

Boot and Shoe Store.

A. HUNT, Proprietor.
Will hereafter keep a complete stock of
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.
BUTTON BOOTS.
Slippers, White and Black, Sandals,
FINE KID SHOES,
MEN'S AND BOYS'
BOOTS AND SHOES!

And in fact everything in the Boot and Shoe line, to which I intend to devote my special attention.

MY GOODS ARE FIRST-CLASS!

And guaranteed as represented, and will be sold for the lowest prices that a good article can be afforded.

A. Hunt.

NOTICE!

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby give notice that I am the sole owner of the Patent Right for Sinking and Driving Wells in Lane County, State of Oregon, and that said Right is protected by Letters Patent issued by the United States Government to Nelson W. Green, of Courtland County, State of New York. All persons who have driven wells or had them driven without my permission, since the 21st day of February, 1874, are liable to prosecution for infringement of said Right and are hereby notified to come forward and adjust the same.

All infringements in the future will be prosecuted.

I am prepared to drive Wells or will grant permission to others on application.

B. F. DORRIS.

SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM

CHARLES M. HORN,
Practical Gunsmith

DEALER IN
GUNS, RIFLES,
Fishing Tackles and Materials

Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Sewing Machines, Safes, Locks, etc., repaired.

Guns Loaned and Ammunition Furnished

Shop on Willamette St., opposite Postoffice.

Book and Stationery Store,

Postoffice Building, Eugene City.

I have on hand and am constantly receiving an assortment of the best

SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS
STATIONERY.

Blank Books, Portfolios, Cards, Wallets,
BLANKS, ETC.

A. S. PATTERSON.

D. T. PRITCHARD,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

Repairing of Watches and Clocks executed with punctuality and at a reasonable cost.

Willamette Street, Eugene City, Or.

B. F. DORRIS,

DEALER IN
STOVES, RANGES,

Pumps, Pipes, Metals,

TINWARE
—AND—
House Furnishing Goods Generally.

WELLS DRIVEN PROMPTLY,

And Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WILLAMETTE STREET,
Eugene City, - - - Oregon.

Central Market,

Fisher & Watkins
PROPRIETORS.

Will keep constantly on hand a full supply of

BEEF,

MUTTON, PORK AND VEAL,

Which they will sell at the lowest market prices.

A fair share of the public patronage solicited.

TO THE FARMERS:
We will pay the highest market price for fat cattle, hogs and sheep.

Shop on Willamette Street,
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Meats delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

F. M. WILKINS.

Practical Druggist & Chemist

DRUGS, MEDICINES,
Brushes, Paints, Glass, Oils, Leads.

TOILET ARTICLES, Etc.
Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded.

MRS. WYN'S BOX.

My story begins on the cars; so if you don't mind too abrupt a jump you can follow me on to the Blankville & New York train, bound for the latter place—which, as everybody knows, with slow time and waiting for another train, and cows on the track, was in early times a two days' journey. When I climbed aboard the car and settled in my seat, I was in a resigned frame of mind, with two newspapers and a novel in my pocket.

I soon fell to studying my neighbors. There was a fat old gentleman across the way—a 250-pounder at least—with a double chin and a merry eye, who was chuckling over some newspaper jokes; a slim young man and his mother in the seat in front of the old gentleman, and an old fellow with pop-eyes and a chaly complexion, a little way up the aisle, that I thought would do to tie to. I was not favorably impressed with an ancient maiden lady who sat behind me with a small dog of the worst temper in the world; nor with the short thin man of a tolaeco complexion and beard to match, who sat two seats in front, with a green patch over one eye.

But right in the seat in front was the most charming little woman it had been my lot to see in the course of ten years' travel. She was of middling height, and her age might have been five-and-20; but, as for describing—bless me! you couldn't expect me to do that. Words are cold things when it comes to that kind of a job. Just imagine to yourself as much perfection as ever gets into a woman, and add to it an air of sadness—a trace of melancholy that would have been sadness in another, but it was an added charm to her presence—and you have her portrait. I was a susceptible young sprig of five-and-30 or thereabouts in those days, and I was still privileged to admire her in a respectful way without anybody to gaisay it.

I soon picked up an acquaintance with the fat old gentleman with the double chin. He said his name was Rosebury, and was soon poking me in the ribs with a funny story, and describing the respective disadvantages of the eating-houses along the road. From him I worked my way forward to the young man and his mother by loaning them my novel, as they were not much on talking; and I captured the pop-eyed old fellow by sounding him on politics and finding that we voted the same ticket.

But all the time I kept my eye on the charming woman in the seat in front of mine, waiting for the first chance to lighten the troubles of traveling for her by paying her some little attention.

I was strongly impressed in her favor by one thing that I observed soon after we started. She was ready with her ticket when the conductor called for it! At first blush this may not seem such a remarkable circumstance that it requires an exclamation point, but the more you reflect on it the more wonderful it seems.

The chance I was waiting for came at last, when she wanted her window raised. My "Permit me, madam," won the day, for she graciously preferred my services to those of my tobacco-faced rival.

This particular car window was the worst of its kind, so far as my experience goes. I leaned over the back of the seat and held the catch with one hand while I gave a terrible heave at the window with the other; then I moved a little toward the aisle for a better purchase, and she offered to hold the catch, and I tugged and strained at it with both hands, and grew very red in the face, while her cheeks turned the color of a blush rose, and she begged me to let the window be; but I got it up at last.

In the few minutes that I was tugging and struggling with the window I had a touch of what the youngsters call "love at first sight," though, of course, I was too far along in years for that. Well, well! It seems but yesterday as I write, though five-and-twenty years have slipped away since I lifted that car-window. My hair has turned gray, and is getting on fast toward white; but, bless you! I could lift another one with the best of 'em—though I never venture such an assertion to my wife.

