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# The West.

ADVERTISERS  
BUSLAW'S ONLY PAPER.  
OPPORTUNITY

NO. 1.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, May 6, 1898.

IX.

### GENERAL DIRECTORY

### STATE OFFICERS.

Governor.....William P. Lord.  
 Secretary of State.....H. R. Kincaid.  
 Registrar.....Philip Metchen.  
 Public Instruction.....G. M. Irwin.  
 State Auditor.....W. H. Leeds.  
 State General.....C. M. Idleman.  
 State Treasurer.....R. S. Bean.  
 State Engineer.....F. A. Moore.  
 State Geologist.....C. E. Wolveston.  
 Judge Second District.....J. C. Fullerton.  
 Attorney Second District.....W. E. Yates.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge.....E. O. Potter.  
 Commissioners.....W. T. Bailey,  
 J. T. Callison,  
 A. C. Jennings,  
 A. J. Johnson,  
 A. S. Patterson,  
 D. P. Burton,  
 School Superintendent.....O. S. Hunt.  
 Surveyor.....C. M. Collier.  
 Coroner.....J. W. Harris.  
 Justice of Peace.....F. B. Wilson.  
 Constable.....John F. Tanner.

### CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor.....W. H. Weatherston.  
 City Clerk.....O. W. Hurd.  
 Board of Trustees.....Wm. Kyle,  
 L. Christensen,  
 J. A. Yates.  
 Treasurer.....John H. Morris.  
 Marshal.....J. A. Pond.  
 Constable.....G. C. Cumpton.

### SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.  
 Regular communication on second  
 and fourth Saturdays in each month.  
 I. O. O. F. Secretary.  
 W. W. Hurd, W. M.  
 General Lyons Post, No. 58.  
 Second and fourth Saturdays  
 of each month at 1:30 p. m.  
 J. L. BUTTERFIELD, Commander.  
 J. L. FURNISH, Adjutant.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,  
 Florence, Oregon.  
 Sabbath service: Sabbath  
 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11  
 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament  
 of the supper on 1st Sabbath of  
 April, July and October.  
 Regularly in good standing are cordially  
 invited to attend. J. J. ANDERSON, M. W.  
 W. W. Hurd, Recorder.  
 Heceta Lodge No. 111, meets  
 Wednesday evening in Lodge  
 Room, Florence, Oregon. Brothers in  
 good standing are cordially  
 invited to attend.  
 J. J. ANDERSON, N. G.  
 ANDREW BRUND, Sec.

### ATTORNEYS.

A. C. WOODCOCK,  
 Attorney at Law,  
 Florence, Oregon.  
 Rooms 7 and 8 McLaren's Building.  
 Attention given to collections and pro-  
 cesses.

### NOTARIES.

A. R. BUTTOLPH,  
 Notary Public, Surveyor  
 Florence, Oregon.  
 FRANK B. WILSON,  
 NOTARY PUBLIC.  
 FLORENCE, OREGON.

### PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
 TRADE MARKS  
 COPYRIGHTS &c.  
 Scientific American  
 D. A. SNOW & CO.  
 Patent Attorneys,  
 509 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

### TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

### GARDINER STAGE LINE.

**H. H. Barrett, Prop'r,**  
 Leaves Florence Mondays, Wednes-  
 days and Fridays.  
 Arrives at Florence Tuesdays, Thurs-  
 days and Saturdays.  
 Connects with Steamer and Scotts-  
 burg Stage Line for Drain. Also with  
 Stage Line for Coos Bay. Charge  
 reasonable.

### EUGENE-FLORENCE STAGE LINE.

**E. Bangs, Proprietor.**  
 Stage leaves Eugene Mondays  
 and Thursdays at 6 a. m. and ar-  
 rives in Florence at 4 p. m. the  
 day following.  
 Returning stage leaves Flo-  
 rence Tuesdays and Fridays at 8  
 a. m. and arrives in Eugene at 6  
 p. m. the day following.

