

THE EUGENE CITY GUARD.

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

WHOLE NO. 500.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1877.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

F. H. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,
Publishers and Proprietors.
OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building,
over Crain's Jewelry Store.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements inserted as follows:
one square, 10 lines or less, one insertion \$3; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash required in advance. Time advertisers will be charged at the following rates:
One square three months..... \$5 00
" " six months..... \$8 00
" " one year..... \$12 00
Transient notices in local column, 50 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisement-hills will be rendered quarterly. All job work must be paid for on delivery.

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Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north at 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2.30 p. m. For Siuslaw, Franklin and Long Tom, close at 6 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Crater Lake, Camp Creek and Roseburg at 1 p. m.
Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a rival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.
A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

SOCIETIES.
EUGENE LODGE NO. 11, A. F. AND A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.
SPENCER LODGE LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.
WIMAWATHA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6, meets on the 21st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

LON. CLEAVER,
DENTIST.
ROOMS OVER MRS. JACKSON'S MILLinery Store,
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DENTAL.
DR. F. WELSH
HAS OPENED
DENTAL ROOMS

Permanently in the Underwood Brick, Eugene City, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. Offers by permission to J. R. Cardwell, Portland.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at Residence, EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

DRS. NICKLIN & SHIELDS,
HAVING ASSOCIATED in the practice of Medicine, offer their professional services to the citizens of Eugene City and the surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to their care. Bills due when the service is rendered.
Office on Ninth street, and at the residence of Dr. Nicklin on Willamette street, between Ninth and Tenth streets. #2

DR. JOSEPH P. GILL
CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged. Office at the
POST OFFICE DRUG STORE,
Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presbyterian Church.

Chas. M. Horn,
PRACTICAL GUNSMITH.
DEALER IN GUNS, RIFLES, and materials. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Sewing Machines, Saws, Locks, etc., repaired.
Guns loaned and ammunition furnished. Shop on Ninth street, opposite Star Bakery.

GEO. B. DORRIS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

WM. B. SAN FRANCISCO,
Purchasing Agent,
LAKE. CAL.
JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.
J. S. LUCKEY,
DEALER IN
Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc. Repairing Promptly Executed.
All Work Warranted.
J. S. LUCKEY,
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Book and Stationery Store.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, EUGENE City. I have on hand and am constantly receiving an assortment of the Best School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Portfolios, Cards, Wallets, Blanks, Portfolios, etc., etc.
A. S. PATTERSON.

OPPOSITION
IS THE
LIFE OF TRADE!
SLOAN BROTHERS
WILL DO WORK CHEAPER than any other shop in town.
HORSES SHOD FOR \$1 50.
Without material, all round. Resetting old shoes 5 Cents.
All warranted to give satisfaction.
Shop on Eighth st., opposite Humphrey's Stable.

NEW STOCK OF HATS. The best and largest ever brought to Eugene, at FLEMING'S.

