

GENERAL DIRECTORY

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Attorney General D. R. N. Blackburn  
Supreme Court { R. S. Bean  
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                          C. E. Wolverton  
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COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge..... E. O. Potter.  
Commissioners { W. T. Bailey  
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Clerk..... W. W. Withers  
Treasurer..... A. S. Patterson  
Assessor..... D. P. Burton  
School Superintendent... W. M. Miller  
Surveyor..... C. M. Collier  
Coroner..... W. P. Cheshire  
Justice of Peace..... C. H. Holden  
Constable..... E. A. Evans

CITY OFFICERS.

President..... W. H. Weatherston  
Board of Trustees { O. W. Hurd  
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Recorder..... John I. Butterfield  
Treasurer..... F. B. Wilson  
Marshal..... G. C. Cumpston

SECRET SOCIETIES.

F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.  
Regular communication on second  
and fourth Saturdays in each month.  
E. W. Cobb, W. M.  
J. L. Butterfield, Secretary.  
A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58  
meets second and fourth Saturdays  
each month at 1:30 p. m.  
S. B. Colvin, Commander.  
J. L. Furnish, Adjutant.  
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. Funke, M. W.  
L. G. Knotts, Recorder.  
O. O. F. Hecceta Lodge No. 111, meets  
every Wednesday evening in Lodge  
Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in  
good standing invited to attend.  
S. J. Seymour, N. G.  
W. H. Weatherston, Sec.  
O. O. F. Maple Lodge No. 139, meets  
every Thursday evening in Neely's  
Hall, Seaton, Oregon. Brothers in good  
standing invited to attend.  
WILLIAM BAYNE, N. G.  
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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

A. C. WOODCOCK,  
Attorney at Law,  
Eugene, Oregon.  
Rooms 7 and 8 McLellan's Building.  
Special attention given to collections and probate  
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E. O. POTTER  
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**Scientific American.**  
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STEAMER MARGUERITE,  
Will make regular trips from  
REGULAR DAILY TRIPS  
Between  
Florence and Head of Tide.

THE STEAMER  
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Will carry freight and passengers  
from Florence to San Francisco.  
Will also bring up freight  
For further information inquire  
— OF —  
A. W. BEADLE & CO.  
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POINTS EAST AND SOUTH  
For information, time cards, maps and tickets  
etc., call on or write  
R. McMURPHEY,  
General Agent, Rooms 2 and 4, Shelton Block,  
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255 Morrison St., Cor., 3d,  
Portland, Or.  
J. F. TANNER, Prop., FLORENCE, OR.

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EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.  
Special Attention to Commercial  
\* \* Travellers. \* \*

MORRIS HOTEL,

D. W. STIBBENS, Proprietor.  
Florence, Oregon.  
Tables furnished with all the  
delicacies of the season. Give us  
a call.

Elk Prairie Hotel.

Twenty-three  
Miles West  
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STAGE ROUTE.

Money Saved  
By  
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CENTRALLY LOCATED.  
FREE SAMPLE ROOMS.  
FIRST-CLASS.  
HOTEL EUGENE.  
HOLLENBECK BROS. & BRISTOW, PROP.  
RATES \$1.00 to \$2.00 PER DAY.  
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Will make regular trips from  
Florence to Yaquina  
Calling at ALSEA. And from  
Florence to Coos Bay  
Calling at the UMPQUA.  
For passenger and freight rates  
— APPLY TO —  
Meyer & Kyle, Florence, Or.

GARDINER  
STAGE LINE.

H. H. Barrett, Prop'r,  
Stage Leaves Steamboat Landing on  
the Umpqua for Florence Saturdays.  
Returning, Stage Leaves Florence  
Sundays.  
Extra Trips When Necessary  
Charges Reasonable.

EUGENE-FLORENCE  
STAGE LINE.

