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THE HUSBANDMAN.

BY FRANCIS P. SWEET.

Within the sunny fall ground
I sow the yellow corn,
And many a hill the seed hath found,
Ere sounds the dinner-horn.

Out in the meadow's dewy calm
I sowing the ringer's eye;
The corn-crake knows full well the steel
That spares her brood alive.

The passive steers against the yokes
Bend their stout necks in vain;
And clumsy wheels, with muddy spokes,
Bear up the leader's train.

Swung by my hands, the heavy fall
Falls on the unshocked grain;
And through the barn the gentle gale
Beats off the chaff like rain.

Aslant they gaze, the bridle cows,
And cheer their cuds in peace;
The hands that guide the stubborn plows
The fragrant streams release.

The setting sun the hill-top lights,
But shadows the plain;
And homeward come the birds in flights
And fowls, their roosts to gain.

She spreads the evening board with white,
My quiet wife for me;
And sets the children all in sight,
Their father's face to see.

The night comes on, and darkness hides
The children's faces small;
To me they are my earthly guides,
To them I'm all in all.

The house is still—the crickets chirp,
And frogs sing in the reeds;
But underneath the trees, so dark,
I've sown immortal seeds.

THE LOST COLOR.

The Banefield estate lies to the left of the old London coach road, a mile and a half out of Shirlington. Some few years ago public attention was directed to this property as being the subject of an innumerable lawsuit between the mortgagor, the creditor, the bankrupt proprietor, and certain next of kin, who disputed the validity of an old deed cutting off the entail. Day by day the papers contained some desultory paragraph headed "Mesturn and Others vs. Deverill, et al. vs. Matcham and Toller," when all at once the Banefield estate started into high notoriety as the scene of a terrible tragedy.

The facts, it may be remembered, were briefly these: William Pross (I purposefully alter the names) was charged with the murder of Guy Mesturn, the principal mortgagee of the estate. The body had been found stricken down among the reeds and grasses of the great Banefield lake, by its side a knife, identical with that belonging to Pross, who was himself taken red-handed, fleeing from the scene of the crime. The principal witness against Pross was a hard-featured girl named Anne Preston, with whom it was understood the prisoner had formerly maintained relations, and who gave her evidence with some bitterness. She stated Pross to be of an ungenerously jealous disposition, that he had repeatedly accused her of meeting Mesturn, and he had threatened Mesturn's life in her presence, and in that of other persons; that going home on the evening in question, she took her way across the Banefield estate, as her custom was, it being the nearest way. She had no intention of meeting Mesturn; had never met him, nor, indeed, had there ever been anything between them except the relation of master and servant. She knew that during the lawsuit Mr. Mesturn was in the habit of walking over from his farm to inspect the property. Would she swear she had no appointment to meet him on that evening? Mr. Mesturn was a hard man, and a bad master. He was not liked by his servants, and she shared in the general dislike. On that evening, on the 25th of March, she had passed along the path by the lake. It was a lonely path, sheltered by dense trees and woven brushwood, and it bent about in so many turnings that it was impossible to see people at a small distance before or behind—they would be obscured by the trees. She heard a cry of "Murder" and a breaking among the brushwood, apparently some distance behind her. This was at seven o'clock. She knew that, by hearing the bell of St. John's church strike seven within a minute before. She immediately ran in the direction of the voice. It was some time before she could ascertain the precise spot—sound being deceptive among close trees, and she having heard the cry repeated but once. It might have been ten minutes from first hearing the cry to the time she came upon Mr. Mesturn's dead body. William Pross was fallen down beside it, apparently fainting. When she saw her, she said, "Anne Preston, this is your work." She felt frightened for the minute, thinking that if he chose to swear away her life, it might be difficult to prove her own innocence. She said, "William Pross, you are a coward as well as a murderer, to want to charge your crime on me." Being terrified for her own safety she then ran along the path, out into the open park and through the estate, and hastened into Shirlington, where she gave information to the police. William Pross was apprehended the same evening. When charged with the crime he denied it, but did not attempt to inculpate any one else.

