

# THE IRON PORT.

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.

NUMBER 24

## COMMITTS SUICIDE

### Wm. Bang, Employed in This City Shot Himself.

### LIVES IN MENOMINEE.

#### Purchased Revolver at Baum's Hardware.—Took Train for Menominee Sunday and was Found Dead Monday Morning.

News was received from Menominee Monday morning to the effect that Wm. Bang, the well known Menominee contractor, had committed suicide by shooting himself in the right temple with a 32-calibre Smith and Weston revolver. The spot chosen for the deed was a lonely one at the edge of a slough near the St. Paul tracks. Bang was employed last week in laying the foundation for the new Rathon building on Ludington street and left Sunday night for his home in Menominee. He did not reach his home, however, and is supposed to have wandered about all night and shot himself at daybreak. The revolver which was found lying by his side had never been fired before he pulled the trigger. The weapon he purchased last week at Baum's hardware store in this city. In Bang's pockets were found \$150 in money, some checks, a gold watch and other trinkets, all of which were apparently undisturbed. He is said to have been insured for \$9,000 distributed among policies in the Northwestern of Milwaukee, the Royal Arcanum, Sons of Herman and Danish Brotherhood.

The wife of the dead man said she could think of no reason for her husband's deed as she knew of nothing wrong in his financial matters.

Bang has been considered a peculiar man by many who knew him. As a contractor he is well known throughout the country and his death is greatly deplored.

### LOOPING THE LOOP.

#### Diavolo's Famous Act a Feature of Forepaugh-Sells Circus.

Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' United Shows are exploiting a feature this season which eclipses in point of sheer daring anything ever attempted in any arena. It is the famous Diavolo in "his looping the loop" on a bicycle, an act which created the profoundest sensation in New York City and Philadelphia and elicited more praise and was given more space in the metropolitan press than any single act ever presented to the public.

Looping the loop is described as dangerous and death-defying, which is as near correct as words can make it. From the extreme height of the canvas dome Diavolo makes a thrilling descent down the narrow plane on a bicycle and the momentum thus gained carries him around the loop at a terrific rate of speed. At the top of the loop both the rider and wheel are upside down and are going at the rate of forty miles an hour. It is a hair-raising act and one that all should see, as it gives a practical demonstration of the first scientific lesson of youth—the swinging in a circle of a bucket full of water without spilling. The date of the show here is Tuesday, June 23.

### TRAGIC DEATH.

#### Andrew Juneau of Wilson Run Over and Killed Friday.

The almost lifeless body of Andrew Juneau, a young man of Wilson, was discovered upon the C. & N. W. R'y, track near Powers about 2:30 a. m. Friday. Engineer Henry Oliver, on a heavy south bound freight, saw a dark object on the track ahead but could not stop the train until twenty-five cars had passed over what proved to be a man's form. The man's right leg, left foot and right hand had been cut off and his head was badly cut and bruised. He was still alive, however, and was taken at once to Wilson where he expired two hours later. Judging from the condition of the man's wounds when found, it is believed that a previous train passed over the body. As several ore trains preceded the freight it is likely that one of them passed over the unfortunate man.

It is generally believed that the young man committed suicide. He is said to have been recently disappointed in love. When last seen he was in the company of a young lady. The coat and vest of the young man were found in a pile beside the track.

### STATE'S LIBEL BILL PREPARED.

#### Provides Severe Punishment for Even Trifling Mistake.

A libel bill has just been prepared at Lansing for the punishment of newspapers who print false statements either as the result of negligence, malice or a disregard for the truth or falsity of such statements. Concerning this bill the Detroit Free Press says the following: "After a week of toil the attorney-general's force has ground out the libel bill, based on the recently passed Penn-

sylvania measure, by means of which some of the senators expect to make the newspapers "be good." It has been generally considered that the senators have not really intended to push this measure, but they aver that an effort will be made to put through the bill. There is no title in the senate on which the bill can be hung, but it is proposed to hitch it to a skeleton in the closet of Representative Gallup, of Delaware county, who has been throwing a few oratorical smersaults in denouncing newspapers, and there is little doubt that so far as Gallup is concerned, he will do all he can to push the bill along."

### PROCLAMATION.

#### Issued by the Mayor Concerning Decoration Day.

To the citizens of Escanaba:—In accordance with a custom established by the builders of our republic to keep alive the sentiment of true patriotism and to acknowledge to Almighty God, our lasting gratitude for the heroism and sacrifice of our soldier dead, as well as a visible manifestation to the living, the people are hereby reminded that on Saturday, May 30th, occurs the annual decorating of the graves of the illustrious dead, whose mounds are and shall be eternal monuments of the universal liberty and peace we now enjoy.

It is a legal holiday of a grateful nation, and consecrated to the memory of the soldiers and sailors, who not only gave life to the world's greatest republic, but also to those who preserved its unity through five years of awful carnage unequalled in the history of man, and also to those who in after years planted the same old flag of liberty on the other side of the globe.

Therefore it is but proper that the people refrain from their usual avocations, and all forms of amusement, and observe the day as far as practicable, in a fitting manner, and that all business houses, not otherwise regulated by law, be closed from one to five o'clock in the evening, out of respect to those whose memory we seek to keep alive.

JNO. J. SOURWINE, Mayor.

## WAS CUT TO PIECES

### Conductor Kirkpatrick Met Death Beneath Car Wheels Thursday.

### BLOOD ON CAR WHEELS

#### Was Only Trace of Him Found When Missed By the Train Crew. Body Found Near Cedar Creek.

David Kirkpatrick, an old and well known conductor on the C. & N. W. R'y, met death in a horrible manner Thursday morning. How the accident happened no one will ever know, but it is supposed that he fell between the cars while walking over the top of the train. He had charge of an ore train on the Schlesinger branch track and was headed for Escanaba. He was last seen leaving the engine to go back to the caboose. Some little time elapsed before he was missed by the train crew. Then the train was stopped and an investigation made. Blood and pieces of flesh on one of the car wheels pointed to an accident and the train was backed up. On the track near Cedar Creek was found Kirkpatrick's body mangled and cut in most horrible manner. His head, one arm and a leg were severed from his body. The remains were immediately brought to Escanaba and taken to D. A. Oliver's Undertaking rooms. Kirkpatrick was forty years of age and has worked for the N. W. road 21 years. He has a host of friends and acquaintances who will deeply deplore his death. He is survived by a wife and two children. He has also four brothers and a sister. His family reside at 214 N. Sarah St. and are grief stricken by his death. He was a member of the Order of Ry. Conductors, K. O. T. M. and B. of R. T. The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon from the Presbyterian church.

### WRECK ON SOO RY.

#### Immense Tree Across Track Wreck No. 7, Wednesday Night.

A wreck, from which the escape of the passengers was truly miraculous, occurred on the Soo Road Wednesday night. The wreck occurred a few miles west of North Escanaba where an immense tree had fallen across the track. The engineer saw the tree but not in time to slacken the speed. The train plunged into the huge trunk and was thrown off the track into a sand bank at the side. All of the cars were derailed and rendered unfit for service. The passengers however escaped with only a shaking up. A train was sent to their assistance early Thursday morning from the Soo. The train was in charge of Conductor Swift. A. P. Burrows the conductor of Gladstone was slightly injured about the legs.

John Roemer spent a few days in Chicago this week.

## STEPS ARE TAKEN

### By Municipal League to Suppress Gambling in This City.

### MAYOR'S SUPPORT ASKED

#### Mayor Sourwine Says His Efforts are Practically Nullified by Council's Refusal to Confirm Appointments.

The Municipal League is taking steps to suppress gambling in this city. The following letter signed by the Executive committee of the League was handed to the Mayor on May 21. The Mayor's reply is also printed below:

Escanaba, Mich., May 21, 1903.

To Hon. Jno. J. Sourwine, Mayor of Escanaba, Mich.:—The Executive committee of the Municipal League made a request that some action be taken to suppress gambling; it being the sense of the Municipal League that gambling is so openly conducted in the city that its suppression is necessary. The League has decided to find some means for accomplishing that end. Therefore we respectfully request that you use your authority as mayor of this city to this end and we pledge our united support and assistance.

Signed,

A. J. HUGHITT,  
D. E. GLAVIN,  
W. W. OLIVER,  
S. GREENHOOT,  
H. M. STEVENSON,  
GEO. B. WURTZ,  
MATT FILLION,  
H. P. LUCAS.

Escanaba, Mich., May 27, 1903.

To the Executive Committee Municipal League—Gentlemen: Your communication of May 21 relative to the suppression of gambling in this city was handed me by Mr. Wurtz and I beg to advise you that the first instructions given to the police force on my assuming the office of mayor were that the provisions of the charter and ordinances should be enforced and this will be adhered to throughout the year. It was my desire to increase and re-organize the police force on a military basis and give it if possible a standing and effectiveness commensurate with the growing requirements of the city, but owing to the fact that the city council, for political reasons, refused to increase or confirm my appointments, my efforts in this direction have been practically nullified. However I beg to inform your league that I share the same ideas of a good moral government that animated the gentlemen who signed this open letter and will assist them with all my limited official powers.

Yours truly,

JNO. J. SOURWINE, Mayor.

This action on the part of the League is indeed a commendable one and should have the support of every lover of a good moral city government.

### PROF. DESMOND HAS ARRIVED.

#### New York's Favorite Clairvoyant and Palmist is in the City.

He tells facts, faults, qualities, capabilities, every fear hope and wish of your life from infancy to old age. His powers are wonderful and indisputable; advice is reliable; his information clear, concise and to the point in Love, Courtship, Marriage, Divorce, Sales, Wills, Patents, Journeys, Pensions, Investments, Speculations, Property, Insurance, Mortgages, Oil and Mining Claims, Diseases, etc. Settles lovers' quarrels, reunites the separated, causes a speedy and happy marriage with the one of your choice. The earth reveals to him the hidden treasures buried in her bosom. He locates mines, interprets dreams, tells of your friends and enemies, removes evil influences, gives advice pertaining to lawsuits—everything. PERSONAL MAGNETISM, is the Magic wand that rules the world. It sways the mind of millions and rules and regulates the destinies of nations. It is the key to higher life. Oh, wives with aching hearts, maidens with unfaithful lovers, men and youths who are struggling with sorrow and despair, call on the gifted medium. He will set you right. Have helped thousands, why not you? Hours from 9 to 9 Daily and Sunday.

Parlor 1406 Ludington St., over Kaufman's millinery store. Terms reasonable. 24-2t

### Teachers' Examination.

The regular teachers' examination for Delta county will be held at the High school, city of Gladstone, commencing June 18th, 1903, at 8:30 a. m. This examination is open to all applicants for second and third grade certificates. Reading will be from Ruskin's Sesame and Lillies.

P. R. LEGG,  
Co. Com. of Schools.

### RAPID RIVER ITEMS

Walter Thompson has been confined to his home by sickness this week. Mr. and Mrs. H. Gartland mourn the loss of their three months old baby.

The child died on Friday of last week and was taken to Menominee for burial on Saturday.

Morris Goldman was an Escanaba visitor Sunday.

The Board of Review met Monday and Tuesday in the city hall. Adam Schabel and William Ackley were present. Owing to sickness, Walter Thompson was absent and his place was filled by F. E. Darling.

Miss Hortens Francis and Levi Rabideau drove to Perkins Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. Papineau on Wednesday of last week, a baby girl.

The "Goldbricks," Rapid River's juvenile base ball team, returned from Kipling Sunday with the scalps of the enemy dangling at their belts. The score of 23 to 22 in favor of the Goldbricks indicates that the game was close and exciting. The Goldbricks are now ready to meet any and all comers.

O. O. Folio of the Jerry Madden Shingle Co. made a business trip to Fayette Monday.

Miss Myrtle Rabideau left Saturday for a visit with friends in Prentice, Wisconsin.

The Rapid River Dramatic Club is practicing regularly and making good progress. "The Deacon," which will be presented by the club in the Rapid River opera house in the early part of June, is a pleasing drama comedy and will no doubt be presented in a first class manner. The play is under the management of Prof. R. P. Whitford. The cast of characters is as follows:

Deacon Thornton..... Wm. Miller  
Geo. Graef..... Louis Konkel  
Geo. Darrah..... Morris Goldman  
Jas. Reed..... Alex. Murchie  
Pedro..... Parson Brownlow,  
Pete..... Jno. Tropple  
Billy..... Ambrose Shippy  
Mrs. Thornton..... Clarissa Guerno  
Helen..... Alva Baker  
Miss Amelia Fawcett..... Mrs. A. Murchie  
Mrs. Darrah..... Louise Micheau  
Nellie..... Margarette Thomas  
Daisy..... Lizzie Thomas

John W. Vogel's minstrel band is billed for the Rapid River opera house June 1.

## MET AWFUL DEATH

### Geo. Jurgenson Killed While Employed in Escanaba Woodenware.

### WAS CAUGHT BY SHAFT.

#### Accident Not Noticed Until Mill Had Been Running for Ten Minutes. Shaft Should Have Been Boxed In.

George Jurgenson, aged 16, met death in a terrible manner while at work in the Escanaba Woodenware Co's factory on Thursday. In some way Jurgenson's clothing was caught by a shaft and the lad was rapidly whirled to his death. Jurgenson was employed on a tramway outside which led from the second story of the factory. His duty was to keep a certain trough clear, into which refuse was dropped by conveyors. Close to the tramway ran the steel shaft which furnished power to the conveyors. The shaft was not boxed in and at a certain point was joined with a clamp, which was bolted to the shaft. The ends of these clamp bolts protruded slightly and it is supposed that these caught the young man's clothing as he was passing on the tramway and drew him in. The accident was witnessed by no one and the boy's body was discovered at 12:40 p. m., after the mill had been running for ten minutes. The body was horribly crushed and torn. The boy lived with his parents at 625 South Sarah street. The funeral was held this morning from the Swedish Lutheran church.

It would seem from the circumstances that the shaft should have been properly boxed in by the Woodenware Co., as has now been done. The state factory inspectors who inspected the factories of this city a short time ago should have noticed the danger of such a shaft and called attention to it.

### STAR BOARDER CO.

#### Will Play Monday Night at Peterson's Opera House.

Mr. Charles H. Boyle, whose clever impersonation of the celebrated "John Philip Sousa," which never fails to get a certain call, will be the bright particular feature of "The Star Boarder" company which comes to the Opera house on Monday, June 1st. This company is a large one and will no doubt crowd the theatre here.

### Will Send Delegation.

Though it was not expected that Escanaba would send a representation to the Field Meet at Ishpeming, yet Escanaba will be represented in a few of the events. Frank Nugent and Geo. Bartley will enter the half mile run; Frank Nugent will enter the mile run; Wm. Embs and Peter Semer will enter the hammer throw, Peter Semer and Wm. Embs the shot put, and Harry Rosenberg and Frank Nugent the pole vault and running high jump.

## 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.

Rev. F. F. W. Greene returned Wednesday from Manitowoc with a fine new "catch regged" yacht which will be a valuable addition to Escanaba's fleet of boats. The boat is handsome and well built, thirty-five feet in length and ten feet beam. It is fairly fast and will carry 25 persons. For cruising it is an ideal craft. The boat was built by H. B. Burger of Manitowoc. Mr. Green was accompanied on his trip from Manitowoc to Escanaba by Roy Banks and Ed. Phillips.

The Crescent dancing club will give a dancing party at the Peterson's on North Star hall. Sullivan's orchestra will furnish the music.

The Monday Club will give a private dancing party at Clark's hall on Monday evening. Sullivan's orchestra has been secured for the occasion.

After June 15 the firm of Henry & Linn will be dissolved and the business conducted under the name of the Henry Wagon Works. Mr. Henry has secured the services of an expert shoer from Milwaukee and will continue the blacksmith shop. Mr. Linn will remove to the corner of Ludington and Stevenson avenue where he is erecting a building for the manufacture of steel sleighs.

A farewell dancing party was given in Clark's hall Wednesday evening by Miss Grenier in honor of Miss Demler of Milwaukee, who has been visiting in Escanaba. The party was well attended and a very pleasant time is reported.

The Clerks' Union met Tuesday evening in Lemmer's hall. The meeting was well attended. After the business of the evening was disposed of the evening was given up to dancing and music and a very pleasant time enjoyed by all. Eight new members were received by the union on Tuesday night and the applications of fifteen others received.

The following marriage licenses have been issued in the past few days: Peter Hagan and Ida Lyssten, both of Escanaba; Jos. Gardner, Wells township and Annie Benoit, Schaffer; Chas. E. Parise and Dottie S. Harvey, of Escanaba; Leo M. Ebertoski and Louise Gamache, of Escanaba; Frank E. Dougherty, Gladstone, and Alberta Lafreniere, of Manistique.

Geo. Tong, the hustling manager of Falk & Buchan's Feed and Produce store, went to Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Monday and returned Wednesday with the broad smile and happy bearing which distinguishes a newly married man from all others. The bride is Miss Lizzie Graf of Sturgeon Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Tong will make their home in Escanaba. The Iron Port extends congratulations.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Baptist church will serve a supper in the lecture room of the church Tuesday evening, June 2nd.

Children's Day will be observed on June 14th in the Presbyterian church. The Onoway owned by Stonhouse Bros. has been sold to C. A. McCauley of Battle Creek, Mich. It will be delivered Aug. 15 and will be sailed down by Earl Cotton and Harry Stonhouse. The Onoway is a trim little cruiser and Escanaba yachtsmen will regret to see it leave these waters.

Wednesday morning Charles, the two year old son of C. W. Malloch, of Ford River, swallowed a child's jack, which lodged in the windpipe just above the bronchial tubes. It was removed by Dr. Youngquist at the Delta County hospital. It was in the windpipe about two hours.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. Robert McCourt, 516 South Mary street, on Monday afternoon, June 1st, at 2:30 o'clock. A full attendance is requested to make arrangements for a reception to be given to the district delegate to the State convention, on her return.

A large crew of men are billing the town for Forepaugh and Sells' circus, which will exhibit here on Tuesday, June 23rd.

