

THE IRON PORT.

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.

NUMBER 21

ARE TURNED DOWN

Mayor's Appointments Are Not Confirmed by Common Council.

WERE TWICE REJECTED

Republican Majority in Council Claims Privilege of Naming Some of the Candidates—Mr. Sourwine Objects—Hence the Friction.

On Monday evening at a meeting held for the appointment of city officers and fixing their salaries, the mayor presented to the city council his list of appointments. The appointments were promptly turned down by a vote of ten to three and without discussion or further business the meeting adjourned. The names submitted by the mayor are to be found in the official proceedings of that meeting printed in another column.

On Tuesday evening the mayor repeated his appointments without change except that the names of Jas. Clancy for city attorney, Jas. Tolan for chief of fire department and F. H. Atkins for member Board of Public Works, were added to the list, which appointments had not been included Monday night.

The presentation of the names without change was the signal for discussion. Alderman Carey desired an expression from the councilmen concerning the appointments and said he believed the majority of the aldermen would confirm many of the appointments if given opportunity to vote upon them individually. He also said that he considered it the right of the majority of the council to have the naming of a share of the appointments. Alderman Tolan desired those aldermen who opposed the appointments to state their reasons. Alderman Jensen stated that from the fact that the republican aldermen had a majority in the council they should have the privilege of naming at least one third of the city appointees. He stated that he considered the offices political gifts and he did not like the idea of their entire distribution being made by the democrats while the republicans held a large majority in the council. In defense of his appointments the mayor spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen—I am pleased to see the amount of fairness exhibited by the gentlemen from the first and second wards which I appreciate, in regard to these appointments. And what I said in regard to meeting you half way on all these things, I meant, gentlemen, most earnestly. But when you classify the appointments I have made as being either democrat or republican, or anything else of that kind, you make a wrong classification. I said to you, gentlemen, that I would not bring politics into these matters, and I will not do so, whether you confirm my appointments or not. But you must remember that you ought, in justice to yourselves, and to your constituents, remember the fact that a majority of the people in this city voted for him to be your mayor who now occupies this chair; and the charter prescribes his privileges and his duties, and it makes it his duty to make appointments where it is necessary, and your duty to confirm or reject those appointments. In all our legislation, both national and state, no matter what the political complexion of the law-making bodies, and lines are far more closely drawn there than they should be here, it is the universal custom to confirm all appointments of the man who occupies the executive chair, unless for good and valid reasons. Political reasons do not enter into the discussion, and should not be given any consideration here. I have made all appointments without regard to political status; I have appointed all the various committees and their chairmen, according to my estimates of their several abilities for the places they were desired to fill, according to their best qualifications; and in regard to these appointments, if I had consulted all of you, I perhaps could not even now have arrived at any satisfactory decision; so I thought it best to use my own judgment, and I have done so. It is my prerogative to appoint, it is your duty to confirm, or to reject if you have reasons therefor. Now I do not coax, and am not asking any fight with, or any opposition from the members of this council; I am willing to meet you, at all times, fairly and squarely. But it is in my power to appoint, according to my best judgment of needful qualifications for the public service, and I therefore have made these several appointments. The clerk will please call the roll."

The vote resulted in the negative, ten to four. Until the mayor and council can agree the present city officers will hold over.

A committee consisting of Aldermen Tolan, Kahlow and Fernstrom was appointed to assist the postmaster in auditing bills.

Alderman Priester was elected president pro tem of the council for the ensuing year.

The bonds of forty-seven liquor dealers were received and approved. The finance committee was granted further time in which to investigate the report of the city treasurer. Petitions for improvements on Third street, Wells avenue and Sarah street were presented and referred to the street committee. A petition to have a hydrant removed from the sidewalk on North Mary street and a petition for the construction of a sewer near the Northwestern depot were received and referred to the street committee.

Reports from the street commissioner, poor director, Justices Glaser and Donovan, chief of fire department, and Volunteer fire department were received and placed on file. The report of the city scavenger was received and referred to the auditing committee. The committee on printing and purchasing recommended the acceptance of the bid of the Escanaba Mirror for printing the council proceedings, their bid being the lowest. It was then moved to give the city printing to the Mirror.

LIBRARY QUESTION UP AGAIN.
Alderman Carey next presented a resolution to appropriate out of the city's general fund \$2,500 for the purchase of a supply of books for the new library. Alderman Carey stated that it was the same resolution which was up before the council on April 23 and which the mayor had seen fit to veto for a technical reason. Alderman Tolan raised an objection to the appropriation stating as his reasons that money could not be appropriated at this time for such a purpose, and also that all available money was needed at present for street purposes. Alderman Carey then spoke in support of the resolution, giving several reasons why the appropriation should be made. The mayor then called Mr. Tolan to the chair and addressed the council giving his reasons for vetoing the action of the council and why he believed the appropriation of this amount of money should be deferred until later. "The action of the council," said the mayor, "in making this appropriation is illegal, because it is stated in the charter that after the passage of the annual appropriation bill, no further sums shall be used, raised or appropriated. The mayor stated that he had other reasons for vetoing the bill. He stated that the city was not in a position to spare the money at present. This appropriation should be deferred until next September when it can be taken up in the proper manner. The mayor stated that he was not opposed to the stocking of the new library with books, and added that if it was desired to fill the library immediately there was another way of raising the money, which was by subscription. The mayor promised to go with a soliciting committee to canvass the town and expressed his willingness to head the subscription list with \$50. The mayor mentioned that if the fourteen aldermen present would all do the same with the amount voted them on the last meeting as salaries it would require only thirty-five other similar contributions to raise the money.

In response Alderman Carey said that although he did not think the plan of raising money by subscription a practical one yet if the mayor would head a committee and turn over the amount to the library committee the appropriation would not be asked for. The vote was then taken resulting in favor of the resolution 9 to 4.

A resolution to hire an expert to investigate the affairs of the lighting plant was referred to a special committee of four appointed by the mayor.

One or two other matters of lesser importance were brought up before the adjournment of the meeting. A large number of people were present at the meeting and the mayor's remarks on the library question were heartily applauded.

CRUSHER PLANT

Will Make a Capacity of 510,000 Tons of Ore Per Year.

INTERESTING DETAILS.

The Iron Trade Review Gives Detailed Description of Plant Now Under Construction at North Escanaba.

Considerable progress is being made on the ore crushing plant which is being built in this city by the U. S. Steel Corporation. The site of the plant is the scene of constantly increasing activity. The capacity of the plant will be 510,000 tons per year. Concerning the plant the Iron Trade Review of Cleveland prints the following:

"This is the first of the central crushing plants planned for the Lake Superior mines of the corporation. The second is expected to be erected at Two Harbors, Minn., but no appropriation has been made as yet. The plant at Escanaba, for which plans are now being worked out in the office of Chief Engineer Frank Drake, of the Oliver Iron Mining company, at Duluth, will take care of such ores shipped by way of Escanaba as require to be crushed to bring them to sizes most advantageous for use in the blast furnace.

The new crusher will be located about a mile from the docks at Escanaba, immediately adjacent to the yards in which the ore trains are received and sorted. The plant will be in two parts, one for crushing ores that will be coarse after breaking and the other for ores that are to be crushed fine. For the former only one machine will be used—a No. 9 Gates gyratory machine, the ore coming from it being at once in shape for shipment. For the fine crushing a second No. 9 Gates machine and two pairs of 36-in. Edison rolls will be employed. The No. 9 machine will give the fine-crushing-ores a preliminary breaking. The ore will then be passed over a screen and thence to the first of the two pairs of rolls for further crushing; thence over a second screen, and finally to the second pair of rolls—the fine crushing thus being accomplished in three stages. Experience shows that the ore passing through the screens is a considerable proportion of the amount passing a given machine.

The two No. 9 crushers referred to above will be placed side by side in a deep pit, a large pocket being built above each crusher to receive the ore from the cars. The tracks serving the crushing plant will pass over the tops of these pockets, so that ore will be dropped directly from the car into the pockets. From the latter it will be automatically fed into the crushers by pocket-discharge rolls of the Hoover & Mason design. The No. 9 crushers will each discharge upon a belt conveyor which will ascend at an angle of 18 degrees. In the case of the coarse crushing side this conveyor will discharge into a shipping pocket, from which the ore will be reloaded into cars for transport to the docks. In the case of the fine crushing side the conveyor will discharge into the first of the screens previously referred to, which will be placed over the fine ore shipping pocket.

The material passing through the screen will drop into the pocket, and that passing over it will be carried by a second conveyor to the roll house, where it will pass by gravity through the first rolls, thence over an intermediate screen and then through the second rolls. The fine crushed product will then be elevated by belt conveyors from the roll house to the fine ore shipping pocket, whence it will be transported to the docks. The railway tracks by which ore will be received and shipped from the crushing plant will all be on a uniform grade in one direction, of 1 per cent.

In operating the plant a train of cars of either fine or lump ore will be placed on the grade above the proper receiving pocket and a car will then be dropped down by gravity until it is over the pocket, into which the ore will be discharged. The car will then be moved forward by gravity, on the same track, two car lengths, which will bring it in front of the shipping pocket for the same kind of ore. Here it will be reloaded with crushed ore and then dropped, still by gravity, to the storage tracks, where it will stand until a train has accumulated, which will then be taken to the docks. The shipping pockets for both lump and fine ore will discharge by the same automatic device that is used for feeding the No. 9 crushers, and all intermediate processes will be automatic, so that there will be no hand manipulation."

Escanabans Afloat.
A copy of the Chipley Banner, published at Chipley, Florida, came to our desk this week, through the courtesy of Will Van Duzer. In its columns mention was made of the visit of Mrs. S. H. Selden and daughter, Miss Marian, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Booth,

who now reside at Gay, Florida. Mention was also made of a similar visit from Mrs. G. M. West and Philip West, and Mrs. Yarity, mother of Mrs. F. H. Roodall formerly of Escanaba. From the glowing description given of that locality, in another column of the Banner, it must be an enchanted land, with roses, daisies, lilies and all other varieties of flowers running riot in their beauty, over the gardens and filling the air with their fragrance. And we poor denizens of the frigid zone are just crawling out from under a little snowbank, and wearing overcoats and furs.

MEMORIAL DAY.
Should Be Kept Sincerely and Not Desecrated.

Commander Anthony of the Michigan G. A. R. has called upon the different posts throughout the state, to observe Memorial day properly. There is too much of a tendency to make it a day for pleasure and rioting, throughout our land. Its significance is almost lost in the effort to turn it into a day for all kinds of athletic sports and games. When loved ones pass away and are laid to rest forever from our sight, the anniversary of their passing, is usually a day of sadness and painful memories to those who are left to mourn. These heroes who have died for our country and the freedom we now enjoy, should be dear to our hearts because of their great sacrifice. We should revere their memories and remember Memorial Day with reverent gratitude for those precious lives sacrificed so willingly to their country's need.

CLEAN UP.
A Matter of Health as Well as Cleanliness.

It would seem that there must be some particular cause for the prevalence of diphtheria, typhoid fever and many other ailments in our city. The death rate has been very large during April and thus far in May and many people are sick. While the cold changeable weather may be responsible for much of it, there is dirt and filth everywhere lying about in the streets and alleys of the city to cause it all and much more. For the sake of our children, our neighbors and for our own good, let us all clean up our premises. Decayed vegetables in the cellar and refuse in the alley, occasion much illness which is laid to the door of Providence—but for which we are often responsible in large measure ourselves.

ON A SHADY BOTTOM.
Ironwood Citizens are Becoming Alarmed.

Ironwood people are becoming more active than ever in the matter of hastening the municipal moving season. Some time ago it became evident that the place had been undermined to a considerable extent and that it would be necessary to have some parts of the town laid on a more firm foundation. No particular attention has been paid to the question for quite a while, but now the citizens are becoming more fearful of the consequences and a speedy shifting of habitation is likely to be the result. It is claimed that more than one half of the place is on this unstable foundation and will have to be moved this summer. It is reported that the city council has already begun to discuss the matter.

FRANK L. LANGHE KILLED.
Sad Accident Occurred on the Northwestern Road.

On Saturday afternoon news was received by Leon LaBranche, of the terrible death of his brother Frank LaBranche of Section 16, a small place on the Northwestern branch of the Northwestern road. The unfortunate man was caught in the shafting of the saw mill in which he was at work and was crushed to death before the machinery could be stopped. His body was brought to Escanaba and buried.

The sweet girl graduate now is seen going about with a troubled mind. She weeps all the live long day. She lost her smile so blithe and gay. She posers on with main and might. Far to the silence of the night. Is it necessary she must pen Or is it an oration? No, well then, you cannot guess, She wonders how to make her dress.

THE CITY IN BRIEF

Many Minor Municipal Matters Gathered From Various Sources.

ESCANABA AND VICINITY

The Iron Port Reporters' Weekly Grist of Information, Gathered in Their Daily Rounds of the City—General Notes.

Mrs. Jennie D. Musson and daughter, Miss Lillie, will visit friends in Escanaba and at Wilson, in the near future. They are well known in Escanaba, having formerly resided here, and will be gladly welcomed by a host of friends. Senator O. B. Fuller spent Sunday with his family.

W. J. Robinson of Eagle Grove, Iowa, is visiting friends in the city.

N. Beaudreau and Mrs. J. Beaudreau of Garden spent Sunday in Escanaba. Miss Maggie McDonald is ill at the home of her sister Mrs. J. Burns.

Fred Olmsted, Jr. is with the Duluth baseball league at Duluth.

The Iron Port is glad to know that Nicholas DeBeek is able to be out again, after a long illness.

Miss Zella and Master Leigh Slipp of New Brunswick, Canada, nephew and niece of Mrs. C. H. Long, are visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Long at the New Ludington.

Miss May Hewitt of Appleton, the librarian engaged to take charge of the new Carnegie library, is registered at the Ludington.

Mr. L. A. Grayson of Grinnell Bros' Music store in Traverse City arrived Wednesday and will be connected with Grinnell Bros' store in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Goldstein of Gladstone were Escanaba visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. J. M. Clifford, of Escanaba, is visiting with Mrs. Henry Neuens, Tribune, Iron Mountain.

Assistant postmaster, Will Brown is taking a vacation and spending it at Oshkosh with relatives.

Wm. Christian of New Foundland is a guest at the home of F. H. Brotherton. J. E. Patton, proprietor of the Crescent house is moving into the Clary building at 803 Ludington street.

Ed. Gunville has been called to Ishpeming by the illness of his mother.

Wm. Mueller Jr., of Chicago was in the city Tuesday.

Jno. Frechette of Bark River spent Tuesday in Escanaba.

C. W. Lightfoot of Gladstone was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. S. S. Johnson of South Haven, Mich., is spending the summer with her brother, A. C. Booth.

Mrs. Walter Giles of Powers visited Escanaba on Monday.

Miss Alice Eastwood has a mild form of diphtheria.

Mrs. C. S. Sourwine and children of Chicago are visiting at the home of John Sourwine.

Dr. and Mrs. Youngquist are at New Orleans where the doctor is attending the annual convention of the American Medical Association.

Magnus Anderson was over from Ironwood Tuesday.

Mrs. Matt Fogarty and children of Ironwood are visiting Mrs. E. L. Bolander.

Mrs. Herman Breitenbach and children are visiting in Milwaukee.

Mrs. Irwin of Milwaukee was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Anthony Manley have returned from Canada, where they attended the funeral of their son Anthony. George Trimble made a business trip to Anse early in the week.

Otto Stegath was a Marinette visitor on Monday.

The little children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crebo are ill with diphtheria.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thurston of Milwaukee are in the city visiting their mother, Mrs. J. A. Cox.

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OBITUARY.

played on the ore docks in checking.—Tribune, Iron Mountain.

Ivan English, of the Mirror, is spending a few days at St. Louis, and will of course take in the Exposition.

Chief Tolan, though still weak, is able to be out again after his late accident, much to the joy of his friends.

A new line of pattern hats very stylish and beautiful at Mrs. Roberts' millinery parlors.</

WOMAN'S CORNER

A Word to Boys.

Much is being said at the present time by parents, teachers and authors, as to the importance of that outward cleanliness that gives wholesome sweetness to daily life. This sweetness is as possible to the poor boy as to the rich, to the working boy as to the idler. The body is the dwelling place of the spirit, the home of the soul, and it should be a clean pure home, lest its impurities stain and defile the real boy who is only a tenant within. It's nothing that soap and water can remove that can leave an inward stain, it is indifference to personal purity, or a liking for anything unclean that defiles the inner as well as the outer man. The skin, the teeth, the hair, the clothing and the room, should all be objects of personal attention and care, and the lad who is really clean in all these particulars, has laid a grand foundation for purity of the inner life. For it is not possible for the body to form right habits without the consent of the will, and the approval of the judgement. If we bring into our thoughts pure, holy, upright and right subjects to think about, right actions are sure to follow. We often see the use and wisdom of good habits which other motives have induced us to adopt. Therefore it is worth all your trouble boys, to try to put in practice all the suggestions you hear as to the care of the body, even if they seem to you now to be unnecessary, the only real test of anything is experiment. Good bodily habits once formed, you are ready to move on to the defilements that are inward as well as outward. Among the first of these we count the use of intoxicating liquor. There is a great deal of talk about this

boys, but there never will be talk enough so long as boys are continually recruiting the armies of the drunkards. This is the monster uncleanness that touches body, brain and soul, and reduces a noble manhood to the condition of the brute quicker than anything else will do it. Think what it has done to the bodies of some drunkards whom you know, you would not be willing to touch them if you could help it, any more than the people would touch the lepers that begged at the gates of Jerusalem. Your own feelings as they approach you, will show you, better than any words, what effect a filthy disgusting human body will produce on those with whom they come in contact. Look at the bleared and watery eyes, the pimply misshapen nose, the swollen driveling lips, the filthy matted beard, the dirty shaking hands, the whole idiotic and vile expression to which the man has been reduced, and think that when whiskey is first detected on your breath, this work of disgusting defilement has begun already in you. Of small account all your outward care of the person if this be true. It may be the kid glove hand, wearing the much coveted seal ring, swinging its slender cane, that lifts the glass to your lips, but the beginning of your body's wreck is in that cup, and as surely as you go forward, that road will take you to this end. Money and good clothes may hide the truth from your friends for awhile, but the poison is surely doing its work. Boys set your face like a flint against all defilement, turn from it as you would from the infection of small-pox or yellow fever.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

PERKINS ITEMS.

Erick Hall went to Escanaba Monday and returned Tuesday.
The wedding dance given by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Winde Saturday night was a very pleasant affair. A very large crowd was in attendance.
Dr. Laing of Rapid River was called to Perkins by the illness of Mrs. Joseph Neurohr and her younger child.
W. A. Hewes, traveling salesman for Johannes Bros. transacted business in Perkins Wednesday.
Some of the farmers have begun sowing their spring crops but they can take another rest till the snow which fell Thursday melts off. That was a pretty short summer we had.
Mr. Nelson, of the firm of Nelson & Logan, visited friends in this vicinity the first part of the week.
Mr. Bergman, the butcher, from Gladstone, was in Perkins Sunday.
John Nelson made a trip to Gladstone Thursday.
"The Perkins Chronicle" is the name of a bright, newsy weekly which made its first appearance last week. A. L. Besaw is the publisher.
Ed. Hunt has moved his family from Sheby, Mich., to Perkins and expects to make northern Michigan their future home.
Mrs. Michael LeClaire is having her house remodeled and enlarged.
Chris. Larson of Gladstone made a flying trip to Perkins Monday.
The Perkins band was reorganized the first of the week with Stephen Rubideau, leader and solo cornetist; F. Varino, first cornet; C. U. Woolpert, second cornet; J. Hall, baritone; A. Hall and W. Zarnow, tenors; F. Varino and A. L. Besaw, altos; O. Morse, bass horn; N. Sharkie, bass drum and W. Hall, snare drummer.

WELLS NOTES.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Beyers, April 23, a baby boy.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Grant Robins, a boy April 25.
John Mayville was injured Saturday last while working on a log train on the E. L. S. R'y. by getting pinched between a log and a car.
Theo. Thorsen and Evan Edwards were in town Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Trotter's little daughter Isabella was taken sick with bronchitis Monday.
W. A. Draper and Ed. Woodford were here on business Tuesday.
A fire started on the roof of one of the I. Stephenson Co's engine rooms Tuesday but was extinguished before any damage was done.
Valuable assistance was given by Wells people toward extinguishing the fire in A. P. Hopkins & Co's cedar yard Sunday.
Arthur Deault was injured Wednesday while working unloading logs in the mill pond by two logs rolling over him.
A wreck occurred on the C. & N. W. Co's tracks several hundred feet from the bridge Thursday noon by an ore car dumping its contents upon the tracks and derailling several others.
John Hornsey of Cleveland, Ohio, visited here Thursday.

MASONVILLE ITEMS.

Frank Foster of Escanaba has accepted the position of yard foreman for the Escanaba Lumber Co.
M. L. Lenhart is very sick with a combined attack of grippe and rheumatism.
John Leitch, who sometime ago resigned his position as superintendent of

woods work with the Escanaba Lumber Co., has been prevailed upon to reconsider his decision and is again at work in his former position.
Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, Mrs. Wm. Smith and Nellie Bhirdo of Escanaba visited at the home of John Scott.
Bird Owen returned Wednesday from Marinette where she visited with her mother for several days.
Will Miller took in the play "For Her Sake" at Gladstone Thursday night.

ISABELLA ITEMS.

J. J. Mallman of Escanaba made a business trip to Isabella one day last week returning the same day.
Rev. Gohan held services for Catholics last Saturday morning.
Miss Jessie S. King of Isabella and James Daley of Nahma were married by Rev. Johnson at Manistique on Wednesday April 22. The young couple have the best wishes of all their friends.
Mr. Daley is employed by the Bay de Noc Co. at Nahma at which place the bride and groom will make their home.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

Explanation in Plain Terms How Currents Cross the Atlantic.
When a wireless message is sent across the ocean an electric spark is made to snap between two brass balls. The sparks may be said to make a splash in the ether, the high wire taking the place of the stone which, when dropped in a pond, causes ripples to flow outward in every direction. The electrical ripples similarly stream out from the wire in every direction at the speed of light, which is 185,000 miles a second.

The number of waves which stream from a Marconi pole is from 500,000 to 2,000,000 per second. These waves are not to be confounded with the air waves which cause sound, though for the purposes of explanation they may be compared to them.

Wireless telegraphy waves travel not by means of the atmosphere, but through the far more intangible substance, ether, which is held to fill up space and penetrate all matter.

Many years ago it was found out that electricity passed through the space separating two long parallel wires. When a current of electricity was made to flow through one wire a magnetic influence spread out from the wire and on reaching the ether induced in it a state of electricity similar to the current flowing in the first wire. The current was transferred, as it were, across a bridge of magnetism.

The waves which fly from the transmitting station almost instantly reach the distant receiving wire. The waves are then feeble and could not operate an instrument, so that a "coherer" and "relay" have to be used.

The coherer consists of metal filings which remain separate from one another and offer resistance to a current until the waves strike the aegial. Then the filings press together and the obstruction is bridged. The relay current then act, and a strong current instantly flows through the current and operates the machine which prints the code on paper tape.—Detroit Journal.

Objected to Convicts.

The union carpenters at Marquette in the employ of the contractors repairing the prison, refusing to longer work in conjunction with convicts have quit work. The restricted allowance for repairs granted by the legislature has made the employment of convicts necessary. The work will be completed by convicts.

PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS

Personal and Social Paragraphs of the Week Gleaned Here and There.

MANY DANCING PARTIES

Dancing, Card Parties and Afternoon Teas and Entertainments of Various Characters Briefly Chronicled.

Frank Roberts of Garden was arrested Monday by Undersheriff Perow charged with arson. The arrest was made upon the complaint of Martin Ward who claimed that Roberts had set fire to his warehouse causing a loss of \$1,000. Roberts was brought before Judge Glaser Tuesday and was discharged, there being insufficient evidence to warrant holding him for trial in circuit court.

LADY AGENT WANTED—Who can speak French and English if possible. Leave address at Iron Port office.

G. M. Masheff officiated as best man at the wedding of Archie Naugle and Miss Ethel Morier which was solemnized at St. Paul's church, Roger's Park, Chicago, on Tuesday evening.

Black muck for your lawn or garden delivered for \$1.50 per load. Order from Leonard Gaufin, 1014 Ludington street.

Duncan McRae has returned from Green Bay, where he went to attend his brother, Donald McRae of Iron River, during an operation for appendicitis.

To sell or rent at Rapid River, a hotel and forty acres of land. Inquire of Mrs. JOSEPH FISH, Rapid River, Mich.

There will be gospel services held at the poor farm next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock under the direction of the evangelistic superintendent of the W. C. T. U.

WANTED—A hustler to carry three or four brands of cigars as a side line. Lowest prices and cash sales only.

CABINET CIGAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Conant at 1213 Third street, on Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Members are requested to bring thimbles and needles, prepared to sew.

THEO. F. LOHFF, the Architect, is now located in the Corcoran building at 604 Ludington and will be pleased to furnish you with building plans and specifications.

The Maple Leaf Club gave a very pretty dancing party in Clark's hall Thursday evening.

Washburn's Best flour at Bittner, Wickert & Co's.

An entertainment will be given at the Jefferson school this evening for the purpose of raising money to buy pictures and decorations for the school rooms. Refreshments will be served and a programme rendered. This should be liberally patronized by friends of the school.

Garden seeds—The very best at Bittner, Wickert & Co's.

Baseball fans will be interested to know that "Buck" Nolden of this city, together with Short-stop Mathieson and Catcher Stratton, have been released by the Milwaukee team to Memphis in the Southern League.

I hereby forbid any merchant in the city of Escanaba to sell to any one goods charged to my account, as I refuse to pay for same.

OTTO MILLER.

The Michigan department of the G. A. R. is offering five gold medals for the best essays written on Memorial Day by high school pupils of Michigan.

WANTED—Live agents to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb, patented Jan. 1, '99. Cures dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, yet costs no more than an ordinary comb. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. Send 50¢ for sample (half price). Write quick. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

On Tuesday evening, May 5th, the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will give another one of their popular suppers, in the parlors of the church.

The ladies of St. Stephen's church gave a luncheon on Wednesday, at the home of A. P. Hopkins, for the benefit of the church.

The recent snowstorm and freezing temperature would seem to indicate that winter was frozen solid in the lap of spring. But if the predictions of Rev. Ira L. Hicks the almanac man, are to be depended upon, there'll be a hot time by and by.

The pressure on the water pipes was so great during the burning of a little house on Charlotte street on Wednesday evening, as to burst the hot water tank on the kitchen range, at the home of Thomas Farrell. People should shut off the water in their houses when there is known to be a fire.

The board of education of Escanaba township will engage their school teachers the first Monday in June, the school board having so decided.

The postal regulations prohibit the use of torn stamps or stamps that are in any way defaced.

Mrs. Selma LaCrosse has just received a check for \$2,000 from U. P. Tent K. O. T. M., which is the amount

of insurance carried by her late husband, Peter LaCrosse.

J. W. Firkus is retiring from the grocery business and selling out his entire stock at cost.

Fishermen are happy over the opening of the trout season and no doubt many members of the finny tribe will be sacrificed by hook and line.

Marriage licences were issued this week to John Guilbault, Jr. and Leonie Brisson; Nicholas Nieme and Carrie E. Potter; Marten O'Donnell and Katherine Houlihan; Matt Martinson and Mary Johnson; John R. Francis and Mary D. Hardwick.

