

The Commercial Tribune.

CHAS. D. JEWELL, Proprietor. INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. TERMS: \$2.50 a Year, in Advance. VOL. I. ESCANABA, DELTA CO., MICH., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871. NO. 42.

Miscellaneous. The first bale of California hops sold in New York for 75 cents per pound.

A NUMBER of people from Kansas have quitted upon lands belonging to the Cherokee nation. The Indians are greatly annoyed thereat.

RELIABLE accounts state that the cotton worm has appeared on Red River, and done the crop considerable damage. The crop prospects are not so good as they were three weeks ago.

ADVISED from San Domingo state that almost the entire business portion of Puerto Plata was destroyed by fire on the 21st of August. Loss estimated at \$800,000, on which there is little or no insurance.

SAUL C. CLELAND, a procurator, was arrested in New York, Saturday evening, for enticing nine girls to leave on the steamer City of Galveston, to enter houses of ill-fame in Galveston. Missie Freeman and Miss Cleland jumped ashore after the vessel got under way.

The baggage and two emigrant cars of the night express train going west on the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, were thrown from the track Saturday morning, two miles from London Station. One lady, name unknown had her neck broken, and seventeen emigrants were wounded.

The Governor of Kansas has published a contradiction of the statement that good lands in that state cannot be purchased for less than fifty dollars per acre. He says that good land can be had under the provisions of the pre-emption and homestead laws, and the Otago tract lands are sold to actual settlers at \$1.25 per acre.

The Connecticut tobacco crop is being gathered. It is said to be enormous. Bulk mail - White Stockings 13; Mutuals 10; Olympic 18, and Cleverlands 11.

The Democratic State Convention is called to meet at Rochester on the 4th of October. The second Cincinnati Industrial Exposition was formally opened on Wednesday evening.

The damage to the locks near Lockport, has been repaired, and navigation is again resumed. The anniversary of the birth of Lafayette was celebrated by the French societies of New York on Wednesday.

KEAT O'DONNELLY, a well-known journalist, formerly of the New York Tribune, died at Philadelphia on Friday evening.

Tax collection of Brown University to date accepted the resignation of President Caswell, to take effect at the close of the academic year.

A WOOLLEN-MILL on Wierahackon Creek Pa., owned by Robert Haley and occupied by Fitzpatrick and Holt, was burned Wednesday morning. Loss \$20,000—insurance \$15,000.

The horse disease is reported to be on the increase in Brooklyn. The city railroad company have lost forty-two horses from cerebral meningitis, and the Atlantic avenue circus has a large number of private stables.

The coal miners of the Kenosha, Illinois Valley, La Salle and Perry shafts struck for an increase of wages on Friday morning last. The present price paid is ninety cents per ton for mining, which the companies propose to increase to a dollar and five cents on the first of October, but the miners demand an immediate increase to a dollar and thirty-five cents.

The Utah Southern Railroad is open for travel to the mouth of the Cottonwood, fourteen miles.

A GRAVEL bank at Knightstown, Ind., caved in on Tuesday, killing J. A. Strong and injuring two others.

A SAWMILL at Washington Court House Ohio, Monday night, destroyed a square northeast of the Kirk House.

The safe and lock manufactory of McNeil & Urban, in Cincinnati, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday evening. Loss \$50,000.

A GAMBLER named George Hood shot and killed another gambler, Charles Graham, at Salina, Kansas, last Sunday night.

In San Francisco, on Monday night, Richard Hay, alias "Mickey Free," a boatman, was shot dead by Sydney Flag, alias Smith, another boatman.

At Ottawa, Ill., Wednesday evening, a fire broke out in the drug store of E. Y. Griggs, at which a boy named John Schack, aged fourteen, was so badly burned that he died in two hours. The explosion of mecca oil is said to be the cause. The entire stock was destroyed.

The jewelry store of Japheth & Cross, at Adrian, was entered by burglars on the night of the 5th, who blew open the safe and stole over \$100 gold and silver watches, a quantity of rings and other jewelry. Total loss over \$2,000.

At Rockford, Illinois, Tuesday afternoon, an old man named Jesse Zimmerman, well known here as a drunkard and licentious person, stabbed and killed his wife, an old lady 70 years old. The killing was done with a carpenter's scratch-awl, as many as twelve different stabs being inflicted. After dispatching her Zimmerman took a large dose of laudanum with the intention of killing himself, but prompt medical aid prevented the consummation of his death.

Four suicides occurred in St. Louis between Saturday and Monday. It is now said that the loss by the Puerto Plata fire will reach two million dollars.

Two deaths from yellow fever have occurred in Charleston during the past forty-eight hours. A quarrel of authority has arisen between General Crook and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico.

THERE are ten persons now confined in the Louisville jail charged with murder, two for highway robbery, one for rape, and one for infanticide.

One day last week a large private party of gentlemen made a steamboat excursion down the bay from Wilmington. The next day the whole party suffered from serious illness, the symptoms being those of poisoning, and in several families one or more members are now very sick.

Foreign. The report that the Duke d'Annam has been appointed Governor of Algeria, is denied. KARL DESIST delivered a brilliant speech on the land question, at Liverpool, on Wednesday.

