

LAKE CHARLES COMMERCIAL,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY JOHN McCORMICK.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars a Year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Table with columns for 'INCHES' and '1 month', '2 months', '3 months', '4 months', '5 months', '6 months', '7 months', '8 months', '9 months', '10 months', '11 months', '12 months'.

Transient advertisements \$1 per inch, first insertion. Each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per inch.

Newspaper Laws and Regulations.

- 1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscriptions. 2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

Entered at the Post Office, Lake Charles La., as second class matter.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

Agents for the Commercial. Jno. H. Po... Bagdad. J. W. Harrison... West Lake Charles. C. Mayo... Opelousas.

West Lake Charles Jottings.

Capt. Reeves returned Wednesday night from a visit to his family, in Rapides Parish.

The "Lawn Party" of last Tuesday evening, passed off very pleasantly indeed. We tried to win the prize for the ugliest man, but Felix and Mr. G. were so much uglier that we had not half a chance.

The steam tug Alamo, formerly running in this trade, has been sold to Col. Kennedy, of Vermilionville, and will, after she has been repaired, run in the Mermentau river, in opposition to the few schooners now in that trade.

We are pleased to note the return of Mr. Willie Jones, who has been absent on a visit to Galveston, for the last two or three weeks. He has many friends and acquaintances there, consequently was not at a loss to pass the time pleasantly.

We hear from a good source, that a moonlight excursion on the lake is the next entertainment upon the tapis, to be given for the benefit of the Baptist church. West Lake Charles is ready for it, and will surely sustain her former reputation.

Perkins & Miller are sawing an average of one hundred and twenty pine logs a day, and the cry for lumber transportation is so great, that their wharves have become very much crowded. The probability is that they will remain in that condition for some time, as this is the most dangerous time of the year for vessels to venture in the Gulf.

Messrs. Jno. and Wm. Chooney, two live, wide-awake ship-carpenters, are doing a fine business at their yard. The latter gentleman very recently arrived here from Prince Edward's Island, Canada, and will make this his permanent home.

"NAC NUB." When you find that a man is smarter than you are, call him a conceited puppy and a fool. It will ease your mind and won't hurt him any.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not allowed.

More Indian Murders.

[N. O. Democrat.] The latest dispatches from the Southwest announce another military disaster in Arizona, which deserves to be placed on the list of Indian horrors beside the Dade and Custer massacres.

Gen. Carr, commanding the two companies of the Sixth Cavalry, was murdered with nearly all his command by the White Mountain Indians, 35 miles from Camp Apache. This tribe, which belongs to the same family as the terrible Mexican Hill Apaches, is one of the most ferocious clans that roam the mountains and devastate the plains of Arizona and New Mexico.

It is impossible to estimate the number of fighting men in any unsubdued tribe of savages, for they are seldom seen concentrated, unless on the eve of action. While on the war-path they march in separate detachments for the purpose of foraging, or rather procuring game and water. In these Arizona and New Mexican solitudes both game and water are very scarce, and troops not well acquainted with the country may march for days amid these dry and arid wastes without finding either.

When the mesquite beans become ready for gathering these ferocious savages will march for days and days over the country, following the line of the trees, and living on this miserable fruit. It is at this season the Hill Apache is to be most dreaded, and it is this time he chooses for his sanguinary raids. While commanding in New Mexico Gen. Carleton ordered all the mesquite trees in an area of about one hundred square miles cut down. The work was accomplished, and since then that locality has had no more Indian massacres to chronicle.

The mesquite furnishes the Indian warrior of the Southwest with food during his incursions. With his trusty rifle divested of all superfluous weight of either metal or wood, grasped tightly in one hand, as he walks swiftly forward, he plucks the long beans from the thorny trees with the other and thrusts them into his ever hungry maw.