A GREAT TRUTH.

How it Has Spread From Home to Home, in Escanaba.

In every part of Escanaba, in the homes of the wealthy, in the humble abode of the man of toil, 'tis now a well-known—a great truth—that Doan's Kidney Pills have brought more comfort to backache sufferers and cured more sick kidneys than any medicine of modern times.

Mr. Edward Fleming, of 112 S. Fannie street, says: "I slipped as I went to step from a wagon, fell and injured my back and after that I had backache nearly all the time. I was told by a doctor that the nerves of my spine were injured and he treated me accordingly but my back still continued to ache so much that I was able to do but little work. When I read about Doan's Kidney Pills the general symptoms of kidney I suffered from I thought it would be well to try this remedy, so I procured a box at Mead's drug store and used it. The treatment benefited me greatly and I noticed an improvement in a few days. Doan's Kidney Pills proved to be a remedy that can be depended upon that is the reason I recommend them."—For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents a box. Foster-Liburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Proposals for Building.

Sealed bids will be received for fifteen days, by the clerk of the Board of Education of Stambaugh for building two school houses of two rooms each; one to be located in the village of Pentago and one at Spring Valley in the township of Stambaugh; the same to be built according to plans and specifications in the office of President J. S. Well. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

FRED C. VILAS, Clerk.

Dated Stambaugh, Mich., April 21st, 1903.

19-24

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Morning service at 10:30, Sunday school at 12 m., Junior League at 3, Epworth League at 6:30, evening service at 7:30. Morning theme, "Christ and His Message Are Interwoven." Evening theme, "The Faith Condition of Safety." Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. All citizens are cordially invited to be present at the services of the church.

A Positive Cure.

Sa Bu Ca KIDNEY TABLETS

Will cure your kidneys and your weak arms back, quickly and positively. Get them at Sourwine & Hartnett—50¢ and 1.00 per box.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DRS. C. H. & H. W. LONG, Physicians and Surgeons.

Special attention given diseases of the eye, including fitting spectacles. Residence New Ludington hotel. Office 110 South Georgia street. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

O. E. YOUNQUIST, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon, Office 114 South Georgia street. OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

DR. WM. ELLIOTT, LATE OF NEW YORK.

Specialty Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.

OFFICE OVER CITIZENS BANK.

Ladies:—You must see our new goods. Our new stock of high and low shoes has been received and is now ready for inspection. We have all the new style and latest lasts and we know we can give you as good selection as you can find anywhere. See the new "spike" heel oxfords, made especially for arched feet. They are beauties and exceedingly stylish.



Old methods of breaking through are not used in our shoes and we are confident that we are giving our customers the very best values that can be found in Delta county. Just try us and see.

Young & Fillion

OLD METHODS



THE I. STEPHENSON CO.

HAS CONSTANTLY IN STOCK

ROUGH BOARDS, PIECE STUFF, TIMBERS

EITHER IN PINE OR HEMLOCK.

HAVING RECENTLY COMPLETED OUR PLANING MILL AND DRY KILNS WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH

ALL KINDS OF FINISHED LUMBER

Comprising Shiplap, Ceiling, Flooring, Siding, Mouldings, Casings, either in Pine, Bass Hemlock or Hardwoods.

ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING

Made in a Planing Mill always on hand at our Escanaba Yards or our mills in Wells.

R. E. McLEAN, Superintendent.

I take pleasure in announcing that my increased business has necessitated my removal from 515 Ludington St. to

LARGER QUARTERS
202 S CHARLOTTE ST.

I take the opportunity to thank all my old customers for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same and if you are not one of my customers I will make it an object for you to become one.

WM. ANDREWS,
Furniture, Upholstering, Pictureframing
Finch Phone

London Chop House

Has opened at 517 LUDINGTON ST. in the

OLD RELIABLE WAY.

We invite all our old friends and solicit the patronage of all. Give us a trial.

Meal Tickets and Coupon Books at Reasonable Rates.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

Paid for all kinds of

HOUSEHOLD GOODS, FURNITURE, ETC.

315 LUDINGTON ST.

Burton's Fuel Economizer

SAVES 1 TO 1 FUEL



Used in place of a length of stove pipe in room containing stove, or in room above through which stove pipe passes. Used to advantage with any kind of fuel. It is the only guaranteed and successful device of its kind ever invented.

Size: 28 inches high. Made to fit 5, 6 or 7 inch stove pipe. We ship for 6 inch stove pipe when size is not given in order.

\$\$ Saved Are \$\$ Earned

Guarantee: If after trying Burton's Fuel Economizer you are not satisfied with your purchase, return it at our expense, and we will refund your money. Our catalog contains full description, price and convincing testimonials.

FUEL ECONOMY COMPANY,
Manufacturers Burton's Fuel Economizer.
180 West Larned Street, Detroit, Mich.

THE IRON PORT.

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.

NUMBER 21

ARE TURNED DOWN

Mayor's Appointments Are Not Confirmed by Common Council.

WERE TWICE REJECTED

Republican Majority in Council Claims Privilege of Naming Some of the Candidates—Mr. Sourwine Objects—Hence the Friction.

On Monday evening at a meeting held for the appointment of city officers and fixing their salaries, the mayor presented to the city council his list of appointments. The appointments were promptly turned down by a vote of ten to three and without discussion or further business the meeting adjourned. The names submitted by the mayor are to be found in the official proceedings of that meeting printed in another column.

On Tuesday evening the mayor repeated his appointments without change except that the names of Jas. Clancy for city attorney, Jas. Tolan for chief of fire department and F. H. Atkins for member Board of Public Works, were added to the list, which appointments had not been included Monday night.

The presentation of the names without change was the signal for discussion. Alderman Carey desired an expression from the council concerning the appointments and said he believed the majority of the aldermen would confirm many of the appointments if given opportunity to vote upon them individually. He also said that he considered it the right of the majority of the council to have the naming of a share of the appointments. Alderman Tolan desired those aldermen who opposed the appointments to state their reasons. Alderman Jensen stated that from the fact that the republican aldermen had a majority in the council they should have the privilege of naming at least one third of the city appointees. He stated that he considered the offices political gifts and he did not like the idea of their entire distribution being made by the democrats while the republicans held a large majority in the council. In defense of his appointments the mayor spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen:—I am pleased to see the amount of fairness exhibited by the gentlemen from the first and second wards which I appreciate, in regard to these appointments. And what I said in regard to meeting you half way on all these things, I meant, gentlemen, most earnestly. But when you classify the appointments I have made as being either democrat or republican, or anything else of that kind, you make a wrong classification. I said to you, gentlemen, that I would not bring politics into these matters, and I will not do so, whether you confirm my appointments or not. But you must remember that you ought, in justice to yourselves, and to your constituents, remember the fact that a majority of the people in this city voted for him to be your mayor who now occupies this chair; and the charter prescribes his privileges and his duties, and it makes it his duty to make appointments where it is necessary, and your duty to confirm or reject those appointments. In all our legislation, both national and state, no matter what the political complexion of the law-making bodies, and lines are far more closely drawn there than they should be here, it is the universal custom to confirm all appointments of the man who occupies the executive chair, unless for good and valid reasons. Political reasons do not enter into the discussion, and should not be given any consideration here. I have made all appointments without regard to political status; I have appointed all the various committees and their chairmen, according to my estimates of their several abilities for the places they were desired to fill, according to their best qualifications; and in regard to these appointments, if I had consulted all of you, I perhaps could not even now have arrived at any satisfactory decision; so I thought it best to use my own judgment, and I have done so. It is your prerogative to appoint, it is your duty to confirm, or to reject if you have reasons therefor. Now I do not coax, and am not asking any fight with, or any opposition from the members of this council; I am willing to meet you, at all times, fairly and squarely. But it is in my power to appoint, according to my best judgment of needful qualifications for the public service, and I therefore have made these several appointments. The clerk will please call the roll."

The vote resulted in the negative, ten to four. Until the mayor and council can agree the present city officers will hold over.

A committee consisting of Aldermen Tolan, Kahlow and Fernstrom was appointed to assist the postmaster in auditing bills.

Alderman Priester was elected president pro tem of the council for the ensuing year.

The bonds of forty-seven liquor dealers were received and approved. The finance committee was granted further time in which to investigate the report of the city treasurer. Petitions for improvements on Third street, Wells avenue and Sarah street were presented and referred to the street committee. A petition to have a hydrant removed from the sidewalk on North Mary street and a petition for the construction of a sewer near the North-western depot were received and referred to the street committee.

Reports from the street commissioner, poor director, Justices Glaser and Donovan, chief of fire department, and Volunteer fire department were received and placed on file. The report of the city scavenger was received and referred to the auditing committee. The committee on printing and purchasing recommended the acceptance of the bid of the Escanaba Mirror for printing the council proceedings, their bid being the lowest. It was then moved to give the city printing to the Mirror.

LIBRARY QUESTION UP AGAIN.

Alderman Carey next presented a resolution to appropriate out of the city's general fund \$2,500 for the purchase of a supply of books for the new library. Alderman Carey stated that it was the same resolution which was up before the council on April 28 and which the mayor had seen fit to veto for a technical reason. Alderman Tolan raised an objection to the appropriation stating as his reasons that money could not be appropriated at this time for such a purpose, and also that all available money was needed at present for street purposes. Alderman Carey then spoke in support of the resolution, giving several reasons why the appropriation should be made. The mayor then called Mr. Tolan to the chair and addressed the council giving his reasons for vetoing the action of the council and why he believed the appropriation of this amount of money should be deferred until later. "The action of the council" said the mayor, "in making this appropriation is illegal, because it is stated in the charter that after the passage of the annual appropriation bill, no further sums shall be used, raised or appropriated. The mayor stated that he had other reasons for vetoing the bill. He stated that the city was not in a position to spare the money at present. This appropriation should be deferred until next September when it can be taken up in the proper manner. The mayor stated that he was not opposed to the stocking of the new library with books, and added that if it was desired to fill the library immediately there was another way of raising the money, which was by subscription. The mayor promised to go with a soliciting committee to canvass the town and expressed his willingness to head the subscription list with \$50. The mayor mentioned that if the fourteen aldermen present would all do the same with the amount voted them on the last meeting as salaries it would require only thirty-five other similar contributions to raise the money.

In response Alderman Carey said that although he did not think the plan of raising money by subscription a practical one yet if the mayor would head a committee and turn over the amount to the library committee the appropriation would not be asked for. The vote was then taken resulting in favor of the resolution 9 to 4.

A resolution to hire an expert to investigate the affairs of the lighting plant was referred to a special committee of four appointed by the mayor.

One or two other matters of lesser importance were brought up before the adjournment of the meeting. A large number of people were present at the meeting and the mayor's remarks on the library question were heartily applauded.

DUE TO CARELESSNESS.

Wreck on E. & L. S. Road Near Cornell Last Tuesday.

A St. Paul train composed of empty ore cars became stalled at Gagnon at the foot of a steep hill and the train was divided with the intention of having the engine make two trips with the sections up the hill. The train crew neglected to go back and flag any trains which might come along and a train of empty flat cars belonging to the E. & L. S. road dashed into the rear end of the St. Paul train which was just beyond a curve.

The caboose of the standing train was entirely demolished, besides several of the ore cars, and the front of the approaching engine injured to some extent. The engineer sustained a broken leg and the conductor of the standing train had a narrow escape; just getting out of the caboose before the crash came.

Weds in Menominee.

Leo Roland of Escanaba, and Miss Mary Wilt, who has lived in this city for many years, were married at 11:30 o'clock this forenoon by Justice Van Den Berg. The groom is a well known freight conductor of the Chicago & Northwestern road. The couple left this noon for Green Bay, where they will reside. The bride has been a well known dressmaker in this city. She has resided here for about eighteen years.—Daily Leader, Menominee.

Escanabans Aforetime.

A copy of the Chipley Banner, published at Chipley, Florida, came to our desk this week, through the courtesy of Will Van Duzer. In its columns mention was made of the visit of Mrs. S. H. Selden and daughter, Miss Marian, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Booth,

CRUSHER PLANT

Will Make a Capacity of 510,000 Tons of Ore Per Year.

INTERESTING DETAILS.

The Iron Trade Review Gives Detailed Description of Plant Now Under Construction at North Escanaba.

Considerable progress is being made on the ore crushing plant which is being built in this city by the U. S. Steel Corporation. The site of the plant is the scene of constantly increasing activity. The capacity of the plant will be 510,000 tons per year. Concerning the plant the Iron Trade Review of Cleveland prints the following:

"This is the first of the central crushing plants planned for the 'Lakes Superior mines of the corporation. The second is expected to be erected at Two Harbors, Minn., but no appropriation has been made as yet. The plant at Escanaba, for which plans are now being worked out in the office of Chief Engineer Frank Drake, of the Oliver Iron-Mining company, at Duluth, will take care of such ores shipped by way of Escanaba as require to be crushed to bring them to sizes most advantageous for use in the blast furnace.

The new crusher will be located about a mile from the docks at Escanaba, immediately adjacent to the yards in which the ore trains are received and sorted. The plant will be in two parts, one for crushing ores that will be coarse after breaking and the other for ores that are to be crushed fine. For the former only one machine will be used—a No. 9 Gates gyratory machine, the ore coming from it being at once in shape for shipment. For the fine crushing a second No. 9 Gates machine and two pairs of 36-in. Edison rolls will be employed. The No. 9 machine will give the fine-crushing ores a preliminary breaking. The ore will then be passed over a screen and thence to the first of the two pairs of rolls for further crushing; thence over a second screen, and finally to the second pair of rolls—the fine crushing thus being accomplished in three stages. Experience shows that the ore passing through the screens is a considerable proportion of the amount passing a given machine.

The two No. 9 crushers referred to above will be placed side by side in a deep pit, a large pocket being built above each crusher to receive the ore from the cars. The tracks serving the crushing plant will pass over the tops of these pockets, so that ore will be dropped directly from the car into the pockets. From the latter it will be automatically fed into the crushers by pocket-discharge rolls of the Hoover & Mason design. The No. 9 crushers will each discharge upon a belt conveyor which will ascend at an angle of 18 degrees. In the case of the coarse crushing side this conveyor will discharge into a shipping pocket, from which the ore will be reloaded into cars for transport to the docks. In the case of the fine crushing side the conveyor will discharge into the first of the screens previously referred to, which will be placed over the fine ore shipping pocket.

The material passing through the screen will drop into the pocket, that passing over it will be carried by a second conveyor to the roll house, where it will pass by gravity through the first rolls, thence over an intermediate screen and then through the second rolls. The fine crushed product will then be elevated by belt conveyors from the roll house to the ore shipping pocket, whence it will be transported to the docks. The railway tracks by which ore will be received and shipped from the crushing plant will all be on a uniform grade in one direction, of 1 per cent.

In operating the plant a train of either fine or lump ore will be placed on the grade above the proper receiving pocket and a car will then be dropped down by gravity until it is over the pocket, into which the ore will be discharged. The car will then be moved forward by gravity, on the same track, two car lengths, which will bring it in front of the shipping pocket for the same kind of ore. Here it will be reloaded with crushed ore and then dropped, still by gravity, to the storage tracks, where it will stand until a train has accumulated, which will then be taken to the docks. The shipping pockets for both lump and fine ore will discharge by the same automatic device that is used for feeding the No. 9 crushers, and all intermediate processes will be automatic, so that there will be no hand manipulation."

A copy of the Chipley Banner, published at Chipley, Florida, came to our desk this week, through the courtesy of Will Van Duzer. In its columns mention was made of the visit of Mrs. S. H. Selden and daughter, Miss Marian, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Booth,

who now reside at Gay, Florida. Mention was also made of a similar visit from Mrs. G. M. West and Philip West, and Mrs. Yority, mother of Mrs. F. H. Rapall formerly of Escanaba. From the glowing description given of that locality, in another column of the Banner, it must be an enchanted land, with roses, daisies, lilies and all other varieties of flowers running riot in their beauty, over the gardens and filling the air with their fragrance. And we poor denizens of the frigid zone are just crawling out from under a late snowbank, and wearing overcoats and furs.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Should Be Kept Sacredly and Not Desecrated.

Commander Anthony of the Michigan G. A. R. has called upon the different posts throughout the state, to observe Memorial day properly. There is too much of a tendency to make it a day for pleasure and rioting, throughout our land. Its significance is almost lost in the effort to turn it into a day for all kinds of athletic sports and games. When loved ones pass away and are laid to rest forever from our sight, the anniversary of their passing, is usually a day of sadness and painful memories to those who are left to mourn. These heroes who have died for our country and the freedom we now enjoy, should be dear to our hearts because of their great sacrifice. We should revere their memories and remember Memorial Day with reverent gratitude for those precious lives sacrificed so willingly to their country's need.

CLEAN UP.

A Matter of Health as Well as Cleanliness.

It would seem that there must be some particular cause for the prevalence of diphtheria, typhoid fever and many other ailments in our city. The death rate has been very large during April and thus far in May and many people are sick. While the cold changeable weather may be responsible for much of it, there is dirt and filth enough lying about in the streets and alleys of the city to cause it all and much more. For the sake of our children, our neighbors and for our own good, let us all clean up our premises. Decayed vegetables in the cellar and refuse in the alley, occasion much illness which is laid to the door of Providence but for which we are often responsible in large measure ourselves.

ON A SHADY BOTTOM.

Ironwood Citizens are Becoming Alarmed.

Ironwood people are becoming more active than ever in the matter of hastening the municipal moving season. Some time ago it became evident that the place had been undermined to a considerable extent and that it would be necessary to have some parts of the town laid on a more firm foundation. No particular attention has been paid to the question for quite a while, but now the citizens are becoming more fearful of the consequences and a speedy shifting of habitation is likely to be the result. It is claimed that more than one half of the place is on this unstable foundation and will have to be moved to a more permanent site.

FRANK LABLANCHE KILLED.

Sad Accident Occurred on the Northwestern Road.

On Saturday afternoon news was received by Leon LaBranche, of the terrible death of his brother Frank LaBranche, of Section 16, a small place on the Northwestern branch of the Northwestern road. The unfortunate man was caught in the shafting of the saw mill in which he was at work and was crushed to death before the machinery could be stopped. His body was brought to Escanaba and buried.

The sweet girl graduate now is seen going about with a troubled mind. She cries all the live long day. She lost her smile so blithe and gay. She peters on with rain and might. Far to the silence of the night, It is a woe she must pen Or let an oration?

No, why then, you cannot guess. She ponders how to make her dress.

THE CITY IN BRIEF

Many Minor Municipal Matters Gathered From Various Sources.

ESCANABA AND VICINITY

The Iron Port Reporters' Weekly Grist of Information, Gathered in Their Daily Rounds of the City—General Notes.

Mrs. Jennie D. Musson and daughter, Miss Lillie, will visit friends in Escanaba and at Wilson, in the near future. They are well known in Escanaba, having formerly resided here, and will be gladly welcomed by a host of friends. Senator O. B. Fuller spent Sunday with his family.

W. J. Robinson of Eagle Grove, Iowa, is visiting friends in the city.

N. Beaudreau and Mrs. J. Beaudreau of Garden spent Sunday in Escanaba. Miss Maggie McDonald is ill at the home of her sister Mrs. J. Burns.

Fred Olmsted, Jr. is with the Duluth baseball league at Duluth.

The Iron Port is glad to know that Nicholas DeBeck is able to be out again, after a long illness.

Miss Zella and Master Leigh Slipp of New Brunswick, Canada, nephew and niece of Mrs. C. H. Long, are visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Long at the New Ludington.

Miss May Hewitt of Appleton, the librarian engaged to take charge of the new Carnegie library, is registered at the Ludington.

Mr. L. A. Grayson of Grinnell Bros' Music store in Traverse City arrived Wednesday and will be connected with Grinnell Bros' store in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Goldstein of Gladstone were Escanaba visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. J. M. Clifford, of Escanaba, is visiting with Mrs. Henry Neuens.—Tribune, Iron Mountain.

Assistant postmaster, Will Brown is taking a vacation and spending it at Oshkosh with relatives.

Wm. Christian of New Foundation is a guest at the home of F. H. Brotherton. J. E. Patton, proprietor of the Crescent house is moving into the Cleary building at 803 Ludington street.

Ed. Gunville has been called to Ishpeming by the illness of his mother.

Wm. Meuller Jr., of Chicago was in the city Tuesday.

Jno. Frechette of Bark River spent Tuesday in Escanaba.

C. W. Lightfoot of Gladstone was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. S. S. Johnson of South Haven, Mich., is spending the summer with her brother, A. C. Booth.

Mrs. Walter Gikes of Powers visited Escanaba on Monday.

Miss Alice Eastwood has a mild form of diphtheria.

Mrs. C. S. Sourwine and children of Chicago are visiting at the home of John Sourwine.

Dr. and Mrs. Youngquist are at New Orleans where the doctor is attending the annual convention of the American Medical association.

Thomas Anderson was over from Ironstone Tuesday.

Mrs. Matt Fogarty and children of Escanaba are visiting Mrs. E. L. Bolander.

Mr. Herman Breitenbach and children are visiting in Milwaukee.

Mr. S. Irwin of Milwaukee was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Manley have returned from Canada, where they attended the funeral of their son Anthony.

George Trimble made a business trip to Ironstone early in the week.

Otto Stegath was a Marinette visitor Monday.

The little children of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crebo are ill with diphtheria.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thurston of Milwaukee are in the city visiting their mother, Mrs. J. A. Cox.

Mrs. Madden of Rapid River was an Escanaba visitor Tuesday.

Wm. Norman has recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital.

C. Barr, formerly with Earl Crook, is now salesman for the Dorschell Produce Co.

Mrs. S. A. Roberts gives trading stamps with all cash purchases of millinery.

Mrs. Roberts has some very handsome pattern hats which she invites the ladies to come and see.

Every thing new and up-to-date can be found at Mrs. Robert's millinery department in E. J. Erickson's store.

L. Labelle of Schaffer spent Tuesday in this city.

Sam Bremer of Green Bay and well known in this city spent Thursday in Escanaba.

J. B. Van Winkle of Van Harbor was in the city Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Patterson and daughter of Manistique spent several days in Escanaba this week.

J. H. Karkket of Iron Mountain was in the city Thursday.

Harry O'Connell left for Escanaba this morning where he will be employed on the ore docks in checking.—Tribune, Iron Mountain.

Ivan English, of the Mirror, is spending a few days at St. Louis, and will of course take in the Exposition.

Chief Tolan, though still weak, is able to be out again after his late accident, much to the joy of his friends.

A new line of pattern hats very stylish and beautiful at Mrs. Roberts' millinery parlors.

B. Lenzi of Defiance was in the city Thursday.

The Northwestern line will sell low rate round-trip tickets every Saturday and Sunday until September 27th to Mercer, Manitowish, Lac du Flambeau, Woodruff, Tomahawk Lake, McNaughton, Rhineland and Gogebic, limited for return until and including the following Monday. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway.

21-cow-Aug. 15.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. George Fiscus, after an illness of about two weeks with typhoid fever, died at the home, 310 Ludington street on Monday morning. Mrs. Fiscus was about 29 years of age and leaves a husband and four young children, the eldest of whom is only nine years of age. The family had only lived in Escanaba about two months and were strangers here, but kind neighbors did all that could be done to make the sufferer comfortable. The case is a very sad one and bespeaks the sympathy of all, for the bereft husband and children. The funeral was conducted by Capt. Ivey of the Salvation Army at their hall.

Mrs. Clara M. Gunderson of Stonington, died on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Groth, after an illness of one month. Mrs. Gunderson was the widow of Ole Gunderson, the fisherman who was drowned in an attempt to cross the bay in his boat last December. The family of seven children, the youngest of whom is only two days old, is now orphaned indeed and are deserving the sympathy and help of all good people.

Reinhard Johnson was buried last Sunday afternoon from the Norwegian Lutheran church. Mr. Johnson had been confined to the house for several months with pulmonary disease and was a great sufferer. He leaves a widow and several children.

Mrs. John Monson, aged 46 years, died at the family residence, 814 S. Charlotte street on Saturday morning of consumption. Deceased left a husband and two children, a son and daughter, to mourn her loss.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boda, whose home is at 521 South Jennie street died on Monday evening. The little one was about 20 months old and died of pneumonia.

Frances, the little daughter of Mr. and James Gallagher, of 208 N. Mary street, died on Sunday morning. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's church on Monday afternoon.

STORY OF STEPHENSON.

Interesting Write-Up of That Hustling Little City in Oshkosh Times.

The Sunday issue of the Oshkosh Times contained an interesting write-up of the little town of Stephenson situated in Menominee county on the C. & N. W. R'y., about 43 miles south of Escanaba. The write-up is illustrated with many pictures of Stephenson's prominent citizens and her institutions. Through it all the name of Father Barth stands out with great prominence. To him is ascribed the lion's share of the credit for the era of prosperity which Stephenson has enjoyed during the past six years.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

Powers-Spalding Young People Went to Escanaba to Wed.

The marriage of Miss Lodia Archibald and Mr. Clyde Waldo, two well known young people of Powers-Spalding, was made public Tuesday of this week. The marriage was solemnized in Escanaba on March 28th. The bride is a popular and charming daughter of Mrs. R. M. Archibald, and has made her home in this place nearly all her life time. The groom is also popular in Powers-Spalding, and has made many friends since his arrival here.—Tribune.

THE UNION LABEL.

Will Be Taken by The Iron Port After This Issue.

The Iron Port after this issue will take the union label which shows that union help is employed and union wages paid. It is assumed now that every union man in the city who is not now a subscriber will walk up and subscribe.

Elect Officers.

Local No. 287 of the Typographical union met Wednesday evening in Workman's hall. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Jos. Le-Clair, president; Miss Lulu Moyer, vice president; Miss Lottie McDonnell, recording secretary; William King, secretary and treasurer; Sam Collins, sergeant-at-arms.

Bill Gordon's Jim

By
EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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AFTER the funeral; after the rough pine box had been lowered into the grave; after the clergyman had spoken a few words of hope and consolation; after the hymn had been sung and the small gathering of neighbors had solemnly filed away, content in the self-consciousness that they had given the poor woman a Christian burial, "Bill Gordon's Jim" walked slowly along the road that led to the black, tottering shack he called his home.

When he reached the door of the cabin, the boy sat down upon the steps and rested his chin in his hand. He was not used to tears. His young life had been so full of bitterness that he had grown strangely stoical, almost indifferent. So his eyes were dry as he sat, gazing silently at his bare feet.

A yellow dog came around the corner of the house, and, seeing his young master, wagged his tail. But Jim did not move. For a moment the dog gazed expectantly into the boy's face, then licked his hand and lay down at his side.

And presently a young girl came up the path that led from the road. Her face was fair; her eyes were blue; her hair, hanging down her back, was black as ebony. In her hand she carried a bunch of violets.

But the boy in the doorway did not raise his head or stir until her shadow fell upon the ground beside him. Then he glanced up, suddenly, and saw her standing silently before him, her eyes all shining wet with tears, the flowers extended towards him.

He shambled awkwardly to his feet and snatched the faded brown hat from his head.

"I have brought you some flowers," the girl said, simply, "and I want to say that I am—I am so sorry for you."

He reached out his hand, dumbly, and took the blossoms from her. He tried to speak, but could only stand, with bowed head, while the girl turned and went her way.

He watched her silently until she disappeared behind a tangle of wild-grape vines, and then, sinking upon his knees, he threw his arms around the dog's neck and buried his head upon the beast's shaggy coat.

