

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. 521.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1877.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

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 \$2; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash required in advance. Time advertisers will be charged at the following rates:
One square three months..... \$6 00
Six months..... 10 00
One year..... 18 00
Transient notices in local columns, 20 cents per line or 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 2:30 p. m. For Siuslaw, Franklin and Long Tom, close at 4 a. m. on Wednesday. For Crater, Camp Creek and Brownville at 1 p. m.
Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after arrival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mail depart.
A. S. PATTERSON, P. O.

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.
WIMAWALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 69, meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed letter to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York.

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 neatest style and Warranted. Sewing Machines, Safes, 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. 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.

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, Portmonnaies, etc., etc.
A. S. PATTERSON.

OPPOSITION
IN 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. Resoling old shoes 5 Cents.
All warranted to give satisfaction. Shop on Eighth st. opposite Humphrey's Stable.

DR. JOHN HERRBOLD,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
HAS REMOVED TO ROSEBURG, Oregon, 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 completed. With its 500 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 splendid gift book for boys and girls ever issued from the press. Price, \$4; in full gilt, \$5.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1877.
Which opens with November, 1874, begins a short and very entertaining serial from the French, "The Kingdom of the Greedy." A story adapted to the Thanksgiving season. Another serial of absorbing interest to boys,
"HIS OWN MASTER,"
BY J. T. BROWNE,
author of the "Jack Hazard Stories," in the Christmas Holiday Number. Besides serial stories, Christmas stories, lively sketches, and pictures for the holidays, and some astonishing illustrations of Oriental sports, with drawings by famous 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, George MacDonald, Sanford B. Hunt, Frank B. Stockton, and others.
There will be stories, sketches and poems of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Coolidge, Sarah Winter Kellogg, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, Laurena P. 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 surpass in interest any series in popular science recently given to the public.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION, with FUN AND FROLIC, 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 \$3 each. The three volumes, in an elegant library case, are sold 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 and a subscription for this year only \$12. Subscribers with the nearest newsdealer, or send money in check, or P. O. Money order, or in registered letter, to SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

ALFRED BLEU
Has taken possession of the
Lucky Livery Stable,
And will carry on a
GENERAL LIVERY BUSINESS.
Horses fed and boarded by the week or day.
HORSES AND BUGGIES FOR HIRE.

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.

B. H. JAMES,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Willamette Street,
Eugene City, Oregon.
Keeps constantly on hand a complete assortment of
Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, Stoves, Ranges, Pumps, etc.
Repairing done promptly and in the best manner.

CONSUMPTION
Positively Cured.
All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured, should try Dr. Klesner's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—in fact, so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward 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, \$3 00, sent to any part of the United States or Canada by mail on receipt of price. Address,
ASH & ROBBINS,
306 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FITS EPILEPSY,
OR
FALLING SICKNESS
Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. Gouldard's Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for them, we will send them by mail, post paid, a free Trial Box. As Dr. Gouldard 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, \$3 00, or 4 boxes for \$10 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,
306 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CENTRAL MARKET
BOYD & RENSHAW, Proprietors.
will
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.
Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will sell Meats in chunks from 3 to 5 cents.

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

Swimming for Life.

About twenty years ago a man-of-war was lying at anchor in the principal harbor of Antigua, which, as most people know, forms one of the group call the West India Islands. It was a hot, sultry day in the beginning of June. The heavy fog, which at that time of year occasionally hangs like a curtain over everything, had been dispersed by the heat of the sun's rays, and, like a retreating enemy, was rolling slowly back to the horizon. Not a breath of wind stirred the water, not a sea-gull flapped its wing around the ship. The long pennon drooped lazily from the mast, as though sharing in the general languor of nature. The surface of the sea was like a mirror, only disturbed by an occasional black fin that rippled lazily through the water for a little distance, and disappeared as its possessor sunk again into the depths beneath. As the sun, however, rose toward the meridian, a breeze began to spring up—not cool and steady, but coming now and then in irregular puffs, and lot as the breath of an oven. Notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the weather, and the rapid fall of the barometer, a party of midshipmen asked permission to take the pinnace for a few hours' sail, and obtaining it, but on condition that they should not go far from the ship. The party consisting of six middies and two mates, started, accordingly, in good spirits, notwithstanding the warning growls of some of the old tars. Thoughtless and fearless, as sailors generally are, they paid little attention to the freshening wind and the fast-altering appearance of the sky. The tide was running out with great force, and they were soon outside the mouth of the harbor, and slipping down the side of the island with a fair wind, and with the full strength of the ebb. One of the mates was at the helm, a middy with the sheets, the rest stretched lazily about the boat, smoking and talking, when like a thunder-bolt, a violent squall struck them, and the light boat capsized. All its crew were immersed, but soon seeing their appearance again, swimming like corks on the surface, and in a short time were collected, like a flock of water-fowl, on the keel of their overturned boat. When they had shaken the water out of their eyes, looked about them a little, and found their number undiminished, they held a consultation on their condition, and the chances for and against their rescue.

