HOT SPRINGS AND GEYSERS.

A Two Days' Journey in the Great National Park.

TRANSPORTATION BY WAGON AND PONY—FREEZING AT NIGHT AND SWELTERING AT NOON.

Correspondence New York Times.

UPPER GEYSER BASIN, Yellowstone National Park, August 26.—Sitting in the door of a commodious house tent, stretched across a stout timbered frame, your correspondent sees reaching out to the right and left a semicircle of similar tents, 20 in number, all shining in the morning sunlight, while eager tourists are running across the open space in front to look at the stream of hot water and steam which Old Faithful, the pet geyser of this wilderness of geysers, is beginning to toss high into the air with a tremendous hiss and roar. The party of 25 which left Mammoth Hot Springs two days ago has partly recovered from the fatigue incidental to two stages of the journey through the park, although there are some members of it who rode on horseback who prefer standing to sitting, and others who are reminded, by lame backs and sides, of the unavoidable consequences of long rides over stony and hilly roads in not too easy wagons. The start from the springs was delayed on Friday until noon, and the sun was beating down hotly when the Doctor, who had been put in charge of the first detachment of Mr. Hatch's excursionists, rode off at the head of five mounts, including three ladies—one the wife of the London journalist, the second the daughter of a Chicago physician, and the third the wife of the Medical Purveyor of the Army. Two New York journalists, one a rider of experience and the other quite ignorant of the habits of the "bucking cayuse," completed the mounted cavalcade, the rest of the procession being made up of a large covered wagon holding seven passengers, a lighter vehicle holding three, and two others that each carried five persons besides the drivers. With the help of double towing-teams the horses and wagons were enabled to climb through the white dust of the Hot Springs and to the top of Terrace Mountain, the ascent of which begins within 100 yards of the hotel. So difficult were some of the hills to mount that the gentlemen of the party and one lady, who was an excellent pedestrian, got out and toiled on foot through the dust and heat, from resting bench to bench, until the top was reached. At one side of the road, just at the ridge of the mountain, the guide led the way to a spring, from which everybody obtained a refreshing draught of soda and sulphur water sparkling in its clearness. Once over the mountain the road led down into a valley, bounded on the west by foot hills that lay in the shadows of the Quadrant Mountains, upon which the snow glistened in large patches, while on the east, close to the road, were lofty hills covered with grass and thinly sprinkled with evergreens. In the bottoms, along the frequent streams, the grass grew rank and sulphury green, and there were pretty groves of dwarf willows, some knee-high, through which the road was cut, and which gave to that portion of the valley the name of Willow Park. Away at a gallop went the guides and the mounts, sending clouds of dust behind to find a lodging in the prairie grass. At the crossing of the Firehole and Indian creeks, which were made by fords, there was a general halt, watering of horses, and a merry passing around of the guides' tin drinking cups. The waters were cool and agreeable—a pleasing change from those at the springs, which were not as good as found in the hotel. The roads, which were indifferent at the beginning of the journey, became poor as the tourists proceeded, and soon after crossing Indian creek they became positively bad—scarcely more than a wide trail, not cleared of stumps and stones. Beaver lake, a broadening of a branch of Indian creek through the erection of dams by beavers, who had constructed their elaborate works in irregular lines from side to side of the valley, holding the water in pretty green-edged basins that occurred at intervals for more than a mile, engaged attention until the party were under the Obsidian Cliffs. These bold and impressive walls of black glass-like rocks rise in ragged lines hundreds of feet above the road, and where they have been cut down, to form a bench upon which the wagon road is constructed, the fragments glisten like diamonds where they have been crushed by heavy wheels. There was a frantic wish to gather specimens of this black glass, and when the journey was resumed the horses were soon panting and struggling up the White Hill, a road along the side of a mountain covered with dead pines and cedars, prostrated by fires which had swept destructively through the forests years ago. Trees of ten or fifteen years' growth shot up between the rotting trunks to give promise of a renewal of the once vigorous forest. The men of the party were again out on the road, toiling through the chalky dust, evidently the deposit of some unseen sulphur springs, now at rest, that had been belching forth their alkaline waters for an unknown number of centuries. When the top of the hill was reached, and the pedestrians turned to look to the west, they saw a magnificent view of distant mountains, rising blue and faintly gray, with snow streaks along their tops, Mount Holmes towering highest of all directly in front, while Bell's Peak and the Quadrant Mountains reared their cones and pyramids further to the north. Again the road led into a valley, past the Lake of the Woods, a pretty sheet encircled by dark pines and cedars, and for a time the riders on horseback and in wagons were screened by frequent natural bowers of overhanging branches.

