

THE WEST.

PUBLISHED EVERY THIRTY-MONTHS.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON.

"LABBY" SCORNS A TITLE.

The British Radical Leader Reads Queen Victoria's Funeral Oration.

Thank heaven the birthday of her majesty is over, and I am safe for one more year! Since the queen has taken to celebrating her natal day by knight-ing and honoring those connected with journalism I see the day approaches with fear and trembling but my sovereign should be minded to knight or baronet me. Never is there a creation of "knights" without some of them assuring me that far from asking to be made one, they did not even know that this was contemplated until they saw their names in The Gazette.

EUROPE'S TORCH OF WAR.

The Great Powers Ready For The Spark That Will Set It Alight.

After the dreadful Franco-German war of 1870-1 the principle of prolonged military service and of diminished annual contingents was given up. The monstrous principle of universal service was adopted instead. By this principle the whole nation is under arms.

Again, enormous stocks of food supplies must be accumulated on the frontiers where the two armies are likely to meet, but before reaching these inexhaustible magazines the army must be fed while crossing their own territories, and that requires money.

A SOLDIER'S LEGS.

They Are As Good As Gone, But The Crosses Don't Tell The Experience.

"People will never be listening to war stories," said a veteran the other day, "but you never hear of any of them telling of their running experiences. It is not because they never run, for all of us have been through that school. No man ever went into battle but that he was pied when it was over. The legs of the bravest get very weak in the presence of shot and shell, and bravely, after all, is only a matter of honor—the man without honor is a coward. The honorable man has nothing to fear, and in battle he would suffer 10,000 deaths rather than have a comrade say he failed to do his whole duty. But as to running, yes, I have run. Tell you about it? Certainly."

"One afternoon while I was in charge of the rear guard on a march in Virginia a number of men dropped out of the ranks for the purpose of hunting 'applejack.' The commanding officer of the guard ordered me to take a detachment, return to the little town through which we had passed a half hour before and arrest the stragglers. I obeyed the command and by fast riding soon had the 'applejack' Miller in charge. On the return, as it was late in the day, we moved at a leisurely pace. A half mile from the town a lane crossed the road on which we were traveling. This lane was over a small rise of ground, so that one could not see very far along its stretch."

"Between where I was riding and the mouth of the lane I noticed a suspicious object moving along toward us. It dodged from one corner to another of the fence, apparently trying to conceal itself. While wondering what the fellow—for by this time I discovered that the object was a colored man—was up to I was near enough to speak. 'Don't stop,' said the man. 'Go as fast as you can. The Federates'll git you. Dog's right ober der hill. Go as fast as you can.' I gave the order, and away we went as fast as horses could carry us. We had just crossed the mouth of the lane when the 'Federates' appeared on the summit of the little hill. With the famous 'rebel yell' they came sailing down the lane, shouting at every jump. We put spurs to our horses and presented as small a target as possible by lying low on their necks. It was a hot race, with the chances in favor of the Confederates. For two miles the 'graybeards' chased us, keeping up a constant and rapid fire, but, thanks to our horses, we escaped without the loss of a man. That was not the only time that I ran, but the story will suffice for this time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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THE COWBOY AND THE FOLDING BED.

A cowboy up from the Texas panhandle was a guest at the house, and as Denver was willing to tell the story in his own way: "He had on store clothes and a red necktie, and what he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. When he started up to his room at night, I told him there was a folding bed in it, and if he wished, the bed would show him how it worked. But not much. He didn't want to be shown a thing. He knew a thing or two about the thing, he did, even if he did lie down on the range."

THE PLACUE DACILLUS.

It is Different From Any Fever Before Found in the Human Body.

Don Dickinson's Exclusive Privilege.

About the only man who goes on the floor of the house who has no right there is Don Dickinson. The man from Michigan has never been in congress and has no right to mingle with members on the floor during the session. But the doorkeeper pays no attention when he walks in, and it may be that they regard him as a personal representative of Mr. Cleveland. No one on the floor makes a formal objection to his presence, so he stays. If any congressman should object, the doorkeeper would have to do their duty and refuse him admittance."—Boston Advertiser.

Bacon and Ham.

Bacon and ham is a combination now attracting much attention in Georgia. This combination is composed of Colonel A. O. Bacon, who is canvassing for the United States senatorship, and Colonel William J. Ham, who is the "molly-gaster" orator. He warmly urges the claims of Mr. Bacon.—Atlanta Letter.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT...

