

The West.

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

The habit of THE WEST is one of push, energy, pluck. It is the new granary of these mountain slopes.

Vol. IV.

FLORENCE, LAKE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1894.

No. 50.

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.
Governor..... Sylvester Penoyer
Secretary of State..... Geo. W. McBride
Treasurer..... Philip Metchen
Supt. Public Instruction..... E. B. McElroy
State Printer..... Frank C. Baker
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Treasurer..... Frank Reiser
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Coroner..... J. W. Harris

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Board of Trustees..... Oscar Funke, O. W. 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. Presiding at Glendale every 4th Sabbath. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at the church. Every body cordially invited.
G. W. QUINCY, Pastor.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M. Siuslaw Lodge No. 107. Regular communication on second Saturday night in each month.
C. B. MORGAN, W. M.
O. W. HURD, Secretary.

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

O. O. 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. O. FORTNA, M. W.
JOSEPH A. MORRIS, Recorder.

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.
L. C. ACKERLEY, Rec. Sec.

NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTTOLPH,
Notary Public, Surveyor
And Collector.
Office two doors west of Florence Hotel, Florence, Oregon.

JOE MORRIS, Jr
Notary Public, Land Agt
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Tables furnished with all the delicacies of the season. Wild game, Fish and Fruit in season. Best accommodations for the traveling public. Charges reasonable.

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South..... North
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12:05 p. m. Lv. Eugene Lv. 1:34 a. m.
10:15 p. m. Lv. Astoria Lv. 1:30 p. m.
12:15 p. m. Lv. Astoria Lv. 1:30 p. m.

State Ownership of Telephone.
The proposed agreement between the postoffice and the National Telephone company, by which the former will own all the trunk lines, has not yet been signed, although it has been ready for completion nearly six months. Attention will shortly be called to the subject in the house of commons, and probably the house will refuse to allow the ratification of the scheme and refer to a select committee the question whether the post-office or municipal bodies shall control the telephone business of the country. Public opinion is speedily growing in favor of state ownership.—London Cor. News.

Love Will Find a Way.
A. B. Myers of Hanover signed his marriage license by holding the pen in his teeth. Mr. Myers had the misfortune to lose both hands. He is about to wed a woman in this country. His penmanship is among the best seen in the clerk of the court's office here.—Lancaster (Pa.) Dispatch.

A SISTERS DEVOTION.

Nine Years of Hard Work to Secure the Release of a Michigan City Convict.
A touching story of sisterly devotion has been brought to light by the visit of Miss Kate L. Moody to her brother, Charles Kennedy, a life term convict at the penitentiary in 1881, convicted for murder. Nine years have elapsed since Miss Kennedy entered upon what she declared to be the mission of her life. There has been apparently no obstacle too great for her to overcome, no sacrifice that she would not make in the cause to which she has already devoted the best years of her young life. With tears in her eyes she has appealed to governors, United States senators and congressmen to give her the money which she has obtained in support of her appeal for executive clemency have apparently been without effect. Her purpose has been persistently pursued through every administration since that of Governor Gray. Hope deferred has only given her strength to continue her efforts.

Her travels have taken her to Washington, where, in the capitol building, she found many who were touched by her simplicity of manner and the earnest prayer which she breathed for assistance to swing open the prison gate and let a disgraced brother once more enjoy liberty.
Senator Hill was visited at Albany by the youthful petitioner. From New York Miss Kennedy traveled to Harrisburg, where Governor Pattison freely granted her an interview. Thence she went to Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and other states. Prominent newspaper men, preachers and lawyers have supplemented her pleading for mercy.

Her belief in her brother's innocence has prompted work in other directions. Soon after Kennedy entered upon his term of imprisonment Miss Kennedy adopted masculine attire, and for weeks tramp about the slums and frequented the gambling houses of Cincinnati in search of evidence which could be made the basis for an application for a re-hearing. She found it a hopeless task to establish her brother's innocence, though her faith never wavered. Governor Matthews has promised careful consideration of her case.—La Porte (Ind.) Cur. Chicago Record.

RANG THE DISMISSAL BELL.
An incident showing the splendid results of the school "Fire Drill."
What might easily have proved to be a panic involving the lives of hundreds of school children, at Fifty-first street and First avenue, was averted recently by the coolness and presence of mind of Janitor Patrick Carney and Principal Mrs. Allen of the school.
Carney was passing through the playground at 12:15 o'clock when he saw smoke. He could not see where it was coming from, and his first thought was to get the children out of the building before the smoke penetrated the other rooms.
The school is a five story structure, with a daily attendance of over 900. Not one of the pupils is more than 10 years old. Janitor Carney made a hasty search for Mrs. Allen and found her on the top floor.
He beckoned to her, signifying that he wished to speak to her privately.
"There is a fire somewhere down stairs," he said. "Better ring the rapid dismissal bell and get the children out, then the fire can be attended to."
Mrs. Allen grasped the situation at once. Without the slightest display of excitement she gave the order to have the bell rung, and in a few minutes teachers and pupils were out on the sidewalk, not one suspecting what was the real cause of their early release.
The scholars have been drilled twice a week, when all the exits, 16 in number, have been open, and they were instructed how to leave the building rapidly.
When everybody was out, Janitor Carney rang the fire alarm on the second floor of the school, and when the fire engine arrived it was ascertained that the fire was in a refuse can in the playground, into which a careless boy had thrown a cigarette.—New York Herald.