The kind and thoughtful guide-book makers prepared the tourists for the horrible stench that was presently wafted under their nostrils, and the eyes of those of poorest sight soon discovered a number of springs near at hand evidently very strongly impregnated with sulphur. They bubbled up in the swampy soil, spreading desolation and thick layers of calcareous deposit over many acres of land. Camps of government surveyors, the station of one of the President's special line of couriers, and the halting-places of independent parties of tourists were passed, all sending up aromas of cooking meat and boiling coffee upon the cool evening air to cause the Hatch excursionists to long for their own camp and supper. A brisk ride over a road along a broad meadow, with a fine pine forest rising at its edge, brought the tourists, just at dusk, to the camp at Norris Geyser Basin. The half-dozen house tents found here were pitched on a grassy slope only a few hundred feet from the rapid Firehole creek. After dark the air became rapidly cool, and those who had been warm but an hour before in shirt sleeves and thin jackets were anxious to put on thicker coats, and even overcoats were not burdensome and soon became necessary. A large party of Philadelphians who had unexpectedly arrived earlier had already been quartered in the tents, and the sleeping accommodations were soon exhausted. Eight persons were apportioned to each tent with four beds, and, after most of the ladies and the more delicate gentlemen were provided for, two ladies and eight or ten gentlemen were assigned to sleep on such soft spots on the floor of the dining-tent as they could select, without mattresses or pillows. Your correspondent was one of the unfortunates to whose lot it fell to be one of the sleepers on the ground. A coarse hemp carpet is not a soft mattress, and it is not always easy to find undulations in the ground that will exactly fit the lines of the human body. Before the blazing camp-fire, around which the guides and drivers had lingered to tell stories of frontier life, had been deserted an hour, and the dining-tent had been well filled with recumbent figures covered with blankets, three or four of the largest men began to snore portentously. The temperature fell rapidly, and after a few hours of shivering, broken rest, the "tenderfeet" of the party gave up the attempt to sleep, abandoned the snorers and the tent, and, having fed the camp-fire with dead boughs from an inexhaustible supply in the neighboring groves, lay, some with their feet to the blaze, and dozed warmly in the open air until daylight. The washbasins and pitchers which had been left at the bench, where everybody performed their ablutions under the trees, were found at sunrise to be covered with ice more than a quarter of an inch in thickness. The camp was at an elevation of 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. No one had been oppressed by the rarified atmosphere, but several had been annoyed by repeated bleedings of the nose. The breakfast, simple and appetizing, was devoured with a hearty relish, and soon after it was finished the teams were brought up, the ponies saddled, and the party started for the Gibbon Canon and the Upper Geyser Basin.

During the night and early morning in camp a roaring sound, like the escape of steam from a great engine, had been heard coming up from the south. A few moments after the teams set out on the morning of the 25th, and after toiling up a rugged hill, clouds of steam were seen curling up ahead, and on the right and left. The crest of the hill having been reached, these columns of steam were seen to be ascending from countless boiling springs and geysers. The wagons stop at the edge of the higher basin, and within a few feet of a great caldron. Its edges are coated with white geyserite deposits, and in its deep water there are intermittent periods of rest and action. A few spurts and bubbles of the clear blue hot water announce the beginning of an eruption, and then the steam and hot water leap up suddenly 10 or 12 feet, with an angry hiss and roar. This continues for a few minutes and then the boiling ceases, the commotion subsides, the bright blue waters become clear, and there is nothing to suggest the geyser except the light cloud of steam that floats away, and the hot water that has been thrown out during the eruption, and which is now running in many rivulets to the bottom of the geyser basin. The drivers stop at several geysers with names such as the Minute Man, the Monarch, and others, which are said to be active at regular periods, but which did not favor the visitors at this time, and which the driver was inclined to disparage as not to be relied on and as of no account as compared with those of the Upper Basin, to which the party was going. The steaming, spouting springs were distributed at frequent intervals over an area of fully a mile square, on hill and in valleys, and everywhere the ground was covered with white and tawny crusts of deposits, under which could be heard strange rumblings, and upon which one's footfall caused a ringing sound that suggested horrible caverns, into which one might be plunged by an incautious step, to be horribly stewed to death. Driving through puffs and clouds of steam and across trickling streams that ran through the sand to show where the Monarch had the night before been throwing up its column of hot water, the road led beyond the geysers into broad grassy prairies, thickly dotted with blue and yellow flowers. The prairies crossed, there was a hill to climb, and then another to descend, where the road was about as bad as bad could be. The descent was steep and the way rocky, the ruts at one side three or four feet higher than on the other. The drivers applied their brakes and cursed the road-builders, and the passengers hastened to get out, preferring to walk rather than run the imminent risk of an upset upon the rocky hillside. The sun was very hot now, and it was difficult to realize, riding along with all superfluous clothing cast aside, that a few hours before it had been freezing cold and that a roaring camp-fire was comfortable.

