

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. 597.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 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, " 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 7 p. m. Sundays from 9 to 12 p. m. Mail arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:30 p. m. For Sitka, Franklin and Long Tons, close at 6 a. m. on Wednesdays. For Crawfordville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m. Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a trial of trains. Letters should be left at the office one 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. SEWER RIVER LODGE NO. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening. WIMMIALA ENCAMPMENT NO. 6, meets on the 21st and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

LON CLEAVER, DENTIST,

Eugene City, Oregon. ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly 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. No. 214.

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. 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 too mention. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Oct. 3d, 1878.

A. J. 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—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 Kilden's former residence on High Street.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

CENTRAL MARKET

T. L. BOYO, Proprietors.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND, BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will sell Beef a chunk from 3 to 5 cents.

JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.

J. S. LUCKEY, DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc. Repairing Promptly Executed. All Work Warranted. J. S. LUCKEY, 211 North & 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, east, 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 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.

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.

GALLISON, 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 wares—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 hair rooms, east side Willamette street, 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.

MCCLAUREN, 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 street, 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 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.—Bookskin 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.

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 outcrop for stock. Apply at this office

Genette, the Paricide.

"Two hundred and sixty three Rue Coqueland, cabby," said to the driver the well-dressed young man who, shortly after midnight on the 12th of February, 1874, jumped into a hackney coach in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris.

"Two hundred and sixty-three, sir?"

"Yes, cabby. What makes you laugh?"

"Well, sir, I never tell tales out of school; but this coincidence?"

"What coincidence?"

"Just when you hailed me I had taken an elderly gentleman to No. 263 Rue Coqueland."

"You don't say so. How did he look?"

"He was tall and slender; his hair was perfectly white. In his button-hole he wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor."

The young man became very thoughtful on hearing these words.

"Drive on," he said to the hackman.

Fifteen minutes later the carriage stopped in front of No. 263 Rue Coqueland. That street was exceedingly narrow one, and the police said, that dangerous characters were among the principal inmates of the old fashioned houses. No. 263 was a very quiet old building. It was evident that it dated from the time of Henry IV. It had but few windows. The entrance door was arched, and its two wings, made of massive oak wood, were studded with heavy brass nails.

The young man alighted.

"Shall I wait?" asked the hackman.

"No," replied the young man.

He rang the door bell. An old woman opened the door.

"She is not at home, Monsieur Genette," she said.

"Not at home?" he asked, in an almost threatening tone. "Why don't you get out of the way?"

"Because you shall not come in here at all!" she cried, trying to slam the door in his face.

The young man, uttering a terrible oath, hurled the old woman back into the hallway. Then he hurried up stairs and knocked at a door near the landing. There was no response, but he heard a low whisper in the room.

"Open the door, Finette," he cried. Still no response.

The old woman meanwhile ascended the staircase.

"Get out of my house!" she cried, as she reached the landing.

In a paroxysm of passion he struck her a blow in the face that caused her to roll down stairs.

Then he threw himself with his whole strength against the door. Almost on the threshold he was met by a beautiful young woman. She was so deshabille, flushed and excited.

"Finette?" he cried, "who is here with you?"

She paused for breath.

"No one, Alfred," she replied, trying to avoid the piercing glances which he bent upon her.

"You lie, Finette."

He looked about the elegantly furnished room, he looked under the bed; he examined everything. He did not find any body.

"I heard you whisper with somebody, Finette."

"Maybe I was talking in my sleep," she replied, in a faltering tone. He was reassured. He kissed her and begged her pardon.

"Alfred, I'm hungry," she said, disengaging herself from his fervent embrace. "Take me to a restaurant."

"With pleasure, Finette."

She put on her shawl and hat. They left the room. She did not lock the door.

After going down stairs with the young woman Alfred Genette and denly remembered that he had left his cane in the room. He hurried up stairs again, can carry to her remonstrances. As he reopened the door he started back in dismay.

An old man was there.

"Father!" ejaculated Alfred, turning very pale.

The old man burst into derisive laughter.

"I did not know, Alfred," he said, cynically, "that we were rivals."

"Rivals!"

"And by this time, my son, I suppose that you are convinced where Mlle Finette's affections are most sincerely bestowed."

Alfred uttered a cry of rage, and rushed at his father.

A terrible struggle ensued between the two. The noise of their scuffling and of oaths which they uttered attracted Finette and the old woman to the scene.

Finette tried to separate them, but to no purpose.

In his jealous frenzy Alfred drew a dagger, plunged it into his father's heart, and dangerously wounded Finette in her right breast.

His father was almost instantly killed and Finette died the next day.

