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. 504. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1877. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

J. R. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS.,

Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, over Crain's Jewelry Store.

OUR ONLY

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" " one year	12 00

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

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SLOAN BROTHERS

WILL DO WORK CHEAPER than any other shop in town.

HORSES SHOD FOR $1 50.

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All warranted to give satisfaction.

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SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED TO ROSEBURG, Oregon, where he respectfully offers his services to the citizens of that place and vicinity in all the branches of his profession.

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"The king of all publications issued for the young on either side of the Atlantic."—Southampton (England) Observer.

The third volume of this incomparable Magazine is now completed. With its 800 royal octavo pages, and six hundred illustrations, its splendid serials, its shorter stories, poems, and sketches, etc., etc., in its beautiful binding of red and gold, it is the most splendid gift book for boys and girls ever issued from the press. Price, $4; in full gilt, $5.

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Which opens with November, 1876, begins a short and very entertaining serial from the French, "The Kingdom of the Greedy," A story adapted to the Thanksgiving season. Another serial of absorbing interest to boys,

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Do not Fail to Buy St. Nicholas for the Christmas Holidays. Price, 25 Cents.

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"TWELVE SKY PICTURES,"

BY RICHD. PROCTOR,

the Astronomer, with maps, showing "The Stars of Each Month," will be likely to surpass in interest any series in popular science recently given to the public.

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION, with FUN AND FROLIC, and WIT AND WISDOM, will be mingled as heretofore, and ST. NICHOLAS will continue to delight the young and give pleasure to the old.

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Subscription price, $3 a year. The three bound volumes and a subscription for this year only $12. Subscribe with the nearest newsdealer, or send money in check, or P. O. Money order, or in registered letter, to SCRIBNER & Co., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

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Made to order.

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ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

EUGENE CITY OREGON.

MRS. A. RENFREW, : Prop

Having again taken possession of the old and well known

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Which has been newly furnished and refitted, is now open for the reception of guests.

I have fifteen rooms in the

FIRE PROOF BRICK BUILDING

making 50 rooms in all. It is the most commodious and best appointed house in the State south of Salem.

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Cures CORNS, WARTS, MOLES, BUNIONS and ingrowing TOE or CLUB NAILS

WITHOUT PAIN OR ACHE.

No Acid or Injurious Chemicals Used.

RELIEF RIGHT AWAY.

Can refer to some of the most eminent PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS of the United States—men that I have done work for.

May 12:1m JOS. NEFF, Agent.

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Positively Cured.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured, should try **Dr. Kissner's Celebrated Consumptive Powders.** These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure **Consumption** and all diseases of the **Throat and Lungs**—indeed, so strong is our faith in them, we also to convince you that they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a **free Trial Box.**

We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these **Powders** a trial, as they will surely cure you.

Price, for large box, $3 00, sent to any part of United States or Canada by mail on receipt of price. Address,

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CENTRAL MARKET

BOYD & RENSHAW, Proprietors.

will KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds. Lard, Tallow, etc. Will sell Beef in chunks from 2 to 3 cents.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS of all kinds at inside figures by T. G. HENDRICKS.

ONLY A TRAMP.

"Only a tramp," said the "star," as he found,
At dim early dawn, a man lying dead,
His face pinched and wan, eyes set with a stare,
"Died of starvation," the Coroner said.
Somebody's darling and somebody's son;
Somebody rocked him a baby to sleep;
Childhood and manhood forever are done;
Now there is no one who careth to weep.

Once he was young and ambitious, perchance;
Sought, like the rest, for both riches and place;
Perchance might the world have honored his name;
Now there is no one who knoweth his face.
But what careth Dives, pausing to gaze—
"A wretched dead vagrant under the lamp."
Honors are his, wealth and fame are secure;
Besides, that dead body is—only a tramp.

Somewhere there may be a woman who waits;
She was once a bride—now wretched, alone.
Somewhere are children too old for their years;
"We're cold and we're hungry," runneth their moan.
Is it their fault if their young foreheads wear
Blighting of hunger and poverty's stamp?
White are their souls as your darlings can be;
Are they to blame if their father's a tramp?

Perchance to your door last evening he came,
Asked for a crumb, to warm him, a breath:
Coolly you shut all the comfort within—
Without there was naught but hunger and death.
And so laid him down, the chill creeping on,
Stiffened his limbs, in his hair left a damp.
Life's warfare is done, all chances are gone,
Whether used our abused—only a tramp.

