# BY A. WHITE'S HAND

## Identity of Peter Beauchene's Slayer Is Known.

## POLICE CANNOT LOCATE HIM

### Vanishes After the Fatal Blow—Diligent Search Is Made—How the Quarrel Occurred.

The police said yesterday that they have absolute proof that Peter Beauchene, who was found dead on West Jefferson street late Friday night, was murdered by Andrew White, who resides at the head of College street. The murderer has left town, but the officers have every reason to believe that he will be apprehended within the next few days.

Through the efforts of Detectives Kerrigan and Snow, who have the case in charge, it was learned that there were five persons with Beauchene during the evening and at the time of his death. These five were: Andrew White, his brother, "Bull" White, Joe Delschneider, John King and John O'Keefe. The six visited the Canyon Garden saloon, and afterward went across Jefferson street and sat on the curb a little to the west of the Chapman-street intersection. The beer can was filled several times at the saloon, and the men were in a bad state of intoxication by the time it was 11 o'clock. They must have quarreled, for Andrew White jumped up from the curb and picked up a short stick and hit Beauchene over the head several times, fracturing his skull and causing his death soon after. The men soon saw what he had done, and scattered, but not before one or more of them had got hold of the dead man's purse and extracted its contents. Three of them went home, and "Bull" White dropped at the corner of Chapman and Columbia streets, too drunk to walk any further. Here he was found by the police and taken to the station-house in the patrol wagon.

Andrew White, who had committed the fatal deed, vanished into thin air. He is thought to have some of the money that was taken from the purse of the dead man. When he has been in trouble before he has gone up the Valley, evading the larger towns, and the police think that he will be in their grasp, within a few days at the outside. Like his brother, he is a large man, smooth shaven, and about 20 years old. He is considered a bad character in the "Hollow"; in fact, one of the worst of the bunch; and, though he has never been in any serious trouble before, he has always been a man whom the officers of the law have had to keep their eyes on. He is a typical Goose Hollow tough, and is always up to something contrary to law and order.

Much credit is due to Detectives Kerrigan and Snow, as it has been through their efforts that the details of the affair have been made known to the police. They will go on with the case, and will do all in their power to secure White and make out a case against him.

## HONOR FOR GEN. SUMMERS

### May Be Named for High Office in Spanish War Veterans.

The annual encampment of the Spanish-American War Veterans of Oregon will be held in the board of officers' rooms, in the O. N. G. Armory, in this city, on Wednesday evening, September 10. Among other important business to be transacted will be the election of delegates to the National encampment, which will be held in Indianapolis on September 22, 23 and 24. On September 23 President Roosevelt, who is a member of the society, will deliver an address, and the officers for the ensuing year will be elected. There is a desire on the part of the Eastern veterans to elect a Pacific Coast soldier senior vice-commander-in-chief, and they have selected Brevet Brigadier-General Owen Summers, of Portland, for that office. In a letter to General Summers, written from Lancaster, Pa., Adjutant-General W. C. Liller says:

"When will you hold your state meeting for election of officers and delegates? I hope you will have delegates present and be there in person, as there is a desire to make you the senior vice-commander-in-chief."

If General Summers were elected senior vice-commander this year he would serve until 1903, and, following the usual rule, he would be elected commander-in-chief that year, and would serve during the Lewis and Clark Exposition. As the commander-in-chief has a great deal to say in the naming of the place of the annual encampment, the election of General Summers might mean the selection of Portland for the scene of the National meeting in 1905.

The state encampment, which will elect the delegates has about 600 members. There are three camps in Portland, and one each at Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Corvallis, and Eugene. The representation from each camp will be one delegate and one alternate for every 10 members or fraction thereof in good standing. The principa lbusiness to be transacted will be the election of delegates to the National encampment and of officers for the year. The present officers of the department are: Commander, O. Summers; senior vice-commander, C. U. Gantenbein; junior vice-commander, George F. Telfer; chaplain, W. S. Gilbert; assistant adjutant-general, Josiah Kemp; assistant quartermaster-general, L. H. Knapp; assistant surgeon-general Sanford Whiting; judge-advocate-general, C. A. Bell; inspector-general, C. E. McDonell.

