

THE WEST.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON.

CONTRACTS LET.

It must have become evident to those who follow the events of government contract letting, that there are plenty of fools living and bidding.

Route No. 73254, from Eugene to Florence, a distance of 80 miles, over a mountainous road for 60 miles and 23 miles by water, has been let to W. Weighel, of San Francisco, whose bid is \$1000.

The illustrious German from the Sun Down Sea city will have the experience and others will have his money; he can build a steamer at the cost of from six to ten thousand dollars to carry the mail from Florence to Seaton over this bay, or pay one of the resident boats \$1000 a year for the service, leaving the munificent sum of \$90 to pay expenses in carrying the mail the remaining 60 miles.

As we have before stated in this paper, there have been four good farms swallowed up, together with all the money four men had and all their friends had to spare, to carry the mail twice a week over this route, and having thirty-two hours to travel from Eugene to Florence. Now, for a less sum than before received, the mail must be carried from Eugene to Florence three times a week and each trip must be made in 12 hours.

But this is not all the wisdom displayed in the bidding upon our mail contracts. Route No. 73295, from Gardiner to Florence, this astute Weighel bids in at \$306. The mail over this route, too, must needs pass over the waters of the Umpqua river, and as there is but one line of steamers running there, Weighel will find another opportunity to build a steamer or pay all the \$300 for carrying the mail on the river. The very best that can be said of Weighel is, he will not put up his final bonds or he will Weighel out. He need not flatter himself with the belief of retaining. The acme of lunacy in mail contract bidding has been reached in Weighel.

This paper will now announce to the mail carrier elect, as it announced before the bidding, that the mails must leave and arrive on time. Every failure will be reported.

We comment the bidding of E. H. Vaeder, of Waldport. He secures the contract on route No. 73270, from Florence to Waldport, at \$774. He will not make much money but it is sufficient for good service.

The forming of resolutions of amendment at New Year is an institution that ought to be as scrupulously maintained as Christmas itself. The celebration of New Year's Eve, not with dance and mirth, but in the solemn service of the sanctuary, the Watch Night service as it is so expressively designated, is becoming more general every year, and there is no hour in all the year's round when it seems so natural to look back over the past, and glance forward into the future as when the congregation upon bended knee awaits the death of the old year and the birth of the new, then, if ever, there comes rushing upon us a sense of poignant regret for that beautiful little brother whom we once all had, and whom we have all lost and mourned, the man we ought to have been, the man we hoped to be.

And oh! surely a most precious opportunity is lost if we allow that moment to pass without pledging ourselves to yet one more attempt to get nearer the ideal which somehow or other we have hitherto failed to realize.

We plead then for the continuance of the good old custom of New Year's resolutions. We believe that they have not deserved the fate which has befallen them at the hands of the humorists, and we trust that in spite of the perfunctory jokers there will be many such resolutions recorded in connection with the New Year so soon to dawn upon this troubled world.

The editor who credits excerpts from his contemporaries to "Ex," is a thief on the half shell.—Sunday Welcome. The Welcome is right, and could go farther with the truth, that such editors are very mean petty larceny "half shell" thieves. If an article is worth the taking it is worth the crediting. We have some respect for a full-fledged leech with the scissors, but an "Ex" parasite breeds only contempt.

The Port Orford Tribune, as it should do, is urging the expenditure of the money long since appropriated for the "Harbor of Refuge."

TESTIMONIALS published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and worthy of confidence as if from your most trusted neighbor.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

History has set the last word on the scroll, has rolled it and sealed it, and Time places it among the myriad other mysterious records, which fill his treasure-house. The year has gone, or rather let us say, the year has become our own forever; no mutation nor accident can take from us its days and hours. Looking back at this season over the centuries of the world's history, we see ourselves the crown and glory of them all, at the apex of human greatness. That for which the dreamers yearned in the dim old times, when men were girth with doubtful light, has become a reality, that for which the great of earth prayed, when ignorance and brutality reigned supreme, stands glorious and permanent in the sunlight of the smile of the Creator.

A retrospect fills us with awe and wonder at the mighty forces, the Omnipotent Power that has led the world along, through paths dark and bloody, through fiery trials and conflicts, to the glad Present and the hilltop of Hope, from which we may view the Ben-lah land of the glorious future. In the immutable purpose running throughout the warp and woof of human history, we see the sign of the Divine hand upon all nations. Throughout all the ages, up to this very hour when we stand upon the verge of a new year and a new epoch, man's errors have never been able to thwart that purpose, though they have made suffering a necessity in the purification of human ideals.