They Parted as Usual.
Considerable of a stir was experienced in the State normal school in this city recently. By a preconceived arrangement a large number of the lady students came to school with their hair done up on top of their heads in old fashioned style. Some of the young men got wind of what the teachers were to do, and in a spirit of mischief early all the boys parted their hair in the middle before entering the assembly room. The unusual appearance of both sexes caused some laughter, and members of the faculty present, fearing that discipline would be destroyed, sent the young men to the president's office, where they were given the choice of leaving the school or parting their hair on the side as usual.—Winona (Minn.) Letter.

Beat the Cigar Smoking Record.
For a wager of \$5 George A. Lee, proprietor of the Union house at Litchfield, Minn., smoked 50 cigars the other Sunday in 11 hours. The shortest time taken to consume one cigar was six minutes—11 minutes was the longest time. Mr. Lee feels no ill effects. Before entering upon his task a Mr. Konarski said that if he succeeded he would promise to drink Lake Ripley dry. He has been called upon to fulfill his promise.—New York World.

McKinley's Fleece Bird.
Governor McKinley has decided to present the bald eagle recently sent him from the Indian Territory to the Cincinnati Zoological garden. It is too fierce to be a pet of and too tough to eat. A tender of the bird to several friends has been firmly refused.—Columbus Dispatch.

SAD CASE OF STARVATION.

A Father Steals a Sack of Flour, Which His Family Devours.
This little story, whose sadness is not wholly sad, comes from a western city which has suffered severely during the present financial stringency.
A grocer in one of the poorer quarters of the town was accosted one day by a man who asked if he would let him have a sack of flour and trust him for payment until he found work again. The grocer refused. Going out to the front the man no longer in sight and one of the sacks of flour piled up outside was missing. Summoning the nearest policeman, he described the man and his application.
"I think I know who he is," said the officer. "I'll have him for you in a jiffy."
On arriving at the house of the man whom from the description he suspected of the theft, the policeman walked in without knocking. The telltale sack of flour was standing on a table in the center of the room, and the family was gathered around it. They had not waited to eat, much less to cook it, but armed with spoons had fallen ravenously upon the sack, and making holes in the sides were eating the dry flour. The man turned white to his lips at the sight of the officer.
The policeman looked and hesitated. "Does John Smith live here?"
"The man shook his head."
"Do you know where he goes live?"
"No one knew."
"That's all right. Perhaps I can find out next door. It's John Smith I want," and the officer of the law retreated. Returning to the grocer, he asked the price of the flour, and it was \$1.00. "And I will be d—d," he concluded, lowering his voice reverentially, as might one who had trodden unawares upon sacred ground, "if I am going to arrest that man!"—Kate Field's Washington.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PRAY.
A Lighthouse-keeper's Rescue from a Perilous Position in the Neck of Time.
John William Thomas, assistant keeper of the Wolf Trap light station near Norfolk, Va., which succumbed to ice recently, says he had an experience calculated to quicken his wits and open his weather eye. Mr. Thomas was alone at the station, which is in twelve feet of water and three miles from the shore, and the Washington Post finds it easy to appreciate the dreadful forebodings which filled his mind as day after day he watched the thickening ice, conscious as he was of the great peril which environed him. His distress signals unnoticed, with that vast field of ice expanding its mighty power against the piles, and gathering additional strength every moment as it overlapped and piled up against the doomed structure. To pray in such a crisis was a most natural thing to do, and pray he did, long and fervently, and he feels assured that his prayers were answered, for it was not very long before he desisted in the distance the smoke of a steamer battling with the ice. Slowly she proceeded along until, getting abreast of the station, she was stopped by the thick ice. Although the steamer was some half mile out toward the bay, the navy keeper determined to abandon the station to its impending fate and make the effort to reach her. Getting upon the untried ice he proceeded toward her, waving his hat to attract the attention of those on board. When within hailing distance he called out lustily to the officer in command and was told to come aboard, which he did in safety. On leaving the steamer, higher up the bay for the shore he broke through the ice in eight feet of water and came nearly being drowned. Tradition has it that Wolf Trap derived its name from the stranding of the British man-of-war Wolf on the bar during the revolution. The lighthouse is ashore at the capes and the lenses are in Richmond.

STRANGE SOUNDS.
The Largest Animals Do Not Always Have the Loudest Voices.
It is a matter of common observation that the loudest sounds are not always made by the largest animals. The roar of the lion causes the most remarkable case of vocal power in an animal is that related by a recent traveler in the highlands of Borneo. He was informed by natives that they had heard a tiger roaring in the neighborhood. Such news is always startling to a stranger in the jungles of the east, and hardly less so to the natives.
An investigation was accordingly set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that the alarming roars had been emitted by a toad! This toad of Borneo, however, was by no means an ordinary member of the family. It measured no less than fourteen and one-half inches round the body.
That the natives should not have recognized the true source of the sound shows that the existence of such toads was either unknown to them, or that, at any rate, they had never discovered the remarkable vocal capabilities of the animals.

