

THE WEST
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The West

ADVERTISERS
SUSLAW'S ONLY PAPER.
OPPORTUNITY

NO. 23.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Oct. 5, 1900.

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor: J. H. Knorr.
City Clerk: Geo. M. Brown.
City Treasurer: Geo. M. Brown.
City Engineer: Geo. M. Brown.
City Assessor: Geo. M. Brown.
City Surveyor: Geo. M. Brown.
City Health Officer: Geo. M. Brown.
City Fire Marshal: Geo. M. Brown.
City Police Chief: Geo. M. Brown.
City Jailor: Geo. M. Brown.
City Coroner: Geo. M. Brown.
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City Fire Marshal: Geo. M. Brown.
City Police Chief: Geo. M. Brown.
City Jailor: Geo. M. Brown.
City Coroner: Geo. M. Brown.

SECRET SOCIETIES.
A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107.
Regular communication on second
and fourth Saturdays in each month.
E. W. Corn, W. M.
Mills, Secretary.
R. General Lyons Post, No. 58.
Second and fourth Saturdays
in month at 1:30 p. m.
S. B. Coe, Commander.
J. L. Pessis, Adjutant.
U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131.
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in month. Members and visiting
in good standing are cordially
invited to attend. A. O. Fiske, M. W.
Knorr, Recorder.

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METHODIST CHURCH, Florence, Oregon.
Sabbath service: Sabbath
at 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. Knorr, Pastor.

ATTORNEYS
A. C. WOODCOCK,
Attorney at Law,
Eugene, Oregon.
E. E. BENEDICT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Florence, Oregon.

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Paid up Cash Capital \$50,000
Surplus 2,500
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Transacted on Favorable Terms

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PATENTS
Notice is hereby given that the following
names and their nature of their claims, and
that said names will be made before the
U. S. Commissioner, at Eugene, Lane Co., Ore-
gon, on October 22, 1900, viz: William M. Kirby
on H. E. No. 770 for his No. 524, 525, 526,
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CONSUMPTION
Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way. It creeps its way along. First you think it is a little cold, nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats. Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping. Better cure your cough today. You can do it with

**WATERBURY'S
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The pressure on the chest is lifted, that feeling of suffocation is removed, and you are cured. You can stop that little cold with a 25 cent bottle; harder coughs will need a 50 cent size; if it's on the lungs the one dollar size will be most economical.

CONSTIPATION
I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, and feeling able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for several years. I had tried every medicine I could get, but never found any relief, save a little relief from one to three times a day, and if I was late from one to three months a day, and if I was late I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it was then I found WATERBURY'S Cough Cure.

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THE LAND OF COOPER.
Still clear and fair Oregon lake. The Glimmerglass of old. Which rippled once with birch boat's wake. Behind the mountains hold.
Still o'er its outlet easy the trees That hid the Hutter's ark. Its surface yet each summer breaks Flays o'er from dawn till dark.
The sleeping lion's couchant form, Which looms up blue and dim, Still waits a signal of alarm To end his slumbers grim.
Point Judith, Hutter's point, Rat's cove, And wave washed Council rock, About which Cooper wrote His years of Chicago gloom.
Each call to mind some thrilling part Of Latter-day tales— Old tales that still will touch the heart When today's story fails.
—Frank Farrington in New York Sun.

THE JOSSLYN REUNION
Showing How Dearable It Was to Be a Josslyn and Possess the Josslyn China.
BY HARRIET CAROL COX.

"Yes, I have heard of the reunion, but I can't say that I feel called upon to go," Elmira remarked as she let the printed slip fall into her lap. "I never felt very proud of the Josslyn blood anyway. Mother would stick it into my name, but I must say the folks I've seen bearing that name weren't anything very remarkable. And now there'll be a whole gang of them—a whole gang of Josslyns." She sniffed scornfully. "No, I really don't feel called upon to go to their old reunion," she repeated decisively.

"I don't suppose you do," Amelia agreed. "Of course you wouldn't want anybody you ever knew of would want to know. It isn't as if it were father's family."
Elmira nodded her head proudly. "I should say not," she answered emphatically. "Why, there are governors and senators and lawyers and—every thing in grandfather's ancestors."
"They might have some among all the Josslyns," Amelia suggested. "Perhaps just a senator or something in some branch of the family."
Elmira shook her head decisively. "Do you remember Great-aunt Sarah," she demanded, "and Uncle Job and the apple tree?" This she spoke in a whisper.

"And did you ever see such a lot of nobodies in all your life as you need to do at the funerals and weddings? You felt as if you'd got to apologize to your neighbors for them. An ancestor, indeed! You wouldn't try to tell me they ever had any ancestors at all, say of them."
She took up the paper and glanced it through again.
"It is proposed to gather together all the genealogical lore and traditions, to separate tradition from fact and finally to publish a book in which shall be a complete history of the Josslyn family from Adam to the present generation. To do this it is necessary that all branches of the family be represented, and it is earnestly requested that, as far as possible, all persons in whom flows any drop of the Josslyn blood gather at this reunion and contribute their share to the fund of information."