Mr. George Young, who has gone to Zion City, Ill., to take charge of an immense bakery there, writes that he likes the place very much. He has a good position and a fine chance to make his way in the bakery business. The best wishes of Escanaba people will follow Mr. and Mrs. Young in their new undertaking.

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

#### Making Preparations for Big Time Tomorrow.

The event that will take place tomorrow will be an important one in the history of Escanaba Council No. 640, Knights of Columbus. Preparations are being made to initiate a class of

nearly seventy new members and visitors from many towns in the Upper Peninsula and Wisconsin are expected. The council will convene at St. Patrick's hall at 1 o'clock p. m. for the initiation ceremony which will occupy several hours.

The evening will be given up to a banquet at the Peterson at which toasts are expected from many prominent Knights.

The committee on arrangements is as follows: Dan H. Carroll, Matt Fillion, Dr. Fenelon, M. J. Ryan and Michael Doherty. The reception committee is composed of the following members. Dr. Fenelon, Wm. Manley, J. B. Moran, A. J. Killian, J. C. Maynard, F. C. Stoik, B. D. Winegar and E. F. O'Leary.

### VOGEL'S BIG MINSTRELS.

#### Will Be at Peterson's Opera House, Wednesday, June 3.

A delightful surprise is in store for those theatrically inclined, for John Vogel's big minstrels are due at Peterson's opera house, June 3. Arthur Rigby will of course, be the chief merry-maker on this occasion, and to our minds there is no comedian so well prepared to infuse spontaneous mirth as the genial Arthur. He has long held the premier place, and in this greatest of minstrel shows, will clearly demonstrate his right to the title "Comedy King." Crawford and Finning, those invincible and unapproachable musical comedians, Don Gordon, Comedy Trick Cyclist, Brobst Brothers, the Dancing Dandies, Marvelous Gregory, Chas. Gano, the clever comedian and parodist, an unusually large singing contingent including, the greatest minstrel Basso in the world, Mr. Grant Merkle, Prof. Norton's double symphony orchestra, and many others comprise this large company of fifty-five members. The scenic equipment will be complete, the first part setting being more elaborate and costly than anything of the kind ever seen here. Two specially constructed cars are required to transport the people and effects of this mammoth organization.

## OBITUARY.

John Kenelly, whose family live on Charlotte street, died on Friday evening, May 22nd, at the German hospital in Chicago, after an operation for cancer of the neck. Mr. Kenelly had been a sufferer for more than a year, from what was supposed at first to have been a broken gland, but which developed into a cancerous growth, later. He lived twelve hours after the operation, and was able to recognize the relatives and friends about him. Deceased leaves a wife and two children, a son by a former marriage, and a little daughter, also a father and mother and other relatives, to mourn his loss. He was a kind husband and father, and a man of good character, and well known in Escanaba. He was 44 years of age. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's church in this city on Tuesday.

### NEW GUN CLUB.

#### Gladstone Sportsmen Organize Shooting Club.

An organization known as the Gladstone Shooting Club has been organized in that city. W. L. Marble has been elected president; W. H. Blackwell, secretary and treasurer; and G. H. Garrison, captain. The club has arranged for six regular medal shot gun contests and six rifle contests. All contests are to be based on suitable handicaps. The first contest will take place on June 4th, 5th and 6th.

Shooting grounds are being fitted up with traps and targets. Considerable interest is being taken in the organization. The Gladstone club soon expects to arrange for shoots with other cities.

### WELLS NOTES.

John Lovell of Marinette, Wis., transacted business here Saturday last.

W. K. Hubbard spent Sunday here.

Robert Lant took a trip to Ford River last Monday.

John Derosa of McDermott came down on business Monday.

Mr. E. J. Losie and Mrs. A. E. Losie are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John Kerer at present.

Allen Kirkpatrick was here on business Tuesday.

H. D. Brainard of Escanaba transacted business here Wednesday.

Mr. S. Pike, representing "Sels Royal Blue" shoes, was in town Wednesday.

G. A. Ashton and Theo. Thorsen were in town Thursday.

### THE SOUVENIR BOOK.

#### Orders Should Be Left in Advance at Mead's Drug Store.

The Seniors are making good progress with their souvenir book. The book with its numerous engravings and half tones, is without exception the prettiest souvenir of its kind that has ever been placed on sale in Escanaba. About one half of the edition has already been spoken for and any one wishing a copy should place their order at once before the edition is exhausted. Orders may be left at the Mead Drug store.

# Mrs. Pell's Decoration Day

EMILY S. WINDSOR.

BY THE aid of the calendar hanging on her wall, Mrs. Pell found that there were 14 weeks before Decoration day.

She was not an adept at mental arithmetic, so that it was quite a lengthy and laborious piece of work for her to calculate that if she saved 12 cents each of those 14 weeks, she would have one dollar and 68 cents.

She had just finished counting it up a second time in order to be sure that it was correct, when her neighbor, Mrs. Wilkes, from the next room below in the big tenement house, came in for their usual evening chat. She was a thin, nervous looking little woman of middle age. Neither her faded gray hair nor her dress was tidy. She was a strong contrast to Mrs. Pell, who was always neat and clean; she was much older than Mrs. Wilkes, too.

Most of Mrs. Pell's days were spent in office cleaning, while Mrs. Wilkes' time was well filled with washing and ironing.

After they had exchanged their news of the day, Mrs. Pell said: "Would you think that a body could get a nice lot of flowers for a dollar and sixty-eight cents?"

"Sure and I'd think that a lot of money to be spendin' in such a way," answered Mrs. Wilkes, with a look of surprise on her weather-beaten face.

"I'd like it to be more," returned Mrs. Pell, "but not a cent more than 12 cents a week can I spare."

"I'm sure I'm not knowin' what your talkin' about," said Mrs. Wilkes, the surprise in her face increasing.

"I'll be tellin' you. It's for the graves on Decoration day. I've just set my heart on coverin' 'em with flowers this year. I've been wantin' to do it every year, but somethin' always happened to prevent. But this year, they're goin' to be there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkes.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Pell, "I'm feelin' sure there'll be nothin' to prevent this year. And it's white roses I want. Teddy was crazy after 'em."

She rocked her chair, and hid her face in her blue gingham apron.

Mrs. Wilkes could not enter very deeply into her friend's feelings. She



Every time she passed a florist, she would stop and look at the flowers.

had never had any children, and her husband had been lost at sea so many years before that she was now but a dim memory; besides, he had never in life given her any reason to mourn his loss.

But she kept respectfully silent until Mrs. Pell's burst of grief was over. Then she said: "White roses is nice. You ought to be gettin' a lot for so much money."

Mrs. Pell shook her head. "I don't know. Flowers is dear."

Mrs. Pell carefully put aside 12 cents each week from her meager earnings.

Every time that she passed a florist's window on her way to work, she would stop and look at the flowers displayed, and try to decide which window contained the most beautiful white roses.

"For I must get the finest to be had," she would think.

The prospect of buying those flowers often formed the subject of her chats with Mrs. Wilkes.

To the latter \$1.68 seemed an enormous sum to spend in any such a way.

"Be sure that you get the worth of your money," she would say.

"They've got to be fine ones," Mrs. Pell would answer.

Spring had been long in coming that year, and it was late in May before the garden roses began to show their colors. Mrs. Pell had few opportunities of seeing any of these, the tenement in which she lived being in a district where there was not enough earth room for a blade of grass to grow. Mrs. Pell, like many of her neighbors, had a few pots of geraniums on her window sills, but they were not luxuriant in growth. The air, close and sunless, was not conducive to floriculture. Mrs. Pell had once tried to raise a white rose, but it had died an early death.

Then her walks to and from her work were not in the resident part of the city.

But on Sundays, when she was not too tired, she went to church. Her way thither led past many beautiful gardens. One of them she particularly admired. It was a large, old-fashioned garden surrounding a beautiful old house. There were roses and roses. Roses climbing over trellises, and clambering about the broad veranda which ran along the side of the house.

They were just such roses as had grown about the little country home to which she had gone as a bride, says

the Chicago Advance. The sight of them took her back to the days when she had been so happy.

Then had come the dark time when her husband returned from the war with broken health. To mend their fortunes they had come to the city. But things had gotten worse. Her husband had soon died. She and Teddy had struggled alone. She had looked forward to the day when Teddy would be taking care of her, for he was a good boy. But he had been laid beside his father eight years ago. How he had loved those roses! He had often said that he would have a garden full of them when he was a man. He would be a man now if he were living.

The Sunday before Decoration Mrs. Pell went to church and returned by way of her favorite garden. She stopped to look at the white roses. There were such quantities of them. The air was filled with their fragrance. How she wished that she could have enough of them to cover her graves! Somehow, they seemed sweeter than the flowers at the florists.

The day before Decoration day came. Mrs. Pell had gone much sooner than usual to her work, and by hurrying a great deal, had been able to return home at four instead of six, her usual hour.

It was her plan to put on her best clothes and then go to the florist's and select and order her flowers. She would call for them early the next morning, and take them to the cemetery. The day was to be a holiday.

She had just unlocked her door, and entered her room, when Mrs. Wilkes came in. Her eyes were swollen from crying.

"Sure, and what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Pell.

"It's Sally. She's sick, and goin' to die. The woman that's been takin' care of her wrote to tell me. And she wants to see me once more."

"Well, sure and you'll be goin'," said Mrs. Pell.

Mrs. Wilkes burst into tears. "It's that I'm feelin' so bad about. It costs three dollars to go, and me with nothin' but a dollar and a half to my name. You see, I paid the rent two days ago. And not one of the neighbors with a cent to lend me."

"And it's too bad, it is," ejaculated Mrs. Pell, feelingly.

"Yes, and there's a train at seven," said Mrs. Wilkes, with fresh tears. "Unless—" she went on hesitatingly, "you could lend me enough!"

"It's too bad, it is," exclaimed Mrs. Pell. "Sure and I paid my rent last week, too." She looked distressed. She was always anxious to help anyone in trouble.

"I know—but—" Mrs. Wilkes hesitated more than before. "I—I—thought perhaps you'd let me have that money you saved for the flowers. Poor Sallie! I'd like to see her once more. She's my own sister, sure."

"Lend you that money! Oh! Mrs. Wilkes, I can't! I've had my heart set so long on coverin' the graves this Decoration day."

"I thought likely you wouldn't want to. Poor Sallie! And I'll never see her again." Mrs. Wilkes turned away with a hopeless air, and went slowly back to her room.

Mrs. Pell hastily prepared to go to the florist's to select and order her flowers. She felt very sorry for Mrs. Wilkes, but of course she could not lend her that money. If she had saved it for any other purpose but that! She had tried for so many years to be able to cover those graves with roses, and now when she had the money—to give it all up.

She hoped Mrs. Wilkes did not think her mean. She would have been glad to do anything else for her.

And it was a pity that she could not see her sister before she died. She was the only relative she had, too.

If it had only not been that money! And if it were not Decoration day! She wanted to put flowers on their graves at the time that other people were remembering their dead.

Mrs. Pell's steps became slower and slower, and as she came in sight of the florist's shop, she stood still, and remained in deep thought for some minutes. Then she turned suddenly and walked back to the tenement, and into Mrs. Wilkes' room. She found the latter sitting with her face in her hands and crying.

Mrs. Pell put her precious \$1.68 in her hand.

"Here," she said, "just take it. Hurry and get ready, and I'll go to the train with you. I do hope you'll find Sallie alive."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilkes, "sure and I

always knew you were a good woman. Poor Sallie! I'll be seein' her again."

Mrs. Pell did not sleep well that night. It hurt her to think of those two graves being flowerless another Decoration day. They were in such a remote part of the cemetery that they never shared in the general decoration of graves. She decided that she would not go to the cemetery at all. She could not bear to think of seeing others carrying their flowers while her hands must be empty.

But in the morning she changed her mind. It seemed unkind to leave her graves unvisited. She would go in the afternoon when the services were over and the cemetery would be comparatively deserted. It was such a lovely day. The ride in the cars would do her good.

Mr. Graham, his wife and Berta and Tom drove out to the cemetery, their

carriage filled with baskets of roses. They had almost stripped the many bushes in their garden.

After their grandfather's and grandmother's and Aunt Edith's graves had been piled high with odorous blossoms there was still a large basketful of beautiful white roses left.

"Let us drive around and see if there are any graves without any flowers," said Berta.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I like that thought."

But there did not seem to be any graves unadorned until they reached a more distant part of the cemetery. There two sunken graves, with weather-worn wood markers at the head, were flowerless.

"How lonely they look!" said Tom.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I think that you must empty this basket on them."

"Let Tom and me do it," said Berta. So she and her brother jumped out of the carriage and went over to the two graves. There were enough roses to completely cover them both.

"Now they don't look so lonely," said Berta, with a backward glance, as she drove away.

And so it was that when late in the afternoon Mrs. Pell came to the lonely spot where lay her husband and son, she found the two mounds a mass of exquisite roses. And they looked like the roses she had had in her little country home in those long past days—the white roses that Teddy had so loved.

PSALM OF THE OLD SOLDIER.

The blue is fading into gray,  
Just as when sunset comes  
With bugle calls that die away  
And softly throbbing drums;  
The shadows reach across the sky  
And hush the cares of day;  
The bugle call and drum beat die—  
The blue fades into gray.

The gray is blending into blue—  
A sunrise glad and fair,  
When, in the richness of the dew,  
The roses riot there.  
The bitterness of yesterday  
Is lost to me and you;  
The blue is fading into gray—  
The gray blends into blue.

They're sleeping now the long, long sleep—  
The boys who wore the blue;  
Above the gray the grasses creep—  
And both were good and true;  
And in the twilight of our life—  
The ending of the way—  
There comes forgetfulness of strife—  
The blue fades into gray.

Above each mound the lily grows  
And humble daisies nod;  
The ruby glory of the rose  
Sheds luster on the sod;  
The tears—the tears—they are the dew  
That greets the coming day.  
The gray is blending into blue—  
The blue fades into gray.

—W. D. Nesbit, in the Baltimore American.



# THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAY.

Beautiful Custom of Observing Memorial Day—The Nation's National Debt.

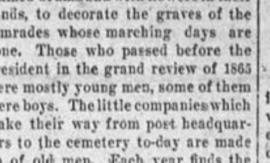
In 1865 occurred one of the most impressive and soul-stirring pageants which this country has ever seen. On the 23d and 24th of May, the armies of the union passed in grand review before the president and the secretary of war, in Washington. On the first day 86,000 men of the Army of the Potomac marched through the streets of the national capital, and on the following day the 62,000 members of Sherman's army carried their tattered flags over the same line of march.

In all there were 149,000 men in that blue tide which, for six hours on one day and seven on the next, flowed past the capitol; and on the great banner which stretched across the front of the building the tired and war-worn veterans read a sentiment which must have touched their hearts. It was their country's acknowledgment of her sense of obligation to them. The words were these: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe the victorious union soldiers."

Today, says the Youth's Companion, a thousand little processions made up of those same men will march behind muffled drums, and with flowers in their hands, to decorate the graves of the comrades whose marching days are done. Those who passed before the president in the grand review of 1865 were mostly young men, some of them mere boys. The little companies which make their way from post headquarters to the cemetery to-day are made up of old men. Each year finds the heads whiter, the line thinner, the steps more feeble. Yet the loving memories remain unchanged, the old comrades unforgetting, the service in their honor neglected.

The dignity and faithfulness with which the veterans of the civil war observe this annual ceremony has not been lost upon the country. The pathetic spectacle of these feeble old men marching every year under the flag they once defended has touched us all. It has helped us to realize that we have indeed a "national debt we can never pay," and has confirmed the beautiful custom of giving one day in the year to our dead, be they soldier or civilian.

THE NATION DOES NOT FORGET.



Chicago Daily News.

MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SOUTH.

The Story of How the Custom of Decorating Soldiers' Graves Originated.

An association known as the Ladies' Aid society, was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, who thereafter took charge of these graves, making it a practice to go in a body to care for and beautify them with plants and flowers. January, 1866, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the confederate graves annually. The proposition met at once with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in their cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.

These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 26 as Memorial day for the confederate dead in several southern states.

The floral displays are always magnificent in the larger cities, and especially in this true of Richmond. In historic old Hollywood lies the gallant and beloved Stuart. There, too, sleeps the old cavalier Pickett, and many others scarcely less distinguished. There, also, rests the president of the confederate states, and by his side the "Daughter of the Confederacy." And on Memorial day flowers from the hills of Vermont come over her grave with those from the plains of Texas and the land of the setting sun as a tribute to her worth and in attestation of a reunited country.—Woman's Home Companion.

Our Comrades Live.

Still they live, our gallant comrades, still they live for evermore.  
When the waves of Time beat softly on eternity's bright shore,  
Tho' our wistful mortal vision may not pierce the veil between,  
Still we feel their presence with us in this peaceful summer scene  
And our hearts are thrilled, uplifted, as by Heaven's divine air  
While we scatter fragrant flowers o'er their green graves every where.

EVA KATHERINE GIBSON

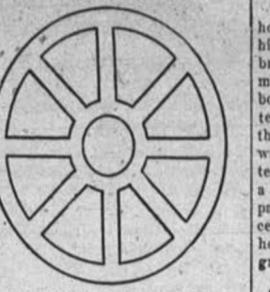
Cover Them Over,  
Cover them over, violets blue,  
Wreathed in the grass and dew,  
With little love of the Earth,  
Symbol the heaven's despair; blue,  
Cover them over and over.



# THE AUTOGRAPH QUILT.

An Easy Method of Raising Money for the Church or Other Philanthropic Purposes.

