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. 567. EUGENE CITY, OR., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1878. $2.50 per year IN ADVANCE.

The Eugene City Guard.

F. R. ALEXANDER, W. H. ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER BROS,

Publishers and Proprietors.

OFFICE—In Underwood's Brick Building, over Express Office.

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..... 8 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. Sundays from 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.

Mail arrives from the south and leaves going north 10 a. m. Arrives from the north and leaves going south at 2:33 p. m. For Siuslaw, Franklin and Long Tom, close at 6 A. M. on Wednesday. For Crawfordsville, Camp Creek and Brownsville at 1 P. M.

Letters will be ready for delivery half an hour after arrival 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.

WIMAWHALA ENCAMPMENT No. 6, meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

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.

CLEAVER & HENDERSON,

DENTISTS,

Eugene City, Oregon.

ROOMS OVER GRANGE STORE, first door to the right, up stairs. Formerly office of C. W. Fitch

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extraction of teeth.

J. C. Bolon,

DENTIST.

SUCCESSOR TO

WELSH & BOLON.

OFFICE—In Underwood's brick building, over the express office.

Nitrous Oxide Gas for painless extractions of teeth.

GEO. B. DORRIS,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at LAW

Office on Willamette street, Eugene City.

CENTRAL MARKET

BOYD & MILLER, Proprietors

will KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

BEEF, VEAL, PORK AND MUTTON.

Dried Meats of all kinds Lard, Tallow, etc Will fill Beef a chunks from 3 to 5 cents

JEWELRY ESTABLISMENT.

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.

E. B. McWILLIAMS,

FANCY

Carriage Painter.

SHOP ON SEVENTH STREET ONE door West of the Episcopal Church.

Orders from the country solicited.

may22tf

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Book and Stationery Store.

POST OFFICE BUILDING, EUGENE City. I have on hand and am constantly receiving an assortment of the Best School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Portfolios, Cards, Wallets, Blanks, Portmonnaies, etc., etc. A. S. PATTERSON.

FOR BUENA VISTA STONE WARE go to T. G. HENDRICKS

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, 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.

BAUSCH, P.—Boot and shoe maker, Willamette street, second door south of A. V. Peters & Co.

BAKER, R. F.—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards—Willamette street one door north of St. Charles Hotel.

BODON, J. C.—Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Underwood's brick, over Express Office.

BOYD & MILLER—Meat Market—beef, veal, mutton, pork and lard—Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

COLEMAN, FRANK—Wines, liquors, cigars and billiards, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

CLEAVER, J. W.—General variety store and agricultural implements, southeast corner of Willamette and Seventh streets.

CHAPMAN, E. F.—Gunsmith—repairing promptly done and work warranted, Eighth street, between Willamette and Olive.

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—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

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.

HYMAN, D.—Variety Store and dealer in furs and skins, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HODES, C.—Lager beer, liquors, cigars and a fine pigeon-hole table, Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

HARRINGTON, FRANK—Barber, Hair-dresser and bath rooms, 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.—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.

LAKIN, D. R.—Saddlery, harness, saddle trees, whips, etc., Willamette street, between Eighth and Ninth.

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.

McCLANAHAN, E. J.—Truck and Draying; all orders promptly attended to. Headquarters at Robinson & Church's.

OSBURN & CO.—Dealers in drugs, medicines, chemicals, oils, paints, etc.—Willamette st., opposite S. Charles Hotel.

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.

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.

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.

THOMPSON & BEAN—Attorneys-at-Law—Underwood's brick, Willamette street, up stairs.

WALTON, J. J.—Attorney-at-Law. Office—Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth.

WITTER, J. T.—Buckskin 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.

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.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ROSEBURG AND SAN JUAN LIME for sale by T. G. HENDRICKS.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNLIGHT.

Two ladies were seated on the veranda of a beautiful villa; one an elderly lady and the other a beautiful girl. Mrs Etheling, the leader in the little villiage of Fairhaven, was renowned for her hospitality. Her companion was her young and beautiful sister Margaret.

There was to be a party the next week at their villa, and they were discussing the arrangements.

Just then up the broad steps ran a little figure, little Lily, and some weighty request was evidently hovering on her rosebud lips, for her eyes were eager and her cheek flushed.

"Oh, mamma, may I invite some one to the party? I want to ask 'Old Limpy.'"

"My darling you shouldn't call any one such a rude name."

