

IRON PORT.

A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN PAPER.--J. C. VAN DUZER, Publisher.

VOLUME 17, NO. 12.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

\$2.50 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS,
Surgeon Dentist.
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.

H. TRACY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

W. W. MULLIKEN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office on Ludington street, over Frank Atkins grocery store. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., and after 7 o'clock in the evening.

D. R. T. L. GELZER,
U. S. Marine Surgeon.
Practices in all the branches of his profession. Residence on Elm street. Office on Ludington street, over Rathfon Bros' clothing store. Office hours:—From 9 to 11 a. m., 12 to 1 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

E. P. ROYCE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

JOHN POWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over Goodfellow's new store, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collectors, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

EMIL GLASER,
Notary Public.
Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of western Europe to any part of the U. S. and sells real estate and loans money on real estate security. Office, Tilden ave., Escanaba.

FRANK D. MEAD,
Attorney at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office in second story Semer building.

LEWIS HOUSE,
J. E. Smith, Prop'r.
New and Newly furnished throughout, is now open to the public. No outside show, but good beds and fare at moderate rates. Board by the day, week or month. Ludington St., between Wolcott and Campbell.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
Joseph Du Pont, Prop'r.
Ludington St., West of Wolcott, Escanaba, Mich. This house has been repaired and newly furnished throughout, and will be found convenient and comfortable.

CITY CARDS.
S. C. MACDONALD,
Dealer in General Real Estate,
BESEMER, MICH.
AGENT FOR WEST BESEMER.

ESCANABA LAND AGENCY,
VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM,
Civil Engineers and Surveyors.
Fine, Mineral, Hardwood, Hemlock and Cedar lands for sale. All kinds of Engineering and Surveying in Michigan and Wisconsin promptly executed. All kinds of Map Work on short notice. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOSEPH HESS,
BUILDER.
Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—for stone, brick or wood-work. We will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed on time and according to agreement. Residence and shop on Mary St.

FRED. E. HARRIS,
Contractor and Builder.
Will prepare plans and estimates and contract to erect buildings of every description. Resawing, Planing and Matching at the mill at the foot of Ludington St. Store fronts, counters and inside work, brackets, etc., a specialty.

INSURANCE! INSURANCE!!
LIFE, ACCIDENT, FIRE.
Northrup & Northrup, Agents,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.
Issue Policies in low, well known and reliable companies, at rates as low as are consistent with safety.

T. WYGANT,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painting,
PLAIN & DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER.
Designs and estimates furnished on short notice. 10

J. B. SWEATT, CONTRACTOR,
Late of Chicago, now located at Marquette, will build
New Buildings
On short notice. Large or Public Buildings a specialty. MARQUETTE, MICH.

J. BUCHHOLTZ,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer.
IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Tobacco of every kind and Smoking Articles. The F. Miller-Milwaukee Beer, in wood and glass a brewery price.

COLUMBUS J. PROVO,
Contractor and Builder.
Shop on corner of Hale and Georgia streets. Plans prepared and contracts for all kinds of work undertaken in city or county, also, raise and underpin buildings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Address box 348, Escanaba, Mich.

Items of Interest.

—Catlin, Decorator.
—See here! Atkins.
—Catlin, Sign Writer.
—Bronchial Waters at Mead's.

—To the front, Erickson & Bissell.
—Pancake timber, any kind. B. W. & Co.
—Novelties in clocks at Kirstine & Carlson's.

—Honey' pure white clover, at Erickson & Bissell's.
—Bronchial Wafers, Dr. X. Stone's, at Godley's.

—Big lot men's Shoes, just received. Ed. Erickson.
—Prescriptions, Proprietary remedies, Plasters, at Mead's.

—Genuine Diamond Jewelry—all kinds, at Kirstine & Carlson's.
—Buy your flour of Bitter, Wickert & Co. and have good bread.

—Choice Creamery Butter and Fresh Eggs at Erickson & Bissell's.
—Choice California (Riverside) Oranges and Lemons by Atkins.

—For a first-class suit of clothes, one that will fit you go to Kirstine.
—For low prices Peterson & Linden take the lead, give them a call.

—Boneless Ham—the finest yet made, for sale at Peterson & Linden's.
—Chase & Sanborn's Coffees—the best in the market, by Atkins only.

—When Benbutler reads his bible he skips the gospel according to St. John.
—Buy your hay and grain of Bitter, Wickert & Co. and your horses will keep fat.

—For Bibles of any kind, or for Magazines, or Illustrated or Story papers, try Godley.
—Mikado and other fancy stationery—something to please every one, at Godley's.

—Buy feed, shorts, bran, etc., of Bitter, Wickert & Co. to keep your cow giving milk.
—De mortuis nil nisi bonum, translated by Sap. Sat.: "When a man's dead he's no good."

—New line of Watches—latest improved movements and cases, at Kirstine & Carlson's.
—Drop in and see Atkins' display of ceramic wares. It is a pleasure to him to show them.

—You can buy a suit of underwear at Kirstine's for 25 cents. Now boys, that's your chance.
—When Bismarck suspends Polish "offensive partisans" he's not ashamed to show the papers.

—Full supply of sugar cured Hams Shoulders and Breakfast bacon at Erickson & Bissell's.
—Kirstine & Carlson, have just received a large line of clocks which will be sold cheap for cash.

—Ed. Erickson makes shoes a specialty this year, and will let no customer go away dissatisfied.
—The king of Wurttemberg says he "loves Americans." Good Lord! Is he coming to glean after Canon Farrar?

—To feel happy, a person wants healthy food, you can get this at low figures by calling on Peterson & Linden.
—Armour's branded meats—Ham and Bacon—can not be surpassed and are not equalled. Atkins only has them.

—Canned Roast Beef, Dried Beef, Boneless Pigsfeet, Corned Beef, etc. all of it nice, and sold at Peterson & Linden's.
—If you want a really fine cigar, or a package of choice smoking tobacco, or a meerschaum pipe or cigar-holder, call on Godley.

—Ed. Erickson is now offering the best three-dollar shoe for winter wear ever offered in this town, any style wanted; button, lace or congress.
—Mead and what he has to sell are pretty well-known, but he just now wishes to call attention to the fact that prices are at the lowest point ever reached.

—Sunset Cox says the Turk must go. Can't take a joke, eh? Of course he must go; too dense to laugh at Coxiana is too stupid to live among white folks. Bounce him, Sam.
—Sawyer is going to be a granger and his house on Ogden Avenue can be purchased. It is new and roomy, and a reasonable amount of big dollars will buy it—he don't want the world.

—Property holder—"Hey, wake up there! I think there's a burglar in my house." Weary officer—"Well, you've got gall to wake a man out of a sound sleep to tell him what you think!"
—Some one has invented a theatre-hat that shuts up, to be worn by the ladies. "That's all right. Now let some party invent something that will hold a young man in his seat between the acts, and two nuisances will be abated."

—Yes, I used to be president of this very railroad line," he said, as the train bowled along over an Indiana road. "Got tired of the place, I suppose?" queried the other. "No, sir. The fact of it was I attempted to inaugurate a measure of economy and made a miserable failure of it." "How?" "I cut off the passes of the legislature, and in six weeks I was running a grocery instead of a railroad."
—Wall Street News.

Sand.

Mr. HUBBELL appeared before the house committee on rivers and harbors on the 19th and made a strong argument in favor of the purchase by the U. S. of the Portage Lake canals. The committee is said to favor the purchase. Mr. H. A. Burt is asking for appropriations for the harbors of Marquette and Grand Marais, and Mr. Seymour is looking sharply after the improvement of the Saab river navigation and the enlargement of the canal. The Lake Superior folks are not going to lose anything by their own neglect, that's evident.

CHARLIE GAGNON, goal-tender for the Eagle polo club, made a stop on Saturday evening that should go on record. One of the Adelphi boys struck the ball a blow that raised it ten or fifteen feet in the air and when Gagnon first saw it it was coming down from over the chandeliers and making directly for the Eagle's goal. Now Charlie's size will not allow him to cover a polo goal but he got his wits about him quick enough to put his body in front of the ball, and let it fall on his knees, saving the goal for that time.

THE ADELPHI went home Sunday, having previously (no doubt) telegraphed as did Caesar; "veni vidi vici." Our Eagles rather took the shine in the preliminaries, the grand march, etc., but when it came to polo they found they had the game to learn—the Negaunee boys took three goals in succession, the game lasting thirty minutes only. The storm kept the attendance low, there being barely enough present to save Kreitter from loss, but it was good-natured and gave the victors hearty applause.

JOHN LOTTES, who will be remembered as connected with the building of the Booth freezer here, and who has since that time built one for Saunders Brothers, at Fairport, came over with the last load of fish, on Tuesday, and went south the next day to remain at Chicago until it is "time to freeze 'em again," say June 1, when he will return to Fairport. He dropped in to order the IRON PORT, and we pumped him for the item.

ADMIT, for the sake of an argument, that the contract is not the most economical plan by which to secure a water supply; still you ought to vote for it rather than delay the whole business, drink contaminated water and be without adequate protection against fire for one year certainly, and probably for two. If the council is authorized to contract we can have the water before the snow flies next November. Vote "Yes."

ISHPEMING water-works have cost (round figure) \$67,000, have been in operation only two years, and last year earned more than operating expenses by \$121.12, so the cost to the city treasury is the interest on the investment, only. It is fair to expect that the works will soon earn enough to meet that demand also. The plant consists of six and one-half miles of pipe, thirty-four hydrants, pump-house and pumps.

THERE is a good deal of curiosity as to the cause of the sudden flop, on the water works question, of a member of the city council who, when the question was up before, opposed the "franchise plan" actively and obstinately, but now supports it with equal fervor. The gentleman has not, to our knowledge, given any reason for his change of front, nor do we know of any one authorized to speak for him.

THE M. J. is afraid the proposed brewery at this city may find the water-works a disturbing factor in its plan of profits. You see, they have no idea of any other use for water than as a diluent for "Keystone," while here we use the fluid as a solvent and detergent. The w-w. will not interfere with the business or profits of the maltster or brewer.

SNOW blocked the road at the north of us on the 19th so effectually that no trains got through that day. No. 1 turned back from here and No. 2 failed to arrive. Though the storm was severe, trains from the south and west arrived on time, but the Cascade was impassable all day.

GENO SAUNDERS came over the bays on the 19th with a train of sleighs loaded with fish. It had to be done by compass, the storm was so thick, but he made a good landfall, and returned the next day. One more trip will empty the cooler, and then to catch more.

BEAR IT in mind that Gen. Prentiss, who was in the thickest of the fight at Shiloh, will tell us about it, one week from Wednesday evening next. It will be worth hearing. Popular prices—25 cents admission, 35 for reserved seats. Diagram at Mead's.

A COPY of the Omaha Republican received shows that D. M. Pillsbury spent Sunday last at the Paxton hotel in that city. Went to visit Mr. Fitch, no doubt. We notice that the hotel is conducted by Kitchen Brothers: Can it be J. B. and Sam, I do'no?

HART, the wagonmaker, has that much confidence in the future of Escanaba that he is spending a portion of his surplus capital in new machinery. The latest additions are an upright self-feed drill and a bolt heading, cutting and making machine.

THE school was closed on Monday and the mayor and the signal observer had their colors flying, which was the sum of the observance of the birthday of the Pater Patrie. We make little account of birthdays in America.

WE WERE pleased to hear one of our men of means talking, only Thursday last, of the money that could be made in the manufacture of wood at this place. It gave us hope that he would take stock in some enterprise of that sort if the opportunity offered.

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Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 20, '86.
DEAR COL.—The upper peninsula of Michigan is here in force. Messrs. Seymour, Hubbell, Chandler, White, Stephenson and Trelting had a hearing before the house committee on rivers and harbors and urged the necessity of an appropriation to build a new lock at the Sault. They made an able and forcible argument, and there is little doubt that the appropriation will be made. In their argument they dwell strongly upon the disaster to the iron trade should the present lock be disabled, asserting that it would paralyze the entire Marquette district, as no ore could be moved from there. What would prevent it being sent to Escanaba and shipped there? Though Escanaba handles nearly as much ore as all the other shipping points on the lakes combined [More than all others] nothing was heard of it before the committee. It seems to me while the boodle is being divided, Escanaba ought to come in for a share. Chandler, of Houghton, is doing his best to save the Ontonagon grant; worming around and button-holing members in the most amusing manner. The case will be up in committee this week, probably, but Joe will not be permitted to appear before the committee as of yore. His efforts to get a postponement have met with little success, and his tried and trusty ally, Redington, with his rot about 120 sections for the tramway the company calls a railroad, is knocked silly; the tall will go with the hide. It is said here that the M. H. & O. company will buy that "twenty miles," to make it part of their Ontonagon extension, but it is also asserted, very positively, that the unearned portion of the grant to that company will be forfeited before congress adjourns. The appeal of Redington and McDonald to congress in behalf of their claim-jumping clients is a flat failure; their resolution is snowed under too deep ever to be dug out. Their latest dodge is to scatter their cases, give one to every jack-leg lawyer poor or mean enough to take it, to show an extended front and make it appear less like a "ring job," but the trick is old and threadbare and deceives nobody. It shows, however, the desperate straits to which they are driven. I saw Hon. John Power to-day, looking as fresh as a May shamrock and happier than the president.

IN PURSUANCE of the notice given, the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Enterprise Association was held at the office of the IRON PORT on Wednesday evening. After the reports of the out-going officers and other routine business the following named gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing year: Covell C. Royce, Solomon Greenhoot, Lorin J. Perry, Louis Schram, Dan. McGillis, Dennis E. Glavin and P. M. Peterson.

WILLIE HODGSKIN, Cadillac, was bitten by a Spitz dog last September and is now dying with hydrophobia though the dog has not, so far, shown any signs of rabies. If you have a Spitz, reader, the very best thing you can do is to kill it; the breed is poisonous. If you don't know whether your dog is or is not Spitz, kill it because of the doubt. If you know it is not a Spitz, kill it out of pity—how would you like to be a dog?

