

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. 477.

EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1876.—With Supplement.

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CHRISTMAS CAROL.
BY J. G. HOLLAND.
There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the carol of earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful
sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!
In the light of that star
Lie the ages imperiled,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nation that Jesus is King.
We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
To the heavenly throng.
Ay! we about to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

A Christmas Story.
PART I.
CHRISTMAS EVE.
It was the carnival of earth,
And sweet the litany ascending,
In merry bells and joyous mirth,
The songs of men with angels blending,
With happy hearts and holy wreath,
We gladly greet the Christmas eve.
It was going to be a stormy night.
The cold wind swept down the street
with an angry howl, lashing the snow
into white billows, and catching up
drift after drift in its strong arms, and
whirling them away like weird wraiths
over the housetops. It is a warm,
cheery room we have run into from
the storm, all aglow with the ruddy
firelight and merry with childish
voices. Any one would know it was
the sitting-room. Everything has
such a careless, comfortable look,
which is never allowed in the parlor.
The books are strewn over the table,
and the chairs are drawn around in
little circles, as though they felt so-
ciable, and even the pussy on the rug
looks so cozy.
Al shuts the blinds with a slam,
and Johnny builds up a roaring fire.
They are in a great hurry to light
and Maty is in a great
hurry to get the
cheeked apples she
is something un-
like the Dalmatians,
aglow with ex-
plosion up such a
as they gather
the clock can
t's most dark
getting im-
front door and
be coming in;
at her front
ranching around
packed parcels that
strangest of all,
since pie and a great
all put them on top,
must write a note," said
Del opened her writing-
after a most serious and
consultation, she wrote as
follows:
DEAR MISS SCRABLIN: Please forgive our
rudeness this morning, and accept our peace
offerings with many wishes for a merry Christ-
mas. Yours, truly,
DELL, ALEX., JOHN AND MARY DALRYMPLE.
The note was folded carefully and
tied to the turkey's feet. Then the
girls opened the hall door, while the
boys took the basket between them
and carried over to Miss Betsy Scra-
blin's.
It was only just across the street,
so the girls waited in the hall and
watched them as they set the basket
down carefully on the front step, and
then knocked at the door and ran and
hid.
"Oh, isn't it cold," said Maty, with
a shiver, as they waited for the old
lady to come to the door. "I wish
papa and mama were safe home." "I
wish so, too, but I don't think they
would start home in such a storm.
Miss Betsy is coming to the door at
last."
As Del spoke, an old lady appeared
at the door with a lamp. She started
and turned pale when she saw the
basket. The turkey held up the lit-
tle note in its cold toes beseechingly.
She hesitated a moment, but at last
took in the basket and shut the door.
As they gathered around the fire
once more the boys told what they
had seen through Miss Betsy's win-
dow.
"The curtains were not down yet,"
said Al, "and we could see in as plain
as could be."
"Oh, what did you see?" cried the
girls eagerly.
"Why, there she was sitting before
the fire with the note in her hand,
crying just as hard as she could."
"Wasn't it nice?" said the hard-
hearted children as tears of sympathy
gathered in their bright eyes.
Just then they were startled by a
loud ringing of the door-bell. Elnor
went to the door, and they all ran
out into the hall expecting to see
Miss Betsy walk in. But instead of
Miss Betsy there waited a poor old
man. The cold pitiless wind blew
his snowy mantle about, as he asked
with trembling voice for shelter from
the storm. "We never take in
strangers after night," said Elnor, and
was about to shut the door in his face,
when Del's little hand was laid on her
rough ones.
"Oh don't, Elnor," she said; "don't
turn anyone away Christmas night, in
such a storm as this storm, too."
By this time several other pairs of
hands were laid on the door, and it
was pushed wide open.
"Come in and get warm," said Al;
"there is a real splendid fire in the
sitting-room."
So Al and Johnny helped the old
man in with his box, while Del and
Maty set a chair for him in the warm-
est corner, and poked up the fire until
it roared up the chimney in a sheet of
flame.
He did not look so poor, after all,

