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WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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## LEFT A LEGACY

TO A ROOSTER IN WHICH SHE THOUGHT HER HUSBANDS SPIRIT DWELT.

Next of Kin Killed the Chicken and Got Fortune—Young Man Shot His Sweetheart While Congregation Stood for Doxology.

London, May 24.—A wealthy woman named Silva, died recently at Lisbon, and left her entire property to a "rooster." She was a fervid spiritualist, a believer in the transmigration of the soul and imagined that the soul of her dead husband had entered the rooster. She caused a special fowl house to be built and ordered her servants to pay extra attention to their master's wants. The disgust of her relatives over the will caused the story to become public and a law suit might have followed had not one of the heirs adopted the simple expedient of having the wealthy rooster killed, and thus becoming himself the next of kin.

Of What does a bad taste in your mouth remind you? It indicates that your stomach is in bad condition and will remind you that there is nothing so good for such a disorder as Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets after having once used them. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and regulate the bowels. For sale at 25 cents per box by Graham & Wells.

Atlanta, Ga., May 25.—As the congregation of Wesley Chapel, a small church eight miles from Atlanta, was standing singing the doxology and awaiting the benediction at noon today, Millard Lee, 25 years of age, pulled a pistol and fired twice at Miss Lilla Suttles, killing her instantly.

Young Lee had been sitting in the pew immediately behind that occupied by the Suttles family, and only a moment before the tragedy had leaned over and asked Miss Lilla Suttles if she would accompany him to the night services.

The young woman said she had a previous engagement. Lee, who was desperately in love with her, remarked in the hearing of a large part of the congregation that if he could not go with her he would kill her.

Less than five minutes later he pulled a pistol from his pocket and fired. The first bullet took effect in the girl's back, and as she turned he fired the second time, the second bullet taking effect in her breast. Lilla Suttles fell in the arms of her father and expired without a word.

Lee escaped from the church. A posse made up of three hundred farmers is on his trail and his capture is expected. If caught he will be swung up to the first tree in sight.

## Saved From an Awful Fate.

"Everybody said I had consumption," writes Mrs. A. M. Shields, of Chambersburg, Pa. "I was so low after six months of severe sickness, caused by Hay Fever and Asthma, that few thought I could get well, but I learned of the marvelous merit of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, used it, and was completely cured." For desperate Throat and Lung diseases it is the safest Cure in the world, and is infallible for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Chicago, May 31.—Two colored men fought a duel to the death with knives last night, at Twenty-second and Dearborn streets. As they eluded and plunged the weapons into each other's bodies, a crowd of more than fifty persons forced around them and cheered the combatants when one of the other drove the knife to the hilt. After ten minutes of hard fighting, Alexander Shirley staggered and fell with his adversary's weapon sticking in his body. The long blade had pierced his heart. He was dead when the police arrived. His slayer, Charles Thomas, was bleeding from several wounds. The police hurried him to a hospital and, after his wounds were dressed, look-

ed him up. He will be charged with murder.

Shirley came to Chicago from Mississippi. He met Thomas last Monday, and having known him in the South, tried to borrow money from him. Thomas refused to give him assistance, and they quarreled. Before parting, Shirley, it is said, made the threat that when they met again one or the other would die.

## Virulent Cancer Cured.

Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to exil bilious, kidney and Microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless heating power, blood diseases, skin eruptions, ulcer and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, Salve 25c at Grsham & Wortham.

San Francisco, May 31.—Later details of the earthquake in Guatemala only add to its horrors. Passengers arriving here on the steamer City of Sydney say they understand that 1400 dead were taken from the ruins of Quezaltenango. One man who was there and aided in the work of taking out the bodies says that over 1000 had been taken out when he left there on May 13, 25 days after the city had been destroyed. Reports of loss and damage on the coffee plantations are beginning to come in, and they practically double the total reported from the towns. The estimated figures run into the millions.

Tapachula is a city of about 10,000, and the damage to the town is estimated at about \$200,000. San Marcos, a town near Quezaltenango, was also destroyed, with great loss of life. There were 140 prisoners in the jail, and every man was killed, crushed and buried under the fallen walls.

In Tuxtla Chico, a town of 2000 inhabitants, not a house was left standing.

## How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by Graham & Wells.

## AT SUMMIT.

The farmers are still behind with their spring sowing.

Horace Underhill has a stray horse, which so far has no owner.

Lee and Charles Kennedy expect to leave sometime this week for Washington.

Charles Frantz of Hoskins made a short visit with his old friend, Titus Ranney last week.

Remember there will be Sunday school at the new school house every Sunday at 3 p m sharp.

Miss Kitty Gillett left on Saturday's train for San Francisco to visit her sister, Mrs Dolie Bridge. She intends to stay one year, if not longer.

I will now kindly say to the people of this vicinity that I took it in hand to write up the items of this place, not to hurt the feelings, nor to run down the reputation of our friends and neighbors, but to have the news lively and interesting as possible, and I now resign my correspondence to someone else.