Single fare - - - \$5.00  
 Round trip - - - \$9.00  
 Tickets for sale at E. Bangs's  
 livery barn, Eugene, and at Hurd  
 & Davenport's office in Florence.

### MORRIS HOTEL.

**J. C. FLINT, Proprietor.**  
 Florence, Oregon.  
 OUR AIM—To furnish the best  
 accommodations at reasonable  
 prices.

### Head of Tide Hotel.

**W. W. NEELY, Prop'r.**  
 Tables furnished with all the  
 delicacies of the season. Wild  
 game, fish and fruit in season. Best  
 accommodations for the traveling  
 public. Charges reasonable.

### Elk Prairie Hotel.

Twenty-three  
 Miles West  
 of Eugene.  
**ON EUGENE AND  
 FLORENCE  
 STAGE ROUTE.**

### Money Saved By Patronizing it.

### Geo. Hale : Prop.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF EUGENE.

T. G. HENDRICKS, Pres. S. B. EAMIN, Jr., Cash'r.  
 PAID UP CASH CAPITAL - - - \$50,000  
 SURPLUS AND PROFITS - - - \$50,000

### ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

### NOTARIES.

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### STEAMER "COOS,"

REGULAR DAILY TRIPS  
 Florence and Head of Tide.  
**NORTHERN Pacific, Ry.**

### Pullman Sleeping Cars

### Elegant Dining Cars

### Tourist Sleeping Cars

ST. PAUL  
 MINNEAPOLIS  
 DULUTH  
 FARGO  
 GRAND FORKS  
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 WINNIPEG  
 HELENA and  
 BUTTE

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CHICAGO TO  
 WASHINGTON  
 PHILADELPHIA  
 NEW YORK  
 BOSTON AND ALL  
 POINTS EAST AND SOUTH  
 For information, time cards, maps and tickets  
 etc., call on or write  
**R. McMURPHEY,**  
 General Agent, Rooms 2 and 4, Shelton Block,  
 EUGENE, OREGON.  
**A. D. CHARLTON,**  
 Assistant General Passenger Agent,  
 255 Morrison St. Cor. 3d.  
 Portland Or.

### The Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary

Of The  
 ENGLISH LANGUAGE  
 COMPLETE  
 SUCCINCT  
 AUTHORITATIVE

### AGENTS WANTED.

**E. D. BRONSON & CO.,**  
 Pacific Coast Agents  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
 933 Market St.  
 England and Russia.  
 Many believe, says Benjamin I. Wheeler in The Atlantic, that Constantinople has been systematically fortified against the English to the west, but not, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can enter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agitated last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that of the 19 ships lying at Salonika 6 must be sacrificed for Bessika. It looks today as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion. What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It opened for a time the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope would provide an evasion of the eastern question and free her from the necessity of worrying about the Aegean. But the opening of the Suez canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geography to fate, draws the issue back to the old fighting ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Suez canal and its approaches.

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### MAGYAR FOLKLORE VERSES.

Ah, how maddy's our country lane  
 After autumn rains have soaked the dust  
 But worthy, worthy is the girl I love  
 Of all that can a youthful lover move.  
 And if my top boots muddy make  
 Willing for her sweet sake.

With cards but set jauntily  
 And decked with perfumed rosemary,  
 I'll stroll down the village street,  
 How all the girls will smile on me!

Writhed my top boots are and long,  
 Upon their heels gilt spurs shine bright.  
 They'll clank the time to dance and song.  
 How all the girls will smile tonight!  
 —A Girl's Wandering in Hungary.

### ASHES OF ROSES.

On that particular morning I was in a decidedly sentimental mood, because the day before I had heard a young and charming woman accompanying herself at the piano and singing the tenderest of romances in which during the last note the butterflies of the song linger at the heart of the roses.

And the garden in which I was walking was quite of a character to foster this gentle frame of mind. It was not wild or overgrown.

