

## Albany Register.

"I have nothing further to say," added Zachary, "and to prove to you that I'm on the square, I'll go to my camp and say nothing about this meeting to anyone."

How well Romaine would have liked to follow Zachary was told by his longing look and lukewarm heart; but he had forever linked himself with Howard and Lowry. He had been their associate in lesser crimes, and it was too late to withdraw from their companionship. "This is the last time I will ever stain my hands with a good man's blood," he thought to himself. Magruder had been so generous and so true to Romaine that he would have gone to him and confessed the whole, had he not feared instant death in consequence. Hardly had the sounds of Zachary's footsteps died away, when Howard laid open his whole plan, which was to murder Magruder, Allen, Phillips, and the two boys, on the eighth night from Bannack City, in the Bitter Root mountains, one hundred and ninety miles from any settlement. Regarding Page, Howard agreed to take care of him upon the night of the murder, up to which time he would keep him in ignorance of the entire affair.

On the eighth day from Bannack City, along in the middle of the afternoon, Page rode up to Howard and pointed out the camp in the distance, saying:

"There's one of the best camps on the road. It is upon the top of the mountain, nearly, but there is any quantity of wood, and the water is better than it is in the cañon."

"It is just the place I want to stop at to night, of all others," said Howard. "And you go into camp, I want you to proceed with your train to a distance of at least half a mile from the spring. Bill Page," he said in a cold, low tone, which almost froze the thin blood of the listener, "we are going to kill Magruder and the other four men to-night."

"And—"

"Be quiet!"

"But—"

"Hold your tongue until I get through, and then I'll listen to what you have to say. You are to stay with the stock. You are not to have anything to do with the killing of any of the men, neither are you to be harmed, yourself. You may at once rest contentedly upon that score: for, really Bill, we could not get along without you. So, you see, you are safe from the force of circumstances. When we call you in the morning, all you will have to do is to take your share of the dust and to help us throw the dead men down the mountain."

Page was thunder-struck, and as silent as the grave.

"What do you say?" continued Howard, his cold, grey eye piercing the shriveled face of poor Page with stiletto keenness and cruelty.

"I can say nothing," gasped the trapper, in powerless amazement.

"That's all I ask of you—say nothing, and do nothing!"

Bill Page had lived west of the Rocky mountains for twenty years, and had never before participated in a robbery even. The bare thought of the proposed murder terrified him with fear. He would have gone to Magruder and informed him of the dreadful plot against his life, but there were a dozen obstacles in the way. Magruder would not believe him, he thought, especially as Howard had made himself such a favorite. He knew nothing of the plot, and could extend no information of an intelligent character. Besides, Howard remarked to him, upon quitting his company, to be sure and not be seen again that day, except at supper.

"Recollect, Bill, you are not to be harmed," said Howard, as he rode back to the party; "but be sure you say nothing and do nothing, if you have any regard for your life."

Camp was made a little before dark, a stiff blinding snow-storm having set in a half hour previous. At 9 o'clock all had retired except Magruder and Lowry, who were on guard from 8 to 12 o'clock, and were sitting at a fire some two hundred feet up the mountain from the main camp, which was pitched within a few hundred feet of the Bitter Root mountains, and under cover of a patch of red-tree and Juniper. The two Missouri boys were sleeping together, about sixty yards from the main camp; Page was with his stock; Romaine slept with Phillips, Howard was ten yards in the rear, and Allen slept in front a few yards, in his tent.

It was agreed that the murder should take place at 10 o'clock. At that hour Lowry took up the ax and went into the bushes for some wood. Here he met Howard upon agreement, who had ventured as near as possible to assist Lowry, in case of failure. At the fatal moment Magruder was sitting near the fire and thinking of the loved ones at home, and holding a double-barrelled shot gun in his hands, the caps of which had been previously removed by Howard. Page was sitting up in his corral, almost stark mad, and watching every movement. Lowry arrived with an armful of wood, and Magruder commenced to stir the

fire. While stooping over his hat fell off and Lowry struck the fatal blow. Page got up in his excitement, and was the witness of the whole scene. Howard rushed from his place of concealment, and taking the ax from Lowry, gave Magruder two or three additional blows. The murderers then proceeded rapidly to the bed of the two Missourians, whom they dispatched with an ax. At the same time Romaine chops open the head of his bed-fellow, Phillips, with a small hatchet, killing him instantly. One of the Missouri boys gave a loud groan, which awoke Allen. Quick as a fawn, however, and before the latter could reach his revolver, Howard seized a shotgun and blew his brains out, discharging both barrels into the back of his head.

