

Albany Register.

U. S. Official Paper for Oregon.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1873.

Latest News.

Seattle's gas works will soon be gasing, and more light will be had.

Twenty dollars a thousand is the cost of bricks in Salt Lake.

The Salt Lake Mining Journal has "busted."

Three hundred Chinese have lately arrived at Tacoma, which proves the population is increasing rapidly.

A piece of coal, hefting a ton, lately fell on a miner at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory. He was killed.

A Salt Lake boy fell and bit a piece of his tongue off, and the Journal very ungallantly says: "Had it been a girl instead of a boy it wouldn't have been so much difference."

Wheat was worth 80 cents per bushel in Cornelius last week.

Gov Grover has gone to the coast to brace himself up.

Sixteen persons were added to the Methodist church at the late camp meeting held near La Grande.

A Yamhill threshing machine threshed and thoroughly cleaned 215 bushels of wheat in two hours, and could have threshed 40 bushels more.

The following persons have been appointed Commissioners of Deeds by the Governor: John C. Berry, for Oregon, to reside in Mobile, Alabama; Hugh Sieberg, to reside in New York; R. G. Hays, to reside in Tacoma, Washington Territory.

The Sheriff of Utah county, Utah, has just discovered a hag near Provo, who fully answers to the description of Katie Bender. She has the appearance of one who had lived rather with wild beasts than human beings. She claimed to be from Montana, and a Roman Catholic; has adopted the privations of savage life as the best means of expiating her sins.

Rev. H. C. Benson, D. D., for several years editor of the *P. C. Advocate* and present editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, will sail for Portland on the next steamer. He will be present during the coming Conference of the M. E. Church, which will convene on the 3d of September.

Relative to Rev. Thomas H. Pearne, for some years a resident of this State, the *Advocate* says: "Dr. Pearne, formerly editor of this paper, took a superannuated relation to his conference three years ago on account of his ill-health. He has been, since that time, recruiting his health and strength at Kingston, Jamaica. We are glad to learn that he has so far recovered as to anticipate an early return to the more active duties of life. He is expected back to the United States some time during the present month, and will then enter into service in behalf of the American Colonization Society, with his residence somewhere west of the Alleghanies."

An excursion to the Pacific coast by about thirty prominent citizens of Cincinnati, among them the Mayor, was under consideration among them on the 19th.

Among the awards at the Vienna exposition on the 18th were the following for the Pacific coast: Joseph Neumann, Cal., for coccoons; C. G. Watkins, of San Francisco, for photographs; G. P. Kuptel, of Cal., for minerals; Suro-tunnel Company, Nevada, for mine models.

The work of laying a cable from Lisbon to Rio Janeiro, commenced August 21st.

In New Orleans on Monday of last week, Drenx Guilleroy and Felix Soileau, met on old Grand Prairie street, Parish, to settle a quarrel by a fist fight. About 100 persons came to see it. After the first fight, an old feud between Guilleroy and others present caused a fight with pistols to ensue, resulting in killing three and mortally wounding one.

The New York Stock Exchange was thrown into a fever of excitement on the 20th, by a rumor of the serious illness of Commodore Vanderbilt, and still later that he was dying. For a time there was a great rush to sell stock. Inquiry showed that the rumored illness was without foundation.

Moses Taylor, an old citizen of Spencer, Ind., while leading an ox on Monday night of last week, had the animal rush upon him and gore him so badly as to cause his death in twenty minutes.

The Attorney General on the 18th recommended that pardons be granted by the President to S. Hood, of S. C., and Adolphus Dupritz and George Holland, of N. C., who are now serving out terms in the Albany Penitentiary for Ku Klux outrages.

A widow in Central Colorado, nameless in the local prints, assisted by a devil of a son, brutally whipped an eighteen-year-old daughter with a "blacksnake" recently. The brother got mad because his sister didn't like a girl on whom he was sweet, and whipped her until she was nearly dead. Nice folks over there.

While Henri Rochefort was being conveyed to New Caledonia, the pace of his exile, Communist exiles abroad tried to lynch him, for the course he had pursued toward the cause. The officers of the ship had to assign him separate quarters from them.

In an open country between the towns of Berga and Cazaras, Spain, a desperate engagement had just taken place on the 19th between 240 Carlists and three columns of Spanish Republicans, resulting in the defeat of the latter, with a loss of 200 men and one gun.

Chas. Burrows, a well-known San Francisco gambler, fell down the stairs at Congress Hall, on the 20th, and fractured his skull. He died in the evening.

C. W. Moore, cashier of the First National Bank of Idaho, has gone over to Silver City with the view of starting a branch banking house in that city.

Matt Zapp, of Lewiston, had a purse of \$300 in gold dust stolen from his drawer a few nights since, which he neglected to put in his safe.

By a fire at Quebec, Canada, on the 19th, one man lost \$120,000, less \$25,000 insurance, and 200 men were thrown out of employment.

