

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. 56.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

R. A. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, over Express Office.

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WIMWALHA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, Meets on the 21st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

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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 WEJSH & BOLON.

OFFICE—In Underwood's brick building, over his 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.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will fill Beef a shunks from 5 to 5 cents.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc. Repairing Promptly Executed.

Call 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. may 22/78

\$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. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

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, Mathematics, Cards, Wall Maps, Blank, Portmanteaus, etc., etc.

A. S. PATTERSON.

FOR BURNA 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.

ASTOR HOUSE—Chas. Baker, prop. The only first-class hotel in the city—Willamette street, one door north of the post office.

ABRAMS, W. H. & BRO.—Planing 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 & 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.

CHAM 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 hair norms, 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 St. 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.—Horseshoing 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.

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.

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.

FARM FOR SALE.

A WELL IMPROVED FARM OF three hundred and sixty acres, 100 acres under cultivation; all under fence and the improvements 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 outgrange 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 TAYLOR & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE FATAL CARD.

Some years ago the Mississippi river was noted for its "floating palaces," as the large steamers plying between New Orleans and the ports above were called. Now the railways have driven nearly all the fine boats off the river, and left the field to the freight boats, whose accommodations to passengers are by no means palatial. The former class of steamers were in many respects delightful, but they never ceased to be subjects of dread to timid people, for if the racing, which was reduced to a system, did not result in the loss of the boat, there was sure to be one or more encounters between the lawless portion of the travelers, in which pistol bullets would fly rather too quick for the comfort of steady-going people. The cause of such disturbances was generally a quarrel over the gaming table. The regulations of the boat usually required that all such amusements should be conducted in a saloon provided for that purpose in the "Texas cabin," situated on the hurricane deck; but the sporting gentry were by no means careful to obey this rule, and the gaming was most commonly carried on on the dining tables in the main saloon of the steamer, to the great annoyance of two-thirds of those on board.

Many professional gamblers used to make these boats their home, traveling back and forth with them and fleecing all who were verdant or foolish enough to fall into their clutches. So well, indeed, was this system managed, that a various members of the "craft" seemed to have their different steamers marked out for them by common consent, so that no one would trespass upon the domain of the other. Of course, these men were warm friends of the officers of the boat, who were either too sincere in their friendship to put a stop to the practice, or too much afraid of the gamblers to care to provoke a quarrel with them, for in those days it was a common affair for such men to resent any fancied affront with a pistol shot.

One of the most remarkable men of their class was named Daniel Sturdivant, a Frenchman, the son of a broken down scion of nobility, who had settled in New Orleans before the transfer of Louisiana to the United States. Sturdivant had been raised as a "gentleman" by his aristocratic father, but upon coming of age, and finding his fortunes very bad, had taken to cards as a means of bettering them. His success in this field was so great, that he was induced to continue to it until at the time I write, and he was one of the most notorious gamblers between St. Louis and New Orleans. He was forty-five years old, but had kept himself so well that he seemed much younger. He was a man of fine personal appearance and great physical strength. He was also noted for his personal courage. As a gambler he was most expert and successful.

There were dark stories of deeds which he had committed while under the influence of play and liquor, and it was said by some that he had killed half a dozen men in his lifetime. Yet no one cared to speak these stories openly, for no one cared to bring upon himself the anger of such a man. There were few who knew him who really cared to play against him, but feared a refusal to do so might involve them in a quarrel, and rarely declined his invitations.

About fifteen years ago, the time of which I write, he had attached himself to one of the magnificent steamers plying between New Orleans and Vicksburg, and had publicly announced his determination to shoot any man who attempted to encroach upon his scene of operations. Of course this left him in undisputed possession of the field, and he reaped a golden harvest from it during the one brief year that he conducted his operations there.