When the government sees fit to make sufficient appropriations to improve the road through Gibbon Canon, and will see that the money is properly applied, it will be regarded as one of the most delightful parts of the National Park to visit. The entrance to the canon is charming, and the trail, hard as it is to travel on horse or in wagon, runs picturesquely close to the rapid Gibbon river, and crosses and recrosses it by fords, with superb views the whole distance. Fearful jolts over unavoidable boulders strain horses and wagons, and one plunge and crash that throws all seats forward and brings everything up standing when it is over compels the acknowledgment from the English journalist that the wheels which will stand such usage are a jolly good testimonial to American wheelwrights and their work. A beautiful boiling spring, whose waters are of a peculiar brilliant blue, is passed about half way down the canon, and then the road crosses the stream to the lower side by a ford so deep as to immerse the hubs of the wheels, the bottom being covered with huge boulders of red sandstone, so far apart as to let the vehicles drop suddenly and frequently, with splashes and plunges that alarm all the passengers. The road now led through a forest, like all the forests in the park, in being filled with dead trees, the evidences of desolating fires, and the roadway was badly obstructed by many stumps which ought to be removed. A pleasant natural bower of pine and cedar boughs shut out the bright sunlight while the teams toiled up the steep road to the Gibbon Canon Falls; and then those who dared venture to slide down the side of the canon, a distance of about 200 feet, over a slope destitute of grass and covered with stones that went bounding down between the trees with fearful velocity when started by the feet, obtained a fine view, well worth the hazardous trip down and the more difficult climb back to the top. The Gibbon river, coming through a gorge between lofty wooded hills, is abruptly crowded into a narrow passage, walled by huge solid boulders of dark moss-covered rocks. The water rushes over a projecting ledge in a divided stream, one-half of which goes down in a cloud of foam, while the other is spread over the fantastically piled up bolders in delicate, lace-like streams. The distance from the top of the fall to the basin below seems to be not far from a hundred feet, but the cliffs below rise bold and rugged and almost perpendicular to three times that height. The best climbers of the party, including the English lady and gentleman who are active members of the Alpine Club and the little lady from Mandam, are winded by the hand-and-knee scramble to the road, and it is voted a blessing that there are no more such chasms near at hand to be explored. Great horse-flies lit upon the flanks and necks of the horses as they trotted through the forest road leading up to the top of the next ridge, and when they flew away they left huge clots of blood that trickled down in red streams. These pests annoy the horses terribly during the heat of the day, but are benumbed by the cold of morning and evening. The elk and antelope, which are now seldom seen along the beaten and frequently traveled trails, escape them by going up into the mountains where the air is cool and the breezes sweep the insects away. Out of the Gibbon river valley, and descending into the valley of the Firehole creek, a splendid view was had to the south and west. The land sloped gradually, the road leading through wood and meadow, and miles away it rose again, bathed in a thin haze, through which were seen the Twin Buttes, blue and cool, and beyond them, stretching peak upon peak, gray and serene, were the cones and pyramidal tops of the Rocky Mountain Divide. Lower down the slope one could look about and fancy himself at the bottom of a bowl, the Yellowstone ridge sweeping grandly to the north and west to meet the mountains of the Continental Divide as they stretched irregularly in a semi-circle from west to east. After a drive of more than 15 miles over excessively bad roads the drivers insisted at noon on stopping to rest and feed their horses at Marshall's, a two-story timber-shack, with mud-stopped chinks, and the tourists were glad of the opportunity to eat the indifferent lunch which the proprietor furnished. Marshall is objectionable to the Yellowstone Park Improvement company, and there is no doubt they will endeavor to drive him from the park. He has kept his house at the forks of the Firehole for four years, and has sheltered and fed many tourists in a rude way, but the lessees, who have undertaken to build hotels and maintain camps at different points, under the lease from the Secretary of the Interior, claim an exclusive privilege. Marshall's charges are high, and it is asserted that they have sometimes been exorbitant, and there is a notice posted in his rude reception-room informing him that transportation in the Park is only to be undertaken at rates to be approved by the Interior department. Not fancying the prospect of being compelled to break up after he has been settled here so long, Marshall will apply to the department for permission to continue. The Yellowstone Improvement company have no camp nearer than that at the Upper Geyser Basin, ten miles away.

After the halt and lunch at Marshall's there were some changes in the disposition of the travelers, and your correspondent, wearied with the tossing, jolting and bumping incidental to wagon transportation, to say nothing of the frequently dusty walks up steep hills, took to the saddle, and thenceforth confided in the strength, speed and amiability of a bucking cayuse. The change was delightful. Nothing in the way of exercise could be more exhilarating than a canter on one of these little cranky ponies, which will gallop for hours if they have company and a good leader, and it was not long before two of us who traveled together had explored the Lower Geyser Basin. A large spring, that bubbles feebly, throwing up a thick white and pink mud, is the greatest curiosity in this basin, which appears to have been full of turbulent springs in times past. The white and pink colors are thrown up separately, and the dividing line between them is maintained very distinctly. There was little to enjoy beside the rapid movement forward and the fine views in the distance, until a stop was made close to the side of the Firehole creek, under great clouds of steam that were wafted out of an unseen basin in the higher western bank. Crossing a frail bridge and clambering the damp alkaline path that led to the top, we soon came to the wonderful Excelsior Geyser, in the midst of what is commonly called "Hell's Half-Acre." Approaching cautiously the brink of the Excelsior pool and standing on its ragged edge, we could see, 15 or 20 feet below, an uncanny yet fascinating sight. There was a large basin or crater, with overhanging sides, occupying an irregular space 200 feet one way and perhaps 300 the other. When the sunlight touched it the water was pale blue, and when it was in shadow it darkened into amethyst and ultramarine and emerald green. Everywhere the water was clear as crystal, and we could see objects upon its fantastically rounded or jagged bed, except above the many spots where it boiled and seethed with ardent heat, supplied by invisible furnaces. It was impossible to face the scalding steam as it blew out of the chasm, where the overflow ran down into the Firehole break in a ceaseless, broad, heavy stream. Turning to the Bridal Pool, just behind the great Excelsior Geyser, it was found to be quite as wonderful as its larger neighbor, and even more surprising in the variety of coloring presented in its water, which boiled less violently, and in which the tints varied from turquoise to deep blue and emerald, orange, gray, pink, and deep red.

E. G. D.

The Sea Moss Business.

Scituate, Mass., Letter.

Over two thousand barrels of sea moss have been shipped so far this season from Scituate. New York parties in the town last week bought five hundred barrels, paying four and a-half and five cents a pound. The moss gatherers have averaged about three dollars a day for wages.

THE STRATFORD MURDER.

A Heinous Crime Still Involved in Mystery.

THE STORY OF ROSE AMBLER, THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER—HER MARRIAGE, DIVORCE AND NEW INFATUATION—THE PARTICULARS KNOWN CONCERNING HER DEATH—EVIDENCES OF A VIOLENT STRUGGLE—WHAT A RAILROAD WATCHMAN SAW.

The murder which now figures in the annals of crime, as the Stratford tragedy promises, like the Mary Stannard and Jennie Cramer murders, a peculiar interest on account of the mystery in which it is involved. No clue has yet been found that points conclusively to the murderer, although many plausible theories have been answered.

THE VICTIM

of this murder was returning home, alone, from the house of her lover, where she was in the habit of visiting him during their engagement.

On Sunday night, September 2, at 9 o'clock, he said good-bye to her for the last time, and her lifeless body was found next morning, in a field, to which it had been dragged from the sidewalk, and upon her person were the evidences of a terrible struggle and marks of the violence which caused her death. Rose Ambler was the daughter of Captain Nathan Clark, a fisherman, who cruises in his smack off Montauk Point and up Vineyard sound. She lived with her father in a cosy cottage, picturesquely situated, about a mile northwest of the New York & New Haven railroad bridge, across the Housatonic. Rose, who was one of nine children, grew up a beautiful girl. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* tells her story as follows: She had blue eyes, faultless features, a delicate complexion, and dark brown hair. Her voice was musical and her manners were very engaging. Over four years ago she

MARRIED NORMAN AMBLER.

His father was Richard Ambler, of Old Farm, a well known saddle-tree maker. His mother is the daughter of Hull Curtis, a well-to-do farmer. Norman is the oldest of three brothers. When he married Rose he was a happy-go-lucky fellow, given to occasional sprees, but with neither the tastes nor the inclinations of a silent drinker. Sturdy and well-knit, he boasted of his physical prowess, and contracted associations that were injurious to him. He frequented the saloon of a prize fighter in Bridgeport, and seemed to have pugilistic aspirations. He was neither ill-favored nor had he a bad disposition, but he was weak and easily influenced by his associates. Such was the man who married Rose. They lived in a large white house about half way between the Stratford depot and Rose's home. Norman raised vegetables, which was marketed at Bridgeport, Birmingham and adjacent cities by William Lewis, whose mother was a daughter of Lisle Curtis, a brother of Hull Curtis. Norman's grandfather, Lewis was a good salesman. He had a convivial disposition and drank freely, but withal saved money. He lived with Norman and Rose. The husband was not particularly attentive to his wife. Lewis split wood, brought water, and did odd chores about the house in Norman's absence. For months the wife seemed devoted to her husband. Then a daughter was born. Its birth had no perceptible effect on the father. He roistered around as usual, leaving Lewis to do the chores. Occasionally Lewis rode out with Mrs. Ambler. The neighbors began to talk, and Norman's jealousy arose.

A QUARREL BETWEEN THE TWO MEN

ensued. Lewis left the house, threw up his situation, and went to his mother's residence, in what is known as the Lisle Curtis mansion. Not long afterward Rose left her husband's house and returned to her father. She left her baby with Norman's mother, and it is said that from that day to this she has never visited it, and apparently has not taken the least interest in its welfare. She went to work in Warner's corset factory, at Bridgeport, returning home every night. Stratford depot was over a mile and a half from her father's house. She usually covered the distance in forty minutes.

