

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

STAGE LINE.

Stage Leaves Steamboat Landing on

Returning, Stage Leaves Florence

EUGENE-FLORENCE

STAGE LINE.

Stage leaves Eugene on Mon-

Returning stage leaves Florence

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fri-

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3

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Charges Reasonable.

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## FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, May 11, 1900.

### CONTENT. Had I a chance to shape my life anew, The sense to know the sholdy from the true, I could not hope to gain so fair a blisa As lavish fortune gave me, dear, in you. If you have it, you I could not hope so fair a bliss to gain, know it. You know all about the heavy feeling in the stomach, the The lack whereof would leave existence vain, Wherefore have 1 no shadow of desire To blot away my pendry and pain. My penury and pain to blot away— Ah, comrade of my spirit, who can say That he has pain whose unavailing pangs So soft a hand is lifted to allay? formation of gas, the And penury? Why, that is but a name To whose feels givine affection's flame. Better the glow of mutual love beside The humblest hearth than loneliness in fame. Chausea, sick headache, and general weakness of the whole body. I ask no more than just to bide with you, You can't have it a week To blend a little gladness with the rue, And, when my clay is mingled with the dust, To dream of our delight the ages through. -Frack Putnam in National Magazine. without your blood being impure and your nerves all exhausted. There's just one remedy A DARK MISTAKE for you-It Is Unsafe to Make Love With-out Seeing the Object of Affection.

"No use burning all these lights down here. I'll just have to fill them in the morning, and no use making me work for nothing," and the old sextor turned down the one lamp burning in the chandelier in the room and went out, leaving the door ajar. The light flickered for a few moments until an outer door was opened, and then, with one bright flash, it died out.

Up stairs there was much laughing and talking as the busy hands put the finishing touches to the church decorations for the morrow.

"There. I think that is as well as wo can do," and Nellie Collier stepped stairs to his study. back to survey the work. "We need a "A pretty kettle of fish I've got into," back to survey the work. "We need a small plece of rope to reach across that he exclaimed, as he threw himself into seat yet, doctor," she said, turning to a chair and kicked the footstool which Dr. Graham, who was standing beside her. "Two of those letters in that center motto are crooked. You straighter them, please, while I get the rope. J know where there is a piece that will just do," and she hurrled down the stairs and ran against Mr. Pitcairn as he was entering his study.

"Whew! Dark as can be," she said half aloud as she entered the small an teroom and felt her way over the closet under the stairs.

Mr. Pitcaira went into his study, his thoughts in a tumult. For months Nel-He Collier's laughlug face had been haunting him, and he often found that his eyes rested on her when he was preaching.

He walted a few minutes and theu met the little white robed figure as she was about leaving the room.

"Nellie, I want to tell you some thing." he said, taking hold of the hands which were full of rope. "I have been wanting to tell you for

a long time that I love you. I don't ful to you, has it?"

ed between us this evening would certainly give me the right." "Why, Mr. Pitcairn, what could possibly have passed between us? You must be laboring under some mistake," she exclaired in surprise. "I saw you

when you came into the church and had scarcely spoken to you until you came here a few minutes ago." "What do you mean, after what was said in the anteroom when you were

after rope?" "Mr. Pitcairn, if you had any converration with any one down stairs it certainly was not with me. I went down after rope, but I was not gone two minutes, and you must remember that I was not the only one who had been down stairs after things, and if you have made any arrangements to acrompany a young lady home this even-

ing it was not with your humble serv-ant," and her black eyes danced merrily, and he knew that she was enjoying his discomfiture.

Mr. Pitcairn grew pale.

"I'll forgive you for calling Dr. Gra-ham a fellow if you don't do it again, for he is"-she hesitated and blushed-"a very particular friend of mine, and you and I have been such good friends that I will tell you a secret-we are engaged."

"Oh, you little torment! I might have known that you would try"- he exclaimed, his face all aglow.

"Why, Mr. Pitcalrn, how could you have known it, when we did not know It ourselves until this evening? And I don't know what the doctor will say to my telling you."

Mr. Pitcairn staggered back against a seat. "I-I wish you every happi-ness," he stammered, then he turned to examining the flowers until after they had left the church. He felt dazed, and he certainly pluched himself to see that he was not dreaming as he went down

Miss Reynolds had made across the room. "Lost the girl I wanted and engaged myself to something I don't want, and I haven't any idea who it 18!"

