

Albany Register.

U. S. Official Paper for Oregon.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

Crops in the West Indies reported seriously injured by hailstones and gales.

The telegraph brings a rumor that the Duke of Edinburgh is to succeed Lord Dufferin as Governor General of Canada.

A Sorosis Club, with husband's ball attached, is the latest London dodge. The advantage of this is that the ladies know exactly where their lords are.

Thos. Enright, the convict recently pardoned by Gov. Booth, of California, went through on morphine in San Francisco on the 11th—suicided.

Slaves serving in the Spanish army in Cuba five years are to receive the same pay as other regular troops, and at the expiration of the five years are to be declared free.

The famine in Calcutta is reported everywhere under control, and the Government is amply supplied with provisions for all who may demand aid. This is cheering news.

On the 10th the Massachusetts Senatorship was still in as much doubt as ever—Dawes still ahead, but lacking about thirty votes to secure the prize.

Mrs. Carrie Jessup, of New Haven, Connecticut, has invented a compartment pot, in which corned beef, fresh codfish, potatoes and plum-pudding can all be boiled at the same time.

Fall River, Mass., has nearly twice as many spindles as Lowell, and is the greatest cotton manufacturing city in the republic. It is justly called the Manchester of America. Its population and wealth are increasing more rapidly than any town in New England.

The son of Sir Digby Neave, of England, heir to estates in England worth \$100,000 a year, was murdered lately in the Wet Mountain Valley, Colorado. Not long ago one of his brothers was killed by a bear, another by a tiger, and another fell in the Indian mutiny.

That wonderful scholar, Mrs. Somerville, read Greek every morning before breakfast. After she had passed her ninetieth year she divided her time between the higher algebra, reading the poets and the newspapers, receiving friends, and working with the needle, without spectacles.

Mrs. Brydges, of Pennsylvania, described as a young and graceful wife of an octogenarian millionaire, it is claimed by a correspondent, wears the most magnificent diamonds ever seen in Washington. At a recent reception she was literally ablaze with jewels, comprising necklace, earrings, tiara, bracelets, and stomacher.

Hon. John D. Defrees, formerly editor of the Indianapolis Journal, is engaged in preparing the materials for "A Civil and Political History of Indiana, with Sketches of its Prominent Citizens, from the Formation of its Territorial Government to the close of the Year 1873." This period embraces nearly three-quarters of a century.

The cotton-mill hands of Pennsylvania do not seem to be much better off than those of New England. Before the panic the mills were paying the women employed by them five or six dollars a week, and this has since been reduced fifteen per cent. It is not strange that they have struck. Yet American women prefer this life and death toil to employment as housemaids in respectable families.

A Detective Murdered.

The Kansas City Times of March 14 has the following: The large rewards offered for the capture of the Iowa train wreckers, and later for the Gad's Hill robbers, has led a Chicago detective to a very sudden and mysterious death at the hands of those whom he came to capture. From the following horifying details as furnished by some of the officials working up the case, it will be seen that the capture of the Gad's Hill robbers is not to be made easily or without serious trouble, and it is very doubtful whether they are ever taken alive.

On Tuesday morning last a stranger arrived at one of the Liberty hotels and registered his name as J. W. Whicher. He was well dressed, and made no secret of his business and his intentions. He said that he was after the Gad's Hill train robbers, and that he had trailed them from Gad's Hill to Clay county, and he intended to arrest the James brothers before he got through with the job. He walked about town during the day, making close inquiries concerning the whereabouts of the farm of the Widow James and the habits and customs of the James boys.

The detective was informed that the James farm was about three miles from Kearney, and ten or twelve from Kansas City. He also made inquiries as to whether a pistol pointed suddenly at their heads would not be likely to intimidate and surprise them so that they would surrender. These and other indiscreet remarks at the bank and hotel left no doubt of his intention to attempt the arrest of the James brothers. Before leaving Liberty he deposited fifty dollars in the bank subject to his own order and of another person, with the understanding that he might not return again, as he was going out on a desperate mission. He also made such changes in his dress as to give him the appearance of a working man, in which character he intended to go to the James farm to apply for work as a laborer, and so become better acquainted with the habits of those he intended to capture.

Whicher left Liberty on Tuesday evening on the five o'clock train, having purchased a ticket for Kearney station. He took with him only about six dollars in money, and stated that he intended to walk from Kearney to the James farm and apply for work. Whether he went there and applied for work or not is at present unknown, as nothing more was seen of him after he left Kearney station until he was seen in the custody of three strange men, late that night. It is supposed by the officers who have been working up the case that he did apply to the James boys, and that his true character was at once discovered; but this is only mere supposition. He may have attempted to arrest one of them, and failed to get the drop on them as he intended.

The next thing that was seen of the detective he was a helpless prisoner, bound and in the hands of those he had come so far to capture. It was at Owen's Ferry landing, on the Missouri River, about half way between Missouri City and the Richmond ferry. One of the ferry-men was awakened at three o'clock on Wednesday morning by a party of four mounted men. One of these was a prisoner, and rode a gray horse; the others rode two bays and a sorrel horse. They commanded the ferryman to take them over the river. The man stated that it was against the rules to cross at night, and he was unable

to row the flat-boat over the river alone. They then commenced to call across the river to the other ferryman, who was asleep in his house on the Jackson county shore.

