

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

Vol. XVI.--No. 15

CORVALLIS, OREGON, MAY 30, 1903.

R. F. IRVINE
Editor and Proprietor.

A FEW LINES

About Some Items
In Some of our Departments
Should Interest Many.

All our Ladies' Kid Gloves
Reduced in Price for April.

Some shades and grades can now be seen in our show window. \$1.50 grade for \$1.35; \$1.25 grade for \$1.15; \$1.00 grade for 90c.

See what a fine Kid Glove
you can buy for 70 cents.

Just Received—Big line of Ladies' Wrappers, Shirt Waists, 50c. to \$6.00; Muslin and Jersey Underwear, Silks, Dress Goods, cotton, wool, linen and silk, and all at lowest prices. Call and see. **Big Line Shoes.**

J. H. HARRIS.

We Do Not Live

to as high a standard as our desire would promote us, but see that you make no mistake in the house that keeps the highest standard of Groceries that is the place to BUY

Fresh Fruits, Fresh Vegetables,

fresh everything to be had in the market. We run our delivery wagon and our aim is to keep what you want and to please. Call and see

E. B. Horning.

HOME-SEEKERS!

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR SOME REAL good bargains in stock, grain, fruit and poultry Ranches, write for my special list, or come and see me. I shall take pleasure in giving you all the reliable information you wish, also showing you over the country.

HENRY AMBLER,
Real Estate, Loan, and Insurance,
Philomath, Oregon.

E. R. Bryson,
Attorney-At-Law,
POSTOFFICE BUILDING

E. E. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office in Zierolf Building, Corvallis, Or.

B. A. CATHEY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office, Room 14, First National Bank Building, Corvallis, Or. Office Hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.

G. R. FARRA,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & OBSTETRICIAN
Residence in front of court house facing 3rd st. Office hours 9 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9;
CORVALLIS OREGON

MANY CYCLONES.

THEY SWEEP OVER VARIOUS PORTIONS OF NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

Four of Them Move Simultaneously in the Same Direction, Spreading Desolation and Ruin—Ship Charters Decline—Other News.

Blanchard, Iowa, May 27.—The most destructive and fatal tornado struck the town of Elmo, Mo., eight miles south of Blanchard and just across the Missouri state line, at five o'clock this evening. Nine persons were killed outright and five were injured, some of whom may die.

The storm came from the northeast and first struck the Wabash depot. The Masonic Temple was the next building in its path and it was demolished. On the lower floor of the temple was located a general merchandising store, and in the store was gathered a number of citizens of the town. The building was torn to pieces before any warning was received and the victims were buried beneath the wreckage. Of the fourteen persons in the store only five escaped death, and these received injuries which in two or three cases may prove fatal. The storm passed on through the town leaving but a few buildings standing. A relief party at once began the rescue of those in the ruins of the temple, and nine bodies were taken to an improvised morgue. Five others were taken out, some with broken legs and arms and in each case serious if not fatal injuries.

The storm came on with great suddenness, and had destroyed the town almost before the people realized what had happened. After leaving Elmo it continued and it is feared that fatalities have occurred. Several dwellings are known to have been blown to pieces, but the fate of their occupants is unknown. A deluge of rain added its share to the misfortune of the stricken people, and tonight the homeless inhabitants are being cared for at the few remaining homes that escaped the fury of the wind.

Salina, Kan., May 26.—This city tonight is the scene of the worst flood in its history, fully 100 families have been driven from their homes, and the extent of the damages is estimated to be hundreds of thousands of dollars. Another heavy rain fell tonight making four inches of rain that has fallen during the last 24 hours. The northwestern portion of the city is entirely submerged and women and children were rescued from their homes in boats.

The Missouri Pacific grade on the west is holding back a large and threatening body of water. If the water succeeds in crossing the tracks, the entire western portion of the town will be under water.

A passenger train on the Lincoln branch of the Union Pacific is held between two washouts two miles north of here. The passengers were brought to this city on handcars. The Union Pacific tracks for three miles west of here are washed out, and all through trains are running over the Rock Island from Limon Junction, Colo. to Manhattan, Kan. The Union Pacific station here is surrounded by water and the railroad yards are flooded.

The entire district for miles northwest and southwest from the station is flooded. As far as the eye can reach, the wheat fields have been transformed into great lakes of rising water. Crops are ruined and homes deserted.

De Moines, Iowa, May 26.—The cyclone struck the Home of the Feeble-Minded at Glenwood last night. The roof of the girl's dormitory was broken in and a number of inmates were crushed beneath the debris. Two young girls are dead and ten others are seriously injured, but will recover. Wires are all down and additional particulars are unobtainable.

Oskaloos, May 26.—A cyclone struck Buxton Ia. last night, de-

stroying two dwellings and several light buildings. Two were killed, and thirty more or less injured.

