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. 565. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

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

ALEXANDER BROS,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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 advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One square three months	$6 00
" " six months	8 00
" " one year	12 00

Transient notices in local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly.

All job work must be PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

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Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays from 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

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Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after arrival of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.

A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

SOCIETIES.

EUGENE LODGE No 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

SPENCER BUTTE LODGE No. 9 I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

Miss E. A. J. Ford, M. D.,

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Diseases of Women.

Office and residence at Mrs. J. B. Underwood's, near the depot.

Office hours from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M.

T. W. SHELTON, M. D. T. W. HARRIS, M. D.

Drs. Shelton & Harris,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

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.

CLEAVER & HENDERSON,

DENTISTS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly office of C. W. Fitch

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extraction of teeth.

J. C. Bolon,

DENTIST.

SUCCESSOR TO

WELSH & BOLON

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

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extractions of teeth.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

CENTRAL MARKET

BOYD & MILLER, Proprietors

will KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will fill Beef in chunks from 3 to 5 cents.

JEWELRY ESTABLISMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc.

Repairing Promptly Executed.

All Work Warranted.

J. S LUCKEY,

Ellsworth & Co.'s brick, Willamette Street.

E. B. McWILLIAMS,

FANCY

Carriage Painter.

SHOP ON SEVENTH STREET ONE door West of the Episcopal Church.

Orders from the country solicited.

may22tf

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR BUENA VISTA STONE WARE go to T. G. HENDRICKS

EUGENE CITY

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 stree one door north of St. Charles Hotel.

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

BOYD & MILLER—Meat Market—beef, veal, mutton, pork 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.

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.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath rooms, 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, D. R.—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 S. Charles Hotel.

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

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

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

RUSH, BEN.—Horseshoeing and general jobbing blacksmith, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

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

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law. Office—Willamette street, between Seventh [illegible] Eighth.

WITTER, J. T.—Buckskin dressing. [illegible] highest price paid for deer skins, Eighth [illegible] at Bridge.

UNDERWOOD, J. B.—General broke[illegible] business and agent for the Connecticut [illegible]surance Company of Hartford—Willam[illegible] street, between Seventh and Eighth.

FARM FOR SALE.

A WELL IMPROVED FARM OF [illegible] hundred and sixty acres, 100 acres [illegible] cultivation; all under fence and the imp[illegible]ments in good order, which we will sell at a bargain, and on the most reasonable terms. Situated five miles south of town, and has a good outrange for stock. Apply at this office.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The Backbiter.

There's some one living in this town
(Maybe you know her name,
And maybe should I write it down,
Your own might prove the same),
Who, when you say "He's good," will cry,
"Indeed! you think that's true;
"But," very confidentially,
"You wouldn't if you knew.

One says: "What pretty girl goes by?"
"Oh, horror! you don't think
So!—since we're you and I,
I'll say, her parents drink.
And she—well, I won't tell it out,
Though I've no doubt 'tis true,
You think she's nice and pretty, but
You wouldn't if you knew."

If one sings sweetly, "How she flats!"
If dressed in taste, "What style!"
Supremely "vulgar," all her hats,
Her dresses simply "vile,"
And when good Beacon Bugbee failed
(A noble man and true.)
She said, when we his lot bewailed,
"You wouldn't if you knew."

Let those admire and love who can
This malice breathing dame,
Who seems to think a prosperous man
Must surely be to blame,
That beauty is a mark of sin;
That goodness must be crime,
She sees but thieves and rascals in
The heroes of the time.

Sometimes she doesn't hesitate,
To tell us what she knows,
And in nine cases out of eight,
A lie is all she knows.
For virtues sake I hope to find,
One good old doctrine true,
Some heat for such I should not mind
You wouldn't—if you knew.

THE JUDGE'S ADVENTURE.

Judge Crane of New York was a very eccentric man. He was very wealthy, and was highly respected for his public and private virtues, especially for his charitableness to the poor; but he always dressed in a plain garb, and would hardly ever wear an overcoat, whatever might be the state of the weather.

On the morning of the day in which the court was to begin, the judge set out before light and walked slowly on, through the hail, rain and snow, to the appointed place. On arriving at Poughkeepsie, cold and wet, he walked to a tavern, where he found the landlady making great preparations for the entertainment of the judges, lawyers, etc. The judge was determined to have some sport, and in a pleasant tone addressed the landlady:

"I have no money, and was obliged to come to court, and I have walked through this dreadful storm more than twenty miles. I am wet and cold, dry and hungry. I want something to eat before the court begins."

