

TERMS TRIBUNE.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 12 lines or less, one insertion \$1.00...

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions...

The Horse.

In order to insure the health of our horses, arrangement of our stables demands particular care.

This building should be well protected from the stormy winds of winter, but at the same time should be well ventilated.

A dry location is important in selecting a place for building. Stables ought to be cleaned out every morning and well provided with litter.

It is natural for a horse to stand on the ground. He rests better, especially after a hard day's travel.

This may be so; but as a general thing it would be saving, and a convenience, in most buildings, to have a mow, over the horse.

It is not desirable that a stable be kept uncommonly warm, because in the first place, by making it very tight, a free circulation of pure air is retarded.

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The East Indian Wolf-Boy.

Col. Sleeman, in his late work on India, vouches for the truth of the following:

"There is now at Sultanpore the body of a boy who was found alive in a wolf's den, near Chandour, about ten miles from Sultanpore, about two years and a half ago.

A trooper, sent by the native governor of the district to Chandour, to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of the river near Chandour, about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy.

The boy went on all fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dam and the three whelps, and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care.

They all went down to the river and drank, without perceiving the trooper, who sat upon his horse watching them.

As soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper pushed on to cut off and secure the boy, but he ran as fast as the whelps could, and kept up, with the old one.

The ground was uneven, and the trooper's horse could not overtake them. They all entered the den, and the trooper assembled some people from Chandour with pickaxes, and dug into the den.

When they had dug about eight feet, the old wolf bolted with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and pursued, followed by the fleetest young men of the party; and as the ground over which they had to fly was more even, he headed them, and turned the whelps and boy back upon the men on foot, who secured the boy, and let the old dam and her three cubs go on their way.

They took the boy to the village, but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl.

He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown up person came near him he became alarmed, and tried to steal away, but when a child came near him he rushed at it with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it.

When any cooked meat was put before him he rejected it in disgust, but when any raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his paw like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objections to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

The trooper remained with him four or five days and then returned to the governor, leaving the boy in charge of the Rajah of Hasmampore. He related all he had seen; and the boy was soon after sent to the European officer commanding the First Regiment of Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpore. Captain Nicoletts, by order of the Rajah of Hasmampore, who was at Chandour, and saw the boy when the trooper first brought him to that village. This account is taken from the Rajah's own report of what had taken place.

To cold, lead, and rain, he appeared to be indifferent; and he seemed to care for nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no kind of restraint after being brought to Capt. Nicoletts. He had lived with Capt. Nicoletts' servants about two years, and never was heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hands to his head and said "I am dead," and asked for water; he drank it, and died. Many similar instances are cited, all of which have been authenticated as fully as such facts will admit of amongst a population like that of India.

EMIGRATION.—The influx of settlers into our Territory in large numbers has become such a common occurrence that the local press no longer takes the same note of it as formerly. A steady stream of emigration is continually pouring in.

The Southwest portion of Kansas is settling up rapidly though silently, and it is estimated that at least 10,000 settlers have made homes in that locality during the present season. The country on the Republican and Smokey Hill Forks is also settling up rapidly. Towns and trading posts are springing up in every direction; the agricultural resources of the country are fast developing. Settlements have now extended to the Little Blue, half way to Fort Kearney.

The next season will witness an emigration greater than any previous one. Our fine soil, salubrious climate, and other advantages, are becoming duly appreciated, and thousands are on the move for Kansas to settle upon her green prairies.—Leavenworth Herald.

THE ELECTION IN ILLINOIS.—Dispatches, public and private, agree in one result in regard to the election in Illinois, that Douglas has carried both branches of the Legislature, and will, if he lives, be re-elected to the Senate of the United States. We do not know that we can add to the force or the glory of this simple announcement by anything that we might say. At some future day, when the exultation which will follow this act of the people of Illinois has subsided, we may have something to say in connection with the part which we have felt ourselves called upon to take in this struggle, but not now. It is enough for us that Mr. Douglas has not been turned off by the people of his State, on the issues presented by Mr. Lincoln and his Black Republican partisans, but that they have endorsed his broad, national, conservative views—his love of the Union, and his denunciation of that sectionalism which would array the Free against the Slave States, and which must end in a dissolution of the confederacy. This is a glorious victory, and we congratulate him and the country upon it.—St. Louis Rep.

Col. Sutter, the man who first discovered gold in California, is poor. He once owned 145,000 acres of the richest land in the State, where Sacramento and Marysville now stand, but is now reduced to a small farm with a shaky title. Nevertheless, he makes the most of his farm, and has now in his garden, it is said, 33,000 grape vines, besides figs, nectarines, peach, apricot and almond trees in abundance.

Indiana Divorce Cases.

Our laws regulating divorces are the subject of comment all over the country, and are becoming a reproach to the State.