ST. NICHOLAS,

"The king of all publications issued for the young on either side of the Atlantic."—Southampton (England) Observer.
The third volume of this incomparable Magazine is now completed. With its 800 royal octavo pages, and six hundred illustrations, its splendid serials, its shorter stories, poems, and sketches, etc., etc., in its beautiful binding of red and gold, it is the most splendidly illustrated book for boys and girls ever issued from the press. Price, \$1.50 in gold gilt, \$1.
ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1877.
Which opens with November, 1876, brings a short and very entertaining serial from the French, "The King of the Grey." A story adapted to the Thanksgiving season. Another serial of absorbing interest to boys.
"HIS OWN MASTER,"
BY T. THORNTON,
author of the "Jack Hazard Stories," in the Christmas Holiday Number. Besides serial stories, Christmas stories, lively sketches, poems and pictures for the holidays, and some astonishing illustrations of Oriental sports, with drawings by name-artists. THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER OF ST. NICHOLAS, superbly illustrated, contains a very interesting paper.
"THE BOYS OF MY CHILDHOOD,"
BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Do not fail to buy St. Nicholas for the Christmas holidays. Price, 25 Cents.
During the year there will be interesting papers for boys, by William Cullen Bryant, John G. Whittier, Thomas Hughes, William Howett, Dr. Holland, George MacDonald, Sanford B. Hunt, Frank R. Stockton, and others.
There will be stories, sketches and poems of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Coolidge, Sarah Wither Kelllogg, E. L. Mathews, Phelps, Louise Alcott, Lucretia T. Hale, Celia Thaxter, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others. There will be also
"TWELVE SKY PICTURES,"
BY PROF. PROCTOR,
the Astronomer, with maps, showing "The Stars of Each Month," will be likely to excite an interest, any series in popular science recently given to the public.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION WITH FUN AND PROLOGUE, AND WIT AND WISDOM will be mingled as heretofore, and St. Nicholas will continue to delight the young and give pleasure to the old.
GOOD NEWS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.
To meet the demand for a cheaper St. Nicholas Gift-Book, the price of vols. I and II has been reduced to \$1 each. The three volumes, in an elegant library case, are sold for \$3.00 in full gilt, \$1.50, so that all may give their children a complete set. These volumes contain more attractive material than fifty dollars' worth of ordinary children's books. Subscription price, \$5 a year. The three bound volumes and a subscription for this year only \$12. Subscribe with the nearest newsdealer, or send money in check, or P. O. Money order, or in registered letter to SCREINER & Co., 413 Broadway, N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. McCain & Miss C. Conner
DRESS MAKING
AND
FANCY HAIR WORK of all kinds. WIGS, SWITCHES, BRAIDS, WATCH GUARDS, BRACELETS, ETC. Made to order.
Corner Willamette and Tenth Streets, ap28 Sun. EUGENE CITY.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
EUGENE CITY, OREGON.
MRS. A. RENFEW, Prop
Having again taken possession of the old and well known
ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
Which has been newly furnished and refitted, is now open for the reception of guests.
I have fifteen rooms in the
FIRE PROOF BRICK BUILDING
making 50 rooms in all. It is the most commodious and best appointed house in the State south of Salem.
FREE COACH TO THE HOUSE.
A. RENFEW.

DR. O'CONNOR,
SURGEON CHIROPODIST.
Cures CORNS, WARTS, MOLES, BUNIONS and growing TOE or CLUB NAILS
WITHOUT PAIN OR ACHE.
No Acid or Injurious Chemicals Used.
RELIEF RIGHT AWAY.
Can refer to some of the most eminent PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS of the United States to whom I have done work for.
May 12th. JOS. NEFF, Agent.

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Positively Cured.
All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured, should try Dr. KESNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—no matter how strong is the cough in them, and also to cure you that they are no lunatics, and will reward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box.
We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.
Price, for large box, \$1.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada by mail on receipt of price. Address,
ASH & ROBBINS,
250 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FITS EPILEPSY,
OR
FALLING SICKNESS
Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one man's usage of Dr. Cassell's Celebrated Fallible Fit Powders. These Powders convince sufferers that those powders will do all we claim for them, we will send them by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Cassell is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case, or refund you all money expended. All sufferers should give these Powders an early trial, and be convinced of their curative powers.
Price, for large box, \$1 00, or a box for \$1 00, sent by mail to any part of United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. Address,
ASH & ROBBINS,
250 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CENTRAL MARKET
BOYD & RENSCHAW, Proprietors.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.
Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will sell Beef in chunks from 2 to 5 cents.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of all kinds at inside figures by **T. G. HENDERICKS.**

CARPET-BAGGER'S LAMENT.

Ain—"Old Robin de Bow."
I've traveled this country all over,
And now to another must go,
Where the darkeys are easier swindled,
And less of my lying do know.
I came from the cold, frosty region,
The land of the ice and the snow;
I came with my carpet-bag empty,
And now 'tis quite full, as you know.
At home I was ragged and dirty,
And left when the sun had gone low,
But soon made a raise in this country,
When I got in the Freedmen's Bureau.

I told how I shouldered my musket
And fought for the poor old negro;
How I hated the scorch and rebels,
And told them to hate 'em also.
I swore them at night by dark lanterns,
In the league we call loyal, you know;
And made them believe if they left it
Straight down to the devil they'd go.
I promised that land we would give them,
Of acres quite forty or more,
With a mule fat and ready to tend it,
That caught each fool darkey, be sure.
I promised to give them all office,
And to make them my equals also;
I made them think I was an angel,
And that earth would be heaven below.

We got every office we wanted,
And threw the poor darkeys a bone;
We robbed and we stole without fearing
For Grant he would let us alone.
"That 'mournful fact" speech of old Greeley
Struck us the first heavy blow;
Now the niggers don't want our office,
Then where shall our carpet-bags go?
I see that more trouble is coming;
The mule and the land I can't show;
So, like many a swindler before me,
I must pack up my stollings and go.

