

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. 576.

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

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

L. CAMPBELL. J. R. CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL 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 fol-

lowing rates:

One square three months..... \$6.00

One square six months..... 8.00

One square 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.

POSTOFFICE.

Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays

from 9 to 12 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north

at 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going

south at 2:30 p. m. For Bismarck, Franklin and Long

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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.

BOLON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Den-
tist—Ninth St., opposite St. Charles Hotel.
BOOK STORE—One door south of the Astor
House. A full stock of assorted box papers
plain and fancy.

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

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

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

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

CRAIN BROS.—Dealer in Jewelry, Watch-
es, Clocks and Musical Instruments—Will-
amette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

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

DORRIS, R. 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—Ninth
street, between Pearl and High.

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

FRIENDLY, S. H.—Dealer in dry goods,
clothing and general merchandise—Willam-
ette 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 mer-
chandise and produce, corner Eighth and
Willamette streets.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Drug-
gist, Postoffice, Willamette street, between
Seventh and Eighth.

HENDRICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general mer-
chandise—northwest corner Willamette and
Ninth streets.

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

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dress-
er and hair 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 war-
ranted. Shop on 9th street.

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

KINNEY, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door fac-
tory, window and door frames, mouldings,
etc., glazing and glass cutting done to order.

LYNCH, A.—Groceries, provisions, fruits, vege-
tables, 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, Willam-
ette street, in Ellsworth's drug store.

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

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

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

PATTERSON, A. S.—A fine stock of plain
and fancy visiting cards.

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

PENNINGTON, B. C.—Auctioneer and Com-
mission Merchant, corner Seventh and High
streets.

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

POST OFFICE—A new stock of standard
school books just received at the post office.

RUSH, BEN.—Horse-shoeing and general job-
bing blacksmith, Eighth street, between Will-
amette and Olive.

REAM, J. R.—Undertaker and building con-
tractor, 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, ci-
gars, nuts, candies, shot, powder, notions,
etc.—Willamette street.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES—A large and varied
assortment of slates of all sizes, and quantities
of slates and slate books. Three doors north
of the express office.

THOMPSON & BEAN—Attorneys-at-Law—
Willamette street, between Seventh and
Eighth.

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 In-
surance Company of Hartford—Willamette
street, between Seventh and Eighth.

The Ghost Robber.

On a fine evening in the Spring of
1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble-
looking horse, passed slowly over the
snow-white limestone road leading
through the Black Forest.

Just as the sun was going to rest
for the day, when the gloomy
shadows were beginning to stalk, he
drew rein as he said:

"This must be near the spot, surely.
I'll stop here, anyhow, and see what
I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted and en-
tered the parlor of the inn, where he
sat down beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, meinheer?"
said the landlord.

"See to my horse outside," replied
the guest carelessly, but at the same
time eyeing the landlord from head
to foot: "and let me have some wine
—Rhine will do."

The landlord was turning to with-
draw from the stranger's presence,
when he stopped and said:

"Which way, meinheer, do you
travel?"

"To Naustadt," replied the guest.

"You will rest here to-night, I sup-
pose," continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three
hours, but I must then be off, so as
to reach my destination there in the
morning. I am going to purchase
lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money
with you, no doubt?" asked the land-
lord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the
guest, sipping at his wine, disinter-
estedly.

"Then if you'll take my advice,"
said the landlord, "you'll stay here
till morning."

"Why?" replied the stranger, look-
ing up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord,
looking around as if he were discov-
ering a great secret, and was afraid of
being heard by somebody else, "every
man that passed over the road be-
tween this and Naustadt at midnight,
for the last ten years, has been robbed
or murdered under very singular cir-
cumstances."

"What were the circumstances?"
asked the stranger, putting down the
glass and leaning forward to him.

"Why, you see," the landlord went
on, while he approached his guest's
table and took a seat, "I have spoken
with several who have been robbed;
all I could learn from them is that
they remember meeting in the lone-
some part of the wood, something
that looked white and ghastly, and
that frightened their horses so that
they either ran away or threw their
riders; they felt a choking sensation
and a sort of smothering, and finally
died, as they thought, but awoke in
an hour or so to find themselves
lying by the roadside, robbed of every-
thing."

"Indeed," ejaculated the stranger
looking abstractedly at the rafters in
the ceiling, as though he was more
intent upon counting them than he
was interested in the landlord's story.

The innkeeper looked in astonish-
ment. Such perfect coolness he had
not witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain, then?" suggest-
ed the landlord, after waiting some
time for his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting
from his fit of abstraction, as though
he was not sure that he was the per-
son addressed. "Oh, most certainly
not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost
or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later the stranger and
guide, called Wilhelm, were out on
the road, going at a pretty round
pace toward Naustadt.

During a flash of lightning the
stranger observed that his guide look-
ed very uneasy about something, and
was slackening his horse's pace as
though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger,
"don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the
person addressed continuing to hold
his horse until he was now nearly a
length behind his companion. "My
horse is cowardly and unmanageable
in a thunderstorm. If you will go
on, though I think I can make him
follow close enough to point out the
road."

The stranger pulled up instantly.
A strange light gleamed in his eyes,
while his hand sought his breast pocket
from which he drew something.

The guide saw the movement and stopped
also.

