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A NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT.

[New York Times, Oct. 30.]

An interesting exhibition of a new electric light was given by the Electro-Dynamic Light company yesterday afternoon, at the corner of Elm and Walker streets. The new light is the invention of W. E. Sawyer, of this city, and Albon Man, of Brooklyn. It is a very simple affair, consisting of a small pencil of Carbon a little larger than an ordinary pin, connected by wires with an electric machine and inclosed in a hermetically sealed glass globe, which is filled with pure nitrogen gas. The pencil of carbon is heated by the electric current to a temperature from 30,000 to 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit, in an atmosphere with which it cannot chemically combine. The carbon is practically indestructible, and the light is therefore produced without any consumption of material. In the experiments made yesterday, five lights were placed in different parts of the darkened room, and all connected by wires with a small Hochhausen electric-machine in an adjoining room. A simple key was placed in one of three ordinary keyholes in one of the walls and turned a little. Two of the burners attached to a hanging chandelier in the center of the room immediately glowed faintly, and, as the key was turned stil further around, the glow increased, until a brilliant and perfectly steady white light was obtained, equal to the light of twelve ordinary gas jets. The key was then turned in another of the keyholes, and another of the lamps was "lighted up." In the same way the fourth and fifth burners were ignited, and there resulted an exceedingly brilliant white light, yet so soft and steady that it did not pain the eyes. The lights were easily turned to any desired degree of brilliancy, from that of a mere spark to a light six times the intensity of the common gas jet—that being the maximum power of the lights in use yesterday. The company asserts its ability to easily fit up lights equal to thirty gas burners. By a very simple "switch" in the wall the current of electricity is divided and subdivided to supply any number of burners desired, the electricity reaching the switch through a single wire. The light is turned on or off, or regulated to any degree, merely by turning a key which operates the switch.

Messrs. Sawyer and Man have recently taken out a number of patents covering all the points of their new invention, which are now the property of a stock company, which has been formed to introduce the light to the public. The plan is similar to that proposed by Edison,—the establishing of central stations in various parts of the city, from which powerful electic generators will supply the necessary electricity. The company claims to be able to supply the electric light at one-fortieth the cost of ordinary gas. Whether this will prove true or not remains to be seen. The difficulty of a meter has been overcome by the invention of a meter which will record the number of burners used in any given house and the number of hours each burner is lighted. The measurement of the electricity used would involve so complicated and delicate instruments that the time plan has been adopted. Mr. Sawyer asserted yesterday that Mr. Edison was behind time with his much-trumpeted light, as the Electro-Dynamic company have their light nearly ready for the public, and every necessary point is covered by patents of recent date.

A CENTRAL AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE

A letter from Panama, Oct. 26, says: "At 6 o'clock in the evening of Oct. 2 a severe earthquake was experienced in the village of Jucuapa and neighboring towns in the department of Usulatan, in the southern portion of the republic of Salvador. Nearly all the houses in Sucuapa were destroyed and many families buried in the ruins, particularly in the outskirts of the town, where the means of escape were confined to narrow streets, and where the houses were not so solidly constructed as in the centre. Here the plaza furnished security to the distressed people who were trying to avoid the crumbling walls and falling roofs of their ruined dwellings. At last advices ten bodies had been recovered, and many more were supposed to be buried under the ruins, as some are missed by friends or relatives. The towns included in the disaster are Guadalupe, Nueva Guadalupe, Chinameca, Usulatan, the Caserio del Arenal, Santiago de Moria, which is entirely ruined and some lives lost, a condition in which are also found Tecapa, Triunfo, and San Buenaventure. In Nueva Guadalupe and Chinameca the ruin is complete, and the loss of life is also to be lamented. San Miguel fortunately escaped without injury.

The shock which produced the greatest damage was at first a kind of osciliatory movement which lasted over forty seconds, and terminated in what felt like a general upheaval of the earth, and was so violent that solid walls and arches and strongly-braced roofs were broken and served like pipe-stems. The movements proceeded from the southwest to the northeast, and are supposed to have been occasioned by an eruption of the volcano of Tecapa. The government has begun the work of creating houses for the unfortunates and will supply them with food until they are able to provide for themselves.

The district which has been devastated is one of the most thickly settled portions of the country. The people devote themselves to the cultivation of indigo, sugar-cane, and tobacco, are industrious and economical, and many of them were in very comfortable circumstances. The failure of the indigd crop on account of the locusts, and the destruction of their homes by this dread visitation, are double calamities which should awaken pity and active sympathy for them in the bosoms of their neighbors.