He was remarkably self-possessed during the trial. The defense set up by his counsel was, first, an alibi. It was proved by several witnesses that Pross had left the Maybush Inn at ten minutes to seven, and it was more than a distance a man could run in a quarter of an hour to the place where the crime was committed. The clock at the Maybush Inn was not, however, proved reliable. Secondly, it was urged that the crime had been committed by the witness Anne Preston, who, it was urged, disliked Mr. Mesturn, and might not unreasonably be supposed to have certain good reasons for the deed which the counsel for the defense fully hypothesized, and he suggested how readily she might have used Pross's knife for the purpose. Hubert Deverill, artist, son of the late owner of Banefield, gave the

prisoner a good character, and testified, with some emotion, to his having formerly been in the service of his family. Mr. Edgar Deverill, the late owner of Banefield, gave similar testimony.

The Judge summed up against the prisoner, recapitulating the threats that many witnesses had testified to have heard him utter against the deceased; his obvious motive—jealousy, with or without just reason; and the insufficiency of the defense. The verdict, "Guilty," was returned with scarcely any hesitation. Before pronouncing sentence, the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say.

"I have this to say, my lord," said William Pross. "The defense set up by my counsel was contrary to my request, and untrue. My counsel told me the truth would hang me, but I wish it stated. All the witness Anne Preston has stated is strictly true; but I did not reach the lake until a quarter after seven by the clock. She found me by the body. I went there, I admit, to murder Mr. Mesturn; but I found it done. The murdered man was crouched under a tree by the water. I thought him hiding away to meet Anne, but when I came up to him he did not stir. He had known as well as I what cause I had against him, and I did not mean to see him down asleep. I pushed him to wake him, that I might charge him with it, but as I did so, the body slid down from where it was, to my horror, and lay with his head in the water; and I saw the blood, and knew what had been done. I was stunned at the discovery, and dropped the knife I held in my hand. Anne Preston found me by the body. I swear this is the truth. My lord, I have no more to say."

The Judge enlarged on the enormity of the offense, and in the course of his address made this remark: "It has been my lot, prisoner at the bar, amid continual opportunities for the study of criminal cases, to notice that justice would rarely be asserted but for some accidental blunder on the criminal's own part, which, it seems, he is invariably bound to make. Now, had you previously made Anne Preston your wife, as it was your duty to have done, you would have shut the mouth of the only important witness against you, and justice would have been thus defeated."

"I submit," said the prisoner, collectedly, "I submit you are travelling out of the record."

"I sit corrected," returned the Judge, with bitter irony, having assumed the black cap; "and therefore it only remains for me to pass on you the customary sentence—that you be removed to the place whence you came, and taken there by the way of execution, there to be hung by the neck as a bad man, dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner had the best of the argument, but the Judge had the advantage of the situation. William Pross was executed three weeks afterward, protesting his innocence. Probably, with the exception of one person, no one in the country believed him. The exception alluded to does not refer to myself. Like other people, I became wise long after the event.

I had known Mr. Deverill, of Banefield, and his son Hubert, for some years before the above occurrence, epitomized by the newspapers, took place. He was one of my earliest patrons, and, as artist myself, I had studied with, and to some extent instructed, Hubert Deverill in early days, until he far outreached my powers of further teaching. His works became noted, and it was the general opinion that he was a painter of great promise. He had a singular manner, remarkable for brilliant suits at the two Equinoxes. Hubert was fond of painting these. I do not mean to imply he preferred extravagant effects; but it is desirable to bear in mind that if he saw crimson and purple and gold, as it were in a blaze of fire, he would paint them so literally that you would think these pictures all wrong, until you had let them dazzle you at least into the conviction how right they were.

His father, Mr. Edgar Deverill, in the days of his prosperity, had been a generous, open-hearted man, always ready to assist those in difficulty or distress, even to a lavishness that was stigmatized by his neighbors as uncalculated and indiscriminate. He dated his ruin to supporting certain promising schemes that all the world called first-rate investments, until their crushing failure made folks immediately condemn them as the rashness of speculation. His tenant, Mr. Mesturn, (visible means of support, the fact being that Mr. Deverill, but actually an amateur money-jobber and bill-discounter of no mean proficiency), had, strongly enough, amassed wealth from the very same rash speculations. It was almost entirely by his advice that Mr. Deverill had made his investments; but whether he sold out too soon or held on too long, he contrived to lose ruinously, whilst his tenant turned money at a tremendous rate of profit.

