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STEERING A STEAMSHIP.

"Running the Time and Distance" In Foggy Weather. Gustav Kobbe has an article entitled 'Steering Without a Compass' in St.

Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says: The degree of A. B. is not coufined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means

"able bodied" seaman. Every nautical "A. B." knows how to "box the comp ss" and bow to steer by it, but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among !hose "other things" are the Lorizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars, the soundings and the line of the surf when running along the coast. And so the ablebodied seaman, when a greenhorn takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the helm to him with this caution, "Keep your head out of the binnacle."

I am speaking of sailing vessels. Steamers, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They "run their courses" from point to point -from lighthouse to lighthouse, lightship, day mark, buoy, bell or fog whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course and try never to pass the "signal" at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next "run" or course. This is called 'running the time and distance." I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog from Cape Cod down. One morning the captain said to

"We ought to pick up Sambro in half an hour. Surely enough, about half an hour

later we heard, through the fog, a cannon shot, the distinguishing fog signal of the Sambro light station on the Nova

Real sailors-the Jack tars that man ailing vessels-actually prefer, as I rave said, to steer by signs rather than by compass, and there are times when the steamer pilets have to.

A Hopeless Gnest. Ethel-You may ask papa, Mr. Van

Van Ishe--My darling, I'll never Le able to find him. He owes me £25 .-Tit-Bits.

nothing better to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs ci con-Stop coughing and you will get well.

An ordinary cough disap-pears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis ere soon completely mas-tered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of con-sumption are completely Ask your druggist for one

> Dr. Ayer's Cherry Poctoral Plaster.

It will sid the action of the

If you have any complaint what-ever and desire the best medical device you can possibly obtain, with us freely. You wi freely a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address. Dat. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

TEXAS SNAKE STORY.

A Rattler and a Mexican Affoat on Plank For Hours.

"I have heard of many men being placed in odd predicaments," remarked Captain Jenkins, "but one of the most norant Mexican a good many years ago near Indianola, Tex., at the time the town was so nearly destroyed by a tropical hurricane or cyclone. I have heard pened so long ago. It was during the extreme height of the cyclone. Houses in Indianola were going to pieces like ed, and it looked decidedly bad for the settlement on one of the coast islands adjacent to Indianola began to go to pieces, the water having risen over the top of the sand dunes and the waves smashing the loosely constructed buildings of the settlement into kindling wood. Jose Baretti, one of the inhabitants of the settlement, was separated from the remainder of his family, and, clinging to a long plank, was driven into the inner bay over the rains of the give me the chalk. I'll show you." settlement.

'When the day broke, he was out of down and the storm was gone. As he cast his eye about in the early dawn, to his horror he found the other end of the plank occupied by an immense rat- shrill female voice cried: tlesnake. As soon as the snake observed the Mexican he began to writhe and coil in an odd sort of manner, and apparently to make attempts to reach the poor fellow, whose hair was then standing on end in a manner wonderful to behold. The hours went by. The snake t'pavement wi' yer ugly carcass.' kept up his antics, but for some reason did not get any nearer the Mexican. The unfortunate fellow was afraid to leave the plank, knowing that he would drown, and at the same time he was in horrible fear of meeting death in a more terrific manner from snake bite. He lay on the end of the plank with his eyes fixed on the rattler. In fact, they both eyed each other, and this they kept up until midday, when a fishing smack came sailing along on the lookout for castaways.

"The Mexican was seen from the on board more dead than alive. He inches. pointed weakly at his hissing companion. The sailors on the smack killed the rattlesnake and found that he bad jammed his tail through a small knothole in the plank. The immersion of the buttons of the rattle in the salt water had caused them to swell, and he was unable to remove his tail from the hole. To this fortunate circumstance the Mexican owed his life. The fact that the coast islands contain many rattlers accounts for the presence of the snake on the plank "-By the Bye in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE QUEST.

Upon my lips there fell when first the night Fales in the highest heaven, seeing day Far down the fathomless eastern depths

Pales with a fearful joy, a dread delight—
Upon my lips, with wakeful watching white
There foll a kiss. One instant's space it lay
Soft as a roseleaf that the west winds fray,
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled sight.

The warmth, the tender impact and the thrill Burnt on my lips, and the calm pulse of sleep Awoke and quivered quick in soft surprise. From that day forward knew I love! And still

By dcy I sourch and nightly vigil keep For her revealed to me in such strange wise

-The Late H. C. Dunner in Scribner's.

blind and deaf. Of how many kinds are family skeletons? The Joneses possessed an uncle who died insane. You can't go near the Jones cupboard, or, in other words, even hint at the subject of hereditary insanity in their presence, without the skeleton audibly knocking its bones together and all the Joneses turning pale. You can't mention Turkish bonds to the Browns without their jaws suddenly falling; you can't think why. And when drink statistics form the cheerful subject of conversation at the Robinsons' table you observe with wonder that all the family grow uncomfortable and writhe in their chairs. You haven't the faintest notion why, but the skeleton

I met a man once at a dinner party the musical glasses, but if by any chance the conversation touched on then and there.

board, and the reason was one that cannot be enlarged upon here. On one day in every year he shut himself up in his house and was not seen by mortal eye. That was the one day when his skele-ton came out and stalked about.

general public a harmless enough skeleton, but it is real and ghastly to themselves. It is of humble origin. It is surprising the pains people will take to conceal that their grandfathers were poor, but honest, the lies they will tell (which only proves that the grandpar-ent's qualities have not descended in the direct line) and the meannesses they hide the fact that two generations ago they kept a small greengrocer's shop or wore plush and powder. After all, the longer the line the more certain it is to contain ancestors who won their bread by the sweat of their face.

