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WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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## BIG FIRE IN PORTLAND

FLAMES VISIT HEAVY DISASTER ON THE CITY.

Six Blocks Consumed at East End of Madison Bridge—Damage About \$400,000—Great Heat Drives Away Firemen.

(Portland, Sunday, Oregonian.)

Fire, originating in the old Wolf & Zwicker Iron Works last night, swept away six blocks of East Side water-front property, burned down the two east spans of the Madison-street bridge, reduced East Water street to ruins from Salmon to Jefferson streets, and burned so hotly about the great oil-filled tanks of the Standard Oil Company that it looked for a time as if a terrible explosion would spread the flames out over the river and along the entire water front. The loss is approximately \$400,000, much of which is not covered by insurance. There was no loss of life. It was 10:50 when the alarm was turned in, and before the first engine company could reach the foundry of the Phoenix Iron Works, formerly the Wolf & Zwicker plant, the roof was ablaze, and the dry timbers were carrying the fire in every direction. The wretched water facilities along the streets, and the absence of any means to take the engines to the river, which was directly beneath the roadway, made it impossible to do much more than spit at the fire with a few 30-foot streams, and in less than half an hour the iron works were in the center of a rapidly widening zone of flame, which soon extended south beyond Jefferson street, and almost to the Troy Laundry Company, near East Yamhill. Every building in the district was either leveled to the ground or left a crumbling ruin, except the brick warehouses of the Standard Oil Company, whose contents were still burning at daylight this morning.

Immediately upon the arrival of Chief Campbell it became apparent that all the available force of the department would be needed, and engine and company calls brought apparatus flying from every direction. It was hardly ten minutes after the outbreak of the flames that they extended over the roof of the pine-shop to the river, leaped into the tower and licked up the boat sheds on the north side as if they had been paper. Wall after wall crashed in, sending sheets of burning lumber into the air, to fall on surrounding property and set hundreds of little fires in every direction. The torpedo saloon on the south side of the iron works, burst into flame suddenly in every part, and the fire, sweeping over and under Hawthorne avenue, the approach to the Madison-street bridge, communicated to Johnston's boatyard, set ablaze the building occupied by that establishment as a machine shop, and was beating fiercely upon the iron-sheathed warehouse of the Oregon Furniture company before an added pressure obtained from Grand avenue enabled the department to check its progress.

The lightly built boat shed on the north side of the shop served as an admirable conductor of the flames, and before anything could be done to hold them back they were consuming the piles of lumber on the platform of the East Side Lumber company and making their way rapidly to the mill itself, which soon tumbled down about the dock, a shapeless mass of charred or blazing timbers. Meanwhile the underside of the dock and elevated roadway was sending the fire to the Standard Oil Company's warehouse. The cry of "oil tanks!" went up from all sides and as the flames climbed a pile of greasy barrels and shot up high above the rest of big vats there was a terrific scalding along Water street. Almost at the time three sharp explosions came somewhere inside the burning mass. Five minutes later, with a muffled roar that shook the ground a great column of fire sailed high in the air, soared several hundred feet above the heads of the crowd, and finally disappeared, the rocket in smoke. Such an occurrence at such a time led to the belief that the works were indeed doomed, and few minutes it was hard for police and firemen to make headway against the surging, struggling crowd, each bent on escaping with his life. As reports followed, this Titan display of fireworks, however, people began to stop and look back, and it was not long before it became known that the pyrotechnics were due to the explosion of a boiler in the iron works.

Just below the east approach of the Madison-street bridge which was blazing hotly all the time, lay moored the free baths, opened only a few days before. It looked as if they, too, must yield to the withering tongues of fire that were shooting toward them,

but the launch Hor Hoo, of the Columbia boat-house, which was under steam, came to the rescue, and after several ineffectual attempts to take them away as they stood, they were taken to pieces and towed to safety, section by section, together with a number of other small craft which lay in their vicinity.

By this time the approach to the bridge was burned down, and the two east spans which had been snapping and crackling, began to totter. The newly-laid wood-block pavement, veneered with a coal-tar preparation, had kept adding fuel to the fire that was eating at the foundations of the bridge. As soon as the last support was undermined the first span fell, and not long afterward the second plunged into the water, sending spray high into the air, to meet the flames, and go hissing away in vapor.

When the fire was at its hottest, and firemen were rushing to and fro in the constant fear that the flames had got away from them, a woman, who had taken her belongings out of a room in a lodging house, long since gone up in smoke, stood behind a pile of lumber amid her effects, holding in a bird-cage high in the air. "Poor little fellow," she said to the piping canary, "him wouldn't be burned, so he wouldn't; him'll be took care of all right, so him must go to sleep."

