

### GENERAL DIRECTORY

### TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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

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 J. T. Callison.  
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 D. P. Burton.  
 Superintendent.....C. S. Hunt.  
 C. M. Collier.  
 J. W. Harris.  
 Sheriff.....F. B. Wilson.  
 Coroner.....John F. Tanner

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 Board of Trustees.....O. W. Hurd.  
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 J. A. Yates.  
 Recorder.....John H. Morris.  
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A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.  
 Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month.  
 O. W. Hurd, W. M.  
 G. Knotts, Secretary.  
 General Lyons Post, No. 58.  
 Meets second and fourth Saturdays in each month at 1:30 p. m.  
 J. I. Butterfield, Commander.  
 J. L. Ferguson, Adjutant.  
 O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131.  
 Meets every 1st and 3rd Saturdays in each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
 J. J. Anderson, M. W.  
 G. Knotts, Recorder.  
 O. F. Heeta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Florence, Oregon. Brothers in standing invited to attend.  
 J. J. Anderson, N. G.  
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 I. G. Knotts, Pastor.

#### ATTORNEYS

A. C. Woodcock,  
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### How Punch and Judy Came to England.

The heyday of the puppet show in England was during the last century. Long before then strolling showmen had exhibited "drolls" or "punches"—as the English puppets were known in the early days—to crowds of gaping rustics, but it was not until the time of Steele and Addison that the puppet show became a fashionable amusement, patronized by upper tennor.  
 Punchella came to London in 1663, when an Italian puppet player set up his booth at Charing Cross and paid a small rental to the overseers of St. Martin's parish. His name was at once Englished into Punchello, which was soon to be completely Anglicized as Punch.—Harper's Magazine.

### A Contingent Name.

The Syracuse Post says that a girl baby was recently brought to a clergyman of the city to be baptized. The latter asked the name of the baby.  
 "Dinah M.," the father responded.  
 "But what does the 'M' stand for?" interrogated the minister.  
 "Well, I do not know yet. It all depends upon how she turns out."  
 "How she turns out? Why, I do not understand it yet," said the dourness.  
 "Oh, if she turns out nice and sweet and handy about the house, like her mother, I shall call her Dinah May, but if she has a fiery temper and displays a bombshell disposition, like mine, I shall call her Dinah Might."

### Ernie's Fashion.

When Josephine ascended the throne, her womanly and luxurious instincts caused her to banish the ungraceful and assertive costumes which were born under the reign of terror. Everything Greek and Roman was admired, and the empress and the lovely Mmes. Tallien and Recamier garbed themselves in degenerate Greek apparel, whose warty skirts and decollete bodices scandalized the entire world. However, in a modified way, these styles are extremely pretty and were quite the thing but a few years ago. Even now they are still worn for ball dresses, but more frequently for tea gowns.

### Dr. King's Fashion.

During the reign of the bourgeois King Louis Philippe his queen, Marie Amelie, inaugurated the full skirts and voluminous headgear which are still with us. The last distinctive era of fashion was that born in the time of the beautiful Eugene, and one cannot declare that it was quite original. The lovely empress only reintroduced the monstrous loops of Queen Anne's day and the distinctive bonnets which appeared as if falling off the head and which belong to no other period.  
 Since then fashion has been marked by many vagaries and absurdities. We are at the present time nothing if not eclectic and with the ruthless hand of a tyrant appropriate whatever we choose from past reigns of national costumes. At present we have taken the pointed girdle from the Swiss peasant maiden, the bolero from the Spanish mule driver, the kimono from the Japanese belle and the sequin trimmings from the Turkish dancing girl.  
 Every nation and every era has contributed its quota, and the costume of all civilized nations are a veritable potpourri in cut, material and ornamentation.—Cocky's Magazine.

### Dresden Everywhere.

Since in the privacy of her boudoir the fin de siecle woman has gone back to the wattle costume of the seventeenth century, to be in keeping her desk and room furnishings must bear the stamp of that flowery period. Her walls are hung with delicate cretonnes, bedstrewn with bunches of roses, violets, forget-me-nots or true lovers' bows. The chairs and tables and desk are of gilt or white and gold, and to match all this gorgeous daintiness fashion has decreed that the ornaments which two years ago were of sterling silver shall now be of the most beautiful Dresden porcelain.  
 The individual inhabitants are gorgeous. The birds of the air are slaughtered to adorn woman's hats, and the beasts of the forest are slain to fashion her inkstands. The newest novelty is a frame of horns of all kinds and descriptions, to hold the heavy cut glass ink bottles. In some designs the horns are reversed, and the large end is made to answer for a candlestick or receptacle for the pens or sealing wax. The elephant's head in heavy metal, the base and support of the bottle being the two tusks belonging to the animal.  
 Then there are stamp, scales, paper weights, sharp boxes, boxes for sealing wax and tapers, penholders, blotters, everything requisite to make writing a luxury, and all in the daintiest, most fetching designs and forms.—New York Letter.

