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AUGUST 22, 1895.

The Chain Complete.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 17.—The trial of the Durrant case was resumed this morning.

Out of 125 venire men summoned only twenty-two appeared, and out of this number no new jurors were obtained.

Although he occupied a seat on the bench, Judge Murphy is still sick with la grippe.

After the noon recess the case will be adjourned until Monday.

A local paper says: "The last link in the chain of evidence against Theodore Durrant has been discovered."

A woman who lives across the street from Emmanuel Church has reported to the police that she saw Durrant and Blanche Lamont enter the church at ten minutes past 4 on April 30—the day of Miss Lamont's disappearance.

The woman's name is Mrs. Leake, and she lives at 124 Bartlett street. She is 70 years old, and has been a member of the church several years.

She knew both Durrant and Miss Lamont intimately, and therefore cannot be mistaken with regard to the identity of either. She says she has remained silent since the discovery of the bodies of the two girls because she did not wish to undergo the annoyance of being a witness, and did not consent to divulge her information to the police until she became convinced that it was a duty she owed to the state.

April 31 Mrs. Leake sat at the window of her residence nearly all the afternoon looking for her daughter, whom she expected from San Mateo.

At 4 o'clock she saw a couple up the street, one of whom she recognized as Durrant, but at first she was puzzled over the identity of the girl.

She first thought the young lady was Lucille Turner, but as the couple came nearer Mrs. Leake recognized the girl as Blanche Lamont.

Miss Lamont wore a school girl's short dress and carried a package of school books. The dress and the school books were afterward found secreted in the church.

When the couple reached the church gate they stopped for a moment, Durrant opened the gate and they passed through. Mrs. Leake from her point of observation was watching them and when the girl stepped through the gate she said to herself: "What an imprudent thing for her to do."

"Mrs. Leake knew nothing detrimental to Durrant. She had always considered him such an exemplary young man, but notwithstanding that fact, she thought it exceedingly imprudent for the girl to go into the church with him alone. She feared someone might have seen them and make unpleasant remarks. She imagined they had errand in the church, and expected in a few minutes they would come out. She watched carefully, but the gate did not open. There is only one entrance to Emmanuel Church during the week, and that is by the side gate and rear door. Mrs. Leake knew the young couple would have to pass through the gate, and she wanted to see them on the street again before she left the window. She wrote a long time, but household duties finally called her to another part of the flat, and she was obliged to give up the vigil."

The police are very indignant that her story has been published before Mrs. Leake was called as a witness.

When Durrant read this new evidence in the paper this morning in court he turned ghastly pale and seemed greatly depressed at additional testimony of such importance against him.

Mrs. Leake's testimony completes the chain of evidence against Durrant. Three school girls saw Durrant and Blanche riding on a Powell street car at 3:30 on the day that Miss Lamont disappeared. Attorney Quinlan saw the couple a few blocks from the church a few minutes before 4 o'clock. Now comes Mrs. Leake, who says she saw Durrant and Miss Lamont enter the church a few minutes later.

George King, the organist, has already testified that he entered the church about 5 o'clock and saw Durrant coming down from the attic. Durrant's hair was disheveled, his face was red, he was panting for breath and was in a state of utter physical and nervous collapse. In answer to inquiries he explained that he had been engaged in repairing electric wires in the organ loft and had been overcome by gas. An expert electrician afterward examined the wires and testified that no repairs of the nature Durrant claimed to have made had been made within six months.

Insult to Injury.

New York, Aug. 16.—Advice from Barbadoes, under date of July 29, state that breaches of international law, like filibustering expeditions, seem to be on the increase in the Caribbean sea. The latest as well as the one most likely to attract considerable attention is the firing upon a British schooner in British waters by a Venezuelan gunboat.

The schooner Ellen, which is owned and sailed by Captain Truxillo, a Britisher, and registered at Trinidad, passed under the muzzle of a Venezuelan gunboat, and though the captain sent the English flag to his gunner's head the Venezuelans simply ignored it and continued their firing, injuring the sails of the British vessel in several places, and declined to cease firing until the British vessel had been hoisted to and allowed the Venezuelan cruiser to come alongside.

Captain Truxillo reported as above to the harbor-master at Port au Spain. He was asked to make a sworn declaration of the facts as stated, which he immediately did. The captain explains that he was on a voyage out from Trinidad to the Venezuelan port of Maitrin, and when within two miles of Trinidad a Venezuelan coastguard cruiser fired a shot at his vessel. The British ensign was sent up on the mizenmasthead, but no notice was taken of it. He kept the vessel on its course, believing it would be all right, when the Venezuelan sent a shot through the schooner's sails. The passengers and crew threw themselves upon the deck to escape the shot which was raking the vessel. He was compelled to leave to and the Venezuelan came alongside. Captain Truxillo, passengers and crew were forced to enter a small boat, and were kept there for nearly four hours, when they were released. In the meantime the Venezuelans had searched the ship, but finding nothing to take in her, she was allowed to continue the voyage.