HA HA.

## Filthy Temples in India.

Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that's polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively livers, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at Graham & Wortham's drug store.

## PENNOYER

THE WELLKNOWN EX-GOVERNORS DEATH IN PORTLAND.

Sketch of His Career—He was Twice Elected Governor of Oregon—Won Over Thompson and Cornelius.

Sylvester Pennoyer, for eight years governor of Oregon, Mayor of Portland from 1896 to 1898, and a man of national prominence, died very suddenly of heart disease at his home on West Park and Morrison streets, about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was alone in his room on the second story of his residence at the time of his death, and was not discovered until five o'clock, when his wife, returning from a street-car ride with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Russel, found him lying prone on the floor near a sofa, from which he had apparently fallen. His glasses lay broken on the floor beside him, and across his face was spread an Oregonian which he had been reading and which had evidently become loosened from his grip in the fall.

Mrs. Pennoyer immediately summoned the servant and sent for physicians, and Drs. Waite and Brown, whose offices are near by, and Dr. Dickson was called. An examination convinced them that Governor Pennoyer had been dead about an hour, and it was their opinion that either heart disease or apoplexy had taken him off. There were every indication of a peaceful, painless death.

Governor Pennoyer had of late been in fair health, although his strength was sapped by an attack of illness nearly a year ago, and he had never recovered his wonted robustness. Of late he had made daily visits to his ranch in Woodstock, and spent several hours in the open air superintending numerous improvements he was making. Yesterday morning he went to his ranch as usual and returned about noon. In the afternoon he took a walk, and the servant, who was left alone in the house, said he entered the house at three o'clock, and, as was his habit, went immediately to his room. She heard no sound of a fall, and was astonished beyond measure when Mrs. Pennoyer informed her that something had happened to the governor, and sent her out to summon help.

The news of the governor's death was a surprise and a shock to his thousands of friends throughout the city, among whom it soon spread. He had been on the street every day this spring, had taken a deep interest in political affairs, although not participating in them, and his counsel was much sought by democratic leaders, of whom he was recognized as one of the ablest up to the date of his death. To those who spoke to him and inquired for his health he invariably replied that he was feeling better than he had for years, that his work on his ranch was making a new man of him and that no one could bear more lightly the burden of three-score and ten years than he. The strike in the Pennoyer mill, in which he still retained a large interest, had given him some uneasiness, but he expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the manner in which it was settled. In fact, with a fortune, with no political cares, and with a congenial occupation, that of farming, his only trouble the last few years was the improvement of Alder street, on which he owns a block in the heart of town, and gave him much annoyance because of his apprehension that it would be paved in some manner objectionable to him.

Pennoyer was easily the most picturesque figure in the political life of Oregon. His famous telegram to Grover Cleveland, through Secretary of State Gresham, when Cleveland, as president, advised the governors of the various states to guard against Chinese troubles, was but one of the many unexpected things which he seemed to delight to do. He was a man of elegance and force either on the stump or with his pen, and his communications to the newspapers were no less interesting than his speeches. Both contributed largely to the attention he attracted throughout the state and the nation. Personally he was exceedingly genial, fond of

quoting from Scripture or from Aesop's Fables to illustrate a point, a fine story-teller, and a charming companion. He was alike approachable to every one, and people who year after year have seen him walking back and forth from his residence to the business part of town, remember how often he was stopped by prominent citizens or laboring men, and how he loved to chat with any and all of them. Probably no one in the city has such a wide circle of acquaintances as he enjoyed, and certainly no one is better known by sight.

Mrs. Pennoyer and Mrs. George F. Russel survive him. His son, Horace, died about 8 years ago at Williams College, and was buried from Trinity church, and the governor never fully recovered from the shock the boy's death caused him. So sudden was the governor's death and so prostrated are his family by the shock, that no arrangements have yet been made for the funeral.

Sylvester Pennoyer was born in Groton, N. Y., July 6, 1831. Both his father, Justus Powers Pennoyer, and his mother were born in the same state, and there the future governor of Oregon lived until 1853, when he went to Harvard College Law school, his expenses being partly defrayed by an annuity of \$40 left by William Pennoyer, who removed in colonial days from France to New Haven colony, and died there in 1760. This sum was to be sent every year to Harvard College to be applied to the education of the descendants of William Pennoyer's brother Robert. Since that time, for more than two centuries, has that \$40 per annum been sent to the college, without a single failure.

In 1855 young Pennoyer came to Oregon, having journeyed to San Francisco by way of Nicaragua, thence to Puget Sound by the bark Leonesa, and from there to Portland, paddling down the Cowlitz River in an Indian canoe, and taking a Columbia steamer at its mouth.

