

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS

Governor T. T. Geer
Secretary of State F. I. Dunbar
Treasurer F. S. Moore
Supt. Public Instruction J. H. Ackerman
State Printer W. H. Leeds
Attorney General D. R. N. Blackburn
Sheriff R. S. Bean
Supreme Court F. A. Moore
C. E. Wolverson
Judge Second District J. W. Hamilton
Prosecuting Attorney Geo. M. Brown

COUNTY OFFICERS

Judge H. R. Kincaid
Commissioners J. R. Hill
H. D. Edwards
E. U. Lee
Clerk W. W. Withers
Sheriff W. A. Patterson
Treasurer D. P. Burton
School Superintendent W. M. Miller
Surveyor C. M. Griffin
Coroner G. W. Griffin
Justice of Peace C. H. Holden
Constable G. C. Compton

CITY OFFICERS

President F. B. Wilson
M. Morris
Board of Trustees Wm. Bernhardt
L. Christensen
D. W. Stibben
Recorder John I. Butterfield
Treasurer O. W. Hurd
Marshal G. C. Compton

SECRET SOCIETIES

A. F. & A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.
Regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month.
E. W. Cobb, W. M.
R. B. Mills, Secretary.

A. O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131.
Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month. Meetings and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
A. O. FUSKE, M. W.
I. G. KROVIR, Recorder.

A. O. F. Hecla Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
A. C. KARNOWSKY, E. G.
W. H. WEAVERSON, Sec.

A. O. F. Maple Lodge No. 129, meets every Thursday evening in Meyer & Kyle's Hall, Mapleton, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
FRANK C. BEAN, N. G.
OSO S. PHELPS, Sec.

A. O. F. Irene Encampment, No. 42, meets in I. O. O. F. hall in Florence the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Members of this degree are cordially invited to attend.
WM. KYLE, C. P.
JOHN L. FURUSHI, Scribe.

I. O. O. F. Mignon Lodge No. 105, Kewanee, Oregon, meets in Meyer & Kyle's Hall, Mapleton, the 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.
LURELA NEELEY, N. G.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Florence, Oregon. On every Sabbath in each month, Sunday-School at 10 a. m. and Junior Endeavor Society at 2:30 p. m. On the Second and Fourth Sabbaths of each month, preaching services at 11 a. m. A cordial invitation to these services is extended to all.
A. WIGGAT, Preacher in charge.

ATTORNEYS

A. C. WOODCOCK,
Attorney at Law,
Eugene, Oregon
Rooms 7 and 8 Melara's Building.
Special attention given to collections and probate business.
E. E. BENEDICT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Florence, Oregon.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

STEAMER MARGUERITE

Will make

REGULAR DAILY TRIPS
Florence and Head of Tide.

THE STEAMER
ACME

Will carry freight and passengers from Florence to San Francisco.

Will also bring up freight

For further information inquire

A. W. BEADLE & CO.
22 Market St.
San Francisco, California

NORTHERN
Pacific, Ry.

RUN

Pullman

Elegant

Tourist

Sleeping Cars

Dining Cars

Sleeping Cars

ST. PAUL

MINNEAPOLIS

DULUTH

FARGO

GRAND FORKS

CROOKSTON

WINNIPEG

HELENA and

BOYNE

THROUGH TICKETS

CHICAGO

WASHINGTON

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

BOSTON AND ALL

POINTS EAST and SOUTH

For information, time cards, maps and tickets, etc., call on or write

R. McMURPHEY,
General Agent, Rooms 2 and 4, Station Block,
EUGENE, OREGON.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GARDINER

STAGE LINE

H. H. Barrett, Prop'r.

Stage Leaves Steamboat Landing on the Unipon for Florence Saturdays.

Returning, Stage Leaves Florence

Extra Trips When Necessary

Charges Reasonable.

EUGENE-FLORENCE

STAGE LINE.

E. Bange, Proprietor.

Stage leaves Eugene on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 6 a. m., arriving at Florence the day following at 10 a. m.

