

EUGENE'S ROYAL WELCOME

Will Breakfast the Editors on the Summit of Skinner's Butte.

A SPLENDID IDEA

Eugene Proposes to Give the Quill Drivers a Unique Reception.

EVERYBODY SHOULD ASSIST.

Daily Guard, June 30
Pursuant to the call published in the GUARD a goodly number of enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen met at the courthouse last evening to formulate plans for receiving the delegates and members of the National Editorial Convention, which is to visit our city on Tuesday, July 11th.
On motion of F. M. Wilkins, Mayor T. W. Harris was elected chairman of the meeting. The mayor thanked the audience for the honor conferred. He stated that Oregon as a state was now over 40 years old, and for her size, with probably one exception, considering area, contained the smallest number of inhabitants. He was sorry that such a condition existed, and especially when she had such varied resources that were destined to yet make her a great state in the sisterhood. "We are here to make arrangements to receive a body of thinkers that only visit a state once in a lifetime. They can do us much good. They must be received in a fitting manner by our rustling little city. The people, as a body, should take this matter in hand and work hard for the success of their visit, and also explain to these bright men our resources. They should receive a welcome from our people which is characteristic. Let every citizen do his duty on this occasion. It is one that will not be repeated soon. It is our golden opportunity."
Dr. Harris then called for the election of a secretary, and Wm. C. Moran was elected to the position unanimously. The mayor then called on F. M. Wil-

FIGHT ON PALM SUNDAY

Mrs. Conner Tells of a Battle in the Philippines.

THE WARSHIPS IN MANILA BAY.

An Innocent Looking Craft That Fiercely Made the Earth Tremble. The Monadnock Bombarding Las Pinas—Scenes in the Hospitals. Bravery of American Soldiers.

MANILA, March 27.—It was Palm Sunday, March 26, at Manila. In the States the churches were decorated with palm branches, emblems of peace and good will. In Manila we thought of home and of the white-robed children skipping merrily through the streets, followed at a more sedate gait by grown people on their way from church, and all children and grown people alike, carrying or wearing sprigs and bits of the sacred branch that commemorates the entry into Jerusalem.
There was not much of this in Manila, however. Very few Spaniards are left in the old town, and American soldiers care little for Palm Sunday. The quiet Filipino natives indeed look about in their holiday best, queer little chewed



ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

up locking Malays with gray black heads. The men are clad in spotless white shirts and trousers, the shirt being in every case open at the throat. The women wear bright red jackets and loose, light-colored sarongs.
We have been fond of writing home to our friends that so far as actual fighting and danger go there is no more sign of war in Manila than in Oregon. Soldiers abound, but otherwise Manila is as safe and sleepy as a roadside country village. There is and has been ever since the 4th of February constant skirmishing, occasionally fighting more serious, out along the lines. But that is seven miles away.
On Palm Sunday morning we had, however, a grim reminder that usual that war was not far away. The day before a decided advance had been made by the Americans against the Filipinos at Malabon. Hidden behind their bamboo jungle and protected by their trenchments, the "Malay niggers" had killed some 30 of our men and wounded 200. We saw some of them at the hospital where nurse and doctor were dressing their wounds. Two of them belonged to the Fourth United States Cavalry. One of them had been struck in the cheek by a fragment of bullet, only half an inch below his eye, yet the eye had been spared clear and unharmed.
"You'll be all right in a day or two," said the surgeon. "You won't need to come to me again."
"Seven of my company were wounded in 20 minutes," said the young fellow. "Our first sergeant is dead by this time. I'm going back to the front tomorrow."
The other Fourth Cavalryman was a freshman, with a merry twinkle in his blue eye. It was an odd sort of wound he had. A Mauser bullet had plowed straight through the soft flesh under his chin, going in one side and out the other, making a smooth tunnel.
"And it could have killed three men after it went through me, if they had been in the line of it," he told us. He described the part of the battle that he saw.
"We dismounted and left our horses behind us when we went against the Filipinos in the bamboo thicket. It's so close a dog couldn't crawl through where we had to advance. The rebels hide in this brush, and you never can tell where they are or when they are going to fire on you. We didn't know there was one in a mile of us, when, ping! we got it in our faces. I had this hole bored through my chin quicker than you could think, and that wasn't enough, but a little brute of a Filipino horse kicked me in the face and gave me a black eye. I'll be even with 'em yet."
The surgeon examined his wound. It was doing well. The chief danger in his case appeared to be lest he should disfigure himself by dropping his food upon the spotless bandaging that covered his chin. The doctor cautioned him daily on this point and dismissed him.
"I'll be back at 'em the last of this week," were the parting words of the Irishman.
But there were others who would never be "back at them." Some of the bravest men and officers had died of their wounds on the way to hospital. In one corner apart surgeon and nurse confer in low tones over a man who has received a gunshot wound below the knee. The worst symptoms have supervened, and the poor lad's leg must be amputated below the knee to save his life. His fighting days are over.
Our house is situated on the edge of the bay in the Ermita district, on the side of Manila opposite where the fighting is. Particular quiet seemed to reign on the morning of Palm Sunday.

HE STAKED HIS LIFE.

"WILDCAT" SMITH'S THRILLING GAME OF SEVEN UP.

The Doughty Pioneer Beat His Comanche Captain, Big Laugh, at the Game and Then Risked His Life Again to Save a White Girl Captive.

"Wildcat" Smith is just about the last living one of that famous band of pioneers who drove the Indians to the mountains, killed the panthers and bears, and blazed the tracks through the trackless wilderness. He does not look like a lawyer, but he has, nevertheless, sat upon a camp stool and decided cases of the greatest importance. He does not bear any very marked resemblance to a general, but he has commanded a considerable force in battle, and while military critics might have complained that he was deficient in strategic ability, none ever charged him with lack of valor. Few people would discover in his face or manner any of those traits that distinguish a duelist, but he has demonstrated that he possesses them all in an eminent degree by ordering "pistols and coffee for two" more than once. Upon one occasion he had the audacity to invite General Houston, who was at that period president of the republic, to "come out and exchange shots" with him. He says that the old warrior "floored" him by coolly making a note on a slip of paper and putting it in his desk. In answer to the enraged challenger's inquiry the general simply said, "Mr. Smith, you are the forthright. When I have killed these other 30 scoundrels who have challenged me, I will accommodate you. Be patient, sir."
Smith came to Texas in 1836 and served in the Texas army through all the long wars with Mexico. He was also a soldier in the great civil war, and when that ended he enlisted to fight Indians and remained on the border until there were no more Comanches to shoot. He has been a man of war from his youth up, and in his old age he carries a soldier's musket with a fixed bayonet, and continues to make war on all kinds of game and "varmints." He wanted to go to Cuba, and when the boys insisted that he was too old and feeble he threw off his coat and challenged the whole company to fight him.
Upon one occasion Smith was captured by a roving band of Comanches, many of whom were well known to him. They frankly told him that they intended to make him run the gantlet and burn him at the stake when they reached their village on Devil river. The captive had a flask of whisky, which the chief took away from him. After taking several drinks the old warrior asked Smith if he could play seven up. Smith proudly boasted that he could beat any man living playing that particular game. This answer appeared to put the Indian on his mettle, and he at once proposed that they should halt by the side of the warpath and play for the highest stakes that mortal man ever waged on a game of chance—life.
Smith eagerly agreed to the proposal, and they sat down under a tree and dealt the cards on a blanket. The other warriors dismounted and anxiously watched the game. The chief's name was Big Laugh, so called on account of a natural grin that marked his features. After a short time they stood 6 to 6, and it was Smith's deal. He ran the cards off and turned a jack from the bottom. Smith had won his liberty, and Big Laugh told him he might go, but the Texan had something else in view. He might easily have walked away, but he determined upon another act which marks him as a generous soul possessed of the highest courage. There was a young white girl tied on one of the ponies, who was weeping in the most piteous agony.
Smith coolly proposed to play another game, staking his life against the liberty of this young girl. Big Laugh was evidently pleased with the white man's courage, and after taking another drink he began to shuffle the cards. The young girl was cut loose from the pony and made to stand on the blanket, while the things for binding Smith, in case he lost, were thrown at her feet. Again they played a close game, and at the end of a short time stood 6 and 6, but it was Big Laugh's deal. With what awful interest that poor girl must have watched the turning of that trump! The Indian slowly dealt the cards, and, peeping at the trumps, a hideous grin spread all over his face.
"I was sure that all was lost and was just in the act of springing at his throat," says Smith. "when he turned the queen of hearts for a trump. He could not give me, of course, and I held both the ace and deuce of hearts."
Big Laugh was by this time hilariously drunk and in a most excellent good humor. He not only kept his word and gave Smith and the young girl their liberty, but he furnished them two ponies and allowed Smith to take his gun. The liberated captives reached the settlement in safety, where Smith's strange story would never have been credited had not the young girl borne witness that it was true. She is still living on a fine plantation on the Brazos and is the widow of no less a personage than Colonel Sam Jones, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.
"Wildcat" Smith lives in a little cabin in the woods and devotes his whole time to hunting bear and deer and sometimes smaller game.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The testimony of Americans who have been here in business several months is universally in favor of the country. The longer they remain the better they like it. White babies born here certainly thrive admirably the first four or five years of their lives. I have this on the authority of Mr. P. K. A. Meerkamp Van Embelen, Dutch consul in Manila many years. Three of his children were born here. I have been told that the Spaniards who first settled here set afloat and persistently kept up the story of the unhealthfulness of the Philippines in order to keep other white races out. Maybe it's true.
One of the oddest results of the Filipino insurrection has been the establishment of a real friendship between the Americans and the Spanish here. Before the outbreak the Spaniards hated

the Americans. A senora passing our soldiers would draw aside her skirts in that peculiar way that seems to delight the feminine soul when it would fain express scorn. After the outbreak all was changed. "The Spanish couldn't do enough for us then," an American soldier told me. American and Spaniard were drawn together by having a mutual enemy, a bond stronger than that cemented by the possession of a mutual friend.
A dark-eyed, intelligent Spanish woman at the head of a photograph gallery here informed me emphatically that she liked Americans.
"The senora Americana is the equal of the Spanish senora," said she, pointing first to me and then slipping her own chest, "but the Filipino—now—"
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DARING SOLDIERS

The Oregonians Acted Bravely Under Fire.

SOMEWHAT UNFORTUNATE.

The Freedom of Manila, just received contains the following about the Oregonians as soldiers:
The Oregonians have been in many ways a particularly unfortunate regiment. Arriving here with the first expedition they were denied the privilege of living in the great military camps of Tauro. They took no part in the fighting in the trenches, they played an unimportant part in the storming of Manila. When the Philippine trouble broke out, and they were ordered to stay in the walled city, their cup of bitterness seemed full. But since their late call out they have more than retrieved their lost opportunities. They have covered themselves with a glory that shall never fade. The following little incident will show of what stuff the regiment is made. During Wheaton's celebrated dash, the Oregonians were a part of the flying brigade. The troops were trying to capture the rich little town of Pateros, "Duck town," which is situated on a bend of the Pasig, near the fork. The town is almost encircled by the stream, which is some fifty yards wide, and from twelve to sixteen feet deep, stretching from the bank up the river is a rice field about two hundred yards wide, from which rises a steep declivity of a few hundred feet in height. From the brief description one can easily see the strength of the little town as a strategic point for the enemy.
Pateros had successfully resisted three attempts at its capture. The brigade was stationed on the military crest of the above mentioned hill; to capture the place it was necessary to cross the rice field with no protection from the enemy's heavy fire who were strongly entrenched, and then cross the river. The Oregonians were the vanguard of the attack. Crossing the rice field under great difficulties, they were compelled to halt at the river, and to hold their position under the raking fire of the insurgents, as no boats could be found. Finally an old raft and some canoes were discovered, and Colonel Summers called for volunteers to swim the river under the fire of the enemy and fasten a cable to the opposite shore. Many more than enough responded. From among them were selected two men, who, after attaching a string to the end of the cable, plunged in, reached the opposite shore amid a hail of bullets, fastened the cable and constructed an impromptu pontoon bridge, over which the troops successfully crossed, completely routing the enemy.
Judging from their conduct since they have begun to fight, this is the material of which the Oregonians are made.

SMALLPOX SCARE

The Disease in a Dozen Towns in Washington.

Spokane, June 30.—A smallpox scare exists in a dozen towns in Eastern Washington. Almira, Lincoln county, is quarantined. Colfax has a well-developed case. A new patient has been reported in Spokane, and Walla Walla has a sick man in her pest house. At Almira there are seven well-developed cases, the whole town having been exposed, because the school teacher who first was stricken, did not know the nature of his malady and continued to teach for several days. Another case was discovered at Marshall, this county. Five men who occupied a box car with a smallpox patient have gone to Waverly, where hundreds of laborers are working in a beet sugar factory. It is feared that the epidemic will spread there. Public meetings in farming communities have been prohibited, while vaccination is the prevailing fad.

DEATH OF MRS. BILYEU.

Friday's Albany Democrat: Mrs. Joseph Bilyeu died at Turner on Wednesday, June 29, at the age of 74 years. She was a pioneer resident of Linn county, and had always been known for her sterling worth as a wife, mother and citizen. She was the mother of Hon. W. R. Bilyeu of this city, and Hon. L. Bilyeu of Eugene, besides five other children. The funeral was conducted by the Christian church of which the deceased had been a member since childhood, and the remains were buried near Shilburn in this county. Mr. Bilyeu has the sympathy of his many friends in Eugene.

