

ALONG THE COAST.

Collax, W. T., is to have an electric fire alarm system. Hack Hurley, of San Geronio, Cal., shot and killed Louis Maginnis. Robert Walker, a native of England, was found in his cabin near Delta, W. T. Spokane Falls made \$800,000 of improvements during the year just ended. The Northern Pacific is building a bridge over the Spokane river at Trent station. A soldier drank three glasses of whisky and fell dead in a San Francisco saloon. J. H. Love, a ship carpenter, committed suicide at San Francisco by taking laudanum. The Indian school at the Simcoe agency of the Yakima reservation contains 125 pupils. A Japanese sailor fell from the topmast of the schooner Penelope at Victoria, and was instantly killed. Geo. Mathers fell off the ice flume on Prosser Creek, at Boca, Cal., sustaining injuries that proved fatal. A boy named Marshall was shot and killed near Stockton, Cal., accidentally, by a companion while duck hunting. It is reported that the Union Pacific is about to abandon the twenty-four hour system as it causes too much confusion. An unknown man fell overboard from the coal wharf near the bow of the steam collier Umatilla at Seattle, and was drowned. Thomas Watson, convicted of having stolen a 10 cent purse from a lady in San Francisco was sentenced to six years in San Quentin. Commencing February 1st, a passenger train will be run daily between Walla Walla and Pendleton, to connect with the O. S. L. trains. At Fort Duchesne, U. T., a soldier named Dike fell from his horse, while out riding alone, and was stunned. He froze to death before he was found. A woolen firm at Appleton, Wis., have written to the board of trade of Walla Walla, asking for information regarding the place as a site for a factory. Mr. Gwin Hicks, deputy revenue collector, says that there is not at the present time a dealer in oleomargarine in either Oregon or Washington territory. Thomas Wright, and old and respected farmer in the Chimacum valley, Idaho, was found dead reclining in a chair before the stove in his house. J. D. Loud, recently arrived from Oregon, was found dead in his bed in the Swanton house, Santa Cruz, Cal. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause. A San Diego merchant received a singular order from an interior settlement one day recently. It was for a pack of playing cards, a Bible and a Bowie-knife. Bailey, an old negro, was killed in his own cabin between Genoa, Nev., and Carson City. Two negroes have been arrested. Bailey owed them a few dollars. At Flagstaff, Arizona, J. N. Berry was shot and killed by a man named James. Half an hour later citizens mobbed the murderer and his brother, shooting both fatally. Lon Carey, of Billings, Montana, was married on the evening of December 29, and his wife applied for a divorce next day. She has since deserted him and gone East. Gov. Hauser, of Montana, has granted a reprieve for thirty days to Thomas Harding, the Beaverhead county prisoner, convicted of murder and under sentence to hang. In the suit of the United States against Hibb's bondsmen at Lewiston, Idaho, to recover \$10,000, the jury rendered a verdict for the full amount. The defendants will ask for a new trial. L. J. Harris, a farmer residing near Astoria's landing, on the Frazer river, W. T., was discovered murdered in his own house. He was killed by a blow from an ax. There is no clue to the murderer. Miss Lorena Gale was drawn under the wheels of a locomotive at Los Angeles, and one truck passed completely over her lower limbs, throwing her car from the track. The doctors say she is fatally hurt. Mr. P. Greary, one of the owners and navigators of the sloop Olympia, who left Seattle with his sloop last summer for Alaska, was knocked overboard by the boom striking him, near Sitka, and was drowned. Messrs. Chas. Drummond and Robert Beck, who were last seen in a dugout on Newcastle island, W. T., are supposed to have been lost. The dugout was found, bottom upwards on the gulf side of the island. A woman known as Gracie, but whose right name is supposed to be Florence Cavanaugh, formerly of Marysville, committed suicide at Stockton, Cal., with morphine. Jealousy of a rival is supposed to be the cause. Harry Owen White, a painter, shot and killed himself over his mother's grave in Sacramento, Cal. He left a note which said he had been brought to the world without consultation and he proposed to end his life as he had begun it. W. M. Dennis, recently from Tacoma, Washington Territory, shot himself through the head at the Sisters' Hos-

