

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

The West.

Stationery Bargains

Vol. VI.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1895.

No. 27

GENERAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor.....William P. Lord.
Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid.
Treasurer.....Philip Metchen.
Supt. Public Instruction.....G. M. Irwin.
State Printer.....W. H. Leeds.
Attorney General.....C. M. Illeman.
Supreme Court.....F. S. Bean.
C. E. Moore.
Judge Second District.....J. C. Fullerton.
Attorney Second District.....Geo. M. Brown.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge.....A. H. Fisk.
Commissioners.....Eli Perkins.
.....J. T. Callison.
Clerk.....A. C. Jennings.
Sheriff.....A. J. Johnson.
Treasurer.....J. G. Gray.
Assessor.....D. P. Burton.
School Superintendent.....J. G. Stevenson.
Surveyor.....C. M. Collier.
Coroner.....J. W. Harris.
Justice of Peace.....H. M. Chamberlin.
Constable.....John F. Tanner.

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Board of Trustees.....M. F. Phillips.
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.....Oscar Funke.
.....L. Christensen.
Recorder.....Drew Severy.
Treasurer.....O. W. Hurd.
Marshal.....Rudolph Funke.

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A. F. & A. M. Sinslaw Lodge No. 107.
Regular communication on second Saturday night in each month.
O. W. Hurd, Secretary.

A. R. General Lyons Post, No. 58.
Meets second and fourth Saturdays of each month.
R. B. Mills, Commander.
D. P. Atley, Adjutant.

S. of V. General Sheridan Camp, No. 5.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month.
Jas. Coxhill, Capt.
T. E. Fekish, 1st Sergt.

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F. B. Wilson, Recorder.

O. O. F. Hecla Lodge No. 111, meets every Wednesday evening in Lodge Hall, Florence, Oregon.
Brothers in good standing invited to attend.
J. I. Butterfield, N. G.
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Attorney at Law,
Eugene, Oregon.

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THE AD. SIGN PAINTER

ONE OF THEM RELATES CHAPTERS FROM HIS EXPERIENCE.

How He Managed to Advertise on the Walls of Fort Sumter—When the Hees Objected—Let a Farmer Buy His Steam Off—The Glimmering Steamboatman.

The experience of a sign painter at Fort Sumter makes a diverting story: "You see, I got a ducky to take me over from Charleston in one of those little boats that they sail down there close to the wind, then anything I ever saw before. The fort was unoccupied except by an old soldier, who showed me all over the place. 'Have a drink, corporal,' said I to him after awhile. 'No objections,' said he, and we walked and talked a little further. 'Pretty lonesome here, eh, sergeant?' 'Very, indeed,' answered the old duck, warning me as I greeted him a grade higher every two or three minutes.

"Ah," said I, "it's a tough old biz, the army, ain't it, lieutenant?" "Faith, and it is, upon me life," said he. "Well, I brought my flask out again and pressed it upon him. 'Now, look here, captain,' said I, 'you don't mind me painting a sign around the old fort, do you?' 'Not a bit, my son. Paint as much as ye please,' he answered quite willingly, and away I went to work, finishing the lettering before sundown.

"That little business nearly got me into trouble, and I left Charleston in a hurry. Nearly as bad was the time I was painting on a beehive. I was walking along the railway track with my pots and brushes and saw the hive, which was in A1 position, bound to be seen by everybody in the trains. I stole up to it and slathered on the paint, taking care not to make much noise. Buzz-z-z! One little fellow came to look at me, then another, then another and then a score or more all at once. They didn't seem to object—in fact, seemed to admire the richness of the coloring—but in slinging my leg over the top of the hive I upset my can of turpentine, and not one bee in the crowd would listen to a word of reason. I was laid up for a week or two after that, but I can't be quiet long. It ain't in me to be still. I'm an out and out Yankee, and it warms my heart to be off with the paintbrush, and it ain't incumbent upon me now."

He added this with a complacent and pregnant glance at his massive watch chain and jeweled sleeve buttons, which indicated no little prosperity.

"When anybody gets his back up at me, I just let him blow his steam off, and then I'm off."

"Down in Maryland one day I was painting a fence, and a fellow working in a field near by yelled out: 'Hi! Git away from that yard fence!' I let on not to hear him. 'You git now!' the old man shouted once more, but I dabbed and dabbed away as industriously as ever. 'You won't, won't yer?' said he, and then he came for me with a pitchfork in his hands. Folks in Maryland are generally pretty much in earnest when they are mad, but I didn't move an inch. He'd have lifted me like a piece of toast if I had, and instead of a toast it would have been a roast for me.

