BETRAYED TO DEATH

MISS ANNA PETERSON, OF SALEM, THE VICTIM OF MALPRACTICE.

Dying in a Private Hospital, She Refuses to Reveal the Names of Her Murderers.

On a marble slab at the morgue lies the body of Anna Peterson, an unmarried woman, about 22 years of age, and every indication points to the fact that her death is directly attributable to malpractice.

The story of Anna Peterson has been told and retold many times—a woman's confidence and man's perfidy. As near as could be learned last evening, she came to Portland on Thursday of last week, seeking treatment in order to hide her shame, and had some kind of an operation performed. She also sought the services of Dr. Emery H. Amsden, a physician, with offices in the A. O. U. W. temple, who directed her to go to the residence of Mrs. Octavia Gilligan, 225 Jefferson street, corner of Second. He advised her that she would either have to go to a private house to a nurse, or to a hospital. On reaching the house of Mrs. Gilligan, the young woman applied for admittance there, and upon the recommendation of Dr. Amsden, was provided with a room.

On first going there Miss Peterson told Mrs. Gilligan that she was not well, and on the next day confided to the nurse that she was in serious trouble, and that a young man, to whom she was engaged to be married, was the cause of it. Her betrayer had died about four months ago, and had he not, she would not have been left in the way she was, but everything would have been all right. During all the time that she remained at the house of Mrs. Gilligan, Miss Peterson was very close-mouthed, and it was with difficulty that she could be pursuaded to talk of her misfortune. To the very last she refused to reveal the name of the man responsible for her condition, but finally admitted that she had had an abortion performed, but refused to say who did it.

"I'll never tell anyone," she said to Mrs. Gilligan. "They tried to do something for me, but did not know their business."

On Friday Miss Peterson took a short walk out-of-doors, but on returning home walked the floor of her room for a long time and seemed greatly excited.

"I don't want mamma to know it," she cried, "I told her I was coming to Portland to get work, and she does not know that I am in trouble."

On Saturday she took another short walk, and, returning, wrote a letter to an uncle living in Salem, asking for the loan of some money. She also wrote to a brother-in-law, inclosing a note to her mother telling her she had found a good place to live until she found work. On Sunday she was feeling so ill that she remained in bed, and the following day suffered greatly, and it was then that Mrs. Gilligan discovered the unmistakable evidence of the sufferer's indiscretion. During all of yesterday the woman was in fearful agony, at times hysterically raving and frothing at the mouth. This continued for some hours, when she quieted down, and once got out of bed, insisting that she would sit up and would not take any medicine, as it did her no good. She was persuaded to again lie down, and for a little while conversed with her nurse, but met all attempts to ascertain who had performed the operation upon her with persistent refusal. At about 5 o'clock she gave evident signs of sinking, and half an hour later breathed her last.

Mrs. Gilligan immediately sent word to Dr. Amsden, who, in turn, notified Coroner Cornelius, and the body of the unfortunate woman was removed to the morgue. An inquest will probably be held today, and every effort made to find out who performed the operation that caused her death.

Mrs. Gilligan, who is perhaps best known as Mrs. Copeley, has kept a private hospital in Portland for some years, and bears a good reputation. No blame can be attached to her in any way regarding the death of her patient, and every effort was made on her part to discover who is responsible for the woman's death.

THE ROUNDER IN LUCK.

Success in Getting a Legislative Clerkship, Despite His Sex.

The Old Rounder showed up in Portland yesterday, after a protracted absence in Salem, where he has been in attendance upon the legislature. He was well dressed, clean shaven and prosperous looking, though the chronic hectic flush on his nose had lost none of its wonted brilliancy. He was on all hands besieged by acquaintances who wanted to know how fared the senatorial battle, and, when inquiries were accompanied by suitable inducement in the way of invitations to the nearest place of liquid exhilaration, he was more than ready to respond.

