

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

Vol. XVII.—No. 14.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, MAY 28, 1904.

H. F. IRVING
Editor and Proprietor.

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FIGHT WITH BANDITS

SHERIFF SHACKELFORD PURSUES IMNAHA POSTOFFICE ROBBERS.

Sheriff's Horse Was Shot From Under Him—Their Horses and Outfit Captured, but Bandits Escape to the Mountains—Other News.

Portland, May 25.—Oregonian: News of a pitched battle between postoffice robbers and officers of Wallowa county was brought to this city yesterday by J. C. Shackelford, of Imnaha. The sheriff overtook the robbers in the wilds of a canyon and, though they were two to one and heavily armed, he engaged them in a fierce battle until his horse was shot from under him. Retreating for aid, he gathered a posse and again engaged the bandits in a running fight, but in the darkness and brush the bandits managed to escape. Officers of the county are still on their trail, and every effort is being made to effect their capture.

The two robbers are believed to be ex-convicts named Gale and Bartley. A few nights ago they rode into Imnaha and held up the postmaster, helping themselves to government funds and supplies from the store. Mounting their horses, they made for the mountains with their booty. Before an alarm could be raised they disappeared.

Sheriff Shackelford started on their trail and on the afternoon following the robbery he unexpectedly met them face to face in a canyon several miles from Imnaha. The robbers opened fire and Sheriff Shackelford returned the compliment. The fight was a running one but it was coming to close quarters when the sheriff's horse fell, pierced by a bullet from the rifles of the robbers. As the bandits rounded the cliff, the sheriff fired a parting shot and saw one of them fall. He was evidently only slightly wounded, for he clambered to his horse again and the two disappeared. The sheriff returned to Imnaha and, raising a posse of deputies, started back on the trail of the robbers. The next day their camp was discovered in a precipitous canyon. The horses and outfit were captured by the officers, but the officers could not find the men. They were located about dark, returning to camp. They opened fire on the posse from a high cliff. The fire was returned by the officers, but before the latter could scale the cliff the robbers had succeeded in eluding them. The search was continued for several hours, but no trace of them could be found. It is believed they stole new mounts from a bunch of horses that was found the following day, and made their way to some refuge in the mountains.

North Sidney, N. S. W., May 20.—Thirteen lives were lost today when the British steamer Turret Bay, coal-laden, bound from Sidney to Montreal, during a fog struck on the rocks, 19 miles off Cape Breton, and sank in deep water within 20 minutes. Only nine men were saved. After the impact the steamer backed off into deep water.

The crew attempted to cut the boats clear, but while thus engaged the vessel plunged down, bow first carrying every man aboard with her. Some of the men straggled to the surface and clung to floating pieces of wreckage. Fourteen persons were taken off the wreckage by the life-saving crew that put out from the island, but five of them died before reaching the island. The vessel was built in 1894 of steel, was of 2211 tons and owned by William Peterson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Cottage Grove, Or., May 22.—Louis Portreus, a farmer living at Loraine, was found dead this morning near his doorstep, face down. No conclusion as to his sudden death can be had until the coroner's jury tomorrow. It is reported that Portreus had had a feud with some of his nearest neighbors over the killing of some of his cattle and it is possible that he met with foul play, as it was reported that his

life was threatened on account of his filing on a certain tract of land. Persons who knew Portreus says he was peaceably disposed. He was a bright man and spoke several languages. His age was about 50.

Efforts Being Made in Illinois to Check the Evil.

Druggists Ask Legislature to Make Illicit Sale of the Drug Difficult—How Its Users Are Affected.

Alarmed by the rapid spread of the cocaine habit in Chicago and the attendant demoralizing consequences, druggists of the city, allied with others from over the state, have begun a concerted movement against the promiscuous sale of the drug. The legitimate dealers are unanimously of the opinion that legislative action is necessary to regulate the present reckless distribution of cocaine, and the matter received no little attention at the recent meeting of the Illinois Pharmaceutical association at Jacksonville. A resolution was passed which favors transferring the present law governing the matter from the civil to the pharmaceutical code. In this way, says the Chicago Tribune, it is believed the sale of cocaine by unscrupulous dealers could be better regulated and the evils resulting from a too general use of the drug reduced to a minimum.

One of the leaders of the movement looking to legislation for the curbing of the traffic is Walter H. Gale, of Chicago, president of the state association.

"I do not pretend to be conversant with the details of the trade," says Mr. Gale. "Reputable pharmacists do not engage in it. But we all know that there are many disgraces to the profession who make large profits thereby. The evil results are enormous, especially in the case of cocaine, which is the most deadly of all these drugs."

