

The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

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CORVALLIS, OREGON, TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1907.

By B. F. Irvine

We Are Now Prepared to Outfit The Man and The Boy

Our receipt of clothing this spring are nobby. Big assortment.

Prices That Defy Competition!

Shoes P. B. Kerths" are up to date in style and the best wearers

Our Line of Medium Priced Shoes

Are from the best factories in the country and all are guaranteed shoes. Our line of hats embrace all the new styles. Our prices are right and we ask an inspection of the above lines.

Call and See

J. H. HARRIS.

Corvallis,

Oregon

What You See is Worth Twice What You Read!

As you are now coming to market with the opportunity of comparing values, we ask you to see our lines.

We have a broken line of Ladies and Childrens Shoes, which we are closing out at remarkably low prices. Some before your size is gone.

Also some remnants in Dress Goods, Wash Goods, etc. at bottom prices.

Our new Spring and Summer Stock is arriving and is ready for your inspection. Make money by buying our lines, and save money by getting our prices.

Henkle & Davis.

A. K. RUSS

Sells the Famous Parckard Shoe. Every pair guaranteed. Dealer in all Mens Furnishings. Corvallis, Oregon.



Wouldn't Change Thrones with a King.

Fisherman's luck means a wonderful catch once in a blue moon. But all moons are alike to the man equipped from our superb Sporting Goods stock—the latest in Rods, Reels, Dandy Minnows, Hooks, Bicycles, Sundries, ultery, Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Supplies, Edison and Victor Talking Machines, Records and Supplies. The hunter will find himself in a paradise of his own when he lands in this fine Sporting Goods stock. You are welcome to buy, or admire, just as you choose. Unmatchable prices now.

M. M. LONG'S

HAYWOOD BROKEN DOWN

HE BEGINS TO REALIZE THE STRENGTH OF STATE'S CASE.

It Is Thought He may Confess—While Friend Hints He Was Poisoned—Breen, The Firebrand, Joins the Defense.

Boise, Idaho, June 1.—That William D. Haywood, now on trial here for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenburg, is much of a nervous wreck seems to be fully established. An attack of illness last night led to suspension of proceedings in court today, as the defendant was not able to appear.

It was 5 o'clock this morning when the night guards at the jail first became aware that Haywood was so ill as to need the attention of a physician. They were informed by shouts from the annex in which the three defendants, Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, are kept at night. When the physicians called they found Haywood apparently in great pain and to alleviate the pain gave him several doses of morphine.

It was thought then that he would soon recover and perhaps be able to be in the courtroom at 9:30 but it was found that his ailment was more severe than was at first supposed. More morphine was required in order to give the patient the rest he so badly needed because of his nervous condition, and he was still under the effects of the drug at the time set for the afternoon session.

Before Mrs. Haywood came, the defendant spent much time in walking about the jail yard, working in the little garden in the rear and in pitching horseshoes. Since his wife came, she being an invalid, Haywood has had little physical exercise, the time allotted to that—an hour or so after adjournment of court afternoons—being spent in sitting and talking to his wife on the courthouse lawn.

It is known that for a week or ten days Haywood has been in a highly nervous condition. At several times he has seemed on the verge of going to pieces. He has been found walking his cell at night or sitting on the side of the bed with his face in his hands, and it has been the opinion of those about him that he would go to pieces. Therefore, it was no surprise to the people at the jail when he was taken ill and the physicians announced in effect that nervousness had interfered with his digestion and that toxic poisoning had followed.

Haywood's demeanor in court has shown a change for ten days. That has been noticeable. It seems to have become most pronounced at the time of the examination of E. P. Tourlet and when Senator Borah announced in effect that the state would prove Haywood belonged to a murder organization. It was very pronounced on the occasion when Mr. Borah and C. S.

Darrow had the fencing match over Harmon Cox. In that match Mr. Darrow was plainly worsted and rattled, and it seemed to have a terrible effect on Haywood.

It is possible that he for the first time realizes that the state has a case against him with witnesses to go far toward establishing it. The publication of the facts of Harry Orchard's condition disconcerted all connected with the defense, and Haywood's nervousness has been noticeable from that time. It is assumed that the defense has been running down the probable evidence to be given by some of the witnesses summoned by the state and discovered what they are likely to tell.

