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, MARCH 16, 1894. No. 48.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY

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Secretary of State ....Geo. W. McBride
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O. W. HURD, 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 3d Saturdays each month. Members and visiting brethren in good standing are cordially invited to attend. A. O. Funke, M. W. JOSEPH A. MORRIS, Recorder.

I. O. O. F. Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
FRED MASON, N. G.
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### NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTTOLPH,
Notary Public, Surveyor
And Collector.
Office two doors west of Florence Hotel.
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JOE MORRIS, Jr
Notary Public, Land Agt
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KNOWLES & GETTYS,
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Southern Pacific Co.
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| South | | | | North |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:15 p m | Lv | Portland | Ar | 8:20 a m |
| 12:07 p m | Lv | Eugene | Lv | 2:44 a m |
| 10:15 a m | Ar | San Francisco | Lv | 7:00 p m |

Above trains stop at all stations from Portland to Albany inclusive; also Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL, DAILY.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30 a m | Lv | Portland | Ar | 4:30 p m |
| 2:30 p m | Lv | Eugene | Lv | 10:26 a m |
| 5:50 p m | Ar | Roseburg | Lv | 7:00 a m |

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West Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS.
MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7:30 a m | Lv | Portland | Ar | 5:35 a m |
| 12:15 p m | Ar | Corvallis | Lv | 1:00 p m |

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.
EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4:40 p m | Lv | Portland | Ar | 8:25 a m |
| 7:25 p m | Ar | McMinnville | Lv | 5:50 a m |

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## THE WINDS' STORY.

The North Wind blew at night off the sea,
Saying: "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!
I sing of the numbing winter's breath.
I sing of snow and death.
I bring in the wave with the broken spar
And the gray seas curling over the bar,
Drifting at night from a cold, bright star—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The South Wind blew at noon off the sea,
Singing: "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!
I sing of the golden buttercup breath.
I sing the peace of death.
I bring in the shells with the laughing tide
And follow the brown sails home and bide
In the drowsy heat down the meadow side—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

The East Wind blew at morn off the sea,
Crying: "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!
I sing of the piercing [illegible]'s breath.
I sing the horror of de[illegible]
And the tempest's sch[illegible] the rigging black,
And the shiddi[illegible] and the roaring wrack.
And the boat that [illegible] again comes back—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The West Wind blew at dawn off the sea,
Calling: "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!
I sing of the joyous salt sea breath.
I sing there is no death!
I murmur of sea caves rosy and deep,
And the glittering bay where the shoal fish leap,
And the lapse of the tide as it sinks to sleep—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

—A. E. Gillington in Spectator.

## IRISH COURTSHIP.

In the suburbs of the beautiful city of Cork, within a short distance of "the pleasant waters of the river Lee," stood Vernon Mount, the residence of Sir Henry Hayes. Sir Henry, like most Irish gentlemen of the time, was dashing, reckless and improvident, consequently he was generally popular and frequently impecunious.

Seated at breakfast one morning with his sister, the knight's brow was unusually cloudy, a circumstance that did not escape the lady's observant eyes.

"What's the matter now?" she asked. "Have you got into any fresh scrape?"

"It's the same old story," he answered gloomily. "No cash, no credit—ruin not far ahead."

"Why don't you retrieve the fortunes of the family by marrying an heiress? It's a sure and easy way out of difficulty."

"Heiress, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Where is she? You can't gather heiresses on the hedges like blackberries in a Kerry lane."

"No," returned his sister quietly, "but they can be found, though, and not so far off either. There's Miss Pike, for instance."

"Miss Pike!" he laughed contemptuously. "Why, I have never seen her and don't know that I'll ever set eyes on her."

"Bah!" said the lady scornfully. "If I were [illegible] speak to any woman I had a [illegible] to."

"But Miss Pike is a prim little Quaker and would be horrified at the bare suggestion of marrying such a harum scarum, devil may care fellow as I am known to be."

