

WHAT THEN?

An old man, crowned with honors nobly earned. Once asked a youth what end in life he sought. The hopeful boy said: "I would first be learned."

"I will be famous," said the hopeful boy; "Clients will pour upon me fees and briefs. I will be a lawyer, learned and eloquent."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

"And then I will be rich, and in old age I will withdraw from all this legal strife; Known to retirement as an honored sage, I'll pass the evening of an honored life."

and served under Gen. Price and the outlaw Quantrell. He was originally of fine education, plausible manners and good family; but strong drinks seemed early in life to have overmastered him, and left him but a wreck of himself.

Herewith I enclose copies of the testimony of the witnesses examined before the coroner's jury, together with the statement of Gillson, taken in articulo mortis.

DEPOSITION OF DOLLIE ADAMS. State of California, County of Placer, ss: Said witness being duly sworn deposed as follows:

My name is Dollie Adams; my age is 47 years; I am the wife of Frank G. Adams, of this township, and reside on the North Fork of the American river, below Cape Horn, on Thompson's Flat, about 1 o'clock, p. m., May 14th, I left the cabin to gather wood to cook dinner for my husband and the child at work for him on the claim;

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

I found the patient weak and suffering from loss of blood, and rest, and want of nourishment; occasionally sane, but for the most part slightly and in a comatose condition. The wound was an ordinary gunshot wound, produced most probably by the ball of a navy revolver, fired at the distance of ten paces. It entered the back near the left clavicle, beneath the scapula, close to the vertebrae, between the intercostal spaces of the fifth and sixth ribs;

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

first to break the silence which to me had become oppressive. "Let us examine the vial, and see if the contents are safe."

"Our prize!" As he said this he laughed derisively, and cast a most scornful and threatening glance toward me.

"Yes," I rejoined firmly: "our prize!" "Gillson," retorted Graham, "you must regard me as a consummate simpleton or yourself a Goliath. This bottle is mine, and mine only. It is a great fortune for one, but of less value than a todolost for two. I am willing to divide fairly. This secret would be of no service to a coward. He would not dare to use it. Your share of the robbery shall be these MSS.; you can sell them to some poor devil of a printer, and pay yourself for your day's work."

With the sang froid of a perfect desperado he then stretched himself out in the shadow of a small tree, drank deeply from a whisky flagon which he produced, and pulling his hat over his eyes, was soon asleep and snoring. It was a long time before I could believe the evidence of my own senses.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

On the morning of Sunday, the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pushed from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker, since deceased.

A woman was arrested in the Rue de la Roquette, accused of arson, and led off to execution; her child a little girl of three or four, followed, clinging to her mother's petticoats. No sooner had the unfortunate woman been taken into a court—from a window looking on to which my informant saw what followed—than she was placed against a wall and shot. The child, which had been dragged away from its mother when the latter was led out to be shot, fled, screaming with fright, at the report of the muskets. An officer thereupon drew his revolver and shot the child through the back as it ran, killing it instantly. This seems almost incredible, but after what I have heard I do not doubt that it is true. A staff officer, who in ordinary times is one of the kindest-hearted men I have ever met, told me a day or two ago that some hours after the regular army had got possession of the Chateau de la Muette, a mysterious rapping was heard in a cupboard. Search was made, and two unfortunate National Guards were dragged forth. They had been locked up by Dombravski's orders for having got drunk on duty—a very common crime under the Commune. "And what did you do to them?" I asked. "Do to them?" was the answer; "why, shot them, of course."

A distressing case of drowning occurred at Reno on Tuesday about 11 o'clock a. m., that cast a gloom over the whole town. Mrs. Rex, a lady from Philadelphia, who had arrived the evening previous at the Reno House to spend the summer season, attempted to cross the river in a skiff in company with a young girl between 13 and 14, named Ulrich, on a visit to Reno. The former lost the paddle while in deep water, and in reaching to get it upset the boat and both were drowned. The alarm was given by some little girls, and assistance was soon at hand, but it did not save them from death. Mrs. R. was in the water only five or ten minutes, we are told, and the little girl was in forty-two minutes. The husband of the lady was expected on the train that night, with his two daughters, but before he arrived the dead body of his wife was on the return trip to the city where she had but recently left a happy home, with the prospect of a long life before her, and it may be that he and the children, full of joyful anticipations of pleasure in their mountain retreat, unconsciously passed upon the road the lifeless body of the wife and mother they were going to meet. The case is indeed a sad one.—Clinton Democrat.

A Doctor as is a Doctor—A self-sufficient humbug, who had taken up the business of a physician, and pretended to deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called upon to visit a young man attacked with apoplexy. Dr. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and at his wife, and finally gave vent to the following sublime opinion: "I think he's a gone fellow."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowing wife, "do not say that!" "Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes, I do say so; there ain't no hope, not the leastest mite—he's got an attack of mild fit in his nose frontis!" "Where?" cried the startled wife. "In his nose frontis, and can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pain. You see his whole paltry system is deranged; finally, his vox populi is a pressin' on his alvicolant; secondly, his cuticular cutaneous has swelled very considerably, if not most; thirdly, and lastly, his solar ribs are in a convulsed state, and he ain't got no money, and consequently he's bound to die."