"I looked as mild and innocent as I could, shaped the letters and held my back low and then as if to study the effect. 'Don't you like it?' said I as he got up to me. Well, he met me with some high seasoned expostulations; but, as I told you, I never interfere with a man when he's blowing off steam; it isn't safe. The pitchfork did not look salubrious, but I held to my work, and as I was finishing it he began to cool off and at the same time to take an interest in the sign. 'Got a family?' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Young uns, too, maybe.' 'Yes,' said he again. 'Well, now,' said I, 'ain't you ashamed of yourself to let your temper get the better of you in this way? Think of the bad effect on your children. But I'll paint it out.' 'No, leave it on, stranger; I like it,' he answered, and we went over to the house together, which proves that when a man's blowing off it's best not to sit on the safety valve.

"I went up the Mississippi with old Captain Leathers in the Natchez, with her smokestacks painted crimson to signify that they would be burned red hot before she would be passed, and at the first landing I set to work on all the rocks. The old captain was immensely tickled with the idea. 'Look at the darned Yank!' he cried to the passengers. 'How long before you start, cap?' shouted I. 'We'll wait till you get through,' he answered, and he did the same thing at every other landing. But the newspapers have made such an outcry against the desecration of nature, and on the whole, rock painting is discouraged by our patrons, who think it spoils the sale of their articles."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Woman of Nerve.

Mrs. Louis Kirshoffer of Orange, N. J., is a woman of nerve. The other day a bond belonging to her husband went mad, broke his chain and made a dash at one of Mrs. Kirshoffer's sons. He tore the boy's clothes, but fortunately did not bite hard enough to break the skin. Mrs. Kirshoffer rushed to her son's aid, and the dog turned on her and bit her, but her clothes were too thick for him to break the skin. She then picked the dog up by the collar, carried him to the cellarway, threw him down the steps and closed the door. Mr. Kirshoffer came home later and shot him.

A Sign.

The poor young man was trying to win the rich young woman.

"Be mine," he implored.

"What kind of mine?" she responded; "gold mine?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Cultivated Reader of History is Domesticated in All Families.

He dines with Pericles and sups with Titian.—Willmott.

WHITTIER'S BOYHOOD.

The Quaker Poet Had but Scant Instruction in His Youth.

In his boyhood Whittier had scant instruction for the district school was open only a few weeks in winter. He had but few books; there were scarcely 30 in the house. The one book he read and read again until he had it by heart almost was the Bible, and the Bible was the strongest literary influence upon him.

But when he was 14 a teacher came who lent him books of travel and opened a new world to him. It was this teacher who brought to the Whittiers one evening a volume of Burns and read aloud some of the poems, after explaining the Scottish dialect.

Whittier begged to borrow the book, which was almost the first poetry he had ever read. It was this volume of Burns which set Whittier to making verses himself, serving both as the inspiration and the model of his earlier poetic efforts. The Scottish poet, with his homely pictures of a life as bare and as hardy as that of New England, then, first revealed to the American poet what poetry really was and how it might be made out of the actual facts of his own life.

That book of Burns' poems had an even stronger influence on Whittier than the old volume of The Spectator which fell into the hands of Franklin had on the American author whose boyhood was most like Whittier's. Franklin also was born in a humble and hardworking family, doing early his share of the labor and having but a meager education, although always longing for learning. It is true that Irving and Cooper and Byronic did not graduate from college, but they could have done so had they persevered, and Emerson and Longfellow and Hawthorne did get as much of the higher education as was then possible in America. But neither Franklin nor Whittier ever had the chance; it was as much as they could do to pick up the meager elements of an education.—Professor Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

OUTNIMRODS OLD NIM.

The Petaluma Pot Hunter Tells a Story of a Wondrous Chase.

Frank Timins, the Petaluma pot hunter, had the floor, and the crowd breathlessly awaited a thrilling story of the chase.

"You want a story of the chase, eh?" repeated Timins. "Well, I'll tell you about the greatest bit of chasin' I ever did in my life. I was out huntin one day for quail with my old muzzle loading shotgun, when three quail jumped up out of a bush right ahead of me. One flew to the right, one to the left and the other straight ahead, but I got 'em all three."

"Killed three quail going in different directions with a muzzle loading shotgun?" repeated one of his listeners incredulously.

"Yep; that's what I done."

"Your gun must have had three barrels then."

"No; only two."

"How did you do it?"

"Well, I killed the one that went to the right with the right barrel; then, quick as a flash, I killed the one that went to the left with the other barrel; then I took after the one that went straight ahead and knocked the stuff out of it with the ramrod."

"I wouldn't believe that if I told it myself," declared one of the assemblage.

"Huh! That ain't nothin. I killed six quail with one barrel once, and they was all flyin in different directions."

"Run 'em all down?"

"No; never moved out o' my tracks. When they all started out o' the same bush of grass, I held the gun away over to the right, and as it went off I swept it around to the left. The result was I slung shot in every direction, same as you can sling water onto a pen, and a little of the shot ketched ev'ry one."—San Francisco Post.

Tides in the Atmosphere.

