

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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OFFICE—On the East side of Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets.
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OUR ONLY
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—DUNN'S BUILDING—
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Office—Lane Co. Bank Building.

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EUGENE CITY OREGON.
Special attention given to Probate business and Abstracts of Title.
Office—Over Lane County Bank.

T. W. HARRIS, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE
Wilkin's Drug Store.
Residence on Fifth street, where Dr. Shelton formerly resided.

DRS. PAINE & McDONALD,
Physicians & Surgeons,
EUGENE, OREGON.
Special attention paid to Surgery and Chronic diseases.

Dr. W. T. McMurtry,
Physician, Surgeon and Gynecologist.
(25 Years Experience.)
OFFICE—Over Brownville Store, Willamette street.
EUGENE, - - - OREGON.

DR. J. C. GRAY,
DENTIST.
OFFICE OVE GRANGE STORE. ALL work warranted. Laughing gas administered for painless extraction of teeth.

Dr. G. W. Biddle,
DENTIST.
PLATE WORK A SPECIALTY. Extracting and Filling executed by the latest improved methods. All work warranted; 34 years experience. Office—Tittus' Block, over Lusk's drug store.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Axmen, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



LADY OF THE HOUSE—Do you still like our Charter Oak Stove as well as when we first got it, Mary?
SERVANT—Oh, every bit as well, Ma'am.
LADY OF THE HOUSE—I am expecting a friend to take dinner with us next week, on purpose to show her how nice our stove cooks everything, and I want you to have a nice dinner for us.
SERVANT—Indeed I will, Ma'am. There's no trouble to cook nice with that stove. The **Five Grate Oven Doors** makes it so much easier than other stoves I have been used to, but I have so much more time to make everything just right. Just look at that roll! I never have had back with bread, biscuits or cake, now.
LADY OF THE HOUSE—Why, how do you explain it?
SERVANT—Well, I don't have to watch everything so close for fear it will burn. You know how careful you have to be with a naked stand, it is so apt to burn on top before it is baked through. The Charter Oak bakes it perfectly without any danger of burning. And then in a turkey, I don't have to keep basting it every five minutes. It roasts beautifully brown all over, and without drying it up like the tight ovens do. And you know how crisp the cutlets are without being hard and tough. You always praised my biscuits, but if it wasn't for the **Five Grate Oven Doors** I don't know they wouldn't be near as nice. I hope I'll never have to cook again where they haven't got a Charter Oak Stove.

STARR & GRIFFIN

SOLE AGENTS FOR EUGENE.

NEW GOODS.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

BEAUTIFUL DRESS GOODS

From the Cheapest to the Best at prices according to quality.

A LARGE STOCK OF

BOOTS and SHOES

From the Cheapest to the Best. All parties can be suited either as to Price or Quality.

CLOTHING.

Our assortment is Complete, from the lowest Price up to the Finest; can suit you if you give us a call.

OUR STOCK IS

Free New and Stylish.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

F. B. DUNN

MATLOCK

Has just received direct from New York and Chicago, the argest and best stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

Ever brought to Eugene.

THIS IS NO IDLE BOAST,

But call and price them. Remember the place!—The New Three Story Brick, corner Willamette and Eighth St., Eugene City, Oregon.

Kuykendall & Payton,
Physicians and Surgeons,
Rooms 5 and 6. Hovey's Block.

OREGON ELECTRIC RELIEF
WILL CURE YOU OF PAIN
Bowel Troubles, and Cramp, Colic, or any Internal or External Pain. Ask your

Give Them a Chance!

That is to say, your lungs! Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take **Bocher's German Syrup**, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

What is it?
That produces that beautifully soft complexion and leaves no traces of its application or injurious effects. The answer, **Widom's Hobbetone** accomplishes all this, and is pronounced by ladies of taste and refinement to be the most delightful toilet article ever produced. Warranted harmless and matchless. F. M. Wilkins, agent, Eugene City.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

Take Notice.
That A. Goldsmith has the largest, finest and best stock of Queensware, Crockery and Glassware ever brought to Eugene. Give him a call and he will prove it to you.



