



**The Michigan Peninsula—Sub-
 terranean Water Courses.**

An Eastern paper says the Michigan people are beginning to think that State is a vast floating peninsula, as some of them have been asserting for a long time. There are in the State dozens of little lakes without outlets, and yet never stagnant, and apparently fathomless. Species of fish and amphibious animals are found in these ponds, which exist only in the larger bodies of fresh water. The Battle Creek correspondent says that several years ago, on Lake Cognac, near the former city, some summer resorters tried several times to build a sort of log causeway across the edge between two of these small lakes, but it sunk out of sight every time. St. Mary's Lake is four miles north of Battle Creek. Its water level is much higher than that of the other lakes in the surrounding country, and their exists at present neither a source from which its body is derived nor a stream emanating from it. Several years ago an effort was made to stock it with eels, and specimens were procured and deposited in the lake. Some time after an eel was caught in the Verona Mill dam, in the Battle Creek river, five miles distant, although none had ever been placed in that river, and no connection exists above ground. The description of these eels corresponds to the identical ones placed in the lake, and as none of these eels, nor any of their progeny, were ever afterward seen in the lake, the conclusion arrived at is that an underground channel exists between. The lake which is about three miles in circumference, has decreased in depth between five and six feet in as many years, the former water marks being distinctly visible.

The amount of water contained in a foot in depth, and of the area of the lake, is simply enormous, and when taken into consideration with the small amount of rain and snow which goes into it, it renders the evaporation theory almost absurd. The favorite theory in the neighborhood is that the bottom has fallen out in the deepest portion, and that the lake is slowly but surely leaking out, and will eventually sink to the common water level, or dry up and be known only among the traditional history of the past, and that although the result may be delayed, it is believed by many that soon the now favorite fishing ground and pleasure resort will inevitably eventually be only a mucky, slimy, dismal, pestilential valley.

As to the Handling of Cows.

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* gives the following hints with regard to the management of cows: In a business-like dairying, where so much depends upon the quantity and quality of the milk, the owner will invariably lose money and eventually go to the wall unless special care is exercised in the selection of the cows. Whatever the breed, first the interior ones and next the ordinary cows should be conscientiously weeded out from year to year. It makes no difference what the breed may be, there will always be found. Not that there is no choice in breeds; there is, and they must be selected with a view to what is wanted, whether butter or cheese. Whatever the breed, none but the best breeders should be selected to perpetuate the race, and as fast as developed the best should be retained. There is also very much in this question of development. An animal that, under good care and attention, will turn out a superior milker, will, under adverse treatment, prove worthless. When the first calf is produced, the heifer should be handled carefully; she should be milked clean, and every means used, by good feeding and warm stabling, to produce as uniform and large a flow of milk as possible. The calf should not be allowed to suck; it should be raised by hand, but on the cows milk, just as drawn. The cow should be trained to give her milk freely. Good care and good feeding will bring her milk to flow freely, if she have it in her. If not, discard her at once.

The education of a heifer to give her milk freely consists solely in gentle handling and in milking so that the cow may feel relief in the operation. Holding up of the milk, and kicking and running about are always the result of improper or brutal handling.

Gen. Joseph Lane, Col. W. H. Elfinger, Judge E. C. Bradshaw and two other prominent Democrats have prepared an address to the Democracy relative to their duty in the coming campaign.

**Historical Sketches
 Of Oregon's Southern Coast.**

**NUMBER V.
 The Rogue River Indian War—Murder
 of the Geisel Family.**

The night and morning that witnessed the events narrated in our last—Feb. 22-23, 1856—were distinguished by a tragedy, the details of which will illustrate the treachery and cruelty of the Indian character, and furnish one of the saddest chapters in the history of that bloody season.

