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THE MYSTERY UNVEILED! A Monstrous Murder Made Manifest.

"Blood though it sleep a time, yet never dies.
The Gods on murderers fix revenge for eyes."

Our citizens were startled yesterday morning by a report which spread like wildfire that a discovery had been made of all the particulars in regard to the murder of the man whose body was found in the river below the city Nov. 25. Our readers will recollect the account of the horrible affair, and how the body lay for a long time at the morgue, where was also exhibited the huge stone weighing nearly a hundred pounds which was fastened to it, and the wire with which the legs were bound. Coroner Garnold and District Attorney Caples, aided by the police made every effort to discover the perpetrators of this foul murder. It was ascertained that ex-policeman T. J. Gillis, while going hunting early on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 30th, had seen a hack standing on Nicola's wharf near the lower boneyard, where the body was found nearly a month afterward, but as it was dark at the time he was unable to identify either the hack or the driver, to whom he spoke, asking him what he was doing there, to which he replied that he brought a passenger for a steamer. All other clues when traced up ended in nothing except that the body was identified by a resident of East Portland as that of one John Andros, a miner, and as such it was at last buried. In order to give our readers a clear understanding of all the circumstances in connection with the atrocious crime we will go back to last October, at which time there arrived in this city a man who registered at the National hotel as James N. Brown, of Freeport, W. T. A few days after his arrival he met Constable Simmons on the street, and complained that he had been duped by one Dolly Adams, whom he had met at an infamous den kept by Carrie Bradley, on Third St., between Yamhill and Taylor, and bilked out of \$6. He accompanied Simmons to Justice Davis and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the girl, and she was examined before the justice and held to answer before the grand jury. While the case was under investigation by this body, sufficient testimony was elicited to warrant Assistant District Attorney in making a complaint against Carrie Bradley and two denizens of her house, Dolly Adams and Fay Cushing, for keeping a house of ill fame, which complaint was sworn to by Brown, who was also put under bonds of \$25 to appear as a witness against them. He was around the court house waiting for the case to be reached from October 25th to the 28th, on which date he disappeared. During these days he became familiar with the officials at the court house, who, although they failed to recognize the body at the morgue were sure they had seen the man in life, and are now certain it was that of Brown. As it was not until the 25th of November that the body was found in the river, no one thought of connecting it with the man who had so mysteriously disappeared, and who was supposed to have been bribed to leave the town by the parties against whom he had complained. Some weeks since Simmons was employed by Dolly Adams, who had quit Carrie Bradley's place, to go there and obtain possession of her trunk. Carrie refused to let it go, stating that Dolly owed her \$60, but on Simmons threatening to take legal proceedings she al-

lowed the trunk to be taken away. When informed of the circumstances Dolly said that she owed Carrie nothing, and that she knew enough about her to send her to the gallows. This set Simmons to puzzling over the matter. A short time after Carrie Bradley was arraigned in the police court on one of the frequently recurring charges of robbery, and in course of her examination Mr. Mulkey asked her "why she ran off the man who had made that complaint against her before the grand jury" (alluding to Brown). At this query she started, turned pale, all her brazen assurance seemed to forsake her and she trembled like one whose guilty conscience had been pierced to the quick. Almost immediately after this she began to make preparations for leaving the city. She was under bonds to appear in the Circuit Court to answer to three indictments for keeping a bawdy house, and District Attorney Caples, who had kept posted on all the movements in the matter, allowed the bondsmen to be identified and her to depart, believing that when she was gone her accomplices could be more readily worked upon and induced to divulge the secret of the horrible deed which it was not deemed certain had been done at her vile resort. Chas. Hamilton, a notorious rough, well known here and in San Francisco as an associate of thieves and the most abandoned characters, who had been her paramour, scenting danger in the air, had left the city some time before, and she took with her as a traveling companion one Lavine, a saloon-keeper at the north end, who had supplanted him, and they departed ostensibly for San Francisco, but went to Kalama and thence to the Sound. After she was gone Simmons set to work to obtain from Dolly Adams the knowledge he was certain she had concerning the murder. It was a work requiring all the skill, patience and persistency he possessed, but he never faltered and on Friday night he had the satisfaction of bringing Dolly Adams and Molly Flippin before District Attorney Caples, to whom they revealed the full particulars of one of the blackest crimes that has ever disgraced the annals of our city. On the evening of October 28th, the day on which Brown was last seen at the court house, he was enticed to Bradley's den by a gambler named Pete Sullivan, on the pretence that an amicable settlement of their troubles was desired by her. He was received in a friendly manner and induced to partake of whisky, in which laudation, procured by Dolly, had been mixed, until he was considerable under the influence of this opiate. When quite stupefied he was taken up stairs by those present and put to bed, and Carrie Bradley, saturating a towel with chloroform, placed it at his nostrils, where she held it for a time and then left her helpless and insensible victim to sleep the sleep which knows no waking. Dolly Adams, in the morning, discovered that Brown was dead, and proposed to send for the coroner, but Carrie said no, and proceeded to the chamber where her victim lay, and, animated by the fiendish spirit of a ghou, brutally beat the inanimate body with a pair of brass knuckles, with which she had armed herself, hurling at it the foulest epithets her depraved nature could suggest and exclaiming, "the black son of a b—h, he will never punch me again." She then stripped the body of the greater part of the clothing, which was carried down stairs and burned, and it was