To fight such savages other than the methods now adopted must be devised; for humiliating as it is for us to acknowledge, it is none the less true that the Hill Apache holds the American soldier, with his sleek, well-fed American horse, his well-filled haversack, and saddle-bags jammed with baggage, in supreme contempt. But there is one more fact still more humiliating and that is the Mexican army fights the Indians much more successfully than ours do. The reason is obvious. The files of the Mexican army are composed principally of full blooded Indians, and they like nothing more than to meet their uncivilized brothers and indulge in a legal massacre now and then.

This latest massacre is the outcome of the nifty-panny Indian policy carried into effect by the late administration, and Carr and his unfortunate comrades have reaped the sanguinary crop planted by the German civil service reformer. The time has come when a radical change must be made in our Indian policy. The Sitting Bulls and other red-handed murderers should pay with their lives for the lives they have wantonly taken, and the Indians should be taught that our government is terribly in earnest when it makes war upon them.

Official Denial of the Indian Massacre.

WASHINGTON, September 5.—The following has been received from the Indian agent at San Carlos agency:

San Carlos Agency, A. T. Sep., 4. To the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington:

Reports have come in that affairs at Chien are not so bad as have been reported. Capt. Hentig, Sixth Cavalry, and ten men were killed. The Indian losses are large. The report that Col. Carr and others were killed is false. I am co-operating with the military, and am fully prepared by my agents and employes. The agency is in no danger, and can stand off hostiles and will.

TUFANY, Agent.

Life is divided into three terms: That which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live better for the future.

Forest Fires in Michigan—Great Loss of Life and Destruction of Property.

[N. O. Democrat.] Detroit, September 7.—The long-continued drought renders everything favorable for running of fires in fields and woods, and these are inflicting immense damage. Reports are beginning to come in from all quarters of the loss of crops, stock, farm buildings and fences, and it is feared that the devastation will be widespread and that great suffering will be entailed upon the farmers, whose entire personal property and crops will be swept away. The little town of Richmondville, Sanilac county, is reported as completely wiped out last night, and 80 persons are said to have burned to death, and numbers of others more or less seriously injured. In a similar manner several other villages are reported as burned, but the rumors cannot be verified.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FIRES AND THE RESULTANT DAMAGE.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 7.—Reports are beginning to arrive from the northern and northeastern portion of the State, showing a terrible condition of affairs. The long-continued drought has rendered everything as dry as tinder, and numerous "flushings" or partly-cleared tracts of land covered with brush, decayed timber and other inflammable material afford the best possible medium for the rapid spread of the flames carried by the high winds which have been prevailing. Sanilac and Huron counties are the scenes of the greatest destruction, which is growing positively appalling in character. Hundreds of farms have already been reduced to blackened ashes. The stock, crops, farm buildings and fences, have all been swept away. Men, women and children have been overtaken by the flames and several lives are known to have been lost.

It is feared that when the full accounts are received that the loss of life will prove terrible.

The little hamlets of Anderson, Richmond and Charleston, in Sanilac county, are reported to have been wiped out, while Port Hope, Verona Mills and Badaxe, in Huron county, are reported wholly or partly burned up. The people are flocking to the shore of Lake Huron from the interior of these counties; as the only refuge from the devouring flames; some were overtaken by the spreading fire. Not less than 20 deaths are already reported, but it is hoped that these statements may prove incorrect.

In Tuscola county, in the next tier of counties back from Lake Huron, and south of Saginaw, fires are also raging, but with less severity.

The losses are overshadowed by the more terrible condition of things in the adjoining counties. The same state of affairs exists in Lapeer county.

The whole country around Saginaw and Bay City is ablaze from the marshes taking fire. Reports of many losses to the farmers are beginning to reach here.

Fifteen Miles of Flames.

[Colfax Chronicle.]

Some thoughtless or malicious person set the pine woods on fire two weeks ago, and they have been burning steadily ever since. Many thousand of acres have been burned over, and a great deal of valuable timber destroyed. We are told that several families have had a narrow escape from having their homes burned. A constant watch is kept on the fire band to prevent damage to property, but considerable fencing has been destroyed in spite of all the efforts used. If it does not rain pretty soon and put a stop to its ravages there is no telling where the raging flames will be stayed. It should be a penal offense to set the woods on fire at any time, and we hope to see an end put to this foolish and destructive practice, which is indulged in every spring with the false notion that it benefits the stock range. The danger attending it is very great, and, during a long dry spell like the present, it becomes appalling. Should such a wind prevail as that which swept over Michigan a few years ago, the loss of life and property would equal that frightful catastrophe. Let us have an end to the foolish and destructive habit.