pital, in Los Angeles, Cal. A surgical operation was about to be performed, and it is thought he preferred death to the ordeal. Two tramps stole the west-bound mail sack out of the Montana Home (M. T.) depot a few nights since. The sack was found next morning near by. Several registered letters had been rifled, but the rest of the mail was untouched. At Fort Spokane, W. T., Private Church, of Co. K, was killed. He was hauling wood on a sled, and falling from the load was dragged a considerable distance under one of the runners. His parents reside near Des Moines, Iowa. A young man named Alex. McAnuly is mysteriously missing, and there are fears of foul play. He left all his personal property in a saloon at Seattle, W. T., two months ago, and inquired for a lodging house, since which no one has seen him. The Tacoma Mill company received a dispatch the other day from San Francisco, asking if 500,000 ties could be furnished on short notice. The company answered in the affirmative, and it is expected that a steamship will arrive shortly for the cargo. A new departure has been made in the rules of the United States penitentiary, McNeil's island, W. T. Every person brought to that island under sentence now has the right side of the hair on the head shaved off, while the left side is allowed to remain in its normal state. Ed. Lyon of Salmon City, Idaho, got into a shooting scrape, in which he was so badly injured that his assailants left him for dead. It seems some parties were disputing his right to the possession of a certain mining claim, when words led to shooting, iron being brought into requisition. A few days ago as Criss Elder was returning to Fort Shaw from Helena, Montana, with a heavy load of freight, he drove over the grade and upset his load, which, falling upon him, resulted in his almost instant death. His wife accompanied him on the trip, but fortunately succeeded in escaping from the wreck uninjured. Notice has been given by the Light-house Board that on and after February 7th a steam fog signal will be sounded at the West Point Light Station, Puget Sound, W. T., during thick and foggy weather, instead of the bell now used. This signal is the Daball trumpet, giving blasts of five seconds' duration, with intervals of twenty-five seconds. At Cle-elum, W. T., a Mongolian named Chung Fung had a quarrel with two of his countrymen, and that night while they were asleep he placed a stick of giant powder between them and lighted the fuse. One of the Chinamen was killed outright, and another, Ah Jim, was hurt so badly that he will not live. Fung was captured but took poison and died. A report is in circulation to the effect that the Indians on the Fort Hall reservation (Idaho) are "putting on their war paint" and are making hostile demonstrations against the occupation of part of their reservation by the O. S. L. and U. N. railroads. All work is said to have been temporarily suspended on the reservation in consequence, and Superintendent Bickensderfer has been summoned to Omaha, where a "powwow" of the U. P. railroad officials will be held to discuss the situation. A shocking accident occurred at the farm of R. B. Miller, twenty-five miles south of Sprague, W. T. His wife, himself and a hired man were in the stables and corral, engaged in attending to household duties. The screaming of the two little children in the house attracted the attention of all, and running to the house they found the elder, a boy, lying on the steps, his clothes on fire. His injuries were so severe that he died in a few hours. From the younger child it was learned that the unfortunate boy had lighted a piece of paper and in trying to put it out the flames spread to his clothing. SAN FRANCISCO.—The schooner Paralle, which sailed for Astoria Thursday, was last night observed by John Hyslop, keeper of the sighting station at Point Lobos, drifting apparently abandoned with all sails set and lights burning. She drifted into a cove five hundred yards above the Cliff House and struck the rocks under a heavy surf. The Life Saving service was summoned, but found no one on the vessel. They built a bonfire and remained in watch in case the wrecked crew should come ashore later. About 12:30 there was a terrific explosion which scattered fragments of the vessel for half a mile about, wrecking the nearest buildings and breaking every pane of glass for a thousand yards. The northern end and balconies of the Cliff House were wrecked, and the doors and windows were blown in and the building badly injured every way. The Cliff House cottage was demolished and the inmates cut and bruised. Adolph Sutro's fine conservatory, on the heights above the cove, was destroyed, and all the glass in his residence was broken. The sighting station was badly injured by pieces of debris, which also damaged buildings nearly half a mile distant. John Wilson and Horace Smith, of the life saving crew, who were standing on a bluff 250 yards away, were picked up bodily and flung against the cliff, which was shaken down, and they rolled with it to the beach badly injured. The loss to the buildings is near \$40,000. The vessel was loaded with merchandise and had 1,600 boxes giant powder No. 2 on board. The explosion shook the city like a sharp earthquake. The explosion was felt as far as San Jose and Sacramento.