

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. 523.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

P. R. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building,
over Crain's Jewelry Store.

OUR ONLY

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..... \$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 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north at 2:30 p. m. For St. Louis, Franklin and Long T. m. close at 6 a. m. on Wednesday. For Crater Lake, Camp Creek and Brownsville 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 mails depart.

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.

WILMETHIA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6, Meets on the 24 and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, etc., 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 on any day 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 nearest 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. 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, Wallets, Blanks, Portfolios, etc., etc.

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 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 this 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., 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, 1877, brings a short and very entertaining serial from the French, "The Kingdom of the Greely," a story adapted to the Thanksgiving season. Another serial of absorbing interest to boys.

"HIS OWN MASTER."

BY T. T. THOMAS, 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 some of the best artists of the day.

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 R. 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, Loretta 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, \$12), 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, \$4 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 SCHENCK & CO., 745 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. Kisser's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—included, no strong or iron 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 power. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Consumptive 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,

309 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FITS EPILEPSY,

OR

FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently cured, no humbug, by one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's celebrated Little Blue Pills. These Pills are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—included, no strong or iron 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 power. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Consumptive 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, or by express, C. O. D. Address,

ASH & ROBBINS,

309 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CENTRAL

MARKET

BOYD & RENSCHAW, Proprietors.

will

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will sell Beef in chunks from 3 to 5 cents.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

of all kinds at inside figures by

T. G. HENDRICKS.

Deaf Smith, the Spy.

Despite the cloud that hangs over the closing days of Sam Houston's life, have always entertained a strong admiration for the hero of San Jacinto. I am fully conscious of his weaknesses, some of which are quite glaring; but he had a certain pluck, a Jacksonian stubbornness which commanded the respect even of his enemies.

There is an incident of Sam Houston's career that is not generally known, but which brings out as prominently as any act of his life, that sterling courage to which I refer, and at the same time brings into notice one of the most extraordinary men of whom I ever heard—who is the person known as Deaf Smith, the Texas spy, and intimate friend of Sam Houston.

At the time Texas succeeded in establishing her independence, the constitution provided that Austin should be the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept; but the provision was inserted giving the President discretionary power to remove it temporarily to some safe point in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the power of a sudden insurrection.

About two years after the Texas revolution, the warlike Comanches became so daring as to commit several outrages in the sight of the capital itself, whereupon Houston considered the condition of matters warranted his availing himself of the provisions already mentioned. He resided at that time at Washington, on the Brazos, from which he despatched a messenger with an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the records to that place, and which he announced to be the seat of government pro tempore.

This produced the most intense excitement in Austin. The hotel keepers, grocers, boarding houses and gambling saloons foresaw irretrievable ruin. They gathered together and denounced the proposed "outrage." Gradually the mutterings took shape; until, despite the constitutional warranty for the step, it was resolved that the thing should not be done.

A mass meeting of the citizens and farmers of the neighborhood was held, and the most fiery and incendiary speeches were made. When the feelings of all were worked up to the proper pitch it was unanimously resolved to prevent the execution of the mandate by armed resistance. A company of armed men was organized on the spot. At their head was one of the most noted duellists in the country. He had achieved quite a fame during the war just closed, and was unquestionably a brave man, and as unprincipled as he was desperate. He was a man of no little importance, and it was with no little pride that he took charge of the men, who unanimously called upon him to be their leader.

So noted was Colonel Morton that a great many were convinced that when Gen. Houston learned that he headed his ground and recall the offending command—but they mistook the mettle of the old hero.

Colonel Morton, puffed up with his brief authority, declared that if the President did succeed in removing the records by power of overwhelming numbers, he would hunt him down like a wolf, and slay him wherever he found him, whether on the streets or in the bed. He went so far as to send him a letter to this effect—here is the identical answer he received:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall instantly come and take them; and if Colonel Morton can kill me he is welcome to my ear caps."

SAM HOUSTON.

On the reception of this answer the excitement became greater than ever. The guard was doubled around the State House, and picked sentinels were stationed along the road to the capital, the military paraded from morning till night, a caucus of the ringleaders was held in the city hall. Everything threatened a coming storm.