I do not say, for I do not know, and the inquiry is not worth the making (strict rectitude, in the eyes of the blind goddess of the scales, is so different to what seems such to people with open eyes)—I do not say that Mr. Mesturn took any illegal advantage of Mr. Deverill. But it is a fact that nearly all Mr. Deverill lost found its way into Mr. Mesturn's pocket. Bit by bit, Mr. Deverill mortgaged the farm to his tenant, then sold the right of redemption, then mortgaged the estate to pay fresh losses, became a defaulter, the mortgage foreclosed, and, but for difficulties arising from other sources, would have taken immediate possession. The late owner of Banefield estate, formerly open and generous-minded, became sordid and distrustful of every one, scornful to seek assistance from those to whom he had

afforded it unsought, who yet passed him by on the other side, or, worse, rewarded his former warm-heartedness with chilling politeness and affected courtesy.

With Hubert Deverill it was different. He openly resented covert affronts offered to his father, and boldly snuffed those who would have been willing enough to receive the young artist, almost sure of fame, while their best suit of ice was reserved for his father. Hubert grew in pride as he decreased in fortune, and people he would readily enough have met when heir to the Banefield estate, he now made no scruple of turning up his nose at—as the vernacular has it.

Folks said this was a bad sign in a young man who had still his fortune to carve and his way to make. It was. But Hubert had nearly made his way. He saw to the end of it; and, meantime, he could not endure the artificial money value with which society must be pleased to stamp its value on a public opportunity of exhibiting unsexedly his dislike, as I told him, extremely foolish. He admitted it was so. He was very white, and breathing fast, but he did not recur to the subject.

I was not in Shirlington at the time of the murder, nor did I trial there until a month after the trial. I heard from friends that Hubert was much altered; that his overbearing humor had altogether left him; that he had become quiet and retiring, and, when brought into contact with some of those persons he had previously made no secret of despising, that his bearing was respectful even to obsequiousness. He had felt very severely, they said, working out of his own ill-will on Mr. Mesturn by another person, and it had made him gentle.

Banefield Park had for some time past degenerated into a copse-like wilderness of matted underwood and tall grass, and nettles and wild-flowers—more picturesque to an artist than the most neatly clipped shrubs and shorn hedges could be. For habitable purposes, however, the house had dilapidated into a ruin, and the estate into a tangle nearly as involved as the Chancery case representing it. The public used the park as a thoroughfare, and anticipated that their descendants might turn it into villas in some future generation, when the lawyers had done with it.

One still evening in early summer, I took a quiet stroll through that part of the park formerly known as "the Wilderness"—a title now quite applicable to the whole—a scene of strange beauty, in which cultivation mingled with wildness and rank growth in rich disorder. Here, a great heavy chestnut tree, over-spreading some shade; Birsens-like, its hundred hands poisoning each in its leafy, five-fingered palm a cone of mealy bloom, balancing it truly in the soft, swaying evening breeze. There, lithe silver willows, sweeping the glistening, oily lake; and laburnums, Canae-like, arrayed in showers of gold, beneath which the buttercups looked like drops from the golden fountain. Gay wildflowers, flaunting from out great masses of duck and thistles, overrun with briars and interwoven with feathery fern, crowded every break in the trees. The setting sun, burning through the tangle, stained the lake with a broken pillar of red, that waved and glittered, and swallowed up the tree-pictures the sluggish water mirrored fitfully anon.

Enjoying the beauty of the spot, I started up, as hearing myself called, and, looking up, saw Hubert Deverill painting in a covert. He beckoned me to come to him.

"Hubert," I said, "why do you come to this fatal place?"

"I was drawn here," he returned. "I don't know—it is my old home. I wanted to paint it. Will that do? Look; he continued; "I think I have fixed that sun-color on the water."

I looked at his sketch, and back again at him, to see if he were serious. He appeared to be so. I could not understand him.

"Why, Hubert," I said, "it is flaming red."

"Yes," he returned, shortly—"burning red."

