

MANILA FALLS

The City Surrenders to Admiral Dewey.

Word Comes From Madrid.

London, July 29.—A Madrid telegram to the London office of the New York Herald says the government has received a telegram announcing the surrender of Manila to Admiral Dewey.

PEACE TERMS

The President Wants to Give Up the Philippines.

Washington, D. C., July 29.—President McKinley is in favor of giving up the Philippine islands to Spain and retaining a coaling station. This decision, however, may be changed as strong opposition has developed.

CONVICTED

Crosby Matthews, the Express Agent at Newport.

Toledo, Or., July 28.—Crosby Matthews, who was arrested last February for shortage in his accounts in Wells Fargo & Co's office at Newport, was convicted today in the district court of larceny by bail of \$1,000.

No Word of It in London.

LONDON, July 29.—The agent here of Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader in the Philippines, has received a cable dispatch dated Hong Kong, at 6:45 P. M., today, but it makes no mention of Manila having surrendered to Admiral Dewey.

OMAHA EXPOSITION.

Lane County Cereal Display Will Leave Tomorrow.

A display of Lane county grains and grasses is being packed at the Eugene Real Estate & Investment Co's office, for shipment to the Omaha exposition. It contains samples of wheat, six varieties, grasses, about 20 varieties, oats, barley and rye. Each sample is securely wrapped, and on the label bears the state, county and name of grower. It would be safe to say that finer samples never went from here, and Supt. Dorsch and all his assistants will take a pardonable pride in showing the fine display to exposition visitors. A better advertisement could not be sent than this, as it shows accurately the agricultural greatness of Oregon.

Union Declared Impossible.

Salem special to a Portland paper: Professor Johnson of Tacoma university, arrived in this city this morning and was immediately closeted with Rev. John Parsons and General W. H. Odell, two members of the board of trustees of Willamette University. They held a long conference on the subject of a union of the three universities, but no definite conclusions were reached. Gen. Odell stated today that Willamette university had not considered the matter of a union and had no proposition to consider. It is generally understood that the trustees of Willamette University do not favor a union. Prof. Johnson was seen after the conference and said that a union in which Willamette university would be included would be next to impossible, though the effort would be continued. The objections urged by the Willamette university trustees are that a union would take the school away from Salem, and the trustees feel under such great obligations to the people of Salem that they could not favor a change.

An Attractive Advertisement.

There are queer signs which find their way into print displayed in every city, and Grand Rapids, Michigan, has its share, says the Herald of that city; but the palm is yielded to the following which has drifted in from the far East: Mrs. Marshall, an indigent widow, went into the laundry business on a small scale. She had her sign painted upon the shutters of her front window like this:

No. 1
Mrs. Mar shall
La dress
All work punctually
done
Open at 7 o'clock
See specimens in this window

The next morning when she went out to see what caused the crowd in waiting there she found that the left hand blind had been blown back by the wind and the sign had read as she meant it should, although it accounted for the presence of the crowd.

FROM THE FRONT.

Newt Green Writes Quite an Interesting Letter.

IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SANTIAGO, July 7th, 1898.

MY DEAR ONES AT HOME Just one month after the post mark was stamped upon your envelope in far away pretty Eugene, it came to me on a post card from Sibony, twelve miles in our rear, to our present position, high among the hills with the doomed city of Santiago almost beneath us.

The Second have had one dearly bought battle; their position was on the firing line (you, father, will recall what that means) during the fight at El Coney, when, after a valorous fight we found our losses nine killed, including one officer, and fifty wounded; several of the wounded have since died. I am safe and uninjured, all due I fancy, to my thinness. Though the horrible sights were sickening—men on every side of you falling like rain, their groans and cries often heard above the firing, one could not resist cheering as the infantry charged block-houses and fortified hills; the face of an unseen but deadly fire from the hidden foe. All along we have done work that belongs to the artillery. A foreign attaché said: "If I go back to my country and tell my people how the American soldiers captured fortifications with little or no artillery, they would not believe me." Many a day and through many a hideous night attack we have lain flat upon our stomachs to escape the galling fire of the Spaniards, listened to their fiendish explosive bullets as they cut the leaves and brush just over our heads. Several of our men were killed by these cowardly bullets exploding in them.