Our own nation has become the heir of the world's noblest heritage both spiritual and material. Every new year has marked a stride forward of liberty under law, of culture and prosperity. But little more than a century ago, the patriots of our land looked forward to the new year with doubt and almost despair. Foes were on every side, ready to invade and desecrate the house of freedom, which was then comprised in a narrow strip of thinly settled country on the shores of our eastern ocean. Today the temple of our liberty is arched by skies stretching from ocean to ocean and filled with the fairest trophies of man's endeavor. Art, science, literature and religion have been revived by the breath of the republic, which, like the Hercules of the fable, has strangled the lion of tyranny, has performed the labors deemed impossible, and reigns in the ideal of government in every land, a vital force in the world, a center of impulse and aspiration.

A runner must pause to take breath, a bird's flight cannot be straight upward or its wings will weary, and now and again fate lays her hand upon nations that they may pause to view whence they have come and whither they go. The year just passed has witnessed such a halt in our own career of material prosperity. Though financial distress was widespread, and the wheels of commerce almost idle, though the policy of inaction seized upon our legislators, even this pause in the race has made its contribution to our national greatness. The people of our country have seen with swelling hearts the patriotism of the leaders of the masses rising above all political and personal motives, and the noble charity of the favored of fortune to the poor and unfortunate has quickened the fraternal spirit and softened class prejudice. Public and private beneficence has reached a height never before witnessed in any country, and the narrow lines of intolerance have been erased or dimmed by the chastening touch of adversity.

As individuals, the New Year opens to us boundless opportunities. If it bring sorrow, is not we the fire that is to burn the dross from our souls? If it bring poverty, let us remember that there is an infinite side to it, and the poor have before them a world of hope and endeavor that is closed to those who must make no struggle against opposing forces. Riches may be its boon, but riches are precious only for their power of conferring happiness and enlightenment upon the world. Death may be its cup of healing, yet there is no death but the cessation of endeavor; and leaving this fair earth is no more death than merely living upon it is life.

Faith is the song of the poet who said that the New Year is a "Time for memory and for tears." For memory it is indeed a time, for the gleaned sheaves of the sweetness of past days is an imperishable possession, but tears, even though their waters surge over the fragments of shattered resolve and self-murdered hope, are vain and idle. Then let us give Time a benediction as he turns his glass, for he has mingled the bitter in our draught of life with sweet, and as the blithe New Year assumes the robe and crown shorn with earnest hearts: "Le roi est mort, vive le roi."

AMONG THE SIUSLAWS.

A TALE OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

By MORE ANON.

CHAPTER VII.

After Rudolph's departure Irma retired into the tent and for a time gave way to a perfect abandonment of grief. Nanita and her mother tried in every way possible to comfort her, and little Pepito brought to her his little snow white spaniel, and pressing it into her arms told her in his best broken English, that she should have it for her very own. This act showed great self-sacrifice on his part as the spaniel was his dearest possession.

Her parents were devoted Christians, and in their home the principles of religion were lived as well as taught, and Irma had early learned where to turn for comfort when the heart was charged with sorrow. She had learned earnest prayer to the loving and sympathizing Saviour to guard Rudolph on his journey, and shield him from the many dangers he must encounter and to speedily restore her to her beloved parents. After this she became more calm and in a short time apparently reconciled to her situation. She reasoned, as young as she was, that it would be ungrateful to a people who were so kind to her to show a repining spirit. In the beautiful September days that followed, she and Nanita would wander along the beach gathering shells and listening to the deep murmur of the ocean in its restless heaving to and fro, or watching the flight of the myriads of sea fowls as they took their flight out over the broad expanse of water and lost themselves in the distance. She loved to watch the seals in their playful gambols, and when they reared their round heads above the water and looked at her with their great melancholy eyes, she could not help the feeling that there was something almost human about them. One day Pepito and some young Indian lads captured a young seal and brought it to her. At first she was pleased, but the silent and persevering efforts he made to escape, and the appealing look in his great liquid eyes soon won her sympathy and she begged them to place him back again in his native element. The look he gave her as he took the gift of his freedom haunted her many days.

After the hunt was over, the families prepared to return to their homes in the various villages scattered along the banks of the main river, the North Fork and almost every available place on tide water. The chief and Robert Le Gran and many followers occupied a village of some pretension at a point at or near the mouth of what is now called Sweet's creek. Hunting grounds were close at hand and salmon plenty and easy to be taken. Each family cultivated a small patch of Indian corn from which to make bread, and living was easy.

