

THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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

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The Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL,

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Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

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BILYEU & COLLIER.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, —

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Office—Over Henrick & Eakin's bank.

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Attorney and Counsellor- 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.

J. E. FENTON,

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EUGENE CITY — — — OREGON.

Special attention given to Real Estate Prac

ice and Abstracts of Title.

OFFICE—Over Grange Store.

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Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE

Wilkin's Drug Store.

Residence on Fifth street, where Dr. Shelton

formerly resided.

Dr. Wm Osborne,

Office A Joining St. Charles Hotel,

— OR AT THE —

W DRURY, STONE OF HAYES and LUCKEY.

DR. JOSEPH P. GILL,

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE OR RE-

sidence when not professionally engaged.

Office at the

POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presby-

terian Church.

WALTON & NOFFSINGER.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

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 12 1/2c.

Best Corset in town for 50c

An immense stock of New and Seasonable Goods.

Fine Cashmere in every shade.

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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.

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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.
Clark and Brooks spool cotton 75 cts per Doz.
Plain and Milled Firmens, 25, 35; 45 and 50 cts.
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Embroideries and Edgings at Fabulous Low Prices.

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 sm. 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.

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HAVING OPENED A NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP ON 8th STR E west of Crain Bros', I am now prepared to furnish everything in that line at the

LOWEST RATES.

The Most

Competent Workmen

Are employed, and I will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who ma favor me with a call.

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OFFICE SOUTH SIDE OF NINTH Street, opposite the Star Bakery. Calls promptly attended to night or day. Chronic diseases a specialty.

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HAS RESUMED PRACTICE with office in Hays' brick. My operations will be first-class and charges reasonable. Old patrons as well as new ones are invited to call.

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WILL ATTEND TO PROFESSIONAL calls day or night. OFFICE—Up stairs in Hays' brick; or can be found at E. R. Luckey & Co's drug store. Office hours: 9 to 12 m., 1 to 4 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

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IS NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED in Cottage Grove. He performs all operations in mechanical and surgical dentistry. All work warranted and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Real estate for sale—Town lots and farms. Collections promptly attended to. RESIDENCE, corner Eleventh and High Sts., Eugene City, Oregon.

J. DAVIS, General Tailor.

ALL KINDS OF WORK DONE IN THE best of style at reasonable rates. Pants from \$7 up. Shop and residence on Olive street between Sixth and Seventh.



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 like, 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 malarial, 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 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 Buyer

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE WANTED For which we will pay the highest market prices. JAS. L. PAGE

PLANTING OF THE PINE.

A POEM READ JUNE 17, 1885; ON THE OCCASION OF THE PLANTING OF A CLASS TREE BY THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water."—Psalms.
Wave, Hermes, wave thy wreathen wand,
And call the exiled gods once more
From dreamful lands that lie beyond
The wailing Acheronic shores,—
The ever young and ever fair,
Whose leafy brows and wave swept hair
The laureled minstrel, blithe and fond,
Sang in sweet numbers o'er and o'er.
Satyr and nymph and oread call,
And all the race of rugged Pan;
By streams that weave the madrigal,
Through groves Sabean breezes fan,
Lure them, O Hermes! with the shell
Which breathed of old a magic spell
That made the Argus-eyed fall,
And loosed the Argive maiden's ban!

So lead them hither, let them move
Among us on this festive day,
Mystic as shadows in a grove
Where tressy gleams of sunlight stray,
And seen alone by those who keep
Pale watches o'er the bard that sleep
In the bright garden's genius wove
When Greece was young and gods held sway.
Listen! there is a stir of leaves
And rustling as of flowers strown,
And wildwood odors from the sheaves
Of bloomy verse all bent and blown;
Naiads and dryads—all are here,
And fauns that whisk the furry ear,
And many a reed-led chorus grieves
O'er days disowned and fanes o'erthrown.
And now their breezy murmurs hail
The planting of the votive pine,
And Terra spreads a damaask veil
And Summer spills an opal wine;
Since days were born and years began
The pine was sacred unto Pan,
And not a mystic rite shall fall
To greet a scion of the line.