### The Coming Shirt Waist.

Parisians have gradually been developing a great taste for silk shirts, and this form of bodice promises to carry all before it for morning wear next spring and summer. All the best houses are preparing varied selections of them, many rather ornate, but still maintaining their special characteristics—namely, tucked fronts and regular shirt sleeves, either gathered into a band with ruffles falling over the hand or with cuffs turned back.  
 Some have frillings standing from the back and sides of a round collar, and the lower edge is trimmed, so as to serve for a little basque instead of being worn tucked into the skirt. Very narrow tucks sewed either close together or in groups will be preferred to wide tucks and folds. For those with turn-down collars, generally bordered with narrow tucks, ties are made of the same material.  
 Fanciful silks with very small patterns and harmoniously shaded checks and plaids will be more used for making shirts than plain silks, which had the run last season. A great deal will also be done in lawn shirts for the summer and in gingham shirts for the popular trade.—Exchange.

### Daughters of the Revolution.

Mrs. Caroline Long Bartlett of Orange, N. J., whose father, Moses Bartlett, served for three years in the war of the Revolution, recently celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. She was presented with a handsomely engraved parchment certificate of honorary membership in the Daughters of the Revolution, and there was a large gathering in her honor. Her daughter, Mrs. Louis De Bois Gallison, with whom she makes her home, is treasurer of the New Jersey State society. Dr. R. Another "real daughter" is Mrs. Rebecca Pratt of Chelsea, Mass., who was the guest of honor at the late organization of Winthrop chapter, L. R. The meeting was held in the old Pratt house, built in 1660. The story of her grandmother's flight from Boston (her house was opposite Christ church, on Salem street) in the night preceding the battle of Bunker Hill was told by Mrs. Pratt in a graphic manner.

### Up to Date Stationery.

The latest sensation in stationery is paper and envelopes of the same size. Instead of folding the sheet of note paper to fit into the envelopes, as civilized nations have done since envelopes were invented, the entire sheet is slipped to the center covering without folding it even once. The paper is linen bond, mottled blue in tint and comes in various sizes.

### He Twisted the Lion's Tail.

The man sitting on a salt barrel had a hand on which only two fingers were left, and sipping him up for a veteran of the war I asked him if he hadn't been wounded by an exploding shell.  
 "No, not as I remember of," he replied as he held up his hand and turned it over and over.  
 "I thought that might have been the case, but you probably got caught in some sort of machinery?"  
 "No, not exactly machinery, sor."  
 "Can you explode in your hands?"  
 "No, no gun didn't explode."  
 "I gave it up at that, but after a few minutes the man looked up and said:  
 "Stranger, you've seen a lion, I reckon?"  
 "Oh, yes."  
 "Seen 'em caged and looking as harmless as cats?"  
 "Yes; they generally look that way."  
 "That's the way I sized up one in a cage in a circus. He lay there, looking so sleepy and good natured and harmless that I thought it was a swindle on the public and I'd try to roose him a bit."  
 "And so you poked him?" I queried.  
 "No, sir; no poking. I just calculated to gin his tail about three twists and make him feel that life wasn't all beef and bones and sunshine. I waited for my chance, and then I reached my hand in. How far is it from a lion's mouth to the middle of his tail?"  
 "Several feet at least."  
 "I thought it was about a rod, but I know better now. I hadn't more'n got hold of his tail when he got hold of me and was gulping down them missing fingers. He wanted the bull hand and arm, but they beat him off. I thought at first I wouldn't explain matters, but then I thought I would. I look a good deal like a fool, don't I?"  
 "Hardly that."  
 "Well, you do, and that's why I explained. I was fool 'nuff to twist a lion's tail, and you may be fool 'nuff to twist to poke one in the eye, and so my advice is 'Don't.'—Chicago N. W.

