

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. 527.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

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

ALEXANDER BROS.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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

OUR ONLY
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements inserted as follows:
Per square, 10 lines or less, one insertion \$5; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash received in advance.
Time advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

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" " " six months..... \$9 00
" " " one year..... \$12 00
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Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly.
All job work must be paid for on delivery.

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Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a rural train. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.
A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

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FRANCIS LODGE No. 9 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.
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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. ISMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York.

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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. K. 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.

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WM. B. PURCHASING AGENT,
SALE, SAN FRANCISCO, 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
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 25 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, Oreg., 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, \$1 in full, \$1/2.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1877.

Which opens with November, 1877, bears a short and very entertaining serial from the French, "The Kingdom of the Greeny." A story adapted to the Thanksgiving season. Another serial of absorbing interest to boys.

"HIS OWN MASTER."

BY J. T. FROTHINGHAM,
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 extraordinary illustrations of Oriental sports, with drawings by numerous artists, THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER OF ST. NICHOLAS, superbly illustrated, contains a very interesting paper.

"THE BOYS OF MY CHILDHOOD."

BY WILLIAM CLELLAN BAYANT.
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 O'Connell, 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 Lodi, Sarah Wither Kellough, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louise Alcott, Louisa P. Knapp, Julia 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 arouse in interested 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, \$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. Sample with the nearest newsdealer, or send money in check, or P. O. Money order, or in registered letters 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.

FITS EPILEPSY,
OR
FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured no humbug by one month's usage of Dr. Gouard's Celebrated **MILK POWDERS.** These powders will do all we claim for them. We will send them by mail, post paid, free of charge. As Dr. Gouard's powders are a special study, and as to our knowledge, it is possible to 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 their creative powers.

Price, for large box, \$5 00, or 4 boxes for \$19 00, sent by mail to any part of United States or Canada, on receipt of price, or by express, O. D. Address,

ASH & ROBBIN,
350 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 11 Beef in chunks from 3 to 5 cents.

If you wish to buy your goods cheap, you must go to the store of
LURCH BROS.,
COTTAGE GROVE.

They keep one of the largest stocks of
General Merchandise

Outside of Portland, and they sell goods cheaper than it can be bought anywhere in the Willamette valley.
The firm of Lurch Bros. consists of Aaron Lurch and Ben Lurch.

VISITING CARDS—Very neat at the GUARD OFFICE.
THE BEST SHOES EVER BROUGHT TO this market, at the lowest prices at
T. G. HENDRICKS.

Naughty, but Nice.

She stood beside my high-backed chair,
Her curls against my face,
And turning round to see me fair,
My very thoughts to trace,
She put a dimpled hand in mine,
To hide it in a trice,
And, blushing just a little, said:
"I really think you're nice."

Such words a heart of ice would touch,
And melt away in bliss;
In fact, I think I said as much,
And hinted at a kiss.
The winsome maid began to pout,
To seem a truce said:
"That's very naughty, sir," she said,
"And now I think you're bad."

I told her, while I clasped her waist,
Where long, dark tresses curled,
I would not have her love displaced,
No, not for all the world;
And kiss without her sweet consent,
I never, never would—
"I'll tell you, when you may," she said,
"And now I think you're good."

She stood beside my high-backed chair,
Her curls against my face,
And turning round to see me fair,
My very thoughts to trace,
I took her dimpled hands in mine,
Like cunning little mice,
And kissed her—when the maiden said,
"It's naughty, but it's nice."

Old Heads and Young Hearts.

"Do I look nice, Auntie?"

The speaker was standing before a full length mirror, her pretty head twisted to one side to survey multicolored flounces of white tulle over pale blue silk, constituting the elaborate evening dress covering her slender, graceful figure. Clusters of blue flowers with snowy leaves caught the light in the profusion of golden curls.

"You look very nice, my dear," Miss Delia Merriman had taken a long survey of the exquisite face before she spoke, and was satisfied with the appearance of her young and lovely protégée.

"Very nice!" she repeated. "Hortense has fitted you perfectly, and the dress is most becoming. Now, if you will get my jewel-case, you shall wear my pearls."

"Thanks!" cried Elsie, carefully lifting the heavy casket, and putting it on a table beside Miss Merriman. "I am so sorry you have such a cold! This will be a splendid party, I know. Ah! Auntie," she continued, opening a small box in the jewel case, "I never saw this!"

