

# ALONE AND MAIMED.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES IN ALASKA OF PERCIVAL NASH.

Split His Leg With an Axe and Couldn't Walk—But two Men Within Fifty Miles and Where Were They—Five Months Without a Doctor.

(Continued from Third Page.)

all day, so I proceeded to build fire, cut wood, etc. I put my leg in splints. I thought by this time the bone was broken, and made a sling out of my pack straps and hitched myself round in a sitting position holding my injured leg up with one hand and moving with my other and other foot. I put a letter in the dog's collar and tried to send him home, but he just laid down under a tree out of my reach and refused to budge.

This went on for five days. I had quit trying to drive the dog away, and was going to kill him for food; but with my many duties I was always so full of business that I couldn't get around to it. On the fifth day, I thoroughly made up my mind to kill him—mind you, I was eating under a pound of food per day, rice and hard tack. I was so busy cutting wood and building fires, and doing everything from a sitting position, that I even left off dressing my wound on the fourth day. Cold weather was coming on, too, and I had to keep up a fire during the night.

On the fifth day in the afternoon, my leg began to get worse. I washed out the wound, and the appearance and smell of it was horrible. The flesh had started to fall away from the stitches at the bottom of the cut, and God knows, I felt blue. I hadn't so far, given up hope at all, but the looks of that wound, makes me shudder as I write this. For the time being I put all thought of killing the dog out of my head.

### HEARD A SHOT.

Now comes the marvelous part of my story. I had a fire under a spruce tree by my side. The fire caught in cones, dead leaves, moss and other rubbish, and ran up the tree and caught the branches. A huge column of fire and smoke rose high above. It so happened that Jim Wood, one of the two prospectors still left in the country was on a little knoll on the stream eight miles below, when this column of smoke attracted his attention. He had been out hunting, and after killing two moose, was about to start down stream to his cabin seven miles below. He thought the smoke had been made by old Mike, the other prospector, and as there was a letter for Mike at Wood's cabin, he started for the smoke, expecting to find Mike. It got dark, and he was just making up his mind to camp for the night. Thinking he was close to Mike's cabin, he fired a shot to attract the latter's attention. I heard it, and you may be sure I was not long in answering it. He came up and was never more surprised than when he struck me.

### THOUGHT HIS TIME HAD COME.

We sat up all night and talked, as he wanted to make an early start next morning over to Rogue river after Mike, eight or ten miles from my camp. He was gone two days on that trip, and failed to find Mike. I never in my life suffered as I did those two days and two nights. By the sixth day my leg had swelled so around the knee above the bandages that I thought it would burst. It had turned in color to a dark purple. Jim had provided plenty of wood before starting, and all I had to do was to lie there, raking wood into the fire with a long pole. The pain in my leg was terrible. I could feel the fire on the wound through the bandages, just as if it were grilling. I thought my leg was mortifying, and believed my time had come. But for the awful pain, I should not have cared so much. I spilled a pot of water, and so help me, I could not crawl the necessary ten feet to reach it. During the day a bull moose appeared across the creek about 75 yards from where I lay. Do you suppose I could sit up and shoot him? I tried it, but it was impossible. I finally rolled on to my side, and shot him from where I lay. As he fell, he groaned an awful groan, just as I had been doing before he came up. At last, it seemed ages, Jim got back, bringing provisions. Then he went down to the cabin of Mike and brought up a stove, tent and more bedding. That night the swelling in my leg started down,

and I slept for the first time in sixty hours. I felt better.

Leaving me thus comfortably fixed, Jim left the next day for his cabin to attend to matters there. Finding that the bears had eaten two of the moose he had killed, he cached another one, and came back to me. By this time the swelling had gone down in my leg, but the wound was horrible to look at. The sides all fell away from the stitches at the lower end, and left standing like bars over a hole. I took them out, and the wound healed up very nicely. But by this time I knew what the matter was—I could feel the pieces of bone moving among the muscles of my leg. I did not feel sufficient expert in surgery to go after them though.

October 4th, Mike McMurray dropped in upon us. He couldn't read a note Jim had left at his cabin, and had gone over to Lansing to get it read, but finding no one there was on his way back home when he saw our smoke. He and Jim built a raft, and we went down the river on it to Jim's cabin, 15 miles below. Soon after this, I got worse again. My leg gathered, and for two nights before it broke, I was nutty. It broke, and then gathered again, and still the bones wouldn't cover. Frank had come by this time, and the river was freezing up. Frank went over to Lansing in the hope of getting Indians to aid us, but there was none there. Meantime we were running short of dog food, and Jim and Frank went the river to hunt, leaving me alone, Mike having left us before. Frank came back in six days to see how I was. One piece of bone had just come out through a hole in the lower end of the wound, and I was feeling pretty lucky. He went back again, expecting that I would be well soon; but again my leg turned to and swelled again in a totally different place on one side, three and a half inches from the cut. Jim came up to take me down, but I couldn't go, and in five days more Frank came. By this time, there were more bones coming out every day or so. Six came out of the old place, and three worked out through the fleshy part of the calf.

