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Miscellaneous Selections.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY LECT H. ROOPER.

All night long the baby-voice
Wailed wailing and low;
All night long the mother paced
Wearily to and fro,
Believing that she were
Hearing the slumbering deep
Singing to stay the fluttering life
With heavenly balm of sleep.

Three nights have passed—the fourth has come,
O weary, weary feet!
That still must wander to and fro—
Believing that she were
Hearing the slumbering deep
Singing to stay the fluttering life
With heavenly balm of sleep.

Lo, at the door a giant form
Stands sudden, grand, and vast;
Over the threshold every storm
Life's elements seem to pass,
Those features of heroic mold
Can walk a war or fear,
Those eyes have known Othello's sorrow,
The maniac glare of Lear.

The deep, full voice, whose tones can sweep
In thunder to the ear,
Has learned such softness that the babe
Can only smile to hear.
The strong arms folded the little form
Upon the massive breast;
"Go, mother, I will watch your child,"
He whispers, "go and rest!"

All night long the giant form
Stands gently to and fro;
All night long the deep voice speaks
In murmured soothing low,
Until the rose-light of the morn
Flushes the fair of his,
In slumber-ecstasy on Forrest's breast
At last the baby lies.

O Saviour, Thou didst bid one day
The children come to Thee!
He who has served Thy little ones
Hath by no means served Thee?
Now lies the actor now at rest,
Beneath the summer light;
Sweet be his sleep as that he gave
The suffering child that night!

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

The blood-red light of sunset was mirroring itself in crimson splashes in the turbid tides of the great Western river; the blackbird was sounding its sweet whistle through the old primeval forests; and Jonathan Beers, sitting by his cabin door, smoked his solitary evening pipe, and thought vaguely of the church bells that used to ring at evening time in the far-off Eastern village where he had been born and brought up, with the roar of Penobscot Bay in his ears.

"I'd like to hear them bells once again afore I die," mused old Jonathan. "But it ain't likely I'll ever go back now."

Even while these disjunct meditations passed through his mind there was a light step on the cabin threshold, and the rustle of stiffly starched pink calico, and his niece Dorothy came to the door.

"Ten's ready, uncle dear," said she. "And I've baked new New England corn-bread, and some ginger-snaps, such as grandmamma used to make. And see, uncle, I've sliced up the little red peaches from the tree you planted yourself on the south side of the hill. Israel Esmayne said it wouldn't grow, but it has. I mean to keep a saucerful and a little cream for Israel to-night, just to show him."

Old Jonathan laid down his knife and fork.

"Do you mean that Israel Esmayne is coming here to-night?"

"Yes, uncle," said Dorothy, stooping to recover a teaspoon she had dropped—a silver spoon with an antique silver shell carved on its handle—and coming up very rosy from the search. "Why not?"

"Take care, Dorothy. That's all!"

"Uncle, what do you mean?"

"I mean, child, that I'd rather lay you in your grave in the new burying-ground, where there's only one mound yet in the shadow of the church spire, than to see you married to a man who drinks. That's what I mean, Dorothy!"

Dorothy's head dropped over her plate.

"Uncle, that is hardly fair. Because a man had a bad habit once—"

"And has it now?"

The soft eyes glittered into a defiant flash.

"You are mistaken, uncle. Israel Esmayne has not touched a drop of ardent spirits in year. He has promised me never to touch it again!"

"I hope he never will, my girl," said Jonathan Beers, although his tone betrayed no very sanguine feeling. "But it ain't a safe thing to do. It's a madness, love of liquor is, and nothing short. It's liable to break out at any time. Israel Esmayne's a good fellow enough. I ain't anything agin him—but it ain't safe!"

Dorothy was silent. Why was it, she asked herself, that men were so set divers in judging one another? Why did they always look at the blackest and least promising side of everything? Israel had promised her. She believed him. And that was enough.

And while he tripped lightly back and forth about her household duties, her mind was full of the undefined future. She could see herself, shadowy and undefined as in a mirror, moving about a bright little home where flowers bloomed in the casements, and birds sang, and a clock ticked. "He is coming!" he is coming!

"One of these days!" said Dorothy to herself, as she put away the saucer of peaches and the little pitcher of thick cream on a whiteily scoured pantry shelf—"one of these days!"