"Bingo," he sobbed, the hot tears springing, "oh, Bingo! mammy's dead and I ain't got nobody now—nobody but jest you an' old, Bingo."

When "Bill Gordon's Jim" again met the girl, she was standing under the fragrant blossoms of a crab-apple tree at a bend in the road. She smiled and held out her hand. He took it, shyly, and stood, fumbling his hat.

"You should congratulate me," she said, after a moment. "It is my birthday."

"I had a birthday once," a gleam of pleasant recollection in his eyes. "It was while mammy was alive. She made me some fried cakes, and we had dinner outdoors—Bingo and me."

"Didn't you invite anybody?" the girl asked curiously.

"No," he replied; "I didn't know anybody that I thought would come. So we just drove some sticks in the ground and played they were company."

"But I would have come," the girl said, enthusiastically.

"If I have another birthday, some time, would you come?"

"Yes," she assented cheerily.

"Then I will—no, I can't," he replied, soberly; "I forgot. I can't, because—because—you know why I can't."

There was a tremble in his voice.

"Yes, I know," she said. "Your mother—"

She saw a sudden tear glisten in his eye, and she crept close to him and locked her arms around his neck. "I want to be your little sister. May I?" she said.

He brushed the sleeve of his faded gingham shirt across his eyes and smiled in answer.

"I will always admire you," the girl continued, "for you are big and strong; and I shall always love you, for you are lonely."

When they reached the path that led to the boy's home he paused.

"Will you wait here just a moment?" he asked. "I have something for you."

"For me?" she replied, surprised.

"Yes," he replied; "something for your birthday."

He disappeared around the corner of the house and she waited, listening to the music of the river and the song of a robin in the top of an elm tree. Presently the boy reappeared, leading a yellow dog tied to a rope.

"You will not be disappointed?" he asked anxiously, noticing the wonder on her face. "I am sorry it is all I have. His name is Bingo. Mammy got him for me when he was only a pup."

He held the end of the rope toward her and she reached out her hand and took it and tried to speak, but could not.

For a moment the boy glanced across the meadows, carpeted with young clover and bluegrass. Then he turned silently into the path.

But the girl caught him by the sleeve.

"Oh," she cried. "I cannot take you—"

She paused suddenly as a shadow of disappointment swept across her face. "I mean that—that you are good and brave and generous, and I appreciate your present better than anything else. I have received. But I want you to keep Bingo for me. Will you not? A boy can take so much better care of a dog than a girl can. And when I want him to play with I

will come to you and we will play with him together."

She stooped and patted the dog's shaggy coat, and when she raised her head again the boy had his hat in his hand and his face was radiant with joy. "I should have missed him," he said, simply.

"It has been ten years since we stood here at the end of the path and you gave me the dog. Do you remember?" the woman asked.

"It does not seem so long ago as that," the man replied, abstractedly. "And yet many things have occurred since then. Father is dead; Bingo is gone, and I have no one left me."

"No one but your little sister," the woman rejoined shyly.

"No one but my little sister," the man repeated, noticing the brilliancy of her hair in the sunlight.

"You may never know how proud I am of my big brother," she said. "He must have been lonely all these years and at times discouraged. But he has been brave and strong and has fought his way onward and onward until—until I am proud of him."

In the man's breast the song was throbbing.

"I have tried very hard," he replied, "but I have not succeeded as I wished I might. I am only a poor man, with my future all uncarved before me."

"I know," she said, "but you will succeed, for you are courageous."

She plucked a blossom out of the grass and fastened it in her belt.

"Do you know," the man said suddenly, glancing at her half shyly, "that I used to have dreams—when I was a boy?"

"Yes?" she said.

"I used to dream about working hard and some day gaining wealth and power and building a big house like your father's," he continued.

"And I used to dream that when I had done these things, that I would come to you and that you—"

All the ambition; all the smothered hope of years were in his words, but he hesitated. The girl had grown strangely sober and her face was pale.

He glanced at her half inquiringly. Her face was tense with pain, and her eyes were dim with tears. But she did not speak.

In the light of the moon the face of the man on the bridge looked ghastly pale. His dark eyes glittered like diamonds as he glanced over the railing at the rushing tide below. Anguish—deep, devouring anguish, was stamped upon his features.

Another man—a large man, with a bushy, untimmed beard and broad shoulders, came out of the shadows and touched his arm.

"You are in trouble?" the large man said; "you have been thinking of ending it all—there?"

"Well?" the other asked.

"Only this," the large man answered, "I know you are the cashier in the bank back yonder in the town, and I have followed you here, because—"

"I am short in my accounts—short more than I can ever hope to earn," the cashier replied. "The examiner arrived this evening. To-morrow he will go over the books, and—"

"And you are coward enough to leave your wife to suffer the disgrace alone?"

The other quailed before the indignation in his eyes and the two stood in silence gazing at the misty moonlight. Then the large man spoke.

"In my boyhood," he said, "I was known only as 'Bill Gordon's Jim.' My mother and my father lie yonder in the churchyard. It was 15 years ago—15 years ago to-day—that mother died. The sunshine was dripping through the trees along the road and the birds were singing in the hedges. But I saw only the shadows upon the highway and heard nothing but the croaking of the frogs along the river, and God! how lonely they sounded. But a little girl gave me some violets and told me she was sorry."

"That was the beginning of my life. I could feel my heart beat after that and I knew I had a soul."

"As the years went by, I had strange dreams. I used to plan—but no matter. It couldn't be. I went away then—went away, burning with a desire to conquer in spite of all; to gain power and wealth and honor and come back—to her."

"Far up the frozen Yukon I found that for which I sought—gold. Nature opened to me the storehouse where she had been hiding wealth for ages, and riches poured into my lap. And then—I came back here and found—but I should have known it could never be."

He paused to gaze dreamily at the ripples dancing in the moonlight. Then he thrust his hand in his pocket and drew forth a large roll of bank notes.

"You must never tell her that I came back," he said, "for her heart is tender and her sympathy is great."

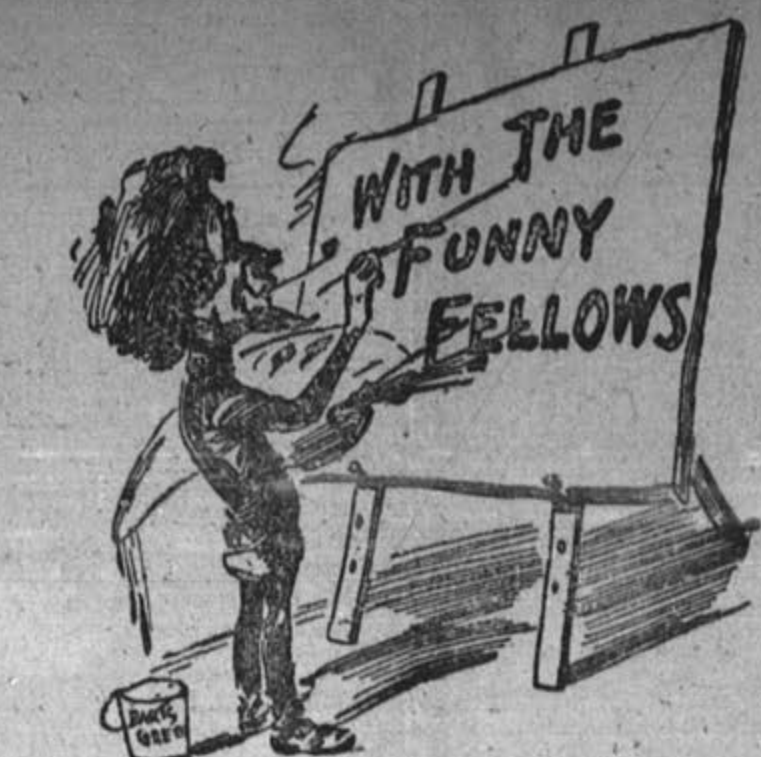
His voice softened and he pressed the banknotes into the other's hands. "I shall be penniless, but I shall be glad that I was able to save her the pain and the heartache your sin would have caused her."

He turned away, but the cashier caught him by the arm.

"But you?" he asked, solicitously.

The calm light of courage crept into the large man's eyes.

"I?" he replied, gazing at the mist upon the river. "Oh, I shall go back to the Yukon and dream—dream that she loves me because I am lonely."



A Prophecy.
Phrenologist—Madam, I think I can assure you that this boy is not born to be hung.

Pond Parent (grinning)—Indade, sor.

Phrenologist—No, I do not think he will ever be hung. In view of the fact that he lives in this state, I think it probable that he will be electrocuted.

—Brooklyn Life.

And Called Him "It."
"And what did that howlid tough say to you, Reggie, after he had taken your watch and money away?" asked Willyboy.

"He added insult to webbery," spluttered Reggie. "He said his motto was: 'Do it now, and I was the only it he saw.'—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Her Antman.
Mrs. Peeksly (to church usher)—Give me a seat in pew number 60, please.

Mrs. Peeksly (to herself)—Mrs. Gorgus sits in number 59, and I want to be back of her so I shall not have to look around to see her hat.—Brooklyn Life.

Nice Sort of Comfort.
"It must be a great comfort to you to own such splendid furniture."

"Comfort? There isn't but one comfortable chair in the whole lot, and my wife invariably wants to sit in that."—Tit-Bits.

Ineffectual.
"He's a wonderful mathematician."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "but what's the use? He can think up a string of figures as long as your arm, but he can't put a dollar mark in front of them."—Washington Star.

Unthinking Freshman.
There once was a freshman named Greening.

Who fell down four flights without meaning.

The janitor swore as he struck the ground floor:

"I'll take all the afternoon cleaning!"—Columbia Jester.

CONSIDERATE.

Mr. Brown made his wife promise that

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fully he gives it.—Town and Country.

Passing Belief.
Maj. Barbon—I really don't know, sah, how old this whisky is; had it in mah cellar for 20 years, but—

Col. Kalntuck—Mah land, majah, how did that happen, sah; did y' mislay it?—Philadelphia Press.

Vivid Suggestiveness.
Mrs. Sildmet—No; I don't believe in French cooking. My idea is to have every dish suggest its chief ingredient.

New Boarder—Yes; I notice the gelatine tastes like glue.—N. Y. Weekly.

Naturally.
Mike—How did Casey lose his job as postman?

Pat—He stopped yurrk the first toime he blew his whistle.—N. Y. Times.

The Limit.
Browninsky—That fellow Blant is rather dense, isn't he?

Smithovich—Well, I guess yes. The only time he ever gets next is in a barber shop.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Could Do Better.
Harold had received his first five-dollar bill. He was told that it was to be deposited in the bank, and the details were explained to him. Harold accompanied his mother to the bank, and when ready the book was handed to him. He looked at it a moment, and then throwing the book across the room exclaimed:

"Such a small book for five dollars! Why, I can get a bigger one than that for five cents."—N. Y. Times.

It Comes High.
We're bound to get from pleasure's cup One taste that's dark and brown; Appearances we can't keep up And keep expenses down.

—Philadelphia Press.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"My wife is so attentive! The other day I told her that I was very fond of lilacs, and what do you think she did for my birthday?"

"O, decorated the breakfast table with lilacs, I suppose."

"No, she bought herself a new lilac-colored dress!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Floral Note.
The rose is blue,
The pink is white,
But her new hat
Is out of sight.

—Chicago Tribune.

On the Owl Car.
Dolly—Gracious! Why does Mrs. de Styles always refer to Mr. de Styles as her "late husband," when everyone knows her husband is alive?

Polly—The reason she calls him her late husband is because of the late hours he wanders home in the morning.—Baltimore Herald.

A Reason for It.
Visitor at School—What a rapt look that dear little fellow wears!

Dear Little Fellow (overhearing)—Teacher just hit me over the knuckles with a ruler, ma'am.—Princeton Tiger.

A Welcome Caller.
The Caller—What did your sister say when you told her I was here?

Dorothy—I can't tell you, 'cause mamma sez it's unladylike to say: "Dog-gone the luck!"—N. Y. Journal.

One Consolation.
—There's one consolation when your foot goes to sleep.

—What's that?

—Doesn't snore.—Yonkers Statesman.

Arbitrary.
weather man doth prophesy, auz our minds it pleases; none the less, a cloud sails by, I does just what it pleases, singsing Star.

HE WAS THE GOOSE.

Mrs. Newlywed—But even if my hat did cost \$100, don't you think it is perfectly killing?

Mr. Newlywed—Yes, killing the goose that laid the golden egg that bought it.—N. Y. Times.

The Parental Blessing.
Algy—So you asked old Jones for his daughter's hand? What did he say?

Ferdy—He said: "Take her, and let me be happy!"—Puck.

In a Hurry.
"So you asked old Crusty for his daughter, eh? How did you come out?"

"Through the window!"—Chicago American.



A PRAYER FOR COURAGE.

Long since, in sore distress, I heard one pray:
"Lord, who prevailst with resistless might,
Ever from war and strife keep me away,
My battles fight!"

I know not if I play the Pharisee,
And if my brother after all be right;
But mine shall be the warrior's plea to Thee—
Strength for the fight!

I do not ask that Thou shalt front the fray,
And drive the warning foe man from my sight;
I only ask, O Lord, by night, by day,
Strength for the fight!

When foes upon me press, let me not quail,
Nor think to turn me unto coward flight;
I only ask, to make mine arms prevail,
Strength for the fight!

Still let mine eyes look ever on the foe,
Still let mine armor case be strong and bright,
And grant me, as I deal each righteous blow,
Strength for the fight!

And when, at eventide, the fray is done,
My soul to Death's bedchamber do Thou light,
And grant me, be the field or lost or won,
—Charles F. Aked, D. D., in Boston Watchman.

RARER THAN GOLD.

Men Wanted Who Crave Not Largeness of Reward, But Largeness of Service.

Watching the checkered panorama of these times, one sometimes wonders whether the Lord above is not fulfilling upon our day the word spoken through Isaiah the prophet:

"I will make a man more rare than fine gold." Not indeed, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, by any such depopulation or decay as was doubtless present in vision to Isaiah as he wrote, but by an accumulation of wealth with which our national access of manhood keeps no pace, this country of ours seems to have come to just such disparity between its gold and its men as the striking phrase of the prophet aptly describes. The one universal complaint of all enterprises at the present hour is the difficulty of getting men.

The demand of the hour is not for genius and other sports and variations of the normal human mind. The famine of capable men is to be broken by cultivating, with more thorough character education, the fallow ground in the commonest, everyday type of humanity. The virtues of diligence, faithfulness and pride in worthy toil, the faculties of alertness, attention and accuracy—such commonplace qualities as these, cherished in the most commonplace circumstances whatsoever, must produce an efficiency that cannot fail to meet its own high appreciation and reward. Self-abnegation, service to others given with no requirement, and heart friendship with Jesus Christ must make an unshamed spiritual workman. And so in one way and another all those who will be men of the fullest and rarest manhood find doors set ajar for them into rooms of preparation, whence other doors emerge into all the regions of usefulness in the world that look to-day so vacant. And the great emptiness where all the cry for men is, as likewise the great congestion where competing workers are overnumerous, is chiefly the fault of those who might push through the gateways between these larger opportunities, but are too indolent or too selfish to pay the price of transit.

"We must educate," was the clarion watchword of a great American preacher many years ago. To-day it appeals to us for repetition in an even deeper sense. Somehow we must teach ourselves, we must teach our generation, especially we must teach the young men of the age, to crave not a largeness of reward but a largeness of service; to strive not to make the most but to do the best; to be satisfied only with the utmost contribution which we can possibly give from native equipment or studied acquirement to the progress of the race and the glory of God. Let us all try to be manhood-filled men, for though men at length become less rare, they must always be more precious, than fine gold.

Be Careful How You Build.
It is not enough for a man to build a ship so that it looks beautiful as it stands on the stocks. What though a man build his vessel so trim and graceful that all admire it, if when she comes to be launched she is not fit for the sea; if she cannot stand stormy weather, if she is a slow sailer and a poor carrier, if she is liable to founder on the voyage? A ship, however comely she may be, is not good for anything unless she can battle with the deep. That is the place to test her. All her fine lines and grace and beauty are of no account if she fails there. It makes no difference how splendidly you build, so far as this world is concerned your life is a failure unless you build so that you can go out into the great future on the eternal sea of life. We are to live on. We are not to live again, but we are to live without break. Death is not an end. It is a new impulse.—Becher.

Knowledge of Right.
Knowledge of right will make a hero of the frailest. The one who realizes that he is right with God can bathe his hands in the martyr flame.

—Rev. Dr. White.

MADE TO SEEK.

The Matter and Manner of Our Seeking Leaves a Deep Impression Upon Our Lives.

We are made for seeking and are made by seeking, declares the Philadelphia Young People. The world is full of seeking. Your years and mine are filled with eager, expectant seeking. The very air we breathe is laden with inspiration to seeking of some kind. The din and bustle that greet ears and eyes everywhere are stirred by human seeking. What a spring of thought and action it!

It drives the miner into the earth. It drives the engineer over the plains, through the great mountains, across the continents. It wings the great ships to fly across the pathless deeps. It plunges the explorer, through the trackless wilderness, across burning deserts, among barbarous hosts. Seeking nerves the soldier to face the frown of death. It fastens the inventor to his task, the student to his work, the teacher to his class, the missionary to his message.

Seeking marks the worker everywhere, whether he use pick, plow or pen. It enters all life. Man, woman, child moves with its urgency and listens to its commands. Seeking is one of the signs of life. It cannot be passed by in any true thought of living. The senses of the body all answer to the needs of the seeker. Hearing, tasting, seeing, smelling, feeling, all reach out after supply and give their aid to the seeker. The powers of our minds, willing, thinking, choosing, say: "We seek." The powers of our spiritual natures touching the seen on the one side and the unseen on the other, having the faculty of faith, the privilege of prayer, and of touch with God, all say: "We seek."

Of course, all this seeking has very much to do with the shaping of life. It does mold not only body but mind, not only thought, but character. It dwarfs or enlarges according to the kind of seeking we do. Like an artist constantly at work within us, this power that drives us onward is chiseling away at our future character. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." But a man's thought is never separated from his seeking. "Where a man's treasure is there will his heart be also." And we have always found a man's seeking closely connected with what he accounted his treasure. Seeking climbs up into the throne and commands the life. It becomes a master in controlling. It can write the character of our dearest treasure upon all that goes forth from us. It often puts the stamp of what we seek upon eye and face and body. It does put the imprint upon thought and word and deed. The marks of our seeking can no more be hidden than Ananias and Sapphira could hide their cupidity and deceit by agreement and falsehood. The marks of our seeking can no more remain hidden than the glow and glory of a noble life could be shut from the face of Stephen when enemies beheld the witness.

One may keep you from seeing his associations, but his words will betray him. He may keep you from knowing the paths he treads in seeking, but his face or manner will declare the thing he thinks his secret. When Judas finds fault with the breaking of the vase of ointment upon his Master because of its cost, and when he sells his Master for 30 pieces of silver, you need not be told that he is a money-lover nor are you surprised to hear him called thief. When Jesus is seen healing, helping, inspiring human hearts, when you hear Him speaking hope, friendship, mercy, you are not surprised to read of Him that He came to seek and to save that which was lost. Seeking marks the life. It marks life in such a way that it cannot be hidden. It is seen in what we say and do.

Scripture reveals a strong desire to control the seeking of our lives. God's word knows how deeply this matter of seeking enters into the life and how surely it controls. Fear the words: "Seek, and ye shall find." Listen, as we are told: "Seek those things which are above where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." Tarry before the pleading: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Our seeking must have a right purpose behind it and a right object before it. In these days we should be thinking more of what we are becoming by our seeking than what is coming into our possession. When we think more of character than of simple pleasure or gain, we will seek the high things that come from finding Jesus Christ.

The Inspiration of Trust.
The Water street mission in New York has been a wonderful field for the manifestation of divinity in the dress of humanity. One of the most touching incidents, and one which illustrates a deep truth concerning human nature, is the case of Michael Dunn, an ex-convict, just released, still riddled with crime, who wandered, half-intoxicated, into one of Jerry McAuley's prayer meetings. The leader spoke of trusting in God. Dunn's muddled brain misconstrued the words and understood them to be "God is trusting you." The idea was startling. Nobody had ever trusted Michael Dunn. He had given them little reason of life, but more confidence in the boy meant he developed more trustworthiness in the man. The thought that God could trust him came like a rainbow, spanning the storm cloud of a blackened, hopeless life. It gave inspiration, which wrought reformation. Michael Dunn's name came to be associated with Howard's in the reformation of criminals. It is certain that on that memorable evening he did not get the message right? Though the words of the leader may have been misconstrued, they must yet have carried the Divine intent to the soul of Michael Dunn.—Philadelphia Young People.



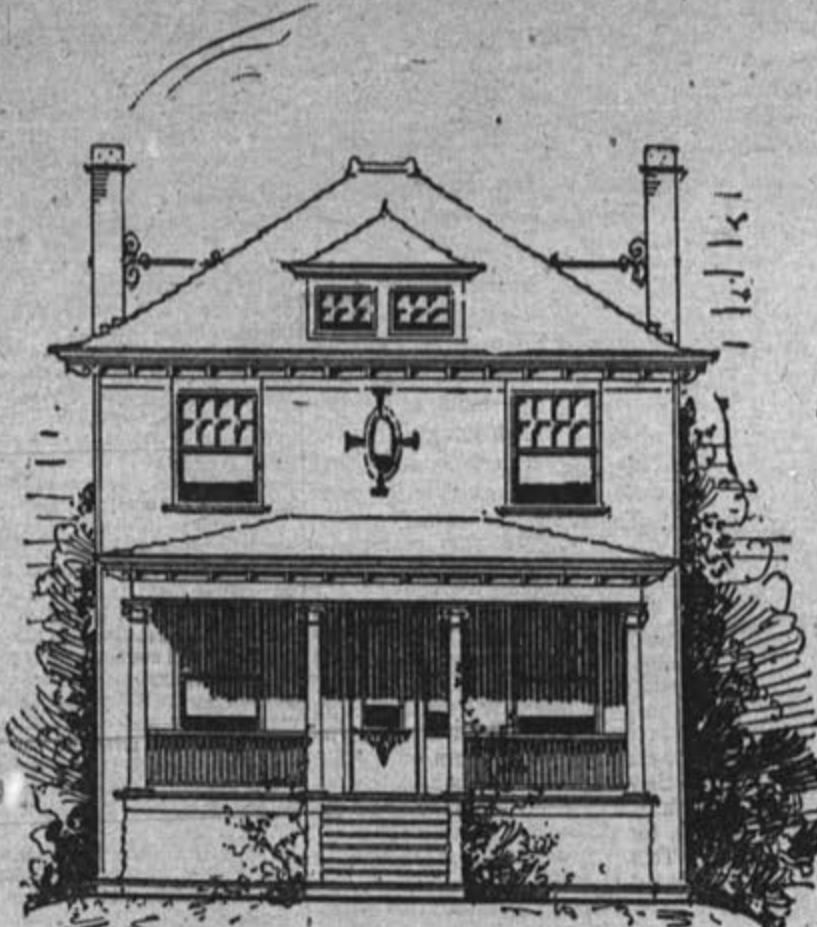
Art in Architecture

Designed and Written Especially for this Paper

The style of this house is colonial, it contains eight rooms, and will cost \$2,400, built upon a rubble stone foundation. The sizes of the rooms are as follows: Parlor, 12 by 12 feet; library, 10 by 12 feet; dining-room, 12 by 14 feet; kitchen, 11 by 12 1/2 feet; chamber, 12 by 12 feet; chamber,

double, with felt paper between; sheathing, with fence flooring felt paper between siding and sheathing, siding laid three inches to the weather.

The parlor has a fireplace and sliding doors between dining-room and reception hall. Library has a closet. Dining-room has a china-closet. Kitchen



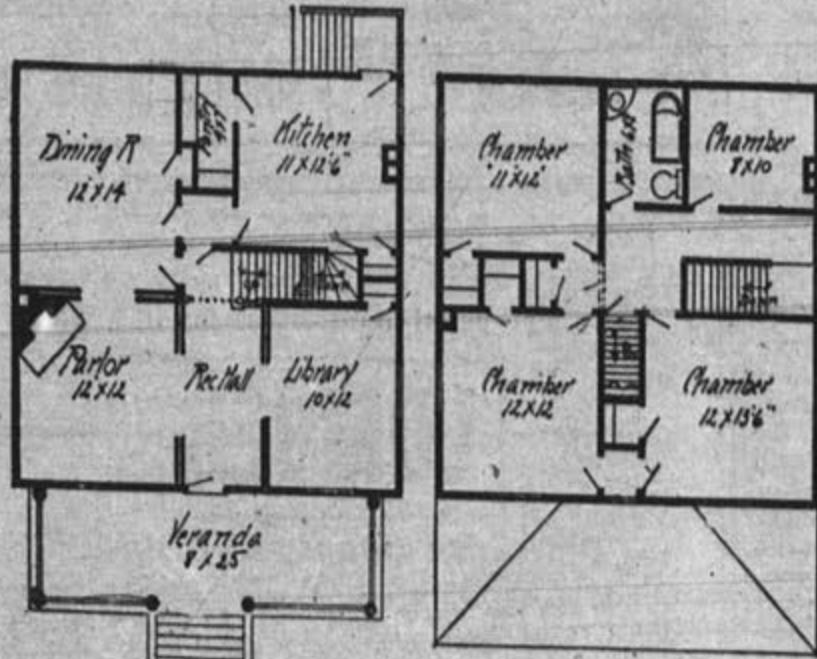
FRONT ELEVATION OF COLONIAL RESIDENCE

12 by 13 1/2 feet; chamber, 11 by 12 feet; chamber, 8 by 10 feet; bath-room, 6 by 8 feet; pantry, 4 by 7 feet; reception hall, 6 by 15 feet. The size of veranda is 8 by 25 feet. All the chambers have large closets, fitted with shelves. The height of first story is 9 1/2 feet; second story, 9 feet; basement, 7 feet.

has stairway leading to the basement, also tin closet and large pantry.

The stairway answers both as a front and rear stairway. The grille and curtain pole allows of a hanging drapery which can be used for screening the stairs.

The finish throughout is of pine for



PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

The studding are 2 by 4 inches, joist, 2 by 10 inch, rafters, 2 by 4 inches. Shingles, red cedar. Chimneys faced with yellow brick. Roofs stained olive green. Exterior of house painted three coats, body lemon yellow, white trimmings; American glass, double thick; plastering, two-coat work; floors,

painting. All doors are five cross panel doors. Hardware is of a neat design, properly placed.

Plumbing fixtures are of the latest improved make, properly set. All rooms are piped for gas and furnace. Basement contains coal-bins, laundry and furnace room. G. A. W. KINTZ.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

It May Clear Mystery of Roentgen Rays and Tend to Show That They Can Be Polarized.

Lord Rayleigh, professor of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution, of London, has announced that Mr. Blondelot, a skillful French experimenter, very recently adduced evidence going far to prove that the Roentgen rays are susceptible of polarization, if they have not been polarized already, and can, therefore, be traced in the spectrum.

If this is true and the rays are transversal, as M. Blondelot thinks, it follows that they are a species of ordinary light, but of extremely short wave lengths, perhaps a hundred times shorter than the waves of the light than one can see.

Lord Rayleigh said he saw no reason to question the discovery, which is of first-rats importance in helping to determine the nature of the Roentgen rays, which has been in doubt ever since they were discovered.