Gov. Wiltz has addressed a proclamation to the sheriffs, assessors, and tax collectors of the State of Louisiana, inviting them to assemble in the Senate Chamber of the State House in this city, on the 18th of October next, to consider the many grave defects in our laws regarding the assessment and collection of taxes and licenses, in order that the General Assembly at its next session may act understandingly as to such further legislation as may be needed in the premises. This is a very commendable move on the part of the Governor, and we trust that the officials thus called together may probe the matter to the bottom.—[City Item.]

A Harbor in the Open Gulf.

[N. O. Democrat.] Between the mouth of the Mississippi and Galveston, about ten or fifteen miles to the Southwest of Sabine Pass, is a place in the Gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "the Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small craft that ply in that locality.

There is no land within 15 miles, and yet such is the effect of the oil thus cast upon the waters by the lavish hand of nature that even in the severest storms the sea in the Oil Ponds is comparatively smooth, and so well is this known that when the small vessels that trade between Calcasieu, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston fail to make a harbor at Galveston or Sabine they run off for the oil wells, let go their anchors and ride out the gale in safety.

The oil covers the water in a thick scum and apparently rises from the bed of the Gulf, which, at that point, is not more than fifteen or eighteen feet below the surface. No one, we believe, has ever attempted to strike oil in the Gulf of Mexico, but it is not extravagant to expect that some day capital and enterprise will succeed in securing the oil which is now wasted in these wonderful ponds and placing it on the market for sale. There is here a chance for scientific investigation at least, and it may be that the Calcasieu Oil Company, formed several years ago, may find in the Gulf the oil they have not succeeded in discovering, to any great extent, on land.

Capture of a Murderer While Masquerading in the Garb of a Preacher.

[Special to the N. O. Democrat.]

Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 5.—A private dispatch, received from Ozark, Ark., to-night, announces the capture of William Casey, who murdered Burgess James, a wealthy planter in Yell county, in 1879. Casey was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hung at Ozark on December 18, 1880. He succeeded in getting a new trial, pending which he, in company with two accomplices named Polk and Helphrey escaped from the jail at Ozark, some two months since, being aided by one of the prison guards. After gaining their liberty the three murderers separated. Casey, it appears, went to Carroll county, representing himself as a Methodist preacher. He officiated at two or three camp meetings, and it is said that several persons were converted through his ministrations. In fact, his fame as a pulpit orator drew crowds and led to his apprehension, as persons living in adjacent counties, and who knew him, were attracted by reports of his wonderful eloquence. When arrested he denied all knowledge of Casey or the murder, claiming that it was a case of mistaken identity. A reward of nearly \$1000 had been offered for his capture.

Terrific Explosion of Powder—Three Men Badly Injured.

[Special to the N. O. Democrat.]

Coushatta, La., Sept. 5.—On Saturday, the third, about 12 o'clock, while S. Raphael, a merchant of Campte, La., was attempting to light a match a portion of the ignited sulphur flew off and fell into a can containing about five pounds of powder which exploded, tearing the roof and sides from the building and doing considerable damage to the stock of goods. Mr. Raphael was badly burned and mangled, and is now in a critical condition; only two colored men were in the store at the time. They were badly burned and bruised. The fire caused from the explosion of the powder was promptly extinguished.

Mormon Emigrants for America.

London, Sept. 5.—The steamer Wyoming, from Liverpool, 3d inst., for New York, took out 650 Mormons for Great Salt Lake from Great Britain, Switzerland and Germany, the two latter contributing over 200. Including the foregoing more than 2000 Mormons have left Liverpool this summer. Another contingent will go before the season closes.