The landlady put herself in a magisterial posture, and put on a countenance of contempt.

"Very well, said she, "I will give you some cold vituals, if you will go into the backyard and cut and split three armfuls of wood, and bring it into the kitchen, where the servants want to make a good fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats when they come; and after you get your vituals I want you to go away."

After some trouble the judge secured a cold bite, and then the landlady told him to be off, as she needed the fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats and umbrellas by.

"And among the rest," she said, "we expect Judge Crane."

"Judge Crane," said the judge; "who is Judge Crane?"

"The circuit judge," said she; "one of the supreme judges, you old fool!"

"Well," said the judge, "I will bet a goose that Judge Crane has not had, and will not have a great coat on his back, or an umbrella over his head this day."

"You old goose," said she, "I care nothing for your bets. Eat and be off, I tell you! Judge Crane is to be here, and we've no room for you."

"I don't care," said he, "one rye straw more for Judge Crane than I do for myself, and it has got to be so late that if he has to come at this time of day, he would be more likely to go direct to the court house and stay until dinner-time, than to go to any tavern; and if business were very urgent he would be likely to stay away from dinner. I know something about the old codger, and some people say he is a rusty, crusty, fusty old fudge.

"Pretty talk, indeed," said the landlady, "about the supreme judge."

"I tell you," said the judge, "Judge Crane is not the supreme judge; and even if he were he is no more fit to [illegible] elf," [illegible] nd [illegible] for [illegible] on [illegible] ung [illegible] ned [illegible] cul- [illegible] her [illegible] nd [illegible] to her servants a desire that they would see that he did not disturb the gentlemen and the judges who might put up there; while some of the girls declared if he did come, they would use some of his own expressions which he used respecting Judge Crane.

"Let me see," said one, "rusty, crusty."

"Yes, and fusty old fudge," says another.

When the dinner was announced, the court, not being thronged, was immediately adjourned, and the day being stormy and cold, the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff's tavern, where they were sure of good fare—all except Judge Crane—who walked to a store and purchased a valuable shawl, and put it into his pocket on the inside of his coat, then he walked quietly to the tavern. While he was thus detained the landlady entered the dining room and earnestly inquired if Judge Crane had come in. The answer was:

"Not yet, madam, and perhaps he may not come."

The landlady, who was anxious to pay the highest respect to the supreme judge, retired to the kitchen not a little chagrined and disappointed. In the meantime the judge had arrived, and being at proper times very social and at all times fond of cheering the minds of those present, he began to make some pertinent remarks, and began telling some lively anecdotes, calculated to convey good morals, which kept the whole company in a continued roar of laughter. At this instant one of the waiting maids entered the room to inform the gentlemen that they might sit down to dinner. She did her errand and hastened back to her mistress with the tidings that the old fusty fellow with the broad-brimed hat on was right in among the gentlemen, talking as loud as he could, and all the judges and lawyers were laughing at him.

"Then go," says she, "and whisper to the old man that I wish him to come directly down to the kitchen."

The errand was done accordingly, and the judge in a low tone of voice, said to the girl:

"Tell your mistress that I have a little business to do with some of these lawyers, and when done I'll be off in the course of two or three days.

The girl returned and faithfully rehearsed the message, and added that she believed the old fellow was drunk, or he would not have said: "As soon as my business is done, I'll be off in two or three days."

"Well, Betty," said the mistress, "go back, and when the gentlemen begin to sit down, do you stand by the head of the table and whisper to some gentleman that I wish a vacant place left at the head of the table for Judge Crane, and then do you hasten back."

Betty again repaired to her post at the head of the table, and softly informed a gentleman of the request of her mistress.

"Centainly," said the gentleman.

Betty then hastened back to assist John. The gentlemen now sat down to an excellent repast, and after a short grace, delivered by Judge Crane, in which he adored the father of all mercies for feeding all his creatures throughout the immensity of space, invoked a blessing on that portion of earthly bounty then before them, and supplicated the Divine mercy through the merits of our Redeemer, the gentlemen began to carve and serve round in usual form.

