GENERAL DIRECTORY

overnor	
. Philip Metchen	
public Instruction M. Irwin.	
General C. M. Idleman.	d
(R. S. Bean	
preme Court R. S. Bean F. A. Moore C. E. Wolverton	1
C. E. Wolverton	8
adge Second District. J. W. Hamilton	1

E. O. Potter.
er m Dallan
W. T. Bailey H. D. Edwards
H. D. Edwards
E. U. Lee
W W Withers
W. W. Withers
A. S. Patterson
D. P. Burton
lentW. M. Miller
C. M. Collier
W. P. Cheshire
C H Holden
C. H. Holden E. A. Evans
E. A. Evans

President	W. H. Weatherson
Board of Trustees	O. W. Hurd Wm. Kyle L. Christensen M. Morris
	T-L. II Morris

Pecorder	John H. Morris
Transurer	J. A. Pond
Treasurer	G. C. Cumpton
Marshal	11.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A.F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107 Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month. O. W. Huap, W. M.
I. G. Knorrs, Secretary.

A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58, he meets second and fourth Saturdays feach month at 1:30 p. m.

J. I. BUTTERFIELD, Commander. J. L. FURNISH, Adjutant.

each month. brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. J. J. ANDERSON, M. W. WM. KYLE, Recorder.

O. O. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hali, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend. J. J. Anderson, N. G. ANDREW BRUND, Sec.

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. Pastor requests Christians to make themselves known.

I. G. KNOTTS, Pastor.

BUSINI

ETHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH service. Preaching at Glenada and Acme two Sundays of each month Sabbath-School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Everybody cordially invited. G. F. Rounds,

ATTORNEYS

Attorney at Law,

Eugene, . Special attention given to collections and pro-bate business.

..... Attorney-at-Law EUGENE, OREGON. THICE At the Court House.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Florence. : : Oregon.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

STAGE LINE.

Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednes-

days and Fridays. Arrives at Florence Tuesdays, Thurslays and Saturdays.

STAGE LINE.

Stage leaves Eugene Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 6 a. m., arriving at Florence the day Pullman following at 10 a. m.

Returning-stage leaves Flor- Elegant ence on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 p. m., arriving Tourist in Eugene the following day at 6 p. m.

8	Single	fare	-			-	\$5.00
- 1	Round	trip	-	-	-	-	\$9.00
20	S-15000115	27		0.0			N 285 Sec.

livery barn, Eugene, and at Hurd & Davenport's office in Florence.

....J. C. FLINT, Proprietor Florence, Oregon.

OUR AIM-To furnish the best accommodations at reasonable

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 accomodations for the traveling public. Charges reasonable.

Elk Prairie Hotel. Standard

Twenty-three Miles West of Eugene. COMPLETE

ON EUGENE AND FLORENCE STACE ROUTE. 301,865 Vocabulary Terms

Money Saved Patronizing it.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EUGENE.

SURPLUS AND PROFITS, . . \$60 000

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED EUGENE, - - OREGON

Notary Public, Surveyor

Florence, · · Oregon.

FRANK B. WILSON. PUBLIC.

NOTARY



TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GARDINER STEAMER "COOS," o .-- Will make"---

REGULAR DAILY TRIPS

Florence and Head of Tide

ORTHERN Pacific, Ry.

Dining Cars Sleeping Cars

ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS DULUTH FARGO GRAND FORKS CROOKSTON WINNIPEG HELENA and

BUTTE THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON AND ALL

POINTS EAST and SOUTH For information, time cards, maps and tickets

R. MCMURPHEY, General Agent. Rooms 2 and 4, Shelton Block,

EUGENE, OREGON. A. D. CHARLTON.

Assistant General Passenger Agent.

Portland Or.

The Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary

Of The ENGLISH LANGUAGE

SUCCIENT

AUTHORITATIVE

247 Editors and Specialists 533 Readers for Quotations 5000 Illustrations Cost over \$960,000

Appendix of 47,468 Entries

The full number of words and terms in Prop. different dictionaries for the entire alphabet is as follows: STORMONTH, 50,000; WORCHESTER 105,000; WEBSTER (international), 125,000; CEN-TURY, (six volumes, complete,) 225,000;

STANDARD, over 300,000; Sample Pages Free

ACENTS WANTED. E. D. BRONSON & CO.