On a lovely morning in the latter part of September Monsieur Le Gran started with his family for his home at the above village. The trip was a revelation to Irma. The Siuslaw was at that time the same beautiful stream that it is today. Its smooth, mirror-like surface reflected back the bright and variegated foliage along its banks. The great fire had not yet swept over its hills and valleys, spreading its devastating ravages, and nature's towers with the luxuriant growth of ages were intertwined in one wild, sweet entanglement of disorder, while here and there an Indian topee in the foreground added to the picturesqueness of the scene. They arrived at their destination about noon and settled down for the winter. The men and some of the women of the village spent a good deal of their time fishing for salmon, which they dried and smoked to add to their winter provision, and one and all made some preparation for the coming rainy season.

Their village was mostly built upon the flat land near the river bank, but the chief had induced the Indians to prepare store-houses in the foot-hills in which to place their winter stores for safe keeping, for freshets frequently occurred and sometimes provisions were destroyed by them, causing privation and suffering among the Indian families. There was a tradition in the tribe that many years before a great flood had swept over the country bringing consternation and destruction to the homes and villages throughout the valley, and leaving a desolated wilderness where once was a beautiful vale teeming with wild life and vegetation, but no one now living had any certain knowledge regarding it. Another one might occur, but it was not in the Indian nature to borrow trouble, and though the chief tried to instill some ideas of thrift into their untutored minds, it was more in their way to live in their enjoyment of to-day with no thought of to-morrow. When the rainy season had fairly set in the Indians had very little to do but enjoy

their feasts and merry makings, and Irma would watch their strange and fantastic performances with wondering curiosity. One or two marriages took place in the village and the feasts and dances that followed were novel and exhaustive.

At a marriage feast the good Ida was in her element. Dressed in great finery, her round face shining with good humor, her fat sides shaking with merriment, it was a pleasure to watch her enjoyment. Siam would lend the dusky bride to her future lord and place her hand in his, when would follow a kind of dance around a pole by the young couple, at the close of which would come a shout from every throat present. Then the chief and his wife would present some little token either for ornament or use, which example could be followed by others if they chose. But to one of their number it could not be recalled.

"I have for many years been a great sufferer from SCROFULA, breaking out on my arms and legs; they were covered with eruptions and sores, discharging all the time. I tried very many medicines and consulted physicians far and near, but constantly grew worse. I have taken but three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I feel as if I were a new man."—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

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Oh! the Agony

Of Those who Suffer from Scrofula

Hood's Sarsaparilla Purifies, Soothes, Heals, Cures.



Mr. T. F. Johnson, San Jose, Cal.

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A SPECIAL OFFER!

The above is a correct picture of THE OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO. BUILDING, located at the corner of Sixth and Alder streets. For many years THE OREGONIAN has felt the need of a more commodious building embracing modern improvements, with the latest improved machinery for turning out a metropolitan paper. It now has it, and one that the whole Pacific Coast may justly feel proud of, as it is certainly the finest on the coast. Now that THE OREGONIAN is settled in this new home it feels cordially invited to those who desire their subscription, or to those who subscribe prior to September 1st, to send the

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, Dec. 15, 1893. 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 the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Thursday, February 9, 1894, viz: Henry F. Kapp, on Homestead Entry No. 2518, for the S. 1/4 of sec. 11, E. 1/4 of T. 2, and N. 1/4 of R. 2, Tp. 21 S., Range 11 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Gabriel, Joseph Zepp, E. B. Marco, Chas. Haskell, of Gardsiner, Douglas county, Oregon. JOHN H. SHIFFR, Register.

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He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Gabriel, Fred Kapp, E. B. Marco, Chas. E. Hagbell, of Gardsiner, Douglas county, Oregon. JOHN H. SHIFFR, Register.

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Real estate for sale by prominent citizens regarding Florence property, now on the market at wonderfully reduced prices:

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I hereby certify that I was the original owner of the property known as Frasier and Berry's part of Florence, which E. J. Frasier is now offering for sale. That the same is level and free from drifting sand. That fruit trees and shrubbery do well upon said land and the same is desirable for residence property. J. G. STEVENSON, Supt. Public Schools, Lane county.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of March, 1892. JOSEPH A. MORRIS, Notary Public.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Being first duly sworn I depose and say: That I have been a resident of Florence, Lane County, Oregon, for the past twelve years; that I am familiar and well acquainted with the property known as "Frasier and Berry's part of Florence," that the same is admirably suited for residence property, being perfectly level and free from drifting sand. That fruit trees and shrubbery grow well in the soil and that pure well water is found on the same at a depth of from ten to fifteen feet.

JOSEPH A. MORRIS, Merchant.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892. L. BLIVETT, Notary Public.