The bark Courier has been lost in a typhoon in the China Sea. Her crew, composed entirely of Chinamen, perished.

Four plate-layers were instantly killed by a railway accident at Scorton, England, on the Preston and Carlisle Railway.

The steamship Rhein, outward bound, has been forced to New York in a disabled condition, having broken her shaft.

MINN. Safe by the freight I hear the whole blow, Out the window are with waxes of soap; Here as I sit by the freight alone, See the drifts gather, and hear the winds moan, Children's feet knock back in through the night. One and another, the pole and the light; Dear to my soul while it lives will they be, When they are called Mothers, they did not call me!

One fell asleep on the fields of the West, A soldier's blue jacket wrapped over his breast No more those dark eyes will brighten for me, Never again that keen smile shall I see, Never be clasped in the arms of my boy, Yet is he mine beyond death to destroy, Mine in the love that knows future not past, Mine while the pulses of tenderness beat, Living or dying, my child he will be, That when he called "Mother!" he did not call me.

One wears a shadow across her fair brow, Her forehead is brighter than sunlight are now; Her brilliant eyes, her raven hair, her nose, In the glow of her whiteness—her new bridal, My husband baby! I do not keep low as you, While she who wears the crown shall endeavor, As the first hour I held thee, asleep in my arms, Secure in the halo of baby's charms, While the world's children stand at thy knee, When they say "Mother!" shall say it to thee.

Two little faces with glittering hair All the long day-time hang over my chair; From I waded over writing and night, From that first kiss I had, my deepest delight, Voices that thrilled to the depths of my soul, Shook with longings I cannot control, Oh if those dear lives should falter and fall, The veins of my heart at their sources would quit; Life would forsake me, though death should forget; All that I have on this thing is set, Dearest than living or loving can be, When they call "Mother!" they do not call me. —From the Star.

PERIHS OF ALPINE ADVENTURE.

A Guide Lost on the Jungfrau.

From Tynard's Hours in the Alps.

From the Rhone glacier we proceeded down the Rhone valley to "Viesch," whence, in the cool twilight, all three of us ascended to the Hotel Jungfrau, our headquarters for some days, and here Lubbock and I decided to ascend the Jungfrau. The proprietor of this hotel gave guides for this excursion, but the charges are so high as to be almost prohibitory. I, however, needed no guide in addition to my faithful Benben; but simply a porter of sufficient strength and skill to follow where he led.

In the village of Laax, Benben found such a porter—a young man named Bledander, who had the reputation of being both courageous and strong. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

This young man and a second porter we sent on with our provisions to the grotto of the Faulberg, where we were to spend the night. Between the Jungfrau and this cave the glacier presents a difficulty which the most ordinary caution can overcome, and the thought of danger in connection with it never occurred to us. An hour and a half after the departure of our porters we slowly wended our way to the lake of Marjein, which we skirted, and were soon upon the ice. The middle of the glacier was almost smooth as a carriage road, but here and there by means of small brooks produced by the surplus ablation. To Lubbock the scene opened out with the freshness of a new revelation, as previously to this year, he had never been among the glaciers of the Alps. To me, though not new, the region had lost no trace of the interest with which I first viewed it. We moved briskly along the frozen incline, until, after a couple of hours' march, we saw a solitary human being standing on the lateral moraine of the glacier, near the point where we were to quit it for the cave of the Faulberg.

At first this man excited no attention. He stood and watched us, but did not come toward us, until finally our curiosity was aroused by observing that he was one of our two men. The glacier here is always cut by crevasses, which, while they present no real difficulty, require care. We approached our porter, but he never moved; and when he came up to him he looked stupid, and did not speak unless spoken to. Benben addressed him in the patois of the place, and he answered in the same patois. His answer must have been more than usually obscure, for Benben misunderstood the most important part of it.

"My God!" he exclaimed, turning to us, "Walters is killed!" "Walters is killed!" "Walters is killed!" "Walters is killed!"

Walters was the guide at the Jungfrau, with whom in the present instance we had nothing to do. "No, no, Walters," responded the man; "it is my comrade that is killed."

Benben looked at him with a wild bewildered stare. "How killed?" he exclaimed. "Lost in the crevasse," was the reply.

We were all so stunned that for some moments we did not quite seize the import of the terrible statement. Benben at length tossed his arms in the air, exclaiming, "Jesu Maria! what am I to do?"

With the swiftness that some ascribe to dreams, I surrounded the fact with imaginary adjuncts, one of which was that the man had been drawn down from the crevasse, and was now a corpse in the cave of the Faulberg; for I took for granted that had he still been entombed, his comrade would have been called for our aid. Several times in succession the porter affirmed that the missing man was certainly dead.

"How does he know that he is dead?" Lubbock demanded. "A man is sometimes rendered insensible by a fall without being killed." "This question was repeated in German but met with the same dogmatic response.

"Where is the man?" I asked. "There," replied the porter, stretching his arm toward the glacier. "In the crevasse!" A stolid "ja!" was the answer. It was with difficulty that I quelled an impetuous exclamation. "Lead the way to the place, you blockhead, and let the way."