The prospect of affairs was certainly not inspiring, and to people possessed of less buoyant dispositions than themselves, would have appeared hopeless. They were clinging to the wreck of a small boat, their ship hidden from sight by clouds of rain—for the storm had now come on in all its fury—and the land was invisible from the same cause. The sea was rising fast, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and, worse than all, they were drifting with full force of wind and tide into the Caribbean Sea; once there, out of the track of vessels and far from any land, their fate would be certain. Such being the state of things, many hopes were expressed that the ship would send boats in search of them. Comfortable suggestions, but with too little foundation. At last, the two eldest determined upon a plan, which nothing but the desperate emergency of the case could have suggested. It was to attempt to attempt to swim ashore. The land was about three miles from them; they were both first-rate swimmers, and, as far as the distance was concerned, might have attempted it on a calm day without much fear of failure; but in a heavy gale the case was different, and both wind and tide, though not dead against them, combined to sweep them down under the lee of the island. Above all, the place swarmed with sharks. Nothing daunted, however, these two brave fellows stripped to the skin, and, after a short good-by and a hurried exhortation to the big ones to hold the little ones on, and all to keep up their pluck, they leaped into the sea.

They had both resolved to stick to one another as long as they lasted, both for mutual encouragement and as some sort of protection against the much-dreaded sharks. For nearly an hour they swam on, sometimes lying on their backs to rest, sometimes, striking out again for dear life. Up to this time, although much fatigued, they had seen no sharks; and they were encouraged by a glimpse, through a break in the gale, of the land, as it rose dark and forbidding above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once, without a moment's notice, they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. An exclamation of despair forced itself from them at this sight, and both waited in agony of suspense for the moments of pain which were to end their existence; still they mechanically swam on, and to their surprise, the sharks, although playing all round them, did not

touch them. They made continual short rushes at them, and, when the poor fellows closed their eyes in all the agony of death, passed by them; or, turning on their backs, they would open their monstrous jaws and close their teeth with a loud clash within a few inches of their victims' body. One of these men said afterwards that he felt at times like a mouse in the power of a cat that plays with the poor wretch before she makes her supper off it. Still, however, they swam on, the thunder roaring, the lightning flashing above them, struggling against a heavy sea, terrific wind, and strong tide, tired and exhausted, with these horrid monsters swimming round them. One often reads of nights of terror that turn a man's hair gray. Many of these may be considered peaceful, when compared with horrors of that five hour's swim.

At last, however, they succeeded in nearing the extreme end of the island; the sharks one by one left them. The last, however, made a farewell plunge at the lad nearest him; and, though he missed him with his teeth, struck him a violent blow in the stomach with his strong tail. The poor fellow called out; and his companion, who was swimming a few yards in advance, though thoroughly exhausted, returned to his friend's assistance. He supported him until he recovered sufficiently to proceed, and at last they once more touched the firm ground. They struggled up the beach and lay down, utterly worn out; but the thought of their comrades clinging to that upturned boat roused them to fresh exertions. After staggering on for about a half mile in the direction of some houses, they met a number of negroes, who, as our heroes were entirely naked, attacked them with stones, and they would in all probability have fallen victims to this negro sense of decency, had not an officer fortunately passed by at that moment and recognized them. In a few minutes their story was told, and prompt measures were adopted to rescue the remainder of the party. Boats were quickly launched under the lee of the island, and the two mates, although nearly dead from exhaustion, persisted in embarking in them. The danger was not yet over, for the sea was running mountains high; the gale had little abated, and the night was coming on fast. After a long and hard pull, nothing could be seen of the missing ones.

