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Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid.
Treasurer.....Philip Metcalf.
Comptroller.....G. M. Irwin.
Attorney General.....W. H. Leeds.
Judge Second District.....J. W. Hamilton.
Representing Attorney.....Geo. M. Brown.

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Judge.....E. O. Potter.
Commissioners.....W. T. Bailey,
.....H. D. Edwards,
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Sheriff.....W. W. Withers.
Recorder.....A. S. Patterson.
Treasurer.....D. P. Barton.
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Coroner.....C. M. Collier.
Justice of Peace.....C. H. Holden.
Constable.....E. A. Evans.

CITY OFFICERS.

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Board of Trustees.....O. W. Hurd,
.....Wm. Kyle,
.....L. Christensen,
.....M. Morris.
Recorder.....John H. Morris.
Treasurer.....J. A. Pond.
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SECRET SOCIETIES.

F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.
Regular communication on second
and fourth Saturdays in each month.
O. W. Hurd, W. M.
I. G. Knotts, Secretary.
A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58.
Meets second and fourth Saturdays
of each month at 1:30 p. m.
J. I. Bernefeld, Commander.
J. L. Furnish, Adjutant.
O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131.
Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays
each month. Members and visiting
brethren in good standing are cordially
invited to attend. J. J. Anderson, M. W.
Wm. Kyle, Recorder.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

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

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OUR AIM—To furnish the be-
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prices.

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W. W. NEELY, Prop'r.
Tables furnished with all the
delicacies of the season. Wild
game, fish and fruit in season. Best
accommodations for the traveling
public. Charges reasonable.

Elk Prairie Hotel.

Twenty-three
Miles West
of Eugene.

ON EUGENE AND
FLORENCE
STAGE ROUTE.

Money Saved
By
Patronizing it.

Geo. Hale : Prop.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednes-
days and Fridays.
Arrives at Florence Tuesdays Thurs-
days and Saturdays.
Connects with Steamer and Scotts-
burg Stage Line for Drain. Also with
Stage Line for Coos Bay. Charges
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E. Bangs, Proprietor.
Stage leaves Eugene Mondays,
Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 a.
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and Fridays at 2 p. m., arriving
in Eugene the following day at
6 p. m.

Single fare \$5.00
Round trip \$9.00
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livery barn, Eugene, and at O. W.
Hurd's office in Florence.

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE
COMPLETE
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different dictionaries for the entire alphabet is
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AGENTS WANTED.

E. D. BRONSON & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents
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933 Market St.

Stories of Brahms.

Many stories are told of how the late
composer Brahms treated pianists and
singers who were eager to get his criti-
cism. If one of these aspirants for his
favor was fortunate enough to find him
at home and to receive Brahms' first
opinion was to seat himself on the lid
of his piano, a position from which he
rightly deemed few would have the tem-
erity to oust him. If this failed, he
had recourse to the statement that the
instrument was out of tune. "Oh, that
does not matter," remarked one con-
gratulatory 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,"
answered the master in the most am-
iable manner. "In this house, up three
flights." And saying he hurried away.

Escaping the Organ Grinders.

Reside close to a dentist's if you are
not fond of street music. Inherent or-
gan men carefully avoid playing any-
where near the house of a practitioner
who can effectively stop or remove all
troublesome grinders.—London Punch.

A Board of Synonymy.

"That new hired girl of ours goes out
every night."
"I can sympathize with you. So does
our furnace."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Gentle Hint.

"You may not kiss me, Jack," said she,
While dimples dotted singly.
Her cheeks of blushing red.
"You may not kiss me, Jack, until"
I felt my heart with rapture thrill—
"It grows quite dark," she said.

But then—confound my luck!—on high

The sun amid the azure sky
Poured forth its golden light,
But I—! washed each piercing ray
Would, fading, put an end to day
And hasten on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls

Her foaming waves on sandy shoals,
A dark'ning stormcloud blew.
The bright sun faded soon away,
While blacker grew the autumn day.
Still there I sat with you.

