

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON, DECEMBER 7, 1904.

R. F. IRVING, Editor, and Proprietor

Do You Want a Bargain

A big reduction made on all Ladies' Rain Coats, Ladie's Jackets Misses Jackets, Boys Overcoats and Suits

COME AND SEE

J. H. HARRIS.

RAILROAD DISASTER

FORTY FIVE PEOPLE ARE INJURED IN TRAIN WRECK.

Broken Rail Causes Three Coaches to Leave the Track—Go Down Bank Into the Stream—Orders Were Ignored to Slow Up on Bridge.

Holden, Mo., Dec. 3.—Missouri Pacific passenger train, No. 1, west-bound from St. Louis to Kansas City, due here at 4 o'clock this afternoon, was wrecked at the water-works bridge, two miles east of here, resulting in the injury of about 45 passengers, ten seriously. The accident was caused by a broken rail, which projected from the track, catching the first coach behind the mail car, throwing it from the track down a 20-foot embankment, and causing two other coaches, a Pullman and the diner, to follow it. The broken rail was on the bridge, and the rear Pullman rolled off the bridge into the creek below, and the passengers inside were all seriously injured.

Two old ladies imprisoned in this car were taken out at the top after holes had been made with axes. The engine, two baggage cars and the mail car passed the bridge in safety and remained on the track, but all the remainder of the train was derailed.

There were 30 members of the Warrensburg Lodge, Knights of Pythias, on the wrecked train, and few of them escaped injury.

The wreck occurred 14 miles west of dead Man's Curve, where the worst wreck in the history of the Missouri Pacific Railway happened in October, when thirty persons lost their lives.

Supposition has it that orders were given the train crew at Center View today to slow up at the water works bridge on account of a broken rail there. It seems that the train was behind the schedule time, and this order was not heeded. When the heavy passenger train, running at a high rate of speed, struck this bridge, striking the broken rail, which turned and projected from the ground, there was a tremendous crash, and three coaches, diner and sleeper were hurled down an embankment. Shrieks and cries arose from mothers thinking of their children, and men lay under the debris, helpless to save their families. The scene was heart-rending.

Railroad physicians were summoned to the scene at once, and they worked for hours upon the wounded, who were taken to nearby houses. One country home was turned into a hospital.

A relief train from Kansas City to the scene of the wreck, returned late tonight, bringing many of the injured to the Missouri Pacific Hospital and other hospitals in this city.

Covington, Ind., Nov. 24.—Two venerable men ate their Thanksgiving dinner today at a great banquet table on which covers for 21 were laid. The two diners were Lewis Hetfield, eighty-two years, and Colonel James McMannoney, eighty-three years, a veteran of the Mexican war.

Fifty-seven years ago, twenty-one young men promised to dine together every Thanksgiving Day so long as two of them survived. These gay blades, who enjoyed their youth to the full, called themselves "The Raging Fads."

When the first dinner was spread in 1847, a bottle of port wine, old wine then, adorned the table and the twenty-one agreed that the man who should survive all the others should drink the wine. Besides Mr. Hetfield and Colonel McMannoney, a third member of the club lives, Robert Brown, of Kansas City, eighty-four years old, who was kept from today's feast by the infirmities of age. The bottle of port graced the table's centre.

Of the memories that thronged upon them the two patriarchs chose to speak only of the happiest today. They toasted the shades of those who have gone before, speaking intimately to them, as if they sat around the board. They drank to the absence of Robert Brown and to each other.

"And may you drink this good

port," said Hetfield, patting the bottle.

"No, you, old friend, or Brown," said McMannoney. "I pray I may not be the last of us"—and tears dimmed his eyes.

HE WAS A REAL FARMER.

Hence He Couldn't See the Poetic Side of Farm Life.

"Oh, yes," a man in the hotel lobby was overheard to say. "I'm a real farmer now. My farm only costs me about \$75 per month now, so you can see I'm getting along." Then the man was heard to comment upon farm labor.

"It's all right to talk about the poetry of farm life," he said, "but if farm life is poetry I want the protest sort of prose in mine. Is there any poetry in greasing harness? Do you find any rhyme and rhythm in milking a double jointed, back action cow twice a day? Well, I guess not."

"But there's the scenery," his companion interjected, "and the smell of grain."