Del thought, when he had thrown off
his cloak, and sat warming his hands
by the blazing fire. He was well
dressed, and his jolly round face re-
minded her of "St. Nicholas" in
"Christmas Times."
"His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how
merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry,
His droll laughing mouth was drawn up like a
bow,
And the beard of his chin was white as the
snow."
And in short the children soon
found him to be "a right jolly old elf,"
from whom "they had nothing to
dread." After he had finished the
tempting lunch the girls had brought
in for him, he wheeled his chair up to
the fire and said:
"That is a nice old lady who lives
over the way."
"Oh, do you know her?" and the
children clustered around with eager
faces.
"No, dears," said the old man
pleasantly, "I only stopped there to
inquire the way, and she told me that
some precious children lived here."
He was amazed at the burst of merry
laughter which greeted Miss Betsy's
opinion.
"I expect she thinks we are pre-
cious rogues," said Johnny, when he
could speak.
"Did she tell you how pretty Al
looked in her old fur hood?"
"And about the dish-water she
poured down on his head?"
"And how we all ran home as fast
as we could?"
"No, no," the old gentleman said,
she had told him nothing about it, but
he would like to hear the whole story.
"So with a great deal of blushing
and hesitation and many a merry
burst of laughter, the children com-
menced their story.
PART II.
THE CHILDREN'S STORY.
That morning they were having
such a grand time sliding down the
street, and the boys had just tumbled
the girls off from Al's sled into the
snow, and Del said she would never
ride on such a ridiculous sled again,
and Maty said she knew they did it a
purpose. Well, just then Miss Scra-
blin's little black dog came running
out into the street with something so
large, and black, and furry, that they
all ran to see what it was. They
knew that this dog was in the habit
of running away with Miss Betsy's
mittens and shoes, but this was neither
mitten or shoe, and nothing else but
Betsy Scra-blins' great fur hood.
Such a hateful looking thing, the
children thought as they picked it up
and turned it around, just like Miss
Betsy, who always looked so cross at
them when they met her, and spoke
so tartly when they went there on an
errand. They could almost see the
stiff, high crowned hood shaking its
stubby fur at them, and saying, "Keep
off from my flower bed." "Don't
muddy my steps," "Don't worry my
dog." Altogether they had quite a
spite against Miss Scra-blins. Her
blinds were shut, they just knew she
wasn't looking, and it did not take
them long to make up their mind to
have some fun.
Al put the old hood on and Del
tied it down under his chin. Then she
wrapped an extra shawl around
him that she happened to have on,
and Maty lent him her little muff. In
this grotesque costume the children
had drawn him up and down the
street, laughing till the tears ran down
their cheeks, to see the venerable hood
bobbing up and down on the sled,
with Al's roguish face inside of it.
But just as they passed under Miss
Betsy's windows a sudden slamming
of blinds started them out of their
merriment. Al in his fright let go of
the sled and tumbled off into the snow.
Horrible to relate, before he could
scramble to his feet a torrent of dish-
water came down upon his furry
head.
"Oh, he looked awful comical when
we helped him up," said Maty, and
they all went off into perfect convul-
sions of laughter. Even Al joined in,
and the jolly old gentleman fairly
shook with mirth, exclaiming:
"Precious children! precious chil-
dren!" which sent them all off into
convulsions again.
Well, at last the story went on.
The worst of it was that mamma met
them at the door. She had seen it
all from one of the front windows.
They had never dreamed of her see-
ing them, for they had left her in the
kitchen stirring Christmas cake.
She asked them if they were not
ashamed to make fun of a poor old
lady, all alone in the world, with no-
body to love her, and so stricken with
poverty, too.
The girls sighed, very nice and
good, but Al, the rogue, winked a
drop of dish-water off from one of his
eyes, and made Johnny giggle, and
the girls laugh outright. So mamma
sent them all to the nursery to stay
until they felt sorry enough to ask
Miss Betsy's forgiveness.
They did not feel sorry a bit at
first, because she had thrown the dish-
water down on Al's head, and spoiled

Del's shawl and Maty's little muff,
but then Elnor brought them a nice
turnover, and felt so sorry for "the
poor children," that it made them
feel more spiteful towards Miss Betsy
than ever.
Del shed some bitter tears over the
pink buds she was working in mam-
ma's tidy, and Johnny cut away
viciously at the little dog he was car-
ving on papa's new bootjack.
Presently they saw Miss Scra-blins
going down the street with the market
basket, and nothing over her head but
an old brown veil. She looked so
cold and poor that they felt ashamed
of the way they had treated her long-
loved furry hood.
When she came back and they saw
into her poverty-stricken basket, with
only a few brown paper parcels lying
in the bottom of it, they felt very
sorry indeed.
"Why," said Johnny, "she wasn't
going to have any turkey or oysters,
or cranberries or anything nice at all."
"Well," said the old gentleman,
who was getting interested in their
story, "how did you ask her forgive-
ness?"
When mamma found they were re-
ally sorry, she let them come down to
dinner; but at dinner papa told them
some very sad news; Uncle Elias
was very sick, and had sent for papa
and mamma to come without delay.
As they had not had time to buy them
anything for the holidays, they left
money with the children to buy their
own Christmas gifts.
"Oh! did they?" said the old man.
"I'll warrant your stockings will be
filled if that is the case. A merry
time you must have had buying your
gay Christmas toys."
"Al bought a—fat turkey."
"Indeed," said the old gentleman,
"he must be partial to turkeys."
"And Johnny bought a paper of
green tea."
"Green tea!" said the old gentle-
man, opening his eyes in amazement.
"Well, now, Maty needn't say any-
thing for she brought home a pair of
number seven slippers that would be
easy on a person's corns."
"Impossible!" and the old man's
eyes opened wider than ever.
"And you wouldn't believe it,"
said Johnny, going on, "but Del
bought an old lady's hood, with
swansdown all around it."
"It wasn't for me," said Del blush-
ing, "it was for Miss Betsy Scra-blins."
"Oh, that explains it all," replied
the old gentleman, and the rest of
the story was soon told. Tears trembled
in his eyes when they told him what
the boys had seen through Miss Bet-
sy's window.
"Children!" said he, "your heavenly
Father has given you more beautiful
Christmas gifts than the richest can
buy. He has given you the snowy
mantles of charity, which will make
you happier the longer you wear
them, and He has crowned you with
love. Kings and queens do not wear
such royal crowns or rule such loyal
subjects. And he has given you that
rare ornament, an unselfish heart,
which will make you grow lovelier
every day that you cherish it."
I do not think that any kings or
queens ever went to sleep with hap-
pier hearts than did the little Dells
that Christmas eve. For papa and
mamma did come home after all, and
the good old man proved to be their
grandpa, their own dear grandpa, who
had been away so long.
"It will be a jolly Christmas if we
don't find anything but a hole in the
toes of our socks," said Johnny.

