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WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON, AUGUST 3, 1904.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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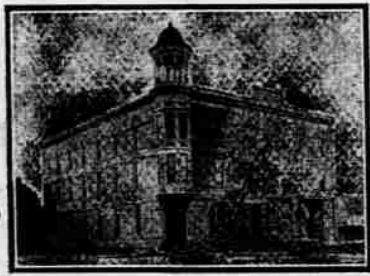
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SLAIN FOR HIS MONEY

**PAYMASTER FATALLY SHOT
AND THE DRIVER SLAIN
BY ROBBERS.**

Robbers Escaped With a Satchel Containing Three Thousand Dollars—Farmers, Miners and Business men Join Pursuing Party—Other News.

Portage, Pa., July 30.—Charles Hays, a driver employed by the Puritan Coal Company, was shot and killed today and Patrick Campbell, the company's paymaster, was fatally wounded by three men, who escaped after taking a satchel containing \$3,000 which it was intended to pay the coal company's employees at Puritan.

The two men were passing in a buggy, when the robbers, armed with shotguns, emerged from the woods near the road and fired at them. Armed posses are seeking the robbers and threaten to lynch them.

Kimball said he thought their assailants were Italians. They began to use their shotguns before he and Hays, who were both armed, could get out their revolvers.

Kimball was also general superintendent of the Puritan mine.

It is reported that two suspects have been arrested at Beaverdale.

An Englishman whose name is not known, was caught while running from a house in Portage this afternoon. He had been seen early in the day, near where the hold-up occurred, but escaped.

Late this afternoon three Italians were arrested and came from the direction of Portage. The men denied their guilt, and no money or weapons were found on them.

The commission of Cambria county has issued a notice offering a reward of \$1,000 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty persons. It is estimated that 1,000 armed men are scouring the country within a radius of 10 miles of Portage.

It developed there tonight that the men in jail are not the men who did the Portage hold-up, and that the men wanted are secreted somewhere in Lovett county, six miles from the scene of the tragedy, where Sheriff Lenhart and a half-hundred officers and twice that many armed citizens are now searching every nook and corner.

From every quarter for over a radius of 10 miles an army of farmers, miners and business men and officers are on guard. The men cannot get through the lines. The great popularity of Mr. Campbell and the dastardly crime have set the whole mountain afire.

At 12-30 o'clock watchers on the Frankstown road saw two men, one of them with a satchel, cross and disappear in the bushes near the grave yard there. The men on guard called on the two men to stop. They refused and 50 shots were exchanged. The men were not captured and disappeared.

Sheriff Lenhart returned at midnight and is signing more men to join the pursuers. The chase will be continued all night. The orders are to shoot any person who refuses to halt. Armed men are rushing in and out of the town every minute. Revolvers and ammunition are being handed out to every available man. The feeling against the foreigners is growing bitter.

Middletown, N. Y., July 26.—If the experiment undertaken by C. B. Ward, of New York, in propagating a new species of Angora goats at DeBruce, Sullivan county, proves a success, it will mean a great industry for that section of country.

Mr. Ward has purchased a large tract of wild land at DeBruce, upon which he has placed a herd of imported white Angora goats. He has now gone to New Mexico in quest of 2,000 goats from that state, and proposes to cross the breeds, expecting to produce a superior species. Several large land owners in the wilds of Sullivan county are watching the experiment with great interest, and if it results successfully immense tracts probably will be devoted to the goat-raising industry, as the animal's wool brings about 50 cents per pound in the market.

Savannah, Ga., July 4.—Savannah's first bale of new cotton has

been shipped to New York, where it will be sold and the proceeds turned into the democratic campaign fund. It was marked "Parker and Davis, Gold Basis."

Murray M. Stewart, who brought the bale here, said he hoped the bale would be bought by some good democrat who would see that it was manufactured into democratic campaign badges with an anti-trust motto.

The cotton was grown by Deal Jackson a negro farmer, near Albany, who, for years, has raised the first bale. It was bought by the Georgia Cotton Company, of Albany, at 15 cents a pound, and by that concern sent to E. A. Cutts, of Savannah, to be sold here. The cotton was classed "good middling" at Albany, and this classification was confirmed by the committee of the Cotton Exchange. It brought 17½ cents here. The bale was addressed to Shearson, Hammill & Co., N. Y.

