

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Jan. 14, 1893.

NO. 38.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

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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.

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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.

A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. Meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month at 1:30 p. m. J. I. Butterfield, Commander. J. L. Fernish, Adjutant.

O. U. W. Paripetna Lodge, No. 131. Meets every 7th and 21st 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. Heeta 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 Brend, Sec.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

REBYTERIAN CHURCH, Florence, Oregon. Sabbath service, Sabbath school, 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper on 1st Sabbath of January, April, July and October. Everybody is welcome to all the services. Pastors requests Christians to make themselves known. I. G. Knotts, Pastor.

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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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Lonely Lightkeepers in Winter.
Fogs, trying as they are to visitors, are little minded by the lightkeepers. One of them, in fact, reported, with evident pride, that his steam fog horn had been in uninterrupted operation for 27 days, and declared that he detested the silence which would come with clear weather. The fog is as nothing when compared with the wild storms of winter that cut off their communications with the mainland. Then, indeed, the dreary monotony of the lightkeeper's life on one of the outlying Maine islands becomes well nigh unbearable. For weeks at a time he is confined to his isolated rockery tiny islet as absolutely as a prisoner to his cell.—Kirk Munroe in Scribner's.

Adding Insult to Injury.
The Messageries Maritimes mail steamer Himalaya lies in the harbor gorged in white paint and gold. Scrapping by it comes a coal barge, helping itself along by holding on to the white hull.
Voice From the Himalaya—Got out of that! Sheer off at once!
From the Coal Barge—Who the— are you?
From the Himalaya—The third officer of this ship. Sheer off!
From the Coal Barge—Then go and talk to your equals. I'm the skipper of this.—Paris Messenger.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND active gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Oregon. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y Chicago.

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Men's Suits for \$4.50. Good Values. Wool Sweaters \$1.00.
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Useful Baboon.
Certain wild animals can be trained to act very intelligently as servants of man, and even to exceed the dog in power of thought and action. Le Vaillant, the African traveler, says that he had a tame baboon which was not only sentinel, but hunter and purveyor of food and water. This monkey, by sheer force of brains, took command of the dogs which protected the camp and used and directed them just as the older baboons command and direct the rest of the tribe.
By his cries, says Le Vaillant, he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before even the dogs discovered it. They were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and at first I was vexed with them for deserting their duties, but when he had once given the alarm they would all stop to motion of his eye, or the shaking of his head, I have seen them rush toward the quarter where his looks were directed.
I often carried him on my hunting expeditions, during which he would amuse himself by climbing trees in order to aid us in the pursuit of game.
When he was thirsty, he used to hunt about and discover some succulent tuber which was as effectual under the circumstances as watermelon. One might say that he was not more clever than a truffle dog; but, though the dog can find a root, he cannot dig it up.
The baboon did both, having the advantage of hands, though he used these, not to extract the root, but to adjust his weight so as to use the leverage of his teeth with his teeth, passed his four paws on the earth, on all sides of it, and then drew his head slowly back. The root generally followed.
If this plan did not succeed, he seized the root as low down as he could, and then, throwing his head over his back, turned a back somersault and came up smiling with the root in his mouth. It was easy to teach him that it was a part of his business to find these roots and that his master must "go shares"—Youth's Companion.

Plants That Eat Insects.
Francis Darwin, a son of the great naturalist, has been investigating the effect on insectivorous plants of supplying them with and withholding from them animal food. He grew ten of these carnivorous plants under similar conditions. One plant of the lot he fed with roast meat, one with a grub being placed on the secreting glands of the plant each hour, while from all the others all such food was carefully excluded. The results of this experiment were very marked in several particulars, the greatest being in the number, weight and vitality of its seeds. The number of seeds produced by the plant that was given the regular rations of animal matter was 240 to each 100 produced by plants which were unfed, while the total weight of the seeds was as 180 to 100. In other words, the plants which were unfed and compared with the plants that were furnished with animal food. The increased heaviness of the seeds is another item to be noted, as it certainly implies increased vitality. At least it is so with wheat, as my farmer will tell you, it being the rule that the heavier the grain the greater its fertility.—St. Louis Republic.

Denim, in all colors— that cotton material which has been in such favor for so long and continues to have its popularity. And what do you suppose has been its place?
No less or greater a fabric than ticking—ordinary looking as to weave, but clean and solid based as to coloring. Old pink, green, blue, new yellow and orange and terra cotta are the tones. The material, as we have seen, is especially adapted for its purpose. The price is only 35 cents.
In a house where artistic effects are more desired than expensive ones this material could be put to much service. One or another of the colorings would lighten the bedroom, the dining room, or darken the drawing room, as might be desired.
Cleaning parties are made from lengths of it without the least ornamentation. But the beauty is heightened by appliques of white or a lighter or darker shade of the same color.
These appliques are of flowers or figures, and beautiful stitchings blend the pieces set on with the background.
Soft pillows yet are the most desirable objects in your needlework. They are large, square, plump. Usually they are made with ruffles of the fabric of the pillow. Yellow, perhaps, is the favorite color. One big ticking pillow had a huge tiger's head embroidered on it in shades of black where the spots ought to be, and red where the open mouth was, and white where the teeth should show. It was immensely effective, but slender suggestive of active life than slumber. However, too much must not be asked of a contemporary sofa pillow. If it is smart and well made, it has fulfilled its mission.—New York Press.

