The Rolla Express.

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VOLUME XIV. ROLLA, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873. NUMBER 12.

Business Directory.

PHELPS COUNTY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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Circuit Judge—Elijah Perry,
Prosecuting Attorney—Wm. C. Kelly.
Sheriff—James L. Smith.
Collector—Chas. V. Sanford
Assessor—Samuel Ledgerwood.
Circuit Clerk—S. M. Clark.
County Justices—J. G. Hutcheson, John A Sally, J R. Bowman.
County Clerk—J. S. French.
Probate Judge—J. G. Hutcheson.
Probate Clerk—W. W. Southgate.
Superintendent Public Schools—W. S. Perkins.
County Treasurer—Louis Auerbach.
County Surveyor—T. D. Smith,
Coroner—C. G. Woody.
Public Administrator—Wm. Dawson.

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vol. 14-1

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The regular session will commence on the first Monday in October, and continue until the 1st of March. A preliminary course of lectures, free to all students, will commence on the Second Monday in September, and continue till the opening of the regular term.
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Dean of Faculty.
For the Annual Circular, containing full particulars, address
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14. 1 y. Secretary of Faculty]

The Capitol Frescos.

Of the thousands of persons who yearly visit the capitol at Washington, but comparatively few stop to examine critically the frescos in the corridors. They are so wrapped in eternal shadow one needs to remain a considerable time to accustom the eyes to the twilight effect. At first it is but a confused mass of half illuminated color, gradually drawing upon the sense like a rainbow web. Look closely; in kaleidoscopic changes, figures begin to form into portrait, landscape, beast, flower, insect and emblematic designs. Movement, voice given, and the Congressional hall itself would be outdone in diversity of speech and motion. Every blossom and bird known in America is here faithfully and artistically depicted; individual panels tell stories of morning and evening, the birds bathing at the fountain, the buds heavy with dew, and myriads of tiniest insects studding leaf and bough. There are but few who know by whom our national palace was decorated. They pass by, note the endless variety of design, the minute finish of the smallest worm upon the leaf, recognizing with delight a familiar landscape, a well-known portrait, stand amazed before the tender grace of goddess and cherubs, never once asking who were the artists, or if asking, fail to elicit any satisfactory reply: They are the work of two young Germans. Seven long years they worked with straining eyes, burning in upon those walls their wonderful impressions, until the declining health of one and failing eyesight of the other forced them to rest from their labors. One lies in his premature grave, the other, stone blind, weaves baskets for a living in the city of Hamburg.—*Exchange.*

THE Postmaster-general at Washington has at present under consideration a scheme for a postal-card convention between England and the United States, by which the cards would be delivered in either country for three cents. The only obstacle in the way now is the demand of the steamship companies, who receive two cents, and urge that they are underpaid.

"BUSTED."

A Reminiscence by Mr. English.

BY FRED. W. LORING.

We were sitting around the camp-fire after an unusually severe march, and Mr. English, as usual, was expanding into flowery language, to the mingled disgust and admiration of his comrades. No point of difference, however, had as yet arisen, and I began to wonder whether the fatigue of the day would prevent the evening's customary discussion. Mr. English, however, solved my doubt, and precipitated argument by a remark about "that faithful but eccentric animal, the mule." This raised a chorus of remonstrances from the packers, who had been sorely tempted that day by mule eccentricities.

"Well," said Mr. English, "I stick to my point. The mule is faithful. If you treat him well, he will treat you well. And as for knowingness, why, he's got more knowingness than many in this here crowd."

"Yes, he has knowingness," said John Courtis, the chief packer; "but he has got ugliness, too, hain't he, English? Just answer that, English."

"I will answer it," said Mr. English. "Didn't you never know men that had ugliness?"

"But a mule ain't a man," said John Courtis. "And rules which applies to one disregards the other. A mule ain't a man, and ain't of as much use as a man."

"Ain't he?" said Mr. English. "Supposing you was starving, which had you rather eat, a mule or a man?"

"Why, a mule," reluctantly admitted John Courtis.

"Then don't tell me," said Mr. English, decisively, "that a mule ain't of no more use than a man."

