

# 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. 581.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

## The Eugene City Guard.

L. 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.

These advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One square three months..... \$6 00  
" six months..... 10 00  
" one year..... 18 00

Transit notices in local columns, 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 10 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For St. Paul, Franklin and Logansport, leave at 6 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Crawfordsville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m.

Letters will be sent by delivery half an hour after a trial of trains. Letters should be left at the office an 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.

EVERETT LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WILMATHA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6, meets on the 21 and 14th Wednesdays in each month.

## CLEAVER & HENDERSON,

### DENTISTS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

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

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extraction of teeth.

## J. C. Bolon,

### DENTIST,

SUCCESSOR TO WELSH & BOLON.

OFFICE—Ninth St., opposite the St. Charles Hotel, up stairs.

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extractions of teeth.

## DR. L. M. DAVIS

HAS LOCATED PERMANENTLY IN Eugene. Office first building, north of the Astor House, up stairs. Charges reasonable and all work warranted by five years.

Nov 24

T. W. Squires, M.D. T. W. Harris, M.D.

## Drs. Shelton & Harris,

### PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

## A. W. PATERSON,

### 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.

## Dr. F. M. Walker

HAS LOCATED IN EUGENE CITY, Oregon—office at St. Charles Hotel, and will treat the following diseases: Consumption (Phthisis Pulmonalis), Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Peritonitis, Erysipelas, Diphtheria, Dyspepsia, Nasal Catarrh, and other diseases to numerous to mention.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

Oct. 31, 1878.

## 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 11 Beef casks from 3 to 5 cents.

## JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

### J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

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

SPAN Work Warranted.

J. S. LUCKEY.

Kilworth & Co.'s brick, Willamette Street.

## PRINTS—NEW DESIGNS OF STAMPED BRANDS AT

ERENDAYS.

## 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, southeast corner of Eleventh and Pearl sts.

BOLON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist—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 lard—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 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—Ninth street, between Pearl and High.

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 8th 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.

HOPES, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and a fine piano—table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Furniture, Hair-dresser, hair b. n. n. n., 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 iron and brass work.

JONES, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door factory, window and door frames, mouldings, etc., sash and glass cutting done to order. Eighth and Ninth.

LYNCH, A.—Groceries, provisions, fruits, vegetables, etc., Willamette street, first door south of Postoffice.

LARKIN, B. R.—Saddlery, harness, saddle, horse, 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.

MCCLEAREN, 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.

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

O. K. BEER HALL—Joe Theimer, prop. Cigars, Wines, Star Beer (23 cts. pr. pint), and all kinds of liquors. Near O. K. Meat Market.

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

PECKINS, 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.

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

RUSH, BEN.—Horse-shoeing 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.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL—Mrs. A. Renfrew, Proprietress. The best hotel in the city. Corner Willamette and Ninth 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.

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 Insurance Company of Hartford—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

## 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.

#### 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 drainage for stock. Apply at this office.

## THE NEW YEAR.

Silent and white  
Thro' the dim night  
Fell the soft snow  
Now fast, now slow  
Making the posts  
Like sheeted ghosts  
Robing the woods  
In finer goods

Than ever were spun by mortal spind,  
And bleached on the sunny side of the hill.  
Where fringes are woven by weavers, where  
The warp is mist, and the woof is air;  
The world is dressed like a bride, in white,  
Although the poor old year died last night.

Drop not a tear  
On the cold hier  
Of the brave year  
Whose corpse is here  
His work is done,  
And battles won,  
And he will be  
Named with the free  
Thro' future time  
For deeds sublime.  
We welcome here  
The new born year  
The snow that falls  
From the gray walls  
Of the thick clouds  
Is not for shrouds  
For the days fled,  
Or the years dead.

'Tis the white fleece  
Emblem of peace,  
Sent down to cheer  
The soft young year.  
May no red rain  
Make a real stain  
On the robe white  
Wove last night.  
So ring the soft  
Sweet bells aloft,  
Ring the true chime  
Of the good time,  
Ring loud and clear  
For this New Year.

#### Greeley's Use for Mormonism.

[New York Cor. of the Chicago Tribune.]

One of the very best stories I ever heard of him was told the other day by Samuel Sinclair, who, during the latter part of Mr. Greeley's life, was business manager of the *Tribune*. One Winter Mrs. Greeley went to the West Indies for her health, and the following Spring she sent for her husband to come after her and bring her home to New York. In due time they had got back to Gotham, and that morning Mr. Sinclair received word that Greeley was not feeling well, owing to his voyage, and had decided to stay at home for the day.