"Henry," said his sister, with severity, "I'm ashamed of you! How many of your countrymen have carried off their brides with a strong hand and married them willy nilly? I begin to doubt whether you have any of the old Hayes blood left in your veins."

"Don't despair, Jane," returned the knight, with an evil gleam in his eyes. "You're a good sister, and I'll try to benefit by your wisdom. Since the days of Mother Eve a woman has been at the bottom of all mischief."

Miss Hayes did not reply to this sarcasm, and the meal terminated in silence.

Mr. Cooper Penrose, a gentleman well known and much respected in society, lived in a charming country house not far from Cork. Miss Mary Pike, the only daughter and heiress of his dead friend, Samuel Pike, had been intrusted to his guardianship, and he cared for her with the affection of a father. Miss Pike was a young lady upon whose education no expense had been spared. Delicately and tenderly nurtured, she was unusually accomplished, and in addition she possessed the modesty and reserve characteristic of the sect to which her family belonged. Altogether a more attractive young lady could hardly be found among the fascinating daughters of Erin.

The residence of Mr. Penrose was built in a very picturesque situation. It was indeed one of the sights of the neighborhood which strangers frequently came to see. One fine summer day an unknown gentleman rode up the avenue and seemed to observe everything with attentive curiosity. With true Irish hospitality Mr. Penrose immediately went out and conducted him over the place. The stranger was much entertained, lingered about the grounds, admiring and praising everything, and finally as the hour of dinner approached received an invitation to that meal. Mr. Penrose was naturally reluctant to introduce an unknown stranger to his family, but the hospitable feelings of an Irish gentleman prevailed over his scruples. Sir Henry Hayes—for it was he—was received with much kindness and cordiality and made the acquaintance of the fair and unsuspecting maiden against whom he harbored such fell designs. In fact, he had come solely for the purpose of enabling him to identify her when his plans were fully matured.

"Well?" said Miss Hayes next morning.

"Well," returned her worthy brother, "I have seen the heiress. But we are no nearer the goal than before. She is too well guarded. It would take a regiment of soldiers and a park of artillery to storm yon mansion."

"Indeed!" said the lady sardonically. "It seems to me the better plan would be to let the girl come out to you of her own free will."

"Very true, indeed, but how is it to be done?"

"That's for you to find out. I'm not wanting to marry Mary Pike. However, I suppose I must stimulate your sluggish invention. Do you know that her mother is very ill in Cork?"

"So I have heard, but what has that to do with it?"

"And her medical attendant is Dr. Gibbings," pursued the lady, unmindful of his question.

"Well, what then?" said her brother, not perceiving her drift.

"How dull you are this morning, Henry!" Miss Hayes continued. "Could not Dr. Gibbings ask Mary to come into Cork some night to see her mother?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the knight. "In the first place, I don't know Dr. Gibbings, and in the second place he wouldn't join in any plot of the kind."

"Pshaw!" answered Miss Hayes. "You are dense today, Henry—perfectly stupid, in fact—so I am compelled to speak plainly. Write to Dr. Gibbings for a prescription for the gout—you're sure to need it sooner or later. You can thus get a sample of the doctor's handwriting, and the rest is easy to a man of your spirit and resource."

Late one dark July night a few days after the interview recorded above Mr. Penrose's household was awakened by a violent knocking at the outer door. A messenger had come in hot haste from Cork with a letter, which he delivered and then vanished in the gloom. The letter was superscribed, "To Mr. Cooper Penrose," and the handwriting was that of Dr. Gibbings. It ran:

DEAR SIR—Our friend, Mrs. Pike, is taken suddenly ill; she wishes to see Miss Pike. We would recommend dispatch as we think she has not many hours to live. Yours,
ROBERT GIBBINGS.