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form. The people of LaGrande are organizing for protection against fire. The supreme court has decided the Keady liquor law unconstitutional. Walter Smith, son of G. W. Smith, was dangerously stabbed at Baker City. Oregon City voted a \$1,000 donation to the bridge project at that place. The warehouses at Yaquina are crowded with wheat awaiting shipment. The residence of Voltaire Gurney at Ten Mile, Douglas county, was burned recently. George Folke, cook on board the tug Fearless, is supposed to have been drowned at Empire. A large force of hands in the shops of the O. R. & N. Co. at The Dalles have been discharged. It is reported that a colony of Mormons are making arrangements to settle in the Malheur country. The petrified bones of a mastodon were found imbedded in Palmer's Creek, Yamhill county recently. The total property valuation of the state of Oregon is put at \$79,122,373, an increase of \$3,817,344 over 1885. A fire occurred at Jacksonville which destroyed the house of Mrs. James P. McDonald. Nothing was saved at all. Parties are building a telegraph line to Prineville, Crook county, and also, as soon as the season will permit, will grade a new road to that town. Cyrus Jones's house, near Marquamsville, Clackamas county, was burned. The parties who discovered the fire were unable to save anything except a trunk. The Coos bay stage a few days ago fell over the grade into the river at a point known as Cape Horn. The horses were killed and the wagon smashed to pieces. Emma Friskhorn, a girl aged 15, shot and killed Peter Gunderson, near Clifton, about twenty miles above Astoria. The girl seems to have been fully justified in her action. Wilson Carl lost his barn by fire on the Glenbrook road, in Yamhill county, together with agricultural machinery, hay, etc., aggregating a loss of about \$1,200, partly covered by insurance. The old Bennett Hotel at Salm occupied by Chinese, was burned. It was filled with sleeping Chinamen, three of whom were enveloped in flames before they could be awakened and were burned to death. Four men escaped from the county jail in Portland. They are J. E. Jones, brought from The Dalles and held as a witness; Thomas Ryan, same; Ed. Davis, held for burglary and Chas. K. Ross, who has some fourteen indictments against him. The sheriff offers a reward of \$25 for each. Rev. H. T. Burger, a popular preacher of the M. E. church South, has mysteriously disappeared from Wingville, and his friends are anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, it is feared that, while laboring under a temporary aberration, he wandered off into the mountains and perished. A correspondent of the Oregonian gives the following particulars of a cyclone near Cottage Grove: This part of the country was visited by a genuine "cyclone," but of small proportions. It came from the west and proceeded due east. Its greatest fury was exhibited near the residence of S. E. Veatch, about two miles west of Cottage Grove. After coming over the mountain from the Siuslaw, it dropped down within one hundred and fifty yards of the above residence and twisted a large fir tree, four feet in diameter, off from the roots and turned it as rapidly and seemingly with as much ease as a boy would spin his top for some time before it fell. It then picked up a couple of sheep standing near by and carried them in the air for 200 yards. They were not killed outright, but died afterwards. In its course it followed the lane leading from S. E. Veatch's to near James McFarland's residence tearing up trees, fences and everything in its track. The rails were carried to the height of about 300 feet and hurled 300 yards into the fields on either side of its course. Thus it proceeded until three-quarters of a mile of town, where its fury was intercepted by a hill near the Masonic and Odd Fellows' cemetery. At this point it seemed to break, but its force was not entirely destroyed, by any means. It came rushing on, passing just south of town, picking up water from low places and spreading destruction, wherever anything could be destroyed, in its way. After passing Cottage Grove to the distance of about four miles, it seemed to have regained its original force, and for a short distance it twisted and tore trees up as if they had been straws. The width of track passed over by the storm is about thirty yards. It was funnel-shaped and in the center the colors of the rainbow could be plainly distinguished. —The commission appointed by the Spanish Government to investigate the great Andalusian earthquake last Christmas report that over 17,000 buildings were injured in Granada and Malaga, of which 4,400 were ruined; 745 persons were killed, and 1,485 wounded. —A horse was sent up from the farm to be shod. Having a number of ready-made shoes on hand, the job, in the absence of the boss, was given to an apprentice. After an interval the following note came to the superintendent: "This horse don't fit none of our shoes." —*Carlisle (Pa.) Indian School Morning Star.*

