

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor..... T. T. Geer.
 Secretary of State..... F. I. Dunbar.
 Auditor..... F. S. Moore.
 Public Instruction..... J. H. Ackerman.
 Printer..... W. H. Leeds.
 Attorney General..... D. R. N. Blackburn.
 State Engineer..... R. S. Bean.
 State Geologist..... F. A. Moore.
 State Veterinarian..... C. E. Wolverson.
 State Treasurer..... J. W. Hamilton.
 State Auditor..... Geo. M. Brown.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Clerk..... H. R. Kincaid.
 Commissioners..... J. R. Hill,
 H. D. Edwards,
 E. U. Lee,
 W. W. Withers.
 Sheriff..... A. S. Patterson.
 Assessor..... D. P. Burton.
 Auditor..... W. M. Miller.
 Surveyor..... C. M. Collier.
 Coroner..... G. W. Griffin.
 Peace Officer..... C. H. Holden.
 Jailor..... G. C. Cumpston.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor..... Marion Morris.
 City Clerk..... E. A. Evans.
 Board of Trustees..... W. H. Wertherson,
 Wm. Brynd,
 L. Christensen.
 Auditor..... J. C. Phelps.
 Treasurer..... O. W. Hurd.
 Marshal..... G. C. Cumpston.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

U. O. F. Florence Lodge No. 107.
 Regular communication on second
 fourth Saturdays in each month.
 E. W. COBB, W. M.
 B. MILLS, Secretary.

O. U. F. Porpetua Lodge, No. 131,
 meets every 1st and 3d Tuesdays
 in each month. Members and visiting
 brethren in good standing are cordially
 invited to attend. A. O. FUNK, M. W.
 G. KNORR, Recorder.

O. U. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets
 every Wednesday evening in Lodge
 at Florence, Oregon. Brothers in
 good standing invited to attend.
 E. A. EVANS, N. G.

O. U. F. Irene Encampment, No. 42,
 meets in I. O. O. F. hall in Florence
 on second and fourth Friday of each
 month. Members of this degree are
 cordially invited to attend.
 S. J. SKYMOUR, O. P.
 C. PAUL, Scribe.

O. U. F. Sunset Rebekah Lodge No. 42,
 meets in Odd Fellows' hall,
 Florence, on second and fourth Thurs-
 days in each month.
 KATHLENE BRUND, N. G.
 FRED C. PAUL, Sec.

O. U. F. Mignon Lodge No. 105,
 Rebekah Degree, meets in Meyer &
 Co. Hall, Mapleton, the 1st and 3rd
 Wednesday evenings in each month.
 MATTIE O. HUDSON, N. G.
 CHARLES MALIN, Clerk.

O. U. F. Ocean Wave Camp No. 780,
 meets each alternate Saturday
 evening in Gates' Hall, Acme. Visiting
 brethren are invited to attend.
 GEO. G. PEIL, V. C.
 CHARLES MALIN, Clerk.

O. U. F. Mignon Lodge No. 105,
 Rebekah Degree, meets in Meyer &
 Co. Hall, Mapleton, the 1st and 3rd
 Wednesday evenings in each month.
 MATTIE O. HUDSON, N. G.
 CHARLES MALIN, Clerk.

O. U. F. Mignon Lodge No. 105,
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 Co. Hall, Mapleton, the 1st and 3rd
 Wednesday evenings in each month.
 MATTIE O. HUDSON, N. G.
 CHARLES MALIN, Clerk.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

STEAMER MARGUERITE,

Will make
REGULAR DAILY TRIPS
 Between
Florence and Head of Tide.

STEAMER LILLIAN

MAKES DAILY TRIPS
 From Mapleton to Florence
 AND RETURN.
 Leaves Mapleton at 7 A. M.
 Leaves Florence at 2 P. M.
 On SUNDAYS leaves Mapleton at 8 A. M.
 and Florence at 3 P. M.

