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WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON, FEBRUARY 19, 1902.

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EDITOR AND PROP.

Professional.

Abstract of Title—Conveyancing

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Attorney-At-Law

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Graduate of Dr. A. T. Still's school of Osteopathy.

Timber Land Act June 8, 1878—Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Oregon City, Or., Jan. 24, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Samuel S. Ewing, of Philomath, County of Benton, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5619, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 25, in Township No. 12 south, Range 7 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on

FRIDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF APRIL, 1902.
His names as witnesses: Willard E. Gilbert, of Philomath, Oregon; Michael G. Flynn, of Philomath, Oregon; Enoch A. Cone, of Philomath, Oregon; Hattie C. Alken, of Dallas, Oregon.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 4th day of April, 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES,
Register.

Timber Land Act June 8, 1878—Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
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FRIDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF APRIL, 1902.
His names as witnesses: Willard E. Gilbert, of Philomath, Oregon; Michael G. Flynn, of Philomath, Oregon; Samuel S. Ewing, of Philomath, Oregon; Hattie C. Alken, of Dallas, Oregon.
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CHAS. B. MOORES,
Register.

HOLGATE'S LETTER

SOMETHING OF INTEREST ABOUT LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

New Suit of Skin for a Child. It Came From the Arms and Legs of his Father and Four Brothers—Five Months at the Task.

ED. TIMES:—

In discussing the proposition to increase the pay of senators and representatives, Senator Bailey said, (it was his maiden speech as senator, by the way.) "The present salaries are sufficient, for they enable one to live decently and comfortably and that is enough. Besides, the increase would mean little to the legislators. Washington people have grown so expert in the art of separating us and our money, that to increase our salaries would only result in augmenting the income of these Washington people." This voices the idea, generally founded on experience, that life in Washington is an expensive luxury. This is usually true, though not necessarily so. As elsewhere, it is largely a matter of one's desires and habits and ability to manage. Of course, I have had no experience save as a departmental servitor, but the "big bugs" set the pace for all, even down to the "dark meat" of the capital's population; and while the rank have necessarily expenses not devolving upon the civil service file, they have the much greater salaries with which to meet those expenses. The relation of a little personal experience, therefore may be pardonable.

Conforming to the custom here, I have changed boarding houses often, and have tried a dozen places, located in different parts of the city, and have paid for room and board from \$20 to \$35 per month. I have not noticed very much difference in the board, the neighborhood governing the prices. One simply pays for the privilege of living in a fashionable section of town. At present, three of us have the entire third floor, two rooms—houses here are seldom more than two rooms deep—large, pleasant and nicely furnished. We use one room as a bedroom and the other as a "den." The board is excellent and we pay only \$20 a month each. I know from experience that one can enjoy himself, and on a salary of \$100 a month, easily save \$50. I know also that he can easily spend the entire \$100 and not know how it happened.

Concerning the Oregon delegation in congress, Senator Mitchell's expenses are probably much more than those of Senator Simon. His acquaintance with public men is naturally larger and more intimate and the exchange of social courtesies in the way of dinners, etc., is both imperative, among the members of the upper house, and expensive. In the house one's social standing has little effect on his legislative influence and the amount a member spends in this way is chiefly a matter of inclination. Mr. Moody is popular among the clubs and I doubt if his salary more than pays his way. Mr. Tongue has always one or more of his daughters here while congress is in session, but he, himself, is far too busy with congressional matters to accept many of the social invitations that are showered upon him. The old timers in congress direct the legislation, but they must do most of the work.

H. L. HOLGATE.

Pretoria, Feb. 16.—One hundred and fifty mounted infantrymen, while patrolling the Klip River, south of Johannesburg, February 12, surrounded a farm house where they suspected Boers were in hiding. A single Boer broke away from the house and the British started to pursue him. The Boer climbed a kopje, the British following him. Immediately a heavy fire was opened upon them from three sides. The British found themselves in a trap, and in a position where they were unable to make any defense. Eight of the British officers made a gallant effort and defended the ridge with carbines and revolvers until they were overpowered. The British had ten men and two officers killed, and several officers and 40 men wounded before the force was able to fall

back under cover of a blockhouse.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—After five months of wonderful surgery and careful nursing, in which many records for skin grafting have been surpassed, a five-year-old Chicago boy, Marion Weaver, has had his little body covered with a new suit of skin. Upon his chest, abdomen, back and sides two hundred and ninety-seven square inches of skin have been grafted while over one hundred square inches more have been used in a vain attempt to implant them on his small body.