Alas, I knew the storm full well

Would drive us from the cozy dell
Where of the hours we waited.
But she, she sighed and bent her head;
Then, looking up with rapture thrill,
"How dark it grows!" and smiled.

—Yale Record

**Keep
Your
Youth**
If you are young you naturally
appear so.
If you are old, why ap-
pear so?
Keep young inwardly; we
will look after the out-
wardly.
You need not worry before
about those little streaks of
gray; advance agents of age.

**Ayer's
Hair
Vigour**
will surely restore color to
gray hair; and it will also
gray your hair all the wealth
and gloss of early life.
Do not allow the falling of
your hair to threaten you
longer with baldness. Do not
be annoyed with dandruff.
We will send you our book
on the Hair and Scalp, free
upon request.
Write to the Doctor.
If you do not obtain all the bene-
fits you expect from the use of
the Vigor, write the doctor about it.
Probably there is some difficulty
with your general system which
may be easily removed.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

That Was Why.
They were out for a stroll. She no-
ticed her husband throw a glance at her
and then look about the ground in a
very decided manner, as though in
search of something. He appeared per-
plexed.
"What is the matter, James?" she
inquired, beginning to feel anxious.
"Have you lost anything?"
"I am looking to see if I can find out
why it is," was his response. "It is in-
conceivable to me, and I should like
to have it explained."
"What is it?" she asked quickly. She
began to grasp the situation. She had
had similar experiences and meant to get
even at the first chance.
"I can't understand why you are
holding your skirt with one hand. Your
dress isn't long and a careful look round
falls to reveal any sign of mud. It
hasn't rained for a week."
"Oh, that is easily explained," re-
turned the lady sweetly. "I do that be-
cause I have no trousers pocket to stuff
it into."
He muttered something about its be-
ing useless to talk to a woman, took his
hands out of his pockets and swung
them about to the inconvenience of the
pedestrians.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Attempt Was Vain.
They had been having a discussion
concerning the necessity or otherwise of
purchasing a new silk dress in order to
be on a level with the De Monneys next
door. Banks had vetoed the purchase
on the ground of extravagance and want
of funds, and his wife was much put
out.
"Dinner ready, my dear?" he asked
in his most conciliatory manner. Her
face had been like a stale thunder-storm
ever since the disagreement, and Banks
wanted to change it.
"Yes," answered Mrs. B. shortly.
"Must try again," said Banks to him-
self. Then aloud: "Ah, I'm glad of
that, my love. I have what the poets
would call an aching void, Sarah."
"You often suffer from headaches,"
she returned in a cutting tone.
Banks drew his chair up to the table
with unnecessary noise and refrained
from further attempts at conciliation
for the rest of the day.—Pearson's
Weekly.

Useful Books.
If a scholar has little money for
books, he should expend it mostly on
works of reference, and so get a daily
return for his outlay. Soetimes to have
thought the master of a practitioner
who can effectively stop or remove all
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Would drive us from the cozy dell
Where of the hours we waited.
But she, she sighed and bent her head;
Then, looking up with rapture thrill,
"How dark it grows!" and smiled.

—Yale Record

A Dog in a Headbox.
Dogs are not permitted in the cars of
the elevated road. Various means are
taken to smuggle them aboard. They
are carried into the cars, for instance,
under coats and cloaks. In a Sixth av-
enue elevated car the other day passen-
gers who heard the whining of a small
dog, nowhere to be seen, located it
finally in a lanchee carried on the
knees of a passenger.—New York Sun.

THE SMILE OF A CHILD.

The smile of a child to a weary heart,
Like dew on the thirsty earth,
Is a springing well whence treads drop start
In flow of joy from living worth.

The smile of a child is a gift from heaven.
Brightening the way of toil;
Like golden clouds floating at even,
Bathing with beauty God's flower gar-
ment soil.

