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Well Named

make one or two things clear to his fa-

ther. "You see," he said, "it's just this way: Every time Willie Jones gets into a fight he gets licked, but he goes around telling every one that he licked the other fellow, and so he gets the reputation of

The old gentleman nodded to show that he understood. 'And that's why we call him General Weyler," added the bey .- Chicago

Most Extraordinary. Mr. Hawkins (in the library)-Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of! Am I awake, or is this merely a dream? Mrs. Hawkins-Goodness, Jeremiah!

What has happened? Mr. Hawkins-Here's a magazine that hasn't got an article about Grant, Lincoln or Napoleon! - Cleveland

Leader. He was watching his neighbor's troublesome boy climb a tree, and he had a

look of painful anxiety on his counte-"Are you afraid the lad will fall?" was asked him. "No," he replied. "I'm afraid he won't."—Tit-Bits.

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#### ON A POSTER BLUE.

Said a Beardsley boy to a Bradley girl Whom he met on a poster blue, "I haven't an idea who I am.

And who the deuce are you?"
Said the Pradley girl to the Beardsley boy:
"I'll tell you what I think."
I came into being one night last week
When a cat tipped over the ink."
—Robert B. Penttie in Clack Book.

### SWEETHEARTS ONCE.

"What!" exclaimed the laundress. pausing in counting the linen. "You do not know what has become of Camille?" The young man in his shirt sleeves, who was searching the disordered cham-

ber for cigarettes, stopped short and re-"Certainly not. How should I know? It is so long since-and then," he added, with an air of bored indifference,

"Oh, but I know where she livesand happily too!" Then, changing her tone as she tied up her bundle, she said:

"what does it matter to me?"

'However, if you do not care about hearing"-Maurier took long whiffs of his cigarette. He had the day before, after reading his brilliant thesis, received his diploma and was now an M. D. In another week he would return to Trivas, his native city. The name and memory of Camille, the milliner, who had been his sweetheart for a year, at the end of

which he had brusquely cast her off, were not altogether indifferent to him. 'Camille! Oh, yes, that was a long time ago!" he said as he looked at the laundress, a good, ugly soul from Ver-sailles, whom he had employed since

his early student days. "Not so long, after all," said the laundress. She was looking at him now, her hands on her hips, her keen face expressing a sort of maternal interest. She was not to be so easily imposed upon. She resemed:

You were rather cruel to the poor little woman, weren't you?"

Maurier shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly as he took from his closet a bottle of cognac and two glasses,

saying, as he filled them: 'I broke with her when I found the matter taking too serious a turu; that is all. One must have amusement. But to compromise a career-zut! To your good health. Mother Legrain."

The laundress as she drank the brandy "It does not prevent her being happy

As she did not continue, after a short sileuce Maurier, curious, asked:

"What is she doing, anyway?"
"She is married. What do you think of that? To a fat haberdasher-a handsome shop, really-Aux Trois Princesses, Place Clichy.

'So much the better." "And three children-loves-round and rosy as apples. You would never recognize her," said Mother Legrain in-

"Do you still see her?" "Not longer ago than a week, M. Maurier. I was at my door, Rue Morgue, when she passed with her husband and They had come to Versailles to visit the chateau and the park. She stopped and talked with me a full min-And dressed! Not as she used to be-ob, no! One could see that her hus-

hand was well to do." And satisfied, when Maurier feigned to yawn, that he was inwardly piqued to interest, she slung the bundle clothes over her shoulder with a "Good day, M. Maurier-until Monday-good

Maurier prepared to go out, indulging

in the following monologue:

"Ah, me, poor Camille! Well, it is better so. She has found a chance to has got married, in fact. Curious I should so entirely have lost sight of her! She was pretty, was Camille—a trifle thin, but a good girl and full of droll humor; a piquant face, always dusted with poudre de riz, and her silky hair like an aureole about her head. How the years fly! And she is married, and I am doctor, ripe for patients and domestic Really, I am not curious, but it would be quite amusing to see her again -to see her in her new surroundings. And who knows? She loved me when I sent her from me and afterward wrote me heartbroken letters. She lives in Place Clichy, eh? Stop a minute-bah, The schoolboy was endeavoring to she must have forgotten me! Still, does a woman forget when she has suffered? It would be queer if, after all-What have I to risk? I leave Paris in a week. I'll go to see her. My heart tells

me to try my luck." With these edifying reflections Maurier went down and took the Odeon-Clichy omnibus, upon the top of which he sat humming until he reached his destination, Aux Trois Princesses. In the windows looked out upon the world an artistic arrangement of silks and linen, forest of walking sticks and umbrellas and gorgeous cravats. Although not large, the shop indicated prosperity.

