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The West.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Oct. 12, 1900.

NO. 24.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. M. Florence Lodge No. 107, regular communication on second and fourth Saturdays in each month. E. W. Cobb, W. M. Hills, Secretary.

General Lyons Post, No. 58, second and fourth Saturdays at 1:30 p. m. S. B. O'Leary, Commander. J. L. Furnish, Adjutant.

U. W. Perpetua Lodge, No. 131, meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month. Members and visitors in good standing are cordially invited to attend. A. O. Funke, M. W. Norris, Recorder.

F. Hoeste Lodge No. 111, meets Wednesday evening in Lodge Florence, Oregon. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend. A. C. Karnowsky, N. G. W. B. Weatherston, Sec.

F. Maple Lodge No. 139, meets Thursday evening in Meyer & Hall, Mapleton, Oregon. Brotherhood standing invited to attend. Fred O. Bean, N. G. Oso S. Phelps, Sec.

F. Irene Encampment, No. 42, meets in I. O. O. F. hall in Florence and fourth Friday of each month. Members of this degree are invited to attend. Wm Kyle, C. P. John L. Furnish, Scribe.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

BYTERIAN CHURCH, Florence, Oregon. Sabbath service: Sabbath 10 o'clock a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sacrament of Lord's supper on 1st Sabbath of April, July and October. Only lay welcome to all the services. Requests Christians to make themselves known. I. Q. Norris, Pastor.

ATTORNEYS

A. C. WOODCOCK, Attorney at Law, Oregon.
Room 7 and 8 McLaren's Building. Collections given to collections and provisions.

E. E. BENEDICT, Attorney at Law, Oregon.

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

All through freight on the stage either way between Eugene and Mapleton will be charged at the rate of two cents per pound during the months of October, November, December, January, February, March and April, and one cent per pound during the months of May, June, July, August and September.

NOTARIES.

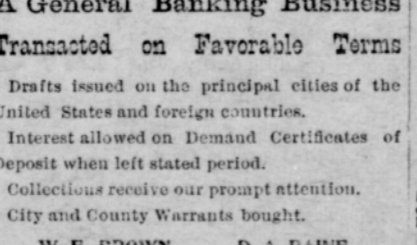
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PATENTS

Notice is hereby given that the following inventor has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Wood, U. S. Commissioner, at Eugene, Lane Co., Oregon, on October 22, 1900, viz: William M. Kirby on H. E. No. 7792 for the 315 N.E. 87th N.E. 4th S.W. 1/4, Sec. 35, Tp. 16 S., R. 10 W.

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PATENTS

Notice for Publication
Land Office, at Beaverton, Oregon, August 18, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the following inventor has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Joel Wood, U. S. Commissioner, at Eugene, Lane Co., Oregon, on October 22, 1900, viz: William M. Kirby on H. E. No. 7792 for the 315 N.E. 87th N.E. 4th S.W. 1/4, Sec. 35, Tp. 16 S., R. 10 W.

HERE'S GOOD LUCK.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye Or a word exchanged with a passerby; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street, And afterward life is incomplete; A picture painted with honest soul, And we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

THE DRUMMER AND THE DRUMMER

A Story of War and Peace. BY CHARLES H. DAY. I-WAR. "Why, you're a Yankee, aren't you?" That was what Gladys Clayton, a little southern girl, said one morning to a small boy dressed in blue who upon her approach had half risen to a sitting posture beside a patch which led both to a spring and a negro cabin, within hailing distance of the spot where the reclining uniformed figure was gazing in open-eyed wonder on the vision of Juvenile loveliness. "Yes, I'm a Yankee," replied the boy, his face actively beaming. "You can tell that by my blue." Then he passed for a second and said hesitatingly, "Of course you are - are -"

"Where am I?" asked the drummer boy. "You are on the Clayton plantation, Yankee boy. My mother says that it is 20 miles from nowhere and the last place that was made." "There's been a big fight," said the boy. "Which licked?" "Mother says that she wanted and then withdrew in good order," answered the girl. "Where is your father?" "Licking Yankees," was the reply, with a great deal of energy thrown into the words. "Oh, ho!" exclaimed the boy, and then, in spite of himself, he permitted a groan to escape his lips. "Oh, dear!" said the girl, coming close up to him. "Are you hurt much, little Yankee boy?"

