

HOBSON INFORMED

By Secretary Long of His Promotion for Bravery.

SPANISH SOLDIERS REVOLT

Special to the Guard.
KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 24—Secretary of the Navy Long has cable has commended Lieutenant Hobson for his bravery in the sinking of the collier Merrimac, and informed him of his promotion to a Lieutenant Commander.

A REVOLT.

WASHINGTON, D.C., June 24—A revolt is reported among the Spanish soldiers at Santiago de Cuba.

CRUISE ACTIVE.

KEY WEST, Fla., June 24—Four fast cruisers are patrolling the unprotected portions of the Cuban coast in the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba.

Camera's Squadron Coming.

Special to the Guard.
WASHINGTON, May 24—The State Department has trustworthy advice that Camera is heading for Santiago de Cuba with the Cadiz squadron.

NEARING MORRO.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 24—Thursday night the United States forces advanced to within seven miles of Morro castle. The Spanish forces retreated before the advancing soldiers.

HOBSON NOT IN DANGER

WASHINGTON, June 24—Admiral Sampson sends advice that Lieutenant Hobson and companions who sank the collier Merrimac across the ship channel, then surrendered to the Spanish, are not confined in Morro castle, where they would be in danger from exploding shells, but are held at a place four miles from the fortress.

FOR OREGON TROOPS.

Orders Issued For the National Guard's Reorganization.

PORTLAND, June 23—Governor Lord today issued orders for the reorganization of the Oregon National Guard, in one regiment of three battalions, each having four companies of 100 enlisted men. In addition there will be three separate companies, one artillery, one cavalry and one infantry. The order divides the state into three military districts, viz: Portland, Willamette valley and Eastern Oregon. The regiment will be known as the Third Oregon.

Lieut J M Williams informed a GUARD reporter this afternoon that steps had already been taken here for the formation of a company, and that the papers are already drawn up and ready for signatures.

COTTAGE GROVE ITEMS.

Clipped From the Leader of June 25.

Walter F Thompson has sub-contracted the Lorane mail contract from Nat Martin Sr, and will enter on his duties July 1.

Geo T Sears, of Walker, left for the Pine Openings, Wednesday, where he has taken a drove of cattle for summer range.

The Sunset Telephone Co has distributed their telephone poles between this city and Eugene and are now approaching the divide. A crew of men will soon be put on setting poles and stringing wire and in a short time Cottage Grove will be in telephonic communication with Eugene and Portland.

Dr Geo Wall has converted the upper story of his office and residence into a hospital, which at considerable expense he fitted it up in the latest and most improved style. The Dr is deserving of much credit in his diligent efforts to have at hand, at all times, the best modern conveniences for invalids in need of hospital service and for the surgical care of miners and others who may be injured by accident.

It is reported that the Lemati city council has passed an ordinance prohibiting the building of wooden structures on Main street. This seems to us to be a very poor policy if not the height of folly. It is rather early to say that our thriving little town is a full fledged city already, and we are informed that more than one business man has been compelled to locate on the other side of the river since this arbitrary decree has been issued.

U. S. SEAMAN KILLED

A Shell Struck the Texas With Fatal Results.

Cruiser Philadelphia Wants Men.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24—The United States cruiser Philadelphia, is lying in the harbor endeavoring to make up her complement before sailing for the Philippines. There is a lack of experienced men, who may pass the examination, applying for service.

IRON LA SPANISH.

KEY WEST, June 24—A dispatch boat brings the intelligence from Santiago de Cuba that a shell from the Spanish fortifications struck the battleship Texas, Wednesday, killed one man and wounded eight. One of the injured is expected to die.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17.

Prof McElroy is home again.
J L Page has returned from Albany.
Julian McFadden, of Corvallis, is in the city.

W W Bines arrived home this afternoon.
Abbe Peters of Albany was in Eugene today.

Miss Dora Scott, of Coburg, was in Eugene today.
Caleb Gray, the Halsey druggist, is in jail at Albany.

S F Kerns is building himself a small fruit dryer.
John Seavey, of Minnesota, is here looking for a location.

Mayor Kaykendall has returned from a trip to Portland.
Attorney John T Whalley, of Portland, was doing business here today.

Brady Burnett, of Corvallis, has enlisted as one of the Oregon volunteers.
One of E J McClanahan's well known spotted horses died last night.

Max Pracht, special agent of the Interior Department, was in Eugene today.
Prof Glen attended the Corvallis college commencement and rendered a solo.

Miss Minnie Hayes, of Portland, is visiting at the home of Phil Miller in this city.
Miss Anna Oglesby arrived up from Junction today.

