

TAKING OF GIBRALTAR.

Gibraltar was taken by the English in 1704, during the war of the Spanish succession, a war which was provoked by the aggressive policy of France in endeavoring to place a monarch of the French family upon the Spanish throne, and thus consolidate the old kingdoms into one. The fortress was then captured, almost by surprise, though the Spaniards and French, appreciating the strategic value of the place, made desperate efforts to recover it, but were repulsed at every point. Between the date of its capture and 1799, repeated efforts were made by Spain to recover the fortress, and in the latter year the greatest armament that was ever brought to bear upon a besieged place before Gibraltar. The siege lasted, off and on, for many months. The investing force comprised 12,000 troops of France, over twice as many of the best infantry of Spain, and the fleet consisted of 47 ships, all three-deckers; 10 floating batteries, deemed invincible, carrying 212 guns; innumerable frigates, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats. For weeks together over 6,000 shells a day were thrown into the town, and repeated attempts were made to storm the works, but the little garrison of only 7,000 men repelled every assault, and succeeded in beating off the allied fleet. The blockade began June 21, 1779, and lasted until February, 1783, when the garrison was finally relieved by the arrival of a British fleet and army. Since that time the fortifications of Gibraltar have been so improved and increased that it is regarded as the strongest fortress in the world. The British government maintains there a garrison of from 5,000 to 10,000 men, with provisions for six months, and it is said the supply of military materials is sufficient to enable the fortress to stand a siege of indefinite length.

EXPENSIVE THISTLES.

Pendleton E. O.: "Prof C V Piper, botanist of the Pullman agricultural college, after having carefully estimated the cost, gives it as his opinion that it will necessitate the expenditure of \$10,000 to eradicate the Russian thistle from the wheat fields of Umatilla county. The professor made a trip through the McKay creek country yesterday and was in consultation with Henry F Price upon his return as to the proper steps to be taken to fight the thistle and drive it from the inland Empire.

"Henry F Pierce had an interview with Governor-elect T T Geer, and the subject of the extermination of the Russian thistle came up. The two above mentioned gentlemen and R C Judson, industrial agent of the O R & N Co are already at work for concerted action by the farmers of Eastern Oregon to secure an appropriation of \$10,000 from the legislature which will convene next January, to be spent under proper safeguards to eradicate the Russian thistle while it can be done at comparatively slight expense. If the matter is postponed two years \$100,000 would not be enough to do what the expenditure of \$10,000 would accomplish next spring. This is a serious matter to the owner of wheat land throughout the entire eastern portion of the state, and to none more than to those of Umatilla county. The Commercial Association will be asked to join in the good work and assist to get the necessary appropriation and to see that it is properly expended."

PA'S ORGAN DISTRESSED.

Pa's organ is sorely distressed over the commissionership contest. For weeks it has been trying by every means possible to prevent a recount. Yesterday it said Pa intended to stand on his rights, and

intimated editorially that witnesses would have to be called to identify the ballots. But in the local column of the organ Pa's attorneys, Messrs Woodcock and Hardy, who are able lawyers, stipulated that the ballots should be taken direct from the clerk's office and counted. One of the lawyers referred to, Mr Woodcock, has stated publicly that in many states that the respective county paid the expense of contests for office, holding that it was not a private matter but one of "public interest."

The GUARD is accused of having Mr Baughman institute the suit whereby he only asks for an honest count of the ballots. This is a falsehood. However, the GUARD is in favor of the recount, believing that the great interest displayed by Pa's organ and its intimate friends in attempting to prevent said recount is not in the interest of the people of Lane county.

And in this connection we desire to republish a few lines from Pa's organ concerning this contest written during the last days of June:

"The Register is informed that if the fusionists contest the office of commissioner, the contest will be carried by the republicans to the office of sheriff. It is believed by the republicans that in at least one precinct, which gave Baughman and Withers good majorities, there was illegal voting at the polls. If, on investigation, this belief should prove true, the entire vote of this precinct might be thrown out, which alone would give Scott, the republican candidate for sheriff, enough votes to elect him and would greatly increase the majority of Edwards.

"If the contest takes place some interesting results may follow."

Where has this sheriff's contest bluff gone? The great legal light of the Register, who has had great experience evolved the idea for the first time that the entire legal vote of a precinct could be thrown out if one illegal vote should be cast therein. Law is only common sense, but probably the organ for the Father never thought of this.

We now reiterate what we said at the time the above was published:

A pitiful plea for the possession of a petty office without submission of the rights thereof to a just and fair tribunal for determination.