and Johnny were fast asleep. A laugh-
ing Jack Horner and roguish Bopeep
slid swiftly down into each little sock
that swung from the mantle, and the
girls made their escape not a moment
too soon. They had scarcely reached
their own room before they heard the
boys' merry laughter, and they knew
that the sugar sprites had been dis-
covered.
It was not long after this before
every part of the house was ringing
with "Merry Christmas," "Merry
Christmas," and when the children
reached the sitting-room there was
such a burst of delighted wonder and
surprise, such shouting and cheering,
and laughing and chattering that no-
body could sleep any longer that
morning.
"It almost took my breath," said
Del, "when opened the door, and there
stood the most beautiful Christ-
mas tree."
It was indeed fairly dazzling, with
every branch sparkling and bending
beneath its load of glittering fruit.
They could hardly believe their own
eyes. It seemed more like an en-
chanted dream.
"And this was what grandpa had in
his queer box," said Johnny, as they
went round and round the tree, read-
ing their names on rich and beautiful
gifts of every description.
"Oh wasn't it lovely of him?" said
Maty, as she came to a wax doll,
splendid in pink satin and gold curls.
Del was just going into raptures
over the dearest little gold locket,
when suddenly a burst of music from
the depths of the tree turned their joy
to affrighted wonder.
"It must be a Christmas angel,"
murmured Del as they stood with
awed, uplifted faces, gazing at the
wonderful tree. It trembled and
sparkled as the strange, sweet voice
rippled out wave after wave of golden
melodies, which seemed to the hearts
of the children like a Christmas greet-
ings.
It was some time before they dis-
covered the bright-winged songster
whose tiny cage had been hung away
in the heart of the tree. There was a
little note pinned to the wires. It
was from Miss Scra-blins, who said
she was the one that ought to be for-
given, and thanking them over and
over again for their nice Christmas
gifts. She wanted them to accept her
little pet bird as a token of her friend-
ship, and wishing them a very merry
Christmas, she signed herself,
Yours lovingly, BETSY SCRABLIN.

The sled and skates, toys, puzzles
and games, the enchanting story books,
shining in blue and scarlet and gold,
the tempting confectionary that
weighed down every branch and lay
in glittering heaps beneath all these
and many other rich and costly gifts
looked dim through the children's
tears, as they thought of the heart-
ache it must have cost Miss Betsy to
have parted with her only pet, the
sunshine and music of her lonely home.
"Oh! she was good after all," said
Maty brushing the tears away from
her rosy cheeks.
I have no time to tell you what a
merry time the Dalrymples had over
breakfast, but suffice it to say that
papa and mamma were delighted with
the queer little bundles they found
under their napkins, and grandpa was
delighted with the loving huggings
and kisses which were showered upon
him. The children were delighted
with the gay little hearts that Elnor
had put under their plates, and Elnor
was delighted with her armful of nice
Christmas presents. Even the birdie
caroled its most joyful melodies, to let
everybody know how delighted it was
with the sunny window and the green
bower of ivy.
"Oh!" said Del, "I wish Christmas
would last all the year round."
"It will, daughter," said papa,
"when we all learn the angels' song,
'Glory to God in the highest, and
peace on earth and good will toward
men!'"
Christmas has always been at once a re-
ligious, domestic, and merry-making festival
in England, equally for every rank and every
age. The revels used to begin on Christ-
mas eve, and continued often till Candlemas
(February 2d), every day being a holiday till
Twelfth-night (January 6th). In the houses
of nobles a "lord of mirth," or "abbot of
unreason," was appointed, whose office was
to make the rarest pastimes, to delight the be-
holder, and whose dominion lasted from
All-hallow Eve (October 31st) till Cande-
mas Day. The larder was filled with capons,
hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, beef, mutton,
pork, peas, puddings, nuts, plums, sugar and
honey. The Italians have the following
proverb: "He has more business than Eng-
lish ovens at Christmas." The tenants of
the manor and his family encouraged every
art conducive to mirth.
During the last days preceding Christmas
it is still the custom for Calabrian minstrels
to descend from the mountains to Naples
and Rome, saluting the shrines of the Vir-
gin Mother with their wild music under the
poetical notion of cheering her until the birth-
time of her infant at the approaching Christ-
mas.

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