One method for raising money which we have tried in our church is the making of an autograph quilt. The blocks were of bleached muslin, 16 inches square. On each block a wheel-shaped piece of turkey red cal-



BLOCK OF AUTOGRAPH QUILT.

ico was sewed. The diameter of the wheel measured from the outside edge of the rim, was 14 1/2 inches, the diameter measured from the inside of the rim was 11 1/2 inches, the diameter of the hub measured from the outside rim was 5 1/2 inches and the diameter of the inner circle of the hub 2 1/2 inches. The illustration herewith shows the pattern of the block, greatly reduced. The wheels were first basted carefully on the muslin blocks, then the blocks were distributed among the ladies of the society with the request that they whip the edges of the wheels with red silk thread—which was given out with the blocks—and secure names enough to fill the white spaces in the wheel, the charge for each name to be ten cents. When all the blocks were finished and sewed together, a good penman was chosen to write the names on each block as headed in, the name of the maker of the block being placed in the center and the other names between the spokes. This was done with indelible ink. We realized \$58 in this way and sold the quilt for ten dollars, thus making \$68.—Farmers' Review.

Sweeping Off the Cobwebs.

In the nursery tales the famous old woman who is credited with the desire to "sweep the cobwebs off the sky" was armed with a broom, and in the household realm the broom has long been recognized as the most effective medium for dusting the walls and sweeping the obnoxious cobweb from its lofty resting place, says the Brooklyn Eagle. An experienced housewife living in a country town, however, states that in this advanced age walls and woodwork are best dusted with a long-handled window brush covered with canton flannel. "The brush not being in such frequent demand as the broom," she says, "can be put away with its cover on, and is always ready for an emergency in the shape of a cobweb."

Exercising the Memory.

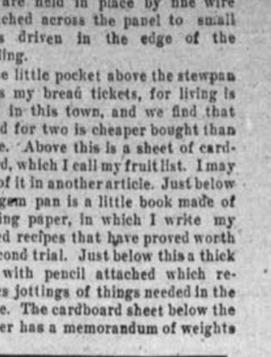
Don't let your memory fail; hold on to it tenaciously. Determine where you are most deficient, and exercise in that respect. You can do it at any odd time; while you are walking, riding, resting after a day's work, or listening perforce to a dull speaker. Don't let a few failures discourage you; the long corridors of recollection, lined upon both sides with valuable material, will be opened for you because of your importunity, if you use it.—N. Y. Weekly.

# UNIQUE PANTRY DOOR.

An Idea That is Worth Imitating in Houses Where Things Have to be "Crowded."

Not having any too much room in my pantry, which was originally a hall cupboard, I utilized the door in the manner shown. The smaller articles have tacks as hangers, for the larger ones small hooks are better. These can be bought for a few cents per dozen, and do not damage the wood as does a nail. The ring by which the chopping bowl hangs (on the lower part of the door), was formerly on a window shade, but was found to be just the thing for this purpose. The lids are held in place by fine wire stretched across the panel to small tacks driven in the edge of the molding.

The little pocket above the stewpan holds my bread tickets, for living is high in this town, and we find that bread for two is cheaper bought than made. Above this is a sheet of cardboard, which I call my fruit list. I may tell of it in another article. Just below the gum pan is a little book made of writing paper, in which I write my tested recipes that have proved worth a second trial. Just below this a thick pad with pencil attached which receives jottings of things needed in the home. The cardboard sheet below the grater has a memorandum of weights



UPPER PART OF PANTRY DOOR.

and measures, which I find handy in following some recipes.

When the pantry door is closed all this is out of the way, and out of sight. I much prefer this plan to that of having everything in the kitchen. Of course, it would not do for a person who does not keep the black washed off the utensils. I rarely put any utensil save my teakettle over an open stove hole, so have no trouble in keeping everything immaculate.—American Agriculturist.

# Pretty Dresses for Children.



THE frock at the left is of white plisse batiste. The blouse has a large shoulder collar of white linen trimmed with embroidery and motifs, and cut in points at the edges where it is finished with cotton tassels. The cuffs are also of linen trimmed with the embroidery.

The skirt is trimmed near the bottom with little ruffles, or double frills, simulating the heading to a Jounce. The girdle is of light blue ribbon knotted on the left side with long ends.

The blouse has a wide box plait in the middle of the front ornamented with rosettes of cream lace. On each side of this at the top is a group of tucks, or plaits, and the sleeves are plaited at the top. The collar and the cuffs are tucked crosswise.

The skirt is finished at the bottom with two ruffles. The girdle is of taffeta matching the gown.

The third frock is of red linen, or voile. The blouse is made with two box plaits in front, on each side of which are groups of plaits alternating with bands of embroidery. The shoulder collar, or pelerine, is of white linen embroidered with a red cord, or soutache embroidery, and this and also the box plaits are ornamented with motifs of the red embroidery with tassels. The sleeves are plaited on the outside and finished with cuffs of the embroidery.

The skirt has a plain hip yoke cut in scallops and bordered with a stiffened band of the material with little motifs of embroidery. Below this the skirt is plaited all round, the plaits opening out near the bottom. The girdle is of red taffeta.—Chic Parisian.

## 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.

Miss Olive Schweitzer of Whitney, spent Sunday with Miss Lillian Russell. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Brown are visiting Mrs. Brown's sister, Mrs. Grant Tyndall in New York.

William Good spent Sunday in the city, with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, who reside on Sarah street are the happy parents of a baby boy, born Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Schaffer spent Monday in Chicago.

M. J. Sullivan of Garden has gone on a visit to the Lake of the Woods.

Andrew Skaug of Stonington made a business trip to Wisconsin Saturday. County Comm. Legg visited the schools at Osier, Misery Bay and Ford River last week.

Ben and John Lovell of Menominee were Escanaba visitors Saturday.

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.

Mrs. E. A. Valentino has returned home after attending a convention of the O. R. C. at Pittsburg, Pa., and visiting at Washington, D. C.

Eugene Sullivan has returned from Milwaukee where he has been taking treatment for defective eyesight.

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

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Foss and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burrows of Gladstone were Sunday visitors in the city.

John McRae has gone to Detroit for the Sourwine and Hartnett drug Co.

Miss Lu Moger is visiting friends in Chicago.

Alex. Malloy, Fred Good and Dr. Laird of Nahma spent Sunday in Escanaba.

Furnished room to rent at 315 N. Sarah street.

Removal Sale.—Commencing Monday, June 1st, the Cash Mercantile Co. will sell out at cost, (and this otherwise sold in the meantime) all goods at 904 Ludington street. Sale must close Saturday night, June 6th. Will re-open for business at 1509 Ludington street, June 10. Cash Mercantile Co.

Miss Maude Hodges is recovering from a severe illness.

I. N. Bushong of Gladstone was in the city Tuesday.

Thos. Noble came over from the Suburb Tuesday to see the sights.

J. E. Patton is decorating and remodeling the interior of his place at 809 Ludington.

The Mayor has ordered all gambling rooms closed and says they must stay closed.

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.

New-pattern hats for summer dis-

play will be on exhibition Saturday and Monday at our Millinery parlors at Fair Savings Bank.

WANTED.—A five room house by family of three, no children. Apply at this office.

Peter Duranceau Jr., has been visiting for a few days up the bay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Winde of P. R. kids are visiting friends in the city.

Miss Sadie Miller of Masonville spent Wednesday in Escanaba.

Mrs. E. P. Barker and Mrs. Jos. Le-Clair were Escanaba visitors Wednesday.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—Meat market in Rapid River with complete shop outfit and ice in connection, at a bargain.

H. E. PFEIFER, Rapid River.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Davis, who reside on Maple street, are rejoicing over another little son, born Monday.

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

Fred Norman has been building a new grocery store at North Escanaba, which he expects to open next Monday. May success attend his new enterprise.

FAYETTE ITEMS.

Mr. Hansen took an excursion party to Washington Island Sunday. A pleasant time is reported by all.

Mrs. Ed. McCauley of Manistique is visiting her parents at Fairport.

"Dewey" a valuable colt owned by Mrs. I. M. Greene of the McDonald farm, Fairport, died last Sunday. The colt was 5 years old and weighed 1700 pounds.

Farm work is considerably delayed by the continual rain.

D. E. Seller, V. S., of Manistique was in town the early part of the week.

Mrs. Patsey Casey, accompanied by her son Jimmie and daughter Ollie has gone to visit her mother and sister in Newman's Grove, Neb.

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 Gogebie, limited for return until and including the following Monday. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway. 21-cow-Aug. 15.

Just Opened

At 913 Ludington St.,

'The Merchants Cafe'

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

A Restaurant of the First-Class.

PRICES REASONABLE.

WM. MADDEN, Prop.

JAS. M. DeLONG, Mgr.

### 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 fogey' under your breath—listen to these short but pregnant tales:

Fast 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 your 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 Banks.

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 got 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 faded fancy. Here is an account of a murder from that happy land:

"Shooting outrage! Oh, fearful agony! Khooon 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 morne. 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. Poker—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.

### HE REFUSED TO SELL.

Turner and His Great Picture, "The Building of Carthage."

When Turner exhibited his great picture, "The Building of Carthage," he was disappointed because it had not been sold at once at the private view and angry with the press for criticizing it severely. Sir Robert Peel called upon him.

"Mr. Turner," said he, "I admire your 'Carthage' so much that I want to buy it. I am told you want 600 guineas for it."

"Yes," said Turner; "it was 800 guineas, but today it's 600."

"Well," said Sir Robert, "I did not come prepared to give 600, and I must think it over. At the same time if seems to me that the change is an extraordinary piece of business on your part."

"Do as you please," said Turner. "Do as you please."

After a few days Sir Robert called again upon the great painter. "Mr. Turner," he began, "although I thought it a very extraordinary thing for you to raise your price, I shall be proud to buy that picture, and I am prepared to give you the 600 guineas."

"Ah!" said Turner. "It was 600 guineas, but today it's 700."

Sir Robert grew angry, and Turner laughed. "I was only in fun," he said. "I don't intend to sell the picture at all. It shall be my winding sheet."

For years he kept it in his cellar. Then it was brought up and hung in his gallery, where it remained as long as he lived. When he died, he left it to the nation.—Youth's Companion.

Forcing the Pace.

George Fordan, an old Scotchman of miserly habits, was dying. A neighbor who was on friendly terms with the old man's relatives agreed to call on the minister and beg him to try to induce the old fellow to make a will. The minister consented and at length persuaded the miser to allow a lawyer to be sent for.

By the time he arrived the old man was rapidly sinking, but the will was smartly drawn up and duly awaited his signature. He was propped up in bed and managed to write "George Fordan." Then he fell back exhausted.

An eager relative who stood by seized the pen and stuck it in the dying man's hand.

"D' Geordie, d'," referring to the next letter of the signature.

The old man glared up wrathfully.

"Dee?" he snapped. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"

Somebody Lied.

A certain woman has a husband who has done such a thing as to forget to do what his wife had requested. The other evening about 5 o'clock he came home, and she went at him.

"John," she said, "did you tell that expressman to come here this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mary," he answered meekly.

"Well, he hasn't come."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. Now, how do you account for it?"

John gave the matter a few moments' consideration.

"Well, my dear," he said finally, "either he's lying or I am, and to relieve us both from your suspicions I'll just step down to his place and see what's the matter." And the charitable John went to see the expressman.

TAKE A LOOK

in at our

Window and see our Fine

display of

Canvas Topped Shoes for

Summer Wear.

Style and Comfort are com-

bined in this shoe.

Young & Fillion

\$3.00 SAVED TO ALL POINTS EAST AND WEST VIA THE D & B LINE.

"Just Two Boats" DETROIT & BUFFALO

Daily Service

DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.

COMMENCING MAY 11TH Improved Daily Express Service (11 hours) between DETROIT and BUFFALO

Leave DETROIT Daily . . . 4.00 P. M.

Arrive at BUFFALO . . . 8.00 A. M.

Leave BUFFALO Daily . . . 5.30 P. M.

Arrive at DETROIT . . . 7.00 A. M.

Connecting with Earliest trains for all points to NEW YORK, EASTERN and NEW ENGLAND STATES.

Through tickets issued to all points. Good \$5. for illustrated pamphlets and rates.

Rate between Detroit and Buffalo \$2.50 one way, \$4.00 round trip. Bertha \$1.00, \$1.50; Statorious \$2.50 each direction. Week end Excursions Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

If your railway agent will not sell you a through ticket, please buy a local ticket to Buffalo or Detroit, and pay your transfer charges from depot to wharf. By doing this we will save you \$3.00 to any point East or West.

G. A. SCHWARTZ, G. P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

COLEMAN NEE,

Brick, Lime, Cement,

Plaster and Hair, Hard and Soft Coal and Fire Wood.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

H. M. STEVENSON,

Jeweler and Optician.

Eyes tested free. All work guaranteed.

LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA, MICH.

ED. ERICKSON,

Dry Goods, Carpets, Clothing,

Dress Goods and Men's Furnishings.

508-10 LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA, MICH.

ERICKSON & BISSELL,

Wholesale and Retail

Groceries and Provisions.

609 LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA, MICH.

MARTIN T. LYONS,

Embalmer, Funeral Director.

609 LUDINGTON STREET, ESCANABA.

F. H. ATKINS & CO.,

Groceries and Provisions.

Bell 'Phone No. 6, Finch 'Phone No. 45.

402-4 LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA, MICH.

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 119 South Georgia street.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Office 114 South Georgia street.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m. 2 to 4, 7 to 8.

Superb Soaps.

Whenever you want toilet soaps you want the kind you are sure to find here. We select soaps as carefully as we do drugs and can therefore guarantee the purity of all we sell you. We frequently have special bargains also in these lines which come to us as a result of large buying. You are sure to get the right kinds of soaps, you are certain to get the right prices, and you are apt to get special prices that cannot be matched elsewhere.

Coburn's

Drug Store.

John Roemer spent a few days in Chicago this week.

## CERESOTA FLOUR

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

G. 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 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.

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

FREE To Lovers of GOOD MUSIC

A book called "An Introduction to the Latest Piano Music." It contains, in reduced size, the first page of each of the following wonderfully successful pieces:

Mississippi Rose March

Waving Plumes March

Nourhalma Waltzes

Give the Countersign March

Euphonia (Intermezzo)

Entree de Cortège

Imozetta (Mexican Dance)

South Carolina Sunshine

Antics of the Ants

Story of the Flowers

Love of Liberty March

Idle Fancies (Intermezzo)

Dream of the Ballet

Return of Love Waltzes

Jules Levy's Stella Waltz

The Eagle's March

Every pianist will find something in the above list of great interest. Send a postal for the book. It's free. All above compositions are entirely new. On sale at your local dealer.

Published at Popular Prices by

LYON & HEALY

Wabash Ave. & Adams St., CHICAGO

Advertise in The Post

Fifty Years the Standard

# THE IRON PORT.

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

## The Faith That Moves Mountains

By CHARLES EUGENE BANKS

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

**W**HAT are your churches to me," she cried, passionately. "Sister Cecilia, from childhood I have heard these tales of love and penitence until I know them all by heart. I used to find comfort in them, but that was before I knew what real sorrow was."

She was a slight young girl, not above 16, with clear, delicate features, and olive complexion, an abundance of hair that swept back from a full forehead like the waves of a clouded sea. She seemed little more than a child, and yet the light that shone in her large dark eyes spoke of passion, and grief and a woman's woes.

"My dear child," replied the Sister, "you do not understand the teachings of the church. It is not of earthly love the Gospels speak, but of that spiritual love that passeth all understanding. Not of that love the Saviour died that all men might understand and be saved."

"I know, I know," cried the girl, "but it is not of Heaven I am thinking, but of him, Pierre, the artist, who has gone and left me no word; of Pierre whom I love better than life; Pierre for whom I have given up all, even the church."

The Sister crossed herself devoutly but the girl continued passionately:

"It is months since I have entered the church doors. When Pierre came into my life everything else was swept out of it. I knew no other world but the one he made for me. I never questioned his sincerity, I never doubted his love. I was a child and he made me a woman. And now he is gone and I am alone, alone, alone."

"The man was not of our world," said the Sister, with some show of severity, "and you do wrong to think of him."

"I cannot help it. I try to think of him as being cruel and wicked, to hate him for what he has made me suffer, but I cannot do it. Night and day I hear only his voice. Oh, something must have happened to him, or he would come back to me."

"Such faith deserves to be rewarded," said the Sister, moved by the girl's sincerity, "you may be right. Let us



"SUCH FAITH DESERVES TO BE REWARDED."

not despair. But should he never return, there is One who never forsakes, who is ever ready to comfort and bless. To-morrow morning the Easter bells will ring to recall the scene of His death and resurrection. So may well triumph over sorrow and the grave if we will but trust in Him."

The words and manner of the Sister stirred the girl strangely. Looking into the tranquil eyes of the holy woman she felt a wave of peace throughout her whole being. The flush died out of her cheeks, the sob died in her throat, and going to Sister Cecilia she put her arms about her saying quietly:

"I know what you say is true, even though I rebel against the teaching of the church. They who are of it, not you, sweet Sister, but the others, the neighbors, even my mother, have been so harsh and cruel, have said such bitter things of me that I could not believe in the religion they professed. But I felt I must tell my sorrow to some one or I should die. And so I come to you who are always gentle and kind."

"You did right, Marie, and I will do all I can to help you. Ah, the tears, the bitter tears that love has wrung from confiding hearts. But who shall say that unselfish devotion and sacrifice in the manner of love shall find harsh

judgment in the eyes of Him who taught us love is the greatest of all the virtues, the very soul of life."

### HER HUSBAND.

I have my troubles, goodness knows, and many trials cause me grief.—That man of mine is, I suppose, the chief.

Each day some new vexation brings. He means quite well, I'm not a doubt, but will persist in leaving things about.

He leaves his papers on the floor, His gloves my bric-a-brac among. His smoking jacket on the door is hung.

His pipes are apt to decorate, The very nicest things I own; Burned matches in my Canton plate Are thrown.

His slippers are 'most always found Just where they have no right to be. He just leaves everything around For me.

But after all is said, I know Some others have the same distress, He's pretty well, as husbands go. I guess.

—Chicago Daily News.