The Trinidad government has reported the matter to the colonial office at London, and the outcome is anxiously awaited.

Nearing the End.

ENH, O. T., Aug. 16.—Zip Wyatt, the famous Oklahoma outlaw who was shot through the body by United States marshals in the battle which ended in his capture, lies in jail here with no hope of his recovery. For the last two days Wyatt's mind has seemed to leave him at intervals, when, in a half-dreamy way, he imagines himself on the road again holding up trains and going through the many lawless scenes of his life. He seems to think himself in command of train robbers and giving orders to the boys in a stern manner, cursing them when they do not obey orders. At one time he yelled out: "That's the way to do it, boys; make every last one of them cough up. We will make more money out of this train robbery than we could make swiping horses all summer. Cough up, here, old fellow—how much have you got?" etc.

Zip is sinking fast; not eating anything worth speaking of, and it will not be long until the noted bandit will be compelled to succumb to the inevitable.

Created a Sensation.

New York, Aug. 16.—A special to the Herald from Richfield Springs, New York, says: "At the first grand ball of this season in the Arlington hotel, Miss Abigail Spates, the daughter of a wealthy farmer of East Springfield township, had an experience which practically illustrates the hygienic crisis. The wealth and fashion of half a dozen great cities were represented at this ball, but matrons and debutantes were all eclipsed by the magnificent appearance of Miss Spates, who was not known to the committee, consisting of the leaders of society. As the music fell into a minor key and the strains of 'An Clair de la Lune' echoed plaintively down the ball, the unknown utterer a piercing shriek and fell full length on the ballroom floor. In an instant all was confusion and her apparently lifeless body was borne away. Dr. Bor was called and diagnosed the case as cataplexy. Inquiry, however, developed the fact that the girl was the victim of hypnotic suggestion; that she had never been to a ball before, and actually had never walked before in her life. She was introduced to Storr Kellen, her escort, by a young man whose name is not given because criminal proceedings are to be instituted against him. He hypnotized the girl early in the evening, drove her to the hotel in a closed carriage, and borrowed the fiery in which she was dressed.

COMMUNICATED.

CANTONVILLE, Aug. 14, 1895. EDITOR PLAINDEALER: Recent events have shown me that the requisite qualifications for the editor of a "great newspaper" are a total lack of principle, with the ability to lie and calumniate his neighbor without the slightest case.

This conviction is forced upon me by the action of your correspondent in the addition of an extra syllable in admissible when speaking of him in publishing a series of bare-faced falsehoods concerning the mutilation of some horses on Elk creek.

The article referred to states that I recently visited Elk creek and on my return reported that several horses belonging to the Poole brothers and one of my own had been badly cut with a knife or other sharp instrument, and insinuating it was done by some relative or friend of the Poles in the houses of creating sympathy for them.

Now I openly denounce the article as a base, false and calumnious lie. It is true the horses were mutilated by some person who richly deserves hanging for it, but at the time of the occurrence all of the Poole family were in Middle attending the preliminary examination of Albert and James, with the exception of the old gentleman, who was sick at his ranch over 20 miles from where the horses were running, while I have not been on Elk creek or within 15 miles of it for over 12 months. When my attention was first called to the article in the Review, I was incensed at the unjust aspersions cast on my character, but thinking the article had been written by some person not conversant with the facts or possibly by an unscrupulous enemy, though I am not aware of having any, I wrote a plain statement of facts to the editor contradicting the statements contained in his previous article, but that honorable individual after having published a base and unfounded lie had not the manhood to admit he was wrong or offer any apology for his unwarrantable act and in consequence I can arrive at no other conclusion save that he himself is a contemptible liar and a calumniator. In conclusion I will merely state that I have resided in this section for over 10 years and during the entire time have never been accused, or so far as I know suspected of a dishonorable action. My wife is a sister of the Poole boys but neither her or myself have ever had any connection whatever in their country with the cattle man of this section, though I believe they have been more signally than sinning and are not responsible for one-half of the crimes imputed to them, and how it would be possible to create sympathy for them by belyering my horses is something I am unable to understand.

By publishing the above, you perform an act of justice beyond the capability of the "greatest country newspaper."

JOHN SCOTT.