The ferryman at first refused to go over the river, but the men notified him if he did not they would cut his boat loose and send it down the river. In reply to his question as to who they were and what they wanted, they shouted back that they were a sheriff's posse in charge of deputy-Sheriff Jim Baxter, and that they had captured a thief and were going over to Jackson county after another one. The ferryman says he knew Jim Baxter was not there, but to save his boat from going down the river he got in his skiff and rowed over to the Clay county shore. All of the horses were blauketed, the three men had their faces covered up to the eyes with woolen comforters and their hats were drawn down as if for the purpose of concealing their identity. Only one of the men spoke, and he gave all the directions, and led the bound prisoner upon the flat-boat, and the party crossed over in strict silence. The prisoner did not appear to be at all restless, nor did he manifest any anxiety about his life, which was soon to be taken from him.

It was just three o'clock in the morning when the three men rode away from the ferry-boat and disappeared in the dark gloom of the timber. They rode slowly and silently away in the direction of Independence. It is not difficult to understand from the nature of the wounds on the murdered man how he was killed. He was shot from the side, one bullet passing through his head and one through his neck, and a third lodged in his shoulder. Whether he was ordered to prepare for his fate and given some notice of their intention to kill him, or whether he was shot suddenly while riding along bound helplessly to his horse, is a question that only the three mysterious men know themselves. They killed their victim in the road about four miles east of Independence, cut the ropes from his legs and left him where they killed him, and where he was found soon after daylight that morning.

Officers who have been out after them, and from whom these details are obtained, state that the three murderers came to Kansas City on Wednesday morning and crossed the bridge into Clay county again. One of the party was seen at daylight in Independence at the public spring; he was riding a sorrel horse, and was leading a gray answering to the description of the one ridden by the detective from Owen's Ferry. The other two were seen in Kansas City on the same day, and it is the impression of those who have been making an investigation that the entire party has crossed the river over the Kansas City bridge. This murder is one of the most cold-blooded and deliberately-planned tragedies ever perpetrated. It resembles in some respects the killing of Mr. Brown, near this city, about two years ago. He was shot down in his own yard by some unknown hand. The hanging of Frank Mookabee near this city two years ago was another horrible mystery of the same kind. It is not likely that another Chicago or St. Louis detective will attempt to take the Gad's Hill murderers single-handed. The fate of Mr. Whicher is an intimation that they don't intend to be taken or annoyed without a determined resistance.

NOTE THIS.—If the person who took a halter from the premises of John Selmeier without permission, does not return the same within a reasonable time, his name will be given to the public in full.

The Boston Traveller makes this observation: For many years the liquor sellers have been making war upon the peace, the comforts and rights of women; the injured party is now taking the field, seeking security against further wrong. We may soon see the great body of the people of the country arrayed on the one side or the other.

A WILD CAT STORY.—The Vicksburg, Miss., Times tells the following in its issue of March 4: "One day last week the residence of Mr. Powell, near head of navigation on Sunflower river, was attacked by a gang of wild cats, Mrs. Powell and a colored servant only being at home. The door being closed, one of the cats jumped through the window, when Mrs. Powell threw a blanket over it and threw it out at the back door. This one was soon followed by another, which she killed with a small ax. By this time the colored cook was attacked a short distance from the house, and she alarmed a white neighbor, who was at work near the place, who came to her assistance and killed the cat with a hatchet, but not until the cook had been pretty well "chawed" by the kitten. The gentleman then went to the relief of Mrs. Powell, at the house, when two of the cats attacked him quite severely before he succeeded in dispatching them. Four of the pack were killed and several wounded before they could be scared off. The hides of the four cats that were slain were brought to this city on the steamer Lizzie yesterday. A day or two after this attack the carcass of a deer was found buried near this place, with evidence of its having been the work of this same pack of cats. This account comes to us through a reliable source, and we can vouch for the veracity of it. The natives attribute the attack to hunger."

Some of the capitalists of Boston are discussing a plan for philanthropically combining in one institution the benefits of savings banks and life insurance. As yet they have gone no farther than to talk generally of the crude idea, which is to enable men of moderate resources to deposit money for the insurance of their lives, the deposits to draw interest, and to be subject to withdrawal at any time. The life policy would, of course, be canceled upon the money being drawn out.

A Cincinnati boy, after gazing long and meditatively upon a painting representing the Biblical decline of pork—where the drove of devil-possessed swine were rushing down the hill into the sea—and being told the story, remarked: "I'll bet the old man'd found some way to pack the hogs and sell 'em for prime mess, without wasting a ham."

There was a jumping match between seven young ladies in Waupun, Wisconsin, for a silver medal. The contestants wore loose trousers and no skirts, and are described as so bewitching that the spectators cheered themselves hoarse. Sarah Jane Smith won.

A clergyman being invited to open a legislature with prayer, offered the following ambiguous petition: "May corruption and sin in every form be as far from every member of the legislature as 'Thou art.'"

Another lady preacher has secured a pulpit in Boston. Her name is Lora Haines, and she has been several years studying for the ministry. She is thirty years old, and has "a pleasing but not beautiful face."

Benjamin P. Avery has been confirmed Minister to China.



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