THE Cheboygan Democrat gives the Capt. Brown who commanded the Messenger last season a left-handed compliment. He is not to command her hereafter and Forsyth hopes that his successor will be "one that will not be so offensive to people on the Soo river that they will set up nights with shot guns and clubs to keep the boat from landing."

CANDIDATES for city offices begin to "chip the shell." We hear of one or two for the marshalship, which fact prompts us to inquire "What's the matter with the old one?" We have heard nobody complain except such as he has had occasion to pinch. "When you get a good thing keep it" it is pretty sound philosophy.

ABBOT LAWRENCE, cashier of the National Exchange Bank, Milwaukee, was shot, on Wednesday last, by George Wardner, book-keeper of the bank. The wound is dangerous and may prove fatal. The officers of the bank consider Mr. Wardner insane, the result of a too close application to business.

STERLING put up a new white awning on Wednesday and placed two handsome brass trees in his show windows. As soon as the weather moderates Atkins will put awnings on his double stores, and then the boys will be fixed for summer.

WHITTIER is the name of a new, no-whisky town in Swain county, N. C., of the existence of which a copy of the Blue Ridge Baptist, just wanted, makes us aware. Immigrants wanted—land cheap—address Clark Whittier, proprietor.

WILL OLIVER had not time to write out an advertisement, so his space in the PORT is like a sign, just; but he will sell you a stove, or a jack-knife, or a pound of nails, all the same, and next week he'll "discourse a bit" in the newspaper.

AND still Alderman McKenna goes on altering his building. His latest scheme is to fill the east side of his saloon with windows. Truly "no man knoweth what a day may bring forth."

SCHNEIDER.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, FEB. 27, 1886.

AN UNRELIABLE WATCH.

How it Caused the Separation of a Loving Young Couple.

"Ever see anything funny in the course of my business? Certainly I do," said a jeweler to a reporter. "See lots of fun sometimes, and, by the way, your question reminds me of the fellow who was in here half an hour ago. He has a watch—there it hangs now—that is more trouble to him than all his brains, though I don't mean to say that he is a fool. The most foolish thing that I know of him is that he will persist in carrying that watch. Well, as I was about to say, that self-same tinker of his comes to me not less than once a month regularly.

"I remember very well the first time he brought it. It was one Tuesday morning, and as he had known me for some time before that, he stopped to tell of his troubles. The watch, he said, hung on a nail in his room on Sunday evening, ticking away for dear life. He was very much interested in a book which he was reading, so much absorbed, in fact, that though he looked at the watch every two minutes to see if it was time to go to see his best girl yet, he did not notice that the hands had stopped moving. At last he heard the clock striking and mechanically counting the strokes, found that it was nine o'clock. The watch only said half-past seven, and as it was a case of eight o'clock or not at all, he tried hard to devote the remainder of the evening to his book, which had suddenly grown uninteresting.

"The next day he shook the time piece up, got it to going in fine style, called on his lady love in the morning, explained the cause of his failure to keep his appointment, and soothed her sensibilities by arranging to take her to the opera at night. When evening came he made sure that the watch-hands were walking around the watch-face at the usual rate, and again took up his book. Half-past six, seven and half-past seven—it was time to go now. He put the tinker in his pocket, his coat on his back, and left the hotel. When he reached Walnut street he rang the bell, walked in, asked for Miss — with the greatest assurance.

"Gone out! It was impossible. "But, he was told, she did go at eight-thirty with Mr. —. Half-past eight! He was thunder-struck again, but a glance at the clock on the parlor mantel assured him that it was then nearly nine o'clock, and he left in a maze of disappointment. The watch had stopped some time during the day and started again according to its own sweet will, and was an hour or so behind time.

"Since that time he has married another girl, and is not yet on speaking terms with the one that his watch got him left with. Nearly every time he comes he tells of how he missed an appointment or a train or something of the kind the day before. I have frequently told him that the watch was a cheap affair in the first place, and it is not worth repairs now, as it can not be made to keep time by the best jeweler in the land, but he always says it will have to do a little longer. Just for the curiosity of the thing I looked over my books the last time he was here to see how much he had paid me for putting it in order, and it was just thirty-two dollars. I sell a very fair watch for thirty dollars nowadays."—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

HE WAS DIVORCED.

Uncle Aaron's Gratification and his Subsequent Disgust.

"Good mornin', Marse Dick," said Aaron Morse, as he stepped into the store of Richard Kelly, down in Mississippi, and doffed his hat, holding it in his hands behind him.

"Good morning, Aaron. What can I do for you this morning?" said Mr. Kelly.

"Da'se got me agin, Marse Dick."

"Who's got you?"

"Der gran' gurer."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nuffin, Marse Dick."

"You must have done something wrong, Dick, or the grand jury certainly would not have indicted you."

"Fo' God, Marse Dick, I hain't done nuffin'."

"Well, what do they say you have done?"

"Da'seuse me er compromising wi'd a hog."

"I knew you had been at some devilment, Aaron. You've been stealing a hog, and if you are convicted the court will divorce you from your wife for two years and send you to the penitentiary."

"Hit will?"

"Yes."

"I golly, Marse Dick, dat's good."

"What! going to the penitentiary for two years good?"

"Not that part so much, but der udder part, dat what tickle me."

"What part?"

"Gitting dat deforcement from the ole ooman—dat what plees dis nigger."

"Then, I understand that you are willing to serve two years in the penitentiary to get rid of your wife?"

"Dat's der conclusion of hit, for er ooman dat don't take no intrust in her husband, and don't do nuffin fer he's sport, and forces him to skarnish in der woods for rashuns got no business wid er husband."

Aaron was tried the following week and the judge gave him four, instead of two years, and now he wants his wife to sell her two cows to pay a lawyer to appeal his case to the Supreme Court. But she rather likes the divorce herself, especially as it costs her nothing.—Detroit Free Press.

—There is a marked contrast between the temperature at the surface and in the depths of the mines on the famous Comstock lode. While severe winter weather is prevailing outside the heat is so intense in the lower levels of the mines that the workmen, who have no clothing on but overalls and heavy brogans to protect the feet, can work only on short intervals.—San Francisco Chronicle.

News of the Week.

The coke-burners went to work on Monday.

Beecher has got his watch back, at a cost of \$100.

An immense oil-field has been discovered in the Big Horn basin, Wyoming.

Moody and Sankey opened fire on Galveston Sunday morning at short range.

A mob drove the Chinese out of Oregon City on Monday, robbing them first.

Edison was married on Wednesday and is spending his honeymoon in Florida.

Gen. Dan Sickles is to run for mayor of New York as the Tammany candidate.

Watterson is getting well—could not afford to die while the democracy was in power.

Cannon, the boss Mormon, was held for trial on \$45,000 bail. He gave the bonds.

Pollard's liquor store, Pittsburg, burned on Monday. Loss \$100,000; insurance \$32,000.

Mrs. Ida Kabel, of Chicago, shooting at an unfaithful lover, managed to hit herself and will die.

The Trade and Labor assembly of Chicago has ordered a boycott of Maxwell Brothers, box-makers.

Henry Watterson is spared, this time. His doctors pronounced him out of danger on the twenty-third.

Sam Small, who plays John-the-Baptist to Sam Jones, is getting Chicago in good shape for the great Sam.

Sir Edward Henderson, chief of the metropolitan police force, of London, has resigned. time he did, too.

The mother of Mrs. Boyd who was found dead in her bed at St. Louis, charges Boyd with her murder.

David Wilson, Pittsburg, out of work, money, bread and hope, killed his wife and then himself on Monday.

Andrew Holman, treasurer of Nelson co., Dakota, is missing and \$12,000 of the county cash is missing also.

The Cincinnati Southern railroad was cut in two by the caving in of King's Mountain tunnel on Sunday last.

"Father Akers" of the M. E. church of Illinois, died at Jacksonville on Monday at the great age of 95 years.

The British freight steamer Saxon was lost at sea. The captain, both mates, and three seamen went down with the ship.

One Martin, 70 years of age, living near Bangor, Maine, killed his wife with an axe and himself by shooting on Saturday.

The K. of L. of St. Louis will boycott the street-car lines, one after the other, to bring them to terms in the matter of wages.

A family named James, living near Little Rock, Arkansas, six persons in all, was butchered by a negro outlaw on the 18th.

Louise E. Perkins has just been awarded \$75,000 as damages for a breach of promise of marriage made by the "lucky" Baldwin.

At Burlington, Iowa, a four-year-old, running about with a knife in its hand, fell and drove the blade into its throat with fatal effect.

One O'Connell is on trial for setting fire to two barns at Great Barrington, Mass. The two barns were worth (that is, they cost) \$600,000.

The New York legislature is considering and will pass an act authorizing the B. & O. railroad company to bridge Staten Island sound.

James H. Payne died a short time since in New York. He was known to be a man of wealth, but no trace of his property can be found.

An explosion of powder wrecked the store in which it occurred and wounded eight men (two of them fatally) at Winchester, Ky., on Monday.

The Vulcan iron works, Carondelet, have been compelled to close for want of coke and others must, soon, unless the strike is brought to an end.

Father Betts, Jardine's friend, had to step down from his pulpit and out of Bishop Robertson's diocese of Missouri. He goes to Kentucky.

Four men were drowned in the Susquehanna river at Harrisburg on Saturday. Five were in a skiff, which was upset and only one was saved.

John B. Gough died on the 18th, of paralysis. He was nearly 69 years of age, was born in England but came to America when a boy, in 1829.

The Missouri cut away the pest-house burying ground at Kansas City and floated small-pox cadavers down the river, creating a panic along its banks.

A plot to overturn the Spanish regency and make the duke of Braganza the king of both Spain and Portugal is the latest thing in continental politics.

The miners in the Clearfield region demand an advance and threaten a strike; the Milwaukee boot and shoe hands also, and the I. C. brakemen.

The French republic fears that the grandsons of Louis Philippe, the Orleans princes, will tip it over, and has empowered the ministry to bounce 'em.

The plan for a consolidation of interests to control the production and price of anthracite coal was knocked on the head by the Vanderbilts. Good for them.

The body of an unknown man was found on the railroad track near Macon, Mo., but investigation showed that he had been murdered and placed there.

At Runcells, Iowa, on the 18th, Wm. Furry killed his brother-in-law, Floyd West, by smashing his head with an axe. He says the Lord commanded him to do it.

At Homer, Ill., on Sunday night, a man

named Sears quarreled with his wife "on religious matters" and hacked her to death with a handsaw. Both were over 80.

Jeff. Davis has been "shooting his mouth" again to the effect that his position strengthened when he need not. In plain English, he sold out. Pizen old reptile, is Jeff.

The Chinese consul-general brings claims against the U. S. amounting to over \$500,000 for the property of Chinese subjects destroyed by mobs. They'll have to be paid, too.

The railroad tax law of New Jersey having been declared unconstitutional, the state treasury was compelled to suspend payments, that tax having been its chief source of revenue.

The revenue cutter Rush, which went to Behring's sea after the missing whaler Amethyst, has returned to San Francisco having found no trace of the missing vessel or her crew.

Gladstone's work is not easy. He can not get the colleagues he wants and holds three offices himself—premier, first lord of the treasury and lord privy seal. His time is short.

Lord Randolph Churchill is trying to set Orangemen and Nationalists to cutting each others' throats in Ireland. He's no match for Parnell, and there'll be no fighting until Parnell is ready.

At Pawtucket, R. I., on Saturday last, Edward Carney assaulted Mrs. Worrall and her sisters, Alice and Ellen Biggers, wounding Alice with a knife so that she will probably die. The man is insane.

A woman named White attempted to kill her two children, at Chicago, and when prevented said, "My husband is a drunkard and I am tired of life, but I want to get rid of these children first."

The great iron works of Brown, Bonnell & Co., at Youngstown, O., are to be sold by order of court. The firm failed more than a year ago and the property has been in the hands of a receiver.

A fire, beginning with a steamboat loaded with cotton and naval stores, in the port of Wilmington, N. C., spread to other craft and the docks and destroyed property valued at \$1,500,000 on Sunday last.

Seven children, alone in a house at Tanger, Va., attempted to light a fire with kerosene. The can exploded and three of the children were killed, the other four being badly, but not fatally, burned.

The Bear (under command of Capt. Davis, formerly of the Andy Johnson) arrived at San Francisco on the 23d, and will proceed to Behring's sea, to continue the search for the missing whaler, the Amethyst.

The wife of Prof. Waldo, of Yale college, committed suicide by throwing herself from a precipice near New Haven on Saturday last. She was insane. In July last her sister committed suicide in the same manner.

At Bloomington, Ill., on the 17th, David Shortly, an insane man seventy years old, shot and killed his brother, Levi Shortly, fatally wounded his wife and less seriously his daughter, set his barn on fire and was burned in it.

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Oshkosh lumbermen have agreed on an advance in prices. They want a dollar a thousand and more for common and piece stuff, flooring, ceiling and siding, \$2 more for short lengths, \$2 7/8 for uppers, 10 cents on shingles and 25 on lath.

Dr. J. H. Gleason, of Cleveland, drank carbolic acid, thinking it whiskey, and was dead in ten minutes. The dispatch does not say where his nose was when he drank, nor whether Cleveland whiskey and kerosene have usually the same bouquet.

Montana cattle men propose to kill and dress their beeves at home, ship the carcasses in refrigerator cars to New York, and sell the beef from their own shops, dividing the profits of half-a-dozen middlemen between themselves and the consumers.

Eight sheep-herders were recently killed in the valley of the Little Colorado, Arizona. Of course the Apaches were charged with the crime, but it turns out that they were innocent. Cowboys, with whom the shepherds had a dispute about range, did the job.

Capt. Dobbins, of Buffalo, is the inventor of a life-boat. The Dominion government sent to him for a sample and got it, and now infringes his patent. The captain will fight, and the harder because the Canucks did not even pay him for the pattern boat.

