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Falling Leaves.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side—
Severed from the noble branches
Where they waved in beauteous pride.
They are falling in the valleys
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds in sunny springtime
First their dulcet music ring.

They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door—
Pale and faded, like the loved ones
That have gone forever more.
They are falling, and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft around;
Yet the faded leaves are falling—
Falling on the grassy mound.

They are falling on the streamlet
Where the silvery waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Onward with the waters go.
They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred sweetly sleep—
Where the idle winds of summer
Softly o'er the loved ones weep.

They are falling, ever falling,
When the autumn breezes sigh—
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling when the tempest
Moans like Ocean's hollow roar—
When the tuneless winds and billows
Sadly sigh forevermore.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.
And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams—
Fading like the falling leaflets
Cast upon the icy streams.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Captain James Stuart, who had gone all through the Mexican war, was a man of great great force of character and of unflinching bravery. He had a winning address and the most placid temper I have ever known, but his principles were as fixed as his feelings were lofty.

He went to California in 1849 and settling in Tuolumne county, then one of the principal mining counties of the State, was elected sheriff, an office in those days, when they were far removed from State or Federal aid, carrying with it all the dignity and responsibility which that ancient title implied. In conversation with him he interested one by relating many reminiscences of scenes in his early life whilst in that State, one case particularly, of positive and circumstantial evidence against an innocent man, which I give you in almost his exact words.

James Lyons lived on a farm near Sonora, and many were the stories of persons having disappeared after having been seen near his place for the last time. A roadway up to the mountains had been made across the land of Lyons, but he was always displeased about it. He cut down trees and let them fall over the road; he built barricades to prevent people from passing, although not a blade of grass ever grew upon that part of the farm thus used. One morning a well-respected teamster was found near the Lyons obstruction riddled with bullets.

A short time after this Jim Lyons went to the mountains to take charge of a water ditch; he gave his farm to his brother, who afterwards sold part of it to the Morrison brothers, who paid one thousand dollars down, giving their notes for the balance, payable in one year.

At the expiration of that time Mike Lyons came back to collect the notes. The Morrisons seemed very willing to settle; they figured up the interest, and thumbed over the notes, told Lyons they would have to go to Sonora to get their money to settle, that they would go down with him in the morning, he could have his papers with them and they would figure up a little more on them and settle next day in Sonora.

Lyons left his papers, and the Morrisons destroyed them. Lyons called on them for his money, they told him to go to the dence.

Stung by this piece of sharp practice Lyons hurried to Sonora and laid the matter before a lawyer named Watson. The lawyer told Lyons he had no case as there was no evidence at all to sustain it, but said he, we will bring the suit anyway. "I want to get a chance at the Morrisons, and will give them the best blackguarding they ever got in all their lives, and before I get through with them they may wish they had paid the money to the persons entitled to it."

The suit was brought, the trial came on, and as expected Lyons lost it. He had no evidence to show there was any amount coming to him, and the Morrisons swore point blank that they had made payment in full.

Then rueful mutterings were heard on all sides as to the danger of the Morrison brothers. "I would not live on that farm for all the money in California," said one. "Nor I, nor I," repeated others. Thus it went from lip to mouth with shake of head which brought to mind all the old troubles of the Lyons place, the mysterious disappearances and the horrid appearances of all the unfortunates connected in anyway with that fatal locality. I was at the trial, said Captain Stewart, and remember well these fearful prophesies.

It was not long before a terrible tragedy was enacted in return for the mocking farce that had been put off on the Lyons. The trouble predicted by those who knew the desperate character of Jim Lyons, was not long delayed. "But a few days after the lawsuit," says Captain Stewart, "I was aroused by a man saying the Morrisons had all been murdered and their house burned down."

I mounted my horse and went immediately to the spot. As I approached, I saw a crowd of miners looking about the ruins by the light of pine knots which they carried in their hands. I dismounted and went close to the smoking ruins. They had found the bodies of two of the Morrisons, the third was missing.