Some seven or eight miles north of Rogue river, a German named Geisel, had located his donation claim on the prairie, and with his family had established a home, where, in the natural order of events, a few years would have found him surrounded with that comfortable affluence which is the reward of honest and well-directed industry. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Geisel, three bright boys, aged respectively nine, seven, and five years, Mary, a comely girl of thirteen, and an infant daughter. An Indian had been working for Mr. Geisel a short time before, and that afternoon he went out, as was supposed, to hunt for some stray hogs; he did not return at evening, but the circumstance caused the family no uneasiness and they retired as usual. About midnight, a rap was heard at the door. At a call at this unseasonable hour, at a time when reports from only across the coast line of mountains were rife with Indian murders, was calculated to awaken apprehensions in the coolest breast, and the summons was answered with caution. The voice of the Indian who had left the house that day was recognized, and as the door was opened, three stalwart Indians entered unbidden. The hearts of the anxious husband and mother sunk, as they looked upon their sleeping treasures and then upon the dusky intruders, whose very presence was a shadow of evil; but before their fears could assume a definite form or suggest a hope of escape, a murderous assault was made upon Mr. Geisel by the Indians, who were armed with knives. The brave wife flew to the assistance of her husband, and received a wound which nearly severed one of her fingers; but a conflict so unequal could not last, and Mr. Geisel fell an easy victim to his assailants. The mother and daughter were taken out of the house and tied, while the Indians returned to complete their bloody mission. The boys were one after another killed by the incarnate fiends, and when the work of death was done, the house was set on fire. Who shall tell the anguish of that mother, as with weary and reluctant steps she was driven away by her captors? One hour before, she was a wife, the conscious idol and centre of a happy household; now a widow and a captive, lighted by the flames of her dwelling, as they consumed the bodies of those who were dearer to her than life. Death would then have been welcome, for the present was the blackness of despair, and the future pointed only to a captivity worse than death.

The settlers who assembled in the fort that morning, supposed that if the Geisel family were killed, but a short time afterward they learned from a squaw that the female portion of the family were alive, and were held as prisoners at the Toootootna ranch, on Rogue river. On hearing this, a squaw who was a prisoner in the fort, was sent out to propose an exchange. She faithfully performed her mission, and a day or two afterward the Indians came in sight in large numbers, bearing a flag of truce. Charley Brown, now residing at Crescent City, was sent out of the fort to negotiate the exchange; the Indians agreed that if the whites would surrender the squaws which they held, and give them a certain number of blankets and a certain number of coins, they would return Mrs. Geisel and her daughters. The price was made up by subscription, and the next day Mrs. G. and the babe were brought to the fort, and the day following, Mary, the girl, was also surrendered.

The remains of the murdered Geisels were afterwards collected and buried where the house had stood, and a marble monument, with appropriate inscription, now marks the place of their rest. The infant daughter, who was the unconscious witness of her mother's suffering, is now a graceful woman; and the mother and elder daughter are esteemed members of society, but the horrors of that dreadful night are indelibly graven in their memory, only to be effaced when they shall be called to a reunion with the lost ones "on the other side."

Sailing Skyward Alone.

When Mr. John Wise was lost in his balloon, called "The Pathfinder," a month or two ago, the newspapers printed many accounts of trips made in the air, some by brave men and some by foolish ones. A lady who lives in the town of Centralia, in the State of Illinois, said nothing until all the rest were through talking. Then, one day recently, she told the editor of the *St. Louis Republican* to look up the copy of that paper that was printed on the 21st day of September, 1858. The editor looked and found an account of how two children made a trip in a balloon all by themselves.

On that day an aeronaut named Brooks filled his airship with gas on the farm of a Mr. Harvey, who lived near Centralia. He expected to sail up in the afternoon. About noon time Mr. Harvey put his two children in the basket of the balloon just to please them, and not thinking for a moment of any danger. The balloon was tied to a tree by ropes. All at once a gust of wind broke the ropes and the balloon shot up into the air with nobody but two children in the basket. Mr. Harvey was wild with grief and shouted aloud: "They're lost!" All the neighbors ran to the spot only to see the balloon drifting off to the north and more than a mile high.

One of the children was a girl, Nellie, eight years old, the other was her little brother Willie four years old. Both cried when they found themselves leaving the ground and going on a very, very strange journey indeed. Nellie looked over the edge of the basket and saw her father wringing his hands away below. Soon the people looked to her smaller than babies and the houses like toy houses. She and Willie were going up all the time.

"I expect we are going to heaven Willie," said Nellie.

Willie thought it was very cold in heaven then, for the higher they went the colder it grew. Nellie wrapped Willie in her apron and held his head in her lap until he cried himself to sleep. Then Nellie folded her hands and waited. She said, "I think we must be near the gate now."

She meant the gate of heaven that she had heard about in Sunday School. But Nellie fell asleep too. When she awoke she found some strange man was lifting her from the basket. The strange man was a farmer in northern Illinois, who had seen the balloon drifting low down across his field. The rope was dragging and so he caught it and landed the children safely. The balloon had floated all night. Nellie and Willie's father soon learned that they had been found and took them home two days afterward. Nellie is now a woman—the very same one who told the *Republican* to look back in his files for the story.

Uses for Paper.

