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XI. FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY. Sept. 7, 1900. NO. 19.

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. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107. Regular communication on second fourth Saturdays in each month.
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A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58 meets second and fourth Saturdays ach month at 1:30 p. m.
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O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, meets every 1st and 3d Tuesdays month. Members and visiting thren in good standing are cordially ited to attend. A. O. Funke, M. W.
G. Knorrs, Recorder.

O. O. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge all, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in od standing invited to attend.
A. C. Karnowsky, N. G.
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O. O. F. Maple Lodge No., 139, meets every Thursday evening in Meyer & yle's Hall, Mapleton, 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.
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Tickets for sale at E. Bangs' livery barn, Eugene, and at O. W. Hurd's office in Florence.
All through freight on the stage either way between Eugene aud Mapleton, will be charged at the rate of two cents per pound during the months of October, November, December, January, February, March and April, and one cent per pound during the months of May, June, July, August and September.

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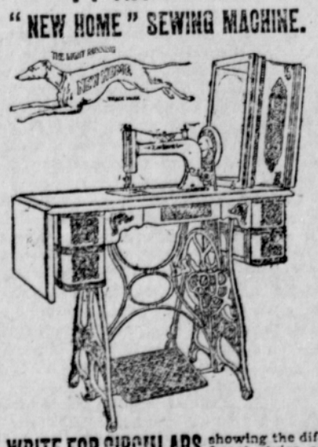

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HAIR HELP

So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow. What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its luster. It looks dead.
Ayer's Hair Vigor
acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed.
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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the good it has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have tried, and I shall continue to recommend it to my friends."
Mattie Holt,
Sept. 24, 1898. Burlington, N. C.
If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it.
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Lazy Liver
"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. Smith,
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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.
July 31, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before C. H. Holden U. S. Commissioner, at Florence, Oregon, on September 21, 1900. viz: F. Joseph Buttgenbach on H. E. No. 7790, for the SE¼ SE¼, Sec. 21, W½ SW¼, NE¼ SW¼, Sec. 22, Tp. 17 S. R. 11 West.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

Robert Bay, of Linnens, Oregon; James Bay, of Minerva, Oregon; Frank Conden, of Minerva, Oregon; James Dick, of Minerva, Oregon.

J. T Bridges,
Register.

SHE SANG FOR DEATH.

The Pathos and Tragedy of Emma Abbott's Passing Away.

One night in the city of Denver, located at the foot and in plain view of the Rocky mountains, Emma Abbott was billed to appear in "Faust." In the same city a most attractive and beautiful 18-year-old girl, belonging to one of the wealthiest families, lay in the last stages of that fell enemy of the human race—consumption. Some weeks before the arrival of the company she said to those around her: "Oh, I hope the sun will shine and the weather will be warm and genial, so I can hear Miss Abbott sing once more. I think I could then pass away peacefully and without one single regret." But there came with the queen of the lyric stage a northern hurricane—with the very air charged with icicles, which penetrated the lungs. Some one told Miss Abbott of the grievous disappointment of the dying girl. She went to the opera house and never sang more sweetly, and as soon as it was over and the audience dismissed called her carriage and directed it to drive to the home of the young lady.

The scene which followed was worthy of the finest brush ever wielded by the grand old masters. There lay the dying earth angel, with pallid lips, hectic cheeks and lustrous eyes and the light of immortal beauty shining upon her face. Standing beside her, in one of her richest robes (the one she had worn that night), sparkling with pearls, rubies and diamonds, stood the almost divine mistress of earthly melody.

The first piece rendered was "The Old Folks at Home," and then followed "I Know My Redeemer Liveth." The finale of this weird scene was "Rock of Ages Cleft For Me, Let Me Hide Myself In Thee." And then Miss Abbott bent over the frail form and kissed her an eternal farewell. Soon after the spirit passed into the wild winds which rang through the wild mountains near by—set sail for that haven from which the first homeward bound bark is yet to be seen—the stainless soul wafted to the stainless heavens by the sweetest music ever heard on earth—into the melodies of paradise birds.

Miss Abbott returned to her room at the hotel and retired. Some time during the night she awoke with a pain in the left lung. It rapidly grew worse. A physician was summoned. Then another, and another, who applied every remedy they could command. All to no purpose. It was typhoid pneumonia in its worst form. The black camel was kneeling at her door. Angels of the heavenly choir had that night listened to her voice in the sickroom and sent for her to come home to them.

In three days that voice which had so often raised the souls of men and women to the noblest, the grandest heights in holy ecstasy, was forever stilled in death—gone forth into—the night

So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.

—H. C. Stevenson in Atlanta Constitution.

GERMAN MILITARY SERVICE.

A Curious Method by Which It May Be Avoided.

Anybody can emigrate from Germany before he is 17 years old without running the risk, in case he should return, of being forced to join the army, but he will be allowed to remain only nine months in Germany. If he stays longer he becomes again a German citizen and must do military service. If he leaves when he has been a little less than nine months in the country and stays away for two or three weeks he can return without running any danger and can stay another nine months. If he does this every nine months he can live as long as he likes in Germany.

