

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON, APRIL 29, 1903.

R. F. IRVINE
Editor and Proprietor.

Willamette Valley Banking Company.

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For Yaquina:
Train leaves Albany..... 12:45 p. m.
" " Corvallis..... 2:00 p. m.
" arrives Yaquina..... 6:25 p. m.

Returning:
Leaves Yaquina..... 6:45 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis..... 11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany..... 12:15 p. m.

For Detroit:
Leaves Albany..... 7:00 a. m.
Arrives Detroit..... 12:05 p. m.

From Detroit:
Leaves Detroit..... 12:45 p. m.
Arrives Albany..... 5:35 p. m.

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Train No. 2 connects with the S P trains at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches. Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 7:00 a. m., reaching Detroit at noon, giving ample time to reach the Springs the same day.

For further information apply to
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HE WENT DAFT.

AND IT TOOK POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS TO BRING HIM OFF THE ROOF.

Perched all Night on top of Church Cupola, Forty two Feet Above Ground—Wouldn't Surrender till They Turned Hose on Him.

Bridgeport, Conn., April 12.—Joseph Kratunus fought the police department all last night and gave the police and firemen a hard battle this morning before they could dislodge him from his perch 48 feet above the ground. He is a big, crazy Russian.

The priests of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church were going to bed at 10:30 o'clock last night when they heard a crackling sound on the tin roof. One of them looked through the scuttle and saw Kratunus. Word was telephoned to police headquarters, and Lieutenant Anderson sent five men in a patrol wagon to capture what everybody thought was a burglar.

The policemen found the man's hat and shoes neatly put away at the foot of the lightning rod at the back of the house. Evidently he had climbed to the roof, thirty-two feet above, with nothing but the lightning rod for support. The policemen went to the roof and found nothing. The priests were sure the man had not come down, so the officers sent for a ladder. This they placed against the cupola, which rears its height 16 feet above the middle of the roof.

The flash of a dark-lantern revealed the hatless, shoeless man on the top of the cupola. He had ascended through the scuttle. Policeman Haux briskly ran up the ladder and was about to swing his leg over the cornice when he received a tremendous smash on the head. The blow crushed his helmet, dazed Haux and sent him slithering, half unconscious, down the ladder. The other policemen drew their revolvers and night sticks and began to swarm up the ladder.

"No, no!" cried the Rev. Father Nibel, rector of the parish. "Let us have no killing."

The policemen telephoned to Lieutenant Anderson and he sent for Chief Eugene Birmingham, who was at home and asleep.

"Send more men, so that the fellow can't possibly get away, and guard him till morning," was the chief's order. Then he went to St. Patrick's house and took charge of the besieging army of ten bluecoats on the roof.

Kratunus was marching up and down the cupola roof to keep warm, and brandishing a five-foot section of lightning rod he had torn off as easily as a boy breaks a twig.

"Away, you murderers!" he yelled, in tones that could be heard half a mile away. "Let me alone. I am a Russian subject. If you try to get me I will kill you. I am an Anarchist!"

Seven hundred citizens, aroused by the man's yells, stood on the sidewalks all night, watching and waiting for what they felt must soon be a struggle to the death. But the man was overawed by the great number of police and did not attempt any more violence. At daylight Chief Birmingham telephoned to Chief Coffin, of the fire department, who sent Engine No. 4 and Hook and Ladder Truck No. 5 to the rescue. The combined forces put up four ladders, one on each side of the cupola. Kratunus yelled louder than ever and swung his lightning-rod club. In the midst of his howlings and threats three streams of water, each two inches in diameter, hit him at the same time. They knocked the wind and the fight all out of him. He waved his lightning rod for the last time.

"Let me down!" he cried. "Please let me come down. I no kill nobody."

Like all Anarchists the man was easily conquered by water. He told the police he is a tailor and that he has been kept in insane asylums in Russia. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 172 pounds and is of powerful build.

—Harry Withycombe is expected home in a few days. He was graduated last Thursday from the pharmacy department of the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Missoula, Mont., April 24.—Mrs. Frank Doolittle, living near Solo, was brought here today with a genuine case of spotted fever, traceable to a woodtick bite. Doctors say she cannot recover.

On April 14 Mrs. Doolittle was in the woods with her husband. While there the woodtick bit her. Six days later she was taken ill.