No mourners for him—nor children nor wife;
On lips pale and cold no kisses are pressed;
A pine coffin only, nor flower or wreath
Tells of our love as we lay him to rest.
Lay him down softly and make him a bed
In earth's kindly bosom, under the sod;
Life's been a failure, and we can but trust
His body to earth—his soul unto God.

Meanwhile, I bethink me, if Jesus were here,
To wander, as oft, in Galilee old,
No roof for his head, though foxes have holes,
Who sometimes was hungry, sometimes was cold—
Should come to our door and ask for his bread,
Footsore and shabby, with poverty's stamp,
Would we bid him welcome to warmth and to cheer,—
Or, shutting the door, say "Only a tramp!"

THE CAPTAIN'S RUSE.

The close of the year 1780 was a sad period for America. The British held the country from Charleston to the Upper Santee, and in order to complete their conquest had established a chain of posts throughout the State, each of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good garrison. Organized ressistance to the British there was none. On the American side the principal actors in the struggle were the men who composed the famous "light brigade" of Gen. Marion. The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high water swamp as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From his fastness he issued forth at pleasure to range the enemies granaries or capture a straggling party of his troops. Secure in his retreat, he had no fear of pursuit.

In the city of Charleston the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud-spirited people of that capital were held down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way, affected a hearty submission to the conquerors, and were seemingly the most loyal of all King George's subjects. Yet, while the English saw this and congratulated themselves upon the good effect it would have on the Colonists, these very "loyalists" kept the American commander constantly informed of all that passed within the British lines, and many a disaster of the English was in this way directly attributed to them.

One of these persons was a lady of fine social position, and great wealth. Indeed, there were but few persons in all Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Annie Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just twenty five, and for several years had been the standing toast of the beaux of the Carolinas. When the British took the city she was one of the first to submit to the King, and since then her house had been the favorite gathering place of the red coat gentry. Many of Mrs. Garden's friends, who were staunch patriots to the last, quietly cut her acquaintance, and took their heads in silent indignation when her name was mentioned, and when they dared speak at all it was only to condemn the widow's treachery. In the camp of Marion, however, there was one check that killed with pride and not with shame when the lady's name was mentioned; and as for Gen. Marion himself, he could have told tales that would have startled the widow's Charleston friends, had it been safe to do so.

While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, and the band of the garrison coursed sweet music to the assembled crowds. The entertainment was at its height, when the crowd near the door suddenly parted and a young man came forward hurriedly. He was tall and splendidly formed, and carried himself erect; with a proud, martial air. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the tory legion, and his general appearance was that of a man who had ridden far and hard during the day. As the young widow saw him, her face flushed, and then grew deathly pale, and she sprang forward with a cry of alarm.

"What are you doing here?" she asked hurridly.

"You will see," he answered, in a low tone. "Only, for heaven's sake, swear black and blue to what I may say!" Then he added, calmly, and in a louder tone: "You see, my dear cousin, I have come back to my allegiance."

"I am delighted to hear it," she replied, warmly, taking the hint at once. "I never thought your heart would cling to the rebel cause."

"Faith," he said, laughing, "if my heart had clung to it, my stomach would drive me from it. I'm not fond of starving, my fair cousin, and King George feeds well, you know. Hereafter, Thomas Wilson lives and dies a loyal man."

Col. Watson had been standing by during the conversation, watching the couple closely. Now he stepped forward to the lady's side.

"Who's this gentleman?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "He seems wonderfully familiar."

"Oh," replied the lady, laughing, "he is my cousin, Lieut. Thos. Wilson, and, as you will perceive, is in His Majesty's service."

"You seem rather careless of your dress, considering the occasion, sir," said the Colonel, tartly. He was annoyed at the great interest which the lady had shown in the new comer.

"My business must be my excuse," Colonel, said the young man, respectfully. "I am the bearer of a letter from Maj. Gainey, and my orders were to lose no time in delivering it. I have ridden hard all day, sir, and upon reaching your headquarters, I learned of your presence here. This lady being my cousin, I had no hesitation in coming here at once, trusting for pardon to the urgency of my mission."

As he spoke, he handed to the Colonel a sealed letter. Watson took it hastily and broke the seal. As he read it, a smile of satisfaction overspread its features.

"This is very good," he said, gleefully. "Gainey is picking up recruits by the hundreds. Wants four hundred rifles, fifty sabres, and some ammunition at once. Will I send them? To be sure I will. Have you wagons, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir," replied the young man.

