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WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Elsie J. Elliott, deceased, by the county court of Benton county state of Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate of Elsie J. Elliott, deceased, are hereby required to present the same with the proper vouchers duly verified as by law required within six months from the date hereof, to the undersigned at his residence in Lebanon, Linn county, Oregon, or at the office of E. E. Wilson, in Corvallis, Benton County Oregon.
Dated: This June 21st, 1902.
Ernest Elliott
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Elsie Elliott deceased.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

HUNGER-GRAZED DOGS

AMERICAN WOMAN KILLED BY GREAT DANES.

New York, July 26.—Mme. Edmund Sempis, who before her marriage a year ago was Miss Louise Rutherford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been set upon, says a Paris dispatch to the World, by two hunger-maddened Great Dane dogs, which had been secured to guard her husband's country house at Annecy-lake, and so terribly injured that she died two hours after the accident.

M. Sempis is a prominent business man in Paris. His home is at Annecy-lake, an isolated spot. Following an attempt by burglars to enter the place, he purchased two powerful Great Danes as guards. The dogs proved so ferocious that they were confined in an iron inclosure during the daytime for the safety of the family. M. Sempis was advised to starve them, so, when food was given to them, they would remember kindly their benefactors. So they had nothing to eat for two days.

Mme. Sempis did not accompany her husband and their guests, who started for a drive. She noticed the dogs while she was walking in the yard, knowing that they had been without food, and determined to feed them, as they were apparently quiet. The instant Mme. Sempis entered the iron inclosure, the Great Danes leaped upon her like hungry tigers. They bore her to the ground and as she vainly sought to defend herself, their teeth sank in her arms and body. Her struggles apparently maddened the animals the more.

The coachman heard the screams of Mme. Sempis. She begged the man to save her. He ran to the stable for a pitchfork. When he returned the Great Danes had fearfully torn their victim. The coachman fought the brutes into a corner and kept them there until the cook summoned neighbors and carried Mme. Sempis from the inclosure in a dying condition.

A few minutes after M. Sempis and his guests returned she succumbed to her injuries after exchanging a few words with her husband, who is nearly crazed by the terrible accident.

Baker City, July 26.—William Buchanan shot his nose off Thursday evening, while out hunting on the Osborn ranch, 10 miles northwest of this city. He was hunting with a shotgun when by some means the piece was accidentally discharged, the load passing upward in front of his face in such a manner as to almost sever his nose from his face. The member was left hanging by a strip of skin, and Mr. Buchanan said he was about to pull it off and throw it away, when he decided that he had better let it alone. He was brought to this city yesterday and placed in the hospital. The physicians think they can save his nose, or at least they have replaced it and are going to try to save it.

Eugene, Or., July 26.—Sheriff W. W. Withers returned today from Nevada having in charge Bert Heaton, alias Ray, whom he has been after for two months. The crime for which Heaton is wanted is the murder of Benton Tracey at Junction May 20. Tracey was killed late at night in a saloon where he was tending bar, there being no witnesses to the murder. Suspicion at once pointed to Bert Ray, a gambler, who had been playing in hard luck, and upon search being made he was not to be found. The sheriff was unable to get any clue as to his whereabouts until June 24, when he heard of him in Redding. He at once went in pursuit, but the man was gone. Keeping up the search he located him in Wells, Nevada, where he made the arrest in a barber shop, and now has his prisoner behind bars.

Port Townsend, Wash., July 26.—Yip Hay, a Chinese, is the first man to be arrested while fleeing from the scene of his crime in Alaska, through the medium of telegraphic communication but recently established. When the steamer Dolphin called at Petersburg, Yip Hay came aboard. Arriving here

he was taken into custody on a warrant wired from United States Marshal Shoup, at Juneau, accusing the Chinese of the crime of murder. No particulars of the crime came on the Dolphin, but it is supposed Hay murdered one of his countrymen at Petersburg, which is a prosperous cannery settlement. The prisoner is to be held here pending further orders from Marshal Shoup.

A Duel Fought With Fists.

(PORTLAND TELEGRAM.)

