The Albany Register.

VOLUME VIII. ALBANY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 24, 1875. NO. 1.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAMUEL. E. YOUNG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS & SHOES,
THRESHERS,
REAPERS & MOWERS,
WAGONS, PLOWS,
SEED DRILLS,
BROADCST SEED SOWERS, ETC.

First street, Albany, Oregon.

Terms: - - Cash.

n20v7

St. Charles Hotel,

Corner Washington and First Sts.,

ALBANY, OREGON,

Matthews & Morrison,

PROPRIETORS.

House newly furnished throughout. The best the market affords always on the table.

Free Coach to and from the House.

Exchange Hotel,

Corner First and Washington streets,

ALBANY, OREGON,

E. S. Merrill & Co., Proprietors.

Under the new management, this popular Hotel has been refitted and refurnished, and now offers the traveling public the best accommodations on the most reasonable terms.

☞ Free coach to and from the House. 33-7

A CARD.

A. H. BELL & PARKER, late of Oregon City, beg leave to inform the public that they have purchased the entire stock of drugs, medicines, &c., formerly owned by R. C. Hill & Son, and that they design continuing the business at the old stand, where they purpose keeping in the future a full assortment of

Drugs,
Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles,
Perfumery,

and everything usually found in a first-class drug store.

While earnestly soliciting a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the OLD house, we hope at the same time, by fair and liberal dealing, and careful attention to the wants of customers, to merit the esteem of any new friends who may favor us with their orders.

Particular attention will be given to the compounding of physician's prescriptions and family recipes, at all hours of the day or night.

A. H. BELL & PARKER.
Successors to R. C. HILL & SON.
Albany, October 9, 74-n4tf

Here's the Place!

S. H. Claughton

Has received and is offering for sale a well selected stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

Which he is determined to sell

AT THE LOWEST PRICES

—for—

Cash, or Merchantable Produce!

Please give me a call, and examine

Goods and Prices.

S. H. CLAUGHTON.
Lebanon, Or. [15v7

P. C. HARPER & CO.,

—Dealers in—

DRY GOODS.

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Notions, Shotguns and Pistols, Nails, Rope, Mirrors, Wallpaper, Wood and Willow Ware, Trunks and Valises, Pocket Cutlery, &c., &c.,

Sold very low either for cash, or to prompt paying customers on time. v7

Albany Bath House & Barber Shop.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY thank the citizens of Albany and vicinity for the liberal patronage bestowed on him for the past seven years, and hopes for the future a continuation of their favors. For the accommodation of transient customers, and friends in the upper part of town, he has opened a first class little shop next door to Taylor Bros. Saloon, where a good workman will always be in attendance to wait upon patrons.

JOE WEBBER.
Dec. 11, 1874.

FARMERS!

LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS!

—AND—

SAVE MONEY!

Old Reapers, Mowers and Threshers Repaired and made almost as good as new

MERRILL & PUTNAM'S

NEW MACHINE SHOP

Is now prepared to do all kinds of

Wood Turning, Sawing and Dressing,

Also, any Iron work and general Blacksmithing the trade may demand.

Fencing Pickets will be kept on hand at all times. v7n22

FOUR-ACRE LOTS FOR SALE,

Within ONE MILE of Albany

Parties in want of Homestead Lots would do well to call on W. H. DODD & CO., before purchasing elsewhere. Land rich and would make fine garden.

☞ The whole can be irrigated with very little expense.

jy20 W. H. DODD & CO.

Home Interests.

NEW PATENTS.—Through dispatches to Dewey & Co., Patent Agents, S. F., we receive the following advance list of U. S. Patents granted to Pacific Coast inventors, viz: S. H. Holm, S. F., bridle bit; W. F. Jeans and D. H. Bailey, Ferndale, Cal., machine for counting stock; D. L. O'Connor, Covelo, Cal., baling press.

DIED.

September 3d, 1875, Charles W. infant son of James and Martha Depuy, aged 1 year, eleven months and eight days.

Special Notices.