SOCIAL BORROWERS.

Annoying Nuisances Who Never Would Be Missed by Mankind. The social borrower calls at all hours, asking the favor of the use of your friends, servants, money, carriage, books, games, dress, cooking utensils, prescriptions and recipes—in fact, anything and everything you possess she in turn desires. "Would you mind lending me so-and-so for a couple of days?" "I know you will let me have this, that and the other, for a time?" "You are always so glad to be useful." These and similar formulas she employs for her purpose. "Dear Mrs. Brown," who really is ever desirous of obliging—thereby ignoring that "the who lendeth to all that will borrow showeth great good will but little wisdom"—is despoiled to-day of her bodice to the very costume she was to have worn at the fête next week. "Your dresses are excellent patterns, they fit me so well," is urged by our social borrower. Tomorrow, may be, it is a preserving pan. "You shall have it again before you are ready to make the apricot jam" is promised. But neither reappears. So, too, with a volume, the loss of which just spoils a set or a book that it is impossible to replace. It has quite escaped the memory of the borrower. She will "be sure and remember it," but she never does. You remind her again and again at intervals, with the final result that she feels injured at your imagining she "ever had such a thing belonging to you." The truth is, the social borrower, being in the habit of having a continual supply of articles not her own, really forgets whose they are, or perhaps she leaves town hurriedly, and thus omits to restore what is lent, and, if remembered after the lapse of months or years, is ashamed to recall her remissness. Yes, the social borrower is rarely systematic in the matter of returns. Still, she is honest, for in borrowing she had no intention of permanently retaining, and oftentimes, to the best of her belief, she has only what is her own. Then there are the delightful people who press loans upon the social borrower. They feel honored if she will use or copy any thing they may possess. Imitation, in their eyes, is the surest flattery. They beg her to let her cook come and make certain dishes, so much enjoyed at their last dinner party; they insist upon driving her or sending her wherever she may require to go; they entreat her to employ their dressmaker, trades people and char-women. Thus we see the social borrower is not without temptations. Little wonder is it, with favors thrust upon her, added to a penchant for accepting, that she becomes the unintentional purchaser of other folks' goods. The social borrower frequently forgets her piers, or is without change. She would not for the world accept as a present the smallest coin or even a penny stamp, but a temporary advance, under the circumstances, is unhesitatingly asked for and as readily given. With equal readiness does the occurrence vanish from the mind of the one obliged. It is no intentional debt, therefore quite honest. An oversight of this kind may be inconvenient, but is not to be met with severe censure. The lenders who suffer mostly are those who are always careful to pay what they owe, that they may know what is their own. To them this half-own, half-gift principle is positive agony. Delicacy of feeling prevents their asking for the return of a loan; indeed, every care is taken not to hint that ought is owing, as to the sensitive individual, the apology which is sure to follow is most unpleasant. Again, others who are prompted by sheer good nature, or who are too meek to refuse a request, see their favor to songs borrowed and sung before their own special audience, or their particular friend honorified, the guests weaned away or the summer months, Croquet, tennis, archery, are all borrowed at the same time, in order to provide amusement in the home of the social borrower. In the house of the social borrower may be found the den of "mus, but it is all honest accumulation. As to baskets and shawls, they are too important articles ever to receive the attention of the social borrower, so she pays her evening visit unprovided with an extra wrap; goes for the express purpose of receiving some dainty for home consumption without ever a thing to fetch it in; satisfied that friends are always at hand something they can lend. —*Louisa Queen.*

Same Experience. "That's a queer coincidence," said young Chipley as he was reading the morning paper one day this week. "What's that?" asked young Chip-leigh, a cousin of Chipley's, who once took his name abroad. "Why, about these yachts and myself, you know. Really, it's quite remarkable." "Well, what's remarkable?" asked young Chip-leigh again, getting impatient. "Why, we had just about the same experience, don't you know. The paper says there was a dead calm yesterday before the race was finished, and that the yachts were towed home. Now, last evening I went to call on Miss Moneybags, and her father returned quite unexpectedly, and—" "But young Chip-leigh didn't want to hear any more." —*Sonnetic Journal.*

Knew What She Was Doing. "Cara, I don't think much of that young Slobkins who keeps coming here," said an old gentleman to his daughter. "Don't you, pa?" "No I don't. Why he smokes cigarettes, and drinks soda water." "Yes, I know it, papa." "And he wears collars that come up to his ears, and carries a number 17 one, and spends his evenings at a club." "Yes, so I understand. By the way I have promised Mr. Slobkins that I would marry him this fall." "What a st!" "Yes, papa. I have always had my mind made up that I would never be ruled by any man." —*Merchant Traveler.*

AN EXCELLENT CHANCE.

