

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. 601.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

\$2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

L. CAMPBELL. J. R. CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL BROS.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, 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..... 12 00

Transient notices in local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertising bills will be rendered quarterly. All job work must be paid for on delivery.

POSTOFFICE.

Office Hours—From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sun-days from 10 to 12 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south 10 a. m. For Bismarck, Franklin and Long Town, close at 6 a. m. on Wednesday. For Crawfordville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 p. m.

Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after a revival 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.

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

WISCONSIN ENCAMPMENT No. 6, G. W. U. Meets on the 21st and 28th Wednesdays in each month.

LON CLEAVER,

DENTIST,

Eugene City, Oregon.

ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly of 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. Nov24

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. 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.

S. Hemenway, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

RESIDENCE—Corner of Oak and Fifth Streets.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

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 disease 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 Hilden's former residence on High Street.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

CENTRAL MARKET

T. L. BOYD, Proprietor.

will

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will 11 Beef a chunks from 2 to 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.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

EUGENE CITY

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. Cha. tel

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 Eighth streets, up stairs.

GRANGE STORE—Dealers in general merchandise and produce, corner Eighth and Willamette streets.

GILL, J. P.—Physician, Surgeon and Drug-rist, 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 room, 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.—Shoemaker and manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-iron wares, 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 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 Trimming, etc.—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

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

RUSH, BEN.—Housewiring 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 outrange for stock. Apply at this office

Beecher's Position.

Cincinnati Commercial.

What has been the effect of the great scandal upon Henry Ward Beecher's daily life and work? There is no difference to be detected in and around Plymouth Church, save that he exhibits less of that exuberance of spirit which welled out of every word of his mouth, and which was responded to and assisted by his arms, his body and his legs. His flock is seemingly as much devoted to him and fascinated by his words. His pews sold lately for about the same as the average of fifteen years back, save, of course, the one year when \$100,000 was raised for him. His mission schools are prosperous, his Sunday school is overflowing. The people of Brooklyn talk no more about scandal. Tilton has gone to New York. Moulton has taken up his abode in another city. Mrs. Tilton is in seclusion in Williamsburg. Beecher keeps on with his church work the same as ever.

But outside of Plymouth church and Brooklyn? Ah! there the effect of the scandal crops out. Mr. Beecher is no longer the public man that he was. Time was when he made the chief speech at the annual New England dinner—and what a speech it was! bubbling with wit, sparkling with humor, noble for its eloquence, admired for its sentiment—a perfect speech. Since the scandal broke, Mr. Beecher has not been invited to the New England dinner. He speaks no more at banquet boards, at college commencements, at church dedications and statesmen's funerals. He does not seek these things, his friends say. They are not offered him, reply his enemies. No longer does he discuss from Plymouth pulpit the vital political questions of the day. But it is now more than a year since any word of his attracted public attention; and then he was misreported in an incidental reference to the labor question; it was the first in more than a year before that time. It looks to those who disinterestedly watch him as though Mr. Beecher is endeavoring to attract as little public attention as possible, and that he is endeavoring to give to Plymouth church the very best work of which he is capable, and it is quite likely that the public and Plymouth church are satisfied that he should do so.

What they put Under the Stone.

The corner-stone of a monument to the Confederate dead was laid in Columbia, S. C., on Thursday afternoon, March 27th. Among the many articles placed in the cavity, as we learn from the Register, were these: A copy of the South Carolina ordinance of secession; a copy of the Beacon, containing W. Gilmore Sims' account of the sack and burning of Columbia by General Sherman; a box containing several coins and a memorandum saying: "The coins contained in this box were taken from the Courthouse of Richland county, erected in the years 1859-'60, which was destroyed February 17, 1875, by General W. T. Sherman's army, United States forces then occupying a city that had peaceably surrendered to him;" two Confederate flags; a flag of the State of South Carolina; Confederate money, from the denomination of \$500 down to 5 cents; Confederate postage stamp; five Confederate bonds one for \$1,000, at eight per cent., due July 1, 1864; one for \$1,000, at eight per cent., due July 1, 1870; two for \$500 each, at seven per cent., due July 1, 1878; some leaves cut from a day-book of John McKenzie, of date 1864, showing the prices at that time. Some of these items are interesting; for instance, a half pound of candy was charged \$10, seven oranges at \$17.50, one pound of heart-shaped candy at \$10, four lemons at \$8, one dozen lady-fingers at \$4, one half pound of kisses at \$8, three dozen apples at \$12, one stick of candy at 50 cents, one quart of celestials at \$4, one pound of mint drops at \$25.