The dockets in every judicial circuit are burdened with applications for divorces, a large portion of which are made by persons who were never seen in the State till a few weeks before the setting of the Courts, and who disappear within twenty-four hours after the decrees in their cases are recorded.

The docket at the present term of the Court in this county contains twenty-two petitions of divorce, some of the parties being entirely unknown here.

These cases occupy a great deal of the time of the Court, to the delay of other causes, and to the serious injury of other litigants, citizens of our State, for whose benefit our Courts are established and supported.

The Fort Wayne Times complains of the same evil in the following language: "In this county is a large lot of divorce applications, in behalf of parties who come here for that purpose, commit perjury to residence, get divorced, and then go to deceive some one else. It is an evil that ought to be dropped on. Any man coming here for that purpose should be kicked out of the community, and the woman suspected of unchastity. We have no special reference to any pending application, but in the past the conduct of such persons has been too flagrant.

The New Albany Tribune says there are thirty-two applications for divorce before the Circuit Court now sitting in that city, and adds: "Sixty-four persons, principally residents of other States, want to shake off the silken bonds of Hymen. Who will say that it is not high time that our very liberal divorce laws should be amended.

BUTTER.—Everybody is fond of good butter, but as everybody cannot get it now days, we publish below a few suggestions which we take from the Agriculturalist, that we believe will be received by our butter makers as valuable information:

FALL PASTURE—OCTOBER BUTTER.—We don't like to tell too many secrets; but when we say that October butter, rightly made, is the very best for winter use of the whole season, we know what we are talking about. We say "rightly made." And that is not simply in getting the milk, skimming off the cream, churning and working it, and then packing it down, but depends also on keeping the cow properly while yielding her milk for the purpose.

Some have a notion that mowing grounds should never be fall pastured. Such may be, or may not be. We assume, however, that, after the hay is carried off, and the meadow has lain open the after showers of the season, provided it has a thick, close bottom, and not been top-dressed since laying, and the grass has again got a good stocky growth, none so good use can be made of that grass, or of the ground it grows on, as to feed it off with some sort of farm stock, which it will be ready to have done, if at all, by the first of October. Then, if you have a lot of butter dairy cows, turn them in. Their milk is then richer in cream than earlier in the season, although the quantity of milk is less. The grass is fresh, clean, solid, and rich. Turn them in after the frost is off the grass in the morning, and before the frost melts or evaporates, give the cows a snip of hay in the stable, before they go out, and keep them in all night, with a bite of hay before them. Don't leave them in the field, for they will not eat in a frosty night, and their milk will secrete less in the chilly air than when under shelter. Then your cows are in capital health and condition; their secretions of milk uniform, and the quality of the best; and such milk will make good butter, if properly treated afterwards.

So in November, and through it, you make an abundance of butter. As the season advances, give them purgatives, good cured cornstalks, or any thing nutritious and milk-yielding. When December comes dry them off, if they calved early on the spring. A good dairy cow should go dry about three months of the year, for she will bring you a better calf and give more and better milk, on the average, for not being over-worked.—American Agriculturalist.

REPORTERS.—An exchange paper thus describes that very useful, but much decried, portion of the community—without whose aid many a public man would have been compelled to "tarry at Jericho until his beard was grown"—the reporters: "How many a great man is basking in the sunshine of fame generously bestowed upon him by the prolific genius of some reporter! How many stupid orations have been made brilliant; how many wandering, pointless, objectionable speeches put in force and reported at least readable by the unknown reporter. How many a disheartened speaker, who was conscious the night before of a failure, before a thin, cold, spiritless audience, awakes delighted to learn that he has addressed an overwhelming assemblage of his enthusiastic, appreciating fellow-citizens; to find his speech sparkling with 'cheers,' breaking out into 'immense applause,' and concluding amidst the 'wildest excitement.'

THE CORN CROP.—The corn crop is now gathered, and some estimate can be made of the amount. It is of the finest quality, and sufficient has been raised the present season to supply three times our present population. It now sells for 25c per bushel and falling. In some localities it is a perfect drug in the market. The farmers in the vicinity of Fort Riley have supplied that station for the coming winter, and still have more left than they can use. Better too much than too little.—Leavenworth Jour.

A POWERFUL PAPER.—They have good papers in California. One of them says of a contemporary: "There is vigor and wit enough in that paper to stir the sands of a breezeless desert, and cause a forest to split itself into rails with laughter."

The Farewell.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Our life's dim waste my lonely path is laid, Where beauty flashes, but with dismal gleam, And every flower that woe the gentle shade Sheds its pale leaves on desolation's stream;

Soft wafted on affection's holy breeze, My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

I go where other scenes in grandeur rise, Where other shores re-echo to the deep, Where other stars illumine other skies, And other men toil, suffer, love and weep.