She was thinking of the future. And old Jonathan, smoking his pipe, was living in the past.

"You've somethin' to do with the railroad, stranger; haven't you?"

"I reckon I have," said Israel Esmayne, indifferently. "I'm switchman."

"It don't take up much of your time, I guess?"

"It's got to be looked after just the same, though," said the tall Westerner, as he lifted the last meter log from the cart he was unloading to the thrifty pile at the north end of his house.

"What time does the way train come by?"

"At nine o'clock."

"Do you suppose I could go to Mellen-ville and see the lumber dealers there, and get back to the station again by that time?"

Israel looked reflectively at the other shore of the river.

"Well, you might," said he; "but it would be a pretty tight squeeze."

"I'm a good walker, said the stranger; and as he spoke he drew a pocket-flask from his pocket, uncorked it with his teeth, and drank a copious draught. Israel Esmayne watched him with eager,

glittering eyes, like those of some famished wild animal that scents blood. "I'll give you a drink, friend?" said the stranger, proffering the flask. Israel Esmayne shook his head, with set teeth and lividly pale cheek.

"I never drink," said he hoarsely.

"You would, I guess, if you could get such stuff as this," said the man; "soft as oil and strong as fire. My father imported it. There's not much like it in the country. Taste, if you don't believe me!"

Israel stood for a moment, hesitating. Then he cast an eager glance to the right and to the left, as if half fearful lest some one should see him, and grasping at the bottle—drank!

The fevered blood mounted to his cheek; a strange sparkle came into his eyes.

"Have you got more like that?" he whispered hoarsely, approaching his burning lips so closely to the man's ear that he involuntarily started. "More?"

"I've got another flask, but—"

"Will you leave it behind? I'll pay you a good price for it."

"What for?"

Israel's eyes fell guiltily. "If—in case of sickness, you know. We can't buy such liquor here—and it's a lone spot."

"You're right enough there," said the man, laughing, as he drew out another flat flask, the mate to the first. "Here, take it. Pahaw, friend, put up your purse. You're welcome to it as a gift."

And he was gone, plunging through the high grass and bushes, all fringed with scarlet cardinal-flowers and nodding marigolds, before Israel could stay him.

Israel Esmayne crept back to his house, or, rather, the rude log-cabin which was a sort of hostage that one day a real home should rise on its foundations, holding the flat bottle close to him, and glancing round with furtive, wandering eyes.

"I needed it," he said to himself; "yes, I needed it. I didn't know how much until I tasted it. Just one more taste. It slips over one's palate, like glass, so smooth, so rich, so full of strength. One more taste, and then—"

When the clock struck nine the whistle of the way train sounded faint and far off, and Israel Esmayne rose uncertainly to his feet. The subtle, burning fumes of the liquid flame had entered into his brain; the walls seemed to reel about him, the stars to swim in the great blue firmament overhead. Nothing was real—all was faint and far off and visionary. But the chains of habit are hard to shake off; and Israel had gone out at nine o'clock every night for a year. Groping his way, and walking with slow, unsteady steps, he went, still clasping the partially emptied flask to his breast in the inner pocket of his coat.

He could hear the rush of the river below; he could see the ralls of the track glistening in the faint starlight; and mechanically feeling under a cluster of spice-bushes, for the switch key, he knelt down and stupidly fumbled there an instant.

"The way train," he muttered to himself. "It's all right. And then the freight train—half past nine—a quarter to ten; and—"

He stooped down by the river-shore and wet his burning forehead with the cool drops he could scoop up in the hollow of his hand. He sat down on a fallen tree, and let his head fall on his palms.

"Am I drunk?" he muttered, half aloud. "O God! have I come to this in spite of everything?"

And the memory of Dorothy Beers and his sacred promise to her rose up in his mind, as one sometimes remembers pronouncements made to the dead. In all the wide, reeling, rocking world of his brain there was but one certainty. He had lost Dorothy, his soft stepping, sweet-eyed, redeeming angel—the one in all the world who loved and trusted him most implicitly.

"I don't deserve her," he thought, scarce able to shape definite thought in his chaotic mind; "but—if I had only fallen down dead before—before I touched that accursed stuff! She would have believed in me then."

The fresh, cool night air on his brow was sobering him; he heard the tinkle of the cold river-water chattering in the mist of his clouded brain in some degree. He rose up, steadying himself by the slender stem of a young white-birch tree that grew close beside him, and looked around.