owing to this fact in a great measure that the body, when discovered, was not identified. Shortly afterward the body was taken down stairs, a wide board removed from the kitchen floor, and it was placed in the cavity beneath, where it lay all that day, water being poured over it from time to time, to prevent, in some measure, rapid decomposition. A shovel was procured and Carrie essayed to dig a grave, in which to hide the ghastly evidence of her crime, but the ground was too hard and this plan was abandoned. Then she called to her aid her infamous paramour, Hamilton, and her accomplice, Sullivan. Hamilton turned the fact of his having at one time had charge of the hack stand of the Occidental Hotel at San Francisco to good account. He knew the man he needed, and found him in one Jack Mahoney, an ex-hack driver, who, for the sum of \$100, consented to assist him in the disposal of the body. They hired a hack from a man named Baker about midnight on Saturday, under pretense of taking a passenger to the steamer, in which they placed the body of the murdered man and drove rapidly off to the north end of the city, stopping on their way to take from a pile of ballast rock the large stone which, when they had arrived at the lonely spot selected, was fastened to the corpse, and under cover of the darkness both were dropped into the Willamette, which they hoped would forever hide all the tracks of their crime. The circumstances attending the discovery of the body are familiar to our readers.

The costs of this attempt to shield themselves from the discovery amounted to \$150, all of which Carrie insisted that Dolly Adams should pay, saying that the fact of her bilking Brown was what had brought on all the trouble which had culminated in the murder. Dolly had paid \$90 of the sum before she left Bradley, and it was on account of her refusal to be blackmailed into paying the remaining \$60 that led to a controversy between the women, and which eventually gave Constable Simmons the tangible clue that he has so successfully worked to a close. "When thieves fall out, just men get their dues," and when lewd women have rows, no secret is too sacred for their keeping. We have already spoken of the departure of Hamilton and Carrie Bradley. Pet Sullivan also left the city some time since, and shortly after Jack Mahoney, who is now in San Francisco. The city has been greatly excited over these revelations, and numerous rumors are in circulation. It is stated that Dolly Adams appeared before the grand jury and voluntarily told them the story above narrated. Another rumor is that Carrie Bradley was captured in disguise at Port Townsend last night. Drummers just from Victoria say they saw her there last Sunday, and she stated that she was going to San Francisco on the steamer Idaho. Another report is that Hamilton was last heard of at Mazatlan, notwithstanding which, he is supposed to be with his partner in crime at Victoria, or at farthest, at San Francisco, where it is said he was lying in wait to rob Carrie, on her arrival there, of \$3,500, which she had in her possession when she left here. We omitted to state in the proper place that on the night the body of the murdered man was taken from the house Carrie had given all the inmates of the house money and sent them to the White House to "make a night of it," and be

out of the way. In conclusion we will state that the man was murdered on Friday, the body was found on Friday, was buried on Friday, the exposure of the crime was made to the District Attorney on Friday, and it is to be hoped that the guilty parties may be captured and hanged on a Friday.

Carrie Bradley had been at one time a fine looking woman, but dissipation has robbed her of its last trace. She came here from New York four or five years ago, where her associates were notorious thieves, with a "shover of the queer," named Charley Furst, whom she claimed for a time as her husband, and tried the married woman racket. After she had grown tired of this miserable wretch, whose nature is so depraved that we cannot even refer to it in print more definitely, she began a war of persecution upon him, and after having him arrested some twenty times he "lit out" in self-defence, leaving Hamilton in sole possession of the field. It was then that a gang of "thugs" took possession of her house as "lovers"—gentlemen who carried brass knuckles, and who were none too good to "hang up" a sucker, and "croak" him if need be—and the pandemonium began. Many a respectable man, and not unfrequently a married man, has been robbed and beaten by these wretches, and taunted with it, they knowing that any person of the least respectability would rather lose any amount of money than have his name associated with such a vile place. Hardly a night passed that these professional slugs did not get in their work on some victim; and one of the girls says that she was once shown in the kitchen a man all cut about the head and body with knives, whom Carrie Bradley would not allow her to assist, and whom she strongly suspects soon after died, as she never heard of him again. Beyond all doubt Carrie Bradley's den was the most infamous that has ever disgraced this city, as the annals of the police court will plainly tell, nor can they tell a tithe of its horrors.

Thank goodness this hell-hole has been wiped out, and we trust that the murderers of the farmer, J. N. Brown, may be soon brought to justice and made, with all the accessories, before and after the fact, to suffer the fullest extent of the law. A blacker crime has never been committed here.—Standard, 12th.

It was reported last Monday that Welch, a saddler, who disappeared in Portland about four months ago, had also been murdered in that house, and an infuriated crowd having collected the inmates were removed to the county jail for protection. The hack-driver was arrested last Sunday in San Francisco, and Sullivan was arrested in Yolo county, California, last Monday. The woman Bradley, is believed to have sailed on the last San Francisco steamer from Seattle, and Hamilton is supposed to be in Victoria. Gov. Thayer was asked for a requisition yesterday, and it is almost certain that before long all four of the accused will be in the Portland jail.

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