

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Jan. 7, 1893.

NO. 37.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS

Governor.....William P. Lord.
 Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid.
 Treasurer.....Philip Metchen.
 Supt. Public Instruction.....G. M. Irwin.
 State Printer.....W. H. Leeds.
 Attorney General.....C. M. Idleman.
 Supreme Court.....F. A. Moore.
 Judge Second District.....J. C. Fullerton.
 Attorney Second District.....W. E. Yates.

COUNTY OFFICERS

Judge.....F. O. Potter.
 Commissioners.....W. T. Bailey,
 J. I. Callison,
 Clerk.....A. C. Jennings.
 Sheriff.....A. S. Johnson.
 Treasurer.....A. S. Patterson.
 Assessor.....D. P. Barton.
 School Superintendent.....C. S. Hunt.
 Surveyor.....C. M. Collier.
 Coroner.....J. W. Harris.
 Justice of Peace.....F. B. Wilson.
 Constable.....John F. Tanner.

CITY OFFICERS

President.....F. B. Wilson.
 Board of Trustees.....O. W. Hurd,
 Wm. Kyle,
 Marion Morris,
 C. C. Beluke.
 Recorder.....Drew Severy.
 Treasurer.....J. A. Pond.
 Marshal.....E. A. Evans.

SECRET SOCIETIES

F. A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.
 Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month.
 O. W. Hurd, W. M.
 I. G. Knotts, Secretary.
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.
 J. J. Anderson, M. W.
 Wm. Kyle, Recorder.
O. O. F. Hecla Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
 J. J. Anderson, N. G.
 Andrew Brind, Sec.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

EPHRAIM CHURCH, Florence, Oregon. Sabbath service: Sabbath school, 10 o'clock a. m.; Praiseing 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper on 1st, Sabbath of January, April, July and October. Every body is welcome to all the services. Contributions for the poor are gratefully received. G. F. Rouns, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH service: Praiseing at 11 o'clock and 7 p. m. every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Everybody cordially invited. G. F. Rouns, Pastor.

ATTORNEYS

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

E. O. POTTER

Attorney at Law
 Eugene, Oregon.

E. E. BENEDICT,

Attorney at Law
 Eugene, Oregon.

W. E. BERRY,

Attorney at Law
 Eugene, Oregon.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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.

EUGENE-FLORENCE

STAGE LINE.
E. Bangs, Proprietor.
 Stage leaves Eugene Mondays and Thursdays at 6 a. m. and arrives in Florence at 4 p. m. the day following.
 Returning stage leaves Florence Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m. and arrives in Eugene at 6 p. m. the day following.
 Single fare.....\$5.00
 Round trip.....\$9.00
 Tickets for sale at E. Bangs's livery barn, Eugene, and at Hurd & Davenport's office in Florence.

MORRIS HOTEL,

J. C. FLINT, Proprietor
 Florence, Oregon.
 OUR AIM—To furnish the best accommodations at reasonable prices.

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.

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W. O. ZEIGLER, Proprietor.
 EUGENE, - - - OREGON.

Elk Prairie Hotel.

Twenty-three Miles West of Eugene.

ON EUGENE AND FLORENCE STAGE ROUTE.

Money Saved By Patronizing it.
 Geo. Hale : Prop.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EUGENE.

T. G. HENDRICKS, Pres. S. B. EARL, Jr., Cash.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

EUGENE, OREGON

NOTARIES.

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

NOTARY PUBLIC.

FLORENCE, - - - OREGON

FRANK B. WILSON.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
 FLORENCE, - - - OREGON

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Steamer Roberts

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 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
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 Meyer & Kyle, Florence, Or.

STEAMER "COOS,"

Will make
 REGULAR DAILY TRIPS
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NORTHERN Pacific, Ry.

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THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO TO
 WASHINGTON
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 POINTS EAST AND SOUTH
 For information, time cards, maps and tickets
 see, call on or write
R. McMURPHEY,
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 Assistant General Passenger Agent,
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A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Sold by all newsdealers.
 Branch Office, 55 7th St., Washington, D. C.

Don't you think, Mrs. Spitzel, that this is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?

"Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."—Detroit Free Press.

The bluebottle fly is purely a meat fly, subsisting altogether upon meat and offal and laying its eggs in decomposed animal matter.

