

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."

SUMMERFIELD CASE AGAIN.

Finding of the Body—Conflict for the Fatal Vial—Death of one of the Parties—Coroner's Jury—Proclamation of the Governor.

Our Auburn correspondent furnishes us the following additional particulars, as a sequel to the Summerfield homicide:

"The remarkable confession of the late Leonidas Parker, which appeared in your issue of the 13th ultimo, has given rise to a series of disturbances in this neighborhood, which for romantic interest and downright depravity have seldom been surpassed, even in California."

The doubt with which the story was at first received in this community—and which found utterance in a burlesque article in an obscure country journal, the Stars and Stripes, of Auburn—has finally been dispelled, and we find ourselves forced to admit that we stand even now in the presence of the most alarming tale.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.—By virtue of the authority in me vested, I do hereby offer the above reward of ten thousand dollars, in gold coin of the United States, for the arrest of Bartholomew Graham, familiarly known as Black Bart.

By the Governor: Given at Sacramento this, the 5th day of June, 1871. H. G. NICHOLSON, Sec. of State.

Our correspondent continues: I am sorry to say that Sheriff Higgins has not been so active in the discharge of his duty as the urgency of the case required, but he is perhaps excusable on account of the criminal interference of the editor above alluded to.

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. But he was not incapable of generous, or rather romantic acts, for during the burning of the Putnam House in this town, last summer, he rescued two ladies from the flames.

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; grazing the pericardium it traversed the mediastinum, barely touching aëphagus, and vena azygos, but completely severing the thoracic duct, and lodging in the xiphoid portion of the sternum. Necessarily fatal; there was no reason, however, why the patient could not linger for a week or more; but it is no less certain that from the effect of the wound he ultimately died. I witnessed the execution of the paper shown to me—as the statement of the deceased—at his request; and at the time of signing the same was in his perfect senses. It was taken down in my presence by Jacobs the Assistant District Attorney of Placer county, and read over to the deceased before he affixed his signature. I was not present when he breathed his last, having been called away by my patients in the town of Auburn, but I reached his bedside shortly afterward. In my judgment, no amount of care or medical attention could have prolonged his life more than a few days.

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; the trees are mostly cut away from the bottom, and I had to climb some distance up the mountain side, before I could get enough to kindle the fire; I had gone about 500 yards from the cabin, and was searching for small sticks of fallen timber, when I thought I heard some one groan, as if in pain; I paused and listened; the groaning became more distinct, and I started at once for the place whence the sounds proceeded; about ten steps off I discovered the man whose remains lie there, (pointing to the deceased) sitting up with his back against a big rock; he looked so pale that I thought him already dead, but he continued to moan until I reached his side; hearing me approach, he opened his eyes and begged me, "For Christ's sake give him a drop of water!" I asked him "What was the matter?" He replied, "I am shot in the back." "Dangerously?" I demanded. "Fatally!" he faltered. Without waiting to question him further I returned to the cabin, told Zennie—my daughter—what I had seen, and sent her off on a run for the men. Taking with me a gourd of water, some milk and bread—for I thought the poor gentleman might be hungry and weak, as well as wounded—I hurried back to his side, where I remained until "father"—as we all call my husband—came with the men. We removed him as gently as we could to the cabin; then sent for Dr. Liebner, and nursed him until he died, yesterday, just at sunset.

DEPOSITION OF MISS V. V. ADAMS. Being first duly sworn, witness testified as follows: My name is Xenia Volantini Adams. I am the daughter of Frank G. Adams and the late witness, I reside with them on the Flat, and my age is eighteen years. A little past one o'clock on Sunday last, my mother came running into the house and informed me that a man was dying from a wound, on the hillside, and that I must go for father immediately. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me to where they "cleaning up," for they never cleaned up week days on the Flat, and told the news; we all came back together and proceeded to the spot where the wounded man lay weltering in his blood; he was cautiously removed to the cabin, where he lingered until yesterday sundown, when he died.

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A Horrible Incident.

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 thought 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 Dombrawski'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 comatose state, and he ain't got no money, and consequently he's bound to die."

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.'

I have just learned that Captain Ritchie, of the Saratogian, was the adjutant of one of our brave cavalry regiments during the war. He did it State some service. Then his execra- wit must be pardoned. Why we even forgive our friends, rebels though they were, down here, they had brains, when we remember they were brave Confederate soldiers, and did the State some service. A veteran soldier has earned it to be as stupid as he pleases, and make a bad joke whenever he is in the humor.

A nicely dressed young gentleman entered a barber shop in a somewhat retired portion of a Western city, a short time ago, for the purpose of getting shaved. The tonorial artist spit on the brush and proceeded to lather, when he was stopped by the horror-stricken customer, who inquired what he meant by spitting on his brush. "Why," said the barber, "ain't you a gentleman?" "Yes," replied the stranger. "Well," said the barber, "that's the way we treat gentlemen; if a rough comes in, we just merely spit on his face."

A countryman took his seat at a tavern table, opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other; "I should think there was ice in it!"

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

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 practical last week. A New Hampshire farmer describes the hay crop by saying that "the grasshoppers 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 Maldoon, 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 a row 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: "Brother 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."

ECCENTRIC BEQUEST.—The daughters of the late Henry Morris, of Philadelphia, have lately received a legacy of bonds and stock shares amounting to \$19,000 from a Mr. Horatio Ward, an American long resident in London. The will says: "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."

Mr. Ward also devised \$100,000 to the National Soldier's Home in State bonds. He also gives \$100,000 in railroad bonds to Southern Orphan Asylum in the United States.