## BLACK VS. BROWN BEAR.

### Row Over Peanuts That Ends Disastrously for Both.

The big black bear at the City Park had just had a bath in the swimming pool in the pit yesterday, and he wanted to dry himself. He climbed the artificial tree that grows (?) up in the center of the pit and stretched himself out on the first landing, where the boards were nice and hot, and tried to go to sleep. The flies were too thick for comfort, and they crawled around on his nose in a very aggravating way. Do what he could, they would not move, and they always succeeded in waking him just as he got off into a doze.

For nearly half an hour he wrinkled up his nose, and jerked his head around, but just as soon as he settled down they were back again at the same old place. This sort of programme had grown tiresome, when a big fat man stepped up to the railing and tossed a peanut into the enclosure. The peanut landed on the platform, and the bear flipped out his tongue, and after he mashed the shell he quickly picked out the kernels, and munched on them in a very contented way. Another peanut came along, but this one bounced on the edge, and finally rolled off to the concrete below, where the brown bear, who was too lazy to bathe and too fat to climb, got it.

"Just see that old son of a gun get that nut, and he didn't even have to climb for it," said the black bear. I don't think that it's right for me to do all the work and to have him get half of the proceeds." Another nut came flying through the air and fell to the brown gentleman below. "Another for 'Old Brownie.' The lazy old fool hasn't got enough energy to take the shells off. He eats 'em whole." Again a peanut came over the iron fence, and the black bear had the satisfaction of having it finally wind up in his mouth, and not in the mouth of the brown bear below. He munched on contentedly, for it was doubly sweet.

The sporty fat man had a goodly supply, and he was of generous nature. For many minutes he threw the nuts over the fence onto the platform, but most of them rolled off. Again and again the black one sat up on his haunches and waved his paws around, but the little missiles were deceptive and bounced around in much the same way as a ping pong ball bounces when it hits something hard. Once or twice he had the good luck to get them right in his mouth, and then there was no danger of their ever getting down to the lazy bear who would not climb.

By the time the supply of nuts had become exhausted the strenuous one was pretty badly worked up over the way in which he had been cheated out of his share of the nuts. "I don't see where he's got any license to butt in, anyway. I'll fix him when I get down, and he'll look like the proverbial 30 cents that I've heard so much about lately. Just watch my dust, and see his fur fly when I get my paws on him."

He waited his chance, and finally the brown bear walked under the platform on the side next to the swimming pool. This was just what the bear on the platform wanted, and he reached out with his paw and prepared to hit the brown one such a slap that he would roll over into the pool, which was now a little cooler than it had been before. The bear below was unsuspecting, and stood there several minutes, but Old Blackie could not reach him with his paw. He leaned over farther and farther, but he could not quite get a swing. He reached again, and was about to make an effort to commit the direful deed when he slipped, balanced on the edge for a second, and then rolled headlong over on to the unsuspecting animal beneath. There was a howl, and the two toppled into the pool, where they got such a chilling bath that they raced for the slope and climbed out onto the dry floor as fast as their feet could carry them.

"Next time I'll mind my own business," mused the black bear, after he had escaped from the brown bear and had crawled upon the platform again to dry.

## HENRY MANN IS BACK.

### Saw the Coronation and Secured Impressions of Europe.

"The coronation was a grand sight," said Henry L. Mann, who has just returned from a trip through Europe, and who, so far as has been reported, is the only individual in Portland who saw the procession of King Edward after the crowning. Henry Mann is the son of P. J. Mann, of this city, who lives at Third and College streets. He returned yesterday from a three months' trip through Europe, but he says that in all of his travels he saw no place that equals Oregon. The return trip from London was made in 11 days. The Kronprinz Wilhelm, on which he crossed the ocean, is arranged to receive messages by wireless telegraphy. A day and a half before the vessel reached New York it received news of the death of Charles Fair and his wife. Mann gives an interesting account of his trip, and says that his native country is far ahead of anything that he visited in Europe. His father and mother went to Europe ahead of him, and as soon as school was out here he went to join them and travel with them during his Summer vacation. He has returned in order to be on hand when school opens. His parents will make a year's tour of Europe. While away Henry visited points in England, Switzerland and France.

"The people of England were wild over the coronation," said he, "and I do not think that a larger crowd was ever assembled than at that time. I was up early and took a place in line, and had to stand and wait over nine hours before the procession passed. At some places seats were erected along the sides of the streets, but it cost from 2 to 5 guineas ($10 to $40) to get one of these seats. None but the royalty and the nobility were allowed to see the ceremony of the crowning, but all could see the procession. The entire royalty and nobility were in the procession, and it was a great display of riches and splendor. The King's chariot was inlaid with gold and the harness was mounted with gold. I did not suppose that there were as many diamonds in the world as I saw at that time. Troops from every colony were there, and were stationed along the streets. For miles and miles both sides of the streets were lined with people waiting to see the procession. The troops from India camped and had their own cooks with them. Their religion forbids them to eat food cooked by any others than themselves."

When asked as to his impressions of the European people, young Mann said: "They seem to me to be far behind the times. Their railroad service is very poor and their locomotives of a style that were used here about 30 years ago. They are not able to handle visitors well. The best meal that I got while I was away from Portland was at Meacham, and the farther East I got the poorer was the grub. While in Paris I was interested to see how popular automobiles had become. There are a great many more automobiles used there than there are horses.

"The people seem to be very proud and stuck up," said he. "There were a number of distinguished people on the boat as I came home—W. K. Vanderbilt, Charles Dana Gibson and wife, the Duchess of Marlborough and O. H. P. Belmont. They were all very sociable, and mixed with the rest of the crowd. European people with but a fraction of Vanderbilt's wealth are very proud, and feel themselves above associating with ordinary people."

## CHANGED TO PORTLAND.

### Knappa Coal Company Moves Its Headquarters.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Knappa Coal Company was held in Astoria on Saturday, when reports were made by the officers and various proposals discussed for the furtherance of prospect work. Several proposals have lately been received from Eastern capitalists to buy the property or secure a majority of the stock, but the present holders have too great confidence in the enterprise to think of letting the control go outside of the state. For an easier and more practicable conduct of the work, the by-laws were changed, reducing the number of directors to five, and the following were elected to serve this year: W. J. Honeyman and D. B. McBride, Portland; James Finlayson, F. R. Stokes and B. Van Dusen, Astoria; and the office of the company is now changed to 193 Third street, Portland.

The company has a large tract of land 25 miles east of Astoria, within half a mile of the Columbia River, and a large sum has been spent in purchases, securing mineral rights, surveys, expert reports and doing preliminary prospect work. There are outcroppings of coal in various parts of the property not less valuable than are found near the surface in various parts of Oregon and Washington; but the indications are that lower seams exist and that they will show a good quality of bituminous coal, and the best experts say that a first-rate quality of coal cannot be had without going to a considerable depth. This has not yet been attempted by prospectors in Oregon. No one can ever find good coal here near the surface.

### DIAMOND THIEF LOCATED.

#### The Man Who Could Have Helped Officers Catch Him.

L. S. G. Skidmore & Co., Portland, Or., could have remembered that the thief would naturally have called there to get a few boxes of Mormon Bishop Pills to compose and cleanse his nerves with, it would have been of great assistance. Mormon Bishop Pills, at 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2 50, remove all the effects of disease and bad habits, and they are the greatest thing known for insomnia.

"The best pill I ever used," is the frequent remark of purchasers of Carter's Little Liver Pills. When you try them you will say the same.

# CHASE FOR A WIFE

## Queer Denouement of Pennsylvania Man's Quest.

## LOCATES HER IN PORTLAND

### But, After Many Months' Search, and 3000 Miles of Travel, She Turns Him Down—So He Journeys On.

A chase extending over 3000 miles, in pursuit of his lost wife and daughter, in progress day by day since last February, culminated yesterday in this city. G. W. Underwood, a grizzled veteran of the Civil War, from Warren, Pa., met face to face the woman he asserts is his wife, Mrs. L. V. Underwood, of 1026 Williams avenue. But there was no loving greeting awaiting him—only the icy hand and the marble heart. Mrs. Underwood told him that she had assumed her maiden name again, Miss L. V. Bentley, and recommended her husband to go to the Mrs. Underwood No. 2 whom he has left in Ohio. The interview was conducted on both sides with studied politeness. There were no threats of self-effacement. Underwood remarked: "There are others," smoked a long, black, fat cigar, and then took the afternoon train to his new home at Milltown, Tacoma, Wash. He said he had pursued his wife only to satisfy himself what she was doing.