One of the bodies was a mere trunk without head, arms or legs. I turned it over and counted twelve buck-shot holes in the small of the back. The body of the other Morrison lay outside of the fire line where he had dragged himself, his right arm shattered from a gun-shot wound; he was mangled and bruised but still alive. I put my lips to his ear and asked him, who did this? He said, "It was Ed. Watson, the lawyer, who had killed his brother."

I was astounded. I knew Watson had abused the Morrison's in court at the suit of Lyons, and had poured out on their heads the bitter invective of a deeply injured client, but that he should follow it up by a murder most foul, which should glut its vengeance by committing to the wrathful flames the bodies of his victims and their earthly habitation, I could not conceive.

I knew Watson had no pecuniary interest in the suit; I knew he did not expect a verdict in his favor, but that he had tried it as much to satisfy these men that an effort would be made to right their wrongs, as anything else and to prevent, if possible, anything like the very trouble which had occurred in the terrible vengeance on the Morrisons.

This was my firm belief, and when he told me "Ed. Watson, the lawyer, did it," I was more shocked and surprised than when I heard of the principal occurrance, the killing of the Morrisons and the burning of their house.

I had been afraid something like that would overtake them, and its realization only brought confirmation to my uneasy apprehensions. The eye for eye, tooth for tooth, life for life doctrine had been practiced there every day, but here three lives were sacrificed, I might say, to their own greed. Here was retaliation, not in kind, but with dreadful accumulations. I thought of course Jim Lyons had done it, but as if to add new trouble to that already wrought, the gasping, dying man said, "Ed. Watson, the lawyer, did it."

Several of the best known miners or residents came close to the man and heard his declaration.

I mounted my horse and rode back to town, roused the lawyer and made him go back with me to the scene of the fire and murder, brought him up where Morrison was laying and putting my lips close to the wounded man's ear, asked him to look up and see whether this was the man! Morrison opened his eyes for an instant and then shutting them tightly said, firmly:

"Yes, sir; that is the man who shot my brother." Watson went almost wild at this; he clutched his long beard with both hands, wheeled about once or twice, and coming closer to Morrison, said: "My God, sir, is there no possibility of your being mistaken?"

The dying man opened his eyes and said, firmly: "No, sir."

I knew if I let Watson remain there many minutes longer they would lynch him, and very likely roast his body in the burning ruins of the building. I plucked him by the arm to come, and as we turned the glare of light threw his shadow on the wall. I was transfixed with astonishment. I stopped Watson and pointed with speechless anxiety to that shadow which thrilled me through and through. He stood motionless, apparently not comprehending my feelings, too much terror-stricken by this accusation to be more than half alive.

The first words I could utter were as if I had been tongue-tied for an age. I raised myself up, and struggled as if I was being smothered, and my voice broke out in a loud call—"Bob Pore and Sam Lyons did this"—The shadow on the wall was the exact picture of "Bob Pore, the half-breed," who worked evil with Lyons, and it seemed as if some other voice than my own spoke through me. I was in a perfect ferment of excitement. There was the wounded man who had recognized the lawyer as the murderer—and there I was, the sheriff of the county, with the accused in my charge; and yet that shadow on the wall compelled the loud exclamation from my lips, from me, who should have been the last one to accuse any one, but should have waited in calm dignity the deliberations of the law; in fact, I was there to see that such deliberation was had.

I suppose the fear that an innocent man would be executed, together with the knowledge of the bad character of the half-breed, Bob Pore, and of Lyons, who had a real grievance—I suppose these things heightened my nervous apprehensions that a great wrong would be committed if that crowd hung Watson. These feelings must have invested the shadow on the wall with what then seemed to be almost a supernatural apparition. It went through me like an electrical shock and compelled me instantly to cry out, "It was Bob Pore and Jim Lyons who did this." I hurried the accused back to jail and started with a warrant of arrest for Lyons and Pore. I found them in the meantime about daylight the following day. I said to Lyons "I want you as a witness in a case, and asked him if he had seen Bob Pore lately." He said he had not seen him for several days, but that he was at the upper ice-house. The snow was deep, but I started up. I came across a ditch-tender, who told me Bob Pore had just passed up a little while ago from the direction of the upper dam, where I had just left Jim Lyons, and that he was all drabbled and wet.