CORK SOLES.—H. Flindt makes a pair of genuine cork soled boots for $16, and makes any kind of boots, just as ordered. He also has boots on hand. 50m1

LUMBER FOR SALE.—Mr. F. E. Robinson is prepared to furnish first quality Lumber at the foot of Washington Street. Call before contracting. 30tf

NEW FIRM.—Sam Miller has bought the Wagon and Smithshop heretofore occupied by Peters & Speidel, together with the material and unfinished work, and is now prepared to furnish anything in his line, consisting of Carriages, Buggies, Lumber Wagons, Hacks, &c., and general smithing neatly and with dispatch. I employ none but the best of mechanics, and insure satisfaction. All work warranted. I think I can make it an object for you to buy of me, in price, style and durability of work. I use the best of material, hickory and oak, from the Eastern States. Call and examine for yourselves; all I want is a fair trial. I have had several years of experience on this coast, and with the knowledge thus gained, am certain I can please you. I guarantee to sell for cash as low as can be bought in this city. A large lot of lumber wagons, side and end spring carriages and backs on hand. Patronize home manufactory—do not send your money off out of the country. Act the part of wise men, and build up your own State, and you will prosper 32tf

PREMIUM CHAIRS.—Those wishing to procure the celebrated Metzler chair, will take notice that none are *Genuine* unless the name J. M. METZLER appears on the back of each chair. 44 tf.

VARIOUS "FODDER."

The best sermon in the world won't stand an eighteen-minute prayer.

The new style of pantaloons to be worn this Fall will be large enough to tie back.

An Ohio pulpit has been made into canes and in this manner still assists people to lead an upright life.

The best way for a man to acquire a fine flow of language is to stub his toe against a raised brick.

If you wish to make an editor madder than a March hare just whistle in his sanctum when he is trying to write a leader.

The well-bred gentleman will not spit on the carpet of a lady's parlor while there is a match-box within easy reach on the mantlepiece.

Seven Tennessee women are manufacturers of whisky, and they make as poor liquor as any man can. Susan B. has many such things to encourage her.

A Nevada woman has a pair of gloves and a pair of shoes made from the hide of a Pawnee Indian, and she says she'll never wear any other kind.

A Pennsylvania woman recently hung herself somehow with a corset. This is the first instance on record of a woman who didn't know that corsets are unhealthy—worn about the neck.

Now ladies, listen to this. A Canadian priest has given notice that he will refuse the Sacrament to those wearing low-necked dresses or pull-back-skirts.

Any young man who has not been in jail, and is tired of standing around fighting flies will find that this is a good time to go to California and start a bank.

A correspondent asks why it is that a mosquito bite is generally more poisonous to a woman than to a man? Probably because it is only the female mosquito that bites.

In Burlington, Vermont, three churches were recently struck by lightning, and a number of persons, who were at prayer-meetings, were knocked down. A terrible warning to churchgoers.

"We can't all o' us be great," remarked a seedy but benevolent philosopher. "Some of us have got to run peanut stands, or children would grow up comparatively unaccustomed to luxuries."

Mrs. Prince of Wales has fifty-four Saratoga trunks, and yet when she goes traveling she can't find room for half her clothes. All women must have something to cast a shadow over an otherwise happy life.

The dawn of freedom for women is seen in Kentucky. It is seen because Mrs. Lovejoy left her husband and seven children when given her choice between that and lecturing on woman's rights.

When a Massachusetts man walked seventeen miles to see a man hung, and the prisoner was respited, the disgusted traveler sat down in a fence corner and hoarsely inquired if this country was drifting back to barbarism.

A Cleveland dentist committed suicide because he failed in his efforts to invent a sovereign remedy against the toothache. His success would have ruined the profession, and his colleagues are not wearing mourning for the deceased.

The young ladies of Abbot Academy were told by Prof. Smyths, of Andover, that while he was "not prepared to send them forth as captains in the social ship, there would be no difficulty in their going as first mates."