E. Bangs, Proprietor.  
Stage leaves Eugene daily ex-  
cept Sundays, at 6 a. m., arriving  
at Florence the day following  
at 10 a. m.  
Returning-stage leaves Flo-  
rence daily, except Sundays at 2  
p. m., arriving in Eugene the day  
following at 9 p. m.  
Single fare - - - - \$5.00  
Round trip - - - - \$9.00  
Tickets for sale at E. Bangs'  
livery barn, Eugene, and at O. W.  
Hurd's office in Florence.

Alex. Patterson, M. D.  
Gardiner, Oregon.

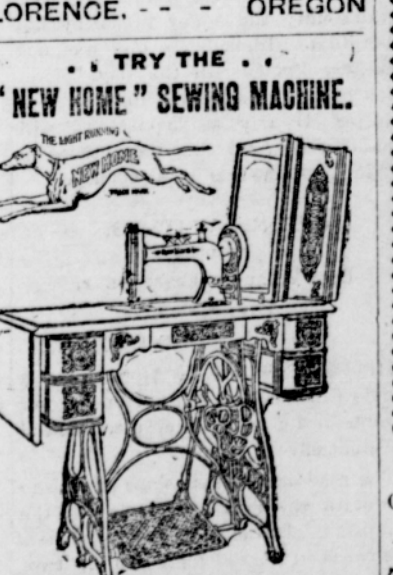
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A. R. BUTTOLPH,  
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FRANK B. WILSON,  
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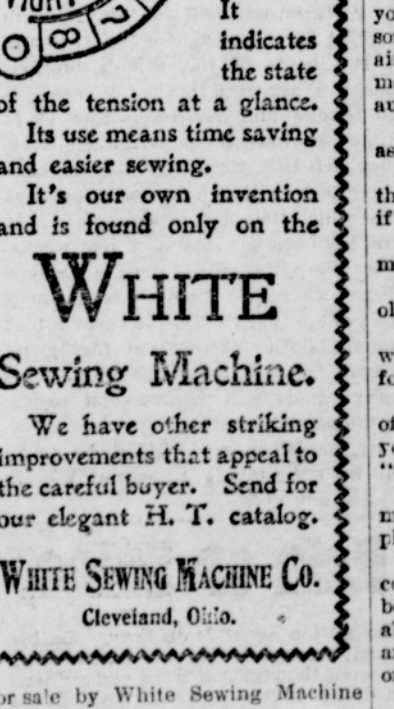
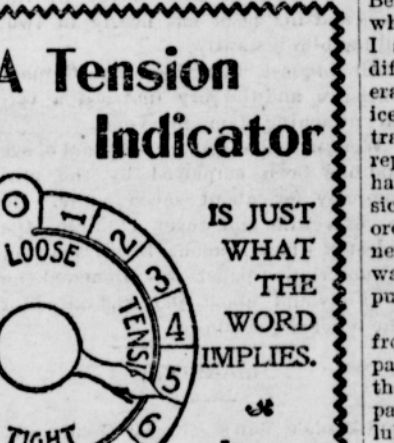
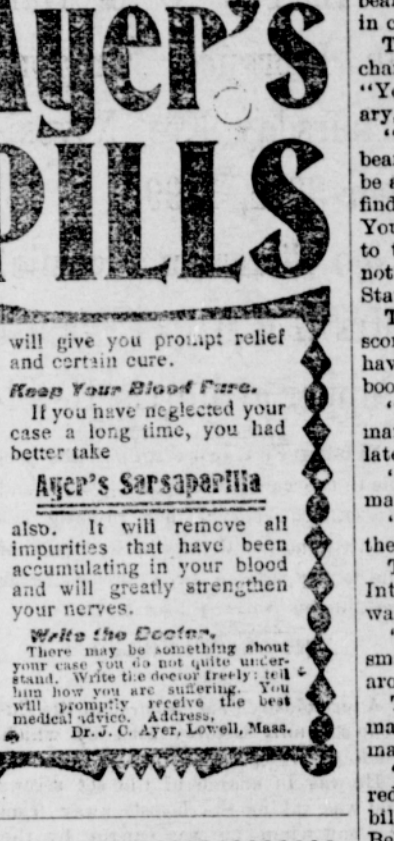
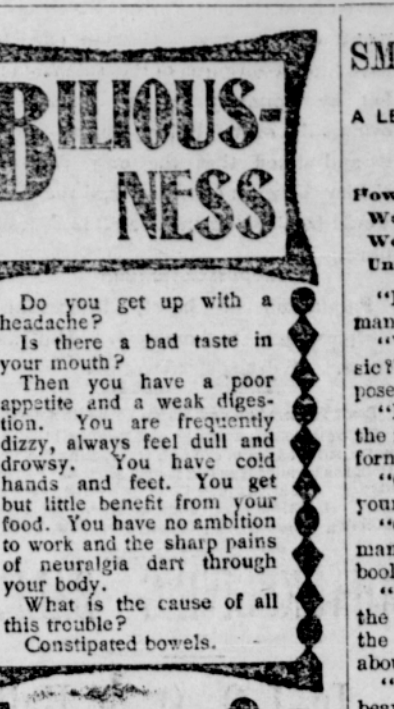
TRY THE  
"NEW HOME" SEWING MACHINE.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS showing the dif-  
ferent styles of  
Sewing Machines we manufacture and their  
prices before you purchase any other.  
THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.,  
ORANGE, MASS.  
24 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.  
Dallas, Texas. San Francisco, Cal. Atlanta, Ga.  
FOR SALE BY  
Good dealers wanted in every town  
Write for prices and terms to San Fran-  
cisco, Cal.



CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a  
movement of the bowels, not being able to  
move them except by using hot water injections.  
Chronic constipation for seven years, placed me in  
everything I heard of but never found any relief; such  
was my case until I began using CASCARET. I  
now have from one to three passages a day, and I  
feel as if I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it  
is such a relief."  
150 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



Tonsorial Parlors.

MARION MORRIS Prop'r.  
Shaving..... 15 cents  
Hair Cutting..... 25 "  
Razor Honed..... 25 "  
Scissors Ground..... 15 "  
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\$1000 In Gold FREE  
A \$950 PIANO FREE  
The Godefroyman of New York City  
is offering a grand piano for sale.  
\$1000.00 IN GOLD Given Away Free  
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We send our complete outfit and give you  
the right to win a grand piano for \$1000.00  
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Godefroyman. Everything will be sent you  
free.  
GODEFROYMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Godefroyman Building,  
New York City, N. Y.

SMART AT SPELLING.

A LESSON IN ORTHOGRAPHY THAT  
WAS DEARLY BOUGHT.

How a Couple of Shrewd Sharpers  
Won Thousands of Dollars by  
Working the Dictionary For Game  
Until They Were Brought to Grief.  
"How do you spell 'choir'?" asked a  
man in the bookstore.  
"What do you mean—paper or mu-  
sic?" inquired a smart young man who  
poses as an authority on all topics.  
"Music, singing, of course," replied  
the man in search of orthographical in-  
formation.  
"C-h-o-i-r," responded the smart  
young man decisively.  
"Q-u-i-r-e," chimed in a red bearded  
man who was busy looking at some  
books.  
"You are referring to paper," said  
the smart young man, looking sadly at  
the interrupter. "We were speaking  
about music."  
"I mean music, too," said the red  
bearded man calmly: "q-u-i-r-e, to sing  
in concert."  
The smart young man's expression  
changed from sadness to contempt.  
"You had better consult your dictio-  
nary," he said with a sneer.  
"Never mind," retorted the red  
bearded man. "My way of spelling may  
be a little old fashioned, but you will  
find it correct according to Webster.  
You will also find it correct according to  
the Century Dictionary, and if I am  
not mistaken it is likewise given in the  
Standard. Your way is all right too."  
The smart young man gave a sniff of  
scorn. "Josh Billings and you should  
have collaborated on a phonetic spelling  
book."  
"Look here," said the red bearded  
man, "I'll bet you \$3 that Webster's  
latest spells it 'q-u-i-r-e.'"  
"Make it \$5," said the smart young  
man, pulling out a roll.  
"No; I don't want to rob you. Get  
the dictionary."  
The money was put up and Webster's  
International brought out. There it  
was, "q-u-i-r-e, to sing in concert."  
"I didn't mean a verb," said the  
smart young man, growing white  
around the ears. "Where is the noun?"  
They found that, too, although it was  
marked obsolete. Then the smart young  
man wilted.  
"I won't take your money," said the  
red bearded man, handing back the  
bills. "My name is Bell, George T.  
Bell. I have had educational advantages  
which you probably never received, and  
I spent several months learning the  
different ways to spell that word. Sev-  
eral years ago I was on the secret ser-  
vice. My partner and I had been on the  