She held up, as she spoke, a slender chain, from which depended a gold locket, upon whose surface gleamed one pearl of great beauty, pure and large.

"Oh, how lovely!" Elsie cried, clasping the chain around her slender throat. "May I wear it?"

Miss Merriman was moved, as the locket was held up before her. Some strong memory stirred her placid features, for the soft, brown eyes grew troubled, and her lips quivered.

"Would you rather I took it off?" Elsie asked, gently.

"No, dear, you may wear it. Put in the solitary pearl earrings. I hear the carriage. Do not keep Mr. Jameson waiting."

"I wish you were going," Elsie said, as Miss Merriman wrapped a warm opera cloak over the delicate dress. "I never feel so happy if you are at home."

"Thank you, dear. Now run along."

So Elsie, already forgetting the locket and the troubled face, kissed her so-called aunt warmly, and flitted away.

For Miss Delia Merriman, who had inherited thirty thousand pounds from a second cousin, greatly to her own amazement, was not Elsie Garman's aunt. Nineteen years before, she had closed the eyes of the girl's dead mother, lifted a weak old baby to her own bosom, and taken her home. Not to such luxuries as now surrounded her—not to ball dresses, pearls and gaiety—but to a small room in a lodging house. Here for twelve long years she had denied herself every luxury of life, many comforts, to provide food for the child, to clothe her comfortably, to send her to school. She was but a girl herself—scarcely twenty in those days—earning her bread by making artificial flowers, and working early and late to keep the room tidy, cook the simple food and do necessary sewing, when she was not working at her trade.

But when wealth came, suddenly and unexpectedly, flooding Elsie's life with sunshine, Miss Delia altered a little from her former self. True, she had leisure time, could open her kind hands in charity where before she had only given her warm tender sympathy, but as she had been in poverty, quiet, gentle and ever sad, so in prosperity the same calm gravity rested on lip and brow, the same deep sadness lurked in the soft brown orbs.

Though but forty, her hair was somewhat streaked with gray, and premature age was the fruit of a toilsome and sorrowful heart. Yet she was lovely still, and goodness ever beamed from her sad, pitying glance.

After Elsie had left her she put

aside the jewel case and sat musing before the fire. She had made it one of her duties to her adopted child to accompany her, after introduction to society, to all scenes of gaiety. But a severe cold had rendered exposure to the night air an imprudence on this, the evening of Mrs. Walton's large party, and Elsie had joined the family of a friend.

Memory was very busy in Delia Merriman's heart as she sat over the fire during Elsie's absence—so busy when the carriage rolled to the door as the mantle clock chimed two.

There were words of parting, then light steps on the stairs, and Elsie came in, not as usual, full of bright animation, but with an earnestness of purpose quite unusual to her.

"Did you have a pleasant evening, dear?" Miss Delia asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know. Are you very tired?"

The last words were all of the disconnected answer the girl seemed able to give, on account of her emotion.

"No dear! Why Elsie, love, what is it?"

For she was looking troubled.

"I have a message for you, auntie."

"For me?"

"From a stranger who was at Mrs. Walton's, Mr. Carrington—Ralph Carrington."

"Delia Merriman rose to her feet. She tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Auntie," the girl cried, terrified, "don't look so don't!"

"The message," she whispered.

"He told me to tell you the man who killed Henry Garman was Chas. Ralston, the cashier of the Hope Bank, who has confessed his guilt. He said, 'Tell Miss Merriman that to-morrow I will see her.' Auntie, Elsie continued urgently, "what does it mean? Was not Henry Garman my father?"

"Yes, child." It means, Miss Merriman said, "that the cross that for twenty years has lain upon my life is lifted to-night. You shall know all, Elsie, at once. I will not send you to a sleepless bed, child, with your heart so troubled. But give me a few moments to think of your tidings, and tell me how this message came to be entrusted to you."

"Mrs. Walton came to me late in the evening, and asked permission to introduce Mr. Carrington. I had noticed a stranger, who looked at me very earnestly."

"A tall, handsome man, with curling brown hair and pleasant features, wearing a full beard of waving golden brown."

"No, a tall, grave man, with stern features, smoothly shaven, and hair almost white—quite an old man."

"True! true! I had forgotten. He must be fifty-five."

