

THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE DISSEMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES, AND TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF OUR BROW.

VOL. 15.

EUGENE CITY, OR, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

NO. 48.

The Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL,

Publisher and Proprietor.

OFFICE—On the East side of Willamette Street between Seventh and Eighth Streets.

OUR ONLY

MATHS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted as follows:

One square, 10 lines or less, one insertion \$3; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash required in advance.

Time advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One square three months..... \$6 00

“ “ six months..... 8 00

“ “ one year..... 12 00

Transient notices in local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly. All job work must be paid for on delivery.

POSTOFFICE.

Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 9:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For Siuslaw, Franklin and Long Is., close at 6 a. m. on Wednesday. For Crawfordville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m.

Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a rival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.

A. S. PATTERSON P. M.

SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE No. 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

SPEAKER BUTTE LODGE No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WINNEBAGO ENCAMPMENT No. 6, Meets on the 21st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

EUGENE LODGE, No. 15, A. O. U. W.—Meets at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month.

J. M. SLOAN, M. W.

KILPATRICK POST, No. 49, G. A. R.—Meets at Masonic Hall, the first and third Fridays of each month. By order, COMMANDER.

ORDER OF CROSS FRIENDS.—Meets the first and third Saturday evenings at Masonic Hall. By order of J. M. SLOAN, G. C.

BUTTE LODGE No. 37, I. O. G. T.—Meets every Saturday night in 011 Fellows' Hall. E. O. POTTER, W. C. T.

LEADING STAR BAND OF HOPE.—Meets at the St. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

J. R. HUSTON, Supt.; Miss Bertha Cook, Asst. Supt.; Chas. Hill, Secy, Miss Hattie Smith, Chaplain. Visitors made welcome.

J. E. FENTON,

Attorney-at-law.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

W. C. STRAHAN, ALBANY. L. BILYEU, EUGENE.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF this State. They give special attention to collections and probate matters.

Office—Over W. F. & Co.'s Express office.

GEO. B. & GEO. A. DORRIS,

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS of the Second Judicial District and in the Supreme Court of this State.

Special attention given to collections and matters in probate.

Geo. S. Washburne,

Attorney-at-Law,

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Office formerly occupied by Thompson & Bean.

GEO. M. MILLER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, and Real Estate Agent.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

OFFICE—Two doors north of Post Office.

Dr. Wm Osborne,

Office Adjoining St. Charles Hotel,

—OR AT THE—

NEW DRUG STORE OF HAYES and LUCKEY.

DR. JOSEPH P. GILL,

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residences when not professionally engaged.

Office at the

POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presbyterian Church.

DR. E. G. CLARK,

Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,

DENTIST,

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

GOLD FILLINGS A SPECIALTY.

Artificial teeth made to order. Teeth extracted without pain. All work fully warranted. Office in brick building over the Grange store.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

Watches, Waxes, Chains, Jewelry, Etc.

Repairing Promptly Executed.

All Work Warranted.

J. S. LUCKEY,

Ellsworth & Co's Brick Willamette street.

NEW GOODS!

---At---

F. B. DUNN'S.

A GENERAL

MARKING DOWN OF OLD GOODS.

A large assortment of Ladies and Childrens Hose at 12 1-2 cts.

Good Dress Goods at 12c.

Best Corset in town for 50c

An immense stock of New and Seasonable Goods.

Fine Cashmere in every shade.

New and Nobby styles in CLOTHING.

Trimming Silks and Satins in oil shades.

Moire antique Silks

Velvets in Colors.

The finest stock of French KID SHOES

ever brought to this place.

BOOTS and SHOES

in all grades.

GROCERIES

of all descriptions.

Liberal Discount for CASH.

New Departure !!

TWO PRICES!

CASH AND CREDIT,

PATRONIZE THE MEN WHO HELP TO BUILD YOUR BRIDGES, ROADS AND SCHOOL HOUSES, whose interests are your interests! Are permanently located and spend their profits at home. Take notice that.

A. V. PETERS,

Will sell goods for CASH at greatly reduced prices, as low as any other CASH STORE.

Best Prints 16 and 18 yards..... \$1 00

Best Brown and Bleached Muslins, 7, 8, 9, and 10 cts.

Clarks and Brooks spool cotton 75 cts per Doz.

Plain and Milled Firmens, 25, 35, 45 and 50 cts.

Water Proof, cents

Fine White Shirts, 75 cts and \$1.

And all Other Goods at Proportionate Rates.

Also the Celebrated

WHITE SEWING MACHINE!

None better for strength, size, and durability. At greatly reduced rates.

