

The tide of destiny is turning fast towards Florence. All sorts of accumulation of facts point that way

The West.

The habit of the West is one of push, energy, pluck. It is the news granary of these mountain slopes.

Vol. IV.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1894.

No. 44

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor..... Sylvester Pennington
 Secretary of State..... Geo. W. McBride
 Treasurer..... Philip McEwen
 Supt. Public Instruction..... E. B. McEwen
 State Printer..... Frank C. Baker
 Supreme Court..... R. A. Bond
 Judge Second District..... F. A. Moore
 Attorney Second District..... S. W. Condon

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge..... A. H. Fisk
 Commissioners..... Eli Perkins
 Clerk..... James Parker
 Sheriff..... W. R. Walker
 Treasurer..... F. E. Nolan
 Assessor..... Frank Reiser
 School Superintendent..... J. G. Stevenson
 Surveyor..... C. M. Collier
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 Board of Trustees..... Oscar Funke, W. H. Hurd, Wm. Kyle, M. F. Phillips
 Recorder..... Frank Wilson
 Treasurer..... Leonard Christensen
 Marshal..... C. B. Morgan
 Justice of Peace..... H. M. Chamberlin

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.
 I. G. KNOTT, Pastor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH service. Preaching at Glenada every 2nd and 4th Sabbath at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7 p. m. Florence: Preaching, 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. Pt. Terrace: Preaching 1st and 3rd Sabbath 11 a. m. Seaton, same, 3 p. m. All welcome.
 G. W. QUITMAN, Pastor.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. Siuslaw Lodge No. 107. Regular communication on second Saturday night in each month.
 AMOS HADSELL, W. M.
 Charles Branham, Secretary.

G. A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58. Meets after the first quarter of the moon, linear month.
 J. L. FURNISH, Commander.
 B. F. Alley, Adjutant.

A. O. U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131. Meets every 1st and 3rd Saturdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
 A. F. HURD, M. W.
 L. C. ACKERLEY, N. G.

I. O. O. F. Hequeta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
 FRED MASON, N. G.
 L. C. ACKERLEY, Sec.

NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTT, L.P.I.,
 Notary Public, Surveyor
 And Collector.
 Office two doors west of Florence Hotel.
 Florence, Oregon.

JOE MORRIS, Jr
 Notary Public, Land Agt
 Florence, Oregon.

Geo. O. Knowles, Chas. Getty
KNOWLES & GETTYS,
 Notaries Public,
 Seaton, Oregon.

ATTORNEYS.

SEYMOUR W. CONDON,
 Attorney at Law,
 Law in all its branches given special attention.
 Conner's Bldg., Eugene Or.

A. C. WOODCOCK,
 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.
 Rooms 7 and 8 McLaren's Building.
 Special attention given to collections and probate business.

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 Attorney at Law,
 Eugene, Oregon.
 Office over First National Bank.

BUSINESS CAR.

H. D. CHAMBERLIN,
 CONTRACTOR, BUILDER,
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L. R. J. S. S. S.,
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 All my work will be warranted to give satisfaction. Call on or write to me at
Florence, Oregon.

JOHN C. GRAY,
 Dental Surgery.
 The best work at the most reasonable prices. Office over Orange store.
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HORACE N. CRAIN,
 Practical Watchmaker
 And Dealer in Fine Watches and Jewelry
 Eugene, Oregon.

HENRY A. BAY, Agent
 State Insurance Company
 Of Salem, Oregon.
 This is the leading insurance company of the Pacific coast. Assets a quarter of a million dollars. Private dwellings and farm property a specialty. Address me at Gardiner, Oregon, and I will call upon you and insure your property.

Head of Tide Hotel,
 W. W. NEELY, Prop'r.
 Tables furnished with all the delicacies of the season. Wild game, Fish and Fruit in season. Best accommodations for the traveling public. Charges reasonable.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 OF EUGENE.
 T. G. HENDRICKS, Pres. S. B. EAKIN, Jr., Cash'r.
 PAID UP CASH CAPITAL, \$50,000
 SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$50,000
 ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
 EUGENE, OREGON.

E. HANON, THE
 Clothier...
 AND
MERCHANT-TAILOR,
 DEALER IN
 HATS AND CAPS.
 MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
 EUGENE, OREGON.

Florence Drug Store.
 O. W. HURD, C. D. THOMAS,
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Pure Wines and Liquors.
 Drugs,
 Medicines,
 Chemicals,
 Perfumery,
 Stationery,
 Wall Paper,
 Blank Books,
 Toilet Articles,
 Window Shades,
 Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully
 Compounded.