Jake Sharp and his associates in the Broadway railroad business are in trouble. The whole scheme of bribery has been given away by two of the aldermen who received bribes, and it is possible that sharp and others may join Ward and Fish at the state's country-seat near Sing Sing.

Prince Napoleon (Plon-plon) has been considered a stupid, but he has more common-sense than the French republicans who are insisting on the banishment of the Orleans princes. He tells them that their course tends to the overthrow of the republic, which is the truth though a Bonaparte (that is to say, a liar) says it.

Six veterans living at Watertown, N. Y., and receiving pensions for wounds received in battle, which are not necessary to their support, have written Gen. Bolling, of Petersburg, Virginia, to give them the names of six wounded men of the army of Northern Virginia to whom they will pay over the cash as received by them.

A Great Discovery. Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for 25 years and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years." Trial bottles free at Geo. Preston's drug store; large size \$1.00.

A Pleasure to Recommend It. We take pleasure in recommending Dr. Warner's White Wine of Tar Syrup to any public speaker that may be troubled with any throat or lung disease. Rev. M. L. Booser, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Reading, Mich. Rev. J. T. Innes, Albion, Mich. Rev. V. L. Lockwood, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Farms For Sale.

The following list of lands is now offered for sale to farmers very low for cash or on easy terms and long credit:

Table with columns: DESCRIPTION, ACRES, TOWN, RANGE, ACRES. Lists various land parcels with their respective details.

These lands are situated on the state road north of this city and near it, none of them being more than eight miles distant, in a rapidly improving farming district, are well timbered with hard wood and are the most fertile and well-watered lands in the country. They will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers who buy them for occupation and improvement either for cash at very low prices or upon easy terms and long credit as may be desired. For particulars apply to SOLOMON GREENHOOT, Escanaba, Feb. 11, 1885.

J. C. AYER & CO. INDIGESTION To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

Cured me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using Ayer's Pills, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. For sale by all Druggists.

WARNER BROS' CORSETS. CORALINE CORSETS. FLEXIBLE HIP CURVING HEALTH ABDOMINAL CORALINE

ARE BY FAR THE MOST POPULAR CORSETS EVER INTRODUCED. CORALINE is superior to whalebone. Cannot be broken. Is flexible and easy to the wearer. Is used in no goods except those made by Warner Bros.

\$10.00 REWARD FOR ANY STRIP OF CORALINE THAT BREAKS WITH SIX MONTHS ORDINARY WEAR IN A CORSET. AVOID CHEAP IMITATIONS BONDED WITH VARIOUS KINDS OF COED. ALL GENUINE CORALINE CORSETS HAVE CORALINE PRINTED ON INSIDE OF COVER.

For Sale by all Leading Merchants. WARNER BROS., 141 & 143 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO.

GREENHOOT.

SOFT WEATHER

—CALLS FOR—

Rubber Clothing

AND OILSKINS

—FOR—

Woodsmen!

River Men and

Fishermen!

Greenhoot has Got Them!

—TO SELL AT—

THE LOWEST PRICES

Ever Known!

YOU WANT SLEIGHS NOW!

W. J. WALLACE HAS THEM

All Sizes and All Kinds!

SEE THE ASSORTMENT Select one and you'll get low prices. COAL, OF COURSE!

But its going fast and you had better order what you need at once.

"EAGLE" LIVERY STABLES,

Single or Double Rigs at all Hours. Orders for 'Bus Service or Baggage Transportation may be left at the Ludington street stable. Horses boarded on favorable terms.

MUSIC HALL,

the largest and best appointed assembly room in the city is part of the property. Apply at office for dates. GEO. ENGLISH.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL,

MERCHANT TAILORS CORNER HILDEN AVE. AND LUDINGTON ST. ALSO GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

You can save dollars by visiting our store.

SOCIETIES.

REGULAR COMMUNICATIONS are held at their hall, over Ed. Erickson's new store, on the third Thursday in each month. W. Duncan, W. M. John E. Mills, Secretary.

REGULAR MEETINGS are held in their hall, over Conolly's new store, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. H. W. Thompson, N. G. H. L. Mead, Secretary.

MEETS EVERY FIRST TUESDAY in each month at Greenleaf's hall. L. B. Plant, President; N. Blanchette, Secretary.

MEETS ON THE FIRST SUNDAY in each month at the city engine house. Julius Kessler, president; Emil C. Wickert, treasurer, and Jacob Moerch, secretary.

MEETS ON THE SECOND SUNDAY in each month in the hall over Burns' store. James Corcoran, president; P. J. McKenna, recording secretary; Michael Sheehan, treasurer; John Conaghan, county delegate.

MEETS ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY in each month at the city engine house. John Power, Commander; Emil Glaser, Adjutant.

MEETS ON THE FIRST THURSDAY in each month at the city engine house. Julius Kessler, president; Emil C. Wickert, treasurer, and Jacob Moerch, secretary.

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RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

OF THE forty-three thousand new members of the Presbyterian Church last year about twenty-one thousand came from the Sunday-schools.—Christian Union.

THE late Senor Dona Susana Beintez Vindade Parejo left \$300,000 to found a boys' school in Madrid, and \$160,000 for medical charities.

THE State of Pennsylvania has eighteen schools for soldiers' orphans, on which \$8,000,000 has been expended during the past twenty years.—Philadelphia Press.

IN the 1,215 colleges and the other institutions of learning in the country, attended by 155,000 young men, there are now 210 Y. M. C. Associations.—N. Y. Examiner.

THE Norwegians of Brooklyn have founded a hospital for the benefit of their fellow countrymen. A deaconess from the old country has entered upon the work as nurse.—Brooklyn Union.

A Waterbury paper mentions a citizen who removed his daughter from a great female college in consequence of the "prevalence there of the baneful and disgusting habit of chewing gum."—Hartford Courant.

THE London correspondent of Science announces that the old public schools in England are relaxing their strict adherence to the classics. "Ragby," he says, "is about to institute a modern side, and changes in the same direction are gradually introduced at Eton, her great rival, Harrow having long had something of the kind."

THAT was a good bit of advice given by an old and reverend minister to some young theologians who were seeking hints as to sermon writing. "Choose your text," he said, "then try to live it for a week, and at the end of that time you will be in a condition to write." If this method of preparation were in more frequent use, audiences might have less reason to complain of "dry" discourses.—Congregationalist.

IN a Chicago school, recently, the class that was reciting the "language lesson" were requested to give a sentence with the word "capillary. A little girl wrote, 'I sailed across the ocean in a capillary.' When asked what she meant by that, she turned to Webster's unabridged and triumphantly pointed out this definition:—"Capillary: a fine vessel." Further investigations showed that nearly all the class had made the same blunder.—The Advance.

A curious company went over from New York to Brooklyn a few Sunday nights ago. It consisted, among others, of the Rev. Mr. Haweis, Courtland Palmer, Andrew Carnegie and two daughters of Bob Ingersoll. Mr. Beecher knew they were there and he arose to the situation and preached one of the very best sermons that ever came from the Plymouth pulpit. After the sermon he was introduced to the little party. One of Colonel Ingersoll's daughters told him that that was the first time she had ever been in a church in her life, whereas Mr. Beecher said that she was the prettiest pagan he ever saw, and the priests and the agnostics laughed heartily at the pleasantry.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE most remarkable revival in progress in the world is going on in the Telugu Islands. The missionary work among these Telugus has been attended with marvelous success, the baptisms in each year being numbered by the thousands. Now the idolaters seek to get even with the missionaries and win the people back to the faith of their fathers. They go among the Christian converts bearing on bamboo poles small idol houses. They make a great noise with drums and shoutings and generally attract crowds of people. The missionaries say that there has not in half a century been such a revival of idolatry.—Chicago Herald.

THE first in conversation is truth, the next, good sense, the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit.—Swift.

WHEN Fogg heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefsteak he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to her boarders.—Boston Transcript.

Beware of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.—Christian Advocate.

THE mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing on earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter.—N. Y. Examiner.

A disciple of Blackstone at Albany, Ga., was met carrying home a "possum. He was asked: "Hello, J., what is that?" "Possum!" "What are you going to do with him?" "I'm going to have a big 'possum supper." "How many will be there?" "Two; me and the 'possum!"—Atlanta Constitution.

John is very kind to the poor," said Mary, "but after all it may be more for the sake of praise than doing good." "Look here, Mary," said her husband, "when you see the hands of our clock always right you may be sure that there isn't much wrong with the inside works."—Chicago Mail.

THE latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks she "knows everything" is about how she went to a church social, and as she entered the church the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you came; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply. "I smelt 'em when I first came in."—Western Rural.

"Aw," drawled a city swell to a country boy, whom he met in the road one freezing morning, "the superlative gelidity of the circumambient atmosphere renders extraoraneous peregrinations, much less delectable than subtergalaneous pursuits, don't you know." "Gosh-amity," said the boy, "do it though? I thought it was too dang cold for that."—Merchants Traveler.

Away down deep in every human heart is something that makes one long at times to trample the cares of earth under foot and pillow the head on the clouds, but an opportunity to make a dollar with apparent ease will bring the average man back to earth with a suddenness that nothing else in life can eclipse.—Western Rural.

Upper Peninsula.

MR. Power secured the appointment of A. A. Metcalf to the postmastership at Crystal Falls and James F. Boyd to that at Greenland, Ontonagon county.

JACOBS, the brownstone man, is shipping his product to New Orleans, to be used in a new building there. Notton got into trouble again on Tuesday, assault and battery on a boy.—M. J., 24th.

LOUIS Olan was killed by a falling tree at Crystal Falls on Saturday. Lott wants a "devil." The first shipment of pig iron from the Iron River furnace, one car-load went out Thursday, Feb. 11.—Reporter.

THE Tamarack company has broken ground for its second shaft, 500 feet west of the first and proposes a third, 500 feet west of that. Stephens, who killed Frank Sanders, has been held for manslaughter.—Calumet News.

"GOOD BYE.—G. W. Bauder." "How d'ye do?—C. M. Fauchild." The Star will be conducted for a few weeks by T. S. Payne. Bander and Larson are talking of a democratic daily at Marinette. It will end in talk.—North Star.

"MON!" has moved out of the Pioneer office. Bronson's alarm bell, made of an old saw, is a flat failure. The Westlakes have "made up." Ed. Bouchard is to command A. Booth's new boat. Dr. Scott has made arrangement to open a hospital on March 15.—Sunday Sun.

"RACKETY" Clark's proposed newspaper venture may be an incident of a plan to make Crystal Falls the county-seat of Iron county. Sheldon & Shafer have, at last, found the walls of their mine. The vein is 96 1/2 feet wide and they have traced it 322 feet, and will proceed to strip and mine.—Menominee Range.

JOHN Jenken had a leg broken in the Republic mine on Thursday. The gymnasium is to be and the Y. M. C. A. is to manage it. It is to occupy Adams' Hall. Lee Craig had good reason for running away—his father abused him, brutally. Hancock fellows who don't wear billed shirts smashed in the front of a Chinese laundry on Saturday.—M. J., 20th.

THE Sault contracts with J. L. McDonald to lay its water pipes and set its hydrants for \$7,348.41; and to put in pumping machinery consideration not given. It has become apparent that the cost of the works will exceed the original estimate. The ice on the St. Mary's river is poor and unsafe to drive upon.—Chippewa County Democrat.

MRS. Keating is going to enlarge her hotel, the Milwaukee house. The Norway and Cyclops mines paid off on Thursday. Work on the Iron Hill property will be resumed, soon. Mr. Buell is still driving the Cuff exploration and is confident of a mine. The Norway Iron Mining company is just organized, at Norway, to work an Agogebic property.—Current.

THE snow-shoe party underwent its second tramp to the powder house last night, filled up with oysters and tramped home again, having had much sport [Which, if it were paid for would be the hardest kind of work]. Lee Craig, 12 years old and incorrigible, is missing and inquired for. Somebody poisons dogs, and bereaved dog-owners want to know who it is, so they can return thanks, with a club.—M. J., 19th.

THE bill given by the Rifles was a grand success, every way. There's trouble in school district number two, township of Spalding; Michael Brown, director, and the moderator and assessor of the district unite in a warning to the public not to negotiate orders (especially one for \$416.30) drawn by H. H. Sterling as director, such orders being worthless. The big lumber concerns will hereafter pile, season and sort their cuts at home instead of at Chicago.—Menominee Herald.

RUMORS have been rife of a change in the local management of the Iron Cliffs company consequent on the retirement of Mr. Barnum, but there is no reason to believe that any such change is contemplated and there are good reasons why none should be made. The present management has succeeded in harmonizing the affairs of the company with the feelings and interests of the people, a condition of things never before attained in the company's history.—Negaunee Herald.

THE "female detective" worked for one wife only, but there was another who acted in the same capacity for others. The one who put on male habiliments overdid her part—got drunk and brought up in a bagnio, Sheel is to pay [As was inevitable]. The St. Mary's Total Abstinence society will celebrate St. Patrick's day and an address from Alexander Sullivan is expected. August Blair's house, Peshtigo, burned on the 12th. The Oshkosh Times libels Hon. I. Stephenson. Five lumber concerns have banked one hundred millions feet of logs already. The Iron works have now 116 men on the pay-roll and work 15 hours a day.—Eagle, Marinette.

CO-OPERATION or industrial partnerships are only means of improving the relations between labor and capital. Even if the eight-hour work day should be established fact, real relations between two factions will remain the same.—Matt J. Simplar, in the Menominee River Laborer.

TRUE, as though as it was a quotation from holy writ. In co-operation, such as he suggests, only, can the relations between labor and capital be harmonized; and harmony, not antagonism, is the needed condition. Neither can dispense with the other. Capital without labor is dead—labor without capital is helpless. Push the idea into practice. Be not dismayed by failure, if failure results, but learn therefrom and in the end succeed. It is worse than useless to quarrel—we must learn to agree.

AT Houghton on Sunday the house of Louis Bond was burned and a man named Kempf was suffocated therein. John Ryan was frozen to death on Saturday last three

Small Talk.