Teaching a Young Man the Business and Giving Him a Start in Life. "O, yes," said Mr. Jobber, in his most effusive manner; "oh, yes, we will do everything possible for your son, Mr. Bellevetall; we will teach him the business, and give him a first-rate start in life." "And the salary?" suggested Mr. Bellevetall. "O, yes, the salary," said Mr. Jobber, as if he had thought of that little matter for the first time. "Well, yes, of course you understand that the salary is of no great consequence. Your son learns the business, which is better than salary, small or large. No, the salary is not large, but under the circumstances quite liberal. Fifty dollars the first year; but then, we raise it every year, every year, you understand." "Then you do raise it regularly?" said Mr. Bellevetall. "Regularly," echoed Mr. Jobber. "And the situation is permanent?" "O, yes, we always try to keep our boys, always take an interest in them." The boy enters the store, and proceeds to learn the business by running errands, sweeping floors and dusting goods. At the end of the third year Mr. Jobber takes so much interest in the youth that he gives him a first-rate opportunity to widen his field of experience by giving him permission to go elsewhere. It is true that the young man is now too old to begin at boys' wages, while the "business" he has learned can be done by any lad with muscle enough to wield a broom or trot over pavements; but that is no fault of Mr. Jobber. The boy can remain if he chooses—at the old wages. "But you said his salary should be raised every year." "Of course, but there must be a limit to everything. Supposing he should stay with us a hundred years. You couldn't expect us to keep on raising right along. Why, man, it would ruin us; yes, sir, ruin us." "But how about the business he was going to learn?" "My dear sir, haven't we given him every opportunity, every opportunity, sir? What more could we do? We can't make a boy learn. If it isn't in him, what can we do?" "And you said the situation was to be permanent." "Ah, but he leaves of his own accord. He thinks he can do better elsewhere, and it is not for us to stand in the way of a boy's interest; no, sir, you mistake me, sir, if you think I would stand in anybody's way. Good morning, sir, good morning—hus; day, sir—very busy day, sir—good morning." —*Boston Transcript.*

Concerning the pertumery manufacturers at Nice and Cannes it is reliably stated that these establishments annually crush and squeeze no less than 154,000 pounds of orange blossoms, 15,200 pounds of acacia blossoms, 154,000 pounds of rose leaves, 35,200 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 22,000 pounds of violets, 8,800 pounds of tube-roses and a relatively large amount of Spanish lilacs, rosemary, mint, lime and lemon blossoms, thyme and numbers of other plants and leaves and flowers. —A letter describing the markets of New Orleans says that everything is sold by the eye, and there is no standard of measure. Nine-tenths of the hundreds who sell in the noted French market of the city do not know what a bushel or a peck is. They buy their vegetables by the lot, and place them on little piles on tables. These piles are of different sizes and prices. The buyer looks at the piles, and buys that which he thinks is biggest and best. Sometimes buckets and boxes are used to measure, but they are of all kinds and shapes. —*N. Y. Times.*

O. & C. R. TIME TABLE. Mail Train north, 9:41 A. M. Mail train south, 2:34 P. M.

OFFICE HOURS, EUGENE CITY POSTOFFICE. General Delivery, from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. Money Order, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Register, from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails for north close at 9:15 A. M. Mails for south close at 1:30 P. M. Mails for Franklin close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Mails for Mabel close at 7 A. M. Monday and Thursday. Mails for Cartwright close 7 A. M. Monday.

SOCIETIES. EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. SPENCER BUTTE LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening. WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6. Meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. EUGENE LODGE NO. 15, A. O. U. W. Meets at Masonic Hall the second and fourth Fridays in each month. M. W. J. M. GEARY POST NO. 43, G. A. R. MEETS at Masonic Hall the first and third Fridays of each month. By order. COMMANDER. ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS. MEETS the first and third Saturday evenings at Masonic Hall. By order of G. C. BUTTE LODGE NO. 37, I. O. G. T. MEETS every Saturday night in Odd Fellows' Hall. W. C. T. LEADING STAR BAND OF HOPE. MEETS at the C. P. Church every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Visits made welcome.

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