Hark! A clear whistle, half a mile away, clearing the silence like the call of some sweet-throated bird.

It was the express, whose plume of lurid smoke spanned half a continent—the long serpent-like train, glittering with lights, and carrying a great eye of fire in front, which nightly thundered over the line of rails, and shot like a meteor out of sight into the hush and silence of the woods, Westward bound.

The way train passed at nine, making a brief stoppage at Hurstley station beyond, a short water-catch with a platform on either side. Half an hour afterward a slow and heavy freight-train followed it, running off on a side track toward the river until the express should have safely passed. And it was the special business of Israel Esmayne to set the switch for the freight, and subsequently replace it for the hurrying express.

Had he done this?

With an awful doubt poisoning his heart, he pressed his hands to his temples and tried to think. He had been there—he could recall just how the dewy rails looked, wet and glistening in the starlight. He had had the switch key in his hand—what he could also remember. But was that before or after the freight had switched off? He could not remember whether the freight had passed or not. He did not know whether he had locked the switches twice or more, or, good heavens! not at all. The past was a swaying vacuum, the future strange and dream-like. He closed his eyes, he pressed his temples as if either hand had been a vise of iron. In the wild agonizing effort to recall the last half hour.

"O God!" he groaned aloud, as he threw himself on his face in the wet grass, "am I going mad?"

Something hard struck against his breast-bone as he hung himself down; it was the fatal flask. He tore it out, half full of dark red poison, and dashed it passionately into the bushes. It was that—that had done all the mischief.

"O Heavenly Father!" he cried aloud, in his great anguish, "if it please Thee to avert from me this awful crime of murder done a thousand-fold—and naught but one of Thy miracles can avert it now—I swear before Thy pavement of stars to touch that devil's broth no more! O God, hear me! O Christ, save me!"

The earth beneath his groveling breast thrilled and quivered as the express train flew over the rails, and Israel Esmayne held his breath, momentarily expecting the awful crash which should stain his soul with the awful brand of Cain.

Hush! An owl hooting afar off in the woods, the cry of some sad-voiced night-bird overhead, and then—another whistle clear and cheery. The express had passed through Hurstley—passed through safe and sound! And Israel Esmayne, staggering to his feet, gazed around him an instant, clutching vaguely at the air, and then fell unconscious.

"Uncle, he is coming to. Oh, uncle, I knew—I knew that he was not dead!"

And the soft eyes of Dorothy Beers were the first thing Israel Esmayne saw as his soul came out of the world of shadows and oblivion, with old Jonathan leaning on his cane just beyond.

"Tell me, Dotty," he gasped. "How was it? The—the switches?"

"It was my girl did it," said the old man. "She came by, and she heard the freight a whistling, and she sees the switches wasn't right, nor no signal for nothin'. 'Israel's been took ill, or dead,' says she. And there lay the key in the middle of the track, and she catches it up, and she unlocks the switches—you showed her how to do it yourself, Esmayne, one summer afternoon—and she hangs up the white lantern. And there she stands, with her heart a beatin' fit to choke her, till the freight gets off. And she calls to one of the brakemen, 'See these ere right for the express.' 'Quick!' or 'Quick!' or 'Quick!' she says, 'a thousand lives lost.' 'Where's the switch-tender?' says he. 'God only knows!' says my Dotty. And so she comes back arter me. 'Uncle,' she says, 'all white and tremblin' like, 'come with me.' 'What for?' says I. 'To look for Israel,' says she. 'I don't sleep this night,' says my Dotty, 'till we've found him!'"

"God bless her!" cried out Esmayne, in a choked voice. "God be thanked for all His mercies!"

"Was it a fit?" said the old man, curiously. "How did it come on?"

But Israel Esmayne spoke no word on the subject, either then or ever. He married Dorothy Beers in the spring, and he has sacredly kept his vow. If he lives to be a hundred years old, he will still keep it. And Dotty, though she never knew it, had redeemed him.

FAME.

FAME is a ladder, a hard thing to climb up, but easy enough to climb down. Thoroughbred people are never exclusive; all that it requires to win their kurtsey and confidence is to deserve it.

Adversity makes pigmies out of giants, and a bright and good-natured old man is like a sunny day in winter.

