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OPPORTUNITY

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FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, May 5, 1899.

NO. 1.

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A. F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107. Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month.
E. W. Conn, W. M.
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A. O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, meets every 1st and 3d Tuesdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. A. Funke, M. W.
I. G. Knotts, Recorder.

I. O. O. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
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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.

ATTORNEYS

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Eugene, Oregon.
Rooms 7 and 8 McClaren's Building. Especial attention given to collections and probate business.

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EUGENE, OREGON.
Office at the Court House.

E. E. BENEDICT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Florence, Oregon.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

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A POSSIBILITY.

Railroad Tickets Selling at Bargain Counter Prices.

She was a portly lady, with a lot of bundles—and it may be noted at this point that it is almost always the case that the larger a lady is the larger and more numerous are the bundles she carries—and when she entered the railroad station she was puffing so that a drowsy man on the front seat jumped up suddenly, thinking it was the engine of the train he was waiting for. She approached the ticket window, and there she put her bundles in all the available space. They were nice, new, store bundles, however, and no objection was made.

"Is the train for Jungleville gone yet?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am," responded the clerk. "How far is it there?"

"About 70 miles, I guess, ma'am." For he was new to that place and was not thoroughly conversant with details.

"What's the price of a ticket?"

"One ninety-eight, ma'am."

"One ninety-eight?" she repeated. "How does that happen?"

"I don't know, ma'am," he replied as he eyed her bundles. "I guess it must be marked down from $3."—Washington Star.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A man loves an ideal; a woman idealizes love.

No woman ever claimed that the fussy white things were meant to be useful.

When a girl proposes to a man, she always acts as if she expected him to apologize for it.

You can patch up a broken heart so that it will speak on loving any old thing, but when faith is shattered it is done for.

When a woman says that if she were rich she would do lots of good in the world, she means she would give away her old clothes to her poor relations.—New York Press.

Wouldn't Do at All.

"I have here a play that I would like you to"—

"What's the title?" interrupted the manager, intent on getting down to details without a loss of time.

"I have called it 'The Pugilist,' and I"—

"Won't do at all," interrupted the manager. "It's name shows it to be totally foreign to the correct dramatic idea. We must have some action in a play, you know. It can't be all dialogue."—Chicago Post.

Disturbed His Slumbers.

A Georgia darky, who was sleeping soundly, was awakened by the tail and it was found impossible to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time.

Didn't Keep Up the Record.

"Bill writes from Texas," said the parent, "that he's in jail ag'in, an he pears to be hopeless over it. I wonder of the example of his family ain't inspirin to him? His grandfather broke jail six times; his uncle drug out three times, an they ain't a jail in the settlement that his kith and any of the rest of the family. It's my opinion that Bill has failed from grace!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Mistaken Impression.

"Did you hear about the speech I made just before the close of congress?" inquired the returned statesman.

"We read it out loud down to the store," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"Ah! What did you think of it?"

"Well, we didn't blame congress for makin up its mind to quit an go home."—Washington Star.

Repartee.

The Stick—I see you're looking ever so much better.

The Umbrella—Oh, yes, I'm completely recovered, thank you!—Punch.

He Had Hit Them.

"What we ought to have," said the experienced bicyclist, "are asphalt roads everywhere."

"Asphalt nothing," returned the beginner. "Asphalt's too hard altogether."—Chicago Post.

Those Girls.

Mae—So you are engaged to George! I refused him three times.

Ethel—That must have been what he meant when he told me that he had had several narrow escapes.—New York Journal.

Household Martyr.

Polly—Aunt Sally seems woefully downcast tonight.

Jennie—Yes, poor thing, the boss's been sick to get her feelings hurt at any time today.—Indianapolis Journal

We call your attention to the following prices. We invite comparison. We want your trade. If good goods and low prices count we will get it.

Guaranteed Fast Black	Ladies' Shoes 90c. and up
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Send us your mail orders; they will have prompt attention.
North Willamette Street,
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J. V. Kuffman.
Eugene.

DEWEY AS A DISCIPLINARIAN.

His Method of Subduing Some Refractory Sailors.

"I was with Commodore Dewey when he was the executive officer of the Colorado," said a financier, "and I remember one incident which shows the manner of man he is. We had a fine crew, some of them as powerful men as I ever saw. Four or five of them went ashore one day and came back fighting drunk.