Destructive floods have recently afflicted the Province of Agra, and 3,500 native houses have been swept away. Some loss of life also.

The Chinese in Tacoma have selected McArver street as their part of the town. A wash-house and opium store they already have.

Towns in Colorado are excited over the "narrow gauge," and are voting bonds with reckless extravagance.

It is stated the Menonites, who lately arrived in New York and left for the West, brought with them \$340,000 in gold.

The Mexican Congress will assemble on the 16th of next month. Mexico is full of activity now.

Gen. J. H. Hardie at Camp Bidwell, was seriously injured in a late accident.

There are six large warehouses for the storing of grain at Junction City.

A BANGUINARY CONFLICT.

A correspondent of the *New York World* gives an account of one of the most ferocious duels ever fought. It occurred on the evening of July 4th, in the Indian Territory, at Medicine Lodge, a point which is a great resort for hunters during the colder months. The parties engaged in this desperate fight were Hugh Anderson of Texas and Arthur McCluskey of Kansas, both desperadoes well known on the frontier for their recklessness of life. Anderson had killed a brother of McCluskey in a dance-house fracas, and the latter sought him out for the express purpose of taking vengeance upon him. A Texan guide named Richards acted as second for McCluskey, a huge Kentuckian of the name of Harding fulfilling a similar office for Anderson.

THE AGREEMENT.

By the terms agreed upon between Richards and Harding the antagonists were to fight with revolvers and bowie knives—to be placed back to back at an interval of twenty paces—to wheel and fire at a given signal, and after the first interchange of shots to conduct the fight as each one should deem it best to his advantage. The spot selected for the encounter was the open prairie. The grass had been closely cropped by the cattle, leaving the turf firm, yet elastic and just the thing for rough-and-tumble business. The men met long after sunset in the presence of a crowd of hunters, trappers, railroad surveyors, gamblers and Indians. The combatants were duly placed, and the crowd awaited with breathless interest the result.

The giving of the signal had fallen by lot to Harding. Stating to the principals, who by this time began to show signs of impatience, that this would be the report of a pistol he drew his own weapon and discharged it, first asking the question and receiving the usual answer that both were ready.

THE FIGHT.

McCluskey was the first to fire, wheeling as he did so, though the smoke had scarcely curled from his pistol before the report of Anderson's weapon followed. A momentary pause ensued, each of the antagonists closely scanning the other to note the effect of the shot. Across Anderson's cheek a deep furrow, from which the blood slowly trickled down, told the work of his antagonist, while McCluskey remained standing in his posture, to all appearances unharmed. But this was not the fact; those nearest to him fancied they saw a sudden spasm, as of pain, pass through his frame, and his face certainly blanched to a death-like pallor, but just where the ball had taken effect they could not tell. At the second fire McCluskey again anticipated his opponent, and taking a more deliberate aim succeeded in breaking his left arm. Anderson uttered a sharp cry and sank on one knee, but quicky recovering himself returned the fire, and this time with horrible effect. The ball passing through McCluskey's mouth carried away with it several of the clenched teeth and a portion of the tongue, finally lodging in the base of the skull. McCluskey staggered forward wildly a few steps, and made desperate efforts to steady himself. The blood poured in torrents from the wound, and stained his hunting shirt and dripped from the muzzle of his pistol; but with heroic courage he continued to advance, spitting out mouthfuls of blood and teeth at every step.

FEARFUL WOUNDS.

During the interval thus gained, Anderson, who in his crippled state had every reason to shun a hand-to-hand encounter, had not been idle, but fired another well aimed shot which broke McCluskey's left shoulder. As if this was not enough, he sent still another ball after him, which, striking him in the pit of the stomach, caused him to fall forward heavily on his face. McCluskey was now mortally wounded and momentarily growing weaker from loss of blood. Tear-

ing open his shirt in his agony a crimson spot in his left side indicated the place where Anderson's first shot had taken effect. He still, however, retained his grasp of his pistol, and by an effort superhuman in its coolness and deliberation fired at his antagonist his third shot. The latter had been closely watching for this, and endeavored to save himself by suddenly dropping on the ground. Too late, however. McCluskey's finger was already on the trigger and his eye along the sights, and when his adversary's body reached the earth it was heavier by a Colt's pistol ball. A scream of pain followed, and the spectators saw the figure of a man clutching wildly with his hands at the grass and writhing and twisting in horrible contortions. The bullet had struck him full in the abdomen and like his antagonist, Anderson was down.

A FAST-DYING MAN.

At this juncture it seemed as if the crowd would interfere, but Harding sternly bade them keep back and leave the men to settle the matter in their own way. As none cared to dispute with the gigantic hunter, the mandate was obeyed, though a universal expression of horror ran through the spectators, a number of whom were the engineers and attaches of our own party. Still, horrible as was the scene, no one thought of leaving the spot. An irresistible fascination to see it out bound one and all alike to the blood-stained locality. But the finale was at hand—the curtain almost ready to drop.

