

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

# The West

OREGONIAN ONE YEAR AND THE WEST TWO DOLLARS

Vol. V.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGO FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895.

No. 45

### GENERAL DIRECTORY

**STATE OFFICERS.**  
 Governor.....William P. Lord.  
 Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid.  
 Treasurer.....Philip Metchen.  
 Supt. Public Instruction.....G. M. Irwin.  
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 Attorney General.....C. M. Idleman.  
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 Judge Second District.....J. C. Fullerton.  
 Attorney Second District.....Geo. M. Brown.

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 Assessor.....D. P. Barton.  
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 6:15 p. m. Lv Portland Ar 8:20 a. m. 12:00 p. m. Lv Eugene Lv 2:44 a. m. 7:00 a. m. Lv San Francisco Lv 7:00 p. m.  
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**Pullman Buffet Sleepers.**  
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 4:40 p. m. Lv Portland Ar 8:25 a. m. 7:25 p. m. Lv Corvallis Lv 5:50 a. m.  
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it on purpose really, Neisne. And don't look so discouraged. I am not yet well with well doing. Perhaps with the months more of repetition the statement will stick."

**CHAPTER III.**  
 A fortnight later, and the reign of repose had passed away. "The place where nothing ever happened," as Neisne liked so well to describe her home to remote correspondents, was now a scene of restless stir and activity which filled every working hour of the day with fresh interest, for Paul Brown had come, and the whole ranch was given over to the business of horse breaking.

The hurrying hoofs of the horse herd coming in from outside pastures were now the family reveille, several times tempting them out in the fresh, dew washed morning air to watch the opening performance of the day. This, the cutting out from the herd of some 18 or 20 head for the day's work, involving, as Neisne expressed it, "throwing the twine in cowboy phrases, was a scene of much excitement, as at the first fall of the lariat the animal that had never yet known the touch of human hand was always driven mad with terror, fighting for freedom in a frenzy which not infrequently resulted in the capture of the animal, with no little risk to the corral before the rope could be slipped in place, and it was at this point that Paul Brown's marvelous influence became apparent. Once the hackamore was adjusted the world began murmuring in a soothing monotone, as though quieting the fractious child, especially when, in a fraction of the time, he would be seen to be an inflexible purpose in the tone, which seemed almost to hypnotize the unhappy animal, which presently, to its own surprise, as it seemed, would be led about the corral as though helpless and resist that subtle charm of voice and eye.

"It is the iron hand in the velvet glove," Mrs. Ellery remarked as they stood looking on over the fence. "But the horse will be avenged eventually," observed Edith, who was the top still alive and contentedly twirling the punts of his cigar. "The average life of these fellows is but seven years after they start in on that sort of work. For awhile they go on conquering and to conquer, so to speak, but sooner or later each meets his little Waterloo. He gets a tumble that injures him internally, he develops a kidney trouble or something in that line, and next thing he rides a horse of another color 'over the range.'"

"It is dreadful," murmured Edith, whether referring to the fate of man or horse was not clear, as she watched with a sort of unwilling admiration the stalwart figure that with the magnificent developed strength of perfect manhood was combating the struggles of a colt bent on refusing the torture of the "bitting rig." She had her camera with her and had been that morning photographing the horse, and incidentally the horse trainer, in all possible poses. "But it is magnificent!" her cheeks glowing, her breath coming fast, as she pressed the button for one last snap shot.

"I've got too much to do to be watching in a lot of fool colts, let alone making that man Brown more conceited and stuck up than ever." She sullenly beat at the white mound of dough while she glanced at Miss Ellery's dainty, lace trimmed bonnet, with its flutter of pale blue ribbons. "He thinks enough of himself now, goodness knows, though that's generally the way with these good looking fellows," muttering the last as though somewhat repenting her first petulance.

"He's good looking, is he not?" turned Mrs. Ellery snavely, glancing back at the corral with a charming air of unconsciousness. "H'm! I've seen some enough eight handed men," the girl exclaimed, tossing her head with elaborate indifference. "Do you think so? Then I hope you will whisper it to Jim, Artalissa, for do you know, I fear the poor fellow sadly needs some sort of consolation." Artalissa snipped and bridled. "Well, I'm sure he's got no business thinking anything so far as his own concern, Miss Ellery. I wouldn't have him if he was made of gold from head to foot and was as big as an elephant to boot."