I hope a few days will settle Santiago as I am sick of this life of hardships. I have carried news to Sibony, walking for miles under fire of the Spanish dogs, with shells and bullets falling all about me, and other poor fellows falling all along. I have hurried past dead men and horses, emitting foul odors under this tropical sun. I have walked about when men had their faces buried in the earth to escape the bullets. I tell this to show that I do not care what happens and that is what has probably saved me. The officers respect me and the men love me—I have seen hard-work with them and handled a shovel in the trench by their sides. Many a brave regular officer in other regiments whom I have often taken by the hand and conversed pleasantly with, now lies in a shallow grave in this hostile island, with barely enough dirt covering his blood-colored uniform to keep the hundreds of hungry buzzards from picking his bones.

I am writing this sitting in my canvas hammock with a fly tent stretched above to keep off the rains and heavy dews. I had been sleeping upon the ground, wet night in and night out, became sick until I walked 50 miles to the ship and brought back my hammock. I am comfortable and dry now but am troubled with my rheumatism. God bless you all; lovingly,

BY THE MARSHES.

In budding green the willows bend,
The rubens patient stand,
From east to west the cloud fleets tread
As will of breeze bland,
And dash against the zenith sky
The golden plover fly.

Beyond a mist spreads filmy cloak
O'er amber waters lone,
And puffs of distant scattered smoke
Above the reeds are blown,
And, zigzag traced, from left to right,
Darts by a jacksnipe's flight.

Here look the shy and wary teal
Beside the pool's dim edge;
How water lilies all noiseless steal
Among the waving sedge,
And bitterns in the inmost brake
Stand solitary, like a stake.

Wide stretches steeped in sylvan calm
Belaguered by the sun;
Winds, southwest winds, with touch like
lamb,
Green grasses and rushes don,
And, whirling through the forest sky,
The golden plover fly.

—Ernest MacClay in Woman's Home Companion.

A WILD WOMAN.

BY CHARLES R. LEWIS.

Of what is known as North-west cape, on the eastern side of Australia, are a group of seven islands. The outermost one, which is 70 miles from the mainland, is called Lighthouse Island, although there has never been a lighthouse erected there.

It is an island two miles long and almost as broad, the foundation of coral, and is entirely covered with trees and bushes.

Whaling vessels bound up the Java coast often call there for wood and water, and in the year 1849 a British ship was wrecked there and 25 men lived on the island for ten months before being taken off.

In the year 1872 I was one of the boat steers in the lucky old whaler Lily Smith of New Bedford, and after a cruise of 14 months without a man stepping ashore we were bearing up for Lighthouse Island to renew our wood and water and feel the earth under our feet once more.

We reached a point within about four miles of the island just at sundown one night when the wind failed us, and after the ship had drifted in for another mile on the tide we came to anchor in seven fathoms and made all snug. As the weather was fine only an anchor watch was kept, and all went well until about midnight. Then some one was discovered paddling around the ship on a small raft, and an alarm was raised that turned out all hands. Some of the men insisted that it was a negro, but with their nightglasses to aid them the officers were quite as certain that it was a woman in a half nude state. They said she had long hair, narrow shoulders and handled her paddle with a certain awkwardness never seen in a man. In a general way we knew that the island was not inhabited, though probably visited at intervals by natives from the other islands and by shell gatherers and fishermen. The person on the raft may have been sent out to spy on us previous to an attack, or may have been some lone individual impelled solely by curiosity. Whoever it was he disappeared as soon as an alarm was raised, and we heard nothing more during the night.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast had been served, 99 of us went ashore with the axes and water casks, and for fear we might meet with adventure, four of the men were armed with muskets. As we landed on the sandy beach a little cove ran up a small and queerly constructed raft pulled up on the sands, and leading away from it were the tracks of human feet. It needed but a glance to show that they were the footprints of a woman, and as we noticed the construction of the raft the dullest sailor could figure that no man ever put it together. We felt certain that there was a woman on the island, and as she had pulled off to the ship alone it might be inferred that she was solitary and alone amid the trees. There was a well defined path leading from the beach into the woods, and as we were in search of water a part of us took this path while the others began felling trees. At about 20 rods from the beach we came upon a fine spring from which we could fill our casks, and for several hours, or until the captain came ashore, no one penetrated farther. After dinner, being satisfied that the woman was alone on the island, and her failure to come near us being proof that she was not in her right mind or was some native female who feared us, six men were detailed to go in search of her.

A few rods from the spring, where the forest was more open we came upon a rude hut with a smoldering fire at the door. The hut was made of sticks, stones, shells and mud. The sticks had been broken off by hand, and the shelter was a fairly good one against any sort of weather.

In the interior we found a bed of dry grass, shells which were used for cooking utensils, and what might be called the remains of a lady's hat, dress, cloak and a pair of shoes. All these things were old and ragged and ready to fall to pieces, but they proved beyond a doubt that the woman was a white woman. We argued that they further proved that she had reached the island from some wreck. If the loneliness of her situation and the hardships to which she had been exposed had not affected her mind, she would have appeared before us as soon as we had landed. We began our search for her by calling aloud, telling her who we were and asking her to come forward, but there was no response. We then separated a distance of a few feet and swept across the island. We found many places where she had broken off branches and gathered wild fruit, and on the other beach we found her tracks in the sand, but nothing could be seen of the woman herself.

As our stay at the island would be for three or four days, the captain ordered that bedding and provisions be placed in the abandoned hut for use of the woman, and that we should make no further hunt for her. A letter was written and placed with the things, giving her the name of the ship and saying we were friends, and then we went about our own work. At night we all went on board ship, and next morning it was ascertained that the woman had spent the night in her hut. She had made a bed of the blankets and eaten of the provisions, but she had torn the letter into five pieces and that probably without reading it. We were satisfied, however, as she must reason that we meant her no harm, and we hoped to get sight of her by the time we were ready to depart. We heard nothing of her on the second day, nor the next, but she occupied her hut again and ate heartily of the provisions. We left other letters for her, but she tore each up. On the fourth day, as we had quite finished, it was determined to run the woman down and discover who she was. To make a speedy and thorough

Job of this everybody but the cook was landed—some 45 men in all. We stretched out across the head of the island in a skirting line and then swept down the return and back again, and it was on the return that we started her out of a thick bush. We could not get a fair sight of her under the trees, but we made out that she had on a sort of jacket of sailcloth and was bareheaded and barefooted. Upon being driven out of her cover she ran like a deer and was soon out of sight. We had spent about an hour in looking for her trail when the lone man left aboard the ship fired muskets and rang the bell and caused us to hasten down to the beach. Once clear of the trees we easily discovered what had happened. The wild woman had flanked us and reached the beach and put off in one of our whaleboats. She was already half a mile away, using an oar for a paddle, and as soon as she saw us in pursuit she redoubled her exertions. A boat was manned and sent off in pursuit, and a curious chase it was. We easily overhauled the woman, but as we did so she sprang overboard and swam away, and by diving and dodging she evaded us for a quarter of an hour. What may be set down as a singular circumstance was that the waters about the island strongly swarmed with sharks, and at times there were a dozen about her and yet none of the monsters seemed inclined to do her harm.

Nobody could make out just what sort of a woman it was until one of the men finally caught her by the hair and pulled her into the boat. She fought him with savage ferocity, hitting one of his fingers and foot to keep her. She appeared to be a woman of about 40, and though her face was rufous and browned by exposure we felt sure that she was English or American. She had made her a pea jacket from a piece of sail cloth, using a thorn for a needle and grass for thread, but had been without shoes until her feet were in bad condition. During the chase she had not uttered a word, but when hauled into the boat she cried out in good English, "I will fight for my life—I will never go away!" We took her aboard the ship, and the captain talked to her in a gentle way and tried to satisfy her that we were friends. When she grew quiet, he cast off her bonds, but as soon as she was free she attacked him so fiercely that he had to call for help. She was then locked in a stateroom, her things in the hut sent for, and we sailed away on our cruise. There was not an hour during the next two weeks in which the captain did not wish he had left the woman on her island. For three days she refused food and water. When compelled by hunger and thirst, she partook sparingly and with sulky and obstinate mood. Now and then her moods were savage, and sometimes at night she would scream out like a wild beast. As we did not intend to make port for several months the idea was to transfer her to some other craft. We spoke half a dozen in succession, but not one of them would receive her. From one, however, where the captain had his wife aboard, an outfit was procured, and no sooner was it handed over to the woman than a great change took place in her. She quieted down, dressed herself from head to heel and spent a whole day in brushing and combing her hair. One morning she electrified the steward by saying she would eat breakfast in the cabin, and when she walked out nobody could credit the change. She was now a fairly good looking woman, mild eyed and shy, and her voice was low and gentle. As she entered the cabin she looked about her in a wondering way and queried of the captain:

"Sir, will you please tell me how I came aboard of this ship and what has become of my own wardrobe?"