Frank Carlson and George W. Baldwin fought a duel with bare fists on Nicolai street near Twenty-fourth, Saturday night, and as a result Carlson's body is at the morgue, while Baldwin is confined to a cell in the city jail. A charge of manslaughter has been placed against him. The prisoner declares he acted in self defense. The duel was fought opposite the woodyard of the Banfield-Vessey Fuel Company, which is some distance removed from the main thoroughfare and traveled by few after dusk. The fight was prearranged and was intended to settle once for all a claim which each is said to have had upon the affections of two girls, Josephine Smith and Ida Fiddler, employed as waitresses at the Villard Hotel on North Front street.

It seems that young Baldwin had first become acquainted with the girls, and resented the attentions Carlson had been paying them of late. The two had their first altercation about a week ago, and they seemed only to embitter the jealousy and ill-feeling between them. The girls, it is said, finally told Carlson that Baldwin had been rude to them, and the former demanded that an apology be made. Baldwin's reply was in the nature of a challenge to a fight with bared fists.

The relatives and intimate friends of the two young men tried to persuade them not to fight, but to no avail. Both principals were on the ground soon after 7 o'clock Saturday evening, together with a crowd of about 35 or 40 men, including William Baldwin, father of Geo. Baldwin, and one of his brothers.

The clothes of both men were searched before the fighting began, and their penknives were taken from them to make it certain that they should not hurt each other too seriously. Both men had friends in the crowd, and they were divided into two hostile camps, each jealous of the other. The fighters went at it, nip and tuck, landing blow after blow upon each other with a fierceness made possible by the jealousy of each toward the other. Finally Carlson appeared to be weakening and hestepped back, his hand on his stomach, gasped a few times and fell. It was over. Baldwin was the victor. The crowd thought the whipped man had fainted. He was taken by his friends to a nearby house, where it was found that he was dead.

Coroner Finley removed the body to the morgue. The police were notified and Detectives Day and Weiner arrested young Baldwin as he was about to enter his home after spending sometime downtown. Baldwin expressed regret that the fight had ended so disastrously. "It was a fair fight," he said, "and I fought Carlson because he fought me. I simply defended myself. He must have been weak physically."

Some of the evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest Sunday night in the case was rather conflicting. The verdict of the jury states that death was due to a solar plexus blow, in other words, the blow which caused death was one struck in the stomach, in the region of the solar plexus. There was no attempt to censure anyone in the verdict. The evidence showed that both men were in good physical condition. Dr. O. S. Binswanger, who performed the autopsy, said he found the organs in a normal condition, and was satisfied Carlson did not die of any heart trouble. He said the victim died as the result of a blow in the region of the solar plexus. He found that Carlson's nose had been broken and other minor bruises of no importance. William Baldwin, father of the prisoner, bet \$1 with deceased on the result of the fight.

For Sale

A fine Durham milk cow, fresh.
L. L. Brooks

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

VERMONT WHISKEY

STORED IT IN THE TRUNK OF A MAPLE TREE AND OWNER SENT TO PRISON

For Selling It—A Coffin Used as a Bar to Deceive Authorities—Many a Scheme to Defeat Prohibition Laws—Other News.

Burlington, Vt., July 19.—Starting disclosure relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors in defiance of the prohibitory laws have already been made as a result of the nomination of Percival W. Clement for governor on a high license-independent ticket. More will follow, and present indications point to a stirring up such as this state has never before experienced.

Mr. Clement bolted the republican state convention in June, and General J. G. McCullough, a prohibitionist, was nominated. Last Wednesday Clement was nominated by the Vermont Local Option League, and instantly started the fiercest political fight ever seen here. The battle will be fought strictly on a high-license local option issue. This calls for a license law, to be presented to the people for approval by popular vote; laws regulating party primaries, and true economy in public affairs.

As conditions are today liquors are sold freely, but not always openly. In the smaller towns every effort is made to conceal the sale of intoxicants, and the length to which some dealers go is astonishing. It developed today that in a town south of Rutland there is a saloon in an undertaking shop. Considering the character of Vermont whiskey this is not as incongruous as may appear to people who drink good liquor.