UNION PACIFIC
 THROUGH
 TICKETS
 TO
SALT LAKE, DENVER,
OMAHA, KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS
 AND ALL
EASTERN CITIES,
 31-2 DAYS TO
CHICAGO
 The Quickest to Chicago and the East.
 Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.
 Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers,
 Free Reclining Chair Cars,
 Dining Cars.
 For rates and general information call on or address
W. H. HURLBURT,
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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

GARDINER
 STAGE LINE.
H. H. Barrett, Prop'r,
 Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
 Arrives at Florence Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
 Connects with Steamer and Scottsburg Stage Line for Drain. Also with Stage Line for Coos Bay. Charge reasonable.

WHISMAN BROS.'
 Stage Line
 Over Lake Creek Road,
 BETWEEN EUGENE & HEAD OF TIDE.
 Leave Eugene Monday and Thursday mornings.
 Leave Head of Tide Tuesday and Friday at noon.
 Whisman Bros., Props

Steamer Robar's
 SAILS
 On the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month.
 Single trip \$3.00. Round trip \$5.00
 Florence to Yaquina.
 For Passenger and Freight Rates See Meyer & Kyle, Florence, Or.

REGULAR DAILY TRIPS
 Florence and Head of Tide.
 General office at Seaton.
 KNOWLES, NEELY and GETTYS,
 Owners.

EAST AND SOUTH
 VIA
THE SHASTA ROUTE
 OF THE
 Southern Pacific Co.
 Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

Between PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.
 MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).
 7:30 a. m. Lv. Portland Ar. Corvallis 10:30 a. m.
 12:15 p. m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. Portland 3:30 p. m.
 10:15 a. m. Lv. San Francisco Lv. 7:30 p. m.
 Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also Tuguen, Sheehs, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.
 ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.
 8:30 p. m. Lv. Portland Ar. 1:30 p. m.
 2:30 p. m. Lv. Eugene Ar. 10:30 a. m.
 5:30 p. m. Lv. Roseburg Lv. 7:30 a. m.
 Dining Cars on Ogden Route.
 Pullman Buffet Sleepers.
 AND
 SECOND CLASS SLEEPING CARS,
 attached to all Through Trains.

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THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Oh! to have lived when earth was young,
 And everything was charming,
 When heads and fingers were like lambs,
 And snakes were not afraid of lambs,
 When every day the sun shone out
 The whole world was a play-ground,
 And lovely maidens every hand
 Through forests dense were straying!
 Oh! to have known the perfect knights
 Who went out on their killing,
 And who to succor innocents
 Distressed were more than willing!
 Oh! to have owned the palaces which
 With gold and jewels were shining,
 Oh! to have seen the ladies come
 To every ball and christening,
 Oh! to have been for one hour on
 A magic carpet riding,
 And in the twinkling of an eye
 From land to land, to find
 Just to have seen a great sea,
 Though sea and land were
 One and the same assistance.

Oh! to have had the lamps, the rings
 That friendly gods granted,
 Oh! to have met the fawns and swans
 Which always were enchanted!
 Oh! to have lived when beggar men
 Great kingdoms could inherit,
 When princesses could marry churls,
 And a beggar was a lord!
 When peasant lads and monarch's sons
 Were equally undaunted,
 When every tree and rock and stream
 Was by some fairy haunted.
 Oh! to have known the time when tears
 Were always turned to laughter,
 And grief to joy, and people lived
 Happily ever after!
 —New York Tribune.

THE RED SCOURGE.

On the shores of the great inland sea,
 Lake Superior, there lived many years ago
 a tall, fearless Indian and his wife.
 They had one son, about 16 years old,
 who had listened to so many of the
 wild legends of the tribe that the
 demon fear had taken firm hold of him.
 One dark night his father returned
 from the hunt, tired and thirsty. He
 asked Oshedoph, which was the son's
 name, and meant Strong Wishes, to
 go to the river for some water.
 The boy refused, saying he was afraid,
 and neither threat nor persuasion could
 move him from his resolution.
 At last the father said, with a sigh:
 "Ah! my son, I had hoped it would
 be your mission to kill Hah-Undo-Tah,
 and thus rid our tribe of a powerful
 enemy. The wise men have said this
 would be done by one of our family,
 but either they have failed in their
 prophecies or it will not come to pass
 for another generation."
 Oshedoph had heard much of the
 evil wrought by Hah-Undo-Tah, or the
 Red Sorcerer, a powerful chief living
 on an island off the big water, and
 who sailed forth on his murderous
 expeditions, to the terror of the northern
 tribes. The boy knew that whoever
 should rid the earth of this monster
 would be made the greatest living
 chief. He had never heard before of
 the prediction just repeated by his
 father, and this filled him with new
 ambition. But how could he, a boy afraid
 to go to the river in the dark, hope to
 do this great deed?

