

# The Daily Astorian.

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No. 3

## THE MAN THAT BOB INGER SOLL IS DEPENDING.

Brady the "Martyr"

"It's a lie, made out of whole cloth!" hissed Brady in court today. He was called to the witness stand by the Star route defense late this afternoon. He is a burly, thick-set man, with a very short neck. His face is coarse-featured, dark; forehead low; eyes small, gray, twinkling; nose piggyish, thick, flaring; cheek bones high and flushed with color; white mustache and beard of a rusty, sandy color hide the lower part of the face, and bristle around the full neck to the suit of coarse, spike-brown hair, matted down upon the top of the bullet-shaped head. Brady's face is that of a huge eater, a lover of smutty stories, and a free circle of loud-mouthed jokers. He would be ill at ease in a party of gentlemen. When in the Postoffice Department he had but few associates outside the contractors and the department. He has, however, in spite of his flesh, the energy of a lunatic. He is of the type of men who perspire at every pore when the thermometer is below zero. He has a high temper and such an utter disregard for the good or bad opinions of others that he has been restrained by none of the influences which sway ordinary men. With his thick, rhinoceros hide he would have been content to wade through any slough of scandal, provided in the end he should reach safety for his money and person. When the Star route scandal first broke out Brady sniffed contemptuously and talked about blackmail. Then he laughed derisively at the Congressional investigation. That was conducted by men of his own kind and was easily met. He bought himself one of the finest houses in Washington, and set up a handsome road wagon and a gay light stepping team, with a coachman and tiger in blue livery. He tried to give dinners and live down his disgrace, but even the hide of a rhinoceros fails sometimes. A few politicians, without any too much care for their reputations, consented to eat his dinners and drink his wines, but they soon became discouraged. His horrible attempts at conviviality gave all his guests an indigestion. Soon every one fell away, and then Brady was left alone. When he drove out with a shining silk hat shoved down over his matted hair to his great ears, he never looked to the right nor to the left. Sunk into the folds of his ill-fitting overcoat, he drove out, pointed at by the people on the street as one would indicate a successful retired burglar. Even his coachman and tiger appeared to have a wholesome dislike for their master.

Gradually even Brady grew tired of his solitude. Each day the interminable coils of evidence joined one more twist about him, until he saw his dearly beloved property in danger, and the walls of the penitentiary casting a shadow across his path. One day he went out to drive in an unusually pensive frame of mind. In the course of his drive he came along the Bladensburg road, where convicts from the workhouse are sometimes sent in gangs to work upon the highway. He stopped the team for a moment and gazed with a surly curiosity upon the hideous garment of the brutal looking felons. Then suddenly, as if awakening from a disagreeable dream, he roared out: "Drive on, by God! Drive as if h—l were after you. Don't stop a minute longer!" It was the day following that the animal strength of the man reasserted itself. He was in a corner, but he knew how to fight. He would not lie down until the last blow was struck. First his great house was sold, and the cash (\$125,000) stowed away in a safe place. Then, with the energy of a steam engine, he proceeded to realize from all his property investments.

In a week's time the wealth of this rich man was beyond the law's

reach. Now he has only the safety of his body to protect. He went on to the stand to-day in the interest of that protection. With what sullen rage did he strike the bar in front of him as he hoarsely denied every scrap of evidence brought against him, cunningly jeering at the half-witted, feeble-minded, utterly worn out, and vacant-looking jurymen as he talked. What will be the effect of his testimony can be accurately estimated. It is merely an elaborate plea of not guilty. He will fight to the end, appealing to every technicality. Should all fail, he will run like a wild boar over and through any one who tries to stop him in his mad rush for a hiding place.—*Washington Special to Chicago News.*

### Slaying a Wild Man.

The celebrated wild man of Camas Prairie was killed recently by some parties while traveling through the prairie. While the travelers were camped in the foothills on the edge of the prairie, one of them, named Micklehaney, went out a few hundred yards from camp to kill some ducks, taking with him a shotgun loaded with large shot. When a couple of hundred yards from camp the "Wild man of the Camas" jumped from his hiding place, and after running for a short distance stopped and looked at Micklehaney through his large, clear eyes for a moment; then, with a shriek that struck terror to the heart of the hunter, and caused him to shudder as the echo resounded through the forest, the man with the ferocity of a savage beast of the jungle made for Micklehaney with such fierceness that in order to insure his own safety he emptied both barrels of the gun into him, when he fell, apparently dead. Micklehaney went to him, when the strange being began to revive, when he put his foot on the man's neck and called to his comrades to bring an ax, which they did with all possible haste. The man escaped just as they arrived, and with a pitiful moan regained his feet and started to run. The axe was thrown at him, and as he turned his head to look back it struck him in the center of the forehead and he dropped lifeless to the ground.

