

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. 507.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

A. R. 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 \$10.00; six months \$18.00; one year \$30.00. Transient notices in local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion. Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly. All job work must be paid for on delivery.

POSTOFFICE.

Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 10 to 12 p. m. Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north at 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 10 a. m. For Eugene, Franklin and Long T. M., close at 6 a. m. For Clatskanie, for Crawfordsville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m. Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a call of trains. Letters should be left at the office an hour before mail departure.

SOCIETIES.

REGULAR LODGE NO. 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month. SENECA LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening. WINAWALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6, meets on the 1st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

LON. CLEAVER,

DENTIST.

ROOMS OVER MRS. JACKSON'S MILLinery Store, WILLAMETTE STREET.

DR. F. WELSH

HAS OPENED DENTAL ROOMS

Permanently in the Underwood Brick, Eugene City, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. Refers by permission to J. R. Cardwell, Portland.

A. W. PATTERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at residence, EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

Dr. J. C. Shields

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Eugene City and surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to his care. Office at the St. Charles Hotel.

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 most stylish and warranted. Sewing Machines, Safes, Locks, etc., repaired. Guns loaded 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. PURCHASING AGENT,

B. SAN FRANCISCO, LAKE. CAL.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY, DEALER IN Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc. Repairing Promptly Executed. All Work Warranted. J. S. LUCKEY, Ellsworth & Co.'s brick, Willamette Street.

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, Wallsets, 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. With new material, all round. Resetting old shoes 5 Cents. All warranted to give satisfaction. Shop on Eighth st., opposite's Humphrey's Stable.

DR. JOHN HERRBOLD,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST. HAS REMOVED TO ROSEBURG, Ore., where he respectfully offers his services to the citizens of that place and vicinity in all the branches of his profession.

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 complete! With its 800 royal octavo pages, an 18x16 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 scientific book to possess and a truly revolved from the press. Price, \$1; in full gilt, \$3.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1877.

Which opens with November, 1876, begins a short and very entertaining serial from the French, "The King of the Greeny," a story a lapelet to the Thanksgiving season. Another serial of "Subscribing interest to boys," "HIS OWN MASTER," BY J. 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 Siamois 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 Howitt, Dr. Holland, G. W. MacDonald, Santol B. Hunt, Frank R. Stockton, and others. There will be stories, sketches and poems of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Colledge, Sarah Winter Kellogg, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, Lucretia P. Hale, Gelia Thaxter, Mary-Mapes Dolge, and many others. There will be also "TWELVE SKY PICTURES," BY F. O. PROCTOR, the Astromer, with maps, showing "The Stars of Each Month," will be likely to pass in interest any series in popular science recently given to the public.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION with FUN AND PROFIT, and WITH AND WITHOUT, 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 cheap, yet accurate Gift-Book, the price of the book has been reduced to \$3 each. The three volumes, in an elegant binding, are well for \$10 in full gilt, \$15, 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, \$3 a year. The three bound volumes are a subscription for this year only \$12. Write with the new set newsletter, or send money in check, or P. O. money order, or in registered letter, to SCHEIDT & Co., 743 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, apes 25m. EUGENE CITY.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

EUGENE CITY, OREGON. MRS. A. RENFREW, 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. RENFREW.

DR. O'CONNOR,

SURGEON CHIROPODIST.

Cures CORNS, WARTS, MOLES, BUNIONS and improving 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—men that I have done work for. JOS. NEFF, Agent, May 15th.

CONSUMPTION

Positively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured, should try Dr. Cassell's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are a costly preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs in ten, or at most in twenty days. It also convinces you that they are no humbug, as will be seen by a free Trial Box. As this medicine is perfectly suited to 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, \$3.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada by mail on receipt of price Address, ASH & ROBBINS, 200 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FITS EPILEPSY,

OR FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured no humbug by one month's use of Dr. Cassell's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them, we will send them, post paid, a free Trial Box. As this medicine is perfectly suited to 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, \$3.00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada by mail on receipt of price. Address, ASH & ROBBINS, 200 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CENTRAL MARKET

BOYD & RENSRAW, Proprietors. WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND BUTTON. Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will sell best in chunks from 3 to 5 cents.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

of all kinds at inside figures by T. G. HENDRICKS.