We were soon beside a wide jagged cleft, which resembled a kind of cave more than an ordinary crevasse. This cleft had been spanned by a snow bridge now broken, and to the edge of which footsteps could be traced. The glacier at the place was considerably torn, but simple patience was the only thing needed to unravel its complexity.

This quality our porter lacked, and hoping to make shorter work of it, he attempted to cross the bridge. It gave way, and he went down, carrying an immense load of debris along with him. We looked into the hole, at one end of which the vision was cut short by darkness, while immediately under the broken bridge it was crammed with snow and shattered ice. We saw nothing more. We listened with strained attention, and from the depths of the gla-

cier issued a low moan. Its repetition assured us that it was no delusion—the man was still alive.

Benben from the first had been extremely excited; and the fit of his having, as a Catholic, said and said to appeal to, augmented his emotion. When he heard the moaning he became almost frantic. He attempted to get into the crevasse, but was obliged to recoil. It was quite plain that a second life was in danger, for my guide seemed to have lost all self-control. I placed my hand heavily upon his shoulder, and admonished him that upon his coolness depended the life of his friend. "If you behave like a man we shall save him; if like a woman he is lost."

A first-rate rope accompanied the party, but, unhappily it was with the man in the crevasse. Coats, waistcoats and breeches were instantly taken off and knotted together. I watched Benben, while this work was going on; his hands trembled with excitement, and his knots were evidently insecure.

The last junction complete, he exclaimed, "Now let me down!" "Not until each of these knots have been tested; not an inch!"

Two of them gave way, and Lubbock's waistcoat also proved too tender for the strain. The debris was about 40 feet from the surface of the glacier, but two intermediate prominences afforded a kind of foothold. Benben was dropped down upon these; I followed, being let up by Lubbock and the other porter. Benben then descended the remaining distance, and was followed by me. More could not find room.

The shape and size of the cavity were such as to produce a kind of resonance, which rendered it difficult to fix the precise spot from which the sound issued; but the moaning continued, but the charges are so high as to be almost prohibitory. I, however, needed no guide in addition to my faithful Benben; but simply a porter of sufficient strength and skill to follow where he led.

In the village of Laax, Benben found such a porter—a young man named Bledander, who had the reputation of being both courageous and strong. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

This young man and a second porter we sent on with our provisions to the grotto of the Faulberg, where we were to spend the night. Between the Jungfrau and this cave the glacier presents a difficulty which the most ordinary caution can overcome, and the thought of danger in connection with it never occurred to us. An hour and a half after the departure of our porters we slowly wended our way to the lake of Marjein, which we skirted, and were soon upon the ice. The middle of the glacier was almost smooth as a carriage road, but here and there by means of small brooks produced by the surplus ablation. To Lubbock the scene opened out with the freshness of a new revelation, as previously to this year, he had never been among the glaciers of the Alps. To me, though not new, the region had lost no trace of the interest with which I first viewed it. We moved briskly along the frozen incline, until, after a couple of hours' march, we saw a solitary human being standing on the lateral moraine of the glacier, near the point where we were to quit it for the cave of the Faulberg.

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THE LOST LONDONA. Sad Story of Shipwreck and Suffering. From the New York Herald, Sept. 5.

Lewis Wolf a mess boy, who was on the steamer Londona, 730 tons burden, bound from New York to New Orleans, which struck on Coral reef, on the Florida coast, Thursday, August 17, and was totally lost, twenty persons losing their lives and thirteen being saved, makes the following statement: I was on the Londona one trip before this one in which the Londona was lost. I was mess boy for the sailors and firemen's mess. I received \$15 a month and found. We left New York on the Saturday before, the Thursday on which the ship struck the reef. We had fair weather until Wednesday previous to the disaster, when we encountered a heavy swell. We had a general cargo. We had a crew and officers of thirty-three men. Captain Hovey commanded the vessel, and Mr. Stevens was the first officer and Mr. Seefeld was the engineer. The engines were in good order as far as I know.

The Londona was an English ship, and carried supplies during the war for the blockade runners. About 5 o'clock Thursday morning a heavy gale prevailed, and all the firemen were ordered below to keep the fires up. The sea was running into the skylight. About half-past 7 we struck a reef, and she shifted over on her beam ends. The Captain was in pilot house at the time she shifted, and he fell out and stumbled while trying to catch hold of the main rigging. The sea broke over the ship and washed him off and carried away the pilot house. The Captain was not seen any more. Some of the crew got into a boat, and when about thirty yards off the ship the Londona turned over and capsized. I was on the deck, holding on to the fore rigging. It was very hard to hold on with the heavy sea breaking over me. There were fourteen of the crew in the main rigging, the main mast gave away, and the sea broke it right off. All of the fourteen, excepting the Captain's son, Freddy, 15 years of age, and the chief cook, Frank, were washed overboard, but they swim ashore as well as they could in the sea, which was mountain high.