On examination he was found to be rather tall, with full, clear eyes, he had an extraordinary large head; appeared to be about 45 years of age, although not a gray hair could be seen. The way black hair on his head hung low down on his body, and his full beard was about two inches and a half long. The body was also covered with a thick growth of hair about two inches long. This was also black and very fine. The finger and toe nails were two inches long, and resembled claws more than nails. He was wrapped in a long robe made of rabbit skins, which, though the tailoring on it was not a subject of admiration, was well suited for the most bitter cold weather. These skins were sewed together by sinews.

On examining the place from which he made his appearance, it was found that he had a very comfortable bed, which was made from the soft bark of sagebrush. It was under an overhanging rock and well protected from the wind. Near the bed were two rabbits, which had most likely been killed with stones.

About ten years ago an insane stage driver left Boise City, and has never since been heard from. The "Wild Man of Camas" may be the same, having taken up his abode in the desolate prairie, but seldom visited by white men. He could very easily secure food there, as the country is filled with rabbits both winter and summer, which could be easily killed by an expert throwing stones. The "Wild Man of Camas," has, since first seen in 1885, been dreaded by the lonely traveler and prospector, who will be relieved to know that he is dead.—*Bellevue (J. T.) Sun.*

### Northern Pacific Freights.

Upon the publication of the synopsis of the agreement between the Northern and Union Pacific railroad companies to divide territory, the editor of the Union wrote to Mr. Henry Vilard, president of the Northern Pacific, and asked him pertinent questions in regard to railroad construction and management and the effect of the new agreement upon the interests of Walla Walla. The following clear, explicit and satisfactory reply was received last evening:

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, March 17, 1883.

P. B. JOHNSON, Esq., Walla Walla, W. T.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of February 21st came duly to hand. I regret that I have not been able to answer it any earlier. In reply to your several questions I would answer:

QUESTION 1.—Will the road be extended from Blue mountain to intersect the Baker City branch before harvest?

ANSWER.—It is a part of our construction programme to complete the Blue mountain branch to a point of intersection with the Baker City branch at the earliest practicable moment, but I am not sufficiently familiar with the engineering difficulties to say, definitely, whether it will be done in time for the next harvest.

QUESTION 2.—In establishing freight rates will the policy of the Northern Pacific and O. R. & N. Co. be like that followed by the Central Pacific?

ANSWER.—I would say in general terms that the policy of our companies will not be like that pursued by the Central Pacific Railroad company in reference to interior points. The Northern Pacific and O. R. & N. companies do not propose to charge local rates that will prevent the development of distributing points in the interior. In other words, to use your example, it is not the purpose of the management to charge rates to and from Walla Walla equal to the rates between St. Paul and Portland, plus the rates from Portland to Walla Walla. I cannot at this time, in advance of the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad, say precisely what the rates will be, but have no hesitation in saying that they will be so adjusted that Walla Walla will retain the custom of the country naturally tributary to the place.

I expect to visit Oregon and Washington territory during the spring, in company with our superintendent of traffic, and I hope to have the pleasure of discussing these matters in detail with the people of Walla Walla.

Yours respectfully,  
H. VILLARD, President.  
—Walla Walla Union, March 30.



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The amendment repealing the pre-emption laws, in the interest of actual settlers, reads: that any person who has heretofore made or shall hereafter make or procure an entry of public lands under the homestead laws, shall have the privilege of paying the maximum price for the quantity of land so entered, at any time before the expiration of five years from date of entry and after actual residence, improvement and cultivation have been maintained for a period no less than two and a half years after the entry.

### MOTHERS, READ.

GENTS:—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE. I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night, and which she passed seventy-two worms and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance that Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Charley, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 9 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Charley passed forty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around Utica, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store.

Your truly,  
JOHN GREEN.

The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is manufactured only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., and bear the signatures of C. McLane and Fleming Bros. It is never made in St. Louis or Wheeling.

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