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MURDER OR SUICIDE.

(Continued from First Page.)

evidence in case further proceedings are ever had. The skeleton, which was lying between two logs, within fifty yards of a well traveled road, was in full dress, had on three soft shirts and a pair of new shoes. The Oregonian of Wednesday morning contains the following:

Portland friends of Carey M. Snyder, the son of a wealthy Kansas City family, whose skeleton was found near Hillsboro Monday, insist that he did not disappear for fully a week or more after the Forest Grove bank robbery, and believe that he was deliberately murdered because "dead men tell no tales." They think that the young man had no hand in the bank robbery, but that he knew of it and was accordingly silenced.

Among those in Portland who knew Snyder intimately since the latter came to Oregon, after his escape in Kansas City, is T. J. Lacey, who was employed at that time in the Northwest Gun Store. Lacey declares that it was a week or more after the bank robbery that Snyder came to Portland and that he came here to take a hunting trip with A. M. Heckard, of the Northwest Gun Store. He brought his gun and shells with him, but he was not seen after the day of his arrival. Lacey believes that he was murdered the night he reached town.

He left one of his guns and a valise in a Portland store. These were afterwards recovered. He also packed a grip and a couple of guns at a pawnshop, where they were found by Mr. Lacey. When the disappearance of Snyder was reported to Mr. Lacey, he endeavored to find trace of him, and at that time formed the conclusion that he had been killed and that he had not robbed the bank and fled with the booty.

He is of the opinion that Perry and his companion killed Snyder and that they are the ones who robbed the bank. He declares Perry and Snyder had trouble and that they had become mortal enemies, where before they were fast friends. He says that when Snyder came to Portland he telephoned his wife, who was at the ranch near Hillsboro, that he had met Perry. From the descriptions of the men who went riding with Snyder, Mr. Lacey is sure that one of them was Perry. The buggy was never returned by its occupants to the livery stable in Portland, but was found the next morning in North Portland with blood upon the seat. Lacey thinks that Perry drove Snyder out to the lonely spot where the remains were found, shot him while in the buggy and then attempted to secrete the body.

"Why Carey took that ride I cannot understand, especially when he had expressed the belief that he had had trouble with that man," said Lacey. "From what I could learn, the presumption is that Perry is the man who hired the rig with his companion, and that he induced Carey to accompany them."

"When Snyder was in jail at Kansas City on the charge of highway robbery, he became acquainted with Perry. When the young man came to Oregon Perry followed him out here and for about six months lived at the Snyder home. I am firmly convinced that Perry endeavored to persuade him to take a hand in the bank robbery at Forest Grove, and because he refused, the two had trouble. Perry is a bad egg and a very desperate man. Carey, I understand, knew some of the past accomplishments of Perry, who was afraid he might squeal. So you understand that there was plenty of motive for the murder, if murder it was."

"There was no real harm in that boy's heart. He was trying to keep straight when he was in Oregon, and if he had been left alone by Perry everything would have been all right. Carey was the most adventurous and devil-may-care person I ever knew. I really believe there was a streak of insanity in him. If he formed a notion to do something, do it he would, even if he thought that he would have to die for it. He held up those people in Kansas City more for a joke than anything else, as he did not need the money."

"But I will say that he was a dangerous man. He always carried a gun, and would never hesitate to use it. The reason he was dangerous is that he was quick-tempered and high-strung. He took offense easily, and when he did become offended he was crazy to fight. And a fight with him meant a fight to a finish. He didn't know what fear was, and I believe would have surrendered his life for a mere whim if the idea struck him. Again and again I have seen him take his loaded pistol and whirl it about on his finger. He enjoyed such exhibitions."

"To show how daring he was, I have seen him walk up to an absolute stranger who was smoking a cigar and appropriate the weed for himself. He just took the cigar from the other fellow's mouth, put it in his own mouth, and then expressed thanks for the excellency of the cigar. And he did such tricks as that when perfectly sober and he never drank when he was here."

"He was always pawning his belongings. That was an everyday thing for

him. When waiting for checks from his father he would get a little shy, and away he would run to the pawnshop. I remember once he got his wife to soak one of her diamond rings. The pawnbroker insulted her and she told Carey about it."

"He acted like a crazy man when he heard it, and I accompanied him to the pawnshop. He pulled his gun and made that pawnbroker get down on his knees and apologize. He had him crying, as every minute he expected to be killed. What is more, he handed over the diamond ring to Carey, never asking for the money he had loaned on it."