Returning stage leaves Florence Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 2 p. m., arriving at Eugene the following day at 6 p. m.

Single fare - - - - 5.00
Round trip - - - - 9.00

Tickets for sale at E. Bange's

livery barn, Eugene, and at O. W. Hurd's office in Florence.

All through freight on the stage either way between Eugene and 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.

NOTARIES

A. R. BUTTOLPH,

Notary Public, Surveyor

Florence, Oregon

FRANK B. WILSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

FLORENCE, OREGON

EUGENE

Loan and Savings Bank

Of Eugene, Oregon

Paid up Cash Capital \$50,000

Surplus 2,500

A General Banking Business

Transacted on Favorable Terms

Drafts issued on the principal cities of the United States and foreign countries.

Interest allowed on Demand Certificates of Deposit when held at period.

Collectors receive our prompt attention.

City and County Warrants bought.

PAID

Without help, a bald spot never grows smaller. It keeps spreading until at last your friends say, "How bald he is getting."

ACTS

HAIR

VIGOR

It stops falling, promotes growth, and takes out all dandruff. It always restores color to faded or gray hair, all the dark, rich color of early life. You may depend upon it every time. It brings health to the hair.

51.00 a bottle. All Druggists, and all good grocery stores and general stores keep it. It is sold in 5-cent, 10-cent, 25-cent, 50-cent, and 1.00 bottles. It is guaranteed to give you the best results. Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

Write for a free trial bottle.

THE LLAMA'S CURSE

A Story of Tibetan Magic.

The waiter brought us drink and the change out of Tom Martin's half sovereign. I pushed the latter over to ward him with my left hand, and with the right raised the water bottle to dilute my whiskey.

"Your change, Tom," said I.

"Yes, of course," said Tom, who was absorbed in the story he was telling me. He put out his hand as if to pick the money up, but seemed to remember something, for he drew his hand back suddenly.

"Good heaven!" said he, "and I had forgotten that!"

He took out his handkerchief, wrapped it around the forefinger of his right hand and then, with the forefinger so concealed, gently scraped the money toward him, piece by piece, and earnestly looked at each coin.

"Now, look here, Tom," said I, "this is a very pretty story that you have been telling me, but don't try to give me an air of reality by a performance like that."

"You can believe it or not, just as you like," said Tom, "but I tell you, Fred, that piece of money is coming along this way some day. I have seen it once and I left it on the table. You don't catch me touching any coin while I am certain that one is in circulation. But let me conclude what I was telling you."

"Fred is one of the most peculiar places you could think of, and one of our first duties was to present ourselves to the grand lama. We had to get a palanquin, for it was only meet that Europeans of our importance should go in state, and it was while en route that we suddenly came to the praying mill. This was a sort of roundabout with huge wooden posts sticking out at the sides, which every Buddhist passing was supposed to take hold of and push the mill round at least once.

"What caused Phil to do what he did then I don't know, but something seemed to impel him to get out of the palanquin, make a run over to the mill, catch hold of one of the wooden posts and commence to push it around at its topmost pace. The square wheel of the mill was so heavily weighted with people, and when some of those saw what had been done they commenced shouting and shouting and shouting. Phil had undoubtedly committed a sacrilege, and I was fearful for his safety. These fanatical Mongolians, once the religion is assailed in any shape or form, would certainly have no mercy upon the assailant.

"Phil came hurriedly back to me, jumped into the palanquin and ordered the bearers to get on. But they were struck dumb with terror. The mob gave us, smugged in the doors of the palanquin, dragged us out, and for two minutes there was the fiercest fight on record going on. We got the worst of it and, bruised, bleeding and insensible, were carried off to prison.