The *Idea* of Santa Ana, reports that apprehensions exist in the public mind that the volcane of Santa Ana is about to be in a state of eruption, from the effects of which serious consequences are feared.

Damnable Outrage.

St. Louis Special (Nov. 7) to Chicago Tribune.]

On Wednesday afternoon Lizzie and Mary Violan, the two daughters of a widowed mother, aged respectively 10 and 15 years were assailed and raped by a colored brute named Charles Smith, while on their way home from Forrest Park, in the suburbs of this city, where they had been gathering persimmons. The negro approached them under pretext of making inquiries as to the way to some particular locality, but finally drew a revolver and threatened to take their lives if either screamed or attempted to escape. By this means he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose on each of them. The negro then drew his revolver a second time and made both kneel, clasp their hands, and swear by the Creator that neither would reveal what had happened to them to a living soul, and that both would meet him this afternoon in a locality known as the old cemetery, where the trees and shrubbery are very thick, that he might indulge his fiendish passion. The place where the rape was committed is about half a mile from any habitation, and in a locality where the landscape is much broken and overgrown with trees and vines. The girls returned home, but breathed not a word to a soul, giving their parents no intimation of what had happened, through fear of certain death, until this afternoon, when the eldest girl was sent down town on an errand by her mother, and, meeting a police officer on the way, confided to him her story. It being then near the hour at which the girls were to meet the negro at the graveyard, the officer hurried thither, and concealing himself, awaited his arrival. Shortly afterward he perceived a colored man answering the description walking about the woods some distance off, and called to him to stop. At the sight of the officer the negro ran, but the officer was fleet, and followed close behind, firing three shots at him, the last of which entered the thigh, and the fugitive rolled over on the ground. The policeman then came up and took charge of him, making him walk to the station, as he was not seriously hurt. Subsequently it was thought advisable to send him to the hospital. He is now in that institution, and the chances of his recovery are very good. On being searched at the station the pockets of the prisoner were found to contain persimmons, which he had promised the girls, and also the pistol he had used in frightening them.

A CORNER IN GODS

[New York Sun, Nov. 2.]

For more than a week past the proprietors of the Old Curiosity shop, in Broadway, near Bleecker street, have been selling out by auction their heterogeneous stock of rubbish and rarities from all parts of the globe.

One of the most constant attendants at the sale is a portly, well-favored old gentleman, dressed in black, who comes early, chooses a seat near the auctioneer, and remains to the end of the day's proceedings, watching everything with a nervous and slightly quizzical expression.

The old gentleman is evidently not a habitual frequenter of auction rooms. For the first two or three days his manners, though hearty, were a little shy and self-conscious, and he shrank from the general attention which he drew upon himself by the singularity of his actions. After he had become better acquainted with the surroundings, he gained courage; spoke up louder when he made a bid, and on one or two occasions even ventured to bandy jokes with the nimble tongued-actioneer.

The gentleman in black is Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, of Peoria, Ill. His presence in this city is due to lecture engagements in this neighborhood, and has no connection with the sessions of the millenial conference.

Col. Bob Ingersoll attends the auction at the Old Curiosity shop with a well-defined purpose. He is not engaged in stocking a private museum, nor is he particularly interested in bric-a-brac or pottery. So long as the auctioneer vends Nankin china, or Aztec jugs, or Tunisian tobacco-pipes, or alleged Satsuma ware, Col. Ingersoll either settles back in his seat with an air of indifference, or patiently scans his catalogue. But s soon as a god is to be put up to be bid for his whole manner changes. He is alert and eager. He leans forward in his chair, his face slightly flushed with excitement, and caps bid with bid in rapid succession. Everything in the shape of a god. that is offered sale for Bob Ingersoll bids for, without regard to cost.

As there are several other regular attendants with a taste for deities, Col. Ingersoll's reckless bidding sometimes meets with lively competition. Napoleon Sarony, the photographer, is also buying gods, but he selects them on æsthetic principles and for artistic purposes. He bids for only symmetrical gods. Col. Ingersoll's appetite, on the other hand, is omniverous. The rudest Hindoo idol of baked red clay and the most handsomely carved Japanese deity, splendid in paint and gold leaf, seem to have equal value in his eyes. His theology is purely democratic, comprehensive and impartial. "A god's a god for a' that," he whispered, as a dingy, stupid-faced and thoroughly disreputable Hottentot idol was knocked down to him for 37½ cents.