The child's eyes filled with tears at the rebuke, as she answered:

"Oh, mamma, I didn't mean to be rude—no one knows his name, and the children call him that. Aunt Margie, coax mamma to let me ask him

Margaret drew the little girl to her side, saying:

"Tell us who he is, dear, and why you want to invite him so much"

And then Lily told a tale that blanched their cheeks with horror—how a month before she had been playing with some little companions, when, looking up, they saw a dog running rapidly toward them, with his head down, and foaming at the mouth. They had scarcely had time to realize their peril when "Old Limpy" rushed in front of the rabid animal, and with his crutch struck such a blow as laid the animal dead at his feet.

"I did not tell you then, mamma, for I knew how it would frighten you; but I meant to tell you to-day, and ask you if I might invite him to the party."

Of course Lily got her wish, and a moment later saw her flying down the road to the little cottage, all embowered with roses, where lived the eccentric man to whom she had taken such a strong fancy.

He was seated upon a rustic bench among his flowers, and as he looked up, and saw the child he held out his arms.

"Ailia!" he exclaimed.

"It is Lily Etheling," she said, as she came near to his side.

"True—I was dreaming. And what does little friend want?"

"I want you to come to my mamma's party next week. She told me to ask you."

A mocking laugh rang from his lips.

"I at a party! I—"

Lily's soft blue eyes dwealt an instant on the stern face, to which all the bitterness had come back, and then filed with tears. As he saw the child's tear-filled eyes a light sprang into his face, and again, as at first, he opened his arms.

Lily sprang into them.

"I like you—I love you!" she whispered.

There was a silence, and the man's strong frame shook with sobs.

"Love me!" he exclaimed. "Again I hear those words—they unman me!"

Suddenly he clasped her passionately to his breast.

"Child," he said hoarsely, "once a face as fair as yours told me those same words. Then I was young and handsome; now—" he looked down at his deformed limb.

Controlling himself with an effort he released the child from his arms, and said:

"I will come to your party to please you, little one, for you have said you love me."

When Lily, in artless language, told what had passed, Mrs. Etheling's face grew very pale.

The evening of the party arrived, and the guests were almost all assembled, when Lily's friend came into the brilliantly lighted parlors. What a change from the morose man, from whose flashing eyes the village children shrank in affright!

True, his deformed limb was very noticeable; but the high forehead from which the dark hair, threaded here and there with silver, was carelessly brushed back, and the finely cut, sensitive lips, gave to his face a striking beauty. Lily sprang to meet him, and led him to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "this is my friend, Mr.—" She hesitated.

Courteously bowing, in a way that showed he was not unused to the forms of society, he finished her sentence:

"Edward Hyde."

Mrs. Etheling started, but quickly controlled herself, and gracefully presented him to her guests. The party was a success; but after all it was all over, and Lily sent to bed, Mrs. Etheling, in her room, encircled by her sister's loving arms, gave way to the emotion she had with difficulty restrained during the evening.

"Oh, Margaret, it is he! and I thought he was dead! Oh, must I tell him?"

"Do nothing hastily, sister," counseled Margaret; "but it would be only right to ask him here often, and then you can tell whether it would be for our little one's good."

And so it was that Edgar Hyde became a frequent visitor to Mrs. Etheling's home. The bitter look gradually faded away from the dark eyes, never more to return.

Time passed. The more Margaret saw Edgar Hyde the more she became attracted towards him until, all unawares, she began to look for his coming, and to feel happier when he was near. One afternoon, as she sat alone in the library the door opened and Edgar entered unannounced. A lovely flush crimsoned the pure cheek as she rose to greet him; but his face was very pale and his hand trembled. Surprised, she noticed his emotion.

"I have come to say farewell," he at last said, in a husky voice. "A long farewell—for I am going to Europe."

The girl's hands clasped convulsively the back of the chair from which she had risen.

"Farwell? Going to Europe? Why?"

"Yes!" His voice was hard and strained. "Yes, going as far as I can from here; for I—poor, deformed creature that I am—have dared to love you—you, with all your beauty and youth!"

He sank into a seat, and covered his face with his hands, as he went on:

"I have struggled and fought against it God knows how hard! for I know how hopeless—low utterly hopeless—"

"Edgar do not go! Stay—stay for me!"

He looked up, and there kneeling at his feet, with her sweet face hidden, was Margaret. A great gladness illuminated his face as he clasped her in his arms.

"Margaret!—Margaret!" was all he said.

After a while, when the first rapture was over, as they sat side by side Edgar spoke:

"Let me tell you, my darling, my sad story."

He glanced down at his crippled limb as he spoke, while Margaret, divining his thoughts, laid her soft cheek against his.

