

# 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. 550.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 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 Express Office.

**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 advertisements 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 such 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 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.  
Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north at 2:30 p. m. For Astoria, Franklin and Long Beach at 6 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Clatsop Falls, 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 mail departure.  
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.  
WELSHALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the 1st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

**LON CLEAVER,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Eugene City, Oregon.  
(Late of the firm of Smith & Cleaver, Albany.)  
ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly office of C. W. Fitch.  
Produce taken in exchange.

**GEO. B. DORRIS,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

**J. C. BOLAN,**  
**DENTIST.**  
SUCCESSOR TO  
WELSH & BOLAN.  
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. LAKE,** Purchasing Agent,  
**B. SAN FRANCISCO,**  
**LAKE.** CAL.

**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.

**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 2 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.

**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, Fortnones, etc., etc.  
A. S. PATTERSON.

**ELLSWORTH & CO.,**  
**DRUGGISTS.**  
WILL CONTINUE THE BUSINESS in all its branches at the old stand, offering increased inducements to customers, old and new. As heretofore, the most  
Careful attention given to Prescriptions.  
**NEW STOCK OF HATS**—The best and largest ever brought to Eugene, at FRIENDLY'S.

## EUGENE CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**ALEXANDER, J. B.**—Justice of the Peace South Eugene Precinct; office at Court House.  
**ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.**—Plumbing mill, ash, 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.  
**BOLAN, J. C.**—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Underwood's brick, over Express Office.  
**BOYD & RENSRAW**—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, looks, stationery, etc., southwest corner Willamette and 9th Sts.  
**DORRIS, G. E.**—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.  
**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 ja h rooms, east side Willamette st., second door north of St. Charles Hotel.  
**HOHN, 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, R. 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. E.**—Underlaker 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.

## DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

"Halloo, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."  
The cars were waiting at a station of one of the western railroads. The baggage master was busy with checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests, valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive puffed, snorted and puffed.  
A man, carelessly dressed, was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:  
"Halloo, Limpy; better get aboard of the cars will leave you behind."  
"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual, and he maintained his seemingly listless position.  
The last trunk had been tumbled into the baggage car.  
"All aboard!" cried the conductor, "Get on, Limpy," said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man. The lame man made no reply.  
Just as the train was slowly moving away the lame man stepped onto the platform of the last car, and walking in quietly took a seat.  
The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger he had seen at the depot.  
"Hand out your money, here."  
"I don't pay," replied the lame man very quietly.  
"Don't pay?"  
"No, sir."  
"We'll see about that; I shall put you off at the next station," and he seized the value which was on the back above the head of our lame friend.  
"Bette not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.  
The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked at the conductor and asked him:  
"Do you know the gentleman to whom you were speaking just now?"  
"No, sir."  
"That was Peter Warburton, the president of the road."  
"Are you sure of that?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.  
"I know him."  
The color rose a little to the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.  
Meanwhile, Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated, he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which perhaps had come through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?  
And yet, why should he care? He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little orange peddler, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship, he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.  
Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, and the bank bills and tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.  
"I resign my place, sir," he said. The president looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat beside him he said:  
"Sit down, sir, I would like to talk to you."  
As the young man sat down, the president turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an under tone:  
"My young friend, I have no regretful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would be injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future, remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir. I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing that has