"I suppose I might go," she said thoughtfully after a few moments' pause. "Of course I'm not called upon to, but it wouldn't hurt me any, and I might find it kind of interesting just to look on."
She looked inquiringly at her sister. "I would if I were you," Amelia replied promptly. "I'd go if I had the chance. It's a dreadful thing to be so lame."
"I suppose you'd like to hear about it," Elmira remarked. "I might go on your account, so as to amuse you talking about it afterward. It mightn't be so very bad, because I'm not very much of a Josslyn. They always said I favored father's side, anyhow. The Bunsteads were all dark, and grandfather used to say he didn't believe I'd a drop of Josslyn blood in me at all. You got it all, Amelia. You ought to be the one to go; but, seeing you can't, I suppose I will. You'll be glad to have me, won't you, Amelia?"

Amelia sat by the little side window and peered anxiously out. The train had come some time ago. She had heard its whistle and seen long puffs of smoke over the marshes, and she knew it ought to be time for her sister to appear.
"I never knew her to be so long coming before," she murmured fretfully to herself. "Maybe she's stopped at Sarah's to get some eggs. I hope she hasn't, because Sarah brought some over just after she went away."
There was a sudden peal at the front doorbell.
Amelia rose and exclaimed to the door. "My land!" she exclaimed as Elmira's face confronted her. "Then she dropped her voice as she saw a strange man by her sister's side.
"I forgot my latchkey, you know," Elmira said, "and I wouldn't have troubled you, Amelia. This is our cousin, Bradford Josslyn. He's come out to see the Josslyn china, and has got to go back on the next train, so we'll have to hurry. You take him into the dining room while I go and get it. We have to be very careful of it, you see, because we think so much of it."
She explained to the stranger as she departed toward the attic.
Amelia led the way silently to the dining room. The parlor was cold. Elmira had evidently reasoned that out, and then, too, the dining room was the best place to show china of course. But just what was the china?
Thus she reasoned as she passed

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Land Office, at Roseburg, Oregon.
August 15, 1900.
Notice is hereby given that the following names and their nature of their claims, and that said names will be made before the U. S. Commissioner, at Eugene, Lane Co., Oregon, on October 22, 1900, viz: William M. Kirby on H. E. No. 770 for his No. 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