The Philadelphia Record suggests that women wear their daintiest petticoats on muddy days, when the necessity of lifting the dress skirt gives them an opportunity to display the petticoat. They should reserve plain material and scraps for bright skies and clean sidewalks.
As glass window panes are liable to crack if washed in frosty weather in the ordinary way with water, it is useful to know that they can be rubbed over with a little paraffin oil on a cloth and then polished without danger of breaking.
Ptolemy, king of Macedonia, was the Thunderbolt, from the vigor of his military movements.

Household Economics.
"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your house money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot, but if I don't give you so much you seem to get along with it."
"Why, that's perfectly simple, Roderolph. When you give me a lot, I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much."
"Where the Trouble Is."
"It isn't a bit of trouble to get married," said the airy young person.
"No," spoke the sedate one. "It is in being married that the trouble is."
Indianapolis Journal.
There are 23 allusions in the Bible to the east wind, 19 of them being of a disparaging character.
The largest American fly is a little over half an inch in length.
The oat plant is in Italy regarded as emblematic of music.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Through the wild label of our fever'd time
The song of Homer cometh, grave and stern,
With tidings from the world's fresh, healthy
prime—
Tidings which our worn, wearied age con-
ceals.
Unchang'd, through all the long, unnumber'd
years,
The voice of Homer sings the song divine,
Which tells of godlike toils, of heroes' tears
And of the punishment of Priam's line.
The battle in the plain is raging yet;
The watch fire glazes; the beak'd ships line
the shore.
For us the foe in grim array is set.
Ah, but do we fight as they fought of yore?
For we, too, like the heroes long ago,
Must wage slow wars and sail the letter sea.
Fierce is the conflict, loud the tempests blow,
And the waves roar and rage unceasingly.
Still must we wander o'er the stormy main,
Till the rocks and whirlpools a dread passage
make.
Still must the strong sing to us in vain,
Still from the toils of Circe must we break.
Turn, then, to Homer's realm of life and see
How they endured whose pilgrimages are done
And hear the message they have left for thee—
Only by patience is the victory won.
—Macmillan's Magazine.

INCANDESCENT LAMPS.

How the Burned Out Filament May Be Replaced and Renewed.
It has been generally supposed to be a fruitless task to attempt the renewal of a burnt out incandescent electric lamp, although there appears to be some economic fallacy involved in the destruction of what is except in one small if important particular a perfect piece of apparatus. It is not intended, as a rule, to give in this column descriptions of American devices or achievements drawn from foreign publications. This subject has, however, been taken up by the English journal, Industries and Iron, and, although it states that an American process for renewing these lamps after the filament has been broken has been developed, it does not give the name of inventors nor state that the process has come into anything like general application. Its description of the operation is therefore given for what it is worth.
It states that a commercial success has been made of a process for renewing burnt out lamps which renders possible the use of the old bulb at a very slight expense. By the new method the collar, or base, of the lamp is not disturbed, the old filament being removed and the new one placed through a small hole in the lamp bulb made by removing the tip. The small hole is subsequently closed exactly in the same manner as in the case of the new lamp, leaving nothing to indicate in the finished, repaired lamp that it had ever been opened.
It is stated that some 400,000 lamps have been repaired by this method, the filament being inserted through the small hole referred to by a skillful twist of the hand and secured in position by a special carbon paste. The black deposit on the inside of the bulb is removed by fitting the lamp to the holder and removing it in a gas furnace, while immediately following this operation a small glass tube is fused to the opening made in the bulb, through which the lamp is exhausted. When this has been done and the last trace of air and gas absorbed, a blowpipe flame is directed upon the throat of the tube, which is melted into the point exactly in every respect a counterpart of the original lamp.—Providence Journal.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN.