If all the world were not descended from the same "grand old gardener," peculiar situations that ever befell an there might be more common sense in individual was assuredly that of an ig-Exchange. =

IN LONDON'S SLUMS.

the story many times, although it hap. A Rather Rough Experience That Taught an Artist a Lesson. An artist who is well known in a northern city used occasionally to put so much paper, boats were being wreck- on his shabbiest clothes and penetrate to the slums in search of inspiration for individuals who were located in ex. his brush. On one of these excursions posed portions of the coast. It was he stopped to watch the efforts of a ragabout this time that a little Mexican ged urchin who was disfiguring the pavement of a squalid street with a piece of soft blue stone, and, although the figures which the lad drew were grotesque, the artist was struck with their originality and began to take an interest in their development.

"That's right, my boy! Make your lines clear and never mind the details. Champion! What! You don't know how to sketch that old man's head? Then

The next moment the enthusiastic artist was on his knees, and with the sight of land. The waves had calmed piece of stone had quickly drawn a clever picture. Before he could commence another sketch, however, he felt a stunning blow on the head, and a "Take yer bloomin book, ye great,

good for nought hulk! What d'ye mean by messin up t'flags 'at I've just washed? 'Tain't no wonder 'at t' kids do it when a senseless old idiot like yerself sets 'em t'example. Be off, or I'll scour The artist burriedly dodged another

boot, sprang to his feet, and, without waiting to argue the matter, sneaked ignominiously off. He vows that he will mind his own business when next be goes slumming. - London Telegraph.

ample, a horizontal tubular boiler of ordinary proportions, 60 inches in di-

working pressure of 100 pounds per square inch, which is not at all uncommon. The boiler therefore sustains a total pressure of 4,071,600 pounds, or more than 2,035 tons. Do we realize what this means? The

weighing 182 pounds.

The best authorities agree that the ordinary draft horse, working eight hours a day, exerts on average force during that time of 120 pounds.

Now, this force acting to disrupt the boiler longitudinally is 226, 200 pounds. so that to produce an equivalent stress it would be necessary to hitch up to the ends of the boiler two teams of 1,835 horses altogether. - Strand Magazine.

They Are Friends. Helen-I wonder why Kate doesn't mind her own business. Mattie-She basn't any.

Mattie--No; mind.-Chicago News.

THAT FAMILY CLOSET. **WE LEAD**

And the Various Kinds of Skeletons That Abide Therein. Every family has its skeleton. We

know that, of course, anatomical specimens, neatly put together and stored away in a secure cupboard, of which only family members have the key—a skeleton key, probably. Only when the family is alone, with no visitors about, does it go to the door cautiously and unlock it and bring the bony occupant forth. The family knows its own skeleion, but outsiders are supposed to be in total ignorance of its existence, and if they are wiser than people think them-and of course they always are—it is only a point of politeness to pretend to be

who was perfectly sane upon every point on earth but one, and on that he was the opposite. He could talk about politics, science, art, Shakespeare and dueling he went straight off his head

Dueling was the skeleton in his cup-

Many people have what seems to the will indulge in, in the pitiable effort to

Why Doesn't the Boiler Burst? What a tremendous force is struggling to tear a boiler to atoms! Take, for exameter by 16 feet long, containing eighty-three 1 inch tubes. Such a boiler boat, and in a short time was hauled has a surface area of 40,716 square

Suppose this boiler is operated with a

boiler has resting upon it the equivalent of a column of granite 10 feet square and 254.5 feet high, or, to put it another way, the boiler is holding up the equivalent weight of 22,871 persons, each

Helen-Business?

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RESPECTFULLY

THE ROSE OF STARS.

When love, our great immortal,
Put on mortality
And down from Elen's portal
Brought this sweet world to be,
At the sublime archangel
He laughed with veiled eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
The seed of paradise.

He hid it in his bosom,
And there such warmth it found
It brake in bud and blossom,
And the rose fell on the ground.
As the green light on the prairie,
As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
Came this sweet world to be.

And the grave archangel, seeing,
Spread his mighty vans for flight,
But a glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an arctio night,
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
Ee heard the joyful planets
Hail earth, the rose of stars.
—G. E. Woodbury in Century.

HAS THE UMBRELLA FAD.