This piece of logic being apparently unanswerable, a brief silence ensued, after which Mr. English continued:

"But the mule, as I before remarked, is truly faithful. I knowed a mule once that belonged to Joe Childers. You remember Joe Childers, that come up here from Tucson, Manwel?"

Manwel, a stout, swarthy Mexican, admitted that he did remember Joe Childers.

"Well," said Mr. English, "Joe Childers was murdered over by the sink of the Amargosa: and if it hadn't been for the fidelity of his mule his murderers wouldn't never have been known. When first I knew Joe Childers, he was up in Tuolomne neighborhood, nigh onto fifteen years ago. He was mighty thick with two Mexicans—Manwel and Warn was their names. Warn never amounted to much, but Manwel was the leader of the two, and he was a low feller. He kept a bar there for us boys, and one night we was a-sitting there, when up came a fellow on horseback, leading a bronco mule.

"'Which one of you gentlemen is Joe Childers?' he asked.

"'That's me,' says Joe, rather surprised.

"'I have brought you a letter from your late partner, Tom Egan,' says this fellow, 'who, being low-spirited, through recent bad luck, jest shot himself.'

"Well, this news ketched Joe mighty sudden, for he was a very affectionate man and sot a great deal by his partners. But pretty soon after the messenger had rode away he read his partner's last letter to us fellows. It went like this:

"'DEAR JOE: I am busted. This mule is all that I've got left, and I send him to you with the affectionate regards of your friend and faithful partner, TOM EGAN.'

"And there stood the mule. It was one of them little, worthless-looking runts that are so tough, that nothing can't wear them out. It looked so ridiculous, as it stood there, that us fellows broke out into a laugh.

"'Just let up on that,' said Joe. 'This animal was the last gift of my late partner, and I'm bound to have it respected.'

"'What'll you call it, Joe,' says one.

"Well, that set the boys to talking. Some was for General Scott, and some for Jenny Lind, and one fool suggested Columbia, which wa'n't at all appropriate; but Joe cut them all short.

"'Gentlemen,' says he, 'this bronco is mine, and I expect to have the naming of it. This being so, I shall call it Busted, in memory of the financial condition of my late partner at the time of his death. And now let's go into Manwel's and drink Busted's health.'

"Well, sir, it was just astonishing to see how attached he grew to that bronco. He never spoke cross to him and never seemed to get mad; and that mule though he had some low ways about him set a great deal by Joe. But the others didn't like him much, and Manwel especially was very down on him. And I suppose Busted was the cause of the quarrel between him and Joe, if the truth was only known; for one day Manwel was feeling pretty ugly about something, and Busted was standing there in front of his store, and he began to swear at him in Spanish. But, though it was in Spanish, it made Joe allfired mad.

"'Just look here, Manwel,' said he, 'none of your swearing at Busted. I won't have it.'

"Well, Manwel got his back up at that, and drew a knife on Joe; but Joe was too quick for him, and he did just give him the most well-heeled old thrashing that you ever see. After this Manwel was mighty pleasant, but I distrusted him. Them Mexicans, with all their *carajoing* and *caramboring*, are nothing to be frightened of, if you meet them boldly; but they are treacherous as can be, and if they can hurt on the sly they will. Well, Joe and I, we determined to go out over the Amargosa way prospecting. It was a wild-goose chase, any way, and we knew it; but still we went. How we suffered! We got into a canon, and come to a place where there was first a steep wall of rock twenty feet high. We slid our animals down. I had a horse and Joe had Busted, and there we was. We went along a little further, and came to another precipice two hundred feet high. Well, of course, we couldn't do nothing with that; and so we just back and climbed up again. It took us a day to get over the mountain, and then we came down into another canon. Sand and shale on every side. Our canteens had given out and we had no water. Two hours after, while we were next to dying with thirst, our tongues swollen so that we could hardly speak, my horse give out, and there we were. Night was coming on, and we were just played out.

"'English,' says Joe, 'we must take a rest. You and I can take a sleep of an hour, and then perhaps we can get a little further. Busted will hold out for something yet.'

