

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Morse's Passion play will be produced in New York on the 6th of February.

An express train on the Southern Pacific got beyond the control of the brakemen on the morning of the 20th ult., and backed with frightful velocity down a steep grade, wrecking the train and killing 22 persons.

Ex-press Eugenie visited Paris last week, but in compliance with President Greve's request has returned to London.

The Delaware house killed the senate bill to abolish the whipping of persons convicted of murder in the second degree.

Grand Father Roesley, aged 93, born in Germany, died on the 24th in Fairfield county, Ohio.

It is generally understood that Vanderbilt will purchase collections of old masters, owned by a gentleman in San Francisco, and place them in a gallery he is about to erect in New York.

Over 150 families residing in the northeastern part of Columbus are in destitute circumstances, caused by the closing down of the Columbus mill Christmas, throwing them out of work.

The auxiliary steamer Geo. S. Homer has just sailed from New York for Portland. This is the first vessel constructed for the Cape Horn trade with auxiliary steam power, and this is her first voyage.

Proceedings in equity have been begun by the United States against the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, for the recovery of \$500,000 which the United States claims is due as tax on scrip issued by the company.

The oil market is excited at Buffalo. A sharp advance, opening 93%, was dropped to 93% in the first fifteen minutes, and from that on there was an uninterrupted advance until \$1 was reached, which was the closing bid.

The first through freight train for New Orleans, over the Southern Pacific Company's new route, left San Francisco on the 25th ult. The train embraced one full carload of canned salmon, and two cars of California wine.

Isaac Knapp, a life man in the penitentiary of Sandusky county, Ohio, pardoned October 19th, was arrested at Fremont recently, and is on his way back to prison. It was discovered that he ate soap in prison, causing an abscess, which led to the pardon on the ground that he would die.

The unprecedented cold has produced widespread destitution among the poorer classes at Lynchburg, Va., especially among the negroes, hundreds of whom are out of employment in consequence of the suspension of work in the tobacco factories, on account of the tax question agitation.

The house committee on appropriations considering, without action, the petition of Philadelphians asking congress to make an appropriation to reimburse stockholders for loss by the deficit of receipts found in the settlement of the accounts of the exposition of 1876. Similar petitions were filed at the 46th congress.

A New York dispatch of the 23d says: A husband and wife named Lynch have been separated for six years. Their eldest child, a boy of thirteen, died a few days ago. The body was placed in a coffin, and he was to have been buried to-day, but the father, aided by friends, carried it off, and the utmost efforts of the police have so far failed to recover it.

The agricultural convention reassembled in Washington on the 25th ult. John H. King, president U. S. Agricultural society, reviewed its history and its objects and purposes. A resolution was adopted authorizing President King and the secretary of his society to confer with other state societies for the purpose of determining the practicability of holding a joint agricultural exposition.

Princess Louise embarked at Charleston, Pa. 25th, on the Dido. An immense throng lined the battery to witness the departure. Two ten oared barges conveyed the party to the Dido, which was gaily dressed with bunting. Twenty-one guns were fired by the German artillery and answered by a double salute from the Dido, in greeting to the princess and marquis. The marquis has gone to Washington.

Information was presented against Fanny Baldwin in the superior court of San Francisco on the 25th ult., on the charge of attempting to murder Lancelo Balkwin. She is confined in the county jail, and suffers considerably from her imprisonment. She positively refuses to receive visitors, and spends her time reading. Her mental condition is said to have improved, though her delicate constitution is much taxed by the confinement.

The giant powder works at Berkeley, California, exploded on the afternoon of the 21st ult., with terrific force, the shock being plainly felt in San Francisco. The employees were mainly Chinese, 22 of whom were blown to atoms. It had been the custom to close the works on Sunday, but in consequence of a large order, consisting of 8000 boxes for Oregon, a large force of men were put to work, either manufacturing powder or loading a schooner which was to have left for Portland about the middle of the week. Damage to the works is estimated at \$60,000.

R. D. Wigginton, ex-congressman and attorney for the Southern Pacific railroad company, has returned to San Francisco from Topechapi, where he had been investigating the circumstances attendant upon the recent disaster. He expresses a firm conviction, based on evidence taken at the inquest and on additional facts and attendant circumstances, that not only was the train started down the grade by tramps, with a view of robbery, but that one of the tramps obtained access to the express car before the train started and killed Messenger Pearson with a blow of a hatchet, or some other weapon. In proof of this he cited the evidence that two bodies were taken from the express car before the flames reached it—of an unknown man and the other of Pearson—with a deep gash across the temple and no other injuries on his body.

DR. DORN'S MISTAKE.