As the judge was of a singular turn it almost everything, and had taken a fancy that if a person eats light food at the same meal, and that which is more solid and harder of digestion, that the light food should be eaten first, he therefore filled his plate with some pudding made of milk, rice and eggs, and placing himself in rather an awkward situation, with his left elbow on the table, and his head near the plate, began to eat according to his common custom, which was very fast, although he was no great eater. Some of the gentlemen near the judge, followed his example as to partaking of the pudding before the meat, of course a large deep vessels, which had contained that article, was nearly emptied when Mary approached with her two additional tureens of gravy, according to the command of her mistress, and as she set down the last near the judge, he said to her in an austere manner,—

"Girl, bring me a clean plate to eat salad on."

The adrupt manner in which he addressed her, and her disgust at seeing him there in that position, so disconserted the poor girl that she did not observe that any one except the judge had partaken of the pudding, nor did she know what he meant by salad, but she observed that the large pudding pan was nearly empty, and then hastened back with her utmost speed to her mistress.

"Why, madame, that old fellow is there yet, and he is certainly crazy or drunk, for he is down at the table, and he has eaten all the rice pudding already and his nose is right down in a plateful now, shoveling it in like a hog, and he told me, as if he was lord of the manor, to bring him a clean plate to eat salad on. Bless me, where can we get salad at this time of year? The gentlemen have not done carving, and not one has begun to eat meat, much less a tubful of pudding."

"Aye, he'll get a clean plate," says Martha, "before gentlemen want clean plates."

"I'll clear him out," says the mistress, and starts for the dinning-room, burning with indignation.

The judge was remarkable for not giving unnecessary trouble to anybody where he put up, and generally ate whatever was set before him without any remarks, and seldom made use of more than one plate at a meal, but at this time he had observed near him a dish of beautiful raw white cabbage, cut up and put in vinegar, (which the Germans at Poughkeepsie called "cold slaw," and which he called salad), and he wished for a separate plate to prepare some of it for his own fancy. The carving and serving was not yet finished, when he expected the clean plate, and when the landlady arrived at the door of the dinning-room, determined to drive him out. She advanced with a firm step to the door, ane fixed her keen eye firmly on the judge, when he turned his eye that way, and observing her, said, mildly:

"Lanlady, can I have a clean plate to eat some salad on?"

"A clean plate and salad!" retorted the landlady, indignatly. "I wish you would come into the kitchen until the gentlemen have dined; I had reserved that seat for Judge Crane."

The company were struck with astonishment, and fixed their eyes alternately on the landlady and on the judge, and sat or stood in mute suspense, when the judge gracefully raised himself up in his chair, carelessly folded his arms across his breast, and then, putting his head awkwarkly on one side, remarked:

"You reserved this seat for Judge Crane, did you, landlandy?"

"Indeed I did," said she.

"It was very kind," said he, in an ironical tone, "but if you will step to the door and see if he is coming, or send one of the servants to call for him, with your permission and the approbation of these gentlemen, with whom I have some business to do, I will occupy this seat until you shall find the Judge."

"Find the judge!" said she, with emphasis; "go look for him yourself, not send me or my servants. I gave you your breakfast this morning for chopping a little wood, because you had no money, and I expected you would go away quietly, and keep away, and now you must come here to disturb gentlemen at dinner."

Here the whole joke burst upon the minds of the gentlemen present, who fell into a loud fit of laughter. After the tumult had a little subsided, the judge said mildly:

"Did I chop wood to pay for my breakfast?"

"Indeed you did," said she, "and said you had no money."

"I told you the truth," said the judge, "but I have a beautiful shawl worth more than ten dollars, which I just now bought, and will leave it with you in pawn, if you will let me eat dinner with these gentlemen."

Here the gentlemen were biting their lips to keep from laughter.

"How did you buy the shawl worth more than ten dollars without money?"

"I bought it on credit," said he.

"And where did you find credit to that amount?" said she.

"That's a likely story, and something like your abuse of Judge Crane, this morning," said she.

"How could I abuse the judge if he was not present?" said he.

"Why," says, she, "you called him a rusty, fusty fudge and old codger, and said you did not care a rye straw, more for him than you did for yourself."

Here the whole company were in an uproar of laughter again. As soon as it had a little subsided, one of the gentlemen asked the landlady how she knew that the gentleman she was addressing was not Judge Crane?

