latest exploit. He had finished his toilet and started for the street. As soon as he made his appearance he was greeted with smiles from everybody who saw him. He walked down the street and could not imagine what made the passersby smile at him. Finally he reached the restaurant where he takes his meals, and there he realized that he was carrying something in his hand. He looked at it and found that he had carried the lightest lamp from his room and had walked several blocks along the main street with it in his hand.

Another case is cited concerning the same young man. At the office where he is employed he has occasion to answer many calls at the telephone. One evening he was reading a book in his room when an alarm clock rang in the adjoining room. The absentminded youth got up and commenced to yell "Hello! Hello!" and when the occupant of the other room inquired as to the cause of the yelling the young man said in a sheepish manner, "Oh, I thought it was the telephone bell ringing."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Talk It Over.
 I have learned some things in the course of a long business life and still have a great many others to learn.
 But the chief thing I have learned can be condensed into one nugget of wisdom in three words, Talk it over.
 If thy business enemy offend thee, don't smite him on the cheek. Take him by the buttonhole in a friendly manner and talk it over.
 Some one tells you to do something to the street, has said or done something to your detriment. Perhaps he has, and perhaps he has not. If he has, your best policy is to prevent his repeating his remark or deed in the future. If he has not, you don't want to do him an injustice, even in your own mind.
 Put on your hat, leave your temper at home, go down and make a friendly call. Be neighborly, frank, open. Tell him the truth and ask him for equal frankness. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand the whole matter will be explained and straightened out in a few minutes, and you will part as personal friends rather than as personal and business enemies. You will both feel better, you will live side by side in harmony; the earth will be brighter, the sunshine clearer, your own heart lighter and manlier take on a more friendly aspect. Don't get mad and rush to your desk and send a scolding letter; be a man and a Christian and go yourself.
 Talk it over.—Hardway.

Unlucky.
 Wife—My father used to say I was the brightest jewel he possessed.
 Husband (growingly)—Opal he must have meant, for you've brought me bad luck ever since I've had you.—Pitt.