Its flower beds, where blue, red and yellow balsams were ranged with as much precision as the Sevres cups and Saxony statuettes on a whatnot of a provincial housewife; the sand of its paths, where the rake had left markings as distinct, straight and exact as the lines in a bar of music, and its correct and uniform borders, stiff as the frills of a dress that had not been crushed, seemed to suggest the ambition of a very pleasant ideal—an ideal in perfect taste, without violence or exaggeration; narrow, elegant, pretty and quite suited to furnish water color subjects.

A July sun lavished its gold and threw into the garden all the infinite that a bonquet is capable of holding.

A butterfly which was fluttering around like two flower petals set free by the wind brushed past my hand, leaving on it a little of its fine, white powder.

"White butterfly," said I, for the remembrance of the song had me into such conversation with this delicate winged creature, "white butterfly, do not hasten away, but stay, rather, and settle down on this leaf—a flower would take too much of your attention—and listen to a question which I have all ways wanted to ask you or one of your kind."

The butterfly poised himself on a leaf. "I am listening," said he. For why should he not have answered, since I had spoken to him?

"Fruitful lover of roses and lilies," I began, "whence comes this delicate powder you scatter from your wings as you fly from flower to flower can you tell me? I am sure you must have suggested the arts of the toilet to the perfumer, for you are the only wings that scatter whiteness like a puff."

The butterfly said, "This strange. But as he had nothing to do he condescended to enlighten me. I am sure we should learn many things that are not in books and not known by learned men if we chatted more frequently with the insects of the woods and fields.

When suburban haired Eve was born at 16, an age at which the women of our time do not linger half long enough—in the miraculous Eden, teeming with life and youth, she was plunged at first into an ecstasy of admiration at the sight of so much magnificence, and not the smallest pang of envy poisoned her heart. Even before she had gazed into the nearest spring all creatures crowded around to do her homage, and after having seen her own radiant reflection she conceived a profound feeling of compassion for all other created things.

The splendid lights in the lion's mane, luminous in the sunshine, could not rival the tawny brightness of Eve's long, flowing locks.

Why should she have been jealous of the swan, since her own throat and arms were made of living snows, or why of the great vines in the forest, her own embrace being far more treacherous and more sweet?

The sky, in its deepest, clearest blue, might have hoped to rival her eyes had they not had a softer and more exquisite azure.

In fine, she looked at all things, and a great wave of pride came over her. "Without doubt," she said, "all is very good, but the best of all!"

But thereafter her favorite amusement was to sit under a tree and pass all the day kissing the rony tips of her slender fingers.

Till one day she saw a rose.

The rose was there before her, as yet scarcely a rose, almost pale in its triumphant grace. It opened and widened, radiant as a star, luminous and living, almost human, like a woman.

A tiger passing that way lingered to gaze on it and wept from tenderness.

Then Eve felt something stirred within her. She understood that throughout all eternity she had a rival. Beautiful as she was, the rose was not less beautiful. Perfume against perfume, grace against grace, to the end of time their charms would be pitted against one another and there would be an endless and unending struggle.

In vain impassioned poets of all ages would try in enthusiastic madrigals to prove to their mistresses the defeat of the sovereign flower. Eve had no illusions on the subject. The rose would always defy her, and to woman's eternal humiliation she would be compared to her splendid and victorious rival.

A sadness, of which you can form no idea, took possession of her, whose supremacy, acknowledged by all other created things, was disputed by a mere flower. She no longer had any pleasure in the limpid streams, whose clear waters mourned her bright image. The swans, whose whiteness had not rivalled hers, still sported on the azure lakes, but Eve no longer watched them.

All night she dreamed bitterly of her rival and tossed uncomforted under the

### SKELTONS IN CLUBS.

### THE TWO BLANKS OF NEW YORK.

Mystery of the Man Who Stole Food at Free Lunches—Another Man With a Historical Name Who Took to Wearing Old Clothes and Was Dropped.

