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. 526. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

F. 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	8 00
" " one year	12 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 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For Spiketon, Franklin and Long Tom, close at 6 A. M. on Wednesday. For Cartfordsville, 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.

A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

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

WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, 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. B. LAKE. | Purchasing Agent, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JEWELRY ESTABLISMENT.

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 City. I have on hand and receiving an assortment of Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Portfolios, Cards, Wallets, Purses, Fancy 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 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 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 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, 1876, 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. TROWBRIDGE,

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 Siamese 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 R. Stockton, and others.

There will be stories, sketches and poems of special interest to girls, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Susan Coolidge, Susan Winter Kelleer, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, Lucretia P. Hale, Celia Thaxter, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others. There will be also

"TWELVE SKY PICTURES,"

BY R. A. 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 minglet 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, or a subscription for this year only, $12, but, to settle with the 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

Luckey 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. RE FRAW, : 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.

Judge Not.

In the ante room of Meredith & son's great cotton factory, in Philadelphia, a group of girls were standing engaged in an animated discussion. They were all young, some pretty, all dressed neatly, though many wore ill chosen and unbecoming finery. One of these, who had a mock gold chain and bracelets, and a profusion of jet trimmings upon a heavy silk dress, spoke very emphatically—"It is the stingiest proceeding I ever heard of!"

"What are you all so excited about?" asked a pretty little blonde, coming in from the loom room.

"Ellen Churchill!"

"Dear me! What has she been doing now? You are always discussing some dreadful deed of Ellen's—she herself."

"Yes, we all know that," said the first speaker; "you will defend anything Ellen does."

"But what has she done?"

"Refused to sign the subscription list for the tankard to be presented by Mr. Rodman."

"And Mr. Rodman has been such a good friend to her!" said a third voice.

The little blonde, Suey Whiting by name, looked rather staggered at the new accusation against her friend. Mr. Rodman, manager for Meredith & Son for nearly fifty years, was about to retire on account of the infirmities of age, and the persons engaged in the great factory were collecting money to buy a silver tankard to present to him. He was a kindly old man and always ready to lend a helping hand to the small army of work-people under his control; so that the presentation was really a gift of love.

Ellen Churchill had come to the great factory two years previous to the date of the indignation meeting in the ante-room, and had risen to the position of forewoman in one of the loom rooms. She was a handsome girl of about twenty when she applied for work, and by every action and word betrayed the fact that she had stepped from a life of refinement to the hard drudgery of a factory hand. Her low, even tone betrayed the lady in its well chosen words; and her slim, white hands bore no trace of toil upon their smooth skin. She was courteous to all who came into intercourse with her, but intimate with none. She had nursed Susy Whiting through a long period of contagious fever, winning the devotion of that little maiden, and the manager soon put her into positions of trust till she became forewoman. Here her education enabled her to keep the books required in the room, thus doubling her salary.

And here was the great ground of complaint by her companions. It was well known that the salary of Ellen Churchill was sufficient to warrant a good style of living and dressing. In the great boarding house, where seventy of the girls had rooms, she could well afford to pay for the best, to contribute to the amusements of the house, and dress well. Instead of all this, she lived in the attic, poorly furnished, with a tiny stove, where she cooked the cheapest of food. Her dress was of the coarsest description, made by her own hands, and no ornament broke its severe simplicity. She never spent money in any pleasure-seeking, nor joined in any of the quiet merriment in the house. But the crowning enormity was the refusal to contribute to the silver tankard.

The excited group in the ante room dispersed for the day, walking home in the twilight of the September evening, and still they talked of the young forewoman.

"The question is," said Mary Leigh, who had been foremost in the ante room discussion, "what does she do with her money? She never puts any in the factory savings bank; she certainly spends nothing on her dress. Where is it all, then?"

"Perhaps she supports her parents?"

"Both dead. I have heard her say so."

"Well, I dare say Mr. Rodman won't think her quite such a paragon as he has done, when he misses her name from the subscription list."

"And Walter Rodman will probably resent the insult to his father."