"Yes," said the amateur farmer, "and the chiggers, and the red bugs, and holes in the fence, and rats in the seed corn, and the potatoes sprouting. And if you are through plowing for awhile and haven't anything better to do you fix the wheelbarrow for recreation, or you can see that the pen is made hog proof, or that the water trough doesn't leak too much. Then if everything else fails and it's too rainy to do anything else you can get out a second-hand kit and fix the crupper on the harness or nail strips of boiler plate on the feed box so that crib eater of a pig won't have too many splinters in him when he dies. Oh, you can bet I'm too much of a farmer to look at the poetic side of it. I'm a realist farmer; that's what I am."—Dallas News.

TOBACCO SALARIES.

A Custom of the American Colonies Before the Revolution.

Before the Revolution, ministers of the Anglican church in those American colonies where that church was established by law were remunerated "in kind" instead of in money. Maryland gave an incumbent forty pounds of tobacco a year for every tithing payer in the parish, whether churchman or dissenter, white or colored. These terms were handsome enough to secure the pick of the clerical market. In Virginia the stipends represented a fixed and unvarying quantity, by weight, of the manufactured leaf. These stipends were rather liberally in quantity. In a bad year even the "sweet scented parishes," where the minister's salary was calculated on a high priced and exceptionally fragrant tobacco, yielded only about \$500 a year. The parishioners sometimes refused to induct a clergyman unless he would consent to take one salary for serving two parishes. In 1758, when the price of tobacco had greatly risen, the house of burgesses passed a law fixing the cash equivalent of debts payable in tobacco at one-third their true value, thus wiping out two-thirds of the incomes of ministers. Patrick Henry made his first fame in defending this law when a test case was brought in behalf of the injured clergymen.

A Dead Moose.

When a bull moose lies dead in the forest he looks like some strange antediluvian animal, with his square prehensile muffle and horns spreading laterally, a peculiarity which he shares with the prehistoric Irish elk and the nearly extinct European elk of later times. The huge form tells of strength and swiftness, and withal the still dangerous gleam of the eye, glazed in its last stare, bids the hunter pause and feel almost guilty of a crime in the destruction of so much that is grand and weird, a feeling very different from the sentiment supposed to attend the slaughter of a deer. But the triumph of mastering the warriest and bravest animal in the woods by fair still hunting and by grimly sticking to the track for many a weary mile amply atones for any regrets.—Century.

Sneak Thieves in Churches.

An old sexton was discussing the amount of stealing that is done in churches. "Scarcely a day passes," he said, "when the church is open without some distracted woman coming to me bowed down with grief because somebody has stolen her purse. There are certain contemptible thieves who prey on unsuspecting women who pray so hard that they forget to look after their pocketbooks. The thief watches until the woman is deep in prayer and then leans over, grasps the purse and sneaks out."—Philadelphia Record.

Came In Handy.

"The weather man said it would rain today, and I'm glad I carried my umbrella."

"Why, it didn't rain at all today."

"Of course it didn't, but I met the weather man on the street, and I used the umbrella to bang him good and hard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

ON ARRIVING

FORTRESSES TAKEN BEFORE ARRIVAL OF RESERVES.

Six Times They Strive to Drive the Victors Out, but Fail—Awful Slaughter on Slopes—Japanese Reserves Takes 203-Meter Hill and Red Hill.

Tokio, Dec. 5.—Unofficial details received here of the capture of 203-Meter Hill show that the struggle began at 1 P. M. on the 27th, when the besiegers concentrated the fire of their heavy guns on the parapets of Red Hill, 300 meters south of 203-Meter Hill. After that the infantry, advancing in widely extended order from Kinkiatung and Ukistum, reached charging distance.

Four consecutive charges were delivered between 3 and 4 o'clock. The fourth succeeded, but during the night the Russians made their counter-attacks. The third, which was especially furious, drove the Japanese back. On the morning of the 28th, the Japanese, instead of advancing by the way of Red Hill, made a direct move on 203-Meter Hill.

The attack began at daylight and was continued with desperate intensity, the Japanese advancing into the valley between the two hills. They received the full fire of both forts and were decimated, but, sweeping on, stormed the slopes of 203-Meter Hill and captured the southeast corner of the northern face.

In the meanwhile another force effected a lodgement near the parapet at the southeast face. These operations were very costly to both sides. Numerous land grenades were thrown by the Russians as well as by the Japanese. The 20th Russian regiment made a furious counter-attack and bore the Japanese back from the southeast corner, swept them down and poured shells into them, which mowed them down.

At 5 P. M. the Russians showed clear signs of weakening. The Japanese made a renewed rush from trenches of the southwest corner, but the Russians did not move. The casualties of the assailants were very heavy.

At this critical moment reserves were sent into the Japanese fighting line and with shouts which rang over whole Port Arthur the assailant hurled themselves against the Russians, who finally, at 7:30 P. M., broke into groups of 20 and 30 and retired suddenly. Almost simultaneously the assailants at the southeast angle pushed home their attack and the whole fortress was occupied at 8 P. M.