Despite his dissipated habits Norman seems to have tenderly loved his wife. He hated Lewis, and accused him of being the author of all his misfortunes. Instead of being sobered by the desertion of his wife, his dissipation increased. One day he was surprised by Constable Dufour, who served upon him a summons to answer the petition of his wife for a divorce on the ground of brutal treatment. He was infuriated, saying that Lewis was at the bottom of the whole business, and that Lewis' money was being used in the effort to obtain the divorce. He swore that whatever happened Lewis should never marry her. He made no answer to the summons, and in due time the divorce was granted, and Rose was again a free woman. Norman went from bad to worse. He was left alone with his little daughter and his widowed mother. His sprees were protracted, and they gave his mother much sorrow. From the day that she left her husband's house Rose Ambler seemed

INFATUATED WITH LEWIS.

After her divorce was granted she openly visited him at the Lisle Curtis mansion. It was fully two miles from her father's house. The visits were usually paid in the evening, Rose returning home after dark. Lewis never accompanied her on her return. He says she protested against his doing so, because he had to rise so early in the morning that he needed all the sleep he could get. They were engaged to be married. Lewis had saved a few hundred dollars, and the wedding was to take place as soon as he could build and furnish a small house near the Lisle Curtis mansion.

On Sunday, September 2, Rose visited Lewis for the last time. She arrived at the crossroads after sundown. Her lover greeted her at his mother's gate. The sky was overcast, and there were indications of a storm. Lewis' unfinished house was in plain sight. It was to be finished late in October, and the conversation turned on what was necessary to furnish it. Rose agreed to make out a list of the furniture and crockery that was needed. It was 9 o'clock before she started homeward. The sky was as black as ink, and it was so dark that you could hardly see your hand before your face. Lewis says he urged her to allow him to accompany her, but she insisted on going alone, saying that she was not afraid, and that she did not want to rob him of his sleep. She turned into the air-line turnpike to Milford, and her lover lost her form in the darkness. He never again saw her alive.

THE ROAD TO DEATH.

For a quarter of a mile the air-line turnpike has a gentle descent. There is but one house on the way, an unpainted, gloomy-looking mansion on a high bank on the left of the road. The road itself is a simple country turnpike, fringed with dusty ferns, thistles, brambles, milk weed and golden rod. At the forks of the road at the foot of the hill Rose turned to her right over a short cross-road, and entered the main street of Stratford. From the air-line turnpike to her father's house there are fifty dwellings. The main street is two hundred feet wide. Wide glass plots stretch on either side, shaded by monstrous elms and many-leafed maples. The sidewalks are varied according to the whims of the owners of the residences along the route. In some places there are flagstones and in others boards, but for the most part the only walk is a flinty path worn through the turf. There had been no rain for weeks, and while the road was dusty the path was unusually hard. The night was rendered more dark, if possible, by the shade of the leafy elms and maples, and more gloomy by the chirping of the katydids in their branches. The only light upon the woman's path was the feeble light reflected from the windows of the cottages embowered along the road. Most of them are set well back, with turfy front yards.

Half way to her father's house Main street forks, forming a long turf triangle known as Paradise Green. A little school-house squats on this green, and a belfried church faces the base of the triangle. Rose's route lay by the lower or Ravenstream road. It is hardly as broad as Main street, and its dwellings are more deeply embowered, and more scattered. Cornfields and meadows intervene, but the turf walk is still shaded by the overhanging elms and bushy maples. Along this road Rose walked until within hailing distance of her father's house. Her former husband was then in his bed, twenty miles from Stratford. Her father was scudding the waters of Vineyard sound, and her mother had gone to sleep, leaving a door unfastened for the entrance of her daughter, convinced that she would return home safe and sound, as she had done so many times before. She never returned alive.

The next morning the body was found in a field, bearing evidence that death had resulted from strangulation.

THE CLUES DISCOVERED.

Since then the ingenuity of detectives and the learning of men of science have been employed in vain to discover proofs which will lead to the detection of her murder. When the post-mortem examination was made of the body of the unfortunate woman, it was found that there was certain matter imbedded under the finger nails, and this matter was carefully scraped out and submitted to Prof. White for examination. He declared it to be composed of particles of the skin of a white man, and blood particles which had been torn or dug out with violence, as the skin had been taken off down to the quick. Another circumstance to which great weight is established is that stains resembling blood have been found on the seats and lap robes belonging to Lewis' carriage, which Lewis, when on the witness stand, declared himself unable to explain. Lewis' mother has since stated that the stains on the lap robe were from meat she brought from market.

WATCHMAN COFFEE'S MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

A telegram from Stratford a day or two ago says: A story is afloat to the effect that on the night of the 4th inst. Watchman Coffee, of the New England station at Waterbury, had his attention drawn to a man who was walking about the railroad yard at that place incoherently muttering to himself. Coffee asked him what he wanted, and the man said he was a refugee and needed protection. On being asked where he came from, he replied, "Bridgeport." In the same breath he corrected himself and said, "No; I mean New York." He further said, in his wild talk, that the woman he loved married or was about to marry another man, and he added, "She will never marry again." Coffee remained with him for some time, the man laboring under intense excitement. The next morning (Wednesday) the man went by train to Hartford.

