WILL THE MURDER TRIAL SOLVE THE MYSTERY?

Strange Disappearance of the Nesbitts, Mother and Daughter, Results in Norman Williams Facing Jury With His Life in Jeopardy.

ON Tuesday, May 24, there will begin at The Dalles a murder trial which only lacks a capable press agent to attain fame. Against the defendant there has been brought a charge of luring two defenseless women thousands of miles from their home only to kill them and then obtain their homesteads. The case has all the necessary elements of mystery. The blackness and noise of a stormy night veiled the disappearance of the women. Tales of love and intrigue are woven into the mesh of crime, and were the trial to take place in a great city it would be a feature of the week in the news of a continent.

Prior to his arrest for the murder of Mrs. L. J. Nesbitt and her daughter, Alma, little had been known of Norman Williams, or Daniel Norman Williams, as his name appears properly to be, in this city, although he spent some months in and about The Dalles. Early in 1899 Williams appeared in the Hood River Valley, where he located a homestead claim, returning to Omaha, Neb., his former residence, before filing on the same. In May he returned, bringing with him Miss Alma Nesbitt, whom he had persuaded to come to Oregon, where she could take up land and make a home for herself. Before leaving Omaha Miss Nesbitt had told her relatives of her engagement to Williams, announcing to them her intention to come to Oregon and secure her homestead before their marriage so that their adjoining claims could be made into a desirable home; all of which Williams had set forth to her. Soon after his return from Omaha Williams filed on his homestead claim in the Upper Hood River Valley, Miss Nesbitt filing on hers June 10, 1899. After establishing her residence on the claim she then sought employment, and was engaged as a domestic in the family of Hon. A. S. Bennett, of this city, where she remained all the following Summer and until the arrival of her mother in October. Mrs. Nesbitt's trip to Oregon was taken with a view of staying with her daughter on her claim until she should be married to Williams and have it as her permanent home. During this time Williams was employed in a sawmill near his homestead and on his claim.

Women Worked in Portland.

Upon Mrs. Nesbitt's arrival in Oregon the two women went to the daughter's claim and remained there until February, when they together went to Portland, where employment could be found by the daughter for a while. Upon reaching Portland they secured rooms at the Winters block, on the East Side, where Williams visited them.

On March 8, 1900, both women left the Winters block in company with Williams for Hood River. They had told Mr. Winters, proprietor of the block, that they were going to Miss Nesbitt's homestead and should return after a while, and at the same time Miss Nesbitt wrote to her brother, Homer E. Nesbitt, of Omaha, that they were starting that day for her claim with the intention of getting her land matters settled up, and were then coming home to Omaha. This led the family to believe that her engagement with Williams had been broken off, as she gave definite directions concerning household furniture and different possessions belonging to her mother which were in storage, ordering them to be sent to an address enclosed where they would be waiting when the two should arrive from the West, designating that date as about April 1, less than three weeks from the date of her letter. Apparently they had plenty of money for their needs, as the mother gave no directions about sending her funds, which her son anticipated she would do. This letter, giving directions about their future home and their loving anticipation of soon seeing the family at Omaha, is the last ever heard from the mother and daughter.

With Williams the two women arrived in Hood River on the afternoon of March 8, and went to the boarding-house of William Thompson to await the arrival of Williams with a team to take them out to their claim. The afternoon was so stormy, with so threatening a prospect for a bad night, that H. D. Langille, at whose livery stable Williams hired a team for the journey, remonstrated with him for starting on a 20-mile drive in such weather, on so dark a night. Williams, however, stated that it was an urgent matter, and drove to the Thompson house. Feeling apprehensive about their welfare, Mr. Langille secured a carriage lamp and tried to induce Williams to take it. It was declined, Williams saying that he knew the road well and could drive better without it. Mr. Langille saw the two women get into the wagon and drive away with Williams. From that time no trace has ever been found of them, except the ghastly locks of hair found and identified by George Nesbitt, son and brother of the missing women, in his search of the Williams premises last February, and upon which evidence for his arrest was based.