Instantly Miss Pike arose from her bed and made haste to depart, fearful that the worst might happen to her mother before she could arrive. The carriage was promptly brought to the door. Miss Pike, Miss Penrose and another lady got into it, and about 2 in the morning they all set out on their sad journey, little dreaming how sad it was to be. The night was pitch dark. The rain fell in torrents, and as the coach plowed through the miry road it was suddenly met by four or five armed men, who called upon the coachman to stop.

Naturally the ladies were terrified almost out of their wits by this rencounter. As soon as their terror would permit they asked:

"What do you want?"

At this one of the men, disguised in a long greatcoat and with a handkerchief tied over his face, advanced and answered:

"You must be searched."

The carriage door was thrown open. By the dim light of a dark lantern its occupants could be seen shrinking back in fear and alarm. The leader pointed out Miss Pike, and despite the poor girl's protests, entreaties and tears she was torn forcibly from her friend and placed in a chaise which stood by. As the chaise drove off she sank back exhausted and found a lady by her side.

"Oh, save me! Save me!" cried Miss Pike, convulsively clinging to her companion.

"Hush!" said the stranger sternly, though not unkindly. "We mean you no harm. But you must be quiet."

The young lady's entreaties proved futile. There was indeed no help to be had from the iron woman at her side, so the chaise drove on to Vernon Mount. At the bottom of the long and steep avenue the horses stopped, being unable to drag the vehicle farther over the heavy road. Hereupon Sir Henry Hayes rode up, dismounted, took the struggling girl in his arms, and in spite of her strenuous resistance carried her up to his house. When they entered, a person attired like a clergyman came forward, some sort of ceremony was gone through, words were muttered in a language which the half fainting victim either did not hear or did not understand, and at the close she was informed that she was Lady Hayes.

"Now," said Sir Henry, putting a pen into her hand, "you had better inform your friends of your wedding without delay."

In the wild hope of obtaining deliverance she wrote what they suggested, but neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to sign the letter by the odious name of her captor. And now, in the last extreme, modesty gave the unhappy creature unexpected courage and strength. This fine example of knighthood could not succeed in overcoming her scruples even by force, so he restored to blandishment and conciliation. He expostulated; he pleaded.

"Don't you know me? I am your friend, your husband."

"Yes," she answered, "I do know you now. I remember your intrusion at my cousin's. But you are not my husband, and, heaven helping me, you never shall be."

And so, strong in her innocence and purity, Mary Pike remained a captive under the roof of Sir Henry Hayes.

Meantime the friends of Miss Pike were not idle. Inquiries were prosecuted on all sides, and at length the place of her captivity was discovered. Armed with the authority of the law for the recovery of the lady, a party proceeded to Vernon Mount with all speed. They found Miss Pike not so much the worse for her adventure as might have been expected and greatly rejoiced to be restored to her relatives.

But the bold knight and his amiable sister had disappeared, leaving no trace of their whereabouts, and not without very good reason, for the crime of abduction was then punishable by death. Informations were immediately lodged in a court of justice, the usual legal machinery was put in motion, and a large reward was offered for the arrest of the principal culprit. However, as he remained in concealment, the process of law went on in his absence, and at length sentence of outlawry was passed upon him by the court.

Now comes the most curious part of this singular story—a part that throws a lurid light upon the state of Irish society so late as the beginning of the present century. The practice of abducting young and marriageable girls of fortune had been prevalent in Ireland for a long time and was looked upon with approval by a large section of the Irish public. During the whole of the eighteenth century it was no uncommon occurrence for some predatory Irish "gentleman," accompanied by his retainers, to swoop down upon an unsuspecting household and carry off a helpless maiden. True, the unfortunate girl frequently—perhaps generally—became the wife of the man who had captured her by his bow and by his spear. Marriage, however, with these barbarians and under such conditions was often a worse fate than perpetual spinsterhood. According to various authorities, "abduction clubs" flourished even in the city of Dublin itself. Bankrupts, spendthrifts and blackguards banded themselves together and drew lots for eligible girls, and the abductor usually placed the lady before him on horseback in order to plead, with a touch of Irish humor, that she had abducted him.