Peter Breen, of Butte, arrived today to assist the defense. That has given rise to further friction among attorneys for the defense. Mr. Darrow wants Mr. Breen entered at once as one of counsel, but Mr. Richardson objects, and there is a clash, the settlement of which is not yet in sight. Mr. Breen is a radical of the radicals, and it is feared by some of his counsel that his appearance will prejudice their case. The character of Mr. Breen was shown in an interview he gave the Butte Evening News within a week after the murder of Steunenburg. In that interview he said:

"You can't make a dead saint out of a live scoundrel, and Frank Steunenburg was as loathsome a reptile as ever crawled the earth. No, I don't think the miners killed him, but for my part I have no regret at his death and the mystery to me is not that he was killed but that it didn't happen sooner. Why professed to be shocked at it? To kill tyrants is a worthy deed, so why be surprised that this man got his deserts. You can say for me that my only feeling is one of surprise that this man Steunenburg was not killed back in 1899."

Mr. Breen lived in the Coeur d'Alenes in 1892 and took a very active part in the riots of that year. He afterward went to Butte and became the attorney for the Western Federation of Miners.

Portland Telegram:

A man with blood in his eye rushed into a Washington-street drug store this morning and blurted out:

"Where is the proprietor?"

"Here I am," said "Teddy" Rowe, meekly, from behind a lot of Rose Show circular letters.

"Well, I want something to kill flies. I don't want any fly paper. I want something sure and deadly. Something those pesky varmints can't swoop down on and carry away."

"I don't know what we've got that's better than fly paper," said Rowe reflectively. "I might give you some cobalt and sugar and a little vinegar. That will draw the flies and kill 'em, too."

"Well, I don't think that is any good. We have tried something like that already. But I want to tell you something about those flies we've got out in our back yard," and Simon S. Rick, the cigar dealer (for he was the man), told a tale of woe, of the trials he had been having trying to drive the flies away from his premises, at 129 North Seventeenth street.

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"First we tried the ordinary fly paper, and laid about a dozen big sheets out on the back lawn, on boxes, on the fence and wherever we thought necessary. But these common insects would swoop down, three or four at a time, light on the paper and fly away with it. The first three days my bill for fly paper was \$6.40. That was too expensive a luxury. Then we tried poison—I guess it was this cobalt and vinegar you talk about. We put it out in big tin pans, and the blamed flies, whenever they got thirsty, would light on the edge of the pan and drink that stuff like a cat would milk, then fly over and sit on the back fence and wash their faces with their fore feet. They grew fat on the poison, and they must have told the whole fly family about the good feed we were setting out, for they increased in numbers alarmingly.

"I next went down to a gun store and bought a couple of 22-caliber rifles and hired a couple of boys to sit out on the back porch and shoot the bothersome brutes. They hit one about once in six shots and broke \$16 worth of our neighbors' windows. So I had to give that up.

"If I can't get anything else, I'll put live electric wires around the fence and try to electrocute them."

"That's no good," interrupted Rowe. "They'll put rubbers on their feet, eat the wire in two, short circuit the back fence and likely set fire to your buildings. You had better move."

"I guess that's right," mused Rick, as he went away without buying the dope.

Colorado Springs, Colo., June 1.—Because Exine Fuller refused to

be dissuaded from her belief that possession is nine points of the law, she spent her hours today in a cell at the county jail. She was taken into court this morning because she refused to surrender the books of the Murray Murphy Mining Company, which she acknowledged to be in her possession.

Miss Fuller claims about \$60 salary for work done upon the books. When the mining company demurred to immediate payment of the sum, Miss Fuller is alleged to have informed the officers that as long as payment was deferred just so long would they seek in vain for the books. She was sentenced to jail until she would consent to turn over the books.

"I'll stay in jail till I rot," she said, "but I shan't tell where they are."

Prineville, June 1.—Fred Mosier, who was preparing to open a saloon at Paulina, 80 miles east of here, witnessed the dynamiting of his building and the destruction of his stock of wet goods by a crowd of his fellow citizens a few nights ago.

Pauline people had enlisted Mosier as an "undesirable," and gave him overnight to leave the settlement. He took the hint, but went only a short distance, returning to the hill back of town, where he could overlook his property. His indignant neighbors got into the prospective saloon, drank considerable of the liquor stored in the building and then dynamited the structure, blowing out one of the walls.

Paulina is in the eastern portion of Crook county, and had hitherto been a dry community.

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