

# The Albany Register.

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## Miscellaneous.

### "Canada Bill" Luck.

There was published in the *Inter-Ocean* of Saturday last an article, clipped from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, headed "Robbers of the Rail," which discoursed in very good style upon the monte gamblers who "work" along the Pacific railways. One of the parties mentioned in it is Wm. Jones of Omaha, a man who has acquired an almost national reputation as "Canada Bill." He is known among his class as "The Monte King," and is doubtless the most skillful and successful shark in the West. Several years ago, before the Union Pacific was constructed, Jones turned the highest trick on record—\$38,000. It was on a Mississippi river steamboat, and his victim was a wealthy planter, who was so blindly confident of his ability to win, or so desperately bent on making good his loss, that he immediately

### STAKED THE BALANCE OF HIS FORTUNE.

Some \$80,000, on another throw, when Bill was placed under arrest. Of course, had they not been interrupted, he would have lost the money. Jones is a power in the city he has made his home—owns three hotels and a number of saloons, and employs thirty to forty men as decoys or "cappers." His operations are bold and almost invariably successful. Only once in his life, so far as is known, did he suffer a worsening, and that was at the hands of an Iowa farmer, who deluded him into paying for a wagon-load of cheese one day in Council Bluffs. The aroma of that cheese still clings to him, and is the one sore spot in his memory no one can touch without ruffling his temper. The Omaha *Herald*, about two years since, inaugurated a war against the gamblers, and attacked Jones as the most prominent figure among them. His misdeeds were so raked up and paraded under "scare heads," that the half-reluctant authorities were obliged to look after him. The Sheriff, after a tedious week of unsuccessful watching, caught him one afternoon in the very act of

### ELEECING A COUNTRYMAN,

And took him into custody. Out of deference to popular feeling, he was ordered to jail for twenty days. By a convenient technicality, his counsel procured his release on the thirteenth day. He instantly departed for the farther West. In just exactly one week he returned, and meeting the city editor of the *Herald*, on Parnassus street, took him into a bar-room and exhibited a roll of money. "There's just \$12,000 there," said he. "I made it since I got out. Take nothing!" The next morning he was moneyless again. Over night, he had straggled into a Faro bank and lost every cent of it. The stories that are told of his shrewdness and folly (for he is a man of weakness) would make a very amusing book. His dupes are not always of the glib, happy sort. Occasionally he hears

men who, from their calling and experience, one would naturally suppose too sharp for any such foolishness. The city editor of the New York *Herald* lost his money, his luggage, and his wife's jewelry to him, while stopping over at Omaha on a trip across the continent. On another occasion a Boston detective of considerable renown "took a walk" with him, and left his watch and wallet. There is nothing at all in his appearance to indicate the rogue. Tall, stoop-shouldered, angular and awkward, with weak eyes, an idiotic half smile, a piping voice and a Plainsman's dialect, he is a picture of unsophistication, and therein lies half his success.

Mr. E. G. Morton, of the *Monroe Monitor*, is not only a good-looking man, but he has a kind, genial face, and there have been instances where he has been taken for what he is not. One day, three or four years ago, when he was on a visit to some friends in a little town in Iowa, he attended an evening prayer-meeting in their company. The deacon who was conducting the meeting had either received a hint that the visitor was a minister, or else he so imagined from the editor's face, and getting his name he waited until after the opening hymn and then called out: "Brother Morton, would you lead in prayer?"

"Brother Morton" hasn't a single bad habit in the world, but that request struck him on a weak point. Some of the people knelt down, others looked to see why he didn't follow, and the editor wished he was buried in a well. The pause was painful, and finally, rendered desperate, he rose up and said:

"I'd—I'd do it in a minute, but—but I've got the toothache."

Some one else was nominated, and when they all got engaged the editor crept softly out; and during the remainder of his visit he went to bed at sundown on prayer-meeting nights.—*Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City.*

Some curious gossip about Prince Bismarck is given by a German correspondent of a London paper. The Prince has long been in the habit of retiring to rest after midnight drinking regularly one or two bottles of champagne as a sleeping potion. He dotes on a comfortable home, and assemblies. He likes farces, and all the cartoons and sketches respecting him are carefully collected by his daughter and placed in albums. The more absurd the caricatures in Berlin comic journals, such as the *Kladderbütsch*, *Wepfen*, *Ulk* and *Rumor*, are, the more he laughs. He has a great liking for journalists, and they are all fond of him.

Delinquent subscribers to the Olympia Railroad Union, both to stock and labor, are requested to pay immediately to the treasurer or collecting agent, as the money is absolutely necessary.

To keep food on a weak stomach—beat it down.