Livery Team Returned.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of March 9, Williams returned the livery team to the stable. The horses were covered with mud and jaded. He turned them over to a stable-hand, paid the bill and hurried away, saying he must go at once to the depot. It is now proved that he went from there to another stable, where he hired a saddle horse and went directly back to the sawmill near his claim, where he had been employed, and where he had hired a man to do his work while he should be gone a day or two. There he left the horse, with the direction that it should be sent back to Hood River by the mailcarrier, saying that he should have to spend a day or two on his homestead.

Williams now denies all knowledge of this trip and claims to have made two other trips back and forth with the women during the Winter; of having packed up their effects for them and shipped their boxes of clothing, etc., to the Winters block, where he afterward visited them in Portland. Two large boxes were in his possession for some time after the disappearance of the women, and were seen by a neighbor to contain women's clothing.

On March 14, six days after the disappearance of the Nesbitts, a surveying party, consisting of six men, stopped on the Williams claim and got dinner at his cabin, resting there the noon hour. Near his house was a large pile of sacked grain and feed, upon which some of the surveyors sat down to wait.

The pile extended over a strip of ground now covered by the henhouse, under which the grave was found in November. It was noticed at the time that Williams' behavior was very peculiar and that he continued to walk around the pile of sacks, watching and eyeing the men suspiciously, nor did he at any time go away from them. They also noticed that the ground about the pile had been broken, but thought it was caused by the leveling for the roof which was being erected over the grain. These surveyors gave evidence that there was at that time no excavation or sign of building on this spot where Williams claims a closet and cesspool were located at the time and into which he had thrown the hair of some dogs and some sacks wet with blood of a horse.

No Search Made for Women.

No search was ever made by the settlers in the valley for the missing women, although their absence was commented on; in fact, so pronounced were the suspicions expressed that Williams had intimidated or driven them off, that the story came to his ears, causing him to deny any knowledge of their whereabouts for fear of being hanged if the Hood River Glacier offering $50 reward for news of them.

During the Summer of 1900, Williams cleared a portion of his land and with the help of a neighbor piled the brush and fallen timber into an immense pile. On this isolated claim the burning of even a large quantity of brush might not attract attention, and late in the Fall of that year it was noticed by the same neighbor that the pile was burned. It is now believed that Williams at this time exhumed the bodies of his victims and burned their remains.

On June 23, 1900, a relinquishment of Alma Nesbitt's homestead claim was filed in the local land office here by Williams, who applied to so amend his own claim as to embrace a portion of the Nesbitt tract. The relinquishment was acknowledged before a notary public, of this city, and witnessed by a well-known resident. Some months later a letter of inquiry was received from Miss Nesbitt's relatives by the local land officers for any information of her whereabouts. This letter, together with the suspicious stories current in Hood River, led the officers to have the relinquishment returned from Washington, D. C., where it had been sent in the due course of business, and the forgery of Miss Nesbitt's name was discovered.

When summoned before the grand jury last November regarding this alleged forgery, Williams admitted having signed the relinquishment, but contended that he did not know he was doing wrong since Miss Nesbitt had written him to sign it for her, but her letter had been stolen from him. He also claimed that he could produce the Nesbitts or find their whereabouts whenever it was necessary, which he has failed to do. At this time Anna Ziveney, a friend of Williams', testified that she had seen a letter from Alma Nesbitt in which she told Williams to sign her land papers for her.

Williams Leaves the Country.

In 1901, Williams apparently became seriously disturbed by the rumors of foul play attending the disappearance of the Nesbitts and relinquished his homestead, saying that he would leave this community and hunt for the women.

After locating several persons on his own, the Nesbitt and neighboring tracts, he left the country going to Victoria, British Columbia, and finally to Bellingham, where he was apprehended.