A TURNPIKE-tender down south became enamored of a young woman who often passed over his road, but he never told his love.

FOR liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sick headache use West's Liver Pills. All druggists. 14

THE blood makes the entire circuit of the body every seven minutes, and whenever this circulation is impeded, or any of its channels is clogged by impurities; disease follows—Fever or a disorder of the Liver or Kidneys, or Scrofula or Dyspepsia. To get at and remove the source of the difficulty, use the infallible blood purifier, Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nerve. At druggists.

IF an old maid is described as "an unappropriated blessing," should an old bachelor be termed "an unappropriated curse"?

THE standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25 cents, at all druggists. 14

IF steamers are named the Asia, the Russia, and the Scotia, why not call one the Nautilus?

IF feeling old—renew your youthful vigor by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will vitalize the blood, recruit the wasting energies, and build up the system.

A lady told me she could always know when she had taken too much wine at dinner—her husband's jokes began to seem funny.

TO ladies! The great beautifier for the complexion: One of West's sugar coated Liver Pills taken nightly. 30 pills 25c. All druggists. 14

RABBITS' tails are short, but no shorter than your coughing spells will be if you use Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. 25c.

HER neck and arms were as naked as if she had never eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

WEST'S Cough Syrup stops sickening in the throat, stops that hacking cough and gives perfect relief; it is certainly worth a trial. All druggists. 14

YOU are not old, yet your hair is getting thin. Your friends remark it your wife regrets it. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop this waste, save your hair and restore the original gloss and color. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff, a perfect dressing. 14

NOT I aint one to see the cat walking into the dairy and wonder what she's come after.

A fight yesterday between Miss Rose Throat and Mr. Bronchial Wafers (Dr. X. Stone's) resulted in a victory for the Wafers. 25c.

PAIN can not exist when West's World's Wonder is applied. Cheapest and best. 25 and 50 cents at all druggists. 14

MARRIAGE is a man ain't like settin' alongside of him nights and hearin him talk pretty; that's the fast prayer. There's lots an' lots o' meetin' after that.

THE sun is a good ways off, and so are throat and lung troubles from those who use Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. 25c.

WONDERFUL is the effect of West's World's Wonder or Family Liniment. One bottle will effect more cures than four times that number of any other liniment. 25 and 50c. All druggists. 14

"WHAT would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?" asked Horace Greeley of Mrs. Stanton. "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley; stay at home and urge others to go and fight," replied the lady.

A MILE a minute is the speed attained by Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers when curing a cough or a sore throat. 25c.

IT is worth remembering that no one enjoys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day, with one foot in the grave, to whom a bottle of Parker's Tonic would do more good than all the doctors and medicine they have ever used. 14

WHEN you wish to affirm anything you always call God to witness because he never contradicts you.

WHEN Baby was Sick we gave her CASTORIA. When she was a child she cried for CASTORIA. When she became Miss she clung to CASTORIA. When she had children she gave them CASTORIA.

FOR rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, wounds or burns use West's World's Wonder. Druggists. 14

IF the Venus de Medici could be animated into life women would only remark that her waist is large.

MIND and body alike suffer from sluggish action of the blood, the result of dyspepsia or biliousness Ayer's Pills stir up the liver, expate the stomach and bowels to activity, open the pores, and insure that health of body which is indispensable to mental vigor.

A friend said to the sister of Cleveland as she was leaving Buffalo for Washington: "I hope you will hail from Buffalo. 'O, you expect me to hail from Buffalo and reign in Washington."

MR. Hacking Cough broke his neck yesterday over a box of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. 25c.

WHY will you suffer with a bad cold when a few doses of West's Cough Syrup will cure you. Invaluable for all throat and lung troubles; consumptives try it. Small size 25c, large bottles 50c. All druggists. 14

WE shall be perfectly virtuous, when there is no longer any flesh on our bones.

DRY GOODS.

Railway Building! And other exciting events are quiet in comparison with my trade in

Remnants! —IN— PRINTS, GINGHAMS, COTTONS, and DRESS GOODS

TO BE CLOSED AT A VERY LOW FIGURE.

Remember THAT NOT ONLY THE REMNANTS ARE CHEAP BUT THAT YOU CAN BUY THE MOST GOODS FOR THE MONEY AT

GOODSELL'S! Dress Goods, Silks and Velvets, Embroideries, White Goods, Towels, etc.

Come and See Seth S. Goodell, Agent.

H. J. DEROUIN.

Henry Derouin Has moved into the building lately vacated by Ed. Erickson, and offers his present stock of Clothing and Furnishing Goods at cost, to close them out, before he goes to market for a fresh stock. Now is your chance. Take it!

WOOD! WOOD! A. BOOTH & SONS

Have now on hand a supply of seasoned Hard Wood which they will deliver in the city at the following prices: Four-foot Maple, per Cord, \$5.00. Sawed, \$5.50. Pine Slabs, \$3. All wood delivered.

Terms: Strictly: Cash! Leave orders at the office at the freezer or at the grocery store of J. A. McNaughtan.

FURNITURE. D. A. OLIVER, DEALER IN FURNITURE! CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Undertaking Promptly Attended to. Furniture Made or Repaired to Order. Sewing Machines and Attachments. LUDINGTON STREET, NORTH SIDE.

HARNESS. F. D. CLARK, DEALER IN Light and Heavy Harness and Saddles

ALL REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY OLD STAND: TILDEN AVE.

WIT AND WISDOM.

THE first in conversation is truth, the next, good sense, the third, good humor, and the fourth, wit.—Swift.

WHEN Fogg heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefsteak he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to her boarders.—Boston Transcript.

Beware of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.—Christian Advocate.

THE mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing on earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter.—N. Y. Examiner.

A disciple of Blackstone at Albany, Ga., was met carrying home a "possum. He was asked: "Hello, J., what is that?" "Possum!" "What are you going to do with him?" "I'm going to have a big 'possum supper." "How many will be there?" "Two; me and the 'possum!"—Atlanta Constitution.

John is very kind to the poor," said Mary, "but after all it may be more for the sake of praise than doing good." "Look here, Mary," said her husband, "when you see the hands of our clock always right you may be sure that there isn't much wrong with the inside works."—Chicago Mail.

THE latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks she "knows everything" is about how she went to a church social, and as she entered the church the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you came; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply. "I smelt 'em when I first came in."—Western Rural.

"Aw," drawled a city swell to a country boy, whom he met in the road one freezing morning, "the superlative gelidity of the circumambient atmosphere renders extraoraneous peregrinations, much less delectable than subtergalaneous pursuits, don't you know." "Gosh-amity," said the boy, "do it though? I thought it was too dang cold for that."—Merchants Traveler.

Away down deep in every human heart is something that makes one long at times to trample the cares of earth under foot and pillow the head on the clouds, but an opportunity to make a dollar with apparent ease will bring the average man back to earth with a suddenness that nothing else in life can eclipse.—Western Rural.

CITY OFFICIALS.

MAYOR—JOHN K. STACY. City Clerk—ROBERT E. MORRELL. City Treasurer—EMIL C. WICKERT. City Attorney—JOHN POWER. City Marshal—GEORGE McCARTHY. City Surveyor—FRED J. MERIAM. Health Officer—DR. T. L. GLENN. Street Commissioner—JOSEPH HESS. Justices of the Peace—EMIL GLASER, W. R. NORTHUP and S. F. EDWARDS.

SUPERVISORS. 1st Ward, City of Escanaba—G. E. BARRBERG, 2d Ward, " " DANIEL TVERLIE, 3d Ward, " " SAMUEL STONHOUSE, Township of Escanaba—GEORGE T. BURNS, " Ford River—L. W. WARREN, " Bark River—FRED NELSON, " Bay de Noquette—Geo. BONEFIELD, " Nahma—JAMES MCGEE, " Maple Ridge—HERMAN JOHNSON, " Baldwin—STEELE D. PERRY, " Garden—THOMAS J. TRACY, " Fairbanks—HARRY S. HUTCHINS, " Masonville—ROBERT FRACOCK, " Sack Bay—C. L. CHAFFER.

Sheriff—DAVID A. OLIVER. Clerk and Register of Deeds—CHAS. H. SCOTT. Treasurer—JOHN A. McNAUGHTAN. Prosecuting Attorney and U. S. Commissioner—FRANK D. MEAD. Circuit Court Commissioner—ELI P. ROYCE. Judge of Probate—EMIL GLASER. Surveyor—JOHN S. CRAIG. Circuit Judge—CLAUDIUS B. GRANT. County Physicians—W. W. MULLIKEN, Escanaba; E. L. FOOTE, Garden. Superintendents of the Poor—W. R. NORTHUP and JOHN SEMER, Escanaba.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Supervisors. 1st Ward, City of Escanaba—G. E. BARRBERG, 2d Ward, " " DANIEL TVERLIE, 3d Ward, " " SAMUEL STONHOUSE, Township of Escanaba—GEORGE T. BURNS, " Ford River—L. W. WARREN, " Bark River—FRED NELSON, " Bay de Noquette—Geo. BONEFIELD, " Nahma—JAMES MCGEE, " Maple Ridge—HERMAN JOHNSON, " Baldwin—STEELE D. PERRY, " Garden—THOMAS J. TRACY, " Fairbanks—HARRY S. HUTCHINS, " Masonville—ROBERT FRACOCK, " Sack Bay—C. L. CHAFFER.

TIME TABLES.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN. PASSENGER TRAINS. Leave Escanaba for—

Table with columns: Direction, Train Name, Time. Includes routes to Chicago, Crystal Falls, Iron River, and Marquette.

Passengers for Iron River, Crystal Falls and other points on the Menominee River branch change at Powers.

R. R.

Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette RAILWAY. TIME TABLE.

Table with columns: West, Read Up, Taking Effect, East, Read Down. Includes routes to Detroit, Mackinac, and Marquette.

Express trains Nos. 1 and

IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts may be made for this New York.

HUDD got there.

E. R. PENBERTHY has been nominated as postmaster at Houghton.

The house public lands committee agreed, on the 23d, to the forfeiture of the Ontonagon & Brule River land grant.

CHAMBERLAIN is kicking, and no wonder; and it looks though he would break Mr. Gladstone's political neck before long.

BEY. BUTLER regards Cleveland's course as ruin because he is too good a man for his party. He may be that and yet no saint.

The southern democrats declare Grover "a dead cock in the pit," and are even now casting about for his successor. They incline towards Carlisle.

The New York sub-treasurer boycotts silver, under instructions from Mr. Manning, by every means that he can use without open violation of law.

The Chinese government proposes to retaliate for the rather unfriendly treatment which its subjects are receiving in the U. S. by driving Americans out of China.

The Michigan delegation in congress is sound on the silver question unless Eldredge must be excepted. He is not quite so pronounced as the rest, but is probably safe.

The Michigan Club banquet on Washington's birthday was a fine affair. Senators Everts and Logan made speeches in reply to toasts, as did Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, and others.

THERE are two "unions" of cigar-makers. "International" and "Progressive," and each is boycotting the goods and customers of the other. Well, we rather like a pipe, anyhow.

ENGLAND is mighty cautious how she blusters when Russia or Germany might take offense, but she can send her fleet of iron-clads to bulldoze poor, plucky, little Greece. Bah!

PHILIP, the New York hack-writer who was supposed to have written the "Morcy letter," used against Garfield during the campaign of '80, died on Monday last at his home in Brooklyn.

The trans-continental railways, which have heretofore worked in a pool, are now working each for itself and cutting rates. We may be able to go to California next summer if the fight gets hot enough.

CONCERNING the statement by the News that "the Irish are on top," Stuart, of the Sault Democrat says, "of course they are," which, as he is neither republican nor Mile-sian, may be considered unbiased evidence.

BRAOD, of Wisconsin, attacked Gen. Cutcheon in the debate on the Porter bill, but got the worst of it, as he always will when he encounters him. Gen. Cutcheon can, so to speak, put "little Bragg" in his pocket, any day.

The sons of the boss Mormon, Cannon, attacked the U. S. district attorney, Dickson, on Monday last, but were prevented from doing him serious injury. The young men will have a chance to keep the old man company in prison, perhaps.

The premature explosion of a blast at the North Lee mine killed the miner, John Job, and seriously injured his son Henry. John Owens has been outside and bought a new engine and other machinery for Sellers & Owens' mill.—Tower Press.

A FAITH-CURE crank attempted to cure a blind pencil-peddler on the streets of Philadelphia. Of course he failed, but the crowd that gathered bought the man's pencils, every one. "Cranks are of some use, any way," was his comment.

Two hundred and seventeen millions (\$217,000,000) is the neat little sum which the will of W. H. Vanderbilt leaves to his two elder sons, Cornelius and William, and it is in such shape that it will double itself in ten years if they but let it alone.

The Center invites Irishmen to join the prohibitionists because whisky, it asserts, "has done more than high rent and English landlords to impoverish Ireland." We wish it luck in converting "the boys"—every one it gets is a democrat less—but we do not hope much from its efforts.

W. J. CARVEY, of Hastings, is on trial for attempting to poison his wife. He will have to go to Jackson unless he can shake her testi-mony, which is very strong, but there is suspicion that it is untrue—that his crime was not poisoning but unfaithfulness, and that she had taken this way to punish him.

GERONIMO wants to be "good Injin," now. He should be gratified, by all means. He should be made "good" by the only process known to be certainly effective to that end. When he is unquestionably dead, and not until then, he will be permanently "good," so hang the old scoundrel at once.

ABE HEWITT has been at considerable pains to make it appear that Morrison is an unsafe adviser concerning moneys in the treasury, and has succeeded. Now if he will but show as conclusively that he is (as he certainly is) just as unsafe an adviser as to tariff matters, the country will be much obliged to Mr. Hewitt. Morrison is as dead wrong on the tariff as upon the application of the treasury balances. Hewitt can see it in one case, and could in the other if his eyes were not full of Bilboa ore.