As soon as a man is 17 years old he cannot leave Germany without serving in the army. He can, however, get permission to leave the country until he is 20 years old if somebody is willing to give bond that he will return and serve his term.

In case a man forfeits his bond he cannot return to his fatherland before he is 45 years old, as he would be promptly arrested and sentenced to serve a longer term than the original one. After a man is 45 years old he can go back to Germany without being punished and live there as long as he likes.

In case a deserter is caught in Germany before he is 45 years old he is sentenced to two or three years' imprisonment in a fortress and all his personal property is confiscated. — New York Herald.

An Eye to Business.

The doctor hurried in and called the druggist to one side.

"I've just been called to attend the Cresus baby," he said, "and I've given a prescription that calls for nothing but paregoric. When they send it over here, you must tell them it will take at least an hour to put it up and the cost will be $3.50. That's the only way to make them think I'm any good, the medicine's any good and you're any good, and I want to keep their business."—Chicago Post.

Proof Positive.

His Honor—What's the charge, officer? Drunk?

Officer—No, sor—crazy.

His Honor—How do you know?

Officer—Well, sor, he is a proprietor of a daily paper, and I heard him tell a man that the paper probably had the smallest circulation in the city, and so—

His Honor—The padded cell—quick! —Harlem Life.

Legal Repartee.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the pompous lawyer, assuming his most imposing mien, "I once sat upon the judge's bench in Iowa."

"Where was the judge?" quickly inquired the opposing attorney, and the pompous gentleman found the thread of his argument hopelessly entangled. — Detroit Free Press.

A Verbal Melee.

Going up on a Cedar avenue car other night the passengers were much entertained by a verbal spat between a small citizen of German parentage and a tall native. The trouble all originated from the fact that the car was very much crowded, so crowded that the two disputants were brought face to face in such close proximity that they couldn't make a gesture.

"Push up a little, can't you?" inquired the tall man in an irritable tone. Several people were pushing him, and his irritability was quite excusable.

"Vell, no, I can't," replied the little man, "and, vat is more, I don't hef to."

"You're not much of a gentleman," said the tall man.

"Oh, I ton't know!" said the little man airily. "Ven I vant an opinion on chentlemen, I go to some fellow vat has got a leetle knowledge of der subjec'."

"You're a very funny boy," said the tall man in a tone of deep sarcasm.

"Vell," said the little man, "I may haf some senses of humor, but I'm not so hart hearted as to laugh at der foolishness of one idiot."

"Do you call me an idiot?" gasped the tall man.

"As long as I ton't know your name," said the little man, "I couldn't make der identification any more gomplete."

Pretty soon the car stopped to let off half a dozen passengers, and when things finally settled down the tall one and the short one were separated by a dozen seats.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Immortality Cranks.

Immortality of fame is something desired by many, but attained by few, says Dr. John Fiske in The Atlantic. Physical immortality is something which has hitherto been supposed to be inexorably denied to human beings. The phase "All men are mortal" figures in textbooks of logic as the truest of truisms. But we have lately been assured that this is a mistake. It is only an induction based upon simple enumeration, and the first man who escapes death will disprove it.

So at least I was told by a very downright person who called on me some years ago with a huge parcel of manuscript, for which he wanted me to find him a publisher. He had been cruelly snubbed and ill used, but truth would surely prevail over bigotry, as in Galilei's case. I took his address and let him leave his manuscript. Its recipe for physical immortality, diluted through 600 pages, was simply to learn how to go without food!

Usually such a regimen will kill you by the fifth day, but if at that critical moment, while at the point of death, you make a heroic effort and stay alive, why, then you will have overcome the king of terrors once for all. I returned the gentleman's manuscript with a polite note, regretting that his line of research was so remote from those to which I was accustomed that I could not give him intelligent aid.

A Curious Ashanti Custom.

When children are born in Ashanti, they are at once rubbed all over with a mixture of oil and red ocher, this being repeated every two days. Their mouths are washed with a fiery concoction in which red pepper is the main ingredient, and a crier goes through the town proclaiming the new arrival and claiming for it a name and a place among the living. Some one else in a distant part of the village acknowledges the fact and promises, on the part of the people, that the newborn babe shall be received into the community. The townspeople then assemble in the streets, and the baby is brought out and exposed to view.

A basin of water is provided, and the headman, or chief of the town, sprinkles water upon it, leaving it a name and invoking a blessing upon it, such as, for instance, that it may have health, grow up to manhood or womanhood, have a numerous progeny and possess riches. Most of those present follow the example of the headman, and the poor child is thoroughly drenched before the ceremony is ended. Every one who participates in the ceremony pledges himself to be a friend to the child.

Rice as a Detecter of Thieves.

Not being able to trace anything in connection with the loss of the 2,000 rupees from the cash safe of the Surati Bazaar company, the directors have resorted to astrology and finally sorcery. Every employee of the bazaar was given a mouthful of rice to eat which had been previously put through some magic preparation, the belief being that if the person who had taken the money ate the rice some very great misfortune would befall him. It is not recorded that any of the employees have yet met with a disaster.—Rangun Gazette.

