

At Home.

The prairies are on fire from Fort Totten to the Missouri, a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles.

The spoke and hub factory of Kenosha & Hale, at New London, Wis., was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last.

James Vosseling, has recovered \$10,000 damages from A. J. Flynn, of Nashville, for breach of promise and seduction.

A SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLAR CONFLAGRATION is reported from Helena, Montana. The Herald office was included in the destruction.

A YOUNG man named Theo. Maguire was shot and killed by a saloon-keeper named Andrew Kneafey, in Chicago, Monday evening.

Nearly twenty persons have committed suicide by jumping from ferries-plying in St. Louis harbor during the past three months.

A PAIS TELEGRAM says the supporters of the Free are becoming bolder in their intrigues and agitating openly for the restoration.

SAMUEL BURROUGHS, a venerable citizen of Providence, R. I., died on Tuesday evening while leading the prayers of a church congregation.

W. Pritchard, colored, was hanged on Friday, at Townsend, Md., for committing a rape on a German girl named Mary Seudel, in August, 1870.

In Chicago, on Friday, a twelve-year-old boy named Brodie killed his little sister by striking her a blow on the back of the neck in a fit of passion.

A SPECIAL TRAIN containing railway officials on Sunday made the run from Philadelphia to New York in two hours and thirty-five minutes, the best time on record.

The Raymond & Elm and Meadow Valley mines, in Nevada, with fifty stamps, are now producing over \$4,000,000 annually, or one-third as much as the Comstock mines with 1,000 stamps.

The Children's Aid Society of New York sent west on Tuesday, ninety-five children and adults. They will be settled in the State of Missouri, a majority of them in the neighborhood of Kansas City.

A DISTANCE of twenty-five miles along the Walsh Railroad, between New Haven and Defiance, O., has been devastated by a conflagration. Farmers, to save their barns and houses, plowed around them.

The small pox is raging in Brooklyn. The yellow flag has been placed in front of each building where the disease exists, and attention given for cleanliness and proper means to prevent the further spread of the disease.

The Anglo-American claims commission have fully organized under the treaty at Washington, by selecting Count Corti, the Italian Minister to the United States, as President of the same, and have adjourned to the middle of November.

An explosion of sulphur occurred in the Otto colliery, near Pottsville, Pa., Monday afternoon, Patrick McMichael, George Dunlap, Jacob Yost, and Thomas Hayes were killed, and George Baines seriously injured. One miner is missing.

Four boys, whose parents reside on Cottage Place, Chicago, went boat-riding on the lake Saturday afternoon, and are supposed to have been drowned, as the boat was found floating bottom upward several hours after their departure.

A CHICAGO lumber firm recently received an order for 385,000 feet of lumber from Mr. Maitland, the extensive Illinois farmer. The lumber is to be used by Mr. Maitland in building a corn crib, and will make one about two miles long.

ANOTHER bloody affray occurred at Newton Ks., last Wednesday. Since the killing of the City Marshal last Monday the excitement has been high, and culminated on Wednesday in a conflict between the Texans and authorities, in which Jack McDowell and a policeman were mortally wounded.

LATE advice from the Indian territory report serious depredations by the Kiowas Indians, in the vicinity of Fort Sill. A number of men were recently killed and scalped within a few miles of that fort. Two herdsmen were shot a few days ago within sight of the fort and their bodies mutilated beyond recognition.

Last March, Culkin Brown, a prominent citizen of Detroit, died, at the age of 70 years, leaving in his will contingent bequests to the amount of \$100,000 to various Presbyterian organizations. His wife, on October 3, gave birth to a posthumous child, which became his heir, and cut off all the legacies in question.

ANOTHER three o'clock Monday afternoon, fifty convicts at Sing Sing prison took the propulsive Hatchet, belonging to contractor A. Walker, and tried to escape, but Captain C. Ward let go his anchor and stopped the boat. The guards fired about thirty shots, but did not hit anyone. The boat then went out in small boats and brought them all back, and they are now locked up.

AS A portion of the bridge being constructed over the Verdugus river, near Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, was being raised on Sunday, the false work settled, and the bridge fell, carrying with it the Arkansaw, one of whom was drowned, one killed, and ten or fifteen seriously injured, eight or ten of whom it is feared, fatally. The bridge was being built by Boomer & Co., of Chicago.

A SUNDELAND steamer with seven hands and an Italian brig with nine persons on board founders off the mouth of the Humber in the last gale. Dispatches from Great Grimsby give interesting details of the shipwrecks in full sight of the people ashore. The master of the American ship, the Bertha Thayer was swept from the deck during the gale, drowned off Lundy Isle. The Bertha Thayer put back to Renfrew Roads. The terrible gale experienced at Yarmouth occasioned great damage to property along the sea coast and on the river Yare, to shipping in the roads.