"Carey met his wife under peculiar circumstances. When he was in jail he became chummy with a man under the charge of murder. It seems he had killed the husband of his sister in self-defense, and was in jail awaiting trial. The sister over whom the murder had been committed visited him and there met Carey. That was Mrs. Snyder. When he got out on parole Carey brought the girl to Oregon and married her. They were very devoted to each other."

Friends of Snyder say that he spent a small-estate fortune in Portland. He often left his ranch near Hillsboro and came to Portland to remain days at a time. When he did he stayed at the best hotels and spent money freely. He would take whole parties of his friends out to do the town, and would insist upon paying for all the drinks. He would never drink, but liked to see the other fellows enjoy themselves. He contracted many bills in Portland, for which statements would be made out to him. These statements he would mail to his millionaire father in Kansas City, who would return them with a check.

Snyder frequently made the boast that he spent no less than \$5,000 each year for ammunition. He was an ardent sportsman and his Portland friends say that his guns were his very life. He was a crack shot with either a shotgun, rifle or revolver. At his ranch he had a trap for bluebirds, which he shot over several times a day. He was continually buying new guns and expense he did not consider.

Snyder was known all over the country as a crack all-round shot. He had traveled with American teams of shotgun experts and had attended nearly every big tournament held in the United States. It is said that no one in Oregon could compare with him in skill with fire arms and that to beat the Portland cracks was mere child's play for him.

Yesterday Sheriff Connell reconvened the jury which found a verdict at the coroner's inquest, it being the opinion of Dr. A. B. Bailey, who has made a careful examination of the dead man's skull, that there is conclusive evidence that Snyder was murdered by being struck on the head with a blunt instrument before death, the blow causing a fracture at the base of the skull.

Those who have followed the case of the bank robbery and the disappearance of Snyder believe that the young man was killed either at his own home near Glencoe and carried to the desolate place where he was found, or murdered while in the carriage enroute from Portland.

After a session lasting nearly all of yesterday afternoon, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a blow on the head by some blunt instrument and a gun shot wound, inflicted by persons to them unknown.

Try Cream of Wheat for breakfast, for sale at Messinger's.

Walker will serve hot coffee and light lunch Saturday evening for the dancers. Call and give him a trial.

Bishop Williams' Opinion.
Bishop Charles D. Williams, of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, in an address to Y. M. C. A. members at Detroit last Sunday on "The Bible and the Word of God," declared that the Bible was not the word of God, and that the teachings to the contrary are the most prolific sources of unbelief the church has to contend with. The Bishop said:

"Nowhere does the Bible declare itself the word of God. Yet we are told we must take it in its entirety. It is a venerable book and visitors are requested not to touch it, as it is the direct word of God, there is no other."
"Take the young man just out of college. He reads Genesis and finds impossible geology, astronomy and ethnology. His teacher, when questioned, says: 'Manipulate it until it fits your sciences.' If too honest to handle the word of God, the young man gives up the Bible. He refuses to study the reason. 'The Bible needs no defense; all it needs is a square deal. There are those who read it devotedly and diligently, but I never saw the Bible in the word of God. I say the Bible and the word of God. To those who accept the entire book as the literal word of God I point out that it is nowhere so stated. Christ tore asunder the Old Testament precepts, the law of Moses, and furnished new ones. Where the Old Testament directed men to hate their enemies the teachings of Christ were to love your enemies."
"We must learn from the Scriptures itself how to read the new Scriptures. Some of us use it as a hatpin, does his fetich or amulet—a wicked use of the book."

Commissioners' Court.

The county commissioners met in regular monthly session Wednesday morning. The following bills were audited and allowed:

Mrs. M. F. Hobart, witness.	4.00
Irwin Hudson Co., stat.	2.00
H. L. Flint, bridges.	8.40
F. W. Livermore, bridges.	21.88
J. K. Oull Co., supplies.	1.00
W. F. Desinger, witness.	4.00
Groner & Howell, lumber.	21.27
Groner & Howell, lumber.	20.64
H. D. Schmitt, C. B.	24.95
W. R. Harris, fruit ins.	42.00
Tom H. Wilson, summer.	100.00
Frank Nashbar, relief.	107.20
James S. Hartley, bridges.	19.79
Johnson Bros., bridges.	13.30
M. C. Case, sal and carriage.	84.37
Cyril Lincoln, bridge.	4.00
M. C. Case, expenses.	4.00
J. P. Francis, roads.	24.00
Thos. A. Schinde.	2.00
J. O. Brown, bridges.	83.37
W. M. Jackson, trees, postage, etc.	229.75
Hill, born independent, printing.	99.75
Redmond & Connors, printing.	2.80
Redmond & Connors, livery.	4.00
Redmond & Connors, livery.	17.00
Redmond & Connors, livery.	2.00
A. M. Collins, janitor.	30.00
O. F. Oakes.	32.70

(Continued next week.)