THE STEAMER ACME

Will carry freight and passengers
 from Florence to San Francisco.
 Will also bring up freight
 *** ** **
 For further information inquire
 - OF -
A. W. BEADLE & CO.
 22 Market St.
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NORTHERN Pacific, Ry.

PULLMAN
Elegant
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THROUGH TICKETS
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POINTS EAST AND SOUTH

For information, time cards, maps and tickets
 etc., call on or write
R. McMURPHEY,
 General Agent, Rooms 2 and 4, Shelton Block,
 EUGENE, OREGON.

A. D. CHARLTON,
 Assistant General Passenger Agent,
 255 Morrison St., Cor. 5d,
 Portland, Or.

W. E. BROWN, D. A. PAINE,
 President. Vice President.
F. W. OSBURN, W. W. BROWN,
 Cashier. Ass't Cashier.

JOHN C. BECK,
 Pt. Terrace, Oregon.

W. H. WEATHERSON,
 Florence, Oregon.

Florence Real Estate Agency.

Do You Want a Home in Western Oregon?

Come to Florence and see the fine farms
 and beautiful forests in the Siuslaw valley.

Do You Want a Ranch?

Do You Want Unimproved Land?

Do You Want Town Lots?

Do You Want Timber Lands?

WE BUY AND SELL ALL KINDS OF REAL ESTATE
 ON COMMISSION.

JOHN C. BECK.
W. H. WEATHERSON.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GARDINER

STAGE LINE.
H. H. Barrett, Prop'r,
 Stage Leaves Steamboat Landing on
 the Umpqua for Florence Saturdays.
 Returning, Stage Leaves Florence
 Sundays.
 Extra Trips When Necessary
 Charges Reasonable.

EUGENE-FLORENCE

STAGE LINE.

E. Bangs, Proprietor.
 Stage leaves Eugene for Florence
 daily except Sunday at 6 a. m.
 Arrives at Florence the day follow-
 ing at 10 a. m.
 Returning stage leaves Florence
 for Eugene daily except Sunday at
 2 p. m. Arrives in Eugene at 6
 p. m. the day following.

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

MARION MORRIS,
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 FLORENCE. - - OREGON

FRED C. BEAN,
 United States Commissioner
 and NOTARY PUBLIC,
 MAPLETON, OREGON.

EUGENE
 Loan and Savings Bank
 Of Eugene, Oregon
 Paid up Cash Capital \$50,000
 Surplus 5,000

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 left stated period.
 Collections receive our prompt attention.
 City and County Warrants bought.

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W. H. WEATHERSON.

PASSING

Look in
 your mirror
 today. Take
 a last look at
 your gray
 hair. It surely
 may be the
 last if you
 want
 it so; you
 needn't keep
 your gray
 hair a week
 longer than
 you wish. There's
 no guesswork
 about this;
 it's sure every
 time.

YEARS

To re-
 store
 color to
 gray hair
 use—
**Ayer's
 Hair
 Vigor**

After
 using it
 for two
 or three weeks
 notice how
 much younger
 you appear,
 ten years younger
 at least.
 Ayer's Hair Vigor also
 cures dandruff, prevents
 falling of the hair, makes
 hair grow, and is a splen-
 did hair dressing.
 It cannot help but do
 these things, for it's a
 hair-food. When the hair
 is well fed, it cannot help
 but grow.

It makes the scalp
 healthy and this cures
 the disease that causes
 dandruff.

Write the Doctor.
 If you do not obtain all the benefits
 you desire from the use of the Vigor,
 write the doctor at the address
 Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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 ON COMMISSION.

JOHN C. BECK.
W. H. WEATHERSON.

BRAVE MR. BOWSER.

GETTING A TOOTH PULLED WAS NOTHING FOR HIM.