Combines the juice of the Blue Figs of California, so laxative and nutritious, with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming the **ONLY PERFECT REMEDY** to act gently yet promptly on the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS**

Cleanse the System Effectually,
—AND TO—
PURE BLOOD,
REFRESHING SLEEP,
HEALTH AND STRENGTH
Naturally follow. Every one is using it and all are delighted with it. Ask your druggist for **SYRUP OF FIGS**. Manufactured only by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,** SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

McClung & Johnson,

HAVING RECENTLY REFITTED the Old Grange Store are offering

SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Dress Goods, Ladies and Gents Underwear, Boots, Shoes and all classes of DRY GOODS.

J. L. PAGE,
—DEALER IN—

Groceries,

HAVING A LARGE AND COMPLETE stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries, bought in the best markets

EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH,

Can offer the public better prices than any other house

IN EUGENE.

Produce of all kinds taken at market prices.

Sportsman's Eporium.

HORN & PAINE,
Practical Gunsmiths

Dealers in GUNS, RIFLES,
Fishing Tackle and Materials,
Sewing Machines and Needles of All Kinds For Sale!

Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted.

Guns Loaned & t Furnished Store on W at.

Change is one of the irrefutable laws of nature, and fortunately the change is almost invariably for the better. As an instance of this, St. Patrick Pills are fast taking the place of the old harsh and violent cathartics, because they are milder and produce a pleasant effect, besides they are much more beneficial in removing morbid matter from the system and preventing ager and other malarious diseases. As a cathartic and liver pill they are almost perfect. For sale by Osburn & Co.

Dr. Taylor's 7 Oaks Compound, purely vegetable, positively cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, sick headache, cramp colic, cholera morbus, complaints peculiar to females, cold or cough, hoarseness, and fever, pains around the heart, erysipelas, phthisis. Sold by Osburn & Co., druggists.

Geo. W. Kinsey, Auctioneer.
When you want your goods, household furniture or land sold at auction, call on Geo. W. Kinsey, the pioneer and most successful auctioneer in Lane County. He will attend to all sales on a reasonable commission.

Parents should be careful that their children do not contract colds during the fall or early winter months. Such colds weaken the lungs and air passages, making the child much more likely to contract other colds during the winter. It is this succession of colds that cause catarrh and bronchitis or pave the way for consumption. Should a cold be contracted, lose no time but cure it as quickly as possible. A fifty cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure any cold in a few days and leave the respiratory organs strong and healthy. For sale by Osburn & Co.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multi-tude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,** 106 Wall St., N. Y.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; allays soreness of the Vocal Organs; allays soreness of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for the disease of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the same cough, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Healthlight, Morrilton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me."—Mrs. E. Colburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 323 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Cloverdale Dairy.

I will open a Dairy at Cloverdale, Lane Co., Or., about July 10, 1889, and will manufacture

Butter & Swiss Cheese

Anyone wanting Cheese will please order of my agent, M. C. Cross, Creswell.

A Vatuone, Prop.

SAM'S BOY.



"HINE, mister!"
Something in that voice, perhaps the plaintive, or the just perceptible tremble, caught the attention of Keziah Hicks, the crusty, cross, crabbed old store-keeper and farmer from the Cross Roads up on Puum Ridge, and caused him to stop and look down on the little mite of humanity who had addressed him.

He saw before him a face, though pinched and dirty, still retaining the freshness and innocence of childhood, while the large, brown eyes that looked so steadily into his own recalled memories of the almost forgotten past.

"I don't keer if ye do 'em 'n' a leetle," Keziah said, and there was a softness and tenderness in his voice that sounded strange to his own ears.

Down went the little kit on the hard pavement, and down went the little bootblack on his knees. As the little fellow rubbed and worked patiently at the great rough boots, Keziah watched him with interest, and his thoughts drifted back into the shadows of the past and dwelt on scenes so incidentally mentioned in the years long come by. To his mind there came a picture, the face and form of a little boy with laughing, dancing brown eyes and rosy cheeks. A little head wreathed with sunny curls, and a pair of lips wearing a smile like a ray of light struggling from Heaven. Then came the sound of a childish voice in happy laughter, heard but dimly at first, but growing stronger and more distinct until he recognized it. Then came another picture—a young man with eyes clear, frank, honest and affectionate, and in their depths he saw reflected a soul of love and gentleness. Then he saw a cloud steal over the picture, and when it had passed he saw the face of his boy, but it had utterly altered. The cheeks were thin and pinched, and the eyes dark and sorrowful.