### Close Calls in Beer War.

Fantastic escapes from death were by no means uncommon features of the Beer war. There was exhibited some time ago in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution one of Queen Victoria's chocolate boxes, in the lid of which is still deeply imbedded a Mauser bullet. To that same collection there has just been added an even more remarkable relic.

This is a silver cigarette-holder case, which was struck by a bullet at a distance of 1,200 yards while it was in the pocket of a captain of the Imperial Yeomanry. The curious part about it is that the officer was not aware until afterward that he had been struck, although the bullet also pierced the sovereign purse and cigarette case which he was carrying in the same pocket.—London News.

There is no death, the flowers say; In faith we hide our souls away. While tempests desolate the earth, And patient wait the promised birth.

The Southwind chants, there is no death, I come, and Winter is a breath; Against his falling walls I set The snowdrops and the violet.

Glads prophets of the life to be! A kindred spark abides in thee, That like the wind no tether knows, And yet is comrade to the rose.

The earth thy mother is, her breast Thy comfort, shield and final rest, There, sheltered from the storms thou'lt bide The coming of thy Easter tide.

It was morning when Marie awoke and the air was filled with the chimes of many bells. The dream was still vivid in her mind and, involuntarily she glanced at the wall where the picture of the Madonna hung. It was in its place, but she could not escape the thought that the scene which was so vivid in her mind had really been enacted. The hour for morning service was approaching and she felt a sudden desire to sit once more with the congregation in the holy silence, to join in the responses, and to hear the music of the familiar songs. For months she had not entered the church doors, but her talk with Sister Cecilia and the vision of the Madonna had decided her to try once more the consolation of religion.

When Marie came out upon the street that bright Easter morning she found Sister Cecilia already at the door. "I come for you," said the Sister, simply.

"I am ready, Sister Cecilia," replied Marie with equal simplicity. "I had such a beautiful dream last night, and I think—yes, I know I had already decided—"

"To go to church?"

"Yes."

"It must have been a good dream, indeed."

"It was a message from the Madonna. She told me that which made me understand."

They were walking rapidly toward the church. As they were about to turn a corner of the street that led up to the edifice a hearty voice cried out:

"Marie! Why do you run away from me?" and turning they saw Pierre hurrying to overtake them.

"Pierre! Pierre!" murmured the girl, pale and trembling.

"Pierre, that was Jim Bradford that is. Don't be frightened at the change, little sweetheart. A sombrero, a corduroy jacket and the privilege of knocking a man down without the fear of having to apologize for sailing under false colors suits me better than playing the role of an artist. But the praise was worth the trouble a thousand times over. Give me your hands, little girl, and say that you forgive me."

Marie would have thrown herself into the arms of her lover, but Sister Cecilia interposed. "Tell me," she said, "before you lead this poor child into deeper trouble; how can you be so bold and heartless. You acknowledge to having won her affections under a false name, you left her for weeks to the scorn of her associates, weeping her heart out for love of you, and then come back expecting her to believe you honest."

"All in time, good Sister. You see I had a plainsman's dread of being loved for my few miles square of pasture, and the cattle that kept the grass trimmed, rather than for myself. So I became a poor artist and went seeking a wife. I believed I had found her in Marie, but there was one more test; how far would her trust in me go. I went away, but not so far that I could not keep track of what was going on here. She has proved herself an angel. It wrung my heart to see her sorrow, but for every moment of anguish I have caused her she shall have a thousand glad ones. What do you say, little girl; am I to be forgiven?"

"I have never doubted you, as the good Sister here will tell you. Besides, you know it is Easter morning. Don't you hear the bells over there ringing out the proclamation? 'I am the resurrection and the life, and whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again.' I believed in you, and here you are."

She gave him her hands. For a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. Then with the Sister walking with bowed head before them they entered the door of the church.

"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds.—Chicago Post.

**How Foolish.**  
"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

**Settled Him.**  
Hewitt—"You don't seem to be in the swim."  
Jewett—"My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired."—N. Y. Times.

**Innocent.**  
"Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?"  
"I dun know, mum. I ain't looked at it or tacked it; an' if it's cracked it was cracked afore I come here."—N. Y. Observer.

**No Need of Birds.**  
"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds.—Chicago Post.

**How Foolish.**  
"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

**Settled Him.**  
Hewitt—"You don't seem to be in the swim."  
Jewett—"My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired."—N. Y. Times.

**Innocent.**  
"Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?"  
"I dun know, mum. I ain't looked at it or tacked it; an' if it's cracked it was cracked afore I come here."—N. Y. Observer.

**No Need of Birds.**  
"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds.—Chicago Post.

**How Foolish.**  
"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

**Settled Him.**  
Hewitt—"You don't seem to be in the swim."  
Jewett—"My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired."—N. Y. Times.



### SMILES

**Ambiguous.**  
Miss Crochet—Yes, Mr. Squeezicks seems to be a very nice sort of man; but sometimes he says things that are so queer.

**Miss Pedler.**—For example?  
Miss Crochet—I was saying to him that my Cousin Tom came to hear me play almost every evening, and that Tom was very fond of music, and he said: "And yet he continues to come." I wonder what he could have meant?—Boston Transcript.

**Aptly Put.**  
"What," asks the individual who always is studying conundrums; "what is the difference between a phonograph and a woman?"

"That's easy," asserts a gentleman who has just been compelled to give up all his money for the new-dress demand. "Because you start a phonograph talking by giving it money, but you stop a woman's talk that way."—Judge.

**Something Radically Wrong.**  
"Sarah, there is something wrong with this child," said the minister, stopping in his midnight walk with his child in his arms.

"What makes you think so, Isalah?" asked the wife, from her warm bed.

"Well, I have got to my sixteenthly in my last sermon, and he shows no sign of sleep."—Yonkers Statesman.

**A Modern Proposal.**  
Young De Style—Aw—congratulate me, my dear fellow. I'm the happiest man outside of Lunnun.

**Friend.**—Eh? Is it about the lovely Miss De-Fashion?

Young De Style—That's it. I asked her to share my 20,000 a year, and she said she would. — N. Y. Weekly.

**Not in a Political Sense.**  
"You say his wife had him arrested for repeating? I didn't know she took any interest in political elections."

"In political elections?"  
"Yes, didn't you say she accused him of repeating?"

"Yes, Bigamy."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**The Fly in the Ointment.**  
At last we're to be married! With joy my bosom thrills, To think that all is settled—That is, except the bills.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**THE SECOND FIDDLE.**

"Now," said the teacher, "can you tell me what our country is different from the countries where they have emperors and kings?"

"Yes," replied little George. "In this country we call them 'leaders of the organization.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Case Properly Stated.**  
"Penelope," said her brother, "don't look angry, now. But, really, didn't I tell you when he left last night?"

"How can you use such plebeian phraseology, George?" she answered, haughtily. "There was a slight labial juxtaposition, but it was only momentary."—Tit-Bits.

**Their Sad Plight.**  
"Now there is talk of another strike in sympathy with the sympathetic strikers."

"Indeed! Are they entitled to sympathy?"  
"Well, it's considered hard luck that they have no grievances of their own."—Puck.

**The Thorn and the Rose.**  
First Married Man.—Women are frightful gossipers, aren't they?  
Second Married Man.—Yes; but just think what a lot of entertaining information one would miss concerning the neighbors were they otherwise.—Chicago Daily News.

**Where He Fell Down.**  
He could write a comic article that would make you fairly roar. And his after-dinner speeches were with humor brimming o'er; But when left to mind the baby his resources were depleted. And the sunnier he tried to be the more the baby yelled.—Tit-Bits.

**Two Questions.**  
Old McGrumps—Do you suppose that I am going to allow my daughter to marry a man as poor as you are?  
Young McGall—Do you suppose that any rich man would marry a girl as homely as she is?—N. Y. Weekly.

**Disappointed.**  
"They say Bascom was disappointed in love."  
"Yes."  
"Wonder why the girl wouldn't marry him?"  
"She did."—Indianapolis Sun.

**No Need of Birds.**  
"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds.—Chicago Post.

**How Foolish.**  
"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

**Settled Him.**  
Hewitt—"You don't seem to be in the swim."  
Jewett—"My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired."—N. Y. Times.

**Innocent.**  
"Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?"  
"I dun know, mum. I ain't looked at it or tacked it; an' if it's cracked it was cracked afore I come here."—N. Y. Observer.

**No Need of Birds.**  
"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds.—Chicago Post.

**How Foolish.**  
"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

**Settled Him.**  
Hewitt—"You don't seem to be in the swim."  
Jewett—"My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired."—N. Y. Times.

**Innocent.**  
"Is this the cracked wheat, Jane?"  
"I dun know, mum. I ain't looked at it or tacked it; an' if it's cracked it was cracked afore I come here."—N. Y. Observer.

**No Need of Birds.**  
"I understand she has joined the Audubon society and no longer has birds on her hats. How did it happen?"

"Why, she found that she could get just as expensive a hat or a bonnet without birds.—Chicago Post.

**How Foolish.**  
"Wasn't that Jack? He passed right by without recognizing us."

"Yes. I rejected him yesterday, and the silly boy thinks I meant it."—N. Y. Journal.

**Settled Him.**  
Hewitt—"You don't seem to be in the swim."  
Jewett—"My boy, I have owned more dress suits than you have ever hired."—N. Y. Times.

### THE INTELLIGENT JUROR.

One Who Had to Inquire the Meaning of "Plaintiff" and "Defendant."

It is a common and natural practice of lawyers in addressing a jury to single out one member who seems to them the most intelligent, and to deliver their appeals to him. They usually feel that if they can impress him, his influence will be valuable in its effect upon the other members. If they make a mistake they rarely discover it, says the New York Sun. But the stenographer of one division of the supreme court tells an incident of a mistake that was found out.

All the testimony in a case had been taken, the lawyers for both sides had summed up, and the judge had charged the jury, when up rose the intelligent juror whom both counsel had singled out as the recipient of their impassioned appeals. He wanted the court to give him some information.

"I have been bothered a good deal," said the juror, "about two words the lawyers use here all the time."

"What are they?" asked the court, expecting to be called upon to expound legal terms.

"The juror," said the juror, "the plaintiff and defendant."

"Impossible!" gasped the friend in surprise.

"Quite true, I assure you," murmured the juror. "It is this way. Dam places are bad for me; yet there that woman sits and cries just to make the air moist."

**An Old Lady's Discovery.**  
Garrett, Ark., May 18th.—For 18 years Mrs. Mary Dunlop of this place has suffered with kidney trouble, which was so bad at times that it made her life a burden. She tried much medicine and many treatments, but got no better.

At last, however, Mrs. Dunlop claims to have found a perfect remedy, and she is so pleased at the wonderful cure she herself has received, that she is telling all her friends and praising the medicine to everybody she meets.

The name of this medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it has done wonderful work for Mrs. Dunlop.

Everybody is talking about it, and some people are claiming to have been cured of rheumatism by it.

Mr. Garrett who lives in Brazil, this State, was at the point of death with some Cerebro-Spinal trouble, and was saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It is certain that no other medicine ever introduced here has done so much good in such a short time.

**Responded Too Soon.**  
His Aunt—John, why did you enter the ministry?  
John—Because, dear aunt, I was called.  
"Are you sure, John, that it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—Puck.

**Shake Into Your Shoes.**  
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes shoe shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Magistrate.**—"Was the prisoner armed?"  
Fogarty—"That he was. Why he was an arsenal with his guns and knives. Yes, and he was shooting glasses and looking daggers."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Always look for this Trade Mark:** "The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind." The Stoves without smoke, ashes or heat. Make comfortable cooking.

A Natural Effect.—"The stock market was rather feverish today." "What's the matter? Undigested securities?"—Puck.

**Stops the Cough**  
and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

"What ails the porter?" "His young daughter wines all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton Tiger.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it sets the head and heart to work and animates a man to do his utmost.—Collier.

**Putnam Fadeless Dyes** do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

While other men are taking summer outings baseball players are trying to get a few innings.—Chicago Daily News.

**Opium and Liquor Habits Cured.**  
Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—Emerson.

**What Everybody Says.**

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
For a year or more I have been suffering with severe pains in the small of my back and kidneys; had tried a number of remedies but without relief. I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and purchased two boxes, and am glad to state that after taking the two boxes of pills I was relieved of all pains, and have not been troubled since. Prior to taking these pills it was impossible for me to get a full night's sleep, but I am not experiencing any difficulty in this respect now.—Yours truly, JOHN E. KRAMER, 2433 W. Main Street.—(Foreman American Tobacco Co.)

**ABERDEEN, WASH.**  
I had a bad pain in my back; I could hardly walk, or sit down. I could not write for sample, but got a fifty-cent box of Druggist, and they have made me all right. No other medicine did me any good.—AUG. CALLEMAN, 57 1st St., East.

**FREE—HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.**

**Doan's Kidney Pills.**

Every one who uses Doan's Kidney Pills is free trial has a good word to say for them—that's why they are most prominent in the public eye.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and joint pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and droopy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick-dust sediment, high colored, excessive, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills dissolve and remove calculus and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness.

When I received the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills I was suffering terribly with my back, was sick and unfit to do anything. The several remedies I had used, though highly recommended, did no good, but rather irritated the trouble and made me worse. Before I had used the sample I was feeling so much better that I got more from the drug store.

I could not sleep at night. Had to get up six or eight times, and the urine was so red, would almost think it was part blood—there was a thick sand, like brick-dust sediment. I cannot tell one-half as well as I feel now that I am cured by Doan's Kidney Pills; but here I am, sixty-six years old, able to do my own work, feeling well as I did twenty years ago, for which I thank Doan's Kidney Pills—ten thousand times.—Mrs. E. T. GOULD, 614 W. Lake Street. Doan's Pills cure when others fail.

Power-Millers Co., Chicago, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name.....  
Post-office.....  
State.....

(Cut out coupon on dotted line and mail to Power-Millers Co., Chicago, N. Y.)

Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.



Miss Rose Peterson, Secretary Parkdale Tennis Club, Chicago, from experience advises all young girls who have pains and sickness peculiar to their sex, to rely on Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many beautiful young girls develop into worn, listless and hopeless women, simply because sufficient attention has not been paid to their physical development. No woman is exempt from physical weakness and periodic pain, and young girls just budding into womanhood should be carefully guided physically as well as morally.

If you know of any young lady who is sick, and needs motherly advice, ask her to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., who will give her advice free, from a source of knowledge which is unequalled in the country. Do not hesitate about stating details which one may not like to talk about, and which are essential for a full understanding of the case.

Miss Hannah E. Mershon, Collingswood, N. J., says:

"I thought I would write and tell you that, by following your kind advice, I feel like a new person. I was always thin and delicate, and so weak that I could hardly do anything. Menstruation was irregular.

"I tried a bottle of your Vegetable Compound and began to feel better right away. I continued its use, and am now well and strong, and menstruate regularly. I cannot say enough for what your medicine did for me."

How Mrs. Pinkham Helped Fannie Kumpfe.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from your advice and the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The pains in my back and womb have all left me, and my menstrual trouble is corrected. I am very thankful for the good advice you gave me, and I shall recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MISS FANNIE KUMPF, 1922 Chester St., Little Rock, Ark. (Dec. 16, 1900.)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure any woman in the land who suffers from womb troubles, inflammation of the ovaries, kidney troubles, nervous excitability, nervous prostration, and all forms of woman's special ills.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Dr. Wood*

See Facsimile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINENESS MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

THE ORIGINAL WATERPROOF GILDING CLOTHING.

Made in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work. On sale everywhere.

Look for the name of the Pink and the name TOWER on the bottom.

27 WATER ST. BOSTON, MASS. U.S.A. MADE IN U.S.A.

**Funeral Sermon to Order.**

The old Bridewell burying ground, which is now the subject of legislation in the English parliament, is the resting place of Miss Creswell, so often mentioned by Charles H. Remondino, who died in Bridewell prison, and left \$50 for a sermon to be preached at her funeral, on condition that nothing should be said of her but what was well. The preacher got out of the difficulty neatly by saying: "All that I shall say of her is this: She was born well, lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell."—Chicago Post.

**About Your Vacation.**

Little journeys to lake resorts and mountain homes will be more popular this summer than ever. Many have already arranged their summer tour via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and many more are going to do likewise. Booklets that will help you to plan your vacation trip have just been published, and will be sent on receipt of postage, as follows:

"Colorado-California," six cents.

"Up-Backland" and "Sommer Homes," six cents.

"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," six cents.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

**How He Fixed It.**

"Can't you learn to say 'No'?" she demanded.

"Certainly," he replied, and thereafter he arranged with his boon companions to ask him if he would refuse a drink, instead of asking if he would have one. Thus he was enabled to say "No," without suffering any deprivation.—Chicago Post.

**Why Don't You**

enter into the spirit of the times and progress? No better way to gain a few live pointers regarding Indian Territory than by writing for the May issue of "The Coming Country," now ready. Address "Katy," 563 Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

**Seems to Be.**

Mrs. Chugwater:—Josiah, do you believe there's anything in palmistry?

Mr. Chugwater:—Yes; I have been told that some palmists get as high as a hundred dollars a week out of it.—Chicago Tribune.

Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

A Possible Explanation.—"This painting," said the art dealer, "is worth \$5,000." "Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Xerox. "Oh, I see; that there frame's solid gold, ain't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

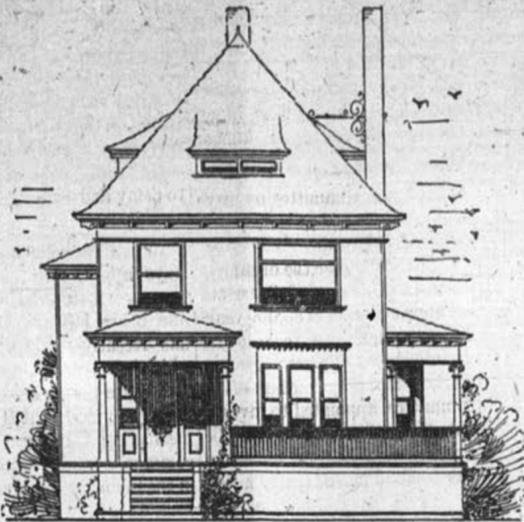
Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

A Still Hunt.—Nervous Wife:—"I hear a burglar." Nervous Husband:—"Wool!" I crawl under the bed and see if he is there."—N. Y. Weekly.