He lit a match and went over to the anteroom. There lay a plece of rope on the floor and beside it a daintily perfumed handkerchief. He picked them up and went back to his study. He remembered now that he noticed the scent of violets as he held her in his arms. It cost him a struggle to give up Nellie Collier. He sat and thought until long after midnight. He studied over all the Nellies of his congregation. There was Miss Reynolds, but she was too stout, he thought, with a great sigh of relief; Miss Mattern was too tall. It was some one whose head just reached his shoulder. He had called her Nellie, he was certain of that, with some love epithets thrown in. She was small and dainty and, whoever she was, evident-

ly loved him. If he found she was some one who think that you can be surprised, for would not suit him, well, he would you must have seen that I love you have to get out of it in some way. dearly, and I hope that it has not been But, whoever she was, her presence seemed to haunt him as he sat there.

NO. 2.

SUNNY WOMEN.

SUMMY WOMEN. Who has not known the woman whose disposition is described by that one word "sumy?" There's always a laugh lurk-ing on her lips. Her cheeks are ever ready to dimple in smiles. Her house-hold influence is as brightening and stimulating as the sunshine. Nothing can be crueler than to have this sunshine blotted out by disease. But this is a common cruelty. The young wife who was the sunshine of the home becomes its shadow. Every young wife should know the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the protection and pres-ervation of the health. It promotes regularity, dries the drains which enfee-ble body and mind, and cures inflamma-tion, ulceration and female weakness. It nourishes the nervous system and

tion, ulceration and female weakness. It nourishes the nervous system and gives to the body the balance and buoy-ancy of perfect health. It is a strictly temperance medicine. "I can say that your medicine cured me," writes Mrs. Maud Pearce, of Stoutsville, Pais-field Co., Ohio. "I had suffered about tweive years from female weakness and I had shnost given up, thinking there was no cure for me. Then I heard about Dr. Pierce's medicine and thought I would try it, and can say that seven bottles of your 'Pavorite Prescription' made me well. I am now able to do my own housework. I too's about tweive bottles in all of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Took some of the 'Odien Medical Discovery, 'Favorite Prescription' and some of the 'Piezasant Pellets cure constipation.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

A SCENE OF BUTCHERY.

The Slaughter That Came With the End of the Janizaries.

On the 15th day of June, 1826, the whole corps of the janizaries in the capital assembled, overturned their camp kettles (the signal of revolt) and advanced upon the seraglio. With his own hand the sultan unfurled the sacred "sanjak sherif" and called upon the true believers to rally round their dischah and caliph, and the zealous Mussulman citizens rushed from all quarters and rallied under the sacrod symbol. The ranks of the janizaries were raked with grape and solid shot by "Black Hell" (a nickname for Ibre-him, general of artillery) and his gua-ners as they pressed through the streets, compelling them to fall back to the Etmeidan, where they defended themselves with extraordinary fierceness elaying great numbers of their assau ants. The artillery, supported by the marines and the bostangi, pressed for ward and compelled them to retreat to their barracks, where they offered deperate resistance to the assault.

From every street cannon thundered on the walls without intermission, the building was soon in flames, the walls torn and battered down by grapes and the janizaries, overwhelmed by ruins, shot and flames, perished in their burning and blood stained barracks For two days the gates of the city remained closed, and with releatless vigor every corner was searched for such janizarics as had escaped the general massacre, and when found they wero hastily executed. Nearly 20,000 janizaries were destroyed on this memora-ble day, and many thousands were aft-erward put to death in the various cities of the empire, and thus not one of the number under arms was left to





There was no answer, but there was no attempt to withdraw the hands that he held.

"I am not an adopt at lovemaking, darling. Will you be my wife, Nellie?" "I never thought that you cared for her warm breath on his cheek. And me," she murmured. "You pever noticed me much, and I thought you cared for others," came in a low voice.

"I must have bid my feelings more than I thought, but it was because I loved you so that you thought that I neglected you. A minister is watched so much and has to be so very careful. But can you love me, darling, enough to be my wife?"

He could scarcely hear the answer. but he suddenly clasped her in his arms. No matter what happened for a few minutes. It was the first time was dark. He remembered afterward that he even then felt surprised to find that she was so small.

"I must be going, darling," he said him. the next room. "There is a committee meeting in my study. 1 will come up stairs as soon as I can," and, giving her a last kiss, he hurried from the room. He was in no humor for a business

meeting, and the good brethren must have thought that their young minister was growing frivolous, he seemed so light hearted and laughed several times when they were discussing important business. The truth was he scarcely knew what was said or done, didn't"- He paused a moment, and as soon as the last one had departed he hurried up stairs. Nearly every one had gone, but Nellic, "his Nellic," was busy arranging some last flowers in a vase, and Dr. Graham was standing beside her and whispering something to her while she just shook her it." head and laughed.

