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. 596. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL. J. R. CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL BROS.,

Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, or Grange Store.

OUR ONLY

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements inserted as follows:

One square, 10 lines or less, one insertion $3; each subsequent insertion $1. Cash required in advance.

Time advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One square three months..... $6 00
" " six months..... $ 00
" " one year..... 12 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 7 p. m. Sundays from 2:30 to 3:30 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 Sunshaw, Franklin and Long Tom, close at 6 a.m. on Wednesday. For Crawfordsville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p.m.

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

A. S. PATTERSON, P. M.

SOCIETIES.

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

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

WINNEMALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the Mond 4th Wednesdays in each month.

LON CLEAVER.

DENTIST,

Eugene City, Oregon.

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

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. Nov2:tf

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

Drs. Shelton & Harris,

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

A. W. PATTERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office on Ninth Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and at Residence, EUGENE CITY OREGON.

Dr J. C. Shields

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERvices to the citizens of Eugene City and surrounding country. Special attention given to all OBSTETRICAL CASES and UTERINE DISEASES entrusted to his care.

Office at the St. Charles Hotel.

DR. JOSEPH P GILL

CAN BE FOUND AT HIS OFFICE or residence when not professionally engaged. Office at the

POST OFFICE DRUG STORE.

Residence on Eighth street, opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dr F. H. 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, Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Nasal Catarrh, and other diseases too numerous to mention.

Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay.

Oct. 31, 1878.

A. I. NICKLIN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND U. S. EXAMINING Surgeon for Pensions offers his service to the citizens of Eugene City and vicinity. Uterine diseases a specialty.

Residence on corner of Willamette and Tenth streets, Eugene City, Oregon.

S. S. HOFFMAN, M. D.

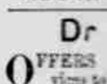
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Wishes to inform his patrons that the rumor that he has removed from town is false. He may be found at his OFFICE—Judge Risden's former residence on High Street.

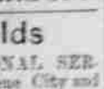
GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.



CENTRAL MARKET



T. L. BOYD, Proprietors.

will

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will buy Beef cheaper than Price Current.

JEWELRY ESTABLISMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY,

DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc.

Repairing Promptly Executed.

All Work Warranted.

J. S. LUCKEY.

Ellsworth & Co's brick, Willamette Street.

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 Dentist—Ninth St., opposite St. Charle 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 Tinware—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 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.

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

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath rooms, east side Willamette st., second door north of St. Charles Hotel.

HORN, CHAS. M.—Gunsmith. Rifles and shot-guns, breech and muzzle loaders, for sale. Repairing done in the neatest style and warranted. Shop on 9th street.

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

KINSEY, J. D.—Sash, blinds and door factory, window and door frames, mouldings, etc., glazing and glass cutting done to order.

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

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.

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

REAM, J. R.—Undertaker and building contractor, corner Willamette and Seventh streets.

ROSENBLATT & CO.—Dry goods, clothing, groceries and general merchandise, southwest corner Willamette and Eighth streets.

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 south 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.—Bookskin dressing. The highest price paid for deer skins, Eighth st., at Bridge.

UNDERWOOD, J. R.—General brokerage business and agent for the Connecticut Insurance Company of Hartford—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

LAKIN, D. R.—Saddlery, harness, saddle trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

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 outrange for stock. Apply at this office

Intemperance in Maine.

(Boston Post.)

A recent address of Gov. Garcelon before the Maine Temperance Convention calls attention to various kinds of intemperance which have generally escaped attention of reformers in that State. He has been for many years an eminent physician of large practice, and a close observer of the habits of the people. He spoke of the use of tobacco as an increasing evil, especially among the young, the tendency of which is to cultivate an appetite for stronger stimulants besides being deleterious in itself. In addition to chewing and smoking, he says snuff dipping if almost universal. As he added himself, this fact many were ignorant of, and excites surprise. The use of opiates has also increased to an alarming extent. Many a man, he says, has appeared upon the stand advocating temperance who had in his pocket a bottle of laudanum or black drops, which pave the way to an early grave. The lady, too, carries chloroform and ether to moisten her handkerchief with which to allay nervous excitement. As a practicing physician and observer of human nature, he places all these forms of intemperance in the same category with the intemperate use of spirituous liquors, all of which demand correction.