Page gazed at the tragedy from beginning to end, and fell down against his saddle almost insane from excitement. In a moment or two Howard came down the trail and shouted:

"Come on, Page, come on; hurry up and help us."

Page immediately recovered himself, and at once proceeded to the scene of the assassination. Preparations had already commenced to cover up the murder. His very bones were made to chatter and his flesh to crawl as Lowry turned to him and said:

"It's a grand success, Bill—we never made a miss hit!"

The balance of the night was consumed in the attempt of the murderers to cover up their awful crime. Page was sent up the mountain with Lowry, to take charge of the body of Magruder, whom they tied up in his blankets, then took him up to the top of the ridge and threw him over a precipice of seven or eight hundred feet. The two brothers were wrapped up in their blankets, and also taken up to the top of the ridge and thrown down on the other side, and Allen and Phillips were tied up in the tent and disposed of in the same way. All of the animals except eight horses, including the sixty mules, were taken up a canyon off the road and killed. A large fire was made and everything was burned, including the entire camp equipment, saddles, strapping, blankets, guns and pistols. After everything had been burned, all of the scraps of iron from the saddles and harness, such as straps, rings, bits, etc., and all of the pistol and gun locks and barrels were carefully taken up, placed in a bag, and thrown down the mountain. Morning came, and not a vestige of the murder was to be seen. This would have been the case at any rate, as there were two feet of snow on the ground. After breakfast the murderers divided the dust, giving Page a quarter, and at once resumed their journey.

It was agreed that the party should proceed with as much haste as possible, to Elk City, and when within forty miles of Lewiston to cross the river and go to Puget Sound. The river however, at all points, and especially at the proposed place of crossing, had been swollen to a turbulent height on account of late rains and snows in the mountains, and every attempt to find a safe ford proved fruitless. When within thirty miles of Lewiston, with only one day's rations left, and the river still swelling, a meeting was held, in which it was concluded to proceed to that town the next night, steal a boat, and go down the river.

The next night, about 10 o'clock, the four men, Lowry and Romaine went in search of a skiff, while Howard and Page remained in charge of the horses. Hardly had they arrived when the wind commenced to blow a perfect tornado, the river became fearfully rough and stormy, and all attempts at navigation were abandoned. After the return of Romaine and Lowry, it was at once resolved to go into town, put up their animals, leave all their traps in charge of an acquaintance, and take the stage for Walla Walla, which left that night at 12 o'clock, Lowry being delegated to go and purchase the tickets and disguise himself as much as possible.

As the night wore on the storm increased in its violent fury—the rain fell in torrents, and rade blasts of wind howled bitterly through the forests beyond.

It was half past eleven, and Hill Beechey had not yet retired. It had been his custom to retire at nine o'clock, for years, this might have been the only exception since his residence at Lewiston. His clerk was preparing the way bill, when three distinct knocks came heavily upon the door.

"Come in at the end of the door!" shouted Beechey, fairly awaking Judge Berry, who was snoring soundly in a chair in front of the hearth.

A tall well built man obeyed the summons and went up to the clerk's desk. "When does the stage leave for Walla Walla?" he inquired, in a low tone.

Mr. Hardin, the clerk, replied, "In half an hour."

"Give me four tickets?" demanded the stranger, in a louder tone of voice.

"What names?" inquired the clerk, proceeding to put them down on the way bill.

"John Smith!" replied the stranger, in an unpleasant voice.

"The other gentlemen, sir—what are their names?"

"Certainly, we saw them off."

"Well, how is it that Magruder wrote to his wife that he wouldn't leave for twelve days, then? That don't hitch, does it?"

"That's very plain, indeed," said another, dismounting from his horse. "He had about \$25,000 in his possession, and wanted to throw the road agents off the track. He left Bannack City the third day after writing that letter."

"During this colloquy Mr. Beechey had returned indoors. The first man he met was Tom Pike.

"Tom," he said, "I'm off to-night for Portland, and I want you to go with me. I'll pay all of your expenses, and give you five hundred dollars in the bargain. We are agreed, you know, as what has become of Magruder. Now for the murderers, I've got requisitions on all of the Governors west of here—I got them three days after Doc, Howard left, I was so sure his party had made way with my friend. What do you say?"

"Got it, I'm with you."

"I'm off in an hour; will you be ready?"

"Yes," said Pike.