"Well, things is so-and-so up at Salem," said the Rounder. "Been comin' my way, though. Got a clerkship. Had to hustle, for I don't wear no petticoat and balloon sleeves, and can't giggle and look sweet, and make a cow-county legislator think 'Oh, my, but ain't I in it?' But I had a pull, and got a place on the joint committee appointed to investigate the movement for the moral, mental and physical asphyxiation of the woolly aphis, the professional office-holder, and other parisitic pests. We are now a-investigatin' the habits of the bookworm, which is a-trailin' its slimy way all over the public schools of Oregon. I have just notified the hideous serpent, the American Book Company, which hatched the aforesaid worm, that it can't trail no longer except at so much per trail. The cap'n, he looked thoughtful, and he said there wasn't no money in the book business no more, and the company had jest got a new six years' contract, at great loss to itself; but it would stay with it for pure philanthropic motives, 'cos the risin' generation would have trouble a-risin' without the help of a great, pure, incorruptible, religious corporation like the book company, which never paid out money except where it would do the most good.

"Well, the Old Iceberg is a rapidly a-floatin' toward the torrid zone. The cause of the people is a-triumphin'. Free silver is a-gittin' out of the goldbug hole. Jonathan and Keady and me done it. Keady is a boss when it comes to manipulatin' things. He's a true friend of the people. He's a enemy of the bloated corporations. He's pertickelerly down on the infamous railroads, which is a-puttin' the thumb-screws to the people, and which say they ain't got no sack—damn 'em—to send no more paid lobby to the legislature. So Keady's a pure-minded patriot, who's a-payin' his own expenses this session, without even askin' for a clerkship. Keady and Jonathan is often considered the Paul and Virginny of Oregon politics—they are so innocent of guile and they are so devoted to the advancement of the cause of free silver. Keady an' Jonathan was a-talkin' it over the other day, and Keady says to Jonathan:

"'Jonathan, we've got the Old Glacier beat.'

"'Now you're a-shoutin',' says Jonathan. 'I done it with my little editorial hatchet.'

"'Not too fast, Jonathan! Not too fast,' says Keady. 'It was me and you, Jonathan, or you and me, whichever you like. I admit the powerful influoence of the press, and I know your writin's is so brilliant that people has to look through smoked glass to read 'em. But don't forget the disinterested influoence of us public-spirited silver miners, Jonathan. You ain't the only attenuated capitalist whose free-silver bark is a-floatin' around on the sea of feenancial distress, like a tadless pollywog in a mud puddle, a-strikin' goldbug snags everywhere. Remember, Jonathan, the cause of free silver ain't wholly represented in us two. There is others," says Keady.

"'It was me that organized the patriots, and got 'em to bolt agin the Animated Snowbank,' said Jonathan. 'There is me and the other 39 patriots—39 patriots and nary a Benedict Arnold among 'em. Thirty patriots whose names will go thunderin' down the ages with a mighty roar, as the 39 Davids who whacked the goldbug Goliah between the eyes. The 39 patriots and me has got a lead-pipe cinch on immortality, Keady.'

"'Mebbe, Jonathan, mebbe,' says Keady, gettin' mad. 'But so has the 40 thieves.'

"'Do you mean to insiniwate that the Thirty Patriots is Forty Thieves?' asks Jonathan, quite fierce.

"'No, I don't,' says Keady. 'But you make me sick, a-claimin' all the credit for beatin' Dolph. What am I here for, I'd like to know? Dolph ain't beat. He's the livest political corpse you ever saw. Them 41 Philistines sticks to him like flies to honey—or, rather, polar bears to the north pole. What you goin' to do about that? I've been a-offerin' 'em patronage and influoence and app'intments of all sizes, dimensions and descriptions, and they don't budge, dod gast 'em. I told one man we'd make him minister to Turkey next Thanksgivin', and another that we'd make him governor of Greece next hog-killin' time, and they laughed at me. I don't see anything very ridiculous about that. One feller said he'd change if I'd get the Monday-closin' law passed. "What's the Monday-closin' law?" says I. "Why, close the mouths of the preachers at the preachers' meetin', so Dr. Wallace and Dr. Grant can't unlimber their tongues and pay their Christian respects to each other to the great scandal of their congregations." "I can't do that," says I, "It's agin my rock-ribbed principles." "Why?" says he. "Because," says I, "I believe in the free and unlimited coinage of silver and the preachers believe in the free and unlimited coinage of words, and we're a-standin' together."'

