FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Dec. 22, 1899.

NO. 34.

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Prosecuting Attorney Geo. M.			
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## SECRET SOCIETIES.

F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107 and fourth Saturdays in each month. E. W. COBB, W. M. J. I. BUTTERFIELD, Secretary.

G. A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58 meets second and fourth Saturdays d each month at 1:30 p. m. S. B. Colvin, Commander. J. L. FURNISH, Adjutant.

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. O. Funke, M. W. I. G. Korres Pacorder. . G. KNOTTS, Recorder.

O. O. F. Heceta 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. Weatherson, Sec.

O. O. F. Maple Lodge No., 139, meets Hall, Seaton, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend. WILLIAM BRYND, N. G. PHIL. NICOLLE, Sec.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY

RESBYTERIAN 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 hemselves known. I. G. KNOTTS, Pastor.

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No need of this snowstorm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation. It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

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S1000.00 IN COLD | Given Away Free GENTLEWOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY. LITTLE LOVERS.

Wee little lovers, aged six and ten. Aping the manners of women and men.

He so ardent and she so shy
Only when somebody else is by.
When they're alone, her shyness flies,
Cupid mounts quickly his throne in her eyes;
When they're alone, this bright haired miss
Gives her wee lover a soft, warm kiss.

Yet a sad little coquette is she; Every attention she welcomes with gice, Many a heart has she filled with pain, Constant she finds it so hard to remain; Lovers will come to her feet to woo. What is the dear little damael to do? Is it her fault that they love her so? Is it her fault that they won't take "No?" Long be the lives of this little pair,

Long he the fives of this fittle pair, Sweetheart and maidea so bonny and fair! Long may they live while their loves intwine Each with the other, like stoms of the vine! Or will this beby love droop and die Ere many years have flown harrying by? Then will they deem it but childlish fun, Feeling no smart since no harm has be

-F. P. in Tiusley's Magazine. HER EXPLATION.

We had been "inseparables" before his going, and we would be so never again I felt convinced. She had absorbed him. Mind, desire, future, were packed in the little palm of her hand. Yet I was not vulgarly jealous. I loved Aubrey Yeldham better than I could have loved a brother, but I had seen her and had caught the reflection of his sentiment, though in a tempered degree. I had met her but once, in a verdurous Devon lane, where she had lost her bearings and we had come to her assist-

Her name was Ruth Lascelles, and she was a widow. That was the sum total of our knowledge. She might have been 20, but we estimated her age at 25, deducing our theory from a certain fatigued languor of voice and expression that accorded ill with the girlish satin of her skin. This was arrived at on the first day of our meeting-we had not discussed her since. But one morning when he had called at the little farm cottage where she lived and had found her flown without a word of regret his despair had been too much for him. The whole story rolled from his lips; his love for her, her seeming reciprocity, their wanderings in the woods, her reliant, trusting attitude—that had taught him to wish himself some knight of the Holy Grail and not a mere besmirched man of many passions.

I was so out of it, as the phrase is, that I could volunteer small elucidation. That she was a coquette of the first order seemed the most feasible solution, and I offered it. He derided the nation—it was apparently so frivolous a venture that it failed to anger him. But one day, after we had returned to town and were working well in harness, he with his book, I with my illustrations for it, he burst out afresh:

"She unintentionally let out where she lived. It is a village on the coast of France. She must have returned." "Well?" I said, suspending my work and pretending to extract a hair from point of my drawing pen. "Well," he burst out, "the world is our oyster. If we shirk opening it, we if you can, and if not'-

can't hope to filch pearls. 'That means?' I hinged expectantly. don't intend to give up the biggest front, however, and on the sleeve was

tioned-needlessly indeed, for his kindling eye contained a fire of decision and energy that for 14 days, since the sorry one of her disappearance, had smol-He had been absent but a week when I received the telegram announcing his intended return. I stood-with my

warming themselves behind my sheltering coattails—eager to recognize his rampant mount of the stairs, to feel the clasp of his hand or the thump on the shoulder blade and hear his cheery "Congratulate me, old fellow!" that I knew must come. A cab stopped outside and a key turned in the lock. Then a slow, heavy tread ascended. We met in the passage. There was no need for more than a glance at him to abridge the exuberance of welcome that had bubbled to my lips. The silence was so long-so pregnant

with unsyllabled anguish-that at lact I closed a warm hand over his fingers as they clasped the arm end of his chair.

"Well," he said huskily, starting a little from his coma and poking a coal with the toe of his boot, "it's over." "So I supposed, and the pearl was

"Not for my handling," he interrupted. "I knew you'd think something hard of her, but you won't, you won't when I tell you"-He stretched his hand to his glass

and emptied it before continuing. "It came about sooner than I intendd-the horizon was so serene I wanted to lay to for a bit-but it was no use. We were talking of something-I forget what-and I made a quotation. You know the chap who said, 'Show me a woman's clothes at different periods of ber life and I will tell you her his-

"Yes, I forget his name, but I think it was a Frenchman." "Well, I quoted him, pretending to a like perspicacity. It was a speaking, cowardly ruse to know more of her."

"She snapped at my offer-was aimost ardent in her wish to test me. "I caught her wrist as it turned the handle of the wardrobe door and remonstrated: 'I refuse to see them. I know nothing of clothes, and I'm not a detective. I won't pry into your past secrets either of sorrew or of joy.'