I pushed on and a little further up I spied Pore. He began to run when he saw me, and I called to him that I wanted him as a witness on that old case, referring to the one he was in. This seemed to quiet him, and he returned with me. We called back for Jim Lyons and brought them both back to jail. In the meantime the coroner's jury had met, the suspicions against Lyons had been cleared up and the murder and the burning fixed on the lawyer. When I returned with the two prisoners, I locked them up in our somewhat insecure jail and the coroner continued the investigation. He had previously given out warrants to arrest Bob Pore and Jim Lyons as witnesses in the case. The trial of the lawyer was the first business now on hand. Summary punishment was then the rule, and the law's delay but provoked swift retribution. There was no putting off until term time. Right now, was the word with those men in that rough life, who still carried with them the notion of well-regulated society, and the love of liberty and justice in their hearts. The accused could not prove an *alibi*. He had been at home sick for several days, and the law did not allow his wife to testify. The wounded man swore directly and point blank that he saw the lawyer shoot his brother, and a Mexican swore that he saw the accused the night of the murder pass his door on a white horse with a double-barreled gun over his shoulder, and he could not be mistaken. This seemed to finish the case.

During the trial, a German laborer came to me and said that on the morning after the murder, a young man had come to his house with a double-barreled gun on his shoulder that he said he had fallen down, struck the trigger on a stone and discharged both barrels; that he worked for Mr. Lyons up at the ice house. I went out at once for Mr. Wallace the young man described, and in bringing him in said: "Wallace, you are a young man; this is a bad business to be mixed up in. There was more than one man present at that murder. Lawyer Watson never could have done it all himself, and that story of you falling down and striking the double-barreled gun against the stones, sounds suspicious. Now do not let any one put you in a hole in this matter; life is still before you, and it may be bright and successful." Wallace said nothing in reply except to ask what the law officers would do if any one would tell the whole affair. I told him they often let that one go unmolested. We reached the jail. I put him in a cell, and before leaving, talked again to him. As I closed the door to leave him, he rapped on it and called me back. "Did you say" asked he, "that any one had blowed the whole matter." "No," I said, "but some one might and your young life would be gone." "Well Mr. Stewart," said Wallace, "I will tell you all about it. Jim Lyons, Bob Pore, and myself did it! We went there on Saturday night. I was stationed outside near the back door to shoot any one who came out that way, Jim Lyons shot through the window and Bob Pore put the mattress under the stairs and set fire to it."

I rushed out for some citizen to come in and hear the same story, and whilst they listened to it, I went to the prosecuting attorney, and laid the matter before him. "I cannot" he said, promise him impunity; if he wishes to take the chances with the people and the officers of the law let him do so." I hurried back and told young Wallace. He said he would take the chances, and then he went into a minute account of the movements. He said that "about one hundred yards from the house was a little cave; we stopped there several hours. You will find if you go there, a broken lipped bottle that had whiskey in it, a tin box with caps and balls, and some crackers and cheese all wrapped up in a spotted handkerchief."

I went there at once and got the very articles he described. On my way back I stopped at a store; the suspicions had already been wide spread that Jim Lyons had done the business. The store-keeper told me he didn't believe it because Jim Lyons had stopped on Friday night at his place and bought some things to take with him to his home in the mountains. He described the articles, and said he had wrapped them up in a spotted handkerchief. "I opened the satchel," said Stewart and handed the articles out. "Does that look like them?" "Those are the very things," said the storekeeper.

I hurried back to the court house only to be astonished at the full confession of both Bob Pore and Jim Lyons confirming the statement of young Wallace and implicating a man named Duncan.

We had brought the wounded Morrison in to the trial and had him at the hotel. I went to the jail and taking Bob Pore with me, I marched him down to the hotel to see if the wounded Morrison would recognize him. Before going up stairs I threw my short cloak over his shoulders and taking his long hair I shoved it up under his hat as this was the way Wallace said Pore was disguised the night of the murder. He resisted somewhat at this, but I finished it and walked him up. The wounded man opened his eyes and at once exclaimed "God forgive me for what I have said against Mr. Watson, but this is the man. This is the murderer!"