Under the stimulus of Col. Ingersoll's wholesale purchases, Sarony's competition, and the eagerness of an occasional Wall street man who drops in on his way up town, hoping to buy a good short for the adornment of his mantelpiece, the market price of divinities has been greatly enhanced since the beginning of the sale. Styles that brought only seven shillings or a dollar on the first day now easily run up to $2.50 or $2.75 at five cent jumps. The shrewd auctioneer takes advantage of this unexpected vog and dwells eloquently upon the good points of the gods he offers, while Col. Ingersoll nods acquiesence in all that is said in their praise, and never relinquishes the battle until the prize is his.

"Here, now," said the auctioneer on Thursday afternoon as his assistant held up to the light a hideous, chocolate-colored Buddha from Thibet, about two feet high and apparently 200 years old. "Now here's something worth having. How much am I offered for the god?"

"Forty cents," ventured a bashful gentleman in the rear of the room.

"Forty cents!" repeated the auctioneer, with withering scorn. "Forty cents for a fine oriental deity like that! That god has been worshiped by hundreds of thousands of ingenious and devout heathen. Forty cents! Why, he's worth more than that to put in your hall-way to frighten off burglars."

"Forty-five," said the abashed gentleman, bidding against himself.

"Well, I'll take it for a starter," said the auctioneer, "though it's a shame to mention 45 cents in connection with such a god. See how he blushes himself! Forty-five, tee-five, tee-five, seven-half, sev-naf, sev-naf——."

"Fifty cents!" said the original bidder.

The auctioneer's face wore an injured and almost disgusted look. "It's very plain," said he, in a confidential but perfectly audible aside to Col. Ingersoll, "that these gentlemen don't understand the value of a really authentic god."

"I'll give 75 cents for the god," said Col. Ingersoll, firmly.

"Col. Ingersoll bids seventy-five," said the auctioneer. Now he knows he has a gem, is. Seventy-five, tee-five, tee-five. "Eighty," by half a dozen gentlemen in the back of the room. "Tee-eight, tee-eight, tee-eight——"

The chocolate-colored Buddha ran up to $1.50, and stopped there.

"Gone!" said the auctioneer, after a brief pause. "Gone to Ingersoll for $1.50."

The next exciting episode was over a very large Japanese idol of carved wood, in a sitting posture, with hands raised in the attitude of benediction. He had a red cloak trimmed with gold. He was carefully hoisted up into the glare of the gaslight, and auctioneer and audience gazed upon it in silent admiration for fully a minute.

"Look at him well, ladies and gentlemen," said the auctioneer, lowering his voice to the tone of reverence. "Observe all his points before you begin to bid. Now there's a rare treasure for some household. There's a god that the most fastidious purchaser needn't be ashamed of. In all my experience in this line of business it has never been my privilege to offer a finer article. What d'ye say, gentlemen? Speak up lively. Who's going to secure the god? How much for the god?

After a resolute and protracted struggle between Col. Ingersoll and the captain of the Hudson river steamboat Drew, the Japanese god in the red cloak trimmed with gold was knocked down to Ingersoll for $4.95.

A small copper idol, from Bombay, green with rust, went to Col. Ingersoll for three shillings. After examining it in every part with a peaceful expression on his face, he wrapped it up carefully in a newspaper and put it into his pocket. The little copper god evidently was a bargain.

A crackleware Chinese god of uncouth shape was sold to Col. Ingersall for $2. It was probably worth thrice that sum at private sale.

A gaudily decorated porcelain idol from Kioto went to Col. Ingersoll at $3.15. He also secured a lot of four smaller divinities of the same manufacture for $3.

Among his other purchases were a primitive Mexican idol from Yucatan, a huge wooden god with six arms, from upper India, several rudely carved deities from the Marquesas and Friendly islands, and a variety of African fetiches.

During three days of the sale, Col. Ingersoll bought between forty and fifty gods. The smaller specimens he carried away from the auction room in his pockets, leaving the bulky and unwieldly divinities to b delivered by express.

DISGRACEFUL DOINGS.

[New Albany, (Ind.) Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Letitia Broeck, living at Scottsville, in the extreme western portion of this county, came to the city to-day and made complaint, the complaint to be laid before the grand jury, that on Tuesday last Sam and Jack Ferrell, George and James Holloway, George Broeck, Alex. McFall, Charles Clark, Walter Wesley, Herman and Robert Scott and Henry Todd, did most brutally beat herself and Miss Maggie Wilson.