To mend this scandalous state of matters a law was enacted making the crime of abduction a capital offense, but the law was practically inoperative while it ran counter to public opinion. Twenty years before the date of the present narrative two sisters named Kennedy had been carried off by force in open day. A prosecution was instituted against their captors, and the young women, with reluctant modesty, consented to appear as witnesses. Every means, however, was used to deter them from coming forward. Popular feeling ran so high that it was actually necessary to guard them through two counties with a detachment of military as they went to prosecute, and it was hailed by the decent section of Irish society as a remarkable triumph of justice when the offenders were found guilty and hanged.

In such circumstances it was not perhaps surprising that Sir Henry Hayes could not be made amenable. He was a well known man; he was a criminal; he had incurred the pains and penalties of outlawry; rewards amounting to nearly £1,000 had been offered for his apprehension, yet he walked about openly in the streets of Cork among his friends and acquaintances, enjoying himself to the top of his bent at balls and festivals and races, like a fine old Irish gentleman all of the olden time. Not only so, but the hapless young lady, whose life he had rendered miserable by his villainy, was forced for her personal safety to take refuge in England, away from her family and her home.

Two years elapsed. The gallant knight's sister and accomplice was now dead, and he himself desirous of bringing "the Pike affair to a conclusion—possibly owing to the depleted state of his exchequer. At all events, he wrote a letter to Miss Pike, half appealing, half threatening. The poor persecuted man stated that his conduct had been honorable and delicate throughout; that no lady with a spark of humanity in her bosom could thirst for his blood; that if she did indulge in such an unladylike thirst it would be worse for her, and that he was willing to abide his trial in the city of Cork, where, he thanked heaven, he stood as high as any man in the regards of rich and poor.

So this pious, honorable and eminently delicate knight at last appeared in court. The sentence of outlawry was reversed without opposition, as the prosecutors wished the trial to take place on the original charge of abduction. A motion for change of venue on the ground of the prisoner's popularity in Cork was made by counsel for the prosecution, but the judges dismissed it, stating that they believed a Cork jury would remember what they owed to their oaths, to their families and to their country and would do their duty without fear, favor or affection.

The friends of Miss Pike spared no expense to secure a conviction. Curran, then at the zenith of his fame, was brought down "special" to Cork to prosecute. Besides being the most brilliant advocate that the Irish bar ever produced, he was the darling of his countrymen, and to do him justice few men better deserved their affection. As he passed into the courthouse an old fishwoman, who had known him in earlier days, saluted him with:

"Hooray, counselor dear! I hope you will gain the day!"

"Take care what you say, my good woman," answered the counselor, smiling, "for if I gain the day you'll certainly lose the (k)night!"

Curran was more used to the defense of prisoners than to their prosecution, but in the present case he produced a profound effect by a speech at once luminous, eloquent and pathetic, worthy to rank among the best orations that even he had ever delivered.

The evidence and the eloquence were alike overwhelming. The jury, much to Sir Henry's surprise and horror, brought in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to death. Consternation fell upon his friends at this unexpected result. Was it possible that a real Irish gentleman should suffer the fate of a vulgar croppy for such an amiable weakness? The thing was absurd, outrageous, incredible. Sir Henry's friends set to work and made strenuous efforts on his behalf. Owing to their exertions, Sir Henry Hayes, like that other eminently moral knight, Sir John Falstaff, remained unhung, the sentence of death being commuted into one of transportation for life.

Time ran on. After passing some years in banishment Sir Henry got his sad case brought to the notice of the prince regent, who obtained a pardon for the delinquent, and Sir Henry was restored to that select circle which had so long mourned his loss.

But when he returned to his native land times had changed, a deathblow had been given to the abduction of young girls, a more enlightened public sentiment was gradually growing up in Ireland, and to adopt the lines of Mrs. Hemans:

His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Cork.

—All the Year Round.

