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L. IX.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, June 10, 1898.

NO. 6.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor.....William P. Lord.
Lieutenant Governor.....H. R. Kincaid.
Attorney General.....Philip Metchen.
Public Instruction.....G. M. Irwin.
Printer.....W. H. Leeds.
Comptroller General.....C. M. Idleman.

Circuit Court.....E. S. Bean.
County Court.....F. A. Moore.
Second District.....C. E. Wolverson.
County Court Second District.....J. C. Fullerton.
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COUNTY OFFICERS.

Commissioners.....E. O. Potter.
County Commissioners.....W. T. Bailey.
County Commissioners.....J. T. Callison.
County Commissioners.....A. C. Jennings.
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CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor.....W. H. Weatherston.
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City Commissioners.....L. Christensen.
City Commissioners.....M. Morris.
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SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107, regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month. O. W. Hurd, W. M. Secretary.

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

U. W. Porpetua 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. Secretary.

D. F. Hecla Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend. J. J. Anderson, N. G. Secretary. Andrew Brund, Sec.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

Methodist Episcopal Church, Florence, Oregon. Sabbath services: Sabbath, 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of the Lord's supper on 1st Sabbath of every April, July and October. Every body is welcome to all the services. Requests for Baptism to make themselves known. I. G. Knotts, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church, Florence, Oregon. Preaching at Glendale Avenue two Sundays of each month. Sabbath School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Everybody invited. G. F. Roberts, Pastor.

ATTORNEYS

A. C. Woodcock, Attorney at Law, Florence, Oregon. Rooms 7 and 8 McLaren's Building. Attention given to collections and probate.

E. O. Potter, Attorney-at-Law, Eugene, Oregon. Office at the Court House.

E. E. Benedict, Attorney-at-Law, Florence, Oregon.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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AGENTS WANTED.

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Stories of Brahms.

Many stories are told of how the late composer Brahms treated pianists and singers who were eager to get his criticism. If one of these aspirants for his favor was fortunate enough to find him at home and be received, Brahms's first concern was to seat himself on the lid of his piano, a position from which he rightly deemed few would have the temerity to cast him. If this failed, he had recourse to the statement that the instrument was out of tune. "Oh, that does not matter," remarked one courageous individual. "Perhaps not to you, but it does to me," replied the master. On one occasion he was just leaving his house when a long haired youth, with a bundle of music under his arm, hailed him with, "Can you tell me where Dr. Brahms lives?" "Certainly," on it they are lost. Their claws become entangled in the secretion, the bell shaped mouth folds up, and they are literally swallowed.

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SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into the ward of the white washed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Somebody's darling, she and I—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Seen to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow.
Pale are the lips of delicate mold.
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue velvet face
Brush every wandering, silken thread.
Cross his hands as a sign of grace.
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake.
Murmur a prayer, soft and low.
One bright curl from the cluster take.
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there.
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love.
Somebody's heart enshrined him near.
Somebody's hand hath rested there.
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away.
Looking so handsome, brave and grand.
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay.
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart.
There he lies with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike, lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."
—New York Ledger.

RUNAWAYS.

BY CHARLES D. LEWIS.

You may think it queer that I cannot give you the real names of the principal actors in the drama I am about to relate, but such is the fact. Things were managed so nicely that no public scandal resulted, and as for names we were only sailor men and had no business to inquire or to know them. What I heard and saw and passed through, however, I can tell you all about and with the hope to interest you.

The Count D'Charny, as I will call him, was an old man with a young wife. That his honor was safe in her hands he never for an instant doubted, and she came and went as she pleased. Aside from his 60 years of life he was gony and dyspeptic, and though he had millions of money and a title, the last was not an offset for the first. Three or four years after her marriage the countess met an English gentleman whose name I must give as Kane. He was as fine looking a man as I ever saw, aged about 35, and every word and action showed the gentleman. It was said that he had a mint of money and from the expenses he met I am inclined to believe the statement.

For a year he lived in Paris in the most expensive manner and danced at attendance on the countess. Then they agreed to elope together, and their plans were carried out in the coolest and most businesslike manner. The countess went at it to sell all the property in her own right and to get as much cash out of the count as she could, and at the end of three months she was ready for flight and had something like \$1,000,000 in money and jewelry to take with her.

Meanwhile Kane had gone to England and purchased a large and handsome schooner yacht and given out that he was going on a long pleasure cruise to the Indian ocean. He took a crew aboard and brought up in the port of Cherbourg, and there the schooner was provisioned and some alterations made to her cabin. She was called the handiwork craft in the harbor, and it needed only a glance at her finely molded lines to tell that she could sail like a wren.