Washington, June 18.—By sleeping in a private car every night Senator Chauncey M. Depew is able to lead a dual, and almost a triple, life. When the senator retires at midnight it is not in the old Corcoran house on H street; but it is in a very comfortable and commodious bed in a very luxurious and well-appointed private car on a side track near the Pennsylvania railroad station. That is where his coachman arrives after the dinner or the theatre engagement. He wakes up in New York, after a 10-minute drive from his office. Nine o'clock sees him answering the mail and attending to the business of C. M. Depew, railroad man and lawyer. If there is a vote of the Philippine bill or a debate on forest reserves or election of senators by the people, the junior senator from New York is in his seat in the afternoon. He can be there by three or four o'clock, which is quite sufficient for the occasion. Then there is time to dress and partake of a light repast, and the affable, engaging dinner-out and raconteur, Chauncey M. Depew is ready to frivel and to crack jokes as if society were the only thing in the world. Then the train then, the office, then the senate, and then the dinner again. A busy man is the senator.

Sheridan, Or., June 18.—A. A. Bogart, baggage and express messenger on the Southern Pacific Sheridan local, was killed in the yard here about 8:30 p. m. It is not known here whether he was attacked with vertigo or was reaching for something when struck by the steps of the combination car which was being kicked on the turn-table track. Deceased was about 20 years old, and married in November last to a daughter of D. W. Ralston of this place. Besides his wife, he leaves his aged mother, a sister and three or more brothers who reside in Portland.

He was a member of the Woodmen of the World and A O U W lodges of this place, and was generally respected. Being of a jovial nature, he made many friends. The coroner's jury decided that Bogart's neck was broken. No blame is attached to other employees.

New York, June 23.—A big 16-

world, ar- to ov- Its ish er- an, the pon for een ar- ing

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.

## BEFORE THE COURT

PAUL AND NELLIE UNDERWOOD ARRAIGNED FOR THE MURDER OF THEIR BABY.

Jail Life is Easy for Underwood—He Feasts on Good Things from His Friends—Doctors Say Baby Was Not Dead When Thrown in Water.

Seattle, June 21.—Paul and Nellie Underwood, the accused murderers of their infant child by drowning at Ballard three weeks ago, were arraigned in the justice court today, and bound over for trial to the superior court without preliminary hearing. Bail was denied each defendant, though until this time the woman has been in jail in default of \$10,000 bail, fixed before the capture of her husband.

The little court room in which the defendants were arraigned was crowded to suffocation when the prisoners were brought in a closed carriage from the county jail in charge of two deputy sheriffs. Among the crowd were many women friends of Nellie Underwood from Aberdeen. Neither of the defendants' attorneys demanded preliminary hearing, nor took exception to the court's order denying bail to their clients. Both request that the first trial, that of Underwood, be held not later than September, and earlier, if possible.

In requesting the court to deny the prisoners bail, Deputy Prosecuting Faben said: "I have thoroughly reviewed the facts in this case, and with Mr. Fulton, my superior, believe the proof positive, and therefore the presumption great. I cannot see how any bail can be allowed in any case. Mr. Fulton and I agree that the case is murder in the first degree or nothing."

Paul Underwood, the alleged murderer of his 3-weeks-old baby, is finding life in the King county jail a soft snap. He has a good many friends here among the shingle weavers, and they have been bringing him lots of "good stuff" to eat. As has been published heretofore in the columns of The Evening Telegram, Underwood declares positively that he is not guilty of murder, claiming his baby was dead when he threw its body into the icy waters of Salmon bay. Expert physicians of this city, interviewed by the correspondent of The Telegram, state his story is untrue, as there was considerable water found in the infant's lungs when the physicians performed the autopsy. This, they swear, could not be true had the baby been dead before striking the water. They say it is contrary to the fundamental laws of physics.

Be that as it may, Underwood has told his story and avers he will repeat it on the witness stand, adding: "And then take my medicine."

For the first time since his incarceration he was allowed to see his wife one day this week. She is confined in a private room of the office of Sheriff Cuddehe. A deputy sheriff and two newspaper representatives were present at the meeting. Mrs. Underwood, only a wee, fragile bit of a woman of 18 summers, rushed to her boy husband's arms as he entered, and soon both were embracing each other. The child wife exclaimed: "Oh, Paul, it seems two years since we parted." They had a brief conversation, touching his escape from the officers, and then separated with mutual expressions of sympathy and a parting injunction to "be true."

It is understood the defense will be based upon the theory that the baby was dead, as stated above, before the accused threw the body into the bay.

Since Underwood's arrest and incarceration in the county jail, interest here centers in the man hunt now in progress for the scalps of Tracy and Merrill, the Oregon convicts. It is remarkable the public interest in that hunt. The newsboys never cry anything now except "All about the 'scaped convict hunt," and papers sell like the proverbial hotcakes.

Burns, O., June 18.—The coroner's jury, after investigation of the killing of Robert Toney at the Bue-

na Vista ranch, 50 miles southeast of here, returned a verdict that Toney's death was caused by a pistol shot fired by Jerry Dailey, and that the killing was unjustifiable. The two men met at a gate in the rear of the ranch-house, both armed, and Dailey seized the bridal of a horse from which another employe had just dismounted. During the progress of the affray, the two men, with the horse between them, made their way up a hill for about 75 feet, where Toney threw his empty revolver at Dailey, with the remark: "You have got me; shake hands." He then walked to a shed where he died, his death resulting from a bullet wound in the right lung. The men were employes of the same company, but on two different ranches, and had never met until the day of the shooting. Dailey is unmarried; Toney left a wife and two children, now living at Lake City, Cal.