"We were taken before the grand lama, and then and there he ordered us to be sent across the Siberian frontier with the utmost dispatch. The next day we were hurried along under an escort of soldiers, and it was not long before we arrived at the frontier, the town of Mankatah in which really the Mongolian portion of Kinkita. We were taken along to the yellow posts which marked the actual frontier, and there the soldiers of the lama stopped. We were removed from the palanquin in which we had been carried and were commended to sit down a few yards from the posts. Not 20 feet away were the black and white tents of the Russians, and it was in the distance that we looked at the town of Mankatah and the astrakhan fox of the Russian Cossack who stood there on sentry.

"Our guards spread themselves out, then there came forward a Buddhist priest, who began to talk to us in a jargon which, of course, we could not understand. He finished at length and produced from his robe a wire on which were strung some hundreds of brass 'cash.' He took two of the 'cash' of the wire and laid them in front of us on the ground.

"Then the priest began waving his arms about, and the Mongolians took out their hand prayer mills and began turning them for all they were worth. The voice of the priest then rose on the air. He said three or four words and spat deliberately at each of the coins which had been put on the ground before us.

"That was all. The priest departed, the soldier escorted us to the posts, the Russian soldier presented his rifle and

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

The story of the Corn Merchant and the Peasant.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

One day as the Corn Merchant was in his office a Peasant entered and said:

"I have come to make restitution and ease my conscience. When you bought corn of me the other week, you paid me one piece of money too much. Here it is. I at first decided to keep it, but my conscience would give me no rest."

"Ha, but I am rejoiced to find an honest man!" exclaimed the Corn Merchant. "You may not only return the coin, but shall eat dinner with me and take this jar of honey home to your wife."

Two days later the Peasant returned to say:

"A curious thing has happened. At the bottom of the honey jar we found this piece of money, and I have hastened to return it. Believe me, but I am an honest man."

"By George, but you are!" replied the Merchant, and he invited him to dinner again and sent the wife a piece of cheese.

Next day the Peasant returned with a piece of money he had found in the cheese and was treated as before. However, he returned for the fourth time with a coin to say that he had found it almost at the door, and he was declaring his honesty when the Corn Merchant led him to the door and gave him the boot and said:

"Get thee hence, thou honest man! I have paid out ten pieces of money to recover four and will have no more of it."

Moral—A too honest man is more to be feared than a robber.

M. QUAD.

THE FOOL KILLER.

The fool killer was perched on the rock.

"How are you making out?" inquired a friend.

"So, so!" responded the fool killer. "They have ceased crossing the ocean in an open boat, but they have started to go over Niagara again."

Then the fool killer went out to hunt for those who go up in exhibition balloons and jump from bridges.—Chicago News.

A STRANGER IN TOWN.

Summer Boarder—I suppose that man you were just speaking to, Mr. Green, is one of the old settlers of this neighborhood.

Farmer Green—Gosh, no! You don't know Mr. Hastings. He ain't no settler. I guess not; he's a regular old-skin.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Had Given Up Trying.

"It's strange," remarked the sentimental young Benedict, "how Fate throws different people together. By the way, how did you come to know your wife?"

"I don't know," replied the old married man, "and I never expect to."—Philadelphia Press.

Who Knew Him.

Victor—I wonder what that awful roaring sound is! Can it be that a storm is coming up?

Mrs. Growell—Oh, no; don't be alarmed. It is only Mr. Growell up stairs hunting for a lost collar button.—Chicago Daily News.

How He Knew.

Boss—They say Maud Goodly kissed a man at the Joneses' lawn party the other night.

Jack—That's true.

Boss—How do you know?

Jack—I had it from her own lips.—Philadelphia Press.

She Couldn't Be.

"Young Goslin is in love with all the girls," said Wintergreen.

"But what particular girl is in love with him?" asked Terwilliger.

"The girl who would be in love with him would not be a particular girl."—Stray Stories.

Out of It.

Smythe—Do you use a camera yourself?

Brown—No, I can't afford it. You know I only got \$4,000 a year.—Somerset Journal.

Critical.

Tourist—"View?" What view? Why the mountains are right in the way. I can't see any view.—Boston

Patents

Scientific American

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents