

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally.

To Correspondent.

The WEEKLY GUARD goes to press early Friday mornings. To insure the insertion of correspondence it should reach us not later than Thursday morning.

Correspondence which reaches this office late Thursday and on Friday and Saturday, unless important, will not be published.

Contributors should mail their contributions to reach us Tuesday and Wednesday, and early Thursday.

BRANTON'S PECULIAR STYLE.

Possibly our readers have been surfeited with Branton reading matter, but we desire to call their notice again to the final paragraph of his confession.

"I have given you but a frail glimpse of my conscience-accused corruptness, pain, misery and wretchedness, which incessantly follows the guilty of such crimes."

A plan is soon to be carried into effect to study Arctic currents. About fifty patent casks of a peculiar make have been constructed in San Francisco.

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

In a second letter of a Georgia woman to Harper's Weekly of last week the most serious phase of the race question is touched upon.

"What I wrote of the way white children go to school is only one out of many illustrations that could be given of 'life behind the scenes' on a Georgia plantation today."

Albany Democrat: When the peace congress gets through with its labor, mountainous in appearance, there won't be any more disarmament than now.

Missouri has a law applying to trusts which promises to be somewhat effective. It provides that a corporation organized to control prices cannot collect its bills by legal process.

Mrs Stanford does the sensible thing in not waiting until death to effect a transfer of her vast property to Stanford university.

A correspondent of the Pacific Rural Press notes the fact that when an orchard is planted where oak trees have stood the fruit trees do not thrive.

The Bohemia mining district has been attracting considerable attention of late. Some one writing in the Oregonian concerning that section seems to think that immense wealth will yet be found there.

A hod carrier, earning \$2.00 per day, laying up half his earnings, would be obliged to bend his back beneath his load for the considerable period of five hundred thousand years in order to save the sum that Mr Carnegie received his interest in the Carnegie steel plants.

A law recently enacted in Minnesota prohibits the sale of milk, cheese, butter or any other dairy product to which there has been added any preservative or anti-septic excepting salt.

Late reports from New York, the great hop growing state, are not favorable to growers. Present conditions make it almost certain that the yield for this year will fall considerably below the average.

An Iowa man, after explaining that he only expects to get a crop of fruit from his peach trees once in four or five years, adds that it saves a heap of work in gathering about the building.

The best way to reduce the growing army of office-seekers is to reduce the pay for public work to the same price private establishments pay for similar work.

It is noted as an encouraging feature about the wool situation that dealers are beginning to buy it for purposes of speculation.

It now appears probable that the wheat crop of the United States this year will fall short of that of last year by at least 100,000,000 bushels.

Wheat Market.

LIVERPOOL, June 3.—Cargoes on passage, steadier. Holiday in England. NEW YORK, June 3.—Firm; \$2.15. CHICAGO, June 3.—Firm; 77. SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—Firm; \$1.28.

OF GOLF AND DEATH.

Our pleasant is a links whereon we play few holes of many, as death may decree. We call him Colonel Boggy, 'tis the way of mankind to invent a kinder name.

Some start with the rash confidence of youth. To end in an untimely bunker grave. The colonel is impatient, void of faith. Spurns not the slashing driver in his pride.

IN THE TREE.

The man in the tree was thinking Way off under a sunny sky was a squall hut on a hillside. There were orange trees around the hut and in the distance were long stretches of vineyards.

Now the women were working alone save for the presence of a few half grown youths and crippled old men. And the women did not sing as they worked. They wept sometimes, but more often they looked silently and wondrously off into the west.

But one cannot sit with a cramped leg and dream of distant things for long. So the man in the tree moved and the picture under the sunny sky gave place to another, which was more immediate and more distinct.

Spreading out before him and underneath was a wooded valley with a hill beyond. Down into this valley a hundred yards to the right dipped a trail. Yesterday it had been a mere mule path half closed by underbrush.

At a distance of perhaps half a mile beyond and below him the trail traversed an open space. As he looked at this opening in the screen of green he saw figures crossing it. They stood out sharp and distinct in the bright sunlight.

The man in the tree picked up the slim barreled rifle which had been resting across his belt knees. He raised the sight slide and sighted through it until he could see the steel pick on the end of the barrel outlined against the white flesh of a figure in the sunlighted gap of the trail.

The man in the tree laughed softly and patted the stock of his rifle. Still the men with guns streamed along the trail. Ah! They are running. They will soon begin to run the other way.

But hour after hour passed and the human current did not ebb. Were they hours or only minutes? What was happening up on the hillside? The man in the tree turned to see.

Far up behind him on the crest was a square hut, with a thatched roof. It looked like a dovecot, but it was not. It was a blockhouse. What was taking place there he could only guess.

Then the man in the tree looked into the heart of things and saw his fate. These half naked pigs who fought like devils, they would not be driven back. He was cut off. To the right, to the left, in front, behind—they were there, these men with guns who fired and ran forward, and fired and ran forward again.

The picture of the faraway hut on the hillside, the women and the vineyards came once more, and the man in the tree bowed his head and wept.

It passed. He looked again down the hillside. Not alone on the trail, but in many other places the figures moved now. The man in the tree tightened the strap which passed under his arms and around the tree. He fitted the rifle stock to his shoulder and peered out under the leaves.

Not too busy, however, to note the approach of a little squad of men who stopped and looked up into the trees and now and then fired into the dense foliage of the branches. The man in the tree laid his rifle carefully across his knees and reached into the leaves above him. He brought down a gourd water bottle held it to his ear and shook it. From the pocket of his blue and white cotton blouse he fished out a piece of dry black bread.

cartridge clips still remaining in his hat. "Uno, dos, tres, quatro—Christ!

Only 20 more shots, and then—why then the war would be at an end for the man in the tree. It remained but to die. Think you, good St. Jose, who watches over the vineyard folk at home heard that prayer or did the guns make too much noise?

On came the squad. The leader was tall and fair. He wore a blue shirt with chevrons on the sleeve and a stripe which had once been white down the center of his trousers seam.

At a distance of 100 feet the man in the tree had brought the pick on the end of his rifle down so that its tip just reached the space between the blue eyes of the man on foot. His last shot should be a fancy one.

Two of the squad eyed a tree to the right, but the rest pressed on behind their leader. "At the third step I will fire," decided the man in the tree.

At the second step the officer halted. A thick bush with briars was in his way. He could see over it, and peered curiously into the branches of the tree. "I believe that's where he is," said he.

"No! it was farther to the left," said a man behind him. "That's the one, that tree over there." "Let's try a shot or two anyway," said a second.

"What senseless chatter," thought the man in the tree. "No! it's a waste of lead," said the officer. "Dave was right. It must have been the other one. Come on!" He stepped back from the bush and started toward the left.

As he moved off the man in the tree followed him through the sights. He had moved half a dozen paces before the rifle sputtered. The tall fair man pitched heavily forward.

"He was there, blasted coward!" said one of the squad. The others said nothing. They were shooting. "Why don't he drop—curse him?" muttered a soldier after a score of shots had raked the branches.

For answer they saw a rifle slide down, strike a branch and bound off to the ground. The strap was doing its work.

Two women sat dry eyed, heartbroken and comfortless. One was by a window against which beat the cold rain of October. The skies wept for her. The other stared out over sun kissed vineyards, where the leaves were yellow and brown.

"He will come no more," said the first. "Ay! El no viene mas!" said the other, meaning about the same.—Sewell Ford in Short Stories.

Some Mexican Stupidity. In the "Observations of a Ranchman" are plentiful instances illustrating both the "shiffliness" and stupidity of Mexican servants.

Complying with law and custom, I provided four men to do each a day's work toward cleaning a public ditch for irrigation purposes. At the end of the day a youth presented himself and the bill. The names of but two men were inscribed as having worked, but the sum demanded amounted to the wages of four.

"What is the meaning of this?" I inquired. "If only Luciano and Pedro worked, why do I pay the wages of Matildo and Jesus?"

"Two men worked," was the stolid rejoinder. "Then I won't pay the wages of four."

"But two men did four days' work." "All in one day? That is impossible."

"But, senora, they did!" "That cannot be. I must understand better before I pay two men the wages of four. Go and request the majordomo to look into this affair."