Thus matters stood for several days, when the caucus at the city hall was startled by the sudden arrival of a stranger among them. He did not knock at the door nor attempt to ask admission there, but climbed, unnoted, with the celerity of a monkey, a small oak which stood beside the wall, and without a word of warning sprang through a lofty window and landed in the very room where the caucus was assembled.

The stranger was clad in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his suspender an immense bowie knife and held in his heavy belt a couple of enormous pistols. He was very tall, thin, and straight as an arrow and as lithe and supple as a panther, with a swarthy complexion, long, black hair, a rigid, iron-like countenance, eyes of glittering blackness, and as piercing

as the point of a stiletto. His sudden appearance among them was so startling that they instinctively grasped their arms.

"Who are you that comes, among gentlemen uninvited?" thundered Col. Morton, staring at him ferociously.

The stranger turned his black eyes upon him and stared at him, but the only answer he made was by placing his finger upon his lips.

"Who are you? Speak, or I'll run you through!" shouted Morton, driven to fury by the cool, contemptuous gaze of the other, who now took his finger from his lips and placed it upon his knife.

The exasperated colonel drew back his dagger and was advancing upon the stranger, when several interposed and held him back.

"Leave him alone, Morton. Don't you see he is crazy?"

At this juncture Judge Webb stepped forward and spoke to the stranger in a kindly, respectful manner.

"My good friend, I suppose you have made a mistake. This is a private meeting, to which none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not seem to understand the words, but he did the conciliatory manner. His iron features relaxed somewhat, and stepping to a table where were implements of writing, he took up a pen and rapidly traced these words: "I am deaf."

He then held up the paper as a natural apology for his seeming discourtesy.

"Will you be kind enough to inform us what your business is with this meeting?"

The stranger answered this question by handing a letter to the judge, whose superscription was "To the citizens of Austin." The seal was broken and it was read aloud:

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—Though in error and deceived by the acts of traitors, I will give you three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time you will please let me know your decision."

SAM HOUSTON.

After the letter was read, the deaf man waited a few moments for a reply, and turned to leave the hall. At this moment Colonel Morton interposed with a lowering brow, and beckoned him to the table. The stranger obeyed. Col. Morton then wrote:

"You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough to give me satisfaction?"

The stranger instantly penned the reply:

"I am at your service."

The colonel again wrote:

"Who will be your second?"

This was the answer:

"I am too generous to seek an advantage, and too brave to fear one on the part of others; I therefore never need the aid of a second."

Morton wrote:

"Name your terms."

The stranger wrote without a moment's hesitation:

"Time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; distance, a hundred yards. Don't fail to be on time."

The last sentence was not calculated to soothe the feelings of the irritated colonel, and he compressed his lips as he read it.

The next moment the stranger strode across the floor and disappeared through the window in the same manner he had entered.

"Is it possible that you are going to fight that man?" exclaimed Judge Webb. "He is a mute if not a maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will tarnish the lustre of your laurels."

"You are mistaken," said the colonel, with a smile. "That mute is a hero whose fame stands in the records of a dozen battles, and as many bloody duels. Besides, he is the favorite emissary and bosom friend of Houston. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think the President will return his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You must know him. Who is he?" asked several.

"Deaf Smith."

"Impossible! It cannot be. Deaf Smith was slain at San Jacinto," replied Judge Webb.

"There again your honor is mistaken," said Morton. "The story of Smith's death is a mere fiction, gotten up by Houston for the purpose of saving his friend from the vengeance of several Texans, on whose conduct he had acted the part of a spy. I learned the artifice a year ago."

"Then you are a madman, yourself, colonel. Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has been known to have brought down ravens in their flight, and has picked off Comanches and Mexicans at a distance of two hundred yards."

"The thing is settled. I fancy I can do a little of that business myself."

"But for God's sake, prestidigitator, becoming excited, 'I don't want you to be murdered.'"

"Who is going to be?" asked the colonel, as he smoked his cigar and smiled in his usual way.

"Why, you, if you undertake to fight Deaf Smith."

"This thing is all arranged, as I said a few moments ago, and I wouldn't back out if I was certain to be shot, for what is death to dishonor?"

Such was the absurd sentiment in Texas at the time, and such, we fear, is too prevalent among civilized nations.