"My poor, my poor old boy," he murmured. The little bootblack looked up and saw the old man draw his rough coat-sleeve across his eyes. He put his box and brush away and started to rise when the old man laid his hand on his head saying: "Before you go tell me your name."

"Joe," the boy replied. "What else?" and Keziah leaned over in an expectant attitude. "That's all I know."

A shade of disappointment passed over the aged face. "Have you no friends, no father or mother?" The boy shook his head. "Where do you live, then?" the old man went on. "Just anywhere. Sometimes I go to the 'homes' an' sometimes I sleep in boxes and stairways."

For a minute they were both silent. Then the boy said: "Please pay me and let me go." "Wait a bit," Keziah said. "Wouldn't you like to have a home and friends, an' a place to stay all the time? I need a boy like you on the farm, an' if you'll go you won't have much work to do, an' you'll have warm clothes an' plenty to eat an' a good warm bed to sleep in."

"Then you can help about gathering apples out of the orchard, and can ride the horses and every thing like that. Don't you want to go along with me?" "It must be nice," the boy said, reflectively. "Of course it is," the old man replied. "At least it's a great deal nicer than this sort of life. If you go and don't like it, I'll fetch you back."

Joe assented after that, and a little later he and Keziah drove away toward the old farm. They rode in silence, and as the horses pulled the screeching old wagon along the narrow lanes, up and down the rugged hills, Joe was busy seeing and enjoying the great open country with its broad fields of growing crops, and the big blue grass pastures, and meadows of red clover all in bloom. To his young mind a new world was opened out—a grandly beautiful world, and no doubt he sometimes felt that he must spring out and scamper off over the soft grass and down into the deep, shady forest beyond, where the happy birds were singing and the squirrels were basking.

The sinking sun was glinting the eastern hills with gold and purple, while from far away came the rustic song of some happy farmer trudging home at the close of his day's labor in the fields. Never had the boy seen anything like it, and he feared to speak lest he disturb the enchanted scene and the marvelous beauties fade away.

Keziah saw nothing of the things about him, for his mind had wandered back to the days long passed, and again he was living over the times when his boy was with him, and as he recalled the time when he drove his son out of his home and life, and remembered his harsh words, his heart grew heavy and a sigh escaped him, and again he drew his rough coat-sleeve across his eyes.

Just as the twilight was deepening and the night birds began their mournful cry, the old horses stopped in front of the farm house at the cross roads, and Keziah awoke to his surroundings.

"Here we are, Joe," he said, very kindly. "Climb down an' come on in, Mandy." He said to his wife, "This little fellow I picked up down to the city an' brought along with me, seem' he ha'n't got no friends nor home."

Amanda opened her eyes in wonder, for it was the first time she had ever heard Keziah talk that way. He was so unlike the cross, gruff old man he had been all these past years, and his voice was so gentle and soft. Keziah saw her astonishment and understood the cause, and to hide his own confusion, said: "Give us some supper, Mandy, for I guess the boy's hungry."

"Come, fall to an' eat a bite." That night after Joe had been snugly tucked away in the soft bed upstairs, Amanda came and sat with Keziah on the long porch. For a long time they sat thus and gazed silently out into the night, each busy with thoughts, half sad, half sweet. At last, with a sigh, Keziah turned and laying his hand on Amanda's arm, said: "Mandy, don't you think he's like him? The little fellow up there, don't you think he's like Sam when he was a little boy?"

"Yes, he reminds me of Sam," Amanda said, and her voice trembled and grew husky. "I've been thinkin' of poor Sammy ever since that boy came. He's so like him."