Silver has been discovered in Northern Michigan in gratifying quantities. The tests made from the vein rock give a result of $45 34 per ton, and people are rushing in to buy up the land. This district is in Ontonagon County, Upper Peninsular.

She was an athletic and deeply religious, and "Here I raise my Ebenezer," she sang softly, as she lifted her husband, Ebenezer Johnson, off the stoop with an application of her foot to his coat-tails, when he came home a little inebriated.

A Cincinnati paper attacks the New York Herald for using the word 'gents.' The Herald is right. There are 'gents,' plenty of them. They carry little canes, eat with a fork only, and smoke to excess. The world would be a wilderness without its 'gents.'

A professional gentleman known when at home as "Arkansas Bill," has been traveling through Texas incog., dressed in dilapidated rustic garb and childlike and bland smiles, and bankrupting Texas generally at games of cards which he at first appeared not to understand.

They are talking of abandoning the system of giving prizes to Sunday scholars up in Willimantic, Connecticut, since they found a few weeks ago that the boy who won a copy of Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," had traded it off for a meerschaum pipe and a quart of peanuts.

Six skunks got into a Pennsylvania camp-meeting last week, and after standing it as long as he could one of the brethren rose and remarked: "If you all say so, beloved, and I think you will, we'll get out of this. The Arch Enemy of mankind must be stirring up his fires, for I am sure I smell the gas."

A sign of the giving way of caste theories in India was the recent marriage of a native widow in Bomby. Over 500 friends were present at the ceremony, including a number of orthodox Brahmins. The groom was a leading member of the Parthana Somaji, and the bride belonged to the highest Hindoo caste.

A candidate for a vacant vicarage in England announces an invention of his own which may prove to be useful. It is a peculiar arrangement of the pulpit, with a clock to give warning: When at the end of the half hour the clock sounds an alarm, if the preacher does not conclude within three minutes, down comes the pulpit with the parson and the rest of the appendages.

In 1874 Lafe Lane, present Democratic candidate for Congress, thought Republicans were honest men—good enough men for him—and he supported a ticket, composed mainly of Republicans, for the several offices in Douglas county. During the canvass he said he had been deceived in the Republican party, as he had been led to believe that it was very corrupt and its members dishonest; but a better acquaintance with the principles advocated by the party and the members composing it, convinced him that his previous impressions were wrong, and done the party injustice; that the principles were correct and the advocates of those principles honest and truthful men. Mr. Lane, then, was a good Republican—the principles of the Republican party were good enough for even the pure and unsullied statesman, Lafe Lane, in 1874. But hardly a twelvemonth expires, and he receives the nomination for Congress at the hands of the Democratic party, when he suddenly becomes convinced that the Republican party is really the most corrupt and rotten political power that ever cursed this fair land! Now, while we would not assume, of course, that Mr. Lane is a political weather-cock, and liable to change with every breeze, yet there are those who will incline to the opinion that he possesses the faculty, in the largest degree, of adapting himself to any line of policy or taking any position, politically, that looks to the advancement of Lafe Lane.

SIGNIFICANT.

We have it from the best of authority that the Catholic priest at Jacksonville denominates Mr. Lane as "the Pope's candidate." It is understood that special orders have been sent to Coos and Curry counties to the faithful to support Mr. Lane, because he is the Pope's candidate. Every other consideration is to be laid aside, and the faithful required to work with might and main for Mr. Lane's election, because the Pope sees in him one of the pillars of the Catholic Church, who will do what he can to break down and overturn our free school system. Do the people of Oregon want such a man in Congress?

During a thunder storm in Maine the lightning killed a horse worth $300 and never touched an old cow which had just kicked a woman senseless.

A New York state farmer has a cow which loves to get drunk on whisky, and supply the family with milk-punch.

In what color should babies be dressed? Why, in-fancy colors, of course.

HALTERS FOR SIX.

HALF A DOZEN FRONTIER DESPERADOES HANGED—AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS—A BLOOD-CURDLING RECORD OF CRIME—MURDER FOR MONEY, REVENGE AND WANTONNESS—COOL TO THE LAST.