For some months past some portions of the South have been represented at Castle Garden by agents sent there to secure laborers from among the large numbers of emigrants that are daily arriving at that point. According to the report of the Commissioner of Immigration in New York, the demand for labor from almost all sections of the country is continually increasing. Work has been unusually plentiful in the States of Kansas, Texas and South Carolina, and laborers unusually scarce. During the month of July alone the commissioners sent nearly seven thousand immigrants into these three States, and from nearly all of them come reports that they are hard at work, and well pleased with their situations.—[N. O. Daily States.]

Among Our Exchanges.

Thibodaux Sentinel: Never has there been a better season for cutting rice than the present one. Nearly or quite all the early crop has been harvested without a drop of rain.

Sugar Planter: The Baton Rouge papers have it that the penitentiary has been leased to a party of capitalists who will soon have all the looms at work with hired labor. This will add a large number of operatives to the population of Baton Rouge. We hope there is secure foundation for the report.

Lafayette Advertiser: The cotton and cane crops will no doubt be injured by the dry weather of the past month or more. There has been rain at intervals, but not sufficient. Complaints of a scarcity of water are general. There is no water on the prairies, and stock has to be watered from wells or driven miles to quench their thirst. Dust in the streets is deep and pulverized until 'tis superfine.

Iberia Journal: The weather continues dry and sultry, and our cisterns are running dry, and the crops and gardens are suffering for the want of rain.—The corn crop of this parish has been first rate, and is selling in town at \$1 per bu. That's rather high for corn at this season of the year.—According to the census just taken, New Iberia with a population of 2,709 ranks fifth in the list of the various municipal organizations of the State. With a census properly taken she would rank third in the list.

St. Martinsville Observer: Our fields are white with the snowy staple, and cotton picking is carried on briskly. The yield is satisfactory and the cotton is of superior quality, this being due, in part, to the dry weather we have had this summer. The crop will be as large, if not larger than last year's crop. We cannot say as much of the cane crop, which is far from being promising. Our sugar planters are despondent, as their hopes of a fair crop have vanished. The plant cane is looking well enough, but the stubble, as a general thing, is worthless.

Abbeville Meridian: Our town is soon to be graced with a new Catholic Church. We are happy to be able to say that this imposing structure, the plan of which is at the Presbytery, is a model of talent, many of our most critical experts are elated with the magnificence of the coup d'ail. The full amount necessary to build it is not yet in the treasury; but a sufficient sum has been donated by the Parish in the shape of Bazaars, Concerts, etc., to warrant us in the belief that the end will soon be accomplished, that is that the last dollar necessary to put the finishing touch will be collected.

Sugar Planter: Steam was raised in the sugar-house of "Anchorage" plantation last Wednesday, for the purpose of grinding a few acres of sorghum which had been planted as an experiment. No result as to quality, quantity or yield at the time we went to press. All attempts to make sorghum a profitable article of cultivation in this parish, so far, have been a failure. If there is no money in sorghum as a sugar producer, our planters have no use for it. We await the result with some impatience, for if Mr. Hawley, the manager, can do nothing with it, planters, as a general rule, had better let it alone, except for stock food.

St. Martinsville Observer: We are informed that cattle stealing is carried on on a large scale in this parish, and that unknown thieves are scouring our prairies destroying stock by the wholesale. The thieving operations are carried on with such boldness and effrontery that several vigilance committees are being organized to put a stop to this state of affairs. Our informer stated that these committees did not intend to use outright high-handed measures against the rascals and freebooters, but were resolved once more to try the efficiency of our courts. Complaints will be lodged and a fair trial will be given to the thieves, and should the courts fail to mete out substantial justice, then and not till then will the committees raise their strong arm and bear heavily on those who make light of the law, and have so little respect for the property of others.

We do not, in the least, favor such organizations because we deem them dangerous. We believe that the remedy is far more obnoxious than the evil intended to be eradicated, because unlawful and revolutionary. But at the same time we cannot blame those that are driven to extreme measures, to protect themselves and their property when they fail to obtain that protection from the law of the land. When the honest and industrious class of the people are driven to band together for protection, it bespeaks of a sad state of things and is a sad comment on the efficiency of the government.