"It is but the story of a life blighted by a woman's broken faith; for, Margaret, I have been married, and my wife deserted me. I loved her madly. She was beautiful—Lily reminds me of her—and she pretended to love me. I was rich then; but my money took to itself wings, and just at that time a terrible fall made me the cripple I now am. She never loved me; for when I arose from the sickness my accident had occasioned she fled to her old home. I never sought her. They went abroad and died there; and I never saw her again. Then I, deserted by my wife, poor and deformed, said in my heart, 'God has forsaken me; henceforth I will shun human friendship.' Some time after, a legacy left me by an uncle again gave me wealth; but I still hugged my misanthrophy close to my breast, until God sent his angel in the form of a little child, and now I, me who thought joy in this life was not for me, am loved. Say it once more, Margaret. Say you love me."

And she did it—"I love you." Then quickly rising, she abruptly left the room; but only to return with her sister and little Lily.

As he rose to greet them, Edgar could not help wondering at the suppressed emotion which agitated the countenance of all three. But he was soon enlightened.

"Edgar Hyde," Mrs. Etheling said, "Margaret has told me of her happiness, and now I have a strange thing to tell to you. The woman who so heartlessly deserted you was my husband's cousin. We met her and her mother in Italy. The mother died of a fever contracted in Rome, and only six months later the daughter died in giving birth to an infant. She begged me take the child and find its father, and I promised to do so; but when I returned I could never ascertain anything about you, and for years have thought you dead. Lily is that child, and your daughter!"

It was a touching scene when Margaret, taking the little girl's hand led her to her father, who, with trembling arms, pressed his promised wife and newly found child close to his heart.

So it is, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." And what seems to be our greatest misfortune, oftentimes leads to our greatest good.

William Lloyd Garrison, in his recent consoling letter to W. E. Chandler, asks to be allowed to share any opprobrium that may be heaped upon him by those who support the policy of the President. There is not, the Cincinnati *Commercial* presumes, any one who will object to any co partnership in misery that Mr. Garrison and Mr. Chandler may form. They will be permitted to weep together unopposed.

Russian ladies are apt to exceed ladies of other countries in the number of bracelets they wear. From 12 to 20 are often seen on their arms.

Found at Last.

"Mister no doubt you have all the learnin' that's required in a school-teacher, but it wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the grave-yard; another lost his eye and left; the last one opened school and left before noontime for the benefit of his health. He hasn't been back since. Now you're a slender build, and all your learnin' will only make it worse, for all our young folks are rough and don't stand no nonsense!"

This was what the trustees of the district said to my friend Harry Flotee, when he made application for the vacant position of teacher.

"Let me try. I know I am slender, but I am tough, and I have a strong will, said Harry.

"Jest as you like! There's the school-house, and I'll have notice given if you want it done," said the trustee.

"I do!" said Harry. "And I'll open next Monday at nine A. M."

The notice was given, and there was a good deal of excitement in the gulch, and along the Yuba flats. More than fifty young people of both sexes, made an excuse to drop into the tavern to get a sight of the fellow who thought he could keep school in that district, and many a contemptuous glance fell on the slender form and youthful face of the would be teacher.

Eight o'clock on Monday morning came, and Harry Flotee went down to the school-house with a key in one hand and a valise in the other.

"Ready to slope it he finds we're too much for him," said a cross eyed, broad-shouldered fellow of eighteen. The school-house was unlocked, and the new teacher went to the desk. Some of the young folks went in to see what he was going to do, though school was not called.

Harry opened his valise and took out a large belt. Then, after buckling it around his waist, he [illegible] Colt's navy revolvers there, each of six barrels, and a bowie-knife eighteen inches in the blade.

"Thunder! He means business," muttered the cross eyed chap.

The new teacher now took out a square card about four inches each way, walked to the other end of the school-house and tacked it up against the wall. Returning to his desk, he drew a revolver from his belt, and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

By this time the school-house was half full of large boys and girls. The little ones were afraid to come in.

Then the teacher walked half-way down the room with the bowie-knife in his hand, and threw it with so true a hand that it stuck quivering in the very centre of the card.

He left it there, and put two more knives of the same kind in his belt; and quietly reloaded his smoking pistol.

"Ring the bell; I am about to open school."

He spoke to the cross-eyed boy, the bully of the crowd, and the boy rang the bell without a word.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with prayer," he said sternly, five minutes latter.

The scholars sat down, silent, almost breathless.

After the prayer the teacher cocked a revolver and walked down on the floor.

"We will arrange the classes," he said, "All who can read, write and spell, will rise. Of them we will form the first class."