But, without brains, is nothing more than a gaudy piktur.

Luv can't live on buty; it must have sum hash, or it will fade and die.

Wit seldom makes a man laff when he fast hears it, but when he cums tew think ov it, it often duz.

To the man who thinks, a city is a solitude.

It is easy enuff tew alter things, but it is hard enuff tew korrakt them.

The man who knows whole books ov knowledge is drawn from stooks, will often find himself at the forks ov a road where there ain't no guide board.

Those who hav the most merit see the most in others.

It is impossible for a grate man tew escape censure—every body is anxious to gi a krak at an eagle.

Cerimonys are a sort of manuel for phools tew regulate their kondukt by.

Good sense and good breeding are fruits that gro on the same bush.

The man who iz waiting tew be happy will next year at the plainest features beautiful, the severest winter agreeable; it elevates the lowly, and adds a charm tew greatness, all its own.

The wizer a man bekums, the more he pbeels his dependance.

Kontentment iz like a ghost, a dreadful easy thing tew talk about, but a dreadful hard thing tew see.

There iz no man so necessary in this world, but that when he dies his place iz quickly filled, and he iz soon forgotten.

Every man haz hiz weak points, but there iz this difference, wize men are anxious tew hide theirs, while phools are anxious not to.

The only way tew git along phants is tew git along so.

This world is phull ov grunsters, but very phew grunt because they are obliged tew.

Complaisance iz the sweet ile ov every day life.

Natur dont put on enny airs.

The most dangerous men we have in this world are those who are always repenting of the sins they hav made up their mind tew commit.

Conshunsez iz nothing more nor less than the genius ov reason.

There is this difference between living in the city and kuntry—in the city you kaa attend to yure own bizzness, in the kuntry you kaa hav it attended tew for yu.

—Josh Billings.

The Worst of It.

In the matter of dress, men are certainly better off than women so far as comfort is concerned. While woman is boxed up in corsets, oppressed by the weight of skirts, and tortured by narrow-soled, high-heeled boots, man revels in comfort. He has contrivances for suspending the weight of his clothing from his shoulders. If the east wind blows he can turn up his coat-collar, button himself up snugly, slouch his hat over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and brave the weather. But imagine a woman removing her hat or bonnet from the angle at which fashion says she must wear it on account of the weather, or turning any of her "fixtures" up to protect her neck and throat, or buttoning up anything that was unbuttoned before, or sticking her hands into her pockets. She would be taken for an improper character out on a mild spree, or for an escaped inmate of a lunatic asylum, should she endeavor, by an impromptu arrangement of her habiliments, to save her health.—Ez.

General News Summary.

Personal and Political.

Wm. Kennedy, the most prominent merchant in Brighton, Pa., committed suicide, on July 2, by shooting himself through the head.

The tribunal for the trial of Captain Jack will consist of the following officers: Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, First Cavalry; Captain John Mendenhall, Battery D, Fourth Artillery; Captain H. C. Hasbrouck, Light Battery, Sixteenth Artillery; Captain Robert Pollock, Company D, Twenty-first Infantry, and Second Lieutenant Geo. Kingsbury, commanding Company E, Twelfth Infantry.

Hon. Joseph G. Wilson, member of Congress from Oregon, died at Marietta, Ohio, on the morning of July 2.

Col. O. A. Bradshaw, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows for the State of Arkansas, died very suddenly, on July 6, at his home in Pine Bluff, of cholera.

Henry S. Worthington has been appointed Collector of Customs at Charleston, S. C.

W. W. Murray has been appointed U. S. Attorney for the Western District of Tennessee.

A Hartford, Conn., dispatch of July 7, says that sixty-two defendants in 20, 480,000 postal cards had been issued and orders were on hand for 22,639,000 more.

Lieut. Babcock, Fifth Cavalry, who was sent in pursuit of the murderers of Almy, overtook them on the mountains and compelled an engagement, killing fourteen and capturing six. Two of Babcock's Indian aids were wounded.

Four men died of cholera six miles below Cairo, on June 2. Several others are reported down with the disease.

