

'TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH.

**Col. D. R. Anthony's Miraculous Recovery, as Told by Himself--
A New Version of the Rencontre with Embry.**

St. Louis Times.

Col. D. R. Anthony, editor and proprietor of the Leavenworth, Kas., Times, who was shot by Embry, of the Appeal, of that city, in June last, arrived at the Southern yesterday, accompanied by his wife. A reporter of this paper sent up his card and was promptly invited to visit the colonel in his room. Entering the apartment, the reporter observed reclining on the bed a tall gentleman, evidently in the prime of life, but about whom not a trace of illness or emaciation was discernible. This gentleman was Col. Anthony, and when the reporter expressed surprise at his healthy appearance, the Colonel replied that he never enjoyed better health in his life than at present. He has gained thirty pounds during the past two weeks, and now balances the scales at 150.

Col. Anthony is just fifty-one years of age, is about six feet tall, and possesses prominent features indicating a determination of character, which has no doubt been mainly instrumental in preserving his life in spite of a wound that has been hitherto pronounced incurable. Mrs. Anthony is of medium size, well formed, and a brunette in type. She is intelligent, affable, and entertaining in manner, and is devoted to her husband, anticipating his wishes and carrying them out before he can express them.

Colonel Anthony stated that he was now en route to Philadelphia, to visit Dr. Gross, the eminent surgeon, who advised compression in his case instead of ligation. The wound which Col. Anthony received, severing the main artery in his right breast, has been so accurately described, that its nature need merely be reverted to here. A very large majority of the surgeons consulted maintained that his life could be saved only by ligation; while Dr. Gross, who was consulted by letter, advised compression. The surgeon who had charge of the case adopted Dr. Gross' theory, and followed it throughout. For ten weeks Col. Anthony lay on his back, while two surgeons, alternating every other hour, stood over him compressing the artery. Yesterday for the first time, the compression was removed, and as the patient has not suffered any serious inconvenience, the process will hereafter be dispensed with.

After conversing for a while on unimportant topics, Col. Anthony remarked that only one version of the difficulty which resulted in his being shot had ever been published in St. Louis, and that account was related by the party engaged in assaulting him, and of course partial to that side. On being informed that the TIMES would willingly publish the other side, Col. Anthony stated it, substantially as follows:

For years I employed union printers in my office, and would have continued to do so, had I not discovered that the policy would result in my financial ruin. The union became so dictatorial, in fact despotic, that everything connected with the paper had to yield to their orders. Several years ago, when I purchased a new dress for my paper, the president of the Typographical union arranged the measure in accordance with what he termed union regulations, to which I urged no objections. The printers, however, took advantage of this change to reduce the measure, even after it had been fixed by the union, so that it made ten per cent difference in wages, in their favor. This I did not discover for eighteen months, during the whole of which time I had been defrauded. Meanwhile my material disappeared so rapidly that I had, about the time I discovered this fraud, scarcely type enough to print my paper, whereas I had purchased a large surplus supply. This induced me to discard union printers, and manage my own office, which led to open rupture with the typographical organization. The printers then started a paper of their own with a limited supply of material and an old press, all of which together is not worth more than \$500. Attacks were made on me from time to time to which I paid no attention, not deeming the source worthy of notice. Finally this man whom I had never known became editor of the printers' paper, and began a series of violent attacks upon me. One of these was so contemptible that I replied by stating that no persons, possessing any decency or self respect, would have indulged in it. Soon afterwards Embry met me in a saloon, and attacked me for uttering this sentiment. I replied that I did not know him, and consequently did not allude to him personally, but to the union. He at once apologized for his hasty remarks, and became apparently, my best friend. He would seek me out and frequently ask favors of me, for which he professed himself profoundly grateful. He several times borrowed paper from me with which to issue his edition.

He only printed about 240 sheets, and by cutting my paper in two it was just his size. Finally he got in the habit of going to my pressman and getting a bundle of paper at a time instead of coming in a business manner to the counting room. The pressman was a poor man, and really unable to assume obligations for Embry. This fact was commented on generally in the office, all the attaches as well as myself expressing the opinion that it was not upright conduct to take advantage of the good nature of the pressman. A short time previous to the difficulty, Embry got a bundle of paper from my office, and a few days after I was surprised at receiving the money therefor, something that had never occurred before. In his next issue Embry made another bitter attack on me, charging that I was perpetrating all manner of frauds in my management of the post-office. I still maintained silence, not deeming the man who was held in utter contempt in the community worthy of reply. I knew that the closest scrutiny would fail to discover the slightest irregularity in my management of the post-office. I was careful to deposit every dollar regularly in the bank, and draw it out only on checks for government debts. I knew, however, what these attacks were founded on, though I would not explain the affair, feeling confident that the public did not believe the charges. I young man was given a position in the post-office that was filled by a lady. I told him she would remain a month, teaching him the duties of the position, and must, therefore, have the salary due for the first month of his employment. I did this because I deemed it unfair to send her away without giving her an opportunity to find other employment. The young man agreed to the arrangement, and the lady received the month's salary, which was satisfactory to both parties. Finally, when Embry became more violent than ever before, I remarked that he had crawled on his belly to me for favors. This, I learn' is what he took offense at. I was satisfied he had been influenced to assail me because I knew he was capable of being used for any purpose. Though professedly running a party paper, he had been hired to support the other party's candidates. He has two brothers in the penitentiary for stealing. I knew his character well. On Saturday I was warned that he had threatened to kill me, but paid very little attention to his threats. Monday, quite a number of gentlemen called on me, some of whom had long been my enemies, and warned me to provide against an attack from Embry. I hesitated to adopt violent measures, because I was placed in peculiar circumstances. About fifteen years ago I killed Satterlee because compelled to, and because of that and my leadership of the Abolition party during the early troubles in Kansas, many accused me of being ill-natured and quarrelsome. I realized this, and stated that I could scarcely decide which was worse, to kill Embry or be killed by him. When starting to the theater I did place a pistol in my pocket, but at Mrs. Anthony's request threw it on the bed and left it. I left the theater between acts and was met on the steps by Embry and one of his

friends. I inquired if they wanted to see me, and both replied no. I had scarcely reached the sidewalk, when Embry attacked me with a revolver and his companion with a dirk. Embry levelled the pistol and I knocked it up with my hand, instead of striking him, as reported at the time. That saved me, for had I not struck the pistol, the ball would have entered my bosom.

Col. Anthony says everybody in Leavenworth, friend and foe alike, has been kind to him during his confinement, and he does not intend to reopen this affair by discussing it in his paper. He says, also, that he did not really believe Embry would attempt his life, or he would have prepared to defend it.