The following account of the hanging of six men at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on Friday, the 3d instant, and the crimes for which they suffered, is condensed from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*:

The six men executed were named John Whittington, Daniel Evans, Edmund Campbell, James Moore, Smoker Man-Killer and Samuel Fooy.

WHITTINGTON

lived in poverty with a wife and two children, near the Red river, in Pickens county, Chickasaw Nation, and was sentenced for a murder committed in that vicinity on Sunday, Feb. 7th. On the day in question Whittington and John J. Turner, a neighbor, started in company across the river. On the evening of the same day, while returning, Whittington knocked his companion off his horse with a club, rendering him senseless, then deliberately cut his throat from ear to ear. The object was, of course, robbery. Whittington knowing that Turner had $105 on his person, which he immediately possessed himself of. Turner had a son, not out of his teens, who, a short time prior to the murder, rode out to meet his father, and while crossing a small prairie noticed a man and two horses near the edge of a strip of woods ahead of him. The man's peculiar actions aroused suspicion, as he seemed to be busily engaged with some indistinguishable object on the ground. As the distance lessened between the boy and the object of his attention he recognized Whittington, who at once mounted his horse and rode off at full speed. The lad was horrified on beholding the disfigured corpse of his father, and immediately started to wreak a terrible vengeance on the cut throat. He came up with Whittington at the river bank, and compelled him to surrender at the mouth of a derringer. Whittington afterwards escaped, but was again captured, and has been confined in the Fort Smith jail for the past six months. A knife, covered with blood and recognized as belonging to Whittington, was found near Turner's body, and Turner's money, which was also identified, was found on Whittington's person after his capture. There was not the shadow of doubt as to his guilt.

THE MURDERER EVANS

Was a native of Tennessee, and has not yet attained his majority. While traveling from Denison, Texas, in November last, with a young man named William R. Seebolt, he killed his companion and was convicted of the murder. He was seen in company with Seebolt just prior to his disappearance, and immediately after the murder was seen riding Seebolt's horse and leading his own. The body, which was found about a week after the murder, was identified by a patch habitually worn over the left eye, and by a memorandum containing notes in relation to his relatives, from which it was ascertained that he belonged to an aristocratic family. Evans' mother resides at Jacques county, Texas, and he has respectable relatives living in Missouri, Texas and Tennessee. He was arrested at the brother's house, near Eufala, Creek Nation. The murderer has always led a wild and reckless life, how reckless can be judged when it is stated that he wore his victim's boots long after his arrest, and gave Seebolt's horse as a fee to one of the lawyers who defended him. Evans was utterly callous and hardened. When sentence was passed upon him he laughingly said: "Thank you."

EDMUND CAMPBELL.

A full blooded negro, was born near Scullyville, Choctaw Nation, twenty years ago, and the crime for which he was tried and convicted was an unusually heinous one. On February 13th, accompanied by his thirteen-year-old brother Sam, and Frank Butler, a half brother, he clandestinely visited the house of Lawson Ross, and killed him, as well as a young colored girl residing with him. Edmund and the half brother, Butler, were both arrested, and Campbell admitted having had a hand in the crime, but asserted that Butler did the actual killing. His only defense was that several years previously his father and mother had been injured by the murdered man, and the deed was committed to satisfy an overpowering longing for revenge. Butler was also convicted, and would have ended his existence by means of a hempen tie, were it not for the fact that he attempted to escape and was killed by the officers of the law.

JAMES MOORE.