His father, the Rev. William K. Weaver, pastor of the Ninth Presbyterian Church, and his four brothers have suffered their arms and legs to be stripped of long ribbons of skin to form the new covering for the little fellow's body and now they have the satisfaction of being told by the physician, Dr. A. E. Dennison, that their sacrifice has borne fruit and that the new coat of skin which they have furnished the child will enable him to live.

The child's entire body and limbs were eared in a fire last September.

Something That Will Do You Good

We know of no way in which we can be of more service to our readers than to tell them of something that will be of real good to them. For this reason we want to acquaint them with what we consider one of the very best remedies on the market for coughs, colds, and that alarming complaint, croup. We refer to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it with such good results in our family so long that it has become a household necessity. By its prompt use we haven't any doubt but that it has time and again prevented croup. The testimony is given upon our own experience, and we suggest that our readers, especially those who have small children, always keep it in their homes as a safeguard against croup.—Camden (S. C.) Messenger. For sale by Graham & Wells.

Cincinnati, Feb. 7.—The United Irish Societies of Cincinnati, through their president, Joseph P. Kealy, have made public a protest against the visit of Miss Alice Roosevelt to the coronation of King Edward VII. "Alice," it reads, should be careful not to let the enemy-making English government use her presence in England to engender enmity between our nation and any one of England's many enemies. Her visit may be productive of much good if Alice could be induced to carry a prayerful petition, containing the signatures of a million mothers, for mercy for the Boer babies.

"If Alice could through the hearts of the mothers of England, free a thousand Boer mothers' heavy hearts from anguish every four weeks, she would not return to meet the sullen scorn of an offended people."

Chicago, Feb. 15.—A new cause of railroad wrecks has been discovered in the monster locomotives that are now being used so extensively by all railroads. While being hauled from the places of building to the roads for which they are intended it has been ascertained that the giant engines have been playing havoc with the tracks of the lines over which they have passed. Reports have been received showing where the unconnected drivers of the monsters have pounded rails so hard that the latter have been broken and others have been so badly injured that they have snapped under pressure of following trains.

Superintendents, roadmasters, and others who have reported on the matter are of the opinion that not a few of the recent wrecks that have been attributed to defective track may now be traced to broken or injured rails resulting from the transportation of these engines in an unfinished state. The trouble has become so serious that an order was issued by the Rock Island Road today requiring all "dead" locomotives received for transportation to be equipped with side rods in position and coupled.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

BIGGEST ON EARTH

A LOCOMOTIVE THAT PULLS A TRAIN OF CARS A MILE AND A HALF LONG.

It Weighs Two Hundred and Sixty Thousand Pounds—Perilous Experience of Santos-Dumont With His Airship.

Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The World's biggest and most powerful locomotive, built here, has left for the far west, where it will haul heavy freight on the Santa Fe. It represents the highest achievement in locomotive design, the most notable effort of American builders to produce an engine of enormous tractive power adapted to the rugged roadbeds of the transcontinental lines. As a bold venture in massiveness, "989's" rigorous service tests in the mountains of the Missouri attracts the attention of the railway engineers of the world. The builders of England and the Continent builders judged Americans insane when they passed the hundred-ton mark, but here is a monster weighing, without the 50-ton tender, 260,000 pounds—twenty-one times as much as the historic De Witt Clinton.