"Well, were he such a freak as that I should certainly hope not," cried Mrs. Ellery laughing amusedly as they walked away. "But what a touchy creature she is!" she observed, with some anxiety, when they were beyond range of the open window. "Was it because we kept the breakfast waiting that she was in such a temper, do you think?"

There was a curious expression about the lines of Edith's mouth, a hot flush upon her cheeks. "I wonder you can endure the girl!" she exclaimed vehemently. "To me she is simply detestable."

"Ah, but if she gives us three meals a day," the other protested in a tone of good humored compromise. "Of course you observe that your prediction is fulfilled, she is in love with your horse trainer."

"Oh, do you think so?" faltered Neisne, as if loath to credit the statement after all. "I am sure of it."

"Then I suppose she will marry him," ejaculated the unhappy housewife, despairingly glancing her hands over the whole business. "But heaven forbid!" "Oh, heaven never forbids!" Edith

rejoined, with a sarcastic little laugh. "Heaven is given over to the making of marriages, don't you know?"

It was Brown's custom to ride each horse himself until its spirit was sufficiently subdued, when it was turned over to one of the boys to be handled under his direction, and thus at intervals all day long a straggling procession, exhibiting every degree of equine perversity, was charging by devious ways about the place. Ill advised hens, bent upon feeding about the confines of the corral, contributed regularly to the excitement as they scattered with cacophonous protest before each fresh onslaught on their peace, while the little boys, like a Greek chorus, added the proceedings to the best of their ability by shrilly announcing each change in the programme over and over until nobody could be left in ignorance of all that was going on.

Edith was out on the lawn one morning, assuming to read, although the book had dropped forgotten to her lap while her eyes were dreamily fixed upon one moving spot on the gray green plain across the creek—a growing object which she recognized as Paul Brown, returning from a mad dash across the country on the back of an animal which had seemed as unconquerable as original sin. She was recalling Hugh's words of the other day. Seven years ago, in the training of a gentleman, beyond to find out, perchance, why God had let him thus squander his rich gift of life. Such a little time—seven years! However bravely he rode today, it seemed to her but as a losing race with death.

Edith saw her as he crossed the bridge, raising his hat with that graceful air of deference which more than any other thing about him seemed to betray unmistakably the training of a gentleman. Perhaps it was this movement that startled the colt; perhaps the vicious brute had been summoning strength merely for a fresh coup. However it was, suddenly leaping across the little bridge and swerving violently to the left as he struck the ground, the maddened creature made straight up the rise of lawn toward the trees where Edith was standing, glued to the spot with terror. Just beyond her, nearer the creek, a tree had fallen in one of the spring storms, and the trunk still stood in a mass of greenery closely interlaced with the branches of the brace of cottonwoods against which it was leaning. There was just time to see that Brown was pulling fiercely at the bit and to no pur-

pose, although blood was dripping from the tortured mouth, when, with the speed of the wind, horse and rider had passed her by, dashing directly toward that low archway of the fallen tree, as if the horse had, cleverly considered this means of delivery from the hated incubus upon his back. For an instant Edith closed her eyes, feeling as if Azrael, the angel of death, stood beside her, but the man's cool presence of mind saved him.

As they neared the menacing branches, when it seemed inevitable that he should be dashed senseless to the ground from the blow so swiftly approaching, he loosened his feet from the stirrups, and when the horse plunged viciously under the low trunk Brown's hands grasped a limb of the tree above, swinging him clear from the saddle, whence he coolly dropped to the ground a moment later. The colt, blindly miscalculating the height of the opening, had become tightly wedged under the leaning trunk, securely held by the saddle, from which plight he was released by a couple of the boys, who came running down from the barn, and presently was led away, a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser animal.

When this task was accomplished, Paul Brown walked over to where Edith was still standing. "I hope you were not frightened?" he said, the question rather ridiculous, he felt, in view of her evident terror. "It was horrible! I never saw anything more dreadful!" she cried, with a shudder, pale to the lips. "Why do you do it?"