But like some captive song-bird, born at home, From the loved island where her wing was free, Oft o'er the deep, beneath the evening star, My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

Thou art a picture sweet on memory's page, This is the form my spirit worshipped first, And still 'tis joy, 'tis rapture to assuage, At love's dear fount my soul's consuming thirst; Ours was the tender look, the thrilling tone, The moonlight gleam beneath our favorite trees, Such hours fade not—when weary years have flown My heart, exulting, still returns to thee.

Thou art to me a vision of the heart, A flower that fades not with the lapse of years, A shrine where passion cannot, will not part, A shadow pictured in affection's tears, Time may outspread his shadowy wings, but soft Thy memory will shine through them. Thou wilt be

The light, the music of my life, for oft My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

THE GRAVE OF FRANKLIN.—This morning the fence around the opening lately made in the wall of Christ Church grave yard, at Fifth and Arch streets, for the purpose of exposing to view the grave of Franklin, was taken down, and thousands there availed themselves of the opportunity of gazing at the modest stone which covers the remains of "Benjamin and Honora Franklin." The railing and the other fixtures in the aperture made in the old wall, present a very neat appearance, and the tombs in its immediate vicinity can be seen distinctly. The grave of the great printer can now be seen just as plainly as though the spectator was inside the enclosure.

From present indications the pavement near the aperture in the wall will require renewing frequently, as incessant is now the shuffling of feet: that hitherto rather neglected spot.—Philadelphia Bulletin 25th.

THE CORN CROPS OF our county are proving much more prolific than was supposed they would on account of the very unfavorable season. We are informed by our friends from different parts of the county that there will be a great deal more of sound corn produced this year than there was last, and that the quantity raised this year is amply sufficient to meet all the wants of the people.

We also have an abundance of wheat of the first quality, and the present hay crop has not been surpassed for many years.—Although the oats have failed we have but little cause to complain and none at all to be frightened. With plenty of apples and peaches, and a sufficiency of hog and poultry we should never complain of 'hard times' nor get discouraged.—Bolivar Courier.

SUICIDE.—The West Tennessee Whig of October 29th, records the suicide of Wm. Porter, son of the late Colonel W. M. Porter, who commanded a Memphis company in the Mexican war. He wrote a letter at a hotel, carried it to the post office, returned to his room, took a dose of strychnine, and called loudly for the landlord. When the landlord reached the apartment, he found him undressed, sitting up in bed and very much excited. He said that he had taken poison and would be dead in a few minutes. The landlord said: "Porter, you surely have not done that!" "Yes," he replied, "I'll be d—d if I haven't. I have a wife and nothing to support her on; they won't let me have my estate, and I am unwilling to live any longer." He was only about eighteen years old, and quite reckless. He died in thirty minutes. He leaves a wife and child.

"HONEST INDIAN."—In the U. S. Circuit Court yesterday, during the examination of Alexander Robinson, the venerable Pottawatomie chieftain, an old time interpreter to the garrison here, he stated what is quite too original, as well as aboriginal, to be confined to its proper place in the reported evidence to day: It was a view of Pottawatomie thirt that brought down the house, court, bar, and by-standers.

Quoth Alexander, "I was in those days much about the garrison, kept within a few miles; always went to sulter's when I was thirsty." "Hadn't much money in those times." "Were you thirsty whenever you had money?" "Was very much thirsty always when I had money."—Chicago Press.

THE HOG MARKET.—From present indications, hogs will this fall command a good price. The market has opened at Lexington, Mo., at prices ranging from \$3 50 to \$4 per 100lbs., for hogs weighing from 150 to 200 pounds. In other parts of the State there are yet but few sales, the weather being too warm.

The Cincinnati Commercial of Tuesday says: "Hogs are dull at \$5 62, with more sellers than buyers. Nothing of importance done in provisions. Bacon sold to a moderate extent at 6 1-2 to 8 1-4 cents. One of our pork houses packed about 300 hogs today. This is the first cutting this season. The weather is too warm, however, so far, and until it becomes more settled and cooler there will not be much done. Hogs are being brought to this city in larger numbers than is usual at this season, and the supply will be ample for all the houses to begin with by next week, and if the weather suits, packing will have fully commenced within the coming ten days."

The Chicago market for hogs is active and tending upwards. The Press says: "A packer contracted to-day for 200 hogs, to be delivered on the 10th of November, at \$4 25 per 100lbs gross—the hogs to average 250lbs gross the range for fat hogs for present delivery is \$4 25 to \$4 40.

Watches complete, are now manufactured in Macon, Ga.

The Head of Oliver Cromwell.

Before leaving England I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity, which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell—not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a state of remarkable preservation.

Its history is authentic, and there is verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil. Cromwell died in Hampton Court in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious conviction, and of his sincerity as a Christian.