In another part of the lecture, in which the above announcement was made, Lord Rayleigh dealt with coast lights. He questioned the use of the extreme candle power employed in some lighthouses.

He said that a single candle is visible three miles on a dark night if the air is absolutely clear, but as the air is never so a great candle power is necessary to allow for diffusion, but even when this allowance is made he doubted if anything is gained by such illumination, as is produced by the electric arc at St. Catherine's, on the Isle of Wight, which is equal to some millions of candles.

It was probable, he declared, that for practical purposes, 100,000-candle power would be as effective as 20,000,000.

UNIQUE EXPERIMENT.

German Scientist Taught a Fish to Become Quite Terrestrial in All His Habits.

A German scientist—he could only have been German—once conceived, we are told, a plan to train a fish to live out of water. He placed a thriving little carp in a small tank and with infinite patience and great exactness removed from the tank one spoonful of water every day, at the same time increasing gradually the amount of oxygen in the water. In time the water barely covered the carp, and still it thrived. The quantity of water continued to diminish, and, by slowly adapting its method of breathing to the new conditions, the fish began to breathe air and, indeed, became quite terrestrial in its habits before the tank was entirely dry. The scientist had grown to love the carp. He fed it from his own hand, and now that it was living in the same element with himself, he took it from the tank and left it as free to follow its own devices as was the family cat. The little fish also loved its master. It followed him about from place to place, flopping along after him, stopping only occasionally to leap for a passing fly. One day the scientist was crossing a bridge. The carp, as usual, was at his heels, enjoying the pleasant air of the countryside and uttering from time to time a little sound expressive of delight and contentment. About the middle of the bridge a fat house fly was sunning itself on the rail. The carp spied the fly and jumped for it, but miscalculating the distance, went over the rail into the river—and was drowned.—The Great Rural World.

Dining Cars in Japan.
Railroad conveniences are quickly appreciated by the Japanese. For a long time they have had sleeping cars, and now they have the dining car.

DICTATES OF FASHION.

Fanciful Odds and Ends That Enter Into the Pretty Dress Compositions of the Season.

The pouched blouse. It is said is on the decline abroad and crossed fichu blouses are much more fashionable. The pouched blouse, which is no longer needed with the new corsets, says a fashion authority.

Lace is used as much as ever, and old lace handkerchiefs are cut in two, each point being used for the short sleeves. Long sleeves, made very full and transparent, and much-befriended elbow sleeves are worn with quite low bodices.

Of skirts there is little to be said. They are gradually spreading at the feet and swathing us more tightly round the hips, save the gathered or plaited "housemaid's" skirts; long tunics ending in festoons falling over plaited flounces, and flounce skirts, are all we have to record.

Toques are still of the bolero order, mostly in white or colored tulle, with a band of lace straw, paillette lace and tinsel insertion, mixed with chenille embroidery; long paradise plumes fall at the side, drooping on the hair; velvet fruit, drooping blossoms and buds are also used.

A new cut of bodice gives the drooping shoulder effect which is to be all the fashion this summer. Seams are being cut right up to the shoulder. Except that the seams are less curved, the bodices are almost identical with those in the early '60's. The seams of the new bodice linings are almost straight from waist to shoulder, the bodice being slightly pointed in front.

Delaines will be much used this season, and we shall have quite a revival of broche grenadines and barege. Cloth seems to grow lovelier every season. The newest cloths are very fine and thin—they have a satin surface and drape most gracefully. Their coloring is of the best—pale primrose, stone color, biscuit, dusty gray, cinnamon, Marie Louise blue and almond-green are some of the newest shades.

Opera mantles are very long, with the enormous Jewish sleeves. Motoring skirts are ankle short and made in box plaits. The newest motoring coats are cut in rows of mitered cloth and moleskin sacks are certainly the daintiest of the fur variety. Some of the sacks have deep pelerines. The hats and veils are less grotesque, some being quite pretty. Full tulle cravats are worn with a low bodice.

Bodices of black or dark colored materials are very simply made, but they all show an inner vest or waistcoat of some lovely eastern embroidery. The Turkish squares have lovely barbaric embroideries which can be transferred to ecrú silk or satin or laid on thick silk Russian net. A butterfly bodice matches the butterfly sleeves for evening wear. For half-mourning cream cloth embroidered with jet is quite the smartest thing.

Many of the bodices have swathed belts with very high buckles of art nouveau, ending in long scarf ends at the back. Sashes are very much worn, and many of the low bodices are very much trimmed with flowers. Deep lace collars and "mitten" gauntlets of lace, black or white, beautify some of the bodices which may require renovating. Wide, stiff bands, narrowing toward the waist, are a Louis Seize bodice decoration for a low bodice.

TO ENCOURAGE ATHLETICS.

What the Navy Department is Doing to Build Up the Men Physically.

In accordance with the policy of encouraging athletic exercises among the men in the navy, the navy department has issued a special order announcing the allotments of all the outfits to naval vessels according to their complements, and saying that they will be supplied at once, says a Washington report. These outfits include balls, baseball bats, mitts, masks, protectors and bags; boxing gloves, football, football trousers, attack lings and belts; broadsword and broadsword masks and gloves, fencing foils and fencing gloves and masks. The fencing outfit is designed for the special use of officers.

When the commanding officer of any ship certifies that there is on board the ship a well-developed baseball organization, the vessel will be supplied with ten baseball suits, consisting of cap, shirt, trousers and stockings. The shirt will be marked on the breast with the name of the ship. On the request of squadron commanders trophies will be furnished their commands as follows: Vessels having complements of 100 or more: Rowing, a silver rooster; sailing, a small model of a navy cutter under sail; baseball, a blue and gold banner; football, a gilded wooden football; fencing, crossed broadswords.

Vessels having complements of less than 100: Rowing, a silver rooster; sailing, a small model of a navy cutter under sail; baseball, a red and gold banner; football, a silver wooden football; fencing, crossed broadswords. All trophies are to be suitably mounted and so arranged that the necessary inscription can be entered upon them yearly, and are also to be protected by glass cases.

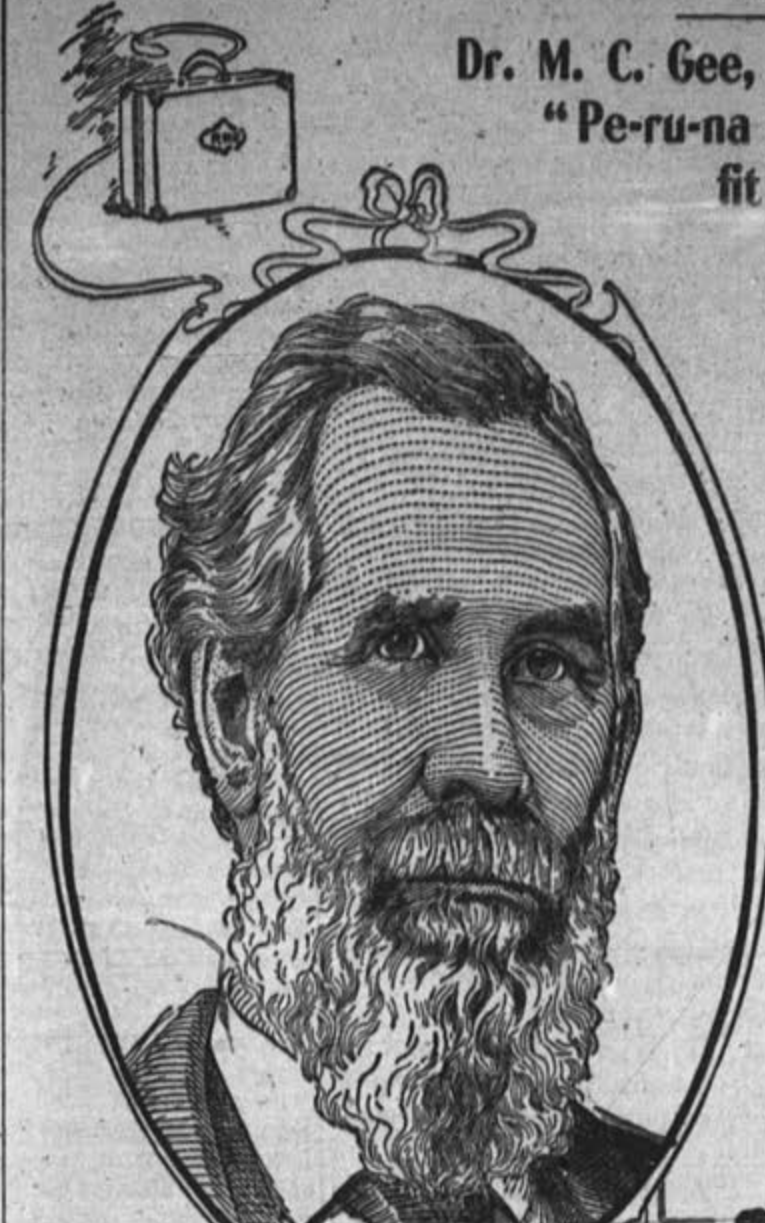
The conditions governing the annual competition for all trophies will be determined for each year by a board of officers appointed on each station by the commander-in-chief thereof.

A System.
"If you keep your head cool and your feet warm," declared the health fadist, "you will rid yourself of dyspepsia."

"Ah," commented the victim of indigestion. "I should play both ends against the middle, should I?"—Judge.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE PE-RU-NA.

Dr. M. C. Gee, of San Francisco, Says, "Pe-ru-na is of Especial Benefit to Women."

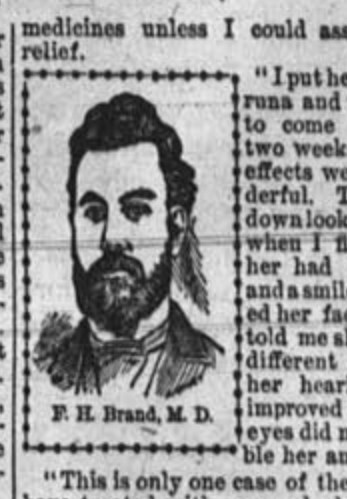


ROBERT R. ROBERTS M.D.

Robert R. Roberts, M. D., Washington, D. C., writes: "Through my own experience as well as that of many of my friends and acquaintances who have been cured or relieved of catarrh by the use of Hartman's Peruna, I can confidently recommend it to those suffering from such disorders, and have no hesitation in prescribing it to my patients."—Robert R. Roberts.



A CONSTANTLY increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their regular practice. It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients. Peruna occupies a unique position in medical science. It is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession today. Catarrh, as every one will admit, is the cause of one-half the diseases which afflict mankind. Catarrh and catarrhal diseases afflict one-half of the people of the United States.



F. H. Brand, M. D., of Mokena, Ill., uses Peruna in his practice. The following case is an example of the success he has through the use of Peruna for catarrh.

Dr. Brand says: "Mrs. 'C.', age 28, had been a sufferer from catarrh for the past seven years; could not hear plain and had watery eyes. She came to me almost a physical wreck. She had tried the Copeland cures and various other so-called specialists, and had derived no benefit from them. She told me she did not want to spend any more money on

medicines unless I could assure her relief.

"I put her on Peruna and told her to come back in two weeks. The effects were wonderful. The cast-down look she had when I first saw her had left her and a smile adorned her face. She told me she felt a different woman, her hearing was improved and her eyes did not trouble her any more.

"This is only one case of the many I have treated with your valuable medicine."—F. H. Brand, M. D.

Catarrh may invade any organ of the body; may destroy any function of the body. It most commonly attacks the head, nose and throat, but thousands upon thousands of cases of catarrh of the lungs, stomach, kidneys, bladder and other pelvic organs have been cured by Peruna.

Few faults are lost, yet many are found.—Chicago Daily News.

The Trout Season Open in Wisconsin.

The legal season for brook trout fishing in Wisconsin opened April 15th, under most advantageous conditions. The season promises to be one of the most satisfactory in recent years, over ten million fry having been planted two, three and four years since by the State Fish Commission, in the streams reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

The fish and game laws have been well enforced during the past year and the weather conditions are reported to be such as to indicate an early season and good sport.

A man's merit isn't always up to his reputation.—Chicago Daily News.

An Unavailable Rumor.

The rumor from Washington that the "Four-Track News" has been sold to Frank Munsey for four million dollars is denied by George H. Daniels, the publisher, who says that the "Four-Track News" will continue to be published at the old stand.—From the Albany Journal.

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterward in our regards.—Bovee.

After Four Months in Bed.

Powersville, Ky., April 27th.—Mrs. J. J. Monson, who has been ill for over eight years, says: "Yes, it is truly wonderful. I am 36 years of age and for the last eight years I have suffered with acute kidney trouble. I tried all the doctors within reach and many other medicines, but got no relief till I used that new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was confined to my bed for four months this winter and had such a pain in my side I couldn't get a good breath. I had smothering spells, was light-headed and had given up all hope, for I didn't think I could live long.

"After I had taken a few of Dodd's Kidney Pills I began to improve and I kept on all now, as you can see. I am well.

"I have been up and down during my own work for some time now and haven't any pain or weakness since.

"I praise the Lord for my wonderful restoration to health and will always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The individual who obtains celebrity in a single night is likely to lose it in a day.—Chicago Journal.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms. All Druggists. See Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

It may be that might makes right in this sicked world, but sometimes it comes pretty near buying the job.—Puck.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Somehow the game that is not worth the candle never lacks for either players or candles.—Puck.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Theo. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1880.

A wise man makes many friends and few confidants.—Chicago Daily News.

Money refunded for each package of Putnam Fadeless Dyes if unsatisfactory.

By history we learn to know others better than ourselves.—Town Topics.

Peruna is able to cure catarrh wherever it may be located by its direct action upon the mucous membrane. Catarrh means inflamed mucous membrane. Peruna acts at once to cleanse and invigorate the catarrhal condition of the mucous membrane no matter where it may occur in the body. Its action is the same on the mucous lining of the nose as on the mucous lining of the bowels. It cures the catarrhal inflammation wherever it may occur.

Dr. E. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes:

"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for cough and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Beside prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases.

"I have a large practice, and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and suffering."

We say Peruna cures catarrh. The people say Peruna cures catarrh. Prominent men and women all over the United States from Maine to California do not hesitate to come out in public print to say that Peruna is what it is recommended to be, an internal, systematic catarrh remedy that cures catarrh wherever it may be located.

Dr. M. C. Gee's Experience.

Dr. M. C. Gee is one of the physicians who endorse Peruna. In a letter written from 513 Jones street, San Francisco, Cal., he says:

"There is a general objection on the part of the practicing physician to advocate patent medicines. But when any one medicine cures hundreds of people, it demonstrates its own value and does not need the endorsement of the profession.

"Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I am convinced that it is a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for women, as I find it insures regular and painless menstruation, cures leucorrhoea and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of. I heartily endorse your medicine."—M. C. Gee, M. D.

Women are especially liable to pelvic catarrh, female weakness as it is commonly called. Especially in the first few weeks of warm weather do the disagreeable symptoms of female weakness make themselves apparent. In crisp, cold weather chronic sufferers with pelvic catarrh do not feel so persistently the debilitating effects of the drain upon the system, but at the approach of summer with its lassitude and tired feelings, the sufferer with pelvic catarrh feels the need of a strengthening tonic.

Peruna is not only the best spring tonic for such cases but if persisted in will effect a complete cure. Write for a copy of "Health and Beauty," written especially for women by Dr. Hartman. If you want to read of some cures also, write for a copy of "Facts and Faces." That will surely convince you that our claims are valid.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

RAIN CAN'T SAWYER'S TOUCH
THE MAN WHO WEARS SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Suits and Slickers
Warranted waterproof. Made to stand heat, cold and rough weather. Wash for trade mark. If your dealer doesn't have them, send for catalogue to H. M. SAWYER & SON, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y., East Cambridge, Mass.

Fortune seldom knocks at the door of the knocker.—Chicago Daily News.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

A luxury becomes a necessity just as soon as we can afford to have it.—Puck.

Just what it was 25 years ago,
St. Jacobs Oil
is now.
The prompt, sure cure for
SORENESS AND STIFFNESS
Price, 25c. and 50c.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

FREE TO WOMEN
PAXTINE TOILET
To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a flimsy sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ailments, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whitens the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.
Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 25 cents, large box, Satisfaction guaranteed.
THE H. F. PATTON CO., 201 E. Main St., Boston, Mass.
A. B. K.-A 1907

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and 1.00.

Write for FREE leaflet and most showing our best remedy for Catarrh, Gleet, Gonorrhea, etc., etc. F. W. Whitman, Cash, 101 East Main, Warren, Mich.

THE IRON PORT.

BY THE IRON PORT COMPANY.
MRS. LIVA E. CATES, MGR.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF ESCANABA AND DELTA COUNTIES.

Subscription Price, per Year, \$2.00

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.

ENORMOUS EXPORTS AND IMPORTS

The reports of the exports and imports recently issued will stagger some people, who have little idea of the extent of the business of the United States with foreign countries. The reports show that this country holds the balance of trade by more than four hundred millions of dollars, as represented by last year's trade. The imports exceeded one billion and the exports were \$1,414,786,954. These figures represent an enormous foreign trade. The rapidity of the growth of imports is marvelous and illustrates the hold that American goods have secured upon foreign markets. The imports consisted mainly of raw materials of manufactures. In another column the Port gives some figures that will be very interesting. The same figures show some of the causes of our prosperity. They show that the American invasion of the foreign markets is substantial, and there are no signs of cessation of the trade; on the contrary, there is every indication of a still greater increase during the coming year. The energy and push of American manufacturers is bringing rich rewards from abroad, and the results will stimulate them to renewed efforts to hold this trade. The figures shown are certainly very gratifying.

The imports into the United States exceed one billion dollars in the 12 months ending March 1903—for the first time in the history of our foreign commerce for that length of time. Prior to 1870 they had never reached as much as half a billion dollars in a single year, and it was not until 1890 that they reached three-quarters of a billion dollars in value, and now for the first time they passed the billion-dollar line.

Meantime, the exports have grown with like rapidity. In the 12 months ending with March, 1903, the total exports were \$1,414,786,954, against \$1,001,596,683 of imports, giving an excess of exports during the 12 months of \$413,190,271. Exports never reached a half billion dollars' value in a single year until after 1870.

In 1880 they passed, for the first time, the three-quarters of a billion dollars' line; in 1892 they, for the first time, exceeded \$1,000,000,000, and in the twelve months ending with March, 1903 they were \$1,414,786,954; and should the exports of April, May and June average as high as those for March they would bring the total exportations for the fiscal year past the \$1,500,000,000 line.

This increase in importation is chiefly in manufacturers' material.

While the details of the March imports are not yet completed by the treasury bureau of statistics, the figures for February and for the eight months ending with February show a marked increase in the proportion which manufacturers' materials form of the total importations.

In the month of February alone manufacturers' materials formed more than 50 per cent of the total imports. Of the total imports of February, 1903 51.3 per cent were manufacturers' materials, while in February 1902, only 47.4 per cent were manufacturers' materials. In the eight months ending with February, 1903, manufacturer's materials amounting to \$320,000,000, against \$270,000,000 in the corresponding months of the preceding year, an increase of nearly \$50,000,000, or nearly 2 per cent.

In the fiscal year 1885 the manufacturers' materials formed 33 per cent of the total imports; in 1895, 37 per cent; in 1899, 40 per cent; in 1892, 46 per cent in the eight months ending with

February, 1903, 47 per cent; and in the month of February, 1903, 51 per cent.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

Unquestionably it will be through education that the serious race question of the south will be solved. That it will take years to accomplish it is generally admitted; but the good work is going on steadily. Foremost among the workers is Booker T. Washington, the instigator of Tuskegee institute of Alabama. In this institute hundreds of the negroes are being prepared for a useful life.

Andrew Carnegie, whose greatest aim seems to be in favoring everything which has a tendency to uplift humanity has made an endowment of \$600,000 to the trustees of Tuskegee institute. In his letter Mr. Carnegie says:

"I have instructed Mr. Franks, my cashier, to deliver to you as trustees of the Tuskegee institute, \$600,000 five percent United States Steel company, first mortgage bonds toward an endowment fund.

"I have done this without reservation, except that I require that suitable provision be made from the gift for the wants of Booker T. Washington and his family during his own or his wife's life. I wish that great and good man to be entirely free from pecuniary cares that he be free to devote himself to his great mission.

"To me he seems one of the greatest of living men, because his work is unique, the modern Moses, who leads his race and lifts it through education, to even better and higher things than a land overflowing with milk and honey. History is to tell of two Washingtons, one white, the other black, both fathers of their people.

"I am satisfied the serious race problem of the south is to be solved wisely only through Mr. Washington's policy of education—which he seems to have been specially born for—a slave among slaves—to establish, and in his own day greatly to advance."

What is said to be the only Rocky mountain sheep in captivity has been turned loose in the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co.'s big game preserve on Grand Island, near Munising. Among other animals received in the same consignment are blacktail deer, mule deer, whitetail deer, antelopes, English gray rabbits, English black hares, snowshoe rabbits, jack rabbits, a southern and two northern beavers, 42 ringneck pheasants and ten blackneck pheasants. The island comprises several thousand acres and it is now well stocked with game, including many deer native to northern Michigan and a considerable herd of elk.

It seems to be up to the southern democratic papers to explain why they have made so much fuss over President Roosevelt's fifteen appointments of negroes to office, only seven of which were original appointments, while they made practically no complaint over the fifty-two appointments of negroes made by President McKinley. Has the negro become more odious or have the southern whites become more unreasonable and cantankerous?

Carnegie's gift of \$600,000 to the Tuskegee institute will do more good than ten times the amount to libraries. And not all his bestowals upon the latter combined have warmed as many hearts toward him as this one in furtherance of Booker Washington's grand work for the uplifting of the American negro.

Notice to Mariners.

Notice is hereby given that, on or about April 25, 1903, a gas buoy, painted black and showing a fixed white light, will be established to mark the easterly one of the new shoals to the northward of Waughoshance Shoal, northeasterly end of Lake Michigan, St. Helena light house N. 75° E. (ENE. 1 E.), 9 1/2 miles; McGulpin Point light house S. 85° E. (E. 9-16 S.), 13 1/2 miles; Waughoshance light house S. 52° W. (SW. 1/4 W.), 2 1/2 miles.

Notice is hereby given that, on or about April 28, 1903, a gas buoy, painted

black and showing a fixed white light, will be established to mark the westerly one of the new shoals to the northward of Waughoshance Shoal, northeasterly end of Lake Michigan, St. Helena light house N. 75° E. (ENE. 1-16 E.), 12 1/2 miles; McGulpin Point light house S. 85° E. (E. 7-16 S.), 16 1/2 miles; Waughoshance light house S. 43° E. (SE. 3-16 S.), 2 1/2 miles.

Notice is hereby given that, on or about April 25, 1903, this black buoy, showing a fixed white light, heretofore marking the wreck of the barge Winslow, will be permanently discontinued, the wreck having been removed.

Bearings are true and given approximately; miles are statute miles.

By order of the Light House Board.
Geo. C. RESEY,
Chairman.

DAILY GRIND DOES US GOOD.

Though It Seems to Wear at Times We Are All the Better For It.

How sick we all get of it now and then!—this treadmill of tasks from morn to eve, and then a few short hours of sleep and off we go again to the store, the office or the factory. It does not make such a big difference just what we are doing day by day. Whether measuring cloth, or listing accounts, or driving an electric car, or writing sermons, if we have a certain stint to do before Saturday night comes it stares us in the face until it is done, and when once attended to we have to go to work the next week and do it over again. And what is it all for, anyway?

The dollars and cents, of course, seem to be the main point in view, and for most of us there are never too many of them and often not quite enough to meet the pressing demands. And even if a little surplus accumulates and grows bigger week by week, that does not wholly satisfy us. It must be, if there is a good God somewhere in this universe and if the world is in the main constructed on rational lines, that the value of work, as an end in itself figured largely in the original design of the Creator. Anyhow, if you ever lose your job and knock in vain at a hundred doors for another chance, or if your health gives way, you look back at this matter of work from your new standpoint of the sick-bed, or your lack of employment, in quite another light. Then the daily grind seems about as desirable an anchor as a man can have. When you once get hold of some regular line of activity or the state of your health permits the resumption of the old duties, how good the routine feels again!

After all, there's nothing that links a man with his kind as this daily, daily grind. This is a working world, and the drones and the butterflies are comparatively few. It is a country where the rich work as well as the poor, and sometimes the rich work the hardest. And the men who work with their brains are often bound as closely to the wheel of duty as the men who toil with their hands.

Did you ever look up at the sun on your way to work in the morning or at the stars on your way home at night, and reflect with what precision and regularity the forces of nature perform their functions, so that the astronomers can calculate to a minute when the next eclipse will occur? It makes a human being's daily grind more endurable not to say congenial, to think that it is a part of the order of the world.—La Crosse Republican and Leader.]

A GREAT TRUTH.

How it Has Spread From Home to Home in Escanaba.

In every part of Escanaba; in the homes of the wealthy, in the humble abode of the man of toil, 'tis now a well-known—a great truth—that Doan's Kidney Pills have brought more comfort to backache sufferers and cured more sick kidneys than any medicine of modern times.

Mr. Edward Fleming, of 112 S. Fannie street, says: "I slipped as I went to step from a wagon, fell and injured my back and after that I had backache nearly all the time. I was told by a doctor that the nerves of my spine were injured and he treated me accordingly but my back still continued to ache so much that I was able to do but little work. When I read about Doan's Kidney Pills the general symptoms of kidney I suffered from I thought it would be well to try this remedy, so I procured a box at Mead's drug store and used it. The treatment benefitted me greatly and I noticed an improvement in a few days. Doan's Kidney Pills proved to be a remedy that can be depended upon that is the reason I recommend them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents a box. Foster-Ilburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

A Wonderful Invention.

It is interesting to note that fortunes are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Many of the most popular devices are those designed to benefit the people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been invented is the Dr. White Electric Comb, patented Jan. 1, '99. These wonderful combs positively cure dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, and when used in connection with Dr. White's Electric Hair Brush are positively guaranteed to make straight hair curly in 25 days' time. Thousands of these electric combs have been sold in the various cities of the

Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Our agents are rapidly becoming rich selling on sight. Send for sample. Men's size 35 cents, ladies, 50 cents—half price while we are introducing them. See want column of this paper. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

FISH LAW.

Has Been Amended as to Sections One, Six, Seven, Eight and Fifteen.

"Section 1. No person shall catch or take from any lake, river or stream of this state, by any means whatever, any speckled trout, land-locked salmon, grayling, California trout, Loch Leven trout or steel head trout, from the first day of September in each year until the first day of May following thereafter; nor shall any person catch or take any muskallonge, or any black, strawberry, green or white bass or sturgeon, by any means whatever, except by hook and line, from any such lake, river or stream, from the first day of March in each year to the first day of July following thereafter. It shall be lawful for the state board of fish commissioners to give permits in writing to any person to catch or take any such fish at such time and in such manner as they shall direct, for the purpose of propagation; but in case of any prosecutions for a violation of any of the provisions of this section, such permission must be shown affirmatively by the defendant.

Section 6. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, catch or kill, at any time, any speckled or brook trout, German trout, California trout, land-locked salmon, Loch Leven trout, steel head trout, or grayling, or any black, strawberry, green or white bass, or sturgeon in any manner whatever except by hook and line, in any waters of this state, excepting Lake Superior, Michigan, Huron and Erie, and the bays and harbors connected with said lakes and Saginaw Bay, or in any other waters under the provisions of any local act.

