

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. 542.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

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

ALEXANDER BROS.,

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 \$1; each subsequent insertion 50¢. 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 column, 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 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north at 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For Sunday, Franklin and Long streets, close at 6 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Crawfordville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m.
Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a rival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.
A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

SOCIETIES.

Episcopal Lodge No. 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.
Spercer Bette Lodge No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.
W. M. C. Recompense No. 6, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and infidelities 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.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

J. C. Bolon,

DENTIST.

SUCCESSOR TO WJSH & BOLON.

OFFICE—In Underwood's brick building, over the express office.

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.

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.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

I HAVE ESTABLISHED A

LUMBER YARD

On the corner of Eleventh and Willamette streets, and keep constantly on hand lumber of all kinds. Seasoned flooring and rustic, fencing and fence posts. F. B. DUNN. Jly14-4

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.

NEW STOCK OF HATS—The best

and largest ever brought to Eugene, at FRIENGLY'S.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ALEXANDER, J. B.—Justice of the Peace South Eugene Precinct; office at Court House.

ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.—Plaining mill, sash, door, blind and moulding manufactory, Eighth street, east of mill race. Everything in our line furnished on short notice and reasonable terms.

BENTLEY, J. W.—Private boarding house, southwest corner of Eleventh and Pearl sts.

BAUSCH, P.—Boot and shoe maker, Willamette street, second door south of A. V. Peters & Co.

BAKER, R. F.—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards—Willamette street one door north of St. Charles Hotel.

BOLON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Underwood's brick, over Express Office.

BOYD & RENSHAW—Meat Market—beef, mutton, pork, veal and lamb—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

COLEMAN, FRANK—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

CLEAVER, J. W.—General variety store and agricultural implements, southeast corner of Willamette and Seventh streets.

CHAPMAN, E. F.—Gunsmith—repairing promptly done and work warranted, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

CHRISMAN, SCOTT—Truck, hack and expressman. All orders promptly attended to. Office at express office.

CRAIN, BROS.—Dealer in Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

CALLISON, R. G.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, country produce, canned goods, books, stationery, etc., southwest corner Willamette and 9th Sts.

DORRIS, B. F.—Dealer in Stores and Tinware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

DURANT, WM.—Meat Market beef, pork, veal and mutton constantly on hand—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

ESEPEY, W. W.—Carriage maker and blacksmith, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

ELLSWORTH & CO.—Druggists and dealers in paints, oils, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods, clothing and general merchandise—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

GUARD OFFICE—Newspaper, book and job printing office, corner Willamette and Eighth streets, up stairs.

GRANGE STORE—Dealers in general merchandise and produce, corner Eighth and Willamette streets.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Druggist, Postoffice, Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

HENDRICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general merchandise—northwest corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

HYMAN, D.—Variety Store and dealer in furs and skins, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HODES, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and a fine pigeon-hole table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HENKLE, E. T.—Barber and Fashionable Hair-Dresser—west side Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath rooms, east side Willamette st., second door north of St. Charles Hotel.

MORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith. Rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on 9th street.

JAMES, B. H.—Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-iron wares, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

KINSEY, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door factory, window and door frames, mouldings, etc., glazing and glass cutting done to order.

LYNCH, A.—Groceries, provisions, fruits, vegetables, etc., Willamette street, first door south of Postoffice.

LAKIN & ROONEY—Saddlery, harness, saddle trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and Jeweler; keeps a fine stock of goods in his line, Willamette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

McCLAREN, JAMES—Choice, wines, liquors, and delicacies—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

MELLER, M.—Brewery—Lager beer on tap and by the keg or barrel, corner of Ninth and Olive streets.

McCLANAHAN, E. J.—Truck and Draying; all orders promptly attended to. Headquarters at Robinson & Church's.

OSBURN & CO.—Dealers in drugs, medicines, chemicals, oils, paints, etc.—Willamette st., opposite St. Charles Hotel.

PERKINS, H. C.—County Surveyor and Civil Engineer. Residence on Fifth street.

PEFFINGTON, B. C.—Auctioneer and Commission Merchant, corner seventh and High streets.

POINDEXTER & RUSH—Horseshoeing and general jobbing blacksmiths, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

PRESTON, WM.—Dealer in Saddlery, Harness, Carriage Trimmings, etc.—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

REAM, J. R.—Undertaker and building contractor, corner Willamette and Seventh streets.

ROSENBLATT & CO.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner Willamette and Eighth streets.

SHIELDS, J. C.—Physician and Surgeon—north side Ninth street, first door east of St. Charles Hotel.

STEVENS, MARK—Dealer in tobacco, cigars, nuts, candies, shot, powder, notions, etc.—Willamette street.