DIED.

Miss Maude Martin, daughter of T. O. and Maggie Martin, of consumption, near Creswell, June 30, 1899, aged about 17 years. The funeral will take place at the Howe cemetery, July 2, at 1:30 p. m.

CIRCUIT COURT

Daily Guard, June 30
8 J. D. Matlock vs Smith & McIntire; motion. Continued.
32 Euphany Condray vs Andrew P. Condray; divorce. Divorce granted.
35 Ida Criss vs City of Eugene; review. Argued and submitted. Petition dismissed with cost to defendant.
37 Frank Osburn vs Charles Erickson, Andrew M. Erickson, G. W. Roberts, Otto V. Roberts and Oren E. Roberts, James York Lane county, Robert M. Day and W. A. Cox; foreclosure. Default to all defendants except Otto N. Roberts and O. E. Roberts. Continued.
42 E. C. Smith vs Charles Beadle; to recover money. Dismissed.
46 M. M. Davis executor vs P. F. Castleman et al; to recover money. Judgment for \$1574.40, and attorney fee of \$125.
47 Louise W. Beebe vs J. H. Day, J. M. Nichols and C. E. Nichols; foreclosure. Dismissed.
48 Robert McMurry vs A. F. Johnson and Angeline Johnson, his wife; to make deed. Continued.
50 Flora E. Kanoff vs W. H. Karoff; divorce. Default. Divorce granted.
51 Lillian Smith vs Geo. F. Smith; divorce. Default; referred to C. A. Wintermeier to take testimony. Divorce granted.
53 J. C. Goodale vs A. Wheeler, Lumber League, a corporation, O. A. Wheeler trustee, T. C. Wheeler, A. C. Wheeler, and Mary B. Wheeler; to set aside deed, etc. Referred to Mrs. Emma Thompson to take testimony and report at next term.
67 Sadie Sloan vs C. E. Sloan; divorce. Default. Divorce granted.
74 E. O. Potter, W. T. Bailey and H. D. Edwards, being the county commissioners of the county court of Lane county, Oregon, plaintiffs vs the Eugene Real Estate Co., a corporation organized and doing business under the laws of the State of Oregon, defendants. Demurrer filed to defendant overruled and defendant given 20 days in which to file answer and plaintiff five days to reply. Referred to E. B. Lonsbury.
Court adjourned for the term at 11 o'clock.
WILL FINISH SOON.—The U. S. snag boat expects to complete work on the upper river about July 5th, when it will go north.
FARMERS—Call and see that French Canadian stallion at Bangs' stables. It will pay you to get good serviceable stock.

OFFICERS NAMED

By Grand Cabin of Native Daughters of Oregon.

The Native Daughters of Oregon Wednesday elected officers of the grand cabin as follows:
Grand past president, Mrs. David Steel, of Portland; grand president, Mrs. Robert Miller of Oregon City; first grand vice-president, Mrs. Olivia Welch, of Astoria; grand treasurer, Mrs. James White of Portland; grand secretary, Mrs. Edyth Weathered of Portland; grand marshal, Mrs. J. C. Leasure of Portland; grand inside sentinel, Mrs. Marie Fouque of Hillsboro; grand outside sentinel, Miss Edyth Driscoll of Junction City; grand orator, Mrs. Olive S. England of Salem.
The trustees of the grand cabin are as follows: Mrs. Sol Blumauer, Mrs. Ella Lehigh and Mrs. Maude Pope Alyn, of Portland; Miss Ollie Slater, of La Grande; Mrs. C. E. Wolverton, of Salem, and Mrs. Edyth B. Linton, of Eugene. A gavel, made from the steamer Beaver, the first steamer that ever sailed on the waters of the Pacific ocean, was used by the president. She arrived at the Columbia river on March 19, 1836, and at Vancouver, Washington, April 19, 1836. She was wrecked at Beard's Inlet, B. C., in July, 1888.
INSANE.—Theodore Becking was examined last evening before Judge Potter and Medical Examiners D. S. L. W. Brown and W. Kuykendall, on a charge of insanity, and was ordered committed. The man came from near Coitsa Grove. He is quite violent at times and threatens to kill different persons. At one time yesterday it took four men to control him, although he was handcuffed and shackled. He was taken to the asylum this forenoon by Sheriff Withers and guard, Wm. Andrews.
CAN'T TOUCH IT.—Attorney General Blackburn has given it as his opinion that the Soldiers Home board at Roseburg cannot take the pension money of the inmates, or any part of it, as the rule of the board is a direct violation of section 4745 of the revised statutes of the United States.