The wind and rain storm of the evening of July 4 extended over a wide extent of territory, and caused extensive damage. At Green Lake, Wis., a boat containing twenty persons was capsized, and ten of them drowned. In the States of Ohio and Indiana hurricanes and tornadoes, with floods and rain, have followed each other in quick succession. Telegraph wires have been generally prostrated over both States. At Springfield, Ohio, it is reported that the telegraph poles have been blown across the turnpikes so thickly in some places as to entirely obstruct travel. Immense quantities of water fell, and there has been a great deal of damage done to the crops.

In Richmond, Ind., trees were blown down in the streets; one fell on an express wagon, breaking both legs of the driver, and crushing the wagon. At Troy, Ohio, a large corlage factory was unroofed. This side of Troy, on the Dayton & Michigan Railroad, houses were seen tumbling down, fences prostrated, trees uprooted, fields of grain leveled, corn fields flattened, and, in some instances, corn uprooted. Everywhere the fields seemed lakes or water. On the Banessville road bridges were washed away. On the Milwaukee & Northern Railroad trains were very much delayed by fallen trees. Over eighty had to be cut from the track before the trains could pass. An engineer on the passenger train saw a tornado approaching, and put on a heavy pressure of steam and got into the clearing ahead of it. Hundreds of acres of grain were prostrated along the course of the storm. At St. Joseph, Mo., the storm was particularly violent. The steamer Mountaineer was lying at the river bank above the bridge, secured to the railroad track and other fastenings by eight cables, two of which were new and four and a half inches in diameter. At the first big blow these lines parted, tearing up a portion of the railroad track, and the steamer turned her head down stream. The wind kept her close to the St. Joseph shore, and she drifted down and struck the east end of the bridge's draw. Several of the iron guys of the bridge were sprung from their bolts, and the damage to the bridge is from \$8,000 to \$10,000, and it will require twenty days to make the repairs.

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Stock at all U. S. ports..... 219,104
At interior towns..... 111,366
At Liverpool..... 917,000
Last year..... 1,109,000
Afloat for Great Britain..... 130,000
Last year..... 96,000

A dispatch from Stanley's Yellowstone expedition, dated in camp, seventy miles west of Bismarck, Dakota, June 30, states that the health of the whole command was good. Indians were offering no serious resistance to the location of the railroad through their hunting grounds.

The drawing of the Kentucky Library Lottery was concluded on July 8, according to announcement. No. 20,893 drew the \$100,000 prize, No. 5,830 the \$50,000 prize, and No. 64,170 the \$25,000 prize.

The cholera has subsided at Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee.

Crimes and Casualties.

The Hamilton Woolen Mills, at Cincinnati, were struck by lightning, on July 4, and burned to the ground. One man was killed by a falling roof.

At 9:30 p. m., on the evening of July 1, a tornado struck the house of a Mr. Giddings, living at Galesburg, Kansas, blowing it to the ground and burying in the ruins Mrs. Giddings and three children. The latter were instantly killed. The house of a Mr. Roder was also blown down, and Mrs. Roder fatally injured.

Thos. Feeny beat his mother to death, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the night of July 1. He was arrested.

Frank Gillem, who murdered his wife in New York city, a few weeks ago, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The trial of young Walworth, the paricide, was concluded, on July 2, by a verdict of murder in the second degree.

James Bulger, residing near St. Joseph, Mo., while harvesting with his reaper, on July 2, was thrown before the cutter-bar, and so badly mangled that amputation of both feet became necessary.

The business portion of the town of Belleville, Jefferson County, New York, was destroyed by fire, on the morning of July 2. Loss \$50,000.

Kay's falling mill, at Unionville, Mass., was destroyed by fire on the night of July 1. Loss \$60,000. A case of spontaneous combustion.

In South Acton, Mass., on July 4, Geo. Curtis, aged eight years, enticed a boy named Lane, three years of age, into the woods, and there beat him with a club in a most frightful manner. Lane was soon discovered, but died of his injuries four hours after. The child-murderer fled, but was arrested in Cambridge.

On the morning of July 5, at Wheeling, W. Va., one Evans, an officer in the Signal Service, at Cincinnati, visited a Mrs. Dunlap. Finding at her house a young man named Flannagan, he attacked and attempted to shoot him, but Flannagan managed to turn the direction of the weapon, so that Evans himself was shot.

Frank Walworth was sentenced to the State Prison for life, on July 5, at New York, for the murder of his father some weeks ago.