The Northern Pacific express was waiting to pull out for her trip yesterday afternoon at the Union Terminal depot, when an Oregonian reporter interviewed Underwood. The latter is a short, broad-shouldered, well-preserved man of about 55 or 60 years old. "It has been a long chase, but I've found my wife and daughter at last," he remarked. "They don't want me around, of course, but that's all right—it won't break my heart. I've been on the go since last February, and have been in most of the large cities in this country west of Pennsylvania. Twenty-four years ago, I married Miss L. V. Bentley, the woman who is now living in this city, and is my wife. We have four children living, two in Pennsylvania, one in Ohio and one in this city. The latter child is Etta Underwood, and she lives with her mother on Williams avenue. My wife and I lived happily together until she and my daughter Etta suddenly left our home at Warren, Pa., without any warning, last February, and I had no idea where they went to at the time. Two days after their disappearance I started to search for them. Right here I want to say that one Solomon Sternberger, a machinist, left Warren in December, 1901. I had no clew to find my missing ones, and unsuccessfully searched such cities as Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, various towns in the Dakotas where I thought my wife would be, Sacramento, Cal.; Tacoma, Wash., and finally this city.

"By trade I am a carpenter and joiner, and readily secured work wherever I went. A short time ago I got a position in Old Tacoma to superintend over 100 acres of timber land, and the other day I learned that my wife and daughter had arrived at Tacoma last February, and that they shipped a quantity of household goods—which belonged to me as well as to my wife—to this city March 26. Solomon Sternberger superintended the removal of the goods, and he also came to this city from Tacoma, at the same time that my wife and daughter arrived here. I know that Sternberger mortgaged his property in Pennsylvania for $2100, and that his wife and three children are still living there. Sternberger is between 40 and 50 years old, he is a Swede, and by trade he is a machinist. I do not know exactly where he lives in Portland.

"It was only a few days ago that I learned that my missing ones were in this city, and I arrived here last Saturday. I found Sternberger working in a locomotive repair shop, and as soon as he saw me he walked away from his bench. After I had made a number of inquiries, I found out today that my wife and daughter are living at 1026 Williams avenue, and I took Policeman H. C. Wilson along with me."

"Why did you take along the policeman?"

"Oh, for all that I knew I might have been met with a revolver, and didn't want any racket of that kind," explained Underwood. "I had all the shooting I wanted during the Civil War. We found my wife and daughter at home, but they pretended that they did not know me. I said to Mrs. Underwood: 'Why did you leave home so suddenly? Are you not my lawful wife?' She replied that she was not my wife, and would not recognize me at all. My daughter also turned me down—that was the worst cut of all. I suppose she has been turned against me. Not that I care very much, of course. I asked my wife for some papers that she took with her when she left home, but she would not give them to me. I saw that they would not recognize me in any way, after all the years that I worked hard for them. So the policeman and I came away. There was no use standing there talking with her."

"Do you feel bad about the matter?"

"No. Why should I? It's all past now."

"Have you called on Sternberger?"

"No, sir. I haven't a longing to see him after what he has done. But, say, it's about time that I was getting on my train, ain't it? I'm going to my new home at Tacoma," and Underwood moved toward the train platform. He had quite a struggle before he remembered in which pocket he had placed his railroad ticket, and at last he drew out the pasteboard, breathless but triumphant. "That comes of having so many of these darned pockets," he explained. As Underwood and the reporter walked toward the train Underwood drew out a fat, black cigar, and, as the smoke ascended in a blue stream, he said: "I'm kind o' sorry the affair has ended this way."

"Why did you chase over the continent to find your wife, when you knew that she left you?"

"Oh, just to satisfy myself. I wanted to know what she is doing."

"Are you going to make any trouble?"

"Not I. Nobody need fear, either, that I'm going to rush the liquor. I'm no fool, and any man is a fool when a woman drives him to liquor. She doesn't want me—that's all right. There are others. We're in this world for a short time, and we've got to make the most of it. Where's the smoking car, conductor? Thanks. Well, good-bye." And Underwood sprang on board the car, with wonderful agility for a man of his years.

The reporter then went to 1026 Williams avenue, and found Mrs. G. W. Underwood—or Miss L. V. Bentley, as she prefers to call herself—sitting on the veranda of a handsome house. Her daughter Etta sat near her. When the object of the reporter's visit had been explained Mrs. Underwood flushed with annoyance, but she answered in a smooth voice: "I feel very bad to think that the story has got out. I am not the wife of G. W. Underwood, although he says I am."