Chicago Man Who Carries It to Greate Extremes Than Most People. There is a man on the North Side who has the umbrella fad. It would hardly be fair to tell his name, as it was learned in confidence, and the fad might not be regarded as a mere eccentricity by some people who have suffered from it and they might be tempted to complain to the police. Again, everybody who has lost an umbrella-and that means a majority of the people of Chicago-would look up his address in the directory and sweep down upon him with the hope that his lost property

might be in his collection. There are other men who have a weakness for taking umbrellas, but no man is known to have carried it to so great an extreme as this one. He has a collection numbering 400 umbrellas of all kinds. A good many of them were bought. Some of them were borrowed from friends, with and without their permission, and others were acquired in other ways which it would be hardly polite to mention. The man is a good citizen in other respects, but he is a victim of the umbrella habit, and when he sees an umbrella he is compelled to struggle very hard to resist the temptation to make himself its owner. Usually he yields to the temptation, and the coveted prize is transferred to his col-

lection. The umbrella collector does not make any great display of his collection. The umbrellas are piled up in a big closet in his bedroom, and he very seldom visits it. Now and then he looks over them and counts them with satisfaction. The last time he counted them there were 398 in the closet. He has added a few

to his collection since that time. In every other way except this passion for umbrellas, which amounts to a mania, the man is perfectly sane. His friends regard him as a very clever man, and he holds a responsible posi-tion in a big wholesale house down town. But umbrellas are his weakness. He is a victim of the umbrella habit just as another man might be a victim of the opium habit or morphine habit, and his relatives are in constant fear that the habit mry some day get him into trouble.—Chicago Times-Herald.

England and Russia.

Many believe, says Benjamin I Wheeler in The Atlantic, that Constant tinople has been systematically forti fied against the English to the west, br not, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can erter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agi tated last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that of the 19 ships lying at Salonika 6 must be sacrificed to do it. The cards have been stacked for Russia. It looks today as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion.

What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It seemed for a time that the discovery of the route by the cape of Good Hope would provide an wasion of the eastern question and free ter from the necessity of worrying about the Ægeau. But the opening of the Suez canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geograph-te fate, drawn the issue back to the old fighting ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Sues sanal and its approaches.

V. KAUFFMAN.

MONASTERIES OF METEORA. An Extraordinary Scene on the Macede-

Between the curve of the Macedonian frontier of the mountains of Khassia and the open town of Kalabaka. which terminates the long western plain of Thessaly, lie the monasteries of Meteora. A casual glance gives the idea of the whole space being occupied by lines of bare hills, but on a nearer inspection a curious amphitheater is found, carved out among the mountains, and this is occupied by a most extraordinary collection of rocks, on which are perched, like storks' neets or the turban on a Turkish tombstone, the aerial monasteries of Meteora. In one place a huge monolith is found lit-erally crowned with buildings, as in the case of the monastery of All Saints, popularly known as Haglos Barlaam; in another a group of jagged rocks will have one point capped by a monastery, as is seen in St. Nicholas. The most striking feature about these monasteries is the method by which they are reached, either by loose ladders hanging outside the perpendicular rocks or by being wound up by means of a windlass

in a net at the end of a rope.

From its beautiful position, its size ings the monastery of Haglos Barlaam is a very good specimen of these fifteenth century monasteries, but what makes this one of especial interest is that the rope is said to be the longest used for the purpose—340 feet. The ladders to this monastery are not so difficult to climb as some, but inasmuch as they pull out every time you grip them and oscillate frightfully it is pleasanter to

risk the net. The monastery of Haglos Nikolaos appeared to be in a totally dilapidated condition and entirely deserted when we visited Meteora, while the ladders, which rise from a neighboring peak and hang from the bare rock, are impractica-All these monasteries are under the archimandrite, a man of commanding presence and saintly countenance. The village of Kastraki is jammed in. between the outer rocks of this curious amphitheater, and in the slit of this rocky wall at the back of the village stands a most peculiar hourglass look-ing monolith. The rocks on either side are perforated with strange holes, which in the fourteenth century were inhabited by the monks of St. Anthony.

GRANT AS A PEACEMAKER.

-London Illustrated News.

Settled With Infinite Tact Feuds Which Arose Among His Officers. After the capture of Vicksburg Logan chose a prominent and beautiful residence for his headquarters, and General McPherson chose the same, and a quarrel threatened to involve divisions and corps and gave the superior officers great concern, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. Both McPherson and Logan carried the case to General Grant. He heard the schemes of each, and his staff officers looked with dismay

at his quiet, bashful way of listening. After hearing both sides General Grant turned to Logan with a smile and said he was sorry that the general had placed his heart on any headquar-ters in Vicksburg, because he had just written an order sending the whole division on a special expedition to look after the retreating rebels. Logan glowered until Grant, turning to McPherson. said: "I am sorry to disarrange your plans, general, but I have just written au order sending your division on an important expedition. I appreciate the feelings of the men who would like to march through Vicksburg, but it will be impossible. Duty comes first." eral Logan's face cleared and McPherson smiled. Each went to his command and there was no further trouble. They possibly suspected that Grant had invented the expeditions to get rid of the quarrel, but they recognized the fine strategy of his maneuver, the fairness

Sing Sing's Favorite Book. There is a touch of pathos in the state-

ment that the book most frequently called for in the library of Sing Sing prison is Charles Reade's "Never Top Late to Mend." The same author's "Put Yourself in His Place" holds the second place in popularity with the its mates of the prison.