He was admitted to the bar by the supreme court, consisting of Judges Williams, Olney and Deady, but never practiced here. He taught school for a time, and in 1862 he engaged in the lumber business. He was long successful, founding a large concern, which was so prosperous up to 1890 that a fine new mill was built, then the largest in the city.

The governor was married the year following his arrival to Mrs. Mary A. Allen, and of the five children that were born to him Mrs. Russel is the sole survivor. Although he became in 1881 associated with Dr. Weatherford in the Oregon Herald, and afterward purchased and edited the paper for two years, he did not enter politics to any extent until 1885, when he was nominated for mayor against John W. Gates, on the issue of municipal ownership of the water plant, then in the hands of John Green and H. C. Leonard. Gates easily defeated him.

But during the winter of 1885 and 1886 a strong feeling against the Chinese sprang up in Portland. The workingmen, whose opportunities to secure employment had been restricted by the influx of the Orientals, projected a meeting whose object was to devise ways and means to expel them. Mayor Gates called a counter meeting, but the workingmen captured it and Pennoyer was made chairman, and the meeting finally adjourned, having passed resolutions favoring law and order. This made Pennoyer's popularity. In 1886 he was elected governor as a democrat by a plurality of 3702, although the state went republican on the general issue. In his first inaugural address he took the position that the courts have no right to nullify a law passed by the legislature, a position from which he never departed, and on which he asked the last state democratic convention to make him its nominee for supreme judge.

The first and perhaps the most noteworthy of his actions as governor was taken in 1888, when the contractors on the Corvallis & Eastern Railroad failed to pay the laborers. A telegram was received by the governor from an officer of the road announcing that the laborers were marching on the town, and asking that the troops be ordered out. Pennoyer went to Corvallis and told the officers that unless they paid the men he would take no action; but if, after payment, a riot should occur, he would

Continued on page 4

## THE ONLY ONE

THAT LIVED THROUGH THE AWFUL DISASTER AT MT PELEE

He was a Prisoner in a Dungeon—When the Shower of Volcanic Dust Came—The Thick Jail Walls Alone Saved Him.

Fort DeFrance, May 19.—There was one man who was not in the streets of St Pierre on the morning of the eruption. He was Roul Sartout, a coarse, jet black native, who had been arrested for some trivial offense the week before. He is actually the only creature in all the city of St Pierre to live through the fiery deluge.

Sartout, who is now in the hospital at Fort de France, had become ostreperous in his prison and was transferred to the dungeon below the level of the sidewalk facing the Rue Dieppe, which elinks downward to the roadstead.

He heard the faint echo of the rumbling of Pelee. He felt the earth as he had felt it many times before, and was not afraid.

But he quickly realized that something extraordinary was going on. He could not see anything but the thick stone walls of his prison could not prevent him from hearing the deep rumble and cyclonic tearing of the ball of death through the city in which he had lived all his life. He was panic-stricken with fear and beat with his hands against the walls so he said.

He succeeded in getting open a door leading into a cell a little larger than his, over which there was an iron grating looking up through the sidewalk. He stumbled into this apartment to find it full with a sitting mass of hot ashes and dust. It burned him severely and he was not slow to retreat to the inner cell from which he had just escaped.

Then came the awful silence that seemed to paralyze him with fear more than the first roar that had awakened the keenest sense of danger in his simple, untaught soul. He has since said that he lay on the floor of the dark cell for hours, scarcely daring to breathe, oppressed by the terrifying silence. He does not know how many hours he lay there.

Finally he summoned up courage enough to open the cell door and look into the other apartments. He was met by a wave of dust that choked his mouth and nostrils and half blinded him. It had cooled, and he ventured to wade through the soft flaky like mass toward the iron gratings, through which descended a shower of soft and almost invisible dust. He hallooed, aloud again and again, and at every echo his voice seemed to increase the shower through the grating. He went to the door shutting off his escape to the stairs leading to the floor above and pounded at it until his fists were bruised and torn. He waited for a response but none came. He struggled through the masses of ashes to the grating again to shriek and cry for help.

Hunger and thirst overcame him and he crept back into the dungeon to sleep but he could not. He says he did not close his eyes from the moment he heard the terrifying roar of the volcanic ball until Monday morning, four days later, when his shrieks were heard by the first party of searchers to invade the stricken city. His cries were feeble by this time, as he had almost despaired of liberation.

Finally a marine from the French cruiser Suchet heard Sartout's wail and tracing it rescued the one living creature in the city. The bars of the grating had to be pried open and Sartout was dragged out more dead than alive. He was found to be not only on the verge of death from starvation and thirst, but suffering from terrible burns about his legs and the lower part of his body.

Manila, May 27.—Capt Charles E. Russel, Eighth Infantry, is dead, the first officer to die of cholera. In Manila, there have been twentyfive cases of cholera among Americans and twenty deaths. The cholera totals to date are: Manila, 1,165, cases and 935 deaths; provinces, 5,001 cases and 2,378 deaths.