STEINHEISER, S.—Dealer in groceries, provisions, vegetables, fruits, etc.—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

THOMPSON & BEAN—Attorneys-at-Law—Underwood's brick, Willamette street, up stairs.

VAN HOUTEN, B. C.—Agent for the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, Willamette street, at Express office.

WINTER, J. A.—Photographic artist, No. 79, Willamette street. Pictures taken in the finest style of the art, at low rates.

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law. Office—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

WITTER, J. T.—Buckskin dressing. The highest price paid for deer skins, Eighth st., at Bridge.

UNDERWOOD, J. B.—General brokerage business and agent for the Connecticut Insurance Company of Hartford—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

TRY IT!—THE T. G. HENDRICKS BRAND of SOAP. For sale only by T. G. HENDRICKS.

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

ROSEBURG AND SAN JUAN LIMES for sale by T. G. HENDRICKS.

A Pite Penitent.

From the Virginia City Enterprise.

"Pite Mary" is about fifty years of age, four and a half feet in perpendicular height, and some five feet in equatorial diameter. This mountain of aboriginal flesh is industrious, and goes on regular rounds through the city for the purpose of scrubbing kitchen floors and doing other rough work—no kind of work is too hard for her, provided it will put money in her purse. Although such a drudge, Mary is not ignorant of the more fashionable accomplishments in vogue among the belles of her tribe; she is well up in Pite poker, and can play her hand and cheat with the best of them.

A day or two since Mary came to the house of a lady patron on her regular scrubbing day in a condition of wide-spread dilapidation. Her appearance suggested that in the place whence she came there had been a large amount of carnage. One eye was nearly closed; her nose was swollen; her face was scratched and bleeding; and her hair stood six days for Sunday. Mary came in sight crying, and cried and blew her nose and sobbed and moaned all the time she was scrubbing.

As she moaned and scrubbed and groaned she explained that she had been in a big poker game, which ended in her having a fight with a squaw she had known from infancy—her best friend. Although this bosom friend had given her a fearful drubbing, Mary brought away from the field of battle the spoil she had won through her superior knowledge of the tricks of poker.

"Boo, hoo, hoo! me git um all this," said she, untying a handkerchief and counting out thirty-six half dollars.

"But you also received a very bad whipping," said her patron.

"Boo, hoo, hoo! me git um this," and Mary pulled from the pocket of her torn calico dress a wad of about four ounces of hair.

"That might be good Mary, had not the woman been your best friend."

"Oh! yash, my fend—my good fend!" cried Mary, and boo-hoed more lustily than before.

Crying all the time as though her heart would break the mountain of feeling, tied the coin up in the handkerchief, placed it on a table and resumed her mopping, shaking with grief like a bowl of jelly.

Mary cried right along until her work was done; cried when she received her usual half dollar, in payment therefor, and departed crying as loudly and earnestly as when she came in sight.

The next day, much to the surprise of all about the house, Mary made her appearance when not due—a thing very unusual with her. She was still crying evenly along, but less noiselessly than before. Instead of coming into the kitchen she went and squatted doggedly down in the wood-shed.

"Mary," said the lady of the house, speaking quite sternly, "you cheated your friend out of that money! You are a bad girl to play poker and cheat and fight. I am ashamed of you! If you don't leave off playing poker and fighting I'll get another woman to work for me."

"Boo, hoo, hoo!" howled Mary, with a fresh burst of vigor, and, gathering herself up, she rolled out of the wood house and rolled away, a mountain of sensitiveness, but in her hand she still held the handkerchief of half dollars.

Next day Mary again made her appearance. She "came up smiling." She had combed her hair, patched her dress, washed her face, and was quite her old self.

"Why, Mary, what has happened?" cried the lady. "You look happy again. Did you give the money back to your friend?"

"Yash, me no give em back; one other woman clean me out—me no more money. Now me no more play card; now me no more pite (fight); now me scrub your house all time; now me one dam good girl, you bet!"

"Am I to blame?"—"Am I to blame, Mother?" asked a young lad the other day, who had joined a temperance society. His father and mother appeared to be displeased with him. After a long silence, the boy broke forth, "Am I to blame, Mother? Sister Mary has married a drunken husband, who abuses her every day; Sister Susan's husband was temperate, and has gone off and left her; and you are obliged to take her home and care for her children. Brother James comes home every night drunk; and because I have joined the cold water army, and you are likely to have one sober person in the family, you are scolding me. Am I to blame, Mother?" The mother, overcome by the argument of her child, "You are right, my boy. May God bless you, and help you to keep your good resolutions."

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal, not a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been turned in this country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivance for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire-place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire, kindled in the brick oven or on the hearth. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purpose was drawn from deep wells by the creaking sweep. No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled; and if the fire "went out upon the hearth" over night, and the timber was damp so that the sparks would not catch the alternative was presented of wandering through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some of the family were ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and wood-sheds, and they never complained.

