

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,

Publisher and Proprietor.

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this State. Will give special attention
to all actions and probate matters.

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Will practice in the courts
of the Second Judicial District and in
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Special attention given to Real Estate Prac-
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OFFICE

Wilkin's Drug Store.

Residence on Fifth street, where Dr. Shelton
formerly resided.

Dr. T. W. Shelton,

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CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or resi-
dence when not professionally engaged.

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POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

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terian Church.

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WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE

Courts of the State.

Special attention given to real estate, col-
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Collecting all kinds of claims against the
United States Government.

Office in Walton's brick—rooms 7 and 8.

New Barber Shop and
bath Rooms

(One door North of Post Office.)

BATHS, 25 CENTS. EVERYTHING
fitted up in the best of order. Shaving
and hair cutting done in the most approved
order.

JERRY HORN, Proprietor.

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DEALERS

IN

Clocks,

Watches and

Jewelry,

Musical instruments, Toys, Notions, etc.

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

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 1/2 cts.

Best orset in town for 50c

An immense stock of New and Seasonable Goods.

Fine Cashmere in every shade.

New and Nobby styles in CLOTHING.

Trimming silk and Sat- in all 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 THEMEN WHO HELP T • 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 Firmels, 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.

Save 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 an, 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.

Harness Shop.

HAVING OPENED A NEW SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP ON 8th STRE
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 may favor me with a call.

A. S. CURRIE.

SUSLAW BEACH.

A Pen Picture of a Romantic Oregon Scene
—A Peep at the Sea Lions.

Away out upon the heaving breast of the ocean a cloud-bank lay cold and sombre-looking. The sun had struggled up through the smoke above the hills to eastward, and poured a flood of warm yellow light all over between-grassy slopes, green valleys, lakes and wide expanse of tossing billows.

The wind was rising with the tide, and white-caps came tumbling in, madly threatening to swallow up the beach and batter down the hills themselves with fearful sound of surf artillery. From our one small window in the driftwood cottage, nestled close against the headland, we watched them chase each other up the sands; surge in and out, meeting with a crash as of cannon and battle smoke of spray, flung up and scattered on the wind. We were listening, meanwhile, to tales of stormy adventure, of shipwreck and peril on the wild north Atlantic coast, and the noise of wind and wave without formed a fitting accompaniment to the talk within the cedar walls of the picturesque little cottage, made bright and cheery by blaze of driftwood on its humble hearth.

An extended view is to be had from the summit of the hills north of the beach, Captain C— informed us. An hour later we were toiling up the steep trail, stopping now and then to rest and to look back. Still beyond and above, cut like a thread in the smoothly-rounded grass-cushioned front of the precipitous slope, we could trace the graceful windings of the path. We crossed numerous rivulets, splashing down fern-filled hollows to fall over the cliff into the sea. Here and there tall tiger lilies bent and swayed in the strong breeze, and "painted cups" made bright patches of scarlet in soft dull green of grass and clover that grew, a thick tangled mat, all over the coast hills, high and low, making a pleasantly yielding carpet to the tread. A strong fresh wind swept these airy heights of the north Pacific, and almost took one's breath sometimes, in sudden delicious gusts.

We sat down at last, up there, some 400 feet above the reach of the breakers, to rest and enjoy the beautiful scene. We had taken a position on the verge of the precipice, where far down and beneath the tides had hollowed out a little bay in the face of the cliff and formed a snowy beach where the wave might come to rest when tired with wild sport outside. Out in the breakers, beyond, stood a solitary rock where sea gulls nested yearly. The young were quite grown now and only distinguishable by their grey plumage. Myriads of the graceful creatures wheeled in circles, hovering above their barren island home.

Southward, the incoming tide made a foamy fringe down eight miles of shining sand. To the left lay low lake-gemmed valleys, wooded knolls, running streams and groves of spruce and pine stretching away to the mouth of the river. And in the midst, like a great gleaming crystal in a setting of greenest emerald, Lily lake, the loveliest sheet of water on the coast, reposes not a stone's throw from the beach. We could see as plainly as if but a mile away, where the river, the sinuous, deep Suslaw, came down and met the sea, making a space of smooth dark blue in the line of foaming breakers.

How delicious it was up there in the warm sunshine, to sit, to half recline on the yielding couch; to bask in the glow, and revel in the new wild beauty of it all. The wind blowing crisp with the smell of the sea, and delightfully cool; the muffled music of the surf mounting ceaselessly, and, at uncertain intervals, another sound, unfamiliar, weird, a faintly swelling cry borne down from the north. Away to westward the boundless blue of the "beautiful Balboa sea" flashed in the sunlight. It was a scene to haunt one's dreams with pleasant memories, to be recalled and relieved often when days are dull and skies are laden.

"Look all about and then tell us if you see anything that resembles a sea lion," said Mrs. C—, presently. We

obeyed, but after careful scrutiny of the coast line reported "nothing." Our hostess smiled and directed our attention to a particular point some distance, two miles, perhaps, up the coast where a great brown rock, apparently much discolored, showed above the seething, foaming waves. Again that weird, wild cry, swelling faintly upon the wind and mournfully dying.