trail of a pair of sharpers who had a  
reputable of 'con' games that would  
have made the ordinary banko man look  
sick. They were men of far more than  
ordinary intelligence and had the man-  
ners of cultured men of the world. The  
way we happened to get them was a  
pure accident.  
"My partner and I were going down  
from St. Louis on a Mississippi river  
packet. There were about 20 of us in  
the smoking room talking and trying to  
pass the time comfortably. Just as a  
hull came in the hum of conversation a  
young man seated at a table writing  
some letters looked up with a troubled  
air and said, 'Could any of you gentle-  
men tell me how to spell 'choir'?' I  
am a little puzzled over it."  
"What kind of a one do you mean?"  
asked several.  
"Choir, to sing in concert," chirped  
the young man, wrinkling his brow as  
if to recall the proper orthography.  
"C-h-o-i-r," said a scholarly looking  
man with glasses on.  
"Q-u-i-r-e," sang out a big, well fed  
old man off in the corner.  
"C-h-o-i-r," repeated the first man, who  
felt keenly that  
"That's all right," said the old man  
off in the corner. "Money talks. I'll bet  
you \$50 that Webster spells it  
"q-u-i-r-e" too."  
"I'll raise you 50," said the first  
man, who was a cotton buyer at Mem-  
phis.  
"All right," said the big old man  
coolly. Then the others joined in and  
bet him to a standstill. They put up  
about \$500. Then they got the dictio-  
nary, and, as just now, the man who bet  
on "q-u-i-r-e" won.  
"My partner and I waited till the  
money had changed hands, and then I  
said, 'Come on, Sir!'  
"I walked up to the young man and  
said: 'Come with me; I want you. I'll  
show you how to spell choir. Si col-  
lared the big old man and we waited  
them down below. You never saw two  
fellows look quite so cheap. They had  
cleaned up over \$15,000 on the one  
trick. That is one spelling school I  
have attended that not every man goes  
to. That game is one which will catch  
nine educated men out of ten. You are  
all right, but you may still have some-  
thing to learn."  
Then the smart young man offered  
the usual invitation in payment for the  
information—Washington Post.

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 al-  
ways acts as if she expected him to  
apologize for it.  
You can patch up a broken heart so  
that it will keep 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 dia-  
logue."—Chicago Post.  
Disturbed His Slumbers.  
A Georgia dandy, who was sleeping  
soundly, was awakened by his wife,  
who screamed:  
"Dey's a big black snake coiled up at  
yo' feet."  
The dandy rose slowly, rubbed his  
eyes, caught the snake by the tail and  
threw it out of the window. But as he  
crawled back in bed he said:  
"Maria, don't yo' ever wake me  
ag'in 'cept for a rattlesnake or a water  
moccasin."—Atlanta Constitution.  
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 here for ever. I wonder  
if the example of his family ain't in-  
spired in him? His gran'father broke  
jail six times; his uncle dug out three  
times, an they ain't a jail in the settle-  
ment that kin hold any of the rest of  
the family. It's my opinion that Bill  
has fallen from grace!"—Atlanta Con-  
stitution.  
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 Cornsoul.  
"Ah! What did you think of it?"  
"Well, we didn't blame congress for  
making up its mind to quit an go  
home."—Washington Star.

Guaranteed Fast Black

\* Ladies and Men's Hose  
10c. per pair.

Ready made Skirts.

