

CLEARING SALE.

WAISTS -- and -- BLOUSES.

This Week

we will sell our entire stock of Ladies' Waists and Blouses at and even BELOW COST to close them out.

---Remember the Place,---
T. HOLVERSON
301 Commercial Street.

THE CAPITAL JOURNAL.
SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892.

GILBERT & PATTERSON,
Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Windowglass, Etc. Sole Agents for Epicure Tea and Big Can Baking Powder.

GEO. D. GOODHUE, K. CAHILL.
BUILDING MATERIAL.
Lime, cement, plaster, hair, fire and building brick, fire clay, sand, gravel, blacksmith and house coal, wood, all kinds, wholesale and retail. Office 95 State street.

CHOICEST MEALS,
BEST SERVICE,
LOWEST PRICE
---AT---
STRONG'S RESTAURANT.

THINKS IT WAS INCENDIARY.—Horace Holden, whose house on Front street was damaged by fire on July 4th, thinks there is no question about it being incendiary. They left the house to go to Marion square to attend the exercises there, and the fire did not start in the kitchen at all. It started in the wood house. This fact is attested by a lady visitor who was in the house, sick, at the time, and there can be no doubt of it. Mr. Holden and wife wish to publicly express their thanks to the fire boys and the neighbors, who worked so hard to save their property. They are old people, and there never have been a serious shock caused by their unexpected loss. Their house was not insured.

WILL BUILD.—Sam Adolph has decided to build a brick on the site of his recent fire. He will put up a two-story front in good style, but only finish one story, as he cannot make arrangements for a stairway to a second story until those adjoining build. The work will go ahead as soon as Mr. Adolph can make arrangements with an architect and get material.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.—St. Paul's Chapter Brotherhood of St. Andrew propose giving a moonlight excursion and dance on the steamer Hoag on July 13th. It is intended to make this a select affair, and the managers are a guarantee that it will be one of the pleasantest of the season. Tickets should be secured this week from the following committee: Wm. J. Clark, W. G. Woodworth, Basil H. Wagner, E. P. Spaulding.

The Royal and the Soldiers.
Army and Navy Journal.

During the last year, including the March contracts recently awarded, the Royal Baking Powder company has supplied over 212,000 pounds, or 106 tons of baking powder for the United States Government and its army and navy officers.

For many years the government has given its orders for Royal Baking Powder in preference to all others, it being found superior to all others in strength and purity by the officers examination, and the only baking powder that will retain its strength in the various climates to which it is sent by the department.

AT LAST.—We have secured plenty of the choicest Royal Anchoovies for canning, Harritt & McIntyre.

WILSON IS WITH US.

Mamie Walsh's Murderer Captured Friday.

SHERIFF KELLY HAPPY.

After a Week's Wandering He Gives Himself Up.

Friday afternoon at 4:45 o'clock a dispatch was received at Salem that Wilson, the murderer of Mamie Walsh, had been captured near Chehalis in Yamhill county and that he was then on his way to McMinnville with his captors. The edition of the JOURNAL was nearly off the press so the only news made public last evening was a brief announcement on the JOURNAL's bulletin board, which caused not a little excitement, and much gratification among the citizens generally.

The next news received at Salem was the arrival of the prisoner in charge of Sheriff Kelly and his deputies, who placed him in charge of the state prison officials about 10 o'clock last evening.

A JOURNAL reporter visited the prisoner this morning in company with Sheriff Kelly and the following named persons who assisted him in his search for Wilson: J. H. Palmer of Portland; Fred, John and Nate Simkins, W. H. Eustad, Al. Hutton and P. Cove, of Wheatland. These gentlemen went out simply to see the subject of their search. He was found in dark cell No. 46, on the first ward. He talked freely with all and only regretted that they had not ended his life.