### Slept With his Spurs on.

"Yes," said the old man with a smile, "I remember one time in particular, while out prospecting with an old friend, about twenty years ago. We were traveling on horse-back, and came across a tavern one night about 10 o'clock. Being very tired and hungry, as soon as we got some supper, and something warm to keep the cold out, we asked to be shown to our room. On looking around, we found the room had two beds in it, one of which was already occupied by two strangers, who were both snoring lustily. The fact of there being two beds in the room did not surprise us, as in backwood taverns there were frequently three beds in a room. We undressed, and just as I was going to blow out the light, my friend, who had got into bed, espied the foot of one of the strangers sticking through the bed-clothes at the foot of the bed. With a suppressed chuckle he motioned me to hold on a moment; he got quietly out of bed, and going to where the stranger's boots were he took off a huge, sharp, Mexican spur, and carefully adjusted it to the bare heel of the unconscious stranger. With another audible chuckle as he thought of the consequences that would follow when the stranger drew in his foot, he got back into bed, and I blew out the light and followed him. He soon managed to get a long straw from the bed and reached over and tickled the stranger's foot. He instantly drew his legs up until his knees almost touched his chin. In doing this he drew the spur the whole length of his bed-fellow's leg, making a bad scratch. The victim uttered a yell and sprang out of bed with a muttered exclamation that I did not make out, and then he commenced a wild dance around the room with his nether garment under his arm, and making frantic efforts to dislocate his neck, or to see how badly he was hurt, all the while making exclamations that would have made a bag-gageman with a Saratoga trunk on his shoulder turn green with envy. The innocent cause of the trouble had been awakened at the first yell of the victim, and, in straightening his legs out, scratched himself most unmercifully. He did not yell nor say bad words, but he jumped out of bed and made for his friend with the purpose of taking revenge. I supposed, but he had not taken two steps before he jabbed the spur into his leg again. The landlord then appeared with a light, followed by half the boarders in the house, and inquired what the matter was. An examination brought to light the spur, which explained the matter. The stranger looked sheepishly at the spur, then at his scratch, and finally examined his boots, and with a sickly smile said: 'Well, boys, I have lived all my life among people who wear spurs, but I never before saw a man who could pull off his boots and leave his spur on his foot.' 'It treat in the morning,' said a bystander.

Aster engraved—Monting by moonlight alone.

### Buried Alive!

SALT LAKE, July 4.—A horrible discovery was made here yesterday upon exhuming the body of a young man named William D. Lackhurst, who was buried in the cemetery on the 23d of June last. On the 20th of June Lackhurst attended a picnic here, and while there concluded to take a bath. He did so in a running stream near by, remaining in the water some time. He was then in perfect health and apprehended no ill consequences. After coming out from his bath Lackhurst went back to the picnic grounds, and, getting into a swing, began to amuse himself. All at once, while in the swing,

### HIS HEAD DROPPED,

His muscles relaxed, and he fell heavily to the ground. He was picked up and every effort made to revive him, but in vain. The senseless young man was placed in a carriage and driven home, where restorative agents were again employed, but to no purpose. After some hesitation the physician in attendance pronounced the young man

### DEAD,

And preparations were made for his interment.

The body presented a singularly life-like appearance—so much so, indeed, that the friends felt uneasy about going on with the funeral until more positive evidence that life had wholly gone had been obtained. The funeral was indeed delayed one day, but finally the physicians reaffirmed their previous conclusion that Lackhurst had died of heart disease, and the body was therefore interred June 23d.

### THE HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

But one or two friends of the family seemed haunted by the recollection of that life-like face. They went about whispering their fears, and finally these haunting doubts spread throughout the city and led to a proposal to exhumate the remains and settle the question forever. Permission was obtained from the authorities, and yesterday a number of the friends of young Lackhurst repaired to the cemetery and opened the grave. Upon lifting the coffin and removing the lid a horrible and sickening sight met their gaze. The body was turned over on its side. The skin and

### GREAT PIECES OF FLESH

Had been torn from the face, the hair pulled out in huge patches from the scalp, the grave clothes and coffin-lining torn in shreds and the finger-nails worn down to the quick by the frantic efforts of the man to burst the restraints of his grave. The sight was the most terrible ever witnessed, and the stoutest-hearted of the party nearly fainted when the lid of the coffin was removed.

An investigation has been demanded, and will be had at once, to see if there is no way of fixing the responsibility for this horrible blunder and its awful results.

Clifton, who shot and killed a man in Julesburg, was tried for murder in Evans last week, and acquitted. The evidence showed that the killing was done in self-defense.

### The Burial "Service" in Paris.

The burial of the dead in Paris is performed by a chartered company, that includes all interments under nine classes, everything supplied; the first costing over 7,000 francs, and the ninth about nineteen francs. The city pays the company five francs per body interred, and out of receipts the company allocates fifty-six per cent. of its profits to support the various religions recognized by law, or one and three-fourths millions of francs per annum. The company is also bound to bury gratuitously the indigent, which in 1873 amounted to 25,000 cases, against 19,000 nearly who payed. The rich thus bury the poor and the dead defray the religious rites of the living. The company has in its employment 585 agents, 570 hearse and mourning coaches, and 270 horses, and supplies a master of ceremonies. It is the Government who furnishes the officer with the three-cornered hat; he takes charge of the body at its domicile, heads the procession through the streets, and retires only when the last spadeful of earth has been thrown into the grave. The mutes do not like to be called *croque-morts*, and they classify corpses as "salmons, herrings, and whittings," representing respectively the rich, the poor, and the children. They are not sad employees, though silent; many are very gay, do duty in the pantomimes and chorus scenes of theaters, and some lead the dances at the public balls.

### The First Spot Between Queen Vic. and the "Little Tartar."

It appears that the Queen, in going out driving the first time the Duchess of Edinburgh accompanied her, placed, as usual, the Princess of Wales beside her on the back seat, so that the Duchess and her spouse were forced to sit opposite, with their backs to the horses, which was all very well for the Duke, he being a man in his mother's carriage; but the proud and petted daughter of all the Russias had no idea of being made to yield the first place to any one. On her return from the drive, therefore, she informed Queen Victoria that she had never occupied the front seat in a carriage before, and would not submit to be placed there again. The Queen reminded the irate duchess that the Princess of Wales, as the wife of the heir to the crown and the future Queen of England, was of course entitled to take precedence over the wife of her second son, and that, moreover, the Princess Beatrice, as an unmarried princess, still under the immediate protection of the Queen, was entitled to take precedence over any of the other female members of the royal family. "Remember that I am the daughter of the greatest sovereign on the earth, of the Czar of Russia." To this the Queen responded: "I acknowledge no earthly sovereign as my superior." So there the matter rests, and the Duchess of Edinburgh was not present at the Queen's last drawing-room, ostensibly on account of illness.