Many people are talking of going to the mountains and seaside after the Fourth of July.
School Superintendent-elect Wm M Miller has moved into the Reid house on Fifth street.

Judge Potter got one of his fingers a little injured while feeding the rock-crusher yesterday.
Lane county has furnished this far 82 men for the war and will soon have 25 more in the field.

Joseph Stewart the well known Springfield merchant, was doing business in Eugene today.
George C Widmer, who shipped a number of horses to Skagway some time since has returned to Eugene.

Col Smith left for his home in Prineville this morning. He is the Republican surveyor-elect of that county.
Mrs Lockwood has returned from the East and is now visiting her daughter, Mrs W T Eakin of Salem.

Misses Eva and Gracie Roach of Portland arrived up today and will be guests at the home of Hon A G Hovey.
C S Cone, of Manchester, Vt has accepted a position in J H McClung's store and will arrive in a few days to commence his labors.

Yesterday's Roseburg Review: Nat Eddy returned to his home in Eugene this morning after a two weeks' visit with relatives in this city.
W L Beckner and S E McCauley, of Portland, left on today's stage for the Blue River mines where they will work their claims during the summer.

H J Day and family have moved back to Eugene from Cottage Grove. They will occupy the Geo W Kinsey house on Pearl street between 8th and 9th street.

Junction Times June 25: Burnett & Ferguson shipped 100 head of one year old steers from this place Monday. They were a fine lot of cattle, and brought the top price. As the train pulled out from the switch, a steer jumped through the rear door which was partly open and was crushed to death under the wheels.

It has been decided that the new internal revenue stamps will not be required on postal money orders after July 1st, as had been announced. An additional fee will be charged, however, in lieu of the stamp on every money order issued.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

When the country boy came down the stairway from his chamber and entered the kitchen, the third day after Mrs. Totman's funeral, he saw his father welding the broom and heard the splutter of eggs frying in the spider. His mother was not there. In her place was an atmosphere of helpless masculine discomfort.

"Where's ma?"
"She's a-bed—got one of her terrible sick headaches," was the doleful and half-irritated answer. "She said not to wake Mamma, 'cause she was out late last night to the Town Line social. So we'll have to shift for ourselves this mornin'. You'll have to look out for ma till Mame gets up. Keep plenty of water in the teakettle for hot cloths. The mustard's on the second shelf of the pantry. You know how to fix up a plaster. I've got to meet Tom Dye at the caucus and bargain for them farrer cows."

Before this the first symptoms of a reappearance of the sick headache demon had been sufficient to move the country boy to a precipitate and cowardly retreat. But he justified this action on the ground that he could do her no good by "hangin' round" and that his room was better than his company. Now, however, he must bravely face the stern demands of the hour and "do for her" until he should be relieved by Mame. After washing the breakfast dishes he concluded that he no longer deferred. Balancing awkwardly on his tiptoes, he opened the sitting room door and then paused to listen. The moans and deep drawn sighs which came from the east bedroom struck him with a sense of terror.

The cloud of Mrs. Totman's funeral had not wholly lifted its black pall from his heart and the groans of his mother brought back the dismal picture with redoubled distinctness. He was almost afraid to proceed and take the first look at the sufferer. His heart thumped with well nigh audible throbs as a deep silence followed the expressions of pain. Then he knew that he must go forward, and he picked his steps across the rag carpet more softly than ever before. When he reached the rock rocking chair, he settled down into its chintz covered depths, limp as the dishcloth which he had just hung over the oven door. His mother lay upon her back, a white cloth folded across her eyes and her brown hair, always so smooth and glossy, straggling over the pillow in confusion. The air of the room was heavy with the smell of herbs and pungent with the odor of camphor. About the floor and bed were scattered shoes and garments, while in a chair, close by her pillow, were heaped the cloths with which her head had been bound during the night. The strange disorder of the place sent dismay to his soul, but the partially covered face and the awful stillness of his mother caused him to start from his chair and watch the comfortable above her breast. It moved. With the assurance that she was breathing he again settled into the chair.

A feeling of fearful and overmastering helplessness took possession of him as he sat there at the foot of the bed, his eyes wandering from the pallid features of his mother to the faded array of ancestral photographs which hung in oval frames above the headboard. Suddenly it came to him that all these were dead, Mrs. Totman was dead, all the people since Adam, with the exception of a few old folks and those who were getting old, were dead. He compared the living with the mighty multitude of those who had passed into the black shadow of the grave, and the number seemed infinitesimally small. Perhaps his mother might get well this time—she always had, and his father did not seem to be badly scared—but sometimes she must die. And so would Mame and his father and Chet. Then he would be left alone in the world. And nothing—nothing that could be done would help it any. Softly he turned about in the chair and slid down until his knees touched the floor and his face was buried in the chintz cushion. Silently, but with an inner frenzy of earnestness, he prayed that his mother might get well this time. His faith could not compass more than this limited petition.