"He stated that you declined to acknowledge his identity, and that you told him you were not his wife," was remarked.

"His wife is in Ohio," said Mrs. Underwood. "He ought to go to her. He married her about ten years after he married me."

"Then you lived with him for years as his wife, when you knew he was married to another woman?"

"Yes. My children were small at the time, and for their sakes I held my tongue. I didn't want to see them suffer."

"Who told you about this second marriage of your husband?"

"My husband's mother wrote and told me about it."

"You never saw this second wife of your husband?"

"No, sir."

"Maybe your husband married her first, obtained a divorce and then married you," was suggested.

"No. I don't understand it that way," replied Mrs. Underwood, in a tone of conviction. "For several years past my husband's conduct has not been satisfactory to me. For example, he insisted on visiting the 'other woman' in Ohio once every year, and he generally went away two weeks on the trip. At last, when my children were all grown up, I felt one day that I could bear the hateful life with Underwood no longer, and I left him, accompanied by my daughter Etta. I chose to cast my lot on the Pacific Coast, principally for the sake of my daughter's health. I have earned my living ever since, and have not troubled Underwood for money. I told him when I left that everything was over between us. He knew what that meant. Now, why does he travel to Oregon to find me out and disgrace me? It's a shame.

"I have done nothing wrong; only left a man with whom my wedded life was unbearable—a man who has another wife living. He ought to go to her. He deceived me. I have been working, and am going to work again next month."

## TO FIX UP THE BEACHES.

### Something Must Be Done, So Mr. Grady Has a Plan.

William Grady, an elderly man who has been spending some time in visiting various points along the Coast and renewing his acquaintance with the beaches on the ocean, is staying for a few weeks with a friend in this city before proceeding to his home in Idaho. Mr. Grady says he was a resident of Portland many years ago, and was to some extent interested in the street improvement work of those days, but he went east of the mountains nearly 20 years ago and has remained a resident of that region ever since. He was disappointed, he says, in the changes which he found in the beaches he visited, most of which were far less attractive to him than in the old days. He admits that there may have been a change in him and that perhaps he may not be so easily suited and so jolly as he used to be in the old days, but this, he says, can have nothing to do with the changes in the beaches. He mentions particularly the beach which guests at the Seaside House strolled over and secured clams and crabs on in old days, which ends at Tillamook Head. He says it used to be one of the most beautiful and smoothest pieces of sand to be seen anywhere and the clams were plentiful, and in shallow pools here and there the crabs were to be found by scores, just covered with a little sand, waiting to be taken home and eaten. Now, he says, this stretch of beach is worn out and covered with pebbles and logs, and looks like a wornout macadam street in Portland, covered with loose pebbles or crushed rock, and there are no clams or crabs to be found. There is nothing new about this complaint of Mr. Grady's, but he has a new idea which is a stunner. He says he proposes to visit the owners of property along this piece of beach and before he goes home to work up a scheme for improving it and making it like it used to be. He proposes to have it coverd with a coating of nice clean sand and smoothed off level and rolled, all the same as improving a street, and then to plant clams along the whole strip and have artificial pools here and there for capturing crabs in. This is a brilliant idea, though some may consider it impracticable and hold that the sand put on will all wash away. To this Mr. Grady replies that the sand did not wash away in old days, and he thinks it will stay, if he can only persuade the property owners that it will, and induce them to put up the money to pay for making the improvements; he is willing to proceed with the work and to take the chances of the sand washing away, at their expense. He says it is a long time since he was in the street improvement business, but he has not forgotten all the tricks of the business. There should be no trouble in securing all the sand needed and the ocean can supply all the rollers required, and more, too.

## BRYAN AS A WARRIOR.

### Now We Know the Reason Why He Became a Colonel.

Kansas City Journal.

Mr. Bryan started for the Spanish war as the Colonel of a Nebraska regiment. We may be curious to know what he went for, and if he was willing or anxious to fight. In resigning his commission before his regiment was mustered out he said that he did so because he saw no chance of getting into the fight. From his utterances then, it was naturally assumed that he was willing and even anxious to fight, for it was difficult to discover any other motive that could draw a man into a war of aggression—and that is what the Spanish war was, as distinguished from a war of defense.