One thing that an Ape can do.

The Siamese ape is stated to be in great request among native merchants as a cashier in their counting houses. Vast quantities of base coin obtain circulation in Siam, and the faculty of discriminating between good money and bad appears to be possessed by these gifted monkeys in such an extraordinary degree of development that no human being, however carefully trained, can compete with them. The Cashier ape puts into his mouth each coin presented to him in deliberation. If it be genuine, he hands it to his master; if counterfeit, he sets it down before him with a solemn grimace of displeasure. His method of testing is regarded in commercial circles as infallible.

Subscribe for the Guard.

The Master Mule.

New York Sun, 11th.

This morning a couple of miners were seated on a boulder alongside the road to Suro, discussing the kicking powers of the mule. One had just returned from Suro and the other was on his way there, and having met near the rock they sat down for a talk.

"Have you quit over there," said one to the other.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Mules."

"Fraid of 'em."

"You bet. I saw one yesterday alongside an old boiler kickin' off the rivet heads one by one. Never missed one. I was just goin' on shift, and when I saw the mule and heard there was more of 'em inside and I weakened and threw up my job. I've got a wife and three children dependin' on me, and I don't take no chances."

"The worst mule I ever saw said the other "was in Pioche some years ago. It was one I owned. One day it rubbed against some nails sticking out of a post and it turned square around and drove those nails in one by one, using a single blow of the hoof with the iron shoes on for each nail. It never missed its lick and all ways drove them into the head. Then he saw a few tacks on the post, a little lower down, which were only half driven in, and he drove them in, too, with light taps of the hoof, just as gentle and as easy as could be. One day a man came along and set out a can of nitro-glycerine and giant powder. He wanted to get the mule to kick it and get killed. I saw him about the corral with the can, and knew what was up. At first I was going to stop him, but then I thought if my mule was any kind of a mule at all he would take care of himself. Well, the mule saw the can and walking up smelt of it, and squared himself for the kick. The man was sneaking off, and just as the mule was going to kick the can he caught sight of the feller and changed his position so that his tail was toward the man. He lifted his tail just like he was taking aim and let fly his right hoof. The can went flying through the air and hit the man square in the rear just as he was getting over a fence about a hundred feet away. The thing exploded, and I never saw the man again. But the next morning Pat Holland came out in the Record and said that the town had been visited by a shower of blood."

"Mules are immense when they get roused."

"You bet."

How a Newspaper Saved a Man's Life.

Chicago Tribune.

The other night a young man entered the editorial rooms and asked to see the editor, to whom he said: "A friend of mine said there was a report going to be in the paper to morrow about a defalcation—about \$100,000, he said." The editor submitted that such was the case. "Well continued the young man, 'the fellow that defalcated was a light and airy young cuss, wasn't he?'" The editor admitted that such was the fact—that the defaulter had a trotting horse and four families and a big diamond pin, and was known to gamble freely, and altogether that he was a fast young man. "Precisely," said the editor. "Now, my father is a gray-haired old man, in very feeble health, and the doctors say that the slightest shock might kill him, and I've called round to see it—'" "I regret," said the editor, "that it is not in my power to suppress the news, and even if I did not allow the item to appear in the Tribune, it would be sure to come out in the other papers, and thus—"

A petition has been numerously signed at Independence, that the \$18 given the town about three years ago by some shomen for the purpose of building a town hall, be now appropriated to the Hook and Ladder company.