Maurier besitated, suddenly embarrassed, not daring to enter for fear of encountering the husband or perhaps a clerk. At length, however, he entered. Camille was behind the counter. recognized her at once. Her fair face was dusted with rice powder, as it used to be. Her silky bair formed a nimbus

about her head, as he remembered it. She raised her eyes and glanced at him expectantly, but with no sign of recog-'You wish something, monsieur?"

This greeting was unlooked for. He "I would like some collars and neck

She came out from the counter, say ng, "The clerk is at breakfast, but I

will show them to you." She did not look at him, opening the boxes as though she had never seen him, as though he were a passing customer, absolutely unknown. He felt actually timid. She played her part without

is an English article of very good quality and extremely reasonable."

Maurier stood mute and undecided.

"If she remembers me," he thought, "she must think me a prodigious fool."

And believing that he saw hovering about the corners of her lips an indefinable smile—a smile which he well knew -he said to himself, "She is paying me back, that's certain." So he, too, began to smile, a foolish, fatuous grin, which was promptly extinguished as he realized that she was not looking at him, but seemed to be absently waiting until he should make his choice of

cravat. Finally he said desperately:
"I will take this, and this, and that." "Is there pothing else? Monsieur wished to see collars.'

He nodded Why did he not speak? He was alone with her, the clerk at the midday meal, the husband absent, and he could not say the words which were strangling him:
'Camille, it is I. Don't you remem

ber me?" Yes, undoubtedly she did. Again there flitted across her lips that balf smile so familiar to him. Certainly she knew him. "What size?" she asked.

He made an awkward gesture of igporance. She unrolled her tape measure and placed it in a businesslike manner around Maurier's neck. For a second, as she stood before him, their faces were so near together that he could have

"Fifteen," she said, opening some collar boxes for him to choose from. He picked out four boxes; then, still unwilling to go, asked to see some umbrellas, after which he bought a muffler and some handkerchiefs. Camille had not once flushed, paled or otherwise be-trayed herself. Nevertheless, that she recognized him be would have been willing to wager his right hand.

"Is there anything else?" she asked again. "That is all." While paying for the articles an idea

suddenly occurred to him. "Might not these purchases be sent to me?" he said. "Certainly, monsieur What ad-

He looked at her scrutinizingly while she composedly wrote in a large book. Then he said very distinctly, "Robert Maurier, M. D., 15 Rue Cujas."

"Cujas," she repeated tranquilly.

For a second he had the foolish hope that she would herself bring the packages, but he was speedily undeceived.
"The boy will deliver the order to-

night or tomorrow morning. "I shall count upon receiving them promptly," said he, "for I am quitting She replied, with mechanical polite-

ness, "Oh, they shall be sent in time!" "Good day, monsieur."-Parisian. Dominos In a Lion's Cage.

was the novelty recently offered to the been at the sanitarium near Napa. bewildered gaze of the visitors to a visit to California was to place herself The players were the 'tamer' and a worthy citizen who, on the strength of a bet, had entered the habitation of the king of beasts. Seated quietly at a table which had been brought in for the purpose, the pair got on very well for a time, the lion watching their movements apparently with intelligent attention. He seemed, however, to arrive at the conclusion that the game was a poor business, after all, dash at the table and sent it spinning with the dominos in wild confusion into the air, much to the horror of the

onlookers, who feared that a shocking catastrophe was impending. The amateur, however, was not slow in taking the hint. On the contrary, he lost not a moment in bolting out of the cage, and the relief was general when he succeeded in putting the bars between himself and the demolisher of the table. The lion appeared to be a very magnanimous creature, for during the next performance he allowed a friend of the fugitive domino player to pay him a visit and actually condescended to accept from him a piece of meat prescuted as a propitiatory offering. As, after doing justice to the morsel, he began to regard the intruder with wistful eyes, and by other signs and tokens to manifest an inclination to make a closer acquaintance with him, the tamer promptly intervened and another strateric movement to the rear was executed, fortunately with success. - Paris Letter

in Chicago Chronicle. The Youthful Kaiser and Mr. Frith. Although Professor Knackfuss is usually credited with assisting the kaiser in the production of his surprising pictures, the German monarch owes his earliest introduction to the mysteries of art to an English painter. The first time the kaiser handled a brush was at Windsor, when Mr. Frith was painting the picture of the Prince of Wales' marriage for the queen. All the royal personages gave sittings to the artist, and the kaiser, then a little 4-year-old prince, spent several mornings in the room where the picture was being paint-To keep the child quiet, Mr. Frith gave him some paints and brushes and allowed him to dabbie on one of the