It was my lot at that time to be compelled to make frequent trips between New Orleans and Vicksburg, being heavily engaged in cotton speculations. I preferred the steamer of which Sturdivant had taken possession, inasmuch as it was not only the most comfortable, but also the swiftest, and time was of importance to me. It was known that I carried large sums of money with me, and I was always apprehensive lest Sturdivant should ask me to play. I had fully made up my mind to refuse him, and if he attempted to draw me into a quarrel to shoot him without mercy, as I knew that the only chance for my life lay in getting an advantage of him. Strange to say, he did not make any such proposition to me, and I gave him no chance to do so. One night we had started from Vicksburg, and were heading merrily down the river, when Sturdivant came up to the group which had gathered around the stove. He had been drinking, and was smoking a fine cigar as he approached. All made

way for him. "Well, gentlemen," he said, in an unsteady tone, "you seem to be terrible dull. Who wants to play for \$20 ante?"

There was no reply. All present seemed to know the man, and no one cared to place himself in his clutches. "Umph!" he exclaimed, with an expression of contempt, "afraid to try your luck against Dan Sturdivant, eh? Or maybe you want a little coaxing. Some of you must play with me. I can't stand such treatment. Come, let's see who it will be."

He glanced around the crowd as if to select his victim. For the first time I noticed the gaze of one of the group fixed steadily upon him. He was a stranger to me, and was dressed in a plain suit of home-spun, and his face was partially concealed by a wide-brimmed sombrero which was drawn over it. He was a small but powerfully made man, and in the decided expression of his well shaped head I read an unusual firmness and intensity of purpose.

"Are you Daniel Sturdivant, the gambler?" he asked in a calm tone, without rising.

Sturdivant flushed darkly and gave the stranger a fierce glance. "Some persons call me so behind my back," he said insolently; "but no one would dare to apply that term before my face."

"Nevertheless," said the stranger, "I want an answer—yes or no."

"Well, then," said the gambler angrily, "I am. What of it?"

"Simply this," replied the stranger, "I have heard it said that you claim to be the best card player in the Southwest. I have come two hundred miles to prove you a liar."

Sturdivant strode forward a step or two and thrust his hand into his breast as if to grasp a weapon.

"Stop," said the stranger, "if you shoot me you will simply prove yourself afraid of me. Take your seat at the table, and I will make my word good."

There was something in the calm, stern manner of the stranger that seemed to render the gambler powerless. He hesitated for a moment, and then said, bulgingly:

"I never play with a man whose face I cannot see."

"Never mind my face," said the stranger. "If you are not afraid of losing you shall see it when I am done with you."

"But how do I know you have money enough for such sport?" persisted Sturdivant. "You look seedy enough, my fine fellow."

"There," said the stranger, producing a large pocket book. "I have \$10,000 there; if you can win it you shall do so."

With an oath, Sturdivant placed himself at the table and bade his challenger do likewise. Those of us who had listened to this singular dialogue, now gathered around the table, expecting to see a scene of more than usual interest. The stranger had not yet raised his hat brim, and none of us had seen his face, but we all felt from his general air and manner that Daniel Sturdivant had at last met his match. It did not take long to show that the stranger was an unusually good player. For an hour or more the playing went on in silence. The stakes were high, and the contest marked with rare skill. Sturdivant exerted himself as he had never done before, but in spite of his efforts, he lost steadily. By the expiration of the time indicated above, he had lost two thousand dollars. I noticed the flush upon his face deepen, and a strange light came into his eyes. At last, with an exclamation of triumph, he drew toward him the heap of notes.

"That was well done," said the stranger. "You are an expert at cheating. But go on, I can beat you whether you play openly or dishonestly."

Sturdivant said nothing but dealt the cards again. The hand was played, and Sturdivant was about to seize the stakes when the stranger laid down a card and checked him. The gambler uttered a sharp cry and sat motionless with his eyes fixed on a card, a worn and faded ace of hearts with a dark oval stain across the face. Sturdivant's face worked convulsively as he gazed at it and the spectators gathered more closely around the two, wondering at the strange scene.