through the long hall and ushered the man into the old-fashioned dining room.
"You are very fortunate in having so much beautiful old furniture," their guest remarked. "In so many families it gets scattered, but you seem to have a mine of it here, and the china, if it is the china."
He stopped. Elmira was fumbling at the doorknob. She entered proudly and walked across to the table, where she deposited her burden. There were a pitcher, some cups and a platter, with a dull red pattern running over them.
"It is!" he cried exultingly.
"Of course!" Elmira assented carelessly. "I knew it as soon as the paper told about it and wanted to find the other pieces. There are more up stairs, but this is all I could bring at once."
There was some conversation and a search in the family Bible, and the man departed.
Elmira saw him to the door; then she slammed it hard and fairly ran back to where her sister was waiting and dropped into the old rocker and began to rock violently to and fro.
"We are somebody," she announced triumphantly; "we are big sombodies, Amelia. We can be Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Dames and Descendants of the Mayflower and—"
"She was fairly out of breath."
"I'd cool off a little if I were you," her sister suggested. "Kind of slow up, can't you, Elmira, and tell me all about it? You know I couldn't go."
"Of course not, you poor dear!" Elmira leaned forward and kissed her tenderly. "But you're a Josslyn just the same, Amelia, and you've the looks more'n any one there. I always said you had, you know."
"There was a lot there, and at first I felt kind of queer. And you had to tell all you knew about your ancestors to a man, and he had a lot of papers and seemed to know everybody, and he said I was very straight descended—that means you, of course, too, only you weren't there—and he was talking about me, and he introduced me to a woman and said something that I did not hear, but it made her extra nice to me, and she took me around and introduced me to 'most everybody, and they was as fine a looking set of folks as I ever see, even if I do say it, and they're relations."
"They've been having a dreadful time straightening out some records and trying to trace some pattern that it was on a sudden that came over in the May-some china that came over in the May-some china and was used in England before that. A lot of the same had had whole sets made like it, and it had got all scattered round, and when they came to describe it it came across me all of a sudden that box of crockery up in the attic that grandfather gave us and we didn't ever use 'cause 'twas so old and cracked. So I up and told 'em about it."
"Right out afore everybody?" Amelia gasped.
"Of course! Wasn't I as much a Josslyn as any of 'em, even if my last name isn't Josslyn? My middle name is, anyway, and a person's middle name is just as much their own as their last."
"Well, they were dreadfully interested, and I told 'em lots of things they didn't seem to know, and I guess they was glad I came."
"That man didn't seem to more'n half believe we had the china, so I just brought him out to see for himself. I guess the Josslyns ain't impostors. He could see for himself." She turned her head proudly.
"And that man is worth \$3,000,000," she confided to her sister impressively. "Three million dollars, and he's a big swell, and he hasn't but one piece of the china with the Josslyn pattern on it, and that came to him through an aunt."
She glanced at the table exultingly. "There's more up in the attic," she said as she clasped her hands.
Amelia moved laboriously across the room, took up the cups and wiped them carefully with a fine towel. Then she took the teapot off the stove. "We might have a cup of tea in them to-night," she suggested.
"I suppose we could use them quite often," Elmira said. "It's only proper that we should use the family china." She sipped her tea slowly.
"I've ordered a new set of cards," she announced, with a furtive glance at her sister, "and they're going to read Elmira Josslyn-Bunstead."
There was a silence for a moment.
"And I ordered some for you, too," Amelia, she added, "because we are both Josslyns, you know."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Bad Guess.
John Hawtrey was one of England's famous whipping schoolmasters. At Eton, in autumn, the small boys used to buy chestnuts and roast them in a shovel over the fire. One day a boy named E. who was a great favorite of Hawtrey's, had a lot of chestnuts and as a special favor was allowed to make use of the pupil room fire while pupil room was still going on.
Hawtrey was going in and out of the room while they were working, and on one occasion, coming in rather quietly, he caught sight of E. kneeling over the fire arranging his chestnuts. The boy's position was irretrievable to any lover of the art of chastisement. Not seeing his face and supposing it was one of the other boys stealing the chestnuts, John Hawtrey quietly took his cane from his desk and, creeping forward on tip-toe, gave the wretched E. a most tremendous whack.
The boy jumped up with a yell, his hands clasped behind him. Then the tutor saw who he was and said, embracing him:
"Oh, my poor boy! I am so sorry! I thought it was another boy stealing your chestnuts."
We, of course, were all delighted and roared with laughter.

Doers Great Pioneers.
The Boer is the ideal pioneer. From the days of the great trek, in 1837, and even before that he opened up countries hitherto unexplored by a white man. A great deal of fuss has been made of mighty travelers, English and foreign, who have traversed Africa, to the vast preliminary benefit of their publishers and with no small need of fame to themselves, but there was scarcely one of the old voortrekkers and hunters of the forties and fifties who did not accomplish feats of endurance, pluck and lengthy travel which were ten times as trying.—London Mail.

Successive Waves.
The following wail is going the rounds of the state press: We are told of a young lady in a neighboring town who waved her hand at a stranger, and in three days they were married. Two days later the young lady waved a flourish at her husband, and the next evening he came home waving a divorce.—Nashville Banner.

Spanish Are Charitable.
The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5,000 or more.

Some Coveted Crawls.
Rare Autographs For Which Immense Prices Have Been Paid.
The most prized autographs in the world are those of Shakespeare. Only seven are claimed to exist, three signatures to his will (each with a different spelling), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful) and one in a Tudor translation of Montaigne. This last is in the British museum and cost over 3,000 guineas.
One thousand guineas was the price given by the late Mr. Alfred Morrison of Carlton House terrace for an autograph letter written by Marie Stuart to the archbishop of Guise. This and two other letters (one to the pope and the other to the unfortunate queen of Scots on the morning of her execution) were written by the French king was destroyed during the days of the terror, while that to the pope is still preserved at the Vatican.
The well known bookseller Bernard Quaritch gave £1,000 for an autograph of Columbus, which was exhibited at the World's fair at Chicago. A Chicago autograph dealer is said to have offered to give \$100,000, or over £20,000, for a genuine autograph of Shakespeare if brought to him within a year of making his offer. It was a safe bluff, for since the tragic fate of Chatterton no forger has cared to tackle the quaint scrawl of the Bard of Avon.—Collier's Weekly.

Jimmy and the Baby.
Jimmy's mother kept cows and sold milk. Jimmy himself had nothing to do with the cows, though sometimes he used to carry the milk pail to his mother's customers. The customers all liked Jimmy, with his round, freckled face and his big grin, and they used to ask him how business was, for, although Jimmy was only 13 years old, he had a business. He made cotton-bally collars and sold them to the undertaker. They were nice pine collars, with all the edges carefully joined. Jimmy received 50 cents for each one.
One day Jimmy stopped at the house of one of his mother's customers to leave some milk. A little boy met him at the door.
"We've got a new baby!" said the little