### The Prehistoric Dog.

In the Roman period not only were eight hounds and scent hounds fully differentiated, but there were also various kinds of lapdogs and house dogs, although none quite like our modern breeds. Even as far back as about 3,000 B. C. Egyptian frescoes show not only greyhound-like breeds, but one with drooping ears like a spaniel, and a third, which has been compared to the modern terrier, while house dogs and lapdogs came in soon after. Whether any of these are the direct ancestors of modern breeds or whether all such have been produced by subsequent crossing is a very difficult question to answer, more especially when we recollect that if an ancient Egyptian artist had to draw the portrait of a modern dog it would be very doubtful whether it would be recognized by its master or mistress.  
 But the record of the antiquity of domesticated dogs does not even stop with the earliest known Egyptian monuments. Not only were such breeds known in Europe during the iron and bronze ages, but also during the antecedent neolithic or polished stone period. These have been described by Professors Rutimeyer and Woldrich, and those who are acquainted with the difficulty of distinguishing between some of the living species by their skulls alone will understand the laborious nature of the task. Still these authorities appear to have made out that the Swiss neolithic dog (Canis palustris) had certain cranial resemblances to both hounds and spaniels, and thus indicated an advanced type, which is considered to have been derived from neither wolves nor jackals, but from some species now extinct. Two other breeds have also been recognized from the superficial deposits of the continent, and if, as is very likely to be the case, any or all of these races are the forerunners of some of the modern breeds it will readily be understood how complex is the origin of the mixed group which we now call Canis familiaris.—Knowledge.

### "Was the Night Before Christmas."

Mr. Clarence Cook contributes to The Century an article on "The Author of 'A Visit From St. Nicholas'."—Clean cut, Mr. Cook says of the origin of the familiar poem:  
 Mr. William S. Peltreman, in the interesting account of Dr. Moore's life which he has just published, tells us that the "Visit From St. Nicholas" was written in 1822 as a Christmas present for his children, and that a young lady visiting the family copied it into her album and sent it, unknown to Dr. Moore, to the editor of the Troy Sentinel, who printed it without the author's name in the issue of that journal for December 23, 1822. From the newspaper it found its way to the school readers and speedily became a great favorite with children all over the country.  
 Mr. Peltreman tells us that Dr. Moore was at first annoyed by the appearance of the poem in print, as he had not intended it for the public and thought it a mere trifle with but slight literary merit. No doubt it was with some misgivings that, 20 years later, he gave it a place in the volume of his collected poems. With the proverbial blindness of writers he probably thought this playful sally, written to please his youngsters at their Christmas merry-making, far inferior to its all forgotten companions, of which he says in his preface, "Some of them have cost me much time and thought, and I have composed them all as carefully and correctly as I could."

### Can't, meaning, mean, humbly, took its name from the fact.

Andrew Cant, a minister in Abbeville, S. C., during the time of the Civil war, was famed for his whining and pretending fervor.

### A Fanciful View.

He—Why is it that men can keep secrets better than women?  
 She—Because men generally know a lot of things which women don't want to tell themselves.—Brooklyn Life.