Then the shadow on the wall became a living creature. I grasped Pore convulsively—few would be his steps to the grave.

Pore had worn a loose cloak the night of the murder. His beard hung loosely but his hair had been tucked under his hat as described by young Wallace and as confessed by himself. Watson's shadow on the wall was the exact and striking picture of Ben Pore as he now stood before me.

Watson was cleared. Young Wallace was released and Bob Pore and Jim Lyons were executed at the scaffold where they again confessed their guilt.

Texas Girls.

Pale blooded, languid fashionable belles whose very rings seem too heavy weight for their listless fingers, seem quite a different type of beings from the lithe, brown cheeked Texas girls, whose habits a San Antonio letter thus describes: "Some of our dainty dames should see the Texan girls ride in for the fair, mounted on hardy little mustangs. Sometimes the rider and mustang are nearly covered by a huge sunbonnet; at others, the rider boasts a dress of former fashions borrowed from an ancient fashion-book. I saw a fair creature in a hooped gown canter into one of the plazas, evidently conscious of being perfectly "in style" in her accoutrements. The hoop was not very graceful on horseback, but it had a novel effect, and was greatly admired by some of the critical loungers of whom there are always plenty. A Texan girl, if she live in the country, generally possesses one unique accomplishment. She can lasso the wildest cow while you would be thinking of mounting your horse. This lassoing business requires a well-trained horse, a firm seat in the saddle and a steel-like strength of wrist, besides long practice. She delights in long curls that flow down her back. She is as healthy as an Amazon should be, and sometimes very pretty.

TRAINING ELEPHANTS.

A Keeper's Account of how the Unwieldy Beasts are Trained—Peculiarities of Elephants.

A New York *Sun* reporter has had an interview with the keeper of five elephants, performing in a circus at Gilmore's Garden, and obtained from him the following "points" in regard to training such animals:

"I suppose," said the reporter, "you know the elephant's nature pretty thoroughly—how to care for them, and how to handle them?"

"Well, I ought to. I have been with them over nineteen years, and have had charge of a good many. I have never been very badly hurt as yet, though I have been in the hospital three times through injuries they gave me. I was once laid up for five weeks; but I suppose my time will come, for almost every elephant trainer is killed or disabled finally. I was with Forepaugh's circus when the vicious Romeo killed his keeper, a good fellow named Williams; I afterward had charge of the elephant. Williams thoroughly understood his business, but long familiarity with the beasts had made him careless, and he paid for his carelessness with his life. Romeo had one tusk broken off short, and it was a fearful weapon. He was subject to ugly spells, and then it was not safe for any one man to go near him, unless others were near at hand to give him assistance if he should need it. His keeper knew this well; but one Saturday morning when Romeo had one of his spells on him, Williams, over confident, went up to and spoke to him. In an instant the beast knocked him down, jumped on him with his fore feet, drove his terrible tusk nearly through him, and—poor fellow—almost before he could cry out for help he was dead. We rushed up as quickly as possible, scared the brute off, and picked up the body of Williams. You would be astonished to see how thoroughly, with their feet and tusks, elephants can mangle a body."

"What did you then do with Romeo—confine him?"

"Confine him? Well, that is good! Why, there was not a house in the place, nor chains in the village strong enough to hold him. In his blind rage he would have torn everything to pieces, and if he had got away from us, heaven knows how much property he would have destroyed, or how many people he would have killed. We did as we always do in such cases. With ropes, chains, and bars we tripped and threw him. Then we set to work to bring him into subjection. Half a dozen men, armed with hoop poles, big blacksnake whips—such as mule drivers use—and anything else that would hurt, but not break bones, thrashed him, laying on the blows as hard as they knew how. When they were exhausted others took their places, and so we kept it up for four hours before the brute squealed, and then we let him up."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, when an elephant squeals from a licking, it is a signal that he is conquered, that he gives in, and then it is safe to untie him and let him up.