From the end of the tender to the point of the pilot this giant of the rail measures seventy feet. Two engines of "989's" type, if they could be suspended in the air, one above the other, would reach a height as nearly as great as that of Niagara. The top of the stunted smokestack is sixteen feet above the ties, and to such a great height does the dome reach that its top had to be taken off before the locomotive could pass in safety under the overhead bridges between Schenectady and Buffalo. The massive boiler, nearly seven feet in diameter, is perched so high in the air that a tall man can stand under it. But while the dome top is thirteen feet above the driving-wheel axle, the center of gravity is very low—several inches below the top line of the drivers. The engine gets its great stability from its massive frame, cylinder castings, driving wheels and driving mechanism.

On a level track "989" could haul a train a mile and a half long carrying the harvest of 10,000 acres of wheat. Its tractive power is exactly 32,900 pounds—that is, it could lift this amount of dead weight. Its great wheel base gives "989" this world's record hauling power. Ten massive driving wheels, nearly as tall as a man, and so heavily counterbalanced that they appear almost solid, grip twenty feet of track. On these ten drivers—which give the name decapod to this type of engine—a weight of 232,000 pounds is carried. The pony truck carries but fourteen tons, much of the weight of the saddle and cylinder castings being distributed over the drivers by the equalizer beam so distinctive of American design.

To make use of this unprecedented driving weight of 115 tons, "989" must produce steam as no other engine ever has. Following the growing practice among the railways of the Southwest, the Santa Fe will burn oil in this, its best engine. Its fire box, made of carbon steel tested to a tensile strength of 60,000 pounds to the square inch, is as big as the bed chamber of a New York flat. Its two thick shells are held together by nearly two thousand tough staybolts, each one capable of lifting a yard engine without breaking.

The great area is sixty square feet, unapproached in any locomotive ever built. The bottom of the fire box reaches out over the tops of the drivers, after the fashion of recent American locomotives.

Monaco, Feb. 14.—Santos-Dumont, the aeronaut, met with a disaster here today, and had a narrow escape from death. His airship is a total wreck, while tonight his motor lies at the bottom of the bay of Monaco.

The morning broke gloriously, but as there was considerable wind Santos-Dumont decided not to attempt flight. Toward 2 o'clock in the afternoon the wind dropped and the weather appeared to be perfect. Santos-Dumont announced that he would make a trip. A big crowd assembled at the entrance of the aerodrome, and as the large doors of the building rolled back the air-

ship emerged at 2:58. A number of steam yachts and launches, including the prince of Monaco's yacht, Prince Alice, with several parties on board, were cruising about the bay, with the intention of following the balloon. Cheers greeted Santos-Dumont as his airship rose and its head pointed for the middle of the bay. It was soon noticed, however, that instead of maintaining its usual equilibrium the balloon rose and acted in a way that caused anxiety among the spectators. The aeronaut, however, kept on his flight, and pointing his ship to the left, continued to ascend until the long guide rope was quite 20 feet out of the water.

In turning the balloon the guide rope caught in the screw, and this, with the erratic working of the airship, created a situation of great danger. At the same time a squall burst, and Santos-Dumont tilted the head of his balloon upward, in order to disengage the guide rope. But in so doing the ballast shifted, and the oil used to run the motor began to spread. Fearing an explosion, the inventor pulled the emergency cord. This ripped the envelope of the balloon, which at once began rapidly to descend.

Santos-Dumont did not lose his head. He could easily be seen from the shore, watching the various parts of the airship. At this time the balloon had slightly righted itself, and the lower part, having become empty, the airship dropped slantingly toward the pigeon-shooting ground, which borders the bay.

In the mean time the steam launches in the bay were making toward the spot where it was supposed the balloon would fall. The first to approach was the Princess Alice, belonging to the prince of Monaco, and those on board seized the balloon's guide rope, which somehow had become disintegrated. At the moment this was done a sharp cracking sound, made by the motor, could be heard, and the screw was seen to revolve. The balloon, which was then almost in the sea, rose slowly for a few moments. But the motor stopped again, and the airship descended a second time, until Santos-Dumont was immersed up to his armpits in water.