As he arose from his knees his eyes caught the motto, worked in perforated cardboard with red, green and blue zephyrs, which hung above the bureau. It proclaimed the Scriptural assurance that "God is Love." A hopeless, lethargic conviction that these words were not true stole into the boy's consciousness. He had been taught that God made all that was made. It had been in the golden text of the Sunday school lesson. He had learned it by heart and Elder Jennings, his Sunday school teacher, and his mother had all expounded its truthfulness without reservation. In his paroxysm of ingenuous doubt the country boy wondered why God had made headaches for his mother to have, why there was so much more of pain and suffering and death in the world than of joy. And if God didn't make these awful things, who did?

He was very sure that if his mother had made the world she would have left out sick headaches and that she would not have had any sin or death in it. There would have been no need for boys to be afraid in any world that his mother would have made. In fancy he tried to realize the joys of living in a world where all of these things were unknown and where one might be truly happy and know that it was going to "last right on," just as in heaven, only without having to die to get there. But this flight of imagination only made the gloom and despair of the present seem more awful by contrast. He felt that he could never be happy again and that there was no use trying to do anything. His eye traced each curve and wrinkle of his mother's face, and he resolved that, anyway, he would always stay at home with his mother, take care of her and shield her from everything hard that he could. Yes, he would give up going to the Rockies to hunt grizzlies with Chet—everything! He would sacrifice all just to stand by her and help to make it easier for mother.

In the midst of these resolves she started him by lifting the damp cloth from her eyes and exclaiming in a strained voice:
"Why, I've been asleep on the pain's broke. Ask Mame to make me a little gruel. To take this old cloth away."

As he reached for the latter she closed her eyes for a moment about his own. A shadow of dread drew her in the big rocking chair before the sitting room stove and paid her awkward attentions while she sat wrapped in quilts and dreaming with half-shut eyes.—Chicago Post.

Synonyms.

"Can you let me have a five spot for a few days?" asked the New Yorker of his Boston friend. "I'm dead broke."
"Sorry," was the Bostonian's reply; "I also suffer from a fatal fracture."—Chicago News.

SHOOTING STARS.

Annie and I kept up a custom of our childhood before going to bed of going out on the lawn and terrace to interrogate the sky and speak with the distant stars. We were about 16 years of age at this time, and I commenced to experience a singular delight in being alone with Annie by my side in the evenings.

Sometimes the night wind, playing with her golden hair, would blow it across my face, and I always felt a thrill of pleasure run through me when I felt their silken caress.
Then at length I had looked deep down into my heart and had read there that I loved her. But I was unable to tell her that this was the case. I was held back by a strong, an instinctive, sense of delicacy, by an involuntary respect. Her big blue eyes revealed such naivete and such innocence that it seemed to me simply sacrilegious to speak to this child of such things, and I therefore kept silent.

But soon afterward, with what seemed to me a strange suddenness, the child grew into a young girl, and the Annie of old, with her long skirts, her golden curls tied up in a knot upon her head and a twinkle of mischief and coquetry in her big blue eyes, was now a young woman.
She possessed all the graces, all the charms and all the attractions of her sex, and when in her company I felt like a timid, awkward schoolboy.

When we were alone in the evening upon the wide terrace, I held my peace and was afraid to speak for fear of awakening in the still night air that rippling, little, scornful laugh of hers, and it was only to the shooting stars and meteorites that I dared to sigh my love. It was then decided that I was to go to Paris to pursue my law studies. It was my last evening at Ormes, and I was going away on the following day.

As usual, we were together upon the lawn. She had never seemed so beautiful to me before, so seductive and also so affectionate, for, affected at the idea of our separation, she had said such nice things to me that, although they were insignificant enough in themselves, yet, coming from her, had engraved themselves forever in my heart.

Fighting against the trembling of my voice, I said to her: "Annie, in a year, when my holidays come round again, I shall be at your side once more looking at the stars. You will think of me from time to time!"
For answer she laughed her light, rippling little laugh, with that touch of scorn in it, and looked up at me with saucy, shining eyes.

Then a meteor shot suddenly across the sky above our heads, and I took Annie's hand in mine and said in a serious voice: "It is said, Annie, that when one has a wish to make it should be made while a meteor flashes along the sky. I have just wished something, and—I hope that before long it may be fulfilled!"
Did she understand?