When it was explained to her that she had been taken from Lighthouse Island, where she had been living for months or years, her astonishment was beyond utterance. She had woken up that morning to find herself in a strange berth. She had no recollection of the island or her capture. She had found the rusty garments we brought from the hut, and had an indistinct recollection that they had once been worn by her, but the past had gone from her memory as if there had been no past. There have been other cases like it, and they have been written of at length, and so there is nothing singular in that part of my story. As a matter of fact the woman could not tell her own name—could not tell whether she was married or single, where she hailed from or how she came to be on the island. She dated life from the hour she woke up and heard the steward knocking on her door. The captain first set to work to judge how long she had been on the island and finally set the time as a year and a half. In a seraphic mood he had passed up numerous accounts of wrecks and disasters, and among them was the loss of the English bark Fordham, which had been lost with all hands on a voyage from the Cape to India. She had put in at the Mauritius to repair damages, and soon after leaving a fierce gale had swept the seas for several days. It was taken for granted that she had been lost in this gale. It was figured by the captain that the Fordham had run off before the gale to the westward, and that she was within a few miles of Lighthouse Island when she went down. The account said there were six passengers aboard, and this woman must have been one of them, and she must have been driven to the island while clinging to a piece of wreckage. She could give no light on the matter. She simply remembered nothing. It was a pitiful case and excited every man's sympathy, and none of us, so far as I know, ever knew the ending of it. A week after she came to herself we sent her to England on board a steamer, and as she was penniless every man of our crew contributed to a purse amounting to \$150, and she left us with a handshake and a "God bless you" all around. I heard of her but once more. That was six months after she had reached England and she had not yet recovered her memory or been identified.

Empress Eugenie's Playfulness.

Some time ago the Empress Eugenie was a capital hand at whittling away her own and other people's time when residing at obscure watering places where the accustomed resources of royal gaiety were at fault. One game that she invented, and which gave much delight, was this: A costly jewel was placed upon a saucer and covered with an inverted teneup; a lady then tossed them to a gentleman seated on the opposite side of the room, and if he caught the flying utensils with such a steady hand that the jewel was not displaced from under the cup the gentleman became the property of the lady. Of course the gallant who was to "catch" felt an intense solicitude, inasmuch as the prize for the lady which his adroitness might gain or her awkwardness lose had a value which rendered its possession exceedingly desirable and made its loss acutely felt. It is said that the emperor was the best "catcher" of them all, and when he was present the game was played with an enthusiasm which would rival that of a thickly populated nursery.—New York Ledger.

C. B. WATSON.

Daily Guard, July 7.

About noon today C. B. Watson, the well known diaryman, died from Bright's disease at his home one mile west of Eugene. The disease took a firm hold on his constitution about three weeks since and its progress was rapid, one week ago having progressed so far as to leave no room for assurance that it could be checked.

Mr. Watson leaves a wife and several children, besides other relatives who will be joined by his friends in mourning his untimely departure. He was aged 42 years, a member of the Presbyterian church and Woodmen of the World of this city, carrying insurance in latter to the extent of \$1000.

Deceased came to Eugene about six years since, from Albany, where he had conducted a dairy for a time, operating a similar farm near this city continually since and established a good business. He returned from a visit to his old home in Indiana about six weeks ago, apparently enjoying excellent health, but a short time after was taken down with the disease which carried him away.

At the hour of going to press no arrangements had been made for the funeral.

SATURDAY JULY 30

HIS OPINION.—The Journal contains interviews yesterday on the Philippine islands. H. R. Kincaid, Secretary of State: "We shall have a port and one of the best islands, at least. I don't see why a free republic like ours shouldn't have anything that any first-class nation in the world considers desirable, and if we don't have it some old world monarchy will."

TO SAN FRANCISCO.—Attorney E. E. Benedict arrived in from Florence last evening and left on the 11:24 overland for San Francisco. He will bring his son Glen home with him. No further reports of the boy's condition have been received but it is to be hoped that he will soon recover from his unfortunate malady.

COURT HOUSE WORK.—Cornice is being placed on the front of the new court house building. By tonight all the walls of the building will be ready for the cornice. The brick work will extend about five feet above the cornice. The brick and stone work of the tower will be about 50 feet higher than it is now.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.—Junction City Times: "Mr. Nelson, who owns and operates the electric light plant at Cottage Grove, spent a few days in this city a short time ago looking over the field with the view of establishing a plant in this city. We understand he will submit a proposition to the city council at its next regular meeting."

POLICE COURT.—James Fay, a logger, who was arrested for being drunk, was released on the promise of leaving town. Jas. Hawkins, arrested first Thursday night, gave \$3 to be released, promising to leave town. Afterward getting drunk again he was forced to pay a fine of \$7, and then he did leave.

ENTERTAINED.—The Misses Chase, this afternoon, entertained the members of the Presbyterian Junior Endeavor on their lawn, North Pearl street. Many games were indulged in and ice cream and cake and cool lemonade were served.

