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A. F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107, Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month. E. W. Cobb, W. M. J. I. Butterfield, Secretary.

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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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A. C. WOODCOCK, Attorney at Law, Eugene, Oregon. Rooms 7 and 8 McLaren's Building. Special attention given to collections and probate business.

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IS THIS YOUR STORY?

"Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast and what food I eat distresses me. I have a heavy feeling in my stomach. I am getting so weak that sometimes I tremble and my nerves are all unstrung. I am getting pale and thin. I am tired in the morning as at night."  
What does your doctor say?  
"You are suffering from impure blood."  
What is his remedy?



You must not have constipated bowels if you expect the Sarsaparilla to do its best work. But Ayer's Pills cure constipation. We have a book on Pale ness and Weakness which you may have for the asking. Write to our Doctors. Perhaps you would like to consult eminent physicians about your condition. We will send you the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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AGENTS WANTED

A Philadelphia policeman the other day received a letter informing him that a "speak easy," by which term an unlicensed saloon is designated, was in operation near Franklin and Spring Garden streets. His detective instinct was at once aroused, and he made an investigation, only to discover that he was the victim of some practical joker. The places referred to proved to be an Episcopal church for the deaf.—New York Tribune.

A Military Esquisto.

Marshal Ney, who was as handsome as he was brave, is said never to have appeared on the field at a great battle until he was dressed with scrupulous elegance and his beard carefully curled and perfumed. When he was led out to execution, he was cool and calm as though he were going to open a dance, only asking that the guns should be aimed low, that his face might not be disfigured after death.

Pride.

"No, George, don't ask me. I can't go down the fire escape with all those people looking."  
"You must. You'll be burned to death if you stay here."  
"I can't help it, George. I wouldn't go down that ladder for all the world. These shoes I have on are two sizes too big for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Economical Man.

Doctor—I left you a dozen pills and told you to take one every two hours, and yet there are 11 left. You didn't obey my orders.  
Patient—Yes, I did, doctor. I took the same pill every time. There wasn't any use in wasting a new pill as long as I couldn't swallow the first one.

HE HAD LOTS OF SAND

WAS DESPERATELY ANXIOUS TO FIGHT THE SPANIARDS.

At Least That Is What He Told the Recruiting Officer, but Changed His Mind Somewhat When He Found That the Army Had Room For Him.

He looked very determined when he entered the recruiting office and walked up to the officer in charge.

"The boys down our way," he said, "told me I was afraid to enlist. They've just been during me ever since this war broke out, so something had to be done."

"And that's why you're here?" suggested the recruiting officer in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes, sir, that's why I'm here," answered the stranger. "There can't anybody take a whack at my patriotism and my courage and get away with the bluff. I'm here to get in line to do up the Spanish, and I don't want any one to forget it."

The officer picked up a pen and prepared to write.

"If you're sure you want to enlist," he said, "why?"

"Sure!" broke in the stranger. "Those fellows liars or know the reason why. I don't think much of war as a general proposition, but there can't anybody stand around and dare me more than six or eight times before something happens. Maybe I might have stood what the boys had to say, but when my wife told me I was afraid to fight it was just a little too much. All I'm afraid of is that you won't have me."

"Oh, we'll take you fast enough," returned the recruiting officer. "Just give me your name and—"

"Maybe I ought to tell you before you go too far," interrupted the valiant youth again, "that I am troubled with hammer toes—two of 'em, one on each foot."

"That doesn't make any difference," replied the recruiting officer.

"Why—why, I thought hammer toes interfered with a man's ability to march," suggested the applicant.

"It does," admitted the recruiting officer, "but we'll put you in the cavalry."

The applicant gave a deep sigh and suggested that that would suit him first rate, but that he couldn't ride very well.

"Never mind," answered the recruiting officer. "You can soon learn. Now, if you will just give me your name I'll put it down and send you to the doctors for—"

"That reminds me," broke in the man who wanted to enlist, "that I have been a cigarette smoker for the last ten years."

"No matter. We're not so particular now as we were. Just—"

"I have a weak heart, too, and I'm rather short winded."