Both men are well connected, Toney having been a nephew of County Judge W. A. Booth, of Prineville, and Dailey being a brother of John D. Dailey, president of the First National Bank of Burns, and of the National Bank at Ontario.

Senator Joseph R. Hawley of Connecticut is becoming very feeble, and it is apparent to his friends that he will hardly be able to serve out his present term, which expires March 3, 1905. He is now in his 77th year—which is not old for a senator—but he does not carry his years as well as some of his colleagues. Morgan, for example, is 78, and is as valiant as ever, while Pettus of Alabama is in his 82d year, and there is not a brighter mind or hardly a firmer step in the senate than his.

But Senator Hawley takes life more hardily, and has grown old more rapidly. He looks out through green spectacles, and has become splenetic and crabbed. For more than a year his colleagues have had great difficulty in getting along with him, and he is treated with as much consideration as if he were a small child; his whims are humored, and his outbursts of temper are ignored. But in a physical way Senator Hawley is rapidly declining. He totters about the senate, clinging to the sides of the desks, poking in and out from the cloak room, without any apparent purpose, and hardly able to keep track of roll calls and answer to his name.

It is the universal sentiment among his colleagues that he should retire and take the much-needed rest to which his long and honorable services entitle him. He has been in the senate now more than 20 years, and in congress about 30. He has been governor of this state, a brilliant soldier during the civil war, and wielded great influence as editor of the Hartford Courant. But he belongs to another generation and is adding nothing to his laurels.

Cincinnati Enquirer: John Porter Reiley, an Akron negro boy, 13 years of age, astonished his physicians and nurses during his stay at the Huron-street hospital by a phenomenal development of sense perception through the touch of his lips. The boy has been blind several years. He can identify an article after he has once handled it by merely touching it to his lips. He can tell the denomination of money in this manner. His nurses provided him with a number of playthings, among them two tops, exactly alike. He called them "Tom and Jerry," and could tell which was Tom and which Jerry as soon as his lips came into contact with them, although nobody else could tell them apart. Another interesting faculty possessed by this strange boy is the sense of perception through the hands. He told who his nurses were by placing his hands on their heads. Physicians were puzzled over the boy's strange power of identification through his lips. They have never known of a similar case.

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.

## TO FACE NEW CHARGES

CHARLES SAVAGE, WHO WAS ACQUITTED OF DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Superintendent Nevins Believes He Is Guilty of Robbing Salt Lake and Denver Postoffices—Gov. Geer Pardons Frank S. Ingram.

Portland Oregonian: Charles Savage, who was acquitted on a charge of having stolen \$10,000 worth of diamonds from Alfred Loenthal in the Portland Hotel, and who was arrested Thursday for the robbery of the postoffice in Denver, is, in the opinion of Superintendent Nevins, of the Pinkerton agency, guilty of a number of other crimes. One of them is the theft of a registered mail pouch which was to have been taken east on the O R & N train which left Portland on the night of August 4 of last year. Another is the robbery of the postoffice in Salt Lake City. The Salt Lake postoffice was robbed last July.

"Entrance," said Captain Nevins, in speaking of the case, "was effected by means of an open window, and a number of registered packages were stolen. Savage was in the city at the time, and he left for Portland on an early morning train, arriving here in the afternoon of August 2. On the 4th of August a registered pouch was stolen from the train, which left over the O R & N at 8:50 o'clock. Evidence shows that Savage was the thief."

"After the verdict of acquittal rendered by the jury I took up the Salt Lake Robbery and found sufficient evidence to warrant the belief that Savage was the criminal. I placed the information in the hands of Postoffice Inspector F. C. Sharp, of the Salt Lake district, but in the meantime Savage had flown to Denver, where he robbed the postoffice on the 16th. The inspectors at Denver were notified of his acts in Salt Lake, and Mr. Sharp and myself helped to cause his arrest."

Asked about Savage's career, Captain Nevins said that he had served in the Colorado reformatory, and that he was known as a thief. In Salt Lake City he had stolen a watch, which was recovered in Portland by Detective Day. He had committed some burglaries in this and other cities.

Detective Day, who, with Detective Weiner, had charge of the diamond robbery, said that Savage was suspected of a number of burglaries in this city. Frankie Thomas, otherwise known as Frankie Savage, an alleged accomplice in the robbery, the officer said, left Portland for Denver at 9:50 o'clock Thursday night. The indictment against her was dismissed Thursday afternoon.

Salem, June 20.—Governor Geer, in issuing the pardon for Frank S. Ingram, recites the following reasons for such executive action: "During his ten years' incarceration he has been a model prisoner, and for the further fact that during the recent outbreak in the penitentiary he risked his life in defense of the unarmed guards, by which act of bravery he had the misfortune to lose one of his legs."

Ingram is improving right along, and his recovery is only a question of days.

Clearance Sale

Mrs. J. Mason announces a clearance discount of 20 per cent on 12 dozen trimmed dress hats.

For Sale—

Good young cow, fresh June 1st. For particulars inquire at T.M.S. office.

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.

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Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*