Section 7. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to kill or capture, in any manner whatever, in any of the waters of this state, or to have in possession, any brook trout, California trout, land-locked salmon, Loch Leven trout, steel head trout or grayling of a size less than seven inches in length.

Section 8. Hereafter it shall not be lawful for any person to take or catch, by any means whatever, any brook trout, Loch Leven trout, steel head trout, grayling or California trout from any stream in which brook trout, Loch Leven trout, steel head trout, grayling or California trout are not native, and which may have been stocked with such fish by the state board of fish commissioners, for the period of four years after the first planting of any such fish therein.

Section 15. It shall be unlawful for any person, under the penalties provided in section fourteen of this act, to kill or capture in any of the lakes, rivers or streams in this state, or any of their tributaries, more than fifty fish of any of the kinds hereinbefore mentioned in any one day, or to take with him therefrom or to have in his possession at any point away therefrom more than one hundred fish of said kinds at any one time.

This act is ordered to take immediate effect. Approved April 29, 1903.

I trust that all good citizens and true sportsmen will join in the enforcement of the foregoing law.

Send all information of violations of the fish and game laws to

CHARLES H. CHAPMAN,
State Game and Fish Warden,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

WELLS NOTES.

Wm. Buchholtz left for Mt. Clemens last Friday.

Mack Alley and E. P. Montieth transacted business here last Saturday.

John Powers, Allen Kirkpatrick, Ed. Woodford and Evan Edwards were here on business Monday.

The barge James Mowatt cleared for Buffalo yesterday with 700,000 feet of factory lumber.

The schooner Clara cleared last week with 350,000 feet of hemlock lumber for Detroit.

Chas. Doty and Harry Work transacted business here Wednesday.

W. H. Sheldon of Lansing was here Thursday on business.

NOTICE.

Of the Meeting of the Board of Education.

Escanaba, Mich., May 7th, 1903.—is hereby given that the Board of Equalization and Review for the City of Escanaba, Mich., will be in session at the city hall in said city on Monday the 18th day of May, 1903, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue in session at least four days successively thereafter, and as much longer as may be necessary, and at least six hours in each day, for the purpose of receiving, equalizing and correcting the assessment rolls of said city. At which time opportunity will be given any person so desiring to examine his, her or their assessment on said roll, and may show cause, if any exists, why the valuation thereof should be changed and the said board shall decide the same.

H. J. ROBERTSON,
City Clerk.

Al. H. Wilson.

Of the many theatrical enterprises exploited here during the present season one of the most interesting and thoroughly good productions will be Chas. H. Yale and Sidney R. Ellis'

presentation next Thursday, May 14, of Al. H. Wilson, the celebrated German dialect comedian and golden voiced singer, in the new romantic play, "A Prince of Tatters" (a tale of old New York) from the prolific pen of the brilliant writer, Mr. Sidney R. Ellis. Mr. Wilson has proved most emphatically his claim to a prominent place in the leading singing comedians of the present time. His voice is described as a rich, sympathetic baritone of exceptional sweetness and purity of tone, while his acting is claimed to be magnetic and full of delightful quaint comedy, in which he excels. A complete scenic production is carried to add to an almost perfect presentation, while a supporting company of more than ordinary strength adds to the general excellence. Mr. Wilson's songs for the present season include "The Mermaid and Buccaneer," "Whispering Breeze," "Winding of the Yarn," "Memory," "When Your Ship Comes Home" and "The Echo" (a yodel). The electrical and mechanical effects that are used are said to be something new to the stage and a pleasing novelty which add to a most creditable performance.

Consider Others Rights.

Owners of cows should not forget that the pound limits were extended past Maple street last year. The cows of that neighborhood must be descendants of the cow that jumped over the moon, for they leap over gates and fences with as much ease and grace as a professional acrobat. It is a common thing for the denizens of Maple street, to find three or four, grazing on the front lawn, or dancing a two step in the pansy bed, on arising in the morning, and this with gates closed and everything secure. The meanness of people who deliberately turn their cows loose in the city at night, without knowing or caring whose flowers or vegetables they are tramping on, is beyond compare, and there seems to be no redress, for those who are thus tormented. This is a good place in which to apply the Golden Rule.

DETROIT CLEVELAND AND NOYES CO.
THE COAST LINE TO MICHIGAN.

First Class Service
Safety, Comfort and Speed

The Coast Line to All Points on Great Lakes

NOTICE!

I am prepared to fill orders for all kinds of

LUMBER

Order from me and SAVE MONEY.
16 inch dry pine slab wood for sale at low figures.
Call at mill near Hospital or order by Finch Phone No. 326, 3 rings.

VICTOR De GRAND.

If you want to Buy Or if you want to sell

HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Call on

H. LOEFFLER.

Stove Repairing a Specialty

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

COMPLETE LINE ALWAYS IN STOCK.

HALE AND GEORGIA. E. M. ST. JACQUES

BETTER THAN THE OTHERS

That's the way you want to look; that's the way you want your clothes to look

FRIEND CLOTHES

will do it for you. They are better than the others. There is a little more care in the making, a little more art in the designing, a little more skill in the finishing

Look for the Friend Label in the right hand inside pocket

THE FRIEND GUARANTEED CLOTHES ARE FOR SALE BY

Fair Savings Bank

Escanaba Mich.

C. & N. W. Time Table.

No. 13 arrives from Chicago 5:32 a. m. No. 10 leaves 6:40 a. m. for Iron Mountain, Watersmeet and Ashland.
No. 5, arrives from Chicago at 8:40 a. m. No. 60 leaves at 8:15 a. m. for Metropolitan.
No. 16 leaves at 10:45 a. m. for Menominee, Green Bay, Milwaukee and Chicago.
No. 17, leaves at 1:55 p. m. for Negaunee, Ishpeming Marquette and Copper Country.
No. 21 arrives from Metropolitan at 6:10 p. m.
No. 6 leaves at 5:25 p. m. for Iron Mountain, Marinette, Green Bay, and way points.
No. 2 leave at 9:02 for Green Bay, Milwaukee and Chicago.
No. 11 passenger arrives at 10:00 p. m.

MORTGAGE SALE.

First Insertion Mar. 26, 1903, last June 30, 1903.
Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by William I. Ely and Martha F. Ely, his wife, of Gladstone, Michigan, to Frank P. Greene, dated June 21st, A. D., 1898, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Delta County, Michigan, on the 25th day of June A. D., 1898, in Liber O of Mortgages on page 223; and which said mortgage was on the 24th day of May, A. D., 1899, duly assigned by the said Frank P. Greene to Philomene Stonehouse, which said assignment was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Delta County, Michigan, on the 8th day of May A. D., 1899, in Liber P, on page 877; on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice the sum of Seven Hundred Thirty-nine and 87/100 (\$739.87) Dollars principal and interest, the sum of Thirty-eight and 76/100 (\$38.77) Dollars for taxes paid by said assignee according to the terms of said mortgage, together with an Attorney's fee of Twenty-five (\$25.00) Dollars, provided for in said mortgage, making the total amount due and unpaid at the date of this notice, the sum of Eight Hundred Three and 63/100 (\$803.63) Dollars, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and in pursuance of the statute in such cases made and provided, notice is hereby given, that on Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, A. D., 1903 at ten (10) o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Escanaba, Delta County, Michigan, (that being the place where the Circuit Court for Delta County is holden) the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, together with interest, said Attorney's fee and all legal costs, the said premises being described as follows, to-wit: All those certain pieces and parcels of land situate and being in the city of Gladstone, in the County of Delta, and State of Michigan and described as follows, to-wit: Lots number five (5) and (6) in Block number two (2) in Central Avenue Addition to the village, now city of Gladstone, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated, March 19th, 1903.

PHILOMENE STONEHOUSE,
Assignee of Mortgage.

I. C. JENKINS,
Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage.

Advertise in The Iron Post.

COMMON COUNCIL.

Recent Business Transactions of the City's Legislative Body.

MUCH PUBLIC WORK DONE

Other Municipal Matters of More or Less Interest to the Citizens of Escanaba, Official Proceedings.

Escanaba, Mich., April 30th, 1903—A special meeting of the common council of the city of Escanaba, was held in the council chamber Thursday evening, April 30th, 1903, called for the purpose of approving liquor bonds.

Present, the mayor and Aldermen Carey, Chabotte, Fernstrom, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Palmer, Peterson, Priestler, Smith and Tolan—13.

Upon motion of Alderman Smith the bonds of the following named liquor dealers were approved by the following vote: Ayes Carey, Fernstrom, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Palmer, Peterson, Priestler, Smith and Tolan—12. Nays, Carey—1.

Upon motion of Alderman Smith the bonds of the following named liquor dealers were approved by the following vote: Ayes Carey, Fernstrom, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Palmer, Peterson, Priestler, Smith and Tolan—12. Nays, Carey—1.

Chief fire d'p't as fire warden... 5 00 per month

Each fireman as follows: Each horseman or pipe-man, for first year continued service... \$50 00 per mo.

Each horseman or pipe-man, for second year continued service... 55 00 per mo.

Each horseman or pipe-man, for third year continued service... 60 00 per mo.

Each horseman or pipe-man, for fourth and succeeding years continued service... 65 00 per mo.

Each driver for first year continued serv 55 00 per mo.

Each driver for second year continued serv 60 00 per mo.

Each driver for third and succeeding years, continued service... 65 00 per mo.

Each lineman for first year continued serv 60 00 per mo.

Each lineman for second and succeeding years continued service... 65 00 per mo.

Each captain... 67 00 per mo. Provided, however, that no member of the fire department, now employed, shall receive less than \$60 per month.

Chief of police... \$65 00 per mo. Each patrolman... 60 00 per mo. St. Comm. when actual.

Carey, Chabotte, Fernstrom, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Palmer, Pariseau, Priestler, Smith and Tolan—13.

Upon motion of Alderman Kahlow the meeting was adjourned until Monday evening, May 4th, 1903. Ayes unanimous.

H. J. ROBERTSON, Clerk

Escanaba, Mich., May 4th, 1903—A charter meeting of the common council of the city of Escanaba, was held in the council chamber Monday evening, May 4th, 1903.

Present, the mayor and Aldermen Carey, Chabotte, Fernstrom, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Palmer, Peterson, Priestler, Smith and Tolan—13. Absent Alderman Pariseau—1.

The following ordinance offered by the ordinance committee was upon motion of Alderman Smith adopted by the following vote: Ayes, Carey, Chabotte, Fernstrom, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Palmer, Peterson, Priestler, Smith and Tolan—13.

ORDINANCE NO. 117. An ordinance fixing the salaries of the different officers of the city of Escanaba, Mich.

The City of Escanaba ordains:—Section 1. That the salaries of the following named city officials for their term of office, those whose term of office begins on the second Monday in April, 1903, and end on the second Monday in April, 1904, and those whose term of office begin on the first Monday in May 1903 and ends on the first Monday in May, 1904 shall be as follows:

Mayor... \$ 50 00 per annum

Each alderman... 50 00 " "

City attorney... 400 00 " "

City clerk... 900 00 " "

City treasurer... 600 00 " "

City physician... 200 00 " "

Health officer... 200 00 " "

Chief fire d'p't... 70 00 per month

Chief fire d'p't as fire warden... 5 00 per month

Each fireman as follows: Each horseman or pipe-man, for first year continued service... \$50 00 per mo.

Each horseman or pipe-man, for second year continued service... 55 00 per mo.

Each horseman or pipe-man, for third year continued service... 60 00 per mo.

Each horseman or pipe-man, for fourth and succeeding years continued service... 65 00 per mo.

Each driver for first year continued serv 55 00 per mo.

Each driver for second year continued serv 60 00 per mo.

Each driver for third and succeeding years, continued service... 65 00 per mo.

Each lineman for first year continued serv 60 00 per mo.

Each lineman for second and succeeding years continued service... 65 00 per mo.

Each captain... 67 00 per mo. Provided, however, that no member of the fire department, now employed, shall receive less than \$60 per month.

Chief of police... \$65 00 per mo. Each patrolman... 60 00 per mo. St. Comm. when actual.

ly employed... 2 25 a day; Jail keeper... 20 00 a mo. Poor commissioner... 40 00 a mo. Poundmaster from Mar.

15th to Dec. 15th... 40 00 a mo. City eng. when actually employed... 3 00 a day. This ordinance shall take immediate effect.

The mayor appointed the following named persons to fill the various offices for the ensuing year:

For Chf of Police, Dominick McCauley " City Phys., Dr. O. E. Youngquist " Health officer, Dr. H. W. Long. " Street Com., Bonander Smith. " Poor Com., Michael Early. " Poundmaster, Ezra Valentine. " Scavenger, William Marten. " Patrolmen, Michael Stern, Gust Brigman, Andrew Everson, Peter Monson Joseph Pinal.

It was moved by Alderman Tolan that various appointments as made by the mayor be confirmed by the council. The motion was lost by the following vote: Ayes Fernstrom, Palmer and Tolan—3. Nays, Carey, Chabotte, Franzen, Jensen, Kahlow, Lefebvre, Nelson, Peterson, Priestler and Smith—10.

Upon motion of Alderman Tolan the meeting adjourned. Ayes, unanimous.

H. J. ROBERTSON, City Clerk.

TRENNY ITEMS.

A considerable amount of wood is being cut in this vicinity at present. Geo. Demit has opened up a saloon. Jos. Heldman was called to Sturgeon Bay, Wis., on Saturday last by the death of his mother.

L. A. Davis will open a hardware store in the near future. Part of his stock has already arrived.

Marquette's New Court House. The cornerstone for the new court house for Marquette county was laid last Saturday afternoon in the city of Marquette. The impressive ceremony was made by the grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the state and was witnessed by thousands of spectators. Judge Streeter, of Houghton, made the address and it was an admirable one. The new court house will be the finest structure of its kind in the upper peninsula and will be a credit to the county and the progressiveness and intelligence of its citizens.

Methodist Episcopal Church. Morning service at 10:30, Sunday school at 12 m., Junior League at 3, Epworth League at 6:30— evening service at 7:30. Morning theme, "The Lord the Healer." Evening theme, "The Surprise." Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. All citizens are cordially invited to be present at the services of the church.

An Error. The statement in last week's issue of The Iron Post to the effect that Myron Drake had been to Green Bay for an operation for appendicitis was an error, and we gladly correct it. Mr. Drake was operated upon in our own Delta county hospital and credit is due to Drs. Cotton and Phillips for the very successful operation.

Drives Progressing. The past ten days of wet weather though very unpleasant, have not passed without doing some good. The drives on the streams near the head of the bay which were hung up a short time ago because of the lack of water, are now set free and the logs are coming down rapidly.

Wedding at North Escanaba. On Thursday afternoon occurred the wedding of Andrew Mills and Miss Mable Harvey both of North Escanaba. After a brief wedding journey the young couple will be at home at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Harvey.

Card of Thanks. Mrs. Jesse Wright wishes to thank all the friends who so kindly assisted her during the last illness of her son, Jesse Wright, and especially the Sons of Veterans and the pall bearers, viz: George Rafferty, Fred Gesl, Alvin Eddy and Frank Perrow.

Notice. There will be a pantry sale at Ellsworth's drug store on Saturday, May 9th, all day. Any one desiring home made baking can procure it there, fresh and wholesome, on that day until 4 o'clock. The sale is given by the ladies of the W. C. T. U.

Musical Recital. The pupils of Mrs. Cora Hicks Brace gave a very entertaining musical at her studio on Monday afternoon. Roy Garland, Elsie and Bert Holmes, Roy Hansen, Mable Hansen and Ida Glazer were the participants.

Sa Bu Ca REGULATING HEALTH—MAKING LIVER PELLETS

A purely Vegetable Tonic Pill. Their action is thorough yet so gentle and mild that it is

A PLEASURE TO TAKE THEM. Easy to take—so small—and as sweet as sugar—the best made.

Get Them at Sourwine & Hartnett's

PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS

Personal and Social Paragraphs of the Week Gleaned Here and There.

MANY DANCING PARTIES

Dancing, Card Parties and Afternoon Teas and Entertainments of Various Characters Briefly Chronicled.

Prof. A. S. Whitney of the University of Michigan, who visited the High school recently, has recommended that it be replaced on the University accredited list, for the full term of three years. It will also be placed on the accredited list of Ripon college. Any time our high school takes a back seat, let us know it.

A Galesburg business man wrote a customer an urgent request for the payment of a small account and excused his impertinence on the ground that his wife was going visiting and the more money he could let her have the longer she would stay.

LADY AGENT WANTED—Who can speak French and English if possible. Leave address at Iron Post office.

Rev. J. S. Andrews, pastor of the Baptist church, contemplates a trip to Canada, to enable him to recuperate from a severe attack of nervous prostration.

The schools at North Escanaba are closed because of diphtheria. To sell or rent at Rapid River, a hotel and forty acres of land. Inquire of MRS. JOSEPH FISH, Rapid River, Mich.

C. C. Conley, principal of the North Escanaba school is spending a few days at Marquette during his enforced vacation.

Miss Edith Wyant is making her annual visit to her homestead near Trombley.

WANTED—A hustler to carry three or four brands of cigars as a side line. Lowest prices and cash sales only. CABINET CIGAR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Samuel E. Beardsley of Garden received the nomination as second alternate candidate for midshipman in the U. S. Navy at the Naval Academy at Annapolis from Congressman Young.

The young man has taken his examination here in Escanaba.

THEO. E. LOHFF, the Architect, is now located in the Corcoran building at 604 Ludington and will be pleased to furnish you with building plans and specifications.

Marriage licenses have been issued at the county clerk's office for Walter Rolston of Gladstone and Clara Lidberg of Ishpeming, Joseph Schwickatfer and May Cotta both of Escanaba, Philip Louis and Jennie Stock both of Gladstone.

John Geraldson, night clerk at the New Ludington, has returned to his home in Gladstone and will be employed in the Marble Axe factory.

I hereby forbid any merchant in the city of Escanaba to sell to any one goods charged to my account, as I refuse to pay for same.

OTTO MILLER. The Phi Alpha Fraternity gave a very enjoyable dancing party Friday evening at Clark's hall.

Frank W. Simpson arrived Wednesday from Chicago to accept a position as night clerk at the New Ludington. Mr. Simpson is an experienced hotel man and knows his business.

WANTED.—Live agents to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb, patented Jan. 1, '99. Cures dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, yet costs no more than an ordinary comb. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. Send 50c for sample (half price). Write quick. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

John Hubert and Miss Flora DeGrandgagnage, both of this city, were married at St. Anne's church Tuesday. The ceremony was followed by a reception and general merrymaking at the home of the bride's parents.

The entertainment furnished by the High school in the Jefferson school Saturday was an excellent one and was liberally patronized. Refreshments were served after the programme was concluded.

A peculiar accident occurred Wednesday on Ludington street. A bicyclist ran into a horse and buggy with such force that one of the front wheels of the buggy was broken completely off. The bicycle was not broken and the rider escaped with a few bruises.

Chas. Beauchau and Agnes Gardner of Groos were united in marriage Tuesday in St. Anne's church. After a short trip to Menominee the young couple returned Wednesday to attend a dance given for them at Duranecan's.

The annual sale of delinquent taxes is to be held by County Treasurer Burns.

The funeral of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Leppold was held Tuesday afternoon at the family residence, Rev. F. F. Greene conducted the ceremony.

The fire department was called out early Tuesday morning by a fire in Capt. Geo. Shipman's tug WaWa which was tied to the gravel dock. The fire which started around the boiler was promptly extinguished.

Engineer Chas. J. Nearman of the

E. & L. S. was brought to the Delta County hospital Tuesday with his right leg fractured. The injuries were received in a collision which occurred Tuesday morning near Cornell. No one else was injured.

Ed. Follo has accepted a position in Ammerman's drug store and intends to follow the drug business.

Wm. Grenier was pleasantly surprised Wednesday evening by a party of friends. Dancing at Dupont's hall was indulged in by the young people.

A very pleasant dancing party was given for Miss Verna Moger in Clark's hall Thursday evening.

The Red Cross degree was conferred in Escanaba Commandry No. 47 on Thursday evening. This was the first work of the new officers and they acquitted themselves well.

Numerous and extensive improvements are being made at the Cash Mercantile branch store on Ludington street to accommodate the entire business of the two stores which will be removed to that place shortly.

Attend the pantry sale at Ellsworth's drug store today.

All union barber shops have decided to close at eight o'clock on Wednesday night.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Hewitt 730 S. Jennie street on Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

COLEMAN NEE, Brick, Lime, Cement, Plaster and Hair, Hard and Soft Coal and Fire Wood.

H. M. STEVENSON, Jeweler and Optician, Eyes tested free. All work guaranteed.

ED. ERICKSON, Dry Goods, Carpets, Clothing, Dress Goods and Men's Furnishings.

ERICKSON & BISSELL, Wholesale and Retail Groceries and Provisions.

MARTIN T. LYONS, Embalmer, Funeral Director.

F. H. ATKINS & CO., Groceries and Provisions.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DRS. C. H. & H. W. LONG, Physicians and Surgeons.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

DR. WM. ELLIOTT, LATE OF NEW YORK, Specialty Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases.

GROCERIES

A Fresh and Complete Stock Always on Hand.

Prices Reasonable Prompt Delivery. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A Trial Order Solicited.

S. W. BRENNAN, 426 S. Fannie St., Escanaba

FINCH

Gives a service unequalled in the history of the telephone.

HAVE ONE PUT IN

CERESOTA FLOUR

Enjoys the reputation of being the best Flour on the market. Sold only by



C. Maloney & Co.

Everything in the line of Flour, and Feed at lowest prices

THE HADDEN RODEE Company.

Commission Merchants

Grain, Provisions, Stocks, Bonds, Coffee, Cotton, Copper Stocks, Bought and Sold for Cash or on margin.

Members Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce.

Correspondence solicited. Write us for our market letters. Private wires to Milwaukee, Chicago, New York, Boston. References, First National Bank, Escanaba, Mich., and Milwaukee, Wis. We pay cash for all certificates sold, upon delivery.

Bell 'Phone 561. Finch 'Phone 211 Office, Corcoran Block. 604 LUDINGTON STREET.

GEORGE W. DILLON, Mgr.

GOOD SEEDS.

Now is the time you will want your seeds, and the place to buy is at

FALK & BUCHAN, 300 Ludington Street, Escanaba.

Red Clover, White Clover, Alsike Clover, Timothy, Red Top Orchard and Lawn Grass Seed, Wheat, Barley, Buckwheat, Early Flint Corn, the corn for this country, Early Dent Corn and Ensilage Corn, Scotch and White Marrowfat Peas, Dwarf Essex Rafe and Flax, early and late Potatoes for seed, Onion sets and all kinds of Garden seeds. We sell only the best.

We buy Hay, Oats and all Farm Produce. Come and see us or write us four wants. We would like your trade can we have it?

Yours to please, FALK & BUCHAN, Escanaba. Sturgeon Bay, Wis 300 Ludington St.

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LAVOSAL

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Transforming the bath of Duty to one of Delight.

Will you be convinced by our recommendation? If so step into our store and we shall be pleased to demonstrate the usefulness of this preparation. Lavosol is a delightful toilet luxury. It purifies and perfumes the water, at the same time transforming it into natural rain water, making the bath refreshing, stimulating and strengthening. Price 25c.

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PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO.

THE IRON PORT.

THE IRON PORT CO., publishers.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Honeycomb and Honey

By F. H. LANCASTER

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"You made me a vow, remember, As low and as true as mine. And both of the vows, my darling, Were made of the same moonshine."

SINGING the words with careless energy, the girl flung open the blinds of her study and found herself facing the man who had moved into the next house overnight.

"Shut up," he snarled, not expecting her to hear.

"I won't," she replied, hearing, and finished her song. The words were Henry Rightor's, but the tune, if such it might be called, was all her own. For she sang because her heart was light, and not because her voice was good. Had it been the other way about she would not have sung. As it was, she worked her will with Rightor's rhythm and did some damage to it.

The man in the next house frowned fiercely. Broken vows had been a sore subject with him for a week—ever since he had waked to the fact that his name was on the wrong man's paper. An error that had cost him a cool \$3,000.

"And both of the vows, my darling, Were made of the same moonshine."

"Not at all," he commented grimly, "one of the vows was made of paper."

The girl, dusting her study and making ready for the day's work, sang on willfully to the last verse:

"But 'twas sweet in the old soft weather, When Creola skies were blue, To live and to laugh together, And love as we used to do."

And that knave of an agent had vowed that the occupants of the next house were quiet, studious. "Another moonshine vow." But his frown had lost its fierceness, and he looked after the girl a little wistfully as she went away for breakfast.

"Well, I do know," the girl announced as she peeled a pomegranate, "I do know our new neighbor is a beast."

"Why so," they chorused, the man and woman already at table.

"Leaned from his window and told me to shut up."

The man, tall, young and blond, took the pomegranate from her hand and peeled industriously.

"Were you singing?" he asked.

"You think that he was justified," she demanded, laughing.

"Why, of course, he was not speaking to you, Miriam," her mother protested.

"I do not know who he was speaking to, then. At any rate, I had the satisfaction of telling him I wouldn't do it."

"So you are on speaking terms already, and your study blinds hit him when they are open. I predict trouble." The young man divided the pomegranate and gravely appropriated one half.

"Trouble for the beast? Right, unless he learns better manners. Trouble for you, unless you turn over the other half."

He hesitated a moment before trusting blindly to Mrs. Nixon's ignorance of classical allusions.

"You remember what the king of hades said to Persephone about the pomegranate?"

"I remember what he said about the pomegranate seed. Struck me as quite king-of-hades-like to require one to down such a dose. Imagine trying to split one of these hard little things," she added, reflectively.

"Oh, I could do it," he assured her, and by way of illustration, produced his penknife and split several seeds with neat deftness.

"Very good," she commented carelessly, and fell to discussing the latest nine-day wonder with her mother.

"What can have become of Charley. He has been due ten days."

"Mr. Alton is going west to look for him," explained her mother.

"Are you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Alton. He split another seed and pushed half of it across to her. "Try biting that; it is not so hard."

Miriam obeyed absently and munched the cloven seed apparently forgetful of its significance. "Have you heard anything about Charley?" she asked.

"As to where he is?" Alton parried.

"Have you heard anything at all?" she insisted.

"Nothing of any consequence."

But Mrs. Nixon took up the theme.

"If you have heard anything at all, it is our right to know."

"Certainly," he assented.

"Don't be a beast," Miriam broke out impatiently. "Tell us just exactly what you have heard. We are not given to hysterics."

"But I don't know that what I have

heard is true," Alton fenced desperately.

"What is it," she persisted.

"Why, only that he had to meet some notes on the tenth, and well, the man on his bond met them."

"Were you that man?"

"Of course not!"

"What was his name?"

"Jaston, I believe; Mark Jaston."

"Mark Jaston? My beast? I saw his name on a fly-leaf this morning. The book was in his window. Mamma! I suppose he moved in to size up our monetary—How much is it?"

"Three thousand, I believe."

"Well, he shall have it. If—"

"What are you going to do, Miss Miriam—Miriam?" He overtook her at the door and stopped her with his hand on her arm. "Give me a week to get Charley here. If I don't succeed we will settle the matter legally."

"I will settle it."

"Very well. You will settle it. Charley is either sick or snow-bound or else he has a good thing in sight and believes Jaston to be man enough to— By George, why didn't he get my name on his plaguey paper?"