"I have here five Asiatic elephants, which were captured near Ceylon."

"What is the best age to begin to teach a trick or performing elephant?"

"Well, about eight or nine years. They then grow and develop slowly until they are about forty-eight or fifty—and then grow in treachery as they increase in years. Chieftain, there, is beginning to show his disposition already, and ten years from now he will be an ugly fellow to handle. In captivity their average age is from seventy-five to eighty years, but in their wild state they will frequently live for a century and a half. These fellows have good appetites. I give each one about 125 pounds of hay, two bushels of oats, and twenty-five or thirty gallons of water. Every Sunday they are thoroughly washed with carbolic soap, and they are now in splendid condition. They are very fond of water, and when we are on the road, if we come to a pond or river, it is almost impossible to keep them out of it. When they do get in they splash about and cut up as many pranks as so many children. Like the children, too, they never know when they have been in long enough, and I frequently have considerable trouble in getting them out. A singular thing about them when we are traveling, and have to camp out, is that they never go in pairs. The females go by themselves and the males by themselves, and they do not seem to care at all for each other."

"Do you have much trouble in teaching them to perform?"

"Yes, it requires a great deal of patience, and they are very timid about mounting platforms, or going up and down stairs; but they can go up and down a steeper flight or a hill than a horse. There is one satisfaction in training them, though; when they have once learned a trick they never forget it. We use blocks and falls in teaching them to raise their feet, legs, and bodies, and after they once understand what I want them to do, I have but little trouble with them. Sometimes, when one does particularly well, I give him a piece of carrot or some other dainty, and he knows what that means precious quick."

"Do you induce them to learn by a series of rewards?"

"Not a bit of it. If we were to show them too much kindness they would get the upper hand of us in a day, and the trainer's life would not be safe for a minute. Fear is the only thing that controls them. They must know all the time that they have a master. We never punish them unless it is positively necessary, and then seldom severely. Their skin is as tender as a horse's, and they feel the lash quite as acutely. The instrument they fear most, though, is this prod and hook, and the mere sight of it will, on ordinary occasions, bring them to terms. It frightens them the same as it would to tell a child you would prick it with a knife blade. To show you how cunning they are: At rehearsal they do their work quickly, and make no mistakes; but at night they will loaf on me—go round picking up pieces of paper, or do anything else to make time—simply because they know I dare not punish them before an audience. The people would think I was very cruel. If they knew how treacherous and savage the brutes are, and how necessary it is to keep them under control, they would think differently."

"Have you no fear of them when in the ring?"

"No; but I keep my eye on Chieftain all the time, and at the least miss, a tap of the whip reminds him that I am looking on. He understands this, too, and knows just how far he can trifle with me. He is the leader, and as long as he behaves I have no fear of the others. With performing dogs and horses the more kindness the keeper shows the more successful he is, and strong affection frequently exists between the brutes and their trainers; but it is not so with elephants. They never form any liking for the men who have the care of them, and when they have their ugly turns their keeper is the first one they will attack. They will select him out of a room full of persons, and then, if he shows the least fear, he is as good as dead. The long list of keepers slain proves that."

"But have elephants no affection for anything?"

"Oh, yes. They will form a strong attachment for a dog, or a bear, or some other beast. Baby here has a great liking for the camel Dick, and whenever he is let loose will run over to him and mount guard over him; and he will not then permit anybody to approach his favorite. I should hesitate to go too near the camel until I had first called Baby away; but strong as is the affection they will thus form for a beast, they seldom have any for a man, and never the least for their keepers."

"If they are so very treacherous, I suppose you have to stay with them the greater portion of the time?"

"I am never away from them for more than an hour at a time, day or night. I have a room here in the building, and when we are traveling I always sleep in the same tent. I have a bed made near them, and they are the most curious customers you ever saw. They will never go to sleep until they see me go to bed. Sometimes I sit up reading for an hour or two after the performances, and they will all stand in line watching me until I get through. It's a queer sight—the great garden dark as Egypt, only an occasional watchman's lantern flitting about, and I sitting reading at my little table by the light of a solitary candle, with these great brutes looming up in the gloom, with flapping ears and staring eyes, following my every movement. Frequently, if I get interested in my book, and sit up too late, my assistant will come to me and say, 'Come, George, do go to bed and give the elephants a chance to get some sleep,' and then I have to turn in whether I want to or not, for I must keep my big fellows in good physical condition, you know."