"So Keady went off a-sayin' he was goin' to see a member from Benton county and git his vote agin Dolph by offerin' to pass an appropriation to provide sprinklin' carts to water the Yaquina bay bar.

"Speaking of Keady, did you hear how slick he worked Lester, the Clotsop county goldbug statesman, who's now a-wearin' silver trimmin's? Lester was a howlin' gold-bug, and Keady, he went to Lester, and, with a pained and very virtuous expression on his face, he says, says he:

"'Lester, I'm agrieved to observe that the goldbugs is a pourin' money into this campaign like water. Lester, it's enough to make the heart of a patriot sick,' says Keady.

"'Mebbe its your liver,' says Lester. 'Take some goldbug ointment.'

"'Lester, there's boodle bein' used to elect Dolph—oceans of yellow boodle, Lester, and not a drop to—no, I don't mean that, Lester. The infamous goldbugs is a-boodin' this legislature neck-deep with baleful gold, Lester, and not a free-silver life-preserver in sight. Lester, the goldbugs is a-tryin' to corrupt us patriots; a-debauchin' our heretofore uncontaminynated morals; a-wreckin' our spotless integrity; a-spillin' our noble characters; a-prostitutin' our virgin innocence,' and Keady laid his head on Lester's shoulder and wept several weeps.

"'Brace up, Keady, old man,' says Lester, who was a-snivelin' a little hisself. 'I'm a goldbug myself and I have wrote letters to that effect which looked first-rate in print, with my name a-signed in big capital letters at the bottom of 'em. But I don't propose that any infamous goldbug candidate shall take advantage of an unsophisticated individual like you, Keady. I'm with you till the hair flies off.'

"Keady then wiped his weepin' eyes and says 'Eureka! Them as ain't fur us is agin us!' And that's why Lester is a voter agin Dolph.

"But I'm a-digressin', as the locomotive said when it jumped the track and fell into the river. Old Dolph's in the same fix as Abe Lincoln's bull, which went to jump a barb-wire fence and got caught hard and fast. He couldn't hook one way or kick the other. The solid 30 is all O. K. They're a-willin' to elect anybody except Dolph, and Keady, he's ready to steer 'em for Lord, when Lord winks the other eye."

BIG REALTY DEALS.

Sales Aggregating Nearly $100,000 Made by Mr. DeLashmutt.

The sudden boom in the realty market looks as if it has come to stay, and dealers are more active than they have been since the great wave of financial depression swept over the country, nearly two years ago. Some of the five-figure deals that went through a few weeks ago proved only an eye-opener, and agents prophesy a general awakening all along the line when spring opens. Not a little coloring is given to these statements by the knowledge that several handsome new business blocks are soon to be erected.

One firm of realty dealers, at least, can point with pride to their last week's work, for it is one that might have been considered a record-breaker even in boom times. Van B. DeLashmutt & Son sold a half block of houses (six) on Kearney street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth, for Thomas Huntington to J. J. Balleray, trustee, for $25,000. They sold J. B. Kellogg's property on Fifth street, one lot and two houses, to J. D. Kelty for $6100 cash. A house and two lots in Stephens' addition were knocked down to a Kentucky man for $3800. Six blocks in Sellwood brought $2500, and a residence in East Portland went for $4000. And Mr. DeLashmutt says that he is not through yet. He thinks there are plenty of buyers for the property that it is said cannot be sold at any price, and the only trouble is that the owners will not let go when the opportunity is offered them.