## FOREST TREES.

happened shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, sir."  
The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before; but within a lesson has been given and learned. The purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—Don't judge from appearances.  
**How She Gave the Census.**  
From the Detroit Free Press.  
When the census taker rapped at the door of a certain Detroit cottage on Crawford street, the other day, and won ere it the woman would set the dog on him or douse him with dish-water, a great disappointment awaited him. She opened the door softly, snuffed the air to see if he smelled of lightning-rods and then threw it open for him to enter.  
"Maman, I am making a canvass of the city," he began.  
"Ah! sit down," she replied, and as he began opening his book she continued: "There are five of us in the family, and we paid \$100 down on this place. My husband's name is Peter, his age is forty-two, and he came from a mean family. His father was always havin' lawsuits about dogs, and his mother was the greatest gossip in Elmira. Have you got that down?"  
He granted assent, and she continued:  
"My name is Alvina Sarah, and I was born in—"  
"I do not care to know where you were born, madam," he interrupted.  
"Well, I care!" she exclaimed, "it makes a great deal of difference whether I was born in Africa or Boston, and I want it put down. As I was saying, I was born in Boston in 1838. Put down that I came of a good family."  
"Madam, you don't understand—you—"  
"Don't I understand that I came of a good family? I'd like to know of a Boston family which carried their noses higher than the Rogerses! Put down that my father was in the Mexican war."  
"You have three children, madam?"  
"I haven't any such thing, sir. Put down that my mother was killed by an explosion in a quarry. Her and father were—"  
"How many children have you, madam?"  
"Have you got mother down?"  
"No, madam. You see I am taking the census of the city."  
"Well," she said, giving him a dangerous look, "I had the typhoid fever at the age of fifteen, and for weeks and weeks I hung on the edge of the grave. I bore up as well as was able, and—"  
"Five in the family—how many children?" He suddenly asked.  
"Put down that I bore up!" she commanded. "And that one night when the watchers were asleep I crept out of bed and took a drink of—"  
"This is foreign to the subject, madam. How old are your children?"  
"Heaven't you put down that I hung on the edge of the grave?"  
"No, madam."  
"Aren't you going to?"  
"No, madam. You see, I am simply taking the census of Detroit. I desire to ascertain—"  
"You can't ascertain it here, sir!" she snapped. "If my sickness, which cost over two hundred dollars, isn't good enough to go in the book, then you don't get a line here!"  
"Let me ask you—"  
"No use asking for any of our photographs, sir. If you get 'em any where and put our pictures in that book we'll make it hot for you! Good-day, sir—good day!"  
He stood on the step, sighing, and she called through the door:  
"My grandfather was also bitten to death by an alligator, but I won't give you any of the particulars! You want to walk!"  
He passed on, sorrowfully wondering if the next woman's mother was blown off a bridge or carried down the river on a hay stack.

## A LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

One of the most daring leaps on record was made recently by George Glen, a prisoner held for burglary, at Cleveland. The court room was on the fourth floor, counting the basement as one story. On the east side is a small ante room, in which prisoners are kept during the time between the opening of the court and their respective trials. There is no grating to the window, and it is fifty feet to the solid pavement below. Beneath it is an iron fence presenting a row of pickets, on which any one falling would be almost certain to be impaled.  
Glen was in the room with two other prisoners, no officer being present. He expected to be called soon for trial on three charges—burglary, larceny and assault and battery. Glen said to the other prisoners: "I am going to get out of this." He had hardly said it before he threw off his overcoat, and pushing up the sash, sprang on the window sill. His horrified companions called out: "Hold on, or you will be killed." "It is as well that way as any," said Glen. Rising to his full height and grasping the bottom of the sash, he placed his left foot on the outermost end of the stone, and by a desperate effort swung his right arm and foot out toward a grated window that was some five feet to the north. Quick as a cat he caught an iron of the grating, but to do so was compelled to slip his left hand from the sash and depend on a precarious hold of the window frame. His right foot struck the edge of the other window, and then, by an effort of muscle, he drew himself clear over to the other window.  
Just to the north of this second window a water pipe of large size ran down in the angle formed by the junction of the main station with one of the prisons. Grasping this between his knees, Glen let go his hold on the grating, caught the pipe, and went down like a streak of lightning. He had hardly touched the stone step at the bottom when he made a dart into a rear door of Zimm's saloon; dashed into an alley by an opposite door, and ran into Long street with the speed of the wind. The jump and descent occupied not over a minute, and Glen was away before the other prisoners could call to an officer just outside the door. The court adjourned, while the judge and the prosecutor went into the ante-room, and looked in vague credulity at the windows, the pipe and the heel marks on the stone.

## BRAGGER OUT BRAGGED.

"Talk about yer darned fast lines," said a Yankee to a cockney, who was so imprudent as, in the natural way of his countryman, to commence bragging on English railroads, while the couple were progressing at the rate of forty miles an hour on the Birmingham railway. "Why, mister, this ere road is purty considerable for England, but it won't do for Meriky. We rider-straddle of the telegraphs there, when we're in a hurry; but when we ain't we take the railroad. Now them roads ain't slow, as I'll tell you. I was comin' from Philadelphia to York, when ses I to a teller sittin' by me—who on airth owns this big garden with white palins round it?"  
"I don't see no white palins," ses he. "I don't see nothin' else, ses I, and a mighty tall fence it is, too."  
"The fellow burst out larin'—'Why, you darn fool, ses he 'them's the telegraph posts.'"  
"And sure enough, when the engine feller stopped, I saw them posts a hundred feet apart; and we had been going so all-fired fast they looked for all the world like white palins."  
At this moment the bell rang at a station signal, before the cockney

John M. Claren