"It is true that there is a law on the statute book prohibiting the sale except on prescription, but it is ineffective. Druggists who know their customers have nothing to fear. If questioned it is easy for them to say that they sold the stuff on prescription, which prescription they have not preserved. It is probably impossible actually to eliminate the evil by legislation, but something can be done to curb it. My idea is to procure the passage of a law something like that in force in Pennsylvania. According to it, it is an offense to sell deleterious drugs to any one known to be addicted to their use, 'fiends,' in fact. Furthermore, any friend or even acquaintance of the fiend, can notify the drug stores in the locality, and if the druggists persist in selling to the fiend, on prescription or otherwise, he can be punished."

A high pharmaceutical authority, questioned on the subject, said: "The cocaine fiend has no morals. He neither knows the meaning of truth nor comprehends the rights of property. He will never hesitate to steal anything he may lay his hands on in order to procure the drug. The mental effects are peculiar and erratic. I once knew an intelligent young man who became addicted to the habit. He was able to do his regular work all right, but outside of that he relapsed into almost idiocy. This, I understand, was a typical case. The physical effects include emaciation, debility, and unearthly pallor. An ever present symptom is a peculiar, glassy stare. The effect of cocaine on the eyes manifests itself in a remarkable manner—what is known as 'cocaine bugs,' symptoms somewhat similar to delirium tremens. The drug acts on the pupils and so interferes with vision. The victim sees spots before his eyes, which, under the influence of a super-excited imagination, he takes for bugs. I have seen a man tear off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and start to picking these imaginary insects from his arms."

"A favorite method of taking cocaine nowadays is in snuff. Thus it is pleasanter to administer than with the hypodermic needle, and equally, if not more, effective. Many tricks are resorted to by the sellers of cocaine. Often the druggist will give the habitual customer a ticket, on producing which he can obtain what he desires. Such a ticket will be good with all the druggists who compose this evil fraternity. Knowing their man, they have nothing to fear."

A man who formerly worked in a levee drug store, doing a large cocaine traffic, spoke strongly of the evil consequences.

"Cocaine fiends are the lowest of the low," he said. "There is nothing they will not stoop to, in order to obtain the drug. Steal? They will steal anything. I have often had men come in with perfumes, drugs, and the like, which I knew they had stolen from some other store, and try to trade them for cocaine. We have had suspicious, several of them in a day, stolen from the store, unquestionably for the same purpose. Directories are never safe, which is one reason why they are chained to the desk."

"The fiends have certain meeting places on the levee, old shanties or shacks where they meet and pass around the drug, the needle, and the snuff box. Apparently they enjoy company in their degradation."

TRIAL OF WILLIAMS

MATTED STRANDS AND BLOOD STAINS MAY SEAL WILLIAMS' FATE.

Found in an Empty Grave—Strong Circumstantial Evidence Introduced at the Dalles—The Defense Is Defiant.

The Dalles, Or., May 25.—Straight to the vital of the Williams murder case went Henry McGinn, attorney for the thin-lipped prisoner, when he made his opening address to the jury this morning.

"Gentlemen," cried the lawyer as he faced the 12 men, "the state of Oregon cannot prove death in this case. The prosecuting attorney knows it. There are suspicious but nothing more."

And on this single point hangs the fate of Norman Williams. There are no producible bodies of the missing women. The corpus delicti is wanting. Upon a few strands of matted hair and a blood-stained gunny sack disinterred after being buried in the ground for four years, the prosecution must rest all the fabric of circumstantial evidence with which it hopes to overwhelm the defense, and the defense defies them.

All attempts to pile up suspicious circumstances, previous convictions of the prisoner or evidence of his satanic character for easy inspection by the jury are baffled by the defense. "Alma Nesbitt and her mother may be alive," says the defense to the prosecution. "First prove that they are dead, then prove that Norman Williams murdered them."

So the prosecution with its 40 witnesses is bending every effort, first to show that the wisps of hair found in the grave belong to Alma and her mother, and, second, to build around the prisoner such a chain of circumstantial evidence that from it there shall be no escape. How strong this chain must be is a matter of doubt.

With public sentiment in an entire county so inflamed that 25 men out of forty confessed to having an unalterable conviction that the defendant was guilty, it would seem that the technical and legal merits of the case might be entirely overlooked. The defense must win an overwhelming victory to win at all.

The net result of the prosecution's efforts today has been to prove conflicting statements on the part of Williams as to the date on which he last saw the missing women. S. Bolton, deputy county clerk, testified that the prisoner told him that he had driven the women to the depot in Hood River on the morning of March 9, and that they had taken the train for Portland from there. Against this the prosecution had placed the testimony of the O. R. & N.'s train dispatcher, who stated that the only morning train passed through Hood river about 5 o'clock A. M.