DAVID GRAY'S ESTATE.

Over the fore bent David Gray. And thought of the rich man across the way.

"Hammer and anvil for me," he said, "And weary toil for the children's bread."

"For him, soft carpets and pictured walls. A life of ease in his spacious halls."

The clang of bells on his dreaming broke: A flicker of flame, a whirl of smoke.

In his traxis, forge grown white hot, Coat and hat were alike forgot.

As up the highway the blacksmith ran, In face and main like a crazy man.

"School-house afore?" Men's hearts stood still, And women prayed as women will.

While how the tumult the walling cry Of frightened children rose shrill and high.

Night in his shadow hid sun and earth: The rich man sat by his costly hearth.

Lord of wide acres and untold gold, But wifeless, childless, forlorn and old.

He thought of the family cross the way; "I would," he sighed, "I were David Gray."

The blacksmith knelt at his children's bed To look once more at each smiling head.

"My darlings all safe! Oh, God!" he cried, "My sin in Thy boundless mercy hide!"

"Only to-day have I learned how great, Hath been thy bounty and my estate."

CONFIDENCE AND CURRENCY.

[From the S. F. Examiner.]

Hard times are upon the country in all parts; and what has caused them, and what will relieve or remove them, is the question of questions. We feel the stringency in California, but in the Atlantic States it is felt with more acuteness. Everywhere it is said to be by lack of money; but what causes this lack? The currency inflationists say the policy of contraction has left insufficient circulation for the demands of trade and industry, and consequently, these interests suffer. The diagnosis and the remedy are wrong. Contraction has not caused our inflation cure the malady of which our business interests are complaining. Inflation has no reviving power. No increase of paper issues can revive business; not even coin issues could do it, unless by restoring confidence, which may be lost as well in specie times as in paper times. To undertake to supply money enough to sustain the schemes and meet the wants of everybody, is like trying to fill a bottomless vessel. There never was and never will be a time when money is not "tight and hard to get" for those who have neither property to give for it, nor the ability to acquire property. Money makes money; the capital of intelligence, courage, and energy, command money and obtain it; by a law which the most settled ought to see is a natural one, money masses itself and strong hands secure its possession. Certain qualities make success, and those who possess and use them will succeed; those who do not will go to the wall. Those who project schemes without sense or substance, who spend money before they earn it, and discount the utmost possibilities of the future, who think the world owes them a living, and wish they were only rich—what help is there for these in any increase in money? They are eager borrowers, not owners; they are not security; they are to possess money, but have nothing whereby to purchase it. Inflation has not helped, and cannot help—and whatever the kind of money the fact would be the same—the poverty-stricken sections of the country, nor can it put a dollar in any hand that lacked one before. If the Treasury prints more notes they can be emitted only by paying off bonds or by spending more; if by the former, the abused bondholder obtains the money, and if by the latter, the expenditure could as well be increased without inflation. If the banks receive more notes, they are locked up until somebody who has property to pledge offers them, and those who lack property must do without them. If poverty is to be remedied at all, there must be a distribution of all property, "share and share alike," and the process must be repeated once a day; the practical objection to this we need not stop to mention, for they will be discovered when communism makes its way to the top. If the poor are to be aided by new issues of any kind of money, it must be placed in their hands as a gift—a benevolent step which in view of the exceeding "cheapness" of our "people's money," the Radical inflationists may suggest at the next session of Congress; the money thus distributed might not have much purchasing power, but many would have "dollars" in their pockets who never had any there before. This may seem absurd, but the only way by which money may be made cheap and brought within the reach of all is to print an unlimited quantity of it and then give it away. It may seem unnecessary to show that mere issues of money cannot revive industry and produce and distribute wealth; but from what else than the notion that it can "do the inflation movement" spring? The poor, the shiftless, and the idle imagine that if there is only an increase of money they will somehow have a better chance of obtaining it; the politician

thinks inflation a popular measure, and so the welfare of the country is put in jeopardy.