And He Was One.
 Jack and Tom when they first went to school were asked what were their names.
 Tom, who was first, replied, "Tom, sir."
 "You must not say that, my boy. You should say Thomas."
 Jack determined he would not fall into that mistake, and when he was asked proudly replied, "Jack-ass."
 Scottish Nights.

A Man of Sense.

"Men of sense," he exclaimed, "Well, I should say so."
 "Has he ever done anything to show it?"
 "Done anything? Say, that man has a standing offer to umpire amateur baseball games to a finish."—Chicago Post.

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WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

We buy direct from the factory

***** Have no old Goods in stock.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING.

Men's Suits for \$4.50. Good Values. Wool Sweaters \$1.00.
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 Ladies' Flannel Vests 25 cts. Outing Flannel 20 yds. for \$1.

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Eugene, : : : Oregon.

CORNER DRUG STORE.

VINCENT & WALTON.
 (SUCCESSORS TO V. HENNING.)
 Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
 AND
 A Complete Line of Drug Sundries and Toilet Articles.

JIM'S LITTLE GAME.

It Was a Good One, as the Bicycle Thieves Speedily Learned.
 There were several men of leisure talking at the hotel while they watched the rain through the windows, and it was inevitable that something should be said about the bicycle. "I see they have a new alarm lock for wheels," volunteered one. "Tamper with it, and you set a bell ringing that serves the same purpose as a burglar alarm. It's a good thing."
 "I know a better one," declared another of the group. "For two months last summer I was at a resort where nearly every guest rode a fine wheel. Bicycle thieves found it out and were reaping a harvest. We had private detectives, and every one tried to be careful, but the wheels still went. Jim Broder, from Cincinnati, is an inventor, who was up there to try to cure insomnia. He's an absentminded mortal and had three wheels stolen before the loss seemed to attract his attention. He sent for another and told a few of us that he had no ambition to be a detective, but he didn't propose to donate any more expensive bicycles."
 "That very night we were leaving Jim for leaving his wheel outside the veranda and way at the other end when we saw a man seize it with a running motion, so as to get a good start. Jim chuckled, got up leisurely and told us to come along. There was the fellow, writhing, twisting and struggling to get to the machine, but it had him fast enough, and we put him in charge of a couple of porters. Jim set his trap again, and it wasn't ten minutes till the whole vicinity was filled with shrieks. We released the woman only to take her prisoner. She was one of the prettiest and most popular girls of the resort and passed as the fiancée of the other thief, who was about as good a counterfeit of a gentleman as could be produced. Jim said he had no time to fall away with the law, so he collected full pay for all the missing wheels and gave the couple and their pals, who had been running the plunder off, till 10 the next morning to disappear. He had done the job with electricity."—Detroit Free Press.

HE WAS PLUCKED.

But the Fater Rejected, and Had Good Reasons For So Doing.
 The young man was filled with many sorrows. He was home for a day or two after the spring examinations at Yarrard, and he had bad tidings. Athletics and smoking concerts at the Greek letter clubs had worked havoc with the theorems of Pythagoras and the intricacies of Sophocles, but he resolved to put a bold face upon the matter and make a clean breast of it.
 Accordingly, the young man bled himself to the down town office of the old gentleman, where the latter was cutting coupons.
 "Father," said the youth, with downcast eyes, "I have had news."
 The old gentleman slit off a small slice of his finger with agitation, sighed deeply and prepared himself for a blow.
 "Well, what is it this time? Gambling?"
 "Oh, nothing so frivolous!" responded the young man bravely. "To tell the truth, papa, I have taken my examinations at Yarrard, and I have been plucked."
 The old gentleman scratched his head quizzically. "Plucked of what—your pinfeathers?"
 "You don't understand the seriousness of it, I fear," rejoined the youth. "I have flunked. That means that I will require another year before I can possibly graduate."
 The fond parent's face was illumined with supreme delight. Grasping his son's hand, he cried, with ecstasy: "Congratulations, my boy! You do me proud, 'pon my soul, you do! Another year, did you say? I will write the president this minute to make it two years!"
 "Two? Why so, father?" was the amazed query.
 "Because, my pet and pride," said the fond parent, "the longer you stay at Yarrard the longer you will keep out of Wall street. It costs me only \$5,000 a year to keep you in the swim there; but, say, I tremble for the time when you get down here and the gang finds it out. It will cost me \$200,000 a year to keep you in the swim there. Here, my son, here is an extra thousand for you. You do me proud!"
 And the young man went his way wondering, for these things were more than Greek to him.—C. E. Barnes in Truth.