The arrival in Oregon last February of George Nesbitt, his determined search of the Williams' premises at Hood River without revealing his identity to even the men who prosecuted the search with him, and his systematic, quiet investigation of Williams' reputation and standing in every community where he could hear of him, has brought a mass of incriminating evidence against the accused man. It has brought to light, first and foremost, his prison record wherein he served a sentence of nearly four years for attempted rape on the wife of one of his neighbors at Chadron, Neb. Evidence was brought out at the trial which convicted him of a similar crime against his young sister-in-law. He was sentenced to serve eight years, his time being commuted to four on account of good behavior and expert workmanship. His crime was one of the most atrocious in the history of Chadron. After his assault on the woman he threw her into a well, and waiting until he felt convinced she was drowned, he rushed into the street summoning help, saying she had fallen into the well. Fortunately, as she fell, the woman grasped a piece of rope, and by its aid, together with some broken curbing, she held her head above the water until rescued. But for the prompt action of the Sheriff in removing Williams beyond the county limits, his list of crimes would have terminated then and there when the outrage became known to the infuriated citizens.

Williams Has Many Wives.

Williams has been much married. On April 16, 1900, about one month after the disappearance of Alma Nesbitt, Williams filed suit for divorce in Wasco County from Katie E. Williams, then living near Dufur. This decree was granted in November of the same year. Williams claims that they were married in Omaha, Neb., November 25, 1888, at the residence of Mrs. Williams' father. That he had arranged to move to Oregon in the early Spring of 1899 and had started her on the journey with her brother, intending to follow as soon as some necessary business should be completed there. That she joined some relatives in the town of Dufur awaiting his arrival. A month later when he, too, reached Dufur, he claimed that his wife's affections had been alienated from him and that she refused to live with him or have anything to do with him. In her answer, Mrs. Williams, then in Malheur County, declared that she had been shamefully and willfully deceived into a mock marriage by Williams, and that since this fact had been proved to her she would no longer tolerate his presence. She asserted that a man purporting to be a minister had been brought to her invalid father's house by Williams, who told her he had all the necessary legal papers for their marriage and that the ceremony was then performed. She had since learned that the marriage was not on record, nor was the person performing the ceremony a minister. She was then 18 years of age. She also asserted that Williams has never seen or made any effort to see their child, which was born in November, 1899. The decree secured granted Williams the custody of this child, but there is no evidence of his ever asserting this right. Record evidence shows that while his wife was sent to Dufur to await his coming, he was persuading Alma Nesbitt, under promise of marriage, to accompany him to Hood River, where they should make their future home.

The death of another wife last December at Fairhaven, Wash., from strychnine poisoning, was the second death from similar cause among Williams' wives, one having died thus in Omaha some years previously.

Judge Henry McGinn, of Portland, has assumed charge of Williams' case and will defend him at his trial on May 24. It is expected that George Nesbitt will return to Oregon shortly, bringing with him further evidence which has not yet been given to the public.

Mr. Winters, proprietor of the Winters block, says that shortly before the Nesbitts started for their last trip to Hood River, he heard a quarrel between Alma Nesbitt and Williams concerning her homestead claim. Williams was trying to persuade her to dispose of it in some way, and she was resisting the idea. He thinks they compromised the matter by her agreeing to go up to the claim and stay awhile.

There is also some evidence to show that the Ziveney woman has been passed off as Alma Nesbitt in one or two instances. When the relinquishment of Miss Nesbitt's claim was acknowledged here, it was before a forgetful old man who cannot remember the circumstances well, but the man who witnessed the signature was called into the room after the woman's name was on the paper. He says there was a woman present with Williams and there is some reason to think that this may have been the Ziveney woman, although Williams says he signed the relinquishment himself.

Suspected Attempt at Poisoning.

On May 1, 1900, a German named Barnhart Buttiker, filed upon a homestead in the Hood River Valley near the tracts taken by Norman Williams and Alma Nesbitt. He worked at times for Williams and in July of the same year, at the instance of Williams, changed his filing so as to embrace a tract adjoining the Williams place. Later in the year he told a neighbor that he had found out some very suspicious facts about Williams and was very much afraid of him, expressing his intention of leaving his employ as soon as he could get work elsewhere. A day or two before he was to leave Williams' employ, Buttiker complained of not feeling well. Williams at once urged him to stay in his cabin, saying that he, himself, was going to Hood River for a day or two, but that he would give Buttiker some medicine to dose himself with in his (Williams') absence. Just before leaving the house he insisted upon Buttiker's taking some whisky from a flask which he had produced, urging him to take more should he feel worse later. After seeing Buttiker drink the whisky, Williams rode away.