The Florida coast was ten miles off, and I don't know how they reached the shore. Mr. Stevens, the first mate, got into the other boat, which was a life boat, and a heavy sea broke again, and washed the boat and himself away. He reached the shore first of all. The crew, the chief engineer, first assistant engineer, five sailors, myself and a fireman worked our way out forward to the gallant forecastle. The wreck was washed ashore gradually, and we remained on her until two hours after the mainmast came down, when we found ourselves on the breakers, three or four hundred yards from the bank. The chief engineer and the fireman swam ashore first, and the second mate followed, and the remaining members of the crew, with the exception of myself, the first assistant engineer, and a sailor, remained on the wreck for two days until Saturday. The sailor made a raft. None of us could swim who remained on the wreck. The first assistant engineer took the raft to go ashore, and he was washed off several times by the breakers. The sailor and myself made it. I broke the bulwarks out of her to make it, and went ashore with the sailor.

By this time the chief engineer, Captain's son, the second mate, and the cook had gone down to the light-house, six miles distant, and the keepers led the party to a twenty-eight mile up the beach to the first Gaston House station. While living two days on the vessel we had nothing to eat but onions, raw potatoes, and raw codfish. The onions made us very thirsty as we could not get any water. We stopped on the beach that night, and next morning we started and walked twenty-eight miles, and were two days and a half making the distance, with nothing to eat, only we had a little water to drink. While walking along this beach we passed fourteen of the bodies that had been washed ashore from the wreck.

The first one we saw was about four miles from the wreck, the further one was nearly twenty-eight miles from the wreck. They all looked terrible, were black in the face, and bloody and disfigured, and it was extremely difficult to recognize them, as most of the bodies had been stripped naked by the violence of the waves.

The Captain's body was missing. The chief engineer, second mate, head cook, the Captain's son, and one of the sailors gave out, as their strength was spent, and they walked back to the camp. We had scarcely any clothing upon us, and our feet, blistered and sore were torn from the friction of the sand, which had rubbed against our bodies and had caused abrasions. The mate, four sailors, the first assistant engineer and myself walked ahead, thinking that there was a house where we might get something to eat. We walked about the thirty-nine miles, and three or four miles farther that day.

When night-time came we sat down and rested ourselves about two hours, when we again got up and walked down further. We then laid down and slept on the sand, where we slept heartily. The mosquitoes almost eat us up.

We walked then to daylight. We then saw in the early morning a man advancing to us, whom we recognized as the man who had left us to travel on his own account, returning in a very weak manner. Away back again we walked three miles, when we met a man with an axe on his shoulder. We stopped and asked him where "we" was. He told us that we were about fourteen miles from Smyrna. We asked him if he would give us something to eat. He said he would give us something—what he had—if we would go to his boat. We went to his boat and got something out—some biscuits, coffee, and fresh water. I agreed to work for him for my board. I got one seal there, that was all. I went on horseback to the beach again, and left the mate at his house. There were several persons there then packing up the goods. One told us that the engineer had started before for Sand Point. A small packet came by and I hailed her, and she put off light boat to take me off. I went to St. Augustine and from there I came to New York.

A NEGROBOY, weighing 80 pounds, was recently killed in Lowell, Vt.

TERRIBLE DISASTER. Particulars of the Destruction of the Maumee Valley Mills, at New Haven, Ind.—Six Persons Killed and Wounded. From the Evansville Journal.

At an early hour our city was filled with the horrifying report that the boiler of the Maumee Valley Mills, situated at New Haven, six miles from Fort Wayne, had exploded, killing the two proprietors and the engineer; also wounding three of the employes. A special reporter was immediately dispatched to the scene of disaster, and arrived about three hours after the explosion. On entering the quiet town of New Haven, the people were standing in separate groups, discussing the horrible accident that had befallen their village. Strong men were walking the streets weeping and bewailing the loss of their friends and neighbors, who, a few hours before greeted them with a cordiality such as only friends and neighbors in small places know how to appreciate.

The Maumee Valley mills are located in the village of New Haven, on Main street, near the corner of Broadway. They were erected in the year 1864; have passed through the proprietorship of several different parties, and have always been regarded as turning out the best flour in Allen county. Charles and Louis Lepper, under the firm name of Lepper & Bro., were the proprietors at the time of the disaster, and victims of the explosion.

The mill was a frame structure, substantially built. The engine-room, substantially built. The engine-room, situated on the east side of the main building.

Some time ago it was decided to put in a new heater, and the material was furnished by a firm in this city. The Messrs. Lippert superintended the work of putting it in, which they completed on Monday, August 28th. The new heater was at first used on Friday, September 1st, and apparently worked well.

From the statement of Abraham Fruth, who was employed in the capacity of miller, we have the only solution of the accident that occurred. He tells us that the engine had been running a half-hour when the engineer, A. B. Carr, reported that the pumps did not work well. He went into the engine-room and noticed that only 50 pounds of steam was on, when it was shut down. Charles and Louis Lepper were also in the engine-room at the time. He also noticed that the slides were heated and fast, and when he left and went in the mill Mr. Carr was engaged in loosening the slides. He thinks it could not have been over a half-minute from the time he entered the second floor of the mill till the explosion took place. He also stated that they carried 60 to 70 pounds of steam to run on blair.

The explosion occurred a few minutes after 7 o'clock a. m., and in a short time the entire village gathered around the scene of disaster. The statement of Allen H. Dougall, the coroner's inquest, which we append below, is a clear and vivid description of the accident and the recovery of the bodies of the unfortunate victims.