Portland, July 30.—Portland Oregonian: "There is probable cause for appeal," says the certificate issued by Judge Cleland postponing the execution August 16 of Frank Guglielmo for the murder of Freda Garacic, and consequently the prisoner will have another chance for his life. In the strict reading of the law governing such cases, Guglielmo will be returned from Salem penitentiary, where he now is, to the custody of the sheriff of Multnomah county. The all important certificate was signed by Judge Cleland and was received yesterday morning by County Clerk Fields.

A copy was served on Sheriff Word and another copy was mailed to the warden of the penitentiary at Salem.

Attorney Ralph H. Moody has been engaged to assist Dan E. Murphy and John F. Logan in defending the prisoner. Mr. Murphy states that there will be little or nothing to say about the case until the supreme court passes on it in October, and that if the judgment of the lower court is affirmed an appeal may be taken to the United States supreme court. In consequence of these various delays, Guglielmo may not be hanged until about the end of the present year.

Kingman, Ariz., July 30.—Heavy rains in the mountains east of Truxton last night sent down a wall of water 30 feet high through the canyon, washing out the Santa Fe railroad track, embankments, bridges, telegraph poles and everything movable for a distance of 12 miles. Great steel bridges were taken from their foundations and piled up against the walls of the canyon. Massive stone abutments were crumbled and carried away.

At Crozier everything movable, including the station signal, telegraph poles and box cars were piled up on the big steel bridge to the west of the station.

At Hackbury the pump house and machinery was destroyed and swept into the valley miles away. The big well was filled to the brim with debris. Houses high above all heretofore known above high-water marks were flooded and much damage done.

Thousands of men have been hurried to the scene of the washout by the Santa Fe, but it will be some time before the water subsides sufficiently to allow the workmen to reconstruct the roadbed and bridges.

Many lines of telegraph were down, and it will take some time for repairs.

A report reaches Kingman of a cloudburst at Cedar, a mining camp 80 miles south of here, which carried away part of a 20-stamp mill, gasoline pump engine, blacksmith shop and other property. The shaft of the Arnold mill was filled with debris. The damage amounts to thousands of dollars.

Kitchen cabinets just received at Hollenberg and Cady's.

Baseball Players and Foot Racers.

Louis J. Kruger, ex-champion long distance footracer of Germany and Holland writes, October 27, 1901: "During my training of eight weeks' foot races at Salt Lake City, in April last, I used Ballard's Snow Liniment to my greatest satisfaction. Therefore, I highly recommend Snow Liniment to all who are troubled with sprains, bruises or rheumatism." 25c, 50c, \$1.00.—Sold by Graham & Wortham.

W. L. Douglas's \$3.50 mens fine shoes—best in the world. Nolan & Callahan.

THOMAS TAGGART.

THE MAN WHO IS NOW SLATED FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CHAIRMANSHIP

Has Demonstrated That out in His Own State of Indiana by Some Wonderful Political Achievements—A Good "Mixer"—Other News.

New York, July 28.—New York World: Twenty-seven years ago when the girls in the lunch counter at the Indianapolis Railroad station said "Draw one!" the faucet in the coffee urn was turned by a red-cheeked, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered young Irishman.

Tomorrow, unless plans change over night, or Judge Alton B. Parker sends a message to the contrary, that same Irishman, still red-cheeked, will be made chairman of the democratic national committee and placed in charge of the Parker and Davis campaign.

His name is Thomas Taggart. In the years between 1877 and the present time he has been county auditor of Marion county, Ind., twice, Mayor of Indianapolis three times, chairman of the democratic state committee and a member of the democratic national committee. He has grown in a business way, too. He grew from the lunch counter in the station to a restaurant of his own, then to the proprietorship of a small hotel, then to a larger hotel, and finally to the ownership of the Grand Hotel in Indianapolis and a chief interest in the resort at French Lick Springs, Ind.

When Taggart drew coffee, sold sandwiches and handed out pie at the lunch counter he was a smiling, good-natured lad, full of energy and with a faculty of making everybody his friend. He has not changed. His smile is just as cheery, his eyes twinkle just as brightly and he seems to grow more energetic as he gets older. He is the sublimated type of a "mixer." He knows everybody in Indiana, knows about everybody worth knowing in New York and has a great acquaintance among politicians and statesmen in all parts of the country. He has been active in politics in Indiana, where every man is a politician, since he walked there and got his lunch counter job in 1877. He has won many fights from the republicans and has been interested in a large way in national democratic politics since he became a member of the democratic national committee in 1892.