The thanks I got for that little job were enough to make me too vain to speak to common mortals for awhile, so I settled down quietly for a few minutes to recover. I thought I had made a good beginning for a traveling acquaintance with the seat in front, so when I got my breath well settled I went back again to the fat old gentleman with the double chin.

When the train had dragged its way on to noon and the railroad eating-house, where they took our money and gave us mighty short commons to eat, I was more than happy to help Mrs. Wyn to the best eating-house gave, which was nothing to boast of—except the price.

I won't weary you with an account of how I improved my opportunities, but you may be sure I did my best, and soon felt as though we had been acquainted for months instead of hours. I got as many thanks for my little attentions as any one could well want, and felt as important as a drum-major on parade as I escorted Mrs. Wyn back to her seat. And when she said, "Thank you, Mr. Sutherland," and smiled with her sad and lady-like smile as I left her, I was mightily flattered, for she had got my name off the card.

Old Rosebury, my stout double-chin, had settled himself for a nap when the train started; but after awhile he bestirred himself to get up a little game of cards to while away the time.

I introduced old Rosebury to Mrs. Wyn, which he had been itching for, and he bowed exceedingly well, considering that the train was rounding the curve at a good rate just then, and he was never built for the business. He asked her in his polite way to join us in a four-handed game of euchre, but she thanked him and haughtily declined.

"Railroad restaurants come next to car windows for gettin' a good hold on a new acquaintance, don't they?" said Davis, the pop-eyed old fellow, giving a wink to Rosebury.

"They'll do," returned the double-chin, with a chuckle; "they'll do. But they don't have all the modern advantages. You don't get the chance to lean over so far."

The twenty minutes for supper was like the twenty minutes for dinner, except that old Rosebury and the pop-eyed Davis put their heads together to cut me out with the lady. Rosebury was to take Mrs. Wyn to supper, on the strength of my introduction, and Davis was going to help him for the laugh he would have on me. They would have come off with flying colors, too, if I had not "nipped him in the bud," by asking her for the pleasure of her company, etc., before Davis took me down to the other end of the car to get up a good joke on Rosebury and bribe the night-porter to carry it out. I kept one eye pointed down the aisle all the time Davis was unfolding his scheme, and when I saw Rosebury put on his best dancing-master airs and bow like a Frenchman as the train began to slow up, I was chuckling inwardly in high humor. Of course, it was love's labor lost with him, and he drew down the corners of his mouth and whispered, "You'll do," as I passed him in the aisle.

Late next afternoon the train drew into the big station at New York. I had learned that Mrs. Wyn was going on to Boston, and I am proud to say that I had her card and address, with an invitation to call, in my pocket already. So I was ready to do her a last service by seeing herself and her baggage transferred to the Boston train, which was to start some time that evening. As our train drew into the station, therefore, with all the yelling of hackmen, and train-porters, and baggage-smashers—until you would think it was a popular riot, if nothing worse, unless you had been there before—I asked Mrs. Wyn for her check.

She blushed, and smiled a curious, hesitating, embarrassed smile.

FOREIGN TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

The Nile expedition is progressing favorably.

Lord Dufferin has been appointed Viceroy of India.

The czar attended the theater in Warsaw incognito.

An unknown vessel burned in Valparaiso harbor recently.

A nihilist manifesto has been liberally circulated in Warsaw.

A great crowd greeted General Wolsely on his arrival at Cairo.

Direct communication is maintained between Paris and Tonquin.

France has abandoned the scheme for the occupation of Formosa.

The physicians of Spezia, Italy, believe that flies spread the cholera.

DOMESTIC TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Mitchell, Dak., had a \$125,000 fire recently.

Ben Johnson was hanged in Cincinnati last week.

San Francisco lumber mills are running on half time.

Disease has appeared among the cattle in Osage county, Kan.

The steamer Wyoming brought 500 more Mormon recruits last trip.

There is great excitement at Benton, Mo., over recent gold discoveries.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is to be inspected and re-organized.

Levi P. Morton, minister to France, is talked of as Judge Folger's successor.

A cyclone passed over Clear Lake, Minn., last week, and several people were killed.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

RECEIPTS—Wheat, 100,000 cts.; flour, 85,000 cr. skts.; oats, 3,500 cts.; potatoes, 4,500 skts.; eggs, 6,000 doz.

FLOUR—There is a moderate shipping demand at the moment, which is expected to increase before the close of the week.

WHEAT—The market is not in good shape. Up to last week, buyers were willing to give \$1.25 for desirable shipping qualities, but the situation abroad no longer justified the payment of even this low figure, and bidding figures were reduced to \$1.22, which is now the outside ruling price for an article that will rank up to the No. 1 export standard.

HONEY—Extracted, @7¢ per lb for choice; comb, @6¢; extracted, 4¢@5¢.

APPLES—California, 11¢@13¢.

WHEAT—California yellow is quotable at \$1.50@1.55 for large, and \$1.00@1.05 for small; white, \$1.50@1.55; Nebraska, white, \$1.45@1.47; etc.

DRIED PEAS—Green, \$3.00; niles, \$2.00; blackeye, \$2.25 per cwt.

EGGS—Doz., 33¢@35¢.

STRAW—Quotable at 45¢@55¢ per bale.

Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded.

There has been considerable re-action in the number of settlers going into the Canadian Northwest during the past twelve months.

The hearing of Attorney Mewitt, for the alleged violation of the postal laws by using cancelled stamps, resulted in his complete exoneration, the Court stating that there was nothing whatever in the evidence to cast any suspicion of guilt.

There is a demand for 100 lbs. of No. 1, 1.25; feed, \$1.10; ground, \$25.00.