The latest bit of political gossip is the announcement that the split in the republican party in New York has been healed; that hereafter there are no more "stalwarts" or "half-breeds," only republicans, and that the reunited party will again have the benefit of Mr. Conkling's advice and leadership. If it be true; if there is real peace and union and not mere truce; the thrashing we took in '84 and again in '85 will have been blessings in disguise. So re-organized the republicans can carry the state in '86, "like a book." The work Mr. Conkling has lately done in unearthing municipal corruption in the city will help.

POOR mugwumps, they are getting very sick. The Boston Advertiser groans, the New York Times squeals, even the thick-and-thin Evening Post begins to brace up sharp and get ready to go about on 'other tack. Only Sister Curtis' faith is unshaken; only her picter paper is staunch. But there's reason for that. The others know fraud and hypocrisy when they see it; Sister Curtis is so pure that she does not. The others are dis-appointed; Sister Curtis desire only to prevent that awful man from Maine being elected and, that accomplished, she could not be dis-appointed. Happy Sister Curtis.

JOHN MAY TAYLOR, of Tennessee, was the one democrat who would not vote with his party that disobedience of orders was a soldierly virtue—that treason to the flag he served under deserved no punishment. Mr. Taylor was a confederate soldier (and, we dare not doubt, a good one) and would not stultify himself by voting to remit the punishment of one who was mercifully dealt with in that he was not tried by a drum-head court martial and shot. Remember the name—John May Taylor, of Tennessee—whom every soldier, of either side, must hold in high respect for that vote.

WE HAVE not sympathized with the demand on the president for his reasons for suspending republican office-holders, but the senate has driven him into an untenable position, namely, that any papers which influenced him to make such removals can be considered "private and unofficial" and so withheld from the senate. That is a subterfuge, and too thin to do service. Mr. Cleveland will do better with his natural bluntness than by any attempt at finesse or hair-splitting. The senators are his masters when he tries that, and will down him, sure.

JUDGE BAXTER in ordering a sale of the assets of Brown, Bonnell & Co., the Youngstown iron manufacturers, paid a high compliment to Fayette Brown, the well-known manager of the Jackson Iron company, who has been for the time since the failure the receiver of the property. He said that contrary to the ordinary rule in such cases, the property had increased in value while in Mr. Brown's hands, owing to the economy and care with which it had been managed.

THINGS are coming out right in Ohio. Dalton, the county clerk of Hamilton county, finding that his obstructionist tactics would land him in jail, surrendered, and the whole scheme of fraud will be exposed and the four men who now hold seats in the senate on his certificates will be bounced. The work will be incomplete, however, if it does not land a dozen or so of the managers of the Cincinnati frauds, Dalton at the head, in the state prison.

THE judge who brought Dan Dalton to time—Judge Wylie—is a democrat, but now the Ohio democracy flout him, swear that he is a drunkard, that he sold out, that the republicans held a club over his head, and a deal more such rot. He was good enough for them until a decision of his, which he could not refrain from giving and have any claim to honesty, hurts them—then they howl. They're a dirty lot, from Payne to McLean.

BLAINE'S second volume is now ready. In it he gives some of his republican colleagues in congress notices that will set them to barking at him like so many wolf-dogs. One, Schurz, he fairly impales, as a butterfly is prepared for an entomological cabinet. It is a very entertaining book, but if Mr. Blaine has any idea of permitting his name to be used in '86, is a very incautious one. But then, Mr. Blaine was never noted for caution.

THE Center announces that "the next legislature will surely be democratic and the next senator Don M. Dickerson." Is it not a little indiscreet in the Center to give away the purpose of its party organization so early? And, again, would it not be well for that Johnny-come-lately in the democratic camp to learn to spell the name he uses. The IRON PORT has no knowledge of Don M. Dickerson. Who is he?

A COUPLE of weeks ago, when the mob was gutting the shops and smashing windows in the heart of London, the police was nowhere. On Monday last when there was only a great meeting, and no riot or indication of one, the police was in force, charging the crowd and doing its worst to create one. How is it that police superintendents are so uniformly utter stupid?

THE Sunday Democrat, of Toledo, is too nasty to be allowed, even in Toledo, and A. J. Bebout, its proprietor, is in arrest charged with sending obscene matter by mail. Bebout is a dead-beat and swindler from long ago—has been in numerous fraudulent schemes, and ought to be pinched, hard, on general principles.

HOWEVER it may be in other parties, the private life of a democratic leader must be above reproach.—Innis Standard.

Was that intended, deliberately, to shut out Mr. Cleveland—to erase his name from the list of democratic leaders—or does the Standard consider his private life as having been "above reproach"?

A CONTINUED stagnation is noticeable in the iron-ore market, and there has been no perceptible change in the situation during the week just passed. Consumers are not in the market, and buyers are scarce for various reasons the principal one, perhaps, being that the larger users of iron have already contracted for as large supplies as are warranted, by the present state of business. The coke trouble continues to exert a rather depressing effect on the sales, as some of the cautious ones, knowing that if the strike continues for any considerable time they will want less iron ore, are inclined to postpone further orders until the matter is settled. It seems to be generally conceded that the output of iron-ore from the mines in the lake Superior region will reach at least 3,000,000 tons. A few think that it will not quite reach that figure, while others hold to the belief that it will not only exceed that number but put in the shade all previous records. If the new fields turn out as much as their projectors estimate they will, the total will run over three millions by several hundred thousand tons. Conservative estimates put Vermilion district down for 300,000 tons; and Gogebic for 400,000 to 500,000, while, perhaps, more sanguine estimates would add 150,000 to the former and about double the latter. Parties posted in the business incline to the opinion that the product of Marquette and Menominee ranges will not vary materially from the amount got out last year, although there are a number of mines that will produce this season which were not operated last year. Basing the presumption on the fact that all mines of importance have made some sales, and that the larger ones have even placed all that they feel safe in selling so early in the year, it is reasonable to believe that considerably over half of the probable output for 1886 has already found purchasers. Prices show no change and are firm in spite of the present apparent lack of demand. We quote as follows, premising that No. 1 specular and magnetic ores are reported shaded from \$6.50, \$6.25 being the figure named, though we have been unable to confirm this:

Table with 2 columns: Ore type and Price per ton. Includes items like 'Specular and magnetic Bessemer ores \$6.50', 'Specular non-Bessemer ores \$5.50', 'Bessemer Hematite \$4.75 @ \$5.50', and 'Non-Bessemer Hematites \$4.00 @ \$4.50'.

—Cleveland Iron Trade Review, 19th.

THERE comes a cry of fear from Washington. The administration must be sustained by the party which placed it in power, or that party will perish. There are too many democrats who antagonize Mr. Cleveland, and the plain comes:

Will the democratic party stand firm in the support of the administration that it has placed in power? Will it support that administration in the work of reform? Will the better element, the progressive element of the party hold steady against the doubts of the fearful, the complaints of the disappointed, the fears of the timid, the assaults of the vicious and the supidity of the mossbacks? Will the democratic party, after the long struggle of twenty-four years on solid standing-ground, hold its footing firm and go forward, or will it go back again into the ditch? Will the administration of Grover Cleveland be crushed by the stupidity, the intolerances, the evil propensities of its own partisans? Is the democratic party strong enough to rise above its own infirmities and to survive its inherited weakness?

Pitiful—isn't it? And the worst is that no one can answer the question. May be it will, but we are inclined to think it won't. Reform is a good word, but the average democrat does not know its meaning. The so-called democrat who is really a reformer is a mugwump, and he has nothing to do. There is nothing to reform.

THE banquet of the Michigan club at Detroit on Washington's birthday brought out many a good thing from the speakers, but of all we clip the following from the opening address of Senator Tom. Palmer which we consider the best thing said. It fitted so close that the Free Press attempts to counteract the sting of it by saying that the senator was describing the republican, not the democratic party:

What the Austrian Empire is to Europe, the Democratic party is to American politics. It is composed of political Huns, Croats, Slavs and Magyars, kept together by common animosities, common fears and a common appetite, and dominated by an intelligent, implacable and unscrupulous aristocracy. The disaffected from our party and the political birds of prey which hover over every battle field, help it to an occasional victory. It has no fixed principles. It is a party of negation. It has been drawn in the wake of the Republican party for twenty five years. Like the shark following the East Indian man it is vigilant, wary and voracious. It swallows with avidity whatever falls or is thrown overboard, whether it be bread or garbage or the bodies which we can not keep any longer to pollute the atmosphere of our decks.

SOME of our republican contemporaries are sorely exercised about the "honor" of members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet and the "propriety" of Garland's connection therewith while he holds Pan-electric stock. It seems us to rather ridiculous, from any point of view, that they should take this ground. If there be any inconsistency in Mr. Garland's position why not lay the matter by and use it for campaign ammunition when the next fight is on? What's the use of expending it now, when it can only make a stink? For our part, we want to see the Bell concern smashed; besides which, the "honor" of the bourbon administration is not very near our heart.

MAYBURY, of Detroit, will no doubt do it, and possibly Eldredge, but dare any other Michigan congressman vote in support of the Morrison-Hewitt tariff measure with its savage attack on Michigan industries? Salt, lumber, iron-ore and copper are by this bill placed upon the free list—the four great industries of the state, after agriculture, deprived of the slight protection heretofore enjoyed. In the iron district the result, should the bill become a law, must be either the abandonment of the industry or a reduction of wages to the European standard. But the bill will not become law. The same causes that brought about Morrison's defeat last year will defeat him in spite of Hewitt's backing, now.

WE ARE glad to learn that a colored boy in Michigan has horns like a goat, and that which he fights he uses them. It is really refreshing to think that one of the coming men of Michigan will use his head in his disputes.

So says a Chicago paper, which has only half the facts. The lad is a democrat of the new Cleveland stripe—solid bone from the eye-brows to the nape of the neck—"uses his head" to be sure; the outside of it only though.

C. V. R. FORD, commissioner of labor for Michigan, makes answer to the Age of Steel that he believes, most positively, in arbitration as the great remedy for all troubles between capital and labor, but he recognizes the difficulty of procuring satisfactory arbitrators. He says:

The pertinent question of the hour is, how shall a conference committee or a board of arbitration be made up? If a committee of wage-workers would meet their employer and be met by him in a spirit of fairness, with a determination that their differences should be amicably settled, no other plan need be suggested. But both being interested parties, they do not always look upon each other, as they should, as members of the same business family, whose differences should not go beyond themselves. If on the part of the wage workers a committee is made up from members of a secret organization to which they belong, and that committee seeks to adjust existing differences, the probable chances are that the employers will not meet them, and in many instances they would be justified by candid people in their refusal. Such a committee made up of men who are not wage earners but possibly professional politicians or, if wage earners, not altogether without prejudice against the employers whom they are to meet can not be successful. Two of the longest and most costly strikes of 1885 in Michigan prove this position to be true. Employers are willing to meet wage workers honestly interested in settling differences between their fellow men, but they repel the approach as arbitrators of men who are known as demagogues and, therefore, the foe rather than the friend of the workmen.

His plan is for each party to a difference to choose one arbitrator and the two so chosen to select a third. Should the two be unable to agree upon a third, they to be withdrawn and others appointed until an agreement is reached. But what is arbitration except battle by proxy? And battle is exactly the thing to be avoided. What is wanted is not a division of spoil between antagonists but the destruction of the antagonism by a community of interest; not arbitration, but a state of things in which there shall be nothing to arbitrate.

THE senate (or the republican majority thereof) has notified the president that the nomination of John Goode will not be confirmed. At the same time it is said that Garland is in Coventry and only retains his place in the cabinet because the president is too "stuffy" to let him go "under fire." It looks as if the Bell folks were getting in their work, but they are too late. The case is made up, the bill drawn and legal talent enough retained to see to it that the right prevails. Though both Garland, attorney-general, and Goode, solicitor-general, should be displaced it can not benefit them. Goode's rejection is based on his complicity in southern election frauds, Mahone furnishing the evidence.

MR. PARNELL won't have Gladstone's plan of dealing with the land question first. That's chiefly what he wants an Irish parliament for—to deal with the land and kindred questions—and does not propose to let Gladstone take the bread out of his mouth in that way. Mr. Gladstone is thus cornered: if he defies Parnell he will be defeated on the first division; he can not safely concede his demand, for to do so would send whigs enough into the tory camp to defeat him, and he can temporize but a very short time. It looks as though he must go out of office soon, and who shall succeed him is a conundrum past guessing.

FIFTEEN republicans voted with 156 democrats to restore Fitz-John Porter to the rank he forfeited by his treasonable disobedience of orders. One democrat voted with 112 republicans against it. There is but one comment that we feel like making, and that is "D—n those fifteen republicans."

Farm For Sale.
My farm of forty acres, one and one-half miles south of Bark River Station, is for sale. Thirty acres cleared, ten acres good hardwood timber. Good house, barn and root-house (big enough to keep a thousand bushels) on the place. Good road to the station. Apply on the place to
MICHAEL CROGHAN.

Dissolution of Partnership.
Public notice is hereby given, that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. A. Cook and J. Jackson, under the firm name of Cook & Jackson, of Garden Mich., was dissolved on the 25th day of May 1885, by the mutual consent of both parties. All liabilities of the firm assumed by James A. Cook and all debts due the firm will be collected by him.
JAMES A. COOK,
JOHN JACKSON.

Special Election.
A special election to decide the question of contracting for a water supply for the city will be held on Tuesday next, March 2. Polls will be opened at the following places.
First Ward, E. Glaser's office, Tilden avenue.
Second Ward, McKenna's building, Wolcott street near Ludington.
Third Ward, Building next east of Hamacher's on Ludington st.
Fourth Ward, Shop of J. C. Provo, corner Hale and Georgia sts.
At and during the usual hours.
R. E. MORRELL, City Clerk.
Escanaba, Feb. 25, 1886.