A man, woman and child went out boating on Niagara river, on the afternoon of July 4, and are supposed to have been carried over the falls. Two of the party were John Elliott and Margaret Rollinson, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The business portion of the town of Grom Level, in Newberry County, S. C., was destroyed by fire on July 6. Loss \$75,000.

Louis Jacezmes and wife were drowned while sailing on the lower bay, New York, on July 7. Three men accompanying them were rescued.

A French woman and child, in Dudley, Mass., were so badly burned by the explosion of kerosene on the night of July 5 that both died. Another child cannot recover.

Dr. Fonaine, of Spencer, Mass., was held in \$2,000 bonds on July 7 for manslaughter, in causing the death of a child by using small-pox virus for vaccination instead of vaccine matter.

A dispatch from Winchester, Va., states that while a family named Little were at breakfast, on the morning of July 5, a fend broke out, when two sons named Oscar and Lycyus commenced firing at four other sons and their mother, the fire being returned by the other sons. Oscar was wounded, captured and sent to jail. Another son named Clinton was wounded; also the mother. Clinton died the next evening, and the mother will die.

The steamship City of Washington from Liverpool to New York, struck on Gull Rock Bar, seventy miles west of Sombra, on July 5, during the prevalence of a dense fog. The passengers and crew were landed in safety, but it is feared that the steamer cannot be saved.

John Badenele, while working in Newark, N. J., on July 7, struck John Gustausson, a fellow-laborer, with an ax, inflicting a fatal wound. Badenele said God told him to kill the devil, and to his notion Gustausson was the evil one.

On the afternoon of July 8, at Boston, Mass., Michael Desmond shot his wife dead and then himself. The parties had been living in Tufts street, but on July 5, Desmond drove his wife and her two children by a former husband, into the street. The wife and children subsequently found lodgings in Second street, South Boston, where Desmond followed, and where the tragedy took place.

Domestic Intelligence.

Gold closed, in New York, on July 8, at 115 1/2.

A large number of Klekapos from the band lately chastised by Mackenzie, have come across the Rio Grande from their abiding place in Mexico, and asked to be sent to their reservation. It is said the request will be complied with.

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News from Abroad.

Salvador Cisneros has been chosen President of the Cuban Republic, Cisneros having resigned.

A dispatch from Bombay gives intelli-

Respiration and Air.

This is the process by which air is conveyed through the lungs to the blood to purify it. It is performed chiefly by the lungs. They are very spongy in structure, as they are composed of many compartments or cells. Air is received through the wind-pipe, which is about four inches long, and the wind-pipe, in the chest divides into two tubes—bronchi—one of which enters each lung, divides many times, and finally each minute branch enters an air-cell. Each cell is covered externally by minute blood-vessels, the terminations of a large vessel direct from the heart. The lining membrane of each compartment is a continuation of that which lines the windpipe and bronchi. There is a direct communication through this membrane, which is very porous, between the air drawn into the lungs and the blood in the vessels around the cells.

While passing through the various compartments in the lungs, the air undergoes alteration. The blood-vessels absorb a large share of its oxygen. The lining membrane of these cavities is directly connected with the blood-vessels, which ramify on the outside of each cell. It absorbs from the blood worn-out ingredients, in the form of gases, which mix with the air to be thrown off. The air, therefore, after being expelled from the lungs, has lost oxygen. The quantity of nitrogen is increased. It has also gained carbonic acid and aqueous vapor. The deficiency of oxygen is accounted for by its being absorbed to purify, to furnish the blood with nourishment, and to assist in numerous changes going on in the body. The nitrogen, carbonic acid, and aqueous vapor are greater in amount from the decomposition of waste materials carried by the blood-vessels to the lungs to be absorbed and thrown off.

It is very important that every cavity in the lungs should receive pure air and expel that which has lost its vitality. Some, therefore, every day, should be devoted to expanding the chest to its fullest capacity in the open air and free from all impediments.

Inspired air should always be drawn through the nostrils, instead of the mouth. The former contain scrolls of delicate bones, which are covered with the same kind of membrane as that which lines the tubes and air-cells, with the exception that it is better supplied with blood-vessels, which increase its temperature.