"And Busted did. You could see that he was wanting water dreadful; but he didn't seem wore out none, and just kept pegging slowly and slowly along, in a way that was just ridic'lous and nothing else. Well, we tied him to a tree, and then Joe and I slept. In a little while after I shut my eyes, as it seemed to me, though it must have been all of two hours, I woke up, with somebody shaking me like mad. It was Joe. 'Look here,' said he. 'English, we're lost. Busted has bit his rope in two and gone off, and here we are.' Well, I started up. It was just as he said. We couldn't say nothing, it seemed so useless. We knowed we couldn't have went back again, and yet we knowed we'd got to. 'If you must you'd better,' has always been my favorite motto. But there we was, fifty miles from water, and that water was alkali and about as bad as none at a'l. And for two days we'd been dry. Well, we felt we'd never see Busted again, and we just sot and waited for the moon to rise and light us out. *Ef* it hadn't been moonlight and *ef* we hadn't waited we'd died sure. But its being a little cloudy saved us; for, as we was sitting there, we heard steps, and there was Busted. He came up to us and sniffed. Of course, we was mighty glad and mighty relieved to see him; but we was puzzled by his unaccountable behavior. He kept a kind of bucking around into us and praying; and at last we see the reason. He kept trying to brush ag'in us, and finally that canteen that hung on his saddle hit Joe's hand. 'English!' just yelled Joe, in his hoarse and husky voice, 'that canteen's wet!' And sure enough it was. That mule had smelt water and had come back afterward; and, though it couldn't fill the canteen, it had stooped down and got its outside wet. We saw it all in a minute. 'Well, lead us out, good Busted, dear Busted,' said Joe, patting his neck and half hysterical. And that mule just went for water straight; and we followed, you bet, sir. And he led us straight on to a spring, with willows and canebrake growing around us, and nice bunch grass just a little way off. Oh! it was lovely. We stayed there all the next day and just swilled water; and then we started back, Joe and I both riding Busted.

"Well, we kept pretty quiet for some time. But Joe he kept hearing people talk of Dryfogel's discovering gold over there, you know; how Dryfogel went out and found gold and left his private mark there, and then came back, and when he went out again couldn't find his mark nor nothing. Well, Joe, he didn't know Dryfogel; but he kept hearing and hearing about it, till he grew kind of crazy about it. And nothing would satisfy him but he must start out again. Well, I'd had enough of the Amargosa country and the Death Valley, and I didn't believe in the Dryfogel story. But Joe and me was sitting in Manwel's store. 'Well,' says Joe, 'if nobody'll go with me, I'll go alone. Just give me Busted, and I'll travel through this country from one end to the other. And I tell you what, I'm going over there to settle, bag and baggage. I've got five hundred dollars in gold, that I'll put in my belt, and I'll start alone, if it's necessary.'

"'I'll go with you,' said Manwel, suddenly.

"Well, Joe was in for it, and he'd have gone with anybody rather than not have gone, and it ended in his starting as he said. Well, as might have been expected, Joe never come back. But Manwel did. In less than a fortnight he was back again, with his hair all right; but he said he'd lost his hat. He couldn't stand the desert, he said; but he'd left Joe well and hearty and on the way across the Death Valley. The story seemed reasonable enough, and we didn't think nothing strange about it, except that Joe didn't write no message to me. It might have been all of two months after this, when Captain Herring came through with a pack train. And a precious hung-eyed old rascal he is, you know. Well, he filed along with his train, and stopped to take dinner with us; and, as he tied up his train, who should I see but Busted. At first I couldn't believe it, for I knew that Joe never would have parted with him; but he brayed and recognized me when I come up. I didn't say nothing to no one; but I drew Captain Herring outside. 'Cap,' says I, 'do you mind putting that mule into my shed, and just keeping quiet about it?' Well, Cap, he was a little surprised; but he said yes. 'Now, Cap,' said I, 'that mule belonged to Joe Childers. I am quite sure. Tell us where you found him.' And then Cap said it was over in the Dead Valley region. 'And what is curious,' said the Captain, 'he had an old felt hat in his mouth and a flesh wound in one of his buttocks, but no saddle nor nothing. 'Can you show me that hat?' says I. 'No,' says the Captain, 'for I threw it away; but it was for all the world just like the one you're wearing.' 'Well,' says I, 'Joe never wore a hat like that. Look here, Cap, you're going on a trip up north, and will pass through here in a few days again. Just leave that there mule with me, and let me investigate this thing.' So the Captain agreed and let me keep Busted. No one had recognized him under his *apparejo*, and I and my partner kept quiet about our having him in the shed. But that evening we went into Manwel's store. 'By the way,' said I, quite careless and indifferent like, 'there was a mule mighty like Joe Childers' Busted in Captain Herring's train to-day.' Manwel started. 'Did it have a wound or scar on its hip?' says he. 'Why, no,' says I. 'Neither did Busted.' And then I see he looked confused; but I kept quiet and said no more that night. But I talked it over with my partner that night, and we reflected a great deal more about the circumstance of his having a hat in his mouth when Cap Herring found him. Finally we decided to let Busted loose, and give him my hat and see what he'd do. We held the hat before him the next morning. He smelt of it; and, finally, of a sudden grabbed it in his mouth and started out. We followed. He went straight down by Manwel's store. Manwel was out in front, talking to some one. That mule just stepped up and dropped the hat neat and square on his head. 'What's all this?' says Manwel, trying to look unconcerned. 'I'll just tell you what it is,' says I. 'I suspect that Joe Childers has been murdered, and I suspect that you done it.' 'Well,' says Manwell, 'it's a lie. You always hated me, English; but to accuse me of murdering a man when you don't know he's dead just lays a little over anything I ever heard on.' Well, it was mighty fortunate for us that Judge Perry happened to be in the crowd. He'd ridden over that morning before, to look at some mines; and, hearing some noise, he come up. 'Gentlemen,' said he, in his lawyer-ish sort of way, 'let us know the point at issue.' Well, I told him the whole story, and he listened very grave. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'let us do this thing calm and proper. Assuming that the late Mr. Childers is dead, was there any property which might offer an inducement to cupidity about him? In other words, what did he have worth stealing? 'Five hundred dollars in gold,' says I, 'in a belt.' 'The gold,' says the Judge, very impassive, 'is not distinguishable as the property of the late Mr. Childers. But the belt may be about, and I would recommend a search for it. Stop, gentlemen! Let us do this thing calm and deliberate. I would appoint Messrs. Tom Shaw and Alfred Kelly a committee of two to investigate and search for this belt in Manwel's house.'

"Well, sir, they went in. Manwel looked fierce enough at us. We waited, jest holding our breath; and in about fifteen minutes out they come—and *they had found it!* Oh! the yell that went up! It seemed jest to burst out of itself and split things. 'Stop, gentlemen!' says the Judge, still cool and dignified. 'The law gives every criminal the benefit of a doubt. Prisoner, do you confess your guilt, after this strong circumstantial evidence?' 'No,' snarled Manwel, 'that proves nothing.' 'Then, fellow-citizens,' says the Judge, seeming to grow taller and stronger every minute, as he spoke, 'let us trust to this poor dumb beast. He has shown singular sagacity thus far, and he can help us still. Three of you boys pack up, take Manwel with you, and let the mule go. He'll lead us to where poor Joe Childers lays, or I don't know nothing of mules nor law neither. Pan out, boys, for I'm bound to see this thing through.' Manwel commenced to tremble. The Judge was watching him like a lion. I knowed he couldn't stand it long, and wondered that he held out so long as he did. Kelly and me and the Judge packed up, and we started. Then Manwel caved in. He told how he had laid for Joe early and late, how he hated him, and how he killed him. It was in the canon which Joe and I had tried to pass. Busted was feeding loose. Joe was asleep, and this mean coward stabbed him then and there. Then the mule snatched his hat and got. He fired after him and hit him in the hip. He saddled and galloped full split. It wan't no use. Whether it was knowingness or ugliness that helped him, the mule hid, and he couldn't find him. Well, he finished, and the Judge was pale as death.

"'Prisoner,' says he, 'in all my years on the Coast I have never known or heard of a more sneakin' murder. Is it the pleasure of this community that sentence should be passed upon him here and now?'

"'Yes!' we yelled; but our voices didn't seem human. We was just wild for blood.

"'Then,' said the Judge, 'take him to the canon where the remains of his victim is reposing, and there let him be hung; or, if no trees can be found, shoot the cuss.'

"'Never!' yelled Manwel. 'Not there! Oh! my God, not there!' He slipped quick as lightning out of the holt of the men who was standing by him. We see his knife flash in the air. He ran to the mule, cursing terrible, and stabbed it three times. It was dreadful to see him. He was like a maniac; and so was all of us, for that matter. What more he'd have done I don't know. I've always thought he meant to kill himself; but he didn't have time to, for with his last stab at Busted up went Alf Kelly's revolver, and he fell dead. We buried him, and we ordered Warn out of that settlement. I have been at many trials in my day, but never to one more impressive than that one. Sometimes I dream of it even now. The dramatis personica of that affair are scattered now. Kelly is a leading railroad man in 'Frisco; the Judge went to Congress, and now has got an Indian agency, which they say is a pretty fat thing; and I made my pile and lost it, and am down to a packer, with them over my head who once I wouldn't have looked at."

"And what became of the mule?" asked John Courtis.

"Oh! Busted had wounds enough from that thief Manwel to kill fifty mules," replied Mr. English. "We buried him in style, though. We had a regular high-toned old funeral over him. Smarty Jones, him as was shot in White Pine Hut, years ago, by the Vigilants, was mighty good at improvising them things; and, as long as us fellows couldn't bury poor Joe, we was bound to make it up on Busted. And now I'd like to know, if that mule wasn't faithful, what you'd call faithful?"

And Mr. English poked the fire, which sent up a ruddy gleam and lit the group around it with a fitful flickering light. His answer was heard. His point was evidently gained, as the only sound in the camp was overheard in the low, half-mournful murmur of the breeze, which seemed to wail sadly through the rocky canon.—*The Independent.*

Watering-Place Matches.

The observant lounger at watering-places cannot fail, at these times, to see the close solicitude with which the relations of unmarried persons are scrutinized, more especially in connection with the material aspects of possible alliances. Of course mothers were always anxious about their daughters, and there is nothing new in that. Money certainly is a very good thing. To leap wildly into matrimony without pausing to think where the money is to come from, is a very bad thing. There has been, moreover, a great deal of cant written and spoken in behalf of the all-sufficiency of love, in the absence of bread and butter, which may wisely be counteracted. But for all this, as there is a just mean in all things, there may be danger that prudential considerations may be pushed too far; and such seems to be the fact just now.

At the most fashionable watering-places, the moment a man turn up who appears to be "eligible" a debate straightway arises among the natural guardians of single ladies, directed to the one grand, vital point of determining how much he is "worth." The question is not whether he has good principles, a spotless name, education, social talent or charm, but how much hard cash he has now in hand, what his means are for getting more, whether he owns the house he lives in, if he is likely to rise in life, and so forth. Demand induces supply, and the article, or an imitation of it, is naturally forthcoming. Hence perceiving, as he cannot help perceiving, that money is the paramount consideration, your bachelor is powerfully tempted to "assume" the virtue, whether he has it or not. We do not say that the temptation is not often honorably resisted; but it is notorious that the number of cases in which illusion on this point is dispelled after marriage is nowadays very great. This, it may be said, justifies the solicitude whose excess we condemn; but the truth is, the solicitude itself constantly invites deceit. To desire to marry is natural, and, if a man find a girl he loves, it becomes prodigiously strong. When he finds gates shut against him that only gold, or the show of it, can unlock, the restraint put upon conscience and self-respect becomes severe. Of the various ways of seeking to get quickly on in the world, that of "marrying money"—we speak of it on the man's part—is, perhaps, among the most ignoble; but it is not one whit less so for parents to make the possession of just so much money the sole or indispensable qualification for a suitor, and to assume, as in practice so many of them do, that all conceivable noble qualities, high culture, or even brilliant promises of the future, are to be counted as nothing against the one golden desideratum.