The scene was witnessed with intense excitement by onlookers ashore and afloat. The aeronaut, with the pluck that has characterized him throughout his dangerous experiments, could be seen standing up in his car, gesticulating and shouting directions to those on the launch, which was towing him toward the Princess Alice. At 3:55 the end of the balloon burst and the prince of Monaco, who was on board the launch, then gave orders to rescue Santos-Dumont from his perilous position. The launch came along side the half-deflated balloon of the airship, which threatened at any moment to smother Santos-Dumont. The latter was half pulled and half clambered over the gunwale into the boat. The prince of Monaco took him by the hand and urged him to allow himself to be taken on board the yacht, to dry himself and change his clothes. But the aeronaut refused to do this until the remnants of the airship had been saved.

With the sea water dripping from his clothes and looking like a water rat, the inventor stood in the bows of the launch, shouting directions for the salvage of his airship. It was impossible to save more than the silk envelope. The motor had to be left to its fate, and it sank. The launch, with the inventor, then made for the shore. As Santos-Dumont landed, the great assemblage which had gathered on the shore acclaimed with extreme enthusiasm. His first words of a hurried interview, obtained as he made his way toward his residence, were:

"I am not discouraged. My trip continued on page 4"

LEFT ONE TOO MANY

OF THE THIRTEEN WIVES HE MARRIED—AND NOW IN JAIL

Ugly but Never Failed as a Sultor—Did It With his eye "Every gal Judges a man by his Eyes and I Judge a gal by her Eyes.

Compton, Ky., Feb. 8.—The unlucky thirteen in combination with the marrying habit has brought the promising career of Howard Moore to a full stop.

At twenty eight, the unblushing husband of thirteen wives, none of whom have seen fit to depart this life since the matrimonial knot was tied, he is now languishing in jail with the probability of a twenty years' sojourn in the penitentiary as a mild antidote for his fatal weakness.

It was on Dec. 13 last that Moore met his Waterloo. She was a plump and pleasing brunette, twenty-one years of age and named Fannie Robinson. He fell in love at sight and the marriage was immediate. After a married life of fifteen days Moore took umbrage at the fact that his wife desired to visit her father, who was ill. He promptly deserted her. Mrs. Moore refused to look at things in the same light. She swore out a warrant for his arrest, and his incarceration developed a crop of wives and accidental children that would set up in business the most ambitious follower of Brigham Young.

The universal fascinator who has accomplished so much in so brief a space of existence is the most singularly hard featured mountaineer to be found for miles around. Broad nosed and wide mouthed, he has a complexion like badly tanned leather, a shock of black hair and a pair of irrog black eyes. A pair of bushy irregular eyebrows lend a somewhat sinister look to his face, and a heavy slouching gait completes the unattractive whole.

Moore cherishes no delusion as to his beauty, he explains the whole matter by the power of the eye.

"It's the way you look at a gal"—is the simple theory put forward by this heart-breaker, whose record is thus far unexampled. Here is his strange statement:

"I believe in men marrying as many times as they want to. Pap said that the Bible said to multiply and replenish the yeth. It is as easy to win a woman's heart as fallin' off of a log. I don't believe in a long courtship. I believe when a feller gets stuck on a gal he ort to ask her to marry him right then, and never put it off—nary day.

"It all depends on how you look at a gal; the eyes tell the tale. Every gal judges a man by his eyes, and I judge a gal by her eyes. The eyes talk to each other in their own way." "It does not matter how ugly a man may be, nor how ragged he may be, nor who he is; if he knows how to look the gal in the eyes he will win her heart, and she will marry him or die. Every gal I ever axed to marry me said yes. But if I hadn't axed 'em all at the very moment our eyes looked into each others several uv 'em would have said uv. I alluz got tired of 'em in a little while after I married 'em, and alluz found a good excuse to get away from em.

"I loved all uv em when I married 'em, but, as I said awhile ago, I soon got tired uv 'em; but then I would alluz want me another wife. I don't like single life all the time nor married life all the time. I alluz like to try both. I intend to marry again when I git out uv this scrape, and, if I can git to look into all their eyes at my trial, they will tell the Judge to turn me loose.

The Finest Cake
Is made with Royal Baking Powder. Always light, sweet, pure & wholesome.