The town in question has a lively temperance society and the undertaker conceived the idea of rigging up a coffin for a bar in order to avoid suspicion. The casket which is old and dusty, lies on a bier in the rear of the shop. The glass cover is locked down. In other respects it is like any other resting place for the dead. When the undertaker has a trusty customer he opens the lid and instead of a corpse a set of glasses and well-filled bottles are disclosed. These are set out on the foot of the coffin and the bar is ready for business.

Vermont has a few saloons that do not pretend to conduct a legitimate business along with the sale of intoxicants. Forty out of every fifty drug stores have a saloon connection in the rear, and every hotel of any size does a "room" or "bottle" business. In Rutland there are eight full-fledged saloons on one business block. They are run under the protection of the present order of prosecuting, and each has a drug store in front. A little medicine is sold, but in the main the stores deal in rum in various stages of adulteration.

In one of these places a certain brand of "spring blood cleaner" received a remarkable patronage until the local temperance society discovered that it was simply whiskey with a flavoring of horseradish. The radish served to fool the temperance folk for a time and took away the taste of fusil oil in the whiskey.

In another place in the same town there was until recently a bar that served beer through a speaking tube. There had been a long crusade and beer was found to be too bulky to keep with safety behind the bar. The cellar had been frequently searched and the proprietor hid up on the scheme of placing the barrels under an adjoining store and connecting with his saloon by means of a speaking tube.

No particular pains is taken in the cities to conceal the saloons owned by the men who stand in with the machine. Any one who is known can procure all the whiskey he wants at any of the drug stores. The saloon is divided from the store proper by a prescription desk at the rear of the counters. It stands directly across the doors, but a little in front and acts as a screen. There is always a rear exit to be used in case of a raid. Few people pay any attention to the raiding officers as they do not interfere with business unless a strict crusade is on. The sheriffs are frequently invited to take a drink, to "get evi-

dence," and there the matter ends so far as the customers are concerned.

The drug store bars are in many cases elaborate, and liquor is served by white-coated keepers with all the freedom of a licensed community. You can get any fancy drink you wish and partake of a free lunch that is in many cases elaborate.

Hotels sell with the same freedom when there is no crusade on. When the temperance societies get to work the bars are shut and the liquor is served in small bottles in rooms. A room is rented for fifty cents and the amount is duly paid. The money is deducted from the first round of drinks, so the purchaser is not out anything. Having regularly hired a room the authorities cannot break in without a search warrant, and by the time that it is procured the place will be vacant.

"The 'illicits'—rum-sellers who do not stand in with the prosecutors—have a hard time of it, but they manage to make a living and in some instances get rich. There is a section of Rutland called "Nebraska" where the "illicits" do a thriving business.

The same is true of sections in all the larger towns and cities. The ways taken to fool the authorities are, to say the least, ingenious. Whiskey bibles were common up to a few years ago. This device was what appeared to be a copy of the Holy Writ. It was in fact, half a Bible. The other half was a tin compartment with a plug in it. To get the whiskey you opened the book until you struck the compartment containing the liquor. The plug was then removed—likewise the whiskey.

Not long ago it was noted that men congregated in the back yard of a suspected "illicit." There visits were made at night, and one by one they were seen to deposit money with the suspect and then approach a maple tree. The tree was inspected, but it was not until it was felled that the authorities discovered a tank inside. This was connected with a tap made by boring a small hole in the bark. The tank had been inserted by drilling a hole down into the trunk from a point where two limbs separated. The proprietor is now serving time in the state house of correction, where he polishes marble.

Canandaigua, N. Y., July 19.—It has taken six years of steady work for Messrs. Eaton and Wilbur, taxidermists here, to put together the skeleton of a mastodon for Vassar college. The work is now almost completed, and the monster will be shipped to poughkeepsie.

The mastodon is 20 feet long and nine foot high. Its weight is nearly one thousand pounds. Portions of the skeleton were unearthed at Circleville, O.; North Bend and Indianapolis, Ind. and London, Canada. The lacking parts have been supplied by models and casts. It is said that the real bones are 10,000 years old. The tusks were excavated near London, and are in an excellent state of preservation. They measure nine feet along the outside curve, the tail is also nine feet in length.