After this Red Hill was carried easily, but during the same night the Russians, whose large reinforcements had been summoned by telegraph and had arrived just too late, delivered six desperate counter-attacks, the last of which continued from 4 o'clock in the morning till noon.

At first the Russians repeatedly closed up to bayonet distance, and there was a series of hand-to-hand struggles, the assailants falling back and again advancing. Finally, after terrible losses on both sides, the Russians retreated to Anzishan and Esteban, leaving the Japanese in assured possession of the stronghold.

At Kings Valley.

The poles are on the ground for a telephone line from Perry Eddy's place to T. T. Vincent's. The line will give service to six families, John Price, Lincoln Allen, Tom Ramsdall, Henry Plunkett, James Cosgrove and Ralph Vincent. All these will be on the extension. Another short extension is being built from Hoskins to Wallace Frantz's place. This will be completed by Tuesday evening.

Billy West and bride returned to the valley Sunday morning, and were given a tin horn and a cow bell serenade that evening by their young gentlemen friends.

George Jarard, who is employed by Tom Allen on the Dick Dunn place, had the small bone in one of his legs broken a few days ago.

The old school building is being torn down by John McCallam, who

is hauling the material to his lots in King's Valley, and is to build a hall with the same.

Jake Chambers and Rad Allen are in Portland, buying a new stock of goods.

Several million feet of logs have been rafted down the Luckiamuta recently, owing to the high water caused by the late heavy rains.

The frost Saturday morning was the first of the season to do any damage in these parts.

Guy McTimmons is visiting his brother at Hoskins.

Mr. Skaggs brought 20 head of beef cattle to the valley Saturday, William Gellatly being the purchaser. UNO.

St. Louis, Nov. 24.—Miss Olive Bennett, a pretty young primary teacher of the Mount Pleasant school, was on trial before the school board on charges of cruelty, incompetency and insubordination. Testimony showed she frequently punished the pupils and that she had refused to submit to the instructions of her principal, had ordered members of the school board out of her room and had defied public sentiment. Still she refused to resign and conducted her defense with rare skill.

Nonplussed for a way to discomfit her, the lawyer for the school board called Miss Bennett's pupils, and said:

"All who like their teacher, hold up your hands."

Not a hand was raised.

"All who do not like their teacher, hold up your hands."

Twenty pairs of tiny hands were raised.

Then Miss Bennett broke down and wept, handed in her resignation and the trial ended.

Portland, Or., Nov. 4.—Officers for the Chinese reform army are being recruited from the National Guard of this state, the Oregonian reports, and about twenty-five members, some locally prominent, have made application. Eight thousand trained officers are wanted.

All who make application are bound to secrecy.

Service is promised for five years. Transportation will be furnished, and the pay is to be 20 per cent. greater than that of American officers in the tropics.

The applicants have been told that the army they are to command will number 150,000.

New York, Nov. 30.—Refused permission to do hard labor at the penitentiary at Joliet, two confessed murderers have begun proceedings in the circuit court to secure their freedom. Judge Windes issued writs of habeas corpus for the men, George Cantos and P. Pettinato, and will hear evidence in their cases tomorrow.

When Judge Hutchinson sent the men to prison five years ago he ordered that they be put at hard labor. The sentence is attacked because the court is alleged to have decreed the men to serve part of their 14 years each in solitary confinement. The prisoners allege that they may become insane from inactivity. They declare they have been ready to work, but that since July 1 it has been denied them. The sentence as carried out since the suspension of labor in the prison is said to be cruel, inhuman and prohibited by the constitution of Illinois.

Hillsboro, Or., Nov. 29.—District Attorney Allen this afternoon returned an indictment against Bert Oakman for the murder of Frank Bennett, the crime being committed on the night of August 27, in this city. Oakman was brought into the courtroom attired in a new suit, and exhibited no nervousness when the indictment was read. He will be defended by George R. Bagley and S. B. Huston.

George Hays, of Sherwood, was indicted on two counts, first, for assaulting a Sherwood saloonkeeper, Frank Coldfeld, with a "butcher knife, and, second, for assaulting the same party with a hatchet.

Oakman and Hays will plead Thursday morning.

Mrs. Annie McFarland returned from Philomath Wednesday. Her mother remains about the same.

P. Zierolf is sole agent for the celebrated high grade Chase & Sanborn coffees. Have you tried them? I-1

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J. C. Hammel, Prop.



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Rates: \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$2.00 per day.

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