"But, my good fellow, you have not painted it so. Your painting is as cold and as gray as an iceberg. You are having a joke at my expense. The drawing is right enough, but it is all cold grays and green and purple. Where is your red?"

"Great heavens!" he cried, "don't you see it is blood-red?" And he threw the picture into the lake, gathered up his painting materials, and, putting his arm through mine, walked home without saying another word. I thought Mr. Mesturn's death and the associations of the spot must have overcome him for the moment, especially remembering his ill-will to the deceased, as being to his mind the willful cause of his father's ruin.

If Hubert had previously discounted his anticipated success as a painter, the bill was dishonored before it came to maturity. From that time no one could look without pain at the most labored and carefully wrought efforts of his brush. They were all so cold—cold as snow, without a particle of red to warm

them. Strangely enough, he never could see this. He insisted his latest pictures were glowing with warmth—nay, fiery with heat. It was vain to attempt to reason with him. He retorted bitterly that the faculty of estimating tone in color must be gone from the world, that all persons were color-blind save himself. Even when I have placed one of my sunsets in cold gray side by side with another picture wherein the reds were faithfully given, he has been unable to detect his mistake. At such times he would steadily insist that his picture "killed" the other one with its brilliancy. His expectations of being able to retrace his father in the post-disappointment, at length, he almost relinquished color, for he could please no one; he could sell nothing he painted. He had lost the use of red. He obtained employment of a sufficiently remunerative kind in drawing wood-blocks for engraving to support his father and himself in something like comfort, but the divine gift of color had departed from him.

One night, I coaxed him to paint a crimson robe to a figure I had drawn in water-color, thinking I might lead him to the gradual recovery of the lost color. He set himself resolutely to work with my color-box; but when he had finished, the drapery was of a greenish-gray. He insisted, for all that, that it was a fiery red, although the tone represented nearly the complementary of crimson. When he saw I was still dissatisfied, he laid down the brush, half-angry, half-terrible. Then, with a strange, wild look, Hubert whispered in my ear. "It is his doing! He comes and steals all the red out of my pictures as I paint, and pours the blood into my eyes instead!" and he left me.

Next morning, something had happened so sudden and terrible that it came like a crash into my life. Hubert was dead—had died in the night by his own hand. A tiny stream of blood, that had crept a sluggish, tortuous course from his bedroom door and collected in a tasseled blot on the stairs, had told the fate of him within. They broke open the door. The sight I cannot bring myself to describe! It is not right to describe these scenes, with which newspaper pens make us all too familiar. He was lying on the floor; beside him a picture—the hand that had painted it cold and dead!

It was but a sketch, but vivid to ghastliness—the most awful picture I ever beheld! It was Hubert Deverill's confession of the murder of Mr. Mesturn—the murderer and his work painted by himself, and signed in large letters, "Hubert Deverill, Esq." The color had come back to him at the last, for this terrible sketch was all in red—blood-red as he had seen it. It was found with its face to the floor, dabbled with other red than his brush had laid upon it.

The New York Horse Market. On the block adjoining the Third Avenue Railroad Depot is located the horse-market, where the masses congregate to buy and sell, and to see the various makes-up and gait. The quadrupeds paraded range in price from twelve shillings to the reputable figure of seventy or eighty dollars; but when such a sum is demanded, the animal must be guaranteed to pull at least a ton on week-days and show a forty gait on Sunday.

Each seller, as he enters the gate, marches direct to where the proprietor stands, and deposits in his outstretched palm a ten-cent stamp for each and every animal he has then and there on sale. A large portion of these sellers are of the class usually termed professional dealers who flock to this market to dispose of uncertain stock which they become possessed of in trades with railroad companies and other horse-killing agencies—animals which require an extra dose of ginger to induce them to stand up long enough to show what they had been in former days. Now and then a chance one is culled from the list which by proper care can be made nearly useful but valuable.