"Guides should lead, not follow,"
said the stranger, quietly, but with a
firmness which seemed to be exceed-
ingly unpleasant to the person ad-
dressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my
horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger,
with mocking simplicity.

The guide heard a sharp click, and
saw something gleam in his compan-
ion's right hand. He seemed to under-
stand perfectly, for he immediately
drove his spurs into his horse's flanks
and shot ahead of his companion
without another word.

He no sooner reached his old posi-
tion, however, than the stranger gave
him a sharp turn to the right and then
disappeared, as though he had vanish-
ed through the foliage of the trees
that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse as
he galloped off. Without waiting an
other instant, he touched the horse
lightly with the reins; gave him a
prick with the rowels, and off the
noble animal trotted in the wake of
the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much
superior to the other's the race was a
short one, and terminated by the
guide being thrown nearly from his
saddle by a heavy hand which was
laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the
stranger's face, dark and frowning,
and trembled violently as he felt the
smooth, cold barrel of a pistol press-
ed against his cheek.

"This horse almost ran away with
me," cried the guide, composing him-
self as well as he could under the cir-
cumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion
dryly, "but mark my word, he'll be
the means of seriously injuring his
master's health."

They both turned and cantered
back to the road. When they reach-
ed it again, and turned the heads of
their animals in the right direction,
the stranger said to the guide, in a
tone which must have convinced his
hearer as to his earnestness.

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we
understand each other for the rest of
our journey. You are to continue on
ahead of me, in the right road, with-
out swerving either to the right or
left. If I see you do anything suspi-
cious, I will drive a brace of bullets
through you without a word of notice.
Now push on."

The guide had started as directed,
but it was evident from his mutter-
ings that he was alarmed at some-
thing beside the action of his follower.

In the meantime the thunder had
increased its violence, and the flashes
of lightning had become frequent and
more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode
on in silence, the guide keeping up
his directions to the latter, while his
companion as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and
looked behind him. Again he heard
the click of the stranger's pistol and
saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, meinheer," he groan-
ed, "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on,"
replied the stranger, sternly. "One!"

"In heaven's name, spare," replied
the guide, almost overpowered with
fear, "look before me in the road, and
you will not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he
saw something white standing mo-
tionless in the centre of the road, but
presently a flash of lightning lit up
the scene, and saw that the white fig-
ure was indeed ghastly and frightful
enough looking to chill the blood in
the veins of even the bravest man.

If his blood chilled for a moment,
there, ere it was not through any fear
that he felt for his ghostly interpreter,
for the next instant he set his teeth
hard, while he whispered between
them just loud enough to be heard
by his terror-stricken guide:

"Be it man or devil—ride it down
—I'll follow. Two!"

With a cry of despair upon his lips
the guide urged his horse forward at
the top of his speed, quickly followed
by the stranger, who held his pistol
ready in his hand.

In another instant the guide would
have swept the dreadful spot, but at
that instant the report of a pistol
rang through the dark forest, and the
stranger heard a horse gallop off
through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger
raised his pistol, took deliberate aim
at the ghostly murderer, and then
pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quietly,
but in no hostile attitude. The
stranger stayed his hand. At length
the ghost addressed him in a voice
that was anything but sepulchral:

"Here, William, ye move out of
your perch this minute and give me a
helping hand. I've hit the game
while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nonplussed for a
moment, but recovering himself, he
grumbled something unintelligible and
leaped to the ground. One word to
his horse and the brave animal stood
perfectly still. By the snow-white
trapping of the would-be ghost he
was next enabled to grope his way
in the dark toward that individual,
whom he found bending over a dark
mass, about the size of a man, on the
road.

As the tiger pounces upon his
prey, the stranger leaped upon the
stooping figure before him and bore
it to the ground.

"I arrest you in the King's name,"
cried the stranger grasping his pris-
oner by the throat and holding him
tight. "Stir hand or foot until I have
you secured, and I'll send your soul
to eternity."

"There was an unexpected turn of
affairs that the would-be ghost could
hardly believe his own senses, and
was handcuffed and stripped of his
dagger and pistol before he found
time to speak.

"Are you not my Wilhelm?" he
gasped.

"No landlord," replied the individ-
ual addressed. "I am not. But I am
an officer of the King, at your ser-
vice on special duty, to do what I
have to-night accomplished. Your
precious son Wilhelm, whom you
thought was leading an innocent
sheep to slaughter, lies in the road,
killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchsal
prison, in Baden, the landlord of the
sign of the Deer, and the Ghost Rob-
ber of the Black Forest, who was
the same identical person, having
been proven guilty of numerous
fiendish murders and artfully con-
trived robberies, committed at differ-
ent times in the Black Forest, paid
the penalty of his crime by letting
fall his head from the executioner's
axe, since when travelling through
Schwartzwald has not been so peril-
ous to life and purse, nor has there
been seen any ghostly knight of the
road in that section of the world.

Pulpit Sensationalism.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Com-
mercial, of October 13th, says: Tal-
mage preached with might and main
on his recent visit to places of
wicked resort. Hundreds of persons
went away, unable to gain admit-
tance. The preacher was in high
spirits, and was even more violent
than usual in his manner of delivery.

He began by comparing himself to
Ezekiel, who dug into a wall, found
an open door, went in, and beheld all
manner of creeping things and abom-
inable beasts.