Presently the majordomo appeared. "Senora," said he, "the bill is correct. The men have worked."

"Senor, I repeat, the thing is impossible. Two men cannot in one day do the work of four men."

"Senora, four men worked." "Why, then, did this man tell me that only two worked? And why are not the names of Matildo and Jesus on the bill?"

"He told you that only two worked, because there was no room on the bill for the names of the others."

The majordomo spoke quite impatiently, as if I should have divined that process of reasoning by instinct. I induced him to squeeze in the names of Matildo and Jesus, which he did with a smile, and we parted on the best of terms.

The Great Unknown. It was many years before the "Great Unknown" was identified. At the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marnion," "Lady of the Lake" and finally of a novel called "Waverley," popular curiosity was excited, and the whole of England rang with the fame of the "Great Unknown," as Scott was called.

A PECULIAR BREAK.

A Bullet Fired into a Man's Head Split in Two Pieces.

Albany Herald June 1.

Fire arms and bullets often cut queer dices when they are brought into play. This is forcibly illustrated by the bullet which entered Charles Farrell's head.

The bullet split in two parts, and only one part has been found. It had entered the back of Farrell's head and emerged over the eye. The front or oval part of the bullet is perfect, but it is split just outside of where it fastened in the shell, and about one-third of the bullet is gone.

The part which was found was in the back part of the saloon, where it had rebounded after striking the door. It has a splinter on the flat side and a piece of bone is imbedded under the splinter.

Where the other part of the bullet is and what split the bullet is causing considerable argument. If the bullet split inside of his head the two pieces could not have come out at the one hole, and the theory is advanced that the natural course of that part would be towards the inside of the head.

The bullet either split before it struck Farrell, or it split in his head, and as it went directly from the gun to Farrell's head it seems hardly possible that it could have split before striking him.

TRAVEL PAY SCHEDULE.

General Otis is instructed as to Amounts Men should Receive.

WASHINGTON, June 1.—Secretary Alger has caused the quartermaster-general to make a careful compilation of mileage the Philippine volunteers from each state would be entitled to, should they be mustered out at San Francisco. This information was embodied in a message which was cabled to General Otis.

Each regiment is to determine by vote whether they shall muster out in San Francisco or in the home state.

In the Pen for Life.

Henry Brown, received June, 1888, Lake county. H M Bailey, September 8, 1892, Malheur.

J A Baily, September 8, 1892, Malheur. Wm Beckman, March 30, 1895, Douglas.

Wm Barre, October 23, 1896, Grant. E R Carver, December 12, 1892, Union.

John Camp, September 25, 1894, Clatsop. John Campbell, October 29, 1896, Crook.

C C Cunningham, February 4, 1899, Union. Wm Fay, May 20, 1896, Grant.

Lee Git, December 12, 1895, Wasco. Wong Gee, October 25, 1898, Union.

Courtland Green, November 10, 1898, Lane. W A Henderson, May 8, 1893, Clackamas.

Mrs Emma G Hanna, Nov. 30, 1895, Linn. Martin Hill, December, 17, 1895, rape Baker.

Frank Ingram, March 22, 1892, Linn. Jos Kelley (Bunce) February 12, 1895, Multnomah.

Theo. C Luebeck, March 21, 1896, Multnomah. George Morey, June 22, 1894, Multnomah.

John McMahan, May 20, 1897, Grant. J M Obermar, April 29, 1899, Douglas.

J N Russell, October 21, 1897, Coos. Frank L Smith, May 30, 1899, Jackson.

A R Stoughton, April 15, 1892, Columbia. Chas Sigel, September 4, 1893, Josephine.

Alonso Swartz, June 22, 1897, Marion. J R Todd, November 15, 1883, mail robber; United States court.

George Upton, May 16, 1898, Columbia. H Wintzengerode, April 4, 1881, Washington.

James Weaver, November 15, 1898, Harney. All being for murder except where stated.

MAGERS IS SENTENCED.

Judge Burnett Fixes July 21 For the Execution.

Dallas, Or, June 2.—Judge Burnett today overruled the motion for a new trial for W G Magers, convicted of the murder of Ray Sink, and sentenced Magers to be hanged July 21.

