

# 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. 543.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1878.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

## The Eugene City Guard.

F. H. 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 \$3; each subsequent insertion \$1. Cash required in advance.

Transient notices in local columns, 20 cents per line or each insertion.

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Letters will be received for delivery half an hour after a regular train. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mail departs.

A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Foreign Labor No. 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

NEWSPAPER LICENSE No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WOMANLY ENDEAVOR No. 6, Meets on the 21st and 28th Wednesdays in each month.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indications 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. ISMAN, 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 WEJSH & 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.

WM. B. 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.

July 14-15

OPPOSITION

IN THE

LIFE OF TRADE!

SLOAN BROTHERS

WILL DO WORK CHEAPER than any other shop in town.

HORSES SHOD FOR \$1.50.

With new material, all round. Resetting old shoes 5 Cents.

All warranted to give satisfaction.

Shop on Eighth st., opposite Humphreys'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.

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.

A. S. PATTERSON.

NEW STOCK OF HATS—The best and largest ever brought to Eugene, at F. B. DUNN'S.

FRIENDLY.

## EUGENE CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.—Plumbing mill, gas, 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.

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

BOYD & RENSHAW—Meat Market—beef, mutton, pork, veal and lard—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 Stoves and Tin ware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

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

ESPEY, 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.

HODEN, 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 room, east side Willamette st., second door north of St. Charles Hotel.

HORN, 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 ware, 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 cigars—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.

POINDESTER & 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 Pacific and Mercantile Insurance Company, Willamette street, at Express office.

WINNER, 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 LIME for sale by T. G. HENDRICKS.

## "De Pen and de Sward."

Harper's Drawer for April.

The "Colored Debating Society"

of Mount Vernon, Ohio, must have had some very interesting meetings this winter. Your correspondent happening to pass through Mount V., about Christmas time, was invited by a friend to accompany him to one of the "debates." Your correspondent went. The subject of the argument on that particular evening was the settlement at once and forever the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de sward?"

Mr. Laukins said about as follows: "Mr. Charman, what's de use of a sward unless you's gwine to waar? Who's yer dat's gwine to waar? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mr. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on de sward side is any idee ob gwine to waar. Den what's de use ob de sward? I don't tink dere's much show for argument in de matter."

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what I wants to know. Look at de chillun of Is'el—wasn't but one man in de hole crowd gwine up from Egypt to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience, 'Wrote de ten commandments anyhow, you bet.' Cheers from the pen side.] Wrote 'em! wrote 'em! Not much; not on a stone, honey. Might p'raps cut 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Is'el broke 'em all again. Say he did write 'em, what good was it? So his pen no count now. No, sar. De sward's what fotehed 'em into de Promis' Lan', sar. Why, sar, it's ridiculous. Tink, sar, ob David a cuttin' off Goliath's head wid a pen, sar. De idee's altogether too 'postorous, sar. De sward, sar, de sward mus' win de argument, sar."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a lettle too 'is'. He's speakin' ob de times in de dum pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de han' ob man was in de ruff 's a te, an' not toned down to de refinement ob civilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir han's was only fit for de ruff use ob de sward. Now, as de modern poet says, our swards rust in deir cubboards, and deir sweet pens, covers de lan'. An' what has wrot all dis change? De pen. Do I take a sward now to get me a peck ob sweet taters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, sar. I jus' take my pen an' write out an order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de sward; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clothes, for instanse—a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen, de clothes is on de way. Is dem."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due respect to de learned gentleman det's 'pos' speaks we mus' all agree dat for smovin' tings off an' levelin' tings down dere's nothin' equales de sward."