There was an exultation in the tone of the last remark, but all concealed. Walter Rodman, the only child of the manager, was in the counting house of the factory, with every prospect of soon becoming a partner. A man past 30, he had risen in the employ of Meredith & Son, from a lad of 14, and had saved money from a handsome salary, with the avowed intention of purchasing a place in the firm, upon the anticipated retirement of old Mr. Meredith, who was known to favor the intention. Among all the clerks and workmen in the great factory, there was no one so handsome as Walter Rodman, none so quietly refined in manner, none so great a favorite with all. But he had gone through 30 years of factory life, fancy free, until Ellen Churchill came to the factory.

There was something in the noble, refined face of the young girl that attracted Walter Rodman from the first. That there was some heavy trouble brooding in the sadness of her great dark eyes he never doubted; but if ever purity and goodness were pictured in human countenance, they were in Ellen's. From his father he learned much of the new comer, of the capability she showed for work evidently new to her, of the almost masculine brain that fitted her so soon to take control of the loom room, where over a hundred girls were at work.

Of her antecedents he knew only that she brought a letter from the clergyman of her parish, in a small town in New York State. That she was a woman of culture and refinement they could see for themselves.

But Walter Rodman, by nature frank and true, as his heart more and more acknowledged Ellen for its queen, grieved over the evident mystery in her life. While in her conversation, she advanced noble and generous views, her whole style of living was penurious to an extent rarely seen in women of her age, even living upon a much smaller salary than she commanded. It was no merely economy, but saving pushed to extremity.

There was a struggle constantly in the mind of the young clerk—a struggle between his love and his great repentance, if he urged his suit. It was revolting to him to think of his wife contracting his house upon parsimonious principles, refusing to be stow of his abundance in charity, dressing meanly and perhaps influence him to the same miserly habits. And yet, one hour with Ellen drove away such thoughts.

The low, soft voice, always tinged by her habitual sadness, conveyed such a mirror of a pure, tender heart, a cultivated mind, a noble soul, that Walter forgot the coarse, mean dress, the many stories rife in the factory of Ellen's stinginess, and knew he loved her as he had never before loved any woman.

But when the silver tankard was presented to Mr Rodman, and Ellen's name was not upon the list of contributors to the gift, Walter experienced a sharp pang of disappointment. He knew that his father's recommendation had gained Ellen her first place in this factory, that she had found a firm friend in him, and owed her rapid advancement to his interest and influence. And yet she had refused her mite to the gift that testified the good feeling of her fellow-workers in the factory!

Father and son had long been confidential friends; and on the evening following the presentation the latter opened his heart and told all his doubts and fears. Mr. Rodman listened quietly.

"Yes you love Ellen," he said.

"I love her," replied Walter, "but I could never be happy with a miserly wife."

"Poor Ellen, how little she deserves that reproach!" said Mr. Rodman. "I shall violate a confidence reposed in me, Walter, when I tell you how you misjudge her, but I think I can trust you."

"Has she told you her secret?"

"No. I heard the story from the clergyman of Lenwood, her native village, who wrote to me before she came here. He is an old friend of mine, and knew he could confide in me. I will tell you what he wrote to me. Six years ago Ellen's mother died, leaving in her care a sickly step brother, then eleven years old. Her own father had left Ellen a pretty cottage, and she had a small income from the fruit and poultry on the place, while she made a sufficient living by teaching music and playing the organ in the church. When her mother died, leaving Stephen Grady, her step brother, an orphan and penniless (for her stepfather before his death squandered all her mother's little fortune), Ellen promised to care for the boy. Remember, she was but sixteen herself, though early care had matured her far beyond her actual years.

"The boy grew like his father, reckless of expenditure, loose in principle, yet tender to his sister mother, and one of those loving scapegraces who always win some good woman's devotion. He won Ellen's. She thought herself bound by her promise to her mother to make every sacrifice for Stephen, and she faithfully tried to lead him away from the companions and evil influences that were ruining his life. Three years ago a friend of Mrs Grady's took Stephen into his counting house. Here he was to learn the book keeping, and for a time he worked steadily. Then the bad company that had ruined his boyhood, again exerted an evil influence, and he learned to gamble. Remember, Walter, he was but 14, and Ellen but five years older.