THE FATE OF THE BENDERS.

Some weeks ago the telegraph announced that the Bender family had been arrested somewhere in Arkansas, then that it proved to be some one else; and then again that one of the men who helped "lynch" them would publish a full statement of the affair in the Chicago Times. Below we republish the statement made by the man Detroit, referred to as published in the Times, which has just come to hand:

The Benders might have continued their bloody work in peace and prosperity for an indefinite length of time had they continued planting their victims in the garden. But previous to the killing of Dr. York they had murdered a man named Jones. In February a man named Cooklin, in company with another farmer, while riding along Drum Creek, saw the dead body of a man caught in some driftwood. It proved to be the body of Jones. He had had his skull smashed in with a hammer, and his throat cut from ear to ear. The body had no clothing upon it save a shirt. Some ten or a dozen farmers met quietly on the banks of Drum Creek, and after viewing the body of Jones held a council. At this meeting the Benders were spoken of suspiciously, and it was determined to keep the discovery of the body quiet until future developments. The next day a man who was evidently a tramp and had foisted it on Independence on his way to Fort Scott, stopped at Detroit's house and asked for something to eat. In conversation with this man Detroit learned that late the previous evening the tramp had, while looking around for a place to pass the night, come across a small hay stack back of the Bender's house, into which he quietly nestled himself. It must have been midnight when he was awakened by voices, and quietly looking out from his nest he saw the dim outline of three persons, evidently at work digging, at a short distance from him. It was so dark that he could not distinguish them, but he could hear them speak in German, a language he did not understand. His first impulse was to go out to them. But something seemed to withhold him, and after a time they finished whatever work they were at and withdrew into the house. The tramp departed early in the morning and had tramped on until he had stopped at Detroit's house for breakfast. He concluded his tale by remarking that it "looked mighty like they burying some one."

Mr. Detroit said nothing at the time, but when the party of twelve met by appointment on Drum Creek, he related the circumstance to them, and it was determined to give the Bender mansion a quiet investigation. A wagon track was discovered leading to the Bender place from where Jones' body had been thrown into the creek. The party struck out on the wagon trail, and at about sunset it brought them in view of the tavern. It was then determined to forego proceedings until the morning, when in the morning the entire party would meet on Drum Creek, well armed, and ride over to the Bender place.

On the morning, at about 8 o'clock, the party assembled on the creek and immediately proceeded over the prairie to the suspected house. But when they arrived they found the Bender ranch deserted. The Benders had noticed the squad of horsemen riding upon the wagon trail the previous evening, and during the night had bundled up their effects and departed. The Benders at this time had four horses, a cow, and a wagon load of household truck.

While the scouting party were canvassing the new state of affairs, Mr. Detroit and others went in search of the spot indicated by the tramp. They searched around for some time in vain, as the ground had been recently plowed over, but at last struck a spot that appeared moister than the rest, as though the ground beneath it had recently been turned up. No shovel being found, three of the party set to work with shingles torn from the roof of the house, and after digging a hole four feet deep, one of them with a shout, reached down his hand and pulled up the skirt of a man's under-garment, and beneath could be seen an exposed portion of a human body. This was the corpse of Dr. York, though at the time the explorers did not know it.

The track of the Bender wagon could be seen leading to the southwest. The horsemen followed at full speed. Just at sunset the pursuers came in sight of the fugitives. They had evidently urged their teams on with all speed possible, as they were a good forty-five miles from their tavern, and their animals appeared well used up. There was no cow with the outfit, nor had the Benders' cow been seen or heard of from that day to this. As the pursuit came in sight of their game they gave a yell, and charged down upon them. The moment the Benders caught sight of their pursuers, the greatest consternation appeared to seize upon them. John Bender, who was walking by the side of the wagon, ran forward to the lead team, as though to unhitch them, but was evidently recalled by the old man, who handed him out an old fashioned smooth-bore rifle. With this weapon he fired a harmless shot at the advancing horsemen, and then drew a navy revolver and reached his hand into the wagon for another. Before he had time to draw it forth, however, a shot from one of the farmers laid him out lifeless on the prairie, the ball entering his left breast and piercing the heart.