I DON'T ADVERTISE.

That fellow, we have written at the top of this article, says an exchange, we generally find in our daily rounds seated on a barrel or counter drumming his heels against the side, lounging on the counter half asleep, idling in the doorway or playing checkers in the back room to while the time away. Oh, how sad he looks when you mention business. Sometimes he stands up, and what a figure! His head looks like the busy end of a new-foundland pup's tail. His jaws resemble two clapboards filled with spikes. His neck, unwashed, looks like a two-years-old stove-pipe, and his legs are like unto a ram rod in a gunny sack. No business. No hopes. There's no money in the country. "My friends have deserted me I am almost discouraged." Then he will spur up and talk finance and tell what he has seen in the paper he borrowed from his neighbor until we have hope of his sanity. But when we say advertise, he loses every vestige of manhood and is a living skeleton again. Now, while this is only a pen picture, it is drawn from actual facts as may be seen in this and every other business community. You may ask the mercantile traveler or the wholesale dealer, and they will both tell the same story—no business with those firms who don't advertise. On the contrary, enter the store of him who lets the people know of his existence and what he is doing in the world through the press, and you always see a well-dressed cheerful and successful man. Of course he experiences the natural rise and decline of the business season but you always hear him say: "I have no reason to complain," or "business is brisk." Take a peep at the business houses of even this small city, and see how near we have come to the truth.

PRISON HORRORS.

The revelations of the Trenton prison tortures before the Investigating Committee of the New Jersey Legislature are almost too hideous for belief. One ex-keeper testifies in an off hand way that he saw as many as five or six convicts at one time with gags in their mouths; saw men chained down to the floor and at the same time gagged so tightly that they could hardly breathe; saw men bound to that modern adaptation of the rack—the stretcher, their hands fastened to the ceiling and their toes touching the floor; saw convicts chained to the floor with their handcuffs on; often heard screaming coming from the dungeon; had seen a woman with black and blue marks on her wrists, who told him that she had been strung up.

If these things had been reported from some far off land of savages the people of Trenton would have shuddered while reading about them. But being in Trenton, they have heretofore passed without notice.

The Philadelphia Times says:

Packard is now about the only man left available for the position of Collector of New Orleans. But Packard belongs to the Wells-Anderson crowd, and for all that anybody knows may be in close pursuit of those men toward the jail. The Courts of Louisiana have a habit of removing some of the President's office-holders without waiting for his permission.

A Hypocritical Colored Philanthropist.

During the period when the Freedmen's Bureau was a national hobby, and too much could not be done for the colored people of the South, the Freedman's Hospital was established in Washington, and, to make sure of its proper management, colored men of distinction at the North were chosen to preside over it. That was a number of years ago. Also, of the outgrowth of the same plant, were the Howard University and the Freedmen's Bank at the Capital. It is enough to say here that the University is a fraud, and that the victims of the bank, long since, learned that it was a swindle. And now the Freedman's Hospital has fallen into the depth of dishonor. Dr. Purvis, who superintends it, has proven to be the blackest of black sheep toward the unfortunate of his own color. He has been defrauding the patients of their rations, medicines and comforts to enrich himself and to maintain his own household in extravagant style. He lives sumptuously, in a grand house the Government has provided for him, rent free. But not content with this and his very liberal salary, he deprives the very sick and crippled of that which he is furnished for distribution to them. And he has compelled such as were able to work to toil for his own private benefit and profit. This noted colored humanitarian, who has for many years talked and written about the wrongs of the colored people, now turns out to be the cruellest of any in his treatment of his own race.

STUPENDOUS IMPUDENCE.

The most remarkable feature of the outcry so industriously raised in certain quarters against the legislative action necessary to establish a competing continental railroad, seems to have almost escaped critical attention. The one solitary argument urged against present action by the Government is, that the Companies owning the monopoly line have abused the gifts and privileges granted by Congress,—therefore, Government should not aid in the construction of a competing line, because its builders may do as the builders of the monopoly line have done. The remarkable feature comes in right here: This "argument" is made by—whom? Why, Messrs. C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon, of the Central and Union Pacific Railroads! Can the world exhibit an instance of such stupendous impudence? It is altogether matchless. What would be the public judgment if a company of swindlers, who had set themselves up in business upon money obtained by false pretenses and evasion of their just obligations, should exhibit the evidence of their own rascality in order to discourage the extension of credit to other people proposing to establish rival business!—San Diego (Cal.) Union.

AGE OF OAKEN SHIPS.