It is currently reported that Mr. Bailey has purchased 200x100 feet on Front and Washington street from George Woodward for $38,000. A substantial three-story brick building stands on the property. The deal was made by Mr. DeLashmutt, so it is said, and the consideration shown on the deed was $1. Mr. DeLashmutt, while willing to admit that the property had changed hands, refused to discuss the details of the sale.

IN THE MUNICIPAL COURT

A Fast Driver Who Did Not Drive Any Too Fast.

W. S. Drew, who apparently had not fully recovered from a "last night jag," created considerable amusement in the municipal court yesterday. He had caused the arrest of Theodore Waterford, a colored hack-driver, on a charge of fast driving. His story was that, while standing at the intersection of Third and Burnside streets, Waterford drove past at a furious gait, one of the horses knocked him down, and he was thrown 30 feet. He admitted an effort on his part to collect $5 from the driver as a salve to his injuries, and that he refused to accept $2 for the same. Drew was a poor witness for himself, and the defendant was discharged. Waterford is well known as a careful driver.

James Kepcha, a wood-hauler, living at South Mount Tabor, was fined $10 for cruelty to animals. During a number of hours spent in saloons, the defendant compelled his team to stand in the street without feed or water, although cautioned by Officer Parker to care for the animals. The horses were finally put in a stable by the officer, and Kepcha was arrested.

Mrs. A. A. Krodell, arrested and convicted some weeks ago for stealing $10 from a man visiting her crib, was before the court on a bench warrant and sent to the county jail to serve out her 90 days' sentence. When convicted, the usual notice of appeal was given by her attorney, but that was as far as the case ever got into a higher court.

William Farris and Gus LeClaire, arrested Monday night for robbing a bakery, will have their examination today. They claim to have been hungry, and regarded it as more than an even chance to get something to eat by getting into a bakery.

WOFUL LACK OF UNITY

IN HARMONY AMONG SEVERAL OF PORTLAND'S MINISTERS.

Considerable Vigorous Smiting So Far, but No Visible Turning of the Other Cheek.

The very breezy incident that ruffled the tempers of two very prominent clergymen during a meeting of the Ministerial Association Monday, and caused them to indulge in very caustic personal remarks, is said to have simply brought to the surface a spirit of antagonism of long-standing between Dr. Grant and Dr. Wallace, in which other leading divines have been more or less mixed up. According to the information at hand, gathered from various sources, the quarrel dates back to the time when Dr. Grant assumed the pastorate of the First Baptist church, nearly three years ago. He is orthodox, almost to an extreme, a forcible pulpit orator, and a natural leader. He was, as a matter of course, asked to become a member of the Ministerial Association, which is made up of all the clergy of the city, with the exception of the Roman Catholic. Dr. Grant, it is said, was unwilling to join at first, because Dr. Eliot of the Unitarian church, was a member in good standing, and he did not consider him a Christian minister. Such a stand was not calculated to make friends for the leading Baptist divine among those of the clergy who were personally acquainted with Dr. Eliot, and knew of his work in Portland during the quarter-century of his pastorate.

The story goes that Dr. Grant's antagonism to Dr. Eliot seemed to partake of a somewhat personal flavor, when he refused to attend a ministerial tea party at the residence of Dr. Clapp, then pastor of the First Congregational church, because the Unitarian divine was also to be a guest. This little incident happened so long ago that only a hazy outline remains in the dim past, and there is not a minister in the city who would be willing to throw any additional light on the subject. It is said, however, that Dr. Brown, of the First Presbyterian church, took occasion at that time to administer a rather sharp rebuke to his Baptist brother, who was inclined to resent it. And so the breach was widened.