Everybody knows that much of the so-called Mocha coffee sold in the United States is no such thing. In only a few persons know how some of the counterfeit Mocha is made. The berries growing on the highest limits of the coffee tree in Brazil are often shriveled in the semblance of the true Mocha, and these are carefully set aside, shipped to some port famous for Mocha coffee and sent thence to the western world as the true thing.

THE PUZZLES THE DOCTORS.

A remarkable series of transitions of conditions is witnessed in a woman in a strange case that is attracting the attention of and puzzling the local doctors of Kansas City is that of Lillian Miller, a girl of 11 years, who has undergone a most remarkable change within the past year. About a year ago Lillian was a slight girl, of extreme nervous disposition. She had a fainting fit at that time which the attending physician attributed to nervousness. From that time on the fainting spells grew frequent until finally they took the form of convulsions, and with the change came one that was wonderful in degree.

THE MOUNTAIN LADDER.

And It Brought Forth Death and Desolation to a State of Columbia.

About 1 1/2 miles from the town of Rio Blanco, state of Cauca, Colombia, a remarkable geological phenomenon has recently created great excitement. A mountain ridge, called Cerro de Cruz

BITS OF MERRIMENT.

Cobbles—"Well, I suppose I'll have to eat my Christmas turkey in a boarding-house this year." Stone—"That's tough."—Life.

"I see that Johnson in his lecture relates a fight between Clay and Randolph." "Yes, he calls it a scrap of history."—Atlanta Journal.

Seah County—"Well, Hedison, any new counsel on hand?" Inventor—"Yes, my son's home from school."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Conductor—"How old are you, little girl?" Little Girl—"If the company doesn't object I'd prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics."—Voice.

"How old would you call Mrs. Flight?" Hicks—"Er—well, it would all depend upon whether the lady was in hearing or not."—Inter Ocean.

Sibly—"When Steve proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Turpie—"Why, shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."—Yonkers Blade.

Butcher's Clerk—"That chiropodist ordered some meat sent up, but I have forgotten what kind." Butcher—"Send him corned beef."—Pittsburg Herald.

He—"But, my dear girl, there's nothing to be afraid of. And I thought you were so fond of animals, too." She—"I am; but I don't call a cow an animal."—Say, Jack, what is the capital of Switzerland?" Jack (who has just returned from abroad)—"Why, the money they get from travelers, of course."—Boston Herald.

"Jack Spendall is pretty wild, isn't he?" "Yes, he is pretty wild, and I'm surprised that he is so, considering the frequency with which he is broke."—New York Press.

Smallworth—"I hear that Mrs. Lease is going to California. I wonder if the climate will agree with her?" Ford—"It will if it knows its business."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Harry—"Why, she was right up in arms when I proposed to her." Fred—"Whose arms? Yours?" Harry—"You've hit it. But how'd you happen to guess?"—Boston Transcript.

The Landlady—"I'll have to apologize for the presence of grounds in the office this morning." The New Boarder—"Er—too weak to stand the strain. I suppose."—Buffalo Courier.

Wyniam (taking a walk in the country)—"O—an I find my way to—oh—those woods?" Man who lived in those woods—"Not if it is true that the man who substitutes is lost."—Hansen Life.

"For a funny man, Mr. Wags, you don't say many bright things." "No, sir, Forker; and I notice that for a dealer in hams you strew singularly few of them around in society."—Judge.

Old gentleman—"What? Marry that young paper? Why, he can't even afford to buy coal." Daughter—"But he can't have to buy coal, pa. We're going to board."—New York Weekly.

Bagley—"That pawnbroker bowed to our wife; does he know her?" Broe—"I presume he feels that he does; he's seen her picture so often inside the door of my watch."—New York Herald.

"It has been as erained that George Shington once wrote poetry." "I've marked the name on my list, but he's in no position. There is no evidence to prove a poet's personality."—Chronicle.

Headquarters for HOPS, WHEAT, OATS AND BARLEY. Highest Price Paid for Country Produce.

EUGENE, OREGON.

J. H. McCullough, S. H. Friendly.

"I LEAD, BUT NEVER FOLLOW!"

Dry Goods and Clothing.

Glassware, Groceries, Etc. Etc.

For Bargains in Real Property

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