Disturbed tides in the atmosphere, corresponding to those of the sea and produced twice daily by lunar attraction, have been traced by M. Bouquet de la Grye in the barometric records of stations removed from powerful local disturbances. The recorded observations of Brest, St. Helena, Cape Horn, Batavia and Singapore give positive evidence of a regular ebb and flow according to the moon's position. The effect is slight, but measurable, the greatest atmospheric tide at Brest being shown by a movement of one-quarter of an inch in a water barometer, which is equivalent to about one-fiftieth of an inch in the mercury barometer. The tide seems to bear about the same ratio to the weight of the atmosphere that the sea tide bears to the depth of the ocean.

Three Books.

A leading literary light in one of the best known women's colleges says that there are just three books that everybody should know by heart—"The Arabian Nights," "Alice in Wonderland" and "Mother Goose." "A thorough knowledge of these masterpieces," she says, "will do more toward cultivating the imagination than any other process that I know of. And I regard imagination as the most important of all mental faculties." This is in direct and significant opposition to the ideas held by many parents and teachers that fairy tales are injurious reading for the young.—New York Sun.

Reprieve From a Statesman.

For once in his career the incorporeal alderman from the St. Louis ward lost his temper.

"I can hear you," he roared, "with one hand tied behind my back."

"You can fight better with one hand behind you," vociferated the high-minded alderman from the Empty-second ward, "than you can any other way. It's your customary position, b' gosh!"—Chicago Times Herald.

COST TO RUN A SHIP.

THE BIG ST. LOUIS REQUIRES \$80,000 FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

She Burns \$15,000 Worth of Coal—The Bill For Breakage Is No Small Affair. Salaries of Officers and Men Are Small, but Some of Them Get Large Fees.

The cost of running a big ocean greyhound to Europe and back reaches into the thousands. A transatlantic liner is really a floating hotel, and everything on board is conducted on the same scale of lavishness that is found in a fashionable Fifth avenue hotel.

Clement A. Griscorn, Jr., son of the president of the line controlling the St. Louis, agreed to give some figures to a World reporter covering the expense of her voyage to England and back. He figured for some time and then said that the expenses of the round trip of a steamer like the St. Louis average between \$60,000 and \$80,000, according to the season.

The voyage between the two ports takes a trifle more than seven days, making the daily cost of operating in the busy season something like \$5,500.

No single individual on the St. Louis gets a large salary. The captain heads the list, getting about \$5,000 a year. Captains on smaller passenger steamers only receive \$3,000 a year. The chief officer of a ship like the St. Louis gets \$1,500, and the bulk of the heavy work really falls on his shoulders. The second officer's pay ranges from \$800 to \$1,200, according to the size of the ship, while the third and fourth officers only get from \$600 to \$900. All of these men have to perform duties of a responsible kind, and as there are no bonuses attached to their work it can be seen that they are not overpaid.

The crew of the St. Louis numbers 410 men. Two hundred of these are in the engineer's department, and all of them are directly under the authority of the chief. The steward's department is the next largest, numbering 170 in all. The sailors, including the deck officers, number but 40.

The engineer's department is the most expensive on the ship, owing to the immense coal bills. The St. Louis burns more than 300 tons a day, or about 4,500 tons the round trip. This means an expenditure of \$15,000 alone. The salaries of the men, the engineering supplies, including the thousand and one things needed for the vast machinery of a great ship, will require an expenditure of \$5,000 every round trip.

The chief engineer draws \$5,000 a year, and his immediate assistants receive \$1,500, \$1,200 and \$1,000 respectively. The stokers or firemen average about \$30 a month, and the furnaces of the St. Louis require 150 of them working in different shifts.

The parser, who is a most important person on board, does not get much in the way of salary, as the company in fixing his pay figured on the large bonuses he receives for changing money and performing the little services which the wealthy traveler does not hesitate to pay for liberally. His salary is only \$1,000 a year, but he makes another \$2,000 in fees and sometimes considerably more.

The ship's surgeon only receives \$900 a year for the same reason. He is brought in contact with numerous real and fancied invalids of the wealthy class, and although no one is compelled to fee him for his services, and a big, popular ship like the St. Louis is worth to him at least \$3,000 to \$4,000 a year.

The steward's department is one of the costliest on the ship. The provisions for a round trip cost in the neighborhood of \$12,000, and the salaries of the steward's men amount to \$3,000 more. The stewards are the least paid of any on the ship, for the reason that in the fees of the passengers they collect a considerable sum annually. All the pay they get is \$20 a month, but they take in \$40 a month in tips. The senick man and woman are always willing to give their last cent for some little service.

The chief steward receives \$1,500 a year and also comes in for his share of the tips, as he is within his power to place many delicacies in the way of the liberal tourist.

The chief cook is a great man on the ship, almost as great as the captain, and in all makes \$3,000 a year out of his job. The breakage and wear and tear on the ship and