Wilson is 31 years of age, is 5 feet and 8 inches high, has dark hair and black beard when allowed to grow. He has a head like a Roman senator, with a broad crown and full temples, shapely nose, small mouth and chin. He was no doubt an able bodied man before his physical strength was destroyed by his own hands. He was born six miles southeast of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where his parents still live. His father is a well-to-do and respected farmer, Wilson having worked for him until about six years ago when his health broke down, as he admits from self abuse. He says his head has been "out of fix" for years, and that if such had not been the case he would never have committed the crime. He also said that if he had been alright he never would have been captured after his escape. He has four brothers and two sisters. Three brothers are at home while the other lives at Milwaukee. One sister is married to a railroad conductor named McMurray and lives at Tacoma, while the other sister is in an insane asylum at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Six years ago his father sent him south for his health, when his brother sent him money to come to Oregon, and he also visited California. This time he has only been in Oregon a few months. Wilson's father was a soldier under Sherman and now draws a pension of \$24 a month. The family is respected, and Wilson grew up among some of the best people in Iowa. He says he has never been addicted to the use of bad language, neither has he kept bad company, and his present condition would indicate that he was of a melancholy nature. He is not very well balanced. He claims to have a shattered constitution and his nervous system is evidently deranged. He stated this morning that he never feared death of any kind, but would not commit suicide by any tortuous means. He says he heard the mob howl at Oregon City and at Portland, but all without fear.

Speaking of the crime, he says he committed it under a moment of frenzy, and did it by the same impulse that would prompt him to choke a rabbit or any wild animal. The only remorse he claims to have felt was half an hour after his crime, and he now only regrets his action on account of his relatives. He does not think they will make any effort to defend him, and hopes they will not as he does not deserve it. The day he killed Mamie Walsh his brother was at Forest Grove buying a farm, and he thinks if his brother had been at home it would not have happened. He even thinks that if the girl had screamed while he was killing her it would have brought him to a realizing sense and saved her.

When Wilson arrived at the prison last night he was very tired, but he ate a good meal and after passing a very restless night ate heartily again this morning, when the surgeon set his broken arm this morning. He resisted with all his might, until he was choked off by Warden Cavanaugh. He now says he only regrets that his mind was not shut off for good. While his wounds were being dressed this morning a pin was found sunk deep in his left arm, where he says he put it to puncture an artery and if possible bleed to death. He gets very little sleep, and complains of constant headache. As the prisoner seemed to weary of being questioned, we reprint the following story of his wanderings and capture as given to an Oregonian reporter last night, which he says is substantially correct.

The story of his wanderings is best told in Wilson's own language. He said: We were riding along very quietly, going down hill. Kelly said he saw something in the road and thought it was a mob. That excited me, and when we got into the dark shadows the impulse came over me to jump. I jumped. The same impulse came over me on the train, but I held it back. Well, at three jumps I was over the fence and laid down, because he had said he would shoot me in the legs. I wanted him to shoot me through. I got up and ran, with Morgan after me. He was gaining on me until he fell over a log. Then I zigzagged to fool him and laid down in the brush, when Morgan came within thirty feet of me. Then I ran, head down, sat down, took off my shoes and laughed at Morgan and started back, thinking I would hang under the buggy and fool them. I went back to the road and sat down a little ways behind the buggy and was sitting by the fence when the buggy passed and got lost in the brush. I was going to go back to the carriage, but I struck the river road. I saw the big red moon and thinking it was their fires tried to go to them. All night I traveled the river road toward Portland. In the morning (Sunday) I thought I would get some farmer to take me to Salem.

Then I thought I would try and steal a revolver and shoot two or three people and then myself. I covered my tracks as well as I could by walking in fresh cow dung. I laid all day in the brush in the bottom. I ate nothing. I didn't want to eat. I eat only by jerks.

At night I started out to hunt for matches. At Crabtree's I found potatoes. The folks were up, but I went to the barn and fell asleep. When I waked they were all asleep. I hunted nearly all night through the house but could find no matches. Here I took four loaves of bread, a straw hat and the target gun. It wasn't loaded but I kept it with me.

