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A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. Meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month at 1:30 p. m.
S. B. Collins, Commander.
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O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131. Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
A. O. Fenske, M. W.
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O. O. F. Hecla Lodge No. 111. Meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
Andrew Bruad, N. G.
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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.
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And is it not due to nervous exhaustion? Things always look so much brighter when we are in good health. How can you have courage when suffering with headache, nervous prostration and great physical weakness? Would you not like to be rid of this depression of spirits? How? By removing the cause. By taking

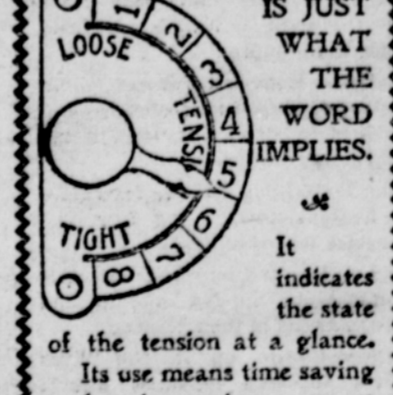


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The most offensive thing you can say to a Tuscan is that he is ignorant, or ill bred. You may call him a fool, or a thief, or a liar, and he will only grin at you, but every present considers himself a professor and desires to see a knife into anyone who speaks against him.

THE BROWN WIND OF CONNAUGHT.

The brown wind of Connaught
Across the bogland flows
(The brown wind of Connaught)
Turns my heart to a stone,
For it erases my name at twilight
And erases it at the noon
Oh, Margaret! Oh, Margaret!
Just like a fairy tune.
The brown wind of Connaught
When I cannot come to you
(The brown wind of Connaught)
Of a scorching gale
And while my wheel goes whirling
It taps on my window pane
Till I open wide to the wind outside
And the sea salt enters my brain.
The brown wind of Connaught
With women waited one day
(The brown wind of Connaught)
For a wreck on Galway bay,
And many the dark dead fishers
That scattered their nets in fear,
But one sunk straight to the ghastly gate,
And he was my Dermot dear.
—Sean Van Vocht.

ACTING AFRAID OF DOGS.

It is the Secret Way in the World to Provoke an Attack.
It is curious, to me wonderful, how well dogs understand people. They seem at a glance or very soon thereafter to decide in their minds whether or not it would be safe to assail one who enters their owner's premises, says Lippincott's Magazine. My own opinion is that every one of them, big or little, of high or low degree, would like to bite every stranger that he sees. Their love for their master makes them jealous or makes them pretend to be jealous of everybody who approaches them, and they debate momentarily whether or not they either extend a friendly salute, which always is deceitful, or assume to be indifferent. If he is, they give him a tone, more or less deep, then slink away from possible consequences.
For years and years I have followed the rule, when visiting a person residing out of town, unless I know positively that he keeps no dog of any size, to hunt at the gate, raise a halloo and await not only my host's invitation, but his approach and his accompaniment into his house. I could not tell the number of times wherein I have been barked at furiously from the inside by dogs whose owners declared that in all their lives they had never done such a thing before to a man of general appearance.
The commands and admonitions bestowed upon me might have excited some gratitude, if they had not been wholly useless. I have been asked so many times that it makes me almost sick to have the question repeated, "Why don't you just go along without noticing such things, not being or at least pretending not to be afraid? Not one dog in 10,000 will try to bite a gentleman unless he is provoked or sees that he is being avoided."

A Cheap Decoration.
A prominent German actor, relates Albert L. Vandam in The Illustrated London News, had fulfilled half of his "starring" engagement in the capital of a grand duchy, and as yet no recognition of his talents had been forthcoming in the shape of a decoration. Disgusted, the player announced his intention of departing the following morning. Early on that day the theater attendant acquainted his grand duchess master with what had happened. The conversation took place in the garden of the Schloss, situated on the road to the station, and suddenly an open carriage with the actor in it drove in sight.
"De quick!" said the prince. "Get me that box on my writing table. If you do not, we'll at any rate try to get him in his ambition." The attendant ran, and returned just as the vehicle passed the gates. "One moment, Herr B—," shouted the prince. "Here is something to remember me by!"
The actor bowed low, and went his way. In another moment, however, his conveyance reappeared at the gates. "There are two crosses, your highness," he exclaimed.
"Never mind," replied the prince. "Give the other to the coachman."

Tit-bit to.
In the Century Dictionary the derivation is given from tit, tit, to "throw meaningless words" used in counting.
However, the East Frisian name used by Kohlman's "E. Fr. Diet." is tik, tik, tik, evidently a mere original form. In this name the word tik has the same sense as E. tick, a mark, in allusion to the mark made by the player on the slate, while tik, tik, are variants of the same theme, made on the principle of altering the vowel, as in Germanic words of the third strong conjugation, such as slug, saug, sung.
Hence the name is by no means "meaningless," but has an obvious reference to the ticks, or marks, made by the players, and the word is therefore instead of rephrased, because the object of the game is to make three ticks in a row.—Notes and Queries.

Merely From Observation.
"Is Miss Blenkins at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door.
"Yes, I believe she is, sir."
"Is she engaged?"
"An is it engaged you say? Faith, an I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like of him, an it is engaged I believe they are, sir."—Exchange.

Those Girls.
She—He kissed me when I was not dreaming of such a thing.
Her—I'll wager you were not. You always were wide awake when kissing was in sight.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If a man could yell as loud in proportion to his size as a baby can, telephone companies would soon be unable to declare dividends.—Atlanta Constitution.

People who think they are misunderstood often are really understood too well.—Chicago Record.

Chicago Actress—I should like to have a part in your revival of "Cinderella."
Theatrical Manager—Do you think you can play the part of Cinderella?
Chicago Actress—No, but I'd do beautifully as one of the sisters whom Cinderella's shoes wouldn't fit.—New York Weekly.

No, "muttered General Blanco, as he appended his name to his written resignation, "I am not afraid to stay here and meet the Americans, but I can't face that typewriter job any longer. Human endurance has its limits."—Chicago Tribune.

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THE SONG OF THE SEVEN.

"I'll spin you a yarn,"
Said the old Jack Tar;
"I'll spin you a yarn," said he.
"An it ain't no tale
Of a scorchin' gale
That yells for joy as it splits a sail
An swashes the briny over the rail;
It ain't—but, lad, it's a moirin' tale;
It's a moirin' tale," said he.
"One bloomin' night,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"One bloomin' black night," said he.
"The battelships lay
Near the Dago bay,
An eight brave chaps they swore to belay
All chance of the Spaniards gettin' away
From the Dago bay," said he.
"These eight brave chaps,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Shoered off in the gloom," said he.
"An' I lay Jones
He rattled his bones
(We listened an' heard his dismal groans)
"I've got 'em," says Dave in deep son-tone—
"E's a knowin' old case is Dave Jones,
In Dave Jones," said he.
"But the eight sailed on,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Sailed up to the guns," said he.
"They sailed so well
That I think to tell
They sunk their ship in the channel's swell
To keep them Spaniards there a spell.
"Twas a night in the foam's' dock of hell,
A night in hell," said he.
"But days have passed,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"An' it is different now," said he.
"Of the eight brave chaps
The stoutest strips
He gets shore leave, an' he packs his traps
(The crew he orders it so perhaps)
An' the girls for him they sets their caps
They sets their caps," said he.
"E's a wined an' dined,"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"But what of the seven?" said he.
"Now a pretty miser
An' a longshore kisser,
A rosin smuck of a soundin' kisser,
To a plain young Jack ain't none amiser,
But the seven don't seem to be in on this,
Ain't in on this," said he.
"Who healded the seven?"
Said the old Jack Tar,
"Who counsel their gim?" said he.
"Fergot by fane!
It's a bloomin' shame
I say it's the devil's own bloomin' shame
That you can't tell out the seven by name
Come on now hearties, name the names
Can you name the same?" said he.
—Baltimore American.

Decreasing Sympathy.
Hitte de Rhodes—De latest news in dis paper warns us dat we must 'tink up a new dodge.
Walker Boutt—Wat's de matter wid dis Cuban insurgent scheme we has been workin'?
Hitte de Rhodes—Dis plan o' de political bosses 't cast reflections on de insurgents is a workin, an we's got ter be mighty careful. I guess de best 'ting we kin do is 't begin talkin dat we was wid Cervera.—Omaha World-Herald.