It was now two months and eleven days since I had been hurt, or Nov. 25th. On that day Jim and Frank went over the hills to Lansing. Two days later the weather was down to fifty or sixty below zero. This time I was alone three weeks, with my leg in about the same condition, the leg swelling up and then breaking out. Only one more piece of bone came out during the time. Finally Jim and Frank came back, and then we decided to try to get down stream so I could see a doctor. We started Christmas day. There was three feet of snow some of the way. The boys had to make a trail ahead for the toboggan on which I was dragged, and make a trip and a half besides. We were sixteen days going the ninety miles down Canyon River, to the Junction of the south and north forks of Canyon River. We had 350 pounds of dried meat to start with. Frank shot all our dogs but four, because of lack of food. When we got to the Stewart I made the boys leave me in a cabin, where there was a good woodpile. We got to this cabin January 9th, and I was alone there for seventeen days while Frank and Jim went down to Duncan creek. For the first four or five days my leg improved slowly and I thought for a while I was going to be able to walk, but then it got worse again. I had a miserable time here, most of the time being without any food except rolled oats of which I grew very tired. I hate the very name of rolled oats. My nerves got the best of me towards the last of this lonely stay, which made things worse. Finally, however, after what seemed an eternity to me Frank came back. The coldest weather of the winter came with him, 65 degrees below and a wind. After a day's rest, we started again on our journey, and after much difficulty reached Duncan Creek landing, 12 miles below Frazier Falls. The storekeeper there fitted me out with a dog team and brought me down to Dawson in a journey of just a week. Everyone, in fact, I have met on my wretched journey has been most kind. I got to Dawson night before last, which was the 7th day of February.

Dr. Norquay was up yesterday to examine my leg, and he is very well satisfied with its condition. He says that there is a good deal of something or another. I don't know what he called it that had to be assimilated by my system from around the old wound, before I could get all right. Also that from disuse of the tissues, the muscles adhere to each other, and cause inflammation when I try to use them. He said there was no trouble to be looked for from the bone, which relieved me greatly, as that was what I had been fearing most. Of course I have a big sink in my leg bone where all the bones came out, but I guess it won't bother when I get my muscles into working order. He did not give me encouragement though about an early recovery, saying it was a question of time; that there was nothing to do for it but bathing and gentle massage. It's five months, all but a few days since I last walked.

Nat Butter

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# WITH HIS HANDS.

CHOKED EACH OF HIS MANY WIVES TO DEATH AND NOW ADMITS IT.

With his Knees in her Back and Fingers on her Throat the Fiend Pulled Wife's Head Back and Gazed Into Her Eyes as she Died.

Hamilton, O., Feb. 26.—Albert Knapp, the modern Bluebeard, who confessed last night that he killed one of his four wives, made a second confession this morning, in which he told of five murders, three in Cincinnati, one at Indianapolis and one at Hamilton. In Cincinnati he killed Emma Lippelman in a lumber yard, Mary Eckert in a house on Walnut street, and his second wife, Jennie O'Connor, under the Liberty-street bridge, and threw the body in the canal. In Hamilton he killed Hanna Goddard, his third wife. In Indianapolis he killed Ida Gibbard. All were strangled, lust underlying his motives.

Emma Lippelman was only a child. Knapp assaulted her and strangled her when she made an outcry. Mary Eckert was also assaulted, and then strangled with a towel. The sole reason given by Knapp for killing Jennie Connor was that he was angry. He cannot tell the manner of Ida Gibbard's murder.

In a signed and sworn statement, Knapp says: "I cannot tell what made me kill these people. I couldn't help it. Some kind of a desire to kill took hold of me, and I could not resist the temptation to kill. I am sorry for my crimes, but have no hope that they will be easy with me." After his confession a formal charge of first degree murder was filed. Knapp is afraid of being lynched.

Hamilton, O., Feb. 27.—Alfred Knapp has paid no attention to the repeated orders of his attorneys and of his sister not to talk about his crimes. In anticipation of his probable trial at Cincinnati, Knapp was interviewed today regarding the cases there, and especially about the strangling of Mary Eckhart. When asked why he killed her, he coolly replied:

"I was afraid she would tell something she knew."

"What did she know?" he was asked, and then he said:

"Well, it was this way: I was married then to Jennie Connor, the one I threw in the canal, you know, and I was going with Hannah to a house on Walnut street, in Cincinnati, to Mary Eckhart's room. That night Hannah and I went there and Mary Eckhart went out, and when she came back Hannah and I were together and Mary got sore because we were there so long, and she said:

"I am going to tell your wife on you," and then she went out again to the bakery. Hannah was afraid she would tell, and said we ought to keep her from it. We made up, and when Mary came back I choked her."