"One of his accomplishments was the power of imitating handwriting, and by the persuasion of some older heads, he forged a check for two thousand dollars on the firm he was with. The check passed the bank undetected, for the cashier was in the habit of paying over large sums to Grady. But when it was returned to the firm the forgery was discovered and traced to Stephen. Then the truth came out that he had gambled away the entire amount, and the two men who had urged the crime and pocketed the money, had fled, leaving the lad to bear the consequences. He was arrested, and repentance came when he saw the full consequence of his acts.

"It was then that Ellen proved herself the noble woman I believe her to be. She was suffering already for her brother's crime, having lost her place as organist, and all of her music pupil having left her. Despite all this, she went to the firm and pleaded for the lad. Her eloquence gained him something. They agreed not to prosecute, but to allow the boy to leave the town, and go to an uncle who was willing to give him another trial, in a Western city, it—mark that, Walter—Ellen would pay the two thousand dollars and interest within two years.

"She understood the task. Stephen was released and sent to his father's brother, where he is doing well, and Ellen left her home and come here, hoping for higher wages than she could earn in her own town. I knowing all, advanced her interest in every way. Month after month, denying herself everything but the barest necessaries of life, she has saved her earnings to wipe off her brother's debt. With the rent of the house and what she saves here, she has paid it all, the last installment being acknowledged in a letter I handed to her yesterday. You can understand why she could not take even a few dollars to subscribe for a present to me when I tell you the two years expired on the very day when the last hundred dollars was received. Now, Walter, you know Ellen's secret. Judge for yourself if she's a miser."

"She is as noble and self-sacrificing as my heart always told me she was, in spite of appearances!" said Walter, warmly. "To-morrow I will see if she can ever return my love."

"Not to-morrow," said Mr. Rodman, smiling. "Ellen went home this afternoon, her task finished. Out of the sum I paid her for the last week of her toil, she begged my acceptance of the copy of Longfellow upon the table beside you, asking me to believe she was grateful for all my kindness to her. Let her rest a little from her long strain of self-sacrifice and toil, Walter; and then, if you can win her love, I will gladly give her a daughter's place in my heart."

Winter had come and gone, and Spring sunshine was making all nature glad, when, one cheery morning, the train through Lenwood left a single passenger at the village station. He was a tall, handsome man, dressed well, without foppishness, and he inquired of a man at the station for the residence of Miss Churchill.

"The first white cottage as you turn the second street from here," was the reply.

It was soon found, and at the gate the traveler halted. The windows, shaded by a white verandah, were open, and he could see the tasteful parlor. Near the window stood a handsome woman, trailing a vine over a net-work of string. Her face was partly averted; but the stranger could see that all the pallor and sadness of the past had gone.

Upon the graceful figure was a dress of fleecy muslin, tastefully made, and trimmed with soft lace ruffles at throat and wrist, and a well chosen ornament. Suddenly some inner sense seemed to tell Ellen she was watched. She turned and saw Walter Rodman, looking earnestly and wistfully at her. A quick flush crept across her cheek, and her eyes lighted gladly as she came forward to greet him.

"May I come in?" he asked, opening the little gate.

"I am very glad to welcome you," she answered, and then extended her hand as he sprang lightly up the steps.

It is not fair to repeat lovers' talk. Suffice it that before Walter left the little cottage to take the return train, he had won the dearest wish of his heart; and when Summer had bloomed, Ellen became the bride of the junior partner of Meredith & Co., the new firm of the factory where she had worked so faithfully.

Living on its Past Reputation.