And After the Operation He Seemed
 Greatly Surprised to Find Mrs.
 Bowser and the Cat in the Dentist's
 Office.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]
 Mr. Bowser had toothache. He had
 suspected it for two or three days, but
 now, after eating dinner and sitting
 down to his newspaper, he was dead
 sure of it. He had gone to and fro with
 a growling at the roots of a certain old
 tooth, but had shut his jaws and tried
 to make himself believe it was only a
 small gumbol, which would disappear
 in an hour or two. When asked by his
 office boy if he didn't have toothache,
 he warned the lad that his freshness
 would cause his discharge, and when



AS THE "JUMP" STRUCK HIM HE UTTERED
A GROAN.

the same question was put to him by
 an old man on the street Mr. Bow-
 ser had savagely answered:
 "You are an old man, sir, and I re-
 spect your gray hairs, sir, but don't
 presume too far on my good nature."
 "But can't I ask if you have tooth-
 ache?" queried the old man.

"No, sir; you can't. You can mind
 your own business."
 Yes, here it was at last—a full jeweled,
 swell front, rubber tired case of
 toothache, and all the peppermint es-
 sence, cloves, cinnamon oil and other
 remedies he had used on the sly and all
 the while lies he had told Mrs. Bowser
 for three days had been in vain. As
 the "jump" suddenly struck him he ut-
 tered a groan and clapped his hand to
 his jaw, and the family cat walked
 over and sat down in front of him and
 looked her sympathy.

"What's the matter with you?" queried
 Mrs. Bowser as she looked up from
 her book.

"Nothing," he replied, hoping that
 no other jump would follow and that
 he could make a sneak for the pepper
 sauce later on.

"I didn't know but that you had the
 toothache," she carelessly observed.
 "If you had, I was going to ask you
 why you didn't have it pulled out."

"I think I am old enough and big
 enough to know what to do when I
 have the toothache or any other ache.
 What in thunder is that old cat looking
 at? I've had enough of her around this
 house."

Mrs. Bowser knew that act No. 2
 was coming, and she had no more to

was secretly determined to die first.
 He sneaked into the parlor and tried
 "laying on of hands" on his jaw, but
 it was no go. He went and sat down on
 the stairs and tried Christian Science,
 but the sinful tooth got in an extra
 jump on him. He prayed softly to
 himself, and he cursed in louder tones
 and kicked at his own feet, but there
 was no panacea. By and by he wan-
 dered into the sitting room and re-
 marked that he guessed he'd go to bed
 and catch up his sleep. Mrs. Bowser
 noticed how he suffered as she ac-
 quiesced, but she didn't express a word
 of pity. She had had eight or ten teeth
 filled or extracted, and on each and
 every occasion Mr. Bowser had ridicu-
 led her lamentations and made sport
 of her tears. Only a month previously,
 when she had had the toothache for
 five minutes, he had heartlessly offered
 to pull it with a pair of fire tongs and
 had wanted to kill the nerve with a
 red-hot poker.

There was but little sleep for Mr.
 Bowser that night. He wanted to kick
 and groan and curse, but he thought of
 forepays. He wanted Mrs. Bowser to
 get up and apply hot hops, hot salt,
 vinegar, mustard or something else,
 but the dentist seemed to be looking
 at him with a cold, cruel glare. When
 morning came, he had a lump on his
 jaw, the fires of desperation in his
 eyes and a scared feeling clear down
 to his toes. He couldn't eat a mouthful
 of breakfast, and he said nothing of
 going to the office. Mrs. Bowser sat
 down with a good appetite and took
 ten minutes longer than usual to sat-
 isfy it, and when she rose up she said:
 "You have got the toothache, and we
 will go to the dentist."

"It's gone!" he whispered in reply
 as he pointed to his jaw.

"We are going," she curtly continued,
 and she put his hat on his head and
 his overcoat on his back.

He hung on to the halltree and the
 door, but she made ready, and he had
 to follow. Unseen by either, the cat
 followed at their heels, and after a
 walk of two blocks they arrived at the
 dentist's. Mr. Bowser would have run
 away, but Mrs. Bowser took his hand
 and led him up the walk and into the
 house. The dentist was at home, and
 there was an inexorable look on his
 face. One glance at it satisfied Mr.
 Bowser that he could expect no mercy,
 but he stammered out:

"I—I was just fooling! I haven't got
 any toothache."

