

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

Cornell and Dublin are arranging an international cup race for Patuxent.

A Chinaman was shot dead by a highlander in Cum Cook alley, S. F. on the 5th.

Trial of the suit of Richmond vs. the Albion mining company began at Eureka, Nevada, on the 5th. Two or three days will be consumed in preliminaries on technical points.

There is greater excitement and feeling among the English people over the shooting of President Garfield than over any foreign event for years.

Early on the morning of the 5th the opera house and eleven other buildings at San Jose were destroyed by fire, origin unknown; loss on the opera house \$30,000; other losses unascertained.

Brighton Beech 1 mile race won by Bridesaker; Blakemore second; time, 1:15. Mile heat race won by Jerry Sprague; time, 1:45-1:50. Selling race mile won by Duke of Kent. Steeple chase won by Miss Malloy, 3:01. Mile hurdle won by Lennox, 1:53.

During the heat of the day on the 6th there was great electrical disturbance at Paris. At midnight a storm killed several persons. On Monday four soldiers were struck during the sham battle at Aldershot. Several are in a precarious condition.

Telegrams from the Torco-Greek frontier state Port Punta which had been dismantled has since been rearmored, and Arta which had been evacuated has been reorganized. The Turks have asked for extension of time for evacuation, which the boundary commissioners refuse.

Maud S. trotted in Detroit on the 5th to beat St. Julien's time over it, which was 2:16. Maud went over the ground in 2:13. The track is counted among sporting men as three seconds slow, which if allowed would be precisely the same time as her best made last season.

Grierson in his thirty-eight days of fasting has been very uncomfortable. On the morning of the 4th he fainted through having risen too hastily. Later in the day he vomited, and this evening was troubled by heat. At midnight, however, he recovered his grit, health and confidence.

On July 5th thirty to forty thousand people witnessed a regatta on the Charles river, 3-mile race and a tug, for professionals. It was won by Horner in 2:15. Double scull race, three miles, for professionals, won by Platard and Lee in 2:13. John Buckley, of Portland, won the 3-mile race for amateurs.

75,000 to 100,000 people were in the building on the 4th where a celebration occurred in honor of the 300th anniversary of the landing of Wm. Penn. A great chorus and orchestra were present. Gen. Beaver, Randolph Tucker, Gen. Hooker and others spoke. The hop in the evening was abandoned in consequence of the president's condition which was referred to several times during the exercises.

In the races at Hartford July 4th each race was decided in three straight heats. In 2:24 class Wilz was winner best time, 2:24. In 27 class Clingstone won; time, 2:23. In 1-4, 2:24 and 2:22 1-4. Class 35, Screwdriver won, slow time. Steve Maxwell made two unsuccessful attempts to beat his two mile record of 4:45. Best time to-day 4:51 1-4. Billy D. with a running mate, in trying to beat his mile, 2:13, made 2:24.

Harvest prospects in Southern Russia are so brilliant that if realized the abundance will be unprecedented. This is due to the abnormal quantity of rain during the past two weeks, though its continuance in some places now excites fear that they may have too much. Such numbers of corn beetle appeared in the governments of Kharhoff and Kherson that the imperial government intends to appropriate 100,000 roubles towards the extermination of them.

Seal in the assembly at Albany reported for the majority that the bribery committee thought it proper not to report on alleged bribery, as indictments had been found by a jury. Both charges and denials were positive and circumstantial. The minority reported of the charge that it was true that a great crime had been committed. It bears somewhat on Bradley for receiving money at all and compares him with Judas Iscariot. Either Bradley or Sessions has the crime of perjury on his conscience; the Almighty alone knows which. The testimony shows that no money was offered to any legislator but Bradley. The whole testimony is reversed by the minority.