After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts he was taken up and hung in Tyburn. Afterwards his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and the skull exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until by some violence the pike was broken and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterwards conveyed to some friend who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families, which can be easily traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of the Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Brownley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head, and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrell, the pastor of the Brownley Dissenting Chapel, and myself.

The head of Cromwell is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair still remaining, and even the large wart over one of the eyes—such being a distinctive mark on his face—is yet perfectly visible. The pike which was thrust through the neck still remains, the upper part of iron nearly rusted off, and the lower wooden portion in splinters, showing that it was broken by some act of violence. It is known by historical works, and even an old manuscript in the British Museum. Mr. Flaxman, the distinguished sculptor, once gave it as his opinion that this was none other than the head of Oliver Cromwell. Yet its existence seems almost unknown in England, and only a few years ago a discussion in one of the public journals which I have seen, alternately denied and advocated it. Such a rumor was in circulation, and as none had then seen the head—it having been kept concealed—none could speak by authority. Recently the motive for concealment has passed away, and permission to see it was cheerfully granted. It is a curious keepsake for a lady, but it is carefully preserved under lock and key in a box of antiquity, wrapped in a number of costly envelopes, and when it is raised from its hiding place and held in one's hand what a world of thought it suggests!

MUZZLING A JUSTICE.—Joshua was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore that they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows: "May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair said: "If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner. Clear the room!"

Keep it "before the people," that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, cranberries applied as a police will effectually cure the erysipelas. Two or three applications generally do the work.

Mix pulverized alum and common salt in equal proportions, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and place it the hollow tooth. It is a most excellent remedy.

Two ounces of ivory or lamplack, the former preferred, to one table spoonful of sweet oil, and two ounces of molasses, beat up together till the whole is perfectly smooth, and then add one ounce of sulphuric acid, a little at a time, stirring the mixture very thoroughly as the acid is dropped into it. Then pour in a pint vinegar, and the recipe is complete. This marking is said to rival the famous Day & Blacking polish.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY.—Within the past week, the wife of a well-known citizen of Zanesville has given birth to five children—under the following circumstances: She was brought to labor at the apparently proper time, and was delivered of two children. Three days thereafter she was delivered of two more, and on the fourth day she had the fifth child. What is most extraordinary of all in this wonderful development, the physicians in consultation pronounced that the lady had yet the sixth of which yet to be relieved. Can the world equal this?—Ex.

Contracts for Hogs have been made at different points on the upper Mississippi and Illinois rivers, at \$4 25 to \$4 75 net.—Bloomington Messenger.

The legislature of Missouri will assemble on Monday the 27th of December. Candidates for different offices at the disposal of that body are already becoming quite numerous, and laboring to bring themselves into notice. What we most desire is, that in all cases, good, honest, faithful and efficient officers be placed at the posts required to be filled by that body.—Southwest Dem.

A nobleman having given a grand party, his tailor was among the company, and was thus addressed, by his lordship: "My dear sir, I remember your face, but forget your name." The tailor whispered, I made your breeches. Taking him by the hand he exclaimed, "Major Breeches, I am happy to see you."

THE PEOPLE OF HOWARD county are to hold a meeting on Monday next, at Fayette, for the purpose of taking steps to build a Railroad from Glasgow, by way of Fayette, to the North Missouri Railroad. Brunswick Gaz.

Mr. W. J. Lennox, of Natchez, committed suicide recently. He was afflicted with a cancer; his physicians had given him up, and in despair he put an end to his life.

A Good One—Hog in! Hog Out!

A good one is told of a worthy deacon in the city of S., in Northern Ohio. The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment. His daily it was to stand at the head of the slaughtering trough, watch in hand, to "time" the length of the scald, and cry "Hog in!" when the just slaughtered hog was to be thrown in the troughs, and "Hog out!" when the watch told three minutes. One week when the press of business compelled the packers to labor unusually hard, Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. He was almost sick the next morning, when church time came, but he was a leading member, and it was his duty to attend the usual service if he could. He went. The occasion was one of unusual solemnity, as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His preparation was a climax of great beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory:

"Hark! thy whisper, angels say—" "Hog in!" came from the deacon's pew, in a stentorian voice. The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on, however, unmoved— "Sister spirit come away!" "Hog out!" shouted the deacon—"tally four!"

This was too much for the preacher and audience. The latter smiled, some snickered audibly, while a few boys broke for the door, to "split their sides" laughing, outside; within full hearing. The preacher was disconcerted entirely—sat down—arose again—pronounced a brief benediction, and dismissed the anything-else than solemn-minded hearers. The deacon soon came to a realizing sense of his unconscious interlude, for his brethren reproached him severely; while "the boys" caught the infection of the joke, and every possible occasion afforded an opportunity for