Mr. Hunnicutt said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome, an' in answer to what Dr. Crane say I would jus' ask what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank or a drawin' de order on de store unless de store trusts you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as it is to write a order? If you got no boy handy tefograf. No use for a pen—not a bit. Who eber heard of Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody, sar, but his sward sar—de sward ob ole Bunker Hill, sar—is known to ebery chile in de lan'. If it haddn bin for de sward ob ole Bunker Hill, sar, whaar'd we niggers be to-night, sar? Whaar, sar? Not byar, sar. In Georgia, sar, or byuss, sar. No culled man, sar, should ebber go back, sar, on de sward, sar."

Mr. Hunnicutt's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed over to "de committee," who carried it out and "set on it." In due time they returned with the following decision:

"De committee decide dat de sward has de most pints an' de best backin', and dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan' off."

There have arrived at San Saca, Texas, 4,000 sheep to go upon a ranch near there. They have been driven from California by a lone man and two shepherd dogs. The man drove a wagon, and the dogs guided the sheep by day, and guarded them by night. Two years were required to make the entire trip.

The 800,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia occupy 153,000 dwellings, spread over 130 square miles of ground. The 1,000,000 of New York live in 70,000 houses crowded into one-fourth de space.

The Albany steam fire engine went to Portland one day last week for repairs.

The Astoria people are having a warm time over the dance-house nuisance.

## "Doodle Bugs."

[From Wide Aake.]

It is a known fact that nearly everything in nature likes music; snakes have danced to it, mice have come from their holes and listened with rapt attention, and even bugs are not insensible.

"We call the doodle bugs up any time we have a mind," said some little girls' to me one day when I was teaching school in Western Virginia.

"Doodle bugs?" said I, "I never heard of such things."

"Would you like to see them?" asked one.

"Most assuredly," I answered.

Then the little girls led me forth to the ruins of an old log school house, roofless, floorless, and, joining hands, they squatted upon the ground, forming a ring, and began chanting in the most musical tones they could command:

"Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle Bugs!"

I looked on in astonishment, for I could see nothing but hard-baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible; but the children kept up their chant some three or four minutes, when I noticed the ground began to heave in little spots and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt-colored beetle.

When the children stopped singing the little things scampered back into their holes.

This struck me as very singular. But then we are constantly meeting with strange things in Bugdom. It is like fairy land if we only become interested.

There are many, many kinds of beetles called *coleopterous* insects, because they have wing cases; that is, they have shells or cases on their backs, under which they old their wings, some kinds using them so very seldom that we would never know that they had wings. A great many live under the ground, and others on the trees, flowers and grain. Indeed, there is scarce a place where you may not find them.

All of you know that the ugly caterpillar becomes a butterfly, but some of you may not know that nearly every worm you can find turns out some day to be a creature with wings.

Almost every child who has lived in the country has noticed, and perhaps been very much amused with the Bill Chater, or Tumble Bug, as we call it here in New Jersey. How they seem to be playing with marbles right in the middle of the road on hot, dusty days! How they push and tumble, and get their jackets all dusty in their efforts! Sometimes it takes two or three beetles to roll their ball up an elevation or over some impediment in the way.

Did you ever wonder what all such work meant, or did you suppose it was just the way those bugs have of amusing themselves? But after I became older I began to wonder where the bugs got the balls, what they were made of, and what they were going to do with them. I have since found it out, and it is all very interesting.

They make the balls out of the excretions of animals, in which they deposit an egg, having it in the sun until it is baked almost as hard as a marble; then begins their work. They toil a d' struggle until they get the balls three feet under ground. Then the little one is left in its spherical home from early September until the next Spring, as warm and cosy as you please, growing larger and larger until it bursts from its shell, a little worm with six legs, and creeps, up to the surface of the ground; or, as some say, they remain in the balls until they become chrysalids, and come out Lecites or tumble-bugs, ready to begin tumbling and pushing like their mothers before them.

The use of long words which we get from other tongues not only makes our thoughts and our speech dim and hazy, but it has done somewhat to harm the morals of our people. Crime does not sometimes look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals and we call it "defalcation," we are at a loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth and we are told that it is a case of prevarication it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself into wrong doing, nor will he be at a loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of actions in clear, crisp English terms.—*Horatio Seymour.*

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government.