A decently dressed man, with a shambling gait and a shifty eye, walked down Broad street one afternoon last week and attracted the attention of a broker who was standing in his office window. The broker watched the man closely until the fellow had disappeared around the corner into Wall street. He had called a visitor's attention to the man.

"Have you ever seen that fellow before?" he asked.

"His face is familiar, and I am sure that I have seen him somewhere, but I can't place him. Who is he?"

"John Blank," said the broker, mentioning a family name that was well known.

"I am a member of three good clubs," continued the broker, naming three that were well known in the city, "and in the course of a long experience with the management of them I have seen some curious club skeletons. They are unpleasant. Blank was a skeleton in the club until we finally got rid of him, and to this day none of the men who knew the facts about his expulsion has ever had any explanation of them.

"So far as family connections are concerned, Blank is eligible to any club in this city, and we always understood that he had a good income. It was about five years ago, when I was a member of the house committee, that my attention was first called to Blank. A member of the club came to me one day and said: "See here, I've got a disagreeable duty to perform. The broker, naming the name of the club, and I have noticed for several months back that John Blank has stowed away a lot of things in his pockets on every such occasion."

"Why, that is absurd," I replied, "and I suspect that he has been drinking too much. You know that these monthly lunches are free to the members."

"That was the view that I took of it the first time that I noticed it," he replied, "but I watched this man at the last meeting very closely. He was not intoxicated. He ate his lunch, and then I saw him wrap up a piece of chicken, some lobster salad and a brick of ice cream in separate packages, put them under his overcoat and leave the club. It's an amazing proceeding, and I think that it is high time that something was done about it."

"This man's complaint interested me, and I investigated it. Some of the club waiters told me that Blank had occasionally taken articles of small value from the club, and that he always carried away a package after a free supper. There seemed to be no reasonable explanation for his little steals. He was and is a lawyer in good practice, and, as you know, he lives very comfortably. I consulted with some of the other house committeemen, and we decided to look out for Blank at the next supper. He turned up promptly, and, sure enough, we saw him stealthily make up a package from the lunch table and walk out with it. There was nothing left for us to do but to ask for an explanation.

"Charges were preferred against him and a formal notification was sent to him. Blank paid no attention to it. We thought that he might not have received it and we sent him another notification and made sure that it reached him. Blank ignored it, and then we dropped him for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Blank never came near the clubhouse after his first notification, and so far as I know he has never given an indication of resenting our action in dropping him. Now what do you suppose was the explanation of his thefts? I never have been able to find one that was satisfactory. It has been asserted that despite his large income he is naturally a very miserly fellow, but that is merely gossip. I meet him occasionally, and he is always affable. It was a disagreeable affair, and to this day an inexplicable one."

A man who had listened attentively to the broker's story said:

"I can equal that with an experience in my own club. The man in question has recently died and it is only charitable to say that he was probably insane for several years before he died. He was Arthur Blank"—mentioning a historical name. "About three years ago this man began to wear very shabby clothes. He had always been very careful in his dress, and this change was surprising. He came to the club and sat around, looking like a tramp. His linen was ragged, and even the waiters looked askance at his clothes. I knew that he had money, but it was not a pleasant task to suggest to him that he should get some new clothes. He was an old bachelor, and he had rooms in an expensive bachelor apartment house. His condition was a disgrace to the club and as a last resort half a dozen of his old friends got up a purse of \$100 and went to his tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes for him. They told the tailor that it was in payment of a wager. When the suit was made, they packed it in a box with a new hat, shoes, collars, shirts and two scarfs and sent it to Blank. A letter was inclosed which read:

"DEAR BLANK—By express I send you the outfit that I lose by my last election wager."