The degenerate son of a noble sire never wearies in dwelling upon his illustrous parentage. Steeped in crime, living in poverty, and dressed in rags, the rotton and decayed sprig lives upon the past history of a proud ancestor. The Republican party, repudiated by the American people, seek to prolong a precarious existence on its past reputation. Plunged in profound gloom at the prospect of certain defeat in the future, and the inevitable destruction of their party organization, the old party leaders, like the one-legged soldier, shouldered the crutch and show how battles once were won. They point to the past reputation of the Republican party as proudly and as often as the prodigal son points to the fame of his father—the rich lands he once owned, the palatial residence he once occupied, and the well stored larder it contained. As power recedes from their grasp, the Radical partizans, who have so long fattened upon public plunder, tell us that their party has challenged the admiration of the civilized world by its achievements, and wove, as chaplets for its crown, the fadless wreath of liberty; that it made the bondmen free; it made citizenship and schools universal; it abolished the curse of slavery; preserved the Union from machinations and traitors, and that it made all the past pale before the beneficient progress it quickened and maintained. And now they tell us, amid sobs and sighs, that the party that accomplished these grand results is doomed to annihilation, and that those who secured these triumphs, instead of sharing the love of the people whose interests they advanced, their services are to be requited with an ingratitude that drives them from power. All this is true; but it is the result of a bitter, relentless fanaticism. Had the Republican party been generous and magnanimous at the close of the war; had it adopted the policy of peace and reconciliation inaugurated by Andrew Johnson in 1865, urged by the Democratic party for twelve years, and now embraced by Hayes; and had the Republican party at the same time administered the government honestly and economically, it would have controlled the history of the nation during the present century. The South, at the close of the war, was in a condition to be won by kindness and magnanimity. Our people were impoverished. They knew no politics, save a desire to rebuild their shattered fortunes and to forget the hatreds engendered by the war. But the Republican party, in its vindictiveness, entailed upon them greater calamities than the war. They filled the south with carpet-baggers—a plague worse than the locusts of Egypt—and officers elected by the people were deposed by the bayonet and thieves placed in power. The wealthy and intelligent tax-payer was disenfranchised from the polls by ignorant ragamuffins. The blacks were arrayed against the whites in deadly hatred. Lawlessness, anarchy, sectional hatred, and a debt of three million entailed upon the Southern people were the fruits of this policy. More than a decade has passed into history since the last gun was fired, the last rebel sword was sheathed, and the last flag was furled in fraternal peace. Twelve years have hastened by since Republicanism reached its grand consumation, and it had but to rule in integrity and magnanimity to gather for years to come the ripened harvest of what it had sown. But there came stains upon its crown and blots upon its fair columns as the placeman advanced with his groveling ambition and the venal approached with his insatiate greed. The mousing owls burrowed into the foundations of the grandest monuments of Republican achievment, and bent its comely shafts and disjointed its exquisite trophies. The mercenary and the plunderer crawled and climbed into its sacred places, and where was once the sweet song of patriotism is now heard the tuneless [illegible] to shame the sacrifices, the victories, the grandeur of the past. There would have been no solid truth if the effort had not been made to impeach Andrew Johnson for attempting to do what Hayes has done, and which the Democratic party has long advocated. The world will ever remember Benedict Arnold, not as the campaigner against Quebec, and not as the broken-legged patriot of the revolution sitting astride of his cannon cheering on the rebels, but as the betrayer of West Point; and the American people will remember the Republican party, not for the great achievements about which its leaders boast, but for its persecutions of the South, its sectional hatreds and its corruptions, which have become a stench in the land. If the last years of Radical rule could be blotted out, and all their misrule, hatreds, plunder, debauchery, and shame, in places high and low in authority, could be obliterated from our history, there would be some justice in the lamentations of the Radical leaders over the downfall of a party whose achievements have been great. But when degradation has ruled in the temples of power, and venality has deformed the statutes and officials of the nation, and poverty and thriftlessness have become the fruits of Republican administration, the grandeur of another decade only blackens the demoralization of the present. It may be an unwelcome truth for these lugubrious party leaders, who are mourning over the remains of their defunct organization, but the sooner they learn that it is the sectional hatreds which they have inspired and inculcated that has brought them to ruin, the sooner will they learn how to submit to their defeat. The Republican achievements under Andrew Johnson and U. S. Grant, and not under Lincoln, are those which stare the people in the face.—Memphis Appeal.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, Radical, says: Had President Grant's policy lasted longer it would have been the cause of a color war which could have had no other termination than the extinction of the Southern blacks. Its chief fruits were the licensed robbery of the Southern people, white and black, by hordes of political carpet baggers, and the continued oppession of the blacks by the whites.

The St. Louis Times says: Unlike Bob Schenck, Mr. John Welsh is not familiar with poker, and unlike Edward Pierrepont, Mr. John Welsh indulges in no "boast of heraldry" or other snobbishness, but he is a Christian, a patriot and a gentleman nevertheless, and his confirmation as our Minister to St. James would be something refreshing to chronicle.

It is noted as curious fact by Sir Samuel Baker that a negro has never been known to tame an elephant or any wild animal.