Each spring for years from the west Bank of the Bitter Root River in Montana have come reports of the dreaded spotted fever. In nearly every instance the victim has died from the effects of the disease. The origin of the malady has been a mystery to the bacteriologists of the state, and not till last spring was the source suspected. At that time the state board of health took up the matter vigorously and sent to Minnesota for an expert.

After careful investigation the Minnesota specialist gave out as his conclusion that infection was from an insect resembling a woodtick. The above dispatch would seem to bear out the announced results of the research.

Thebes, Ill., April 26.—An unknown negro, aged about 17 years, was lynched by a mob near the village of Santa Fe, a short distance from Thebes, this afternoon, for attempting to assault the 10-year-old daughter of Branson Davis, a farmer. The lynching was followed by a general onslaught upon a colony of negroes living in tents in a bridge construction camp. The tents were burned and dozens of shots were exchanged between the whites and blacks. Several negroes were shot, but, so far as known, none was killed. No whites were hurt.

Branson Davis lives half a mile east of Santa Fe. While his daughter was in the barnyard today the negro seized her. The girl's screams brought her mother to the scene and the negro fled. Officers were soon on the pursuit and as news of the assault spread among the neighboring farmers it was not long before an angry mob had joined in the chase. The mob met the officers returning with the negro. They refused to surrender the negro and a scrimmage with the mob ensued, the latter finally securing possession of the negro.

He confessed to the crime but begged for mercy. The mob started with the negro toward the new bridge being constructed across the Mississippi, where he was hanged to an oak tree without ceremony. After the body had dangled a few moments, it was riddled with bullets.

Bloomington, Ind., April 26.—Thirty-eight unmasked men early today broke into a house in East Ninth street and switched Misses Rebecca and Ida Stephens, 18 and 16, years old, and also whipped Joe Shively, colored, 50 years old. The Stephens girls lived with their mother in the same house in which Shively had a room.

The negro was whipped with a barbed wire and was struck in the eye with brass knuckles. Rebecca was whipped with barbed wire and Ida with apple switches, but neither is dangerously injured. Many of the white caps were recognized, and warrants will be sworn out for their arrest.

IN CORVALLIS.

SALE OF THE GIBSON PROPERTY TO UNNAMED BUYER.

Taken to the Hospital—More Families Arrive From the East—People Buying Buggies—Other Local News.

Eugene Garrow left Monday for Los Angeles, where he expects to spend the summer.

J. D. Wells, road supervisor, has a force of men grading, and otherwise repairing the road just west of town.

Samuel Jackson, wife, son, daughter and son-in-law arrived from the East Monday, and have rented a house in the addition.

Father Jurek departed Monday with Father Buehner to place him in St. Vincent's hospital, Portland. As soon as the latter has sufficiently recovered his health he will leave for Rome.

David Heaston, one of the proprietors of the Corvallis Steam Laundry, accompanied by Cal Thompson is making a tour of Southern Oregon. They expect to remain a month or more.

The residence of R. E. Gibson has changed hands. The price at which the property went is \$3,000, but the name of the purchaser has not been made public. W. A. Wells who made the sale, said the transfer would be made in a few days and then the identity of the buyer could be known.

—Henry Gerber, Sr., played a prominent part in the German village Saturday evening. It was easy at first, but later his role became rather trying on his nerves. Mr. Gerber sat in an easy chair on the veranda and smoked a regular German pipe. The pipe was brought from Germany by Ben Woldt on his return from the old country a few years ago, and it is one of the most costly articles of the kind manufactured. The stem is three feet long and is made principally of horn variously colored, and elaborately carved. In the stem is a section of woven fabric to render it flexible. The bowl is of rare porcelain, nicely ornamented and bears the picture of the German emperor. A tassel and cord attached is of silk in the colors of Germany, black, red and white.

Three particularly handsome vehicles may be seen at J. H. Simpson's hardware store. One is a double buggy ordered by Dick Kiger. It has rubber tires and is in every way a first-class vehicle. Another is a Bleece surrey, rubber-tired, and put up in the most approved style. It is owned by Charles Hout. The third is a turn-out which will surprise the natives. It is a light single vehicle, has yellow gearing, black body, hair cushions, etc. It has regular bicycle wheels, pneumatic tires, wire spokes, and Bailey pivot axles which need oiling only once a year. The hind wheels are 36 inches and the front wheels 34 inches high. J. M. Porter is the owner of this buggy. The fact that people are buying such vehicles is a healthy sign of the times.

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