One afternoon in June the master of the Sylph, as the schooner was called, came aboard with his wife, and a great lot of baggage followed. I do not think any man on the schooner knew whether the owner was married or single, nor did any one question that the lady he brought aboard was his wife.

Two hours after their arrival the vessel sailed, and she had been gone three days when the Count D'Charny turned up at Cherbourg with three or four friends and began an investigation. Mr. Kane and the countess had eloped together and had a good start. Most husbands, and especially old and decrepit husbands, would have given way to indignation for awhile and then made up their minds to let the woman go, but not so with the old count.

If she had run away with a Frenchman it might have been different, but she had gone with an Englishman, and he hated the English with all his heart. He didn't blame the countess, as she was young and giddy, but as for Kane he must be overtaken and shot down or run through to satisfy a husband's vengeance. The only way to overhaul the schooner was to charter another vessel, and this was done as speedily as men could move.

had nailed his flag to the mast, as it were. He gave orders to set the schooner's course and keep it and to pay no attention to us, and if we lost him in squall or fog or the darkness of night we knew where to find him again. We passed the cape only ten miles behind him; we sailed up the Madagascarian coast in his wake. We knew when night closed in that we should find him on the morrow. The Count D'Charny got sick and got well again. He had furious moods and weeping moods.

One day he would forgive his wife and the next he would be impatient to take her life. He never faltered in his intention to kill the Englishman, however. That was what he lived for and what held him up. One morning we found the schooner lying to, as I have said, and on nearing her her captain boarded us in a boat and sought out the count and said:

"The countess is aboard of the schooner. You have followed us for weeks. If you wish for satisfaction, you have only to row ashore and Mr. Kane will give it to you."

The count and his friends jumped at the chance, taking both pistols and swords. I was ordered to take charge of the boat which set them ashore. The count was at first inclined to rush upon the Englishman and kill him out of hand, but he was restrained, and pretty soon a duel with pistols was arranged.

As Kane had no second one of the Frenchmen gallantly offered to act as such. The ground was paced off in full view of the people on both craft, and one couldn't help admiring Kane for his coolness and gentlemanly bearing. He had no taunts, no hard words. A good natured smile rested on his face, and he was as calm as if getting ready for a game of billiards. The countess was the only one on shipboard who didn't watch matters.

By and by the two men took their places, the word was given and they fired together. The count was unhurt, but his bullet penetrated Kane's heart, and the Englishman was dead before he reached the ground. We buried him on the island that afternoon and did it decently, and at sundown the count went aboard the Sylph, and both craft laid a course for home.

It was said that the erring wife was forgiven and that she expressed all proper humility and returned to Paris to live with her husband, but I cannot vouch for this. I only remember that there was no public scandal and that every sailor was paid for keeping quiet and had nothing to say. Kane's body was afterward taken to England by his relatives, and they at least must have been among the outsiders who know more or less of the affair.

Conversion by Marriage.

A correspondent sends a story about a conversion by marriage. A colored woman came to his office to solicit \$5 and 10 cent subscriptions for a new carpet and organ for her church. A young lady in the office gave the woman 10 cents, whereupon the correspondent suggested that "both she and the colored lady were probably good Baptists."

"Oh," said the colored woman, "I used to be a Baptist, but I married a Methodist minister, and then of course I was a Methodist." This is not the first case on record of conversion by marriage. One case is known in which both parties were converted.

A Famous Bandmaster.

There is in the German army a negro bandmaster named Sabac el Cher. Notwithstanding his name he is a native German, but his father came from lower Egypt and spent his boyhood at the court of the viceroy in Cairo, where he was educated. There he made the acquaintance of Prince Albrecht of Prussia, a brother of the old Emperor William, who took him to Berlin, where he married a Berlin woman and entered the service of the prince. His wife presented him a son in 1867. He was Sabac el Cher, a musical lad, who began to study the violin when he was 8 years old. Later he went to a conservatory, and in 1885 he entered the military service as oboe and trombone player in the Thirty-fifth regiment of royal Prussian infantry, Prince Henry of Prussia's. Having served there several years, he went to the Royal High School for Music in Berlin for further study, where he was under the most noted teachers. He passed his examinations in 1893, and in that year was appointed bandmaster of the First grenadier regiment at Konigsberg. He still retains this post, and his band has won much applause for its public performances. It appeared with success at the International Art exposition at Dresden.

A Reckless Cat.

London has a cat whose partiality for a nap in a warm spot is so marked that she has selected the top of a dynamo in a power station. She sleeps there calmly and peacefully while the machinery around and within six inches of her is running at a rate of 2,000 revolutions per minute.