Only six got up. He escorted them to upper seats. And then he began to examine the rest. A whisper was heard behind him. In a second he wheeled, revolver in hand.

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, and for an instant his revolver lay on a level with the cross-eyed boy's head.

"I'll not do so any more," gasped the bully.

"See you do not. I never give a second warning," said the teacher, and the revolver fell.

It took two hours to organize the classes, but when done they were well organized. Then came recess. The teacher went out, too, for the room was crowded and hot. A hawk was circling overhead high in the air. The teacher drew a revolver and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars.

From that day on Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love as well as to respect him, and the revolvers went out of sight within a month.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.

A new and extensive Chinese theatre is to be erected in San Francisco.

Excoriation of Senator Edmunds.

San Francisco Examiner.

Nobody in his senses would place dependence in anything that Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, states or makes oath to, with the recollection of the perfidy of that unscrupulous Radical leader before him in the Electoral Commission fraud. Nor do any who know him accept as true anything he declares or affirms. In a recent law case in which he was engaged as counsel, tried before the United States District Court, New York, notwithstanding his notorious readiness to misrepresentation and falsehood, the Court was disposed to receive as truthful his solemn assurance, upon his word of honor, that a certain paper had been read twice to the Court, and that he himself had read it. The deliberately false statement so amazed Mr. Edward N. Dickerson, of the New York Bar, engaged upon the other side, that he at once indignantly said to his associate the statement of Mr. Edmunds was made out of whole cloth, without a shadow of foundation for it. From the alleged facts the Vermont Senator raised an argument against the integrity of Mr. Dickerson's client, charging him with deliberate fraud and perjury. In his closing argument the latter showed by reference to the evidence that the supposed facts had no existence, and were pure fiction. In all his practice, he told the Court, he had never met "so dangerous an adversary in dealing with a question of fact as the Honorable George F. Edmunds." He closed the refutation of the charge of fraud in the following caustic manner: "The rattlesnake, driven to the corner in despair, plunges his poisoned fangs into his own body and dies in agony; and that calumy is the rattlesnake whose fangs were aimed at Jacob Estey, but did not reach him, and now are plunged into its own body; and the serpent will die here before the Court in mortal agony. The Honorable George F. Edmunds, with that testimony before him, which he had read twice, as he supposed, [illegible] charges of perjury against Jacob Estey; and, with sanctimonious air, lamented that his duty compelled him to expose such criminals to judicial censure, but consoled the Court with the reflection that it was but a repetition of human experience, and that but for such men and such crimes Courts would not exist. In my opinion, the men who deliberately wrote these diabolical accusations, founded upon such facts, and deliberately and publicly declaimed them in this presence, have neither heart nor conscience; for they exhibit neither charity nor pity—neither truth nor shame."

Senator Edmunds writhed under the excoriation of the eloquent and eminent lawyer, even as a serpent writhes under the blow of a rod. But he had no word to offer in his vindication. He had wilfully stated that which was false upon a question of grave fact. He was detected in the falsehood, and denounced for having uttered it, by an honest, incorruptible, gallant, sterling gentleman, whom he dared not face in denial, and who scorned and loathed him for the dishonor he put upon the profession in that falsehood. Yet this willful falsifier has a seat in the most exalted body in the land! He is a representative Radical of Vermont.

A PET HUMMING BIRD.—A young lady in this city exhibited to a *Chronicle* reporter yesterday an unusual and very interesting little pet. It was a humming-bird of most petite form and brilliant plumage, in a fancy cage of delicately-wrought and cunningly-fashioned lace. I was as "pretty as a picture." The bird fell from its nest when too young to fly, and so was easily caught. She nursed it for a week, feeding it every half-hour during the day. Taking a little vial such as is used for homeopathic globules, from her pocket, and explaining that it was filled with thick syrup made by disolving loaf-sugar in a little water, she drew the cork and presented it to the minikin bird, which immediately inserted its slender bill, almost as long as its little body, and sipped away as contentedly as could be, taking in all perhaps two drops.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A TREE TOAD AT HOME.—Mrs. McKay, on Centre street, has a beautiful fuchsia, which has on it at this time over 200 blossoms and buds. Among the foliage of her plants on the veranda, snugly ensconced in a geranium leaf, is a diminutive specimen of the little batrachain commonly called the tree-toad. The leaf unaccustomed to its strange burden has changed its hue from green to pale yellow, and the little animal has changed its color to correspond with that of the leaf. We never knew one to leave the trees or bushes before. This one sings his monotonous song every evening.—*New York Suspension Bridge.*

Subscribe for the EUGENE CITY GUARD.