There is a certain professor in a certain university of the United States who, at the beginning of one of his lectures on fine arts, got on the subject of the kind of pins worn in the neckties of young college men. He was a good lecturer and was always interesting, but this lecture was the most interesting of his course to the 300 boys who heard him, and the whole hour was spent on necktie pins, their use and misuse and what they suggested. The gist of what he said was that there was no more reason why a boy should wear a horse-shoe with a whip across it all in gold than that horses should have stoves for roofs, and that, as it was extremely foolish to put a big stove on your house for a roof, so it was quite as foolish to wear horse-shoes on your neckties. The principle of this is that you should have a reason in what you wear as well as in other things and that senseless decorations, like horse-shoes on neckties or neckties on horse-shoes, are silly and unbecoming to a self respecting person. This particular example was only one to illustrate a principle, which is that nothing unusual, queer, out of the ordinary, is in itself a good thing—that, in fact, most things that are queer and out of the ordinary are likely, in the question of dress, to be in bad taste. A man's dress ought to be quiet, but it must be clean and well taken care of in every instance. The best dressed man is the man who, in whatever company he finds himself, is inconspicuous; who, you realize in an indefinite way, is well appointed, though you cannot well tell why.—Harper's Round Table.

SWINDLER.

First Street Loafer—It's a shame, Bill, to think that any one would swindle a poor hard working man in this way.
Second Street Loafer—Why, what's your trouble?
First Street Loafer—Here I worked hard for half a day painting up a sparrow into a redbreasted Belgian canary, and I am bloused if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a bad half crown for it.—London Spare Moments.

NEVER DOES A MAN PORTRAY HIS CHARACTER MORE VIVIDLY THAN IN THE MANNER OF PORTRAYING ANOTHER.

The town in England best provided with places of worship is the ancient one of Rochdale, where there are 144 churches and chapels. Fifty belong to the church of England and 95 to the nonconformists. The church of England accommodates 24,449 and the nonconformists 61,850 persons in sitting.

FOREST MONSTERS.

Some of the Giant Trees That Are Found in California.
In the national parks and forest preserves of California the big trees are by far the most interesting and greatest natural features. There are two varieties—namely, Sequoia sempervirens, ordinarily known as the redwood, the tree which has furnished most of the redwood lumber of commerce, and the Sequoia gigantea, from which a comparatively small amount of similar lumber has also been made. The former is the smaller variety and grows on the foothills along the coast. The latter attains a considerably larger growth, is, more strictly speaking, the "big tree" of California, and is seldom found at a lower altitude than 5,000 feet.
Scattered along the extent of the Sierra Nevada from north to south are many distinct and separate groups or groves of Sequoia gigantea. These are generally known by names significant of locality, as, for instance, "Chalavaya," "Toulumne," "Mariposa" and "Fresno," names of the counties in which the groves so called are located. The Toulumne grove is in the Yosemite park, and the Mariposa near by. This latter is the one most frequently visited by tourists and contains the "Wawona"—a tree with a hole burned in its base, through which the stage road runs and four horse stages are driven without difficulty—and the "Grizzly Giant," one of the largest trees in the world.
The most lofty grove of these enormous and stately trees is so impressive that it seems quite fit and natural that some of the larger ones should have been individualized and honored with distinguished titles. Nearly every state in the Union and every distinguished general of the civil war has a namesake among them. The "General Grant," in the General Grant park, and the "General Sheridan" of the "Giant forest" (situated in the Sequoia park) are individuals of the largest size. It is difficult to determine just which of the big trees is the largest, but these two and the "Grizzly Giant"—the gnarly base of any one of which will exceed 80 feet in diameter—are probably the biggest trees yet discovered.
The trees often grow in such inaccessible mountain retreats that some of the territory covered by them has never yet been thoroughly and systematically explored. Outside the lands reserved by the government a California lumber company owns several thousand acres of these trees—enough to last 40 years, cutting many millions of feet per year.—Harper's Weekly.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Showing What a Shotgun Can Do in a Load of Hay.
"What was the most exciting experience I ever had?" repeated Clarence Haight at the Olympic Gun club. "I think it occurred last summer, when I was hunting doves up in Sonoma county. Now, shooting doves is not particularly exciting or perilous, but this was one of the hottest experiences I ever had.
"I had been traveling all day with a big bag, and was pretty well tired out when I struck the country road and started for home. It was a good four miles' walk, and I was pretty well pleased to see a big wagon load of hay approaching. The rancher gave me permission to ride, so I scrambled up on top, lay down on the sweet, new mown hay and went swaying and swinging down the road. I was just dozing off when I heard a shot. I had forgotten to take the cartridges out of it, and something had pressed the trigger. The horses gave a jump, and the driver rolled off into the ditch.
"Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to escape. The horses were tearing along the road as hard as they could run, but I clambered for the side of the load and slid for the road.
"The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp standard, and there I hung to the careening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn of the road.
"The fire was crackling and burning fiercely, and already I could feel the flames. Still the horses ran, and still my coat held me fast to that seething mass of flames. My trousers commenced getting hot, and then I found my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my pockets commenced exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my doves burning.
"I had just made up my mind that all was well when the tail of my coat burned off and I was thrown into a ditch full of water beside the road. I did not stop to see what became of the hay and the horses, nor of the rancher, but cut straight across that field for home. That, gentlemen, was the most thrilling experience of my life."—New York Press.