Of Course He Was Educated.

"I suppose your son has had all the advantages of a good education?"
 "Good education?" exclaimed the old man. "Well, I want to tell you that they have more education than anybody else in these here parts, and I can prove it to you."
 "Be to college, has he?"
 "Well, I should say so. Had. Went to four colleges in less'n a year—just supposed to go right through 'em like a cone shaped bullet."—Chicago Post.

Not a Man of Sense.

"Ob, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome, and—"
 "Yes, my child."
 "And he brings such lovely presents from his last wife."
 Mother and daughter mingled their tears of joy. Presently the girl's face what calmer and more anxious look of trepidation and this—Detroit Post.

An Unwilling Witness.

"Bill was a little tough, I guess, when he was full," said the witness, "but he was all right when he was sober."
 "H'm," said the prosecuting attorney, who knew both Bill and the witness. "When was he sober?"
 "W'y—w'y—when he was sick."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Ambition.

The Old Man—What are you doing, John? Trying to get that cobblestone in your mouth? Are you hungry?
 The Boy—Hungry? No! I'm trying to stretch my mouth so's I can beat any of my class in giving the college yell at the race next week.—New York Journal.

Industrious Industry.

"That Binks youngster is the most indefatigable Monday school worker I ever saw."
 "Hanging school worker?"
 "Yes, he has been to seven church picnics already this year."—Chicago Record.

India's Pearl Fisheries have been famous from the remotest time. In the Persian gulf the industry has existed from the days of the Macedonians.

MONASTERIES OF METEORA.

An Extraordinary Scene on the Macedonian Frontier.
 Between the curve of the Macedonian frontier of the mountains of Khasia and the open town of Kalabaka, which terminates the long western plain of Thessaly, lie the monasteries of Meteora. A casual glance gives the idea of the whole space being occupied by lines of bare hills, but on a nearer inspection a curious amphitheater is found, carved out among the mountains, and this is occupied by a most extraordinary collection of rocks, on which are perched, like storks' nests or the turbans on a Turkish tabouche, the aerial monasteries of Meteora. In one place a huge monolith is found literally crowned with buildings, as in the popularly known as Hagios Barlaam; in another a group of jagged rocks will have one point capped by a monastery, as is seen at the village of Meteora. The most striking feature of these monasteries is the method by which they are reached, either by loose ladders hanging outside the perpendicular rocks or by being wound up by means of a windlass in a net at the end of a rope.
 From its beautiful position, its size and the fair preservation of its buildings the monastery of Hagios Barlaam is a very good specimen of the Thessalian monasteries, but what makes this one of especial interest is that the rope is said to be the longest used for the purpose—340 feet. The ladders to this monastery are not so difficult to climb as some, but inasmuch as they pull out every time you grip them and oscillate frightfully it is pleasanter to risk the net.
 The monastery of Hagios Nikolaos appeared to be in a totally dilapidated condition and entirely deserted when we visited Meteora, while the ladders, which rise from a neighboring peak and hang from the bare rock are in perfect order. All these monasteries are under the archbishopric, a man of commanding presence and saintly countenance. The village of Kastraki is jammed in between the outer rocks of this curious amphitheater, and in the slit of this rocky wall at the back of the village stands a most peculiar hourglass looking monolith. The rocks on either side are perforated with strange holes, which in the fourteenth century were inhabited by the monks of St. Anthony.
 —London Illustrated News.

GRANT AS A PEACEMAKER.