It had become quite dark, and they were beginning to despair. One boat had already turned toward the shore, when, by the light of a vivid flash, they saw on the crest of a huge black wave the dismantled boat with its knot of half-drowning boys. They soon pulled up to it, and found to their great joy the number complete. They, too, had begun to despair; had feared their two brave comrades had perished; were wearied and suffocated by the constant seas that were continually breaking over them; and some were talking of losing their hold when the timely relief arrived.

On reaching the shore, the two brave mates gave in. The reaction which followed their exertions and exposure was great and dangerous. One died, a victim of his heroism, the other lived, but his health was seriously injured, and his powers of mind affected by all that he had gone through; for months afterward he would start up in his bed with a shriek of terror as he saw, in all the vivid reality of dreamland, those monstrous sharks glaring at him, and heard the gnash of their sharp teeth.

This wonderful escape can only be accounted for by the fact that the spot where they landed was the sight of the slaughter-house for the troops, and that the sharks were so sated with the offal thrown into the sea at that time, that even the unusual delicacy of "white man" could not tempt them. If, however, only a few drops of blood had tinged the water, the case would have been very different; for sharks, like beasts of prey, are roused to fury at the sight of it, and in the condition of these two poor fellows, the slightest scratch would have been instantly fatal to them.

"She Has Outlived Her Usefulness"
Not long ago, a good-looking man in middle life came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."
Our hearts rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."
"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general, but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to everybody. There was seven of us sons and daughters, and, as we could not find any one who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But, then, she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to every body else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.
"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports on the greensward, in the meadow and beside the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nine—teen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new, strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the love, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble. requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toils and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a place to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four. Ah, she is now a second child, now "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody," that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from our "bill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "she was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair silvery white. He read several passages of scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth him. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health that they might claim his promise when heart and flesh failed them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffin form before him, he said rever-

ently, "From a child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I truly know how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it, Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she had passed most of her life, toiling, as only mothers have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she let her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and strength left her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven: 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a mother cannot live so long as that. No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

Judicious Advertising.
Judicious advertising is not merely one of the results of an improving business, but, as is now almost universally conceded, it is one of the most potent of those agencies that promote an improvement in trade. If these premises are correct—and the Boston Post thinks they are—the late spring and early summer transactions give the public much reason to feel encouraged and hopeful. Business men are advertising more and more effectively, for they are relying largely upon the good steady co-operation of the leading newspapers, and less upon those fitful and undesirable methods which in the experimental season of the greatest depression took advertising out of those channels where it does the most good. The public feels rather disgusted than attracted by the sight of glaring signs upon rocks and fences, and concerning the circular nuisance we have already expressed an explicit opinion. At a recent meeting of the stove manufacturers of the country at Detroit the President of the Convention gave the members the following good advice: "If we would make the best possible use of our money, we should patronize ably-conducted and responsible newspapers. The newspaper is immeasurably the best medium open to our trade; the most liberal and expert advertisers testify to its value, and in the employment of its columns we would find a means of escape from wasteful, undignified and ineffective methods, to which so many resort in their eagerness to secure attention and patronage." These words do not apply to the stove-dealers alone, but to all classes of persons, at all times, everywhere, who are transacting legitimate business. Even the farmers, who think themselves outside the circle of regular advertisers, would find it to their advantage to use more printers' ink, which is a very effective oil for the wheels of commerce.

A Kentucky Judge.—A Kentucky judge, Sands by name, would look upon the rosy, and was not always in condition to open court. One morning last week he entered the courtroom, and instead of mounting the bench, said to the persons assembled: "Gentlemen, I appear before you to say I am a victim to a vice which has disgraced me before you and my country. As I entered this court-room I heard some one say, 'There goes pretty timber to make a criminal judge of.' I feel that remark as steel through my heart, for it is just. I am unworthy of the high honor and trust you have conferred upon one so young, and I return to you the office I have lost, being unworthy of it. Pardon me, friends and countrymen, but you shall bear this no longer. My judicial integrity and official acts are blameless. Thank God, I am no longer Criminal Judge of Lewis county!" There is stuff of the right kind in this fellow. He will be a judge, and an upright one, yet.

Even Blaine will probably seize the opportunity and join Conkling's opponents to crush him out.