Some of the Washington correspondents are trying to get up a scare over the scarcity of one and two dollar bills. According to these voracious chroniclers, the government has on hand only one or six millions of these bills and they are going off like hot cakes under the eager demands of banks. They allege that "when the crop movement gets under full swing the pinch will be felt." This overlooks the fact that crops are not moved in one and two dollar bills but in \$10,000 certificates and checks running up into the hundreds of thousands. No small bills or anything else small about American crops. Moreover, there need be no uneasiness when the people want things, especially when the whole world wants them, the money is always forthcoming to bring them. Farmers these days are not handling anything smaller than five or ten-dollar bills.—The American Farmer.

Robert J. Burdett writes as follows to his son: "My son, follow not the footsteps of the loafer and make no example of him who is born tired, for verily I say unto you, his business is overstocked, the seats on the corner are all taken, and the whittling places are all occupied. It is better to saw wood at two bits a cord than join a whittling match and abuse the government. My son whilst thou hast in thy skull the sense of a Jay bird, break away from the cigarette habit, for lo, thy breath stinketh like a glue factory, and thy mind is less intelligent than a store dummy. Yes, thou art a cipher with the rim knocked off."

An editor of a Western exchange recently began worrying how he would get his shirt on over his wings after reaching paradise. An evasive contemporary sarcastically observed that his difficulty would likely be in finding out how he could get his hat on over his horns.

Dempsy in Another View.

Chicago Times-Herald.
"There is a movement here," says the Brooklyn Eagle, "to have a monument erected over Jack Dempsy's grave or to have the body removed to Brooklyn if his relatives would consent." The writer then goes on to inform the public that Dempsy ought to have a noble monument, provided by public subscriptions, and sets forth in the following verses the condition of his present resting-place:

DEMPSY'S GRAVE.
Far out in the wilds of Oregon,
On a lonely mountain side,
Where Columbia's mighty waters
Roll down the ocean's tide;
Where the giant firs and cedars
Throw shadows on the wave,
O'ergrown with ferns and mosses,
I found poor Dempsy's grave.
That man of honor and of iron,
That man of heart and steel,
That man who far outlasted his class,
And made the world to feel
That Dempsy's name and Dempsy's fame
Would live in storied stone,
Is now at rest far in the West,
In the wilds of Oregon.
Forgotten by ten thousand throats
That thundered his acclaim,
Forgotten by his vanquished foes,
Forgotten even his name.
But shall New York so soon forget
Its bravest of the brave,
And in the wilds of Oregon
Leave unmarked poor Dempsy's grave?

It seems to us that there is room for a few more lines here, and we have taken the liberty to furnish them in our own poor, weak way:

And who, methinks I hear you ask,
Was this exalted man?
Divehead and I'll explain his worth
As briefly as I can:
He never drew a flashing blade
Against his country's foe,
But with his bony fist he laid
Full sixty bruisers low.
He won in more than sixty fights
Before he met defeat;
He made three scores of noses look
Like freshly served meat.
And when, at last, he got the punch
That sent him o'er the rope,
He nobly put the matter away
And went to selling dope.
Ah, shame upon the people who
Have honored Grant, that they
Should let great Dempsy lie unmourned
Three thousand miles away!
He was by far too strong to work,
And whiskey broke him down—
Let's raise a monument to him,
And give him great renown!