In less than an hour the two men were off for Walla Walla, where they took a fresh team for Portland, and arrived in that city during the second week in November. Beechey at once sent Pike to Victoria, and engaged the services of a detective, who furnished the information that the four men had started for San Francisco the day before, minus some six thousand dollars loaned to the Portland bar banks. As the days most elapse before another boat left Portland for San Francisco, Mr. Beechey took the stage, and arrived at Yreka, the most northern telegraph station in California, in three days. From this point he telegraphed Capt. Lees, the chief of police of San Francisco, to arrest the four men whom he was pursuing, giving him a description of them, and suggesting the most proper mode regarding the means of capture. Mr. Beechey arrived in San Francisco in four days after, and at once proceeded to the office of the chief of police, and announced himself as Hill Beechey.

"Your men are in jail in irons," remarked the chief, who at once accompanied him to their place of incarceration.

"Bill Smith, my brother," he said, in sharper and rougher tones than before. "and Harry Jones and his brother Tom. How much is it?"

"Four of you—Sixty dollars, sir."

The stranger flung three twenty dollar gold pieces down upon the counter, and said, "we'll get in at the post office," and took his departure without throwing a glance at any one else in the room.

"I'll bet a hundred dollars that the stage will be robbed before it gets ten miles from town," remarked the clerk; what do you say, Judge?"

"If you'll lead me a hundred I'll bet the same way," laughingly replied Judge Berry. "But," he continued, addressing himself to Beechey, "did you ever see the fellow before? He was so completely disguised, with his hat over his eyes, and his scarf around his face, that I could not distinguish a feature. But he acted like somebody who knew the place."

Beechey was lost in thought. The absence of his friend Magruder—and his dream—flashed through his mind. Then he remembered that Mrs. Magruder had received a letter the day before, stating that her husband would not leave Bannack City for twelve days. But he muttered through his teeth—

"A robbery at least—there are too many Smiths and Joneses."

"There's something wrong, sure, Mr. Beechey," said the clerk, "what had we better do?"

Hill Beechey sprang to his feet and said: "Harden, you go up to Wells, Fargo, and tell them not to send any treasure to-night. Let that man in the next room sleep. He's got a good deal of dust, and it will be safer for him to lie over a day. The Judge and I will go up to the post office."

They arrived just in time to see the man who purchased the tickets and his three companions get into the coach. They were all disguised alike, each having a scarf around his face and a hat slouched over the eyes. But the quick vision of Beechey recognized the features of both Howard and Romaine. He whispered to Judge Berry as the stage started, "Lloyd Magruder has been murdered."

"What makes you think so?" asked the Judge. "Did you recognize any of them?"

"Two of them! Doc, Howard and Jim Romaine. They've done away with Magruder. The man that bought the tickets was Chris Lowry. It's all plain to me; and mark me, Judge Berry, you'll never see Lloyd Magruder again. They all had heavy caucans and money belts, you noticed. Now I'll furnish stock if you and the Sheriff will join me, and intercept them to-night."

"Why, man, are you crazy," said the Judge. "What would you do?"

"Arrest them on suspicion of having murdered my friend Magruder," he replied with flashing eyes.

"Why, Hill, the whole town would laugh at us. There is no cause for alarm in that quarter. I met Mrs. Magruder last evening, and she told me that she did not expect her husband for ten or twelve days. At least, let things rest for the present. You manifest an undue haste in this matter, which is not commendable, and your wife and friends will tell you so."

Mr. Beechey followed the counsel of his friend, and the two walked back to the tavern. Mrs. Beechey being at once made a partner with him in her husband's suspicions upon his recital of the scenes just described. The next day Lewiston was alive with the adventure of the night. In the course of the evening it became known about town that Howard Romaine was of the party, that Beechey had remarked that they had murdered Magruder, producing much feeling against him with a majority of the residents.

Three days elapsed, and a party of ten men arrived from Bannack City. A great crowd gathered around them as they dismounted in front of the tavern. Hill Beechey was the first to speak:

"Where is Magruder?" he inquired.

"Why, has't he come in?" said one of the traders.

"No!" said a dozen at once.

"Then he's gone to Salt Lake. He left Bannack City three or four days before we did, in company with Charley Allen, Bill Phillips, Doc, Howard, Chris, Lowry, Jim Romaine, and Bill Page; and there were a couple of young fellows who had saved a little dust along—there were nine of them in all."

Beechey stood as one petrified. At last he said in a loud tone, addressing himself to the whole crowd: "Gentlemen, Lloyd Magruder has been murdered, and I know the murderers."

This remark was received by the majority of the people present with manifestations of disapprobation, as half of the idlers who had assembled at the tavern were men of the same character as Howard and his associates. But most of the citizens of Lewiston had likewise expressed an opinion a few days before that Beechey had not only been precipitate in his conviction, but indiscreet in giving them frequent utterance.