## ART IN ARCHITECTURE

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER

THIS neat and well-arranged eight-room residence can be erected upon a stone foundation for \$2,500. The sizes of rooms are as follows: Parlor, 14 by 15 feet; living room, 15 by 16 feet; dining-room, 11 by 12 feet; kitchen 9½ by 12½ feet; chambers, 14 by 14½ feet, 14 by 14½ feet, 10½ by 12 feet and 8 by 9 feet; den, 7 by 7 feet; reception hall, 11 by 11½

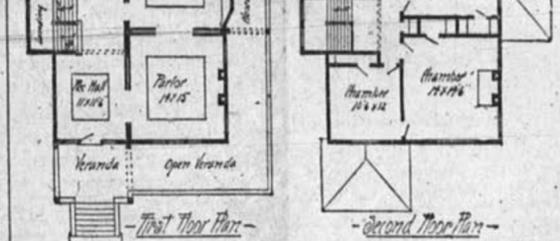


FRONT ELEVATION OF MODERN EIGHT-ROOM HOUSE.

kitchen, open into each other through sliding doors, and have a hard wood border three feet wide all around the rooms. All trim on first and second floors is of pine for painting. The front stairs will also be of pine, and will be finished in white enamel. Reception hall, parlor and living room are finished in white enamel. Dining-room

is finished in gony. All other rooms finished in a color to suit owner. Plastering is two-coat work. Exterior painting three-coat work. Roof stained a light red. Exterior of house a white color. All material to be of a good kind, and all work done in a first-class manner.

The owner will furnish the shelf hardware, mantels and bathroom fixtures, heating and gas fixtures.



The height of the basement is 7 feet, first story, 9½ feet and second story 9 feet. American glass throughout, excepting in front and side doors, and in large window in front chamber; these are to be of plate glass. The chimneys that show above the roof must be faced with a good red press brick. GEORGE A. KINTZ.

### MADE MILLIONS IN OLD AGE.

Remarkable Career of the Man Who Erected the First Plate Glass Factory in This Country.

This city is the cradle of the plate glass industry of the United States, says an Albany (Ind.) special to the Indianapolis Sentinel. The first polished plate glass manufactured in the country is still in use in the front window of a New Albany clothing store. There are two plates each about 6x14. Capt. John B. Ford, who erected here the first factory in the United States for the manufacture of polished plate glass, and whose name is a household word throughout southern Indiana, is still living at 91 years of age at Tarentum, Pa., says a recent report.

He came originally from Kentucky, and located at Greenville, near here. He was a "natural born" inventor and invented and manufactured a machine for chopping straw. He soon moved to New Albany, where he built steamboats. His attention was attracted by a little factory at Lenox, Mass., which was manufacturing a crude form of rough plate glass for skylights. He set his wits to work and designed the first machinery for the manufacture of polished plate glass. This machinery was made at New Albany foundries. He interested his cousin, Washington C. De Pauw, a man of large means, and they operated the first plate glass manufactory, which was a huge success, but they could not agree as to business policy, and Ford sold his interest to De Pauw. Ford then established factories at Louisville and Jeffersonville, which failed.

Capt. Ford's history from this time furnishes the most remarkable instance on record of a man building up an immense fortune in his old age. He was 78 years old when he started for New York, but was smooth-shaved and looked much younger. He did not have money enough to buy his railroad ticket. He arrived in New York penniless but his wonderful genius for organization enabled him to interest by

New York capitalists, who furnished the money with which he built and put in operation two immense plate glass factories—one at Tarentum and the other at Creighton, Pa. Later he founded Ford City, 60 miles east of Pittsburg, establishing there a factory employing and introducing all modern accessories. About four years ago he sold his factories, which were all in his own name, to the plate glass trust for \$10,000,000, and he has been living in retirement since.

He was the first man in the United States to discover that natural gas could be used as fuel for manufacturing purposes. He built his factory at Tarentum alongside a coal bed, expecting to use it for fuel. His workmen in making soundings, discovered gas, and he was not long in harnessing the new fuel and making it do his work. In his long career of large manufacturing endeavors he never had a strike, because he always paid the highest wages that could be paid in the business. It is difficult for New Albany people to realize that the old man who left here without a penny, borrowing money to buy his railroad ticket, is now a multi-millionaire. He is afflicted with cancer, which will soon end his career. He has built at Greenville, Ind., his old home, one of the finest Methodist churches in the state, and his other bequests within the last two years amount to \$500,000.

### New Photographic Method.

Katallyp, the new method in photography, is described as follows: "Over the finished negative is poured a solution of hydroperoxide. This leaves, after evaporation, a uniform layer of peroxide of hydrogen. Soon the silver of the plate works upon this peroxide and produces a catalytic dissolution wherever there is silver, while in the places free from silver the peroxide remains. By this means an invisible picture of hydroperoxide is produced upon the plate. This picture can be printed from the plate directly upon common paper, to which the image is transferred."



### A Beautiful Young Society Woman's Letter.

St. Paul, Minn., 321 Wabasha St. Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Dear Sir: "I took Peruna last summer when I was all run down, and had a headache and backache, and no ambition for anything. I now feel as well as I ever did in all my life, and all thanks is due to your excellent Peruna."—Bess F. Healy.

The symptoms of summer catarrh are quite unlike in different cases, but the most common ones are general lassitude, played-out, tired-out, used-up, run-down feelings, combined with more or less heavy, stupid, listless, mental condition. Relish for food and the ability to digest food seems to be lost.

Skin eruptions, sallow complexion, biliousness, coated tongue, fitful, irregular sleep, help to complete the picture which is so common at this season.

Peruna so exactly meets all these conditions that the demand is so great for this remedy at this season of the year that it is nearly impossible to supply it.

If you do not receive 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.

**Sick, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches**

QUICKLY CURED BY

**BROMO SELTZER**

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER 10 CENTS. CURES ALL HEADACHES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 10c

### HOUSEWIVES HEADACHES

You don't know why you suffer from headache and you are apt to believe you have some dire female trouble, but its dollars to doughnuts that you are wrong. Women are prone to put off the duties of Nature to attend to the duties of the home and when they do get time to go, the feeling has passed. Constipation results and then the awful racking headache. Take a spoonful of

### Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

every night before going to bed. Keep it up for a few weeks.

A. F. Klopff, of Troy, Ohio, miller at Hayden's Distillery, writes under date of June 10, 1901: "My wife and self suffered out and on for three or four years with Constipation and Sick Headache, and we received almost instant relief by taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. The use of several bottles restored our digestive organs to normal condition, and although we are free from any gastric trouble, we do not consider being without a bottle for a minute."

Your Money Back If It Don't Benefit You

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.



### WESTERN CANADA

GRAIN GROWING. MIXED FARMING.

The Reason Why Western Canada is so popular in a few short months, is because of the following: The more northerly the latitude in which grain will come to perfection, the better it is. Therefore the more northerly the better.

Area under crop in Western Canada, 1900, 1,987,330 Acres.

Yield, 1900, 117,028,754 Bushels.

**HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE.**

The only charge for which is \$10 for making entry. Abundance of water and fuel, cheap building material, good grass for pasture and a fertile soil, a sufficient rainfall, and a climate giving an assured and advanced season of growth. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, and also for certificates giving you reduced freight and passage rates, etc. Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to C. J. BOURQUIN, 65 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; H. O. CURTIS, 210 S. 4th Avenue, Toronto, Ont.; JAMES GRIEVE, 3411 St. Marie, Mich.; E. T. HOLMES, 25 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.; F. O. CURRIE, Callahan Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.; J. M. MACLACHLAN, 39 To R St., Wausau, Wis.; J. C. DUNCAN, Room 6, Big Four Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., the authorized Canadian Government Agents.

### FREE TO WOMEN

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 tiny 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 ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box, Satisfaction guaranteed. THE K. PAXTON CO., 301 Columbus Av., Boston, Mass.

### LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS

### Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

A. N. KELLOGG NEWSPAPER CO.

73 W. Adams Street, CHICAGO

A. N. K. - A 1970

PISON'S CURE FOR... CONSUMPTION

# THE IRON PORT.

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

OFFICIAL PAPER OF DELTA CO.

Subscription Price, per Year, \$2.00

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.



GREATEST NATION IN WORLD.

Americans are proverbially fond of talking about the greatness of their country. When their attention is called to this trait by foreigners they are in the habit of saying "Well, we have the right to boast, for ours is the greatest nation in the world." There is a good deal of self complacency about that statement, but we are perfectly willing to admit its correctness. The United States is the greatest nation in the world.

An address by Cyrus C. Adams before the National Geographic society, published in the National Geographic Magazine for May brings this truth home in a striking manner. Mr. Adams devotes a good share of his talk to a discussion of the density of population in the United States as compared with other countries. For instance, although in point of population we rank with the most populous nations, so great is our extent of territory between the Atlantic and Pacific that we have an average of only twenty-eight to the square mile.

Says Mr. Adams: "If we were to crowd our 77,000,000 people into Texas and add to them 40,000,000 more, we should have a density of population in that state comparable with that of the lower Yangtze valley and the great eastern plain of China between Yangtze and Hoang rivers. But human experience has recently recorded a greater density of population than this, and the following is deduced from the census taken last year by the Chinese government and already accepted by statisticians as a fair approximation of the number of persons in China:

"If we were to place in Texas double the population of the United States or, say, 150,000,000 persons, we should have in that state approximately the density of the population that is to be found in Shantung province. China is not half so large as our country, and its natural resources, area for area, are no greater than our own; so the 408,000,000 souls in China proper at least give emphasis to the thought that we have as yet scarcely begun to scratch the surface of the capacity of this country to support many times its present number of inhabitants."

Continuing Mr. Adams discusses the agricultural possibilities of the country and demonstrates that if the farms were developed, the United States alone could support the population of the globe. As an example of what can be done with American soil, he cites the case of a Long Island farmer-scientist who sells \$20,000 worth of products every year from an eighty-acre farm.

And this, after all, is but a detail of our greatness. Haven't we a right then, to talk with some noise about ourselves?"

## APPROPRIATIONS MOUNT UP.

The members of the house of representatives realize that money is going out pretty fast at Lansing and they now show a disposition to call a halt on appropriations. When the senate bill appropriating \$250,000 for a soldiers monument at Lansing reached the house this week Representative Stone rather upset calculations by moving that it be referred to the committee on military affairs. It was the intention to refer it to the ways and means committee, where it was expected that it would die this year, because the amounts of the appropriations thus far provided for will bring the total tax figures far beyond those of

last year. However, Representative Stone insisted, and had his way. The military committee is expected to report the bill out favorably.

The fact that so much money has already been voted out makes it unlikely that anything more will be heard of the proposition to establish a binder twine factory at Jackson prison. It is estimated that ultimately \$400,000 would be needed for this purpose and it appears that the state cannot spare the money. The Jackson prison management will have a hard problem on its hands if this proves the case, as some of the existing contracts expire soon, when about half the convicts will be idle. It is a well known fact that idle convicts greatly increase the difficulties of prison administration. However maybe it will be possible to get new contracts.

There are, in addition to a number of appropriations for new institutions and miscellaneous purposes, the fate of which hangs in the balance and is liable to be unhappy some \$443,000 of appropriations suggested early in the session which have never been seriously considered. Notwithstanding this fact and the now evident desire of the solons to retrench it is apparent that the tax figures for the ensuing two years will be appreciably higher than those for the last period.

Washington, May 25.—R. L. McCormick, president of the Mississippi Valley Lumbermen's association, and secretary of the Weyernaeser Timber company, in a recent interview defined clearly and forcibly the intimate relations between forestry and lumbering. Mr. McCormick's views are especially interesting as expressing the very cordial and friendly attitude toward forestry so generally felt by lumbermen.

"Every man in the lumber business today whose dealings are of sufficient extent to be subject to influences beyond those of purely local demand and supply," said Mr. McCormick, "realizes that the lumber industry is in many regions confronted by a growing scarcity of available timber. Statistics point to it. Estimates of timber resources still remaining point to it also. But the strong proof lies in the conditions which already affect our industry.

"Statistics of the merchantable timber still standing in this country are difficult to make, because the forest area is vast and of large portions of it we are without accurate knowledge. But in Henry Gannett's reports upon lumber in the Twelfth Census of the United States, he has made good use of the data at hand and presented facts which are significant, based upon information sufficient to sustain them. I wish to call your attention to a few of these facts.

"There is probably no forest in the world so immense, so accessible, so easy to lumber, and so regular in the high quality of its timber as was the great pinery which occupied the region of the great lakes and of the upper Mississippi. The forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota originally contained a stand of about 350,000,000,000 feet. Of this Michigan had about 150,000,000,000, Wisconsin 130,000,000,000, and Minnesota about 70,000,000,000 feet. Lumbering began in Michigan and Wisconsin during the 30's, and was of small importance until the early 70's. Since then the great pinery has been cut over in a way unprecedented in lumbering. In 1873 the cut was about 4,000,000,000 feet, it reached high water mark in 1892, when it was over 8,500,000,000 feet. Since then it has steadily fallen, until for 1902 it was a little over five billion feet. To the enormous total of about one hundred an eighty-eighty billion feet cut in the last thirty years, there must be added about twenty-eight billion, or 15 per cent for laths, shingles and minor produce, making a total of two hundred an sixteen billion. Fifty billion feet were probably cut prior to 1873, which would bring the total product of the lake

states to about two hundred sixty-five billion feet. As the estimate of the original stand amounted to about three hundred an fifty billion feet. It would seem that after the cut of 1902, exclusive of second growth, there were eighty-five billion feet standing. There are, however, by careful estimate, not more than thirty-five billion feet of merchantable timber, which also includes, undoubtedly, a considerable amount of second growth. Of the vast discrepancy, only a part can be put down to error, since we know enough of the fire history of these states to ascribe the loss of sixty billion feet to fire. These figures show that it is a safe and conservative statement that the end of the white pine is near, and that ten years will see it disappear as an important factor in the lumber trade.

The house committee on ways and means is said to be disposed to report favorably on a resolution providing for the organization of a good roads bureau and an appropriation of \$5,000 yearly for the next two years for its maintenance. Former Senator Earle of Detroit, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the subject, is largely to be thanked for this outcome, as he has worked indefatigably in the interest of the proposed bureau, of which he will not unlikely be chosen the head with a salary of not more than \$1,500 a year. If the establishment of the proposed bureau will mean any really effective work in the direction of good roads it will be one of the best things that has ever been done by the legislature. Good roads are an invaluable asset, and Michigan roads, particularly those on the upper peninsula, could stand a lot of improvement. Another interesting piece of good roads legislation has been approved by the house, in a bill that provides that upon a two-thirds vote of its electorate a township may spend five per cent of its assessed valuation in road improvements. However, owing to the difficulty of getting a two-thirds vote, it is said to be unlikely that much money will be spent under the provisions of this measure.

Cuba celebrated its independence the other day after the Yankee fashion. The cities were illuminated and steam whistles screeched. The Cuban small boy blew off a few fingers or blasted out an eye and there were patriotic addresses, cock fights, bull fights and baseball games. It was a glorious day and all Cubans were happy, as they had a right to be. Ohio celebrated at the same time. In Ohio's case it was a centennial of statehood. Perhaps a hundred and some odd years hence Cuba will be setting off fireworks in observance not only of the anniversary of her humble beginning as a republic, but of the centennial of her admission to the sisterhood of states. And her orators will tell not only of her long struggle for liberation from the oppressive rule of Spain, but will descant eloquently upon the number of presidents, senators, warriors and scholars she has added to this country's roll of honor. Stranger things have happened.

Unmistakable evidences of the prosperity of the country are forcibly illustrated in the frequent disputes between capital and labor. The working people feel that they are entitled to more compensation for the reason that the concerns by whom they are employed are making larger profits. This is undoubtedly true; but the main cause of many of the strikes is that neither the employe nor employer make as careful a study of the situation as should be done, effecting as it does frequently the welfare of thousands of people and the earning power of millions of dollars. Let the working men ask what they are entitled to; but they should go at it in the same way as if they were engineering some big transaction for their own welfare, not making their demands quite so arbitrary. If

this were done there would be a much better understanding between labor and capital and there would be fewer strikes.

Dissatisfaction with the very apathetic attitude which Postmaster General Payne has chosen to assume in regard to the scandals in his department has taken the form of a demand that the president turn his thoughts from the pleasures of his vacation for time enough to jog Mr. Payne and his lieutenants into activity. It is really scandalous the way matters have been allowed to drag. It is now several weeks since it became generally known that there were many things amiss in the postal department, and yet nothing has been done, although there have been words, words, words, enough for forty books. If the postmaster general was the chief offender himself he could hardly be more solicitous to delay and embarrass the investigation.

Andrew Carnegie may not always appear consistent in his phrases about division of profits and other labor issues, but he has recently made a speech in which he emphatically denies belonging to the American "smart set" in London that is worth remembering. Mr. Carnegie's clear common sense is demonstrated in the following paragraph: "In America, more than anywhere else, it is 'three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves.' There is no single fortune in America which is not being split up. Aristocracy cannot exist without primogeniture and entail and our laws know neither."

The state legislature will probably adjourn in about another week. The primary election squabble is still on and it is not likely that it will be settled at this session. The senate did not want the Colby bill passed and it is not likely that the house will act favorably upon the Baird substitutes. The time is coming when Michigan will have a suitable primary election law. The people seem to want it and in the end they will secure their point.

Marquette finds a taste of creosote in its drinking water, and charges it to the chemical works of the Cleveland-Cliffs company, which are operated in connection with their big, new blast furnace at that place. Creosote is a fine disinfectant. Anyhow, there are many people in Marquette who have little idea of what the water is flavored with. They use it for bathing purposes, but it is really too cold for many stomachs;—EX.