At this time Coffee had heard nothing of the murder of Rose Ambler. When he read the particulars of the crime he recalled the singular expressions used by the stranger. Coffee said: "Had I known of the Stratford tragedy, I should surely have detained that man, for I now feel the more I read about the case that he had some connection with it."

A NOTE OF WARNING.

A telegram from Waterbury Tuesday night says: "Watchman Coffee, who tells the story of a suspicious man he saw in connection with the Ambler murder case, has received an anonymous note of warning from Hartford."

A BRAVE WOMAN.

Concealing Her Own Agony to Save the Life of Her Husband.

From the Pinegrove Herald.

On last Sunday evening William Rump and his wife, of Cherryville, after putting their children to bed, were in front of the house just as twilight was gathering, amusing themselves in a playful way. The husband ran away from the house several rods, followed by his wife. In running his left arm struck the revolver which was in his coat pocket. An idea flashed through his mind that he would scare his wife in the darkness, and, drawing his revolver from his pocket, he aimed it towards the bush, and, when about to fire, his wife came running up between him and the bush, and he shot her in the abdomen. She exclaimed: "Oh, William! you shot me." He turned and said, "If I did shoot you in this foolish way I will take my own life," and he pointed the revolver to his head, but she caught his hand and begged him not to shoot, saying, "I ain't shot." She persuaded him to empty every chamber of the revolver into the woods, and then walked back to the house. At the house she met a boy and told him to hurry and get matches. Her husband heard this and quickly came to her side, and she then told him she was shot, and he should quickly go for the doctor. On his way he aroused the neighbors, who went to the house and found her in bed suffering pain. Three doctors were summoned as soon as possible, two from town, and Carpenter, of Pottsville. They discovered that the ball had entered the abdomen, and think it lodged in the left hip. The wound was a dangerous one, and the woman lingered until Monday night, when death came and relieved her. The husband is in a terribly distressed state of mind. It was only recently he stood near his father and saw him buried beneath several tons of coal in the mines, and this double affliction, it is feared, will cause him to lose his reason. Mrs. Rump was about twenty-two years of age, and the mother of two children. She was the daughter of Michael Wenerich, of Pinegrove township.

LOUISE LATEAU.

Death of the Girl with the Miraculous Wounds.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The death is announced of Louise Lateau, the stigmata of Boise d'Haine. This singular being was born on the 30th of January, 1850. She made her first communion at the age of eleven years, and began to earn her living as a seamstress at the age of fifteen. During the cholera visitation of 1866 she exhibited much devotion in attending to the wants of the pest-stricken. In 1867 she was attacked by a lingering malady, and received the last sacrament. She was, however, cured (miraculously, said her friends), but only for a short time. Early in 1868 she was said to have first experienced pain in the locality of the stigmata, and she again received the last sacrament. It is alleged, nevertheless, that she foretold her recovery, and on April 21 she appeared completely restored to health.

The first outward indication of the stigmata is said to have taken place on the 24th of April, 1868, when a wound on the side was visible, which healed the next day. On the 1st of May blood was reported to have issued from the upper surface of her feet as well as from her side, and she then confided the matter to M. le Cure. Seven days later the stigmata of the hands added themselves to the others, and M. le Cure advised her to apply to the physician of Fayt, who attempted to cure her. In the course of 1868 several evidences of ecstasy are said to have occurred, and on September 25, 1868, the crown of thorns first appeared. After this she ceased to sleep. Her alleged complete abstinence from all nourishment began on March 30, 1871, and the wound on the shoulder appeared in the following April.

Mary Anderson in London.

The following is part of a criticism on the first appearance of Miss Mary Anderson in London in the character of Parthenia, in "Ingomar." It was written by the well-known critic, Mr. Dutton Cook, whose death took place only a day or two ago:

If first impressions may be trusted, in spite of the proverbial superiority of second thoughts, Miss Mary Anderson is quite the most complete and charming actress that America has given to England. It is true that Parthenia is rather a graceful than a great part; still, it affords its representative opportunities for the display of genuine histrionic skill. * * * Much, but, as the event proved, not too much, had been said beforehand of Miss Anderson's beauty, and, indeed, the lady's physical gifts and graces are very remarkable. Clad in the light, soft, fluent draperies of Parthenia, the actress presents a specially attractive and interesting figure; she is very youthful-looking, slim and lithe of form, fair of complexion, with delicate, symmetrical features of an English type, her light-brown tresses waved and bound after the classical manner required by the character—for Parthenia is supposed to be a member of a Greek colony flourishing at Massilia, the ancient Marseilles, about the year 500 B. C. Miss Anderson is very graceful of gesture and movement, and has studied carriage and attitude with a keen sense of artistic prescription, if the picturesque effects she obtains are less suggestive of antique art than of the revived classicality, aiming more at prettiness than at severity, of such artists as Cosway, Angelica Kauffman, and the like. But it is not simply a question of good-looks. On the stage beauty is an excellent letter of introduction and recommendation, but it is not the absolute necessity to success, does not always insure it; often, indeed, the victories of the theater have been won by the plain of face, the rude of form, for genius is willing to abide in very unlike lylooking lodgings. Miss Anderson is an accomplished actress; she is a mistress of her art; and in a particular range of impersonations can venture upon comparisons with any artist now upon the stage. Her first performance suffered from the anxiety and nervousness inseparable from the occasion. Apparently she had not absolute command of her resources; she was over eager to impress, and was induced to some excesses of manner and redundancies of movement, as in the first scene with Polydor, for instance. Moreover, she had not quite suited her elocutionary method to the scale of the theater, and did not succeed in making herself audible to its more distant corners. And something will, perhaps, always have to be forgiven her in relation to her accent and pronunciation, which strike the ear, however, not so much as American as French—at any rate, they are not pure English. With Miss Anderson the word forgive becomes almost *forgeeve* and him *heem*, and so on. Is this defect remediable? But this said, there is nothing but praise to be awarded to the Parthenia of Miss Anderson. Her voice is of sufficient power and compass, of most melodious quality, and possessed here and there of those tear-laden notes which are as invaluable to the speaker as to the singer. Her performance, indeed, abounds in charm, in spirit, in natural vivacity, in grace, in pathos, and in passion, so far as passion is permitted to the character. Her face is most expressive, and her quickly changing looks provide an admirable illumination, as it were, of the text she delivers. She is entirely unaffected; her exceeding naturalness in so eminently artificial a character was perhaps the chief feat of her impersonation. Miss Anderson's success as Parthenia was placed beyond question within a few minutes of her entrance upon the scene. Her appearance in other and better parts will be looked for most hopefully and eagerly.

THE TRUANT OF THE OCEAN.

Anglers Happy Over the Opening of the Bass Season.

THE GAMEST FISH IN THE WATER, HIS HIDING PLACES AND HOW TO HOOK HIM.

From the New York World.

The advent of the September equinox heralds the first appearance of the striped bass in the waters about New York and its vicinity. The storm of wind and rain, accompanied by cold nights with frost, drives the sportive bass from the deep waters of the sea into the shoal water of the harbor, rivers and creeks which abound at this port.

This fish is to the angler what the woodcock is to the crack gunner. Next to the speckled trout the bass is the gamest fish that swims. He is a thoroughbred in everything, and has the most particular taste, the keenest sense of smell, hearing and observation. The rivers and creeks along the banks of shoal waters are filled with eel-grass and sedges, where the shrimp make their home, and the choice food of the bass is a live and kicking shrimp.

Here on a cold frosty morning the bass fisher finds the striped beauties coming through the shallows in a hurry and snapping at everything in the shape of a delicious morsel. The bass bite rapidly and take the bait as fast as it is thrown over if you can get a good spot. When once hooked the fun begins. He is a game fish and fights for his life. Green hands find it difficult to catch bass from the trouble that is experienced in landing them, and very often they get the game just in sight above the water to find that the tackle will not stand the strain, and to see the fish with his mouth wide open fly off with hooks, sinker and leader.

He has to be "played" to land him properly, and this can only be done by letting him have his own way and go off with your reel spinning. When near the end of the line he must be wound in slowly and again let out until in his efforts to escape he exhausts his strength and comes into the boat, a prize of patience, dexterity and experience.

The New York fisherman is an expert on bass fishing, for he loves the sport and follows it with persistency way into the winter, until the snow and ice of the blustering weather drive him home numbed with the cold.

THE OLDEST FISHERMAN.

Hoboken boasts of a fisherman seventy-three years of age, who every winter sits out on the "river walk" piers and fishes in an overcoat, with gloves on his hands. Bass fishing requires study, for the animal is as changeable as a school girl in its likes and dislikes. It frequents certain tides, and in different localities demands a change of bait and tackle. In the East river, about Hell-Gate, the first of the flood-tide is the best for bass. Here, where the strong eddy makes off Brown's Point, and the rapid whirlpools of water come dashing by Blackwell's Island, the bass is alive and on the lookout for a morning meal. He will dive past you and shoot up to the Gate with your hook in his mouth, as though life was too short for a parley, and unless he is handled with care, your line, pole and reel will go along with him.

In early fall he seeks the Hudson river first, and makes his appearance along the New Jersey shore and off Manhattanville on this side of the river. The old sugar house above the Trinity church burying ground at 150th street is still a favorite haunt of the bass. Off Fort Washington Point, where the river makes a bend, there is a rock known to the old fishermen as "Weak Fish Rock." With a small line, a light sinker and a float on a bass morning you can't miss them.

At Kingsbridge the bass run very small, but in great abundance, and from their uniform size they have derived the name of Kingsbridge bass. Some of the old city piers are still the home of the bass, who find it hard to leave their ancient feeding grounds. Between the piers at the Christopher street ferry some very large bass are taken during the season. The Dutch Kills, off Staten Island, are good bass water, and at the right tide Robbin's Reef Light-house is considered a fair spot. Randall's Island Shoals, Bowery Bay and the Harlem Flats are good bass grounds on the east side, while the "Cove" at Hoboken, the oil-dock wharf and along the shore from Shady Side to Fort Lee in the Hudson river afford fine bass fishing.