Pacific Coast Agents SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

933 Market St.

There Was No Escape. Mrs. Hoon (looking up from her reading)-Here is an item in The Bazoo

which says that there are no less than eight hexadactylous in the county. Do you suppose that is true? Hoon (in a worldly way)-Certainly. Certainly. Know it to be a fact.

"Well, wbat"-"By the way, my dear, I understand that Mary Ella Stang is to be married some time next week, and"-

"I said Mary Ella Stang is to be married next week." "I know you did. But do

"Er-h'm! That reminds me. Gabbleton passed quite a compliment on you today. He said you were looking"—
"Much obliged to him, I am sure.

But what"-"I don't know that I ought to repeat it, but there is a story going the rounds about Baxrox's financial condition'-"Never mind about that, Mr. Hoon. What are bexadactylous?"

"Why, they-er-er-hanged if know, my dear." "I thought you didn't."-New York Sunday Journal.

homerically bycas.ug. "You know Peduncle, don't you? tell you he's one of a thousand."
"Yes, he's one of the ciphers. I know him rather better than you do. "-Chi-

MAGYAR FOLKLORE VERSES

Ah, how meddy's our country lane After autumn rains have soak'd the dust! But worthy, worthy is the girl I love Of all that can a youthful lover move,

With esards hat set jountily
And decket with perfumed rosemary,
I'll stroll adown the village street.
How all the girls will smile on met

Wrinkled my top boots are and long.
Upon their heels gilt spurs shine bright.
They'll clank the time to dance and song.
How all the girls will smile tonight!

—"A Girl's Wandering In Hungary."

ASHES OF ROSES.

On that particular morning I was in a decidedly sentimental mood, because the day before I had heard a young and charming woman accompanying herself note the butterflies of the song linger at the heart of the roses.

And the garden in which I was walking was quite of a character to foster Sleeping Cars this gentle frame of mind. It was not

wild or overgrown. Its flower beds, where blue, red and yellow balsams were ranged with as an, in whom savage instincts were almuch precision as the Sevres cups and ready rife, was satisfied. Saxony statuettes on a whatnot of a provincial housewife; the sand of its paths, where the rake had left markings as distinct, straight and exact as the lines in a bar of music, and its correct and uniform borders, stiff as the frills of a dress that has not been crushed, seemed to suggest the ambition of a very pleasant ideal—an ideal in perfect taste, without violence or exaggeration; narrow, elegant, pretty and quite suited to furnish water color subjects.

A July sun lavished its gold and threw into the garden all the infinite that a bouquet is capable of holding. A butterfly which was fluttering around' like two flower petals set free guished grasses. by the wind brushed past my hand, leaving on it a little of its fine, white

"White butterfly," said I, for the remembrance of the song led me into such conversation with this delicate winged creature, "white butterfly, do not hasten away, but stay, rather, and settle down on this leaf—a flower would take too much of your attention-and

listen to a question which I have always wanted to ask you or one of your The Lutterfly poised himself on a leaf. "I am listening," said he. For why should he not have answered,

since I had spoken to him? "Frivolous lover of reses and lilies," I began, "whence comes this delicate powder you scatter from your wings as you fly from flower to flower can you tell me? I am sure you must have suggested the arts of the toilet to the perfumer, for yours are the only wings

that scatter whiteness like a puff." scended to enlighten me. I am sure we in books and not known by learned men if we chatted more frequently with the insects of the woods and fields.

When auburn haired Eve was born at 16. an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enoughin the minaculous Eden, teeming with life and youth, she was plunged at first into an ecstasy of admiration at the sight of so much magnificence, and not the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the nearest spring all creatures crowded around to do her homage, and after having seen her own radiant reflection she conceived a profound feeling of compassion for all other created things.