In the evening, Sinclair, and so, as it is in hand, he called at Greeley's house an hour or two before the train was to start. He found the old man in bed, and actually very ill, having suffered terribly from sea-sickness all the way out and all the way back. It was alone, the other members of the family being either ill or away from home, and so Sinclair determined to pass the night with him, giving up for that time his trip to the Capital. Presently Greeley wanted his back rubbed, and the impromptu nurse was somewhat surprised to find that his patient hadn't a stitch of clothing upon his person, barring the sheets and quilts.

"Sinclair," said he in that querulous whine of his, "I'm as naked as the day I was born. My trunks haven't arrived yet, and I haven't a d-d night gown."

"But why not wear this?" Pointing to the garment he had taken off before getting into bed.

"Oh, I expect to be out to-morrow, and I want that to wear then. How the blazes would it look after I slept in it?"

Well, in due time his luggage arrived, and Sinclair made a bolt for the article he wanted. After some rummaging he found it, and helped the old man put it on. It was speedily fastened at the neck, and the nurse took up one of the trunks and tried to button it. There, however, he stuck fast. The ends wouldn't meet by fully two inches. He tugged and twisted to his utmost, but it was to go. Still, as the patient said nothing, he supposed it ought to be fastened, and rebalanced his effects for that purpose. For about twenty minutes he labored without success, then he said:

"This is a failure. It won't fasten."

"No," replied Greeley, with exasperating calmness, "I knew it wouldn't. The fact is, I never could button the infernal thing myself. But you seemed to enjoy it, so I didn't disturb you."

He lay back on the pillows for a few moments, as if thinking deeply, and then, setting bolt upright, he brought his fist down upon the quilt and exclaimed savagely:

"If ever Mormonism works as far East as this, I'll be d-d if I don't have one wife to take care of my shirts!"

Minnie Warren's grave is guarded to keep off grave robbers.

It is less than a step from grand eloquence to grandiose nec.

And then was suppose he will tackle the youth with the dandy legs.

A practical joke is poor fun, because the laugh doesn't go all the way round.

A general denigration of teachers who have bought their certificates will shortly take place in San Francisco.

## Natural History.

[Detroit Free Press]

"Is this a pig?"

"Yes, this is a pig."

"A hog spits all over the floor of a street-car; he also wants the stamp clerk at the Post office to wait on him first. That's the way you can tell a hog from a pig."

"Does a pig root with his feet?"

"No—he roots with his nose. A pig's nose is called a snout. A cheerful minded pig will turn over more ground in search of one small potato than the average boy would dig up in hunting for a gold watch."

"What gait does the pig take?"

"He likes an open gait the best."

"Is a pig as intelligent as a dog?"

"More so about somethings. A dog most always jumps over a fence straining his muscles and running the risk of breaking his back, while a pig dives under it, and runs no risk. A pig can tell a hill of potatoes from a hill of cucumbers, but a dog can't. You lead a dog, but the pig will lead you."

"Can a pig see in the night?"

"He can see by night as well as by day. In driving one out of the garden, he won't appear to see the hole he came in at, but he does see it all the time."

"Why is it that two pigs eating at a trough six feet long, will still crowd each other?"

"We will answer that when you explain why it is that every one in the crowd around a fallen horse wants to boss the job of getting the animal up."

"Do pigs have eyebrows?"

"Yes, until old enough to root; then they were 'em off against fence-rails."

"Are these pigs of lead?"

"Yes; but you can't find any one who ever led a pig."

"What food do they prefer?"

"Well, quail on toast is their first choice, but when they can't get it they will take up with grass, frozen potatoes, moldy corn, or apple cores. He never goes hungry because the hired girl happens to grind the pepper with the coffee."

"The croaking of geese you said, once saved Rame and his wife."

"Not that we know of, but a pig's heels have often saved his bacon."

"Do pigs ever attack children?"

"Once in a great while. If a pig had gone into politics and got beaten, and the others pigs were shoving him around and calling him an idiot and so forth, he might be tempted to bite a small boy who was striking kernels of corn on a cast-iron cob to deceive him and break off his teeth."

"Can pigs climb?"

"Yes. Let four or five dogs get after one small pig and he'll climb for all all his worth. He may get up a tree, but it will be because he hasn't time to stop."