"What did Hannah do?"

"She held Mary's hands. That's the reason she never said anything."

"Did you tie a towel around her neck?"

"Yes."

"When asked to describe Mary Eckhart, Knapp said:

"She was as tall as me, and had dark hair. Oh, I knew her when she was in Dayton. She advertised in the personals and I answered it and used to go to see her."

"Was Mary jealous of you and Hannah?"

"Maybe."

"How was Mary Eckhart dressed when you killed her?"

"Just in a nightgown."

"How did it happen that just after returning from the bakery she was dressed only in night clothes?"

"That's the way she was dressed when she came in the room."

"Where was her body found?"

"In front of the washstand on the floor."

Asked then to describe the flight of himself and the woman, Knapp said he left first and met the milkman, almost knocking him down in the doorway, and that he had seen the milkman as he clambered from his wagon, and told Hannah to wait until the man had passed through the hall, and that, if the man discovered her, he would fix him. The woman, he said, followed after the milkman had gone, and he then returned, locked the door to Mary Eckhart's room, and later threw the key into the canal.

He went into much of the details about meeting with little Emma Lippelman on the street at Cincinnati, and taking her to the lumber

yard where her body was found, and about choking Jennie Connor, wife No. 2, and throwing her body in the canal at Cincinnati.

Knapp not only told how he killed his victims, but he acted it, and when he did this his face took on a look of fiendishness. His fingers drew up with tension and looked like the talons of a bird of prey. His face drew itself into hard lines, the eyes dropped toward the nose and his nostrils were dilated and he breathed hard. His whole body became rigid, and then Knapp was ready to tell how he killed people. "I always kill from behind," he said from between his closed teeth. "I get them in front of me. Then I clutch them by the throat, placing my knees on the back, and bend them over. They struggle, but not long. They look into my face, but I don't mind that."

Salem, Feb. 26.—In his veto of one of the three general appropriation bills, which carried appropriations of more than \$63,000, Governor Chamberlain says:

"The speaker and house of representatives—Gentlemen: I return herewith House bill No. 363 with my disapproval.

The title of the act is as follows: "An act making appropriations for the payment of certain specified claims against the state of Oregon, and for the purposes hereinafter specifically set forth and particularly enumerated.

The constitution of the state, section 20, article 4, provides that "every act shall embrace but one subject and matters properly connected therewith, which subjects shall be expressed in the title."

The examination of the act in question discloses that it appropriates nearly \$63,000 and covers a multitude of subjects about and concerning which the title gives no information whatever. It provides among other things for the purchase of lands around and about the state monument at Champoug and the improvement of the same, and appoints an agent to disburse moneys appropriated for that purpose. It provides for the payment of the expenses of the general repairs, improvements, etc., of the buildings and grounds of the state board of agriculture, and for the purchase of water pipe and payment of the necessary expenses of laying, connecting and installing the same to and throughout the grounds and buildings of the state board of agriculture. It provides for the payment of claims of various counties growing out of the scalp bounty law, and the claims of about 39 persons growing out of services alleged to have been rendered in connection with the escape of Tracy and Merrill. It provides money for the purpose of purchasing an artificial limb for one Frank Ingram, who was wounded at the time of the escape of Tracy and Merrill, and for the purchase of an executive mansion, including the lighting and heating of the same at the expense of the state. It gives authority to the state treasurer to credit on the note of one M. C. Starr the sum of \$662, accrued interest pending litigation concerning the state's title to mortgaged property securing said note. It authorizes the state land board to refund to one W. H. Waldron \$98 and provides for other things concerning which there is no intimation or suggestion in the title of the act.

There are some claims therein in which there is merit, and with respect to these they ought each to have been included in a separate appropriation bill. There are others in which there is absolutely no merit, and which would not have been considered by the legislature for a moment if they had been contained in separate and special bills as the constitution requires. It is unnecessary to particularize. It is sufficient to say that some attention ought to be paid to the constitutional mandate requiring that every act should embrace but one subject expressed in the title. If obedience had been given thereto, the subjects embraced within the bill under consideration would have been included in a half dozen or more separate and distinct bills, and there is no question but that most of them would in such event have failed of securing the necessary vote in the legislature to have secured their passage.

I hesitate to veto an appropriation bill in which there is much of merit, but the practice of including in such a bill items which ought to be included in special appropriation bills is to be deprecated and condemned, and I know of no better way to call the attention of the people to the reprehensible system in vogue in making inroads upon the treasury by unconstitutional methods than by vetoing such measures as the one now under consideration. The responsibility which compels me to take such a course must rest with the legislature and not with me.

I therefore return said bill with my veto, and trust that when it

reaches the executive office again it will be separated into as many bills as there are subjects embraced therein. If such course is followed, there will be an end to much legislative extravagance.

GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Governor.

Death Rate Decreasing.

The 1900 census shows a decrease of 10 per cent in the general death rate. The decline in consumption is more marked than any other disease. Many causes are attributed, but it is safe to say that Dr. Kings New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is responsible for the decline to a large extent. Many a life has been saved by its use. There is nothing anywhere just as good for lung and throat troubles. It's positively guaranteed by Graham & Wortham, druggists. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

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Wood choppers. From 5 to 20. Enquire of P. A. Kline.

### For Sale.

Shropshire sheep and Poland China hogs. Wanted to buy or take on shares, a band of goats.

L. L. Brooks.

### Notice of Final Settlement.

In the Matter of the Estate of James Marvin Applewhite, deceased. Notice is hereby given that L. E. Wilson, as administrator of said estate of James Marvin Applewhite, deceased, have the final account as such administrator with the clerk of the County Court of Benton County, State of Oregon, and the said Court has fixed, Saturday the 7th day of March, 1903, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day as the time, and the County Court room in the Court House in Corvallis, Benton County, Oregon, as the place for hearing any and all objections to the said final account and for settlement thereon.

Dated this February 7, 1903. E. E. WILSON, Administrator of the Estate of James Marvin Applewhite, deceased.

Administrator's Notice to Creditors. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Kinman Vanderpool, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same duly verified as by law required to me at Wells, Oregon, or at the office of Yates & Yates, Corvallis, Oregon within six months from this date.

Dated at Corvallis, Oregon, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1903. VIRGIL A. CARTER, Administrator of the estate of Kinman Vanderpool, deceased.

Referee's Sale of Real Property. On the 7th day of March, 1903, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. at the front door of the Court house in Corvallis, Oregon, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate to-wit: Lots nos. 107 and 114 in block no. 25 in the City of Philomath, Benton County, Oregon. Said sale is made under and in pursuance of an order and decree of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in the case of Plaintiff vs. Jennie Churchill et al, Defendants, a proceeding for the partition and sale of real property.

M. P. BURNETT, Referee appointed by the said court to sell said real estate.

Notice of Publication. Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, January 12th, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 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, Adalbert D. Perkins,

of Toledo, county of Benton, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement of land claimed for the purpose of entry under the act of June 3, 1878, in the name of John W. H. Waldron, of Toledo, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 6th day of April, 1903.

He names as witnesses: John W. Hyde of Philomath, Oregon. Frank M. Spencer. William Brazellon of Toledo, Oregon. Charles Kregger.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of April, 1903. CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Benton County. Seth H. Childs, Plaintiff, vs. E. E. Longbottom, D. D. Longbottom, J. J. Longbottom, Roy A. Roy, Amanda M. Longbottom, John Longbottom, Hallie Longbottom, Defendants.

To E. E. Longbottom, J. J. Longbottom, A. Roy, Amanda M. Longbottom, M. Longbottom, John Longbottom, Hallie Longbottom, Six of the defendants above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby summoned and required to appear in the above Court at the Court room thereof, in the City of Corvallis, Benton County, State of Oregon on or before Wednesday the 25th day of March, 1903 to answer to the Plaintiff's Complaint now on file in said Court in this suit and if you fail so to appear and answer for want thereof the Plaintiff will take a decree of said Court for the relief prayed for in said Complaint to-wit: That the Plaintiff be the owner in fee simple of the following described premises to-wit:

Beginning at the S E Corner of the N E Quarter of Section 2 being the S W Corner of Robt. Grieg's homestead claim and running thence N 80 rods; thence N 87 and 3/4 rods; thence E 80 rods; thence S 87 and 3/4 rods to the place of beginning; also a narrow strip land being a part of Lot No. 3 in said Section 2, and bounded as follows: On the E by the S E Quarter of the N E Quarter of said Section 2, running thence N 22 rods; thence W 3 rods and 1/2 links; thence S 22 rods; thence E 3 rods and 1/2 links to the place of beginning containing half an acre, also except the following:

Beginning at a point where the E line of the James Edwards Don L. Cl. Not. No. 7870 Cl. No. 47 running thence East of degrees South 1/2 chain and 64 links thence S 50 degrees W 2 chains to Aleas River; thence following said river to where it intersects said E line of said James Edwards land claims thence N to the place of beginning containing one-fourth acre more or less all being in Section 2 T 14 S R 8 W. Mer in Benton County, State of Oregon, and describing that you have no right, claim title or interest in or to the same and abjuring and renouncing you from asserting any claim or interest therein.

This summons is published by the order of Hon. Virgil E. Waters, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Benton County made on the 10th day of February, 1903. To be published for six consecutive weeks and the date of the first publication thereof to be February 11, 1903.

W. S. and J. N. McFADDEN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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