Never in our reportorial experience, have we witnessed a more complete wreck of buildings, or a more terrible mangle of bodies, than caused by the explosion just instanced. The body of Chas. Lepper was found under the debris of the boiler, and horribly mangled. With his brother Louis, two years ago, he took up his residence in New Haven, and was regarded as one of the upright, honest, and industrious men of the community. He was 34 years of age, and left a wife and five children.

Louis Lepper was three years the junior of his brother Charles, being about 31 years of age. He also leaves behind him a sorrowing wife and four children.

A wife, two little boys, and a girl mourn the sad fate of A. B. Carr, the engineer, the recovery of whose mangled remains is described in the testimony of Mr. Dougall. Mr. Carr was a good citizen, and on his daily labor depended the support of his family. He was temperate, and the wind to the shorn hair will protect them in their sorrow and adversity.

Of the wounded we have but a few words to say. Abraham Fruth, the miller, has been in the employ of the Messrs. Lepper since the first day of August last. He was slightly wounded on the left side of the face and hip. Will be around in a few days.

Sherman K. Lewis, a boy about 15 years old, son of Harvey W. Lewis, commenced work in the mill last Monday. He received a severe blow on the left temple, and the left side of his face was badly scalded. Not dangerous.

Ephraim Sternberg, aged 14 years, commenced work the same day as Sherman Lewis. The left side of his face is badly injured, and his face scalded. He is a son of Mrs. Phoebe Ann Sternberg, a widow, and her main support.

So terrible was the explosion that a piece of the boiler, weighing 150 pounds, was thrown at least 200 yards, and went crashing through the kitchen attached to the residence of Mr. Rogers, formerly part owner of the mill.

At the capture of Detroit by the British in 1812, records of the town were carried off. Most of them got back again, but for some reason three valuable books of county records, belonging to the office of the Register of Deeds, were not recovered. They have been since, and are now, among the county records of Essex County, at Sandwich, Canada. Negotiations were entered into some time since by the authorities at Washington with the British Government for the restoration of these public documents, which have been successful.

The Panama Star tells the following story of canine sagacity: When the dog wishes to cross a river where alligators abound, he goes up the stream a good way and barks with all his might, the alligators get there, and wait for him, getting in to swim across. The dog knows intuitively what he is about when he sees from the number of snouts above water that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, runs down the bank as fast as he can, and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them.

Colorado as a Stock Country. From the Greater Tribune.

With a constant increase of new subscribers, and a careful reading of our paper by many, it is necessary to repeat leading facts in regard to the resources of Colorado, and the subject of stock growing is one about which, people in the States, are constantly enquiring. We would say, then, that highly favorable as Colorado is for crops of all kinds, it is still more favorable for stock, and for the special reason that there is good feed through every month in the year. The native grass which grows so worthless to strangers, and which gives the plains a desolate appearance on account of its gray color, is exceedingly nutritious. It is the absence of rain which gives it this color, which makes it rich; and which is the reason why the grazing is as good in Winter as in Summer, for it cures as it stands, and it is uninjured by moisture. That is, there is just enough rain falls to make it grow, but not enough to soak and rot it after it is grown. We have, therefore, a vast extent of grazing ground, embracing thousands of square miles on which stock is kept both Winter and Summer, without other care than of herding. Whether shelter ought not to be provided and hay cut, is another question, but it is a fact, that fully a million head are kept the year round without either.

It is true that in some places grazing is better than in others, and as water is indispensable, the valleys of our rivers and streams are first occupied. The valley of the Platte, for a distance of 180 miles east of us, is occupied by at least 50,000 head, one man alone keeping 20,000. But there are many ranges still unoccupied, both on the mountains and on the plains, and whoever wishes to engage in the business can find ample opportunity.

But it is important to understand that not every man is fitted for this pursuit. Capital is required in the first place, and then, one must have a taste for it and be willing to undergo the fatigue and exposure arising from the care and at least from the oversight of cattle. Some, particularly young men, are apt to think they will have nothing to do but get a few cattle, turn them loose, and let them increase without further thought or care. Such will certainly lose what they may invest. Those who have succeeded in stock growing, are active and sharp business men, who are constantly on the watch, and of these there will be enough, in a few years, to occupy the greater part of this vast range, and whoever would enter into competition with them must be equally industrious and active. Of course, only a few, comparatively speaking, are fitted to succeed in a life requiring vigor and constant watchfulness.

The Future Residence of the Princess Louise.

The special correspondent of the London Daily News in Scotland telegraphs:—"It is understood that the few days' residence of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, at Rosneath Castle prior to their arrival at Inverary, was contrived with the design of giving the Princess an opportunity of judging whether she would like Rosneath as a permanent residence. In consequence of the favorable impression which the beautiful seat made upon the Princess, it was believed that the Duke of Argyll has definitely abandoned his intention of selling Rosneath, and that for the future it will be the Scottish residence of the Princess and her husband. Rosneath Castle is a very large but unfinished structure, in the style of an Italian palace. It was commenced by the late Duke of Argyll but one, the noblemen whose reckless extravagance so hampered the Argyll estates. The present Duke has done something toward its completion, but the castle is still far from finished





To an Autumn Leaf.

By GEORGE S. CATLIN. The buds of spring, their beauties coyly hiding...