"When he was introduced to me, he touched the locket upon my neck. 'Pardon me,' said he, 'if I am too curious, but your name and that trinket are connected with so much of my life that I venture to ask you something concerning them. The locket first. Did somebody give it to you—a lady?' His looks were so eager that I told him the locket was yours. Then he led me on, little by little, till I told him my whole life. He said he had been here two months seeking you. He did not look for a wealthy woman, but one poor and solitary. Then I informed him how poor we had been; and about your cousin, and how you had lavished every good thing on me. And then, Auntie, he whispered, half to himself, that I had no claim on you. What did he mean? Are you not my Aunt?"

"No, dear, there is no tie of blood between us. Your claim is the claim of love, for you have been the one comfort, the one sunshine of my lonely life. Twenty years ago, Elsie, Ralph Carrington gave me the locket you have upon your neck, a gift of betrothal, for we loved each other and were engaged to be married. I was a poor girl, making artificial flowers for bread, an orphan, too. He was assistant cashier of the Hope Bank, where your father was night watchman, and Charles Ralston was head cashier. Ralston was in love with me, and pursued me with unwelcome attentions."

"One day to rid myself of his importunities, I told him I had promised to marry Ralph. He left me in a rage. Only one week later the bank was entered at night, your father shot through the heart, and Ralph Carrington discovered in the vault trying to revive him. He was arrested and tried. He told a story no one could believe, that Charles Ralston had sent him from his house to the bank for papers, after keeping him busy there over the books all the evening. But Ralston swore that he had not been at home that evening; and proved it; that the keys of the vault safe, found hanging in the keyhole, were stolen from his desk, and he had not sent his clerk to the bank. So Ralph was

convicted and sentenced. He escaped! Elsie, I had saved fifty pounds for my wedding garments. I went to see him in prison, and, knowing he was innocent, I gave him the money to bribe the keeper of his cell. The man took it, and Ralph was free. I have never known if he lived or died until to-night.

After he was gone your mother was taken ill. Before marriage she had worked for the same establishment where I was employed, and I knew her well. The shock of her husband's death was too severe for her, and she never rose again from her bed, though she lived three months. When she died I promised you should be my charge, and never know the shadow upon your life till you were a woman."

Elsie was sobbing quietly, often lifting to her lips the gentle hand that had given her all she had ever experienced of life's blessings.

There was a long silence after Miss Merriman ceased speaking, and the girl dawn was creeping in at the windows when, softly kissing her, Aunt Delia told Elsie to go to rest.

But for herself there was no rest. Feverishly, with an agitation altogether unlike her usual quiet, she awaited the coming of her lover who had fled from his unjust sentence twenty years before, but who was free now and his innocence known. The day was young, and Elsie was sleeping still when he came.

Delia was waiting for him in the drawing-room. There was no affection of youth in her silver gray silk, and the square of black lace upon her soot hair; but, instead of a brooch, there fell upon the knot of ribbon at her throat the pearl locket Ralph had given his betrothed. She stood up to greet the stern-faced, elderly man who advanced to meet her, trying to find traces of her lover. Not till he smiled tenderly did she recognize him.

"She said, softly, 'You are more than welcome. I am rejoiced, the cloud is lifted from your life, Ralph!'"

And he, holding the trembling hand fast in his strong ones, answered, "I have found you at last, Delia. My little love, my darling!"

"Ralph," she said, the bright blush rising to her faded cheeks, "you forget we are gray-haired, elderly people?"

"I forget everything but that you are here, that the hope that has seemed of madness for twenty years is realized. I have been in California, Delia, all these years, amassing wealth, under another name, working for gold to drown thought. I have led a busy life, but there has not been one hour when I have not pictured such happiness as this. You are mine, Delia; you will not send me from you? You will be my wife?"

"If you wish it," she said, softly, her own faithful heart thrilling under the sincerity of his tone, "I have never ceased to love you or to pray for you, Ralph."

Society speculated upon the brief courtship, for there was a quiet wedding within a month, but nobody knew of the painful past save Elsie, the ebullient child of Ralph Carrington and Delia, his wife.

MEANING OF AMEN.—A correspondent writing from Lacon, Ill., sends the following account of a boy's attempt at defining:

During the last winter there was a religious interest at Varna, Ill. The pastor of the Methodist church, the Rev. Mr. Demming, was in the habit of holding a daily children's meeting, at which the boys and girls stopped for a few moments on their way from school. In order to interest and instruct the children, the pastor presented a variety of topics. One day he asked the meaning of "Amen." No one answered.