### MANAGING HORSES.

HOW YOU SHOULD AND HOW YOU SHOULD NOT TREAT THEM.  
 Horses are essentially creatures of habit; of gentle, confiding dispositions, but excessively nervous; timid, at times irritable, and prone to resist strenuously anything that frightens them. If, for example, you put a rope halter on an unbroken colt and tie him to a post, the more the rope cuts into his tender skin the greater will be his struggles, while he will soon yield to a halter that inflicts no pain.  
 Through nervous fright horses sometimes become panic stricken and absolutely uncontrollable. They suffer also occasionally from what, for want of a better name, may be called "nervous paralysis," when they seem to be physically incapable of motion. This condition is almost invariably the result of brutal treatment, and the only reasonable explanation of it is that the first emotion aroused in the horse by punishment is fear; that when he finds that he cannot escape anger and a spirit of resistance are mingled with his fright, and that these combined emotions produce this morbid state.  
 The horse is quick to take advantage of the ignorance or the fear of those who control him. As compared with the dog, he is somewhat slow of comprehension, but he differs from the dog in this also—that he seldom becomes "too old to learn new tricks," and his memory is so retentive that he never forgets what he has once thoroughly learned.  
 It may also be set down as a rule, with few exceptions, that he intends to do just right. If he errs, it is from ignorance, pain or fright, rarely from stubbornness or vice. This seems to be generally unknown or at least disregarded, for of all animals the horse is the least understood, the most harshly judged and unjustly treated, and for the least infractions of discipline he is too often brutally punished. If men who train horses would control their tempers and endeavor to ascertain the cause of the animal's misbehavior, they would find that there is often a good excuse for his actions.  
 The eye is the best index to the animal's feelings. The ears are very expressive, but they do not reveal so plainly the emotions that are dominating him as the eye does. Therefore study the eye with its varying expressions, and when you can read its meaning you hold the key to one of the chief secrets of successful horse training.  
 The horse should be convinced that resistance is useless, but do not be impatient or harsh. Remember that success is the reward of unwearying patience. If you fail at first, keep trying until you succeed. Do not be discouraged if you do not seem to make much progress. Your task may take weeks or even months, but if you persevere you will triumph.  
 While it is true that with some horses the whip must be occasionally used, it should be the very last resort, and remember always that one, or at most two, cuts and a few sternly spoken words are more efficacious than an hour's punishment. There is no more vicious or false idea than that a horse is benefited by a "sound thrashing." On the contrary, it is the very worst thing you can do, because the horse's recollection of the pain and the fright occasioned by it is more vivid and enduring than his remembrance of why it was administered, and at your next lesson he is nervous and afraid and at the least note of anger in your voice (for horses judge the mood of the trainer by his manner and his tone of voice) he may become almost uncontrollable in his efforts to escape the expected flagellation.  
 It is a safe rule for any one having a hasty temper not to have a whip at hand. The temptation to use it may be too great. And it is also wise not to attempt to teach him when you are in a bad humor, for if he does not do just right you will probably vent some of it on him.  
 When whipping is used only as a last resort, the necessity for it seldom arises. As the horse makes progress in his education he understands better what is required of him and transgresses less frequently, and nearly always a sound reprimand when he knows that he is misbehaving is sufficient. Sometimes when this is disregarded a slap with the open hand will cause instant obedience.  
 There are two forms of punishment, or rather brutality, that are inexcusable under any circumstances—these are striking a horse over the head, no matter how light the blow, and kicking him—and aside from their inhumanity there is great danger of permanently injuring him. Whenever during a lesson a colt or young horse becomes heated and angry, cease at once, and if you have been impatient and abused him keep away from him and do not approach him until he has forgotten the occurrence.  
 Be soothing and gentle in your manner and your tone of voice. Win his confidence, and you will never regret it, for when in the hour of danger your voice and the touch of your hand reassure him, and he will face imminent peril if only you are near.  
 In conclusion never forget that the triumph of the trainer's art is in willing and cheerful obedience from a desire to please, and let cease long custom has made it a habit, not because the horse fears to disobey through dread of punishment.—Our Animal Friends.

### Grant and Longstreet.

General Grant had as much to do with Longstreet's becoming a Republican as any one else. They had been schoolmates at West Point, had been graduated the same year and received their commissions at the same time. They fought among the cactus bushes of Mexico and had drunk mesal from the same jug a thousand times. It was at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, that Longstreet introduced his cousin, Miss Julia Dent, to Grant, and it was Longstreet himself who told the young lady of the worth of his friend. They were married, and the Georgian was at the wedding. When they next saw each other, it was at Appomattox. After the formalities of the surrender were over General Grant took General Longstreet to one side and said:  
 "Julia wants to see you. Go home and see your family and then come to see me, won't you?"  
 Longstreet promised, and he kept his word. When General Grant became president, he asked for his advice and begged that his former adversary now be one of his advisers. General Grant never had a truer friend during his administration. They knew each other. When the tragedy took place at Mount McGregor, Longstreet suffered as if it were the loss of a brother. He has often visited the tomb on the Hudson and has laid the gentlest tribute of a friend upon the marble.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### The Ground Is Alive.

We are so used to thinking of the soil as mere mineral matter that it comes quite as a shock to find this is a mistake. As a matter of fact, the layer of soft mold which clothes the ground in all cultivated districts and from which vegetation springs is actually in great part a living layer of tiny plants and animals.  
 Interlacing threads of molds and fungi, worms and grubs, creeping insects, tiny root parasites, decaying leaves and the millions of bacteria which spring from them—all these are mixed and mingled together for many inches down below our feet in a confused mass of life. Germs of all sorts swarm in countless millions.  
 Indeed, all the plants that grow and life that exists on the face of the earth owe their being to the fact that the ground is alive. You take a shovelful of the finest soil in the world and sterilize it—that is, beat it till all the life in it is destroyed—and then plant seeds in it. No amount of care or watering will make those seeds grow. Their life depends on the life in the soil around them.—London Answers.