Nellie merely glanced up as he approached. "What do you think of the decora-

tions?" she asked. "They are fine, very fine," be answer-

ed, trying to meet her glance, but she had turned back to Dr. Graham, and "Psbaw! How unreasonable 1 am,"

thoughtful she is so as not to attract attention." So he walked away until he saw her

preparing to leave. "Are you ready to go now?" he asked In a low tone. "Do you want to take this basket along?"

"Why, yes-but," she besitated an "Dr. Graham will help me Instant. with my things."

He suddenly dropped the basket. "Why, Nellie, it is my place, not that fellow's," he exclaimed.

Nellie Collier's face flushed. "I do not see how you can claim that right any more than you have to speak of Dr. Graham in that manner," she said haughtily.

"Why, Nellie, I think that what pass-

He could feel her arms around his neck and the pressure of her head against his shoulder, and he felt an intense longing to again hold the little white robed figure in his arms and feel he-dignified minister that he waspicked up the handkerchief and kissed it passionately.

He scarcely knew how he got through the next day. He was thankful that the services were such that he did not have to give a regular sermon. He studiously avoided looking at the choir, where Nellie Collier was sitting, until near the close of the

evening services, when, while Elinor Vandever was singing a solo, he turned that way, and for a moment their eyes met, her voice faltered for an instant and then rang out clear and sweet. He nearly let the hymnbook he was holding fall to the floor in his surprise, and a sudden feeling of relief came over

at last as he heard some one entering Elinor Vandever! He had never thought of her, and yet he knew that her pet name at home was Nellie. She had always been so reserved that he had never dreamed that she would care for him, but there was no mistaking that look.

"What a dear little thing she is. 1 don't think that I will want to give her up. I-I have been very fortunate," he said to himself as he met her at the foot of the stairs and drew her little hand on his arm. "Last evening you

"You-you were not angry?" she whispered anxiously. "You were busy taiking to Nellie Collier, and Aunt Minnie was ready to go, and I didn't know how to get out of not going along with her. I thought you would understand

Well, if I didn't have you last night I have you tonight," he said teaderly, pressing the little hand to his side .-Chicago News.

#### A Grasshopper For Luck.

Should you be reposing in summer in a meadow and a grasshopper happens to jump on you by no means drive him away. Welcome and cherish him, which is best done by perfect quiescence.

Whether his usual merry disposition or his blithe hopping over all sorts of difficulties has any association with the notion we know not, but the popularity of the grasshopper is ancient and distinguished enough, the Greek species having been favorites with all the poets from Homer and Heslod to Anacreon and Theocritus. So much did the Athenians admire them that they were accustomed to fasten golden figures of them in their balr, and they were always addressed by the most endearing epithets. The sound of the grasshopper is always welcome and naturally of good omen, allading, as it were, to summer and sunshine .- Gentleman's Magazine.

tell the tale. -- Self Culture. The First Coffee In England. A quaint old hand bill has turned up in London, issued in the middle of the seventeenth century by Pasqua Rosce. who kept the first public coffee house

in that city: "The vertue of the Coffee Drink: first made and publickly sold in England by Pasqua Rosee. The grain or berry called coffee groweth upon little trees. only in the deserts of Arabia. It is a simple, innocent thing, composed into a drink, by being dried in an oven, and ground to powder, and boiled up with spring water, and about haif a plut of It to be drunk fasting an hour before. and not enting an hour after, and to be taken as hot as possibly can be endured: the which will never fetch the ekin off the mouth, or raise any blisters by reason of that heat. It much quickens the spirits and makes the beart lighter. It is good against sore eyes. It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and therefore is good against the headache, and will very much stop any defluxion of rhenms that distil from the head upon the stomach, and so prevent and herp consumptions and the cough of the lungs. It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, they are not troubled with stone, gout, dropsy, or scorvy, and thattheir skins are exceedingly clear and white. It is neither laxative nor restringent.

"Made and sold to St. Michael's alley, Cornhill, by Pasqua Rosee, at the sign of his own head."

#### The Doctor Wondered.

Dr. Dunning, editor of The Congregationalist, was once visiting some friends upon the walls of whose dinergos room hung specimers of the youthful industry and plety of the children of the family, two samplers worked in worsted, one a motto calculated to: cheer the beart in the hours of dearth. "The Lord Will Provide," the other a lifelike representation of man's best friend, the dog, both frathed and hung

conspictionally apposite the doctor, For breakfast there was sausage." Dr. Dunning looked at the motto, "The Lord Will Provide," looked at the lifelike dog and looked at his sausage. Again his glance wandered over fin three. Then he turned to his hostess impulsively. "There's nothing in that," is there?" he asked.

COLOR DE