McCluskey, summoning by supreme effort his remaining strength, drew his knife and began to crawl feebly in the direction of his antagonist. The latter, who had raised himself to a sitting posture saw the movement and prepared to meet it. Both had dropped their revolvers, leaving to the cold steel the completion of the work.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and to distinguish the movements of the combatants required the closest attention. Anderson was clearly unable to move any portion of his body save his right arm. With this he raised his knife aloft, and as McCluskey crawled up to within reach, dealt him a terrible blow in the neck, cutting muscles and tendons and veins, and half severing the head from the body.

THE LAST EFFORT.

But the effort was too much for him, and leaving the weapon sticking in the wound, he pitched heavily on his face. Every one supposed that this blow would have instantly killed McCluskey, but, strange to say, it did not, for so great was his vitality that before falling he twice plunged his own knife into the body of Anderson. The tale is soon told. McCluskey lived a minute longer than his antagonist. The dead bodies, firmly locked in each other's embrace, were taken to the house of Harding and laid out side by side, on the gaming table. A crimson trail marked the path of those who carried them indoors, and pools of blood indicated the scene of the late conflict.

There was no gambling that night. The hunters and Indians appeared to find excitement enough in talking over the events of the day without having to resort to their usual pastime. About 11 o'clock the moon rose, and the bodies were taken out for burial. There were no funeral ceremonies, but Job Harding remarked as the muffled forms were lowered into the grave, "There go two as brave men as ever lived." They were buried deep to keep the wolves and coyotes from digging them up, and the earth was heaped up in a little mound to mark where they slept.

TO DRIVE AWAY ANTS.—If they are married aunts, borrow some money from their husbands. If they are single, let 'em take care of the baby for the afternoon, while your wife goes to a matinee.

Fires still rage in the Puget Sound forests. Valuable timber and some fences have been burned.

About Women.

A female horse car conductor is on trial in Savannah.

Thirty women are employed on the daily press of New York.

A lumber schooner hailing from a Texas port is commanded by a young woman.

The Virginia Educational Association have voted against teaching girls algebra.

A little Jonesville girl lived till she was nine years old, and then kindled a fire with kerosene.

Kate Field is spending the Summer with Sir Charles Dilke, the English Republican leader, in London.

Miss Ida Greeley is developing literary tendencies by making translations from French authors for the *Daily Graphic*.

A Cincinnati paper states that the finding of a small gold locket in a pond of sausage meat explains the mysterious disappearance of a young lady of that city.

Fred Grant went through La Crosse, Wis., not long ago, passing one night in the place, and now a girl at whose house he stopped claims that she is engaged to him.

A Titusville (Penn.) girl, thirteen years old, made her father drunk, stole \$190 from him, and ran away with a sailor, and tried to commit suicide when overtaken.

The most successful bee culturist in Iowa is a woman, Mrs. Ellen S. Tapper, of Des Moines. She is a niece of Henry Wheaton, the well known writer of international law.

Miss Fannie W. Roberts, a licensed preacher who has charge of a church in Kittery, Me., has been given authority by the Governor and Council to solemnize marriages. She is the first woman ever thus empowered in that State.

Forward and Ingenious Youth—By Jove, you know, upon my word, now, if I were to see a ghost, you know, I should be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life.

Ingenious Maiden (dreamily)—Have you seen a ghost?

A well-dressed and seemingly well-educated lady has taken possession of the Bonaparte mansion at Bordentown, N. J., claiming to be the nearest lineal representative of Napoleon. The agent of the property is absent and the parties in charge are at a loss what to do.

NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS OUR FANCY PAINTED THEM.—The Circassian women, according to Mrs. Harvey, are not as beautiful as our fancy has painted them. They usually wear loose Turkish trousers, made of white cotton, and a peculiarly frightful upper garment of dark cloth, like the coats worn by high church clergymen. A blue gauze veil is thrown over the head, and their hair, which is long and thick, is worn in two heavy plaits, which hang down behind. The beauties who obtain such great reputation in Constantinople almost invariably come from Georgia and the valleys near Eltzeron. In these districts the women have fine eyes and complexions. When Mr. Harvey came to see the beauties they had all been sold. The traders arrive early in the year, and Circassian parents do not object to dispose of their daughters for a consideration; they only do it with more candor and less cant than Belgravian parents. It is said that the "moon-eyed beauties" themselves are rather glad to escape from the tedium of home life, and do not object to being purchased by a rich Pacha.

A Methodist minister out West was invited to take tea by a member of his circuit. The food consisted of cake made of Indian meal. When the elder opened his slice, he noticed some feathers in it.

"It seems to me, sister," said he, that your Johnny-cake is feathering out."

"There," the hostess replied, "I told my husband the other day that he must either get a cover for the meal barrel or remove the hen roost."

Mr. S. A. Clarke, of the *Farmer* has gone to San Francisco.