WHERE TO CATCH TIDE RUNNERS.

The size of the fish depends largely on the location. The average fish is from a pound to three pounds, while occasionally stray bass known as "tide runners," often weigh eight and ten pounds. "Uncle Billy Cameron" at his boat house on the Hudson last season took an eight-pound bass. He has commenced fishing and predicts a good season this year if the oil dumping scows do not drive the fish away. "Pop Russell," of Hoboken, is a champion bass fisher, and has made some very successful "casts" this season. He caught ten beauties just above the bath-house on the Hoboken shore one morning last week.

The bass bait is a peculiar part of the fisherman's lesson. They are catching them now with blood worms in the Hudson river and with shrimps on the East river. Later in the season the bass will only bite on "shedder" crabs, and as the winter sets in they will take clam bait. Among the favorite spots for bass is a cross creek at the upper end of Broad Channel at Rockaway. Here the bass come in to feed and spawn in large quantities, and they are reported "big and hungry" by the fishermen in that locality. "Cheesequake Creek" and the "Cow Pen" at Keyport are famous bass fishing grounds, and the New York fisherman is preparing to make his fall exodus in that direction.

Another point sought by the devotees of Ike Walton is the Hackensack River bridge and channel at the lower end of Newark bay. Here the bass run full and free in search of the shallows along the Jersey meadows. They are frequently caught in water not over two feet in depth with a float to keep the bait off bottom. The New York fishermen are not given to story-telling of their great exploits. As a class they are reticent and non-committal, especially the bass-fisher, and if he has a basket full of fish he will not let you know where he caught them for fear you will fish up his grounds. He sits in his boat, or off the pier, without speaking, and if you talk he will tell you to keep still or he will catch no fish.

The bass are easily frightened and the splash of a heavy sinker will drive them away not to return. Thirty-pound bass are to be seen in Fulton market during the season. They are caught off Fire Island, Montauk Point and Cape Cod, sometimes running in at Newport. As a table fish the bass has few superiors. The flesh is white and hard, and broiled fresh from the water has a very appetizing flavor. In piscatorial parlance it is known as the "Truant of the Ocean."

The Blue-Grass Country.

W. H. Bishop, in Harper's Magazine for October.

The blue-grass country is reached by traversing central Virginia and Kentucky along the line of the picturesque Chesapeake and Ohio railway, unless, indeed, one prefers the swift and solid Pennsylvania route to Cincinnati and drops down to it from the north. On this particular journey, at any rate, it was reached past the battle fields and springs of Virginia, and up and down the long slopes of the Blue Ridge and gorges of the Greenbrier and Kanawha, in the wilder Alleghanies. It is found to be a little cluster of peculiarly favored counties in the center of the state. Marked out on the map it is like the kernel, of which Kentucky is the nut; or like one of those "pockets" of precious metals happened upon by miners in their researches. The soil is of a rich fertility, the surface charmingly undulating. Poverty seems abolished. On every hand are evidences of thrift corresponding with the genial bounty of nature. A leading crop in times past has been hemp, and land that will grow hemp will grow anything. This is being more and more withdrawn in favor of stock raising exclusively, but the tall stacks of hemp, in shape like Zulu wigwams, still plentifully dot the landscape.

One drops into horse talk immediately on alighting from the train at Lexington, and does not emerge from it again till he takes his departure. It is the one subject always in order. Each successive proprietor, as he tucks you into his wagon, if you will go with him—and if you will go with him there is no limit to the courtesy he will show you—declares that now, after having seen animals more or less well in their way, he proposes to show you a horse. Fortunately there are many kinds of perfection. He may have the best horse or colt of a certain age, the one which has made the best single heat or fourth heat, or quarter of a mile, or average at all distances, or the best stallion, or brood-mare, or the one which has done some of these things at private if not public trials. Each one has, at any rate, the colt which is going to be the great horse of the world. This is an amiable vanity easily pardoned, and the enthusiasm is rather catching. A man's stock is greatly to his credit and standing in this section while he lives, and when he dies is printed prominently among the list of his virtues.

It is said that Capt. John S. Wise stated in a recent speech in Virginia that if President Arthur were renominated he would stump the state for him.

Dr. Dio Lewis having advised that Americans should retire at 9 and rise at 5, the Hartford *Post* accuses him of keeping Americans up till 10 to listen to him lecture.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

Young Adolph Hamann Ends His Life After a Party—Taking a Last Look at a Young Woman's Portrait and Then Lying Down to Die.

From the New York World, 18th.

Adolph H. Hamann shot himself about two o'clock yesterday morning at the residence of his parents, No. 258 W. 128th street. He was but twenty-two years old and held the position of exchange clerk with