A great diversity presents itself in the various useful purposes to which paper, or papier mache, has been applied of late years. Besides ornamental articles, clothing, bedding, stumps, boxes, barrels, picture frames, furniture, stovepipes, chimney pots, bricks, partition walls, carriage and car wheels and boats, it would seem as if the inventive ingenuity of manufacturers has succeeded in adapting this single substance to some new use every day. The last remarkable application of papier mache is the manufacture of a revolving dome for the astronomical observatory of Prof. Greene of the Polytechnic Institute at Troy. This dome has an internal diameter of 29 feet, and if constructed in the usual manner, would weigh five or six tons and require powerful and complicated machinery to manipulate it, besides also requiring foundations of considerable depth for its support; whereas the total weight of the paper dome will not exceed a ton and three-quarters, and mounted on pivots working in iron grooves, is capable of being revolved in any direction without the assistance of any machine or apparatus of any kind. The paper is put upon a light framing of wood, and is, by means of a special preparation, rendered fully as hard and even more rigid than wood.

The Governor of North Carolina will call a special meeting of the Legislature of that State to act upon an offer on the part of capitalists to buy the Western North Carolina railroad from the State at \$800,000, binding the new company to extend the road to Ducktown, Tenn., on or before 1882.

The South raised 12,000,000 pounds more of tobacco the present season than ever before.

Expensive Love Meetings.

A French correspondent says a curious affair has just come before the Court d'assizes at Versailles, an affair vraiment and romanesque. During many weeks the newspapers of Paris gave information of repeated fires in the commune of Auvers. They were evidently the work of incendiaries, and the police were set diligently to work to find the criminals. Their search resulted finally in the arrest of a young girl of sixteen, Clemence Blossier, a sewing girl of Auvers.

The motive which led her to this wanton destruction of property is one that every one will recognize as a particularly inflammable one—love. It seems that this girl of sixteen was madly in love with a youth of her own age named Albert Romaru, a laborer in a neighboring village. The girl's parents had forbidden her to see her lover, and the two had great difficulty in managing a clandestine correspondence. It was this obstruction to the course of love, that gave the girl an extraordinary idea of setting fire to farm houses and haystacks. The alarm was given, bells rang, neighbors ran to the scene. Albert Romaru ran too, met the young girl in the throng and fled away with her to a neighboring forest, where they passed a few hours together, while the fire worked its ravages. Six times in six weeks there were mysterious conflagrations in Auvers. Six times in six weeks the lovers fled to the little woods, and the farmers of the commune paid for lighting their love-making a sum of 30,000 francs. But finally, one fine night, just as Clemence was thrusting lighted matches into the haystack of one of the neighbors, a strong hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she was led away a prisoner. She confessed all immediately, and has been sentenced to ten years hard labor.

Journalism and Authorship.

During the last thirty years New York journalism has absorbed much of our best talent, and well it might, for it demands the best. No severer test can be applied to a writer than that of his ability to furnish leading articles regularly. More than one who has succeeded easily as a book-writer or essayist has found his equipment and power of composition inadequate to the off-hand production of compact, polished, well informed leaders, such as are needed for the editorial pages of our great newspapers. Journalism is an art; but under our system it brings little beyond his weekly stipend is sure, and that means a great deal for one who lives by his pen. Newspapers thus far have supplied the readiest market to a writer, and the magazines next to them. In a chapter upon Hood, London's journalist poet, I have claimed that the task of daily writing for the press, while a good staff, is a poor clutch; it defuses the heat of authorship, checks idealism, retards the destruction of master-pieces. Besides, it brings an author into attention with members of the craft who possibly know him so familiarly as to underrate him. He is subjected to local jealousies, to the over-praise of the newspaper which befriends him, and sometimes to the unjust or ungenerous treatment of rival sheets. All this may be thought peculiar to New York, and one which we shall outgrow. But the same phenomena are visible in the matured newspaper life of the capitals of England and France, and must be held as part of a journalist's warfare and surroundings.—(Edmund C. Stedman in Scribner's for December.)

Silk Worms for France.

The *New York World* says: There is something strange in the way the wealth of far off China and Japan sweeps across our Continent on its way to the countries of Europe. Tomorrow a steamship sails from this port which will bear across the ocean to France about \$50,000 worth of silk worms' eggs, which has been brought from Japan. They were shipped across the Pacific from Yokohama and from San Francisco were brought to New York in six freight cars, reaching here Friday night. It is strange that nearly a million dollars worth of eggs of the silk worm should traverse the American Continent to fill an order sent from France to Japan. Of course much freight now reaches Europe from China and Japan by our overland route, but its passing through our land has not become so common a thing that such a shipment as that we mention is no wonder. What strange results modern commerce is producing!