"In God's name who are you?" gasped Sturdivant, his eyes still fixed on the card.

"Look at me," said the stranger quietly.

As if powerless to resist, Sturdivant raised his eyes to the speaker. The stranger had raised his hat and sat looking at the trembling man with fury. Sturdivant uttered a groan and sank back in his chair, with his face white and rigid. The stranger, with one sweep, gathered up the money from the table and thrust it into his breast.

"That ace of hearts is an unlucky card for you, Daniel Sturdivant," he said, coldly. "You played it once when you thought it to your advantage."

Now, God help you, for the day is returned!"

As he spoke, he raised a pistol, which we had not seen, and, before we could stop him, aimed it deliberately at the trembling man and fired. The gambler fell heavily upon the table, a corpse, and the bright blood streamed over it, hiding the fatal card from sight.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, rising to his feet, as we stood paralyzed with horror at the dreadful scene, "that man ruined my wife and tried to murder me. I have been hunting for him for ten years."

He walked slowly by us down the stairway to the lower deck. Just then the steamer touched at a landing and he sprang ashore and vanished in the dark woods.

I never learned the history of the mysterious affair, for the dead gambler was beyond human questioning, and I never saw the stranger again; but I shall not soon forget the impression it made upon me at the time.

The Negro.

H. V. Redfield in Cincinnati Commercial.

Some time ago Congress ordered a census of the District of Columbia to be taken with great particularity. A brief biography of each inhabitant is required, where born, how old, occupation, color, etc. The work is nearly completed, and will show a population of nearly 170,000—an increase of about 45,000 since 1870. At that time the population was 131,700, of whom 91,567 were white and 40,133 colored. The increase since then is mainly among the whites. The blacks are not getting along very well. If it depended upon them alone to multiply and replenish the earth there would be plenty of room for many ages yet to come. In fact, at the rate they are progressing backward it would be all "room" and no population at the end of a few centuries. The negro question promises to solve itself in death. The increase in this District of about 45,000 in eight years is mainly among the whites. Among the blacks here the births do not keep pace with the deaths. A tide from the country only keeps up the equilibrium. The mortality report for the month of May is a startling exhibit. Deaths, 374. This shows a death-rate among whites, 19 per 1000 per annum, and among blacks, 49 per 1000 per annum! That is, the blacks of the District are going into the grave two and a half times as fast as the whites. Of births there were 350, and of these 249 were whites and only 110 black. About the same condition of things is found in Nashville, Chattanooga, Memphis, Vicksburg, Charleston, Columbia and Richmond and every Southern city the mortality reports of which have fallen under my notice. Is the negro incapable of enjoying freedom in the flesh? In slavery they multiplied at the rate of 25 per cent. every ten years, which was faster than their white neighbors and masters, as the census reports show. Can it be that freedom is fatal? If so, they are the only race on earth afflicted in that way. When the census figures of 1880 are in, the country will be startled by the exhibit, and we shall be enveloped in a learned newspaper controversy, lasting about five years, as to the whys and wherefores of this decrease of the race. As most of the blacks cannot read, however, they will be spared this infliction, and can die in peace. The ex-slaveholders will take a hand in the controversy and say, "We told you so." In the light of the figures of 1880, the ex-slaveholders will dig up some old documents and prove that the negro is equal to the enjoyment of three conditions only—barbarism, slavery and death. "We rescued them from barbarism, and made them slaves; you rescued them from slavery, and herded them in graveyards."

A False Charge.