RESIDENCE PURCHASED.—George Lill, recently from Iowa, yesterday purchased the Couch residence property on East Ninth street from Ashley Pearce, of Albany. He owned it. The consideration was \$175. A bargain.

FOR FARMINGTON.—Mathews Bros will start for Farmington, Wash., with their threshing outfit about August 10. They already have the promise of 200,000 bushels to thresh. Their machine will average 2,500 bushels per day.

COL. ALLEY.—Col. Alley says about his office of soldiers home trustee: "Our own prosperous business will be cared for in the future, and the 'dear thankful people' can look after their own affairs without further aid from us."

DIED.—At Mosby Creek, Lane county last Wednesday evening, of heart failure, Samuel Brumbaugh. He was one of the pioneers of Lane county and was respected by all.

DIED.—At Wildwood, July 23, 1898, of consumption, James Q. Hunt, aged 27 years, 1 month and 3 days.

MARRIED.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, in Eugene, Oregon July 30, 1898, by Rev. M. L. Rose, Wm. E. Bruce and Myra E. Nighswander, all of Lane county.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—County Clerk Lee today issued a marriage license to Wm. E. Bruce 28 years and Myra E. Nighswander, 23 years.

COMPLETED.—The writing up of the delinquent tax roll was completed this afternoon. It made 99 pages in the record book.

AGREE OR FIGHT

Spain Must Meet Terms or War Goes On.

THE CABINET'S DECISION

Washington, July 29.—The Cabinet has come to the conclusion that Spain must agree at once to our terms or fight.

The point under discussion during the greater part of the meeting was what disposition should be made of the Philippines. On the other issue, unanimity developed. There is to be independence demanded for Cuba; Porto Rico is to be ceded to the United States; coaling stations are to be acquired, one at Guam, in the Ladrones islands, and one in the Caroline islands. These propositions were disposed of quickly, but when it came to the Philippines, some diversity of opinion was revealed.

SITUATION AT MANILA.

City Had Not Been Attacked Up to Wednesday.

HONG KONG, July 30.—The British gunboat Plover has arrived here from Manila. She reports that when she left Manila, Wednesday, July 27, the situation there was unchanged, and the Americans had not yet attacked the city.

Not Known in Madrid.

MADRID, July 29.—Nothing is known here, officially or otherwise, concerning the report that Manila has surrendered to the American forces.

Shot Through the Hat.

New York, July 29.—A Journal special says that Captain Heath, of Co. A, Oregon volunteers, was fired upon by Spaniards in ambush near Manila, the bullet passing through his hat.

Geo M. Miller Writes.

He Says Hugh Barr Has Cleaned up \$12,000 in Gold.

In a private letter Geo M. Miller, among other things, writes to S. R. Williams, of this city, from Sitka, Alaska, under date of July 22nd:

"I learn direct from Dawson City that Hugh Barr will clean up or has by this time cleaned up about \$12,000.

I now have several law cases and some of them are good ones. I am counsel for a gentleman (gentleman mark you) who is accused of being an accomplice of 'Soapy' Smith in the assault upon Frank Reid, resulting in 'Soapy's' death, and probably Reid's death. (Reid has since died.—Ed.) I am in excellent health. It has been a hard pull and a long pull since the panic of '93, but I am on the top of the hill and things look brighter. There is one thing sure, with all the financial pressure and distress I have not done one thing to cheat or swindle anyone. I have no regrets to worry me. I have done the best I could with the light ahead and can look every man squarely in the eye."

GLEN BENEDICT.—A correspondent writing from Camp Merritt, San Francisco, under date of July 25th, to the Roseburg Review says of the unfortunate case: "I am sorry to say that one of our comrades in Co. L, by the name of Benedict, from Eugene, is insane. It seems he had never been away from home much until he came down here, and as a result he became homesick. Also being a 'green horn' among strangers, the boys teased him considerably. But the impression being so strong on his mind, his mental faculties soon became deranged. Nothing has been done so far, except to put him under a special guard who watches him day and night. From what information I can get he will probably be examined in a day or two, and discharged."

Judge Bellinger has appointed three referees in bankruptcy under the new law, Alex. Swees for the Multnomah county district, John Bayne for Marion county and Charles H. Paigo for Clatsop county. None has been appointed for Lane county although she is entitled to one.

Junction City Times: J. B. McFarland has purchased the Pickett residence on the east side of the track. Mr. McFarland came from Eugene and has formed a partnership with A. L. Cook in the blacksmith business.

Dallas Itzimer: L. Lemon, who has lived south of Monmouth for many years, will soon move out near Eugene.