"The signature was such that no one could read it. There was some speculation as to how Blank would take this hint. Two days later he turned up at the club in his new clothes, and when he was congratulated on them he said they were the result of an election wager. The new clothes were too much for him, however. He got drunk on the strength of them and staid drunk at the club for the next two weeks, when he was dropped from membership."—New York Sun.

### "LOVIN' LIZA ELLEN."

Well, I've had th' bumps an' tch  
 An fever'n' ager' grip an' chik,  
 An' a cold an' a fever, an' a  
 But aintin' quite her'damm'd me  
 So's my anst' my woidin' goe,  
 Like lovin' Liza Ellen.

Th' symptoms kept a foilin' bout  
 A right smart while an' then broke out  
 Immense an' red an' swollen  
 For months—well, I just lost myself,  
 Put ever' thing up on th' shelf,  
 'Cept lovin' Liza Ellen.

My head just whizzed! I couldn't sleep  
 At nights. My knees spread like sheep  
 You've seen without a bell an'  
 Paramestra war'n' a circumstance  
 To how her face'd slide an' dance.  
 Th' air was full of Ellen.

I couldn't eat, an' jest th' sight  
 O' vittles floored my appetite.  
 No use o' my rebollin',  
 For I was soaked plumb through an'  
 through.  
 Wished ever' thing in Eal'masoo,  
 'Cept me an' Liza Ellen.

On mem'ry farm things woidin' eat.  
 I'd go t' town an' chink for  
 I'd ask how eggs was makin',  
 Remember 'jest I' not be late  
 A-hustlin' home ' keep th' date  
 I'd made with Liza Ellen.

All a-ture peared I' wear store clothes,  
 An' I'd secured ' me like every robe,  
 I'd ask how eggs was makin',  
 I never did care shucks for hirs,  
 But when they'd sing they'd jest my words  
 T' me o' Liza Ellen.

I've mixed, but things got mizder still—  
 Grass was a carpet; ditch, a rill,  
 An' every square a meadow,  
 I talked so loud ' lovin' Liza Ellen,  
 When I—she—well, no matter, all  
 Filippopped 'twixt me an' Ellen.

I didn't die ' I loved I would,  
 But in a week was feelin' good,  
 Th' rest 'tain' worth walkin' tellin',  
 Last week she mistook ' me for Ellen,  
 I 's'pose they all talk worse than me  
 A-lovin' Liza Ellen.

—Paul L. McKendrick in Atlanta Constitution.

### A Phrase That Fomented.

After a long period of silence, Meandering Mike raised himself on one elbow, pushed the hay from in front of his face and in a matter of fact tone said:

"Hooray!"

"What's de matter wit yer?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"I've been intendin' ter do dis fur a long time. An' I come ter de conclusion dat dere was no use o' patten' it off no longer. It's a debt o' gratitude ter a great man, an' I'm goin' ter pay up Hooray!"

"But who are you hoorayin' fur?"

"Speaker Reed."

"But he never done nothin' fur you."

"Not personally. But he expressed my feelin's. I understand he's doin' us dat come out flatfooted fur a do nothin' policy."—Washington Star.

### Characteristics.

"Your clam chowder," remarked the diner to the restaurant cashier, as he paid the amount of his check and stowed away a pint of toothpicks in his vest pocket, "is distinguishable above all the other clam chowders I ever ate."

"In what way?" asked the cashier, who did not know whether to be pleased or not.

"By its clamminess."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Up to All the Tricks.

"The man who runs the clubhouse next to the skating pond used to be proprietor of a summer resort hotel."

"How do you know?"

"By his methods. I was skating there yesterday, and I fell through the ice."

"What has that to do with it?"

"He tried to charge me for a bath."—Chicago Post.

### What She Wanted.

Old Lady (to photographer)—I don't mind about a good likeness, you know, but I must have a pretty picture.—Punch.

Case of Death Unknown.  
 Abe Linkum Johnson—Did you' heah about Gawge Wash 'on Jackson how he done die aftah he eat two big possums as a whole pack o' sweet potatoes?  
 Henry Clay Jones—Nuh, I didn't heah about dat. What was de marrah wid him?—Town Topics.