All night he sat thinking about it,
 the words of his parents ringing in his
 ears. At daybreak he started west-
 ward, taking only his bow and arrows,
 with which he supplied himself with
 food. On the third night, just as he
 had laid down to rest, he heard a
 rumbling noise and looking about saw smoke
 issuing from a hollow near by. Going
 hastily toward it, he saw an Indian
 lodge in the door of which stood an old
 woman whom Oshedoph recognized as
 the old woman who made the war.
 From time to time she struck her
 staff upon the ground, and this had
 caused the noise he heard. The staff
 was ornamented with the heads of birds,
 and every time she struck the earth
 with it the birds sounded their different
 notes.
 When the old witch entered the lodge,
 Oshedoph crept nearer. She took off
 her cloak, fringed with the scalps of
 women, and when she shook it the
 scalps uttered shouts of laughter. Oshedoph
 was now peering in at the door, when
 the old woman turned suddenly upon
 him. He was too much frightened to
 run, even when she approached
 him and laid a hand on his shoulder.
 Looking at him kindly, she told him
 she had watched him ever since he left
 his father's lodge. After she had given
 him supper she had told her how he
 came to leave home, she said:
 "Were you really afraid to go to the
 river in the dark?"
 "Yes, I was," answered Oshedoph.
 "At this time the birds shook her staff
 and cloak, and the birds and the scalps
 made a horrible din."
 "Are you afraid now?" asked the
 witch.
 "I am," replied the boy, "but
 not so much as I was of the dark."
 "Why?" asked the old woman very
 sharply.
 "Because I know you will not let
 anything hurt me," Oshedoph answered.
 Again the old woman shook her staff
 and cloak, but the birds' notes were all
 in accord, and the laughter was like
 music.
 "Yes, I will," said the witch, "for
 you are very brave."
 "Brave!" echoed the boy in astonish-
 ment.
 "Yes," said the witch, smiling and
 nodding her head many times, "the
 bravest of the brave, for you have the
 courage to tell the truth. It is written
 that you are to slay that monster, Hah-
 Undo-Tah, and I am to help you, so
 keep up your courage."
 But the stripling's heart began to fail
 him as the old woman began her prepara-
 tions.
 First she applied a magic comb to
 his hair, which caused it to grow long,
 like a girl's. Then she dressed him in
 beautiful clothes, such as a princess of
 his tribe might wear, and painted his
 face in a most bewitching manner.
 When the young man looked at his
 image in the lake near by, he was so

CHARMED THAT HE NEARLY FELL IN LOVE WITH HIMSELF, LIKE NARCISSUS OF OLD.

His friend now gave him a bowl of
 shining metal and a sharp blade of
 scented sword grass, that was thrust in
 his girdle as a modern belle might wear
 a favorite flower. Then came some
 general instructions as to his conduct
 in his assumed character.
 He was to go down to a certain part
 of the lake shore, which was in view
 of the island where the Red Sorcerer
 lived, and drink out of the shining bowl.
 Many of the Indians would then come
 across and ask him to marry them, but
 the supposed princess was to say she
 had traveled a long way to be the wife
 of their chief, who must come for her
 himself, or she would return to her na-
 tive place.

When Hah-Undo-Tah heard this, he
 would come in his own canoe. After
 the marriage, Oshedoph must make the
 opportunity to cut off the bridegroom's
 head with the blade of sword grass.
 It was now morning, and the old
 woman told the young man to start out
 on his mission. At first he kept up a
 good heart, but when a full sense of his
 undertaking came over him his courage
 failed him. Thinking to retreat he
 stepped, the fog closed about him like a
 wall, and he could only find his way by
 going in the way he had started.
 It all came about as foretold. When
 the Indians saw the shining bowl, they
 came flocking to the beautiful princess,
 who refused to wed any one but Hah-
 Undo-Tah himself.

His bride, in the meantime, was gen-
 tly stroking his forehead and crooning a
 lullaby. Soon the "terror of the lake"
 fell asleep, and Oshedoph, taking the
 blade of sword grass from his belt, cut
 off the head of the sleeping sorcerer.
 Taking one of the canoes he soon crossed
 to the main shore, carrying the head
 with him. Here he waited until the
 cries of the Indians told him the head-
 less body had been discovered, when he
 started off to find his friend, the old
 woman who makes war. She was de-
 lighted to see him again so soon, and
 cutting off a lock of the Red Sorcerer's
 hair she had the young man change
 into his own clothes and set out at
 once for home, bearing the head with
 him, which would establish his reputa-
 tion for bravery beyond any question.
 Upon his arrival home he found his
 parents mourning for him as one dead.
 They scarcely knew him at first, for he
 had changed from a timid youth into a
 man who had seen many wonders and
 achieved mighty deeds. When the head
 of Hah-Undo-Tah was shown to the as-
 sembled tribe, a great shout of triumph
 and thanksgiving went up that one of
 their own people had done this deed.