"Her hand shook in my clasp. "'Don't stop me,' she cried impera-tively. 'Help me-I want you to know

"'So be it,' I said and pushed back the door. Then she suddenly flung herself in front of it, between me and the row of dainty frocks and shimmering we one 1-4 Knocked Off

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ing the gate of a citadel, though her lips said in a tone richer than wine, sweeter than music, 'Kiss me first.'" There was a long pause-Yeldham

sat blankly staring at the coals, and I gazed intently into the mists of nicotine that curled upward to the ceiling. "There are some kisses," he said presently, "that are worth the whole

sum of human pleasure. Pleasure! Faugh! A rotten word—belonging to those who only half live." He handled a cigarette mechanically and lit it. "We had gone through most of the

dresses when we came to some fine azuro drapery incrusted with Japanese gold.
"'It was mine,' she said, 'and was
worn by a woman I hated. She borrowed it one night after coming over in the

" 'Yet you hated her?' I asked, taking my cue from the curl of her lip.
"'Not then. In those days I thought men were true-George truest of alland women good.'
"I looked down at the gold storks on

the heavy eastern silk, and said, 'And when did you change your opinion?'
"'When I hung away this gown, and determined it should never touch me.' "I rose to put my arm around her, to break the skein of unpleasant asso-

" There is one more, tell me its tale "She paused while I took the fine lace and lawn into my fingers. It seemed "That means, in plain words, that I a summer dress, scarcely crushed. In

in a hard, almost deflant voice

pearl that God ever sent to make a man rich."

"You intend to follow her?" I quesaccident perhaps? and in questioning I met her eyes. "'Don't, don't!' I cried, 'don't speak!' I flung myself back in the chair

and covered my face to avoid the sight of hers-the expression of horror that was staring from it. " 'I will, I must speak. Yes, blood; his blood. Oh!' she exclaimed, stand ing in front of me in that Cassandralike attitude I had noticed before. 'I can see it now. George had gone to the country—so he had raid—and I, to pass the time, dined with an uncle at Bignard's. You know the room-the thousand lights and loaded tables, the chink of glass and glow of silver—the gay and brilliant company that is always there? We dined, and were leaving afterward for the opera. My uncle passed out first and I was about to follow him, when, at a little table, I saw George and her; George looking down, down into her eyes with a bot red flush in his cheeks and a lifted wineglass in hir

hand. I don't know what happened; I burst between them, flung the glass from his fingers, and then'-"I thought she must scream, but only a gasp escaped her. She looked at some-thing on the ground and added in an awed, strangely intense voice, 'He was

"The tone compelled me to her side; a torrent of agony seemed frozen at her lips. "Listen! she cried, still standing

rigid, though the thrilling tone of her voice confessed her emotion. 'The verdiet of acquittal was merely a doom to perpetual remorse. A life for a life, was cried to me from even the daybreak chirping of the birds.

"'Oh, Aubrey, be merciful—spare me all you can, for I am like a pilgrint who faints in sight of the great road. I know now that it is not the pulse of life, but the color and the scent of it, that makes one's sacrifice. I believe that every guilty soul must have his moment of high opportunity, of expiation, and this is mine. You are brave, you are great, you ere generous. Shall

you tempt me—and stay, or will you save me—and go?"

Poer Yeldham's voice broke to a boarse whisper, and I laid a sympathetic band upon his knee.

"And you, Aubrey, you went?" "I am here," be answered, with a groan that was more pitiful than tears. -Condensed From Black and White.

Only Way to Do 14. "You see, it's this way," he said ia

explaining the situation. "There's no Spaniard dares haul down the flag we have put up over the Philippines, so they're going to try to convince us that we ought to do it overselves." Chi-

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

He came into town this morning fresh from Georgia. He smelled of magnolia and live oak and sweetest summer. He was long and fat, a peculiar combina-tion, but his in truth. He was light and dark green in alternate stripes, the former the shade of new grass, the latter that of a baseball that has seen a season's usage on the diamond.

The passersby looked at him and smiled, and with his stripes twinkling he seemed to smile back at them and say, "See, I have come," and then the stripes would stretch into a grin, possibly sarcastic. Little boys looked at him in awe and nudged each other and said, "Hully

gee!" or something else equally express An old man going by remarked, "Pretty early for you to arrive, but you are looking well," whereat he simply grinned the broader. A little black newsboy, after inspecting him from all sides, backed away to the curb and said-half to himself, "Dat am de real sign

dat summer am came.' Beside him stood a man in an apron, but no one questioned the man concerning the stranger. "He is none of us," ciations, but she moved away, and said kindly old gentleman touched him softly with reverence and so gently that he did not feel.

> He sat there on Woodward avenu for hours gazing at the passersby and smiling, as happy as a bird on a suashiny morning. About 9 o'clock a man walked up to him and insolently thump-ed him and said, "Is he ripe?" whereat the fellow in the apron said, "Yes, but we haven't plugged him yet." Then the insolent man said, "How much?"
> When he was told, he whistled long

a corner lot on Woodward avenue injust sat there and grinned. And it's likely he'll be there tomorrow, too, for no one feels like investing a winter's savings in him, even though every one is interested and would like to own

and low and then went across the street to a real estate office and bought

him .- Detroit Free Press. "She was under the impression that two heads are better than one." "Aren't they?" "Not when keeping a secret."-Vim.