Such views are very timely, and all the more needful from the fact that the temperance reformers have confined their efforts too closely to but one phase of the great evil and, as a rule prescribed but one remedy for that. They have proceeded too much upon the ground that if they could prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks there would be no more drunkenness. Hence hanging rum sellers has been advocated as the suitable penalty for their offenses, and as the appropriate remedy for intemperance. This is Gen. Neal Dow's specific, and his views are potential on the subject. In view of Gov. Garcelon's disclosures there is a demand for something more effective than the hand of the executioner. Or, if that is to be the accepted agent for curing one kind of intemperance, and is efficient, it should be prescribed for the dealers in opium and tobacco.

There can be no question that opium-eating has increased to a fearful extent. Not long since from Staunton, Virginia, a conference of druggists reported that the ratio of increase of sales in 1877 over 1876 was 95 per cent., in 1876 over the preceding year 64 per cent., and in 1875 over the preceding year 50 per cent. That was in another section of the country, and was thought to be a peculiar characteristic of the Shenandoah Valley. But we will venture the assertion that the percentage of increase in Maine has been quite as large, and that the sales of druggists since the prohibitory legislation had been in vogue will so show. If such is the fact, the change from the use of intoxicating liquors to opium is far from being an improvement. Governor Garcelon has done the people a good service by directing attention to new channels of inquiry. If followed up it will be found that the "Maine law" has not been the grand instrument of reform claimed in its behalf, and that, after all that can be said and done to correct personal and social evils, nothing will be found so effective as good example and an appeal to the higher nature of the individual and society.

The Postoffice continues to be used as a means of transmitting articles of almost every variety from one part of the country to the other. The following articles, among others, were observed during the year: A dormouse, four white mice, two gold finches, a lizard and a blind worm, all alive, cutlery medicine, varnish, ointments, perfumery, articles of dress, a stoat, a squirrel, fish, leeches, frogs, beetles, caterpillars and vegetables. Many of these, being prohibited articles, were sent to the Returned Letter Office. A snake, about a yard in length, which had been committed to the post for transmission in a box, was observed to be at large on the floor one of the night mail-sorting carriages on the London and North western Railway. After a good deal contusion and interrupiton to the work it was killed. A snail box which reached the Returned Letter Office in Liverpool, was found, on being opened, to contain living snakes. A check for £5 lbs was found, loose in a pillar letter-box in Birmingham, but the owner, who was traced through the bank, was unable to explain in any way how it had got out of his possession.

Mac Barley, of Cottage Grove, Lane county, has been arrested for threatening to shoot Norman Daniels, owing to some land troubles.

Odell, who was convicted with William George, the incendiary, as a thief, has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. He appeals to the Supreme Court.

A Dakota Outrage.

The Yankton (Dakota) *Press and Dakotain* of March 10 gives an account of a shocking outrage committed on Annie Norman, a little girl only ten years old. Lank Carr, alias Lank Patterson, a negro was riding a horse on the open prairie when he met the helpless one and committed the crime. Strange to say, a judge—Judge Brisbane—came driving that way, and the negro mounted his horse and rapidly disappeared." The man of law hastened to town, procured a warrant and had the scoundrel arrested. An examination was about to be held before Justice Roberts, when the child's father pushed his way into the middle of the room, and before any one could interfere he drew a revolver and fired at the prisoner's head. Oliver Shannon, says the *Press*, who was sitting at the table, struck down the weapon and the ball went through the left leg of the negro. This was the signal for a general stampede. Court, witnesses, lawyers and spectators were seized with a sudden desire to breathe outer air. Sheriff Baker and Marshal Bates sprang upon Mr. Norman, and after a protracted struggle succeeded in wrenching the revolver from his hands and he was taken away in custody of Marshal Bates. Meantime the prisoner had escaped through the back door, making good use of his wounded leg in his flight. Outside he fell into the hands of the mob, which had run around to the rear of the building to cut off his retreat, and despite the resistance of Deputies Swanson and Donaldson he was borne bodily up the alley to Walnut street. The excitement was reaching a white heat, and mingled with the ominous murmurs of the swaying crowd were cries of "hang him!" "shoot him!" At this juncture sheriff Baker, who was relieved by marshal Bates of the custody of Mr. Norman, came upon the scene. Thrusting back the crowd, which was pressing close upon the struggling African, Baker drew his revolver and placed himself in front of the negro, and, ordering the mob to stand aside, he told them that the man was his prisoner and while he lived no violence should be done. This saved the darky's neck. The crowd fell sullenly back and the prisoner was placed in a wagon and conveyed to the county jail, where his wound was attended to by Drs. Dietrich and Miller. It was found that Norman's bullet had struck the negro just below the groin and made its exit from the outside of the upper portion of the leg. It was only a flesh wound and not dangerous.