It is an unspeakable treat to listen as the praises of a horse are intoned. The charm would vanish if attempted by an untutored bungler in the art. The tone, the look, the shrug, the half-conscious smoothing of the coat, cannot be described. The charm which sells the kicker, the cribber, hides the splint or curb, and turns defects into beauties, can only be felt by direct contact with these much-abused but really gifted members of society. The professional dealer's love for the horse seems so deep-seated that to part with one, even at his own price, appears to wring the fibres of his tender heart. The feeling is so general among the craft that it must be real, and doubtless is communicated in some special manner from the horse to the professional dealer who holds the halter. Men devoid of sentiment rail at these exemplary traders, call them horse-thieves and other infamous names. These should visit the gentlemen at their stalls or on change; and, if they have not become too greatly prejudiced, they will soon be melted by the sincerity, suavity and honesty which characterize the men who spend their days and nights in close communion with the horse they love so well.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

An Eventful Career.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRUIT MERCHANT IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

The Detroit Post tells this singular story: Nearly thirty years ago (1843) a young Englishman arrived in this country, after working as a laborer in New York for a few weeks, opened a small fruit store near the Battery, and doing a good business, and being of an economical turn of mind, he had amassed a small fortune at the breaking out of the California fever in 1849. In the same building and immediately above his store was a young Frenchman, who sought to keep body and soul together by transferring the countenances of Gothamites to canvas, but at times his best efforts gave promise of nothing but failure. One morning the artist stopped at the fruit stand and breakfasted upon a few pennis' worth of apples. This was repeating every morning for two weeks, and the fruit merchant became satisfied from his sunken cheeks and wildly brilliant eyes that this morning meal was the only one of the day, and that Monsieur was nearly famished. The next day he proffered assistance to the painter, and it was accepted. An acquaintance sprang up that soon became friendship. The fruit dealer managed to obtain work for his artist friend, but there were times when some of the profits of the fruit stand were required to provide food for the painter.

In 1849 the merchant was induced by the golden promises that exerted a powerful influence throughout the country to sail for the land of gold. His little wealth was nearly all invested in real estate in New York, and placing this in the hands of an agent for management during his absence, he transferred the lease of his fruit stand to the artist, with the advice to throw his easel out of the back window and give his mind to a business which, though humble, had proved remunerative, and sailed, with his luggage and other effects, in a sailing vessel via Cape Horn for California.

The wealth that came to others in a golden shower flitted from before his grasp, a fever laid him for weeks before the very jaws of death, and when at last he had recovered his health sufficiently to work he was penniless. For two years he wandered about in fruit regions, working as a laborer until he had earned a sufficient amount, when he would start out prospecting for gold on his own hook, invariably to be disappointed. These trips through the mountainous regions of the State had caused him to believe that in the bed of the rivers at the foot of the mountains was the great wealth that had been accumulating for ages. A few small creeks had been turned from their channels and their beds were found to be rich in the precious dust. How much more valuable must be the accumulated dust in the larger streams?

Firm in the belief that great wealth awaited the daring man who could command sufficient means to turn from its channel a river, he labored in a mine until he had earned sufficient for his passage money to New York, when he returned to that city, disposed of his property for a sum that to most men would be wealth indeed, but to him was but the key that was to open a mine of gold. Before sailing, however, he visited the scene of his early struggles with poverty, but a block of stone covered the site, and when at last he succeeded in tracing his former friend, he found him in a miserable little room at the top of a business block, painting and starving as usual. The Californian at once engaged a room better suited to the requirements of an artist, furnished it neatly, and, paying a year's rent in advance, departed with the oft-repeated blessings of Monsieur.

Every one knows how bitterly disappointed were those who sought wealth in California by turning large streams from their beds, and the large companies, representing a capital stock of hundreds of thousands of dollars, who lost their last dollar in such enterprises, and such was the fate of the painter. He was a merchant. Stripped of his last dollar, he became an adventurer. Every fresh discovery of gold would see him among the thousands who had flocked thither. At last he joined a party who had decided to return to the States by the then perilous overland route. At last, when they had almost reached the civilized portions of Missouri, they were attacked by a powerful band of Indians, most of them were killed, but a few, including himself, were taken prisoners.