A correspondent writes from Yaquina Bay: The oyster season is about over; herring are running and all you have to do is to drop your scoop net and fill your boat; flounders are fat; sea bass plenty; crabs, large and juicy; rock oysters, all well.

Mr. James W. Welch, of Astoria, has in his possession two carpenter's tool chests from the wrecked steamship Great Republic, both filled with tools. Out of one of the chests was a captain's discharge, marked to H. L. Carpenter, of Company H, and the other marked J. M. H. Barb.

The Polk county Riverside says: Mr. F. M. Dice has just completed his Spring's seeding and plowing with the following result: Fall sown wheat, 110 acres; Spring sown wheat, 68 acres; barley, 25 acres; oats, 33 acres; Summer fallow plowed, 70 acres. In doing this Mr. Dice has hired about 150 days work, and has done the balance himself.

The Midgets to Marry.

New York Sun, 11th.

It has been finally arranged, after many discussions between the families, that the Midgets are to be married. Lucie Zarate, the prospective bride, is fifteen years old, and weighs a trifle less than five pounds. Her face is bright but not prepossessing. The bracelets she wears cannot be buckled around the third finger of a man of ordinary size. Her shoes (made to order) are 2½ inches long, and her gloves measure about one inch from the tip of the longest finger to the button at the wrist. Her cap was made originally for a doll in a Broadway show window, and is a good fit. In the matter of jewelry she is profuse. On each hand she wears a diamond ring; her brooch is a diamond, and she has a fondness for dangling ornaments on her ears, such, for instance, as a small diamond supplemented by a California gold quarter of a dollar.

General Mite, whose real name is Francis J. Flynn, weighs nine pounds and is 14 years old. His face is bright and intelligent, and his conversation does not belie it.

"Are you going to marry Lucie?" the reported asked him.

"Yes, we are going to be married."

"When?"

"Next Saturday a week."

"No," interrupted the female dwarf, "next Sunday. I want it on Sunday."

It seems that the marriage is one of convenience as well as supposed affection. The dwarfs belonging to different families, are liable to be separated at any moment. It is thought best, therefore, to bind them by ties that cannot be broken by show managers or disagreeing parties. General Mite is twice the weight of his prospective bride.

The preparations for the wedding are going steadily forward. The bride is to wear a white satin dress studded with seed pearls. Small as her form is, it is estimated that the bridal dress contains no less than 1,000 pearls. The bridegroom is to wear his full dress suit, excepting that his vest of black cloth will be replaced with a white vest.

Miss Zarate belongs to the Episcopal church, while General Mite's family are Roman Catholics, and it was on the question of religion that the families differed. This difference was finally settled.

A Sample of the Testimony taken at the Talmage Trial.

From the Oil City Derrick.

The interest in the Talmage trial increases faster than interest on a bank note. In fact, it is expected the interest will be compounded at last, or that the trial will. Our New York reporter is busy taking down the notes of the testimony, and his first page presents the following appearance:

Mr. Millard to Mr. Bright, showing witness a paper—"Who wrote that editorial?"

"What editorial?"

"That one my finger is on?"

"Which finger?"

"This finger."

"This finger on this editorial?"

"Yes."

"What about it?"

"Who wrote it?"

"The finger?"

"No the editorial."

"What editorial?"

"This editorial in this paper, which I hold up before you, which is headed, 'Columbine and Harlequin,' on which I now place this thumb."

"You want to know who wrote it,"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It's of interest in this case."

"What case?"

"Talmage's case."

"What Talmage?"

"Do you know who wrote that editorial?" excitedly.

"What editorial?"

"The one just showed you."

"The one in that paper?"

"Yes."

"The one you put your finger on first, and then put your thumb on it?"

"Yes."

"You want to know who wrote it?"

"Yes."

Witness reluctantly replies, "I don't know."

A. S. Watt, agent of the West Side railroad, has secured right of way through Polk county for the road he represents.