Omaha, Neb., May 26.—Reports from various portions of the state, especially the eastern sections, show that all day yesterday small twisters and heavy rains marked the phenomenal atmospheric conditions of Nebraska. The total loss of life so far reported from the cyclones, are two. At Springfield the rain was so heavy that Turtle Creek overflowed in four feet of water. An icehouse was washed away and the Fair Grounds destroyed.

The main storm was divided into five cyclones which traveled simultaneously. Funnel-shaped twisters of terrific force was the result. Many persons were crushed to a pulp. The Mumma farm-house, near Pauline was carried three miles where it was scattered. The largest piece picked up was the bottom of a chair. Of six persons who were at the supper table at the time, all were horribly mangled. Mrs. Mumma's body, nude and disemboweled, was found. A string of beads about her neck and a pair of shoes were the only articles left on the body.

The path of the storm was so narrow at Pauline that eye-witnesses say had the victims seen its approach they could have taken a few steps and escaped.

The storm culminated this morning in a veritable cloudburst in the eastern portion of the state. It reached cyclonic proportions again at Lancaster County, and reports received this forenoon say that in town of Archer six houses were demolished and seven persons killed.

San Francisco, May 26.—There is a great stir on change on the subject of charters, as a shortage of the wheat crop of California, variously estimated, is manifest. Not long ago the outlook was good for a large crop of wheat and barley. With that prospect in view owners of ships all over the world prepared to send them to California to get engagements. Then came the long strike in the coal mines of British Columbia. The lack of coal on this coast, resulting from the shutting down of mines, caused a number of vessels to start to San Francisco with coal cargoes, the owners expecting to get wheat and barley cargoes out from this port. The general outcome of these conditions is that there are on the way to San Francisco vessels having a total tonnage of 402,000 tons. In this port the disengaged tonnage amounts to 88,600 tons.

A comparison with the conditions last year at the corresponding period shows then there was on the way to the Port of San Francisco, 259,000 tons, and disengaged tonnage in port was 24,500 tons in total. A short time since charters were closed in San Francisco for carrying wheat in July and August at 21 shillings 3 pence. Charters to carry wheat in August, September and October were closed at 22 shillings 6 pence. Several vessels are reported to have been chartered at the last mentioned rate. On the way from Astoria to this port are 83 vessels, the largest fleet from that direction on record.

For Plain Sewing.

Call on Mrs. E. E. White at St. German place near Electric Light plant.

To Rent.

A new 7 room house with 2 3-4 acres of ground, on College Hill. A desirable location. Apply to J. J. Cady at College barn.

Some People Eat to Live

And others live to eat. Both classes can be accommodated in this particular by feeding at the Occidental hotel. A good bed is the next best thing to a good meal and that also can be secured at the Occidental.

If you have musical instruments of any kind you wish to sell, or have cleaned, tuned or repaired, call on E. E. White second hand store opposite Farmer's Hotel, Corvallis, Oregon.

New goods all the time. Nolan & Callahan.

New rugs, small, medium and large, in Roxbury, Axminster and Moquette; all wool art squares; also tapestries, velours and corduroys for coverings just arrived. Nolan & Callahan.

AT PISTOL POINT.

PORTLAND MURDERER AND HIS CAPTIVE TAKEN IN A BARN.

Officers Surrounded Them in the Darkness—Wife Held Her Husband's Arm and Prevented Him from Firing—Charged With Murder.

Portland, May 27.—Martin V. Leasia, who killed his former father-in-law, F. H. Drews, last Sunday morning near peninsula station, and his divorced wife, whom he forced to flee with him into the jungle, were overtaken and captured by the police about 5 o'clock this morning. Both are now locked up at the city jail. They are confined in separate cells, and are not allowed to converse with each other.

Leasia is wounded over the heart by a pistol bullet. His former wife had attempted to kill him.

Notwithstanding the vigilant efforts of a large posse of police and citizens to capture the murderer during the previous 48 hours, it remained for a rancher to discover the final clue to the whereabouts of the couple and to notify the police.

O. Paulson is the rancher. He resides about two miles down the Slough road from Glenwood station. Between 9 and 10 o'clock last night a man and woman, answering the description of Leasia and his captive, came to his house and asked for something to eat. Leasia first inquired the way to the ranch of a Mr. Wagner, by way of introducing the subject of victuals. Mr. Paulson knew of no such farmer among his neighbors or in the vicinity, and so informed the fugitive. Leasia then stated that he and the woman, whom he said was his wife, lived in Vancouver, and had walked all the way. He added that they were very hungry, and asked for something to eat.

Mr. Paulson was in his stocking feet and shirt sleeves. He was just about to retire when Leasia knocked rather timidly at the door. He cheerfully consented, however, to feed them, and set out what the pantry afforded at that time of night.