"Are you sure the fellows started from Bannack City upon the day you say?" asked one of the roughs of the newcomers.

"Certainly, we saw them off."

"Well, how is it that Magruder wrote to his wife that he wouldn't leave for twelve days, then? That don't hitch, does it?"

"That's very plain, indeed," said another, dismounting from his horse. "He had about \$25,000 in his possession, and wanted to throw the road agents off the track. He left Bannack City the third day after writing that letter."

"During this colloquy Mr. Beechey had returned indoors. The first man he met was Tom Pike.

"Tom," he said, "I'm off to-night for Portland, and I want you to go with me. I'll pay all of your expenses, and give you five hundred dollars in the bargain. We are agreed, you know, as what has become of Magruder. Now for the murderers, I've got requisitions on all of the Governors west of here—I got them three days after Doc, Howard left, I was so sure his party had made way with my friend. What do you say?"

"Got it, I'm with you."

"I'm off in an hour; will you be ready?"

"Yes," said Pike.

In less than an hour the two men were off for Walla Walla, where they took a fresh team for Portland, and arrived in that city during the second week in November. Beechey at once sent Pike to Victoria, and engaged the services of a detective, who furnished the information that the four men had started for San Francisco the day before, minus some six thousand dollars loaned to the Portland bar banks. As the days most elapse before another boat left Portland for San Francisco, Mr. Beechey took the stage, and arrived at Yreka, the most northern telegraph station in California, in three days. From this point he telegraphed Capt. Lees, the chief of police of San Francisco, to arrest the four men whom he was pursuing, giving him a description of them, and suggesting the most proper mode regarding the means of capture. Mr. Beechey arrived in San Francisco in four days after, and at once proceeded to the office of the chief of police, and announced himself as Hill Beechey.

"Your men are in jail in irons," remarked the chief, who at once accompanied him to their place of incarceration.

The prisoners, as might have been expected, were thunder-struck when Beechey appeared at the cell. He shook hands with all of them, during which Page scratched his palm.

"That's a point made," he thought, "and I will tell them what I had them arrested for." Then addressing the prisoners, he said:

"Howard, I have had you arrested for the murder of Lloyd Magruder!"

Page turned ashen pale, and again seized Beechey's hand and scratched his palm. Romaine was silent, but trembled like a leaf. Lowry laughed and added: "I die with no feeling against Beechey. Had I been in his place I would have done the same." Lowry, who had betrayed no symptoms of fear, in response to the question, "Have you anything to say?" replied: "Boys, the Bible says cursed be the man that is hung from a branch of a tree, I've managed to dodge that point, haven't I? And again, when all was ready, he shouted: "Launch your boat; its nothing but an old scow at any rate!"

The trapper, Page, who turned State's evidence, and who dug the graves for his associates, was shot dead in a quarrel some seventeen months afterward, and was buried by their side.

A PARSON'S STRATEGY.—The following is old—it belonged to the last generation—but it may be new to many at the present day:

Old Parson Munson of Worcester (Mass.) was occasionally absent from his flock on Missionary tours to distant States. Upon a certain Summer Sabbath, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and for the purpose of waking them up he broke off in the midst of his sermon, and began to tell them of what wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders he said he had there seen the largest mosquito he had ever seen his fortune to fall in with—so large, in fact that many of them would weigh a pound.

The good people were by this time wide awake.

"Yes," continued the parson; "and, moreover, they have been known to climb up a tree and bark!"

The congregation were sleepy no more on that day. On the day following two of the deacons of the church waited upon Parson Munson and informed him that the members of his parish were much scandalized by the big stories he had told them from the pulpit.

"What stories?" said the parson, with innocent surprise.

"Why, sir, you said that you had seen mosquitoes in York State that would weigh a pound."

"I said," returned the parson, exphantly, "that many of them would weigh a pound."

"Well—but," continued the elder deacon, with a slight choking in his utterance, "you said they had been known to climb up a tree and bark."

"Certainly," said the parson, with an assuring nod. "As to their climbing up on a tree, I have seen them do that here in Worcester county; haven't you, Deacon?"

"O, yes—I have seen 'em do that."

"Well, how could they climb a tree without climbing on the bark?"

The good deacons went their way with something very like a mosquito humming in their ears.

SHE WANTED AN APPLE.—In one of the Fat contributor's correspondents, we find the following eminently satisfactory dialogue:

[Enter train boy.] Old lady.—"Have you for sale any choice varieties of the genus Pomum?"

"Who, mum?"

"Pomum."

"No, mum."