Like incense as its fragrance waves
And floats on the air the while
'Tis richly sculptured architraves
Or thickly people's hall.

Give me knowledge, give me wealth,
But in grief and sorrow wild
Give me the sweetest known of wealth—
The artless smile of a child.
—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping

BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

Helpless Birds That Are Driven to Death
by Fierce Gales.

Birds driven before the wind are toss-
ed about relentlessly, and they rarely
recover their balance after once being
caught by the gale. Shore birds are
either dashed upon the waves and made
to swim for their lives or they are hurled
violently against trees or other ob-
jects and killed. Shore birds, when fac-
ing a gale, will take every advantage of
trees, houses, and hills as defenses
against the wind. They will close their
wings and sink so close to the ground as
to get the protecting shelter of a
ledge fence, and then swoop up again
with renewed headway. They frequen-
tly advance before the gale by a series
of side evolutions, flying at right angles
to the wind until they have attained con-
siderable velocity, and then wheeling
about straight against the wind and
making some headway before it over-
comes them. This operation is repeated
continually until the desired place is
reached.

During our fall and early winter
gales partridges and quail are quite fre-
quently blown out to sea by a strong
hurry, where some of them have been
picked up by fishermen. In many
all such instances they are caught by
the gale when high in the air, and be-
fore they can recover themselves they
are hurled out beyond the shore and
dropped into the water. With their
plumage soaked with the spray they in-
stantly become helpless and cannot
reach the shore in the face of the wind.
On our inland lakes and rivers this is a
more common sight than along the
ocean shore.

When once blown out to sea, the
shore birds have little chance of escape.
Unable to battle against the heavy
wind, they yield themselves to their
fate and drift about until the storm
subsides. By that time they are likely
to be so far from shore that they cannot
reach it again, and they either fly or
swim until they starve to death or die
of exhaustion. Their dead bodies, along
with those of the hapless gulls, terns
and herons, are finally drifted upon
some shore, where the waves leave them
high and dry. After every heavy storm
hundreds of such luckless victims can
be found on the beaches of our Atlantic
coast.—Our Animal Friends.

Machinery and Modern Farming.
The smallest implement upon a big
wheat farm is a plow. And from the
plow to the elevator—from the first
operation in wheat farming to the last
—one is forced to realize how the spirit
of the age has made itself felt here and
has reduced the amount of human labor
to the minimum. The man who plows
uses his muscle only incidentally in
guiding the machine. The man who
operates the harrow has half a dozen
levers to lighten his labor. The "sover-
who goeth forth to sow," walks figur-
atively behind a drill and works brakes. The
reaper needs a quick brain and a quick
hand, but not necessarily a strong arm
nor a powerful back. He works sitting
down.

The thrashers are merely assistants
to a machine, and the men who have
the wheat into the bins only press bot-
tons. The most desirable farmhand is
not the fellow who can pound the
"mauling machine" most lustily at the
country fair. He is the man with the
cunning brain who can get the most
work out of a machine without break-
ing it. The farm laborer in the west-
day, where machinery is employed,
finds himself advanced to the ranks of
skilled labor and enjoys a position not
widely different from that of the mill
hand in the east. Each is a tender of a
machine.—William Allen White in
Scribner's.

Smoking Statistics.
Holland holds the first place in the
world as a nation of smokers. Every
Dutchman consumes on an average 100
ounces a year. The Belgian comes a
good second with an annual consump-
tion of 80 ounces, followed closely by
Turkey with 70 ounces and the United
States with 60 ounces. Germany,
France, Spain and Italy tread closely in
their heels, while the United Kingdom
comes comparatively low on the list
with 23 ounces.—London Tit-Bits.

How to Toughen Paper.
A plan for rendering paper as tough
as wood or leather, it is said, has been
recently introduced on the continent. It
consists in mixing chloride of zinc with
the pulp in the course of manufacture.
It has been found that the greater the
degree of concentration of the zinc solu-
tion the greater will be the toughness
of the paper.