The splendid lights in the liou's mane, luminous in the sunshine, could not rival the tawny brightness of Eve's

long, floating locks. Why should she have been jealcus of the swan, since her own throat and arms were made of living snows, or why of the great vines in the forest, her own embrace being far more treacherous

and more sweet? The sky, in its deepest, clearest blue, might have hoped to rival her eyes had they not had a softer and more exqui-

In fine, she looked at all things, and great wave of pride came over her. Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but then what of it all?"

And thereafter her favorite amusement was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rosy tips of her elender fingers.

Till one day she saw a rose The rose was there before her, as yet scarcely a rose, almost pale, in its triumphant grace. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman.

A tiger passing that way lingered to gaze on it and wept from tenderness. Then Eve felt something stirred within her. She understood that throughout all eternity she had a rival. Beautiful as she was, the rose was not less beautiful. Perfume against perfume, grace against grace, to the end of time their charms would be pitted against one another and there would

be an endless and unceasing struggle. In vain impassioned poets of all ages would try in enthusiastic madrigals to prove to their mistresses the defeat of the sovereign flower. Eve had no illusions on the subject. The rose would always defy her, and to woman's eternal humiliation she would be compared to her splendid and victorious rival.

A sacness, of which you can form no idea, took possession of her, whose supremacy, acknowledged by all other created things, was disputed by a mero flower. She no longer had any pleasure in the limpid streams, whose clear waters mourned her bright image. The swaus, whose whiteness had not rivaled bers, still sported on the azure lakes, but Eve no longer watched them.

cold indifference of the stars. For hours she would remain seated under a tree without once kissing the slenderest of

her rosy finger tips.
So great was her despair that at last she resolved to destroy the rose that had dared question her title to incomparable beauty. Alas, she knew only too well that a dead rese did not mean the disappearance of roses altogether. They would bloom again every springtime, every summer, to the shame of lips less red and of skin less rosy white.

the first insult. First she thought she would tear her enemy to pieces, trample it in the dust among the stones, then fling it to the furious wind as it passed. She had once seen a vulture seize a lark; so would

But at least Eve would have avenged

she have liked to tear the rose. However, she bethought herself of another torture. She built upon the sand a little pyre of dried grasses, lightat the piano and singing the tenderest ed it with a glowworm, and picking of romances in which during the last the rose tossed it into the fire. A shudder passed through its delicate petals, as, with a low, plaintive murmur, it yielded up all its perfume, its charm, its rosy whiteness, its life and incom-

parable grace to the devouring flame. At last nothing was left on the dying embers but a little heap of white dust

But the butterflies in the garden of Eden were mad with anguish, for they loved the rose so hated by the woman. Never again, quivering with pleasure and delight, would they settle on its trembling petals, never again brush with open wings the perfumed myster-

ies of its heart. While the fatal act was being committed they flew wildly round the merciless executioner, but Eve did not even see them, so entirely was she given over to her revenge. And now, as she walked off triumphant, they drew near to gaze upon the pale remains of their beloved lying on the little heap of extin-

At least they would keep as much of her as they could. So in a tumultuous swarm they fluttered down upon the precious relics, sometimes singly, sometimes all together, rolling themselves in the ashes, enveloping themselves in her

And ever since that time the fin white powder, scattered from the wings of butterflies, is the ashes of the rose -From the French for Short Stories.

The Absentminded Man. An amusing case of absentminded-

ness was experienced by a young south sider the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been noticing that he does some peculiar things. Not long ago he was at a reception, and a few minutes before closing time he went to the coat box and secured his hat and coat. Then he walked up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and walked But as he had nothing to do he conde- his home, he found that he had one coat on and another on his arm. The should learn many things that are not next day he found the owner of the extra coat, and mutual explanations followed and all was well. But that has been eclipsed by his latest exploits. He had finished his toilet and started for the street. As soon as he made his appearance he was greeted with smiles from everybody who saw him. He walked down the street and could not imagine what made the passersby smile at him. Finally he reached the restaurant where he takes his meals, and then he realized that he was carrying something in his hand. He looked at it and found that he had carried the lighted lamp from his room and had walked several blocks along the main street

with it in his hand. Another case is cited concerning the same young man. At the office where he is employed he has occasion to answer many calls at the telephone. evening he was reading a book in his room when an alarm clock rang in the adjoining room. The absentminded youth got up and commenced to yell "Hello! Hello!" and when the occu pant of the other room inquired as to the cause of the yelling the young man said in a sheepish manner, "Ob, 1 thought it was the telephone bell riuging."-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