"Oh, that's all right. If you're willing to take the chances, we are. Just give me your name and it will be all right."

The youth gave another long sigh before answering.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," he said. "Maybe my wife spoke in haste when she said I was afraid to go. I guess I'll just run back and ask her about it before taking a step that she may regret all her life."—Chicago Post.

Flat Sparks.

Words that wedge a friendship apart are often put in edgewise.

Jealousy is love's tonic, but no tonic will take the place of one's meals.

When a man borrows trouble, he asks all his friends to go on his note.

No woman is proof against flattery, and no flatterer is proof against woman.

When a woman is tired of her husband's love, let her try to convince him that she is no better than he is.

Life is like a circus—you will generally get more fun out of it if you don't count too much on the side shows.

Failed to Grasp the Subject.

"What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill 60 times in 10 days."

"You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."—Stray Stories.

Another Spanish Anecdote.

"I never saw anybody hate the Spaniards like my wife."

"What makes her feel that way?"

"She got to reading war news the other day and let a lot of raspberry jam burn up."—Chicago Record.

What's the Matter, Old Man?

"What's the matter, old man? You look hot and excited."

"Just been trying to dodge a cross-eyed girl on a bicycle."—Detroit Free Press.

Fighting the Blame.

Parson White—What wuz de cause of yo' beat shot, brer Johnsting?  
Brer Johnsting—Waal, parson, dere wuz t'ree causes—two pullets an a lantern hen.—Up to Date.

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Dry Goods  
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WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Willamette St., Eugene, Lane Co., Ore. RESPECTFULLY J. V. KAUFFMAN.

Vagabond Pioneers.

In The Century there is an article by the late Francis A. Walker on "The Causes of Poverty." General Walker says:

I will not inquire how many mute, inglorious Whitmans or Thoreaus there may be among the tramps of the United States, but I do not doubt that the outcasts of a highly sophisticated society embrace not a few who in a tribe of hunters or herdsmen or fishermen would have had a place and would perhaps have been not useless members of the body politic. Formerly in the United States we used largely to rid ourselves of this element by throwing men of that type out on to the frontier.

While millions went west with undaunted resolution, boundless energy and strong ambition to make for themselves and their children homes in the lands newly opened to settlement, there went along with them no inconsiderable number who were simply uncomfortable under the requirements of an old society. They sometimes made excellent pioneers up to a certain point.

So long as all, the poorest and the best, had to live in huts, wear shabby clothes and live meagrely while opening up the country and making the first hurried improvements upon the soil, these men felt at home. But when the mere camping out stage was passed, when public decency began to make its requirements and social distinctions rose into view, straightway they came to feel uneasy, uncomfortable, unhappy. Daily they cast more and more glances toward the setting sun, and before long they were again on the move, "seeking a country" where they could be as shiftless, irregular and shabby as they liked. The story of the reputable pioneer has been told in prose and in verse, but the story of the pioneer vagabond, sturdy, courageous, possibly good natured and honest, but intolerant of near neighbors and offensive to good society, has yet to be written.

Values of Autographs.

The different values of different autographs seem astonishing at first. For example, a letter of the Duke of Wellington's can be had for 10 shillings, whereas a letter of Lord Nelson's will cost you £5.

"How is that?"

"Well, Nelson is, of course, the more popular hero. But the main reason is that Nelson, who was generally at sea, wrote few letters compared with Wellington, who was generally on land. And yet neither of these reasons holds good always. Here are a few prices that may puzzle you: A letter of Lord Beaconsfield is worth 2 guineas, but a letter of John Erigil's is only worth 3 shillings, and letters of Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel and George Canning are all frequently priced under 5 shillings."

"What is a letter of Charles Dickens worth?"

"About 2 guineas."

"And one of Charles Lamb?"

"From £3 to £6."

"Byron?"

"A letter from Byron is worth fully £10, but a letter of Shelley is worth more than double that sum."

"And Burns?"

"Oh, £25 to £30 at least."—Academy.

Question of Headlines.