Buttiker's story is that immediately after swallowing the whisky he grew very ill, suffering an agony of pain in his stomach, and must have soon became unconscious, as he came to himself early the next day lying on the floor of the cabin and partially paralyzed. At first he was unable to move at all, but after repeated trials managed to rise, and, remembering Williams' instructions to take more whisky in the event of feeling worse, he started to do so.

The taste of the liquor instantly attracted his notice as being very bitter and unlike whisky. He took some in his mouth, which was at once burned and excoriated. A panic of fear then seized Buttiker that an attempt had been made on his life and, weak and ill as he was, he took the flask, gathered up his few belongings and fled from the homestead, reaching a neighbor's that night, where he asserted that he had been poisoned and was in fear for his life.

Flies the Country in Terror.

Firmly convinced that he had barely escaped death at the hands of his employer, Buttiker left the community and came to The Dalles, telling several persons that he was going to the county authorities with his story and with the whisky remaining in the flask for chemical analysis. Owing to Buttiker's ignorance of the proper manner in which to make complaint, his story reached no officer of the county, and the flask was deposited by him in one of the county offices, where it remained for some time and finally was lost sight of. His belief in Williams' having attempted his life was so certain, however, that he relinquished his homestead and soon after left the country. His whereabouts is now being sought by the District Attorney.

Williams located several persons on homestead claims in the Hood River Valley aside from the Nesbitts, and sought to persuade several other persons in Omaha to come to Oregon, where he would locate them on claims.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH'S TESTIMONY

Her Glowing Indorsement of the Famous

Kimball Piano

"The Kimball Piano Ranks With the Best Instruments Before the World," She Says

It was Adelina Patti who first honored the Kimball Piano with a letter of indorsement, since which time she has purchased several Kimball Pianos for her personal use.

Our own three great American singers, who each own and use Kimball Pianos, have also bestowed glowing tributes upon this great piano, namely, Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames and Zelie de Lussan.

LILLIAN NORDICA said: "The more I use my Kimball Piano, the better I like it."

EMMA EAMES' words are: "I am charmed with the beautiful tone of the Kimball Piano," and

ZELIE De LUSSAN charmingly puts it: "The Kimball Piano is a perfect instrument."

Among other great singers who use and indorse the Kimball Pianos are Edouard de Reszke, Emma Calve, Johanna Gadski, Lilli Lehman, Pol Plancon, Emil Fischer, Maurice de Vries, Luigi Arditi and hundreds of others.

Kimball Pianos are sold on the Pacific Coast by Eilers Piano House, stores 349, 351 and 353 Washington street, Portland, Or. Also Spokane, Wash.; San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal.

TALES OF THE STREET AND TOWN

HOW many people of this city and county have ever taken an extended trip on the "Beautiful Willamette" and thereby come to know how well the adjective fits the river? We've all been down the Columbia, but coming down the "Valley" on a steamboat is a horse of another color.

The morning was cool and dewy when we signaled the steamboat at a little landing this side of Salem last Monday. Four passengers and two milk cans got aboard. Two of the passengers were workingmen from a neighboring ranch.

"We hain't got no money," said one to the purser, "but we got an order."

"Been working up to MacIntosh's?"

"Yes."

"Oh, John's all right, I'll cash it for you."

With a queer little hoarse "toot" the steamboat drew away from the bank and swept down the placid current. Around the next bend a square white canvas announced another milk can. The gang plank was run out and almost ere the boat's nose had touched the bank two deck-hands were ashore and hustling back with a few more gallons for Portland babies, coffee-drinkers and breakfast-food consumers. Another "toot" and on again. So for hours 'round bend after bend, while the sun shot up gloriously over the eastern slopes.