Don't work yourself to death every day. Think how horrible it would be to get all the work done and find nothing to do tomorrow.

## COYOTES HUNTING FOR BREAKFAST.

**Relieving Each Other In the Chase After Fleet Footed Jack Rabbits.**

"Did you ever see a pack of coyotes a-rustlin for grub?" asked an old miner of a reporter. "I've lived on the desert for nigh onto 30 years," he resumed, "and seed many a queer sight, but coyotes a-rustlin for grub beats them all. Them animals are as well trained as any body of soldiers ever was under Gineral Grant. They elect a captain, whether by drawing straws or by ballot I don't recollect off hand. Just at daylight a reveille calls the pack together, and they come yelpin and howlin over the desert like a lot of things possessed, their appetites sharpened by the crisp air and eager for their reg'lar diet of jerked rabbit meat. The avant couriers sniff around among the sagebrush and greasewood, while the rest of the band form into a big circle, sometimes spreadin out on the plain over a radius of two or three miles. The couriers head a jack rabbit in the circle, and the coyote nearest takes up the chase.

"You know a jack rabbit can run 10 times faster than a coyote, and when the one in pursuit gets tuckered out the next one takes up the chase, and so on till the jack falls down dead from exhaustion. Then the whole pack leap onto him, their jaws snappin like sheep-blades in shearin time. Then, when the jack is disposed of, another reveille is sounded, and the pack again form into a circle, and the circus is kept up until every one of the yelpin yeller divils has satisfied his appetite, sometimes killin hundreds of jacks and cottontails fur one meal, fur a coyote can eat a jack as big as himself and then look as if he was clean starved to death. I was clean through the late unpleasantness with Gineral Grant, and I know what scientific generalin is, and them coyotes know as much as any soldiers that ever lived about army tactics. The commander in chief is usually the oldest coyote in the pack, and he sits on a knoll where he can give orders to his lieutenants and aids, and what they don't know about ambuscades, maneuverin and field tactics ginerally ain't worth knowin."—Moreno (Cal.) Indicator.

**Firing a Rocket.**

One night the Royal Arch lay in the Downs, the great roadstead, protected by the natural breakwater of the dreaded Goodwin sands. An easterly gale caused the ship to drag her anchors, and she was in danger of striking the surf beaten shore. Blue lights were burned on board as signals of distress, and in the absence of the captain, who was on shore, one of the mates decided to fire a rocket.

He had never fired a rocket, and there was no rocket stand at hand. But he was an Irishman and, as is the way of his countrymen, never hesitated to undertake anything from doubt of his ability to do it. He determined to let the rocket off through the iron chimney of the ship's galley or cooking house.

As the sea was rolling over the deck and washing through the galley it was only by great efforts that the mate fastened the rocket in the chimney. To do this he had removed the rocket from its stick and fastened it upside down. The rocket, being upside down, failed to go off when the mate applied a lighted match to the lower end. Then he tried the uppermost end.

"The explosion," said an English sailor on board, "blowed him clean out of the galley into the lee scuppers. He kept shouting like 40 blue murders: 'I'm dead! I'm dead! I'm dead!'"

The Deal lifeboat placed a crew on board the drifting ship, and they slipped her cables, put her before the gale and brought her safe to Cowes.—Youth's Companion.

**The Oldest Soldier In the World.**

Russia proudly claims the oldest soldier, if not the oldest citizen of any rank, in the known world. Her claimant for this distinguished honor is Colonel Gritzenko of Pottawa near Odessa, who, if he lives until Feb. 7, will celebrate his one hundred and twentieth birthday. Gritzenko entered the military service in the year 1789, 104 years ago, and received from the hands of Empress Catherine herself a gold medal for conspicuous bravery at the assault on Ismail. This trophy, of which the aged warrior is justly very proud, bears the following inscription: "For exceptional bravery at the assault of Ismail, Dec. 11, 1789."—St. Louis Republic.


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