The Adair county (Mo) courts have been wrestling with a peculiar lawsuit in which rats cut the principal figure. A farmer named Sturgeon hired one Walker to kill the rodents on his place, agreeing to pay 1 cent apiece for the tails of 1,000 of the victims. When 750 tails had been presented for tally Walker asked \$7.50 as pay for his services. Here the trouble began, for the farmer refused to pay for any number less than 1,000. He also claimed that Walker tried to palm off mouse tails on him as tails of young rats. The hired man secured a favorable verdict in the lower courts, but Sturgeon will continue his legal fight to escape payment.

Scio News: A J Pickard of Eugene, was in this vicinity several days the past week. The gentleman is a stock buyer, and was looking over the ranges in this section with a view to purchasing.

Friday's Albany Democrat: Celeb Grey, the Halsey druggist who was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Albany for selling liquor without a license, completed it yesterday, and last night left for home.

An alderman in Heppner was fined \$35 the other day for exploding fire crackers in the streets. The funniest part of it was that he had been instrumental in passing the ordinance, and was the first to violate it.

Polly S Durr, of Eugene, is an applicant for timber lands in Douglas county. The witnesses named are: Charles Searns of Oakland, Or, John Flower of Oakland, Or, Levi F Revere of Eugene, Oregon, N S Nickerson of Springfield, Or.

Hon R S Sheridan, late receiver of the Roseburg land office will engage in the practice of law at Roseburg, having formed a partnership with O P Coshaw. Mr S is a thorough and careful business man and will prove a first class lawyer.

AN ORIENTAL NIGHT.

Above, the opulent glory of the moon
On roof and wall and soaring minaret;
Below, long shadows, etched in gold and jet,
And in the dim rose gardens the sweet boom
Of nightingales that ever sing in tune;
Far off, a silver's tinkle and the fret
Of a clear fount and the effervescent set,
Kept to the south wind's immemorial croon—
And so till slumber kisses shut the eyes.
South, is it strange that in the vale of dreams
Vision on glorious vision should arise—
Faces and forms and fields and crystal
streams,
Enrapturing glimpses and entralling gleams
Of what the prophet pictures a paradise?
—Clinton Scollard in Criticism.

MUTUAL CONSENT.

We mounted our machines and proceeded on our way. Presently Dora and myself found ourselves lagging a little behind.

"This isn't at all right, you know," she remarked.
"What isn't?"
"Naturally you should be with Irene."

"My dear Miss Paget, we have the rest of our lives to be together. Irene understands that."

"She is quite exceptional."
"She is very clever, and I admire her immensely."

Dora laughed.
"Is that why you became engaged to her?"

"I didn't. Mrs Kenyon arranged it for us."

Dora opened her eyes wonderingly.
"Mrs. Kenyon arranged it for you?" she repeated.

"Yes," said I. "She is very thoughtful. She decided it was time for Irene to marry, and she thought I was fitted to become a husband. With admirable tact she managed the whole affair, and we are both very grateful to her."

"And you love one another?" she asked.

"We admire one another," I replied, "and that is an excellent substitute."

"Do you think your tastes are similar?"

"Oh, they are not," I replied frankly. "But we will make allowances. Mrs. Kenyon has been thinking that it is time for us to settle down. As you know, when Mrs. Kenyon thinks there is generally a result, and what is more, she has discovered a house which an architect unconsciously designed to meet Irene's requirements."

"How lucky!" said Dora.
"Yes. Isn't it jolly? I have to settle within three days. This is the surprise in store for Irene."

Dora looked ahead at the others. They were about 200 yards in front.

"When are you going to break the news to her?"

"Some time or other. It does not look as if she would welcome an interruption just now. (Grierson, who is also studious, can always provide a subject of interest to her. That is why I encourage the acquaintance."

"You are very generous."

"That is hardly the word. The principle involved is one of give and take. There was silence for a moment or so."

"We really must catch them up," said she at length.

"Yes, really we must," I replied, back pedaling a little. "I hear that you leave tomorrow."

I had been out to South Africa a few months previously, and on my way home had met the Pagets, who had come on board at Madeira.

"The dear old Dutton castle!" she exclaimed. "Those days were the most pleasant I have ever spent."

"Yes, they were very charming. I assented with a half sigh. "We saw a good deal of one another during that short voyage."

Looking ahead, I noticed that Irene and Grierson were riding very slowly.

"Unless we get off and walk," I said, "I am afraid we shall have to catch them up."

"That has been my endeavor for some time," said Dora. "I shall ride with Mr. Grierson and leave you with Irene."

"I am not at all sure that he wants to ride with you."

