

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. 582.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

L. L. CAMPBELL. J. B. 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 25¢. Cash required in advance. These advertisements will be charged at the following rates: One square three months \$6.00 " six months \$10.00 " one year \$18.00 Transient notices in local 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 1 p. m. Sundays from 9:30 to 11:30 a. m. Mail arrives from the south and leaves north at 10 a. m. Arrives from the north at 10:30 a. m. at 2:30 p. m. For Saturdays, Franklin and Long 10 a. m. at 8 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Coquille, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m. Letters will be held for delivery half an hour after a mail of trains. Letters should be left at the office one hour before mails depart.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Foreign postage No. 11, A. F. and A. M. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

SPENCER BROTHERS LODGE No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening. WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month.

CLEAVER & HENDERSON, DENTISTS.

Eugene City, Oregon. ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly C. W. Pith. Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extraction of teeth.

J. C. Bolon, DENTIST.

RECESSION TO WELSH & BOLON. OFFICE—Ninth St., opposite the St. Charles Hotel, up stairs. Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extraction of teeth.

DENTISTRY.

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 for five years. Nov 24

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. O. 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 (Phtisis 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 sell you a ham for 5 cents.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT. 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.

FRIENDLYS.

EUGENE CITY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ALEXANDER, J. R.—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.—Plumbing mill, sash, door, blind and moulting 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 streets.

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.

CLAYTON, 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., northwest corner Willamette and 9th Sts.

DORRIS, B. E.—Dealer in Stoves and Tinware—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

DURANT, W. M.—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 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.

HENDERICKS, T. G.—Dealer in general merchandise—northwest corner Willamette and Ninth streets.

HOPKINS, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and fine pipe-hole table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair dresser 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 warranted. Shop on 9th street.

JAMES, B. H.—Stoves, and manufacturer of Tin and Sheetiron 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, B. R.—Saddlery, harness, saddle trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

LUCKEY, J. S.—Watchmaker and Jeweler: keeps in stock 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.

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

O. K. BEER HALL—Jos. Theimer, pro. Cigars, Wines, Star Beer (12) etc. up stairs, and all kinds of liquors. Near O. K. Meat Market.

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

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

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

PRESTON, W. M.—Dealer in Saddlery, Harness, Carriage Trappings, 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 Bricks.

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 outcrop for stock. Apply at this office

Home Made Antiques.

The general stagnation of business recently prevailing in Justice Moses' Court was considerably relieved recently by the trial of one William N. Hendricks, charged with obtaining money under false pretences. The prosecuting witness was Henry Wilkins, a young man from Gold Hill, who appeared boiling with rage and impatient to pour into the ear of the Justice the story his wrongs. He stated that he possessed taste for the antique and rare in art, and was especially delighted with choice novelties of distinguished people. As he expressed it, "A tender flower from the tomb of some inspired poet, a bit of wood from some great cathedral or a delicate twig from some famous historic spot is to me a source of exquisite delight." He then told how the defendant had sold him a cabinet of rare curiosities for \$100, representing at the time that they were a collection from the Old World, when in reality everything in the lot had been found or picked up in Storey county. He considered his feelings, tastes, and general love for the associations of the past outraged by the cruel conduct of the accused.

Mr. Hendricks then took the stand. He admitted all that had been charged against him. He had found Wilkins a man with an abnormal love for curiosities, a man continually hunting for old autographs, rare postage stamps, faded flowers, and old pieces of tree bark from famous places. He had accordingly manufactured a lot of those relics.

The articles sold to Wilkins were here produced by Mr. Drake, the prosecuting attorney.

Mr. Drake (picking up a piece of old iron)—What is this?

Witness (grinning)—That, sir, is a piece of the cannon ball that wounded Napoleon at Waterloo.

Mr. Drake—Where did you get it?

Witness—At the Fulton Foundry, on the divide. (Laughter in Court)

Mr. Drake—Here is another relic, labelled "St. Paul's Cathedral before the great fire." Where did you get that?