Taggart is just what he is said to be—a politician. He believes in getting results. He does not theorize. He does not plan complicated campaigns. He gets out and gets votes. He can see an advantage as quickly as any one, and a good deal quicker than many. If he is placed in charge of the Parker campaign he will have an active canvass started in ten days. He is familiar with the methods of both democratic and republican national committees. He knows the workers in all the states. He makes no pretensions about his own status. He says the way to win a campaign is to win it; and he proceeds on that theory, without bothering about the ethics of the game.

Taggart has had an ambition to be chairman of the democratic national committee since 1900. There was much dissatisfaction among democrats with ex-Senator James K. Jones, who managed the Bryan campaign in 1896, and Taggart said he would like to try his hand at it. Mr. Bryan sent word that Jones must be reelected. He said it would not be fair to take him from the chairmanship because he lost in 1896. Taggart acquiesced cheerfully. He did what he could to help Brayan in Indiana. Then when the present campaign came on he frankly stated his ambitions again.

Usually the national chairmanship is supposed to seek the man. Taggart thought that folly. He could not see why a man who thought himself fitted to run a national contest should not say so. He realizes fully that it will be a great thing to win with Parker, and he said last winter before the nominee was settled that he believed the democrats would have a good

chance this time against President Roosevelt, and he would be glad to get the chairmanship.

Portland, August 1.—"I am not crazy; I am Elijah!" Thus spoke Joshua Creffield, prophet and founder of the "Holy Rollers," to ministers of the Gospel who visited the prisoners incarcerated in the county jail yesterday afternoon. He raised himself from the cot on which he was lying, propped his head on one hand, batted his eyes at the men on the other side of the bars, made his statement and lay down again. When the ministers first stopped in front of his cell, Creffield was apparently asleep. As the men were about to pass on the apostle raised himself from the cot and glanced at them inquiringly.

"You have done wrong and you should repent," said one of the ministers. "You should get this crazy idea of religion out of your head." Then Creffield glared through the bars from his position on the cot and replied, in a stronger voice than he has used since his capture: "I am not crazy; I am Elijah!"

Creffield spent a comparatively quiet day, save for times when he was subject to curses and jibes from the other prisoners. To these he paid no attention. Accusations, oaths, ridicule, sarcasm were poured into his ears from almost every other man incarcerated in the bastille. At times he turned over on his cot to sneer at his tormentors, at other times he batted his eyes and worked the muscles of his face as though about to break into a torrent of rage, but he spoke no word, not even in complaint to the jailer.

The prophet awoke at an early hour, and was immediately given some nourishing food. After eating he lay down on the cot again and apparently fell asleep. Until noon he remained in this mood. Shortly before 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon he was given more food, and was asked how he felt.

"I feel stronger he said. "I guess I will be all right in a few days. I am Elijah."

There was some color in the prophet's face yesterday. It was evident that he was feeling better and he was recovering his composure. The pallid appearance of his features when he was first brought to Portland was partly due to fear. He seems to recognize now that he is safe, and although he does not say so, it is apparent that the county jail is most welcome after the pit beneath the Hurt residence in Corvallis. He did not renew the request he made of Detective Hartman on the way to Portland, that he be allowed to have a Bible in the jail. He seemed to want to spend the day in rest.

In the middle of the afternoon Creffield arose from the cot and walked unsteadily around the cell. Once more he was subjected to the sarcasm of the other prisoners, but he made no answer. He remained on his feet for about ten minutes then lay down on the cot again.

An Oregonian representative visited Creffield during the afternoon but the apostle would not talk concerning the charge over his head, or concerning his experiences during the period when he was hiding from the officers of the law. He listened to questions asked him with a peculiar look in his eyes and seemed not to hear. At times he looked up quickly as though bringing himself from a reverie, but he answered no question, except to say "I am Elijah."

"But there are other Elijahs," he was told. "Dowie says he is Elijah also." "There are many imposters," replied Creffield. "I am Elijah."

Paris, July 30.—Baroness de Roques and her daughter, Mrs. Maybrick, complain bitterly of the persistent efforts of the press to obtain information concerning their movements, which they are determined not to give. The Baroness has written from Rouen to the American embassy here saying that privacy is the only thing she and her daughter desire, and imploring for protection against inquisitive reporters.

Lincoln, Neb., July 29.—Armour & Co. have closed 12 out of their 14 branch houses in Nebraska, Iowa and South Dakota, from which shipments have been made to the South Omaha market.

Buy your harvesting outfits at Nolan & Callahan's.