The New York Tribune says: Many politicians, especially stalwarts, were at the Fifth Avenue hotel last night awaiting news. Gen. Devens, Ewing, Gorham, Castigan and others were noticed. Hamilton Fish called on Conkling, remaining a long time. Conkling only left the room a few minutes. Should the president die he will go to Washington. Police Commissioner French, John F. Smyth and Platt were with him almost constantly. It is said that he was deeply moved by many condemnatory opinions of his course having led to the attempt upon the life of the president. Each entrance to the hotel is supplied with policemen, whereas ordinarily only one or two are on the sidewalk. Capt. Williams in citizen's dress, walked the main entrance for hours at a time. Inspector Thorn stood at the main entrance most of the day, while President French remained with Conkling. Police Commissioners Nichols and Mason were also at the hotel part of the time. In the corridors mingling with the crowds were police detectives in citizen's dress, and other persons who bore the appearance of detectives were present and always hovering about where three or four men happened to be engaged in conversation. Police officials deny that there was any special significance to this remarkable display of force on a quiet day when everybody was so anxious for the life of the president. President French said that precautions were taken by Inspector Thorn on his own responsibility. Thorn, he said, had taken especial care to protect the hotel because it was a holiday and a time of great excitement, owing to the shooting of the president. As the hotel was a central point it was desirable to have a number of policemen there. Capt. Williams was reticent. Officials refused to give any explanation of the mysterious meeting at headquarters the night before. Hotel men generally could not give any explanation of the display of police force and detectives. One said, however, that threats had been made against Conkling and he desired protection in case the people might become excited.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—Bullion exchange on London market, 50 days, 2 1/2; 60, documentary, 2 1/2; 90, 2 1/2.

New York, July 5.—Bullion exchange, prime bankers, long, 84 1/2; short, 84 1/2. Gold commercial, from 1 1/2 to 1 1/2; documentary, 1 1/2 to 1 1/2.

Silver bullion, 100 fine, 110 1/2; 110 1/2; closed, 111 1/2.

U. S. Bonds—3 1/2 of '91, 110 1/2; 4 1/2, 115 1/2; closed—3 1/2 of '91, 110 1/2; 4 1/2, 115 1/2.

London, July 5.—Silver bullion, English standard, 250 fine, 110 1/2; 110 1/2; closed, 111 1/2.

U. S. Bonds—3 1/2 of '91, 110 1/2; 4 1/2, 115 1/2.

Gold and Stock Markets.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

RECEIPTS.—Wheat, 47,000 cbs, including 47,000 aboard ship; flour, 20,000 qr sks; oats, 2000 cts; potatoes, 2500 sks; eggs, 21,000 doz.

WHEAT.—The demand is a little better, but no noteworthy transactions reported. The market is firmer but prices are unchanged.

GRAIN.—The market is firm at an advance. Among sales this forenoon were 100,000 California at auction, at 9 1/2 to 10 1/2; we quote California, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2; Oakland, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2.

HIDES.—The market is unchanged.

COFFEE.—The market cannot be said to show an improvement; we quote as before.

RAILROADS.—Market is firm; prices unchanged; coast road, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2.

EGGS.—Prices are not materially changed, yet a slight tendency in sellers' favor is noted, especially for choice grades.

PROVISIONS.—Market is firm with a good demand. Bacon—Cala medium, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2; light, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2.

LARD.—Cala, 15 to 16 1/2; 15 1/2 to 16 1/2; hence the market.

FRICES OTHER PRODUCTIONS.—Unchanged.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 5.

Wheat—Quiet at 81 1/2 to 82 1/2.

Flour—Quiet.

Wool—Steady, unchanged.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

ST. LOUIS MARKETS.

ST. LOUIS, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

ST. PAUL MARKETS.

ST. PAUL, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

ST. CINCINNATI MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

ST. CLEVELAND MARKETS.

CLEVELAND, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

ST. COLUMBUS MARKETS.

COLUMBUS, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

The Barefooted of New Jersey.

In violation of the customs of Broomfield society, my children go barefooted all through the summer and early autumn. Probably I should not want them to go barefooted for the lack of money to buy shoes, but if I owned all the railroad stock of Jay Gould and Vanderbilt combined they would go barefooted just the same, and possibly, in that case, they would not be the only ones in the family to avail themselves of that health-giving privilege. I believe most firmly that their health is greatly augmented by this practice. If they wear shoes and stockings they must stay in the house all through these beautiful, long, dewy mornings, or go with wet shoes and stockings, or else wear rubber overshoes that confine the perspiration from the soles of the feet, which in summer is very profuse. Either of these alternatives, one can see at a glance, must be very hurtful.

"Why not for grown people then?"

Sure enough, why not?—Essex County Press.

THE LOST STOPPER.

BY PAUL FORT.

A large black beetle, with a pair of pincers in front, like the claws of a little lobster, was hurrying through the forest on a summer day, when he was accosted by a lizard.

"Oh, Beetle," said the lizard, "where are you going so fast? I never saw you in such haste before."