"He looks more like a snipe than a crane," said she.

Here the loud laughter burst forth a third time. After a little pause, the judge said:

"I must confess that I am a bird of not very fine feathers, but I assure you that I am a crane, and a crane is often a very useful instrument. I saw a very good one in your kitchen this morning; and sometimes an instrument called a 'crane,' is of incalculable use, madam."

Before she had time to reply, some of the gentlemen with whom she was acquainted assured her that she was talking with the presiding judge. Astonished and confounded, she attempted some excuse, and hastily asked his pardon for her extreme rudeness.

The judge had by this time, unobserved, taken from his pocket the beautiful shawl and folded it at full length one way, and in a narrow form the other, and it being of very fine texture, appeared more like an elegant sash than like a valuable shawl. Then he arose with graceful dignity, and with a half smile he advanced a few steps toward the landlady, saying:

"It is not my province to pardon but to judge; and I judge that you and I shall hereafter be friends, and I judge that you will, without hesitation, receive this as a present, if not as a pawn." So saying, he gently laid it over her shoulders and across her arms, saying: "Take it, madam, and do not attempt to return it, for it was purchased on purpose for a present for you.

She hastily retired in confusion, hardly knowing what she did, and took with her the shawl worth twelve dollars instead of ten.

And here are three parties who had each two good things. The landlady had a good shawl and a good lesson to meditate upon; the gentlemen had a good dinner and a good joke to talk over; and the judge had good intentions in the joke, and a good will and ability to follow up the lesson given.

A NEW WAY TO CARRY THE MAIL.—The contract for carrying the daily mail between Yuma and San Diego has been intrusted to Gaskill Brothers, of Campo. About 100 miles of the road lies across the California desert. Across this stretch mails and passengers are soon to be carried by steam. Messrs. Gaskill are industrious inventors, and have obtained a number of patents. One of their last inventions is a steam-wagon, designed more particularly for traveling level and sandy roads. A working model has been made which fully demonstrates the practical value of the invention. One of the brothers has just purchased a suitable engine and boiler at San Francisco of about two-horse power. The wagon will be made in their shop at Campo. It will have two driving wheels of seven feet diameter and twelve inches width of tire. The whole apparatus will weigh about two thousand pounds, when supplied with fuel and water, and ready for business. It is intended to make an average speed of eight or ten miles per hour, carrying five or six persons and a moderate weight of baggage and mails. It will consume about ten gallons of water per hour. There is plenty of fuel in the mesquit groves on the desert, and among the willows and cottonwoods on New river and the Colorado. One man can manage the whole thing. Messrs. Gaskill propose to have the new machine making regular trips across the desert by October 1st. Their well known energy and enterprise makes it very certain that their expectations will be fully realized.—*Yuma Sentinel.*

The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Radical, says: The old Grant, the Grant who made the Senate "ring" his only counsel, the Grant who invited political wire-pullers, personal friends and relatives to deal in spoils, would be a burden too heavy for the Republican party to carry. If the politicians succeed in nominating him on the platform they have proposed, he will be defeated, as he ought to be, and the Republican party might as well begin to look around for a convenient grave.

In the Louisiana and Florida scandals the witnesses are Republicans, and yet it is the fashion among Republican newspapers to denounce them as perjures. The conclusion is irresistible, in the estimation of the New York *World*, that if all the Republican leaders in Louisiana were knaves, as is now claimed by their Northern associates, the preteneses upon which they overturned the actual vote of the State were the shameless devices of fraud.

The Philadelphia *Times* says: If Hayes cannot make a speech let him decline, or pray, or take up a collection. If he persists in this sort of thing, a long-suffering public will rise in its might and demand a third term for Grant, who made no speeches, or look out for a second edition of Andy Johnson, who spoke all the time, and was always entertaining if not always sensible.

"Breasts," says a fashion item, "are very much used this year for hats at the seaside." Breasts for hats! What in the world does this mean? When we were in the habit of spending our summers at the seaside, young ladies always removed their hats when they reposed their heads on—that is, when they reclined their heads against the breasts of the young men. Fashion changes, we know, but this is a departure we don't think much of.—*Norristown Herald.*

"John Sherman has saved in eighteen years from a salary of $5,000 an estate valued at $2,000,000. Who but an accomplished Radical could do that?" asks the Indianapolis *Sentinel.*