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S estate finally simpered down to \$75,000, which is to be divided among seven heirs.

An Old Story.

One winter's evening a mother and four little children, in a sleigh, were passing through one of the dense forests of Russia. They have been visiting a neighbor, and are returning home. As night comes on the howling of wolves in the distance is heard by the little party. The horses are urged forward at their highest speed. Soon the whole pack of the pursuers, gaunt, hungry and ferocious, have overtaken the fugitives, and are about to leap into the midst of the howling beasts. To kill and devour the helpless innocent delays the wolves a few moments, and the remainder of the company hurry on. Again the wolves surround them, and another child is thus sacrificed. Another and another is treated in the same way until the mother alone reached her home. It is said that when she related to her husband the story of her escape he seized an ax and split her head open, asserting that a mother who would save her own life at so great a sacrifice was not fit to live.

Important Telegraph Project.

A *Times*' Washington special presents details of a telegraph scheme introduced in the Senate recently in the form of a petition for the incorporation of a company by James A. Scrymgeour, of Cuba cable notoriety, and William G. Hamilton. It is surmised that the Western Union Telegraph Co., is backing the scheme. It proposes establishing a submarine cable from Texas by the shores of Mexico, across Tehuantepec, for which privileges has been granted by the Governments interested; and to extend this line by way of San Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and Ecuador to Peru, where connection can be had with established lines to Chili, Buenos Ayres and Brazil. The petitioners suggest that the completion of the railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and proposed ship canal will open a direct trade between China, India, Australia and Japan, by way of the Gulf of Mexico, and that this trade will be greatly benefited by rapid telegraph communication. They ask the Government to survey the route to the cable and to grant them a subsidy in the form of a contract for sending Government messages.

Young Jay Gould.

The following anecdote is told of the great railroad case as having occurred in his early career:

"He had a knack for trading, was very sharp as a cattle dealer, and one time he got a lesson that lasted him for life. A farmer had a herd of cattle and Jay went to look at it. In the midst of the bartering a woman appeared who had a talk with the farmer and then, he heard her imploring him not to sell her cow. 'I shall die, if you do,' she cried. 'What's the matter with that woman?' asked Gould, in his usual cool way. 'Oh, nothing; she's afraid I'm going to sell her favorite cow, old Pailful.' Gould thought he had found a prize, and demanded that the cow be brought out, and insisted when he saw her that she must go with the lot. The cattle were driven home, and Jay's father sent him to see what kind of a milker old Pailful was. Jay had hardly seated himself before the cow kicked him, pair and stool skyhigh, tore around the pasture, leaped the fence and started for home. Jay never bought anything from that day to this that a woman wanted to keep."

A Frozen Mail Carrier.

The *Mammoth City (Cal.) Herald*, has the following: "The pony rider, Billy Haines, familiarly known as 'Cleverly,' was badly frozen on his last trip from Bodie to this place. The particulars, as given us by William Blackmore, the mail contractor, are as follows: Haines left King's ranch as usual on Friday last, with about eighty pounds mail matter. Being caught in the storm, he pressed forward until, when within about five miles of Deadman's Station, his animal gave out. He then built a fire and camped for two days and nights, when, being unable to get any more wood, he made a desperate effort to reach Deadman's. As soon as the storm abated parties started out in search of him. He was found within a half mile, in a pitiable condition. His feet and legs were frozen nearly to the knees, and his hands and arms to the elbows. He was floundering about, almost senseless, having given up hope before help arrived. He was taken to the station."

Words of Wisdom.

The path of moderation is the safest to tread.

It's poor foolishness to run down your enemies.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

Make yourself necessary and your success is certain.

Hide the faults of others and make known their virtues.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

When reason is against man, a man will be against reason.

Our actions are our own; the consequences belong to heaven.

The festival which bears the greatest fruit is the festival of duty.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

Of expectation fails, and most oft where most it promises.

Age that lessens the enjoyment of life increases our desire of living.

Watch your own speech and notice how it is guided by your less conscious purposes.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that is what life is made of.

Commend a fool for his wit or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.

Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it, especially if it is about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. Persons sometimes tell falsehoods; they often make mistakes, and they sometimes "hear wrong."

A Solar Engine.