Thirteen months among the Osages, during which time he enjoyed himself even less than in draining barren California streams, and he then managed to escape, finding his way to New Orleans, as he expresses it, "without a cent of money in my pockets, and not a pocket in my clothes that would hold money." The first employment he obtained here was as a laborer on the docks, but his extensive acquaintance with the extreme West soon gained him a situation in a firm engaged in the West and South-western supply trade. The store was located in a block of four-story buildings, and one day he saw a familiar figure passing up the stairway leading to the upper stories, and following after, discovered his old friend the painter located in a little sky-lighted room, where he was earning as precarious an existence as of old, by coloring photographs. Their friendship was renewed, but the breaking out of the rebellion offered a field for adventure, and the whilom fruit merchant soon drifted into the ranks of a Louisiana regiment, and, until the end of the war, he followed the fortunes of the Confederate army, peace finding him again without a dollar. Since that time he has again visited California with his usual success, being one of the hundreds who joined the Magdalena Bay colonization party, and nearly starved among that ill-starred band of victims to a few villainous speculators. A few weeks ago he reached this city, and has returned to his early love, opening a small fruit stand in a room on the ground-floor of a two-story wooden building, and he informed our reporter

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Having been disappointed in love a Cleveland girl very naturally threw herself into the lake, but was fished out.

The act providing an annuity of £15,000 per annum to Prince Arthur is to take effect from the 1st of May last.

The Rev. Mr. Celia Burleigh has accepted pastoral charge of the Unitarian Church at Brooklyn, Conn.

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, having put up her claim of \$125,000 against New Orleans at auction, it was knocked down at \$39,000.

Life insurance agents in Georgia solicited policies by advertisements printed on sugar-plums and sent to the farmers' children.

Bret Hart's hat reached the summit of earthly happiness at a hotel at Cohoes, N. Y., was recently opened under the name of the "Bret Hart's."

Napoleon, unwilling that his exile should completely deprive the poor of Paris of the gifts he was accustomed to make to them on the 15th of August, distributed a large amount of relief in the poorer districts of the city.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers now has 133 divisions or lodges in the United States and Canada. They will hold their eighth annual meeting in Toronto in October. The association has accumulated a fund of \$10,000.

The last mail brought very bad news from Banda, the island of spices. Bad weather, which lasted six weeks, has damaged the nutmeg trees enormously. The whole crop fell in an unripe state of the trees. The damage amounts to more than half a million of guilders.

During the present year our Government has received from the Royal Gardens at Kew, London, 1,200 distinct species of seeds and plants, being mainly flower-seeds, intended for experimental purposes at the Botanical Garden, where they have been planted and produced fine results.

An unhappy resident of Buffalo, who has been long tormented by an offensive odor about his premises, and against whom the health officers had actually commenced a suit for maintaining a nuisance, has just discovered that it is caused by a flow of natural gas in his cellar.

The Mont Conis tunnel has been successfully opened, and trains are now passing through it without delay. This tunnel, which was commenced by Cavour, and intended as a great national enterprise to connect Piedmont and Savoy, has risen to an international importance, and has more than once been the occasion for diplomatic spats.

The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association is to hold a series of mass-conventions in every county in the State. Thirty meetings are to be held in Berkshire county alone, and among the speakers announced are Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, Margaret Campbell, Adah C. Bowles, Henry B. Blackwell, and Mary Eastman.

Chicago has a "Sloag of Despond," otherwise known as Healey's Slough, which seems to be a sink of contagion and death. It is a sort of dead lake, in the midst of the city, and is covered with a deposit of two feet of animal matter. The authorities have just ordered the place to be dredged, by way of averting further serious consequences to the public health.

Mrs. Van Hannon revived in Montana, the other day, the memories of our Revolutionary days. Left alone in her cabin, she was startled by the approach of a British dragoon, and had barely time to bolt the door when the Indians flung themselves against it. Sending her children into the cellar, the heroic young woman seized a revolver and gun, and confronted the Indians at the open window. The redskins were finally driven off, after firing the barn.

By an enactment of the last session of the Vermont Legislature only graduates of normal schools are to be permitted to serve as teachers in the public schools of the State. As there are something over 2,000 teachers in the State, with no more than one-fourth that number of available graduates, and the "normals" are of only about 100 school ma'am power annually, of whom at least twenty per cent. will get married and retire every year, the rural districts are necessarily trying to reconcile themselves to hitting up their literary shops until their law-makers come to their senses.