"I am trying to find something," said the beetle, "and I must not stop."

"What are you trying to find?" asked the lizard, who was very inquisitive.

"Tell me what it is. I can run fifty times quicker than you, and can easily slip into nooks and crannies. I am sure I can find it, whatever it is. Is it anything that has been lost, or is it something that has been discovered?"

"It is something that has been lost," said the beetle, a little vexed at being delayed.

"What is it, then, and whom does it belong to?" asked the lizard.

"I do not wish to tell you," said the beetle. "There is a reward."

"Oh!" said the lizard. "Will you tell me if I guess?"

"Yes," replied the beetle, still hurrying on; "but you can't do it. You would never think of the right thing."

"Will you let me try twenty questions?" asked the lizard.

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Is it animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Vegetable."

"Useful or ornamental?"

"Both."

"Is it manufactured?"

"Yes."

"What are its dimensions?"

"It is about as long as I am with my legs stretched out; but it is much larger around."

"Ah!" said the lizard, "is it in the shape of a cylinder?"

"Not exactly," replied the beetle.

"Is it larger at one end than at the other?"

"Yes."

"Is it heavy or light?"

"Light."

"Is it solid or hollow?"

"Solid."

"What is its color?"

"Its general color is a yellowish brown but one end of it has several colors."

"A light vegetable substance," said the lizard to himself; "made useful by being manufactured; as long as a beetle, something like a cylinder, only larger at one end than the other; and ornamented with colors at one end. I believe it is a cork stopper." "Is it a cork stopper for a bottle or jar?" he then asked, aloud.

"Yes," answered the beetle, "but you don't know whom it belongs to."

"I have ten questions left," said the lizard. "Does it belong to a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"It must be for a bottle," said the lizard, "for such a cork would be too small for a jar. Is it for a bottle?"

"Yes," said the beetle.

"Is the stuff in the bottle useful, or for pleasure only?" asked the lizard.

"For pleasure only."

"Then it must be a perfume," said the lizard. "Does it belong to a high-born lady?"

"It does."

The lizard thought a moment. "Does it belong to the mistress of your castle?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then it is the stopper of the perfume bottle of the mistress of your castle," said the lizard.

"That is it," replied the beetle.

"And five questions to spare," said the lizard. Then he went on.

"I'll help you to find it, and I shall only ask you to give me a quarter of the reward—if we should succeed in winning it."

"All right!" replied the beetle, who was afraid the lizard would go and look for the lost stopper on his own account, and get all the reward, if he should not take him into partnership.

"You can find out anything in the world by asking twenty questions," said the lizard, who now seemed to be very much pleased with himself.

"I believe you can," replied the beetle.

They now journeyed on for some distance, when, passing a little thicket of ferns, they saw a small dwarf, not much bigger than either of them, asleep under a toad-stool. He was an old dwarf, for he had a long white beard, and he held in his lap a pickax, made of a strong twig, with two sharp thorns growing from one end of it.

"Hi!" whispered the lizard. "Here is one of those digging dwarfs. Let's capture him, and make him look for the stopper. If it has fallen into any crack, and been covered up by earth, he can dig for it."

"That is true," said the beetle. "But shall we have to give him any of the reward?"

"Oh, we can give him a little," said the lizard. "He will not expect much."

"But how are we to catch him?" asked the beetle. "If he hits one of us with that pickax, it will hurt."

"It will not hurt you," said the lizard. "Your shell is so hard. I am quite soft, so I will keep out of his way. I will climb on top of the toad-stool, and you can creep up, and seize him by the ankle with your pincers. Then, when he wakes up, he will see me sticking out my tongue over his head, and he will be frightened, and will surrender."

It all happened as the lizard said it would. The beetle slipped up quietly to the dwarf, and, turning over on one side, so as to get a better hold, he seized him by the ankle. The dwarf woke up suddenly, was greatly frightened at seeing the lizard making terrible faces above him, and surrendered. His captors then told him what they were trying to find, and ordered him to come and help them.

They all went on together, and the dwarf said to the beetle:

"If you had pinched a little harder, you would have taken off my foot."

"If you had not surrendered," replied the beetle, "I might have been obliged to do so; but if you will help us cheerfully, no harm will come to you."

For a long time the three searched the woods diligently. They looked under every leaf, and in every crack; and the dwarf dug with his pick in many spots where the lizard thought the ground looked as if a cork-stopper were concealed beneath it. But no stopper could they find.