"Please, little girl, have you seen my drum?" "The girl looked up and down the path on either side, and at length she discovered the wreck of the martial instrument. "Here it is, little boy," said the girl, with much dignity. "Thanks, miss," said the soldier boy. "The rebels have shot it full of holes, and it's no good. They've it away." The girl threw the shattered drum into the bushes. "What can I do for you?" asked the girl, somewhat perplexed at the situation. "I'll tell you," replied the boy. "And I want you to do it right quick. I want you to get me out of this 'right smart,' for a scouting party of rebels might come riding this way and capture me - or worse!"

"Yankee boy, my mamma would have a fit if she saw you in that blue suit. She hates you all! Let me see - let me see!" Then she clapped her hands and exclaimed: "I know what I'll do. I'll go to old Sh. down at the cabin. He and auntie are the only ones of all the slaves who have not run away to follow the Yankees. Sh. will do anything for me. He is patient as you can while I am gone. It was not long that the lad had to wait, but when the people returned with the two colored people he was quite faint and gasped: "Water!"

"Bring the ground from the spring!" commanded auntie, who had arrived in advance of her rheumatic husband. The labors of years and perfect health had given the black woman immense strength, and the drummer boy was little more of a burden to her than an infant. Gladys ran on ahead to the cabin. Auntie strode on, taking such immense steps that her husband, in a vain endeavor to keep up, was taken with a fit of coughing and was obliged to take a long rest by the wayside. When he did arrive at the cabin, the boy in blue was snugly hidden away in its privacy and receiving the kind offices of the colored woman, who had had many years of experience in nursing.

"Lines," said the head of the house to a favorite commercial traveler who had just returned from an extended tour, "do you know anything of the south?" "A little," was the reply. "How far south have you been?" "Richmond."

"Ah!" exclaimed the head of the house. "Long getting there?" "Pretty near three years." "First time that I ever heard that you were in the 'late unpleasantness,'" returned his employer. "Never heard about your adventures in that line."

"Well," interrupted the salesman, "you see, I am the only man engaged in the civil war who is not writing for the magazines." "In many battles?" asked the managing partner. "Yes." "Wounded?" "Twice; once in the leg and the other time in the heart." "Recovered from the effects of both wounds?" "Recovered from the shot in the leg; the wound in the heart is still open."

"Um!" was the finale of this running conversation. The salesman nodded, and then the conversation became "strictly business." The desire of the firm was concisely this - to renew a southern trade previously held by the house which had been interrupted by the civil war and never regained. Never regained because the house had never made an effort to resume business relations with that section.

"Walter," said the senior partner, becoming familiar, "we must win all that trade back again. I not only want the city houses, but those remote plantation stores at the crossroads which carry such big stocks of our very lines. And as for the salary and commission, the house will guarantee that your trial trip in the new section shall be no loss to you."

"Why, Walter?" "That clerk was a jewel. He knew his business. He hurried out of the store to feed the drummer's horse. In inclosing an order for a large bill of goods on the ensuing day, the drummer in a communication to the head of the house wrote: 'I have entirely recovered from that wound of the heart. In Miss Gladys Clayton I have found an old acquaintance, a new woman of the new south, whom I shall have no trouble in bringing into the Union. At present her mother is rather a hopeless case, but I am quite sure that she, too, will become thoroughly reconstructed in one season.' - Charles H. Day in Home Magazine."