As he calmly stood facing Judge Parker, was a perfect picture of the Western desperado. Over six feet in hight, massive shouldered and built from the ground up, he was a splendid specimen of physical manhood. From his boyhood up he had led the wild life of a cattle herder, and of necessity had engaged in many a bloody scrimmage with the redskins. His associates were of the worst class, and though he was but twenty-eight years of age, numerous bloody deeds had been placed to his credit. The crime for which Moore suffered the extreme penalty of the law was committed in the Indian Territory under following circumstances: About a year ago he brought some stock to Washington county, Arkansas, and after disposing of it he and a confederate named Hunton stole some horses from a farmer named Fox, who was a cripple. Indignant citizens on learning of the outrage, at once started in pursuit of the thieves and hunted them for 200 miles into the Indian Territory. As the chase became hot, the vigilantes were joined by Capt. Erwin, a former United States deputy marshal, and a companion named Spivey. The horse-thieves were brought to bay on a little creek near Red river, and they concluded to turn on their pursuers and show fight. At the first fire Spivey was killed by Hunton, and Erwin badly wounded by Moore. Extra exertions were then made to capture the thieves, and they resulted in success. Hunton, however, again succeeded in escaping, was again pursued into the Indian Territory, and killed. Moore's wife and two children, subsequent to his incarceration, moved to the vicinity of Fort Smith, where they now reside.

SMOKER MAN-KILLER

Was a full-blooded Cherokee. Wm. Short, a popular young white man, living in the Flint district, was his victim. The scene of the tragedy is about forty miles north of this place. Exactly one year ago last Wednesday, Short, who was a mere boy, being aged only 19, started out on a hunting expedition. Smoker-man met him and asked to be loaned the gun for a few moments. The request was complied with, when the red demon, true to the bloodthirsty instincts of his race, stepped back a few paces, pointed the fire-arm at his accommodating friend immediately pulled the trigger. Short's death was instantaneous. The deed was witnessed by two men who chanced to be in the vicinity, and who identified the murderer. The proof was positive, not only on this account, but because the fiend openly bragged of his crime. He was arrested at once by the United States authorities, and speedily convicted. The prisoner's record was an unusually bad one. Though quite young, he has a wife and child. A few weeks prior to the crime for which he was convicted, he killed one of his own tribe, and was acquitted by the tribal laws, of course, no one ever having been punished for murder in that territory.

FOOY AND HIS TERRIBLE CRIME.

The murder for which Fooy was convicted was one of the most extraordinary on record, and may well be classed among curiosities of crime. In the winter of 1871-72, John Emmett Naff, a young school teacher, left Leavenworth, Kansas, for the Indian Territory. Being an industrious young man, of fine address, and anxious to work, the Cherokee trustees placed him in charge of a school near Tahlequah, where he remained from February to July, 1872. Desiring to return North, Naff resigned his position, and on the 16th of July, in the same year, after receiving $200 due him by same school trustees, he started on foot towards the salt works on the Illinois river. The next night he slept at the house of Capt. O. R. Stevenson, deputy United States marshal. A member of this household was the murderer's sister. In the morning, when about to take his departure, Mr. Naff tendered to the lady of the house a $5 bill, from which fifty cents was to be deducted for his lodging. There being no change in the house, Naff agreed to leave the amount due, fifty cents, in the store at the salt works, and he and the prisoner started for that place, Naff carrying a small traveling satchel in his hand. He was never again seen, and the supposition was, of course that he had continued on his journey north. Three residents in the vicinity knew better than this. About the 1st of August Fooy called upon a brother-in-law named Beattie and confided to him the terrible secret that he had murdered the school teacher. Beattie did not betray the trust. A few weeks afterward Fooy again unbosomed himself, and this time a woman was his confidant. For the time being she also kept the secret, and but for an accident the crime would doubtless never have been revealed. An Indian boy discovered the skeleton on a high bluff on the shore of the Illinois river, and some papers, which proved his identity. Fooy was arrested. Those to whom he had confided appeared against him, and he was convicted.

DEATH ON THE SCAFFOLD.