AT Wheeling, Virginia, on Sunday, one of the cables of the old suspension bridge leading from the foot of Sixth street to the Crescent iron-mill, across Wheeling Creek, broke with nine persons on it, five of whom fell to the creek bottom, a distance of about thirty feet. Two men, Thomas Callahan and James Kline, were killed outright, and Charles Coyle has since died. Albert Elliott, Joseph Hague and George Akers were badly hurt. The other three fortunately caught to the other cable and got off.

**Foreign.**

JACOB has a majority of eighteen in the Mexican Congress, rendering his election certain.

THE Japanese merchants threatened to burn half the stock of silk-worms eggs and force the market.

SPAIN is to have a revolution, with the overthrow of the present Government, before the month is ended.

THE shipwrights of the Clyde, who have joined the Nine-hour League, have been locked out by their employers.

FRENCH letters report the completion of the alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy, with an army of 2,250,000 men for the insurance of European peace.

THE municipality of Paris has voted two million francs for the repair of the monuments and public buildings damaged during the siege and reign of the Commune.

THE submarine cable between Shanghai and Nagasaki is in successful operation. The material for a line between Nagasaki and Yokohama has been ordered, and the line will be in working order within a year.

A TRAY entered the Banking House of Erskine, Jennings & Munford, in Rochester, N. Y., on Wednesday, and snatched a package containing \$6,490 in Canada money from J. T. Briggs who was about to deposit it. The tray escaped.

IN NEW YORK, on Wednesday, Isaac Davis was assigned for manslaughter and pleaded not guilty. He was admitted to bail in \$30,000. Davis is said to have offered medical assistance to females through the medium of Venus cards thrust under the doors of numerous houses in the city.

# The Escanaba Tribune.

CHAS. D. JEWELL, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

TERMS: \$2.50 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. II.

ESCANABA, DELTA CO., MICH., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

NO. 46.

## Two Buttons.

We sat under the porch on a bright autumn day. On our knees was the checker-board lying; Both intent on the game we leaned forward to play; And to beat each the other was trying.

In the reach of my hand my white wristband was shot.

But I wanted the two sides connected;

They were tied up and by a white string alone,

And they looked very poor and neglected.

So I laughingly said to my feet on the board—

She was hot off all fair and all true ones—

"Won't you lend me your buttons? They'll both be restored."

Just as soon as I purchase me new ones.

I was forced, by my shanty fate,

To wear them two grand slacks dated;

But our paths then diverged, and her loan to resign

Was lost.

And I wanted to wear them again;

It gave back the two buttons forever;

But although they are gone, they have still left a charm.

On my wrist that shall part from it never.

For the soft hand of kindness, the bone of goodness.

How I wanted to love them my memory to cherish!

So in checkers I won, and to win in the game

Of kind deeds too I tried, but won never;

So in buttoning my wristband, she buttoned her name.

In my heart and my memory for ever,

X. F. Commercial Advertiser.

## The Home of the Reptiles.

A New Departure of Snakes—Six thousand Five Hundred Slain in a Fortnight.

The following marvelous snake story is from an Iowa paper, which guarantees the truth of every word, and gives the names of a number of distinguished public men of the State as additional vouchers. It appears that a certain Mr. Cummings owns a gypsum quarry near Fort Dodge, and employs a force of some twenty-five men in the stone. He has worked it only a year or two, but ever since he opened every spring and fall his men have suffered serious inconvenience and annoyance from the inveniences of snakes that have a den in the crevices, and swarm in during the fall and out in the spring. The quarry has a northern exposure, the kind that is always chosen by snakes as a den, for the season that it is not affected by the premature thawing and freezing of early spring, as a southern slope would be.

As soon as the weather gets settled in the spring and the effects of the April sun is felt, the serpents begin to show themselves and the battle begins.