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Hints for Housewives. A SURE CURE FOR BURNS. We see it stated that an embrocation of lime-water and linseed oil is one of the most useful remedies for burns.

PICKLED PEACHES. Pick out the largest and fairest of clingstone peaches; rub all the down off with a coarse towel; fill your steamer and place over a kettle of boiling water for about fifteen minutes.

PEACH MARMALADE. We took the small and imperfect clings, as they would not admit of being removed from the stone in pieces of uniform size and shape, pared them, and after cutting from the stone, placed in a porcelain kettle with a pint of water to two quarts of fruit.

MAKING SOAP. A great deal of grease may be saved for soap that would be mixed with soap. Put all your grease in a large kettle, (scraps, marrow-bones and anything else from which grease may be extracted), cover it with lye, and let it boil an hour or two, then put a quart, more or less, of coarse salt, which will separate the grease from the rest and rise to the top; let it boil half an hour, then fill it up with cold water, and let it stand till cold.

The Companies Plant.

In the monthly report of the Agricultural Department, for March and April, reference was made to the compass plant, (Siphium laciniatum), which it was therein stated "is alleged to possess the remarkable tendency to have the plane of its leaves directed north and south, to such a degree that these points of the compass can be readily determined from their examination."

Having been a resident of Kansas for sixteen years, I have had abundant opportunity to become fully acquainted with the plant and its habits, and I am fully persuaded that the course north or south is so infallibly indicated by its leaves, that I would not hesitate to follow their direction for hundreds of miles. The leaves of the plant from which the accompanying sketch has been made were taken from my orchard and the plants cut up and turned over and under, and every year, every time they come up, either from the old roots or from seed, they invariably turn their leaves in the same direction. There can be no question of this fact and if in a group of these plants, here and there a leaf varies a little from the true course, the appearance of the stem and its relation to the other leaves show the reason for such discrepancy. The average of such a group is infallible.

The stalk of the plant is from three to five feet high; leaf about twelve inches long, and flower resembling a miniature sunflower. Mr. Saylor says it is sometimes called polar weed, gumweed, resin-weed, &c. The last names are given to it because of the resinous gum which exudes from its stem and leaves, especially when wounded. This gum is chewed, and the plant, as well as its resinous gum, is considered highly medicinal.

Raising Fruit Trees from the Seed.

Mr. A. Czerny, of Austria, states, as the result of long-continued observation and experiments, that the strongest and best fruit trees can be raised from seed, thus obtaining a great deal of expense and disappointment to the pomologist. According to his observations, the extent and ramification of the roots of a healthy tree is to that of its crown in the ratio of three to two, so that the action of the roots is always preponderating. In this relation he finds the reason why fruit seeds from trees, budded or grafted upon inferior stocks, have always been found unreliable, and he endeavors, as the first step, to obtain good trees grown from their own stock, the seeds of which he says, will reproduce their parents with certainty. To this end, he layers a branch of a good tree, which, when well rooted, serves him as a stock, into which he introduces buds or scions of such varieties as promise to improve the original fruit.

By judicious cross fertilization he obtains fruit, the seed of which will propagate, to a greater or less extent, the good qualities of the varieties used in hybridizing, and thus a new fruit is originated, which, when sailable, can always be reproduced from its seed. Such trees, says Mr. Czerny, are more healthy and vigorous (having never been wounded by the knife), bear earlier, and when accidentally injured in the stem, throw out shoots identical with those of the original tree.

A Church Differently Well Settled.

From the Golden Age. A company of good Christians met in New York last Saturday to settle a church quarrel in a village in New England. The case is so novel that, at the risk of mediocrity, we will give facts. The Congregational church at Peacham, Vt., a few years ago got into the condition of "a house divided against itself." This fact became apparent to our heretical friend, Mr. Oliver Johnson, while on a visit to Peacham, his native town. Being like all the other free religionists, as fall of love to orthodox as to other Christians, he attended the services one Sunday morning, and at the close of the sermon requested permission to say a few words to the congregation, many of whom had been his friends and companions, in youth. He made a tender-hearted speech regretting their divisions, appealing to their better feelings, and offering, if they would compose their quarrel and unite heartily for the future, to put his hand into his pocket and pay the expense of building for the church a fine organ. The simple-minded country people, preferring peace to war, took the parson at his word, shook hands with one another, and said to Mr. Johnson, "Yes, we will accept the organ." The instrument, which has been a year in building at the Odell factory in New York, was last week ready for musical trial. A number of Mr. Johnson's literary and other friends made a pleasant party at the factory; the organ was tested by Mr. Elias Howe, organist of the Church of the Messiah; the "Ave Maria" was sung by Mrs. Sabina Downs; a brief speech was made by Samuel Sinclair; various cheerful exercises (but without wine) made glad the hearts of the company—to which was added, at the close, the solemn satisfaction of singing "Old Hundred." We trust that the echoes of Saturday's music floated gently northward toward the Great Mountains, and that Mr. Johnson's organ, when transported to Peacham, will keep perpetual harmony in Mr. Johnson's birthplace.

The Staten Island Ferry Company.