But now we have later information that reveals more clearly the object of Colonel Bryan in buckling on his sword and going to the front. He wished to carry among the soldiers the Ten Commandments. He was consumed with a lofty purpose of inculcating the Sermon on the Mount. What he wanted was to establish an army that would obey the Divine command, "Thou shalt not kill." It is even possible that he hoped to earn the reward promised in "Blessed are the peacemakers" by double-quicking his troops to the rear, where the Spaniards couldn't get them. Hitherto, in war, the peacemaker has been the man most anxious to fight. But Colonel Bryan knows a new and better system. After the hosts of war had assembled he would march between the lines bearing aloft the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and then he would address them: "You bloody-minded soldiers who are anxious to fight," he would say, "must step out of the ranks and go home. You are acting to me just like men who would spill blood if you got a chance to, which is barbarous. We who are not willing or anxious to fight propose to settle this conflict by seeing which side can outtalk the other—thus obeying the injunction not to kill."

However, we need not expect a complete absence of casualty even under the Bryan system. The scheme contains the possibility of a repetition of a well-remembered Biblical slaughter, when so many fell victims to the jawbone of an ass.

But, seriously, in all the pettifogging by Mr. Bryan, has there been an exhibition quite so pusillanimous as his criticism of the President's West Point speech?

### Takes Prisoner Back to Minnesota.

ASHLAND, Or., Aug. 24.—(Special.)—C. F. Hurst, deputy Sheriff of Polk County, Minnesota, arrived here this noon with requisition papers from Governor Van Sant on Governor T. T. Geer for Charles S. Wilkinson, arrested here two weeks ago for horse stealing at Crookston, last April. The deputy secured his prisoner and left for Minnesota on the night train.

### RECREATION.

If you wish to enjoy a day of rest and pleasure, take the O. R. & N. train from Union depot at 9 A. M. for a short trip up the Columbia, returning, if desired, by boat from Cascade Locks. Tickets and particulars at O. R. & N. ticket office, Third and Washington.

The efforts being made in Japan to raise the educational standards, particularly among women, are regarded by General Stewart L. Woodford, recently returned from that country, as the most hopeful sign of progress.


# Meier & Frank Company

Trunks and Traveling Bags—Every size and style—(Third floor).

New Suits and Coats arriving daily—Pleased to show them to you.
Natty new Silk Belts in very large variety—Reasonably priced.

# Today "Hourly Sales"

# Last of the Season

## Printed List of Sales Given Out at the Entrances

**8 to 9 A. M.**
6 Cakes Soap 10c
Salt Boxes 8c each
Tea and Coffee Canisters 7c
Talcum Powder 4c

**9 to 10 A. M.**
Corsets 18c pair
Pillow Tops 23c
Flannel Waistings 34c
Pillow Cases 8c
Men's Ties 10c

**10 to 11 A. M.**
Toilet Soap 4c cake
All-Linen Kerch'fs 5c
25c Ribbons 10c yd.
$2, $2.25 Waists 79c
Bedspreads 89c

**11 to 12 A. M.**
Children's Shoes 95c
Comforters $1.13 ea.
Walking Skirts $1.95
Dark Percales 8c yd.
Men's Hose 9c pr.

**12 to 1 P. M.**
Hat Racks 5c
Kodak Albums 7c
Hams 15c lb.
Pictures 7c each
Men's Overalls 40c

**1 to 2 P. M.**
Hassocks 67c
50c Tights 15c
Silkoline Remnants
Denim Burlap 1-3 off
Peck's Bad Boy 49c

**2 to 3 P. M.**
Spachtel Covers 18c
35c Ties 23c
Child's Underw'r 12c
Bath Towels 8c
65c Veils 43c

**3 to 4 P. M.**
$3.00 Shoes $1.89 pr
Emb. Beading 8c
Wash Goods 5c
Mocha & Java 23c lb.
Pictures 49c

**4 to 5 P. M.**
Flannel Gowns 93c
Good Whisk Brooms 8c
Good Combs 6c each
Smyrna Rugs $1.77
$1.50, $1.75 Waists 49c
Men's Underwear 62c