### Glasgow's Family Homes.

Among the many new things started by the Glasgow corporation is a "family home." It is intended mainly for widowers and widows who go out to work. There are 100 bedrooms, each of which contains a good bed for the father or mother and a bed for the younger children. For these rooms the parents pay 5s. 6d. a week, and their sum includes the lighting, heating and cleaning of them. Clean linen is supplied once a week. In the home, also, there are dining, recreation and nursery rooms. The children are looked after and cared for while the parents are at work for an infinitesimal sum. The cooking, washing and bathing arrangements are excellent, and as the thing is done on a large scale and economically arranged the establishment is expected to pay for itself. Glasgow benevolence is nothing if not practical, and this new home seems a most admirable institution.—St. James Gazette.

### The Place Vendome in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of a London paper says that, though always stately and imposing, the Place Vendome is by no means a lively part of Paris. It has retained through long years the characteristics for which it was noted in the reign of the grand monarch, Louis XIV, for whom it was planned and laid out. Of late a few good shops have appeared here and there among the houses on the place, and it is proposed to add to the number of these business establishments. Hence in a comparatively brief space of time the buildings around Napoleon's column will be brilliantly diversified, and stately monotony will disappear. The Place Vendome may in a few years, or even less, be able to distance the Rue de la Paix as a locality for afternoon shopping, tea drinking and flirtation.

### His Reason.

"Why is it," they asked him, "that you prefer gas to electric light?"  
 "In the case of electric light," he said, looking at them in astonishment, "it can usually be controlled by means of a button or a spring on the wall without any reach."  
 They admitted that he spoke truly.  
 "That being so," he went on, "if you had ever stood over a small but pretty young woman who with upturned and anxious face was striving to reach the chandelier to light the gas you never would have to ask me the question you have seen fit to put."  
 Chicago Post.

### Easy.

Cezonbon of the Marseilles theater relates that he learned in two hours and played the same evening the part of Buridan in "La Tour de Nesle."  
 "Prodigious!" says a bystander.  
 "How could you ever do it?"  
 "Ho, I just read it carefully and then I tied a knot in my handkerchief to remember it by."—Paris Figaro.

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Among the many new things started by the Glasgow corporation is a "family home." It is intended mainly for widowers and widows who go out to work. There are 100 bedrooms, each of which contains a good bed for the father or mother and a bed for the younger children. For these rooms the parents pay 5s. 6d. a week, and their sum includes the lighting, heating and cleaning of them. Clean linen is supplied once a week. In the home, also, there are dining, recreation and nursery rooms. The children are looked after and cared for while the parents are at work for an infinitesimal sum. The cooking, washing and bathing arrangements are excellent, and as the thing is done on a large scale and economically arranged the establishment is expected to pay for itself. Glasgow benevolence is nothing if not practical, and this new home seems a most admirable institution.—St. James Gazette.

### The Place Vendome in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of a London paper says that, though always stately and imposing, the Place Vendome is by no means a lively part of Paris. It has retained through long years the characteristics for which it was noted in the reign of the grand monarch, Louis XIV, for whom it was planned and laid out. Of late a few good shops have appeared here and there among the houses on the place, and it is proposed to add to the number of these business establishments. Hence in a comparatively brief space of time the buildings around Napoleon's column will be brilliantly diversified, and stately monotony will disappear. The Place Vendome may in a few years, or even less, be able to distance the Rue de la Paix as a locality for afternoon shopping, tea drinking and flirtation.

### His Reason.

"Why is it," they asked him, "that you prefer gas to electric light?"  
 "In the case of electric light," he said, looking at them in astonishment, "it can usually be controlled by means of a button or a spring on the wall without any reach."  
 They admitted that he spoke truly.  
 "That being so," he went on, "if you had ever stood over a small but pretty young woman who with upturned and anxious face was striving to reach the chandelier to light the gas you never would have to ask me the question you have seen fit to put."  
 Chicago Post.

### Easy.

Cezonbon of the Marseilles theater relates that he learned in two hours and played the same evening the part of Buridan in "La Tour de Nesle."  
 "Prodigious!" says a bystander.  
 "How could you ever do it?"  
 "Ho, I just read it carefully and then I tied a knot in my handkerchief to remember it by."—Paris Figaro.