What Five Sheep Will Do.

H. G. Abbott, of Maine tells, in the *New England Farmer*, what five sheep will do. He says:

Five sheep will enrich one acre of old, worn out mowing land in three years, so that it will produce one and one-half tons of hay per year, for several years, by a light sprinkle of seed each year, sown in the early spring.

Five sheep will produce manure in winter to the value of ten dollars, by giving them suitable bedding.

Five sheep will get their living through the summer on one acre of ground; the pasturing of same would be three dollars.

Five sheep will raise five lambs, worth fifteen dollars.

Five sheep will shear twenty-five pounds of wool, worth six dollars.

Now, let us see how the account stands:

Ground improved by the sheep running on it one year	$15.00
Value of manure in winter	10.00
Five lambs	15.00
Wool	6.00
Sheep getting their living on the land	3.00
	$49 00

The above being credited to the sheep, let us see what it costs to keep five sheep through the winter:

Five sheep will eat one and one-half tons of hay, which costs	$18.00
Interest and tax	5.00
Care of sheep	10.00
	$33.00

Deducting this from the first mentioned figures we have a profit of $16.00 on five sheep for one year:

Now, make it three years, and we have a credit of	$147.00
And debt of	99.00
Leaving, as the three years' profit	$48 00

Now, if the above is correct, we have a profit of $48.00, and a grass field that will cut from one to two tons of hay for several years, and without the usual cost of plowing and the application of manure of some kind, which is no small item. It may be found best in some instances, to plow the seed; that depends somewhat upon the condition of the sod—but I am now speaking of land with a firm sod, but bound out and run out, as we term it, and producing but a small quantity of hay.

You will see, by my statement, that I have valued the manure from sheep one-third more in summer than in winter. From my own experience and observation, I am fully satisfied that sheep are of very great value on improved land, and that they should always be kept on the plowing land, and ahead of the scythe.

Words of Wisdom.

I find the great thing in this world is, not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving—*O. W. Holmes.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

Do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by seeking that of others.

Keep good company and be one of the number.

Riches gained by deceit cheat no man so much as the gainer.

One day you will be pleased with a friend and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end, and you must make your mind up to it and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you, and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

SENSITIVE SENATORS.

Reminiscences of a Reporter of the Debates in the United States Senate.

"Mack" has the following in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*: While on the subject of Senators, I am tempted to give a few recollections of the reporters' gallery during several sessions when I was employed as reporter of the Senatorial debates for the New York Associated Press. If it be true that no man is a hero to his valet, it is more true that, with few exceptions, no Senator is a statesman to his reporter. The man who sits in the gallery to make notes for printing soon learns the large per cent. of human weakness that is in the composition of the great men assembled below. Before I had been very long in my position I received a summons from Mr. Stewart, of Nevada, then a new-born Senator. He wanted fame, and his grievance was that I had cut him short in the report of a big debate. There had been a warm time on the reconstruction policy. Ben Wade had launched out fearfully against Andy Johnson, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland had come to the defense. The New York papers arrived with full reports of these two speeches and only a mention of the other orators, among whom was Mr. Stewart, who had been cut off with a paragraph. I was ushered into the presence of the great man from Nevada. "Why didn't you report my speech?" said he. I replied that I had selected the two representative men of the debate—Wade and Johnson—and cut all the others down. "But," said I, very modestly, "You are not as well known as Mr. Wade or Mr. Johnson; they speak for their parties, and what they say is of national significance; you only speak for yourself." "The deuce you say!" said Mr. Stewart. "I speak to the Republicans of Nevada, and my speech is as important as any body else's. The result of the interview was that, Mr. Stewart insisting that I had wronged him, I agreed to send his speech by mail to the New York *Herald*. In response there came a note saying it would cost $1,350 to print it as an advertisement, and that they did not care about printing it as news. Mr. Stewart never bothered me after that. There were constant complaints to the effect that I was always omitting important debate, which the Senate desired to have printed, and that I was always making room for personal "spats," which the Senate desired to suppress. To remedy that it was proposed that the Senate should furnish its own Associated Press report, prepared by a man of its own choice, to be paid by the Senate. I appealed to Mr. Hudson, then managing editor of the *Herald*, and to John Russell Young, then managing editor of the *Tribune*, explained the matter, and telling them that if they would so order I would omit all the personalities of debate, and confine reports to the more dignified points. Their reply fully indorsed my selection; the people, they said, were more interested in the personalities than in the points. As to the Senate's proposal to furnish its own expurgated report, there was not a paper in New York which would agree to print it, except at the usual advertising rate. One day there was a personal spat between Fessenden and Sumner at the close of a long debate. I omitted the debate and put in the spat. Next day two of the New York papers had editorials on "plantation manners in the Senate." The position of Senate reporter for the New York papers became very unpleasant from that time forward and I soon after gave it up.