One who has done institutional work among the Italians for years wonders why the printed stories of affairs among these people always are headed "Stabbed by an Italian," etc. When the Irish or the Germans fight, attention is not called to their nationality in headlines, yet whenever a man with an Italian sounding name commits a crime this distinction invariably is drawn. Italians fail to see the justice in it. This particular man whose life has been spent among the Italians is sure that they do not have recourse to the stiletto as often as is represented. They are quick and shrewd in quarrel, but so are the Irish. Why, then, should the Italian be singled out for obliquity?

Often, too, it is a Greek with a mutilated name who gets into a row and is credited with being an Italian. In the lower Italian quarter the Greeks and the Italians are hated rivals, and their similarity in names leads frequently to confounding their nationalities, when there is no need, according to this observer, of bringing the nationality into

Shore Cargoes Shifted.

"Once in awhile we read," said Mr. Bozelle, "that the ship So-and-so or the steamer So-and-so has returned to port, or has arrived perhaps with a decided list; cargo shifted." Sometimes we see a land craft, a truck, with cargo shifted—a big pile of boxes, towering high, shaken over to one side or the other by continued jolting along on the side of the street on the slope.

"A load thus shifted can't be shaken back by running along on the opposite slope of the road. It is like a stick of wood that has been bent and kept bent till the grain is set. Whatever you do with it the crook stays in."

"If care is exercised in turning corners and in navigating generally the shifted load can usually be carried to its destination as it is without upsetting, though it may work harder. The experienced truckman knows just what can be done with it, and whether it has shifted as far as it will go, and all that. If it is so badly shifted as to make the operation of the truck difficult or dangerous, he hauls to one side by the curb and anchors—that is to say, he halts and unloads the shifted top courses of his cargo and then reloads and makes everything trim and secure and sets out again."—New York Sun.

Practical, but Cold Blooded.

I have a friend here in town, a young business woman, whose common sense is enough to make one's blood run cold at times. I went to see her new flat a few days ago, and I was delighted with a cushioned divan in one corner of her sitting room. It was, as many divans that belong to young business women, a box with a hinged lid, but as it had handles on it and was bound with iron bands and was altogether so much stronger and more desirable than divan boxes usually are, I asked her where she bought it.

"I didn't buy it," said she. "It was given to me. You know the woman where I boarded last year came into a lot of money through the death of her grandfather. The old gentleman died in Florida, and the remains were sent here. They were in a mahogany coffin, and the coffin—well—and she kicked the divan with her heels—the coffin was in this. I didn't see any reason for letting the box go to waste, and it makes a lovely couch. Don't you think so?"

And of course it does, but then—after all, it's well to be practical like that.—Washington Post.

Always Be Ready for the Worst.

Business, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, disturbed sleep, nervousness, headache, giddiness and drowsiness, wind and pain or fullness of the stomach after meals, cold chills and flushings of heat, shortness of breath—these are the blank cheques of physical bankruptcy. Take them to a physician and he will fill them up with the name of some more or less certain disease. Every time that you carry one of them to him you draw out some of your funds in the Bank of Health. Keep it up, and there will soon be no funds in the treasury.

The man who suffers from these disorders and neglects them will soon be in the relentless grasp of some fatal disease. If he is naturally narrow chested and shallow lunged, it will probably be consumption; if his father or mother died of paralysis or some nervous trouble, it will probably be nervous exhaustion or prostration, or even insanity; if there is a taint in the family blood, it will be blood or skin disease; if he lives in a new or a low, swampy country, it will be malaria; if he lives a life of exposure, it may be rheumatism. There is just one safe course for a man to follow who finds himself out of sorts and suffering from the symptoms described. It is to resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine makes the appetite keen, corrects all disorders of the digestion, renders assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and builds firm, healthy flesh and nerve tissue. It cures almost all diseases that result from insufficient or improper nourishment of the brain and nerves. Bronchial, throat, and even lung affections, when not too advanced, readily yield to it.

"I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for Rheumatism," writes J. W. Barnhart, of 264 West Street, Buffalo, N. Y., "and it cured me."