The Christian Union is published by Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott, both clergymen. In its issue of July 10th, it notices the outbreak of Indians on this Coast, and remarks: "Democratic parsimony in Congress is working out its legitimate result among the Indians of Oregon. This calamity is due not only to the limited military force at the disposal of the Western commanders, but to the underlying fact that for two years Congress has been cutting down the appropriations for these tribes of Indians until they are no longer able to subsist. Hitherto quiet and loyal, they are now driven for self-support to the war path." The Christian Union alleges falsely, says the Examiner, Democratic parsimony in Congress has nothing to do with the trouble, as concerns the military and the Indians. There are 20,000 troops in the United States. Not one twentieth of them are in Oregon, where they ought to have been sent by those in charge of the Army. Had there been a call for soldiers in any Southern State, by any carpet-bagger, to assist in a Radical

campaign, Hayes and Devens and Sherman would have sent as many as were asked for at short order, and Sherman would have rushed thither himself. But no such aid or alacrity is shown in case of Indian wars on the frontiers to protect settlers. There are troops enough. It is the neglect and indifference of the head of the Army the pious organ should censure. And as to supplies for Indians, Congress voted all that is required. It is the fault of the thieving agents in charge of the reservations—scoundrels like the sanctimonious Livingston of the Crow Agency—that the Indians are starved and driven to the warpath. These Agents are mostly sectarian appointees and their respective sects are responsible for their appointment. Hence, it is the wretched system which underlies these frauds, by which both the Government and the Indians are robbed and outrageously imposed upon. If the Christian Union and other denominational organs and the church people will only join in urging the Radicals in Congress to act with the Democrats to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department, there will be a cessation of Indian outbreaks, no more border savage wars, no robbery of the Indians on Reservations, no plundering the Government by thieving reservation officials; but, instead of all this, peace will prevail between the whites and Indians.

A Story of Real Life.

Mr. Marooney is foreman in a foundry, and gets a salary of thirty dollars a week. With this salary the family ought to get along well and save money, but they did not. Mr. Marooney has a cousin, a shoemaker, who only gets fifteen dollars a week, yet sails right along in lightning express, while Marooney comes lagging along like a freight with a hot box.

"How do you manage it, Jack," he would frequently ask, "to get along the way you do? Here you actually keep your family and save money on fifteen dollars a week, while I take every cent I make to live, and I get double the pay!"

"Oh, I don't manage it at all," says Jack, "just take my money home to the old woman every Saturday night and she takes her five dollars to run house with and puts the rest away."

"Do you give her all the money?" asked Mr. Marooney, musingly.

"Oh, no, not quite, I keep a little for tobacco during the week, and a trifle to keep me from being lonesome. If I keep it all in my pocket I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it tight and safe."

Mr. Marooney talked it over with his wife that night, and they concluded to try Jack's plan. The following Saturday night he brought home his thirty dollars, and keeping, and she promised to do her level best to set the table on five. The first week she squeezed through somehow and got along with six and a half. Mr. Marooney was quite pleased and began lying awake at night thinking about what kind of a house he would build. He thought a plain rustic cottage with a bay window would be about right. The next week the expenses footed up five dollars and eighty cents, and Marooney changed his design for a future residence from frame to brick. The next week she brought it down thirty cents more, and he added a wing with a wash house. Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buying milk, and came within two shillings of the goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Marooney decided on an iron fence in front of his premises. The next week she lost ground, slipped and came out at the six dollar post. Mr. Marooney thought a neat paling fence was good enough for anybody, but when the ensuing week she came in with flying colors and struck the five dollar mark in both eyes, Mr. Marooney had the iron railing reinstated and granite running up to the door. The next week she took the money she had saved, went and bought her a love of a hat too, cute for anything, a black silk dress, and cherub of a cloak, that made the woman next door cry with envy till her nose got sore, and Mr. Marooney came to the conclusion that in didn't pay to live in one's property, keeping up repairs, insurance, etc., and the worry and stew and dread of fire and earthquakes more than counterbalanced any trifling advantages there might be.

The Indianapolis Sentinel says: That the thieves and friends of thieves who clamor for Grant would be willing to see a change of government, with Grant installed as dictator, king, emperor, or potentate of some kind, we have no doubt, and that such is their ulterior design there is a general belief.

The Southern Pacific Railroad is shaded from a continuous line of cottonwood trees planted for telegraph poles. They all sprouted and live.