The present trouble is not caused by a deficiency of money, but by its idleness: there is abundant circulating medium, but it does not circulate. We have had too much governmental interference in money matters, as in ever thing else. John Jones of Nevada and Ben Butler of Massachusetts and empirics of that ilk, want to make political capital out of the money agitation, and hence the crustal financial legislation of the country. While employment was abundant and money sought to move freely, legislation clogged and opposed it; as soon as the demand ceased and money became sluggish, legislation tried to stir it up by increasing its quantity. The absurdity and harm of regulative legislation could not be more strikingly shown, but whether the lesson is learned yet remains to be seen. That there is a *per capita* ratio which should determine the quantity of money; that the proper quantity should increase with population, with inhabited area, or with the volume of business by any proportion which can be stated in a uniform rule; that legislation can discern what the quantity should be; that any successful scheme can be devised by legislation for regulating either the supply or the distribution—all this constitutes one of the worst fallacies in respect to money. The proper quantity of money does not depend upon population, or upon the inhabited area, or upon the volume of business, but upon these and other factors combined. It cannot be determined in advance by any human foresight; its volume cannot be fixed by any legislation without making trouble, provided the limit is reached; its distribution cannot be regulated by any interference. It will regulate itself if allowed to; it interfered with, the result of the interference will be injurious, as it has been. The present paralysis of industry is caused by the lack of circulation; not of the circulating medium; money does not fulfill its office of making exchanges, but lies in accumulation, because, for the time being, its holders see no prospect of profitable use for it, view the future with a forbidding and suspicious inquiry, ordinarily unknown, and are afraid to make ventures; those who are ordinarily users and borrowers of money refrain from borrowing for the like reason. Confidence is displaced by distrust, and distrust has produced as nearly a stoppage as the imperative demands of present consumption permit. The trouble is something more than the fact of an unprofitable consumption of capital; it is more than the sudden discovery of this destruction, and that we are not so rich as we thought; it is the sudden swing of the mind from hope to despondency; from confident expectation to suspicion; from general faith to general distrust. This is a reiterated statement, but it means everything. The loss of confidence is the loss of the very atmosphere in which business lives.

DON'T WANT ANY BOOKS.—

A book agent of this city has just returned from the Honey Lake country. The agent one day stopped at a cabin, situated in the edge of the foothills. Before reaching the cabin, half a dozen dogs of assorted sizes and unrecognizable breeds started up from under stunted pines or came running from sheds about the place, yelping and barking like a pack of coyotes. In the wake of the dogs swarmed forth seven or eight bare-headed, flaxen-haired children, plainly all of one breed, the forest breed. The juveniles were followed by a gaunt, sallow-complexioned woman of about forty. By cooking for many years before an open fireplace, she had become as effectually smoke-cured as any herring.

To the woman who thus appeared the agent made known his business.

"Wall, stranger, I'm afeer yar come to the wrong place of yer got nothin but books to sell. El yer had some powder or caps, or suthin' in the ammunition line, yer might sell some to my ole maq. As fer books, stranger, we're not much on the read hyar."

"Could I see your husband mam?" asked the book agent.

"Wall, stranger, I reckon yer could ef yer was whar he was; he's big enough ter to see, Lord know."

"He's no; at home then?"

"Stranger, he's not at home."

"Will he be likely to return soon?"

"Can't say, stranger; he's a little on-sartin."

"Which way has he gone? I may meet him somewhere in the settlement."

"I reckon not, stranger; he's gone out bummin'."

"Gone out bummin'? what do you mean by that?"

"Wall, stranger, he tuck down his gun this mornin', and from a wick he gav me as he started away I calkerlate he's gone off somewhars to bum a sheep or two."

The next World's Fair—The angels

A VERY SWIFT WITNESS.