Settled With Infinite Tend Ponds Which Arose Among His Officers.
 After the capture of Vicksburg Logan chose a prominent and beautiful residence for his headquarters, and General McPherson chose the same, and a quarrel threatened to involve divisions and corps and gave the superior officers great concern, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. Both McPherson and Logan carried the case to General Grant. He heard the schemes of each, and his staff officers looked with dismay at his quiet, business-like way of listening. After hearing both sides General Grant turned to Logan with a smile and said he was sorry that the general had placed his heart on any headquarters in Vicksburg, because he had just written an order sending the whole division on a special expedition to look after the retreating rebels. Logan glowered until Grant, turning to McPherson, said: "I am sorry to disarrange your plans, general, but I have just written an order sending your division on an important expedition. I appreciate the feelings of the men who would like to march through Vicksburg, but it will be impossible. Duty comes first." General Logan's face cleared and McPherson smiled. Each went to his command and there was no further trouble. They possibly suspected that Grant had invented the expeditions to get rid of the quarrel, but they recognized the fine strategy of his maneuver, the fairness of his decision.

MONOTONOUS LIVES.

FOLLOWED BY THOSE WHO TEND THE LIGHTHOUSES.

Qualifications and Compensation—Regulations Which Must Be Observed to the Letter—Provisions Made for the Comfort of These Useful Servants.

A lighthouse keeper is appointed by the secretary of the treasury on the recommendation of the lighthouse board, and at first receives only an acting appointment. At the end of three months, if he passes an examination by the naval officer who is the inspector of the district, he receives a full appointment; if he does not pass, he is dropped from the service. A keeper must be able to read and write, keep accounts, sail and pull a boat and have enough mechanical ability to make the necessary repairs about the station and keep it in order. There is only one grade of keeper, the assistants in a man who has an engineer's license and is something of a machinist.

Keepers are paid on an average about \$800 a year, but the individual sum paid vary from \$100 to \$1,000 a year, according to the importance of the station and the amount of service rendered. The principal keeper at Minot's Ledge light, just outside of Boston, receives \$1,000 a year for his services, and this furnishes the only instance where the pay of a keeper is specified by law.

The keepers who live at isolated lighthouses and on the offshore lights, lead a very monotonous life, broken only by the sight of passing vessels and the quarterly visit of the lighthouse supply boat.

These keepers get considerable leisure about two weeks in three months, during which time they visit their families on full pay. A lighthouse on an offshore reef, for instance, is on the high seas as a lighthouse, except that it is not blown away and the keeper is not left to starve when the storm comes up, as a storm might come up and prevent their return.

Much is done by the lighthouse board to further the comfort of all the keepers, but most is done for those who endure the solitary life on the lights and on the lightships. Like families are furnished the keepers and families. Each contains about a dozen of works of history, science, poetry, with a fair supply of general reading matter. This complete library is left at a station for three months, and is then transferred to another station by an inspector on his quarterly visit. There are nearly 1,000 of these libraries in operation, each in its little portable case, and by their judicious arrangement, keepers of stations where they are isolated see about 200 volumes a year.

Keepers are forbidden to engage in any business which will prevent their presence at their stations or interfere with the proper performance of their duties. Many have useful and profitable occupations which they carry on at the stations, while some fill their spare time for themselves and in some cases for their families. In some cases they are furnished with food and rations, and stations have barns furnished for stock and horses, and boats are furnished at stations inaccessible by land.

The discipline of the service has been always rigid, as befitting a service where negligence or inefficiency has meant the loss of many lives and valuable property.

Dismissal instantly follows a case—where a keeper is found careless and where he allows his property to go out. Keepers are trained in the care of the light and in the property above any other considerations, and it is when they fail to realize this ideal. There have been a number of instances illustrating the esprit of the service—how the keeper of Minot's Ledge light let down with the light and pots, how one keeper and his family looted themselves, and instances where saved public property.

Fortunately the service is aided by any question of this fact, coupled with a discipline maintained, a fine class of men now in the service, and whose interest makes the efficiency of the service what it is, notwithstanding that the navy has many laws for its seamen which allow men after 30, 35 or 40 years of age, depending on the position of the man, to be placed in the lighthouse service of their lives. A volunteer would thus be added, and the nation would be paying a debt which goes unpaid.—Philadelphia Record.

Warrior and Unwarrior.

"Who is that rather man with the iron gray that box?"
 "That is Colonel Egan, our campaigner who has been celebrated as an fighting hero."
 "I have heard of a fierce looking man in a uniform, with epaulettes, and gold braid?"
 "That's Colonel Van Clam, whom has been ever famous."—Chicago Post.