The Astoria people are having a warm time over the dance-house nuisance.

## Coercing Voters.

The death of Mr. Benjamin Weeks, at Portsmouth, recently, recall an anecdote wherein was imputed to him the first attempt to coerce voters. He was the superintendent of a body of men—if not of all—at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, many years ago, and shortly previous to the election of Jackson, second term, he got the men together and told them that he expected every man of them to vote as he did; and further, that if they did not they should be discharged. He was noted as a joker, and they looked in his face to see if they could detect a joke in this; but he was as serious as the old North burying ground. They discussed the matter among themselves, and worked them selves up to a fever heat about it, held meeting after meeting, passed resolutions of indignation, as is customary with the sons of freedom, settling down with the determination that they'd be discharged or—down and quartered before they'd submit; but thought it best before they did their worst, to call upon their tyrant to get the precise facts in the case, and learn if he stuck to his first proposition.

They accordingly waited upon him, by committee, and asked him if he was serious in what he had told them. Never more so, he informed them; and repeated what he had said, laying particular stress upon the penalty for their refusing to comply. The committee returned with their report, when the caldron boiled right over, and resolution hardened into purpose to resist to the bitter end, though resistance might be striking their fist against a stone wall standing in their way. They went to their work surlily, and thought of nothing else but the impending election and the invasion of their rights. The superintendent, from being a great favorite, had fallen in their estimation till Nero was an angel by comparison.

And now they formed a determination to call upon him in a body and endeavor to overawe him by the moral force of numbers. Let him look them in the eye, if he could, and then bid them vote any other way, then they as American freemen should decide for themselves. They would see how he could stand this! So they went, and he calmly looked upon their faces; and in reply to their question (repeated) regarding his tyrannical requirement, that he had not changed his determination, but that if they voted differently from what he did, out they should go.

This was a crusher; when one of the spokesmen remonstrated, saying it was deemed hard that men—freemen—should be served in this way, and by a man, too, whom they had so long respected, and concluded by regretting that they must part, as they had agreed to go together. After a brief conference among themselves, one of the weak ones, who hadn't said a word, whispered, "Ask him how he is going to vote?"

"Well, sir," asked the leader, "how are you going to vote, as we want to know all about it?"

"I am going to vote just as I darned please," replied he, "and if you don't do the same I'll discharge you."

As soon as they could take in his meaning, and saw that they had been pleasantly humbugged, his own broad face beaming on them with a funny triumph, they gave him three cheers, and when election day came round, it was laughingly said among them that they were going to vote as boss did, and they went almost to a man for Old Hickory.

This is the first instance of navy yard influence in politics.

Saved by a Mule.

A very interesting incident occurred at a recent railroad accident on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad at Lakeville, Ohio. Standing between two of the cars which were loaded with horses and mules, was a brakeman. He went down with the wreck, becoming fastened between the cars under ten feet of water. His weak struggles to release himself were useless, and he concluded that in a few short seconds all would be over. The mules had been kicking in the car, and suddenly he felt the end board give way. Then he received a tremendous kick on the thigh which sent him out of his perilous position to the top of the water. Here he spluttered about until a white mule rose up and struck out for the shore. Then the brakeman grasped the animal's tail and was safely carried to land.

Somehow, we can't help thinking that even in our brief experience, we have heard new political parties start out as gaily and noisily as the national labor party, and pass to their reward without electing a president, or consuming the great natural arteries of commerce as with a devouring conflagration.

## Judging by Appearances.

When Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm, and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's city tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and he heard the following remark from one of them:

"Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun."

Whitman stared at the company and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, are you from the country?" remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel with a ludicrous twist of the face.

"And what do you think of our city?" asked one of the ladies.

"It's a poaty thickly settled place any how. Its got a sweeping sight of hous'n in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should guess so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of