Witness—From my wood pile. I stained it with iodine to give it age. (More merriment.)

Mr. Drake—And this?

Witness—Twig from the grave of Victor Hugo.

Mr. Drake—But Hugo isn't dead.

Witness [much astonished]—Is that so? I thought he kicked the bucket last year. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Drake—Here is a brick.

Witness—From the house of Oliver Cromwell; got it on C street. That bunch of grass you have there didn't really grow on the grave of Mary Queen of Scots but I made Wilkins think so and got \$4 for it. I gathered it down by the bonanza reservoir. All those other traps I picked up around the town and a labelled 'em properly, as your Honor can see. Those autographs of Washington, Garibaldi, Lincoln, Wilkes, Bost, Lafayette, Calverly, Voltaire, and Marcus D. Borack I wrote myself, and then laid 'em away in a damp place to give 'em age.

Mr. Drake—Did you ever fool anybody else on these relics?

Witness—I sold an old oil painting to Hank Smith for \$250—a sketch by Hogarth, I told him. As a matter of fact, it was an old vinegar bottle picture, so smeared you couldn't see it. He paid me \$100 down and I never went after the rest. (Tremendous merriment, suppressed by Constable Norton.)

The Court—Isn't you the chap that sold me an original etching by Rembrandt last Summer?

Witness (coolly)—Yes, your Honor, and also the pen that John Randolph signed the Declarations of Independence with.

Here a howl of laughter went up, and even the woid features of Constable Norton relaxed.

The Court said that it had heard testimony enough and reserved its decision.—Virginia City Chronicle.

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, C's chances are that he will run for his life.

We have just paid a dollar and a half to have our boots repaired, and are now more than ever disinclined to believe in the immortality of the sole.

As we grow old the goat does not impress us as being a very desirable animal. Our love for him ceases. If you want him at all, you want a goat while you're young.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Some vile traducer says that a month before marriage and a month after her death men regard wives as angels. Of the remaining time he has nothing to say.

Items By Telegraph.

There were only 170 drunks arrested in San Francisco on Christmas day.

Francis J. Moses, of South Carolina notoriety, is living by his wits in New York.

The supreme court justice has finally condemned to death Juan Moncazi, who attempted to assassinate the King on the 25th of October.

The great council of Geneva has accepted the principle of separation of church and state, and has appointed a committee to examine a separation bill.

Robbers attacked a train for Vera Cruz, near Pueblo, on the 14th of December, killed the baggage master wounded the conductor, and escaped with \$20,000 in silver.

The demand for the dollars of our daddies is increasing at the treasury department. Thirty thousand dollars worth of orders were received on the 26th ult.

The jury in the case of Capt. Cooper vs Westmoreland, at Victoria, in an action for slander, returned a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

On the 25th ult., near Virginia City, Nevada, Andrew Hourgasser was killed by a piece of scalding striking him on the head from the dump of the Gould & Curry mine.

The captain and officers of the steamship Pomerania have been acquitted in London. Inquiry decided that human effort did all that was possible to avoid a collision and loss of life.

Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, is coming west. On the 26th ult., he said he had received an invitation from the clergy of California to come to that State and lecture, and he looked forward with pleasure to the visit.

A telegram from Ceara, in North Brazil, reports that deaths in the capital from small pox number 600 daily. The distress in the interior of the province is appalling. The people are devouring cardon and the corpses of the dead.

A Dublin, Ontario, dispatch of the 26th ult., says the house of John O'Brien, near here, was last night burned, and his wife, son and daughter perished. Himself and other members of his family, walking through a furious storm to the nearest house, were badly frozen.

The trial of Mrs. Malin Mack, indicted at Jamesville, Wis., together with Frank Dickerson, for the murder of her husband last July, closed recently, the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty. She was sentenced to the State's prison for life, the limit of law in Wisconsin.

