

RAY WINTERS.
Her Own Story About Evatt, Who Killed Himself Because She Quarreled With Him.
Special correspondence East Oregonian.
PORTLAND, Dec. 12, 1888.

On Wednesday evening, the 28th of last month, Wm. W. Evatt, a printer, twenty-one years of age, was found dead in his room at the residence of his uncle, E. D. Demert, 286 Market street. An inquest was held over his body, and the verdict returned by the jury was that the deceased came to his death by taking chloroform, with suicidal intent while in a fit of temporary insanity. While the body was being prepared for burial the photograph of a woman was found near the man's heart. The picture was identified as that of Ray Winters, a "box" rustler at Dick Clinton's variety theater. The woman was found, brought to the morgue, and identified the body. She said Evatt was her lover, that they had quarreled the last time she saw him, and that he told her she would never see him again. The woman refused to say anything further about the matter. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to interview her by almost every reporter in the city. She invariably said "I have nothing to say." A woman with nothing to say is such a great curiosity that the E. O. man resolved to see her. She was found last night at the Theater Royal, corner of Third and Alder streets. She was skipping from box to box, filling the ears of the bald-headed occupants thereof with coarse gush and their carcases with beer at \$1 a bottle. Presently she appeared at the door of the elegant proscenium box occupied by ye scribe, waived formalities, walked right in, sat down, and was soon lost in a cloud of smoke from a cigarette which she vigorously puffed. When the smoke was finished she introduced herself by saying, "can't we have a drink?" Beer was ordered, and while it was being brought, Miss Ray was given a good "looking over." How a man with ordinary intelligence could have become infatuated with her is one of those things which cannot be explained. Besides being anything but handsome in the face, she is unshapely, ignorant and very coarse. But there is no accounting for tastes, and there is little doubt that infatuation for this woman is what caused Evatt to take his own life.

After Ray had drained several flowing bowls to the dregs, she became communicative, and finally told the whole story of her experience with Evatt. "What trouble did you have with Evatt before he killed himself?" "Well to tell you the truth, I can't remember what was said. I know that on the Tuesday evening before he killed himself I went to supper with a drummer, and Evatt did not like it. He was awfully jealous. I cared nothing for the drummer, and I told Will so, but he seemed to be afraid I was going back on him and kept a worrying about it. Late in the night he came up and we were alone in a box for quite a while. I asked him to treat. That was the only time I ever asked him to set up the drinks in my life. He treated and I took rum and gum. He took beer. The drink I took set me crazy. I don't remember what we said after that, only that we quarreled. Shortly before leaving he emptied his purse into my lap, and said: 'You may keep this, Ray, I shall have no further use for it.' The amount was ten or eleven dollars. As he arose to go he said, 'Ray, you will never see me again.' I said 'all right.' Then he held out his hands toward me and asked me to kiss him good bye. I kissed him and then he left me. I never saw him alive again." "Did he want to marry you?" "Yes, and I promised to become his wife, just as soon as he was able to take me out of here. He was 'subbing' on the Oregonian and did not make much money. His parents are well off and live in Lawrence, Kansas. He sent to them for money, but they failed to respond. This seemed to worry him a great deal. We were going to get married if he got this money." "When did you first meet Evatt?" "Some time last June, at the Tivoli, where I was working. I loved him for revenge only at that time, and soon got tired of him. I made arrangements to go to Tacoma. When he learned of my plans he wrote me a letter begging me not to leave him, and making all sorts of promises. I studied the matter over, and thinking I might need his assistance, concluded not to go, just on his account. After that we had a nice time together, and he was so good to me that I really liked the man. He bought me a piano and gave me these two rings (showing them.) One of them was my engagement ring." "Were you ever married?" "Yes, I was married when but fifteen years old. Have a little boy three years old here with me. My husband was a drummer. He got to running with other women, and I couldn't stand that. Deceitfulness is something I never could endure, so I left him." "What was your husband's name?" "Can't tell you that till we are better acquainted. He was a commercial traveler, and sold 'Boss of the Road' cigars. We lived at Sprague, W. T." "Did Evatt leave any word for you before his death?" "Yes, he left a letter, but his aunt has it and won't give it to me. But I'll get even on her. I pray every day that I may die before she does, so I can haunt her. I am a firm believer in spirits, and if she outlives me you bet your life I will make her sick of this. O, the whole affair is awful. I'm so sorry I ever quarreled with him. So help me God, if I had ten years to live, I would give nine of them if I could recall that Tuesday night." "During the recital of this story the girl looked serious, and really seemed to feel bad. Just before she left the writer's box, some one screamed 'Ray! Ray! come up here.' Ray was all smiles in an instant. 'Well, I must leave you,' she said, going to the door. 'There is an old bald-headed coger in that box over there who isn't satisfied unless I'm on his lap all the time. Good night.'

MORROW COUNTY MATTERS.
A Man Tears Up the Railroad Track—A Mammoth Tooth—Other Locals.
From the Lexington Budget.
Wilson brothers, on lower Eight Mile, have in 700 acres this fall.
The county tax levy has been fixed at 14 mills; school, 5 mills. With the State tax, this will make a total tax in Morrow county of 23 mills.
John Buck, of Sand Hollow, has been taken to the insane asylum. Mr. Buck was a hard-working man and a good citizen, and has never shown any sign of insanity heretofore.
Wm. Stauffer, Thos. Hodge and Edgar Matteson returned last Saturday from a ten days' hunt in the Blue Mountains. The ground was frosty and the woods "noisy," making the game hard to approach, but the hunters brought in five fat deer, nevertheless.
Last Tuesday, Miss Lulu Pickel, not noticing that the door was open, walked directly into the cellar stairway in McFarland & Co.'s store. She was precipitated to the bottom of the cellar, and was fortunate in escaping with some severe bruises and abrasions.
Yesterday morning P. E. Hamilton, who lives about three miles south of Lexington, brought into this office a veritable curiosity. It is a mammoth fossil tooth, doubtless belonging to some prehistoric animal. It was found by his little daughter Elva, in a washout where the bedrock had been exposed, about ten feet below the original surface of the ground. The tooth is 7 1/2 inches long, 5 1/2 wide and 3 1/4 thick. It is apparently a grinder of some grass-eating animal, the crown being flat, though the enamel is corrugated and cupped like the grinders of a horse.
Last evening the up train, when about four miles out from Willows junction, was flagged by Rasmus Larsen, who informed the conductor that he had taken up the track. It was found that he had unbolted the fish plates from both ends of two rails and turned the rails, with the ties attached, across the grade. The rails were replaced in position by the train men, without interference from Larsen, and the train proceeded to Lexington. It appears that Larsen had some difficulty with the company about damages for the right of way, and took that method to bring about a settlement.

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