

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.
OFFICE—On the East side of Willamette Street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Per annum..... \$2 50
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Three months..... .75

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BILYEU & COLLIER
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
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PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF this State. Will give special attention to collections and probate matters.
Office—Over Hendrick & Kakin's bank.

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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.

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Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE
Wilkin's Drug Store.
Residence on Fifth street, where Dr. Shelton formerly resided.

Dr. T. W. Shelton,
Physician and Surgeon.
ROOMS—At Mrs. J. B. Underwood.
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

DR. JOSEPH P. GILL,
CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged.
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POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.
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WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE Courts of the State.
Special attention given to real estate, collecting, and probate matters.
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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WILL PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS of the State. Negotiates loans. Collections promptly attended to.
OFFICE—Over Grange Store. 010-1f

PIPES & SKIPWORTH,
Attorneys-at-Law,
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PROF. D. W. COOLIDGE,
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HAS LOCATED IN EUGENE CITY for the purpose of teaching PIANO, ORGAN and HARMONY. All the latest methods employed to develop a fine technique. Rooms for the present on Seventh and High sts. 010-1f

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.
New and Nobby styles in CLOTHING.

Trimming silk and Satins 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.

A. V. PETERS,

Will pay the highest

Market Price for

Oats and barle.

Cash Or Credit

Goods Sold as Low as any Huse in Oregon for

CASH OR CREDIT.

The 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 STREET 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.

In Memoriam.

In memory of Letitia Dillard, who died at her residence in Cottage Grove, December 30, 1885. Aged 68 years, 8 months and 5 days.
Mother, thou hast gone and left us,
Left us here on earth to dwell;
Thou hast gone to meet the dear ones,
Who have joined the angel throng.
Thou hast gone to meet thy savior,
In the home beyond the skies,
There to await the coming
Of the loved ones, left behind.
Thou hast crossed the mystic river
With the boatman pale and cold—
Thou hast anchored safe with Jesus
Where the white robed angels dwell,
Mother, thou hast gone and left us
And our heart is sad to-night
As we meet around the fireside
And behold the vacant chair.
We can hear thy last words, mother
As around thy chair we knelt,
Maid, O, meet me, up in heaven,
Glory to God! thou breathest thy last.
Dearest mother, we will meet you
When the fleeting life is o'er,
Mother, father, sisters, brothers all
In that happy home above.
Then, farewell, mother, farewell, dear one,
Till we meet above the skies
Where no death can ever enter,
Where the loved ones never part.

Lincoln and Hooker.

A few evenings ago we had the pleasure of hearing the following reminiscence from Medorum Crawford. "I was at Washington when General Hooker was in command of the army of the Potomac, and President Lincoln, who seemed to harbor misgivings as to his ability to handle so many men, asked me if I had known 'Fighting Joe' when in Oregon, and if so, what I thought of him. I told the President that when he was in our country he was engaged in building a military road, and of course, in that line of business had to develop more muscle than brain. "Is that all you know about him?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "No," I replied, "there is one other thing. When he left Oregon he started a chicken ranch in Sonoma county, California—afterwards bought by George Watrous, the old landlord of the famous Oriental hotel in San Francisco. 'Nothing very curious about that' said Mr. Lincoln. 'No,' I replied, 'but when he went to stock the ranch aforesaid the San Francisco poultry man sold him nothing but roosters.' The next week I accompanied Mr. Lincoln to the front, and in a large tent we met Gen. Hooker and his staff in full uniform at dinner. It was a stiff impressive, uncomfortable affair, and conversation was stilted, when the President with a merry twinkle in his eye, broke into the conversation with, 'General, I hear you started a chicken ranch once, when you lived on the Pacific slope.' 'Yes sir, I had that experience,' replied the soldier in a tone expressive of fear of what was to follow: 'Did you do well?' 'Not very.' 'Why?' 'Inexperience, I suppose.' 'Inexperience, sure enough,' said the President, as a broad smile lit up his face, 'any man who would buy roosters to run a chicken farm on, I have my opinion of.' 'Yes,' said Hooker, 'that Oregonian, there Medorum Crawford, told you that—I have a great notion to have him shot for a spy.' Then a roar of laughter went up from the strait laced officers and the table from then on was one of the most sociable I ever put my feet under."

A horrible story is in circulation at Seattle. It is to this effect: An Italian boatman left Victoria one day last Summer with seven Chinamen for the American side of the Strait of Fuca. When almost across he saw United States cutter Oliver Wolcott coming towards him, with the evident intent of examining his craft. He became alarmed, and to avoid the penalties attaching to the offense of smuggling Chinese into the United States, resolved to make way with the evidence of his guilt. He called the Chinamen out of the cabin, one by one, and as they came struck them on the head with a club, and pitched them overboard. In this way he got rid of the whole number, and when boarded from the cutter no evidence of a criminal nature was found. An investigation will be made with a view of ascertaining the truth or falsity of the story. A recently convicted smuggler now in the United States penitentiary tells this story.

Miss Mattie Mitchell, youngest daughter of Senator J. H. Mitchell of Oregon, is reported as about to marry a French duke. Her sister married a government clerk.

A PIELESS COLUMBUS.

Bill Nye Laments the Meagre Reward of a Great Pioneer.

Probably few people have been more successful in the discovery line than Christopher Columbus. Living as he did in a day when a great many things were still in an undiscovered state, the horizon was filled with golden opportunities for a man possessed of Mr. C.'s pluck and ambition. His life at first was filled with rebuffs and disappointments, but at last he grew to be a man of importance in his own profession, and people who wanted anything discovered would always bring it to him rather than take it elsewhere.