Many who do not agree with Dr. Grant on his ideas of baptism and other doctrines of his church, assert that the doctor was ambitious to rule his brethren in the Ministerial Association, and that when his views on any subject were not accepted, it was his custom to indulge in caustic remarks that did not tend to harmonize the several elements of which the association is made up. On the other hand, Dr. Grant's friends say that his ideas and religious beliefs are soundly orthodox, and that, while he is well qualified to be a leader, he has never attempted to thrust himself forward. At the same time he believes in speaking plainly when occasion demands, without reference to whose feelings may be injured by what he has to say, taking it for granted that his brethren will be just as fearlessly outspoken. He believes, his friends say, that it is within the scope of the work of the association for ministers to criticise each other's public action, so long as they do not get into argument upon religious dogmas and beliefs.

But the attack of Dr. Grant upon Dr. Wallace at Monday's meeting of the association, and the latter's sharp and pointed reply, which were given in yesterday's issue of The Oregonian, are said to have been actuated largely by personal differences to which the matter under discussion was merely incidental. When Dr. Wallace first came to this city, less than a year ago, he announced his intention of exposing many existing evils, and he has carried out his programme, preaching some sermons that were highly sensational, and he attracted general interest. It was at a time when the Lexow movement swept over this city, and, by mutual agreement, many of the clergy preached upon the same subjects, although none of them were so highly sensational as the Congregational divine. Dr. Grant, at that time, publicly announced that he did not believe in sensational preaching.

But the incident which led up to an open rupture between the two divines is of more recent date. Soon after the new Congregational church building was opened, Dr. Wallace delivered a lecture upon the Congregational denomination, tracing its history very far back into the hazy past, asserting that it was, in reality, the first real church. It is said that Dr. Grant soon thereafter took opportunity of denouncing, from his pulpit, one of Dr. Wallace's statements as either woefully ignorant or willfully false. An accurate statement as to the true facts in the case cannot now be secured, but it is the generally accepted opinion that the intense personal feeling engendered by this incident almost led to an open rupture at the time, and that it only needed the heated debate of Monday to fan the smoldering coals into life. Dr. Grant's remarks on that occasion were, to speak mildly, very unparliamentary, and, while he was sustained by the chair, Dr. Wallace's friends declare the animus of the attack was so apparent to those who understood the circumstances of the case that opinion is generally adverse to the Baptist divine.

Something of the powder-train tendency of the personal feeling between these two divines was apparent when they met on the street one day and engaged in a rather heated debate on the subject of baptism. Dr. Wallace grew quite facetious, and fell to twitting his colleague on his fondness for water as indicated by his love for the exercise of swimming. It is said that Dr. Grant failed to see any point in his Congregational brother's levity, and was inclined to rebuke him for trifling with so sacred a sacrament. Soon thereafter, so the story goes, Dr. Grant inaugurated a series of sermons on baptism in his church, during which he took occasion to say some hard things about those who could not comprehend the sacredness of the sacrament.

Dr. Brown stated yesterday that the whole trouble arose through an attempt to discuss a matter that was really without the province of the association. He thinks that the question of whether a minister shall recognize the Sunday newspaper or not is a personal one, and each individual must decide it according to his own convictions. When the matter was first brought up in the form of a resolution and received the unanimous approval of the association, several ministers were absent. Dr. Brown thought that, while the absentees might have sustained the decision of their brethren, the resolution had no binding force upon them, and they ought not to be subject to criticism when they refused to consider it so.

Claims to Be Paid in Full.

Judge Northup yesterday made an order in the Elizabeth Lewiston estate, that the claims against the estate, existing at the time of the decease of Elizabeth Lewiston, and the claims incurred in the operation of the International hotel by D. F. Sherman, the administrator of the estate, since the death of Elizabeth Lewiston, be both paid in full. If there be not sufficient money in the estate and from the sale of property to pay all claims in full, then the same are to be settled share and share alike.

Special Venire of Jurors.

A special venire to fill the regular panel of jurors in the state circuit court was issued yesterday, as follows: John H. Hageny, Portland, druggist; C. H. Welch, Mount Tabor, nurseryman; A. M. Brown, Portland, wood-dealer; A. L. Rumsey, Mount Tabor, farmer; W. W. Jacques, Portland, carpenter; E. J. Dougherty, Portland, capitalist; George Gruener, Portland, plasterer; Sam A. Alvord, Sunnyside, clerk; W. N. Morse, Portland, frame-maker.