## GIVING OUT.

The Struggle Discourages Many a Citizen of Escanaba.

Around all day with an aching back; Can't rest at night; Enough to make one "give out." Doan's Kidney Pills will give renewed life.

They will cure the backache; Cure every kidney ill, Here is convincing proof that this is so: Mr. John Andrews of 704 West Freshman street, Iron Mountain, engineer of the steam shovel of the Chaplin mine, says:—"Every summer with the exception of this, while working on the steam shovel I have had trouble with backache. This spring, when I felt the usual attack coming on I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and took a thorough course of the treatment. It checked it and up to date, now some months, I have not noticed a symptom of its return. I am confident had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, I would have had my usual midsummer siege."

Just such emphatic endorsement can be had right here in Escanaba. Drop into Mead's drug store and ask what his customers report.

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

Remember the name Doan's and take no other. J. B. Moran spent a few days in Marquette this week.

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.

## STEAMER DULUTH.

Garden Bay and Escanaba Time Table.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.

Leave Garden at 6:00 a. m. Nahma 6:40 " Fayette 7:30 " Arrive Escanaba 10:15 "

RETURNING. Leave Escanaba at 2:00 p. m. Nahma 2:40 " Fayette 3:30 " Arrive Garden 6:15 "

Saturday Time Table. Leave Escanaba at 7:30 a. m. Nahma 8:10 " Fayette 9:00 " Arrive Garden at 11:45 "

RETURNING. Leave Garden at 1:00 p. m. Nahma 1:40 " Fayette 2:30 " Arrive Escanaba 5:15 "

To Farmer's Dock & Salsburg. Leave Escanaba at 6:00 a. m. Farmer's Dock 7:00 "

RETURNING. Leave Escanaba at 6:00 p. m. Farmer's Dock 6:10 "

Making close connections with C. & N. W. trains. Bus from Garden meets boat at Van's Harbor morning and evening. Excursion rates made to please parties to Farmer's Dock of Fayette on Saturday. Always Sunday boat from Escanaba, east. All Sundays open for excursions.

T. L. C. EWING, MGR.

## Will Go to Crystal Falls.

Two base ball games have been arranged between Escanaba and Crystal Falls to be played next Saturday and Sunday at Crystal Falls. The Crystal Falls' team is reputed to be a strong one but Manager Follo has great confidence in his team and hopes to win both games.

## C. & N. W. Time Table.

No. 13 arrives from Chicago 5:32 a. m. No. 10 leaves 6:40 a. m. for Iron Mountain, Warramset 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. 28, 1903, last June 20, 1903. Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by William L. Ely and Martha F. Ely, his wife, of Gladstone, Michigan, to Frank P. Greene, dated June 24th, A. D., 1898, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Delta County, Michigan, on the 29th day of June A. D., 1898, in Liber O of Mortgages on page 22; and which said mortgage was on the 5th day of May, A. D., 1903, 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 9th day of May A. D., 1903, in Liber P, on page 57; on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the time of this notice the sum of Seven Hundred Thirty-nine and 45/100 (\$739.97) Dollars principal and interest, the sum of Thirty-eight and 75/100 (\$38.77) Dollars for taxes paid by said assignee according to the terms of said mortgage, together with an Attorney fee of Twenty-five (\$25.00) Dollars, provided for in said mortgage, making the total amount due and unpaid, 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 situated 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.

## Just Received

A fine new line of

## Electrical Goods and Fixtures.

Call and examine them at our New Quarters

515 Ludington St.

## W. H. Stonehouse & Co. Electricians

## SEEDS

That are used for late sowing such as Buckwheat, Millet, Ensilage Corn, are for sale at

## FALK & BUCHAN'S,

300 Ludington St., Escanaba, Wholesale and Retail.

## FINCH

Gives a service unequalled in the history of the telephone.

HAVE ONE PUT IN

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



## EVERY DETAIL PERFECT

A chain is as strong as its weakest link. A suit is as good as its poorest feature. It is only by having every detail perfect that clothes can be perfect themselves.

## FRIEND CLOTHES

are correct in the smallest points, in the biggest points and all the points in between.

Look for the Friend Label in the inside right hand pocket.

THE FRIEND GUARANTEED CLOTHES ARE FOR SALE BY

The FAIR SAVINGS BANK ESCANABA.



# THE IRON PORT.

BY THE IRON PORT COMPANY.  
MRS. LIVA E. GATES, MGR.  
OFFICIAL PAPER OF DELTA CO.  
Subscription Price, per Year, \$2.00  
SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.



GREATEST NATION IN WORLD.

Americans are proverbially fond of talking about the greatness of their country. When their attention is called to this trait by foreigners they are in the habit of saying "Well, we have the right to boast, for ours is the greatest nation in the world." There is a good deal of self complacency about that statement, but we are perfectly willing to admit its correctness. The United States is the greatest nation in the world.

An address by Cyrus C. Adams before the National Geographic society, published in the National Geographic Magazine for May brings this truth home in a striking manner. Mr. Adams devotes a good share of his talk to a discussion of the density of population in the United States as compared with other countries. For instance, although in point of population we rank with the most populous nations, so great is our extent of territory between the Atlantic and Pacific that we have an average of only twenty-eight to the square mile.

Says Mr. Adams: "If we were to crowd our 77,000,000 people into Texas and add to them 49,000,000 more, we should have a density of population in that state comparable with that of the lower Yangtze valley and the great eastern plain of China between Yangtze and Hoang rivers. But human experience has recently recorded a greater density of population than this, and the following is deduced from the census taken last year by the Chinese government and already accepted by statisticians as a fair approximation of the number of persons in China:

"If we were to place in Texas double the population of the United States or, say, 150,000,000 persons, we should have in that state approximately the density of the population that is to be found in Shantung province. China is not half so large as our country, and its natural resources, area for area, are no greater than our own; so the 408,000,000 souls in China proper at least give emphasis to the thought that we have as yet scarcely begun to scratch the surface of the capacity of this country to support many times its present number of inhabitants."

Continuing Mr. Adams discusses the agricultural possibilities of the country and demonstrates that if the farms were developed as they may some day be developed, the United States alone could support the population of the globe. As an example of what can be done with American soil, he cites the case of a Long Island farmer-scientist who sells \$20,000 worth of products every year from an eighty-acre farm. And this, after all, is but a detail of our greatness. Haven't we a right then, to talk with some noise about ourselves?"

## APPROPRIATIONS MOUNT UP.

The members of the house of representatives realize that money is going out pretty fast at Lansing and they now show a disposition to call a halt on appropriations. When the senate bill appropriating \$250,000 for a soldiers monument at Lansing reached the house this week Representative Stone rather upset calculations by moving that it be referred to the committee on military affairs. It was the intention to refer it to the ways and means committee, where it was expected that it would die this year, because the amounts of the appropriations thus far provided for will bring the total tax figures far beyond those of

last year. However, Representative Stone insisted, and had his way. The military committee is expected to report the bill out favorably.

The fact that so much money has already been voted out makes it unlikely that anything more will be heard of the proposition to establish a binder twine factory at Jackson prison. It is estimated that ultimately \$400,000 would be needed for this purpose and it appears that the state cannot spare the money. The Jackson prison management will have a hard problem on its hands if this proves the case, as some of the existing contracts expire soon, when about half the convicts will be idle. It is a well known fact that idle convicts greatly increase the difficulties of prison administration. However maybe it will be possible to get new contracts.

There are, in addition to a number of appropriations for new institutions and miscellaneous purposes, the fate of which hangs in the balance and is liable to be unhappy some \$443,000 of appropriations which have never been seriously considered. Notwithstanding this fact and the now evident desire of the solons to retrench it is apparent that the tax figures for the ensuing two years will be appreciably higher than those for the last period.

Washington, May 25.—R. L. McCormick, president of the Mississippi Valley Lumbermen's association, and secretary of the Weyernaeser Timber company, in a recent interview defined clearly and forcibly the intimate relations between forestry and lumbering. Mr. McCormick's views are especially interesting as expressing the very cordial and friendly attitude toward forestry so generally felt by lumbermen.

"Every man in the lumber business today whose dealings are of sufficient extent to be subject to influences beyond those of purely local demand and supply," said Mr. McCormick, "realizes that the lumber industry is in many regions confronted by a growing scarcity of available timber. Statistics point to it. Estimates of timber resources still remaining point to it also. But the strong proof lies in the conditions which already affect our industry.

"Statistics of the merchantable timber still standing in this country are difficult to make, because the forest area is vast and of large portions of it we are without accurate knowledge. But in Henry Gannett's reports upon lumber in the Twelfth Census of the United States, he has made good use of the data at hand and presented facts which are significant, based upon information sufficient to sustain them. I wish to call your attention to a few of these facts.

"There is probably no forest in the world so immense, so accessible, so easy to lumber, and so regular in the high quality of its timber as was the great pinery which occupied the region of the great lakes and of the upper Mississippi. The forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota originally contained a stand of about 350,000,000,000 feet. Of this Michigan had about 150,000,000,000, Wisconsin 130,000,000,000, and Minnesota about 70,000,000,000 feet. Lumbering began in Michigan and Wisconsin during the 30's, and was of small importance until the early 70's. Since then the great pinery has been cut over in a way unprecedented in lumbering. In 1873 the cut was about 4,000,000,000 feet, it reached high water mark in 1892, when it was over 8,500,000,000 feet. Since then it has steadily fallen, until for 1902 it was a little over five billion feet. To the enormous total of about one hundred and eighty-eight billion feet cut in the last thirty years, there must be added about twenty-eight billion, or 15 per cent for laths, shingles and minor produce, making a total of two hundred and sixteen billion. Fifty billion feet were probably cut prior to 1873, which would bring the total product of the lake

states to about two hundred sixty-five billion feet. As the estimate of the original stand amounted to about three hundred and fifty billion feet. It would seem that after the cut of 1902, exclusive of second growth, there were eighty-five billion feet standing. There are, however, by careful estimate, not more than thirty-five billion feet of merchantable timber, which also includes, undoubtedly, a considerable amount of second growth. Of the vast discrepancy, only a part can be put down to error, since we know enough of the fire history of these states to ascribe the loss of sixty billion feet to fire. These figures show that it is a safe and conservative statement that the end of the white pine is near, and that ten years will see it disappear as an important factor in the lumber trade.

The house committee on ways and means is said to be disposed to report favorably on a resolution providing for the organization of a good roads bureau and an appropriation of \$5,000 yearly for the next two years for its maintenance. Former Senator Earle of Detroit, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the subject, is largely to be thanked for this outcome, as he has worked indefatigably in the interest of the proposed bureau, of which he will not unlikely be chosen the head with a salary of not more than \$1,500 a year. If the establishment of the proposed bureau will mean any really effective work in the direction of good roads it will be one of the best things that has ever been done by the legislature. Good roads are an invaluable asset, and Michigan roads, particularly those on the upper peninsula, could stand a lot of improvement. Another interesting piece of good roads legislation has been approved by the house, in a bill that provides that upon a two-thirds vote of its electorate a township may spend five per cent of its assessed valuation in road improvements. However, owing to the difficulty of getting a two-thirds vote, it is said to be unlikely that much money will be spent under the provisions of this measure.

Cuba celebrated its independence the other day after the Yankee fashion. The cities were illuminated and steam whistles screeched. The Cuban small boy blew off a few fingers or blasted an eye and there were patriotic addresses, cock fights, bull fights and baseball games. It was a glorious day and all Cubans were happy, as they had a right to be. Ohio celebrated at the same time. In Ohio's case it was a centennial of statehood. Perhaps a hundred and some odd years hence Cuba will be setting off fireworks in observance not only of the anniversary of her humble beginning as a republic, but of the centennial of her admission to the sisterhood of states. And her orators will tell not only of her long struggle for liberation from the oppressive rule of Spain, but will descant eloquently upon the number of presidents, senators, warriors and scholars she has added to this country's roll of honor. Stranger things have happened.

Unmistakable evidences of the prosperity of the country are forcibly illustrated in the frequent disputes between capital and labor. The working people feel that they are entitled to more compensation for the reason that the concerns by whom they are employed are making larger profits. This is undoubtedly true; but the main cause of many of the strikes is that neither the employe nor employer make as careful a study of the situation as should be done, effecting as it does frequently the welfare of thousands of people and the earning power of millions of dollars. Let the working men ask what they are entitled to; but they should go at it in the same way as if they were engineering some big transaction for their own welfare, not making their demands quite so arbitrary. If

this were done there would be a much better understanding between labor and capital and there would be fewer strikes.

Dissatisfaction with the very apathetic attitude which Postmaster General Payne has chosen to assume in regard to the scandals in his department has taken the form of a demand that the president turn his thoughts from the pleasures of his vacation for time enough to jog Mr. Payne and his lieutenants into activity. It is really scandalous the way matters have been allowed to drag. It is now several weeks since it became generally known that there were many things amiss in the postal department, and yet nothing has been done, although there have been words, words, words, enough for forty books. If the postmaster general were the chief offender himself he could hardly be more solicitous to delay and embarrass the investigation.

Andrew Carnegie may not always appear consistent in his phrases about division of profits and other labor issues, but he has recently made a speech in which he emphatically denies belonging to the American "smart set" in London that is worth remembering. Mr. Carnegie's clear common sense is demonstrated in the following paragraph: "In America, more than anywhere else, it is 'three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves.' There is no single fortune in America which is not being split up. Aristocracy cannot exist without primogeniture and entail and our laws know neither."

The state legislature will probably adjourn in about another week. The primary election squabble is still on and it is not likely that it will be settled at this session. The senate did not want the Colby bill passed and it is not likely that the house will act favorably upon the Baird substitute. The time is coming when Michigan will have a suitable primary election law. The people seem to want it and in the end they will secure their point.

Marquette finds a taste of creosote in its drinking water, and charges it to the chemical works of the Cleveland-Cliffs company, which are operated in connection with their big, new blast furnace at that place. Creosote is a fine disinfectant. Anyhow, there are many people in Marquette who have little idea of what the water is flavored with. They use it for bathing purposes, but it is really too cold for many stomachs.—Ex.

## GIVING OUT.

The Struggle Discourages Many a Citizen of Escanaba.

Around all day with an aching back; Can't rest at night; Enough to make one "give out." Doan's Kidney Pills will give renewed life.

They will cure the backache; Cure every kidney ill; Here is convincing proof that this is so: Mr. John Andrews of 704 West Freshin street, Iron Mountain, engineer of the steam shovel of the Chaplin mine, says: "Every summer with the exception of this, while working on the steam shovel I have had trouble with backache. This spring, when I felt the usual attack coming on I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and took a thorough course of the treatment. It checked it and up to date, now some months, I have not noticed a symptom of its return. I am confident had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, I would have had my usual midsummer siege."

Just such emphatic endorsement can be had right here in Escanaba. Drop into Mead's drug store and ask what his customers report.

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

Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

J. B. Moran spent a few days in Marquette this week.



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.

STEAMER DULUTH.	
Garden Bay and Escanaba Time Table.	
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings.	
Leave Garden at	6:30 a. m.
Nahma	6:40 "
Fayette	7:00 "
Farmer's Dock	9:10 "
Arrive Escanaba	10:15 "
RETURNING.	
Leave Escanaba at	2:30 p. m.
Farmer's Dock	3:00 "
Nahma	3:15 "
Arrive Garden at	5:30 "
Saturday Time Table.	
Leave Escanaba at	7:30 a. m.
Fayette	10:15 "
Nahma	11:15 "
Arrive Garden at	12:30 noon
RETURNING.	
Leave Garden at	1:30 p. m.
Nahma	2:15 "
Fayette	2:10 "
Arrive Escanaba	5:30 "
To Farmer's Dock Saturday.	
Leave Escanaba at	6:30 a. m.
Farmer's Dock	7:30 "
RETURNING.	
Leave Escanaba at	6:30 p. m.
Farmer's Dock	6:00 "
Making close connections with C. & N. W. trains. Bus from Garden meets boat at Van's Harbor morning and evening.	
Excursion rates made to please parties to Farmer's Dock & Fayette on Saturday.	
Always Sunday boat from Escanaba, east. All Sundays open for excursions.	
TUNIS C. EWING, Mgr.	

Will Go to Crystal Falls. Two base ball games have been arranged between Escanaba and Crystal Falls to be played next Saturday and Sunday at Crystal Falls. The Crystal Falls' team is reputed to be a strong one but Manager Follo has great confidence in his team and hopes to win both games.

C. & N. W. Time Table. No. 13 arrives from Chicago 5:32 a. m. No. 10 leaves 6:40 a. m. for Iron Mountain, Watermeet 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 leaves at 9:02 for Green Bay, Milwaukee and Chicago. No. 11 passenger arrives at 10:00 p. m.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

First Insertion Mar. 28, 1903, last June 30, 1902. Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by William I. E. Ly and Martha F. Ely, his wife, of Gladstone, Michigan, to Frank P. Greene, dated June 23rd, A. D. 1902, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Delta County, Michigan, on the 29th day of June, A. D. 1902, in Liber O of Mortgages on page 225 and which said mortgage was on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1903, duly assigned by the said Frank P. Greene to Phebeanna Stonehouse, which said assignment was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Delta County, Michigan, on the 9th day of May, A. D. 1903, in Liber P on page 377; 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 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 2nd 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 record plat thereof.

Dated, March 15th, 1903.  
PHEBEANNA STONEHOUSE, Assignee of Mortgage.  
I. C. JENNINGS, Attorney for Assignee of Mortgage.

## Just Received

A fine new line of

## Electrical Goods and Fixtures.

Call and examine them at our New Quarters

515 Ludington St.

## W. H. Stonehouse & Co. Electricians

## SEEDS

That are used for late sowing such as Buckwheat, Millet, Ensilage Corn, are for sale at

FALK & BUCHAN'S, 300 Ludington St., Escanaba, Wholesale and Retail.

## FINCH

Gives a service unequaled in the history of the telephone.

