

Cottage Grove Leader

XVII

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1905.

NO. 7

ORDER ON MOHAWK

Richards Kills Sister and Brother-in-law and Surrenders to Officers.

Eugene Guard.
One of the foulest murders in the history of Lane county was committed in the Mohawk valley, nine miles northeast of Eugene, this morning about 5:15 o'clock. Edward Skinner, a well known farmer, and his wife were shot and killed by John Richards, Mrs. Richards' brother. The tragedy occurred at the farm residence of Sarah Washburn, Richard's sister, where Skinner and his wife had been residing for some

A FAMILY ROW

Skinner and his wife and Richards' mother had been having a misunderstanding and there had been bad feeling between them for some time. The trouble was over Edith Richards, the daughter of the murderer. She had been staying there a week or so and it seems that, for some reason, Skinner and his wife, who had picked one part of the house for Richards and his mother, had objected to the woman's presence there.

Last evening there occurred a quarrel, with the result that the desirable visitor left the house and went to the home of Frank and wife, who live a mile or so down the river.

As soon as he arose this morning Richards asked Mr. Washburn to take up the girl's belongings and that he would take them to Stafford's house, stating that he did not want the girl to step her foot on the place again. Mrs. Washburn gathered up the girl's belongings, which consisted of a hat box and a bundle of clothing, and with them in his hands Skinner started for Stafford's.

SHOT THROUGH THE BACK

He had gone no further than the 30 steps away, when a rifle was heard and Skinner was to fall heavily to the ground. Richards had fired the shot from a Winchester rifle while standing in an upstairs window. The bullet entered between the shoulder blades and came out through the back. He died instantly. After becoming satisfied that he had finished his first victim, Richards went downstairs and entered the room where stood Mrs. Skinner and her daughter Lena, aged 18, trembling with fear. The man out of the room, through the garden to the home of a neighbor, Mr. McGee. Mrs. Skinner made several attempts to escape but was unsuccessful and was shot

through the top of the head with an old Colt's cap and ball pistol. She, too, died instantly.

GAVE HIMSELF UP.

Richards, in company with Skinner's hired man, then went to the home of Frank Stafford, where he was detained under guard of three men until the arrival of Sheriff Fisk.

Ten minutes after the terrible tragedy took place the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Skinner returned to the house and telephoned to the sheriff an account of the affair and asked him to go at once and arrest the murderer. He and Deputy Harry Bown left here as soon as possible thereafter and arrived at Stafford's about 8 o'clock. Placing the handcuffs on Richards' wrists they took him back to the scene of the murder.

Coroner F. M. Day and Deputy District Attorney J. M. Williams arrived soon and held an inquest over the remains of Skinner and his wife. After the inquest was completed Sheriff Fisk and Deputy Bown started with Richards for Eugene and arrived here at noon. He was at once locked up in the county jail. Sheriff Fisk says that the prisoner absolutely refuses to talk. He is a quiet man, aged 56 years, and has eight children, the daughter over which the trouble occurred being the only one living at home. He has been divorced from his wife for some time past.

BURIAL AT COBURG.

The murdered man was aged 46 years and his wife a year younger. They were highly respected people and prosperous. While they lived on the place owned by Mrs. Washburn they had a farm of their own in that vicinity. Their remains will be interred at Coburg, probably tomorrow. Undertaker R. M. Day left here this morning about 10:30 o'clock to prepare the bodies for burial.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

A jury as follows was summoned by Coroner Day: Frank Stafford, Marvin Hammit, Jacob Nickleson, B. F. Huddleston.—Houston and J. H. Spores.

The following witnesses were examined. David Albro, Lena Skinner and Mrs. Sarah Washburn.

They found that "Sanford Skinner and wife, Mary E. Skinner, died from bullet wounds inflicted by John W. Richards.

The post mortem examination of Mrs. Skinner's body revealed the fact that she was shot through the left wrist, through one leg, breaking the bones in each, then shot through the body. As she lay on the stairway Richards placed the old pistol to her head and blew her brains out.

Honey section boxes and separators at Wynnes' Hardware.

OPENING OF EXPOSITION

With Music and Oratory and Thunder of Guns, Nation's Aid in Celebrating New Birth of Oregon.

From Daily Journal.

"To the westward a garden was planted; and they called it Eden!" It has been a day of history making. With the sounding of the noon chimes a new epoch dawned for the great Pacific empire. It is not the epoch of pioneering, nor of hardships, nor of toil; it is the consummation thereof, and a physical narrative of a nation's growth.

The fair is open. The gates of the Lewis and Clark centennial exposition have been thrown wide, that the nations of earth might learn the grandeur, the sublimity and the mightiness of progress and development.

The northwest is paying tribute this day to Portland while the world pays homage to a land of plenty. The streets are thronged with wonder-filled people, the buildings gay with flags and banners. Nature has expended her warmest welcome and subjected the elements to her fancy. And Portland—in intoxicated with the marvels of a dream realized—is joyous—proud—triumphant.