From out of the crevices and the rocks, the snakes swarm, crawling up the slope of the bluff, basking in the sun, or hastening away over the prairie to their summer haunts. Now comes the tug of war. The foreman of the quarry is compelled to detail two men to fight the hideous things, that the men may work, and one is kept carrying away the dead in a wheelbarrow and burying them, so that the numberless festering bodies will not

be gone forever. But after some years he turned up again, resumed the practice of his great meetings. He became renowned in London as a gambler, a spendthrift, a scapgegrace of every kind. I shrink from saying to what depth of degradation sank this richly gifted, generous man. At last he disappeared from Padstow and from society. He was past the prime of life, and every one regarded him as gone forever. But after some years he turned up again, resumed the practice of his great meetings. He became renowned in London as a gambler, a spendthrift, a scapgegrace of every kind. I shrink from saying to what depth of degradation sank this richly gifted, generous man. At last he disappeared from Padstow and from society. He was past the prime of life, and every one regarded him as gone forever. But after some years he turned up again, resumed the practice of his great meetings. He became renowned in London as a gambler, a spendthrift, a scapgegrace of every kind. 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Off Duty.  
By MILES W. CARPENTER

The brightest of midsummer days  
Wanes my festal festal day,  
The peacock spes my sluggish ways,  
And trails his plumes in the sun,  
With a gaudy hue, that gives me gauds?  
So fair this kind of reverie seems!  
That ev'ry head, old, worn and gray,  
Might laple like mine, of grace, satay,  
Hath a face, O face, so gay!  
For once, dul care and hateful work:  
Let stern wights my mantle wear,  
And leave me to my mountain air.

III.

The pigeons cluster on the bough,  
The brambles sift and tease about,  
The leaves mouth size-age themselves  
Of green, and green, and green, green,  
The birds rustle by the brook,  
The trout leaps to the leaping hook;  
In the shade of the shade, the green press,  
Against the shades, let me rest,  
What was that of my youth,  
Of which Age vaunts vexing Truth?  
"Time waits for none, and the world own  
May let no day drift fruitless."

### ROCHEFORT'S TRIAL.

HO Speech Before the Court—Great Crowd in Attendance.  
The trial of the noted Frenchman, Henry Rochefort, took place in Versailles on the 20th ult., the charges against him being participation in various acts of the communal government. An immense crowd was present at the trial. After he had been questioned by the court for a few minutes, he asked to reply once for all in a speech, and permission being given, he said:

"Every one admits the frankness and clearness with which I opposed the Empire. I shall be here what I always was. People seek to make of me the pivot on which all revolutions turn. Allow me to tell you, once for all, what sort of man I am. When the war was decided upon, I was in prison at St. Pelagie (the Paris political prison). In spite of the loss of popularity which I risked, I suppressed the Marseillaise, thus depriving myself of an important property. A month afterward the people came to seek me at St. Pelagie, in order to carry me to the Hotel de Ville. At that moment I held the popular forces of Paris in my hand. I was in all the freshness of my popularity. Nothing would have been easier than to have attempted anything I liked. Instead this, I annihilated myself. I had confidence in Gen. Trochu; I gave him all my sympathy and my aid. I was overcome with the passionate desire to see the Prussians driven from before Paris. I know that to-day Gen. Trochu repudiates me. He has accused me, and yet it is to him that I sacrificed not only my popularity, but my fortune. Having seen in the Marseillaise an article of Gen. Cluseret's, which was injurious to the national defense, I wrote a letter in which I said: 'At a time when all opinions are discussed, a hateful article of Gen. Cluseret's has appeared. I have no longer anything to do with the paper,' and I ordered the suppression of the Marseillaise, which brought me in more than \$4,000 a month. This is not all. When I came out of St. Pelagie I had \$3 upon me. The Minister of Finance suggested that I should claim my pay of \$3,000 a year as a Deputy, which was due to me. I refused, not wishing to encumber the finances of the country. I remained three months without writing, and it was then only that I caused the Mot d'Orléans to reappear. The armistice had been signed. The Government took no account of my sacrifices, and after three weeks my journal was suppressed on account of an article which expressed nothing but hatred for the foreigner. Singular accusations are to-day brought against me. Certain opinions represent me as the author of all our woes. Those who dare not own their part in the action of the Senate have propagated these opinions. You will find in my writings a great deal of violence, but you will also see that I have always opposed arbitrary arrests, and that I narrowly escaped sharing the fate of Chaudrey. I have been accused of having urged the demolition of M. Thiers's house. It is no more true that the accusation that I took part in the searchings of religious houses. I am an advocate of the secularization of the goods of the clergy. If I had chosen, I need not have appeared here. When I was arrested at Meaux a Prussian officer came into my cell and offered me my liberty. I would not accept it at the hand of an enemy."