A Great Play.
"I can't afford," said the man of
moderate means, "to go to many places
of amusement, but I am admitted free
to the play with the longest run on re-
cord. 'The Struggle of Life.'"—New
York Sun.

About the year B. C. 230 edible ser-
pents were sold at a penny each in the
Egyptian markets. They were shipped
to Rome. Italian peppers were cheaper,
costing about a half penny each.

In Asia the average number of inhab-
itants per square mile is 48, in Africa,
15; in America, 8; in Australia, 1.

**WE LEAD
IN
Dry Goods
Fancy Goods
Furnishing Goods
Clothing
Shoes**

WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Willamette St.,
Eugene,
Lane Co., Ore.

RESPECTFULLY
J. V. KAUFFMAN.

THE BOAT WAS LATE.

But Old Charon Had a Good Excuse For
Fading.

The day had faded into dusk, the
furnace fires gleamed redly against the
black background of night, and still
there was no sign of the boat. Pluto,
waiting at the slip, cursed Charon for a
loitering old dotard and made a mental
vow to replace him with a younger
man on the morrow. Minutes slipped
two hours, and day came again, but not
the boat. Pluto's anger had given way
to anxiety, and he feared that the fune-
rial waters of the Styx now surged in
requiem over the body of his trusted old
servitor. Just as he was about to send
out searching parties, however, the
missing boat came round the bend with
old Charon all safe and sound sitting at
the helm. From stem to stern the boat
was packed with people, and progress
was of a necessity very slow. Pluto's
face was hard and stern as he watched
the people land, and it grew even more
so when old Charon approached, with
the passenger list in his trembling hand.
"Please, O master, it wasn't my
fault!" he cried supplicatingly.
"It wasn't he? Then whose was it?"
"Why, it was that trolley car con-
ductor's. He kept insisting that there
was room for one more."—New York
Journal.

One Sided Dueling.
Colombey, in his history of dueling,
tells an anecdote of a certain noted
duelist of his time. One day this man,
Mr. B., was at Desenne's shooting gal-
lery watching the pistol practice.
There was one man who was shoot-
ing very well, and Desenne was threat-
ened with the loss of all his glass balls
and swinging dolls. Every shot was
grated by the spectators with exclaima-
tions of admiration. B. looked on for
awhile, and finally in a calm voice
made the remark:
"He could not do as well on the
field."

The object of the slighting remark
turned around, and in a loud and angry
tone cried:
"Who are you to say that? Would
you like to test the truth of your re-
mark?"
"Willingly," replied the unrecog-
nized duelist, as he led the way out to
a secluded place.
After taking up their respective
positions they drew lots, and it fell to B.
to shoot last. He waited in silence for
his adversary's shot. The man fired—
and missed. B. lowered his pistol.
"What did I tell you?" he said, with
a smile. Then putting his pistol in his
pocket he walked away whistling.—
Youth's Companion.

She Had a Football Father.
"Why didn't you tell me your father
was an old varsity football player?"
"I didn't think of it. What differ-
ence does it make?"
"Why just as soon as I asked him
for you he got up and commenced cir-
cling round his office like a madman.
But I kept myself turned squarely to-
ward him. I knew what the old full
back wanted."
"What did he want?"
"He was just aching to get in a place
kick."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mrs.-ipy."
A very little girl who had learned
with difficulty the abbreviation "Mrs."
was asked for the first time to spell
the first two syllables, as she supposed,
she smiled gloriously over the new long
word. She spelled it "Mrs.-ipy." And
she pronounced all her syllables like a
good child, thus: "M-r-s (Missis) i-py
(py) Mississipp-i."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.
"I know a man," said the over-dre-
ssed loafer, "who believes in spirit mar-
riages, the idiot."
"I thought you had a leaning toward
a belief of that kind yourself," said As-
bury Peppers. "I never saw another
man with such a liking for uncouth
ties."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Formation of Dew.
A schoolboy was asked to explain the
formation of dew. His answer was,
"The earth revolves on an axis every
24 hours, and in consequence of the tre-
mendous pace at which it travels it per-
spires freely."—Tit-Bits.