Where once was a wilderness now blooms a paradise. Where a century ago was a vastness of wild acreage—chaotic, uncultured, undisturbed by the implements of acquisition, untrod by the foot of man—there has arisen a mighty monument of American energy and heroism. And where, but three years ago, there stretched a crude, uninviting waste, with the coming of this holiday of holidays, a full-grown Eden entrances the celebrator.

Tens of thousands have turned the stiles and at this hour the festivities are approaching a climax. But of the multitude there was not one—no matter from what land he came—who looked upon the exquisite surroundings for the first time and was not enraptured. It is a picture that inspires reverence. Whether viewed from the colonnade, from the summit of the grand stairway, from the government's architectural masterpiece across Guild's lake, from a gliding gondola in that shining sea or from a river boat on the broad Willamette, it is a sight that challenges the proudest boasts of Switzerland. The pines, the firs, the rolling hills and the distant peaks hold their heads higher today—and to behold is to become a better American.

The word failure, after such a day, is as foreign to the Lewis and Clark exposition as was retreat to Napoleon's drummer boy.

Save by comparison the fair is not complete. It is readier for the eye than were Chicago, Buffalo, Omaha or St. Louis, but there are still countless features to be made attractive, most of them within the exhibit palaces. The exterior beauty of the fair—the rose-lined paths, the lawns and flower beds—are as perfect as man could make them, and nature's part in the gardening, extending along the heights to the left, is a work that awes.

There is a splendid historical excuse for this exposition, and Oregon rejoices in her privilege of so elaborately celebrating the achievements of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. The history of the United States is filled with the achievements of its explorers and pioneers. It brims over with the spirit that makes reasonable, fearless, temperate manhood—a spirit that has accomplished the greatest of God's purposes and made nations what they are. But the American historian has told no story that equals in merit or romantic interest that of the great plan fathered by Thomas Jefferson and executed by Lewis and Clark, with their band of less than 40 followers.

The toil of the captains is at an end. The heroes are dead. But to Americans they have left the priceless heritage of American valor and American individuality. Their spirits stand as sentinal guardians of what is uppermost in the American nature.

It is well that Oregon and her sisterhood unite in such a celebration.

When the plan of celebrating the

centennial of the conquest of the territory was first seriously considered Portland had 100,000 inhabitants. It is a truth well known, but again worth glorifying in, that in two days a committee sold \$242,000 worth of stock in the fair corporation. This was a record without precedent—an eloquent tribute to the broad-mindedness of western men. And instead of diminishing, the remarkable interest in the great enterprise has steadily grown until today the climax has been attained. The project was born of enthusiasm, and no man who subscribed will begrudge his investment, no matter what the outcome, if only it makes known to the world the city that beckons earnestly—a country that only wants inhabitants, since the Almighty has done his part to make it the richest in all America.

Portland, the hostess, stands at the open door receiving her guests. From Greenland to Afghanistan the gifts have come. The banquet is spread. The hospitable chamber is carpeted with 10,000,000 roses. The gates have been torn from their hinges. Let all the world enter. And be welcome!

Woodman of the World's picnic.

The Woodmen of the World are having a picnic today at Creswell. Following is the program:
Music by the band.
Address of welcome, L. B. Gibson.
Recitation, Ida Smith.
Male quartette, "Pride of the Ball."
Recitation, Rhoda Smith.
Quartette, "Won't you Be My Sweetheart?"
Address, Professor Sutton.
Quartette, "Jingle ob de Bell on de Cow."
May Pole drill, 12 little girls.
Music by the band.

AFTERNOON PROGRAM

Band concert at 1:30, followed by sports of all kinds.
Entertainment in hall at night.

ANOTHER EASTERN OREGON CLOUDBURST

Heppner, Ore., May 31.—Four persons were drowned and several others had narrow escapes in a cloudburst on Rhea Creek, south of here, late yesterday afternoon. The dead:

Mrs. J. R. Numemaker.
Two children of J. R. Numemaker.

Child of O. Cox.
The cloudburst took place at the head of Cason Canyon, which empties into Rhea Creek at the Numemaker place, 12 miles from this city. The flood tore down the canyon, devastated the bottom portions of the large sheep ranch of Numemaker & Cox, one of the largest sheep farms in Morrow County, and poured on to Rhea Creek, doing little damage after it reached the larger creek bottom.

Mr. Numemaker remained in his house and did not know his wife had gone outside. Mr. and Mrs. Cox had narrow escapes. About 200 men have gone to the scene from this place, but full details have not yet been received.