"Get into the chair!" commanded the
 dentist, with a murderous look in his
 eyes.

"It must come out!" said Mrs. Bow-
 ser as unfeelingly as if referring to a
 peg in a board.

Mr. Bowser uttered a groan a yard
 long and feebly climbed into the oper-
 ating chair.

"Open your mouth and bite on this
 rubber!"

"It's gone—all gone!"

"No wonder your tooth aches. Here's
 a hole big enough for a rabbit to hide
 in."

Mr. Bowser looked at Mrs. Bowser
 and tried to make her understand that
 he wanted the cavity filled with soft
 filling—bread crumbs or cotton or
 something extra soft—but she simply
 said to the dentist:

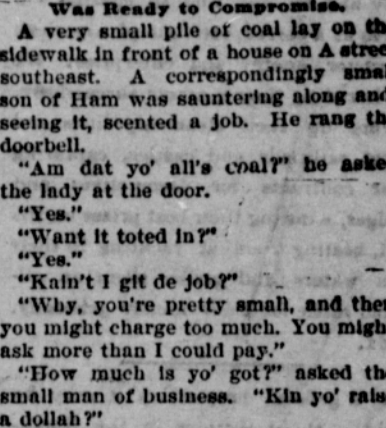
"Pull it out!"

"Oh, I'll yank it quick enough!" re-
 plied the man of the forceps, and he



It Makes Weak Women Strong.

"I suffered from female weakness for five
 months," writes Miss Delle Hedrick, of
 Nye, Putnam Co., W. Va. "I was treated
 by a good physician but he did me no good.
 I wrote to Dr. R. P. Pierce, Buffalo,
 N. Y., for advice, which I received, telling
 me to take his 'FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION.'
 When I had used the medicine a
 month my health was much improved. It
 has continued to improve until now I can
 work at almost all kinds of house-work. I
 had scarcely any appetite, but it is all
 right now. Have gained several pounds in
 weight. I would advise all who suffer from
 chronic diseases to write to Dr. Pierce."



It Makes Sick Women Well

Was Ready to Compromise.
 A very small pile of coal lay on the
 sidewalk in front of a house on a street
 southeast. A correspondingly small
 son of Ham was sauntering along and
 seeing it, scented a job. He rang the
 doorbell.
 "Am dat yo' all's coal?" he asked
 the lady at the door.
 "Yes."
 "Want it toled in?"
 "Yes."
 "Kain't I git de job?"
 "Why, you're pretty small, and then
 you might charge too much. You might
 ask more than I could pay."
 "How much is yo' got?" asked the
 small man of business. "Kln yo' raise
 a dollah?"
 "Oh, my goodness, no!"
 "No; run along and don't bother me."
 And she started to close the door.
 "Mebbe so yo'll gib 50 cents."
 "No, no; run along."
 "I reckons yo' all ain't got er qua-
 tah!"
 "No."
 "Ner a dime?"
 "No, not even a dime," replied the
 woman, beginning to laugh.

"Well, how much is yo' got?" ques-
 tioned Ham, showing his fivories. "I
 suttily does want er git de job."
 "I've got just a nickel."
 "Well, I'm jus' a-lookin for nickel
 jobs." And he straightway began—
 Washington Star.

And Yet He Could Write.
 Among the public servants who are
 worried by foolish questions the super-
 intendent of mails in the postoffice build-
 ing is full share. One of his visitors on
 a certain occasion was a man who said
 to the deputy who answered the call
 at the window:
 "I am going out of town today and
 want to get a letter to my brother, who
 is on board the Majestic, and she is
 not due until Wednesday. I don't
 know where he will stay in New York
 or where he will go from here. Can
 you help me?"
 "Certainly we can," said the clerk.
 "A mailboat goes to meet the steamer,
 and if you address your letter properly
 and put domestic postage on it it will
 be delivered all right."
 "But how shall I address it—where
 shall I send it?"
 "Address it '