"Three of them were men who would singly have been more than a match in strength for John L. Sullivan. The order was given to put them in irons, and it was found impossible to carry out the order, for the men were dangerous. Dewey was notified of the situation. He was writing a letter in his room at the time.

"He went to the place where the giants were and he told them to come aboard and submit to the irons. They did not stir. Then Dewey said quietly to an orderly, 'Bring me my revolvers,' and when he had his pistols he again called upon the men to come out, but they did not move. Then he said, 'I am going to count three. If you are not out here with your hands held up on the third count, you won't come out of that place alive.'

"He counted one, then he counted two. We all expected to hear the report, for we knew that Dewey meant what he said. The men knew it too. They stepped out just in time to save their lives and held up their hands, and they had been partially sobered by their fright and the moral effect of Dewey's glances.

"One of them said afterward that when he saw Dewey's eyes he knew that he would either be a dead Jackie in a moment or so would have to yield, and when the irons were put upon him he was as sober as he ever was in his life. Dewey went back to his room and finished the letter he was writing."—Philadelphia Press.

"The Lucky Duffs."

"The Lucky Duffs" is the title of an article in The English Illustrated Magazine in which Mr. J. M. Bullock traces the rise of the Duke of Fife, like a prince in a fairy tale, from a little farmer in the north of Scotland 200 years ago. One good woman of the house used to ride to market with a huge pile of plaiding, which she had spun from her sheep, in the cropper beside her and duly brought back its value in money. These she hoarded in bags. On one occasion she banked her savings in a leather bag in the ceiling, but the rats got at it, so that the family dined amid a downpour of ducatoons. The family flourished so well that each of her three sons got in estate of his own—Patrick, the youngest, bringing 36 children into the world, while William became the father of the first Earl of Fife.

Queen Wilhelmina.

There is no longer any doubt that Wilhelmina, queen of the Netherlands, is engaged to marry Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar. The young Prince of Saxe-Weimar is 22 years of age and the second son of the late hereditary Prince of Weimar. The young queen has lately been in Paris seeing the sights and selecting a trousseau. Her dresses, rides in the Bois and goodness of face and character have been items of interest in the Paris journals. They deem it significant that she shops in Paris instead of Berlin, and they consider the future queen a valuable person.

Thoughtful to the Last.

"Didn't your absconding cashier leave you any message?"

"Yes. He left a note in the cash box transferring to me his paid up membership in a Don't Worry club."—Chicago Record.

A Free American Citizen.

Among the wives of our naval commanders now so prominently in the...

THE INDULGENT FATHER.

An Account of One That Colonel Calliper Knew in Storkville Center, Vt.

"Speaking of indulgent fathers," said Colonel Calliper, "reminds me of an old friend of mine named Silas Zingtook, who formerly lived in Storkville Centre, Vt. Once when his little son Rufus wanted very much to fly a kite at a time when he was not well enough to be permitted to go out Mr. Zingtook rigged up a contrivance whereby the youngster's desire could be gratified in the house. He set up a blower in the back parlor, belted it to an engine in the cellar below, and when everything was all ready he started the fan and produced a current of air that was ample to float a kite.

"It was great fun for young Rufus to sit in the back parlor and fly his kite in the front, and for a time everything went all right, but on an unfortunate day Rufy, not satisfied with the amount of wind the fan was blowing, undertook to make it blow harder, which is something that Mr. Zingtook had expressly forbidden. It seems that the blower and the boiler and machinery were all much larger than were needed to produce a breeze sufficient to float a kite here, but Mr. Zingtook, who, though rich, was also thrifty, had had a chance to buy this plant second hand cheaper than a new plant of smaller size would have cost, and so he took it and had it set up, and every morning he used to adjust it so that it would not go above a certain speed, and several times he had cautioned his son never to touch it.

"About one minute after Rufus did touch it on this morning when he wanted it to blow harder the big fan was going at a gait that set up a hurricane in the parlors. It blew the kite against one of the windows and broke that the first thing, and within a minute the pictures were off the walls and their glasses smashed, tables were upset, bric-a-brac was knocked into flinders, and the whole parlor was a wreck, with the big blower going at top speed and churning everything there into fragments and blowing the debris out of the windows.

"That ended the father's indulgence."