Chief among the New York millionaires are the Astors, Rhinecladers, Goellets, Mrs. Stewart, Lorillards, Schermerhorns, Lenoxes, R. J. Livingstons and Frederic Stevens, who, together, are worth between \$100,000,000 and \$150,000,000 in real estate. It is a singular fact that not one of these parties named concern themselves personally about municipal affairs.

Secretary Schurz has officially denied the application made by Senator Grover, that certain lands around Little Klamath Lake be certified to the State of Oregon as swamp lands. The secretary directs the general land office to proceed under rules already established for the adjustment of the Oregon swamp land grant which he says will protect all parties interested, whether pre-emption settlers or claimants under State title.

A Washington dispatch states that it is positively announced as coming from friends and admirers of Senator Bayard, that he is a candidate for the Presidency with strong assurance of financial backing from New York which they expect to carry with Connecticut and New Jersey, giving, with a solid South, the required majority in the electoral college. His friends are very sanguine of the success of the proposed alliance of the South with the East on a hard money platform.

A Victoria dispatch says: The steamship California arrived at Burrard Inlet on Sunday from Fort Wrangel and Sitka. She brings word of a dreadful murder at the former place on the 13th inst., a man named John Boyd having shot and killed one Thos. O'Brien without the slightest provocation. The citizen took the law into their own hands and tried the murderer before a jury selected by himself. He was found guilty and hanged on the 16th ult., in the presence of 800 Indians and an armed squad consisting of 40 citizens.

Subscribe for the GUARD.

Raising Tons of Solid Flesh.

[New York Sun, November 1.]

Gypsy is the largest of Mr. Barnum's six elephants now at the Hippodrome. She is also the most intelligent, and in ring feats and all the tricks for which other elephants have been famous, as well as in unnumbered others that Gypsy's trainer claims as her own, she is remarkably clever. Gypsy is possessed of wonderful sagacity; but never until yesterday morning has she had occasion to demonstrate how little she owed to her education, when it became necessary for her to act promptly for herself.

She was ordered out for rehearsal at 11 o'clock. She followed her keeper from the stall in the menagerie, to the gate opening into the circus. At this point there is a level bridge of thick plank, covering a subterranean apartment twenty-two feet square, in which, in times past, it was customary to house certain mysterious animals until the exigencies of "Blue-beard" or other pantomimes required their presence in the upper world, when they were shot to the surface through the ordinary trap.

Gypsy was nearly across the bridge when, with a crash, the heavy timbers gave way, and down into the cavern, fifteen feet below, the ponderous beast fell, flat upon her side. The circus hands were immediately on the spot, and various unsuccessful attempts were made to get Gypsy out.

At last Mr. June bethought him of the natural sagacity of the animal, and ordered a number of bales of hay to be brought. One by one these were rolled into the cavity, and as these came down Gypsy placed her fore feet upon it and waited patiently for the next, taking care to place it in position before she attempted a further ascent. She was soon able to mount to the surface, where she was met with cheers. She suffered no injuries more serious than a slight abrasion of the skin on her side.

"You'll never get Gypsy to cross that bridge again," Mr. Keeler, a showman of thirty years' experience, said. "When an elephant has once met with an accident, it will forever avoid the spot where it occurred. Some years ago I was showing Gypsy, a bigger Elephant than Gypsy, in Vermont. Once we were entering a little town through which a narrow but deep stream ran. This was spanned by a strong wooden bridge, but it was not strong enough to support the elephant. The bridge went to pieces under her five tons of solid flesh, and she fell into the creek. We had Nicodemus' own time in getting her out. Three years afterward we were about to enter the same town. Mean time the bridge had been made level with the street, houses had been built right up to it on either side, the bridge was covered with dirt, and none of us knew that it was within a mile. Express did know. We tried all sorts of ways to get her up the street, but she wouldn't budge; and at last we were obliged to take her around the town and lead her in by another road. She went like a lamb."

A Mammoth Safe.