MORE ROOM FOR PUPILS

Present School Quarters Inadequate for the Crowds.

The constant increase in the number of pupils attending the public schools has necessitated the building of additions to several of the school buildings, which work will soon be under way. The enrollment of pupils during the first week of the present term showed an attendance of nearly 8000 pupils, and this only represents about two-thirds of the children in the city who should be in school.

An addition of nine rooms is to be made to the Park school; the Chapman school is to have eight new rooms, one-half to be finished for immediate occupancy; the Williams-avenue school is to have an addition of eight rooms, and the Woodlawn school is to be enlarged by four extra rooms.

These additional quarters will provide accommodations for about 1000 more pupils, and, although there are a number of rooms now being rented, it looks as though, even after the additional rooms to the schoolhouses are provided, they will still have to be retained to meet the demands of the district.

The prevailing hard times has much to do with keeping some children from enjoying school privileges. There are cases where parents are unable to provide shoes or comfortable clothing for their children, and they are kept at home for this reason. Another reason for the failure of some to attend is the inability to purchase needed books. The board of directors has furnished to all applying, books for the use of pupils, when it is shown that parents of the children are not able to purchase them. A good many discarded books have been placed at the disposal of the directors by scholars who have no further use for them, and from these the wants of many are supplied. A good many poor children, furnished books in this way, find it possible to attend school who otherwise would be prevented continuing their studies.

IN THE JUSTICE COURTS

An Indignant Father Who Smashed C. A. Bowker's Face.

Mr. Henry Wilson, the father of Helen Wilson, a young woman living on the East Side, who came to her death through an abortion about a year ago, was a defendant in Justice Geisler's court yesterday. Charles A. Bowker, who, with a Mrs. Dr. Tom Van, were convicted for causing the death of the woman, was the prosecuting witness. On Monday the two men met on the East Side and Wilson promptly smashed the face of his daughter's destroyer with a cobblestone. When arraigned in court, Wilson asked for an immediate examination, as he was not able to give a bond, and did not want to go to jail. He also asked that the record of the criminal department of the circuit court and ex-Judge Munly be produced to show that he had provocation for his attack on Bowker. The case went over until today, and Wilson succeded in furnishing bondsmen in the sum of $300.

James Clemmens will have an examination today on a charge of house burglary. Yesterday morning he was discovered by Deputy Sheriff Wangeman trying to gain an entrance into the house of Mrs. Susan Harnden, on Hood street, and, after being caught, he claimed he was hungry and trying to get something to eat. He also claimed to have a wife and child to provide for, and did not want to go to jail on that account. It is thought that Clemmens had an accomplice who eluded capture. He stated that his wife lived on Fourth street, opposite the Holton house, but on inquiring there the officers could find no one of that name.

Alphonse Peranti, an Italian lime-hawker, was fined $15 for assaulting his wife and held in $100 bonds to keep the peace toward her. His wife, Fannie Peranti, is only about 16 years of age, and while admitting she was afraid of her husband, it was still her desire to live with him.

W. L. Diel, arrested on complaint of M. H. Henderson for forgery, in erasing a name from a deed and substituting another, will have a hearing today. He is under a $500 bond.

The Red Men May Turn Out.

At the last meeting of Winona tribe, No. 12, Improved Order of Red Men, among other things it was decided to join in the demonstration February 22 in honor of Washington's birthday, provided the other tribes in the city also turn out. It was strongly urged that the Red Men order, being an American institution, should take part in the demonstration. On motion, Mr. James A. Penny and Mr. John DeBoest were appointed to confer with the other tribes on the West Side and ascertain if they intend taking part. Should a favorable answer be received, the committee was authorized to call Winona tribe together on that day through the daily papers. There is a large membership of Redmanship in the city, and if the members turn out in a body in the procession, it will add greatly to the demonstration.