To my old Customers, who have stood by me so long, I will continue to sell on same terms as heretofore on time, but if at any time they wish to make CASH purchases, I will give all and, as others, the full credit on my reduction.

A. V. PETERS

CASH OR CREDIT!

Goods sold as low as any House in Oregon, for

Cash Or Credit.

Highest Price paid for all kinds of Country Produce. Call and see.

S. H. Friendly.

CRAIN BROS.

A. G. HOVEY, H. C. HUMPHREY, W. T. PEET, Notary. Attorney. Cashier.

DEALERS

IN

Works,

Watches & Jewelry,

Musical Instruments, Toys, Notions, etc

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Northwest corner of Willamette and Eighth streets.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. F. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

FOR BUENA VISTA STONE WARE go to T. G. HENDRICKS

EUGENE CITY

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BETTMAN, G.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner Willamette and Eighth streets.

BOOK STORE—One door south of the Astor House. A full stock of assorted box papers plain and fancy.

CRAIN BROS.—Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

DORRIS, B. F.—Dealer in Stoves and Tin ware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Druggist, Postoffice, Willamette a street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HENDRICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general merchandise—northwest corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

HODES, C.—Keeps on hand fine wines, liquors, cigars and a pool and billiard table; Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith. Rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on 9th street.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and Jeweler; keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice, wines, liquors, and cigars—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

PATTERSON, A. S.—A fine stock of plain and fancy visiting cards.

PRESTON, WM.—Dealer in Saddlery, Harness, Carriage Trimmings, etc.—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

POST OFFICE—A new stock of standard school books just received at the post office.

RENSHAW, WM.—Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality kept constantly on hand. The best billiard table in town.

RHINEHART, J. B.—Ruler, sign and carriage painter. Work guaranteed first class. Stock sold at lower rates than by anyone in Eugene.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES—A large and varied assortment of slates of all sizes, and quantities of slates and slate-books. Three doors north of the express office.

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law. Office—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

NOTICE TO SHEEP OWNERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL Sheep owners that they must dip their sheep as soon as sheared IF DISEASED. The law makes provisions that when the owners fail to do so, that the Inspector shall cause it to be done at their expense.

S. D. COATS,
Sheep Inspector for Lane Co. Or.



always Cures and never disappoints. The world's great Pain-Reliever for Man and Beast. Cheap, quick and reliable.

PITCHER'S CASTORIA is not Narcotic. Children grow fat upon Mothers Milk, and Physicians recommend CASTORIA. It regulates the Bowels, cures Wind Colic, allays Feverishness, and destroys Worms.

WEI DE MEYER'S CATARRH Cure, a Constitutional Antidote for this terrible malady, by Absorption. The most Important Discovery since Vaccination. Other remedies may relieve Catarrh, this cures at any stage before Consumption sets in.

JAS. L. PAGE,

DEALER IN

Groceries and Provisions.

Will keep on hand a general assortment of Groceries, Provisions, Cured Meats, Tobacco, Cigars, Candles, Notions, Green and Dried Fruits, Wood and Willow Ware, Crockery, Etc.

Business will be conducted on a

CASH BASIS.

Which means that

Low Prices are Established

Goods delivered without charge to Bayes

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE WANTED

For which we will pay the highest market price. JAS. L. PAGE

SAN JUAN LIME for sale by T. G. HENDRICKS

Some Pioneers.

[Tom Merry in Sunday Oregonian.]

In a few days more the cars will be running direct from the Columbia river to Lake Superior. There will be a big array of Eastern railroad magnets and bondholders for a day or two, and then they will be gone. And about the same time the excursion train of old pioneers will be starting from Oregon for the scenes of their childhood, some of whom have never crossed the Rocky mountains since the days of ox teams and pack horses, the times that tried men's souls. But the majority of the brave men and mighty souled women who bore the Bible and axe into the wilderness and laid the foundation of our great agricultural empire will not be on that train. They have already answered the summons of the great conductor and have gone away to a terminal city that never reports to any human superintendent.

There was the gigantic old Swede, Peter Lassen, who came to British Columbia in 1838, stayed a year or two about Nisqually and along the Columbia, and then went to California where, 1844, he obtained a grant of three leagues of land from the Mexican government. That grant lay just below Tehama, on Dry creek, and is now one of the grandest vineyards in that State. Twenty-six years ago old Peter took me down into the cellar of his rude adobe house, and gave me a drink of home-made wine, rich and fruity, and bade me welcome to the bosquejo. Peter will not be on the train. He has been dead more than twenty years, and was foully murdered at that. But no man can make me believe the Indians did it. There is a darker page than that in the old man's life, and the mystery will never be revealed until the judgment day. The triple crown of ice and snow which rises out of the Sierras, across the river from Red Bluff, bears the old hero's name and commemorates his participation in the great work of civilization on these western shores. He has gone to the companionship of Sutter and Dye, two men who died poor after having performed deeds at which angles could smile.