Miss Wilmar's doctor was dead. Now, we all know it is very hard on any one to lose a physician on whom one is dependent, and to whom one is greatly attached. To Miss Wilmar it was particularly so.

Miss Wilmar, I must tell you, was a maiden lady of some forty-five years, very rich, very whimsical (as rich people often consider that they have a right to be), and nervous and fussy, without, fancying herself alling a hundred times oftener than there was any need, and convinced that she could not live a week without the physician to examine her pulse and look at her tongue.

Therefore you can see at once that the good lady was in a most uncomfortable state of mind. What she was to do, she had not the slightest idea. The possibility of any one else taking the place of Dr. Dennet was ridiculous in itself. She was perfectly satisfied that there was no physician equal to him anywhere. She sighed deeply, and felt that now she was to be pitted indeed. She should never enjoy anything like health again.

And you can see, too, that if Miss Wilmar should get over this conviction and allow herself to be persuaded that there existed in the world another physician worth trusting, it would be a very good thing for her; since, dependent on frequent medical advice as she fancied herself ill, her doctor's bill must necessarily be large.

Her friends said, "Now, what will poor dear Miss Wilmar do?"

And more than one physician in the town thought within himself what a particularly profitable thing it would be for him if he could get Miss Wilmar for a patient with her very many ailments, and her very prompt remuneration for services rendered.

Mrs. Leonard, an old friend of Miss Wilmar, called on that day to console with her and to offer advice.

"What a great pity, Miss Wilmar, that you have lost your physician. It must come very hard to you!"

Yes, Miss Wilmar said, it did come very hard to her. She didn't in the least know what to do. She would be very glad if anybody could advise her in the matter! She certainly couldn't live without a physician—a physician she must have. But what physician? There was the difficulty.

"Why don't you try Dr. Gray?"

"Too slow! I never should get well under his care in the world. He'd make me so nervous with his excessive moderation!"

"Dr. Markham, then?"

"He's just the opposite. Come blustering in like a whirlwind, and won't let you have to say, hardly. Gives a patient no time whatever to describe symptoms. I want somebody with some feeling!"

"Dr. Hale?"

"I hate homoeopathy. I thought you knew it."

"So I did, but I thought I'd mention him. Well, Dr. Carlton, if they won't do?"

"Wouldn't have him to prescribe for my case?"

Mrs. Leonard laughed. She didn't see what Miss Wilmar could do. Half a dozen good physicians were within a stone's throw, almost, as one might say, and yet she would have none of them.

"What do you think of Dr. Dorn? or haven't you thought about him at all? He didn't occur to my mind before, being somewhat new here. But I have heard him spoken well of."

"To tell you the truth, I was thinking of him just before you mentioned his name. I won't have any of the others. And I should run some risk, any way. At all events I believe I'll think about having him."

To a good many people in this world, it is a relief to be made up one's mind, even if it is the prospect of running a risk. And when Miss Wilmar's mind was made up, so it was shortly, she felt very much better—quite cheerful, indeed—and keeping Dr. Dorn in her mind almost constantly, she got very soon to feeling as if she were quite well acquainted with him; so that the good lady actually bowed very civilly to him the next time she met him in the street.

Now, this was quite elevating to Dr. Dorn's feelings; for he knew, as well as any other physician in the place, that Miss Wilmar was on the lookout for a new medical adviser; and that the peculiar earnestness with which she regarded him, he could not help but flatter himself that she had been turning over his case in her mind; which, as we know, was very true, indeed.

At Mrs. Leonard had remarked, he had not been settled in the town a great while; and he was not very widely acquainted. But his manners were plausible, he had already been hand-in-glove with one or two rich families; and we must here mention that this was very gratifying to the doctor; for he liked exceedingly the society of the rich and great; and poor patients he did not by any means dread. So that his prospects were very pleasant ones indeed. He thought to himself that he should very soon be a rising man in the place—thought much of and looked up to. And when the rich Miss Wilmar bowed so graciously to him, he quite congratulated himself, as, of course, everybody thought he had good reason to do.

And it soon appeared a fact. For, not three days after this, Miss Wilmar, being attacked severely with neuralgia, sent for him at once. He happened to be at home and went immediately to see her.

The meeting was a very pleasant one; for Miss Wilmar, as we have said, having set her mind on employing him, and thereby becoming used to the idea—which went a great way with her—and having, moreover, heard favorable accounts of him from some of the families where he visited, was quite prepossessed with him already.

And when she had half an hour's conversation with him, she liked him still more. He entered into her feelings so completely, he said—so full of sympathy—seemed so clearly to understand her case. In fact, though different, of course, from Dr. Dennet, yet he was more fitted to take his place in her estimation, than any physician she had ever known.