It is obvious that much of the anxiety in question has its origin in the fashion of luxurious living. When it costs so much to exist in anything like "good style," solicitude on this score naturally becomes proportioned to the increased scale of expense. Taking the narrowest view of the subject, here is manifestly a justification. But people have no right, in the most sacred and important relations of human life and soul, to take the narrowest view. It is as the consequence of magnifying one element and dwarfing others in such matters that bitter and pitiable mistakes, disastrous to an entire future, are so often made. Why do we hear of so many unhappy marriages? Why is there so much of restless dissatisfaction, of talk of more "liberty" for women in their domestic relations, of people making sad blunders in linking themselves for life to uncongenial partners—but for lack of a proper standard in estimating all considerations, and the absence of that true freedom of choice which cannot possibly be present when an extravagant value is set on a single consideration, while others far more important as affecting future happiness, are set aside or put out of sight. Nothing, in short, is more easy to trace than the connection between extravagant living and the marriage of convenience—between exaggerating the value of the money element in such an alliance, and the domestic discord that so often appears as its consequence.

But even to take the matter entirely out of the region of sentiment, the practice discussed is often short-sighted, or at least defective in the sense of losing what is aimed at. In no country in the world are changes in fortune so swift and so many as in this. No sight is more common than that of the rich man of last year the poor one of this, and *vice versa*. It is idle to say that anybody in this wise can either be absolutely safe or sure never to amass a fortune. Wars, failures of crops, unexpected shifts in fashions, growths and consumptions, may pull down or build up. But character, education, breeding, are not subject to these mutations. The girl who marries an upright, well-taught gentleman will not lose what is best in him, come what may. The fortune he has may go, or the fortune he has not may come; but her purest sources of happiness will remain fixed and constant. It is surely well to give these facts the thought they deserve. The frequency of divorce is largely produced by causes not usually made prominent by the advocates of what are called woman's rights. There are other causes no doubt, but if extravagant living could be sensibly discouraged, and mothers who have daughters to marry, would think rather more of affection, fitness, character, and education, and less of the balance at the banker's, we suspect the business of the courts in this line would be materially diminished.—*N. Y. Times.*

A SANGUINE Virginian is writing a pamphlet to prove that the Dismal Swamp is capable of being reclaimed by drainage, and he predicts that it will at some future day be the richest district in the South.

NEWS SUMMARY.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

The Secretary of the Senate has received a letter from Senator Morton directing him to return his (Morton's) back pay to the United States Treasury.

The Washington *Daily Republican*, of August 26, publishes a four-column editorial advocating the re-election of General Grant for a third term.

The Republican State Convention of Wisconsin met at Madison, August 27, and nominated C. C. Washburn for Governor by acclamation, R. H. Baker for Lieutenant Governor, E. W. Young for Secretary of State, and Ole C. Johnson for State Treasurer. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the Credit-Mobilier frauds and back-pay grab, and demanding the repeal of the law authorizing the latter; favoring cheap transportation, and recommending proper legislative measures for securing the same.

Vice President Wilson's health is so much improved that his friends think he will be able to assume his duties of President of the Senate at the opening of Congress.

John T. Bird, Member of Congress from New Jersey, has returned his back pay to the United States Treasury.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania was held at Wilkesbarre, August 27. R. Ludlow, of Philadelphia, was nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court, and F. M. Hutchinson, of Allegheny, for State Treasurer. The convention endorsed the platform adopted by the Ohio Democratic State Convention, excepting that part of the first resolution referring to the tariff laws.

Oakes Ames' brother and executor says that his estate will not settle more than $2,000,000, or about one-third of what was estimated at his death. The net result of his Pacific railroad operations turned out a positive loss.

The Democratic and Liberal Republican State Committee of Wisconsin have called a State Convention, to meet in Milwaukee September 24, to nominate an opposition ticket for Governor and other State officers.