By other evidence it was shown that Williams left in a team from Hood river in the evening before, bound for his ranch, 20 miles away and the conclusion was drawn that it would have been impossible for him to have made the drive there and back on a stormy night in time to catch the train, even if there had been any reason why the trio should drive all night nearly to return to their starting point in the morning. It was shown also by the livery stable keeper that, while Williams in this case professed to have returned with the women at 5 o'clock he did not return the team until after 8 o'clock, at which time he was seen driving into town along the road which led to his homestead.

In another case it was testified that Williams told J. B. Goit, a surveyor that he had not seen the missing women since Alma's birthday, January 25, on which day a little reunion had been held by the girl's Oregon friends and neighbors in her homestead. This story was also told by Williams to other persons, but was contradicted by the version told to Bolton and, the prosecution says, will be torn to tatters tomorrow by the evidence of many witnesses, including John Hall, United States district at Portland, who is to arrive tonight.

All through the day the prisoner sat motionless beside his attorney. He had been clean-shaven early in the morning, the absence of the

grayish, close-clipped beard making him look a few years younger, but it showed more clearly the thin and sharp-edged lips, which lend an air of cunning to his face. He rested one elbow on the table and kept his mouth constantly covered with his hand to the despair of an artist who vainly endeavored to sketch him.

The rapid progress of the case was a surprise to the prosecution, who had calculated that the cross-examination would be long and tedious. As a consequence their expert witnesses, the chemist and doctors, who will testify that the skin and hair found in the seven-foot grave on the Williams homestead, belong to human beings and not to dogs as Williams claims, were not on hand. This disarranged the chain of evidence which the district attorney had planned to present, and he was forced to call such witnesses as he had.

"The evidence will show," said Mr. Wilson, "that for a year or two previous to their arrival in Oregon Williams and Alma Nesbitt knew each other intimately in Nebraska. By some means or other Williams gained her entire trust and confidence and persuaded her to accompany him to Oregon. Later on he suggested to her that it would be a wise plan to take up a homestead in the valley south of the Dalles. Later in the summer of 1899, Alma took up a homestead."

The story was then recited of the coming of Alma's mother to live with her daughter, of the trip to Portland of the two women and Williams, of the return to Hood River, and of the disappearance of the women and Williams into the inky blackness of a stormy night on March 8, 1900.

"That, gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, "was the last time the women were seen, dead or alive."

Jackson, Miss., May 25.—Fire in Yazoo City today destroyed every business house of any importance, together with a large number of private residences, the principal hotel and the passenger station.

The fire started at 8:30 this morning, and burned until 5 o'clock this afternoon, destroying 200 buildings. The burned district is three blocks wide and 12 blocks long. The estimates of the loss are between \$2,000,000 and \$2,500,000.

The water supply was in adequate and efforts to stay the flames were futile. A citizen named Chambliss was killed by falling walls and Mayor Holmes was severely hurt, his condition tonight reported as precarious.

In the afternoon the fire spread to Latonia, a residence district, where it destroyed some of the finest homes. The Yazoo county court house and the Ricks Memorial Library escaped destruction, and the vaults of the banks and the postoffice protected their treasures. Yazoo City is 40 miles distant from Jackson, and has 6,000 inhabitants.

The total insurance is between \$300,000 and \$1,000,000.

Seattle, Wash., May 22.—George Clafwha, a Port Madison reservation Indian, who is thought to be about 80 years of age, has a private cemetery on the reservation. Not that Clafwha has been a "gun" man, but that he is much related. Clafwha has gathered all the relatives he can trace and adopted others for the purpose of burial, interring them in his private grounds.

Last week the old Indian tearfully decided that the unkept condition of his cemetery was a disgrace to him and his ancestry. It could not disgrace posterity, because the family is practically run out. Clafwha summoned all the Indians on the reservation and gathered a few from Rainbridge Island, which lies across Port Orchard and Agate Passage from the reservation. To the braves he expressed a desire for a fence that would enclose his cemetery, and the willing performers spent two days erecting posts and stretching a wire netting.

When the work of protecting his cemetery had been completed, old Clafwha took the assembled Indians to a white's house that he had secured for the occasion and gave them an extensive banquet. Clafwha planned the affair as a potlatch, but he was unable to bear the financial strain of giving presents to all his guests. The eating and drinking, however, continued for a day or two, and the completion of old Clafwha's private cemetery was made a holiday for the reservation Indians.

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