The murderer surrendered himself to the police, and the Assizes found him guilty of murder.

He was guillotined with a black veil over his face, and clad only in a scanty hempen garment.

Catching a Son-in-Law.

It was the second time he had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are so often gotten up to bring fond hearts a step nearer to each other.

When they reached the gate she asked him if he would come in. He said he would, and he followed her into the house. It was a calm, still night, and the hour was so late that he had no fear of seeing the old folks.

Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and she left the room to lay off her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly and dropped down beside the young man, and said:

"I always did say that if a poor but a respectable young man fell in love with my Sarah he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughters' happiness for riches, but I am not of that class."

The young man gave a start of alarm. He didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not, and he didn't think of such a thing as marriage.

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and what is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man gave two starts of alarm this time, and he felt his cheeks grow pale. "I—I haven't," he stammered, when she said:

"Oh, never mind. I know you haven't much money, but, of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll risk that we'll get along all right."

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked love at Sarah, and he thought to deceive the mother.

"I hadn't no idea of—of!" he stammered, when she held up her hands and said:

"I know you hadn't, but it's all right. With your wages and what the boarders bring in we shall get along as snug as bugs in a rug."

"But, madam, but—but—"

"All I ask is that you be good to her," interrupted the mother. "Sarah has a tender heart and loving nature and if you should be cross or ugly it would break her down in a week."

The young man's eyes stood out like coconuts in a show window, and he rose up and tried to say something. He said:

"Great heavens! madam, I can't permit—"

"Never mind about the thanks," she interrupted, "I don't believe in long courtships myself, and let me suggest an early day for the marriage. The 23d of September is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but!"

"There, there! I don't expect any speeches in reply," she laughed. "You and Sarah fix it up to-night, and I'll try to be a model mother-in-law. I believe I am good tempered and kindhearted, though I did once follow a young man 200 miles and shoot the top of his head off for agreeing to marry Sarah and then jumping the country."

She patted him on the head and slid out, and now that young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or slide off the wharf.

Great Pyramid of Egypt.

An English architect, Mr. Tite, has been "figuring up" the cost of the great pyramid near Gizeh. Its original dimensions at the base were 764 square feet, and it has a perpendicular height of 480 feet, covering four acres, one rood, twenty two perches of ground. It consumed 79,028,000 cubic feet of stone; and Mr. Tite adds that it could not now be built for less than £30,000,000, sterling. The joints of the large casing blocks of granite were so fine as to be scarcely perceptible, not thicker than paper, and the mortar was so adhesive that the stones, in some cases, broke through their substance rather than give way at their jointing. The cost, therefore, of this structure, reduced to federal currency, was \$145,200,000, a sum large enough to build and put in running order six good, substantial rail roads between New York and the Atlantic and San Francisco on the Pacific.

Salem held a meeting last Thursday and resolved that we, the citizens of Salem, in Marion county, in public meeting assembled, hereby pledge the sum of \$3000 for the erection of a new pavilion building on the grounds of the agricultural society during the season of 1879, and its completion for occupancy for the annual exhibition of this year." By the plans submitted, the new building will be 45x70 feet.

A Woman Jockey.

In a certain London boarding house, not far from Regent's Park, the guest who comes in late at night will sometimes see a side saddle lying on the floor in the lower hall. Usually it has disappeared before he is down in the morning. It not, a finely formed, healthy young English woman will be one of the Anglo-American company that gathers at the breakfast table. She is its owner. This boarding house is her home. Riding horses at races and sales is her occupation. An orphan of respectable parentage, obliged to support herself, she availed to a livelihood that opened before such a young girl as she, in the crowded, elbowing life of England, were few and unpromising. She had an Englishwoman's love of animals and out-door occupations. And she had dauntless, magnificent physical courage. So she drifted into this strange life. She finds employment from one end of England to the other. One morning she is off by cab, her saddle beside her, for horse market in the west of London. The next, perhaps, she is hurrying from her early breakfast to take the train at King's Cross for Doncaster. There is no horse so vicious that she hesitates to mount him. He may fall with her; he cannot throw her. She is sent for to ride horses that men dare not or will not; horses that have killed their riders more than once, and that will do the best to kill her. But she has a reputation that, for bread's sake and shelter's sake she cannot afford to lose, and she never declines to mount a horse because it is dangerous to do so. One night she comes home bruised and weak—her horse fell on her to-day. Another, her face flushes with satisfaction as she tells her kind friend, the landlady, that her horse won the race. Often she does not eat a mouthful from her early breakfast until the rest of the house are up, until her day's work is done. Success depends on her being able to command every particle of nervous force she possesses; she can spare none of it for the process of digestion. She is intelligent and womanly—just as womanly as if her work kept her in an office or behind a counter, instead of among stable-keepers, jockeys and sporting men.—Chicago Times.