Joseph Meek will not be there. The old man who called together the first federal court ever held in this territory, has himself answered the subpoena of the Great Marshal and walked before the bar of that mighty tribunal from whose decision there can be no appeal. In the simplicity of his honest nature, he comprehended no such evil as overtook him in the twilight of his eventful life. When the blow came and he was indicted for participation in a conspiracy, the real blackness of which has not yet been fully exposed, this brave old man never rallied from it; and one day the word went forth that the old marshal was dead; yes, dead of grief and mortification. The nobler sense of the people who grew up around him has long since acquitted him of any willfully wrong intent in that matter, and fastened the blame upon the hungry leeches who profited by his error, which was but the fault of an impaired memory. And while the train moves eastward, let the old marshal sleep well in his quiet grave.

Aaron Payne of Yan hill, will not be aboard. The simple-minded old man, with his unselfish hospitality and the singular thirst for study and self-education which overtook him at a period when other men are usually thinking of rest and the end, has gone to sleep in his lonely grave beside the north fork of the Yamhill, the garden of Oregon. The men who knew him in the days of hardship and suffering, when self-denial was part and parcel of the world's every day life; the men who were scarcely of age when they first trod Oregon soil will look about them on the east bound train and gaze in vain search for the kindly old face whose glance bore a look of love for all our father's children. No fairer name or purer repute has ever been borne by any of Oregon's adopted sons, and more than one lip will quiver with emotion as they recall the absent form of Aaron Payne.

Andrew J. Moody, the first Sheriff of Coos county, was another man of mark in Oregon, and he will not be on the train. What a stirring and ener-

getic life he led during the palmy days of the Josephine county mines!

When Gold Beach broke out he was one of the first to hie across the mountains in search of treasure cast up by the sea. When the Florence excitement sprang up, he was one of the first off for northern Idaho. Of late years his luck as a money-getter seemed to have deserted him, but he was cheerful and sociable as ever. He located black sand mines near Randolph, on the Coquille, only to put in years of hard labor with no correlative remuneration. For the past six years he has resided at a little village on the Siuslaw, which he named Florence, after the once great, but now deserted, camp of early Idaho. He was a man full of energy, and a typical pioneer in all his actions.

He'd Scoop a Little.

About the time that Daniel Drow began his Wall street career, he was up the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel, and sweep the top of the measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking a bushel is only a bushel," he answered.

"And can the measure be swept off?"

"I think it can."

"What with?"

"Well, if I was selling wheat I should probably use half the head of a flour barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Gentlemen, that is a point I can not decide on," sighed the old man.

"If I was selling to a widow or a preacher, I am certain that I should sweep the measure with a straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road and his pigs in his neighbor's corn, I'm afraid that I should use the circular side, and scoop a little to boot."

What shall it profit a milkman if he own a \$2,000 Jersey cow, and live on a dairy farm twenty-five miles from the nearest river? Only a few weeks ago such a man moved to a new farm down on Egg Harbor river, which is a tidal stream. He wasn't used to that sort of things at all, and was amazed beyond comprehension when his customers mobbed him the second day and encompassed him about and entreated him roughly, and smote him sore and danced all over his person, and wounded him in divers places. "Y gaul," he said to the police who rescued him, "I hope to die if I can understand it all. I've sold the same kind of milk on the same route twenty-three years, and they never got on to it afore." "Salt," said one of the victims, with a howl of renewed wrath. "Salt" queried the bewildered milker, "what'n thunder's salt got to do with it? You're too amazing fresh yourself." And when he went back to the farm he told his hired man to put twice as much water in the cans next morning, and, he added, "don't you give them koaws another grain of salt for two months."

—Hawkeye.

The News suggests that the decorations be preserved as they may be needed in the future. Yes, they might be wanted for an indignation demonstration in a couple of years. This reminds us of a conversation that took place here yesterday: "Everything is Villard nowadays, and we have to eat it instead of butter on our bread."

"Yes, and in two or three years we will have to eat Villard dirt, and only such men can be elected to the Legislature as are pledged to eat the Villard grass out of our streets.—Portland Sunday Welcome.

The driving of the last spike was not done according to contract. The officials came to the conclusion that the gold spike was a kind of jewelry too expensive for the business, and the veritable last spike was an iron one, being the first driven on the opening of the road, and taken up, and preserved for this purpose. And instead of being driven by Villard, it was sent to its resting place by the man who wielded the sledge over it the first time. The romance endeth.