But even a greater revolution than that which Prof. Ayrton suggested may be wrought by the invention upon which Capt. Erricsson has been engaged, with scarcely a day's respite, for fifteen years past—the solar engine. If erected near the seaboard, where water is to be had, the new engine will, he claims, generate steam, and where water is not procurable atmospheric air may be made the medium for transmitting the solar energy to the motor. In recent experiments under a clear sun, the engine worked with perfect uniformity at a velocity of two hundred revolutions per minute, and consumed only a part of the steam furnished.

To obtain some idea of the future possibilities of the engine says an exchange, it should be borne in mind that there is a rainless region extending from the northwest coast of Africa to Mongolia, 9,000 miles in length, and nearly 1,000 miles wide. Estimating a width of one mile only to be employed, not less than 22,300,000 solar engines, each of 100-horse power, could be kept in constant operation nine hours a day, but utilizing that heat which is now wasted on the comparatively small areas of land extending along some of the water fronts of some of the sunbaked regions of the earth.

A Distressing Case.

The sympathetic kindness of an editor is well illustrated by the following from the *Carson Tribune*: "Just as good a young wife as ever lived approached us this morning with tears in her dark eyes and inquired, 'How much does a divorce suit cost?' Our answer was, it depends, my dear, on whether your attorney is old and married, or young and good looking. But what is troubling you? Has the young fellow been and done and gone off with another female woman already? 'No—worse than that. I'm so distressed and humiliated I scarce know how to answer you. I—I went to the auction yesterday, and I bid four dollars on a cradle, and it was knocked down to me; and when I asked for the money to pay for it, he—he told me to sh—sh—shut up and not be a fool. I ain't got no baby yet, Mister, but no one knows what may come to pass, and oh, it would be so handy to have that cradle!' We went and licked that brute and took away the cradle, giving a promissory note therefor."

There are 30,000 persons serving sentences in the State prisons of the United States, and yet no man can step into a hole through the sidewalk without complaining that this is no country for law and justice.

Female Smugglers.

Harriet Thompson, a female detective in the employ of the Canadian customs department at Windsor, has been telling a *Detroit* reporter something of her official experience. Some of the female smugglers are very nice. The youngest ones will cry and sometimes faint, but all are compelled to tell what they paid for their goods. They can keep the goods by paying us what they originally cost. We praise them ourselves if they give false prices. Sometimes the *Detroit* firms make out bills of lower value, or furnish the parties with billheads which they fill up to suit themselves. These we estimate at our own figures, and release the parties on payment. "What class of goods do the smugglers give the largest preference to?" "White and gray cottons, heavy-colored dressings, fancy-knitted goods and that class. The duty on such is about 25 per cent. The goods are bulky and hard to handle; that is why they are so easily detected. The women pin whole pieces of cotton about them, sometimes folded in their shawls or disposed about their skirts, and it makes their movement very awkward. I brought one young lady in here the other day who wore a very large bundle composed entirely of American laces."

Why Gold Changes Color.

It is well known that the human body contains humers and acids similar in action to and having a like tendency toward baser metals as nitric and sulphuric acids have, namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity to different persons. Of this theory we have abundant proof in the effects which the wearing or jewelry produces on different persons. Thousands were continually without any ill effect the cheaper class of jewelry with brass arc wires, while if others wear the same articles for a few days they would be troubled with sore ears; or in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill effects. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below eighteen carats have been tarnished in a few days merely from the above named cause. True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless it is as well to know them. Every case is not the fault of the goods not wearing well, as it is generally called, but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.

What not to Kill.

The French Minister of Finance has done a good deal in causing a placard to be posted, which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes. It tells farmers, sportsmen boys and others, what creatures not to kill, as follows:

Hedgehog—Lives mostly on mice, small rodents, slugs and grubs—animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedgehog.

Toad—Farm assistant; he destroys twenty to thirty insects per hour. Don't kill the toad.

Mole—Is constantly destroying grubs, larvae, palmer-worms and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Don't kill the mole.

Birds—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistant. Children don't disturb their nests.

Higher Education of Girls.

There are now fifty girls among the students at Cornell University, and thirteen of them are Fishmen. Michigan University has 134 women students, and the President says of the experiment of educating the sexes together: "After our nine year's experience in co-education, we have become so accustomed to see women take up any kind of University work, carry it on successfully, graduate in good health, cause no embarrassment in the administration of the institution, and awaken no special solicitude in the minds of their friends or their teachers, that many of the theoretical discussions of co-education by those who have had no opportunity to examine it carefully, read strangely to us here on the ground."