Oshedoph was made a powerful chief.
 His name was placed among the great
 warriors of the earth, for in all the land
 that lies between the great waters be-
 yond which no eye can see the Red Sor-
 cerer had been feared, and Oshedoph
 had delivered them of his hands.—
 Louis Phillips in Philadelphia Press.

DAILY PAPERS AT THE NORTH POLE.

No people in the world cling to their
 newspapers like the English. In the
 arctic expedition of 1875 one of the
 chaplains provided a file of The Times
 with the reports of the Crimean war,
 20 years old, of which he doled out two
 copies every day, one to each ship.
 The captains and officers had it first,
 then it was doled out to the crew, and
 in a little while every one was
 as keen as the Russian news as at
 the moment. The chaplain in con-
 trol of the press used to be besieged
 with entreaties for an evening
 edition, and when Sevastopol was on
 the eve of being taken excitement ran
 so high that the newspaper locker was
 almost stormed. However, not with-
 standing firm and continued to dole out
 his single edition a day, so that the in-
 terest was kept up to the end of the
 expedition.—London Million.

Montana Sapphires.

Garnet crystals not fine enough for
 gems are found in North Carolina. They
 are of huge size, sometimes weighing
 as much as 20 pounds, and they are cut
 into dishes and cups. Some of them are
 crushed to make emery and a kind of
 sandpaper called garnet paper. At Ru-
 by mountain in Colorado is a remark-
 able deposit of such great crystals of
 garnet, which, being included in a soft
 matrix, usually come out perfect in
 their beautiful geometrical shapes. They
 are sold for weights and ornaments.
 Emeralds, rubies and sapphires are
 found only in North Carolina and Mon-
 tana. The Montana sapphires, dug from
 the gravel bars of the Missouri river,
 are mostly of poor quality, though some
 of the crystals are fine. They are plen-
 tiful enough, too, so called Colorado bar
 yielding 2,000 ounces of sapphires to
 the acre.—Boston Transcript.

A Fair Souvenir.

They had reached that stage of the
 engagement where she felt free to amuse
 herself by exploring his pockets. It so
 happened that he had forgotten to take
 out the ticket for his wet hat, and when
 she found that she immediately wanted
 to know what it was.
 "That," said he, with as much dig-
 nity as he could command, "is a sou-
 venir of the World's Fair."—Indianapolis
 Journal.

SOCIETY WOMEN BURGLARS.

A Woman and Her Daughter, Dressed of Ex-
 cellent Repute, Arrested For Stealing.
 In an Adrian justice court sat two
 well dressed ladies. Both were comely
 and apparently refined. The alf and
 dress of the women indicated that they
 belonged to the upper walks of life and
 were people of quality. The elder of the
 two, still below the middle age, sat erect
 and wore an air of defiance. The other,
 a young lady of real beauty and tastily
 "dressed," was bowed with an air of sor-
 row.

No one unacquainted with the circum-
 stances would have suspected for a mo-
 ment that these ladies were a pair of
 burglars whose work rivals that of some
 of the best men of the profession. But
 such was the case. They were mother and
 daughter—Mrs. Alice Church, a widow
 of excellent repute, residing in Teumseh,
 a village of 2,600, 10 miles from
 Adrian, and Miss Bessie Church. They
 were under arrest, charged with break-
 ing into the residence of Editor S. C.
 Stacy of the Teumseh Herald during the
 absence of the family and taking there-
 from a feather bed, bedclothing, a
 big job lot of ladies' underwear, several
 pairs of shoes, a quantity of groceries,
 etc.

Entrance was effected in the night.
 Saturday evening a window had been
 forced, and investigating he found that
 the house had been ransacked and the
 front door key taken. Officers were no-
 tified, and as the absence of the key de-
 noted an intended return of the burglars
 two men were stationed in the house
 that night. Near 11 o'clock the key softly
 turned in the lock, and the forms of
 two persons, apparently men, as they
 wore men's clothing, appeared. There
 was a sudden rush, a clashing of the in-
 truders in strong arms and a terrific
 scuffle, embellished with female
 screams. Astonishment caused one of