**5 to 6 P. M.**
$2.50 Dictionary 69c
Crepe Paper 6c roll
Lion Coffee 10c lb
Skirt Patterns 19c
Men's Shirts 35c

**AUGUST LINEN SALE**
CONTINUES THROUGH THE MONTH

**"Peninsular" Stoves and Ranges**
are the best in the land—$8.75 to $65

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# IT'S HARD ON THE PUBLIC

### CLOSING OF BELMONT STREET A GREAT INCONVENIENCE.

#### Funeral of G. H. Morgan—No Word Yet From George Cross, and His Wife Still Mourns.

The closing of Belmont street, between East Eighth and East Ninth streets, on account of the dangerous condition of the bridge over Asylum Creek, works a serious inconvenience to the public. The main portion of travel from Sunnyside and Mount Tabor uses Belmont street, as it is a central thoroughfare, but the closing of this single block will drive it to East Morrison street, one block north. The elevated road on East Morrison, between East Seventh and East Ninth streets, will not stand very long under the heavy travel. Already the decking is badly worn, and must soon become unsafe and have to be shut up.

It would seem that the best thing to do would be to repair this bridge and reopen it to the public, if means can possibly be found with which to do it. Already there is much complaint over its being closed in the large district to the eastward. City Engineer Elliott is not blamed for closing up this bridge, for it is recognized that he must do so, as it is dangerous. If the wholesale closing of bridges results in general repairs in some way, it will solve a difficult problem for the East Side.

### FUNERAL OF G. H. MORGAN.

#### Attended by Members of International Association of Machinists.

The funeral of George H. Morgan was held yesterday afternoon from Calvary Baptist Church, East Grant and East Eighth streets. There was a large attendance, the auditorium being filled and many remaining standing.

Mr. Morgan had been a member of the International Association of Machinists, No. 63, and there was a large delegation from this order present. F. G. Leo, Samuel Morrow, U. F. Blakney, J. W. Howell, W. H. Farrier and C. A. Jamison were the pallbearers. Rev. M. M. Bledsoe, pastor of Calvary Church, conducted the services. He was assisted by Rev. William E. Randall, pastor of Second Baptist Church. Deceased had been a member of Calvary Church. Many beautiful floral tributes were received. A large number of Southern Pacific car shops employes were present. At the conclusion of the services in the church interment took place in Riverview cemetery. The delegates from the International Association of Machinists accompanied the cortege to the cemetery.

Mr. Morgan was under 40 years of age. He was raised in Portland, and served his time at the Southern Pacific car shops in the machinist department. A wife and two children survive him. The cause of his death was appendicitis. Sunday, August 17, he was able to attend church, but Monday went to Good Samaritan Hospital for an operation, from which he could not recover.

### WHERE IS GEORGE CROSS?

#### Wife Still Seeking Information of Her Husband, Who Disappeared.

One of the most complete disappearances happening in Portland for a number of years was that of George Cross, secretary of the Oar Factory Company, which established a plant on the block on East Clay and East Water street, about two years ago. It has now been something over a year since he disappeared without apparent cause, and every clew that promised to disclose his whereabouts has proved futile.

J. M. Woodworth yesterday received a letter from his wife, who went back to her old home in Kentucky, after her husband left, asking if any information had been obtained. Cross had a wife and child when he came to Portland to work in the oar factory, and they seemed happy together. He provided well for them. It is said he had saved some money, which was on deposit in a Portland bank.

The last seen or heard of him was when he had been with some new acquaintances on the West Side one night. He did not return next day or night, and search was instituted, but not a single trace of Cross was ever found after he is said to have parted with his companions on the night he disappeared. It was reported that he went to Dawson with some woman, but this was not verified. Some thought he might have been shanghaied, but there has been no proof of this. His friends have long ago given up the problem of his disappearance, but his wife still clings to the hope that he will yet turn up, and is watching and waiting for every scrap of information that may give her hope. She writes like a broken-hearted woman, and wants her husband to know that if he is living his wife and child need him.

### IMPROVE MARGUERITE AVENUE.

#### Pipe Line Will Be Laid on This Street Before Gravel Is Put On.

It is proposed to improve Marguerite avenue, from Division street to Hawthorne avenue, on which the 20-inch pipe line will be laid. The street will be graded, sidewalks laid and a 30-foot roadway graveled.

In this case the pipe line will be laid before the gravel is put on. Pipe has been distributed, and work has been commenced on the trench from Division street. This improvement, aside from the pipe line, will be important, and open a growing district. Many new houses have been put up out there.