"It is very necessary that it should be

FOUND.

BY PAUL FORT.

"One of the pages told me all about it. It was lost in these very woods three days ago, by the lady of your castle. And, since that time her maids of honor have been obliged to take turns in holding their thumbs over the top of the perfume-bottle, to keep the valuable odor from escaping, and they are getting very tired of it."

After more fruitless search the beetle and the lizard said that they must go and take a nap; for they were very much fatigued; but they told the dwarf he must keep on looking for the stopper, for he had had his nap under the toad-stool.

When he was left to himself, the dwarf did not look long after the stopper. "It will be a great deal easier," he said to himself, "to make a new cork-stopper than to find the old one. I will make a new cork-stopper for the lady in your castle."

So he looked about until he found a cork-tree. Then with his little pickax, he chopped off a small portion of the rough outer bark from the lower part of the trunk, and carefully cut out a piece of soft cork which grew beneath. This piece was nearly as big as himself, but he lifted it easily, for it was so light, and carried it to his own house, which was not far away, in the forest. There he took a sharp knife, and carved and cut the cork into the shape of a bottle-stopper; making it very small at one end and large at the other, so that it would fit almost any bottle. With a small file he made it smoother than any cork stopper ever seen before. The lower end was cut off flat, while the top was beautifully rounded. Then he took some paint and little brushes, and painted the top in curious designs of green, and gold and red. When he had finished it, it was the most beautiful cork stopper ever seen.

Then he put on his shoulder and ran with it to the place where he had left the beetle and the lizard, taking their naps.

"Hi! hi!" cried the two companions, when they awoke. "Have you really found it?"

"No," said the truthful dwarf, "there was no use of looking any longer for that old stopper, and I have made a new one, which, I am sure, will fit the perfume bottle of the lady of your castle. Let us hurry and take it to her. I am sure she would much rather have the new stopper than to find the old one."

"We should think so, indeed!" cried the others. And they all set off for the castle.

When the lizard, the beetle and the dwarf—the latter carrying the stopper on his shoulder—appeared at the castle, they were welcomed with great joy. The stopper was put into the lady's perfume bottle, and it was found to fit exactly. Then everybody cheered merrily, especially the maids of honor, with their tired thumbs.

"But," said the lady of the castle, "my lost stopper has not been found after all."

"No," said the dwarf, "it is not found, but this one fits just as well, does it not?"

"Yes," said the lady, "but I wanted the same one that I lost."

"But is not this just as pretty?" asked the dwarf.

"It is a great deal prettier," said the lady, "but it is not the one. It is not the stopper I lost, and which I hoped to get back."

"But it keeps the smell in just as well, does it not?" exclaimed the dwarf a little crossly.

"Yes," answered the lady, "but that does not make it the same stopper, does it?"

"Oh, pshaw!" said the dwarf. "I think that will do just as well as the old one. It fits just as well, and it is a great deal prettier; and the old one can't be found. I think everybody ought to be satisfied with this new stopper, and forget all about the old one."

"So do we," said the lizard and the beetle.

"And so do we," cried the maids of honor, and all the courtiers and all the people who stood about.

"Well," said the lady, "I suppose it will have to do. It is very pretty, and it fits, and the reward can be paid to these little creatures. But it is not the same stopper, after all."

The reward was a large golden pitcher with engraved sides. It was too heavy for the dwarf, the beetle, and the lizard to carry away with them, and they had to leave it on the shelf where it stood. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that it was their own.

"Let me go," said the dwarf, as he hurried away, "to finish my nap under a toadstool. It may not be the same toadstool I was sleeping under before; but, if it is just as good, it will do quite as well. I have never heard as much silly talk as I have heard this day. If a thing is just as good as another thing, what difference does it make whether it is the same thing or not?"

"It makes no difference at all," said the lizard; "but some people are so particular. We ought to be satisfied with what we can get."

"Yes," said the beetle. "That is true; and I want you to understand that the handle of the pitcher is yours. The dwarf can have the spout, and all the rest is mine. Let us be satisfied."

PORTLAND.

BY PAUL FORT.

PORTLAND, July 5.

Wheat—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Flour—81 1/2 to 82 1/2 August.

Butter—11 1/2 to 12 1/2.

Eggs—18 to 19.

Short ribs—40 to 45.

ST. PORTLAND MARKETS.

PORTLAND, July 5.

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