#### An Intermediate Husband.

Among Moslems divorce is even simpler than among the Jews. No "bill of divorcement" is necessary, but only the short verbal formula of "Veit thyself, take thy marriage portion and go." A wife may be thus repudiated twice and taken back; but if the fatal formula shall be pronounced a third time, she can only be taken back after a fully consummated marriage with and divorce by another husband. This latter condition sometimes results in awkward contraptions. The person chosen to play the part of intermediary husband is generally the oldest and feeblest poor man that can be found. For a "consideration" he consents to discharge the provisional function, and engage to divorce the lady on the morrow. But it occasionally happens that the faithless old sinner, having pocketed and earned his fee, refuses to surrender a pretty and wealthy bride, or only does so after a much longer usufruct than was bargained for, and for a further considerable money ransom. As may readily be supposed, such a condition and its incidents have weight with even the hastiest-tempered husbands, and in fact with other considerations to protect wives against the risk of talak (repudiation) except for grave and sufficient reasons. Certain it is that, barring such cases, divorces are now quite as rare among the Moslems as the Christian subjects of the Porte, and a hundred times less common than among our "more civilized" selves. Before the Cali, however, as before Sir James Hannens, the law in this respect favors the wife less than the husband. The latter may brave social leveling and cut the conjugal knot when he likes, but the wife can only regain her freedom on proof of positive ill-treatment or for one or two other grounds of complaint, and even then at the cost of abandoning her dowry and tresspass to her pecuniary husband.—*Fraser's Magazine*

A mark was set upon Cain; but the umbrella was, for some inscrutable reason, left unprotected.

## An Indignant Head and Neck.

A most extraordinary sensation has occurred in the American colony of London this week. A young lady from Philadelphia was walking down Regent street with the mother and sister of a young lady of rank, when the attention was attracted by some photographs of notable people and others exposed in a window, and they drew up to look at them. Fancy the astonishment of the American girl on seeing her own photograph exposed there among the others, but in the most amazing shape it is possible to conceive. Her head, her face, the arrangement of her hair, the turn of her neck, it was impossible to mistake; and yet there she was, almost as undraped as the Venus de Medici—in fact, got up in tights and fleshings, and labelled "Mazappa!"

"What can this mean?" she cried to the elderly lady, her lips blanched with shame and terror.

"I really cannot tell you," replied Lady Misdain, with steel eye and icy voice. "You perhaps can tell us whether on any occasion in America you were in the habit of appearing in this dress?"

"Oh, what do you mean to insinuate?" uttered the poor girl. "Do you think I ever stood as Mazappa? Oh, how cruel of you to speak so."

"It is certainly your portrait," added the other lady.

By this time one or two bystanders had drawn up to the window, and noticing the likeness were nudging each other.

"It is some coincidence—of course it cannot be meant for me."

"You had better take a cab and go home and tell your father about it," said the lady, still with her frigid manner. "My daughter and I have some calls to make."

In a half-dazed state of mind the young Philadelphia girl drove home and told her father of what had happened. To get back to the shop, to have that photograph out of the window, to demand an explanation of the stationer, was not the work of many minutes for the enraged father. But though it was easy enough to demand an explanation, suspicion falls upon the servant in the house, one of whom might easily have abstracted a photograph of a package of them which has been kept hitherto in an unlocked drawer of the young lady's writing desk. Of course it is a "cooked" picture; only the head and neck of the American lady's photograph, the rest that of some one else, and together the picture represents one of the most beautiful women it is possible to conceive. The matter has caused so much indignation and so much comment that it is not impossible that it may check the mania now so prevalent among society beauties for having themselves photographed for sale at a shilling a carte de visite.—*London Letter*.

#### Couldn't Find What He Wanted.

He was a singular looking customer, and in a crowd of a thousand you would not have picked him out for a millionaire. He passed through the market with his thumbs inserted in the armpits of his vest, and when he reached a fruit stand, he surprised the owner by observing, "You may measure me five quarts of your choicest strawberries."

"Haven't any strawberries," replied the attendant. "Been out of season four months."

"Hum," mused the man. "No strawberries. Well, I'll leave you my address and you may send me around a basket of the best peaches you have."

"No peaches in the market," explained the fruiter. "The season's over."

"No peaches either?" said the strange customer, with a surprised look. "The whole country voting for hard, honest money, and I can't purchase a few strawberries or peaches! In the language of the immortal Shakespeare, whither are we drifting?"

Five minutes later he had drifted up to a meat stall, and was trying to "jerk down" ten cents on a calf's liver.—*Norristown Herald*.

#### Comstock Maxims.

The wise sellecth at high figures, but the fool holdeth on like death unto the moribund Ethiop.

When the stock is high, the inflated holder swelleth with conceit and speaketh not to the lowly; but with Sierra Nevada at 446 he standeth off his tailor for his raiment.

The callow operator fresh from his native goose pasture, saweth the air with his forefinger and telleth the future of a mine; but the man whose beard is white with the snows of many Winters knoweth not what the day may bring forth and keepeth his mouth shut, after the manner of the clam at low tide.

Subscribe for the GUARD.

## His Swearing Off

Monday night he said to the partner of his joys and sorrows: "Susie, to-morrow is New Year. Many and many a time in the past I have sworn off, have I not?"

"You're talking, she answered, with dreamily retrospective eyes.

"And many and many a time I have broken my