A Kentucky man who attempted to cross a high railroad bridge at Harpersville, in that State, a few days since, stumbled and fell between the ties, but fortunately managed to grasp a tie with his hands, and there hung dangling, with one hundred feet of sheer fall beneath him. He was utterly unable to regain the top of the bridge, and he hung on with a death grasp until his cries brought assistance. Lifted from his perilous position, he was led off the bridge, apparently overcome by the danger through which he had passed. Then he got up, as he said, to go home, walked a few steps, and fell to the ground dead. Physicians, who have carefully examined his body, say that there was no bruise or wound sufficient to disable him, much less cause death, and are of opinion that his death was caused by fright.

A curious illustration of the probable loss of bonds to which no clue can be obtained, when not registered, is afforded in the recent count of the old Rutland and Burlington first mortgage bonds. It is more than four years since holders of them were advertised for, and it is eighteen months since the controversy, which vexed the Vermont courts for so many years, as to the status of these bonds, was decided and their settlement provided for. Out of \$1,800,000, the whole issue of these bonds, \$1,756,000 have passed into the control of the Rutland Railroad for settlement and conversion into preferred stock. Of the \$43,000 still left out, the owners of but \$6,000 have been heard of, and it is not unlikely that the greater part of the rest have been lost or mislaid, or perhaps destroyed as worthless.

Present Excitements in Chicago.

A correspondent of the Chicago Times writes from Salt Lake City:

This place is bristling with speculators and Gentiles who have been deluged with the discovery of the richness of the silver mines in this vicinity. East, south, and southwest of here, the mountains are pregnant with argentiferous deposits, and the city is overwhelmed by a rush of silver hunters. Sitting around in front of the Townshend House are one hundred pairs of legs pointing skyward, ending in the one direction with one hundred pairs of feet braced against boxes and shade trees, and in the other direction, with fifty bodies whose owners were all talking of lodes, dumps, prospects, shares, bullion, Emma, Blackhawk, Jim Smith (of Chicago), Queen of the West, and a thousand other things too numerous to particularize. Over at the Salt Lake, one hundred legs, one hundred feet, and fifty bodies are going through the same process. Over in a saloon, on Main street, is Captain Jim Smith (of Chicago), taking his twenty-fourth drink—it is now eleven A. M.—and talking with some of his associates, who have just taken his receipt of shares, lodes, dumps, bullion, and the rest of it.

In front of every whiskey shop, inside of every whiskey shop, at the post office corner, in all the assay offices, and out of all the assay offices are knots composed of three or four men who are bearded and swart, and whose conversation is all about lodes, dumps, bullion, Emma, Blackhawk, Jim Smith (of Chicago), and kindred subjects. There are great bars of bullion piled up at the street corners, and smaller bars of pure silver on exhibition in the shop windows. In every man's fingers there is a specimen of argentiferous mineral, in his eyes a blaze of excitement, and in his breath the fumes of Genesee whiskey.

An Anecdote of Everett. In his speech at the Amherst semi-annual commencement Professor Park said: "I have recalled this afternoon a scene which occurred thirty-six years ago, on the day preceding commencement. Edward Everett then delivered the oration. In the midst of the oration he uttered one sentence which called forth bursts of applause. 'I will read that sentence: 'Before the glimmering student of nature has realized all the wonders of the world, let him sit down and know the universe in which he lives, by examining the races of animals disporting themselves in their representative ocean—a drop of water.'

"After that sentence, it appeared as if all Amherst College would not cease to clap their hands and stamp their feet, and yet you seem to be unmoved by the recital. The reason is found in the studied artlessness of Edward Everett. "While he was on the point of speaking the words, a 'drop of water,' he turned carelessly and saw a glass of water on the table. He put his finger in the glass, and a drop of water was suspended therefrom. I have it on the best authority that six or seven weeks before that oration was delivered, Everett wrote a letter to a friend in Boston, asking him whether so bold a gesture would be proper."

Another step toward Teutonizing Alsace has been taken by Prussia, in an order regulating the use of French in the public schools of Strasbourg and other towns. The order directs that public schools may retain the use of the French language temporarily in the upper classes, but German only will be permitted to be used for the lower forms.