An Independence special of last Monday to the Portland Journal says: Independence is today a seething mass of humanity, the exodus of hoppers being so great that outgoing trains are crowded to the guards, though extra coaches are provided by the railroad. The streets are jammed with vehicles of all kinds loaded with camping paraphernalia and people who are returning to their homes from the various hopfields. One continual stream of people crowd the sidewalks and all the stores and saloons are doing a landoffice business. The big Horst yard will finish today, being the last in the community to house its product. In nearly every instance the crop is larger than early predictions, nearly every one having had to order additional hop checks in order to pay off pickers. The Horst yard used 40,000 checks, dispersing for picking alone \$24,000. Other expenses of gathering the Horst crop will run the total up to nearly \$40,000. E. M. Young reports that his old yard this year produced 225 boxes more than last year, and that his new yard came up to expectations. All concede that pickers have been all-wed to pick "dirty hops" this year and the average sample will fall below former years. Contractors who purchased hops early in the season at 9¢ and 10¢ are free-living offering their contracts at 13 to 14 cents, though there is little or no trading just now. Since the crop is picked, buyers are waiting to see the sample before making further purchases. Pickers have made more money than in former years. The best record is made by Mr. and Mrs. E. Bogart of Monmouth, who picked in the Young yard and averaged \$10 a day for the season. The best record for one day's work was made by Mr. and Mrs. Bogart, who cashed 24 checks, or \$12. A. B. Lacey and family of six earned \$179 during the 12 days of picking in the Roy yard, averaging a little more than \$14 a day for the family, some of whom were small children.

County Correspondence

We want a reporter in every town.

Beaver.

Calvin Barnes had the misfortune to fall from a ladder while working in a Portland mill last week. The result was a fractured forearm.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Stahls visited with Mrs. Church last Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Lee are visiting relatives in this city this week. Rev. Lee had charge of the M. E. church at this point four years ago but is now in charge of a church in California.

Mrs. W. O. Hooke and daughter Caroline left last Tuesday for a visit with Mrs. S. W. Hogue at Blue Hill, Nebraska.

Rev. J. W. Exon who has filled the local M. E. pulpit for the past two years has been assigned to Cornelius for the coming year.

Mr. Estep, of McMinnville has leased the Lamond property west of town and will make this place his home for the coming year.

Miss Lois Vincent started last Wednesday morning to visit relatives and friends in and near Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Robinson has quite a practice among his canine friends. During the last week he has been called upon twice to reduce the fracture of a dog's leg.

Nels Anderson has greatly improved the appearance of his residence by a fine coat of paint.

Aunt Sally.

Sherwood.

McDonald, solicitor for the New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Co., recently returned from Eastern Washington was a caller here Friday.

Rollin Brooks, a farmer residing near Scholls, hauls his hay eight miles to this station for shipment by rail, the nearest point.

Herman Pepper, formerly a merchant at Wilsonville, now a mining man of Portland contracted a severe form of hop poison while assisting in gathering hops last week, with his family at the latter place.

George Adams, of this place was another victim of poison from hops, one of his eyes being badly affected placing a bar in his further work for the season in the hop-yards.

A woman representing the firm that manufactures "Yankee maple syrup" (an improvement over wooden nutmegs) called in town during the week. Due proportions of granulated sugar, aqua distillata and the famous "mapleine extract," and the group have it.

Mrs. Ada Grant, of the Sandpit, seriously wounded herself, accidentally, with a hat pin a few days since which afterwards indicated infection. Medical advisors here remedied the difficulty.

Some real estate is changing hands in this locality of late. Chas. Hall the real estate man sold a tract of land south of town belonging to Mr. Ramsey for \$1000 cash, while several other deals have been made of farming property recently.



Crescent Theatre

Sixth Annual and Farewell Tour of
MISS MARGARITA FISCHER
AND HER OWN COMPANY.

The above well known favorites will open a two nights engagement in Hillsboro, Monday, October 8th, opening with the comedy-drama, "La Belle Marie," with Miss Fischer in the title role. The company has just returned from a successful stock engagement of 20 weeks at Eureka, Cal., and is stronger and better than ever. It is the aim of the management to sustain their previous good reputation on this their farewell tour. Seats now on sale at McCormicks store.

Drop in the
"Do-Drop-Inn."

Better known by most people as the place of Hillsboro when you get the choicest candies, freshest fruits and finest tobaccos. Their '06 oyster cock-tail is a winner, try it. You have one waiting for you now. Better go and get it.

W. J. McHenry, Prop.

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M. J. B. Coffee in 3 lb. Cans, Air Tight Tins, at \$1.00
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Uncolored Japan Tea (Tree Brand) full 16-oz cartons, at 50c
Full 8-oz. cartons at 25c

And everything else that's good usually found in first class Grocery stores and at correct prices.

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