A Slanderous Tale.

"Briggs is awfully hoarse this morning."

"Yes. You know how damp it was last night? Well, Briggs and his wife stood on the corner waiting for a street car, and Briggs' wife started in to say something, and Briggs stood there for fully a half hour with his mouth open trying to get in a word edgewise. That's where he got his hoarseness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Congenial.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did yer hear 'bout Alaska?"

"Lots. Are yer t'inkin of de trip?"

"I dunno. I'm told dat daylight lasts 24 hours at a stretch. Ef I could git a job in dat locality as night watchman, I dunno but I'd be willin to work."—Washington Star.

Children's Sense of Pity.

One of my granddaughters, said the Duke of Westminster, when about 5 or 6 years old, burst into tears on passing a blacksmith's shop, and on her mother inquiring the cause said, "Oh, mumma, they are nailing the donkey's boots on!"

Clean Bread

Can't be made by foul hands and clean, pure blood can't be made by a foul stomach. The blood is made by the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

When these are diseased they contaminate every drop of blood made from the food they act upon, and this contamination is carried through the whole body. It may settle in the liver, kidneys, heart or lungs but the root of the disease is in the stomach. Cure the stomach and you cure the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition perfectly and permanently. It purifies the blood, and so by curing the cause of disease, cures many forms of disease in organs remote from the stomach.

"For the past sixteen years I have had torpid liver and indigestion and tried many doctors and patent medicines but I could not get a cure," writes Mrs. Simeon Suggs, of Clyde, Sabine Parish, La. "Three months ago I thought I would try Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I got six bottles of each and I received a good result in a week, and to-day I am cured sound and well. The symptoms were coated tongue, specks before the eyes, disposed to be cross and irritable, foul stomach, bad taste in the mouth, tired feeling, a feeling of dread or fear, headache, yellow skin, etc. These symptoms did not all appear at once. If sufferers from such troubles will take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets' as directed in pamphlets wrapping bottles, they will bring back the bloom of life as it did with me."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

After the Milliner's Opening.

She stood in morning negligee.
"This hat," she said, "displeases me."
Her pretty brows were in a frown;
She seized the scissors and sat down.
The broom, behind the kitchen door,
Looked down upon the littered floor.
But still she snipped and snipped and clipped
Until the thing apart was ripped.
Unwashed the breakfast dishes stood,
The fire decreased for want of food,
But still her dainty fingers twist
The ostrich tips that way and this.
The clock gave out a warning stroke;
With triumph in her voice she spoke—
And gave each plume a loving pat—
"I wonder how I'll look in that!"

Farmer Slocut Opines.

By gum! To see the dudes
A-takin attitudes
Over a chris-an-the-mum
Makes me sick, it does, I yum!
An we can beat it fly'n,
Right here to hum.

'Tis my opine
They never seen a dandeline
In the medder blowin!
If their maa 'ud set 'em mowin
The lawn a-mornin's, they'd cum
To be more knowin.

Though ye gotter 'low lots of attitude
A-reckonin on a tarnation dude.

The Cause.

A vision of gracefulness,
Light as the doe,
The shadows that fall on her
Laugh as they go;

While, deep in the meadow,
The wild flowers sweet,
All humble, bend down
'Neath her scornful young feet,

And in the green forest
The wild, sparkling brook
More gayly speeds on
'Neath her lingering look.

All people who meet
With her sweet, winning way
More cheerily work
For the rest of the day.

But, though she is fair,
With her sparkling brown eyes
And her sunshiny hair,
Where the light never dies,

This maiden is sad,
And I'll tell you what at—
She dislikes the red trimming
Upon her new hat.

—Buffalo Express.

HIS TALKING MACHINE.

Not a Phonograph by Any Means, but Then—

Sitting in the snug back parlor of the hotel was a select, convivial, merry party. The landlord, besides supplying the frequent, necessary refreshment, had laid on a new diversion for his special cronies.

A phonograph stood on the table, and it was emitting sounds of revelry by night. All the latest new and popular comic songs of the day were on tap, or, to speak more by the book, came up to the scratch.

Old Flinders was extremely interested. He had seen nothing like it in his life.

"What might I be able to get one of them things for?" he asked a melancholy personage, a stranger to him.

"About a fiver."

"'Tain't dear at that. Very extraordinary things! Kind of talking machines, ain't they?"

"Talking machines? That's what they are!"

"Maybe you understands them?"

"I ought to. I've got one at home."

"Got a what?"

"A talking machine."

"Have you, now! What did it cost you, if so be as it ain't a rude question?"

"A mint of money—hundreds of pounds."

"Hundreds of pounds for a talking machine?"

"Sir," returned the other, "that was what I said. I have a wife!"

Then everybody knew why he was so melancholy.—Ally Sloper.

After a woman has reached the age of 30 she wonders how many years will have passed before she is 31.—Chicago News.

Braving a Risk.

"I told you I would not marry you. Why do you keep on asking me?"

"I want you to understand that I'm not afraid of your changing your mind."—Chicago Record.