Dora gave a little toss of her head. "Men are not supposed to act as they wish where ladies are concerned."

"That is evidently Mrs. Kenyon's idea," I remarked.

We joined the others.

"You seemed to be somewhat interested in a discussion," I said to Grierson, "so we decided not to worry you with our chatter."

"Miss Fairfax and myself," he replied with a smile, "were comparing our impressions of a book we have both perused."

The four of us rode along slowly for some distance. Presently Dora, true to her word, gradually drew Grierson ahead, and Irene and myself were left a few yards behind.

"Do you know, dear," I said, with a glance at her, "that people are beginning to think that it is time we should be married?"

"People?"

"Well, Mrs. Kenyon in particular. It appears," said I, "that she has found out a house that was built for you."

"For me?"

"For us, I mean. It has a lovely study for you to write in, a magnificent lighted room for you to paint in, a perfect gem of a boudoir for you to—well, what do ladies do in their boudoirs? Mrs. Kenyon says that it is the chance of a lifetime and on no account must it be missed. She thinks it is absolutely necessary for your health and happiness that you—"

"Then it's settled!" she exclaimed gleefully.

"I am afraid it is."

"What is the name of this wonderful place?"

"I think it is called Hatton House."

She broke into a laugh.

"Hatton House!" she cried. "I am afraid auntie will be disappointed."

"Why?" I asked hopefully.

"Mr. Grierson has just told me that

last night he completed the purchase of the house."

"By Jove!" I cried. "How fortunate!"

Grierson and Dora Paget were some distance ahead by now.

"They are going the long way around," I said. "Let us turn down the lane and meet them at Walbridge corner. They will know where we have gone."

Irene gave me a hesitating look.

"You seem a little tired," I said, "and it is considerably shorter—the third side of a triangle, you know."

She assented to the proposal, and we turned into the lane.

"It will be a surprise to Mrs. Kenyon," I began. "I wonder what she will say."

"Don't you think, Hugh, that in the past we have been accustomed to pay just a trifle too much attention to what auntie says?"

"I shot a glance at her. Her eyes were contemplating the handle bars."

"I suppose that is why we became engaged," I ventured.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't love me?" she asked quickly. I thought I detected a shade of eagerness in her tone.

"My dear Irene," I said reproachfully, "do you think we should have become engaged if we had not been attracted to one another?"

"Yes, yes," she said impatiently. "But do we love one another?"

"Of that I am not so sure."

She was thoughtful for a moment.

"Then," she said slowly, "do you think, Hugh, we are justified in running such a terrible risk?"

I fought the matter out with my conscience.

"No," I said at length. "Whatever our private feelings may be, I think it is plainly our duty to—"

"What?" she cried almost eagerly.

"Break off the engagement," I said sorrowfully. There was a long pause.

We reached Walbridge corner, and alighting from our machines seated ourselves on a grassy bank to await the others. In a few minutes they rode up.

"Well, I do think you are mean!" cried Dora.

"Yes, we must apologize," I said. "We took a short cut to happiness—I mean to Walbridge." I pulled out my watch. "We must hurry to be back in time for luncheon."

We mounted, and again I found myself by Dora's side.

"Your father invited me to come and make a stay at your town house," I said. "May I?"

"But Irene would not consent to your deserting her."

"I think she would be rather glad. You know we admire one another. Well, we have been talking the matter over and come to the conclusion that this is not quite sufficient, so by mutual consent we have terminated the engagement."

"Is that what happened in the lane?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes. That is why I think the 'hum of things,' followed by a trip to New Zealand, would be distinctly agreeable. May I come?"

"Yes," she said, with a smile. "If you promise not to devote too much time to the club window. But, Mrs. Kenyon—what will?" she added.

"I don't know," I replied, "and, strange to say, a feeling that I don't care much is gradually taking possession of me."

Dora laughed gayly.

"How brave you are!" she said.

Later in the day—it was after luncheon—the news was broken to Mrs. Kenyon. Naturally she was a little surprised; but, contrary to our expectations, she did not appear to be much annoyed.

"Perhaps it is for the best," she said philosophically.

Irene and myself are at present fulfilling our expressed intention of admiring one another at a distance—she from that desirable residence, Hatton House, where she is known as Mrs. Grierson, and I from a remote part of New Zealand, where Dora and myself are wandering on a prolonged honeymoon trip.—Black and White.

Up a Church Steeple.

Two riggers in a western city a few years ago performed a feat that for daring and steadiness of nerve equals anything on record.