To Whom It May Concern.
Notice is hereby given, by the undersigned, legal voters and freeholders resident in the territory named below, being in the township of Garden, county of Delta and state of Michigan, that application will be made to the board of supervisors of the said county of Delta at the first meeting of said board held on or after the seventeenth day of February, A.D. 1886, for an order incorporating the territory known as section seventeen (17) in township thirty-nine (39) north of range eighteen (18) west as a village, to be known as the Village of Garden. Dated this twentieth day of January, in the year of our Lord 1886. Signed:
Fred. M. Olmsted, Oliver Farley, Robert Mulhaupt, Frank Sheedlo, Geo. J. Truckey, R. A. McDonald, Oliver Bourdelais, P. Plant, C. Knudsen, E. Boyer, Job Olmsted, Gust Bourdelais, M. J. Sullivan, A. Deloria. 107

FURNISHING GOODS.

Dry Goods!

RELIEF AT LAST!

An Entirely New Stock!

At Entirely New Prices, at

Kratze's Double Stores!

Watch This Space for Trade News!

I. KRATZE.

FURNITURE.

P. M. PETERSON,

DEALER IN

Fine Household and Office Furniture.

UPHOLSTERING AND UNDERTAKING.

SUPPLY OR REPAIR ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE. FURNISH AND ATTEND FUNERALS, OR CONTRACT FOR HOUSE-BUILDING ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Agent for the Singer Sewing Machines and Attachments.

MEAT MARKET.

HELSEL & HENTSCHEL,

—DEALERS IN—

Fresh, Salted and Smoked Meats

BUTTER, EGGS AND PRODUCE.

45 LUDINGTON ST., & MARY ST., BETWEEN LUDINGTON ST. & WELLS AVE.

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST.

FLOUR, FEED, &c.

BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

Southeast Corner of Ludington and Wolcott Streets.

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

JEWELRY.

New Jewelry

and Elegant Styles in Silverware

for the Public,

at Stegmiller's Jewelry House.

LIVERY.

M. E. MAIN'S LIVERY STABLE.

Tilden Avenue.

RIGS

At all hours, day or night and at

Low Prices

Give me a call.

I have just purchased the finest Hearse ever brought to this peninsula and will promptly respond to all orders for its use. Terms as low as anybody's. Remember the place, one door south of the Oliver House. 31



DENTISTRY.
DENTISTRY.
 DR. A. S. WINN,
 Surgical and Mechanical Dentist
 Late of Schenectady, N. Y., has taken rooms over
ERICKSON & ROLPH'S
 Store, Escanaba, where he is prepared to execute
 work in every branch of dental practice in the best
 style. Calls attended to at all hours. Persons liv-
 ing out of the city can be sure of prompt attention by
 advising him, by postal card, of the day and hour of
 their visit.
No Charge For Extraction
 In cases where artificial teeth are ordered. None
 but the best materials used.

FEED STORE.
ED. DONOVAN.
 —DEALER IN—
FLOUR
FEED, HAY,
GRAIN AND SEEDS.
 Special attention to orders by mail.
 LUDINGTON ST., COR. WELSCOTT,
 ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

LIVERY.
Harris' Livery
 FAYETTE, MICH.
First-Class Rigs!
 —AND—
Moderate Prices!
 A Carriage meets every boat calling at Fayette.
 Traveling men carried at same rates as from Gar-
 den. Passengers for Manistique taken through
 quicker than by boat.
 J. H. HARRIS, Prop.

BEER.
Peter Semer
 —Will Supply—
Henry Rahr's
BEER!
 In Kegs or Bottles,
 At as favorable rates as any other dealer.
 This beer is perfectly pure, sound and wholesome.
 Orders by mail given prompt attention.

MISCELLANEOUS.
KENSINGTON
 Medical and
 Surgical Infirmary
 461 and 463 Broadway
 MILWAUKEE
 The Most Extensive in
 the United States.
 DR. KENSINGTON,
 Pres. and Medical
 Director.
 DR. FROST, Supt.
TREAT ALL CHRONIC DISEASES
 and diseases of the Eye and Ear. We cure Catarrh
 and diseases of the Throat and Lungs. We treat dis-
 eases of women with wonderful success. Use Electric-
 ity and Hot Air Baths. We positively
 cure Seminal Weakness and diseases of a private
 nature. We produce in our extensive laboratory
OXYGEN
 The great remedy for Throat, Lung and Nervous af-
 fections. Send 6c in stamps for a new medical book,
 with a life-colored plate, and valuable prescriptions for
Home Treatment.

A Gift
 Send 2 cents postage, and we
 will mail you free a royal, val-
 uable, sample box of goods that
 will put you in the way of
 making money every day, and
 in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home
 and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not
 required. We will start you. Incomes pay sure for
 those who start at once. STIMSON & CO., Portland,
 Maine.
Manilla Tabs
 FOR
Grocers and Others,
 AT
Chicago Prices
 Call at this office for them when in
 need of a supply.

THE IRON PORT has not always been sat-
 isfied with Mr. Horr, and has said so. During
 his last term in congress he was on the wrong
 side of the O. & N. R. grant question, as
 we viewed it, and we said so. But Mr. Horr
 is not now a public functionary; he is a pri-
 vate citizen, as such has been talking, very
 sensibly, of a subject with which he is familiar,
 to wit: the rights of labor. To an ordinary
 listener his addresses must have sounded like
 that of a champion of "the workman,"
 but seems that some of the "workmen" of
 Saginaw, of the sort that work mostly with
 their tongues and live on the contribution of
 those who work with their hands, have a crow
 to pick with Mr. Horr and have challenged
 him to a debate. That is, if it can be called
 "challenge" which has no signature other
 than "Com. of Workmen." To it Mr. Horr
 replied by recapitulating the points of his
 address, asking his challengers to state which,
 if any, of them they wish to controvert, and to
 come out from behind their mask so that he
 may know with whom he is to argue. If they
 will do so he will see about a public debate.
 The following are the positions taken by Mr.
 Horr, and they are axiomatic for most part.
 The "Com. of Workmen" (Barry, probably)
 will not undertake to controvert them. No-
 body but those who hold that "property is
 robbery" will undertake it, and the working
 men of Michigan are not communists or nihil-
 ists. Many of them are and each of them
 hopes and intends to be a property holder—a
 capitalist, to as great an extent as he can com-
 pass. To accumulate such a share of the
 wealth of the world that age and inability to
 labor shall not deprive him or his food and
 shelter is the laudable endeavor of every
 workman, and that he may achieve that
 property must be respected. No French com-
 munist goes, in Michigan. But here are the
 positions:

1. That no man can give any practical
 theory of life that will, if adopted, banish all
 misery from the world.
 2. That our present civilization is the out-
 growth of all that has gone before us in this
 world.
 3. That the right to personal liberty, the
 right of individual opinion, and the rights of
 ownership of property lawfully acquired are
 all inalienable rights that have been acknowl-
 edged and established only after the struggles
 of many ages.
 4. That work is no new thing just invented
 or discovered, but on the contrary, that it has
 always been the lot of man to live only by labor.

5. That every man has the right to own
 and control the results of his own work.
 6. That capital which is the accumulation
 of labor, is a necessity in the development of
 any civilization, that it is needed to furnish
 materials and advance the wages of labor,
 because labor must be paid on the spot, while
 capital may wait.
 7. That nature does not provide a living
 for mankind. She simply furnishes the possi-
 bilities and leaves it for man to utilize them,
 which can only be done by human exertion.
 8. That men are born with different ca-
 pacities, acquire different amounts of skill,
 and that they always have been and always should
 be paid according to what each man can do.
 9. That every man has the same right to
 control what he saves as he had to control
 what he consumed.

10. That the ownership of all property,
 both personal and real, is based upon the right
 of every man to control and use what he has
 honestly acquired by his own mental and
 physical exertions.
 11. That labor is not a curse to mankind—
 that too much is burdensome and may be
 properly avoided, but that no man can be
 really happy who has nothing to do.
 12. That the accumulation of property is
 not necessarily a crime. That in connection
 with the large enterprises of the present day
 men have become rich honestly.
 13. That it is infamous for any man to
 become rich by grinding the face of the poor.
 14. That safeguards have already been
 thrown around the laboring men in this
 country, and especially in Michigan, which
 almost always secures the payment of their
 wages.

15. That the statement so commonly made
 that in this country "the rich are all the time
 becoming richer and the poor poorer," is not
 true as to the poor. That the workmen of
 today in this country are better off than were
 the workmen 25, 30, 40 or 50 years ago.
 That society is lifted up from the bottom
 strata, and that the condition of our laboring
 men is constantly improving.
 16. That any civilization that makes few
 or many people rich by robbing men who
 work is not only a failure but a crime.
 17. That co-operation, which should give
 capital and labor each its just proportion,
 is fair and honest.
 18. That the reason why co-operation is
 not more generally adopted is because men
 who perform manual labor do not desire to
 take the risks of business, and because they
 prefer fixed wages and quick pay.
 19. That when the men who work and
 those who employ them can not agree as to
 what portion of the proceeds of any business
 should go to labor and what to capital and
 management, that the dispute should be settled
 by arbitration, by leaving the matter out to
 able and disinterested men.
 20. That each man's time is his own, and
 that it is the inalienable right of every man
 to work for whom he pleases, when he pleases,
 at any trade he pleases, and just as long as he
 pleases.

21. That in the United States the people
 make their own laws, and hence they should
 be law-abiding. That resort to violence in
 this country is less excusable than in any
 other country on the face of the earth.
 22. That any man has a right to join any
 society, such as "trades unions" or "knights
 of labor," that he may wish to, but that no
 man or set of men has any right to compel
 any man to join any society or church who
 does not desire to do so.
 23. That all such societies have a right to
 withdraw their support from any firm or in-
 dividual they deem best, but they have no
 right to dictate to any man outside their
 organization with whom or where he shall
 trade; no right to interfere in any manner
 with the natural rights of an outsider.
 24. That each and every man has the
 right to select for himself what occupation he
 will follow, at what trade he will work, and
 that when any man or set of men attempts to
 interfere with him in the exercise of such
 right, their act is simply tyranny, and can be
 successfully defended by no man living.

25. That all men ought to practice honesty,
 frugality, economy, temperance and kindness.
 26. That men as a whole, would be better
 off if less money was spent for cigars and
 whisky, and more for good food, good clothes
 and proper education.
 27. That you may take two men for ex-
 ample, one getting \$600 a year, and the other
 \$400. The man getting \$600 may spend all
 his earnings as he goes along; the one getting

\$400 may live so carefully and frugally that
 he will save \$100 the first year, and more
 each year thereafter. In time he will become
 rich. If he does that, the \$600 man because
 he saves nothing, would have no right to
 claim that the \$400 dollar man should divide
 up with him.
 28. That, in this country, where labor has
 to be furnished for all our own increasing
 population, and in addition to them the many
 millions of foreigners who are now among us
 and the others still coming, we need to build
 up institutions and furnish employment, and
 not to destroy them.
 29. That there is a class of men going
 about the country pretending to be friends
 of the poor, champions of the workmen, who
 simply try to make them dissatisfied with life,
 and dissatisfied with our country and its in-
 stitutions.
 That such teachings are hurtful and wicked,
 and that such men are not safe men to follow
 as leaders.
 30. That public teachers ought always
 to be careful and teach the truth, and should aim
 to give their hearers more courage, more gen-
 eral pluck with which to meet the battles of
 life, and should avoid all appeal to the worse
 passions of men.
 31. That capitalists ought to treat work-
 ingmen more kindly, more humanely, more
 justly.
 32. That because men are rich it gives
 them no right to oppress the poor, nor act as if
 they owned the men who labor; that many
 poor men have been great blessings to the
 world, and that many cruel, mean men have
 died rich.
 33. That there should be a closer bond
 of friendship between the men who are employed
 and the men who employ them—that their
 relations should be more confidential, more
 frank, so that each would feel a deeper interest
 in the welfare of the other, and so that neither
 would treat the other unfairly.
 34. That our country needs a reign of
 courage and kindness, a keener sense of the
 duties of life, a revival of genuine patriotism
 and "goodwill among men," less bickering
 and faultfinders, and more true men and
 women, more comfortable, happy homes.

IT IS TIME that the United States, the fore-
 most power of the western hemisphere, took
 the position to which it is entitled in matters
 pertaining to that hemisphere. It is time that
 the other republics of the American continent
 learned to look to the United States as their
 natural leader and head. It is time that the
 whole western world in which there is but a
 single crown was practically as well as theo-
 retically divorced from that eastern world
 which is crown-burdened and king ridden,
 and Senator Frye, on Tuesday last, introduced
 the following bill, a step in that direction. It
 embodies Mr. Blaine's idea, much talked
 about two years ago, and will, we have little
 doubt, be passed. At all events, we hope it
 may:

BE IT ENACTED, etc., That the president
 be and he is hereby authorized and directed
 to invite on behalf of the government and the
 people of the United States delegates from
 each of the republics of Central and South
 America, including Mexico and San Domingo
 and the Empire of Brazil, to assemble in the
 city of Washington Oct. 1, 1886, to consider
 and decide upon such questions as shall be
 for the mutual interest and common welfare
 of the American people; that each of the in-
 dependent nations of this hemisphere shall be
 entitled to send as many delegates each as it
 may for itself determine, but in the decision
 of questions in congress no delegation shall
 have more than one vote.

Sec. 2 That in forwarding this invitation to
 the constituted authorities of the several in-
 dependent governments of the American hemi-
 sphere, the president of the United States shall
 set forth that the said congress is called to
 consider: First—measures that shall tend to
 preserve the peace and promote the prosperity
 of the American nations, to present a united
 resistance against the encroachments of Euro-
 pean monarchial powers, and to preserve the
 integrity and present territorial constitutions
 of each against forcible dismemberment.
 Second—Measures toward the formation of
 an American customs union, under which the
 trade of the American nations shall, so far as
 practicable and profitable, be confined to
 American waters, and there shall be a free
 interchange of the peculiar, natural and man-
 ufactured products of each.
 Third—The establishment of direct, regu-
 lar, and frequent lines of steamship commu-
 nication between the ports of the American
 continents.
 Fourth—The establishment of a uniform
 system of customs regulations in each of the
 independent American states to govern the
 exportation and importation of merchandise,
 a uniform method of classification and valua-
 ation of such merchandise in the ports of each
 country, and a uniform system of invoices.
 Fifth—The adoption of a common system
 of weights and measures, and uniform laws
 to protect the persons and property, the patent-
 rights and trade-marks of citizens of either
 country in the others.
 Sixth—The adoption of a common silver coin
 which shall be issued by each government in
 such amount as shall be proportionate to the
 population of each, the same to be legal-tender
 in commercial transactions between citizens of
 all the American nations.
 Seventh—An agreement upon and recom-
 mendation for adoption to their respective
 governments of a definite plan for the arbitra-
 tion of all questions, disputes and differences
 that may now or hereafter exist between them.