Atoka, I. T., July 19.—Near Strongtown, Thursday night, Mrs. Daniel Grant, her daughter, Mrs. John Reeves, and a man named Nuckles were waylaid and killed while returning from church. Mrs. Reeves had been separated from her husband about eight months, and prior to that time the couple had lived with the Grant family.

Thursday night Nuckles had accompanied Mrs. Reeves to church. As they were returning to the Grant home in a wagon they were halted. Nuckles was made to get out and was shot. Mrs. Grant was shot while she was sitting in the wagon. Then, as the team bolted, Mrs. Reeves was shot. Mrs. Grant and Nuckles were killed instantly, and Mrs. Reeves lived only a few minutes. The murderer's name is not yet known.

Canandaigua, N. Y., July 26.—Another terrific storm visited this section last night, doing great damage to crops and property that had not already suffered. Edward Chamberlain was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Canandaigua Lake is still rising and the damage on farms is irreparable. From every part of the country come reports that wheat is sprouting in the shock and that a serious blight has struck the apple trees.

TWENTY FEET LONG

AND NINE FEET HIGH—SKELETON OF A MASTODON IN NEW YORK.

Weights Nearly a Thousand Pounds—California Has an Imitator of Tracy—Shoots Many People and Takes to the Mountains.

Fresno, Cal., July 28.—In Porterville yesterday James McKenney ran amuck and initiated his performance by shooting out the lights of a saloon and tried to shoot the cards out of the hands of a man in a card game. That he only wounded the man was due to his poor marksmanship and not to his criminal intentions. He then proceeded to a lively stable and secured a rig at the point of a revolver. A constable, a deputy and several citizens attempted to arrest McKenney, but he opened fire and four of them were more or less seriously wounded.

Officers in surrounding counties were notified, and a sharp outlook is being kept. McKenney has a bad record, having some years ago been sent to state's prison from Tulare county. Two years ago he killed a man in Bakersfield, but was exonerated.

William Lonn, a gambler, whose abdomen and legs were filled with buckshot, has succumbed to his wounds. McKenney also filled the right arm of George Barrows, a printer, with shot, sent a bullet into the mouth of Deputy Marshal Willis another into the arm of Deputy Constable Tompkins, and a load of shot into the arm of W. B. West. Before leaving town he called at the house of Dave Mosher. He awakened Mosher and called him to the door. Standing before the door, with gun in hand, McKenney exclaimed: "I've got into a h—l of a fight. They came after me, but I whipped them all. I killed three or four of them. They have not treated me right. They can send the whole town after me. I'll die game. You Talk about Tracy? Tracey, he won't be in it with me. They hurt me."

Putting his hand to his leg he squeezed up a handful of blood. He then drove off to Lindsey and is headed for Fresno county, where it is supposed he will make for the mountains. McKenney has a shot gun, rifle and revolver, and will not be taken alive. Sheriff Parker and his deputies are in pursuit, but no definite information has been received as to the desperado's whereabouts.

Carbondale, Ill., July 20.—The Jaubert brothers, who operated a small coal mine near Orville, returned home about midnight and one of them began breaking the dishes and at last attacked his wife. Mrs. Jaubert and her sister fled to a back room and locked the door. The husband followed, broke in the door and renewed the assault, whereupon the wife fired three shots into his body, causing instant death.

The brother took up his brother's quarrel and attempted to strike the woman, whereupon Mrs. Jaubert shot twice, killing him. The woman surrendered to an office. This morning Coroner Knauer impanelled a jury, who exonerated the wife.

Sherwood, July 28.—Amy Hall, the 14-year-old granddaughter of P. G. Martin, residing one mile north of town, very fortunately escaped sudden death in a miraculous manner Saturday. As she was attempting to draw a bucket of water at the well near the kitchen door her foot slipped, and losing her balance the girl pitched head foremost into the well, some 30 feet to the water. In her descent her hand caught with the well rope, which she held on to until her grandfather went to her rescue. She was found with her feet in the water, which was some 6 feet deep. Fortunately her head did not come in contact with the brick wall surrounding the well of the result would have been certain death. She was taken out injured but slightly, but in a state of nervous prostration.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*