"Probably She Meant It. 'When she will, she will, you can depend on it,' is a line which many men have quoted of many women. The saying is often unjust, and the woman is often justified, but now and then the cap fits perfectly. Not long ago a fast express was bowling over the sands of Arizona. Just how it happened was frequently explained and never understood, but as the train sped along the side of a parched river it suddenly left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river bed. Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunch boxes were thrown into a heap, and not an umbrella or parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mass and sought for means of escape while stanching various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was jammed tight. Just then, in the midst of the doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand: "Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out, I'll break a window!" - Youth's Companion.

A Curious Symbol of Freedom. A curious custom is observed in the village of Great Bookham, Surrey, England. When the wife of a tradesman goes off for the usual summer holiday to the seaside, one or two expert climbers ascend at midnight to the roof of the house and insert old brooms in the chimneys as a sign that the head of the house has the supervision of the domestic arrangements in addition to his ordinary work. The wife of the worthy landlord at the Crown hotel having departed, no fewer than eight brooms adorned the house. - Pittsburg Bulletin.

WHIM-WHAMS.

Some Eccentric Sayings Written Up by a Funny Fellow. She - I'm one of her oldest friends. He - You look it. A Tuckahoe man has called his cat Boomerang, because it comes back.

Patience - Chaille says it makes him feel more like himself to have that single eyeglass in his eye. Patrice - Well, I am sure it makes him look more like a fool. Bill - I've worked for every dollar I've ever owned. Jill - Whom did you "work"?

"I see Paderewski is knocking money out of the piano again in this country," said the observer of events and things. Yeast - What game is your wife most fond of? Crimsonbeak - A game of talk, I guess. She - Seems to me you're very forward, sir. He - Yes; I'm the advance man for a circus.

"When you hear a book agent try his voice," remarked the observer of events and things, "you know at once it is of some volume." The In Town Man - Are the trains running pretty light on your road now? The Out of Town Man - Well, not at night they're not. Bill - Hear that fellow? He sings to keep the wolf from the door. Jill - I should think he would be eminently successful. - Youkers Statesman.

The Ghost Was Shy. "Ha!" exclaimed Haulet, starting. The wicked queen wrung her hands in a transport of agony. "Mister, but I'd like to see a ghost walk!" she cried. But it was only to the melancholy Dane that the apparition was visible. We should not think harshly of the queen for talking liberties with her lines, for she had received no salary for six weeks, and the thought of her husband at home crying for bread drove her to desperation. - Detroit Journal.

Sure Cure For Dives. "Goodby, Alfred, darling! You have cheered me up. If I get lonely and depressed again, I'll just look at your dear photo. That's sure to make me laugh and laugh and laugh!" - Punch.

Unique Talent. "Mrs. Bingley is a wonderful woman." "In what way?" "When she takes the second prize at a card party, she can appear so tickled with what she gets that she always makes the winner of the first prize jealous and dissatisfied." - Chicago Times Herald.

Flimsiness. "Mamma, what did you tell the conductor to let us off at Schiller street for?" That's a block farther than you wanted to go, and we'll have to walk back." "You didn't think, child, that I would try to pronounce 'Goethe' before a car full of people, did you?" - Chicago Tribune.

Papers Sometimes Necessary. Mrs. De Fashion - Where's the morning paper? Mr. De Fashion - What on earth do you want with the morning paper? Mrs. De Fashion - I want to see if the play we witnessed last night was good or bad. - New York Weekly.

The Strain Too Severe. "Rhyne tells me he has gone out of politics entirely." "That's true. Politically speaking, he was on the fence, and when the ward heeled began pulling a leg on each side it was more than he could stand." - Chicago Tribune.

How Should He Take It? She - Oh, how I wish you were young! He - Young? I wish you were young! He - Young? I wish you were young! Pick Me Up.

How She Was Landed. Rose - To Jeanne's married a farmer. I thought she said she would marry only a man of culture? Nell - And so she did - a man of agriculture. - Chicago News.

A Sorely Exception. Most plant life thrives the best, they say, when by the sun or east. But this one here is the best. - Elliott's Magazine.