Sec. 3. That such delegates as may attend
 the said congress shall be the guests of the
 government of the United States and shall be
 entertained from the time of their arrival in
 this country until the time of their departure
 in such a manner as shall be consistent with
 the dignity of this nation and the importance
 of the duty they are appointed to perform;
 and that the sum of \$100,000 or so much
 thereof as may be necessary is hereby appro-
 priated out of any money in the treasury not
 otherwise appropriated, the same to be dis-
 bursed under direction of the secretary of state.

Sec. 4. That the president of the United
 States shall before the adjournment of the
 present congress, by and with the advice and
 consent of the senate, appoint twenty-four de-
 legates to the said congress, selecting equally
 from the two political parties, at least three of
 whom shall be learned in international law,
 and the remainder men who are actively en-
 gaged in agriculture, manufacturing, and
 exportation and importation of merchandise;
 and the said delegation appointed on the part
 of the United States shall serve without com-
 pensation other than their actual expenses.

SULLIVAN wants to fight Ryan in a room
 with only ten persons present. Ryan wants
 to—no he don't want to fight—wants to take
 a pounding, for gate-money, Sullivan would
 like to give him the pounding just to teach
 him to keep his mouth shut, but he won't
 make a show of himself for Paddy's benefit,
 so they'll never face each other again. Smith,
 who beat Alf Greenfield, will make a match
 with Sullivan and will give him a good fight.
 He's a slugger, too.

A SHORT STORY, which is likely to be the
 subject of much comment, and several articles
 of remarkable interest are contained in the
 Atlantic Monthly for March. The story in
 question is called "A Brother of Dragons,"
 and is anonymous. The notable articles are
 a paper on "Americana," by Justin Winsor; a
 consideration of the "Present Condition and
 Prospects of Architecture," by Henry Van
 Brunt; an article, "Classic and Romantic,"
 on the two great schools in literature, by Fred-
 erick Henry Hedge; and memorial papers on
 Dr. Mulford and Gen. Grant, by Horace E.
 Scudder and T. W. Higginson, respectively.
 The number would be worth possessing if there
 were nothing else in it, but in addition we
 have Henry James' and Charles Egbert Crad-
 dock's serials, and Holmes' delightful "New
 Portfolio," which holds two "occasional"
 poems. John Fisk has an instructive review
 he has been contributing, this time on the
 "United States after the Revolution." In ad-
 dition to these attractions there is some pleas-
 ant poetry and also able reviews of the recent
 "Life of Gen. Stuart," of some of Tennyson's
 last poems, of Richard Grant White's Shakes-
 pearean labors, etc., etc. Month and the
 "Club" make up a number as entertaining as
 it is valuable. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,
 Boston.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
 The best salve in the world for Cuts, Sores, Bruises,
 Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped
 Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions,
 and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is
 guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money re-
 funded. Price 50c per box, at Geo. Preston's. 21

TINNER.
E. H. WILLIAMS,
Tin, Sheet-Iron & Copper
 —WORK—
 Of Every Description
 To order on the shortest notice and the most
 REASONABLE TERMS.
 An experience of five years in one of the
 leading shops in town and the work I have
 done are my recommendations.
 Shop in the building next
East of D. E. Clavin's
 Residence, Ludington St.
 Special attention to
ROOFING.
LIQUORS.
JOHN K. STACK,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer.
 Imported and Domestic Wines, Liquors
 and Cigars. Tobaccos of every
 variety and to suit all tastes.
 The Ph. Best Brewing Co.'s Beer, in wood and
 glass, at brewery prices

TINNER.
Geo. H. Cook
 Agent.
 —TIN,—
SHEET-IRON
 —and—
COPPERSMITH.
 Has taken, temporarily, the building formerly occu-
 pied by T. Killian as his office, where he will
 attend to all orders in the above line.
STOVE REPAIRING
 —AND—
 Placing Pumps & Steam Fitting
 A SPECIALTY.
GIVE HIM A CALL!

LEGAL.
SALE OF RESERVED MINERAL LANDS.
 MICHIGAN STATE LAND OFFICE,
 LANSING, Feb. 8, 1886.
 Notice is hereby given that the following described
 Primary School Lands, heretofore withheld from
 market under the mineral laws of 1846, will be restor-
 ed to market under the provisions of Act No. 145
 Session Laws of 1865, by public auction at this office,
 on the 8th day of April, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., at
 the minimum price per acre as recently affixed by
 the Governor and State Treasurer, to-wit:

BARAGA COUNTY.

Subdivision.	Section.	Range.	Town.	Acres.	Per Acre.
ne 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	48	31	40	\$12 00
nw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	48	31	40	50 00
se 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	48	31	34	50 00
sw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	48	31	40	50 00
ne 1/4 of se 1/4	16	48	31	40	5 00
nw 1/4 of se 1/4	16	48	31	40	5 00
se 1/4 of se 1/4	16	48	31	40	5 00
sw 1/4 of se 1/4	16	48	31	40	12 00

IRON COUNTY.

ne 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	43	31	40	5 00
nw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	43	31	40	5 00
se 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	43	31	40	5 00
sw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	43	31	40	5 00

MARQUETTE COUNTY.

ne 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
nw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
se 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
sw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
ne 1/4 of nw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
nw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
se 1/4 of nw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
sw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
ne 1/4 of se 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
nw 1/4 of se 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
se 1/4 of se 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
sw 1/4 of se 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
ne 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
nw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
se 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
sw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16	47	26	40	25 00
lot 1 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 2 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 3 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 4 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 5 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 6 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 7 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 8 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 9 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 10 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 11 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 12 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 13 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 14 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 15 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 16 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 17 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 18 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 19 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 20 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 21 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 22 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 23 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 24 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 25 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 26 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 27 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 28 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 29 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 30 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 31 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 32 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 33 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 34 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 35 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 36 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 37 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 38 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 39 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 40 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 41 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 42 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 43 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 44 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 45 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 46 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 47 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 48 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 49 of	16	45	30	30	12 00
lot 50 of	16	45	30	30	12 00

MISCELLANEOUS.
By all Means Purchase Nimrod
PLUG TOBACCO
PREMIUM GOODS.
 Every box has a ticket in it entitling the holder to
 a share in the distribution of Fine Gold Watches and
 Chains, Quadruple Silver Plated Ware, Tea Pots,
 Coffee Pots, Knives, Forks and Spoons. Nimrod is
 the best new and the greatest seller; always in good
 order and gives good satisfaction. It is packed in
 styles which preserve the Pleasant, Ripen, Cheesy con-
 dition. It is the choice of the chewer and never
 sticks on the dealer's hands. For sale by all Job-
 bers and Retailers.
S. W. VENABLE & CO.
 PETERSBURG, VA. 219

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
 The popular favorite for dressing
 the hair, restoring its color
 when gray, and preventing its
 falling out. It cleanses the scalp,
 stops the hair from falling out,
 and cures itching, and
 restores the hair to its
 natural color. Sold by all
 Druggists. Large bottles by mail.

PARKER'S TONIC
 The Best Cough Cure you can use.
 Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular
 for its well known properties of purifying the

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., FEB. 27, 1886.

TWO MAIDENS.

In the lovely land of Aeden,
Where the very shrubs are laden
With the sweets of fragrant flowers,
And entwined in happy bowers,
Where the spices scent the air,
And the lotus blossoms so fair—

There Aurora brings the morn—
Laughing clouds and mists to scorn,
And the sun takes up the day
With serene and brilliant ray,
Bears it on to dewy eve,
Then in splendor takes his leave.

In the lovely land of Aeden
There resides a blooming maiden;
Roses steal their fairest bloom,
Sephyr flicks his perfumed,
And the bee his honey sips,
From her blushing cheeks and lips.

On the rugged soil of Iceland,
Far away from Aeden's woodland—
Barren of a fragrant bush,
Where the roses can not blush,
Where the lovers remain unblown,
And perfumes are never known—

There Aurora slowly creeps
Over the ocean's chilly deeps,
And the sun in tedious round—
To the low horizon bound,
Stung by his warm and light-
Sauters on the edge of night.

And in Iceland, too, there dwells
A sweet maiden in the dells,
She is happy 'midst the snows,
With a ruddy cheek that glows,
And a heart within her breast—
Warm as cygnets in their nest.

Maiden in the land of Aeden,
Maiden in the land of ice,
Love alike, alike are good—
Cold can never chill the blood,
Thus true love has ever won
Midst the snows and 'neath the sun.

—Hessie P. Biddle, in Current.

Shadows on the Snow.

By B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "JOSHUA MARVEL," ETC., ETC.

PART I.

HOW THE SHADOWS APPEARED AT WARLEYCOMBE, AND WHAT THEY SAID AND DID.

Our story commences in a quiet lane in the garden of Devonshire—in a narrow, quiet lane, where, in the summer, the flowered hedge-rows on either side shut out from view the pretty home-steads in the rear, and where, in the winter, the naked branches threaded the air with snow lines fantastically, and the sharp, thin twigs were whitely lighted up with pearl-drooping eyes of icicle. A quiet, narrow lane, luxuriantly dotted in the spring with violets and forget-me-nots, and in the drowsy summer, when the hum of bees could be faintly heard in the tangled bush of honeysuckles and wild roses, dreamily delicious with fragrant odors. A quiet, narrow lane, at the end of which came suddenly and quaintly into view a shallow reach of a noble river, with a taste of the salt sea on its lips, where the clear waters lay calmly in their rustic shelter, while on its bosom glowed the shadows of its garden banks. A quiet, narrow lane, wherein a thousand new graces perpetually unfolded themselves, and where Nature made holiday in every season of the year.

It was the evening of a sharp, wintry day in December, so near to Christmas that the sun threw a golden mantle on its holly-crowned head, and welcomed its advent with a fiery splendor. The old elm that had stood outside Stephen Winkworth's house for more than a century, with its gnarled trunk and its tips of its branches caught the light of the glowing sun and there imprisoned it until the gray shadows usurped its place. The light touched the form of Stephen Winkworth himself, as he stood at his door, watching the declining day, and it lingered lovingly at a window above his head, at which a girl sat motionless, looking out upon the scene. Stephen Winkworth was by no means a pleasant figure in the landscape, and did not show in his face any sign of gladness. The happy season which brought joy to so many hearts brought none to his; for in all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year he held not one in tender remembrance. Bitter, morose and discontented, he stood on his threshold at war with the world and with himself. "Stephen, the woman-hater," his neighbors called him; they might have added man-hater also, for all the love he bore his sex. His spiritual influence for unkindness was very strong. It was enough to make one bad-tempered to look at the surly wrinkles in his face, and people, without knowing why, felt an inclination to snarl at each other when he was in their company. He was not an ungrainy man, and was still in the prime of life; strong and sturdy built was he, and blessed with good health; fairly well-to-do, also, from a worldly point of view. But, with all these advantages, he had never been discovered in an act of kindness, and not a human being in the world would have felt inclined to say: "God bless him!"

Only on one occasion throughout the year did he of his own free-will associate with his neighbors, and that was Christmas-eve. And only in one house in all Devonshire would he have been welcomed, and that house was Warleycombe Lodge, the residence of Reuben Harrild. Harrild and he had been friends in their youthful days; and in one of their boyish confidences had pledged themselves, never, if circumstance permitted, to spend Christmas apart from each other. That Stephen Winkworth had not broken his promise came from no active variance of sentiment; it was more a mechanical than an affectionate clinging to a friendship which now existed but in name. The house of Reuben Harrild was within view, and Stephen could see the reflection of the dying sun on each pane of glass that shone like a fiery eye upon the landscape. No softening influence came upon him as he gazed upon this solemn splendor. With deep-set lines in his face, and with form immovable, he stood like an image carved in stone—stern, impassive, relentless and unfeeling.

Toward him approached two persons, with that brisk motion of the body which betokens enjoyment of surrounding and inward influences. He

was not conscious of their approach, but the girl at the window above saw them the moment they appeared round the winding path in the distance, and a look of eager love, of love without hope, of love in which there was pain, flashed into her eyes. With parted lips, and a flush on her usually pale face which did not come from the sunset's glow, she watched their forms grow larger and more distinct as they emerged out of the deeper shadows. From the younger of the two came a cheerful greeting to Stephen Winkworth.

"Good-evening, neighbor. Fine weather this for Christmas!"

The speaker was a good-looking man, some five-and-twenty years of age, William Fairfield by name. He was a farmer in the neighborhood of Warleycombe, and although comparatively a new man in the locality, had been cordially welcomed upon his own merits into the society of his fellows. The farm he now owned had been bequeathed to him by a relative who had stood to him in the position of a parent; and William Fairfield, who, at about that time, was looking round for a pursuit, thought he might as well try whether the life of a country farmer would suit him. It threatened at the outset not to suit him at all; he was naturally daring, impulsive and ambitious; and after a trial of a few months he had serious thoughts of seeking his fortune elsewhere, when he was thrown into the society of Reuben Harrild's daughter, Laura. Between the two an attachment had sprung up sufficiently strong to bind William Fairfield to Warleycombe had it been infinitely less attractive than it was, and he was now regarded as permanently settled upon his farm. William was accompanied by a singular-looking individual, scarcely five feet in height, but with a head so enormous that it might properly have belonged to one of the sons of Anak. Attached to so short a body, the effect produced was nothing less than startling. This man was an institution in the neighborhood; had come many years ago from nobody knew where, and had gradually worked himself into the confidence, and gained the love and esteem, of every man, woman and child, for twenty miles round—with the single exception of Stephen Winkworth. It was suspected, from a certain general accentuation in his tones—especially noticeable when he was speaking rapidly—that he was of German extraction; but nothing more was really known of him than that his name was Bax, that he was a doctor and that he practiced his profession as much for love as for gain. He was not rich, but he always had enough, and he never accepted a fee from those he suspected of not being able to afford it. He was welcomed everywhere, and by everybody. He took an interest in everything. Women spoke of him as "dear Dr. Bax," and husbands were not jealous to hear; young men in love pressed him into their confidence; and young women whispered their little troubles into his ear. He had a kind word and honest advice for all, and never seemed tired of doing good gratuitously.