The shores are so surpassingly lovely that one cannot tire of gazing. Fresh growths of sweetbriar and cottonwood lade the air with such fragrance that you must perforce fill your lungs deep with it again and again and exclaim to yourself:

"God made the country, man made the town."

The deck-hands seem a happy lot of fellows, with some little leisure for a smoke and a bit of "joshing" now and then between milk cans. Occasionally a few passengers and other kinds of freight than milk are taken on. When some dainty Valley girl, dressed in her best for a visit to Portland, essays to walk up the narrow plank, the pilot, or the purser, gallantly meets her half-way, extending a hand to aid her. Sometimes something funny happens, as at a little place about an hour's run above Oregon City. Here was a warehouse on the high bank with a long, steep chute to chute freight aboard the boat. A man in shirtsleeves on the bank waved his hat. The pilot "tooted" his whistle and turned the boat shoreward.

"What you got?" queried the captain as the man in shirtsleeves made fast the line.

"Thirty-four sacks o' spuds."

"All right; run 'em down."

In a moment a short section of chute was shoved up from the boat, and the connection being complete, the "spuds" shot down and were hustled aft by deckhands with trucks. The purser stood by and "checked off."

Presently a diffident-seeming old farmer with long whiskers appeared on the bank, with a carpetbag in one hand and a bundle done up in a red bandana in the other.

"You can slide down the plank after the sacks are run down," called out the captain to the old man.

"All right," returned the latter. "Reckon I can make it."

The purser checked off the 34 sacks and cried out:

"Thirty-four! Get aboard there, Mister. Hurry up!"

The old man rather gingerly climbed upon the chute and started to work his way down the steep incline, very mindful of his bag and the red bandana. Suddenly the man in shirtsleeves made outcry. It was too late. The thirty-fifth sack of spuds came down at express speed, striking the old farmer in the rear and bunting him down and into the arms of the deckhands, with such velocity that his trousers almost smoked with the friction of it.

"Gosh!" was all he said.

"Never mind," said a deckhand, consolingly. "This is our private chute-the-chutes, an' you got a free trip."

The old man extracted half a dollar from a knot in the red bandana and paid the purser, while the whistle tooted for another start.

It's a fine trip, and when it's over one has acquired a few unforgetable impressions of beauty; farmhouses nestled cozily in yellow-green hillsides; placid waters in tones of deep, cool green; banks of young fir and cottonwood and sweet-briar thickets smelling like great heaps of apples, and you wonder why people don't rave more than they do about the "Beautiful Willamette."

FEW cigars, however high priced, look tempting to the average smoker after being cast aside half smoked by another. Still, the average smoker may never have been reduced to the dire misery of penury combined with appetite. The following "snipe-shooting" incident was witnessed on Morrison street near the Marquam entrance the other day. A well-dressed man of rather refined face paused at the curb and looked down at the gutter. He suddenly began to brush imaginary dust off his trousers, at the same time stepping into the gutter. As he brushed the left trouser-leg with his right hand he stooped gradually lower, until he had flipped the last particle of dust from the trousered extremities and his fingers almost touched the pavement. In fact they did touch it and closed upon a dark brown cigar stub that had evidently seen better days. A moment later he was seen to light the stub, and then move, with a dignified stride, across the street into the entrance to the Portland bar. Curiosity prompted the pair of bystanders who saw the incident to follow him. Wonder of wonders! He actually ordered a Scotch highball at the bar, drank it with evident gusto, between puffs at his stub, next paid for it with three nickels, then walked away with an expression of contentment on his face.

TWO loafers were sprawled out on the grass of the Courthouse park yesterday.

"Yes," said the cheerful-faced one, "I lost a snap when I lost my last job."

"What was that?" asked his sad-eyed companion.

"Drivin' hearse for Blank, the undertaker."

"Did he fire you?"