A Literary Curiosity.

Great interest attaches to the first book in the English language printed in this country, usually called "The Bay Psalm Book," from Massachusetts Bay. A perfect copy was shown at the Caxton memorial exhibition. It is dated 1640, and now belongs to the Bodleian library at Oxford, and is believed to be the only copy in Europe. Here is a sample of the rhyme and rhetoric which satisfied our forefathers:

1. O blessed man, that in th' advice
   of wicked doth not walk:
   nor stand in sinner's way, nor sit
   in chayre of scornful folk.

2. But in the law of Iehovah,
   is his longing delight:
   and in his law doth meditate,
   by day and eke by night.

3. And he shall be like a tree
   planted by water-rivers:
   that in his season yields his fruit,
   and his leafe never withers.

4. And all he doth shall prosper well,
   the wicked are not so:
   but they are like vnto the chaffe,
   which winde drives to and fro.

5. Therefore shall not vngodly men
   rise to stand in the doome,
   nor shall the sinners with the just
   in their assemblie come.

6. For of the righteous men, the Lord
   acknowledgeth the way!
   but the way of vngodly men,
   shall vtterly decay. —*Psalm* 1.

Aerial Telegraphy.

Professor Loomis has been making experiments in aerial telegraphy in the mountains of West Virginia, his idea being to send a wire up to a certain height, reaching a particular current of electricity in the atmosphere. At any distance away this same current can be reached by a similar wire, and communication can be had immediately. The professor has telegraphed to parties eleven miles distant by merely sending up a kite, at each end of the distance, a certain height, attached to which in place of the ordinary string was a fine copper wire. When both kites, although eleven miles distant from each other, touched the same current, communication was had between them both, and messages were sent from one end to the other by means of the ordinary Morse instrument in connection with the instrument invented by Professor Loomis. He has a scheme now on foot for a series of experiments from a point on one of the highest peaks in the Alps, in Switzerland, to a similarly situated place in the Rocky Mountains. If this succeeds, of course his invention will rank in importance with that of the electric telegraph itself. All the money necessary to carry on the experiments has already been promised.

THIRTY MILLIONS OF GOLD.

The Wealth That Has Been Extracted From Alder Gulch, Montana.

In the spring of 1863 a party of five miners from Bannock took the trail for the Yellowstone and Big Horn country, which for some time had been supposed to be rich in gold. Shortly after crossing the Madison on their way eastward they encountered Indians, and were driven back across the spur west of the Madison into the valley of the Stinking Water. Following down this stream toward its junction with the Jefferson, they camped over night at the mouth of a narrow gorge coming in from the east. As usual, they prospected its bed, and to their intense gratification found exceedingly rich prospects. Stimulated by success, they pushed explorations next morning still further, and before the day was over had satisfied themselves that the new creek was richer than any yet found in the Territory. This was Alder Gulch, which proved the most productive mountain gorge for its length that has probably ever been found in any part of the world, and whose history, if it could be written, would present, perhaps, the wildest scenes of dissipation and lawlessness that could be found.