Miriam went back to her study and stared frankly into that study next door. The man writing at his desk looked up and bowed slightly. He had not meant for her to hear.

"Mr. Jaston, I wish to say to you that a friend of mine has gone to look for Mr. Charley Nixon. Have you his address?"

"My dear lady, allow me to assure you that had I had the least knowledge of his probable whereabouts a friend of mine, in a blue coat, would have gone to look for Charley Nixon a week ago."

"Don't be a beast," Miriam advised in her usual explosive manner, "I am ready to give you my note for the amount of my brother's shortage."

"I have no desire to be a beast, but what is your note good for?" Jaston asked quietly.

"It is good for 18 hours a day until the forfeit is paid," she said hotly.

A look of honest admiration came over the man's habitually harassed expression.

"We'll give Charley ten days more to turn up. I didn't know he was your brother."

Jaston sat for some time in the window before he returned to his. He had been a keen speculator all his life, but speculations have a knack of starving one's soul. Now, a famished soul, like any other famished thing, is apt to overfeed when the opportunity is offered. That was what Jaston did. Memory standing by to see that the feast was kept well supplied, albeit the feast was mostly of wine. Such a situation spells intoxication. Before the week was out the soul had drunk itself quite drunk with liquid tones and sparkling eyeballs. For Jaston and the plucky girl had become good friends.

It was foolish of the poor soul to make a feast of such small matters, but so it did, and made so merry withal that it scarcely heeded the significance of Charley's return. A return of \$3,000! Jaston thrust the check carelessly into his pocket and came over to the window.

"Why don't you sing something while you are righting up?" he asked when he found her cleaning her typewriter.

"What shall I sing?" she queried, a bit absently. Charley's return was not wanting in significance for her.

"Why, that little thing about it being pleasant to live and laugh together," he prompted quickly. "You remember?"

"I know," she said, and her untrained voice ran on:

"You made me a vow, remember, As deep and as true as mine, And both of the vows, my darling, Were made of the same moonshine."

"But pomegranate seed are not made of moonshine."

Jaston looked up sharply at the sound of this new voice. A tall, blond young man blocked the space between him and the girl. The voice persisted with a sweep of masterful tenderness.

"We have eaten our cloven pomegranate seed, Miriam."

"I know," Jaston heard her say, but he had never heard her say it that way before. He closed his window softly and drew down the blind. In the semi-darkness his soul sat sighing over her shattered cup, but the man only said to her with grim directness:

"You have eaten your honeycombs with your honey."



HE HAD NOT MEANT FOR HER TO HEAR.

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BY-OH BABY.

Like a breath upon the pane Day is sped, 'tis night again, Darkness covers hill and plain, Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby.

Just a humble trundle-bed, When the hours of day are sped, For my little tousel-head, Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby.

Just a hiding of the blue Of the skies and eyes of you, Just a jollity or two, Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby.

Just a roughly home-made spread And hunk pillow for your head.

Just a little trundle-bed, Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby.

But, oh, Tousel-head, my dove, Years when mamma's up above, You'll look back to it with love, Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby.

Now the eyelids flutter down, Now the shadows hide the town, Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby.

God watch over where you lie, Smooth the pillows your feet must try, Reunite us by and by! Bye-oh, bye-oh, baby. —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

LAUGHING GAS AND MUSIC.

Dentist in Chicago Falls and Plugs Teeth to the Merry Tunes of Popular Songs.

"Laughing gas with music" is the latest combination of science effected by an enterprising Chicago dentist, reports the Inter Ocean.

"Tooth-pulling a pleasure—a band concert with each extraction," is the motto of this dentist. Street pianos avoid the block in which his office is situated, for out of the windows float the strains of "Mr. Dooley," "The Holy City," and rollicking airs from "The Prince of Pilsen," instead of the shrieks and groans of patients.

"Which tooth?" asks the dentist of a prospective patient. "Ah, this one? Looks like a stubborn one. Oh, no, it won't hurt a bit. What did you say your favorite opera was?"

At this point the new patient gets restless, and, with the rubber dam in his mouth, gurgles something about "looking for a dentist, not a theater."

With the air of an impresario, a Fanciulli or a Sousa, the dentist moves about his work. The gas bag is brought out, and with it a mysterious box with long tubes attached.

"There's Only One Girl!" begins to be ground out and the patient passes away, and when he awakes the tooth is out and there is surprise at seeing the blazing sun instead of the falling curtain of an opera.

"It's great," said the dentist, "but it sometimes causes strange fancies among my vic—er—patients, I mean. One man attempted to throw violets on the stage when he heard 'The Melancholy Marshmallow.' It takes only a few gulps of the gas and the soothing influence of 'The Palms,' to put the most nervous patient in shape for operation."

"No, I can't say that Gottschalk's 'Last Hope' or the 'Swan Song' is popular. Take a sweet, impressionable young woman, with dreamy blue eyes, and fluffy hair, and I turn on: 'There's Nobody Just Like You.' Effect! Well, I should say so. Just a gulp or two and I can pull every tooth in a mouth. Sometimes they even want encores and are willing to sacrifice another tooth just for the concert and the gas effect."

"For the youngsters I have some lively catchy music. After I pulled four molars for a boy the other day he woke up and asked me which way the circus parade had gone."

"The music soothes the patients and they are more readily affected by the gas. They do not hear the noise of the street, and, fixing their thoughts on the music, they do not fight against the gas and become unconscious more quickly. The therapeutic value of music in dentistry is now recognized."

IT WAS YEARLING MEAT.

The Animal Was Much Older, But He Had Taken on Flesh in the Last Year.

Old John Early, a Dahlonga Georgia negro, is quite a character in his way; and well known to every man, woman and child for miles about the country. After serving his master in war times he was given a strip of land whereon he built a cabin and settled down contentedly, relates the New York Times. He does odd chores for the townsfolk, and raises chickens and small fruit with which he supplies regular customers, among them Major Brown, who has been his staunch friend for years. One day not long ago John appeared at the major's domicile with a fine-appearing head of beef which he offered for sale at \$16. As it is a custom thereabout for private individuals to slaughter and dress their winter's provision of beef on the premises, the major looked upon the deal with favor.

"Where did you get him, John?" he asked.

"Baked him, sur. His meat is tender as butter, sur, not mosh'n a year old."

"A year old? Why, John, he's the biggest yearling I ever saw." Then the major took a nearer view at John's wares.

"John," he said, solemnly, "you can't fool me. That's the very same old ox that you've been hauling wood with for the last 15 years. I know him by the star on his forehead, know him as well as I know the scar on my hand. I didn't think you'd try to beat your best friend!" he chided.

"No moah I wouldn't, nuther," John protested, resolutely. "I told you de truf about dat beef, sur; I really did. Dat meat is plumb like a yearlin's. Hit's obliged to be. You rec'lect dat crittur like he was last year, sur?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"He warn't much fat, was he?"

"Lean as a rail. Nothing but hide and hair on him."

"No meat?"

"Not a pound. Don't you remember I used to get after you about working him too hard?"

"Yes, sur. Well, sur, yo' own words prove jest what I'm tellin' you. Dat meat's all young an' tender, 'case it's been raised in less dan a year, every pound ob hit. When I put him in de stall he didn't hab a pound ob meat on him, an' what he's got now ain't a year old. Dat so, cunel!"

The colonel declared himself beaten. "Better not try to sell him up here, John," he laughed; every one knows him too well. Take him down to Gainesville, and if you don't make \$16 out of him, just stop at my house on your way back."

KISS AS PRINTERS.

In Wadsworth, England, there is a printing department run entirely by nuns. It is used principally for the printing of sacred books for the use of choirs, such as hymnals, psalters, missals and the like. The productions do not bear the stamp of the amateur in the least, and the high standard of excellence is particularly shown in the music printing.—Albany Argus.

HARD TO BEAR.



When the back aches and pains so badly, can't work—can't rest—can't sleep—can't eat—it's hard to bear.

Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured. People are learning that backache pains come from disordered Kidneys, that Doan's Kidney-Pills cure every Kidney illness—Bladder troubles, urinary derangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of Kidney specifics: J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murrey Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Walls will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.

DON'T GET WET!

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE SLICKER

MADE FAMOUS BY A DEPUTATION EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

TOWER'S garments and hats are made of the best materials in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work.

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED IF YOU STICK TO THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

TOWER CANADIAN CO. TORONTO, CAN.

TO HOMESEEKERS

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CORRESPONDENCE with Real Estate Agents in the North invited.

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GRAIN GROWING. MIXED FARMING.

The reason why more wheat is grown in Western Canada is a few short months, its location, vegetation grows in perfect soil, the heavy soil, the latitude in which grain will grow in perfection, the better it is, therefore, the better it is. Therefore, 10 pounds per bushel is an average yield in Western Canada, 1905.

Yield, 1905, 117,000,754 Bushels.

HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE, the only charge for which is \$10 for making entry. An abundance of water and fuel, cheap building material, good grass for pasture and hay, a fertile soil, a sufficient rainfall, and a climate giving an abundant and early season of growth. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature and also for certificates giving you reduced fares and passenger rates. Also, Superintendents of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to C. A. BURGESS, 65 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill. or V. McLELLAN, No. 3 Avenue Theater Bldg., Detroit, Mich. or J. H. GIBBY, 201 St. Paul, Minn. or T. O. CURRIE, Callahan Bldg., 411 Broadway, New York, N. Y. or J. C. DUFFAN, Room 4, 107 St. Wm., Winnipeg, Wis. or J. C. DUFFAN, Room 4, 107 St. Wm., Indianapolis, Ind., the authorized Canadian Government Agents.

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through Hires Rootbeer—delicious preparation of roots, herbs, bark and berries. Nature's own prescription. Benefits every member of the family.

Hires Rootbeer

purifies the blood, cools the throat and places the palate. A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere by retail. Sole Importers, Charles E. Hires Co., Allentown, Pa.

A NEW IDEA FOOD TO MAKE YOU WELL



The New Life-Saving Food PREVENTS DISEASE—PRESERVES HEALTH—PROLONGS LIFE.

There are many emulsions for sale. There is only one emulsion which possesses the True Vitalizing Food Properties needed to build up the Weakened, Devitalized System, and that is OZOMULSION.

Have You Tried It?

Ozomulsion is the Only Vitalized emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, combined with the blood-germicide Gualacol, the emulsifier food Glycerites, and the Bone and Tissue-building Salts of Lime, the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Ozomulsion is the Food That Does Good. It is an aid to any medicine you may be taking. Your physician knows the formula and will recommend it.

The great and marvelous building, strengthening properties of Ozomulsion are quickly shown in its Immediate Good Results for Coughs, Colds, Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Throat and Lung Troubles, Night Sweats, Consumption and Inflammation of the Nose, Lungs, Larynx, Intestines, Spleen, Kidneys and Liver, Anemia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all disturbances of the digestive, nervous or circulatory systems.

Its Wonderful Blood-making, Tissue-building and Strength-producing Elements make it a great curative Medicinal Tonic, Reconstructive Vitalizing Food, which Makes the Sick Well.

To prove its great medicinal food value, and what it has done for others, and will do for you, a large

Trial Bottle Free By Mail

will be sent, prepaid, to any reader of this paper on request.

It is the Emulsion Physicians Use and Prescribe, and Druggists sell in Large Bottles, Weighing over Two Pounds, for One Dollar.

Write by Postal Card or Letter, giving your name and full address.

Ozomulsion Food Co. 95 Pine St., New York.



THE IRON PORT.

THE IRON PORT CO., MICHIGAN.
ESCAWABA, MICHIGAN.

AFTER SUNSET.

Over my head the skylark singeth,
Though the sun hath set and the night
draws nigh;
What is the message that sweet song
bringeth?
Is it a hint that a day gone by—
Gone by—gone by—may return again,
And the time of waiting go past like rain?
The lark still sings as he upward flieth
Through the dusk-blue air, and the
notes drop down
To the listening earth, and my heart
that crieth
For the breath of spring and the sum-
mer's crown.
Ah! crown of summer, dost hang as far
As over the skylark that lone white star?
Oh, lonely star! But the song hath ended,
The purple mountains grow darker yet;
Moon will the crimson and gray be
blended,
And nought to tell where the sun hath
set;
The blue dusk deepens, more stars there
be;
What is the promise ye hold for me?
Where the hills drop down to the sea,
Which spurneth,
For ever and ever, the patient land;
Where the blue hills melt to the blue sky,
burneth
A distant fire like a love-lit brand.
My steps descend, and it goes from sight,
But I know it is strong for the coming
night.
Oh, stars and fire! Is your inward mean-
ing
To tell of hope for the days to be?
Of an hour when Time shall go backward
leaving
To pluck white roses and red for me?
And the joy which is past come back—
come back—
With a threefold strength that shall
nothing lack?
—Clara Singer Foynter, in Chamber's
Journal.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

Copyright 1901, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"You wait," she replied. "Ye don't deserve no garden angel, but ye got to hev one all the same. Whut d'ye think o' that?" She reached out to a beam which supported the flooring and unhooked something from it. "There!" she exclaimed. "Wuz ye took in, or wuzn't ye?" My eyes fell upon a coat, waistcoat and trousers; indeed, there were two pairs, one made as knee breeches, and the other pair the long coverings of a young man of fashion. "An' I'll bet ye'll find the counter-pairs o' 'em in them boory draw's," said Glorianna. "Perhaps it's a bicycle suit," said I. "She may like to ride so in the evening. They tell me that, in Paris the women look almost like men. I know she's lived abroad." I stopped short. This knowledge I had gained from the letters; I must not divulge it too soon. "An' whut say to this?" and Glorianna began to remove from the coat-pockets some cigarette stumps, and those little books that I have seen young men take out and tear up to roll their tobacco in. "Well, it's all the same thing. She acknowledged that she smoked. I spoke to her about it. Many women do it. It's considered a rather stylish accomplishment, I believe. She may smoke and wear boy's clothes to ride in, and still be a young woman. Don't you think so, Glory?" "And whut do ye say to this?" asked Glorianna, ignoring my humble plea. She had pulled a letter from one of the pockets, and was holding it to the light. "Dear Jim," she began. "Isn't it about time we got on to something?" "Stop! Glorianna," said I, "this is really too much! She could have you arrested for that." "Oh Lordy!" said Glorianna as she dropped the letter and skipped up the remaining steps. "Now go right back," said I, "and place those things exactly as you found them. She told me about her brother Jim, and about his being dead. These are evidently his clothes, and we have been laying bare her dearest secrets. Come! Hang them up quickly, and come out of the cellar." "Yes'm," said Glorianna, Towner, meekly. "Now don't ever let me hear of your going into that cellar again through this room," said I, emboldened by the change of front. "No'm," said Glorianna. "I wun't, fer I'm a-goin' home this noon." Thus was my soul torn with constant warnings from Glorianna, with constant anxieties about money matters, and, I must say, with constant suspicions about my lower-front. It was dreadfully wearing, and I was relieved in mind when Aunt Jane Mary began to thump. Glorianna did not go to noon, nor for many moons after that. I think now that she was quite conscious when she was well off, but at the time I feared her departure with every day that dawned, and I was in dreadful bondage to her, to Baldwin Towner through her, to my lower-front, and not the least to Aunt Jane Mary. My lower-back did not worry me at all, and my upper-back, Dr. Wynne, was a delight and a joy. His cough began to desert him now, and he grew steadily better. Marmaduke Smith came out to see him every day or two, and they often walked in the lower garden of an afternoon, or

sat in the arbor conversing in low tones. He said it was about the college taking his volumes on "The Lost Tribes" as a text-book. I knew that President Smith would help him out if he could. He said that if that were settled he would go on to Washington at once, but that Marmaduke must apply to the trustees, and that couldn't be until the next Monday. Sometimes they came in and sat on the piazza as the sun was setting, and their talk was always of books and the higher education, until I really got rather tired of having so much learning about me. Sometimes it happened that Miss Dacres would come home while they were sitting there. She never seemed to like it, and usually she rode on, and came back when President Smith had left and Dr. Wynne had gone upstairs. If they were still there when she came past the second time, she would go on again, or else stand her wheel against the tree, open the gate, and walk swiftly round the house. I told her once that it wouldn't do any harm to be introduced to two of the most learned men of modern times, but she always replied that she had come for rest, and not for education, and she meant to get it if possible. Why she should know these people just because I did she could not see. Americans, she said, were always crazy to introduce people who didn't want to know each other.

CHAPTER V.

And now, it seems to me, begins the most interesting part of my story, the beginning of the end. One day the ladies, ever thoughtful, had sent the carriage down to see if I would not like to go for an airing. It was quite late in the afternoon, but I had told them that it was the only time when I could possibly accept their kind offer, as then my daily round had been accomplished. It was tiresome to drive alone, but Miss Elizabeth had a severe headache, and Miss Evelyn could not leave her. I first knocked at the door of my lower-front to see if she would not like to take the vacant seat. In truth, it came into my mind that perhaps in the close companionship that a long drive brings about she might be willing to say a little more about herself, and I was anxious to learn what there was to tell before I began to suggest anything to the ladies. I knocked, but no voice responded; I opened her door a little way, but the room was empty. I almost wished that I could bundle up Aunt Jane Mary and take her out with me. Then suddenly I bethought me of Dr. Wynne. I ran up to his room and knocked. He came slowly to the door, as became an old and weak man, and my heart reproached me that I had not thought of him at first. "Dr. Wynne," said I, "will you take a drive with me? I won't say a little drive, because I shall stay out just as long as I can." "Let me see," said Dr. Wynne, smiling and showing his fine teeth. I always wondered to see them so white and firm! "Isn't this my day for President Smith?" He went to his table and fumbled with a calendar with the trembling uncertainty that is so pitiful in old age. "Ah," he said, "here it is. No, he does not come to-day. Yes, I am at liberty to go with you. I shall enjoy it very much. Can you show me the old Swedes' meeting house? I have always wanted to see it." "Certainly," said I. "Our road lies that way." "That pleases me very much," said Dr. or Elder Wynne, as he preferred to be called. He came slowly down the stairs and out through the garden and climbed into the great, roomy carriage. I covered his thin old knees with the lap-robe and we were off. "Where to M'?" said old John. "Along the Winchester road and through the Overly lane to the Swedes' meeting house." John touched his hat, and we sped swiftly along. The day was balmy and we had the windows down, but Elder Wynne kept pulling up the lap-robe when it slipped away. We drove several miles and then turned into the Overly lane. Here the young trees, which were just bursting into earliest bud, met overhead. I felt sure that the woods must hold for me some treasures in the shape of woodland flowers. "Would you mind, Dr. Wynne, if I were to get out a moment to search for flowers?" "No," said he, "not at all." I went through an opening in the fence and along the stream. There were little patches of snow still lying in the shaded spots, and I realized that there could be no flowers; that I had come to the wrong place; then I turned to retrace my path, when just under a great tree upon a flat stone I saw something lying. I picked it up. It was Miss Dacres' pocket-book. I had seen it in her hands several times. I put it in my pocket, and quite forgot it as I continued my search for flowers. There was nothing to reward me, and I returned to my carriage. Elder Wynne was quivering about the Lost Tribes (and I can truthfully say that I wished many a time that day that he had never found them) when John drew up at the door of the church. The stone step was but a few paces away from the road, and I alighted and helped the old man down. I was wondering if I should have to go on to Maltby's, the sexton of the new meeting house, and get the key, when I saw that the door was open a little crack. I pushed it, and it gave at my touch. I walked into the semi-darkness,

holding to Elder Wynne's hand that he might not stumble, and together we entered the vestibule of the church, and then I pushed on to the main door. This, too, I thrust open, and then we stood in the central aisle of the old stone building. "Hist!" The sound came out of the darkness. "Who is that?" said I. "Maltby, is that you?" I heard. "We've—I've seen enough. It's a very interesting old—" By this time the speaker was close to me, and we recognized each other at the same moment. "Oh Mrs. Brathwaite! Is that you? What a queer place to meet you in." He spoke in a very loud tone of voice. "Softly, sir, softly! You are in the Lord's House," said Elder Wynne in his soft, quavering tones. "I beg your pardon, I was so surprised! There's nothing to see—nothing, I assure you. I've been all



IT WAS MISS DACRES' POCKET-BOOK.

over the old ram-shackle affair—there is really nothing." He stood in the middle of the aisle. His so standing blocked our way. "What! Not the carving of the Resurrection and the font given by the first Swede pastor? Why, where were your eyes, Mr. Beldon? We must see those, of course. Come, Dr. Wynne." My lower-back backed slowly down the dark aisle, talking volubly to us and occasionally glancing over his shoulder. The church was dimly lighted, and I suggested having one of the windows opened—the blinds, rather. "I will go in the carriage and get the sexton," said I. "I think we can send for him more easily," said Mr. Beldon. "Hi, Johnny!" and there appeared out of the darkness the little deformed child whom I had often seen playing round the door of the Maltby home-stand. "Go and tell your father that Mrs. Brathwaite wishes the blinds opened." "He's gone to the village," replied Johnny, "but if you and the lady had enough of light—" "The lady says she cannot see," said Mr. Beldon, breaking in, "how-ever—" "I mean the other lady," said Johnny. "Go! at once, Johnny," broke in Mr. Beldon, "and see if he hasn't come home yet." There was a sudden gleam of outer sunshine as Johnny ran through the door, and by its ray I perceived a handkerchief on the cushioned seat near where I was standing. I picked it up at once. It had a variegated border which I knew well. "Thank you," said Mr. Beldon, holding out his hand. "It isn't yours," said I. "It belongs to my young woman boarder, Miss Dacres." "Does it?" said Mr. Beldon, clapping his hand to his pocket. "Where, then, can I have left mine? Does that young woman penetrate even to the temple of the Lord? Is nothing sacred from her, not even this holy edifice?" I did not like his tone, and Elder Wynne looked at him as if it jarred upon him. "Young man," he said, in his quavering voice, "when you come to my age you will not speak slightly of a pile like this, or of its Master." "I don't call that slightly, sir," said Mr. Beldon, respectfully. "I really am surprised at that young woman. I meet her everywhere on the road. She prides into everything, but she seems no more willing to make my acquaintance than I am to make hers. I wonder if she was here lately." Elder Wynne began to cough. "The church is damp," I said. "Oh, dear! How reproached I shall be if you have taken more cold. Do come out into the sunshine." "The church is not really cold," said Mr. Beldon. "Let me see if I cannot open the blind without waiting for Maltby. It would be a pity, after you have come so far, not to—" It came over me just then that he had declared that the church held nothing of interest. "No! no!" said Dr. Wynne, hurrying towards the door much faster than I had thought possible he could. "I cannot stay here longer. I must get out, out into the air." His tone frightened me, and I hurried after him. I never saw him show such vigor. He was standing on the church step when I came through the door, and was shading his eyes with his hand and looking down the road. My eyes followed his. "Who is that?" He indicated a flying figure silhouetted against the setting sun. "That?" said I. "That? Why, it looks very much like my other boarder, Miss Dacres." Mr. Beldon looked after the diminishing figure. "I believe you are right," said he. "That is Miss Dacres. I wonder where she came from?"

When we reached home I found Miss Dacres sitting on the piazza. "Where have you been?" she said. "I am starving. I have been home for hours." "Not quite hours," said I, "if that was you we saw spinning along Overly Lane." "Well, that may be an exaggeration; but what made you think I was in Overly Lane?" "I saw you. We all saw you. Mr. Beldon said it was you." "Was he with you?" she asked. "No, we met him in church, the Swedes' church." At this she began to laugh. "Oh, that Swedes' church!" she said, "that Swedes' church!" "Here is something that I found there, something of yours." "Not mine!" "Oh, yes, yours. Glorianna has ironed it too often for me not to know it." She held out her hand and took the handkerchief. "So it is," said she. "Where do you say you found it?" "In the Swedes' church—on the seat of one of the pews." Elder Wynne was seated in a chair near by. He had taken up the evening paper, which concealed his face, and was looking apparently at the first page, but he did not turn it, nor make the rustling that newspaper readers usually do. "Come into my room," said Miss Dacres suddenly, "I want to tell you something."

I entered the hall, then her room. When we were inside she closed the window which was open to the piazza and the door into the hall. "Now I'm going to make a clean breast of it," said she. "I was in the Swedes' church, and this is my handkerchief. Now you sit there, and let me sit here; or wait, no, let me get down here." To my great surprise, Miss Dacres placed me in a rocking-chair and seated herself on a little stool at my feet. "There! we're all comfortable so. Now let me rise to explain. I did go into the Swedes' church." She laid her head against my knee confidently. She looked up into my face with those lovely eyes. Why had I never seen before how lovely they were? "I was out on my wheel this afternoon, when I came across that queer old church. I had never seen it before. I jumped off and went up to the door. To my surprise I found it open a crack, and I went in. The inside was so dark that at first I could hardly feel my way, but I went down the middle aisle and stood by that queer old tomb. It gave me a sort of shivery feeling, and I was glad to hear voices overhead. They were a man's voice and a child's. Their owners were coming down from the belfry, I thought, for they seemed to be in the front of the church. I was foolish not to run right out of the building. I had plenty of time, but I got dazed. I thought they would be going in a moment, and that I could hide until they were gone. And how foolish that would have been! Just think, if I had stayed there, and been locked up alone! Miss Dacres gave a little shudder, and laid her head in the folds of my gown. Unconsciously, almost, I smoothed her boyish, yellow hair, and in my heart I was crying out, "Have I found you, little Amaranth?" "Well, when you—" "Well, I crouched down behind the front pew and waited. To my horror that Mr.—Mr.—" "Beldon," I supplied. [To Be Continued.]

Touring on the Cheap.
A tourist agent has told me the following story, which, he says, acquires a peculiar interest by being true. A quiet-looking American entered his office last week and asked him to "fix up a nice cheap tour through Europe—Paris, Lucerne, Florence, Rome, Venice, and Vienna he wished to be included. It was found that at the lowest rates the journey would cost about £25. "Stop right there," said the tourist; "we'll have to drop out a place or two. I had calculated to do the show on £10." Now you cannot do a very extensive tour through Europe on £10 and the route was reduced at last to a trip to Lucerne. "Well," said the American, "I can't say you've not disappointed me; but look here, you'll do this. Take a pound off the ticket and gimme guide-books to the places I'm missing, and I think it will work out good."—Manchester Guardian.

The Rule of Three.
Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.
Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.
Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.—The War Cry.

A Pair of Honorables.
The late Henry Clay Miner, theater owner, patent medicine manufacturer and congressman from New York city, once registered in this fashion in the leading hotel in Syracuse: "Hon. Harry Miner and valet." A delegate to the convention that accounted for Miner's presence there was Daniel Donegan, a big man in the Tammany wigwag. He followed Miner to the desk, looked at the register and, with a grumbled comment on the excessive tone and formality observed in fashionable hotels, wrote: "Hon. Dan Donegan and valet."—Detroit Free Press.



INFANT'S DEVIL WAGON.

Columbus, Ind., Comes Forward with the Youngest "Chauffeur" in the World.

It is Columbus, Bartholomew county, Ind., that boasts of the smallest automobile and the smallest chauffeur in the world. For a time it was thought Master Carter, ten years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Greys, Essex, England, was the youngest automobilist in the country, but then Master E. Bond, aged six years, of Bishop-ton, Bristol, bobbed up with a miniature auto. America has even a still younger motoring prodigy in the son of Dore Ogden, manager of the West-



HUBERT IN HIS AUTOMOBILE.

ern Union telegraph office, at Columbus, Ind. Hubert Ogden, who is only three years and four months old, is shown in his tiny car in the accompanying illustration.