How does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea (see.)

Little Mischief.

BY MOSE.

This little boy's real name was Frederic, but Grandma was the only person that ever used it, everybody else calling him Little Mischief. He had been a mischievous little imp ever since he was able to sit alone, when his screams would cause Grandma and Mama both to rush quickly to the rescue, only to discover that he was pulling his own hair. The child improved in mischief as he began to count his life by years instead of months, making other people pull their hair and very much wishing to straighten his pretty curls.

Grandma frequently became very angry with the spoiled boy, when she would threaten to inform his father; the threat was too much like the cry of "Wolf" for the Little Mischief to fear any danger from that source. One day the child completely exhausted Grandma's patience and her customary threat was heard by Papa. The cause being demanded, angry Grandma gave it, and the boy received a whipping. Grandma's ire was immediately turned against the chastiser whom she called a cruel, hard-hearted wretch to abuse her darling boy. Grandma was very injudicious and was certainly old enough to have known better, being sixty years of age. Little Mischief therefor became deserving of his name, escaping merited chastisement by calling for or running to, Grandma.

Around the corner from the house of Little Mischief, lived too Irish women, in adjacent houses. These two women pretended friendship, but were jealous of each other's prosperity. Mrs. Lacy had very little love for children, Mrs. Murray a great deal. Mrs. Lacy treated Little Mischief with scant ceremony when he paid her a visit which he often did unknown to his people. Mrs. Murray always welcomed him with sweetmeats. Mrs. Lacy repaid by story telling. One would have supposed that the child was conscious of the concealed jealousy between the two women, when he said to Mrs. Murray; "Mrs. Lacy's awful mean woman."

"Yes! How?"

"She says that her house is cleaner than yours."

"She does, the ugly Vixen."

This remark was quite sufficient for the ungrateful Little Mischief, who having finished his cake, made haste to inform Mrs. Lacy, with much embellishment, of Mrs. Murray's observation.

"If I am an ugly vixen, I mind my own business. I am not a trollop like her, gadding about the town from house to house."

Little Mischief lost no time in reporting to Mrs. Murray. Things went from bad to worse until a little truth mixed with a great deal of fiction, caused Mrs. Murray to pay an unfriendly visit to her neighbor, Little Mischief following to see the fun. Mrs. Lacy denied having said that she kept the cleanest house; whereupon Little Mischief fearing he would see no fun, cried out; "You did; you know you did."

"Ye hear that do ye? Sure the child would never think of saying it if ye hadn't said it. Its the truth an ye ought to be ashamed of yourself to try and make the innocent child out a liar; but what more can be expected of a dirty spalpeen?"

"Its a dirty spalpeen I am, am I?"

And the two women had a battle on the side-walk, which was ended by a policeman marching them off to jail, and Little Mischief was happy. A little child is capable of unbarring the gates of Heaven or Hell.

This mischievous boy continued his pranks until he attained his ninth year, when he got into a fight over a game of marbles. He became so angry as to pick up a large stick, hitting the boy on the head whom he accused of cheating. The blow hid his companion senseless, and our hero, with other play-mates, thoroughly frightened, ran off and hid. Little Mischief's hero was a cousin about sixteen years of age. This cousin was his confidant, and had long wished for a reformation of the little boy. Listening to Little Mischief, he assumed a very serious look, and when the confession closed with—

"Do you think that I have killed him? Will I be hanged for it?" The answer was—

"It looks very bad, I saw policeman Grady awhile ago, and he appeared to be searching for something." Little Mischief was completely frightened and did not venture out of the house for a whole month. How long this self-imposed imprisonment would have lasted, none could tell. One day our prisoner was rendered happy by a sight of his supposed murdered play-mate. The fright was beneficial, and to-day no one can recognize in the respected citizen, the Little Mischief of his early years.

When is a load like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.