The facts of the case are that the two women are a bad set, and have scandalized the neighborhood in which they lived for years. Some two years ago Mrs. Broeck's husband committed suicide, and since then rumor has been busy in connecting her name with his death. About the same time Mrs. Wilson's husband died. Soon an illicit intimacy sprung up between Mrs. Wilson and one William Broeck, who was a married man, bnt no relative of the other woman in the case. They soon eloped, and intense indignation prevailed, threats being freely made that there would be a first-class lynching if either ever returned. A few weeks ago Mrs. Wilson returned, followed by her paramour. They took up their residence with the widow Broeck, and, although warned to leave the neighborhood, they refused to go. Meanwhile one Bud Davis, who had been about the place at the time of Broeck's death, had returned to the scene, after having served a term in the penitentiary for robbery. He renewed his visits to the house. Then there were more robberies and more indignation.

On the Tuesday night referred to the house was visited by about fifty masked men who demanded admission. This was refused and the door was battered down. The women were taken and bound to a post, after which their backs were laid bare from the armpits down, and they were most cruelly scourged with hickory withes. The cruel whips were laid on until the blood ran down their backs in streams. The women both fainted, and were then released. The men left after warning all the victims of the outrage to leave. Mrs. Wilson and paramour have left the country, but Mrs. Broeck, who is a woman chock full of pluck, says she will stay and fight it out, and intends to have revenge.

The Agonies of Disease.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Yesterday morning the people on Forest avenue were startled by the report that a most distressing accident had occurred on their street. The investigation of the affair proved that it was only too true. The particulars of the sad affairs are as follows: For some weeks past Mrs. J. P. Brown, the wife of a worthy gentleman, who is in business in Norcross, but whose family are here, has been suffering from an affection which appeared first as softening of the brain, but afterwards assumed the form of a more complicated disease. She was attended for more than a week past by Dr. Thomas Powell, and under his skillfull treatment she began rapidly to recover. Monday she was much better, and seemed to be in a way soon to be perfectly well. Dr. Powell had warned the family and the attendants of the suffering women that in some fit of mental aberration she might attempt to take her own life to find relief for her misery. Accordingly special precautions were taken and close watch was kept on the patient. All Monday night a sister watched faithfully by the side of the afflicted woman. She rested so easily and seemed so calm that it was supposed she was in full possession of her mental faculties. About day-break Mrs. Brown told her sister that she had better sleep a little, as she was weary of watching. And as the patient seemed very calm, the advice was obeyed. As soon as the faithful sister fell asleep the mania seemed to seize the poor woman with its irresistible force, and she rushed out of the house and went to the well with the purpose of leaping in to end her misery. According to the docter's advice it had been secured against such an occurrence, and a hole large enough only for the bucket was left. The frantic woman climbed on the well and plunged into it through this narrow aperture. She was not found until some time after her desperate leap, and then she was at the bottom of the well, which is forty feet deep, up to her neck in water. She was instantly taken out, and Dr. Powell was summoned to see her. He found that her fall had bruised her fearfully, and had broken the left ankle and left the bone protruding. The patient received all possible attention, but the result was inevitable. Mr. Brown was telegraphed for and reached the city at noon. Mrs. Brown lingered unconsciously until 3 o'clock, when she found relief for her long suffering in a peaceful death.

CROWNING A KING.

[London Times.]

A correspondent on the West Coast gives a description of the recent crowning of King Archibong of Old Calabar. The event had been looked forward to for some time, and during the week of the coronation the town and district were en fete. Both on the river and in the villages there was a great display of buntings, while guns were fired almost incessently. Mr. David Hopkins, the English consul, who had been at Old Calabar for some little time settling disputes between traders and chiefs, was selected to proclaim Adam Archibong King. On the morning of the 6th ult. Consul Hopkins was escorted to Duke Town, with the chiefs and people of Henshaw Town, as a guard of honor. The procession formed a spectacle of an unusual kind.

The men were attired in the gaudiest-colored prints it was possible to collect, while an umbrella of extraordinary dimensions and colors was carried above the head of the consul. The cavalcade arrived at the inclosure adjoining the palace, where a throne had been placed on a newly erected platform. The natives were there assembled in thousands, and were very enthusiastic. Shortly afterward the procession of the king elect issued from the palace, a rudely constructed building of wood, and wended its way to the platform. Like the other body, many and various were the colors worn by the men. It was headed by a band of "musicians," making a great uproar with toy trumpets and tom-toms. Many military coats were conspicuous here, as in the consul's following.