The vehicle has a live rear axle, carrying the differential gear, with a hand brake upon it. The power is supplied by a one and a quarter horse power "petrol motor," which is carried in front. The body is 38 inches long and 16 inches wide, and is carried on 20-inch wheels. The speed is controlled by a forward pressure on the lever shown at the left, which operates a friction drive, giving a variation in speed of from one to seven miles per hour. The brake is operated by the foot, and the steering is controlled by a tiller. The little chauffeur handles the lever very skillfully, although his father always accompanies him on a bicycle.

Cobra with Big Appetite.
Noticing a large cobra with a small portion of a snake's tail hanging out of its mouth, a resident of Ceylon killed the reptile. During its death struggles the cobra disgorged three-fourths of a rat snake. The resident hauled out the rest, and, on taking measurements, found the cobra to be four feet eight inches long and the rat snake it had tried to swallow five feet two inches.

Queer Prizes for Boys.
Among the prizes given to the boys attending a voluntary school in a Mid Glamorgan village recently was one consisting of a box of soap, a piece of flannel and a towel.

A CAMPHOR SCORPION.

An Experiment in Tension Which is Highly Amusing and of Scientific Value.

The boy or girl who is fond of making experiments in simple science may find amusement and instruction in a basin of water and a few lumps of camphor of different sizes.

Let us show you how. Somewhere in the house, perhaps, we can find some gum camphor; or if there is none there, we can get some at a trifling expense from the druggist.

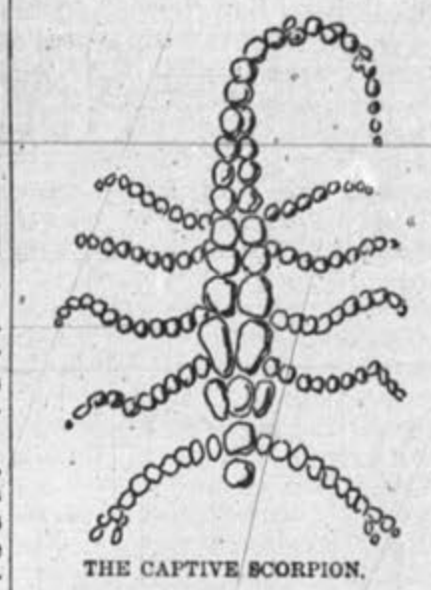
Now, with our basin of water ready, let us throw into it a handful of the camphor, first breaking it up, if necessary, into lumps of various sizes, even as small, some of them, as grains.

The camphor will float on the water and if we use a small stick we can easily arrange the lumps in the form of a scorpion. We find, as we arrange them, that they retain the position we put them in, the lumps adhering to each other so that we do not have to hold them in place.

Let us wait for a few moments now, and we shall see the scorpion begin to move about in the water, waving its claws and wagging its tail, just as if it had life.

So far, we have attempted merely to amuse ourselves, but the experiment has its scientific value, and therefore we may get a little information from it.

We notice, first, that the scorpion floats about on the water, but is almost under the surface; that is to say, it barely floats and looks as if it were



THE CAPTIVE SCORPION.

just about to sink. Why does it not float right on the surface, like a piece of wood, since it floats at all? Because its specific gravity is only a fraction less than that of water, and just a little more density would make it sink.

We notice, also, that the camphor does not dissolve in the water. If we had used alcohol, however, it would have sunk and dissolved, both. For the specific gravity of camphor is greater than that of alcohol and alcohol has the power of dissolving camphor.

Another thing we notice, as already mentioned, is that the camphor particles cling to each other; that is due to what the scientists call cohesion.

But the strangest part of our little experiment is the moving about of the scorpion on the water. Camphor always moves about in that way when you put it into water. Some persons say that this is due to the elasticity of the vapor that camphor gives off and others say that it is due to superficial tension, a mysterious force that is found in the surface of liquids. We shall not attempt to decide that question; we only know that we see the scorpion swim and that we have made a very interesting experiment.—Brooklyn Eagle.

YANKEE BOY'S PET WOODCHUCK



HE was dug out of a hole two years ago, in June. There were three in the nest. None of them had their eyes open. I fed them on cow's milk from a spoon. They soon learned the trick very easily, and would try to find the milk when they heard anyone coming. In about two weeks they got their eyes open and began to get lively. They would play together like kittens and whistle. One day one of them got out of the pen and our dog killed it. I kept the other two until fall. I won the first prize at the Naahua fair on pet stock. After I had got them home a short time, it was my misfortune to have the dog kill another one. The remaining one I put in the cellar in October. He at once dug a hole under the wall and made his nest of hay and old papers, which he picked up in the cellar. I did not see him again until the middle of April, when he came out as tame as when he went in. I took him into the house, and he ran and played for two hours. Once we lost him, and when we found him, he had made his way to the pantry and was in the cookie jar making investigations. He would eat almost everything. Cookies seem to be his favorite, but he could eat nearly a quart of string beans at a time. During the months of July and August it seemed impossible to fill him up. He was getting his winter's supply, I suppose. He was always ready to show strangers how he ate. He would sit up like a squirrel and take his food in his front paws. It was very seldom that he would leave one kind of food which he was eating for another. Last winter he took several Boston Sunday Globes to make his nest with.—J. E. Hall, in Farm and Home.

THE IRON PORT.

THE IRON PORT CO., publishers.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Honeycomb and Honey

By F. H. LANCASTER

(Copyright, 1923, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"You made me a vow, remember. As low and as true as mine. And both of the vows, my darling. Were made of the same moonshine."

SINGING the words with careless energy, the girl flung open the blinds of her study and found herself facing the man who had moved into the next house overnight.

"Shut up," he snarled, not expecting her to hear.

"I won't," she replied, hearing, and finished her song. The words were Henry Rightor's, but the tune, if such it might be called, was all her own. For she sang because her heart was light, and not because her voice was good. Had it been the other way about she would not have sung. As it was, she worked her will with Rightor's rhythm and did some damage to it.

The man in the next house frowned fiercely. Broken vows had been a sore subject with him for a week—ever since he had waked to the fact that his name was on the wrong man's paper. An error that had cost him a cool \$3,000.

"And both of the vows, my darling. Were made of the same moonshine."

"Not at all," he commented grimly, "one of the vows was made of paper."

The girl, dusting her study and making ready for the day's work, sang on willfully to the last verse:

"But 'twas sweet in the old soft weather, When Creole skies were blue, To live and to laugh together And love as we used to do."

And that knave of an agent had vowed that the occupants of the next house were quiet, studious. "Another moonshine vow." But his frown had lost its fierceness, and he looked after the girl a little wistfully as she went away for breakfast.

"Well, I do know," the girl announced as she peeled a pomegranate, "I do know our new neighbor is a beast."

"Why so," they chorused, the man and woman already at table.

"Leaned from his window and told me to shut up."

The man, tall, young and blond, took the pomegranate from her hand and peeled industriously.

"Were you singing?" he asked.

"You think that he was justified," she demanded, laughing.

"Why, of course, he was not speaking to you, Miriam," her mother protested.

"I do not know who he was speaking to, then. At any rate, I had the satisfaction of telling him I wouldn't do it."

"So you are on speaking terms already, and your study blinds hit his when they are open. I predict trouble."

The young man divided the pomegranate and gravely appropriated one half.

"Trouble for the beast? Right, unless he learns better manners. Trouble for you, unless you turn over the other half."

He hesitated a moment before trusting blindly to Mrs. Nixon's ignorance of classical allusions.

"You remember what the king of hades said to Persephone about the pomegranate?"

"I remember what he said about the pomegranate seed. Struck me as quite king-of-hades-like to require one to down such a dose. Imagine trying to split one of these hard little things," she added, reflectively.

"Oh, I could do it," he assured her, and by way of illustration, produced his penknife and split several seeds with neat deftness.

"Very good," she commented carelessly, and fell to discussing the latest nine-day wonder with her mother.

"What can have become of Charley. He has been due ten days."

"Mr. Alton is going west to look for him," explained her mother.

"Are you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Alton. He split another seed and pushed half of it across to her. "Try biting that; it is not so hard."

Miriam obeyed absently and munched the cloven seed apparently forgetful of its significance. "Have you heard anything about Charley?" she asked.

"As to where he is?" Alton parried.

"Have you heard anything at all?" she insisted.

"Nothing of any consequence."

But Mrs. Nixon took up the theme. "If you have heard anything at all, it is our right to know."

"Certainly," he assented.

"Don't be a beast," Miriam broke out impatiently. "Tell us just exactly what you have heard. We are not given to hysterics."

"But I don't know what that I have

heard is true," Alton fenced desperately.

"What is it," she persisted.

"Why, only that he had to meet some notes on the tenth, and, well, the man on his bond met them."

"Were you that man?"

"Of course not!"

"What was his name?"

"Jaston, I believe; Mark Jaston."

"Mark Jaston? My beast? I saw his name on a fly-leaf this morning. The book was in his window. Mamma! I suppose he moved in to size up our monetary—How much is it?"

"Three thousand, I believe."

"Well, he shall have it. If—"

"What are you going to do, Miss Miriam—Miriam?" He overtook her at the door and stopped her with his hand on her arm. "Give me a week to get Charley here. If I don't succeed we will settle the matter legally."

"I will settle it."

"Very well. You will settle it. Charley is either sick or snow-bound or else he has a good thing in sight and believes Jaston to be man enough to—"

By George, why didn't he get my name on his plaguey paper?"

Miriam went back to her study and stared frankly into that study next door. The man writing at his desk looked up and bowed slightly. He had not meant for her to hear.

"Mr. Jaston, I wish to say to you that a friend of mine has gone to look for Mr. Charley Nixon. Have you his address?"

"My dear lady, allow me to assure you that had I had the least knowledge of his probable whereabouts a friend of mine, in a blue coat, would have gone to look for Charley Nixon a week ago."

"Don't be a beast," Miriam advised in her usual explosive manner, "I am ready to give you my note for the amount of my brother's shortage."

"I have no desire to be a beast, but what is your note good for?" Jaston asked quietly.

"It is good for 18 hours a day until the forfeit is paid," she said hotly.

A look of honest admiration came over the man's habitually harassed expression.

"We'll give Charley ten days more to turn up. I didn't know he was your brother."

Jaston sat for some time in the window before he returned to his. He had been a keen speculator all his life, but speculations have a knack of starving one's soul. Now, a famished soul, like any other famished thing, is apt to overfeed when the opportunity is offered. That was what Jaston did. Memory standing by to see that the feast was kept well supplied, albeit the feast was mostly of wine. Such a situa-

tion spells intoxication. Before the week was out the soul had drunk itself quite drunk with liquid tones and sparkling eyeballs. For Jaston and the plucky girl had become good friends.

It was foolish of the poor soul to make a feast of such small matters, but so it did, and made so merry withal that it scarcely heeded the significance of Charley's return. A return of \$3,000! Jaston thrust the check carelessly into his pocket and came over to the window.

"Why don't you sing something while you are righting up?" he asked when he found her cleaning her typewriter.

"What shall I sing?" she queried, a bit absently. Charley's return was not wanting in significance for her.

"Why, that little thing about it being pleasant to live and laugh together," he prompted quickly. "You remember?"

"I know," she said, and her untrained voice ran on:

"You made me a vow, remember. As deep and as true as mine. And both of the vows, my darling. Were made of the same moonshine."

"But pomegranate seed are not made of moonshine."

Jaston looked up sharply at the sound of this new voice. A tall, blond young man blocked the space between him and the girl. The voice persisted with a sweep of masterful tenderness.

"We have eaten our cloven pomegranate seed, Miriam."

"I know," Jaston heard her say, but he had never heard her say it that way before. He closed his window softly and drew down the blind. In the semi-darkness his soul sat sighing over her shattered cup, but the man only said to her with grim directness:

"You have eaten your honeycomb with your honey."

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tion spells intoxication. Before the week was out the soul had drunk itself quite drunk with liquid tones and sparkling eyeballs. For Jaston and the plucky girl had become good friends.

It was foolish of the poor soul to make a feast of such small matters, but so it did, and made so merry withal that it scarcely heeded the significance of Charley's return. A return of \$3,000! Jaston thrust the check carelessly into his pocket and came over to the window.

"Why don't you sing something while you are righting up?" he asked when he found her cleaning her typewriter.

"What shall I sing?" she queried, a bit absently. Charley's return was not wanting in significance for her.

"Why, that little thing about it being pleasant to live and laugh together," he prompted quickly. "You remember?"

"I know," she said, and her untrained voice ran on:

"You made me a vow, remember. As deep and as true as mine. And both of the vows, my darling. Were made of the same moonshine."

"But pomegranate seed are not made of moonshine."

Jaston looked up sharply at the sound of this new voice. A tall, blond young man blocked the space between him and the girl. The voice persisted with a sweep of masterful tenderness.

"We have eaten our cloven pomegranate seed, Miriam."

"I know," Jaston heard her say, but he had never heard her say it that way before. He closed his window softly and drew down the blind. In the semi-darkness his soul sat sighing over her shattered cup, but the man only said to her with grim directness:

"You have eaten your honeycomb with your honey."

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LAUGHING GAS AND MUSIC.

Dentist in Chicago Falls and Plugs Teeth to the Merry Tunes of Popular Songs.

"Laughing gas with music" is the latest combination of science effected by an enterprising Chicago dentist, reports the Inter Ocean.

"Tooth-pulling a pleasure—a band concert with each extraction," is the motto of this dentist. Street pianos avoid the block in which his office is situated, for out of the windows float the strains of "Mr. Dooley," "The Holy City," and rollicking airs from "The Prince of Pilsen," instead of the shrieks and groans of patients.

"Which tooth?" asks the dentist of a prospective patient. "Ah, this one? Looks like a stubborn one. Oh, no, it won't hurt a bit. What did you say your favorite opera was?"

At this point the new patient gets restless, and, with the rubber dam in his mouth, gurgles something about "looking for a dentist, not a theater."

With the air of an impresario, a Facelull or a Sousa, the dentist moves about his work. The gas bag is brought out, and with it a mysterious box with long tubes attached.

"There's Only One Girl!" begins to be ground out and the patient passes away, and when he awakes the tooth is out and there is surprise at seeing the blazing sun instead of the falling curtain of an opera.

"It's great," said the dentist, "but it sometimes causes strange fancies among my vic—er—patients, I mean. One man attempted to throw violets on the stage when he heard 'The Melancholy Marshmallow.' It takes only a few gulps of the gas and the soothing influence of 'The Palms,' to put the most nervous patient in shape for operation.

"No, I can't say that Gottschalk's 'Last Hope' or the 'Swan Song' is popular. Take a sweet, impressionable young woman, with dreamy blue eyes, and fluffy hair, and I turn on: 'There's Nobody Just Like You.' Effect! Well, I should say so. Just a gulp or two and I can pull every tooth in a mouth. Sometimes they even want encores and are willing to sacrifice another tooth just for the concert and the gas effect.

"For the youngsters I have some lively catchy music. After I pulled four molars for a boy the other day he woke up and asked me which way the circus parade had gone.

"The music soothes the patients and they are more readily affected by the gas. They do not hear the noise of the street, and, fixing their thoughts on the music, they do not fight against the gas and become unconscious more quickly. The therapeutic value of music in dentistry is now recognized."

IT WAS YEARLING MEAT.

The Animal Was Much Older, But He Had Taken on Flesh in the Last Year.

Old John Early, a Dahlonega Georgia negro, is quite a character in his way; and well known to every man, woman and child for miles about the country. After serving his master in war times he was given a strip of land whereon he built a cabin and settled down contentedly, relates the New York Times. He does odd chores for the townfolk, and raises chickens and small fruit with which he supplies regular customers, among them Major Brown, who has been his staunch friend for years. One day not long ago John appeared at the major's domicile with a fine-looking head of beef which he offered for sale at \$16. As it is a custom thereabout for private individuals to slaughter and dress their winter's provision of beef on the premises, the major looked upon the deal with favor.

"Where did you get him, John?" he asked.

"Raised him, sur. His meat is tender as butter, sur, not mosh'n a year old."

"A year old? Why, John, he's the biggest yearling I ever saw." Then the major took a nearer view at John's wares.

"John," he said, solemnly, "you can't fool me. That's the very same old ox that you've been hauling wood with for the last 15 years. I know him by the star on his forehead, know him as well as I know the scar on my hand. I didn't think you'd try to beat your best friend!" he chided.

"No moah I wouldn't, nuther," John protested, resolutely. "I told you de truf about dat beef, sur; I really did. Dat meat is plumb like a yearling's. His obliged to be. You rec'lect dat crittur like he wuz last year, sur?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"He warn't much fat, was he?"

"Lean as a rail. Nothing but hide and hair on him."

"No meat?"

"Not a pound. Don't you remember I used to get after you about working him too hard?"

"Yes, sur. Well, sur, yo' own words prove jes' what I'm-tellin' you. Dat meat's all young an' tender, 'case it's been raised in less dan a year, every pound ob hit. When I put him in de stall he didn't hab a pound ob meat on him, an' what he's got now ain't a year old. Dat so, cunel."

The colonel declared himself beaten. "Better not try to sell him up here, John," he laughed; every one knows him too well. Take him down to Gainesville, and if you don't make \$16 out of him, just stop at my house on your way back."

KANSAS PRINTERS.

In Wadsworth, England, there is a printing department run entirely by nuns. It is used principally for the printing of sacred books for the use of choirs, such as hymnals, psalters, missals and the like. The productions do not bear the stamp of the amateur in the least, and the high standard of excellence is particularly shown in the music printing.—Albany Argus.

HARD TO BEAR.

Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured. People are learning that backache pains come from disordered kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every kidney ailment—Bladder troubles, urinary derangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of Kidney specifics: J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murrey Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Walls will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price 50 cents per box.

When the back aches and pains so badly, can't work—can't rest—can't sleep—can't eat—it's hard to bear.

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THE IRON PORT.

THE IRON PORT CO., Publishers.
ESCAPABA, MICHIGAN.

AFTER SUNSET.

Over my head the skylark singeth,
Though the sun hath set and the night
draws nigh;
What is the message that sweet song
bringeth?
Is it a hint that a day gone by—
Gone by—gone by—may return again,
And the time of waiting go past like rain?
The lark still sings as he upward flieh,
Through the dusk-blue air, and the notes
drop down
To the listening earth, and my heart
that crieth
For the breath of spring and the sum-
mer's crown.
Ah! crown of summer, dost hang as far
As over the skylark that lone white start-
ling.
Oh, lonely star! But the song hath ended,
The purple mountains grow darker yet;
Soon will the crimson and gray be
blended,
And nought to tell where the sun hath
set;
The blue dusk deepens, more stars there
be;
What is the promise ye hold for me?
Where the hills drop down to the sea
which spurneth,
For ever and ever, the patient land;
Where the blue hills melt to the blue sky,
burneth
A distant fire like a love-lit brand.
My steps descend, and it goes from sight,
But I know it is strong for the coming
night.
Oh, stars and fire! Is your inward mean-
ing
To tell of hope for the days to be?
Of an hour when Time shall go backward
leaving
To pluck white roses and red for me?
And the joy which is past come back—
come back—
With a threefold strength that shall
nothing lack?
—Clara Singer Foynter, in Chamber's
Journal.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

Copyright, 1911, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"You wait," she replied. "Ye don't deserve no garden angel, but ye got to hev one all the same. What d'ye think o' that?" She reached out to a beam which supported the flooring and unhooked something from it. "There!" she exclaimed. "Wuz ye took in, or wuzn't ye?" My eyes fell upon a coat, waistcoat and trousers; indeed, there were two pairs, one made as knee breeches, and the other pair the long coverings of a young man of fashion. "An' I'll bet ye'll find the counter-
parts of 'em in them boory draw's," said Glorianna. "Perhaps it's a bicycle suit," said I. "She may like to ride so in the evening. They tell me that in Paris the women look almost like men. I know she's lived abroad." I stopped short. This knowledge I had gained from the letters; I must not divulge it too soon. "An' what say to this?" and Glorianna began to remove from the coat-pockets some cigarette stumps, and those little books that I have seen young men take out and tear up to roll their tobacco in. "Well, it's all the same thing. She acknowledged that she smoked. I spoke to her about it. Many women do it. It's considered a rather stylish accomplishment, I believe. She may smoke and wear boy's clothes to ride in, and still be a young woman. Don't you think so, Glory?" "And what do ye say to this?" asked Glorianna, ignoring my humble plea. She had pulled a letter from one of the pockets, and was holding it to the light. "Dear Jim," she began. "Isn't it about time we got on to some-
thin'?" "Stop! Glorianna," said I, "this is really too much! She could have you arrested for that." "Oh Lordy!" said Glorianna as she dropped the letter and skipped up the remaining steps. "Now go right back," said I, "and place those things exactly as you found them. She told me about her brother Jim, and about his being dead. These are evidently his clothes, and we have been laying bare her dearest secrets. Come! Hang them up quickly, and come out of the cellar." "Yes'm," said Glorianna Towner, meekly. "Now don't ever let me hear of your going into that cellar again through this room," said I, emboldened by the change of front. "No'm," said Glorianna. "I wun't fer I'm a-goin' home this noon." This was my soul torn with constant warnings from Glorianna, with constant anxieties about money matters, and I must say, with constant suspicions about my lower-front. It was dreadfully wearing, and I was relieved in mind when Aunt Jane Mary began to thump. Glorianna did not go to noon, nor for many moons after that. I think now that she was quite conscious when she was well off, but at the time I feared her departure with every day that dawned, and I was in dreadful bondage to her, to Baldwin Towner through her, to Baldwin Towner and not the least to Aunt Jane Mary. My lower-back did not worry me at all, and my upper-back, Dr. Wynne, was a delight and a joy. His cough began to desert him now, and he grew steadily better. Marmaduke Smith came out to see him every day or two, and they often walked in the lower garden of an afternoon, or

sat in the arbor conversing in low tones. He said it was about the college taking his volumes on "The Lost Tribes" as a text-book. I knew that President Smith would help him out if he could. He said that if that were settled he would go on to Washington at once, but that Marmaduke must apply to the trustees, and that couldn't be until the next Monday. Sometimes they came in and sat on the piazza as the sun was setting, and their talk was always of books and the higher education, until I really got rather tired of having so much learning about me. Sometimes it happened that Miss Dacres would come home while they were sitting there. She never seemed to like it, and usually she rode out, and came back when President Smith had left and Dr. Wynne had gone upstairs. If they were still there when she came past, the second time, she would go on again, or else stand her wheel against the tree, open the gate, and walk swiftly round the house. I told her once that it wouldn't do any harm to be introduced to two of the most learned men of modern times, but she always replied that she had come for rest, and not for education, and she meant to get it if possible. Why she should know these people just because I did she could not see. Americans, she said, were always crazy to introduce people who didn't want to know each other.

CHAPTER V.

And now, it seems to me, begins the most interesting part of my story, the beginning of the end. One day the ladies, ever thoughtful, had sent the carriage down to see if I would not like to go for an airing. It was quite late in the afternoon, but I had told them that it was the only time when I could possibly accept their kind offer, as then my daily round had been accomplished. It was tiresome to drive alone, but Miss Elizabeth had a severe headache, and Miss Evelyn could not leave her. I first knocked at the door of my lower-front to see if she would not like to take the vacant seat. In truth, it came into my mind that perhaps in the close companionship that a long drive brings about she might be willing to say a little more about herself, and I was anxious to learn what there was to tell before I began to suggest anything to the ladies. I knocked, but no voice responded; I opened her door a little way, but the room was empty. I almost wished that I could bundle up Aunt Jane Mary and take her out with me. Then suddenly I thought of Dr. Wynne. I ran up to his room and knocked. He came slowly to the door, as became an old and weak man, and my heart reproached me that I had not thought of him at first. "Dr. Wynne," said I, "will you take a drive with me? I won't say a little drive, because I shall stay out just as long as I can." "Let me see," said Dr. Wynne, smiling and showing his fine teeth. I always wondered to see them so white and firm! "Isn't this my day for President Smith?" He went to his table and fumbled with a calendar with the trembling uncertainty that is so pitiful in old age. "Ah," he said, "here it is. No, he does not come to-day. Yes, I am at liberty to go with you. I shall enjoy it very much. Can you show me the old Swedes' meeting house? I have always wanted to see it." "Certainly," said I. "Our road lies that way." "That pleases me very much," said Dr. or Elder Wynne, as he preferred to be called. He came slowly down the stairs and out through the garden and climbed into the great, roomy carriage. I covered his thin old knees with the lap-robe and we were off. "Where to M'?" said old John. "Along the Winchester road and through the Overly lane to the Swedes' meeting house." John touched his hat, and we sped swiftly along. The day was balmy and we had the windows down, but Elder Wynne kept pulling up the lap-robe when it slipped away. We drove several miles and then turned into the Overly lane. Here the young trees, which were just bursting into earliest bud, met overhead. I felt sure that the woods must hold for me some treasures in the shape of woodland flowers. "Would you mind, Dr. Wynne, if I were to get out a moment to search for flowers?" "No," said he, "not at all." I went through an opening in the fence and along the stream. There were little patches of snow still lying in the shaded spots, and I realized that there could be no flowers, that I had come to the wrong place; then I turned to retrace my path, when just under a great tree upon a flat stone I saw something lying. I picked it up. It was Miss Dacres' pocket-book. I had seen it in her hands several times. I put it in my pocket, and quite forgot it until I continued my search for flowers. There was nothing to reward me, and I returned to my carriage. Elder Wynne was quivering about the Lost Tribes (and I can truthfully say that I wished many a time that day that he had never found them) when John drew up at the door of the church. The stone step was but a few paces away from the road, and I alighted and helped the old man down. I was wondering if I should have to go on to Maltby's, the sexton of the new meeting house, and get the key, when I saw that the door was open a little crack. I pushed it, and it gave at my touch. I walked into the semi-darkness,

holding to Elder Wynne's hand that he might not stumble, and together we entered the vestibule of the church, and then I pushed on to the main door. This, too, I thrust open, and then we stood in the central aisle of the old stone building. "Halt!" The sound came out of the darkness. "Who is that?" said I. "Maltby, is that you?" I heard. "We're—I've seen enough. It's a very interesting old—" By this time the speaker was close to me, and we recognized each other at the same moment. "Oh Mr. Brathwaite! Is that you? What a queer place to meet you in." He spoke in a very loud tone of voice. "Softly, sir, softly! You are in the Lord's House," said Elder Wynne in his soft, quavering tones. "I beg your pardon, I was so surprised! There's nothing to see—nothing, I assure you. I've been all



IT WAS MISS DACRES' POCKET-BOOK.

over the old ram-shackle affair—there is really nothing." He stood in the middle of the aisle. His so standing blocked our way. "What! Not the carving of the Resurrection and the font given by the first Swede pastor? Why, where were your eyes, Mr. Beldon? We must see those, of course. Come, Dr. Wynne." My lower-back backed slowly down the dark aisle, talking volubly to us and occasionally glancing over his shoulder. The church was dimly lighted, and I suggested having one of the windows opened—the blinds, rather. "I will go in the carriage and get the sexton," said I. "I think we can send for him more easily," said Mr. Beldon. "Hi, Johnny!" and there appeared out of the darkness the little deformed child whom I had often seen playing round the door of the Maltby homestead. "Go and tell your father that Mrs. Brathwaite wishes the blinds opened." "He's gone to the village," replied Johnny, "but if you and the lady had enough of light—"
"The lady says she cannot see," said Mr. Beldon, breaking in, "however—"
"I mean the other lady," said Johnny.
"Go! at once, Johnny," broke in Mr. Beldon, "and see if he hasn't come home yet." There was a sudden gleam of outer sunshine as Johnny ran through the door, and by its ray I perceived a handkerchief on the cushioned seat near where I was standing. I picked it up at once. It had a variegated border which I knew well.
"Thank you," said Mr. Beldon, holding up his hand.
"It isn't yours," said I. "It belongs to my young woman boarder, Miss Dacres."
"Does it?" said Mr. Beldon, clapping his hand to his pocket. "Where, then, can I have left mine? Does that young woman penetrate even to the temple of the Lord? Is nothing sacred from her, not even this holy edifice?"
I did not like his tone, and Elder Wynne looked at him as if it jarred upon him.
"Young man," he said, in his quavering voice, "when you come to my age you will not speak slightly of a pile like this, or of its Master."
"I don't call that slightly, sir," said Mr. Beldon, respectfully. "I really am surprised at that young woman. I meet her everywhere on the road. She prides into everything, but she seems no more willing to make my acquaintance than I am to make hers. I wonder if she was here lately."
Elder Wynne began to cough.
"The church is damp," I said. "Oh, dear! How reproached I shall be if you have taken more cold. Do come out into the sunshine."
"The church is not really cold," said Mr. Beldon. "Let me see if I cannot open the blind without waiting for Maltby. It would be a pity, after you have come so far, not to—"
It came over me just then that he had declared that the church held nothing of interest.
"No! no!" said Dr. Wynne, hurrying towards the door much faster than I had thought possible he could. "I cannot stay here longer. I must get out, out into the air."
His tone frightened me, and I hurried after him. I never saw him show such vigor. He was standing on the church step when I came through the door, and was shading his eyes with his hand and looking down the road. My eyes followed his. "Who is that?" He indicated a flying figure silhouetted against the setting sun.
"That?" said I. "That? Why, it looks very much like my other boarder, Miss Dacres." Mr. Beldon looked after the diminishing figure. "I believe you are right," said he. "That is Miss Dacres. I wonder where she came from?"