Two Portland doctors, Horatio E. Holmes and Robert K. Ausplund, had a little altercation in the Dekun building in that city yesterday. They both carried pipes, and both doctors are filled full of lead as a natural consequence. Both were seriously wounded and Ausplund may not recover.

WHEN SHE GOES BY.

When she goes by with head erect, A sprightly blossom fair and sweet, I wonder if she can't suspect How heads are turned along the street, Or how I try to catch her eye, And win a smile when she goes by.

When she goes by with wind tossed curls, And cheeks where winter roses blow, She quite eclipses all the girls. It's been my happiness to know, Oh, how those fairy feet do fly, No loitering, when she goes by.

When she goes by, gay, debonair, With graceful swaying figure, though To follow her I do not dare, My heart is taken into tow, And I can only long and sigh, And rail at fate when she goes by. —Detroit Free Press.

IRISH MUD CABINS.

How the Dirty Dwelling Places Are Constructed and Furnished.

The mud cabin in Ireland consists of two rooms and possibly a small semicircular outbuilding which is used as a storeroom for perishable articles. There is not a plank in the walls or thatched eave or narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose. The doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools standing for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the pattering of the children's bare feet or from the animals which have free access to the house. At night there is a goodly company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds or berths, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex. From 9 to 12 is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the calligh, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose unscrupulously from the live stock of the farm and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds besides the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed space respectively, and jealously resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.

Astonishing as it may appear, there are hardly any disagreeable odors. The overpowering smell of the peat smoke evidently acts as a complete disinfectant, and fortunately it is innocuous to the inhabitants of the hovel. Equally astonishing is the fact that the whole community is in comparative harmony, and even the babies rarely cry. There is plenty of occupation for all the family who are able and willing to work, the mother doing little else but nurse the youngest infant. —Cornhill Magazine.

Met by Chance.

An amusing story is told of Robert Franz, the famous German song writer, and another equally celebrated composer. The incident occurred soon after the publication of Franz's famous "Open Letter to Edward Hanstlick," in which he made severe criticism upon some musical work of the composer, Johannes Brahms.

Franz had occasion at that time to take a five or six hours' trip by rail. In the compartment with him was a little man with whom he fell into conversation. The fellow travelers found each other delightful and while the hours away in agreeable talk, which did not turn upon music.

When the train reached Franz's destination, he took out his card case, saying to his companion: "You have made me pass a most delightful afternoon. Allow me to give you my card."

The stranger seemed highly gratified and offered Franz his card in return. Each looked at the bit of pasteboard he had received in amazement. The stranger's eyes opened wide at reading the name of his musical critic. "Dr. Robert Franz," while Franz himself was equally astounded at reading on the card in his hand, "Johannes Brahms."

There was no time for mutual explanations, but each of the musicians had discovered that, however their ideas might differ from a musical standpoint, they were at least admirable traveling companions and had found much to enjoy in each other. —Youth's Companion.

Max O'Rell as a "Sluggard."

Max O'Rell tells many stories about other people. Here is one that in Montreal he told about himself. When lecturing in an Australian bush town, he waxed eloquent on the athletic feats of Britons. "After each assertion came a deep toned 'It's a lie' from a drunken auditor. The interruptions became unbearable. 'Give me a stop of five minutes,' said Max to his audience. Off went his coat, down jumped the lecturer, and in a moment he had collected the interrupter and bundled him out. 'If I had known you meant to do that,' said the manager, 'I'd have charged double prices.' And he could easily have got them.

Pope's Favorite.

Pope deemed the "Essay on Man" his most polished production, but was so fond of revising his poetry that the printed copy contained almost one marginal note for every line. If his wishes had been fully carried out, the second edition would have had so many changes as to be practically a new work.

Poets and Poems.

"I begin to feel like my poems," sighed the poet to the cruel lady who had said nay to his gentle appeal. "In what respect, pray?" "I have been rejected so often." —Detroit Free Press.

The Alleghany river was called by the Delaware Indians the Welkhaune.

"Fair water." Several other names were given to this stream by the early explorers.

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Advertisement for A Square Deal, featuring a scale and text about customer satisfaction.

Advertisement for Alexander & Strong, The Popular Home Furnishers, featuring a list of furniture and services.

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Advertisement for Central Hotel, featuring a list of services and contact information.

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Advertisement for J. Bitzer, Poultry, Fish and Game, in Season.

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Advertisement for Wylie Pilkington, General Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing.

Advertisement for Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary, featuring a list of services and contact information.

Advertisement for H. G. Potter, Attorney at Law.