Scotch Lawn  
Fast Colors  
Pretty Patterns  
4c. per yard.

Pretty Shirt Waists

30 yds. calico for \$1.00  
A. F. C. Gingham 10c. per yard.  
Duck Suiting at 8, 10, 12, 15,  
20c. per yard : : :

Send us your mail orders; they will have  
prompt attention. J. V. Kauffman.

North, Willamette Street,  
Lane Co., Oregon

Eugene.

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's almost always the case  
that the larger a lady is the larger and  
more numerous are the bundles she car-  
ries—and when she entered the rail-  
road 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 objec-  
tion was made.  
"Is the train for Jangleville 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 \$2."—  
Washington Star.

CONUNDRUMS.

As These Are Riddles of Life They Are  
Unanswerable.

Why is it that just when you're  
dreaming of leading a forlorn hope to  
victory or rescuing terrified women  
from a burning ship some dog on either  
gives a sudden bark at your heels and  
you jump half out of your boots?  
Why is it that just as you think you  
are going to get the most charming  
spouse man ever wooed something goes  
wrong and you get a remarkably super-  
stitious sister instead?  
Why is it that just as you're getting  
everything into shape to have some fun  
in life you eat catstools or fall down a  
coal cellar?  
Why is it that just when you've got  
a dead sure thing to prophesy about and  
astonish the natives a miracle happens  
and it goes the other way?  
Why is it that just when you're start-  
ing out to show some other fellow how  
to ride the bicycle the pedal always  
slips and over you go on the side of  
your head?  
Why is it that just when you're pro-  
jecting yourself as the guide and coun-  
selor of a mighty nation your wife goes  
through your overcoat pockets and finds  
an unposted letter two weeks old?  
Why is it that just when you want  
this you get that, and just when you  
get that you want this?  
Why is it that just when you don't  
want to do anything you've got to do  
everything, and just when you want to  
do everything you've got to do nothing?  
Why is it that just when you hold  
your tongue you ought to have talked  
straight ahead, and just when you talk  
straight ahead everybody else wishes  
you'd held your tongue?  
In short, why is it we live in this  
world instead of some other, and why  
is it we're not somebody else instead  
of ourselves, and ourselves something else  
instead of being anybody?  
Heaven knows; I don't.—Brooklyn  
Life.  
The finest opal of modern times be-  
longed to the Empress Josephine. It  
was called the "Burning of Troy." Its  
fate is unknown, as it disappeared  
when the allies entered Paris.

Ladies' Shoes 90c. and up

Men's " 75c. "  
Children's " 20c. "  
Big Selection—Can save you money

Men's and Boy's Clothing

Men's Shirts 25c. and up  
Boys' " 20c. "  
Boys' Suits 75c. "  
Men's " \$2.75 " "

Hats and Dress Shirts

Ladies' Undervests 5c. and u  
Childrens " 5c. "  
Men's Underwear.....  
50c. and up per suit.

Send us your mail orders; they will have  
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You can patch up a broken heart so  
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When a woman says that if she were  
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New York Press.  
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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 dia-  
logue."—Chicago Post.  
Disturbed His Slumbers.  
A Georgia dandy, who was sleeping  
soundly, was awakened by his wife,  
who screamed:  
"Dey's a big black snake coiled up at  
yo' feet."  
The dandy rose slowly, rubbed his  
eyes, caught the snake by the tail and  
threw it out of the window. But as he  
crawled back in bed he said:  
"Maria, don't yo' ever wake me  
ag'in 'cept for a rattlesnake or a water  
moccasin."—Atlanta Constitution.  
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 here for ever. I wonder  
if the example of his family ain't in-  
spired in him? His gran'father broke  
jail six times; his uncle dug out three  
times, an they ain't a jail in the settle-  
ment that kin hold any of the rest of  
the family. It's my opinion that Bill  
has fallen from grace!"—Atlanta Con-  
stitution.  
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 Cornsoul.  
"Ah! What did you think of it?"  
"Well, we didn't blame congress for  
making up its mind to quit an go  
home."—Washington Star.

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