And yet the life of Columbus was a stormy one. Though he discovered a continent wherein a millionaire attracts no attention, he himself was very poor. Though he rescued from barbarism a broad and beautiful land in whose metropolis the theft of less than half a million of dollars is regarded as petty larceny, Chris. himself often went to bed hungry. It is not singular that the gray-eyed and gentle Columbus should have added a hemisphere to the history of our globe, a hemisphere, too, where pie is a common thing, not only on Sunday, but throughout the week, and yet that he should have gone down to his grave pieless.

Such is the history of progress in all ages and in all lines of thought and investigation. Such is the meagre reward of the pioneer in new fields of action. I presume that America to day has a larger pie area than any other land in which the Cockney English language is spoken. Right here where millions of native born Americans dwell, many of whom are ashamed of the fact that they were born here, and which shame is entirely mutual between the Goddess of Liberty and themselves, we have a style of pie that no other land can boast of.

From the bleak and acid dried apple pie of Maine to the irrigated mince pie of the blue Pacific, all along down the long line of igneous, volcanic and stratified pie, America, the land of the freedom bird with the high instep to his nose, leads the world.

Other lands may point with undissembled pride to their polygamy and their cholera, but we reck not. Our polygamy here is still in its infancy, and our leprosy has had the disadvantage of a cold backward Spring, but look to our pie!

Throughout a long and disastrous war, sometimes referred to as a fratricidal war, during which this fair land was drenched in blood, and also during which aforesaid war numerous frightful blunders were made which are fast coming to the surface—through the courtesy of participants in said war, who have patiently waited for those who blundered to die off, and now admit that said participants who are dead did blunder exceedingly through out all this long and deadly struggle for the supremacy of liberty and right—
—as I was about to say when my mind began to wobble, the American pie has shone forth resplendent in the full glare of a noonday sun or beneath the pale green of the electric light, and she stands forth proudly to-day with her undying loyalty to dyspepsia untrammeled and her deep and deadly gastric antipathy still fiercely burning in her breast.

That is the proud history of American pie. Powers, principalities, kingdoms and hand-made dynasties may crumble, but the republican form of pie does not crumble. Tyranny may totter on its throne, but the American pie does not totter. Not a tot. No foreign threat has ever been able to make our common chicken pie quail. I do not say this because it is smart; I simply say it to fill up.

But would it not do Columbus good to come among us to day and look over our free institutions? Would it not please him to ride over this continent which has been rescued by his presence of mind from the thralldom of barbarism and forked over to the genial and refining influences of prohibition and pie. America fills no mean niche in the great history of nations, and if you listen carefully for a few moments you will hear some American, with his

The American is always frank and perfectly free to state that no other country can approach this one. We allow no little two-for-a-quarter monarchy to excel us in the size of our failures or in the calm and self-poised deliberation with which we erect a monument to the glory of a worthy citizen who is dead, and therefore politically useless.

The careful student of the career of Columbus will find much in these lines, mouth full of pie, make that remark: that he has not yet seen. He will realize when he comes to read this little sketch the pains and the trouble and the research necessary before such an article on the life and work of Columbus could be written, and will thank me for it; but it is not for that that I have done it. It is a pleasure for me to hunt up and arrange historical and biographical data in a pleasing manner for the student and savant. I am only too glad to please and gratify the student and the savant. I was that way myself once and I know how to sympathize with them.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—I neglected to say that Columbus was a married man. Still he did not murmur or repine. B. N.

A Strange Death.

A few days ago, in the town of Milton, this State, Robert Elliott was passing the store of J. B. Williamson, and as he passed he spoke to Williamson, who was standing on the walk in front:

"Hello! Old Fatty."
Williamson said: "Go away from here; I don't want any trouble with you," and went into the store for a pick-handle. He came out to the front again and punched Elliott away from the door; then laid the implement against the building and went into the store.

Elliott said, "Come out here," with an oath. "I can lick you!"

Thereupon Williamson stepped out and slapped him in the face. Elliott grabbed the pick-handle, and struck at Williamson's head. Williamson threw up his hand to ward off the blow, and was hit across the hand, which resulted in the breaking of two fingers.

Williamson went into the store, sat down a moment; then went into the house, back of the store, and had Dr. Weston called to dress his hand. Soon after he felt worse, and in half an hour died.

A Gaston correspondent furnishes the Hillsboro Independent with the following horrible report: "Alfred Poteet has fled the country after having ruined a 16-year old sister, who has been left to suffer the shame and disgrace of having fallen, and more terrible yet, an infant daughter to curse him through all his days."

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's Own True Laxative. This pleasant liquid fruit remedy may be had of W. S. Lee, agent, Sunston, or F. M. Wilkins, agent, Eugene City, at fifty cents or one dollar per bottle. It is the most pleasant, prompt and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion and kindred ills.

A Reliable Article.

For enterprise, push and a desire to get such goods as will give the trade satisfaction, Osburn & Co the Druggists beat all competition. They sell Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, because it's the best Medicine on the market, for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Primary Consumption. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Samples free.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by E. R. Luckey & Co.

Its Delicate Flavor.

And the efficacy of its action have rendered the famous liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs immensely popular. It cleanses and tones up the clogged and feverish system, and dispels Headaches, Colds and fevers. For sale by F. M. Wilkins Eugene, W. S. Lee Junction.

Keystone to Health.

Health is wealth. Wealth means independence. The keynote is Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the best Cough Syrup in the world. Cures Coughs, Colds, Pains in the Chest, Bronchitis and Primary Consumption. Price 50 cents and \$1.

CEO. F. CRAW,
POSTOFFICE CIGAR STORE
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.