"Maj. Gainey was afraid to send them down. There's no knowing when or where one may meet that Swamp Fox and his sneaking cutthroats."

"Very good," said the Colonel. "I'll furnish you with four wagons, and a guard of fifty mounted men. You will start at sunrise in the morning, Lieutenant. Call at my quarters at midnight, and you shall have the necessary orders. Now, sir, you had better take rest, as you will need it."

"First let me offer him some refreshments," said the widow quickly. "He is tired and hungry, I know, and no guest must leave my house in such a state."

"Return quickly, then," said the Colonel. "I shall be miserable while you are gone."

The young man offered his arm to the lady, and they left the ball-room, but instead of going to the dining-room, she led him straight to her chamber, and then locking the door, said anxiously:

"For heaven's sake, Charles, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man did not answer verbally, but catching her to his breast, kissed her passionately, and to be frank, the young widow did not resist him.

"It means," he said at last, in reply to her repeated questions, "that we want arms and have come for them."

What else they said matters not now; but before they separated, Mrs. Garden seemed very well satisfied with the young man's explanation. They then repaired to the supper-room, where the Lieutenant found ample refreshments, and the lady returned to the ball-room, where Col. Watson was impatiently awaiting her.

At midnight the Lieutenant called at headquarters, and faithful to his promise, Col. Watson was there. The necessary orders for the delivery of the arms and ammunition and wagons to Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, of the "loyal legion" were made out, and the Colonel also placed in the young man's hand a sealed letter of instructions to Major Gainey. The rest of the night was spent in procuring the desired articles, and at sunrise the next morning, Lieutenant Wilson, with his wagons and their contents, escorted by a guard of fifty men, set out for the "High Hills of Santee," where the Tory Major's headquarters were located.

The wagons and their escort made good time, and by sunset were forty miles from Charleston. The sun was scarce half an hour high when Lieut. Wilson ordered a hault for the purpose of camping for the night. The mounted men fastened their horses to the trees and, removing their saddles, prepared to cook their evening meal; the teams were unhitched from the wagons, and the command busied themselves in preparations for a comfortable night. Everyone was busy, and no one noticed, that while these arrangements were in progess, Lieut. Wilson had drawn off from the party and disappeared in the woods that bordered the road. Suddenly there was a crackling in the brushwood, which caused the British troops to spring to their feet in alarm. As they did so, a voice which sounded not unlike that of the young Lieutenant, shouted loudly:

"Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

Gen. Marion secured his prisoners, together with the arms, ammunition, wagons and horses, and set out, after a rest of a few hours, for "Snow Island." At the request of the begus Lieut Wilson, he sent back one of the redcoats to Charleston with a note to Col. Watson, informing him of the trick that had been played on him by the young officer—who, so far from being a Lieutenant in the Tory legion, was none other than the famous Charles Hampton, a Captain in Marion's brigade, who planned and carried out the affair successfully—thanking the Colonel for the excellent weapons and other materials he had sent him, and promising to do good service with them.

The British commander was furious when he read the note, and saw the hoax of which he had been made the victim. He went in haste to Mrs. Garden, but the fair widow had sailed for England. He was compelled to swallow his mortification in silence, and a few years later, when the war was over, his chagrin was not a little increased by the tidings which reached him that Mrs. Garden had married the young officer who had tricked him out of his rifles.—Hartford Times.

HOW A TRAMP EARNED A DINNER.

A tall man, with a nose like a muffin, went into a Main street boarding house one day last week and asked for a dinner.

"Owing to the general depression of business, and consequent scarcity of the rhino," said the proprietor, looking the tall man over, "a dinner will cost you thirty-five cents in advance.

"I have nothing with me but a check on a Boston bank," observed the tall man.

"Checks on Boston banks ain't worth a copper," remarked the landlord. "I guess you'll have to dine more sumtuously elsewhere."

"Can't I do something for my dinner?" asked the tall man, as a hungry pang griped him.

"You can pay," said the proprietor, impressively.

"You give me my dinner," said the tall man; "I'll agree to clean your house of every rat in it. I have performed the feat in many hotels throghout the country with most satisfactory results."

The proprietor accepted the bargain as a most advantageous one to himself, and the tall man seated himself at the table, where he did fearful execution to the victuals. He finished his dinner in half an hour, picked his teeth with a fork, called for a cigar, and proceeded to enjoy it.

"Now, then," said the proprietor, when the tall man had finished his smoke, "let's get to business. Go for the rats."

"Ah, yes," returned the tall man, "with pleasure. Procure me a light iron bar about four feet in length, and I will proceed to business.