The age of a good oaken English ship is about the age of a robust man—three score years and ten—with an equal chance of going on into years beyond. During the years of 1875-76, there were 639 British vessels wrecked and otherwise destroyed between the tender years of 3 and 10; 1,032 between 7 and 14 years; 1,414 between 15 and 40 years; 611 between 30 and 50 years; 80 between 50 and 60 years; 41 between 60 and 70 years; 12 between 70 and 80 years; 12 between 80 and 90 years; 2 between 90 and 100 years, and 2 over 100 years. All these old ships that had for so many years buffeted the storms of all climates were wooden hulls, that material being superior in lasting qualities to iron, of which the majority of modern hulls are built.

The recent fatal duel in Georgia

has called out in the Southern papers reminiscences of all the famous duels of the last half century. As remarkable a one as any was that fought at Bridgeport, Ky., in 1836, when Shelton and Kingsbury were arrayed against each other. Kingsbury knew it was a joke; Shelton thought it was real. The seconds loaded the guns with soft soap. Shelton won the first fire, banged away and dropped behind a log. Kingsbury walked up to Shelton, put the muzzle of his gun near his head and fired. Such a looking man was never seen in Kentucky or elsewhere; soft soap covered his entire head. In mortal agony Shelton put up his hand, got a handful of soap and exclaimed, "Oh, my poor brains! my poor brains!" Finally realizing the hoax, he chased Kingsbury more than five miles, firing stones and volleys of profanity at him.

The Philadelphia Times says:

Governor Houston of Alabama, has made such a thoroughly good Executive that he seems to be the coming man for United States Senator from that State. It won't require much of a man to be a great improvement on Spencer, or, for that matter, on any of the Senators Alabama has had in legislative years.

In a Nutshell.

The Graphic presents some facts in regard to the silver in European countries. The figures presented are exceedingly interesting as well as instructive, and they are commended to the careful and prayerful attention of the "gold bugs," whose misrepresentations in regard to silver in foreign countries have been so persistently given to the public through the newspapers:

Senators Lamar, Edmunds, Morrill and Bayard, as well as Professor Sumner, have made some statements concerning silver in European countries, which are curiously inaccurate. Instead of taking up and correcting their errors point by point, we will condense some facts which they ought to commit to memory:

1. Great Britain, a mono-metallic country, has lost \$25,000,000 of her gold during the last year.

2. France, which keeps gold and silver on equal terms, has increased her gold stocks \$79,000,000 during the last year.

3. On January 10th, 1878, there was \$339,100,000 coin and bullion, in the Bank of France; \$22,260,000 more than the aggregate contained in the National Banks of England, Germany, Austria, Belgium and the Netherlands.

4. Silver is not "entirely demonetized" by England and Germany, or either of them; for Great Britain floats not less than \$80,000,000 of silver legal-tender, to-day, and Germany has more than \$100,000,000 in silver legal-tender, and neither of them can get rid of it, however much they try. Silver sticks to the fingers of the people like tar.

5. The five-franc piece is not very scarce in France. Ernest Seyd, whose testimony gold men will not hesitate to take at par, estimated in 1870 that there were not fewer than \$350,000,000 in five-franc pieces in France. No less than twenty-four twenty-fifths of all the silver in France is in five-franc pieces.

6. Silver is a full legal tender in France to any amount, and Mr. Lamar can get ten million gold dollars at the bank of France by offering for them ten million of these five-franc pieces, which are worth three cents less than the old American "dollar of our daddies," which gold monopolists tell us is worth only 92 cents.

Senator Mitchell voting to enrich

the bondholders and enslave the people, who has to bear the burdens of the government, has probably turned over his tin bucket of sensational aspirations and calculations, if party lines are to be adjusted by financial considerations for the future, he, in arraying himself against the West and South and for the money power of the East, has not done the best thing possible to secure the united strength of his party in Oregon. The Republicans of this coast are not more wealthy as a general thing than Democrats and silver is as sacred in their estimation as it is to the Democracy. Considering this fact it may be presumed that not a few of his friends may give him the cold shoulder.

The Boston Post says:

Rhode Island has to discuss annually the question of intermarriage of the races with as much regularity as the legislators of Maine are called upon to talk and vote upon prohibition. The Bill to defeat the long-standing decree against the intermarriage of whites and blacks has been defeated this year as usual, and once more Little Rhody arrays herself strongly against legalized miscegenation.

The New York Evening Post congratulates

the machine members of the Republican party on their brilliant notion that they can conduct a successful canvass in 1880 by placing their party organization on the foundation of the Louisiana Returning Board. The attempt to rear a political structure out of the timbers of sectional hate on that spawn of carpet-baggism would deprive Sisyphus's labors with the stone of all significance as an example of unavailing effort, and should lend a kind of respectability