"Yes, he fired me because I can't help lookin' pleasant. I couldn't help seein' the sunny side of things, even when I was drivin' a stiff to the cemetery. So the boss, he says to me: 'Looky here, I don't want no grinnin' clown, no bloomin' Dutch comedian, no walkin' dentil's ad, drivin' my hearse. It makes one of my funerals look like a wedding procession. You'll have to go.'"

JIM BURNS, purser of the Columbia, is an old salt, said to be far more used to life on the ocean wave than to the conveniences of land travel. He made a trip by train to San Francisco recently and secured a Pullman sleeper berth. Barely had he retired behind the berth curtains the first night out when the porter was startled by the racket he began to make. The porter came a-running and found poor Mr. Burns agitated and indignant. He held out the wreck of the little hammock used in Pullman berths for the convenience of passengers as a receptacle for clothing, etc.

"I've busted your blamed old hammock," he said, "now get me one I can use. How d'you expect a 300-pound man like me to get into a little net like that It wouldn't more'n hold a baby. What d you mean."

LUTE PEASE.

PERSONAL MENTION.

A. J. Trimble, one of the leading citizens of Sumpter, is at the Portland.

Charles H. Frye, the well-known Seattle meatpacker, is at the Portland.

William H. Gorham, a leading admiralty lawyer of Seattle, is at the Portland.

Dr. A. A. Finch, a well-known citizen of Astoria, is among the arrivals at the Portland.

Among the arrivals at the Portland yesterday was Mrs. F. I. Dunbar, wife of the Secretary of State.

J. F. McNaught and Charles H. Clarke of Seattle, who are interested in irrigation enterprises in Oregon, are at the Portland.

R. Burr White and Gregory McGregor, editor and manager respectively of the Rainier Gazette, were in the city on business yesterday.

There is a considerable party of well-known Salem people at the Imperial. It includes A. M. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McNary, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Boise, Jr., and ex-Governor William R. Lord.

Mr. Henry J. Ellers, president of Ellers Piano House, is at his desk again, at the Portland store, after a visit in California, where important business connected with his establishments there detained him for some weeks.

BOSTON, Mass., May 21.—(Special.)—Among the successful candidates for the Bachelor of Science degree at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, according to the list given out today, was Edna Greenwood Bailey, of Portland, who completes a course in chemistry with honors. She is the only woman graduate this year and one of only six representatives of the Pacific Slope in the class.

BOSTON, Mass., May 21.—(Special.)—Successful candidates for degrees at Columbia University commencement, to be held June 8, include Frank Watson Whalley, of Portland, Or., with the degree of mining engineer from the School of Mines, and Virgil Strother Ison, of Baker City, Or. Ison will receive the M. D. degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Coast Pioneers Visit Old Friends.

Marshall Short and James Brown, two venerable old gentlemen from Yreka, California, and Mansfield, Ohio, left for their respective homes on the evening of May 14. Marshall Short is a pioneer of Oregon and California, and also a veteran of the early Indian Wars of these states; while James Brown served his country during the Rebellion. They are brother and brother-in-law of R. V. Short of this city, who is a retired surveyor, and who served his state in the Legislature. Among the people whom they visited were: Grant Brown, son of James Brown; Captains W. P. and S. V. Short, two well-known steamboatmen of the Pacific Northwest; Mrs. C. T. Tooze, of Wilsonville, and Mrs. Harry Shaw, of Portland, the four last named being nephews and nieces of Marshall Short. After an enjoyable three-weeks' stay in Portland and the surrounding territory, they left for their homes, much pleased with the country and with the intention of returning next year for the Fair.

Chittam Wood Bark In Demand.