As the sufferers recover from the effects of the terrible explosion on the steamer Westfield, they are beginning to place their claims for damages in the hands of their lawyers for prosecution. The ferry company now find themselves in a very singular predicament. It is their intention to wait until all the claims appear to be filled, and then to determine whether it is best to attempt a compromise or to go into bankruptcy. This plan will work unless some claimant more impatient than the rest pushes them to a judgment, thus getting the first lien. Then the rest come in for an equal division. If they are forced into bankruptcy, their stock, material, boats, franchises, etc., will be out of their hands, and they will be broken up entirely, unable to put on any new boats, and without a privilege.

The stockholders are liable to an amount twice the value of the stock they own, and hence, between these impending dangers, and the prospect of ruin in the face, they are naturally in a state of great nervous excitement, hardly knowing what to do. The claimants do not feel disposed to push their claims vigorously, and the general opinion seems to be that after a time a compromise will be effected that will be satisfactory to both parties, though the company will be seriously crippled.

Indian Idols in Iowa.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Times says that at the base of what is known as Capital Bluff, seven miles from Lansing, is an Indian idol, manufactured out of solid rock, which has stood there no one can tell how many centuries, but which must soon be removed to make room for the coming railroad. At a little distance the idol resembles a huge bear, reposing on its haunches. The strange and uncouth object is still held in the utmost veneration and respect by all Indians, and various bands, as they pass up and down the river, invariably stop and endeavor to propitiate the idol with liberal presents of tobacco, strings of gaudy-colored beads, pieces of dried buffalo tongue, &c. There it sits, at the base of the bluff, mute and solemn, looking out with expressionless eyes upon the bosom of the mighty river that murmurs at its feet, never murmuring, never speaking, like another sphinx. The ground whereon the throne of the idol reposes is wanted for the road bed, and the silent, expressionless god, whose brow has been bathed in the morning sunlight of so many centuries, must fall. But a short distance from this is the smaller idol, which had evidently been placed on the side of the bluff, but by some convulsion of nature was overturned centuries ago, and pitched into the river. During high water it was completely covered, but at the present stage the head and part of the body of the image are distinctly visible.

Karl Marx the International Leader.

The international leader, Karl Marx, whose death occurred at London on Tuesday, was a native of Germany, but had lived in London about twenty-two years. He studied law in Berlin. Subsequently, in 1842, he became editor of a paper at Cologne, which was the first anti-government organ established in Prussia. He removed to France on account of his fear of persecutions of the Prussian Government, on request of the Prussian authorities, he was forced to remove to Belgium by the French King, Louis Philippe. The breaking out of the revolution of 1848 enabled him to return to Prussia, from which he was again expelled. He again returned to Paris, but had to leave that city a second time. He then selected London as his residence. Since that time (1851) he has been engaged in various ways as a writer upon European politics, and a contributor of works upon science and political economy. The subject of his particular attention up to 1862, when the first idea of forming an international society seems to have been conceived. From the establishment of the association in 1864 up to the present time he has attended its working hours.

The counting-house of Baker & Merrill, Boston, was robbed of \$50,000 in railroad certificates, notes, checks, revenue stamps, and other valuables recently. The entire amount was subsequently discovered by a boy in a walk, who informed the police, and they took charge of the property.

Humorous.

A poor for breakfast—haah. A MATCH game—incendiary. A GREEN GROVER—one who trusts. BACKSLIDER—a lady's waterfall. The woman's club—a broomstick. A DANCE on shore is disgusting to everybody of the sea sickness every body.

On week days you buy your music by the choir for nothing.

Some authors say that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true, especially at the knees and elbows.

Two twin brothers are said to be so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man will always be worsted and twisted, and finally wound up.

It is with a view to the fitness of things the Professor of Elocution in Brown's University is a woman. What many do not know about talking isn't worth learning.

"How hollow it sounds!" said a patient under the movement cure, as the physician was vigorously pounding his chest. "Oh, that's nothing!" said the doctor, "wait till we get to the head."

Saxe says that Vermont is famous for four staples: "men, maple sugar and horses. The first are strong, the last are fleet, the second and third are exceedingly sweet, and all are uncommonly hard to beat."

A BRIGIT little boy, about four years of age, son of a clergyman, was at your correspondent's house one evening with his parents, and I gave him a couple of five cent pieces. He laid them out the table, and putting his finger on one said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen, and the other one I am going to keep myself." He played with them awhile, till finally one of them rolled away, and he could not find it. "Well," said I, "my lad, which one have you lost?" "Oh," said he, "I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen."

While Gov. Perham was transacting business with a state official the other day, a young son entered the room unceremoniously, and proceeding at once to his father, asked him rather loudly why he engaged in such a business. "Well," said the father, "this is a pretty how do you do; Gov. of Maine, and no money!" and went off whistling, with a look of mingled wonderment and disgust at the poverty of the Chief Magistrate.

Internal Revenue Decision.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that articles liable to the stamp tax under the school laws must have the stamps affixed before they leave the premises of the manufacturer, irrespective of the kind of packages employed for putting the same into the market, whether such packages be of the ordinary and usual size or extraordinary, or what is frequently termed packing in bulk. Each package must have a stamp or stamps of the value indicated by the retail price of the price received for single packages with its contents. A dealer may sell directly from a package which has been properly stamped according to the price paid for the package and the contents, without affixing additional stamps, but a dealer who breaks an original package and repacks its contents into small packages, putting thereon his marks and labels, will be required to stamp the small packages when exposing or offering the same for consumption or sale. A manufacturer, in every case, must stamp a package in which he delivers goods to customers, whether the customer furnishes his own receipt for the reception of the article, or whether it is furnished by the manufacturer himself.