The Fairweather party, the discoverers, immediately located and staked out the richest ground they could find, and began washing, meeting with unprecedented success. For a time the discovery was kept a secret, but ultimately provisions had to be bought, and the trip made to Bannack for these resulted in the publication of the news. Instantly there was a tremendous rush to Alder. The gulch was invaded by thousands of the wildest and most untamed of the pioneers of those days. Prospecting disclosed the fact that it was rich from end to end, from the base of old Baldy at its head far down into the valley of the Stinking Water. Every foot of the ground was taken up, and much was claimed twice and three times, a circumstance which instantly necessitated a large graveyard and a coroner. With hardly an exception, every claim in the canon became almost immediately highly profitable. In twelve months a population of 15,000 had congregated there, and five miniature cities had sprung to life. During the summer of 1863 over six millions dollars in dust, a yield almost incredible, had been taken from the bed of the creek, and in the spring of the following year the population had increased through immigration from all parts of the United States, both East and West, to nearly 20,000. Many claims yielded to their owners $100,000, and several doubled that amount. It can be easily imagined how wild must have been the days on that rugged stream, where fortunes were so plentiful, and where every attraction which the senses could call for was placed within reach of the miners suddenly raising to affluence. The flush times at Washoe were child's play to these Alder Gulch days.

Of the five settlements strung along the narrow seventeen miles of the creek, Virginia, being the most centrally located, was the most prominent, and is to-day the only one inhabited. It is pleasantly located on the east bank of the creek, and for a number of years was the capital of the Territory. During the four years succeeding its discovery, this canon yielded the enormous amount of $35,000,000.

The Fairweather party, who discovered the gulch, realized immensely from their claims, and threw away their gold in all forms of excess and dissipation, as was customary among the pioneers. William Fairweather, the leader of the party, a character in our national history, not unlike Comstock, the discoverer of the famous mines in Nevada, died, like the latter in abject poverty with few friends, and with scarce shelter over his head. In both cases the discoverer was forgotten or lost in the fame of his discovery.

Necromancers of Old.

The raising of ghosts was a favorite exploit of the necromancers of old; the fame of Torraiva, the Spanish magician, has been immortalized in Don Quixote. The demons that the celebrated Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, describes as having seen when he got within the conjuror's circle, and which amazement magnified into several legions, are now believed to have been merely figures produced by a magic lantern; and their appearing in an atmosphere of perfumes is accounted for by the burning of odoriferous woods, in order to dim the visions of the spectators. When the Emperor Charles the Fourth was married to the Bavarian Princes Sophia, in the city of Prague, the father of the tribe brought with him a wagon load of magicians to assist him in the festivities. Two of the chief proficients in the part—Zytho, the Bohemian sorcerer, and Guion, the Bavarian—appeared as rivals in an extraordinary trial before an exalted assembly. After superhuman efforts to astonish, Zytho opened his jaws from ear to ear, and swallowed his companion until his teeth touched his shoes, which he spat out because he said they had not been cleaned. The admiration of the audience was succeeded by feelings of horror, but Zytho calmed their apprehensions by restoring the vanquished Guion in his perfect corporal proportions to life—a triumph of art inexplicible.

The Horse Chestnut for Rheumatism.

Last year we met an American-born fellow citizen with horse chestnuts in his pockets, which he said he carried as a safeguard against rheumatism. We had not known of such a reputation before, and supposed the idea originated on this continent. But Bouillon says that the oil from nuts is used with advantage against gout and rheumatism, which shows the same idea prevalent in France. We further find that in China the seeds of their species (*Æsculus turbinata*) is used to prevent muscular contraction in severe cases of rheumatism. If all these experiences come from distinct observations, and each without any knowledge of what the other has found, it may be that there may be more than mere imagination in the chestnut being a rheumatic cure. Have any of our readers had any reliable experience with it? For we suppose that the knowledge of its powers must be wider than we know.—*The Gardner's Monthly.*