"Mandy," Keziah went on in a low tone, "there's something about that boy that I can't understand. I don't know why it was, but when I heard his voice and saw his face it set me to thinking of our own boy, an' somehow I felt drawn to the little fellow, an' it seemed as if I wanted to do somethin' for him. All day I've been goin' over all what happened way back there, an' feelin' how wrong I was in drivin' Sam away because he ha'n't my way of thinkin', an' didn't marry as I wanted him to. I've made life a burden to you, and made people hate me by bein' so cross and selfish, an' besides I've been miserable myself. I never see it so till to-day, an' somehow that boy's teched my heart an' thawed the ice out o' my nature. I see it all

now, an' I'd give every thing to have Sam back, an' have it all to do over again."

Amanda arose, and going softly up the stairs came to Sammy's little room. Bending over the sleeping boy she scanned his features well.

"It is so like Sammie," she thought, "so like he used to be when I came of nights to look at him when he slept."

Then noticing a string about his neck she pulled it gently and a little locket came from his bosom.

"That is it," she gasped, and, springing the lid, she held it down, close to the dim light and read:

"God is my friend. He will protect and keep me."

After awhile Amanda came back, and going up to Keziah she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"That's Sam's boy, Keziah," she said. "I know it by this," and she held out the locket.

Keziah raised his head from his hands, and for a moment gazed at his wife in silence.

"He is Sam's boy," Amanda repeated.

"Sam's boy," Keziah said, "our Sam's boy, an' without friends or home. I've been a brute, Mandy, not to keer. But it shall be different now, and I'll make up to the boy what I ought to have done for Sammy."

From this day Keziah was a changed man, and people often wondered at it. Though he could not atone to poor Sammy for his cruelty and neglect, and though his cruel treatment of his boy lived in his memory and haunted him through his few remaining years, his sorrow was sweetened with the knowledge of the good he was doing to Sam's boy.

"I missed my chance to lead a happy life," Keziah sometimes said, "my refusing kindness to them as needed it, but I am thankful that I come to see myself aright before it was too late to change my course and try to do something to mend my wrong ways. It's all owing to the little boy, an' I thank God for sending him to us."

Keziah was never more the cross, harsh old man the children feared, but, instead, he was their friend, and often they came to his store to talk with him, or ramble with him in search of flowers.

T. P. MOSTERT.

How Julius Wood and Wren.

"No, Mr. C. J. Caesar, I can not consent to barter away the happiness of single blessedness for the illusive ignis fatuus which you present. Love may come and love may go, and fly like a bird from tree to tree. But I shall love no more, no more till Edward McGinnis comes back to me. Good night. I shall always feel like a sister to wards you, always."

"Then, farewell, a long farewell to all my hopes. This cold and cheerless night shall envelop my dying form, and the placid sky be the canopy of my mortal remains."

"Ah! lovest thou me to thus much distraction? Dost thou bid at speedy dissolution of mortality? Then live, my Julius, live for mine detains. Live for Rome, and together we shall improve the vestal virgins for surcease of sorrow. Go ring at once the wedding bells. I shall not let thee hence but thyself, lest cruel fate doth rob me of the apple of mine eye."

"What! Dost thou accept me, my Octavia! Am I dreaming, or is the sweet fruition of my hopes reality and truth?"

"It is true, my Julius. I do most truly love thee."

"Then good-bye, Mary Ann Cleopatra."

This word and the great Calais Julius Caesar, the winsome woman who was above suspicion.

Pursuit by Hue and Cry.

This was the old common-law process in England of pursuing "with horn and with voice," from hundred to hundred and county to county, all robbers and felons. Before the adoption of this method the hundred (the county) was bound to make good losses occasioned by robbers committed within its limits, unless the felon was captured; but by subsequent enactment it was made unanswerably by damages caused by riotous assemblies. The pursuit by a law-breaker was aided by a description of him in the Hue and Cry, an official gazette established for advertising felons in 1710.

American County Courts.

As early as the year 1022 the extent of settlement had become so great in Virginia that it was almost impossible to bring all legal causes to the capital at Jamestown, nearest places to which the Governor and Council, who constituted the superior judiciary of a heavy burden of business, and to render justice more accessible and less expensive to the settlers. With these troubles began the establishment of county courts in America.