The Ballston Journal, speaking of water-melon for desert at Congress Hall, says: "They serve up daily twenty-six cents' worth of stomach-ache; and the witty Daily Saratogian, which everybody reads here in the morning, says: "The melon colic days have come—the saddest of the year."

Witty Locals—The Commercial Advertiser's correspondent at Saratoga says, under the heading of "witty locals": "The Ballston Journal, speaking of water-melon for desert at Congress Hall, says: 'They serve up daily twenty-six cents' worth of stomach-ache; and the witty Daily Saratogian, which everybody reads here in the morning, says: 'The melon colic days have come—the saddest of the year.'"

A young lady at a Western temperance meeting said: "I'll then and sisters, cider is a necessity to me, and I must have it. It is decided that we are not to drink cider. I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I cannot live without the juice of the apple."

Out West they tell a story of a dog which was greatly interested in music. He attended singing school, and was subsequently found in a truck yard with a music book in front of him, beating time with his tail on an old tin pan, and howling "Old Hundred."

As these ladies are the grand-daughters of the celebrated Robert Morris of the Revolution, it will not be difficult to ascertain their actual residence. It will doubtless surprise them to get a legacy from a person they never knew and perhaps never heard of, therefore it seems but proper they should be informed that the bequest is made through compassion for their misfortunes, and in return for the kindness shown me by their father when I was a boy, and it may be as well that Miss Amelia Morris should be informed that it was I that sent her and her younger sister some money under the name of "her father's friend," a few years ago.

Physicians say that a fondness for Vichy water betrays a vicarious taste. A dandy on shore is disgusting to many, but a swell of the sea sickens everybody. Punch says the "music of the future" will be played, of course, by bands of hope. A boarder at a hotel wanted his bill reduced because he had two teeth extracted. Consistency—Asking a blessing before meat, and abusing the victuals through the entire meal. Through a criminal upon the scaffold finds how soon he is to die, what is he prone to request? Time to dilate. A New York paper describes how a paper mill recently "exploded" and "filled the air with rags for miles around."

Louisville, Ga., has a board of health. It consists of a shingle vigorously applied to youngsters whose morals are deceased. What is one man's loss is another man's gain, as a fellow said when he saw a man walking before him drop his pocket book. A druggist in New Hampshire threatens the local paper with a suit for putting an "i" in place of an "a" in his advertisement of grape pills. A bankrupt says it is aggravation when you are out on a plastron note to meet your most pressing creditor driving a pair of dun ponies. A Boston undertaker boasts that he has the best hearse in New England and "defies any body that ever rode in it to say to the contrary."

The new golden rule—if anybody should tell you of your faults, thank him for the interest he takes in you, and knock him down as politely as possible. We saw this practiced last week. A New Hampshire farmer describes the hay crop by saying that "the grass-hoppers have all got lame in trying to jump from one blade of grass to another." A Western woman has invented "apito-bridge photographs," in which the bashful bachelor's physiognomy is surrounded by the maids who would not be averse to become his bride. Here is something to occupy the attention of the children to-morrow. If three hungry cats catch three savage rats in three mortal minutes—how many cats will catch a hundred rats in a hundred minutes?

John Ditto is the name of a Buffalo city engineer. His wife's name is Ditto, and the children are all Ditto. When he signs his name under that of somebody else, it is said to create some confusion at times. What class of workman ought the French government to employ for the purpose of restoring the Column Vendôme to its original position? Compositors of course, for they are in the habit of setting up columns. A peddler speaking of the villainous whisky they keep in Colorado, says that after taking two drinks of it he stole his own goods and hid them in the woods, and for his life can't remember where he put them. Major Mallow, at long Branch, in deciding to try the beach love-making business, says: "I selected a maiden whom I found sitting by herself behind a sort of turtle-shell jewelry and in front of a bale of store hair, and gently led her to the shell-fish shore."

An old bachelor got married. Fifteen days after—mind you, fifteen days—he met a friend and said to him, "Why is my wife like a baker who is making a small gooseberry pie?" "I don't know," said the friend. "Well," said the disagreeable creature, "it is because she is growing a little tart."

It has often been remarked that children will ask questions which even the wisest are puzzled to answer. "Mamma," exclaimed Charley, "How big was I when you were a little girl?" An apothecary who was continually troubled with the inquiry for the time, was asked the other day, "Please, sir, tell me what time it is." "Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago," cried the astonished apothecary. "Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but this is another woman."

A young lady at a Western temperance meeting said: "I'll then and sisters, cider is a necessity to me, and I must have it. It is decided that we are not to drink cider. I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I cannot live without the juice of the apple."

Out West they tell a story of a dog which was greatly interested in music. He attended singing school, and was subsequently found in a truck yard with a music book in front of him, beating time with his tail on an old tin pan, and howling "Old Hundred."

As these ladies are the grand-daughters of the celebrated Robert Morris of the Revolution, it will not be difficult to ascertain their actual residence. It will doubtless surprise them to get a legacy from a person they never knew and perhaps never heard of, therefore it seems but proper they should be informed that the bequest is made through compassion for their misfortunes, and in return for the kindness shown me by their father when I was a boy, and it may be as well that Miss Amelia Morris should be informed that it was I that sent her and her younger sister some money under the name of "her father's friend," a few years ago.