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A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107. Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month. E. W. Cobb, W. M.; H. L. Sells, Secretary.
R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. Meets second and fourth Saturdays monthly at 1:30 p. m. S. B. Colvin, Commander; J. L. Furuseth, Adjutant.

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Methodist Episcopal Church, Florence. Sabbath school, 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Members of the church are cordially invited to attend. A. C. Karnovsky, N. G.; W. H. Weatherston, Sec.
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Episcopal Church, Florence. Sabbath school, 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Members of the church are cordially invited to attend. I. G. Knotts, Pastor.

ATTORNEYS

A. C. WOODCOCK, Attorney at Law, Florence, Oregon.
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We have the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert Bay, of Lincoln, Oregon; James Bay, of Minerva, Oregon; Frank Condon, of Minerva, Oregon; James Dick, of Minerva, Oregon; J. T. Burdick, of J. T. Burdick, Resider.

GRAY'S HAIR VIGOR

Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons looking prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using
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For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.
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"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and I can truly say that it has done more for my hair than any other preparation. It has stopped falling out and has made my hair grow again. I feel like a new woman."
Mrs. G. L. BURDICK, Ector, Tex. April 24, 1900.
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

PRIMITIVE ANCHORS.

STONES AND WOODEN TUBES FILLED WITH LEAD FIRST USED.
The Earliest Anchors Made on the Hook Principle Had Only One Fluke—Crude Devices That Are Still Used in Different Parts of the World.
There appear to be two ideas which have led up to the invention of the modern anchor: (1) the idea of attaching the vessel by means of a rope or chain to a weight sufficiently heavy to keep the vessel from moving when the weight has sunk to the bottom of the sea, and (2) the idea of using a hook instead of (or in addition to) the weight, so as to catch in the bottom. The English word anchor is practically the same as the Latin ancora and the Greek ankura, meaning "that which has an angle," from the root ank, bent.
The earliest anchors made on the hook principle probably only had one fluke instead of two. In the "Snæsk Archaeol. Coll." there is an illustration of what has been surmised to be an ancient British canoe at Furnham, Sussex. There is in the British museum an interesting leaden anchor with two flukes bearing a Greek inscription. Its date is about 50 B. C. and it was found off the coast of Cyrena.
The invention of the anchor with two flukes is attributed by Pausanias to Midas, by Pliny to Eupulmas, and by Strabo to Anacharsis. Diodorus Siculus states that the first anchors were wooden tubes filled with lead, while another classical writer says that before the introduction of metal anchors lumps of stone with a hole through the middle for the attachment of the cable were used.
The form of the anchors used by the Greeks and Romans is well known from representations on Trajan's column and in the catacombs at Rome as an early Christian symbol. This form does not seem to have changed materially for quite a thousand years, as is shown by the Bayeux tapestry.
Some very primitive kinds of anchors are in use at the present day in different parts of the world, and a study of their construction may throw some light on the evolution of the modern anchor.
An anchor which came from Japan consists of a natural forked branch of a tree, slightly improved artificially, so as to make a hook. Two round bars are fixed at right angles to the shank, and to these two ordinary beach pebbles are tied. The length of the anchor is 2 feet 8 inches, and across the transverse bars 1 foot 5 inches. The stones are from 5 to 6 inches in diameter and 3 inches thick.
Another anchor was in use quite recently in the Arrau islands, off the west coast of Galway. It is constructed of a slanting bar at each side and three cross-bars, forming a figure not unlike the isosceles triangle in Euclid's post-anthorum. The lowest of the three cross-bars is of square section and is fixed by iron spikes at each side to the sloping pieces so as to prevent them spreading outward. The stone, which acts as a weight, is clipped by means of the two sloping pieces, being held tightly by two gloved rings of rope passing under the upper crossbars.
These crossbars are of round section and project at each side, thus keeping the rope rings from slipping upward. The cable is fixed to the middle of the lowest transverse bar and is carried up on one side of the stone, then between the two sloping boards, and finally through a loop fixed to a hole at the top of the anchor. The boards at each side are 1 foot 10 inches long and the stone 1 foot 5 inches long.
It may seem strange that such primitive looking contrivances should continue to be used by fishermen who have a full knowledge of every modern appliance connected with navigation and vessels, yet there are good reasons why they should have survived. Where the sea or river bed is rocky anchors are easily lost. This is a serious matter when the anchor is of iron and of some value, but if it is constructed like those described there is not much difficulty or expense in replacing it. A beach stone and a few bits of wood are always at hand, and the skilled workmanship required to fashion them into a very serviceable anchor is but small.
Thus it is that under certain conditions primitive appliances must always hold their own against modern inventions. When, as often happens, a newly introduced contrivance gets out of order, it generally involves much greater loss of time and more expense to replace it than if it were of simpler construction and capable of being made by an ordinary workman out of materials easily procurable on the spot.
Highly civilized man has much to learn from his prehistoric ancestors and from uncultured races still existing to how he should act in an emergency when deprived of his usual appliances.—Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist.
Trials of Translation.
English critics say that recently fate gave evidence of more than usual intelligence in the office of a Parisian journal. The Parisian editor saw a London critic's appreciation of Amia Thidhak, whose songs are so pointed and flowery as her "rosbud" slippers. The Londoner wrote that "mademoiselle's feet were incased in fairy boots." The Parisian set himself diligently to work with his dictionary, and soon had it corrected, we presume, but when it appeared in print instead of reading that mademoiselle's feet were incased in "bottes de fee," it said they were incased in "pots a fleurs" (flower pots).
"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the fault of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