The six men, Moore, Evans, Whittington, Fooy, Campbell and Smoker Mankiller, were placed upon the scaffold, Fort Smith, at half past 9 o'clock this morning. There was a strong guard placed about the scaffold, commanded by Captain Whitten, formerly of St. Louis. The death warrants were read by Majors Pierce and Blank, and it was interpreted to Smoker Mankiller by Captain King, official interpreter to the district court. The ministers then performed their functions, and a hymn was sung. Father Smith ministered to Evans and Moore. The services were brief. The executions were well managed. The men died comparatively easy. They were as brave men as ever mounted a scaffold. With death just before them they never flinched—not a nerve trembled. They went bravely to death. Just as the black cap was dropped over the face of Evans he waved a handkerchief toward the crowd, and bade farewell in a clear ringing voice. Fooy smiled pleasantly just before he was shut out from seeing the sight of heaven forever.

A DIFFERENCE.—"Brother Smith, what does this mean?"

"What does what mean?"

"Bringing a nigger to this church."

"The pew is my own."

"Your own! Is that any reason why you should insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is intelligent and well educated."

"Who cares for that he is a nigger."

"But he is a friend of mine."

"What of that? Must you therefore insult the whole congregation?"

"But he is a Christian and belongs to the same denomination."

"What do I care for that? Let him go and worship with his fellow niggers."

"But he is worth five million dollars."

"Worth what?"

"Five million dollars."

"Worth five million dollars! Jerusalem! Worth five million dollars! Bro. Smith, introduce me."

At Cumberland, Ind., an altercation occurred between McMurray and Lew Veatch brothers-in-law, which resulted in Veatch shooting Murray with a shotgun, the discharge tearing one of his arms off and otherwise lascerating his body, causing immediate death.

The railways in India seem to run to bridges. An English firm has built no less than 36,000 iron bridges for the Bombay, Baroda, and the Central India and Indian railways. The last constructed and sent out is to have an entire length of 9,088 feet.

ADVERTISEMENT in the San Francisco *Call*: "Notice—I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Maria A. Charnay, she having put me out of the house—Antoine Charnay."

LAW AND LAWYERS.

BY M. QUAD.

I happened to pass a corner the other day just as Mr. Kennedy struck Mr. Thomas a left-hander on the nose. I saw the blow struck; I saw Mr. Thomas fall; I saw blood; I even halted and explained to Mr. Kennedy how a man could get along in this world without either fighting or running.

Mr. Kennedy was arrested. It was right enough to arrest him. If a man argues with another man, knocks him down to enforce his particular views, and doesn't exhibit a meek and lowly spirit after the fit of anger has passed away, it is but right that he should be arrested.

His Honor the Judge made me take a solemn oath to tell the truth. He might have judged from my looks that I would tell a deliberate lie about a one-horse knock-down, or perhaps he hoped I would perjure myself, and give him a chance to send me to prison for five or ten years.

The counsel for the prosecution then wanted to know what my name was. I had lived next door to him for eleven years, but yet he suddenly suspected that I might be John Smith or William Patterson. After I had satisfied him that my name was my name he wanted to know if I lived in Detroit. He could have walked from the court to my house blindfolded, but he persisted in the question. Then he wanted to know if I lived in "Detroit, County of Wayne, State of Michigan." He seemed to suspect that the name of the county had been changed, and that I didn't know whether I lived in Ohio or Michigan, but I satisfied him.

All this didn't take up half an hour's time, and then he wanted to know if I saw the difficulty between Kennedy and Thomas. I was quite sure I saw it, but he didn't seem to be. He wanted to know if I saw the blow struck; if I was certain I saw it; if there was more than one blow; if there were three blows; if there was any kicking; and after another half hour he seemed to believe that I had seen some part of the difficulty, if not all of it.

The counsel for the defense had been impatiently waiting, and as soon as I was turned over to him, he began:

"You say your name is Quad?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want the jury to remember that! And you say you live in Detroit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let the jury remember that this man says he lives in Detroit!" exclaimed the attorney as he gave me a fierce look. He made a note of the fact himself and then continued:

"Now, sir, do you own the house you live in?"

"Yes, sir."

"You hear that, gentlemen?" he said, turning to the jury. "Now, sir, is there a mortgage on that house?"

"N——"

"I object!" said the counsel for the prosecution, suddenly springing up.

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, I do. I can't see what bearing the question has on the case."