A New Evangelist.

This place is wild with enthusiasm. Fashobit' Opera House is crowded. The churches have closed their doors, and pastors and flocks are gathering with the masses to see and hear the spiritual manifestations produced by the weird and thrillingly eloquent discourses, sermons, orations, or what not, uttered by Jonathan Haskell, "the sinners' Apostle," as the pagans call him. At the close of the meeting Saturday night to decide which of the churches should have him Sabbath forenoon and afternoon, the ministers proposed deciding the matter by drawing lots—as the crew of the ship in which Jonah was fleeing to Tarshish did during the storm, to decide whom the gods were angry at. Haskell settled the affair by speaking at the M. E. church in the morning, the Baptist in the afternoon, and the Opera House at night. He continues another week at the Rev. Mr. Campbell's church. The vast audience are swept by some invisible power that seems strange to us outsiders. How the man keeps up with such a strain, speaking three times a day, is inconceivable. He has the whole Bible in his head, from Genesis to Revelation.

"Stand away, brethren and sisters!" shouts the evangelist, as the saints gather around a sinner stricken down (as they say, with the Holy Ghost), "Let the angels come in and fan him."

"Bless God! I feel as if a quarter section of heaven had raved in, and all the stars were tumbling down on me."

"I wouldn't be born of a fashionable woman that was too aristocratic and proud to nurse me—God being my helper."

"You Christians are like young pigs. I have to pull your ears off to get you up to the gospel trough; and, after you get a taste of the glories, nearly pull your tails off to get you away."

It is wonderful, his power over the people.

Three hundred men are at work on the railroad between St. Joe and Mc Minnville.

Grouse and pheasants are plentiful now in Douglas county—to say nothing of quail and coons.

Glutted With Victory.

Yesterday was a big day for the cock-fighters of the Comstock. No sporting event which has taken place here for years was such a fountain head of pride and gratification as the glorious and never-to-be-forgotten main at the Elk saloon pit. For a couple of weeks previous to the fight, the fowl fanciers of the sagebrush were in a despondent mood. The fame of the Bay chickens had been so impressed upon the minds of our local sports that they were actually beginning to weaken at all points. Day before yesterday one of them met a *Chronicle* reporter with a look which made him feel as if a whole cemetery had fallen down upon him.

"I tell you what," said he, "if Virginia loses this cock fight the whole town's gone in."

"Won't the Sutro tunnel compromise brace things up a little?" asked the reporter, more hopefully.

"From a business point of view it may, but when a town with a reputation at stake loses a cock fight for a thousand a side it don't recover soon. Think of the disgrace. It's talked of all over the country and the papers get hold of it. High-toned sports copper a town like that and it loses caste. I'm afraid they've got us."

Yesterday afternoon the same man was observed on C street. His face was as the smile of a May morning, and he looked like a man who had just drawn $10,000 in the Havana lottery.

"The country's saved?" he shouted dragging the reporter into a two bit saloon. "We cleared 'em out in four straight battles. You never saw such scrub cocks as they had; regular dunghills every one—all show and flourish, but nothing when they come to meet our birds. We hardly lost a feather in the fight. Did you see those fellers sitting in the front row and plastering up them twenty pieces for bets, and give odds? Odds all the while, think of that! we laid out four birds dead before they knew what hit 'em. I tell ye, old boy, this gives the Comstock another lease of popularity and prestige for ten years. We win the best rasslin match, the last prize fight and last cocking main. No town in America ever won a rasslin' match, a prize-fight and a cocking main straight up in succession. The only thing I feel bad about is the break the *Enterprise* made with them Carson fellers. I tell you they have us there by a large majority."

On the occasion of the wreck of the European, one of the fleet of the Union Steamship Company, in December last, off Unkant, the mails from the Cape of Good Hope were recovered, but not without serious damage through saturation with seawater. One of the registered letter bags from Cape Town, on being opened in the chief office in London, proved to contain several large packets of diamonds, the addresses on which had been destroyed by the action of the water, and about seven pounds weight of loose diamonds, which had evidently escaped from covers wholly or partly mutilated, were found in pulp at the bottom of the bag. Every possible endeavor was used by the officers of the department to discover the rightful owners of these packets which were nearly intact, and with such success that they were all, with very little delay, duly delivered. After very great trouble and much correspondence, the whole of the persons for whom the loose diamonds were intended were, it is believed, ascertained. The diamonds were valued by an experienced broker and sold, the amount realized—£10,000—being sufficient to satisfy the several claimants to such an extent that not a single complaint was heard.