"You have often," said the clergyman, "heard the brethren say 'amen!' 'amen!' while some one was praying. What did they mean? If any one knows, let him hold up his hand."

Up jumped a little fellow, too eager to wait for recognition.

"I know," he called out. It means "hurry up and get through."

There was an audible smile, and many of the elders, we have no doubt, felt that the definition would be very useful if it could be generally accepted, and "amen" used to shorten prayers.

Is It Not.

The Federal government has now been for more than sixteen years in Republican hands. They have had the Presidency, the control of the Senate and, until within two years, that of the House of Representatives. They have exercised an unlimited power of shaping national legislation at their will; and see the result. If our commerce languishes, if our manufactures are idle and our laboring people unemployed, is it not because of the incompetency of our Republican statesmen?

Don't be so foolish.—Old father Pettengil went into his house one day, and caught John, the hired man, hugging Mrs. Pettengil.

The farmer said nothing and went out into the field. After dinner he wanted John for something, but John could not be found.

He went at last into John's room, where the latter was found on his knees, busily engaged in packing his trunk.

"What's the matter John?" said Mr. P.

"Oh, nothing," said John.

"What are you packing your trunk for?"

"Going away! What are you going away for, John?"

"Oh, you know," answered John.

"No, I don't know, either," rejoined Mr. P. "Come, give me a reason for your sudden desire to go away."

"Well," meekly replied John, "you saw what I was doing this morning."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed P. "don't be so foolish. If you and I can't hug the old woman enough, I'll hire another man."

A strict Turk is obliged not only to wash his head, face, neck, ears and feet, but also his teeth at each of the five daily calls to prayer, so he very soon wears out his tooth brush; and those articles are generally in packets of a dozen. They are made of olive sticks about ten inches long and a half an inch in diameter. At one end for about half an inch they are split in all directions, so as to form a brush closely resembling a stenciling brush. It is easy to see that they are not calculated to endure hard wear. The less particular Turks use ordinary European tooth brushes, but as even the most lax among them look on the pig and all belonging to him as vile and unclean, they would as soon think of defiling their mouths with a Russian tooth brush as of eating a pork chop or a rasher of bacon. The shopkeeper, therefore, swears by the health and souls of his father and mother that the hair of which his tooth brushes are made grow on the back of the camel, the cow, or the horse.

A Canadian farmer recently saw two men attempting to drive a hog past his house, but the brute was so obstinate that they finally told the farmer that if he would kill it for them they would give him half of the meat. He accepted the offer with joyful alacrity, and not only killed the hog but dressed it into the bargain, after which the strangers drove away with their haul.

But when the farmer went at night to feed his own hog he found the pen empty, and it did not take him long to discover that he had killed his own property, receiving half of it for his trouble.

WHAT THE RIOTER WANTED AND TOOK.—"Bread or blood!" he cried.

But he changed his mind and concluded to take a chew of tobacco.

"Bread or blood!" yelled he again.

But once more he pleaded on receiving a five-cent cigar.

"Bread or blood!" howled he for the third time.

But still he compromised and accepted a drink of whisky.

After that he was happy, and wanted nothing.

The war correspondent of the London News says that at the battle near Kazalevo, where the Russians were defeated, "a Russian officer, who was observed gallantly trying to rally his men, was killed, and the body when subsequently discovered proved to be that of a woman. She was buried where she fell."

The Kansas City Times says: The Republican party since the war has been a mere puppet in the hands of Oliver P. Morton. There will be a struggle for the wires, but no other man can handle them as he did, and the party will never go through the same motions again.

Always win tools first. They talk much; and what they have once uttered they stick to; whereas there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments which may entirely change his opinion.

CAN JUDGE.—"I can't say as he went to heaven," remarked a Kent Scott citizen of a deceased townsman, "but he paid a bill of eleven years' standing only the day before he died. And you can judge for yourself."

Fourteen tobacco manufacturers at Greensboro, N. C., have pleaded guilty to the charge of counterfeiting tobacco stamps. They had expected amnesty, and petitions in their favor had been signed by 1,700 persons.

The debt of the State of Virginia is \$85,150,825 exclusive of sinking and literary funds.