Lo, it is done! the beauteous throng
With sylvens whispers slowly parts—
Sweet as a falling wave of song
That lingers in enraptured hearts
When nights are still and moonlight falls
On arches gray and broken walls,
And every thought that drifts along
A tint of waning life imparts.
A scent of myrtle, rose and murrh
And ivied brows and musky hair
Floats faintly by, and the swift stir
Of fancy shakes the perfumed air,—
And o'er the blue Hellenic seas
The burning clouds of mysteries
Sail on and wait the worshipper
To shrines that glimmer everywhere!

For youth is all devout and Greek,
A dreamer crescent-browed and curled,
To whom woods, winds and waters speak
The language of the poet's world;
So, we to classic shades invoke
With speech and song and altar smoke
The glory of a reas antique
While yet our waiting sail is furled.
Around our Isle of dreamland lies
The sweep of beryl-bosomed seas,
And Hera's gold and purple skies
Sloop over it,—the languid breeze
Lingers with laughter's rippling tone
And music fading into moan,
And waves, with sensuous sweet sighs,
The banners beauty of the trees.

To past and future, lo! we raise
A green memorial and a fane
Where glowing nymphs and sheeny fays
Shall sleep in moonlight's silver rain,
And floating sun and shadow play
When we are sailing far away—
Sailing the sapphire straits and bays
That sparkle round life's rocking main.
No marble monolith is ours,
Nor granite from Syenite caves,
No weary Sphinx whose dark brow lowers
Where gray sands drift in arid waves;
But, from its mountain home, the pine,
A living monument and shrine
That breathes an odor rich as flowe's
When they are laid in wintry graves.
All honor to the sylvan race,
The beautiful, erect and free!
And Death and Life were named a tree!
Their beauty was a sacrament,—
At once a temple and a tent;
The tree was man's first dwelling place
And sang his parting therody.
They lift their decorated crests
In Homer's song and Holy Writ,
And Prophecy beneath them rests
When all the boding stars are lit;
All down the columned years they stand
To robes of splendor and command—
Ambassadors of high behests
While rosy summers flame and flit
Beneath a date-grove's pleasant shade,
At Elim Israel reposed,
And under oaks of Mamre laid
The wanderings of Abram closed;
And dark Deborah, weird and calm,
Near Ramah sat beneath her palm
And in prospective thought arrayed
The fates by Israel's God imposed.

The Druid and Dodona oaks,
How gleefully their arms extend!
Above the pagan altar-smokes
The priests and priestesses attend!
How waves the windy beech that grows
Hard by the Roman gate and throws
A plaintive shade, while shouts and strokes
Storm on till Epic thunders end!
Again Olympian gods are met
In robes that sweep and shine like flames,
And lo, Athene's olive, set
In attic soil, has given a name
To Athens; and we turn and lo,
Where Babylonian waters flow
Hushed harp, on willows hung, are wet
With tears of sorrow and of shame.

Enough! The glory of the trees
In every age a fate fulfills
And moves t' our all the harmonies
Of speech that soars and song that thrills,
And round this fair memorial
'Tis fit that we these names should call
Who give to sun and cloud and breeze
A native monarch of our hills.
Oh, proudly in the Siskiyous
His princely tribe arise and reign,
And get delight of Summer dews
And strength of Winter's tolling strain—
While bright Madronas at their side
Like courtly princesses abide
And tell the scarlet beads they use
As symbols of a passion slain.
All round the varied forest sweeps
A cloud of changing loveliness,
Where June's adorning sunlight sleeps
On gleamy brow and braided tress
And gossamer lights the leafy gloom
With torches of auroral bloom,
And the little panther lurking creeps
With footsteps soft as a caress.