From the S. F. Examiner.

The W. H. N. Stiles who figures as a volunteer witness in the Oregon Grover case, is an interesting character. He rushes forward to tell how much he knows of the alleged bribery by which Senator Grover secured his election. That he is a swift witness no one can doubt after having read his testimony. He was, by his own account ubiquitous—here, there, and everywhere, and always in each particular place at the precise moment to eaves-drop and spy upon Grover and his confidential friends, just as they were, each and all, passing remarks upon the situation and uttering words in bated breath and whispers which honest men never utter. Yet he was not in Grover's confidence, nor in that of Grover's confidential friends. How it happened then, that he knew exactly when to be within ear-shot of Grover and these friends, so as to be able to overhear the faintest whisper that passed the lips of any of them in relation to the election, he does not engage to reveal. Yet he is singularly open-mouthed on every other matter calculated to make the charges against Grover stick. It is also queer that although Stiles swears he heard all this whispering of bribery; and knew all that he tells, as early as September, it was not until March that he blurted it out, and then he made it known to the Radical U. S. District Attorney of Oregon, and to the Radical Collector of the Port of Portland, because he was a Democrat, and because Grover, as Governor, had tried to deprive the Radicals of one of the three Electoral votes of Oregon. But, if Grover had done anything of the kind, it was in December—months before March—that he did it. And it is remarkable that, not till March, after Grover had been admitted to his seat in the Senate, and after Hayes had been installed in the seat which belonged to Tilden, the virtuous and brand-hating Stiles opened at once his budget of information against Grover, took the little \$12 check from Collector Kelly for his story, and had his hold bill at Salem paid while he staid there, by his new found Radical friends.

Mr. Stiles says his residence is at Antelope Station, California. It is possible that he seeks the appointment of Postmaster, or is a candidate for some other position at the disposal of the Administration? Mayhap he is only proving in Oregon his qualifications, to convince Sargent, Gorham, Carr, and the "ring," that he is just the kind of a round, through-thick-and-thin swearer they want, in order that he shall not lack congenial employment, in their service—such as spying, eaves dropping, and swearing to anything that is required. He is, we fear, wasting his precious time and lovely qualities in the Web-foot State. They are a cheap set of rogues up there. They sell their votes for Senator for a paltry \$1,000, when here the ordinary tariff is, for a Radical legislator of even the lowest degree, a big pile or a fat office. Therefore, Mr. Stiles should bound back to Antelope, and there leap into the good graces of the "ring," and exercise for them his peculiar qualities as sneak, spy, eaves-dropper and promiscuous witness. He might shadow the Le Young brothers and swear to almost anything against them that Sargent, or Page, or Carr, or Gorham, would suggest, in the libel suits now under way. Next, he could be utilized against Pinney. Who shall say he was not concealed under Pinney's bed in the hotel at Oakland, when that retired parrot of the "ring" firm got back, and is not ready to swear to every whispered soliloquy of the returned fugitive, or for that matter, to what he said, or was expected to say, in his sleep? It is mighty handy to have a fellow like Stiles in the house—of one who is an enemy to victimize; but not in the house of an honest man, except as an intruder or spy. If it is on testimony such as his the charge of bribery against Senator Grover is to be sustained, then has the people's money, to pay for the omission to investigate the case, been worse than wasted. It is like offering a reward for low priced perjury. From the first we predicted that this Grover investigation would amount to nothing, and every day now sustains the prediction. It will not establish the accusation against Grover. It will merely discover the desperation and shallowness of his accusers.

When Wade Hampton speaks North, the infinitely mean little rascals who in feulent organs have been calling him a murderer, a jobber and a conspirator, appear so small that even their praise of him only brings out their parts, as a chinch is magnified under a microscope. Wade Hampton and Samuel J. Tilden are standing proofs that more than one-half of the Returning Board journalists are sneaks and fools, in the treatment of the two statesmen who have more influence than all the types printed against them in the United States

AN ADVERTISING AGENT.