After this speech, delivered not without eloquence, Col. Merlin proceeded to interrogate the prisoner, first about the hostages. Rochefort maintained that it was M. Thiers who was the real cause of the death of these unfortunate men. "I am convinced," said he, "that if M. Thiers had given up Blanqui the hostages would have been set free. Blanqui had great influence, and was a moderate man, opposed to bloodshed. It was he who opposed Trochu's being shot, Oct. 31, at the Hotel de Ville." (Here I am bound to say that several journalists remarked, "Pity they did not shoot Trochu.") As to Thiers's house, Rochefort declared he wrote the article urging its demolition under the influence of anger at seeing Paris destroyed by shells from Versailles batteries. He himself had nothing whatever to do with the disturbance. As to Prince Pierre Bonaparte's house, the people were not really to blame if they sacked an assassin's house. At this Col. Merlin said: "You have no right to call a man an assassin who only defended himself." At this defense of Pierre Bonaparte, the murderer, Rochefort shrugged his shoulders, and even Comptant Gaveau, the prosecution, seemed disgusted. The audience gave forth an audible murmur, which was with some difficulty quelled by the usher. Bonaparte Pierre is not popular. The post is leaving, and I must conclude.

Cautious! Cautious! Cautious!!! Unprincipled men are endeavoring, in different parts of the country, to palm off upon the unwary imitation of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, under a similar sounding yet not identical name. Remember the genuine is called "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy," and not "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Cure," "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Reliever," or some other similar sounding name. Also bear in mind that the genuine has the words "R. V. Pierce, M. D., Sole Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.," printed upon the outside wrapper, and has Dr. Pierce's portrait, name and address on the Government Revenue Stamp upon it, which is a positive guarantee of genuineness. It is therefore an easy matter to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. 565

Two Englishmen have been eaten by Fejees, who speak highly of their tenderness and gamey flavor.

### LADY THORNBURST'S DAUGHTER.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE FATHER'S RETURN.

The farm known as Redruth Moor is one of the most fertile in Lincolnshire, perhaps in all England.

The house is a picturesque old stone dwelling, which has stood a couple of centuries.

At a little distance in the rear of the house are buildings, all indicative of the extent, thrift, and prosperity of the owner of Redruth Moor.

The owner, twenty years ago, as to-day, was Miss Jacobus Redruth. She was and is possessed of first-class business abilities, active in her habits, keen, sharp-witted and full of energy.

She was not a woman of social habits, nor particularly given to hospitality. There was a vein of parsimony in her nature that made social visits difficult to expect a payment.

But how could he procure a license to marry a child of sixteen without the consent of her relatives?"

"Captain Holm is not punctilious about speaking truth," said Miss Redruth bitterly. "He may have declared Ignatia to be of age. At any rate, he returned in the chase with the girl and her governess, and announced his intention to me to buy Ignatia's house, and to make her a wife in his home.

What was that of my youth,

Of which Age vaunts vexing Truth?"

"Time waits for none, and the world own

May let no day drift fruitless."

III.

The pigeons cluster on the bough,  
The brambles sift and tease about,  
The leaves mouth size-age themselves  
Of green, and green, and green, green,

The birds rustle by the brook,  
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"Of course I refused my consent," said Miss Redruth. "I sent Ignatia to her school-room, and after lecturing Captain Holm, dismissed him from the house, but I thought that was the end of the matter, but it seemed it was not. The upshot of the matter was, that Captain Holm and my niece were married quietly without my knowledge, by special license, at Sleaford to which place Ignatia and her governess had gone in the pony chaise on the pretense of visiting the father in Berlin wool, but really to buy the village."

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"Will you let me keep my child?" asked Ignatia.

"Of course, dear."

"Dear father!" she said softly. "My whole life shall try to show my love and gratitude to you."

Before the Colonel could reply, Miss Redruth stalked up at him, fuming anxiously.

A single glance set her mind at rest. The Colonel held his grandchild on his knee, and Ignatia was looking up at him with a strained gaze.

"I am a good boy," she said, "and I have now the virtue of faithfulness."

"She need not be afraid to tell George," interjected Captain Redruth. "I consider him a villain."

"Tied to such a scoundrel, who had not

sound character, I fear he will be a divorce for Ignatia."

"She is a gaunt, grim woman of middle age, and of most unattractive appearance. She had a pale, sickly face, and a womanly want of symmetry, as well as a want of health and a want of energy. Her hair was thin and yellowish, and she had a small, undeveloped bust. Her eyes were dark and heavy-lidded, and her expression was dull and listless. Her hands were thin and wrinkled, and her fingers were short and crooked. Her voice was hoarse and querulous, and she spoke with a decided lisp. Her walk was stiff and awkward, and she moved with a heavy, labored gait. Her manner was cold and distant, and she seemed to have no interest in anything. Her dress was simple and plain, and her clothes were ill-fitting and ill-made. Her shoes were old and worn, and her stockings were torn and broken. Her hair was thin and brittle, and she had to comb it every day. Her skin was pale and sallow, and her complexion was poor. Her eyes were dark and heavy-lidded, and her expression was dull and listless. 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