The new bullion vault which has been in course of construction for some months past in the subterranean region under the Sub Treasury, at New York, was put into use recently, when \$100,000 in silver was deposited, which was supplemented by another \$100,000 the next day. The new silver dollars are being stowed away in it like the coin in Egypt's storehouses which Pharaoh gathered up against the famine. There seems to be little probability, however, that there will soon be a silver famine in this country, to judge from the condition of the money box at the Sub Treasury. Against about \$50,000,000 in currency, there is nearly three times that amount of coin. It is true that the greater portion of this is gold, but a goodly amount of silver is on hand and is constantly increasing. To afford a convenient and safe place of deposit for this bulky treasure the new vault was built.

The silver is placed in canvas bags, not quite so large in bulk as a small-sized bag of buckwheat flour and is stacked and measured by the cord. It is lowered from the coin room by means of an iron elevator, worked by hydraulic pressure, which lands the bags just outside of the door of the vault. Here also an iron stairway leads to the coin room.

The new vault, which is the largest of the kind in the world, is in every way a remarkable structure. It is the most complete and finished piece of work of its kind in this country or probably anywhere. It was built by a Boston contractor and cost about \$25,000.

In Bath Abbey, England, is to be seen the following: "Here lies Ann Mann, She lived an old maid and died an old Maid."

Butler At College.

In a recent interview Ben Butler thus related one of his college experiences:

"Another of our pranks at college was the breaking up of an abolition meeting. The English philanthropist who died the other day, George Thompson, was to speak in the college town. The students shared the common feeling against the good man. We thought he was abusing Americans, and our patriotic pride rebelled at this. We did not want to get into a scrape; so, after debating the matter several nights we hit upon the following plan. We went into the country and paid an old farmer 50 cents to allow us to catch in his barn all the swallows we wanted. We got a dozen or so, and the night of the meeting a number of us were present, distributed judiciously about the room, each boy with a swallow in his pocket. The church was lighted by old fashioned chandeliers, holding each three or four whale oil lamps. At a given signal, when the exercises were well under way, the swallows were let loose, and in the twinkling of an eye out went the lights. The birds, of course, went straight for the lights, and the rush of air caused by their wings put the lamps out. We kissed a girl or two, and they, of course, shrieked. All was commotion and confusion for a few minutes. Then the moderator demanded silence; said that some unaccountable accident had put the lights out, but the audience must sit quiet and preserve order, and the lamps would soon be lighted.

The sexton hurried away for a torch—there were no lucifer matches in those days—and presently he came back with a lighted candle. As he came into church, holding it in front of his face and shielding it with one hand, the swallows, of course, went for the light, and one of them struck the candle, knocking it out of the old man's hand and into his face. He tumbled back, gave a yell of fright, and gathering himself up took to his heels, vowing there were spirits there, sure. The crowd, now frightened in earnest, the students leading, got out of church in a hurry, and the abolition meeting was at an end."

The Devil's Fruit.

Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, eighty or ninety years ago. At first the people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit, given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some which he did, and found potatoes. A curious Berkshire legend which, however, is palpably anachronistic, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the North, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil, being in partnership, took a lease of the farm on the Martoun estate, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the farm, the devil managed the capital. The produce was to be divided as follows: The first year Sir Michael was to have all that grew above the ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year the shares were to be the opposite way. His Satanic Majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly overreached in his bargain, for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land in the first year with wheat, and planted it with potatoes the second, so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat stubble and potato tops. And this scourging rotation Sir Michael continued until he had not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil. In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into that country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples and disregarding the roots.

Sunbeams.

A table of interest—The dinner table.

"Ladies' hats will be felt" this season. So will the bills.

Whisky is about the only enemy man has succeeded in really loving.

A St. Albans paper says that lynching is a neck straitness proceeding.

A careful man never lenses glasses.—Boston Post. Sambo says, "Spoon not."

A man dyes his gray head, when if he would but wait, his gray head would die itself.

Why does the new moon remind one of a glibly girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection.

Young mother—What do children say when they get candy? In-fant recipient of confectionery—More."