The season for peeling chittam bark has arrived and the output this year promises to be larger than usual, as scores of men, women and children are hard at work in the regions where the chittam wood trees abound. A special and peculiar knife has been invented for peeling this bark and is for sale by some dealers in this city. It has a stout, straight blade, with a broad, sharp end, which greatly facilitates the starting of the sheet of bark from the limbs, after it has been slit down one side by a small blade projecting at right angles from the back of the main blade. The price to be paid for chittam bark this season is 3½ to 4 cents per pound, which is not so much as ought to be paid, but is a slight advance on the old price of 3 cents, for which tons have been sold. A settler who lives in the vicinity of a grove of chittam trees and has a large family can make quite an addition to his income by gathering the bark, as all his family can render assistance in peeling and drying it. There is no diminution in the demand for the bark, which is an excellent physic and still retains the good qualities which induced the Franciscan Brothers of early days to give it the name of "cascara sagrada," sacred bark. Probably some day when the chittam trees have become scarcer the bark will bring a higher price.

Shad Plentiful in Market.

Since the shad have begun to come to market, the price of the shad roe has declined from 50 to 25 cents per pound, and the demand for this luxury has increased accordingly. The shad is a delicious fish, white, tender, juicy and fat, but many object to the bones, which are really more numerous than seems necessary, but even these people esteem the roe, because, as they say, there are no bones in it. The shad had thrived and increased wonderfully since it was transplanted into Oregon waters some 15 years ago, the shad of the Columbia surpassing in weight and plumpness those of the Sacramento or even the Eastern shad, and acquiring a weight sometimes of ten pounds, while six pounds is considered a good-sized shad in Eastern markets.

Three Babies Take a Ramble.

Eddie, Mollie and Henry Mozorovsky, aged 3, 4 and 5 years, respectively, wandered from the parental roof at Third and Flanders streets, where the rest of their brothers and sisters were playing yesterday evening, and were picked up at First and Taylor streets a few hours later. The little tots have deserted their home many times before, although only infants, and know how to get home when they are lost, and as soon as they spied Officer Thompson they besieged him and he took them to the police station, where they were called for shortly afterward.

Contractors Wait for New Wharf.

Contractors for supplying rock for the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia are lying on their oars, waiting impatiently for the completion of the wharf being built by the United States Engineers at Fort Stevens, where the rock is to be unloaded from the barges and placed on cars to be run out and dumped at the point desired on the jetty. It is promised that the wharf will be completed by May 25, and that the engineers will then be ready to receive 1500 tons of rock daily, which will soon make a perceptible increase in the length and efficiency of the jetty.

Wisconsin Reaches Hong Kong.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—Rear-Admiral Cooper, commanding the Asiatic fleet, arrived at Hong Kong today on his flagship Wisconsin, and will be joined in a day or two by other vessels of his command. The battleship Oregon left Cavite yesterday for Hong Kong. It is said at the Navy Department that there is no political significance in the assembling of the United States warships in Chinese waters at this time.

Practiced Without a License.

OLYMPIA, Wash., May 21.—(Special.)—Information was filed here charging T. V. B. Crane and T. J. Piersal with practicing medicine without a license. Crane and Piersal have had offices at Tenino and Bucoda for some time, and recently attempted to pass an examination before the State Board. It is claimed they failed, but continued to practice medicine.

To Work on Jennings Branch.

VANCOUVER, B. C., May 21.—The surveyors and construction engineers of the Great Northern Railway are in Fernie, B. C., with instructions to proceed at once with the building of the extension of the Jennings branch from Morrissey to Fernie and Coal Creek.

Adams' Hair Brushes

New patterns just received of the justly celebrated brand; military and traveling sets.

Non-Pa-Reil Rubber Gloves

Will save my lady's hands; light, elastic, comfortable; just the thing for house and garden, **special 98c.**

Pyrographic Outfits

The art delightful; complete **$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00.**

Art Skins

A beautiful assortment at popular prices.

Views of Portland

Mounted and ready for framing; 5x7, each 15c; 6½x8½, each 25c.

Postal Scales

Tell weight and postage required at a glance, no adjusting, no computing; 3 styles, all good; **special 98c, $1.73, $2.95.**

Family Scales

Weighs accurately up to 24 pounds, special **$1.49**

The Passey Tripod

A marvel of lightness and strength; see it in our photo department. A fresh stock of **Ansco Films and Paper** just received.

WOODARD, CLARKE & CO.

CANADIAN MONEY TAKEN AT FACE