The iron bar was procured, and the loafers gathered around to witness the interesting proceedings.

"Now begin," said the proprietor. "Where will you commence first?"

"Right here," replied the tall man, as he carefully rolled back his cuffs, spit on his hands, and grasped the iron bar firmly, while the proprietor stood by with great anxiety depicted on his countenance.

"Now," said the tall man, impressively, as he slowly elevated the bar, "are you all ready?"

"All ready," returned the proprietor, excitedly.

"Then," said the tall man, "bring on your rats."

For the space of five minutes the excitement of an entire presidential election filled the room. When it subsided the tall man was nowhere to be seen, and the proprietor was standing before a glass tying an oyster over his left eye. The rats still revel in their native freedom.—Rockland Courier.

THE GROVER INAESTIGATION.

From the S. F. Examiner.

The Senatorial junketing party, gotten up under the color and title of a Committee of Investigation to examine into the charges of Senator Hipple-Mitchell of Oregon, to the effect that Senator Grover gained his election by bribery, have arrived in this city. Senators Morton, of Indiana, McMillan of Minnesota, and Saulbury of Delaware, constitute the Commission, and they are accompanied by clerks, stenographers and others. It is said that the Commission partly owes its origin to the fact that Senator Morton found so much benefit for his peculiar malady at the Hamman baths of Dr. Loryea, when he was here last Fall on the Chinese mission and to make campaigning speeches for Hayes, as to induce him to repeat his visit and the treatment. Of course he proposed to have the Government foot the bill, and so the Senate improved the opportunity. At all events the Commission is here, and Senator Morton is handy to the Hammam. But what has San Francisco and Dr. Loryea's baths to do with Oregon and her Democratic Senator? For all practical purposes the Commission might as well be in Washington as here—only that there is no Hammam in the Federal city—and it seems they will not go to the Webfoot State until the Senator from Indiana bathes to his heart's (or body's) content. Senator Hipple-Mitchell will meet the Commission in Oregon.

Without any design to officiousness in the matter, we will embrace the opportunity now offered by the presence of the Commission to say some things which appertain to their quest. A man who is himself notoriously guilty of bribery to secure his own election is hardly the one to rightfully charge the offence upon another, nor is he to be considered a competent, or, at least, a worthy witness to support the charge. But since two Radical Senators can outvote one Democratic Senator, just as easy as eight Radicals of an Electoral Commission out-counted seven Democrats, we are not encouraged to believe that this proposition will be sustained in the case before us. Very well—then we have this other one to make. When the Commission sits in Oregon, let them summon before it the chief Federal officers in that State, and also the editors of the leading Radical papers, the leaders of the Radical party, and a dozen or more other Radicals of greater or less note, whose names we will agree to furnish for the purpose. From all these, as witnesses, if they true answer shall make to the interrogatory, whether they have knowledge of bribery in connection with the election of a Senator now in place from that State? the Commission will derive testimony sufficient to prove beyond all doubt or denial that it was, in the election to which we refer, by bribery, and that alone, the Senator obtained his election; and, further, they will learn that it was not Senator Grover who was, on that occasion, or by such means elected. But we shall be told, in response to these propositions, that the Commission is authorized to examine into the election of Senator Grover only, and that it has no authority whatever to investigate the election of his Radical colleague, Hipple-Mitchell. It is true enough that they are thus confined to the single case of the Democratic Senator; but couldn't they manage to put Hipple-Mitchell himself on the witness stand, and get from him a categorical answer to the plain question whether he knows anything of bribery having been resorted to in the election of a Senator from Oregon? It might be a very interesting revelation the Senator could make, if he should tell all he knows of the matter.

To GRAFT GRAPEVINES.—Now is the time to graft grapevines, when the leaves are beginning to start on the vines to be grafted. Cut your grafts into lengths of from two to four buds each. Dig the earth away from the roots of the vine to be grafted eight or ten inches deep; saw off the top or main root of the vine five or six inches below the surface of the ground; split the ends of the roots left in the ground; whittle the butt end of your graft to the form of a wedge and insert it in the cleft or split in the root, in such a manner that the interstice between bark and wood shall join evenly together on the side of the graft and the root. Fill up the hole, pack the fine soft earth with your hands carefully around the gratted place. Leave a single bud of the graft just above the surface of the ground.

A congressional commission are gathering grasshopper data, the farmers are gathering grasshoppers, and the grasshoppers are gathering the crops. The odds are three to one on the grasshoppers.