Old man Bender stood up in the wagon, and striking down the cover, yelled at his horses in German and flourished a revolver over his head. The pursuers wished to capture them alive, if possible, but did not like to approach too close to the old man's revolver. As they were going down a roll in the prairie one of their lead horses fell, and Kate, springing out of the wagon, went to the fallen animal as if to get it up. But instead of raising up the fallen beast, she cut loose its mate, and mounting it was endeavoring to make her escape on its back. At this the old man seemed crazed with anger and fired his revolver at her. He did not hit her, however, but the horse springing forward caught a leg in the breeching of its fallen mate, and went down with Kate under him. The old man having emptied his revolver, the pursuers closed in on him and beat him down with their gun barrels, though he and his wife fought like tigers to the last. After they had tied Bender and his wife they got the girl out from under the horse and found that she had a leg broken in the fall. Detroit said Kate acted like a very devil. She cursed them, cursed her father and mother, and seemed a red-hot vial of wrath.

The party moved over to a "ran" and camped for the night. Old Bender refused to say a word in English, but both he and his wife cursed their captors in German. Kate Bender seemed to think their captors knew everything, and while she would not answer questions, she made no concealment of the hellish work that had been carried on at the tavern, and asserted frequently that they had killed over 100 persons. She said she had done most of the throat cutting herself; that John was afraid; that he or the old woman did well enough to knock their victims on the head, but they appeared to be afraid of them after they were down.

A POINT APTLY PUT.

The Rev. Dr. G. Gottheil, of New York, a Jewish Rabbi of distinguished ability, lately delivered a lecture in that city on "The Jewish people in their treatment of the Founder of Christianity," and at the conclusion of his discourse he referred to the shocking barbarities, the murders and massacres committed lately by the Christian Roumanians on Jewish fugitives who sought to escape the horrors of war there, and he then asked, "If people get so indignant at a supposed judicial murder committed eighteen centuries ago, what will they say to these repeated atrocities perpetrated at this day?" This was putting the whole question in a nutshell. As things have gone in this Christian world, of which many who call themselves Christians brag so very much, during the last two or three hundred years, it is within the bounds of reason to say that, had the sacrifice of the Savior been deferred to this period, and the scenes before Pontius Pilate, and thence to the crucifixion on Calvary been shifted to certain bigoted portions of our own Christian land, the sufferings of the Man-God would have been greater than when the Jews are alleged to have put upon him at the dawn of the Christian Era. And yet, to this day, these same Christians, so-called, persist in proscribing their Jewish fellow-citizens to the limit of their ability and opportunity, for no other reason than that more than eighteen hundred years ago, men who were said to be Jews put Jesus to death. It is an outrage upon humanity and a wicked perversion of the gospel of Christianity to proscribe and persecute the Jewish people of this age on account of scenes which occurred so far back in the remote past, and the learned and eloquent Rabbi in New York very aptly put the pregnant question for the Christian world to deliberate upon.

THE LAWYER AND THE FARMER.

A sharp old quaker who had read the story of the lawyer and the farmer and the gored ox, called upon a neighboring lawyer and said:
"Friend Foxcraft, I very much desire to ask thy opinion."
"I am all attention," replied the lawyer, putting down his pen.
"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog had gone into the pantry and stolen a leg of thy mutton, worth one dollar, what ought I to do?"
"Pay for the mutton; nothing can be clearer."
"Exactly, friend Foxcraft; and now know thee, that thy dog, 'Pincham,' whom I well know by sight, hath stolen a leg of mutton from my pantry, worth exactly one dollar, and now what art thou going to do?"
"Pay for the mutton; of course; here is the change."
The good Quaker took his dollar, and was about to depart, when he was stopped by the lawyer with:
"Hold on a moment, my friend. I have a little bill against you, which I hope you are ready to pay."
"Bill against me, friend Foxcraft? Thou art certainly laboring under a mistake. I am sure I owe no man a shilling."
"No mistake at all. I charge you my regular fee of five dollars, for professional advice in this case."
"Then verily I must pay thee; but allow me to give it as my opinion, friend Foxcraft, that I have touched pitch and been sadly defiled."

When the South Carolina legislature was run in the interest of humanity, says the Chicago Times, and the Republican party it used to reward itself for its noble devotion to principle. "Please send one box best champagne to finance committee-room." "Please deliver bearer one box best cigars, one gallon best whisky and one box champagne." "Please send box champagne to Senator Nash's residence." "Give bearer dozen bottles whisky," was the wording of little notes sent out by the Secretary of the Senate. And the requests were not confined to wet groceries. Flour, sugar, and the substantial were ordered, and all were paid for out of the contingent fund. They were a hard lot, the South Carolina solons.