unfinished corners of the cauvas. As the natural result of this very injudicious proceeding the prince's face was in a very few minutes covered with streaks of green, blue and vermilion. The eight of his emeared face terrified his governess, who begged the artist to remove the colors, and Mr. Frith, armed with rogs and turpentine, had nearly completed his task when the pungent spirit found its way into a scratch upon the child's check. The future kaiser screamed with pain, assaulted the emipent painter with his fists, and hid hunself under a large table, where he yelled until he was tired. Mr. Frith declares in his "Reminiscences" that the little prince showed a most unforgiving spirit and revenged himself afterward by sitting so badly that the painter ectation.

These ties are the most worn. Here tory likeness. - London Chronicle.

#### WOMAN'S WORLD.

AN INTERESTING VISITOR WHO COMES FROM PITCAIRN ISLAND.

Woman's Interest In Education - Privileges of the Club-Notable Women and Woman Suffrage-A Caution to Wheelwomen-Two Southern Women.

Miss Rosalind Amelia Young, a diet descendant of that now historically amous party of "bounty mutineers" who settled on Pitcairn island, is in the city, a roest at the residence of Miss Mindora Berry, on Van Ness avenue. Miss Young is a pleasant, bright and intelligent woman, simple, earnest and straightforward in manner. She was educated, she explained, on the island by her father, who was a teacher there. She commenced to assist in the duties of the classroom when but 18 years of age. In speaking of her education she added: "You ask me where I was educated. In your acceptation of the requirements of education I cannot lay claim to any. I simply can read and

Yet this woman from the faraway isle, whose advance in letters has been principally through self culture, has written a volume—"Story of the Pit-cairn Island"—which has gone through its third edition. She speaks English

well and correctly. Miss Young has regular features, a rich olive complexion, with a slight flush of color at times playing in her cheeks. Her eyes are dark, and her black hair is streaked with silver. She has passed her life, with the exception of ren years of childhood spent on Nor-



folk island, on Pitcairn island. This is her first visit to the continent. She left home on the missionary ship Pitcairn, which, after cruising amid the Pacific islands, came up to Honolulu. Miss Young from there came to the coast by

under surgical treatment. Miss Young, who is a great-granddaughter of John Adams, or Alexander Smith, and his wife Patty, a native islander, and of Edward Young and his wife Nancy, also an islander, is in religious affiliation with the Seventh Day Adventists. She was originally an Episcopalien. She ascribes her early belief to the ferce of surroundings and ciroumstances. John Adams, she says, when he determined to reform his own finish it in peace he suddenly made a life and lead his little colony of mutineers in the way of righteousness, took the English book of prayer for a guide, with the result that his people became church of England Episcopalians. In this generation some of them have joined other denominations, Rosalind Young among the number. The young woman will probably go back to her island home on the Pitcairn when it sails away from this port in January or February of next year. In the meantime she may make a trip to the Atlantic

coast. - San Francisco Chronicle. Woman's Interest In Educa

"Every one will admit woman's interest in education," said Ellen H. E. Price of Swarthmore, Pa., to a New York Tribune reporter. "Even the most conservative will grant that the training of the young is not only her privilege, but her duty. Does it not seem strange, then, that in many of our states women have been so entirely ignored in the management of our public schools? In the schools, as in the professions, men have had hitherto the advantage of the squatter-men are on the ground and possession is nine points of the law. In the professions, however, we flad here and there successful women who have overcome this disadvautage by their individual worth and persistent effort, but in the public schools the matter is more difficult, for they are under the control of the state, and those who have possession have the weapon to defend

meelves in this possession. 'For instance, the constitution of Penneylvania makes women eligible to any office of centrol or management under the school system, yet it denies them the right to vote for the people who hold offices or make the appointments. Experience has shown that so long as women have to look to the men of the state to place them in offices of control or management they will not get the offices, for in this, the twentyourth year since our constitution went into effect, we find that out of a total of 13.784 school directors only 41 are

"The office of director is probably the most important in the whole list. The ideal school director should be equipped with a liberal education, a knowledge of up to date educational methods, interest in the public schools and a belief in their possibilities, a knowledge of child nature and the needs of children, the ability to judge character and to deal with men, and sufficient leisure to devote to the various duties of the office, and the more of these qualities and attainments a school board possesses the more nearly it approaches the ideal.