### Newcomers Will Build.

James Reed, a newcomer, has just purchased a lot on the corner of East Sixteenth and East Burnside streets, and plans have been prepared for a dwelling to cost about $2500. Ambrose Hersen has purchased a lot on East Twenty-eighth and East Burnside streets, on which he will put up a dwelling at once.

### University Gymnasium.

Material for the concrete foundation of the big gymnasium for the Columbia University, University Park, has been delivered. Work on the building will commence at once.

### Funeral of William L. Bays.

The funeral of William Luther Bays, of Sellwood, was held yesterday afternoon from the home of his mother, Mrs. Elista Jackson, 1655 East Ninth street. He was 21 years of age. His mother is a widow. Within something over a year one of her sons was killed in a street-car accident and another was drowned.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hayden have returned from Creswell, Or., after attending the Basche-Campbell wedding. They are registered at the Imperial and will leave for Eastern Oregon in a few days.

Douglas W. Taylor, Jr., leaves on the steamer Columbia for San Francisco this evening on his way to Stanford University, where he proposes to take a course in mining engineering. A number of his classmates in the High School last year are there.

Captain Eugene P. Crowne is in Portland for a brief stay. He was a lieutenant in the Second Oregon regiment, and served in the campaign in the Philippines. On his return he was appointed as a captain in the regular service and returned to Manila. For some time past he has been stationed at a military post in Texas.

Harris' Trunk Co., for trunks and bags.

# KILLED BY FALLING TREE

### SINGULAR CASUALTY IN WHICH CARL SCHNEIDER LOST LIFE.

#### Tree Strikes a Recumbent Log, Which Flying Up Fractures the Man's Skull.

His skull fractured and his body badly bruised, Carl Schneider was brought to Good Samaritan Hospital Saturday night in an unconscious condition. Despite all that could be done to revive him, he expired yesterday morning, never having regained consciousness.

Schneider was 22 years old and was in the employ of the Cathlamet Lumber Company. While felling logs about four miles from Cathlamet he met with the accident that caused his death. The story of the accident is a sad one, and investigation of the circumstances shows that the blow which fractured his skull must have occurred in a very peculiar way.

Schneider and his brother were at work together. The tree they were sawing leaned somewhat and commenced to crack before they realized that it was nearly off. "Run," said Carl, "it is falling," and at the same time he dropped the saw and made all haste to get out of the way. He ran in one direction and his brother in the other. The brush was rather thick, and they could not see each other, but there seemed to be plenty of time for both to get out of the way. The tree fell with a mighty crash. The brother returned to see if there had been damage done to the saw and fully expected to find Carl also coming back to the tree. After he had waited a few moments, and there were no signs of his brother, he called to him, but heard no response. Again and again he called. Growing alarmed he started out to search and soon found his brother lying apparently dead and in a pool of blood. He was at a safe distance from the tree and it was evident that he was not struck by the tree or any of its limbs. How he had sustained his injuries seemed to be a mystery. Dr. Haviland, of Cathlamet, was immediately summoned, and upon examining the prostrate man found that there still remained a spark of life. His skull, however, was fractured, his back injured, and his body badly bruised and there seemed to be but little hope of his reviving. He was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital at once and it was found that nothing could be done to save his life. He died yesterday morning at 8 o'clock.

Examination of the ground where the body was found shows that the blow which fractured his skull must have come from a log that was struck by the falling tree. This log was resting across another log in such a way that one end was on the ground and the other was suspended in the air. Schneider was standing by the end resting on the ground, probably thinking that he was safe from any harm. The tree in its fall struck the suspended end, causing the log to give a mighty lurch, and striking the unfortunate man in the forehead. Blood on a hemlock stump showed that he had been hurled against the stump, probably striking it with the back of his head, as investigation also showed that there was a fracture at the base of the skull.

Schneider was a member of an A. O. U. W. lodge at Banks, Or., and the lodge will probably attend to the funeral preparations.

### THROUGH THE COLUMBIA RIVER GORGE.

A delightful trip of a few hours will take you through the famous "Columbia River Gorge," the greatest combination of river and mountain scenery on earth. O. R. & N. train leaves Portland daily at 9 A. M. Return can be made by steamer from Cascade Locks. Special low rates for this trip. Get particulars at O. R. & N. ticket office, Third and Washington.