Air moving over this membrane, coming in contact with quite an extent of surface, is made warmer, drier, and freed from dust than it otherwise would be from reaching the lungs. Thus, by never allowing the lungs to become chilled or irritated by unsuitable air passing through the mouth directly to them, many a sore throat, cough or still greater trouble, might be prevented.—Rachange.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1873.	
BEEF CATTLE.....	\$10.00 @ \$12.50
HOGS—Live.....	6.00 @ 6.25
Dressed.....	6.00 @ 6.25
Skins.....	4.00 @ 5.00
COTTON—Middling.....	20 1/2 @ 21
COTTON—Good to Choice.....	1.4 @ 1.43
WHEAT—Spring No. 2.....	60 @ 62
CORN—Western Mixed.....	51 @ 52
OATS—Western, New.....	42 @ 44
EYE—Western.....	6.00 @ 6.25
POKE—Mass, New.....	17.25 @ 17.50
LARD.....	9 @ 9 1/2
CHICAGO.	
BEEVES—Choice.....	5.50 @ 5.90
Good.....	5.20 @ 5.60
Fair Grades.....	4.75 @ 5.00
Medium.....	3.75 @ 4.50
HOGS—Live.....	6.00 @ 6.25
SHEEP—Good to Choice.....	4.50 @ 5.50
FLOUR—White Winter Extra.....	7.50 @ 9.50
Spring Extra.....	6.00 @ 6.25
GRAIN—Wheat—Spring No. 2.....	1.23 @ 1.24
No. 2.....	1.15 @ 1.15 1/2
Corn—No. 2.....	38 1/2 @ 39
Oats.....	28 @ 30
Eye—No. 2.....	60 @ 61
Barley—No. 2.....	59 @ 60
LARD.....	8 @ 8 1/4
POKE—Mass, New.....	15.75 @ 15.90
EGGS—Fresh.....	12 1/2 @ 13
CINCINNATI.	
FLOUR—Family.....	6.75 @ 7.00
WHEAT—Red.....	2.25 @ 2.40
CORN—New.....	40 @ 50
OATS—New.....	34 @ 42
BARLEY—Middling.....	19 @ 19 1/2
LARD.....	8 1/2 @ 8 1/2
POKE—Mass, New.....	16.50 @ 17.00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling.....	18 1/2 @ 19
BEEF CATTLE.....	5.50 @ 5.75
Good to Prime.....	4.90 @ 5.00
HOGS—Live.....	3.35 @ 4.25
WHEAT—Spring No. 2.....	6.25 @ 6.75
WHEAT—Winter No. 2.....	1.80 @ 1.82
CORN—No. 2, Mixed.....	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.....	27 1/2 @ 28
BARLEY—No. 2.....	60 @ 65
LARD.....	16.25 @ 16.50
POKE—Mass, New.....	7 1/2 @ 8
WOOL—Un-washed—Choice.....	32 @ 35
MEMPHIS.	
COTTON—Middling.....	18 @ 19
FLOUR—Family.....	8.25 @ 9.50
CORN—New.....	33 @ 54
OATS—New.....	31 @ 39
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—Choice and Family.....	8.50 @ 9.50
CORN—Mixed.....	40 @ 57
OATS.....	40 @ 41
HAY—Choice.....	26.00 @ 24.00
POKE—Mass.....	17.25 @ 17.50
BARON—Sugar.....	10 1/2 @ 11 1/2
SUGAR—Fair.....	8 1/2 @ 9 1/2
MOLASSES—Strictly Prime.....	15 @ 16
COTTON—Middling.....	15 1/2 @ 16 1/2

gence of a rising among Hindu peasants in the district of Paonah.

A dispatch from Madrid, Spain, says the government has decided to employ every resource to crush the Carlist insurrection. A proclamation will be issued giving the insurgents five days to surrender to the Republican forces, after which time cordons will be drawn around the insurrectionary districts and a decisive campaign commenced.

It is officially announced that the Khan of Khiva and all his ministers, who had the capital upon the approach of the Russian troops, have returned and submitted to Gen. Kanfman, beseeching his clemency, and imploring his merciful consideration. General Penning has disposition of their cases, and has placed them under guard.

The Shah of Persia has reached Paris.

The city of Vich, which is thirty-seven miles from Barcelona, is blockaded by Carlists.

A duel between MM. Ranc and de Cassagnac took place on the morning of July 7 on the Luxemburg territory. M. de Cassagnac was seriously wounded.

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