And there, like some barbaric King,
All mailed in bronze-red dragon scales,
The pine-tree towers—glad to fling
His royal ensigns to the gales,
And, in his robes of golden green
That glisten with a vibrant sheen
And garnished with bright cones that swing
Like jewels—over all prevail!
The Gothic minstrel of the woods,
He sings the lightest lullaby,
Or, swept by winter's fitful moods,
The battle chants, and loud and high
The Pyrrhic numbers rise and roll
To midnight stars, and Earth's great soul
Walks in the solemn interludes
Of death and woes that never die.
The shriek of ships and war of waves
And fury of the blanching surge,
The desolation of lone graves
And shouts that still the onset urge,—
The sob of maidens in despair
And all sad sounds of earth and air
The harp of Thor o'er peaks and caves
Blends in the paeon and the dirge.

So, to this Academic hill
We bring a scion of the breed,
To be, until our fates fulfill,
A shrine, a Pharos and a creed,
Whose lifting crest and whar reach
Of branch and plume shall ever teach
Our lives to rise and broaden still
In wider love and nobler deed.
And as in sun and cloud and storm
Careers of winds and sweets of dew
He shall arise a kingling form
As days drift by and years renew.
Our souls in calm and temper tried
In higher mansions shall reside
And winter gale and spher' warm
Shall waft us on, serene and true.

Returned from life's Olympic fields,
Here shall our cherished bays be hung,
And here shall rest the spears and shields
Which in the battles flashed and rung;
And here, when Dian fills her cup
And all the panting stars are up,
Eros shall wave the bow he wields
And tender hearts to love be strung.
Adieu, oh pride of mountain lands!
The long watch of the years is yours,
While we with one long clasp of hands
Pass from our Holy Mother's doors;
Fair is the wreath that memory brings,
But Hope on hyacinth-wings,
Will bear us to enchanted strands
Where the resounding ocean pours.
High on the future's blue facade
Superb intaglios we engrave,
And dreams in rich mosaic laid
Adorn the tempestated pave:
Wild is the light that streams upon
The lofty pillared propylon
And many a mystic scene portrayed
On sculptured frieze and architrave.

Oh! life is no Eudymion's sleep,
Rose-roofed in dear Meander's vale,
But, clambering from steep to steep,
Defiant of the Aegurus' pale,
Like Perseus and Heracles
We win the asphodels of ease
With labors long and anguish deep
And courage never born to fease.
"The strongest fortress is the mind,"
As wise Antiochus has said,
And in its diamond towers we find
Reposes when youth and friends are fled
The heart's red passion flowers fade
And soft eyes lose their misty shade,
But crowns of amaranthus twined
Are for the world that knows no dead.

The voice that wand'ring lo heard
From the Caucasian cliff and cloud,
Still speaks,—unmarred by hips deferred
The splendid Titan calls aloud,
And, trustful in the coming morn
Of right and truth, his laugh of scorn
Rings when the thunder's wrath is stirred
And lightning wreath his tempest shroud.
The banquet of the gods survives,
Tho' mixed with marring smoke and flame,
And over us the tempest drives
With flick'ring fire and clouds of blame;
But, thanks to Prometheus' deed,
The gates are all ajar that lead
To amaranthine hopes and lives
And gorgeous ornaments of fame.

—Sam L. Simpson.

Syrup of Figs.

Nature's own true laxative. Pleasant to the Palate, acceptable to the Stomach, harmless in its nature, catmels in its action. Cures Habitual Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and kindred ills. Cleanses the system, purifies the blood, regulates the Liver and acts on the Bowels. Breaks up Colds, Chills and Fevers, etc. Strengthens the organs on which it acts. Better than lather, nauseous Liver medicines, pills, salts and drugs. Sample bottles free, and large ones for sale by F. M. Wilkins, Eugene, W. S. Lee, Juncohn.

WEDDING CARDS.—We have just received from Chicago the finest lot of wedding cards and invitations ever brought to Oregon. Prices for the same very liberal.