Leasia ate greedily and soon placed himself on the exterior of a goodly portion of food. Mrs. Leasia ate sparingly but drank two glasses of milk. She was perfectly silent during the meal. In fact, Mr. Paulson said today he could not recall that she spoke a single word during the entire time she was in the house. Leasia talked volubly. Noticing a telephone in the Paulson house, he inquired if Mr. Paulson could communicate with Portland. When answered in the affirmative, he did not show the least sign of uneasiness. Mr. Paulson said the woman seemed to be sickly and nearly exhausted. He credited her lack of appetite to this condition. Leasia told him he had no money, but that if their paths ever crossed again on the active side of the grave he would repay him liberally. Then the couple left.

After they had departed into the darkness of a wet and nasty night, it suddenly struck Mr. Paulson that his visitors might be Leasia and the captive woman. He remembered the couple he had read in last evening's telegram. The descriptions seemed to fit, with the exception that he did not remember on the moment, whether a part of one of the man's ears was cut off. It then occurred to him to delay them and notify the police.

He rushed to the door and called out to them. For half a minute there was no response, then Leasia answered from a point at a considerable distance from the gate. He judged from the elevation of the voice that Leasia was on the fence, though it was too dark to see him. Mr. Paulson, then mentioning the incident night and bad traveling, invited the couple to remain in the house till morning, saying, so as not to appear too anxious, that he could provide a "shakedown" in the parlor.

Leasia declined with thanks, saying that they would return to the ferry landing and await the boat.

With this Mr. Paulson closed the door and immediately stepped to the telephone. This was close to

10 o'clock. He called up police headquarters, telephoned his suspicions and a description of the couple.

A posse of police was still on guard in that section of the country, watching the roads, and Captain of Detective Simmons was still on duty to receive reports and give instructions. He immediately hastened Officer Gabriel on horseback to the Paulson place with photographs of Leasia and the woman. Mr. Paulson at once and without hesitation identified the pictures as likenesses of the couple he had fed three-quarters of an hour before. Upon being notified by telephone of the identification, Captain Simmons, Detective Day and Officers Austin and Burke jumped in rigs that had been held waiting and drove in all speed to the place.

The six officers, with the rays of their lanterns shooting into the blackness of the night, started for the barn. Captain Simmons, Detective Day and Officer Burke stepped cautiously inside, while the others surrounded the building. Feeling that Leasia was a desperate man in a more desperate situation, they decided to take no chances and advanced with revolvers drawn. They expected Leasia to shoot on sight. On their side, the officers were determined to take him, dead or alive, but alive if possible. Having searched the mangers, they passed, speaking in very low tones when speech was necessary, to an elevated side of the barn, where there was a little hay.

They heard a whisper—an intense whisper—and these were the words they distinguished:

"Sh-h-h! Lie still; be quiet, damn you!"

The officers could hear their own hearts beat. Then three dark lanterns were flashed into a corner, three officers, revolvers in hand, rushed forward together, and in less time than it takes to write it, Leasia and the woman were surrounded.

Captain Simmons thrust his gun into the murderer's face. The other two revolvers also covered him instantly.

The desperate fugitive did not have a chance to draw a weapon. But he never whimpered. He was game, when the slightest movement on his part would have made his brain the place of lodgment of three big pills of lead.

Leasia and the woman lay side by side, thinly covered with hay. He was grabbed by the collar and jerked roughly to his feet before a word was spoken.

"Don't make a move—on your life," said the captain.

In three seconds Leasia had been searched and handcuffed.

Two revolvers were taken from him. One was the 38-calibre with which he killed his father-in-law, and the other was a little 22-calibre belonging to his wife. No other weapons were found.

The woman was assisted to her feet. Right glad she seemed, to be in the clutches of the law—for her the clutch of rescue, the hand of safety and salvation, failing in which she felt her fate would be death. The infuriated but helpless Leasia and his freed and trembling captive were separated and at once driven to headquarters.

Right here comes in a new and startling feature of the crime.

Upon a physical examination at the jail Leasia was found to be severely though not fatally wounded. There was a bullet hole to the left of and a little above the left nipple, almost directly in a straight line with his heart. His shirt had been saturated with blood, which, drying, had caked until the shirt had become as stiff as pasteboard.

"How came you by that," he was asked.

"My father-in-law shot me—shot me first. Then I plugged him," he replied.

"I'll bet you are a liar," said somebody in a blue uniform.

And he is, if his former wife is to be believed. The police give her story credence and pass his up into the four winds.

The woman says she shot him. This is her story of how it happened:

"I was standig in the door when Martin came to the house. He shot father, and I turned back into the room and ran to a drawer where I had a pistol. When he came toward the door I shot him. I thought he might be going to shoot me. Then he forced me to go away with him. I thought he would kill me.

Continued on Fourth Page.