He prescribed for her—the prescription was successful. She had never experienced more decided relief even under Dr. Dennet's care. For one ailment and another, she was obliged to send for him again and again; and every occasion gave her the faith in the doctor and his treatment. So that Dr. Dorn became established as Miss Wilmar's physician; and she congratulated herself very much upon the fact—and so did he.

In fact, Dr. Dorn said to himself that he had made a considerable step in the world. He had preferred before every old established practitioner in the town, Miss Wilmar was rich—prompt in her payments—needing frequent advice—what a good thing for him—his reputation—for his purse! A very fortunate man was the doctor.

He was sitting quite at leisure, in his office one evening, with his feet on the fender, and dreaming golden dreams of the future. Miss Wilmar had promised to introduce him to a wealthy family where Dr. Dennet had been employed, and in which he, in turn, was likely to gain favor. He was congratulating himself again, and he was smiling at the air, which seemed to be blowing in his ears, when the bell rang and a beautiful too-bee real, when the bell rang and dispatched them most effectually for the moment.

A little girl of ten or twelve years came in with timid and hesitating step—a little girl with a cheap, gingham dress, and a coarse straw hat that had seen service.

"What do you want?" asked the doctor gruffly.

The child looked up, half frightened.

Oh, Mr. Gray was sick; would Dr. Dorn come and see him, please?"

"Who is Mr. Gray, and where does he live?" asked the doctor, indifferently.

"Our neighbor, sir," said the child; "he lives at No. 30."

"Well, well! I don't know where you live. Can't you tell me the name of the street?"

In her confusion she had forgotten. She told him now—a street on the outskirts of the

town, composed of only a few straggling, old-fashioned houses that had long since gone on their best days, and were mostly occupied now by very humble and unpretending people indeed.

"Hum—ha! What ails him?" was the doctor's next question.

"Rheumatism, sir. He's very bad to-night."

"Has any physician before?"

"Dr. Dennet, sir—but he's dead."

Dr. Dennet had been a favorite among the poor.

"It's an inconvenient distance to-night; couldn't you have got a doctor somewhere nearer home?"

"Mr. Gray sent me for you, sir."

The doctor went, unwillingly enough; reached in the darkness, the old-fashioned brown house that pictured itself to his memory; found old Mr. Gray suffering a good deal, a circumstance which, however, failed to awaken Dr. Dorn's sympathy, but rather made him the crosser instead. So, that he was unnecessarily short and gruff, and seemed likely to frighten and worry the poor old patient more than to help him. Mrs. Gray, a gentle, lady-like, though somewhat nervous elderly woman, was affected quite as much as her husband at the doctor's quite indifferent and almost rude manner, but did her very best to smooth and console him as if she were so that to have seen her half-derided politeness of manner, one would have pitied the poor old lady very much indeed.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the doctor had at once taken note of the surroundings. They were plain, old-fashioned, like the house—lumbering, well-worn furniture; patched curtains; a home-spun carpet, patched, too. He made his visit short as possible.

"You'll come again to-morrow or next day?" asked Mrs. Gray, following him to the door, and speaking as if she were asking a great favor, which she had no right to ask.

The doctor had promised, roughly and un-civilly, as usual, and banged the door behind him, without having the grace to say "Good night."

He did not go again for three days—then only dropped in as he was going by. Old Mr. Gray was very little better, and complained, in his gentle, feeble way, and made the doctor crosser than ever.

Poor old Mrs. Gray actually felt as if she had asked too great a favor of the doctor in requesting his attendance. She mentioned to him that she had heard of him being so excellent a physician—her niece Hetty had recommended him—would he wait a moment and see her? Hetty had only just stepped into the other room, and would be very glad to see him.

"Can't stop, ma'am," answered the doctor, in tones quite contrasting with the smooth and cheerful ones accustomed to greet the ear of his rich patient, Miss Wilmar. "And I think, ma'am, your husband's getting along all right well. Let him continue the application as directed. There's no need of my coming again."

Not coming again! and poor old Mr. Gray hardly relieved in the least! Mrs. Gray looked just a little rising pride from her gentle eyes, but said nothing, produced a pocket-book containing a great deal more money than the doctor would have believed could have been found in the house, and paid, without a moment's question, the fee he demanded. It was an exorbitant fee, too, considering what Dr. Dorn believed to be the circumstances of his patient. To tell the truth, he was sure of his patient, and paid so promptly and liberally. He looked a little puzzled—lingered a little—but not a word said Mrs. Gray or her husband, only waited for him to go, which he did very slowly, bidding them a tolerably civil good morning.