I have learned some things in the course of a long business life and still

have a great many others to learn. But the chief thing I have learned can be condensed into one nugget of wisdom in three words, Talk it over If thy business enemy offend thee, don't smite him on the cheek. Taka

him by the buttouhole in a friendly manner and talk it over. Some one tells you that Smith, down the street, has said or done something to your detriment. Perhaps he has, and perhaps he has not. If he has, your best policy is to prevent his repeating his remark or deed in the future. If he has not, you don't want to do him an injus-

tice, even in your own mind, Put on your bat, leave your temper at home, go down and make a friendly call. Be neighborly, frank, open. Tell him the truth and ask him for equal frankness. Nine hundred and ninetynine times out of a thousand the whole matter will be explained and straightened out in five minutes, and you will part as personal friends rather than as ersonal and business enemies. You will both feel better, you will live side by side in harmony; the earth will be brighter, the sunshine clearer, your own heart lighter and mankind take on a more friendly aspect. Don't get mad and rush to your desk and send a scorching letter; be a man and a Christian and go yourself.

Talk it over. -Hardware.

Wife-My father used to say I was

the brightest jewel he possessed. Husband (growlingly)—Opal he must All night she dreamed Litterly of her dval and tossed uncomforted under the

WILLIAM HENRY FORTISKEW

Dar's a coon down on de avernew Named William Henry Fortiskew. He owes me twenty dolluhs, tew, Dat I needs mighty bad. Yit when I 'quest dat coon ter pay He bluffs me off from day ter day— He done bean doin dat a-way Till I'ze des boilin mad.

Now, I tell yo' w'at I gwinter do Ter William Henry Fortiskew, 'Les' he done settle up wid me. De nez' time I calls roun, I'll fell dat nigguh tew de floor, An erack his head ergin de door, Till he done weltah in his gore. Dat's me, right up an down!

I'ze dunned an dunned dat Fortiskew,
I'ze cuss'd him till de air git blue,
Done warned him dat I'd lick him, tew,
Fer treatin me like dat.
Terday befo' de sun done set,
Ef be don't liquidate dat debt,
I'll frail him out ser fine, yo' bet,
Ee won't know whar he's at. I'll do des like I sez I'll do

I'll do des like I sez I'll do
Wid William Henry Fortiskew
E' he don't sneeze dat money up
Terday when I calls roun.
I'll stamp dat scoun'rel frew de floor,
An flood his flat wid cullud gore.
He won't come bunko folks no more—
Dat's me, right up an down.
—H. G. Wheeler in Boston Travelor.

One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cow bell, which is made now just as it was 50, 100 and more years ago and has now just the same peculiar, clanking sound as ever. Cow bells are made some of copper and some of a composition metal, but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast. It is cut from a sheet of metal which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal loop at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cow bells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to the manufacturer and by selection among bells of the various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

There are only four factories in the United States in which cow bells are made, and in each case the cow bell is only an item of production among many other things. Cow bells are sold all over the country, just the same as ever, but much the greater number are sold in the south, the southwest and the west, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence, and cattle are more likely to stray. There are sold in those parts of the country a hundred dozen cow bells to every ten dozen sold in the east. American cow bells are exported to the various countries of South America and to Australia.—New York Sun.