A man on Pondstreet went down to a New York bankrupt sale the other day and bought a beautiful spring suit, imported goods, worth \$85, for \$7 50. The first he wore it he was caught in a drenching rain storm, and then as he walked out in the sunshine his new clothes began to shrink up around his shoulders and pulled his arm out of joint, and his trousers gathered themselves up like a balky horse, picked the man up, walked him along on his tiptoes for half a block, and were just on the point of twisting him clear over a garden fence, when his suspenders gave way and let them fly right over his head and he never saw them again.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A CORRECTION.

[From the Pioneer.]
Sam. C. Upham, the pioneer author and orator, makes complaint to us as follows:
I regret that that typographical fiend, the unreliable compositor, who is constantly waltzing around printing offices seeking whom he may make unhappy, has obtained a "sit" in the office of The Pioneer. He has made one or two shocking blunders in setting up my speech, which the proof reader left uncorrected. I acknowledge that I am pretty well advanced in the "sere and yellow leaf," but when a bloodthirsty compositor, with malice aforethought, deliberately adds 75 years to my somewhat eventful life, it is rather more than human nature can stand. I certainly said "more than a quarter of a century ago." I also said "untiring" instead of "uniting."
We know just how Mr. Upham feels about this matter. We have experienced the desire to drink the heart's blood of the unprincipled compositor whose whole delight seems to be in wrecking the happiness of editors and authors and making desolate their hearts.
P. S. To Sam. C. Upham, Philadelphia. Shall we send you his remains by express or mail?—Editor Pioneer.

Hit him with a "shooting-stick,"
Shy at him the "plainer,"
Mash him with "imposing-stone,"
The world will be the gainer.
When his "form" you have laid out,
Just take a good "impression,"
And the "proof" please mail to me—
Send likewise his confession.
His corpse embalm in "printer's-ink,"
And for fear that he may rally,
Plant him, please, deep in the ground,
For a head-stone, place a "galley."
Publish his "obituary,"
In "long-printer" or "brevier,"
Say he's gone, but not forgotten—
That "cantankerous printer."
SAM. C. UPHAM.
Philadelphia, April 23, 1877.

BOILED POTATOES.—But few cooks put upon a table a plain boiled potato that is fit to be taken into the stomach. This rule, if followed, makes a potato not only palatable, but digestible. Peel and put into cold water say one dozen peachblow potatoes, and let them stand an hour (longer will not hurt them) wash them out of the water and put them into boiling water enough to cover them in a sauce-pan with a close fitting cover; throw in a tablespoonful of salt, and let them boil half an hour; turn off the water, and stand the sauce-pan on the back of the range or stove for five or ten minutes, keeping the cover tightly closed, as herein lies the secret of having a potato look like a snow ball. Serve in a covered dish, and keep them covered until wanted for the plate. Most cooks lift the cover off the sauce-pan to let the steam escape. This makes the potato heavy and indigestible.

SHOOTING SKEAPE.—On Wednesday night just before the boat left Tacoma, the sounds of firearms rang out from a saloon on the hill, kept by a French gentleman named Loughbray. It seems that two down Sound sports named Brown and Cornell had got the man with the pious name into a game of poker (which is not pious) and stripped him of a large sum. A grand row then ensued and Loughbray brought out a six-shooter with which he fanned Cornell's brow until Brown sought to interfere. Then the irate Gault began to burn powder for their benefit and shot Brown in the leg and Cornell in the hand. He also riddled his billiard table till it looked as if it had been bombarded by a Russian fleet. Don't go near him—he is "onto it," decidedly.—Dispatch.

The policy is an accomplished fact; it cannot be recalled or undone, remarks the St. Louis Republican, "Independent." Suppose the Republican leaders should decide that it is a failure; can Mr. Hayes send the troops back to South Carolina and Louisiana, overturn the Hampton and Nicholls Governments, set up the defunct Chamberlain and Packer pretenses in their place and maintain them for four years by armed force? The very suggestion is absurd. Mr. Hayes and his whole cabinet are solemnly and firmly pledged to the principle of non-interference in the South.
Now that Ohio's quota of Federal appointments is full, what is to become of the rest of the patriots in that State, who are likely to be left out in the cold, mad and hungry? Ben. Wade will probably come to the rescue, and put them in training for the fall election.
It has been arranged that when ex-President Grant goes to England, he is to visit the Queen, and the Queen is to return the visit. The great question will be: Does Victoria take sugar in hers?