The Mississippi Republican State Convention nominated General Ames for Governor, Alexander Davis (colored) for Lieutenant-Governor, W. H. Gibbs for Auditor, George E. Harris for Attorney-General, and T. W. Cordozo (colored) for Superintendent of Education. Resolutions were passed opposing the "loaning to railroads or other corporations of funds donated by Congress to the State for educational purposes; and demanding a prompt repeal by the next Legislature of the law by which agricultural scrip and the Chickasaw school funds have been diverted from the sacred objects contemplated by the donors."

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

An accident occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Cameron, West Va., August 24, by which three or four German emigrants were fatally injured and fifteen or twenty wounded.

Miss Rebecca Pentess, a lady eighty years old, perished in the burning of the Frothingham House at the recent large fire at Belfast, Me.

The large brewery of V. Blatz, at Milwaukee, was partially burned on the night of August 25. The loss is placed at $300,000, and insurance at $225,000.

An accident occurred on the South Side Railroad, Long Island, August 25, by which some fifty passengers were more or less injured, one child fatally.

By the falling of the walls of a partially demolished building in New York city recently, eight men were killed and seven wounded.

The steamer Belle Vernon, en route from Cincinnati to Memphis, August 27, struck the wreck of the Jennie Howell, near Caseyville, Ky., and sunk quickly in twenty feet of water. All on board were saved except one of the engineers and a negro, names unknown.

Wm. C. Campbell (colored) was hanged at Cairo, Ill., August 29, for the murder of Thomas Doyle.

Six persons were killed and ten or twelve others injured by an accident on the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, near Muir, August 28. The killed were emigrants from Sweden and Ireland.

A Parsons (Kansas) telegram (August 29) says that a rumor was current there that a terrible massacre has been committed at Fort Sill, occasioned by the return of Satanta and Big Tree, who recently returned from prison in Texas.

Mrs. Louisa Korchmeyer, of St. Louis, was in a hurry to get supper the other evening, but being called away for a short time by the crying of her baby, she found the fire nearly out on her return. With her babe in her arms, she then grasped the kerosene can and proceeded to "hurry up" the fire. The usual pyrotechnic display at once took place, and the doctors say that neither Mrs. Korchmeyer nor her child will probably recover.

Judge Elisha Mears, of Clarksville, Johnson county, Ark., was shot by an unknown assassin while going home to his dinner, August 27. It is believed that his murder was actuated by jealousy.

A sailor, giving the name of John T. Irving, is in jail in San Francisco, who says he had a hand in the celebrated Nathan murder in New York City. He says that Washington Nathan and the housekeeper's son were the instigators of the deed, and that he had a confederate named McNally. It is thought the prisoner is insane.

It has recently been ascertained that Rodman, the defaulting Secretary of the Brooklyn Trust Company, and formerly Assistant City Treasurer of the City of Brooklyn, embezzled some $500,000 of the city funds while in office.

J. M. Bosanquest, Cashier of the First National Bank of Tarrytown, N. Y., has committed suicide.

Wm. R. Boyce, President of the First National Bank of Lynn, Mass., recently committed suicide.

Edward Beane, the conductor of the coal train on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, which caused the recent terrible loss of life at Lemont, was arrested at Monee, Ill., August 28, and taken to Chicago and lodged in jail.

Five persons were seriously, but it is thought not fatally, injured by an accident on the Vandalia Railroad, near Terre Haute, Ind., August 23.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gold closed in New York, August 30, at 115¼.

Secretary Richardson has issued orders to Supervising Inspector Carr, at Memphis, Tenn., directing him to cause a speedy and searching investigation into the circumstances of the explosion of the George Wolff at St. Francis Island, and that to insure a thorough and impartial inquiry, an investigation should be conducted by the local board not identified with the last inspection of the steamer.

News from the Yellowstone expedition gives particulars of two sharp encounters with the Indians, which took place on the 4th and 11th of August respectively. The Indians are supposed to have been principally Uncapapas, under the command of Sitting Bull, and were well armed and had plenty of ammunition. The U. S. troops, under command of General Custar, were victorious in both encounters. The losses were four men killed and twenty-two wounded. The Indian loss is estimated by General Custar at forty killed and wounded.

The authorities of California have asked the Government that the Mod