Bathing an Elephant. FeFitz Roy Dixon tells of "a baby elephant' that was captured by friends of his in Ceylon in an article that he contributes to St. Nicholas. Mr. Dixon

Her daily bath afforded her great enjoyment. A broad, shallow stream, with a sandy bottom, flowed through the estate, and in a large pool Rengan used to scrub her down every day. course he went into the water also, and she would lie down and roll, sometimes with all four legs in the air, but always keeping the tip of her trunk out of the water so that she might have air to breathe. When she had done enough of this sort of nonseuse according to Rengan's idea, he used to make her come out and lie down on a sand bar, and then he would scrub her down-a process of which she seemed highly to approve-after which she would be once more w. shed down, and then she would trot off beside her keeper, both clean and glistening, and remain a short while in ber stable, while he went off for his dinner. He used to bring her back a handful of boiled rice, usually rolled up in a banana leaf, which the received with great satisfaction.

Sir Edward J. Poynter's Beautiful Art. If there is one element predominant in all his work, it is the intellectual. Clear, serene, well ordered, the art of Sir Edward Poynter stands out with some distinctice among the less considcred and less complete workmanship with which it is so often surrounded. Although he himself has been among the reformers of his day, the later movements in the direction of personal impressionism have not affected either his method or ideal. The new school to which he belonged in his youth, which may be troadly described as the "neo-classical," has almost become an "old" school now, but he has seen no reason to swerve from the aims and principles which inspired and guided his earliest efforts, and he finds it impossible to believe that any new fashion or indeed any new discovery can alter certain fundamental truths, which inform all the greatest art works of the past, including those of Phidias and Michael Angelo. -Cosmo Monkhouse in Scribner's.

A Wells-Fargo messenger on the Santa Fe train had an unusual experience. Among the articles in his care was a cage containing two wildcars, consigned from Fall Brook, in this state, to Mar-tin's Ferry, O. The messenger from whom he received them said they had been behaving very well, but no sooner was he started on his run than they got into a terrible fight. The frail bars of the cage bent so under their battering that he drew a couple of revolvers and watched them, ready to fight for his life in case they got loose. When the growls, marls and spitting finally had ceased, the messenger took a lantern and looked into the cage. Where there had been two big wildcats, weighing respectively 50 and 40 pounds in spite of their gauntness, there was now one sleek 90 pound wildcat and a few hairs and bones of the other. The surviving beast was sent rejoicing on its way, billed as "two wildcats."—Ban Francisco Argo-

Nearly 200 patents have been issued ir horseshoes, but not one of the inven-

THE AMERICAN NILE.

SUCH IS THE GREAT RIO GRANDE, WITH ITS VAGARIES.

It le a River of Frenkish Habits Must Be Seen More Than Once to Be Un derstood- Flows Mainly Undergro

"It's a river 1,500 miles long, measured in its windings," said the man from New Mexico, speaking of the Rio-Grande. "For a few miles, at its mouth, light draft steamers run up from the gulf of Mexico. Above that it doesn't gulf of Mexico. Above that it doesn't float a craft except at ferries. In the old days, when New Mexico was a province of Spain, the people along the river didn't even have ferryboats, and the only way they had of getting across was by fording. For this purpose a special treed of large horses was reared to be kept at the fords. When the river was too high for these horses to wade across, travelers camped on the hank and wait. travelers camped on the bank and waited for the waters to subside. Now them are bridges over the river at the larger Rio Grande towns, and in other places rope ferries and rowboats are the means

of crossing.
"In times of low water a stranger seeing its current for the first time would be apt to think slightingly of the Rio Bravo del Norte, as the New Mexi-Rio Bravo del Norte, as the New Mexicans love to call the great river. Meandering in a small part of a very wide channel he would see only a little muddy stream, for ordinarily nine-tenths of the Rio Grande is underground, the water soaking along toward the gulf through the sands beneath its channel. The valley, bounded everywhere to left and right by mountains or foothilla, is sandy, and the water, percolating the sands down to hard pan, spreads out on each side so that it may always be found anywhere in the valley by digging down to the lovel of the river's surface. For the greater part of the year the river the greater part of the year the river above ground flows swift and muddy, narrowing as it swirls round a sand bar and widening over shallows. But the thing that strikes the stranger most queerly is its disappearance altogether for reaches, many miles in length, of its channel, which, except, it may be, for a water hole here and there, is as dry as Sahara. The river is keeping right along about its business, however, and where a rock reef or clay bed blocks its subterranean current it emerges to above ground flows swift and muddy, its subterranean current it emerges to ground, running as a big stream which, farther down, may lose itself in the