Toward evening a large crowd assembled at the place appointed for the meeting, and so reckless were the people regarding the issue at stake—a human life, perhaps two—that there were all manner of jokes, and not a few wagers laid upon the result.

At length, as the sun sank below the horizon, the two mortal antagonists appeared on the open space, and stood back to back. At the waving of the handkerchief they began pacing off from each other, both stepping exactly together, as if they were keeping time to the tap of a drum. They completed the distance at the same instant, when they wheeled so far as to face each other, and fired as soon as possible.

As they were separated by a considerable distance, they raised their rifles and paused a moment to take aim. The pause was long enough for the crowd to glance from one to the other, and note the expression of their faces. Colonel Morton was calm and smiling, but the smile was a murderous one—far more terrible than the severest scowl could be. Deaf Smith, however, was as rigid and passionless as ever. His profile might have been supposed to have been cut in stone, so expressionless was it. The former was attired in the finest broadcloth, and the other in a smoke-tinted leather.

The next instant both rifles exploded simultaneously. Colonel Morton gave a smothered shriek, sprang upward, and fell to the ground—dead. Deaf Smith stood unmoved and began reloading his rifle, which being done he turned away and disappeared in the adjoining forest.

Three days after, General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, made their appearance in Austin, and without further opposition removed the State papers.

Deaf Smith, as I remarked before, was one of the most extraordinary men ever known in the west. He appeared in Texas at an early period, and resided there until his death, which occurred over a dozen years after. He had many ardent friends, but nothing definite was ever learned regarding his former life. Whether he ever acquainted Houston with it was never known, for the old hero never enlightened anyone, as far as I can learn, upon the matter.

When Deaf Smith was questioned upon the matter, he laid his finger upon his lips, and if pressed, his dark eyes gave such a rebuke that no one dare question him further. Although deprived of the faculty of hearing, nature, as it is often the case, seemed to compensate him by giving him an eye as keen and far-reaching as an eagle's and a smell as perfect as a raven's. He could discern Comanches so far on the prairie that they were invisible to the eye of the most experienced rangers, and his friends declared he could scent a Mexican when miles away.

Gifted in this extraordinary manner, it will be seen that he possessed just the qualities to make him a successful spy; and his services to Houston during the Texan war for independence were invaluable. He generally went alone, and very rarely failed to obtain the information required. He had many erratic habits. No persuasion could induce him to sleep under the roof of a house. With his blanket wrapped around him he loved to lie out in the open air, under the star-gemmed firmament. When not engaged as a spy, he lived by hunting and was often absent for months on his excursions. He was a genuine son of nature, at home only when upon the prairies or in the woods, or when engaged in the thrilling excitement of the hunt, or the more fiery thrill of the clash of arms and the roar of battle. Shut out by his infirmity from the close companionship of friends, he had made the inanimate things of earth his friends. Wherever there was water or land, barren rocks or tangled brakes of wild cane, there was Deaf Smith's home, and there he was happy; but in the streets of great cities, in all the great thoroughfares of men, wherever there was flattery or fawning, base cunning or graven fear, there Deaf Smith was an alien and exile.

SCENE IN A DEBATING SOCIETY.

President—"We will take the eyes and noses on the previous question."

Member—"A word or two, Mr. President. Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears!" President—"Order, sir. We will take the eyes and nose first."

THE PAPER COLLAR MAN.—A man who had paper collars for sale was haranguing a crowd on the Esplanade the other night as follows: "Here, gentlemen, is the champion paper collar of the globe, unequalled for style, duration and finish, although it takes a long time to make a finish it. You can wear one a week, turn it and wear it another week, split it, and lo! you have two more collars. And when I think of the oceans of beer that will annually dribble down through all those collars, I feel like a brewery. Everybody should wear these collars; no one can keep house without them. They promote longevity and restore gray hair to its original color. They improve the complexion, purify the blood, and will force a beard or moustache upon the smoothest face in six days. They strengthen the appetite and will remove tan, freckles, corns and bunions. They will curl the straightest hair in ten minutes. Every woman should buy a box for her husband; they will collar a man in a club-room, billiard-hall, political caucus or free lunch regularly and promptly at 9 o'clock p. m. and drag him home. A man can't swear with one of them