Magers' attorneys were granted 10 days to file a bill of exceptions. They will appeal the case to the supreme court.

WESTON NORMAL SCHOOL.

D V S Reid, Formerly of Eugene, Re-elected President.

Pendleton, Or, June 1.—Last evening the regents of the Eastern Oregon state normal school at Weston returned from that town to Pendleton.

The result of their election of a faculty is that President Reid was retained, and every other member of the faculty was dismissed.

The board had struggled with the election for two whole days, having been in session here the previous day, and having been unable to come to any agreement. The outcome was a victory for the supporters of President Reid, and defeat for the other instructors, who apparently had joined in the opposition to the president.

The resolution adopted gives the president powers so large that he will be able to maintain any sort of a regime he may choose. The instructors deposited are Professor Correl, Professor Lewis and Miss Wells.

Real Estate Transactions.

A E Butte to James L Hunter 100 acres in T 29 S R 3 W, \$175. James L Hunter to Nellie Hunter, 100 acres in T 29 S R 3 W, \$80.

N P Christian and wife to R E Walker, lots 1 and 2, block 1, in N P Christian's addition to Cottage Grove, \$25.

Joshua Taylor and wife to William Taylor, 50 acres in T P 18 S R 1 W, \$300.

Franklin B Decker and wife to The Booth Kelly Lumber Company, 120 acres in T 16 S R 1 E, \$500.

U S to Franklin B Decker, 100 acres in T 16 S R 1 E, patent. J T Kelly to the Booth Kelly Lumber Company, 320 acres in T 16 S R 1 E, \$900.

F M Hambrick et ux, to George F Sutherland, 40 acres in tp 22 s r 3 w, \$400.

J H Pratt to Calista T Pratt, interest in land in tp 18 s r 11 w, \$1,000. J D Craig and wife to Mrs Hattie S Wheeler, all of block numbered 55, \$300.

N A W Howe and wife to W A Burton, 3.38 acres of land in tp 19 s r 4 w \$100. Bond for d. d.

Cottage Grove Will Celebrate.

Cottage Grove, Or, June 2.—Cottage Grove will celebrate July 4. This was decided at a mass meeting held last night.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17

SUIT FOR DIVORCE.—Ruth E Hines has instituted a suit for divorce in the Lane county circuit court against W F Hines, her husband. The couple were married in Illinois in 1880. The issue of said marriage is three daughters and two sons, ranging from 6 to 15 years. Desertion in the year 1894 is charged.

OFFICERS ELECTED.—Helmet lodge No 33, K of P of this city elected officers last night as follows: C A Wintermeier, C C; F C Fish, V C; D F Hall, Prelate; Dr W L Cheshire, M W; Geo A Barger, M A; A C Woodcock, I G; I T Nicklin, O G.

ROCK CRUSHER.—Cottage Grove Leader: "The county rock crusher was unloaded at the depot, Saturday. It weighs over 12 tons and is calculated to crush from 10 to 15 of rock per hour. There is room on our roads for several tons of the rock."

DREPP.—Cottage Grove Leader: Mr Geo Lea is drilling a well at Saguaw, and is down over 80 feet, but has not yet struck water. He says the formation at that place is unusually hard.

Jacksonville Item in Ashland Tidings: Henry Ankeny of the Sterling mine, who has been in California inspecting certain mining propositions in the interest of others and that of his own company, and studying the general mining prospects of the state, went north on Monday's train to Eugene. From there he will go to Portland thence to Idaho for the purpose of studying the mineral interests of Baker county and other localities.

Portland Telegram: The recruiting office here finds it difficult to get good men. There are many applicants, but many of them fail to pass the physical examination, which is a strict one. Out of 57 applicants at the Portland office during May, only 12 were accepted. Out of 48 applicants at Seattle, 27 were rejected. The men nearly all want to go to Manila.

Junction City Times: Claude B. Cannon, of Roseburg, has received the appointment of deputy collector of customs for Alaska. The appointment was doubtless bestowed, but at the rate Douglas county is being recognized there will not be a sufficient number of republicans left to form a central committee.

ELKS' HALL.—L N Roney has a force of men working on the Eugene Elks' new lodge room. It will be a handsome one when completed.