"Well, aunt!" ejaculated Miss Wilmar, stepping out from an adjoining room, as the doctor left the house. "This is what you get by living so that upstarts like that think you're no better than paupers! To be sure, it's none of his business, or that of anybody else, if he chooses to live to suit yourself. And he may reckon on having had the last of your money, or mine, or other. Not a step does he set in my house again! I'll have another physician to-morrow."

And so she did. And Dr. Dorn, astonished and mortified, never knew the reason till one fine day he discovered that Miss Wilmar herself was the "nice Hetty" of whom Mrs. Gray had made mention.—Jane Alison.

HOW LITTLE JAKE FOUND HIM.

It was Saturday morning, clear and cold. The bells were ringing, and people were going into the churches in the upper part of the city, the same as on Sunday. A ragged, pale-faced boy loitered around the door of one of them, and finally plucked up courage to slide into the porch, and gradually to edge into the door and slip unobserved into a back seat. He was a little fellow, with auburn hair and light blue eyes, and if he had been washed and combed and well clad, would have been a pretty boy; but he bore the marks of ill-usage, and had the forlorn air of that most pitiable object, a neglected child.

He looked cautiously about him, and when the organ began to sound seemed utterly confounded. And no wonder, for Little Jake had never been inside a church before in all his miserable life. He was nobody's child, and lived down by the river with an old man who starved him to make him beg and beat him to make him steal. This morning he had been driven forth without breakfast, and forbidden, with curses, to return until he got some money. He was feverish and ill, and shivered in the piercing air, and with a dull indifference had taken his way aimlessly from the filthy and poverty-stricken quarter where he lived towards the broad avenues and beautiful homes of the prosperous world, and in the same dull way had drifted into the church.

Wreaths of green and scarlet holly and exquisite flowers made the place beautiful. The organ pealed, the singers sang joyous strains; for it was Christmas morning, the gladdest time of the year to the happy, but nothing to Little Jake, who had never heard of it, but a bitter cold day when he had no breakfast.

By and by the minister rose and began to talk. His voice was soft and pleasant, and in a simple way he told the story of the first Christmas. Little Jake was all ears. He enlarged on the fact that the Christ to whom a wonderful star guided the wise men was the richest and most generous of beings; that one had but to ask to receive from him the choicest treasures. So simple and gracious was his language, so hearty was his assurance of welcome, that hope sprang up in the heart of the child and he felt if he could only get to Christ he would have plenty to eat and some money given him so that he should not be beaten when he returned home.

The service was soon over, the people began to go out of the church and Little Jake went with them. He hung around the door until every one was gone, hoping to see the soft-voiced minister, but he went out by the vestry door on the other side of the church. Little Jake meant to ask him where Christ lived. After shivering around a long time he was forced to give him up and make up his mind to ask some one else. He was a timid child and met with so many rebuffs when he went out to beg that he shrank from approaching people on any errand, and he had a great many people he could summon courage to make his inquiry. Finally, however, a pair of young girls friends came alone, arm in arm, walking slowly and deeply absorbed in confidential conversation. Little Jake approached them.

"Do you know Christ?" he asked timidly. They gave him no answer, but with a startled air hastened their steps, turning once or twice to look at the child. He sighed and wandered away sadly, and Little Jake was too timid to arrest their steps. An old man leaning on a cane seemed a likely person to listen to and answer his questions, and the child plucked up courage to ask him if he knew where Christ lived.

"Speak louder, little fellow," he said, putting his hand on his ear.

Little Jake repeated the question, accentuating the name. An expression of rebuke appeared on the aged face.

"You're a bad little boy, I'm afeared," he said. "On Christmas Day, too, and he shook his head and went sorrowfully away.

The short winter afternoon was wearing to a close before he made another attempt. He continued the matter over in his mind and concluded to vary his form of address. A stout German woman's honest face emboldened him to accept her.

"Please, ma'am, be you acquainted with Mr. Christ?" said a plaintive voice at her side. She paused at once.

"Christ, Christ," she said with an effort to remember. "Would he be German?"

Little Jake didn't know.

"What would you give me, mein kind?" said "He's aagin' to give me some money," said poor Little Jake.

"I not know him, but I give you one penny," and she gave it and hastened on.

A finely dressed and dropped her handkerchief, he picked it up and ran after her. Plucking her cloak to arrest her attention he held out the handkerchief.

"It's yours, ma'am," he said simply.

"She felt in her muff. "Why, so it is, I'm much obliged, little boy."

"Please," began Little Jake, timidly, "could you—"

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