### Questions.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure?" asked the fat passenger.

"I refuse to answer that question," replied the slim one, "on the ground that I might incriminate myself."—New York Journal.

Real Hardcore.  
 "Mrs. Jinks is the most courageous woman I know."  
 "Why?"

"She goes over and sees Dr. Fink's telephone to call up another doctor."—Chicago Record.

His Appearance Against Him.  
 Admiring Friend—And how did you arrive at the conclusion that he was merely the tool of a blarney man?  
 Confident Detective—What, that hatched fact freak? It was a creak.—Detroit News.

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"Charges were preferred against him and a formal notification was sent to him. Blank paid no attention to it. We thought that he might not have received it and we sent him another notification and made sure that it reached him. Blank ignored it, and then we dropped him for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. Blank never came near the clubhouse after his first notification, and so far as I know he has never given an indication of resenting our action in dropping him. Now what do you suppose was the explanation of his thefts? I never have been able to find one that was satisfactory. It has been asserted that despite his large income he is naturally a very miserly fellow, but that is merely gossip. I meet him occasionally, and he is always affable. It was a disagreeable affair, and to this day an inexplicable one."

A man who had listened attentively to the broker's story said:

"I can equal that with an experience in my own club. The man in question has recently died and it is only charitable to say that he was probably insane for several years before he died. He was Arthur Blank"—mentioning a historical name. "About three years ago this man began to wear very shabby clothes. He had always been very careful in his dress, and this change was surprising. He came to the club and sat around, looking like a tramp. His linen was ragged, and even the waiters looked askance at his clothes. I knew that he had money, but it was not a pleasant task to suggest to him that he should get some new clothes. He was an old bachelor, and he had rooms in an expensive bachelor apartment house. His condition was a disgrace to the club and as a last resort half a dozen of his old friends got up a purse of \$100 and went to his tailor and ordered a new suit of clothes for him. They told the tailor that it was in payment of a wager. When the suit was made, they packed it in a box with a new hat, shoes, collars, shirts and two scarfs and sent it to Blank. A letter was inclosed which read:

"DEAR BLANK—By express I send you the outfit that I lose by my last election wager."

"The signature was such that no one could read it. There was some speculation as to how Blank would take this hint. Two days later he turned up at the club in his new clothes, and when he was congratulated on them he said they were the result of an election wager. The new clothes were too much for him, however. He got drunk on the strength of them and staid drunk at the club for the next two weeks, when he was dropped from membership."—New York Sun.

### "LOVIN' LIZA ELLEN."

Well, I've had th' bumps an' tch  
 An fever'n' ager' grip an' chik,  
 An' a cold an' a fever, an' a  
 But aintin' quite her'damm'd me  
 So's my anst' my woidin' goe,  
 Like lovin' Liza Ellen.

### A Phrase That Fomented.

After a long period of silence, Meandering Mike raised himself on one elbow, pushed the hay from in front of his face and in a matter of fact tone said:

"Hooray!"

"What's de matter wit yer?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"I've been intendin' ter do dis fur a long time. An' I come ter de conclusion dat dere was no use o' patten' it off no longer. It's a debt o' gratitude ter a great man, an' I'm goin' ter pay up Hooray!"

"But who are you hoorayin' fur?"

"Speaker Reed."

"But he never done nothin' fur you."

"Not personally. But he expressed my feelin's. I understand he's doin' us dat come out flatfooted fur a do nothin' policy."—Washington Star.

### Characteristics.

"Your clam chowder," remarked the diner to the restaurant cashier, as he paid the amount of his check and stowed away a pint of toothpicks in his vest pocket, "is distinguishable above all the other clam chowders I ever ate."

"In what way?" asked the cashier, who did not know whether to be pleased or not.

"By its clamminess."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Up to All the Tricks.