Another Mastodon in Chautauqua.

A few days ago some laborers engaged in removing muck from a swampy section of the farm of Mr. Joel L Hoyt, about two miles from Jamestown, found the remains of an unknown animal much larger than those of any existing species. On Saturday Professor Love repaired to the place and succeeded in exhuming a large number of bones, which undoubtedly once belonged to a large mastodon. They were about five feet below the surface, and much decayed. One half of the upper jaw was quite perfect, and the teeth seemed as sound as ever. Two pieces of the tusk were in a good state of preservation, though the ivory was decomposed that it could be cut with a knife. One piece is about four feet long and seven inches in diameter. The teeth measure from root to crown ten inches, and one of them weighs five and a half pounds. Professor Love estimates the entire tusk to have been about twelve feet in length. [Dubuque Commercial.]

MISSIONARIES and others sojourning in foreign lands should not fail to take with them a good supply of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the most reliable medicine for all purposes there is in the world.

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CONTENTMENT—to sit in the house and see other people stick in the mud.

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Table with columns for Market, Price, and other details. Includes entries for Beef Cattle, Pork, Lard, etc.

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It is a little singular that Hawthorne wrote a tale that he succeeded in effectually concealing from all eyes, and of whose existence no one knew anything until a few weeks ago, when his daughter, in overlooking his papers, laid her hand upon a manuscript treasure. It is pronounced one of his best things, but of that we shall be better able to judge when it is published, as it would be by J. R. Osgood & Co. Hawthorne was a strange, shy, reticent genius, with a remarkable faculty of shutting himself in from the world; and it is remembered that while he lived at Concord he was engaged on a work which he never published and of which he never spoke.

A LADY near Ballville, Sandusky county, Ohio, recently gave birth to a child which weighed but one pound. It is now nearly four weeks old and weighs less than two pounds. At the time of its birth a lady's finger ring was slipped over its hand and arm to the shoulder.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

The Weather—Business—Money—Price of Wheat—Foreign Demand—Receipts and Shipments—The Wholesale Trade—Chicago, Sept. 11, 1871.—We have had beautiful, dry, fall weather, with a few quiet warm days, the past week.

It is still abundant, and the banks find it difficult to employ their surplus funds profitably.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT closed six cents better last week than at the end of the previous week, being \$1.15; seller the month.

THE FOREIGN DEMAND for wheat is increasing, and a prospect that a large surplus will be taken in Europe, which will tend to advance prices.

THE RECEIPTS AND SHIPMENTS of grain have slightly increased, and there is a strong tendency among holders to realize and accept a fair price now, rather than trust to the promise of higher prices in the future.

THE WHOLESALE TRADE has opened quite actively, though the warm weather has tended to keep back buyers. The leading business houses show much activity in their several departments, and are prepared with full lines of goods for the trade of the Northwest.

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The purest and sweetest Cod-Liver Oil in the world is HAZARD & GARWELL'S, made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by GARWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prize it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Special Notices.

1840---TO---1871 FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to America. It is the most certain and most reliable remedy for all the pains and aches of the human body.

Why is this So? It is because DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is what it claims to be—A RELIEVER OF PAIN.

It is not a remedy for any other ailment, but a specific for all the pains and aches of the human body.

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THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE. EVERY KIND OF HUMOR, From the Worst Scrofula Down to a Common Pimple.

Two bottles are warranted to cure a nursing case of scrofula.

Three bottles are warranted to cure the system of the scrofula.

Four bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of scrofula.

Five bottles are warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of scrofula.

Six bottles are warranted to cure the most violent cases of scrofula.

Seven bottles are warranted to cure the most dangerous cases of scrofula.

Eight bottles are warranted to cure the most fatal cases of scrofula.

NINE BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

TEN BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

ELEVEN BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

Twelve bottles are warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of scrofula.

Thirteen bottles are warranted to cure the most violent cases of scrofula.

Fourteen bottles are warranted to cure the most dangerous cases of scrofula.

Fifteen bottles are warranted to cure the most fatal cases of scrofula.

SIXTEEN BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

SEVENTEEN BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

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NINETEEN BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

Twentieth bottles are warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of scrofula.

Twenty-one bottles are warranted to cure the most violent cases of scrofula.

Twenty-two bottles are warranted to cure the most dangerous cases of scrofula.

Twenty-three bottles are warranted to cure the most fatal cases of scrofula.

Twenty-four bottles are warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of scrofula.

Twenty-five bottles are warranted to cure the most violent cases of scrofula.

Twenty-six bottles are warranted to cure the most dangerous cases of scrofula.

Twenty-seven bottles are warranted to cure the most fatal cases of scrofula.

Twenty-eight bottles are warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of scrofula.

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THIRTY-FIVE BOTTLES. The regulation of the Medical Profession, in carrying out all kinds of business, is well established by the unanimous voice of all who have ever used it.

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