In several instances big negroes wore very small coats, which, not meeting in front, were drawn tightly to the figure with strings. His Majesty King Archibong was scarcely less comically dressed. His loins were girt with a satin cloth of many colors, while a long slieve hat covered his head. This hat had evidently seen much service, being almost shapeless with indentations. His feet, like those of his attendants, were bare, and there was also a huge umbrella held high above his head. Archibong, who is a man about 60 years old, is totally blind, and leaned on the arm of his son.

He ascended to the platform amid the enthusiasm of the assembled crowd, who danced and shouted in the most frantic manner; but as soon as Consul Hopkins received the king the tumult ceased. The consul read the existing treaties between the former kings of Old Calabar and Queen Victoria, which were interpreted to the king by Mr. Campbell, an English missionary on the coast, and to which Archibong assented. A new treaty was drawn up, the king agreeing thereto, which makes it compulsory upon all his European subjects to wear the European style of dress. Treaty matters having been arranged, the ceremony of coronation was proceeded with. The queen, with her retinue of female attendants, arrived and took her place on the platform.

Her majesty, a very corpulent old lady, was not permitted to take her seat by the side of her sable consort. Amid the continued silence of the native throng, Consul Hopkins threw a cloak around Archibong, put a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, and proclaimed him "King Archibong III, of Old Calabar." Then the shrieks and hurrahs of the assembled thousands rent the air, the men and women dancing and shouting in the wildest glee. The crown appeared to be of gold, was very massive, and was studded with "representative" diamonds.

During the ceremony the king seemed to be greatly agitated, and at one time was scarcely able to hold the sceptre. Immediately after the coronation a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and the king and his courtiers adjourned to the palace, where a banquet in the native fashion was prepared. The English residents were especially favored by the king, and among those present at the dinner were Consul Hopkins, the whole of the English missionaries of the district, and the captain, chief engineer, doctor, and purser of the mail steamer Kinsembo. The principal dish consisted of "palm oil chop," which is considered a great luxury by the natives.

AN ABORTION MURDER.

[Detroit Special (Nov. 11) to Chicago Tribune.]

Another horrible case of abortion came to light this morning. The victim is Mrs. Catherine Kuhn, aged 28, a very handsome German woman, who had, on the death of her husband, Theodore Kuhn (for many years employed as a bookbinder by E. B. Smith & Co., and a nephew of Judge Joseph Kuhn, member-elect of the legislature of Michigan), succeeded to his property, a comfortable house on Croghans street, and a good sum of money. She had one child, a pretty little girl, 3 years of age. She was universally respected, and was believed by all her neighbors to lead an exemplary life. A short time ago her actions were such as to cause her mother and sisters to suspect that all was not well with her, as she would frequently burst into tears, wring her hands, and declare that nothing remained for her in this world. She complained of being ill, and made frequent visits to a physician, whose name her mother and relations do not know. On the 3d inst. she was taken ill, and Dr. F. X. Spranger sent for. He declined to attend, on the ground that Mrs. Kuhn ordinarily employed another physician, but eventually consented. Acute peritontis set in, and on Friday the patient died, after five days of horrible agony. The authorities were informed of the case, and Coroner Schulte took charge of the remains this morning, just in time to prevent the funeral, for which arrangements had been completed. Dr. Dakin, county physician made a post mortem examination, and found that the deceased came to her death from the effects of an abortion. At the inquest Dr. Spranger testified that, when called to attend Mrs. Kuhn, he found her at the point of death, and in terrible agony. The deceased woman's mother and sisters left the room, and when they had gone she confessed she had taken drugs to produce the abortion, and knew she must die for it. When asked if any one had prescribed for her, she replied, "Yes, the old—," then she stopped and said: "I guess I hadn't better say any more," and was silent. Next day he called about noon, and found her in the agonies of death. He had never in all his experience beheld such awful suffering. The deceased was conscious to the end, but died without disclosing the abortion secret. The assistant prosecuting attorney thinks he has a clue which will lead to the arrest of the guilty parties, and is diligently working up the affair.

AN UNWISE DOVE.

[Dallas (Texas) Commercial.]