Her little hand trembled ever so little in mine, but there were no signs of emotion in her eyes or on her lips. It seemed to me—perhaps I was mistaken in the uncertain light—that I saw a sphinxlike smile on her mouth, and I said nothing more to her that night on the subject so close to my heart.

I went to Paris and devoted myself to my studies with all the energy of my nature. My leisure time I spent dreaming in my little working room.
Had I wanted other distractions there were plenty of them, but I had made up my mind to resist all the usual temptations of my age, and I should have despised myself had I wasted my thoughts on anything or anybody else than Annie. I never ceased thinking about my little golden haired girl and awaited with feverish impatience the approaching summer, which was fixed for my return to Ormes.

I began to enjoy the pleasure of return in advance. I saw myself walking with Annie again on the soft green terrace, holding her hand in mine and saying to her in the darkness which would conceal my blushes:
"Annie, a year ago I registered a wish beneath these stars that you might one day love me as I love you and have loved you all my life. You will wait another year for me, Annie, won't you? And then we will never be separated again."

Closing my eyes, I imagined I saw my sweet fiancée drop her head upon my shoulder and allow me to imprint a chaste kiss upon her white forehead. This was my only pleasure and the only dream that I indulged in during the long hours of my work in Paris.

At length this much longed for summer had come, and I was going back to Ormes. Annie was there, more charming, more ravishing than ever, and in her eyes I saw gleaming a gaiety and happiness that seemed to me a sure sign that she was pleased at my return and had given me her love.

The night came, and in a calm, unconcerned voice I asked her to come out and look at the stars.
"Will you come and see if there are any falling stars tonight?" I asked her.
She followed me out upon the terrace, and when once again by her side I experienced a sort of giddiness. My heart began to beat as if it would break, and never before had I felt my love so strong, so violent, so irresistible.

She was everything to me—my little friend of childhood, the sweetheart of my early manhood. All my aspirations were toward her, and she was my whole being, my very life. I would have knelt at her feet in the night on the terrace and have kissed with passionate tears the lace of her long dress.

I attempted to speak, but in vain. The words died away upon my lips. It was she who first spoke, and in the deep silence of that beautiful summer night I heard her sweet voice say to me:
"I am so happy now that you have come home again. I have been waiting for you to tell me myself a very important piece of news—namely, that M. Horpin, the wealthy manufacturer, has asked me to marry him, and I assure you I would not have had my engagement ball without your being there!"

It was a warm night, just as in the olden days. Over our heads the falling stars gleamed brightly in the sky for a moment and then died away in the unknown. It seemed to me that they carried away with them in their swift flight into darkness all my love, all my happiness and all my dreams for the future. They also bore away on their wings of flame my faith, my illusions and a considerable portion of my youth.—From the French.

One Way.

Rev. Longnecker—I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.
Little Tommy—Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.—Boston Traveller.

EUGENE CANNERY

Will Operate the Evaporator Again This Season.

DETAILS NOT YET COMPLETE.

The Eugene cannery will operate again this year, so a GUARD reporter was informed today by F M Wilkins, one of the stockholders and acting manager last season.

It is likely that only the evaporator will be run, operating mainly on prunes, apples and pears. The cherry crop will not be handled by the company, but it is understood that outside parties will ship, as inquiries regarding the possibility of getting several car loads here have already been received by fruit and commission men of the city. Thos Zagar is making arrangements to secure a strictly cash market for cherries, and will make an announcement to growers in a few days.

The prune crop will of course be the largest in the county. Growers estimate a 25 per cent larger crop this year than in 1897. From figures compiled by shippers it is learned that during the season of 1897, 480,000 pounds of green prunes were shipped from the county, and 2,329,000 pounds of green prunes dried, reducing in weight during the process of evaporation to 580,000 pounds. This would make the 1898 estimate of green fruit reach 3,500,000 pounds. As these figures are exclusive of home consumption, it might not be too much to say that the 1898 crop will reach a total of 4,500,000 pounds. All over the county the orchards are in fine form, and an extra quality of fruit will be produced. Owing to the heavy production the French or Petite prunes may be smaller than usual, but the quality will not be impaired, and the recent rains will probably bring them up to usual size.

On other fruits, apples, pears, peaches, cherries, and the smaller varieties, strawberries, blackberries, etc, it is not possible to make an estimate of production that would bear the stamp of accuracy, but the output is gradually increasing and has already passed the bounds of home consumption.