Repairs were necessary at the top of a very high church steeple. There was no way to reach the spot from the inside, and the riggers procured a number of light ladders and lashed them, one above the other, to the outside of the steeple. The topmost ladder, however, was not high enough to enable them to reach the desired spot, and as the upper part of the steeple was too small to permit the proper lashing to it of a ladder a daring expedient was resorted to.

One of the men, carrying a pot of melted solder, climbed from one ladder to another until he had reached the last one, and then, bracing himself, he raised an extra ladder that the other rigger had brought up in his hand and leaned it against the steeple. Then the man below grasped this ladder and held it steady while the man above mounted it to the point where his work was to be done. He began the work at once, and all promised well till suddenly he stopped the solder pot, and the fiery stuff ran out and fell over the hands of the man who was holding the ladder.

But the brave fellow did not move. With a presence of mind and a courage worthy of a monument he maintained a firm hold of the ladder until his companion could come down from his perilous perch.—Philadelphia Times.

What One Big Gun Can Do.

A shot from the 16 inch gun designed for the defense of the New York harbor developed an energy of 54,320 foot tons, and the shot bored a 16 1/2 inch hole through 20 inches of compound steel or iron plate, 8 inches of iron, 20 feet of oak, 5 feet of granite, 11 feet of concrete and finally buried itself in a six-foot wall of brick masonry.

VISIONS OF SLEEP.

EVENTS FORESHADOWED AND RECALLED IN DREAMS.

How a Bank Clerk Found the Explanation of a Small Deficit—The Assassination of Mr. Percival Was Vividly Foretold in a Dream.

The peculiar condition of the mind in dreaming, though doubtless determined by certain mental laws, appears not to be traceable to any laws which are at present fully understood. Dreams of the commonest kind, however, seem to be referable to some of our waking states and follow the train of thought and feeling with which we have been previously occupied. Recent events and recent mental emotions mingle into a continuous series or, combined with old events, take possession of us when asleep and produce impressions, which, though often fantastically unreal, are manifestly occasioned by some reality which had antecedently affected us.

Among the most curious and unaccountable of dreams are those consisting of the revival of old associations, respecting things which had entirely passed out of the memory, and which seemed to have been forgotten. Dr. Abercrombie relates an instance which came under his knowledge. A gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow and was at his place at the teller's table, where money is paid, when a person entered demanding payment of a sum of £5. There were several people waiting who were in turn entitled to be attended before him, but he was extremely impatient and rather noisy, and, being a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying that another gentleman requested the teller to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction.

At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months afterward, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly £5. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavoring to discover the error, but without success, when at last the teller returned home and went to bed. He dreamed of being at his place at the bank, and the whole transaction with the stammerer as now detailed passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under a full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of, and on examination soon discovered that the sum paid to this person in manner above mentioned had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance.

In 1859 Nicholas Wolton, then the English ambassador at the court of France, dreamed two nights in succession that his nephew, Thomas Wolton, then in England, was about to join in an enterprise which would result in the death and ruin of himself and family. To prevent such a catastrophe he wrote to Queen Mary and begged her to send for his nephew and cause him to be examined by the lords of the council on some frivolous pretense and committed to the Tower. This was done, and on the ambassador's return Thomas Wolton confessed to him that but for his commitment to prison he would have joined the insurrection led by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

During an investigation in the north of Scotland respecting an atrocious murder committed on a peddler a man came forward voluntarily and declared that he had had a dream in which there was represented to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house in which there was buried the pack, or box for small articles of merchandise, of the murdered person. On search being made the pack was found, but not exactly at the spot the dreamer had mentioned, yet very near it. The first impressions on the minds of the public authorities was that he was either the murderer or an accomplice in the crime. But the individual accused was soon after clearly convicted. Before his execution he fully confessed his crime and in the strongest manner possible exculpated the dreamer from any participation in or knowledge of the murder.

A gentleman residing in the county of Cornwall, in the west of England, had a dream which foreshadowed the death of Mr. Percival, the statesman, eight days before the murder was committed. His dream ran that he was standing in the lobby of the house of commons, when he saw a small man enter, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately afterward he saw a man, dressed in a brown coat, with yellow basket metal buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell. The blood issued from a wound a little below the left breast. He saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present and observed his countenance, and upon asking who the gentleman was who was shot he was told that it was the chancellor of the exchequer. He then awoke and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it. But in the course of the night the dream occurred three times without the least variation in any of the circumstances. He was now so much impressed by it that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival, but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who assured him that he would only get himself treated like a fanatic. On the evening of the eighth day after he received the account of the murder. Being in London a short time afterwards, he found in the printshops a representation of the scene and recognized in it the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat and the peculiar yellow basket buttons on Birmingham, the murderer's coat, precisely as he had so vividly seen them in his dream.—Boston Herald.