"Oh, I did not do it, Miss Ellery," he protested, with a broad smile, showing all his strong, white teeth. "Don't blame me, please. It was all the doing of the colt, I assure you."

"But the danger of such a life!" she urged excitedly. "It is scarcely less than suicide. Why will you take such chances?"

"As to that," he answered, with a careless shrug, "men must work, and in my case there are no women to weep. If I had got my head knocked off—well, it would have been only another horse trainer dropped out of the race. A little inconvenience for Mr. Ellery just now done. Rather shocking for Mrs. Ellery, as occurring on her pretty lawn, and

for you — " "Well, and as for me!"—she said as he hesitated, regarding him with a certain air of defiance. "You, Miss Ellery? Why, it would have given you another subject for your camera," he said, with a short, sardonic laugh. "I thought of that as I hung there like a jumping jack waiting to be cut down off you were taking a snap shot at me to add to your collection."

Already shaken and unmoved, the girl's anger flamed up instantly. "You are perfectly brutal!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire. "Am I?" he replied, looking at her curiously. "I did not intend it so. Let me apologize for that unlucky speech as well as for giving you such a scare. You will try and not let either offense occur again," raising his hat as he turned to leave her.

"Well, I should be pleased to know just what you meant to imply," she said as he hesitated. There was a dangerous sweetness in the labored courtesy of her tone. "Merely that Miss Ellery's interest, if she will excuse my saying it, in the case of her brother's horse trainer could not possibly extend beyond her camera."

"And I cannot imagine any possible reason why it should," she answered, meeting his glance with a flash of anger. "And, as to the camera, I can assure you that you need be under no further apprehensions. I shall be careful not to trouble you with any of the impertinent interest of snap shots hereafter." She was dazlingly pretty in the glow of excitement. "Indeed, in the case of those I have taken, if it would give you the smallest satisfaction, I shall be only too happy to destroy every last one of them."

"Ah, now you are cruel," he murmured, but she had sailed by him into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  
 ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.  
 It is Slowly Letting Down the Bars of Class Exclusion.

Not so long ago the line between the aristocratic and other classes of the community was very decidedly drawn at trade. A poor family might lay claims to gentility, and one or more of its members might now and then figure at, say, a county ball, but a tradesman's family—never. Now it is otherwise, the aristocracy themselves having stepped over the dividing line. Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, for instance, who takes precedence of all other earls, unblushingly became a cab and sign figure at, say, a county ball, but a tradesman's family—never. Now it is otherwise, the aristocracy themselves having stepped over the dividing line. Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, for instance, who takes precedence of all other earls, unblushingly became a cab and sign figure at, say, a county ball, but a tradesman's family—never. Now it is otherwise, the aristocracy themselves having stepped over the dividing line.

Titled ladies under disguised names carry on millinery establishments and run cafes. Their dainty fingers, too, are not above manipulating the bones and profit. So generally indeed has the sacred thirst for gold infected the upper ten, that whereas they were wont to be accused of living in idleness, they are now accused of taking the bread out of the mouths of those who depend entirely upon business for their support. This descent from aristocratic seclusion into the arena of commercial conflict is not confined to the male portion of our nobility. Titled ladies under disguised names carry on millinery establishments and run cafes. Their dainty fingers, too, are not above manipulating the bones and profit. So generally indeed has the sacred thirst for gold infected the upper ten, that whereas they were wont to be accused of living in idleness, they are now accused of taking the bread out of the mouths of those who depend entirely upon business for their support.

Now you are the victim of a delusion. Here is this man, as well dressed as you principal, holding his open bag before you and asking you to buy a box of vestas. Well dressed women are going about from public house to public house pursuing similar callings. They speak well, too, do these people, betraying a fair amount of education. If tradesmen have any grounds for complaining of the aristocracy trenching on their territory, surely the poor and needy have grounds of similar complaining of having the instruments of their profession thus confiscated by an apparently superior class. If, of course, with such a general downward trend, the poor and needy are driven lower still, and this a measure is given in the ever increasing charitable institutions, relief agencies, soup kitchens and so forth, and the ever increasing strain on the resources of such establishments.—Cassell's Journal.

Dr. Price's C. S. B. is in Pr. V. & Awarded Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco.



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