"Now, few men, even granting them

all the other qualifications, know child nature or have much appreciation of children's needs, and many men have little or no leisure to attend to the duties of the office. Therefore a coard composed entirely of men, even educated years is real tikely to be ideal. cated ren, is not likely to be ideal-in fact, is very sure to be inefficient and incapable of bringing about the best conditions for the school under its con-

Privileges of the Club to Women. One of the newest courtesies offered man to woman is the establishment ladies' annexes to men's clube. Conservative Boston led the way in this innovation when the Algonquin, Somerset and Puritan clubs opened their doors-that is to say, their outside doors—to women, friends of the mem-bers. The University club of San Franeisco followed in their footsteps, and now two of the most conservative clubs in New York are seriously considering the question of adding ladies' reception

oms and restaurants.
In Boston and San Francisco the exrooms and restaurants. periment has been a decided success from all points of view. The ladies' estaurant adds to the revenue of the lub, the members can offer au easy hospitality to their friends, and women give unqualified approval and unlimit-

ed patronage to the new establishments. There are many reasons why a man's club appeals to a woman, the first and foremost being, of course, that she has for so long been excluded from it. "The club" has been man's special prerogative; women have formed societies, more or less chaotic gatherings, after all, which have never been to her what "the club" is to a man. Now it is as though. the moon, or a piece of it, had fallen into her outstretched hands. There has always been a mystery surrounding a man's club, and woman has been brought so close to it that she is sure the veil will soon be rent entirely asuu-

Another reason, which women them-selves will be slow to acknowledge, but which they must recognize, is that they delight in the order and method which they find in this housekeeping done by men for men. From time immemorial women have been the housekeepers, the housewives, and most of them have felt the friction, the wear and tear of their work. Here, in this sanctum of man's ordering, everything moves in a quiet, methodical way, as if regulated by some hie en clockwork. The question arising from this discovery may in the near future be found hard to an-

swer. - New York Journal.

Notable Women and Woman Suffrage. One of the grievances of the suffrage leaders lay in the fact that the literary women of the country would express no sympathy with their efforts. Poets and authors in general were denounced. Gail Hamilton, who had the good of woman in her heart, who was better informed on public affairs than any other woman in the United States, and whose trenchant, pen cut deep and spared not, always reprobated the cause.

Mrs. Stowe stood aloof, and so did
Catherine Beecher, though urged to the

contrary course by Henry Ward Beecher and Isabella Beecher Hooker. In a letter to Mrs. Cutler, Catherine Beecher said: "I am not opposed to women's speaking in public to any who are willing to hear. Nor am I opposed to women's preaching, sanctioned as it to women's preaching, sanctioned is by a prophetic apostle, as one of the millennial results. Nor am I opposed to woman's earning her own independa woman's carning her own independ-ence in any lawful calling and wish many more were open to her which are now closed. Nor am I opposed to the organization and agitation of women, as women, to set forth the wrongs suffered by great multitudes of our sex, which are multiform and most humiliating. Nor am I opposed to women's undertaking to govern boys and menthey always have and they always will. Nor am I opposed to the claim that wo-men have equal rights with men. I rather claim that they have the sacred superior rights that God and good men accord to the weak and defenseless, by which they have the easiest work, the most safe and comfortable places and the largest share of all the most agreeable and desirable enjoyments of this life. My main objection to the woman suffrage organization is this-that a wrong mode is employed to gain a right object."—"Woman Suffrage and Education," by Helen Kendrick Johnson, in

### Appletous' Popular Science Monthly.

A Caution to Wheelwomen. In directions to bicycle ricers regarding the rule of the road it has frequently been pointed out that when overtaking and passing a vehicle on the left, which is the correct side, the bicyclist must be extremely watchful against the possibility of colliding with a wagon approaching from the opposite direction. The fact has not been emphasized, bowever, that the danger in such instances is far greater for a woman than for a man. This is not because she is less prudent or skillful in her riding, either, but simply because of the way

in which she is dressed. Any skirt, no matter how well it is ent and fitted, will blow about somewhat, and in passing through a comparatively narrow space between two vehicles there is a chance of its becoming entangled in the spokes of the wheels on the "leeward" side of the rider—if a nantical term may be for-given. Such an occurrence would be alnost certain to cause a berrible accident, and yet every cyclist who has rid-den much in the city has doubtless seen den much in the city has decapes from just dozens of hairbreadth escapes from just this state of affairs. The only preventive is unremitting vigilance on the part of the woman as she overtakes or passes

Sometimes I have thought that there is more danger when she is riding with a man, because it is natural, after secing him pass safely between the vehicles, to suppose that she can follow without risk. She does not always remember in time that her fluttering skirt requires more room. It is only one of