A DOUBTING FATHER.

One warm midsummer day Steve found himself seated under the old Baldwin apple tree, with the half hull of a red hearted watermelon in his lap. Old Mr. B., busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job, how many cigars he smoked in a day, what they cost and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman or what?
"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.
"That's a mighty big name, Steve."
"Yes, father; it's rather a big job, too, for me."
"But ye don't do it all, Steve. Ye must have hands to help you load and unload?"
"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help."
"And the company pays them all?"
"Yes."
"How much do they pay you, Steve—\$2 a day?"
Steve almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.
"Three?" he ventured.
"More than that, father."
"Ye don't mean to say they pay ye as much as five?"
"Yes, father; more than 25."
The old man let the empty hull fall between his knees, stared at his boy and whistled.
"Say, Steve," he asked earnestly, "are ye worth it?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Inquisitive Damsel.

A girl who took up photography not long ago and endeavored to get some valuable snap shots had bad luck with her first pictures. There were funny streaks of white all through them when there was any picture at all, and she couldn't imagine how they came there. Neither could an experienced amateur who assisted in developing her first negatives and who took the usual precautions in loading the camera and taking the plates.
"I can't imagine what is the matter," he said as plate after plate came out either good for nothing or with only a little of the picture visible. "Those ought to have been good plates."
"Neither can I," said the girl. "They looked all nice and smooth and white if that is the way they ought to look."
"Looked all right!" exclaimed her instructor in dismay. "You hadn't looked at them before we put them in the camera, had you?"
"Oh, not enough to hurt them!" said the girl. "I just lifted up the black paper from each plate just the slightest crack in the world. I just couldn't resist the temptation of seeing how nice they looked and think of the lovely pictures I was going to have on them."
—New York Times.

Her Handy Money Stocking.

"Yes, you are right," said the conductor of a Main street car, viciously ringing up a fare. "Some people do carry money in queer places. Now, that Chinaman in there kept me waiting over two blocks while he untied a goodly knot in his cue, where he had his cash. Some people keep me waiting five blocks or more while they fish around for their money."
"Yesterday I was going north on Main street, when, at the corner of Adams, two women got on the car. I waited a minute or so and then went in for the fares. The women looked sort of dazed, and then one of them began to fumble in her purse. Empty! Then her companion made a dive at the bottom of her skirts.
"Well, sir, it beat all. That woman deliberately unlaced her shoe and took it off and through a hole in her stocking fished out a dime."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May, for then all the except one upon Kinder scout, which lay until Whitson week.
A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1620, the snow falling 13 days and nights with little or no intermission.
One of the heaviest falls on a single day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from 10 to 12 feet deep.