On Monday last Lizze Hefferman was a passenger on the east bound Pacific train which reaches this place from Fort Worth about half-past seven o'clock in the evening. She is young, seventeen, good looking and decidedly impressible. Since last March she has been at service in the family of a wealthy gentleman in the fort. She had saved from her wages enough money to fit out for herself a modest wardrobe and leave to her portemonnaie the sum of $25. On the same train was a young man whose name, parted an the middle, is recorded as J. Mason Lane. The young man had aforetimes seen the girl, and now presuming upon the fact went up and spoke to her, introducing and making himself agreeable generally. The remainder of the story we give as received from her lips. He inquired where she was going. She answered to her home and relatives in Leavenworth, Kansas. Ah, indeed! He was himself travelling in that direction. Fortunate circumstance! Could he be a fellow traveller and offer his protection? Pleasant company in a railway carriage is always agreeable, and his courteous offer was accepted with thanks. Had the matter stopped here all would have been right, but Lane must go further and, with oily tongue, make ardent love to his companion. She listened, then hesitated and was lost. Reaching this city, they went to the Lamar House, where he registered as "C. M. Lane and lady, Fort Worth." They remained here until the following night, when they went to Denison, and again registered as man and wife. While here however, Lane took possession of the poor girl's hard-earned $25 and also the check to her trunk. A day spent in Denison, and the parties went on to Caddo, I. T., where according to his promise, the marriage was to be celebrated. Here they remained a week—at least, she did—for upon one pretext or another he managed to spend most of his time in Denison, having first obtained her a necklace, ring and breastpin, and pawned her trunk for their board bill, amounting to $20, at the St. James hotel. On Tuesday last he made one of those trips to the Gate City, and as he did not return on Wednesday the deluded girl began to make inquiries about him. She was then informed by the gentleman that if she wished to see him again she must follow him to Fort Worth, whither he had gone. Without a cent in the world and without even a change of clothes, she boarded the train and started on his trail. Her story, as told the conductor, secured her passage. Repeated to the Dallas quarantine officers, it excited their sympathies and promises of assistance. When a short distance above the city, who should come into the train but the absconding young fellow. His victim hailed him at once and charged him with his perfidy. He told her if she would make no stir on the train he would fulfill his promise as soon as they came into the city. When the quarantine physician came around he was informed that the missing man had been found. In surprise he answered, "Why, this man gave me his name as J. C. Brown; how is this?" Some kind of explanation was given and the two at last reached the city. With no intention of keeping his promise, the youngster took the girl to the American House, where he left her with the very short information that he was without money, unable to pay either her board or his, and that he would stay at his relation's house that night, but would come back next day. Instead of doing so he attempted to leave town on the south bound train the next morning, but was prevented by an officer, who took him to the hotel. Again he gave the unfortunate girl the slip, and night before last tole off to Fort Worth, boarding the train fter it had started.

From the St. Paul Daily Globe, November 14.

FATAL RUNAWAY.

A Farmer Killed Yesterday Morning by His Runaway Team--Some Mystery Attending the Occurrence.

Yesterday John Berschen, a well known farmer, residing about eight miles out on the Hudson road, came to a violent death. He left home with a load of pork for the city, and met with the accident which deprived him of life at the foot of Dayton hill, three miles out from the city. His body was found lying in the road by a Mr. Swanson. The fact was communicated to a man working in a neighboring field, who took charge of the remains, while Mr. Swanson proceeded to town and notified the coroner. Coroner Stein answered the summons at once. Arriving at the scene of the disaster, he found the body had been removed to deceased's late residence. Thither he went, and after due inquiry in form, the accident is supposed to have occured in this way: When deceased was coming down Dayton hill it is presumed some part of the harness gave way, the horses became unmanageable, ran away, and Bircher was thrown out. From the appearance of the body it is difficult to tell whether he met his death by striking his head against the wheel when falling, or whether the wagon passed over and crushed him to death. At the time the body was found life was entirely extinct, and the limbs were partially stiffened. The runaway horses had been brought to a stop by jamming the wagon against a stump, had extricated themselves and had turned about homewards. At the time of the lamentable accident the wife and children of deceased were in this city, and not having returned during the afternoon, Coroner Stein adjourned the inquest until to-day. The coroner found on Berchen's body valuable papers, representing $2,000, one watch and chain, $282 in greenbacks, $3.25 in fractional currency and a $100 check. All this property has been deposited in the German American bank for safe keeping. Deceased had resided on his farm for twenty years or more, and was in very comfortable circumstances. He was about 55 years old, and leaves a wife and several children.

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