The Thoughtless Ones.

What is there more provoking than to have unfaithful, lazy men either connected with you in business or employed about your premises? The moment that our faith in the doctrine of "total depravity" is the most rigorous and active is when we see men and boys whom we have treated liberally and kindly neglect their duties and "loaf" about the streets or in bad when they should be at their posts. These unfaithful people, however, do not seem to be aware that their indifference and indolence work more to their own disadvantage than to that of their employers, and because they are treated kindly they too frequently fancy that their services are indispensable about an establishment.

We have met with several instances of this sort in our own experience, and we would exhort that portion of our readers who may be employed in either large or small establishments to be careful lest they fall into this lazy, faithless, negligent habit. When you act faithfully toward your employer, you act still more faithfully toward yourself.—New York Ledger.

SATURDAY, JULY 20.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.—Last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J S McMurry the presence of a number of friends was requested. Upon the arrival of the guests they were informed that the occasion of the invitation was the fiftieth birthday anniversary of Mr. McMurry. A very pleasant evening was spent by all present enjoying the hospitality of Mr and Mrs McMurry. There was present besides Mr and Mrs McMurry and family, Mr and Mrs M L Rose, Mr and Mrs Dr J S Dale, Mr and Mrs L B Rowland, Mr and Mrs J S Miles, Mr and Mrs C S Farrow, Mr and Mrs W A Wood and Mrs Meiserve.

JUNCTION OPINION.—Times: "An electric line from Corvallis to Eugene is talked of at both ends of the proposed road. It is pretty much all talk or on paper at present but is among the possibilities of the future. As proposed now the line will run from Corvallis through Marose and skirting the foothills via Franklin and Elmira to Eugene. Why the road is to be built in a semi-circle has not yet been explained. If this road is built Junction City will have something to say as to where it will be located and at present it looks as though we had been left out in order to induce a bonus toward building it nearer here."

ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.—Assessor D P Burton and deputies are very busily engaged in making arrangements to commence writing the 1898 tax roll. With the exception of a portion of the Eugene and Cottage Grove precincts all the field work of the present assessment is in the office. The work of arranging this in alphabetical order is now engaging the attention of the office force. Writing on the rolls will commence about August 10, and when commenced will be pushed forward without any delay.

LEBANON PERSONALS.—Express: "Attorney E R Skipworth, of Eugene, spent Monday night with his parents in this place. Mrs R S Roberts and grandson Ronald, of Springfield, are visiting relatives and friends in Lebanon. A Humphrey and son Ed come over from Junction Tuesday. They will soon leave for Eastern Oregon in quest of a location."

BICYCLE RACKS.—F L Chambers has placed neat bicycle racks in front of nearly every business house in town, the GUARD being included. They are quite a convenience and the enterprise of Mr Chambers is appreciated by business men and customers alike.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—The following marriage license was issued today by County Clerk Lee to L S Winfrey, 26 years, and Elaura Tiner, 24 years.

Brevities.

Jake Lurch has returned from California to Cottage Grove.

Work on the new court house is progressing at a lively rate now.

C J Ehrman has resigned as a member of the Junction City Council.

Jim Casteel, formerly of Junction, died recently at Red Bluff, California, from pneumonia.

Corvallis Gazette: Professor W W Bristol is traveling in Lane and Linn counties on business.

The heating apparatus of the new First National Bank building is being placed in position by the contractors.

A Portland man just home from Dawson city while there saw a butcher pay \$10,000 in gold dust for eight head of cattle.

Junction Times: Chas Goldsmith is cleaning up the corner room of the hotel building and arranging it with shelves, which will consist principally of cigar, tobacco, confectionery and notions. He expects to be ready for business in a few days.

Fifty cords of wood wanted at this office on subscription but this don't mean next winter after the wood has been water soaked with two or three months of wet weather. Dry wood goods at this shop and those who want to furnish wood must apply early.

General Garcia, of the Cuban army has tendered his resignation to General Shafter and accuses that gentleman of shabby treatment. He will retire with his forces to the interior. He believes that the order prohibiting Cubans from entering Santiago, was an insult to his people.

Brownsville Times: B F Howard, who has been running the cash store in the Odd Fellows building for several months, closed the same last Monday morning, and went to Junction City, where he thinks some of engaging in the mercantile business. Mr Howard and his wife made many warm friends during their sojourn here who will wish them success in their new home.

Wood Wanted.

Those parties who have promised the GUARD wood on subscription account are requested to deliver the same as soon as convenient.