Narrow Escapes.

Chambers' Journal.

Most singular was the escape of a young Shropshire lady from an ignominious death. Staying in Paris during the Reign of Terror she was dragged with other unfortunate "aristocrats" before one of the tribunals. She pleaded that she was an English woman; but was on the point of being hurried out to the waiting tumbril, when one of the Judges asked her what province in England she was a native of. In her fright she exclaimed "Salop," a reply greeted by a general shout and clapping of hands, followed by an order to let her go; and amid cries of "Salope! Salope!" the dazed girl was hustled into the street to run home, wondering that her head was still on her shoulders, little thinking that by uttering the word "Salop," she had effectually rebutted the notion of her being one of the hated aristocrats, thanks to "Salope" being a word then used to designate one of the most depraved of her sex. Another remarkable escape of that terrible time was that of M. De Chateaubran, for he was not only condemned, but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fiftieth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order, and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on; and as it began to grow dark M. De Chateaubran found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators; so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding-place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

The Carriage Trick.

Chambers' Journal.

A certain builder of carriages made a practice of keeping a carriage on hand to palm off on the executors of deceased noblemen. It was a costly vehicle, handsomely fitted up. As soon as the death of a nobleman occurred, the carriage was decorated with the arms of the deceased in the best style of herald painting, with this preparation a letter was dispatched to the executors respectfully inquiring when it would be convenient to remove the carriage which had been built according to the orders of his lordship. It had been some time ready to be taken away, and the price was £190, or some such sum. This unpleasant announcement usually led to a compromise. The carriage not being wanted, a sum of money was paid by the executors to take it off their hands. This was precisely what was anticipated. The carriage was now ready for a fresh start in placating the armorial bearings were obliterated; and the panels were prepared to receive the heraldic blazonry of the next nobleman on whose executors the same trick could be played off. Very clever this; but, like all rogues, it was at length found out, and a loss of reputation ensued. What became of the carriage that had undergone so many transformations we know not.

Not For Gain.

Fancy farmers—men who work for pleasure rather than gain—have been ridiculed unjustly; for they have been to farmers what inventors have been to manufacturers. They have experimented for the good of the world, while others have simply worked for their own gain. They tested theories, while others have raised crops for market. They have given a dignity and glory to the occupation of farming it never had before. Fancy farmers have changed the wild boar into the Suffolk and Berkshire; the wild bull of Britain into the Shorthorn; the mountain sheep, with its lean body and hair fleece, into Southdown and Marino. They have increased the capabilities and usefulness of all domestic animals. They introduced irrigation and underdraining, grinding and cooking food for stock. They brought guano from Peru and nitrate of soda from Chili. They introduced and domesticated all the plants we have of foreign origin. They brought out the theory of rotation of crops as a natural means of keeping up and increasing the fertility of the soil. They first ground up gypsum and bones, and treated the latter with acid to make manure of peculiar value. They first analyzed the soils, as a means of determining what was wanted to increase their fertility. They introduced the most approved methods of raising and distributing water. They have given us new varieties of fruits and vegetables and flowers. A fancy farmer originated the Early Rose potato; another, the Wilson strawberry; and still another, the Concord grape. Men like these add immensely to the wealth of the country.

Hank Monk.

On Monday last, says the Carson (Nev.) Appeal, Hank Monk; the veteran Jehu, was a half century old. His friends, who are everybody, hope that he may live another fifty years. We do not believe that Hank ever made an enemy, unless it was the late Horace Greeley. This reminds us of an anecdote. When Horace Greeley was running for the Presidency Hank thought the old man might reward him for getting him through "on time" a few years before, so he wrote to the veteran philosopher, asking for some easy and lucrative government billet in the event of his election. Mr. Greeley replied: "I would rather see you in ten thousand fathoms in hell than give you a crust of bread, for you are the only man who ever had the power to place me in a ridiculous light before the American people, and you villainously exercised that power."

Cook county has had an attack of teachers' instituts.

The new depot near Percydale Polk county, will be called McCoyville.

L. F. Lane has been elected captain of the Umppa Guard, at Roseburg.

California capitalists have leased Knott's quartz mill at Bohemia, Laue county.

We regret to hear of the severe and continued illness of General Lane, at his home in Douglas county.

At a special election held at Baker City on the 8th inst., for city marshal, Walter Brown was elected by 14 majority, 120 votes being cast.