Graduates of Indian Universities.
I think that the sorrows of a childless wife in India are not nearly so great as Mrs. Steel describes them to be, simply because of that "curious resignation, that impressive acquiescence, which," she says, "does more to separate east from west than all the seas which lie between England and India," and because, even if the barrenness of the first wife necessitates the marrying of a second (with a view to the future performance of religious rites), there can be no jealousy between the two, for to them "marriage has for its object the preservation of the hearth fire, not the fire of passion, and the jealousy which is a virtue to the civilized is a crime to these barbarians." Mrs. Steel, I fear, had also fallen into the common error (it would have been a marvel had she not) of assuming that every graduate of an Indian university is a prig.

The Indian graduate is also the pet aversion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But both are wrong in their assumptions. In the discharge of my academic duties, not so very long ago, I came daily into contact with more than 700 undergraduates of the Calcutta university, and I did not notice in them as a class any particular priggishness, anything which would differentiate them in that respect, say, from English varsity men.—Academy.

Floating Up a River.

It was a vexed question in 1890 whether the Pilcomayo river, which flows for hundreds of miles from the Bolivian Andes to the Paraguay, might be used as a commercial highway from Bolivia to the ocean. Our countryman, Captain Page, settled this question so conclusively that no further effort to utilize the Pilcomayo is likely to be made, and in this work that cost him his life, for he died of his privations after being hemmed in for months by hostile Indians, he devised a plan for steaming up river when the water was so low that his vessel was stuck in the mud. He was determined to go still farther, though his little steamer, which drew only 18 inches, rested on the river bottom, so behind the boat he threw up an embankment of earth clear across the channel, backed it with palm trunks and brushwood, and before long the water had risen a couple of feet, and the little Bolivia was able to go on her way four miles before she stuck again. Then another dam was built, and this process was repeated seven times, and with the aid of the dams the vessel advanced about 35 miles above the highest point she could reach at the natural low water stage.—Harper's Round Table.

Court Fools Who Owned Whole Towns.

Hitard, who was attached to Edmund Ironsides, is the first court jester of whom we have record. He owned the town of Walworth, a gift from the king. He held it through four succeeding reigns, and before leaving England for Rome, where he spent his last days, he presented it to the church, placing the deed upon the altar of the cathedral of Canterbury.

Gallot, Galet or Gallet, a native of Bayeux, was one of William the Conqueror's jesters. He was attached to William when only Duke of Normandy and saved his master's life by disclosing a plot for his assassination. Berdic was another. He is enrolled in domestic book as jocular regis and lord of three towns, all real free, and five cartucates in Gloucestershire. Babero was jester to Henry I, and William Fitznigel, or Piccol, jester to King John. Master Henry, who, it is thought, may be identical with Henry of Avranches, the poet laureate and versifier, was jester to Henry III.—Amelia Wofford in St. Nicholas.

Conscience.

A doctor on tour through the highlands came upon a fair sized village where there was no brother practitioner. Surprised at this and anxious to learn how the people got on without one, he took the first opportunity to inquire.

"A doctor!" said the old woman whom he accosted. "We need nae doctor."

"And what do you do for medicine in the case of illness?" pursued the man of medicine.

"We need nae medicine either. We jist keep whisky for the man an tar for the sheep," replied the old woman.

The doctor admitted that a glass of whisky might be good enough in some cases, but not always.

"A weel," readily responded the old woman, "if a glass disna dae we jist twa, and if twa disna dae we mak it three, and if that disna dae they were ganna tae dae onyway." — Scottish Nights.

Did She Ever Live in Boston?

A young lady of Buffalo who wanted something that would keep her stockings up where they belonged thus addressed the terror stricken young store clerk:

"It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages capable of being contracted and expanded by means of sparkling lustrous steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds and which are utilized for keeping in position the labiliment of the lower extremities which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."—Buffalo (W'y.) Voice.

The "Voice" at a Political Meeting.

A candidate at an election was known to be strongly in favor of flogging in the army. He said he saw no necessary disgrace attached to being flogged.

"Why," cried he, "I was flogged myself once, and it was for telling the truth."

"And it cured 'ee, naw doubt," said a rustic in the meeting.—London Telegraph.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, had a memory so wonderful that, on a wager, he spent a whole day at an auction and at night repeated all the sales, the prices and the names of the buyers.

had nailed his flag to the mast, as it were. He gave orders to set the schooner's course and keep it and to pay no attention to us, and if we lost him in squall or fog or the darkness of night we knew where to find him again. We passed the cape only ten miles behind him; we sailed up the Madagascarian coast in his wake. We knew when night closed in that we should find him on the morrow. The Count D'Charny got sick and got well again. He had furious moods and weeping moods.

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