"Well, your Honor," replied the other lawyer, facing the desk, the question is a vital one—a hinge question. We expect the answer to that question will prove the innocence of my client."

His Honor leaned back as if the fate of kingdoms depended on his decision, and the lawyers read from the Twelfth Michigan report, the Seventeenth Massachusetts, the Ninth New York, the Eleventh Vermont and one or two others, and for an hour and a half the case was put aside. They finally got through, and the court decided that I need not answer the question. It was then noon and the court adjourned until two o'clock.

When the court opened in the afternoon the lawyer resumed the cross-examination by asking:

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-two."

"Thirty-two! Didn't you tell me this morning that you were fifty-five?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Remember, sir, you are on your oath! Be careful, sir! Now answer me, aren't you forty years old?"

"No, sir."

"He noted the answer down and then asked:

"Haven't you been arrested for manslaughter?"

"Never."

"What? Remember, sir, you are on oath!"

"Were you ever engaged in a riot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! you were eh? Let the jury make a note of that! This case is becoming interesting, and before we get through with it we will make the prosecution open their eyes! Now, then, when was the riot?"

"In 1870."

"And where?"

"In La Crosse."

"Tell the jury what started it and what part you took, and the sentence of the court in your case."

"We hung a lawyer to a lamp-post for——"

"What?" he yelled, shaking his fist, "am I to be insulted by this witness, your Honor?"

The two attorneys then brought in another pile of law books, and after arguing for an hour the court decided that the defense had no right to ask me the question.

The cross-examination was then resumed by his asking:

"You saw the difficulty?"

"Yes, sir."

"You swear to that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say the plaintiff struck the defendant first?"

"No, sir; it was the other way."

"Now, sir, look me in the eye and tell me which man struck first."

"The defendant."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look out, Mr. Quad, you are under oath, and if you swear to a lie the punishment will not be less than one year in State prison. Do you say that my client here kicked the defendant in the stomach?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, I thought my warning would touch you. So my client didn't kick the plaintiff?"

"No, sir."

"Nor bite him?"

"No, sir."

"Nor hit him with a club?"

"No, sir."

"Nor draw a revolver on him?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Mr. Quad—that's all. Oh! by the way, did you ever have a fight with my client?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you threaten to shoot him about a year ago?"

"No, sir."

And I was the only witness the lawyers at once went to business, and on the third day after the suit commenced the case was given to the jury, and the jury promptly cleared the defendant, possibly on the ground that I never voted for Andrew Jackson.

Indian "Independence."

"Hallo, stranger, you seem to be going to market?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"What are you carrying that plow along for?"

"Going to send it to Pittsburgh."

"To Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania?"

"You're mighty right, I am."

"What are you going to send it there for?"

"To get sharpened."

"All the way to Pittsburg to get sharpened?"

"You bet! We've starved our blacksmith out; he pulled up stakes the other day and went to Texas."

"Well, that's a rather novel idea, my friend—sending a plow so far to get sharpened."

"Not so novel as you heard it was. We do our milling in St. Louis."

"Is that so?"

"You're right it is. We used to have a mill at Punkinvine Creek, but the owner got too poor to keep it up, and so we turned to getting our grinding done at St. Louis."

"You don't mean to say you send your grist all the way to St. Louis by rail?"

"I didn't say nothing about grist—we hain't got no grist to send. But we get our flour and meal from St. Louis."

"I see you have a hide in your wagon."

"Yes; our old cow died last week. March winds blowed the life out'n her. Sendin' hide to Boston to get it tanned."

"All the way to Boston? Is not that rather expensive, my friend? The freights will eat the hide up."

"That's a fact—cleaner than the buzzards did the old carcass. But what's the use bein' taxed to build railroads 'thout you get the good of 'em? Used to have a tanyard over at Lickskillert and a shoemaker, too. But they're kerflummuxed."

"Kerflummuxed—what's that?"

"It means, gone up a spout—and 'twixt you and me, that's mighty nigh the case with our State."

"When do you expect to get your leather?"