The Jeffersonian, a paper devoted to the interests of the twenty-seventh ward of Chicago has this interesting item about our new pastor at Cottage Grove, "Rev. and Mrs. Grant Stewart left here Sunday evening last for Cottage Grove, Oregon. A large number of friends accompanied them to the union depot. It is safe to say that no person has ever left this community leaving behind a larger number of fast and loyal friends than Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Mr. Stewart has been pastor of the M. E. church of this place almost four years. His administration has been successful in every feature. He leaves it out of debt and in a flourishing and healthy condition, and with the love and esteem of every one of its members. His removal is also a great loss to the suburb, as he was a broad man and interested himself in every worthy enterprise. A prominent minister of the city stated that Rock River Conference had also suffered a severe loss. We all join them in wishing them both prosperity and that the Far Western climate may speedily restore them to health."

COMMENCEMENT AT OREGON UNIVERSITY

Beginning June 11th and Ending June 14th—Program as Announced.

The program of the University of Oregon for commencement week is as follows:

Sunday, June 11—Baccalaureate sermon, Rev. A. A. Morrison, Villiard hall, 11 a. m.

Monday, June 13—Field Day, Kincaid Field, 2 p. m., and recital of school of music, Villiard hall at 8 p. m.

Tuesday, June 13—Alumni business meeting and class reunions, presidents house, 3 to 5 p. m.; oratorical contest, for Failing and Beekman prizes, Villiard hall, 8 p. m.

Wednesday, June 14—Commencement day, Villiard hall, 9:30 a. m.; university dinner to the alumni, dormitory, 2 p. m.; and alumni ball, armory, 9 p. m.

A Living From One Acre.

In the Talisman for February, 1904, we published an account of the experience of Samuel Cleeks, of Orland, Glenn county, California, who lived on a single acre of land for thirty years and not only made a comfortable living for himself and wife from that one irrigated acre, but was able to save an average of four hundred dollars a year beside. Now comes the story of a Pennsylvania man, who will try the experiment of making a living on a one-acre farm in Colorado, and he thinks he cannot only support his family of three, but also start a bank account as the result of intensive farming on one irrigated acre.

Anthony P. Canny of Pottsville, Pa., went to Colorado for his health. He had but little money. His physicians in the east warned him against attempting to do manual labor, and advised him to purchase just as little land as he could possibly produce a living from, until his outdoor life and the invigorating climate gave him strength to work a larger farm. Mr. Canny had read of the experience of Mr. Cleeks in California and he at once announced his intention to try the Californian's plan in Colorado. He will utilize every foot of his acre farm, and will experiment largely with valuable plants and flowers, rather than with vegetables, relying on the latter only to supply his table with necessities. He promises to add his one acre tract to the famous spots in Colorado.

California and Colorado are not the only places in the United States in which a man can earn a livelihood on one acre of ground, by intensive culture and with irrigation. The eastern and middle states can present just as good, if not better opportunities for intensive farming, especially where land is available in small tracts near the larger cities.

Create the opportunity for the landless man to get a home acre, which he may cultivate himself and produce his food by his own labor, and the social and industrial problems which now confront the nation will be solved.—Maxwell's Talisman.

After Road Tax.

Road supervisor Veatch decided the laborers working in his district, on the railroad, should pay a road tax. These laborers are all Greeks and don't feel they should add anything to taxes of any description, in the country where they earn their money.

Mr. Veatch appeared before Justice Vaughn and caused summons to be issued for some one hundred and fifty of them. Constable Atkins began on the work Friday afternoon as they were unloading rails near the depot. They refused absolutely to have anything to do with the papers served on the constable, but doggedly kept on with their work.

The constable served a garnishment on the time keeper for the amounts which will probably bring them to time.

Memorial Day in Cottage Grove.

Memorial Day in Cottage Grove was well observed by all the people. The members of the Grand Army were out in good force, those who were unable by reason of age or disability to walk, were conveyed to the cemetery in carriages.

At 10 o'clock the procession proceeded by Cottage Grove band, started for the cemetery where the usual Grand Army ceremonies were carried out. C. J. Howard recited the memorable Gettysburg speech by Lincoln. Eber Browne delivered the Eulogy to the dead and living soldiers, patriotic hymns were sung and the graves of old soldiers and departed friends were decorated with flowers.

In the afternoon exercises were held in the Methodist church. Rev. J. F. Stafford of Springfield delivered the principal address. The choir sang a number of patriotic songs. The Misses Stella and Blanche Thompson and Mary Williard recited selections and J. O. Howard one of Riley's poems. At the opening Rev. Stewart welcomed the grand army men and their friends to the church and Rev. Grace spoke very eloquently at the close.

Mining Notes.

Ashland Tribune.

Noah Coleman arrived in this city Monday and reports a boom in mine in the Sterling Mountain mining district. He says the Sterling mine is bonded to San Francisco people. It is understood the price is about \$30,000, the same to be determined by a run of 100 tons of the ore which is now ready to be crushed. The Blue Jay of that district is also under bond to Colorado people.

F. J. Hard went up on Thursday to Bohemia to look after his mining affairs.

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