MINUTE SHELLS.
Conchological Wonders of the Coast of Ireland.
There is a sandbank at Connemara on the west coast of Ireland, that is the Mecca of every curiosity-seeker who is fortunate enough to know of its existence. As a general thing sandbanks are not a great attraction, but in this particular case the attractive power is not in the sand itself, but in the millions of extinct miniature shells which are almost as numerous as the grains of sand with which they are intermingled. The largest of these little wonders are smaller than the smallest pin head, and some of them are so minute that they can easily be put through the eye of a common sewing needle; yet each is as perfect as the pearly nautilus, the spider shell, the sea urchin or any other marine oddity. They are of all shapes and forms imaginable. One will have the perfect outline of a miniature basket, another will look like a fairy's tobacco box, while a third needs no effort of the imagination to give it the form of a bottle. The flash shells of Ceylon and Australia are the only living representatives of these conchological wonders. Naturalists who have examined the Ceylonese flash shells say that each is filled with a tiny bit of jelly-like substance, which, of course, is the animal itself, but which is so infinitesimal that no distinction can be observed between head and heart, and mouth and stomach.

A RACE OF DWARFS.
Observations of Mr. Walter Harris in the Atlas Range.
The existence of a race of dwarfs on the Atlas range, about which there was an animated controversy last year, has received unexpected confirmation. Mr. Walter B. Harris, who lately returned from a journey in southern Morocco, communicates these facts to the London Times. While traveling along the foot of the mountains he saw thirteen or fourteen people, none of whom were over four feet six inches in height, natives of the upper mountain regions.
The Moors describe them as "a wild people, living in houses built in the rocks and snow, hunting moulton with extraordinary agility, and given to shooting anyone penetrating to their domains." He attributes their small stature, not, as some have asserted, to the fact that they are the remnants of the troglodytes, but to the circumstances in which they live. He believes them to be merely a certain collection of "shah tribes," who, through the high altitudes at which they live, and the extremes of climate they are subject to, from their poverty and inability to grow crops, from the security and bad quality of such food as they are able to collect, have, in the lapse of centuries, become of almost extraordinary stunted growth.
On his return journey to the coast Mr. Harris visited the artificial caves of An Tarsit, which, from the height of the roofs and the size of the doors, windows and alcoves for beds, were evidently the work of dwarfs. He does not venture an opinion, however, as to whether any descendants of this people are still living.

AHEAD OF EUROPE.

The United States in the Lead as a Manufacturing Country.
R. H. Edmonds, a journalist of Baltimore, one of the most eminent authorities on the conditions of recent progress in the United States, contributes to the Engineering Magazine an interesting and valuable paper entitled: "A Decade of Marvelous Progress," from which a few conclusions are extracted:
The United States is now the leading manufacturing country of the world. We have far outstripped all other nations in the magnitude of our industrial operations. It is almost incomprehensible that in ten years the increase in capital invested in manufacturing should exceed the total invested only twenty years ago. The value of our manufactured products increased about 90 per cent; add 60 per cent to the output of 1880 and we would have \$15,700,000,000 in 1900—but that is too much to expect.
The same rate of growth in mining interests in this decade as in the last would make our mineral output in 1900 nearly \$1,200,000,000, while a smaller percentage of grain, only equaling in volume the total increase in 1890 over 1880, would bring the figures to over \$500,000,000. If our coal mines add to the output of 1880 as many tons as they added to that of 1884, ignoring in this the percentage of growth, \$17,000,000 tons will be the production of 1900. No other country in the world ever advanced in population and wealth as the United States is doing. The progress of the past shows no signs of halting. In fact, the development of our foreign and domestic trade, and commerce and our industrial interests is steadily broadening out.
Contrast our position and condition with Europe, with resources surpassing those of all Europe, with wealth-creating possibilities in soil, minerals, timber and climate unequalled by Europe and practically without limit to their profitable utilization, with a homogeneous population of 65,000,000 people unweaved by the arbitrary regulations of half a dozen different governments and free from the drain of standing armies, the United States justly commands the wonder and admiration of the world.
Great Britain is no longer the manufacturing center of the world, for we have taken the foremost position in that line. Its vast resources, which were yearly increasing in cost of production, while ours are decreasing. It cannot meet the world's growing demand for iron and steel because it cannot increase its production to any great extent. It produces less pig iron now than it did ten years ago. Much of its ore it imports from distant countries. Its cotton is all imported. It spends about \$750,000,000 a year for foreign food stuffs.
On the continent every nation is burdened with debt, and none of them ever can hope to pay off its obligations. Measured by their natural resources and advantages for continued growth against their debts and the many disadvantages under which they labor they are practically bankrupt. In all of them the cost of production and living must steadily increase. In the United States we have scarcely laid the foundation for our future greatness. In natural resources we are richer than all of Europe; we are paying off our debts faster than they are due; we have barely scratched the ground in the development of our mineral wealth, and our agricultural growth can scarcely be limited.

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