When we reached home I found Miss Dacres sitting on the piazza. "Where have you been?" she said. "I am starving. I have been home for hours."
"Not quite hours," said I, "if that was you we saw spinning along Overly Lane."
"Well, that may be an exaggeration; but what made you think I was in Overly Lane?"
"I saw you. We all saw you. Mr. Beldon said it was you."
"Was he with you?" she asked.
"No, we met him in church, the Swedes' church."
At this she began to laugh. "Oh, that Swedes' church!" she said, "that Swedes' church!"
"Here is something that I found there, something of yours."
"Not mine!"
"Oh, yes, yours. Glorianna has ironed it too often for me not to know it."
She held out her hand and took the handkerchief. "So it is," said she, "that Swedes' church!"
"In the Swedes' church—on the seat of one of the pews."
Elder Wynne was seated in a chair near by. He had taken up the evening paper, which concealed his face, and was looking apparently at the first page, but he did not turn it, nor make the rustling that newspaper readers usually do.
"Come into my room," said Miss Dacres suddenly, "I want to tell you something."
I entered the hall, then her room. When we were inside she closed the window which was open to the piazza and the door into the hall.
"Now I'm going to make a clean breast of it," said she. "I was in the Swedes' church, and this is my handkerchief. Now you sit there, and let me sit here; or wait, no, let me get down here." To my great surprise, Miss Dacres placed me in a rocking-chair and seated herself on a little stool at my feet. "There! we're all comfortable so. Now let me rise to explain. I did go into the Swedes' church." She laid her head against my knee confidingly. She looked up into my face with those lovely eyes. Why had I never seen before how lovely they were? "I was out on my wheel this afternoon, when I came across that queer old church. I had never seen it before. I jumped off and went up to the door. To my surprise, I found it open a crack, and I went in. The inside was so dark that at first I could hardly feel my way, but I went down the middle aisle and stood by that queer old tomb. It gave me a sort of shivery feeling, and I was glad to hear voices overhead. They were a man's voice and a child's. Their owners were coming down from the belfry, I thought, for they seemed to be in the front of the church. I was foolish not to run right out of the building. I had plenty of time, but I got dazed. I thought they would be going in a moment, and that I could hide until they were gone. And how foolish that would have been! Just think, if I had stayed there, and been locked up alone! Miss Dacres gave a little shudder, and laid her head in the folds of my gown. Unconsciously, almost, I smoothed her boyish, yellow hair, and in my heart I was crying out, "Have I found you, little Amaranthe?"
"Well, when you—"
"Well, I crouched down behind the front pew and waited. To my horror that Mr.—Mr.—"
"Beldon," I supplied.
[To Be Continued.]

Touring on the Cheap.
A tourist agent has told me the following story, which, he says, acquires a peculiar interest by being true. A quiet-looking American entered his office last week and asked him to "fix up a nice cheap tour through Europe—Paris, Lucerne, Florence, Rome, Venice, and Vienna he wished to be included. It was found that at the lowest rates the journey would cost about £25.
"Stop right there," said the tourist; "we'll have to drop out a place or two. I had calculated to do the show on £10."
Now you cannot do a very extensive tour through Europe on £10 and the route was reduced at last to a trip to Lucerne.
"Well," said the American, "I can't say you've not disappointed me; but look here, you'll do this. Take a pound off the ticket and gimme guide-books to the places I'm missing, and I think it will work out good."—Manchester Guardian.

The Rule of Three.
Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.
Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.
Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.
Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.
Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.
Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
Three things to admire—Intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness.
Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.—The War Cry.

A Pair of Honorable.
The late Henry Clay Miner, theater owner, patent medicine manufacturer and congressman from New York city, once registered in this fashion in the leading hotel in Syracuse: "Hon. Harry Miner and valet." A delegate to the convention that accounted for Miner's presence there was Daniel Donegan, a big man in the Tammany wigwag. He followed Miner to the desk, looked at the register and, with a grumbled comment as to the excessive tone and formality observed in fashionable hotels, wrote: "Hon. Dan Donegan and valet."—Detroit Free Press.



INFANT'S DEVIL WAGON.

Columbus, Ind., Comes Forward with the Youngest "Chauffeur" in the World.

It is Columbus, Bartholomew county, Ind., that boasts of the smallest automobile and the smallest chauffeur in the world. For a time it was thought Master Carter, ten years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Greys, Essex, England, was the youngest automobilist in the country, but then Master E. Bond, aged six years, of Bishop-ton, Bristol, bobbed up with a miniature auto. America has even a still younger motoring prodigy in the son of Dore Ogden, manager of the West-



HUBERT IN HIS AUTOMOBILE.

ern Union telegraph office, at Columbus, Ind. Hubert Ogden, who is only three years and four months old, is shown in his tiny car in the accompanying illustration.

The vehicle has a live rear axle, carrying the differential gear, with a hand brake upon it. The power is supplied by a one and a quarter horse power "petrol motor," which is carried in front. The body is 33 inches long and 16 inches wide, and is carried on 20-inch wheels. The speed is controlled by a forward pressure on the lever shown at the left, which operates a friction drive, giving a variation in speed of from one to seven miles per hour. The brake is operated by the foot, and the steering is controlled by a tiller. The little chauffeur handles the lever very skillfully, although his father always accompanies him on a bicycle.

Cobra with Big Appetite.
Noticing a large cobra with a small portion of a snake's tail hanging out of its mouth, a resident of Ceylon killed the reptile. During its death struggles the cobra disgorged three-fourths of a rat snake. The resident hauled out the rest, and, on taking measurements, found the cobra to be four feet eight inches long and the rat snake it had tried to swallow five feet two inches.

Queer Prizes for Boys.
Among the prizes given to the boys attending a voluntary school in a Mid Glamorgan village recently was one consisting of a box of soap, a piece of flannel and a towel.

A CAMPHOR SCORPION.

An Experiment in Tension Which is Highly Amusing and of Scientific Value.

The boy or girl who is fond of making experiments in simple science may find amusement and instruction in a basin of water and a few lumps of camphor of different sizes.

Let us show you how. Somewhere in the house, perhaps, we can find some gum camphor; or if there is none there, we can get some at a trifling expense from the druggist.

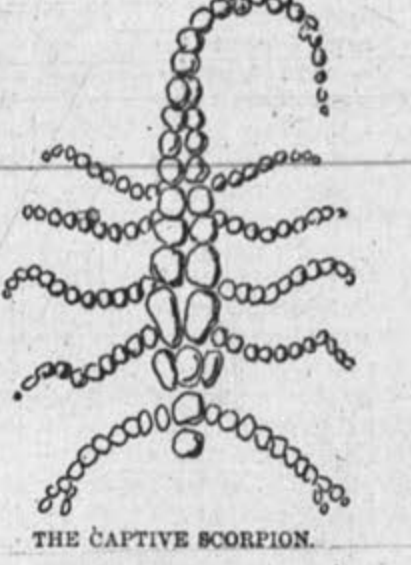
Now, with our basin of water ready, let us throw into it a handful of the camphor, first breaking it up, if necessary, into lumps of various sizes, even as small, some of them, as grains.

The camphor will float on the water and if we use a small stick we can easily arrange the lumps in the form of a scorpion. We find, as we arrange them, that they retain the position we put them in, the lumps adhering to each other so that we do not have to hold them in place.

Let us wait for a few moments now, and we shall see the scorpion begin to move about in the water, waving its claws and wagging its tail, just as if it had life.

So far, we have attempted merely to amuse ourselves, but the experiment has its scientific value, and therefore we may get a little information from it.

We notice, first, that the scorpion floats about on the water, but is almost under the surface; that is to say, it barely floats and looks as if it were



THE CAPTIVE SCORPION.

just about to sink. Why does it not float right on the surface, like a piece of wood, since it floats at all? Because its specific gravity is only a fraction less than that of water, and just a little more densely would make it sink.

We notice, also, that the camphor does not dissolve in the water. If we had used alcohol, however, it would have sunk and dissolved, both. For the specific gravity of camphor is greater than that of alcohol and alcohol has the power of dissolving camphor.

Another thing we notice, as already mentioned, is that the camphor particles cling to each other; that is due to what the scientists call cohesion.

But the strangest part of our little experiment is the moving about of the scorpion on the water. Camphor always moves about in that way when you put it into water. Some persons say that this is due to the elasticity of the vapor that camphor gives off and others say that it is due to superficial tension, a mysterious force that is found in the surface of liquids. We shall not attempt to decide that question; we only know that we see the scorpion swim and that we have made a very interesting experiment.—Brooklyn Eagle.

YANKEE BOY'S PET WOODCHUCK



HE was dug out of a hole two years ago, in June. There were three in the nest. None of them had their eyes open. I fed them on cow's milk from a spoon. They soon learned the trick very easily, and would try to find the milk when they heard anyone coming. In about two weeks they got their eyes open and began to get lively. They would play together like kittens and whistle. One day one of them got out of the pen and our dog killed it. I kept the other two until fall. I won the first prize at the Naahua fair on pet stock. After I had got them home a short time, it was my misfortune to have the dog kill another one. The remaining one I put in the cellar in October. He at once dug a hole under the wall and made his nest of hay and old papers, which he picked up in the cellar. I did not see him again until the middle of April, when he came out as tame as when he went in. I took him into the house, and he ran and played for two hours. Once we lost him, and when we found him, he had made his way to the pantry and was in the cookie jar making investigations. He would eat almost everything. Cookies seem to be his favorite, but he could eat nearly a quart of string beans at a time. During the months of July and August it seemed impossible to fill him up. He was getting his winter's supply. I suppose he was always ready to show strangers how he ate. He would sit up like a squirrel and take his food in his front paws. It was very seldom that he would leave one kind of food which he was eating for another. Last winter he took several Boston Sunday Globes to make his nest with.—J. E. Hall, in Farm and Home.

WOMAN'S CORNER

Because of One.

Because of one dear infant head with golden hair,
To me all little heads a halo wear;
And for one little saintly face I knew,
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide, earnest eyes of heavenly blue,
Which look with yearning gaze, my sad soul, thro'
All eyes now fill mine own with tears,
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips
Which once did call my name in plaintive tones,
No voices fall upon my ear in vain appeal,
From children small.

Two little hands held in my own long ago
Now cause me as I wander thro' this world of woe
To clasp each baby hand stretched out in fear of foe,
The lowest cannot plead in vain I loved him so.

Woman's Value.

It is said in the imperial family of Germany that every young man shall learn a trade, going through a regular apprenticeship till he is able to do good fair journeyman's work. This is because kingdoms are subject to vicissitudes, and it is deemed to be a manly independence that the heir apparent, or a prince of the blood, should be conscious of ability to make his own way in the world if need be. This is an honorable custom worthy of imitation. Franklin says: "He that hath a trade hath an estate." Work, however looked down upon by people who cannot perform it, is an honorable thing, it may not always be profitable, but honorable it always is. There is nothing to be ashamed of in it. We go a little farther than the imperial family, we want and have our young men learn trades and prepare themselves for an independent living, and our young women are not one whit behind.

A bright college girl scored a pleasing triumph over a male competitor. She had arranged to read with one of the tutors for a particular examination, and it chanced that a young man was in exactly the same position, and the professor naturally thinking of the convenience it would be to him to take the two together, appealed to the young man, an answer came, "well, you know I do not want to be kept back, I want to make the most of my time." The man objected, but he was finally prevailed upon to try it for a while, and the lady willingly agreed to the proposal. At the first lesson the young man was light and airy in his conversation, and somewhat discursive in his remarks to his tutor. The lady said nothing at the next meeting. She had a mass of information which she brought forward in a businesslike manner and systematic way, and the young man was rather left out of the game. He did not like his position of inferiority, and very soon the arrangement came to an end; but not because the lady did not keep up with the work. Such is the woman that will build up your true home, not its slave but its minister. She will not stop when the house is

swept and garnished, silver brilliant, and food delicious; but will feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then shall come from its walls the true women, and the true men who shall rule and bless the land. This is not an over wrought picture, the true woman does not live merely to breathe, or to be a doll for a show window. We live to act, to make use of our faculties, a strange contradiction but true, that while this is an age of luxury and ease, it is also an age of industry. We are realizing that every one, however humble has a mission, to do or say or think, something that has never been said, or done or thought, and are gratefully accepting the help and wisdom of others, but still cultivating our own individuality, living independent lives and fulfilling our own possibilities.

Indolent women are almost extinct. Dolls and butterflies are not the fashion, but real live women are taking their places. Brave, noble women, who feel the pressing need of doing something; women upon whom the dignity of labor sits sweetly and gracefully, whom to know is a liberal education, who are performing earnestly and conscientiously their part in removing the stigma that too often brands woman's work. Women are entering almost every branch of business and profession, and the field of their industry is widening every day. She is commanding the respect and recognition of men and women whose recognition is worth the having. The few who despise women workers and cry them down, and say "they will unsex themselves and become masculine and lose to woman all those graces which renders her charming and altogether lovely," simply have not made a study of woman's nature. A masculine woman will continue to be masculine under any circumstances, and a womanly woman will be womanly what ever she does.

She believes in woman and is proud that she is one, she does not forget what is due to her, and so long as she is womanly she will honor her position and command respect, and honest labor is good for both body and soul. It has been proven that Satan will find mischief for idle hands to do. We all know God worked six days and rested on the seventh, but we have no record of Satan ever resting after he began. The time has come when for woman to work, does not mean social ostracism. When men and women can stand side by side, it will be counted quite as respectable for her to desire a situation and work as for him. There is now just as there always was, room at the top, and let the man struggling at the foot of the ladder, work ever so hard and climb ever so high, when he reaches the top he is sure to find a woman comfortably seated at the top. What shall this struggling young man do then? Why he had better engage her to rule over his home. What honor can be greater than to found such a home? What dignity higher than to reign its undisputed, honored mistress, whose husband and children rise up and call her blessed? To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit in such a home is higher than to rule an empire.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

MASONVILLE ITEMS.

Rev. and Mrs. Yocum, Bertie Murney, Minnie Inman, Myrtle Yocum of Gladstone, Mrs. Dr. Brown of New London, Wis., attended the musicale Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Plouff are rejoicing over the birth of a son born last Saturday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Phil. Nabert Monday.

John G. Froescher is visiting with his parents at Hinsdale, Ill.

Bain Fulton and Mamie Casey of Escanaba spent Sunday with Ettie Alling.

Eugene Bovine and family of Drummond, Minn., have moved here and intend to make this place their home in the future. Mr. Bovine contemplates opening a store and restaurant in the Rhebine building.

Sadie Miller spent a few days in Escanaba this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Metzger, a son.

A very interesting and entertaining musicale was given at the Methodist church Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Epworth League. The following program was rendered and all of the numbers were very good and well received by an appreciative audience: Each number was responded to by an encore of equal merit: Piano duet, Misses Yocum and Inman; Vocal solo, selected, Will J. Miller; Vocal duet, selected, Mrs. and Miss Yocum; Vocal solo, selected, Mrs. Brown; Piano duet, Misses Yocum and Inman; Sacred solo "Face to Face," Will J. Miller; Vocal duet, selected, Miss Murney and Mrs. Brown; Vocal solo, selected, Mrs. Brown; Piano duet, Misses Yocum and Inman. After the program refreshments were served.

RAPID RIVER ITEMS

Bad weather prevented a large attendance at the dance given Saturday night by the Royal neighbors. Those

in Perkins after an illness of some two months. Deceased was born in Germany March 20, 1829. When a young man 20 years of age he came to America. His first few years in this country were spent in Marquette and Negaunee at the latter place he married Miss Maria Krautbitter, whose death occurred four years ago. In 1872 Mr. and Mrs. Neurohr settled upon their homestead then an unbroken wilderness. There they made their home and reared a family of four children, three of whom are living and were at his bedside when the end came. Mr. Neurohr was a kind father and a good neighbor. He was honest and industrious, his word was as good as his note. The funeral services will be held at St. Anne's church Saturday at 10 o'clock. Services conducted by Fr. Sullivan of Gladstone.

A GREAT TRUTH.

How It Has Spread From Home to Home, in Escanaba.

In every part of Escanaba; in the homes of the wealthy, in the humble abode of the man of toil, 'tis now a well-known—a great truth—that Doan's Kidney Pills have brought more comfort to backache sufferers and cured more sick kidneys than any medicine of modern times.

Mr. Edward Fleming, of 112 S. Fannie street, says: "I slipped as I went to step from a wagon, fell and injured my back and after that I had backache nearly all the time. I was told by a doctor that the nerves of my spine were injured and he treated me accordingly but my back still continued to ache so much that I was able to do but little work. When I read about Doan's Kidney Pills the general symptoms of kidney I suffered from I thought it would be well to try this remedy, so I procured a box at Mead's drug store and used it. The treatment benefited me greatly and I noticed an improvement in a few days. Doan's Kidney Pills proved to be a remedy that can be depended upon that is the reason I recommend them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents a box. Foster-Liburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.



Special to Los Angeles.

The Passenger Department of the Chicago & Northwestern railway announces that a special train has been arranged for on account of the General Presbyterian Assembly at Los Angeles, to leave Chicago 10:30 p. m., Wednesday, May 13th, with through Pullman standard and Pullman tourist sleeping cars from Chicago to Los Angeles without change.

The route is over the only double track railway between Chicago and the Missouri river, and via Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Leadville, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City and Sacramento to Los Angeles. The Special will stop a few hours for sight seeing at Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City and Sacramento, spending the Sabbath at Salt Lake.

Only \$50 round trip from Chicago, with correspondingly low rates from other points. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway. 21-2t

STEAMER DULUTH.

Garden Bay and Escanaba Time Table.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.	
Leave Garden at.....	6:00 a. m.
Arrive Escanaba.....	6:30 "
Leave Escanaba at.....	7:30 "
Arrive Garden at.....	8:00 "

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.	
Leave Escanaba at.....	2:30 p. m.
Arrive Garden at.....	3:00 "
Leave Garden at.....	3:30 "
Arrive Escanaba at.....	4:00 "

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.	
Leave Escanaba at.....	7:30 a. m.
Arrive Garden at.....	8:00 "
Leave Garden at.....	8:30 "
Arrive Escanaba at.....	9:00 "

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.	
Leave Escanaba at.....	1:30 p. m.
Arrive Garden at.....	2:00 "
Leave Garden at.....	2:30 "
Arrive Escanaba at.....	3:00 "

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.	
Leave Escanaba at.....	6:00 a. m.
Arrive Garden at.....	6:30 "
Leave Garden at.....	7:00 "
Arrive Escanaba at.....	7:30 "

Excursion rates made to picnic parties to Farmer's Dock on Saturday. All Alaska Sunday boat from Escanaba, east. All Sundays open for excursions.

THREE SHORT TALES.

Modern Children Who Are in Touch With the Ways of the World.

A writer in the Outlook, after lavishing pity on the little children of the rich, who by modern educational methods, he avers, are made blasé before they reach their teens, continues:

Listen, you who are murmuring "old foggy" under your breath—listen to three short but pregnant tales:

Past the spectator's window one morning loitered two chubby little lads, their arms around each other's neck. The spectator thought to himself what a pretty picture of childish unsophistication they made. When they spoke, however, he caught his breath. "I won \$3 yesterday," remarked the younger of the two, who may possibly have been eight. "Honest? How?" demanded the other, big eyed. "Oh, my father and I bet on a race, and my horse won," was the nonchalant reply.

Before the spectator had fairly recovered from the staggering effect of this speech a group of little girls drew up before the house. One of the littlest of them was in difficulties with her hair, which had been dressed in some occult feminine fashion beyond the spectator's power to describe and had slipped its ribbon. As an older girl struggled to reduce it to order she said reproachfully: "What makes you try to wear it this way, Gladys? It's much too short." The little tot turned on her a withering glance. "It's the fashion!" she exclaimed, with crushing finality.

To these disclosures of unblinking sophistication may be added the tale of a neighbor whose little boy is just six. He had hoped to keep the child unconscious that he is the heir of millions and had brought him up in the strictest simplicity. And yet the other night, as he climbed on his father's knee for a good night kiss, he electrified the father by demanding, "Papa, how much are you worth?"

HAD NO FAITH IN SIGNS.

He Was an Enemy of Superstition, With an Exception.

Mr. Holley looked at his grandson with a mixture of amusement and reproach on his shrewd old face. It was dusk in the barn, a time for confidences. "I dunno where in all the earth you got such notions, sonny," the old man said. "Not from your ma's folks or your pa's either. There never was any talk of belief in signs and superstitions in either the Holley or the Fawcett stock, that's sure. It must have come from that foreign lady they had to teach you, I expect."

"And you don't believe there's any harm in a bird's flying into the house or breaking a mirror or seeing a black cat, grandpa?" asked the little boy earnestly. "And don't you care whether a pin sticks straight up in the floor or which shoulder you see the moon over or whether you get anything on you wrong side out? Not any of those things?"

"All foolishness," said the old man, with a reassuring pat of the hot little hand. "I'm glad you've talked it out with me, sonny. Now, you just put it out of your head, and I'll tell you what I'll do. When we go up to the house, I'll give you a little, old penny I've been saving for you for a lucky piece. You just carry it in your pocket all the time, change it from one suit of clothes to another, and see what it'll bring you."

"Do they really bring luck, grandpa?" asked the little boy.

"Course they do," said Mr. Holley firmly. "When we get another spare time, I'll relate to you a few cases that's come under my own eye of lives saved by 'em, and so forth. Course they do."

Swelling the Unsuccessful Ranks.

A great many men have been left behind because of their listlessness, their easy going ways. They were too slow. Opportunities would not wait for them. They would have taken advantage of them, would have succeeded, if the chance had not hurried by so fast. If the opportunities had tarried awhile, had given them a chance to look them over and consult their friends or if they had only come back, these gentle people would now be on the heights instead of looking wistfully up from the foot of the mountain. But, alas, opportunities never return, and he who is not ready to seize them as they flit onward will have only regrets for his portion.

Siamese Reporting.

Siamese reporters are not quite so deft as our own specimens, says the London Globe, but they have a fine impressionistic touch which charms the jaded fancy. Here is an account of a murder from that happy land:

"Shooting outrage! Oh, fearful agony! Khoon Tong, one of Phya Song's staff, was on a mission to Lampon, and on his return instantly shot dead by some miscreants, scoundrels. Oh, untimely death! Oh, fearful! All friends expressed their morbid. The cowardice dog is still at large. Six soldiers and six policemen were at once dispatched."

All or None.

Busy Merchant—Well, sir, what do you want?

Timid Youth—Y your daughter's hand. Busy Merchant—Can't give it to you, sir. Either take her entire or leave her. We are not doing an installment business.—Chicago News.

What It Was Like.

Miss Bostonwick—Did you go to the Wagner concert? Mr. Foker—I did.

Miss B.—What was it like? Mr. P.—Like Browning set to music.—Town and Country.

A Chicago man has produced the theory that Venus de Milo never wore corsets because she had no arms and couldn't possibly have hooked them together.

Something Fascinating



About the shoe that we are showing for spring and summer. For Foot Comfort there is nothing so self satisfying as Low Cut Shoes for the warm months, and it is hoped we will have warm weather after a while. We carry a great many styles in Men's, Women's, Misses and Children's Ox-

fords, in all the best leathers, including Glace Kid, Patent kid and Coltskin, Matt kid, Enamel and several other varieties. Our line of Oxford and slippers for the Little People is by far the finest we have ever shown. We want you to see them.

Young & Fillion



THE I. STEPHENSON CO.

HAS CONSTANTLY IN STOCK

ROUGH BOARDS, PIECE STUFF, TIMBERS

EITHER IN PINE OR HEMLOCK.

HAVING RECENTLY COMPLETED OUR PLANING MILL AND DRY MILLS WE ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH

ALL KINDS OF FINISHED LUMBER

Comprising Shiplap, Ceiling, Flooring, Siding, Mouldings, Casings, either in Pine, Bass Hemlock or Hardwoods.

ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING

Made in a Planing Mill always on hand at our Escanaba Yards or our mills in Wells.

R. E. McLEAN, Superintendent.

I take pleasure in announcing that my increased business has necessitated my removal from 515 Ludington St. to

LARGER QUARTERS
202 S CHARLOTTE ST.

I take the opportunity to thank all my old customers for past patronage and soliciting a continuance of the same and if you are not one of my customers I will make it an object for you to become one.

WM. ANDREWS,
Furniture, Upholstering Pictureframing
Finch Phone

London Chop House

Has opened at 517 LUDINGTON ST. in the

OLD RELIABLE WAY.

We invite all our old friends and solicit the patronage of all. Give us a trial.

Meal Tickets and Coupon Books at Reasonable Rates.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

Paid for all kinds of

HOUSEHOLD GOODS,
FURNITURE, ETC.

315 LUDINGTON ST.

Pianos. Pianos. Pianos.

You are invited to call, learn our low prices, liberal terms and the many makes of pianos that we sell. State representatives of

Steinway, Mason & Hamlin,

Sohmer, Krakaner Bros., Sterling,

and other leading pianos. Sixteen makes to select from. New upright pianos at \$125 up. Orders Taken for Tuning

Grinnell Bros. Music House, Detroit,

Branches, Adrian, Bay City, Jackson, Port Huron, Saginaw, Kalamazoo, Lansing, Sault Ste Marie, Traverse City.

ESCANABA BRANCH 606 LUDINGTON STREET.