All day on the Fourth I slept in the bottom, where I had built a shanty of bark, with pounded bark for my bed. This bottom was about three miles wide and was used as a cow pasture and the cows always obliterated my tracks. I heard the guns fired for the celebration. All night of the 4th and all day of the 5th I stayed close in my shanty, going four or five times a day into the hill for water. I was feverish.

Tuesday night I went to a house on the ridge about a mile and a half below. There I changed clothes

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Thursday afternoon I left for Crabtree's and laid down in the brush until dark. While I was lying close to the fence by the road several bugs passed right by me. They were officers searching for me. That night I passed through Dayton. One boy was whistling as I passed through town. At a barn I thought I heard some one and when I came near some fellow threw a sack at me. He was terribly scared. I said, "Look out, mister, I'll get you." Then I skipped out. It was about 11 o'clock when I passed through Dayton, going north toward the Columbia river. I wanted to stop and write to my brother, but didn't.

Leaving Dayton I took a winding road and climbed the hill, following the ridge into a cow pasture. I built a fire and cooked the potatoes, having got matches when I changed clothes. At Dayton I was pulling for the Chehalis valley, when I was captured. I followed the road down and then went into the spur of the mountain to try and sleep, but I couldn't; at noon I was unnerved and struck boldly for the road. At a farm house all eyed me like an elephant. A big fat man at a little country store eyed me all the way up the mountain. At the next house the people stared at me, and I stopped and talked to the kids. I walked on and two men walked quickly behind me. I jumped over the fence and when they came up to me I said there must be a good many squirrels in the woods. They said they had orders to arrest all strangers and wanted to see my gun. I handed it to them and walked to the house with them. They started to hook up the horses to go to McMinnville. I saw the gate was open and ran. He grabbed my vest. I ran again, but he came out on top. I saw it was all up with me and reached for my razor to cut my throat. He followed to his brother to bring the gun. Then he grabbed for my razor, when I got his finger and pulled it with my teeth. He grabbed me on the head with his teeth. Then we got up and I ran for the bushes to cut my throat, but I sat down and took off my shoe and threw it at him, striking him in the face. He came at me with a club and I ran, flourishing the razor. He struck me on the arm and back with the club, breaking my arm. His brother came with the gun and I ran for the fence and struck at them again. The gun was cocked and pointed at my breast. I struck with a club and the blow was warded off with the gun. Then my strength was gone and they took me. And here I am. I wish it was all over. They were too tender hearted to kill me.

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AMONG THE ORCHARDS.
Fruits in the Willamette Valley—Small Crops the Rule.

During the past week R. D. Allen, of Silverton, and T. J. Beatty, have made a tour of the valley looking up the fruit interest in general. First they visited the large peach orchards of La Follet, Colliard and Jones. The first named gentleman has a very fair crop on his bearing peach trees, and the finest crop of cherries they have seen. Out of 4000 trees planted the past season by these three not two per cent. are worth saving, and all will be plowed out for replanting. Mr. La Follet claims that he is at a loss of at least one thousand dollars by having followed the advice of Wilson, the California horticultural writer. Several others were found on their tour who made like complaints in regard to his advice on peaches. These gentlemen do not know what caused the death of their young trees, as the leaves curl on some and others have died from other causes. No frosts were reported in the neighborhood, and the fault could hardly be attributed to faulty work in the nursery, as the trees came from various propagators. Only one young peach orchard was found that looked thrifty, and that was on the Santiam, about five miles south of Seilo. As to prunes, these gentlemen found the outlook rather slim. The Ira Burley petite orchard was loaded and part of the Shepard orchard near Zena, although the latter has about 2500 trees that ought to be in good bearing, but while the trees look healthy they have no fruit. Among all prune orchards the petite trees are about the only ones that are bearing. The only trees that are dying are an occasional Italian, perhaps 10 per cent., nearly all of which are above four years old. The Italian orchard of Mr. Stone, about 12 miles south of Albany, has 25 per cent. of dying trees, all five years old. The cause in this case is attributed to white land and too much water, besides deep plowing near trees late in the season. No cause can be attributed for the mortality among other orchards, cultivated trees doing but little better than others.