HAVE ONE PUT IN

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

## EVERY DETAIL PERFECT

A chain is as strong as its weakest link. A suit is as good as its poorest feature. It is only by having every detail perfect that clothes can be perfect themselves.

## FRIEND CLOTHES

are correct in the smallest points, in the biggest points and all the points in between

Look for the Friend Label in the inside right hand pocket

THE FRIEND GUARANTEED CLOTHES ARE FOR SALE BY

The FAIR SAVINGS BANK ESCANABA.



# THE IRON PORT.

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

## IF WE COULD SEE.

If we could see beyond the veil—  
Upon the far-off future gaze—  
Our hearts, perchance, grown weak,  
Would quail.  
Our souls be filled with sore amaze,  
And nerveless for the present be,  
If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil—  
The Face of Him Who will not fail—  
To guide us through the gloom of night,  
And Who through Death will set us free,  
If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil—  
Our own, who loved us so, and died,  
Yet living still, our hearts assailed  
With whispers soft, unheard, outside;  
The joys awaiting you and me,  
If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil—  
The veil of wrong that darkly lies  
O'er buried hopes we now bewail,  
Familiar, fond, forgetting eyes  
That look a pardon full and free,  
If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil—  
The veil of sorrow—that dear home  
By Love prepared—no idle tale—  
For which we long while here we roam;  
And nearer than it seems may be,  
If we could see!

If we could see beyond the veil—  
The veil of flesh that lies between—  
Could bear the resurrection "Hail!"  
Could see the valleys fair and green;  
The treasures of Eternity,  
If we could see!

—Anne H. Woodruff, in Ram's Horn.

## MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crownshield.

Copyright 1911, by J. B. Lippincott Co.

### CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

I stooped and picked up a handkerchief that had fallen by the bedside. It was a man's handkerchief of goodly size. It still held the nauseating fumes, though lifeless, of that deadly, stupefying medium, ether. I could not mistake it. I had been obliged by the doctors to use it too often in the judge's last illness.

"You poor child!" I said, bending over her, my tears raining down fast upon the counterpane. "How could I have distrusted you? So you were the victim—sinned against, not sinning. My poor little Amaranthe!"

She smiled stupidly and nestled down on the pillow, my hand underneath her cheek.

"How was it that I heard voices in your room last night?" I asked.

"How was it?"

"I cannot tell you." She smiled again, and opened her blue eyes a little way, looking into mine, but closing them almost at once, as if the light hurt them.

"But you must know, dear child. It was before you came out into the hall."

"Not in my room," she said, "perhaps in—there," she weakly motioned towards Mr. Beldon's chamber.

"But I heard them. I was at your door. I heard them myself."

"You were listening at my door?" This she said with much of her ordinary spirit. "You were—and then, seeing, perhaps, a look of surprise in my face, she broke down, crying: 'Oh, dear Wibby! Dear, dear Wibby! I will tell you all, all the hateful truth. I had hoped for dear daddy's sake that I might be spared it, but I will—I will.' Here she drew herself upward in the bed, caught my hand, and held it close over her eyes with both of hers. 'Don't make me say more than I must, dear Wibby, don't! I loved dear daddy, I loved him so!' Here she fell to sobbing again, and I cried with her, not knowing why. After a while she lay quiet, but still sobbing slowly and wearily. 'Now listen,' she said—'listen! I was talking. There was a man in my room last night. Yes, Wibby, a man, here in my room.'

"I knew it," said I. "I heard him talking. I saw him go in."

"You saw him come in?"

"Yes, through the window."

"And where were you, may I ask?"

She eyed me with a cold scrutiny that had little in it of the child Amaranthe.

I then gave her the history of my wretched night, and of my leaning out of the parlor window, and of what I saw, of what I had heard.

"It is all true," said she, and sighed. "Oh dear, dear me! Poor me! I thought that I had found a place at last where they would not pursue me, but no place is secret enough. Now, dear Wibby, I am going to make a clean breast of it, as daddy used to say." I drew a chair to the side of the bed, and sat there looking into her wan face.

"Don't look at me, Wibby dear, don't! I can't bear it! Turn your eyes away. There! that is better! Now listen! I shall make it as short as possible, for it is a hateful story."

She raised herself on her pillows again and looked downward, playing with her fingers. She spoke very fast, but the words are burned in on my brain.

"You must know, then, dear Wibby," she began, "that daddy did not always do as he should. He gambled, as I told you. We had less and less money. Sometimes he would come home with a great deal. Then we lived well, and he bought me lovely clothes. Then, when it was gone,

and we had not enough for food, he would reproach himself dreadfully. Sometimes he would leave me at the hotel for days and go away alone. When we moved to a sort of a pension, kept by an English woman, he did the same. It was very lonely there for me. But always when he came home he would bring some money, so I bore these absences for the results that would come to us, we needed money so much. One day he came in more flush—I mean with more money than usual. We had a splendid time. We feasted and went on long drives and he took me to the theater, and things were gay than ever they had been. Then one day, one dreadful day, when all our money was spent and we were feeling rather poor, the English consul walked in. He came to our parlor without knocking. He opened the door and came up to daddy and he just said 'Where is Robertson?' Daddy turned white. Oh, I shall never forget it, never! Dear daddy! I loved him even if he did do wrong, and I love him still."

The girl was shaken with a paroxysm of dry sobs. She writhed and groaned. "Oh daddy!" she murmured, "dear, dearest daddy." I tried to soothe her. "No, let me finish," she said, sitting up and speaking very fast. "I must—I must get this over. We had a servant, an Englishman named Haughtly. He had been with daddy. He had heard the fight, had seen the blow. For, dear Wibby, there had been a fight and a blow. Unless daddy gave him money—Haughtly, I mean—he said that he would turn evidence for the Crown. He came in just as the consul had laid his hand on my father, and stood looking threateningly at him over the consul's shoulder. Then dear old daddy got up—oh oh! I was there! I was there! and I had to see—I had to see! 'Sir,' he said—you know daddy's courtly manner, he was ever a gentleman—'sir,' he said, not raising his voice at all, 'you have the advantage of me, but I'll be damned if I won't soon have the advantage of you.' With that, before anyone knew what he was intending, he drew his revolver and shot himself through the heart."

"Eugene Darlington took his own life?" Yes, yes, I remembered now to having heard something of the kind, but we always supposed it was after the death of little Amaranthe and because of his despair at her illness.

Again she shook with those convulsive sobs. Her face was flushed. Her features twitched. "And that man, that Haughtly, he it is who has hounded me ever since. That is where all my spare money has gone, all that I make by my nursing. He follows me everywhere. It was so in England, it has been so in America. He told them at the hospital in London that my father was a gambler and a thief, that he had killed a man, and then killed himself. Wherever I go he threatens to denounce me, and I have lived a life of the veriest torture. And now he has found me even here. I had a little money besides the amount which I gave you to take care of. He insisted upon my giving him that last night. It was our voices that you heard. I declared that he should not wring from me my last sou. When I went back into the room after my attempt at bravado with you, he was still there. He seized me, and I know not what—gave me some of that dreadful stuff perhaps,"—she pointed to the handkerchief—"I do not know. Perhaps he has my money, perhaps not. Do look, dear Wibby, the corner of the top drawer. I have been too ill. Oh! how my head spins round and round. Oh, if he has taken it, and my mother's diamond pendant, what shall I do?" I ran to the chiffoniere. I opened it. There was nothing in any corner, either front or back.

"I am afraid it is gone," said I.

At that she gave a terrible shriek and fell all in a heap in the middle of the bed, and I ran to soothe her. Aunt Jane Mary thumped overhead, and she came knocking at the door.

"Oh! Oh! Do not let them come in," she cried. "Do not let anyone in. The shame of it all! Just you and me, dear Wibby, just you and me!"

Then the poor thing got out of her bed and slid down on the floor and lay her head on my knees. "Oh dear Wibby," she said, "do promise me that you will not tell a soul of what I have told you. Not a soul! Not a soul! Promise! Promise!"

"But," I cried, "my little Amaranthe, you must be protected. I cannot let this persecution of you go on. They can do nothing to you. You need not give this man Haughtly money. He cannot levy his blackmail here, in my house. I will go to President Smith, I will see the police—"

"Oh, not the police!" she murmured, "at least not yet, dear Wibby. Promise me, not yet."

"But someone must protect me," I insisted. "I cannot have such things going on under my roof. I cannot, dear child. I know of an excellent person to ferret out the whole thing. Let me go to him—"

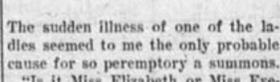
Here again she screamed, her face hid in the folds of my dress. A shadow fell upon her yellow curls. I looked up. It was Elder Wynne, his head protruding within the opening of the window. He made a motion to me not to speak. I was more than indignant with him, and had I not feared frightening Amaranthe into hysterics, I should have risen and denounced him, then and there. I gave him an angry glance and he disappeared. I helped the poor girl to her bed and hastily closed the window. Then I went and got her a soothing draught, and I had the pleasure, an hour later, of seeing that she was sleeping as calmly as

an infant. Each time as I passed by the hall door I saw that Elder Wynne was sitting there in my rocker with the Star Union on his knees.

It was a long day. I went to Miss Dacres' room at four o'clock to see if she would not take some nourishment. The room was empty. Her clothes were scattered about the floor. Baldy Towner, when I questioned him, told me that her wheel was gone from the lower stable.

"Ef yer mean yer blow-front, thet female from out Westconsn way," added Glorianna, "I guess she's lit out fer good."

At five o'clock I received a message from the Hall by John, the coachman. He had brought the carriage, and I was to return with him at once.



HE MADE A MOTION TO ME NOT TO SPEAK.

The sudden illness of one of the ladies seemed to me the only probable cause for so peremptory a summons.

"Is it Miss Elizabeth or Miss Evelyn, John?" I asked nervously.

"I think it's both, ma'am," replied John, "but you was to see them yourself."

"Both? Both ill at once? What can it be? Oh! Why don't you speak out, John?"

"I was told not to, ma'am," replied John. So I sat tremblingly within the carriage as it whirled me along the road to the gates of the Hall. Miss Elizabeth met me at the door. Miss Evelyn was not to be seen. She, Miss Elizabeth, kissed me with a tremulous lip.

"Miss Evelyn?" I gasped. She said no word, but smiled into my face and led me, with her arm around my waist, up the broad flight of stairs. We went to the door of the little sitting-room next that which had been the squire's bedchamber.

She stopped outside the door. I heard the murmur of voices within. "Whom do you think we have here?" she questioned.

I could only look and wonder. She pushed open the door. Ah, why could I not have guessed it? They had her with them at last! Upon the couch little Amaranthe was lying, and Miss Evelyn sat beside her, stroking those yellow, boyish curls. The mystery was solved. Little Amaranthe had come to her own.

"You dear old Wibby!" exclaimed my sometime boarder; "come here to me just as fast as you can." I ran to the couch and sat hastily down. "Ouch!" exclaimed the girl, for I had nearly fallen against her foot, which I now perceived was bandaged so that it was quite immobile, and caused me to wonder why I had not noticed it before.

Miss Elizabeth stooped over and kissed her. "That's what comes of tomboy games," said she, shaking a gently chiding withered old finger at the girl. "That's what comes of tomboy actions."

"Don't, sister dear," said Miss Evelyn. "Poor child! Has she not suffered enough?" She laid her head against the cushion which supported the yellow head, and I wondered which had become all at once the most enamored of my late boarder—my boarder, alas, no more.

"I have lost you!" I cried with tears in my voice. "I have lost you!"

"Not lost, but gone before," laughed she.

At Miss Elizabeth's solemn look, "Dear Aunt Liz," said she, "forgive my flippant ways. I am only a poor girl, who has had no upbringing." God knows how truly she spoke. "You must teach me better things."

My visits to Darlington Hall were now constant. On the next day I arrived just as they had returned from their afternoon drive. They had been to the village store, and the carriage was a mass of silk and muslin and embroideries fit for a little princess.

"We must dress our darling as becomes the heiress of Darlington Hall," said Miss Elizabeth. "These will do for the present, dear child. Later we must make a pilgrimage to the city—that is, when your foot gets better."

"Oh," said Amaranthe, as John lifted her from the open victoria, "I wonder if I shall presently awake and find it all a dream! I was a Cinderella for so long, so long!"

John carried her upstairs. "Somehow," said John to me later, "she don't clasp my neck as the little miss used to do."

"That would not be proper, John," said I. "She is a young lady now. You must get used to the thought that this is our little Amaranthe grown to woman's estate." I followed the procession upstairs, for everyone went, from old Margot to Katherine and myself. Amaranthe closed her eyes tightly. As we reached the top of the stairs, I saw the door of the squire's bedchamber had been opened, and that Miss Elizabeth was standing just within the room, which she had taken for her own, and was beckoning John to enter. This he did, and advancing towards the bed, for there was no couch in the room, laid his light bur-

den upon it. As she felt the change from the sofa of the little sitting-room to the softer resting place, Amaranthe opened her eyes suddenly and looked around her. Then she gave a succession of piercing shrieks, as she sprang from the bed and fled unaided through the doorway and into the little sitting-room. There she threw herself upon the sofa, still giving vent to screams of hysterical anger and passion. I had seen her behave in this way a few days before, but then there seemed to be some cause for it. There was no such cause now. The poor ladies, overcome by this change in her, closed round their ruffled dove and tried to smooth her feathers and calm her spirit. "Go away!" she cried. "Go away! You are trying to entrap me, to deceive me. I am not accustomed to that—that bed. I thought he was bringing me here. My nerves are wrecked, and you are setting me wild among you. I will leave this house this moment. Call the carriage. I will go back to Mrs. Brathwaite, or the poor woman in the city who took me in, rather than stay among people who, knowing what I wish, try simply to annoy and upset me."

To say that the poor ladies were dumfounded but feebly expresses their feelings. They wept, they implored, they soothed, they begged forgiveness, and as I left them Amaranthe was sobbing some very wet sobs, and begging them, if they loved her, never to surprise her again; to tell her always what they meant to do, which they, poor, sweet souls, promised most faithfully.

As I went up my steps, I found Elder Wynne was sitting, as usual, by the front door.

"I have not seen much of Miss Dacres lately?" said he.

I thought this an excellent time to tell him what had been the outcome of my taking Amaranthe into my house, so I sat down and told him the whole story. When I had finished he exclaimed, "Capital! Capital! Nothing could be better! What a clever young woman."

"And how do you mean she was clever?" I asked indignantly. I had made Amaranthe's cause so much my own, that I could not bear to hear a word said to her discredit.

"Why, clever, most clever, to be thrown from her bicycle exactly in front of the Hall door, and be taken in as she was, while she took them in."

"Took them in," said I angrily. "She could have walked up there any day, and with those little portraits of herself as a child, with the reminiscences of her babyhood, with the letters to her father, with her memories of the place, of the animals, of me, to say nothing of Amaranthe's eyes, and Amaranthe's hair, she could have got into their hearts just as completely as she has through her accident—Your sort of people—"

"Gently! gently!" said Elder Wynne. I now saw that Mr. Beldon was standing behind the pillar where twined the champeny cluster, and as I had not seen him come in or go out, he had probably been there ever since I took my seat. I started as my eyes fell upon him.

"Don't mind Mr. Beldon," said Elder Wynne, coughing as he spoke. "He has probably enjoyed this story much more than I have." How Elder Wynne knew Mr. Beldon was standing behind him I could not imagine.

(To Be Continued.)

### A SNAUG FIT.

An English tourist in the highlands tells the following amusing story. He was traveling one day last summer by rail in the north of Scotland, and at one of the stations four farmers entered the train. They were all big, burly men and completely filled up the seat on the one side of the compartment. At the next station the carriage door opened to admit a tall, cadaverous individual with about the girth of a lamp post. He endeavored to wedge himself in between two of the farmers, and finding it a difficult operation, he said to one of them: "Excuse me, sir, you must make up a bit! Each seat is intended to accommodate five persons, and according to act of parliament you are only entitled to 18 inches of space." "Aye, aye, my friend," replied the former, "that's a very good for you that's been built that way; but yet canna blame me if I ha-enna been constructed according to act of parliament!"—London Chronicle.

### Kaffir English.

The historic Babu will have to look to his laurels now that the "educated Kaffir" has entered the field. The following is the text of a letter sent by a government employe who had been officially rebuked for his intemperate habits:

"Having promulgated by conduct of drinking presumptuously, I beg to tell me nominally the person informed you. Consulted by speculations, the case should be reprimanded for the derogation of my name. When you addressed your inspection I perceived dishonest intermeddling; otherwise, I am not a controversial acumen. Remember you are forced to tell me; the matter is not to be appropriated clandestinely, because it was proclaimed publicly. Quickness of the answer will so oblige yours truly."—London Speaker.

### The Widow's Delicate Hint.

"Why weepst thou, woman?"

"My lord will be buried to-day."

"My wife was buried yesterday. To-morrow I must get me another."

Whereupon the widow shook the ashes from her shining hair, dried her eyes, and, looking into the face of the widower, smiled.

"I will be home to-morrow all day," she said.—Smart Set.

### As by Fire.

Fire finds out everything that is inflammable and consumes it; so the Holy Spirit burns up everything that is impure. Nothing escapes His ordeal. In the proportion in which He is in the soul, sin is burned out of it.—William M. Taylor.

## RELIGIOUS MATTERS

### MY REFUGE.

"And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Psalm 73:16.

I'm tired to-night, dear Lord, Thou knowest all;  
My faith is weak, my power to serve is small;  
My soul refuses to be comforted;  
I seem as one in doubt and darkness led;  
My waking eyes feel not the touch of sleep;  
The livelong night sad vigils I must keep;  
No memories cheer me while I lie so weak,  
No hopes that I say it o'er and o'er:  
"Will the dear Lord be favorable no more?"  
Will every promise He has given fail?  
And never more a prayer of mine prevail?  
"Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Oh,  
I must not utter words that hurt me so!