We thought from the way he came into the Hawkeye office and slammed his cane down on the table, and took the best chair and spat on the stove, and said, "Well Cully, how does the old thing work?" that he was a circus agent, but his card showed him to be a modest, unpretending advertising agent of a Wisconsin paper. He had just come from Chicago, he said.

"Yes, an 'Ah'" not because there was any particular original brilliancy in the remark, but because that is what we generally say, with a rising accent on the final syllable, when a man tells he has been to Chicago.

"Yes," he said, he had been to Chicago. "Had we a man up there?"

"No," we hadn't.

"Well," he said, "don't send one there. Just a waste of time. I've been there nearly three weeks, and I just club myself every time I think what a fool I was to throw away so much time that I might have put in somewhere else to advantage."

"Didn't do anything in Chicago?" we asked timidly, for we began to see we were in the presence of a master mind.

"Naw-w w!" he snarled in a most contemptuous tone; "hardly made expenses; didn't pay salary. There three weeks and only came away with \$3,760 worth of ads. All cash, of course, and that makes it a little better, but didn't pay for all the time. How much Chicago advertising are you carrying?"

"We couldn't tell him indeed without consulting the business manager, but we were confident that the Hawkeye had, at inside figures, at least three or four dollars' worth of live Chicago advertisements. We began to think what a jewel this man must be on the business staff of a daily paper."

"Was he going to St. Louis," we asked.

He burst into a snort of derisive laughter, for all the world like the opposition benches in Congress.

"Been there," he said, "and ain't going back until times pick up a little. Dearest place you ever struck in your life. Nothing doing. Just nothing. Why, I was there ten days, as I'm a truthful man, and only got—let me see—I'll give you the figures," and he pulled out his note-book and ran over the leaves and down long columns of figures. "Yes, sir; I was in St. Louis ten days to an hour, and only got \$4,127.50, and \$1,806.75 I have to take in trade, and only \$2,130 cash in advance ads. Don't you send a man to St. Louis if you don't want to pay his fare home."

"Which way was he going from Burlington?" we asked, deeply impressed.

"Oh, out along the line of the B. & M.," he said, "out to Omaha, and maybe out to Lincoln and up to Des Moines."

"Now, don't you go there," we begged him; "don't go out that way at all. It won't pay you. We know this country, and we know you won't make a cent on the trip."

"Why not?" he asked defiantly, and in a rather incredulous tone of countenance.

"Be careful," we said, "the Hawkeye had a man all through that country one day last week. It may appear incredible, but, sir, that man was gone fifteen minutes and came back with only \$27,000 cash ads, a couple of national banks, six Nebraska cattle farms, a Kansas cattle ranch, and the Iowa State treasury, and the captain discharged him for not making his wages. It's as dead as—"

But he was gone, and we heard him down stairs asking the business manager if he thought it was necessary to import a thoroughbred liar to edit his paper.

THE COLD FACTS.—A grocer doing business on Michigan Grand avenue was yesterday asked to trust a colored man one day for a quart of strawberries.

"Can't do it—you'd never pay," he replied.

"I'll pay de money afore eight o'clock in de mornin'," earnestly continued the colored man.

"Perhaps you might, but I don't believe it. If you have no money now how will you have any then?"

"Don't ax me none—I'll have de cash cash, 120 just persping to death for de want of strawberries."

"Does any one owe you?" asked the grocer.

"No ash."

"Then how do you expect to get any money?"

"Oh, de pay will be all right."

"I guess not. You'll have to try some one else."

"Boss, you hev plann'd me right down to cold feet," said the customer. "I want strawberries, an, dey hev got to come, an, derefore, let me say that I wanst going out to-night to steal chickens an' sell 'em to get money."

"Ah you wanst!"

"No, ash, 'cause I done pulled 'em in last night, an' dey'll be sold to a butcher dis evening. Dey's de cold fact, mister, an' now wrap up dem strawberries an' don't abuse my confidence."

Some one has discovered that a woman can be agent but a gent can't be a woman. This is one of the rules that won't work both ways.