Apples will be a scarce article this year, and little spraying is being done, although as a consequence not much pest was discovered. Very little woolly or green aphid and no scale of any kind was discovered. A few cherry or pear bugs were found, but not enough to do much injury. Mr. Beatty thinks more trees of all kinds will be planted next year than ever before, and says that most nurserymen have large orders ahead. This is especially true in Benton and Linn counties. He thinks 1000 acres will be planted in the vicinity of Corvallis, and that 30 per cent. of them will be Italian prunes.

One very significant fact was found in the successful work of reclaiming an old "worn out" orchard on the agricultural college grounds. These old trees have been brought into the finest bearing condition.

In the orchard of Joseph Wasson, at Lebanon, 520 prune, peach and apple trees, mostly prunes, were destroyed by using kerosene for borers, on the instructions of Ethan W. Allen in Bulletin No. 7, issued by the state board of horticulture.

While Mr. Beatty deprecates the condition of the trees and fruit crop this season he does not consider that it will retard the fruit industry a particle in the future. He says that even the men who are the heaviest losers have their old faith in fruit and propose to replant and continue in the business.

Work was commenced yesterday on the harvest at the Coffey place 6 miles south of Salem.

Sund., poultry full supply at Davison & Whites' 94 Court St.

A line of eoru lines in Guipure d'Ireland at the Palace.

Straw hats at bargains to close, Osburn's Racket Store. All kinds and sizes.

Canvass shoes of all sizes and styles going at big reductions. E. F. Osburn's Racket Store.

An elegant line of ladies' oxford at \$1.50 at the Palace.

A few lawn chairs at your own price. Keller & Marsh.

BIDS WANTED.—On its 5 & 6 Block 24 North Salem and the buildings thereon. This property must be sold. Any reasonable bid entertained. \$600 can remain on mortgage payable in installments if desired. Spaulding & Rogers, Bush-Breyman Block 724

ARE YOU GOING?—If you are going to the coast or mountains this season, remember Clark & Eppley are best prepared to fill your orders for all provisions.

You should hear Rev. F. H.

DR. PRICE'S
Cream Baking
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Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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Summer Weight Underwear.

Nice and soft and cool, just the thing for the hot days.

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Women.

The common afflictions of women are sick-headaches, indigestion and nervous troubles. They arise largely from stomach disorders. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation, you can see why it is more effective than any other Sarsaparilla in those troubles. It is daily relieving hundreds. The action is mild, direct and effective. We have scores of letters from grateful women.

We refer to a few:
Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Barron, 142 7th St., S. F.
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Stomach debility, Mrs. R. L. Wheaton, 704 Post St., S. F.
Sick headaches, Mrs. M. B. Price, 14 Prospect Place, S. F.
Sick headaches, Mrs. M. Fowler, 327 Ellis St., S. F.
Indigestion, Mrs. C. D. Stuart, 1221 Mission St., S. F.
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Joy's Sarsaparilla

Most potent, most effective, largest bottle. Same water, \$1.50 or 6 for \$5.00.
For sale by Dan J. Fry, 235 Commercial street.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

There will be no evening service at Unitarian church tomorrow.

Call Again—Davison & Whites.

Prof. Condon and family who have been visiting at the home of Judge R. S. Bean, left today for Eugene.

Sturgeon—Davison & Whites.

H. A. Thomas, the real estate man went to Newport today.

Wm. Moore left on the 11:17 train for Seilo.

Mrs. Flewry of Portland, who has been the guest of Mrs. Chas. Kelley went to Jefferson on a visit today.