To Those whose love still rules my passing years!  
To Thee, Most High, I haste with all my fears,  
My God, I thank Thee for the light divine  
That evermore will on my pathway shine,  
As from myself I turn Thyself to see,  
Thy rod and staff alike shall comfort me,  
Thy blows mean life, Thy thunders fore-tell  
The blessed sunshine and the glad "All's well."  
"Thy footsteps are not known," but Thou dost lead,  
Thou Shepherd kind, Thy people in their need  
From desert sands and mountains wild and bare  
To pastures green, Thy fullness, Lord, to share.  
So help me, Lord, to trust Thee "all the days."  
Cease all complainings to give gladsome praise,  
And know, however rough my path may be,  
Strength and deliverance are ordained of Thee:  
And when heart-sick from self to Thee I turn,  
Thy hidden glories will be seen to burn  
With brilliant light in every care and pain,  
And I will learn that discipline is gain.  
—William Ellsworth Witter, in Boston Watchman.

### TRUE MEEKNESS.

Is that Virtue by Which a Man is Enabled to Accept Honest Criticism and Correction.

One of the weakest traits of any person is to be unwilling to accept honest criticism and correction. From the foolish child who will never listen to parental authority, on to the foolish man who will never listen to rebuke or reason, pride always goeth before a fall. Honest criticism is often a bitter dose to swallow, but most tonics are bitter, and we are the stronger for taking them down bravely. "If I am censured," said that godly man, Bishop Griswold, "then let me correct, but never justify my faults." A minister with more zeal than discretion once called on the bishop and belabored him with rather a harsh denunciation. Instead of showing the man out of the door, the bishop calmly replied: "My dear friend, I do not wonder that they who witness the inconsistencies in my daily conduct should think that I have no religion. I often fear this myself, and I feel very grateful to you for giving me this warning." This reply was made in such unaffected meekness and sincerity that the visitor at once begged the bishop's pardon and always regarded him afterward as one of the most Christian-like Christians he had ever known. He is doubly the fool who not only flings himself into a pit, but resents the friendly hand that tries to help him out of it.

Another evidence of the might of meekness is that it enables a man to rein in an unruly temper. He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city. I do not know a better definition of this grace than was given by a negro lad in a mission school when the missionary asked: "Who are the meek?" and the boy answered: "They are the people who give soft answers to rough questions." This sort of meekness is quite too rare. When our house takes fire, the first impulse is to bring a bucket of water. But when temper takes fire the first impulse with too many is to throw on more fuel. Angry, resentful speech is explosive and shattering; it often breaks what never can be mended. Silence is cooling; it cools us off and cools also our assailants. One of the meekest men I ever knew told me that he had naturally a most violent and passionate temper, but he had subdued it by resolutely bridle his tongue until he had cooled down. There was an infinite sublimity in the conduct of our meek and adorable Master, when, amid all the insults of His brutal enemies He who might have laid them all dead at His feet, only with majestic silence "held His peace!" The more that you and I have of the Spirit of our Lord, the more shall we display the irresistible might of meekness.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

### Just Trying to Help Along.

A certain woman was greatly beloved by everyone in the village where she lived. She was not blessed with a great amount of this world's goods, but she was always being of service to somebody. In reply to the question: "Why do you work so hard for other people?" she would say: "Oh, I just try to help along." It is not such helpers that make the world a place worth living in.—Well-spring.

### As by Fire.

Fire finds out everything that is inflammable and consumes it; so the Holy Spirit burns up everything that is impure. Nothing escapes His ordeal. In the proportion in which He is in the soul, sin is burned out of it.—William M. Taylor.

### FROM DEAN FARRAR.

Thoughts to Which the Eminent Preacher Gave Expression in His Books and Sermons.

Civilization is but a secular phrase for Christianity itself. Great principles find their proper issue in the faithful performances of little duties.

The lesson of the inherent sacredness of humanity was effectively taught by Christianity alone.

Christianity is larger, wiser, purer, truer and deeper than the best words of its holiest interpreters.

God's treasury, wherein we must cast our gifts, needs every mite as well as every talent we possess.

Sincerity and charity are as the life blood in the veins of the church, of which Christ is the Head and Heart. True friendship is an attribute of virtue and righteousness, and can only be cemented between high and noble minds. The good may, the bad man must miss it.

We cannot serve God and mammon; if we follow Christ in anything but in name, we must sit loose to the world and the world's interests; we must be content, if need be, with the beatitudes of poverty and persecution.

A saint is one who makes his religion absolutely and inflexibly, and in a way little familiar to his generation, the rule of his whole life; and who, with a perfect absence of all self-consciousness, does this in such a manner as to seize the imagination and influence the character of his own and of other generations.

Do not be troubled, if, in spite of all that thou triest to do, the times are out of joint; and things go wrong, and thou seemst to do no good. God made the world, not thou. He has patience, shouldst not thou have patience? Even thy poor good deeds cannot die. If they seem at first to yield no fruit, they shall still be as seeds sown up in the darkness of a sepulcher, and when they are taken from the hands of time, years afterwards, it may be, they shall rise in golden grain. Be it little, be it much, God will accept thy honest offering.

Deeply, I fear, does this age need to take to heart the stern, inexorable necessity of self-conquest—not in self-torture, but in earnest watchfulness; not in extreme fasting, but in habitual careful moderation; not in morbid self-introspection, but in thorough and vigorous occupation; not in enfeebling the body by maceration, but by filling its hours of work with strenuous and cheerful activity and its hours of leisure with bright thoughtfulness and many a silent prayer; by these blessed means we, too, even in the midst of the world, may attain to the spirit which is dead to the world; we may be keeping under our body and bringing it into subjection; nay, in no mere formula, but in truthful figure, be "crucified with Christ."

### TRANSFIGURING EXPERIENCE.

Nothing So Emancipates a Life Like a Whole-Hearted Response to the Call of Duty.

There is nothing that so emancipates and transfigures human experience of life like a whole-hearted response to the call of a great duty. Under its pressure our thoughts and desires are unified, and the will becomes effective. We "find ourselves," and all our energies are put forth to the best advantage. A father becomes conscious that somehow, within a day or two, his boy has become a man. He feels in talking with the lad that a different tone than he formerly used has become proper, that the boy is looking upon life out of different eyes and upon a different horizon. If he could look into the lad's soul he would be almost certain to find that one thing was the explanation of the change. Some kind of a call has come to the youth which he has recognized as higher than any other he had ever known. It has lifted him above the things that he used to care for most; it has widened his outlook and unified his powers. He is no longer drifting but steering. But such experiences, says the Boston Watchman, are not limited to adolescence. Most of us in maturer years can recall them. We passed through some great temptation unscathed; we caught a vision of spiritual truth; the Providence of life laid upon us some duty that we could not escape. And we feel that in some mysterious way our lives have been lifted, like the ship in the lock, to a new level. Those are experiences that are best worth having, and the pain and cost of responding worthily to them are instantly made up to us in inner peace and strength.

### A Good Name.

Such a name is better than "great riches." Its money value is wealth. Its character value is beyond estimate. He who has a large balance to his credit in the confidence, the affection and sympathies of his fellow-men, is far richer than one whose name is worth just so many dollars. In the one case, the money is the basis of confidence. In the other, the man. To get a fortune and keep a good name, is surely better than riches without a good name. But now and then there are cases where men preserve their integrity and yet do not achieve financial success. Misfortune may pursue them; or they may lack business judgment; fire or storm may keep a man's losses up with his gains and he may die poor, even though bearing a good name. What have we to say of such a one? Why, just what Scripture says: "A good name is better than precious ointment." Riches are temporal, but character is eternal.—Earl Cranston.

# An Echo From the Big Selling Out Sale

AT

## The Fair Savings Bank Department Store,

An Additional Sale To Our Large Circular Just Out.

**THIS SALE TAKES EFFECT AT ONCE.**

Our selling out sale before moving to our new quarters is taking effect, as evidenced by our store being thronged daily with eager customers; people are taking advantage of this bona-fide sale, because our statements are straight facts. Notwithstanding the miserable weather, crowds, turn out to attend this sale which we can and do appreciate. This leads us to believe that our methods of transacting business, on the lines of strict integrity, means confidence in all we state. We do not resort to signs to mislead the public, but invariably place merchandise on sale without hesitation just at prices we advertise. Our firm needs no change, we propose to carry the same name and over and above board principles of doing business with us to our new store. Read these additional specials in conjunction with our large bill, bearing in mind we have everything our large bill advertises.

Will close Saturday 12 m. and open 5:30	Men's new style black stiff hats, all sizes, selling out price..... <b>\$1.00</b>	Childs' fancy straw hats selling out price each..... <b>19c</b>	Boys' 15c suspenders, selling out price, pair..... <b>8c</b>	Kirkline Washing Powder, selling out price, package... <b>15c</b>	Men's soft shirts, light and dark colors, selling out price each..... <b>33c</b>	19 pounds granulated Sugar for..... <b>\$1.00</b>	Green gage pifms, selling out price can..... <b>10c</b>
	Conqueror mixed Paints, selling out price, gallon.... <b>1.00</b>	Crystal glass, 4 piece table set, selling out price, set... <b>34c</b>	Good standard India Linon, selling out price, gallon... <b>7c</b>	All our 25c linen towels, selling out price..... <b>19c</b>	Men's fine worsted dress pants, selling out price, 10 per cent off	All Leaf Tobacco, selling out price pound..... <b>25c</b>	Ladies' full size gingham aprons selling out price..... <b>15c</b>
	6 cakes Giant Castile soap selling out price for..... <b>25c</b>	Men's heavy Random underwear, double breasted shirts, selling out price, each... <b>9c</b>	Child's percale sun bonnets, light colors only, selling out price each..... <b>10c</b>	Wool filled Scotch plaid dress goods selling out price..... <b>9c</b>	Boy's all wool 85c and 95c knee pants, the best grades, selling out price, pair <b>69c</b>	Ladies' parasols light and dark shades, slightly soiled, selling out price at one half.	Indigo blue short length Calicos, selling out price, yd... <b>2c</b>
	Presto pancake Flour selling out price package..... <b>7c</b>	Men's caps, odds & ends, selling out price..... <b>5c</b>	\$1.98 silk umbrellas, selling out price each..... <b>\$1.19</b>	Garden seeds, package selling out price, each..... <b>1c</b>	Boy's Straw hats... 1c Men's heavy straw hats, selling out price each..... <b>9c</b>	Peerless tobacco, selling out price per lb..... <b>32c</b>	Child's jersey ribbed corset waists, selling out price..... <b>10c</b>
	Matches, per package selling out price..... <b>10c</b>	Full size hammocks, valance trimmed, selling out price <b>1.45</b>	Ladies' new wrist bags, selling out price 50c grade..... <b>33c</b> 70c grade..... <b>50c</b> 1.00 grade..... <b>66c</b>	Ladies percale wrappers assorted patterns, sizes 30 to 44, selling out price each... <b>.43</b>	Maple Syrup Quarts..... <b>32c</b> 1 gallon..... <b>60c</b> Gallons..... <b>1.15</b>	Ladies' lace edge and embroidered handkerchf selling out price each..... <b>.10</b>	Child's sailor suits, blue chevots, ages 3 to 8 selling out each..... <b>1.19</b>
	Good standard grey calico, selling out price, per yd... <b>.03<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub></b>	27 inch black mercerized sateen, selling out price..... <b>.09</b>	Whittemore's shoe dressing 25c size, selling out price..... <b>.17</b>	15c Curtain net, selling out price yd..... <b>.10</b>	McGowan's salmon, selling out price can..... <b>.17</b>	Men's blue balbriggan mercerized finished underwear, selling out price, each... <b>.21</b>	Men's fine soft hats, 1.25 and 1.50 grades selling out price each..... <b>.92</b>
	7 inch flower pots and saucers, selling out price..... <b>.10</b>	10 ft roll crepe paper, the 7c kind, selling out price, roll... <b>.04</b>	54 inch Turkish towels selling out price each..... <b>.12</b>	6 inch garden hoes, selling out price each..... <b>.19</b>	32 inch embroidered pillow shams, selling out price... <b>17c</b>	Children's school straw hats, selling out price each..... <b>23c</b>	Extension window screen selling out price each..... <b>15c</b>

Will close Saturday 12 m. and open 5:30

### WOMAN'S CORNER

#### Look Pleasant.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome. And it's hard for us all to be good; We are sure now and then to be lonely, And we don't always do as we should. To be patient is not always easy, To be cheerful is much harder still. But at least we can always be pleasant If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly, Although you feel worried and blue; If you smile at the world and look cheerful The world will soon smile back at you. So try to brace up and look pleasant, No matter how low you are down; Good humor is always contagious, But you banish your friends when you frown.

—SOMMERVILLE JOURNAL.

#### Tobacco.

Tobacco my boys, I want to say is one of the world's dirtiest tyrants. "O but I smoke like a gentleman" says a boy at my elbow. Ah yes these gentlemen smokers! how uneasy you are the moment dinner is over because you failed to get your cigar, must leave wife, mother, friend, until you have had a smoke. When you are cross, nervous, and all out of sorts, because you failed to get your smoke, it is then you have ceased to smoke, like a gentleman, and are smoking like a slave. A gentleman cultivates no habit that cannot be laid aside if the happiness and comfort of others demand it, and a gentleman prides himself on holding in his own hands the reins of personal control. When tobacco cannot be resisted, he falls to the position of a servant to a very poor master. Boys let the filthy weed alone, it stunts the growth, it takes not only the energy from the nerve, but the brightness from the eye,

the vigor from the limb, and the sweetness from the breath. Tobacco is a powerful narcotic poison, its direct action upon the body being to enfeeble the nervous system, destroying the tone of the stomach, deranging all digestive organs, hence so much complaint of dyspepsia. Ah, you say you don't care! Well when that sweet young lady turns her head away when you are talking to her, you will find yourself wishing you had cared. It is beyond my comprehension why so vast a number of civilized and educated men and women should resort to the use of an article so positively injurious, uncleanly and offensive, and which has not one redeeming quality in its favor.

Behold that young man, for nowadays the youth of ten considers himself a young man, if he can smoke or chew the weed, behold him I say with his cigar or his quid of tobacco in his mouth, his hat rowdily cocked on one side of his head, while he is swelling with a feeling of age and importance equal to a statesman of sixty. His shirt bosom, his vest, and even his coat and pants are soiled with the brownish, poisonous fluid, which every now and then he takes pleasure in discharging from his mouth in jets, first upon one side of him, and then on the other; then his breath, his teeth—O, horrible. Is not such a sight sufficiently disgusting to cause every person to regret that enlightened man should have so readily and willingly learned such slovenly and beastly lessons from the wild and untutored savage? Smoking, the more fashionable way of using the weed, as well as snuffing and dipping are no less injurious to health than chewing, in some cases they are worse.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

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. tf

#### ISABELLA ITEMS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Lang, a daughter on Sunday morning May 24. Call on John for the cigars.

Dame rumor reports some weddings for the near future and the young folks all look forward to the coming attendant festivities.

Mrs. Fred Magnusson, who has been visiting with her parents the past week, has returned to her home in Escanaba.

Sunday school and church services are held at the school house at 1:30 p. m. on Sundays, both enjoying a large patronage.

#### Off For Canada.

Jack Gleason, superintendent of the Wolverine Lumber Co. at Northland, and Ed. Scott of Marinette, former cruiser for the Bay Shore Lumber Co., left Escanaba Sunday morning for Canada. They will look over a tract of 80,000 acres on the shores of Lake Superior on which the Wolverine Lumber Co. has secured an option.

#### Hart Steamboat Line Officials.

C. B. Hart has been elected general manager of the Hart steamboat line with W. H. Waggoner general freight and passenger agent, and Eugene C. Hart secretary. The books of the old management have been about cleared up and the Hart steamboat line is now in operation under the new officers.

#### 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 In-

ventive Force of a Noble heart." Evening theme, "The Spirit and Form of Christian Influence." All citizens are cordially invited to be present at the services of the church.

#### Married.

At St. Anne's church on Wednesday morning, occurred the marriage of Miss Louise Gamache and Leo. M. Ebertoski of Hancock, Mich. A wedding dinner followed at the residence of the bride's parents, after which the young people departed for their new home at Hancock.

#### Card of Thanks.

Mrs. John Kenelly and family desire to express their gratitude to all the friends, who so kindly assisted them during their late bereavement. Their ready sympathy will long be remembered by the afflicted family.

#### Found.

A watch charm in gold and black enamel, bearing the emblems of the Odd Fellows' lodge, was found on Wells avenue on Saturday afternoon. The owner can have the same by calling at this office.

#### Notice.

The Fair Savings Bank will close on Saturday at noon and open at 5:30 p. m.

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, Rhinelander and Gogebie, limited for return until and including the following Monday. Apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway. 21-cow-Aug. 15.

#### A Positive Cure.

**Sa Bu Ca**  
KIDNEY TABLETS

Will cure your kidneys and your weak lame back, quickly and positively. Get them at Sourvine & Hartnett—50c and \$1.00 per box.

### 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  
302 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

Advertise in The Iron Port's Columns.

#### Special Reduced Excursion Rates.

Will be in effect from all points of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway for the occasions named below:

Presbyterian General Assembly, Los Angeles, May 21st to June 2nd.

Travelers' Protective Association, Indianapolis, Ind., June 9th to 14th.

Modern Woodmen of America, Indianapolis, Ind., June 17th to 24th.

National Educational Association, Boston, July 6th to 10th.

Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., July 7th to 10th.

United Christian Endeavor, Denver, July 9th to 13th.

Epworth League, Detroit, Mich., July 18th to 19th.

B. P. O. E., Baltimore, Md., July 21st to 23rd.

G. A. R. meeting, San Francisco, August 17th to 22d.

For information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., of these or other occasions, call upon the ticket agent of the Northwestern Line.

#### 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

### HIGHEST CASH PRICE

Paid for all kinds of

HOUSEHOLD GOODS,  
FURNITURE, ETC.

315 LUDINGTON ST.