"What was that sound?" we asked. "Sea lions on the rocks," was the reply. Those discolored splotches on the big brown rocks in the breakers up there were sea lions. And Captain C— informed us that there were fully five hundred visible from where we were sitting. We expressed a desire for a nearer view. It was several miles, I do not remember just the distance, for the trail wound in and out and up and down the steep green slopes, now hanging over the sea till it seemed a misstep might send one headlong into the breakers; and again receding into the ferny depths of some ravine, so narrow, so sharply cleft, one could almost reach across it. Nothing daunted, however, we set out, after receiving directions from Captain C—, to visit the sea lions in their home. After a brisk walk of half an hour we entered a dense fir thicket, and through this descended to the edge of the cliff, where, clinging to a scrub pine for support, we could look down into the boiling surf beneath. Some grass grew in clefts in the almost perpendicular face of the rock, and by means of this we carefully let ourselves down till the showers of spray, flung up by angry waves, warned us to descend no further. We were not yet in sight of the seals, though the melancholy sound of their roaring rose above the thunder of the surf. Patiently working our way along the face of the cliff, clinging to rough projections and finding a scant foothold in its clefts and crevices, we reached at length a comparatively safe resting-place upon a narrow ledge, where we could look across a yawning chasm and see the great, clumsy, monsters tumbling about in their sea girt fortress, roaring, barking, howling, like Bedlam let loose in that wild, weird spot. Five hundred! There must have been twice that number on the rocks alone, while the breakers seemed to fairly swarm with smooth shining forms. Unwieldy and awkward as these interesting creatures are on land, nothing can exceed their graceful evolutions in the water. We were so close that we could toss a stone over among them with ease, yet should have liked a nearer point of observation had it been possible to obtain it. As it was we sat there with the deafening crash of the breakers in our ears and salt spray in our faces, and watched them for an hour or more, reluctant at the last to retrace our steps along the dangerous path, and wave these modern mermaids a final farewell; so mild, so appealingly human like, were they in expression, so affectionate in manner.

"Oraarv" in the Salem Statesman.

The News of Portland is the first Republican paper of any importance that has openly favored an extra session of the Legislature, although, judging by unmistakable signs, the stalwart press of the State, with the exception of the Oregonian, would consider it just the proper thing if Governor Moody should decide to call the solons together. The "cow counties" are insignificant; but if we are allowed to express our humble opinion, if the executive of the great commonwealth of the Northwest desires a Republican victory in 1886, he will let the Oregon legislators remain at home during 1885, and supply the deficiency in Washington City by making an appointment for U. S. Senator himself.—The Dalles Mountaineer (Rep.)

The Mormons are in sore straits. Their chief apostles are in hiding in Salt Lake and dare not show their heads for fear of arrest, and now comes Bishop Shaw, a pillar of the church, who declares openly in court that he will abandon polygamy and will live according to the law. This action of Bishop Shaw is believed by the Gentiles to be the most damaging blow the Mormons have received for a long time. The beginning of the end is evidently at hand.

Grant Couldn't Use Dummies.

Grant Couldn't Use Dummies.

"It has never been told," said Judge Ashburn, who married Grant's cousin, "that Grant might have gone through the war in a more humble capacity. When the rebellion opened he was poor, and had given up farming to work in his father's store in Galena. He came to Bethel, Ohio, to see one of his cousins to urge him to go in partnership to supply bread for Camp Dennison. The cousin did not care to engage in business with him, and the matter fell through. At this time he hardly knew what to do, and while here he received a dispatch from Gov. Yates, asking him to take charge of a State instruction camp.

"He thought it over and hesitated. He had been out of the service for a number of years, and was not certain of his ability to drill raw recruits. He got a big pine board and a lot of wooden objects for dummy soldiers and commenced applying military rules to see if he could form a company. He set up his men over and over again, but he gave up in despair. He could not do it. He had forgotten his former power and could not accept the position offered by Gov. Yates. But he went to Illinois, visited the camp, saw the actual men in motion, and like a flash his old lessons came back to him, and he accepted."

It is for the reader to speculate on General Grant's career had he become a commissary at Fort Dennison, or had he declined the offer of Governor Dick Yates.

Registry Law.

A fortnight since we put the query to Senator Joe Simon if he had "allowed his registry law to die out." He assured us that the law is in full working order, and only requires action by the several county courts of the State to provide the county clerks with the registry books and blanks pertaining to the law. Preliminary to the books being prepared for registry purposes, some expert should prepare a general form to be used throughout the State in the strictest accordance with specifications of the act, and we think the author of the bill is the most competent to perform that service. Printers and blank-book manufacturers should not delay in setting the ball in motion by corresponding with the authorities of the several counties, as there is a big job for one or more in that line, which will require from now till Spring to prepare and deliver. All citizens in favor of fair and square elections should take interest in due preparation to carry the law into effect next June. County Judge Moreland informs us that he and the county commissioners are now engaged in selecting good men for the different precincts.—Sunday Welcome.

A Great English Victory.

The editor of the Deadwood Roarer attended church for the first time last Sunday. In about an hour he rushed into the office and shouted: "What the blazes are you fellows doing? How about the news from the seat of war?" "What news?" "Why, all this about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red sea. Why, the gospel sharp up at the church was telling about it just now, and not a word of it in this morning's paper. Hustle around, you fellows, and get the facts, or the Boomer will get a beat on us. Look spy, there, and run an extra edition, while I put on the bulletin board, 'Great English victory in the Soudan.'"

Cure For Piles.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion, a present, flatulence, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by Osburn & Co. and W. S. Lee, of Junction.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Blisters, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsbains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or so pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For Sale by E. B. Luckey & Co.