MAIL ROUTES

Stage to Ron to Florence and Elliston Daily After July 1st

On and after next Friday the stage route from Eugene to the Head of Tide on the Siuslaw river, will be run daily the year round. Mail will leave Eugene at 6 a m according to schedule and arrive at the Head of Tide at 8 p m. The route has been sublet by the Kentucky contractors to Potter of Fairmount and Campbell of Lake Creek.

The daily mail route to Leaburg, on the McKenzie has been extended to Elliston (formerly Dutch Henry's) and will be carried the year round. Eli Bangs will run a stage on this route during the next three months. From Elliston to Foley Springs the mail will be a tri-weekly going through Monday's, Wednesday's and Friday's and returning Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's. A Mr Potter has this contract.

Notice to the Public.

Owing to the extra expense entailed on banks by the War Revenue Bill, we will, on and after July 1st, 1898 in every instance charge for exchange (including revenue stamp) as follows:

On sums of \$25 or less..... \$0.05
On sums of \$25 and not exceeding \$100..... .10
On each additional \$100 or part thereof..... .05

On every check drawn by a customer on the Bank for any amount a 2 cent must be affixed, and the same cancelled by putting on it the initials of the maker and date of cancellation. Customers are notified that a heavy penalty is imposed for issuing a check without affixing the necessary stamps.

Yours Respectfully,
EUGENE LOAN & SAVINGS BANK.
LANE COUNTY BANK.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Eugene, Oregon, June 25th, 1898.

A grammar school girl sends to the Portland Oregonian the following "puzzle":
Dewey..... 1
Sampson..... 02
Schley..... 022
Which "translated," reads: "Dewey won; Sampson ought to; Schley ought to, too."

Grant's Pass Mining Journal: "J A Walters, who has been the subject of so much notoriety in the little world of Grant's Pass, left for Eugene the first day of the week, Mrs Martin the following day, having disposed of her possessions; left for the north."

BATTLE NEAR SANTIAGO

American Loss was 13 Killed and 50 Wounded.

WE WERE SUCCESSFUL

Guantanamo bay, June 24, 8 p m.—Friday morning, four troops of the First cavalry, four troops of the Tenth cavalry, and eight troops of Roosevelt's rough riders, less than 1000 men in all, dismounted and attacked 2000 Spanish soldiers in the thickets within five miles of Santiago de Cuba.

The American loss was 13 killed and 50 wounded. Twelve Spaniards are known to have been killed.

Special to the Guard.

KEY WEST, Fla, June 26—A dispatch boat has arrived here and reports no additional deaths today from yesterday's battle.

CLAIMS A VICTORY.

MADRID, Spain, June 25—Spanish papers are claiming a victory in yesterday's battle and are exultant.

MILES TO LEAVE.

WASHINGTON, D.C, June 25—General Miles left today to reinforce General Shafter in Cuba.

MANILA EXPEDITIONS.

San Francisco, June 25—The third Manila expedition leaves Monday. General Merritt follows next Wednesday.

WASHINGTON, June 25—Admiral Sampson says ten were killed and forty wounded in yesterday's engagement.

CAPTURED STEAMER.

Special to the Guard

Madrid, Spain, June 20—Peace conditions offered Spain by the United States include:

Independence of Cuba.
Cession of Porto Rico.
Coaling station in the Philippine Islands and another in the Canaries.

STEAMER CAPTURED.

KEY WEST, Fla, June 25—Steamer Amapal, Honduras, captured by the Vicksburg was brought here today.

MORE TROOPS FOR THE FRONT

Special to the Guard.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25—A large linoleum manufactory burned during the night. The loss is estimated at \$250,000.

PEORIA, Illinois, June 25—The Great Western Distillery, second largest in the world, was struck by lightning shortly after midnight, and catching fire, was burned to the ground. The loss will approximate \$400,000.

WHITEHALL, Illinois, June 25—A desperate holdup on the Pennsylvania Central at this place last night resulted in the engineer being killed and the fireman being fatally wounded.

CAMP ALGER, June 25—Another detail of troops left this place last night for Santiago de Cuba.

OUR BOYS HEARD FROM.

A Portland Man Writes a Letter From Honolulu.

The Portland Telegram publishes a letter from W C North, one of the Oregon soldier boys.

The letter was mailed at Honolulu and is as follows:
"Your letter I received after coming ashore. We have been on shore all day and it is impossible to describe to you the enjoyment we experienced. The people simply went wild over us. Everything was free, and nothing was too good for us. This is the prettiest place you ever saw. I would like very much to stay here awhile, but I guess we will sail tomorrow. We had a very nice trip from San Francisco, and the boys are all well.

"There was a spy discovered in the ranks of the California boys today, and he tried to blow up the ship. He will be hanged to the yardarm after we get to sea.