Court and Witness Agree.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross examination of an old lady when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark, "I think you have exhausted this witness."
"Yes, judge," she exclaimed. "I do feel very much exhausted."—Philadelphia Call.

The Wheelman's View.

Mrs. Sprocket—George, what in the world happened to the pipe organ in church this morning when you were singing that solo?
Mr. Sprocket (who always talks bicyclic)—Why, the organist was coasting on easy grade with her feet off the pedals when she ran into some sharp notes and the old thing punctured.—Ohio State Journal.
Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.
Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

A PEEP

Into the future would sadden many a happy woman. The misery of marriage often results from ailments which modestly kept hidden. When doctors are at last consulted they frequently fail to help. They do not understand the root of the trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured in thousands of cases where doctors entirely failed.
"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness," writes Mrs. M. B. Wallace, of Muenster, Cook Co., Texas. "I tried four doctors and none did me any good. I suffered six years, but at last I found relief. I followed your advice, and took eight bottles of Favorite Prescription, and four of the Golden Medical Discovery. I now feel like a new woman. I have gained eighteen pounds."

"Favorite Prescription"

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

CLEVER, BUT SOULLESS.

One Woman's New Way in Which to Pay Social Debts.
"I don't know much of the ways of fashionable people," said a young physician not long ago, "for I am not in society, but if many society women are like one I know here in town I think I'm safer to be out of it. It was not this season, but it wasn't so long ago but that plenty of people can remember the circumstances. I had among my patients an elderly woman who lived with the daughter's family. The daughter lived, if not beyond her means, at least up to the very edge, went out a great deal and was entertained a great deal.
"The mother fell sick with a complaint which I knew would prove fatal. I did not inform the family till one day the daughter asked me to tell her frankly what her mother's condition was and just how long she could live. I told her that the old lady could not possibly last more than a fortnight. She begged me not to let anybody know how serious the case was. She didn't want her young daughters distressed, she said.
"Of course I told nobody, and just a week after that I read in the papers that Mrs. Dash, the daughter of my dying patient, had sent out invitations for a large dancing party, to be given on an evening a fortnight away. My patient did not live as long as I had expected. The day after she died I read in the papers that owing to the sudden death of her mother Mrs. Dash had been compelled to recall her invitations.
"She had never intended to give a ball. She could not have afforded it, and she 'bluffed.' I have cold shivers every time I see her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN EXCITING LIFE.

Why the Chicago Girl's Brown Hair Turned Golden Hood.
"Gosh, Marler, but that wuz a close shave!" exclaimed Uncle Eben as he dragged his worthy spouse out of the way of a street car that was yet 20 feet away. "This yer Chicago life is 'nough to make a man's hair turn gray."
"Turn gray?" snarled his wife. "I wouldn't be so loud of that wuz all it done. It's decent and respectable to have gray hair, but when it comes to makin a poor young gal's hair turn yaller jist on account of the excitement av all these cars an railroads on stilts an howlin people then's when I say it's a sin to have sich big cities. I'm a-goin right out to 'Liza Jane's house, er I kin ever find it, an stay right in it till we leave Chicago."
"How do you know it makes people's hair turn yaller?" asked Uncle Eben. "I ain't never heard tell of anybody of that kind."
"Well, I see it with my own eyes—leastwise I see it turn brown agin after the poor dears wuz rested all summer in the country. You know them four gals what staid all summer over at Cousin Ellen's? When they first come, they'd big brown eyes an a fair complexion an right yaller hair. Furty soon every one of 'em's hair's begin to get streaked in spots, an a before the summer wuz gone they all had rich brown hair." "Then I ast one of 'em what made their hair turn brown, an she said it wuz alla's brown, but that the excite life she'd been livin in Chicago, whar she had to act in a theater every night, made it turn yaller. Poor thing! She looked so much better at the end of the summer that I hate to think of her comin back to this groat, wicked city."—Chicago Journal.

Did Not Denote It.

"Your honor," protested the burglar, "I am as honest as the day is long."
"I don't doubt," replied the magistrate. "I understand you fellows transact all your business at night."—Philadelphia Record.

Among every 1,000 bachelors there are 38 criminals. Among married men the ratio is only 13 per thousand.