sands again.
"It is when the floods come down that the Rio Grande shows why it requires so big a channel for its all the year round use and demonstrates that if the waterway were even wider it would be an advantage to residents along its banks. It is fed by a watershed of vast area and stoop descent, which in times of rain and melting mows prein times of rain and melting snows pre-cipitates the waters rapidly into the channel. In June, when the snow melts on the peaks about its headwaters in orado and northern New Mexi later in the summer, when heavy shers and cloudbursts are the order of day, the Rie Grande overflows its banks, deluging wide tracts of valley and sometimes carving a new channel for itself, changing its course for miles. Where the valley is unusually wide and sandy, as below Isleta and in the Merilla valley, the old channels in which the river used to flow are plainly indicated in

'No one who has seen the great river in flood is likely to forget the positive ferocity it seems to display as its waters sweep all before them, and wee to the man or beast who is overtaken by th The flood arrives without warning. The sky may be clear above when the ter, leisurely jogging across the channel, hears his wagon wheels upon the sand with a peculiar sou means that the waters are stirring the sands beneath him, and then, if he knows the river, he lashes his horse, making at all speed for the ne bank, and lucky he is if he reach safe. The chances are that before he gets there he hears the roaring of waters up the channel and sees them coming down toward him with a front like a wall, rolling forward and downward as if over a fall, with a rising flood behind. Many a man and whole wagon trains have been overwhelmed in this way. and, buried in sands or cast away on desert banks, no human eye has ever

seen them again.

"The great river has its pleasing and romantic aspect, so fascinating that it is a saying among people who live in its valley that 'whosoever drinks of its waters and departs will come again to seek them.' Like the Nile, the Rio Grande enriches the soil of its valley to the its banks in New Mexico are fields that for two centuries have been cultivated yearly, yielding great crops, and they are as productive today as when they first were tilled. Irrigating canals, called accquias madras (mother ditches), convey water from the river to be distributed through little gates to the fields of the valley, which it both waters and enriches. A trip along the river reveals a succession of pictures of a primitive civilization of the old Spanish-American type. Adole valleges, with small decimals and the civilization of the old Spanish-American type. type. Adobe villages, with small, flat roofed houses built about antique churches, and the spacious houses of the vices, or great men; orchards, vineyards, wheatfields and grazing cattle are all features of the scenery of the Rio Grande, the American Nile."—New

The fortifications of Sevastapel, whi caused the allies so much trouble duri the six months' defense of the ferrica by the Russians, were at first ve weak, and military experts say the might have been taken by a vis bombardment and assault durin first few days of the siege. The rance of the allied generals in reg the strength of the works caused a which the Russians improved by a the defenses almost impregnable.

VOL. 1X.

ne good wanted we per-and the the loss y large in war.

impoy. so that

his can

ave all

ateurs o have

ke the

king,

once thern yould alley twest

n the

have

ago llum

ıs in

oga 10nd

in but ntic nal-and cut, are.

tru-

pen was ing two rent

ent ing

STATE OFFICERS.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

E. O. Potter.
W. T. Bailey
W. T. Bailey H. D. Edwards
E. U. Lee
W. W. Withers
A. S. Patterson
D. P. Burton
entW. M. Miller

CITY OFFICERS.

O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays ich month. Members and visiting

CHURCH DIRECTORY RESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Florence Oregon. Sabbath service: Sabbath-school, 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11

A. C. WOODCOCK,

E. O POTTER.

E. E. BENEDICT,

H. H. Barrett, Prop'r.

Connects with Steamer and Scottsourg Stage Line for Drain. Also with Stage Line for Coos Bay. Charge

EUGENE-FLORENCE

E. Bangs, Proprietor.

Tickets for sale at E. Bangs's

MORRIS *** HOTEL,

BUSINESS CARDS.

PAID UP CASH CAPITAL, - - \$50,000

NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTTOLPH,

FLORENCE. - - - OREGON BO YEARS'