"Don't expect to git no leather at all—expect to git shoes, some day, made at Boston or thereabouts."

"Rather a misfortune to lose a milch cow, my friend."

"Not so much a misfortune as you heard it was. Monstrous sight of shucklin' and nubninin' a cow, and milkin' her night and mornin' and gettin' only about three quarts a day."

"What are you going to do for milk?"

"Send North for it."

"Send North for milk?"

"Yes; concentrated milk and Goshen butter."

"Oh! I see the point."

"Mighty handy things these railroads—make them Yankee fellers do all our jobs for us now—do our smithin' and grindin' and tannin' and milkin' and churnin'."

"Yes, we go our bottom nickle on cotton. Sendin' it up to Massachusetts to get it carded, spun and wove. Time'll come when we'll send it there to be ginned then we'll be hippy. Monstrous sight of trouble running these gins."

"That would be rather expensive, sending cotton in seed."

"No more so than them Western fellers pay when they send corn East and get a dollar a bushel and pay six bits freight. Besides as I said, what is the use of payin for railroads 'thout we use the roads?"

"You seem to appreciate the advantages of railroads."

"I think we ought—we pay enough for 'em."

"I reckon you fatten your own pork?"

"Well, you reckon wrong, stranger. I get them Illinoy fellers to do that for me. It's mighty convenient, too—monstrous sight of trouble toting a big basketful of corn three times a day to hogs in a pen—especially when you haint got none to tote it to."

"I should think so."

"There's one thing lacking though to make the business complete."

"What's that?"

"They ought to send the hogs ready cooked. Cookin' and preparin' wood for cookin' takes up a heap of time that ort by rights to be employed in the cotton patch. I was sayin' to my old woman the other day, if we Mississippi folks got our cookin' and washin' done up North and sent by express, we'd be as happy as office-holders."

"Youre horse in the lead there seems to be lame."

"Yes, needs shoein'. If he wasn't the only horse I've got, and can't spare him, I'd send him up where they make the horse shoes and nails and get him shod. Can't get such a thing done for our parts, perhaps I can at the depot."

"How do you manage to live in your parts, my old friend?"

"Why, we raise cotton. My road turns off here, stranger. Gee, Ball, back Brandy. I'm glad I seed you stranger."—*Natchez Weekly Democrat.*

Another Boy Fiend.

A boy desirous of emulating Jesse Pomeroy has turned up in Newton, Mass. His name is Archibald Jackson, and the Boston *Globe* reports his examination before a Police Court.

Jackson, who is eighteen years of age, with a boy named John Dwyer, nine years youngger, and who was intimidated into joining him, succeeded in getting the Mullen child into the field, where Jackson deliberately stripped him naked and then administered to him a severe whipping, after which he proceeded to taunt the little fellow on his helpless condition. While thus engaged, Jackson saw approaching a young girl, about eleven years of age, whereupon he tied the limbs of the Mullen boy and then seized the girl and led her to the prostrate form of his little victim, compelling her to gaze upon the child in his nudity. After satisfying his devilish propensities in this manner he released the girl, who fled at once. Then he untied young Mullen, who dressed rapidly and was about to depart, when Jackson again approached him, with the evident intention of renewing his cowardly sport. Young Mullen, however, was dressed by this time, and when he saw his tormentor approaching he drew a pocket-knife and threatened to stab Jackson. The latter, therefore, picked up an ax-helve he had carried and dealt the lad a very severe blow upon the hand, compelling him to drop the weapon and flee for safety. Mullen succeeded in reaching his home without further injury, and then gave information which led to the arrest of Jackson. In reviewing the case the Court decided that it was one of more than ordinary atrocity, and accordingly held the defendant in the sum of $5,000 to keep the peace. Dwyer being under age, it appeared that he was only a participator in the case and was held as a witness.

The incoming legislature of Wyoming will be asked to repeal the prohibitory gambling and lottery laws. The sports of the Territory, and already the towns of Cheyenne and Laramie are raising a corruption fund of $10,000 to defeat the movement.