Not the Whole Truth.
The Spanish citizen who was eager for a little genuine news dismounted from his bicycle and approached the pressman.
"Wat's the matter with those naval officers who went away from here some time ago?" he inquired bluntly. "Aren't they coming back?"
"Oh, yes," was the answer. "They are all right. Merely delayed by a few punctures, that's all."—Washington Star.

Write Makes Right.
The defeated pugilist feebly wrote the following telegram to his friends.
"Glorious day for me. Landed solar plexus. How first round. Opponent knocked out; hasn't regained consciousness yet. I received no injuries whatsoever."
He had been in Spain during the war and learned how victories are won.
—New York World.

Selecting a Part.
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His Real Dread.
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The English Army.

In the 40 years that elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the fighting in the Crimea the British army attained a maximum of inefficiency. It is only now, when the struggle with Russia are dead, that the public is beginning to learn the extent of the incapacity and inefficiency of the men responsible for the equipment and training of the British army. But for the courage of the British private the Crimean campaign would have been a disastrous failure. Indeed but for the accident of a fog on the morning of the battle of Inkerman, which enabled a handful of British troops to impress 40,000 Russian soldiers with the idea that they were more numerous and better supported than they really were, the English army would have been driven into the Black sea and the subsequent history of Europe altered beyond recognition.—London Standard.

A Deadly Grudge.
"You and Briggs don't seem to be very good friends any more."
"No, he is a well in sheep's clothing."
"Why, what do you ever do to make you conceive such an opinion of him?"
"Made me believe I ought to take my Meyle apart for the purpose of cleaning it."—Chicago News.

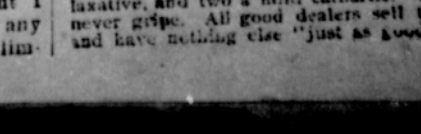
Where Hearing Ceases.
Lord Rayleigh, in a lecture, said that experiments had shown that a vibration of sound having an amplitude of less than one-twelve-millionth of a centimeter could still affect the sense of hearing.

Such a vibration would be so short that it would have to be enlarged 100 times before the most powerful microscope could render it visible, supposing that it were susceptible of being seen at all.

Old people, he said, do not hear such notes which are audible to young persons, and there is reason to believe that babies hear notes which are inaudible to their elders.—London Mail.

How They Do In Dawson.
"Up at Dawson City," said a returned Klondiker. "The people seem strange to you. Now, while I was at a hotel up there burglars entered and swiped nearly \$100,000 in gold nuggets."
"What did the boarders do during all this excitement?" asked the clerk.
"Kept perfectly cool," was the quiet reply.—Denver Times.

Manik needs a herald like a herald of old, to proclaim so that all may hear, the importance of health. The average man of to-day trusts to his own health until it is gone. Even then he only takes measures to restore it in an indifferent, contemptuous sort of way. Men cannot learn too soon that health is the most important thing in life—in fact, life. Without it the most brilliant man will be a failure, and the most robust man will rapidly become a physical wreck. The man who neglects the little headaches, the loss of appetite and sleep, nervousness, but nothing, cold chills, heavy eyelids, and the multitude of bad feelings that are the heralds of approaching sickness and disease, must pay a tremendous penalty. For men who suffer in this way there is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It sharpens the appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, invigorates the liver, makes the assimilation of the food perfect, purifies the blood and enriches it with the life-giving elements that build new, healthy flesh. It is the great blood-purifier and flesh-builder. It cures 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption and is the best of all known remedies for nervous troubles. Thousands have told over their own signatures, the stories of the wonders it has performed. Honest dealers will not urge a substitute for the sake of a little extra profit. Thomas H. Carter, of Chicago station, Pacific Co., Va., writes: "I suffered terrible tortures for ten years with gastralgia (pain in the stomach). I then took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which completely cured me."
When the bowels are regular the body will feel good and the mind will be active. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "P. Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never grip. All good dealers sell them, and have nothing else "just as good."



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