In connection with stories of fights, runs and killings, I may mention that the excitement in regard to the betting which "Billy" McGarrahan, the great American claimant, gave to Donn Piatt, a gentleman who for years past has been vilifying him without stint, and, as far as the general public knows, without any just cause, has not yet altogether died out. Nobody blames McGarrahan. In fact, the general feeling in Washington regarding the matter was, a day or two since, well summed up by a witty New York Member of Congress who said: Ever since the affair there has been $100, a bottle of wine and a chromo at the capitol waiting for the man who sympathizes with Donn Piatt, but up to this time nobody has appeared to claim the prize.

The following business was transacted during the month of March at the Roseburg land office: One thousand two hundred and twenty-nine acres sold for cash; 7 homestead entries, embracing 766 acres; 7 final homestead entries 954 acres; 6 pre-emption filing, and 2 donation certificates entered.

The Widow's Diamond Eye.

A widow lady in Brussels having lost one of her eyes through accident, caused it be replaced by an artificial eye of glass. There would, of course, have been nothing remarkable in this if the new eye had been glass and nothing more. But the lady was not content with an ordinary feature, and "out of a spirit of coquetry and with view of giving greater brilliancy to the eyeball," had it set with diamonds at a considerable cost. The fame of the precious eye not only spread throughout Brussels, but attracted to the widow's side a skillfull adventurer from Paris. This man, after a career of swindling in the French capital, had, it seem, decamped, and was not long in making acquaintance with the heroine of the artificial eye. The sequel was such as might have been anticipated. The optician's chef d'oeuvre was accustomed to repose in a particular place when not worn by the fair owner, and its intrinsic value proved too tempting to the stranger guest. He once more decamped, carrying off glass, diamonds and all, and was next heard of in a shop in the Rue de la Paix, where he sold the interesting work of art for 750 francs. The jeweler and his assistant examined the article with curiosity, and while they were thus engaged the thief took the opportunity of clearing a few more trifles off the counter. The shop-keeper was able to give a description of him to the police, and he was arrested a day or two ago at the Northern Station, and is now awaiting his trial.

Trains Running Through the Water.

N. Y. Times.

The Northern Pacific Railroad track on the ice in the Missouri river was taken up to-day. For the last two days trains have been running through water and floating ice two or three feet deep. The cab of the last locomotive out this afternoon was flooded and the engine tipped to one side, but not ditched. The train of twenty cars dashing through a river was an unprecedented sight. Chief Engineer Rosser was determined to get all the iron for the first twenty-five miles of the extension across before the ice gave way, and he succeeded. The Missouri is about to break up, and, judging from the thickness of the ice, it will be a historical year.

Monticello.

Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, is to be sold by auction. The through passengers from Washington to the South gets a glimpse of the stately old mansion, which commands a fine position away from the summit of one of the highest and grandest mountains of Albemarle. After the death of Jefferson, Monticello passed into the hands of Capt. Levy of New York. At the time of the late war it was confiscated by the Confederates. The property has since been in constant litigation, but now the courts of appeals has ordered the sale of the estate by the State Commissioner. The sale is fixed for March 20.

At the close of last year Peele's coffee house, in Fleet street, London, a famous place of resort for more than a century, came to an end. Up to a recent date it was the only place where persons could consult the files of the provincial and London press. Among its treasures were complete sets of the Times and morning Chronicle, which is now extinct. When it was resolved to close the place these were offered at the price of old papers to the British Museum, but declined. Efforts to dispose of them elsewhere likewise failed, and the whole of the enormous accumulations of paper were ultimately sold to a waste paper merchant. They weighed altogether forty tons and fetched $1,000, and are now, no doubt, being printed as new newspapers.

Not only has marshal MacMahon let it be understood that he will not accept a penny of pension, but it turns out that his magnificent representation of his office during the exposition was entirely defrayed out of his own pocket, although he is by no means a very wealthy man, and that the sum allowed him all went to the poor of Paris, through the hands of his wife. Indifference to pecuniary reward is one of the features of the age among public men in Europe. Only a few weeks ago the Bishop of Durham retired; refusing a large pension, and the last speaker of the House of Commons declined the retiring allowance of £20,000, allotted to that office. English Cabinet Ministers are entitled after a few years' service, to a pension of $10,000 a year, but they never now accept it, unless their means are really inadequate.