NAMES WE MISSED.

Some of the Titles Intended For Our
Geographical Division.

It was intended that Maryland should
be called Cresscutia, but Charles I.
changed it to Terra Marie, in honor of
his wife, and we made it Mary's Land;
hence Maryland (home pronunciation,
Merryland). William Penn wanted to
call his state New Wales, but afterward
decided upon Sylvania, to which the
king prefixed the word Penn. In 1784
an ordinance was drawn up as follows:
"The territory northward of the forty-
fifth degree—that is to say, of the com-
pletion of the forty-fifth degree from
the equator and extending to the Lake
of the Woods—shall be called Sylvania."
See what we missed! The territory
northward of the forty-fifth and forty-
fourth degrees which lies westward of
Lake Michigan was to be called Michi-
gania, while that to the eastward, with-
in the peninsula formed by the lakes and
waters of Michigan, Huron, St. Clair
and Erie, was to be called Chersonesus.
Heaven forbids.

Of the territory lying under the forty-
third and forty-second degrees, that to
the westward, called Assensippia; that
to the eastward, in which are the sources
of the Muskingum, the two Missis-
sippis, the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois,
the Miami of the lake, and the Sandusky
rivers, was to be called Metropotamia.
The country through which the Illinois
river runs was to be called Illinois; the
next joining to the eastward, Saratoga,
and that between the last and Pennsyl-
vania, extending from the Ohio to Lake
Erie, Washington. All that region ad-
jacent to which are the confluences of
the Wabash, Shawnee, Tannee, Ohio,
Illinois, Mississippi and Missouri rivers;
was to be called Polytamia, and that
farther up the Ohio, Pelisippia. Verily,
a further up the Ohio, Pelisippia. Verily,
a further Providence seems to have
guarded us from these afflictions.—New
York Press.

He Knew.
"Before permitting you to pass to the
front," said the officer in charge of the
telegraphy to the war correspondent.
"I desire to know whether you are qual-
ified to report our actions in the field."
The war correspondent bowed and
awaited the pleasure of the great man.
"In the first place," continued the sol-
dier, "I should like a definition of the
phrase, 'fendish atrocity.'"
The correspondent smiled as if he
considered the question altogether too
easy.

"Fiendish atrocities," he said, "are
murders committed by the other side."
"Correct," returned the officer.
"Now, what is 'just vengeance?'"
"Just vengeance," answered the cor-
respondent, "is the term used to desig-
nate murders committed by our side."
"Correct again," returned the officer.
"I will give you an order that will take
you through all the lines."—Strand
Magazine.

Animal Worship.
Swine were adored in Crete, weasels
at Thebes, rats and mice in Tross, por-
cupines in Persia, the lapwing in New
Mexico, bulls in Benares, serpents in
Greece and many of the African coun-
tries. The Hindus never molest snakes.
They call them fathers, brothers, friends
and other endearing names. On the
coast of Guinea a hog happens to kill
a snake, the king gave orders that all
the swine should be destroyed.

An Easy Test.
Timmins—I have never been able to
make up my mind whether I am a
genius or not.
Stimmons—It is easily tested. Just act
like a hog when you are in society, and
if you are a genius people will admire
you for it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Most of the men in the islands of
southwest Japan lead lives of idleness
and are cheerfully supported by the wo-
men. The males are fond of music, some
of them being excellent musicians on
various instruments, but it is considered
disgraceful for a woman to play.

Josephine K. Henry.
Mrs. Josephine K. Henry of Ver-
sailles, Ky., is much spoken of as a
possible candidate for president on the Pro-
hibition ticket. There would, of course,
be no chance of her election, but she
might receive a large vote, as she and
a few years ago for an important office in
the highly conservative southern state
where she resides.—Exchange.