Now, one would have thought that the mere sight of such a man would have been sufficient to induce some sign of cheerful recognition. Not so thought Stephen Winkworth; he evidently regarded the little doctor as an intrusion, and did not care to conceal his feelings in the matter. But as for Doctor Bax, bless your soul! our looks had no more effect upon him than they have upon the Sphinx, and he returned Stephen's surly recognition with a smile genial enough to have melted all the ice in every water butt in Devonshire.

"Fine weather, sir!" exclaimed the little doctor, rubbing his hands briskly, and sniffing the air with most intense enjoyment. "It's finer than fine weather, sir; it's glorious weather, glorious! Smell it." Here he gave another vigorous sniff. "Take off your hat and bow to it," and taking off his hat he bowed to the fresh air as if it were a billiard-ball, and as polished as a looking-glass; you certainly could have seen your face in it. "Fine weather, sir! By the Lord! if one could live in such weather for fifty years, he would not be a day older at the end, and we doctors would have to go to another planet. It is life, sir, life—the true Elixir Vitæ! If Old Parr had had such weather as this he would have lived to be a thousand. Not a day less, as I am a man and a doctor."

Stephen gazed upon the rhapsodist with cold contemptuous eyes. Far different from William Fairfield, who followed the doctor's words with sparkling looks and gay assenting gestures. "We live in a glorious climate," proceeded Doctor Bax, with thorough enjoyment: "idiots abuse it, because it is the fashion to abuse it, and idiots will do whatever's the fashion. A glorious climate! Show me a finer. Such a day as this is perfect and appropriate. Christmas would lose half its charm if it were not for the snow, and the ice, and the life-giving cold air. We breathe in youth in such weather as this."

"You are a fastenate man, doctor," said Stephen, with a little cynical laugh.

"Fortunate! Yes, I am fortunate," quickly, and somewhat gravely, responded Doctor Bax; "but you mean in some particular way?"

"No," replied Stephen, in slow, measured tones, which formed a wonderful contrast to the impetuous utterances of the little doctor. "I mean in a general way. Fortunate in being able, or pretending to be able, to find so much good in things that are obnoxious to others."

"Fortunate, for instance," rejoined Doctor Bax, gently and with reverence, "in being able to find 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

Stephen Winkworth disposed of the gentle reproach by a scornful motion of his hands.

"I find the evening cold, and chilly, and damp; favorable only to rheumatism and bronchitis. I see nothing fine in it."

"Nothing!" inquired Doctor Bax, with an air of anxiety.

"Nothing," was the positive assertion of Stephen Winkworth.

"Well, well," said the doctor, rubbing his forehead, "that can't be your fault. It is an unfortunate inheritance not to be able to see good in things; but you were put in possession of it without being consulted, and therefore you are not to blame. The perplexing point is," continued the doctor, musingly, "who is to blame? You can't throw it upon your father and mother, for they could not have known anything of it. We are all born with differently shaped heads; we are not accountable for that. There is a great deal in the shape of the head we came into the world with. You see, if a child was born with two tongues, he could not help speaking double, could he? Rather a comical idea, that. Ha, ha, ha!"

Although the doctor laughed heartily at the notion, and was as heartily joined by William Fairfield, Stephen Winkworth did not appear to see the comicality of the idea.

"You call yourself a philosopher; I should not wonder," he said, disdainfully.

"If philosophy mean contentment with things as they are," said Doctor Bax, rubbing his forehead again, "then I say: Yes, I am a philosopher."

"From which I gather," said Stephen, slowly, dwelling on his words, "that you have never experienced a heart shock that turned your blood from its natural currents, and diseased it. You are a happy man, contented with yourself and with the world."

"I am happy," returned Doctor Bax, with humbleness, "and contented with the world; but I have seen misfortune, and I thank God for it."

"That is your cant," sneered Stephen, "and of a piece with other human hypocrisies. You thank God for misfortune, and take credit to yourself for pretended humbleness. You bless outwardly what I curse outwardly and inwardly. It is wise in you—for the world smiles upon you, while it turns its back even upon my shadow."

"That is the view you take of it," said Doctor Bax, lying to his new philosophy for consolation. "It is not your fault—it springs from your unfortunate inheritance, and I pity you for it."

"Bestow your pity where it is more welcome. Look you, Doctor Bax—who is the braver, the most honest and genuine of the two? You, who cringe beneath misfortune, and thank God for it; or I who rebel against it, and curse it? As I do, as I shall until I die! And so the world may go and hang itself, for all the love I bear it; and I might go and hang myself, for all the love it bears me! That's my philosophy. A tougher one than yours, you'll admit."

"A tough one indeed," said the doctor, shaking his head, sadly, "but I lay no blame to you for thinking thus, and I take no credit to myself for being different. That I am the happier of the two—"

"Of a piece with the rest!" interrupted Stephen, with a contemptuous laugh. "It would be giving the lie to your professions if you failed to remind me that you occupy the sunny side of the road."

"No, no!" cried the doctor, remorsefully, catching the subtle taunt conveyed in the reproach. "I had no such meaning in my mind, believe me. What I meant to express was sympathy for you; but I am the veriest bungler! Not that I give you right either; you are as wrong as a wrong-headed man can possibly be. Here is your young friend"—indicating William Fairfield—"engaged to be married to the sweetest girl in Devonshire—"

Stephen Winkworth interrupted him again.

"The sweetest because she has a fair face."

"The sweetest," said Doctor Bax, warmly, "because she is good and pure. Suppose William Fairfield thought as you do! A pretty kettle of fish that would be! And nice ideas yours are to carry about with one at Christmas-time! I declare seriously, I am sorry for you."

"It is true, then, that you are going to marry Reuben Harrild's daughter," said Stephen, turning to the young farmer. "You love her frantically, of course?"

"I love her as she deserves to be loved," was the simple reply.

"Tricked by her pretty face!" sneered Stephen. "Take care that your doll does not deceive you! Watch her; never let her out of your sight! But be as wary as you may, she is no true woman if she do not play you false."

"Do not answer him, William," said the doctor, checking the hot reply that rose to the young man's lips. "He does not know what he is saying; he, of all others, should not doubt the purity of woman's love."

"Love!" exclaimed Stephen, with sudden passion; "a fiction! a sham! a delusion! It is bought and sold. Believe in it, trust in it, center all the earnestness of your soul on it, and wake up one day from your dream and see your idol defaced, dishonored, lying at your feet!"

"No, no," said Doctor Bax, earnestly. "He does not mean it, William. Do not believe that he means it. He knows that it is no delusion—he knows that it is all good and holy. Why, William, think of his daughter—"

"Hush, man, for God's sake! Do not let her hear you!"

As Stephen, thus imploring, cast a frightened glance at the window above, the white face of the girl disappeared. Neither he nor his companions had been conscious of its presence there.

"Dear, dear!" said Doctor Bax, as he and William walked away: "what an unfortunate inheritance has fallen to that man's lot! Come, Will, let's have a race to the house. Whoever gets there first has first kiss from Laura."

Off they set, running as fast as their legs would carry them, toward Warleycombe Lodge, where they arrived in a state of laughing breathlessness.

Meanwhile, Stephen Winkworth, with the same bitter feelings at his heart, stood watching their departing forms, without a thought in unison with the sacred peacefulness of the evening. The shadows deepened, and the reflection of the dying sun's couch of fire grew darker and darker every moment, and as the night stole on Stephen's

features kept pace with its increasing somberness. But a wave of gentler feeling passed over his face at the sound of a low, plaintive voice from the house.

"Father!"

"My child!" said Stephen, in a tone so strangely soft and sweet that it was hard to believe it proceeded from the man who had within the last few minutes conversed with such harshness.

He turned to go in, but to his side had crept a figure so wan, so pitiful, that unaccustomed eyes looking upon it for the first time would have filled with grief at the unhappy sight.

A girl, dwarfed and mishapen, with a face on which a poignant grief had so firmly set its seal that an expression of gladness upon it seemed almost an impossibility. A girl scarcely eighteen years of age, humpbacked and deformed, and with little of the grace of youth about her to denote that she was in the springtime of life. One mark of comeliness was hers—her hair, which was soft and golden—but as it lay against her ghastly skin, it seemed to mock her with its beauty.

As the man looked down upon her crippled form, a shudder of remorse passed through him, and he stooped to press his cheeks to hers caressingly.

"Well, my lass!" he cried, with an attempt at light-heartedness, "we must make ourselves fine to-night. Reuben Harrild's house will be filled with gay company, to welcome Christmas forsooth! As though Christmas could not go on well enough without their tomfoolery!"

Nothing but a sigh answered him for a time. Presently:

"Father," said the girl, "I wish you would not speak so lightly of Christmas. It is the only holiday we have in all the year. It is a good time!"

"No time is good for me while I see you thus," said he, with deep emotion, as he smoothed the hair from her face. "I have no holiday while you are suffering."

"Yes," she answered, dreamily, "it is wearisome, wearisome. But I am not quite unhappy, father. It can not last forever. I sometimes feel contented with my pain when I think of by and by; and Christmas seems to belong to it. It is a good season."

"I could think so, child, if I saw you, as I see others, enjoying the time as they do. All seasons would be good to me—ay, even to me, whom all men hate—"

"No, no, father!" she pleaded. "All seasons would be good to me if I could see you as I see others of your age, happy and light-hearted—If I could see you as I have seen you in my dreams, as I should see you but for the blight that fell upon my life when you were—I thank God for it—too young to remember. Forgive me, child, for causing these tears. Let me kiss them away."

"It can not be helped," she said, with a kind of pitiful humor, casting a glance of compassion on her stunted shape. "Doctor Bax said I could never come straight again. Not all the King's horses, nor all the King's men, can make Humpty-Dumpty straight again. But I might be worse, far worse. I have my reason; I can see, and hear, and speak; all these are blessings of which I might have been deprived. When I look up at the sky on such a night as this, I feel that my life is not as dark as it might be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PICTURESQUE RUIN.

Poetic Description of the Most Romantic Spot in Georgia.

A more romantic spot than the ruins of Cooper's Iron-Works can not be found in Georgia. Great rocks rise up a rugged grandeur bearing on their sides clambering vines and ripening berries. Old houses are crumbling into ruin and trees are growing up through decaying floors. An ancient mill stands on the river's bank and the water goes bounding over the old rock dam. It is a place where civilization and the busy hum of machinery and of human voice have given place to nature. Far up the mountain side is a little plateau, where once lived, in a rude rock house, an early pioneer. It is with much difficulty that the place is reached, but when once there, the scene that meets the eye is grand and picturesque beyond description. To sit there and watch an autumn sunset is better than to be in the vine-clad hills of Italy. Looking out from under the muscadine vine that had climbed up and arched the doorway of the scene down the river, was too grand for a poor, weak pen like mine.

The old "King of Day" was almost touching the tree tops in the Western horizon. A halo of golden glory flooded the world. The white clouds that lay off toward the south seemed to be catching on fire. The river, under the touch of the sun, seemed to be rising to meet the violet-tinted sky. The hills were gloriously radiant under the bewitching touch of that grand light. The old Blue Ridge Mountains towered up far back in the east, and their stern faces seemed almost to smile as the sun kissed their brows. From the south there came the softest touch of evening air, bearing on its bosom the still sweet essence of summer. From far below there rose the low musical murmur of the river as it splashed over rocks and dimpled in the zephyr-like breath of the air. Above us the sad pines gently swayed in the breeze and gave us a sweet, soft song that spoke of peace and rest. It was good to be there. The sacred stillness of the place was elevating, purifying, ennobling!—*Cartersville (Ga.) Advertiser.*

—Eminent English physicians are confident that cholera and all enteric forms have their origin in the pollution of air and water, and cite the disease-breeding mouths of the Nile, the Mississippi and the Ganges, from which points the cholera, yellow-fever and the black plague always start. They regard the Mediterranean Sea as a disease-breeding cesspool, its waters having been poisoned by the filth of half of Europe. —*Chicago Current.*

—The only two great nations which contain enough horses within their borders to meet all the exigencies of war or of peace are Russia and the United States.—*Cincinnati Times.*

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There are one hundred and fifty papers and magazines edited by colored men published in this country. N. Y. Mail. The report that Anna Dickinson is wretchedly poor is denied. A friend who saw her recently says that she was happy and had "lots of money." Chicago Journal. In England last year 4,307 new books were published. Of these the largest portion—636 volumes—were religious. There were also brought out 1,383 new editions. Miss Catharine Wolfe, the wealthiest spinster in the country, has \$15,000,000. Curious that Catharine, with so much capital, hasn't captured a lamb-like mate yet.—N. Y. Tribune. Mason Evans, the Tennessee "wild man of the mountains," who has been living in a cave in the Chilhowee mountains for twenty-five years, was caught recently and put in a lunatic asylum. The richest man in Russia are two Swiss brothers named Noble. They bought up immense tracts of oil lands and now control more petroleum than the Standard Oil Company. There is no way of computing their wealth, which has been estimated as high as \$400,000,000. Mr. John W. Mackay's grandson, called the "young Prince Colonna," was christened in grand style at a cost of six hundred dollars, which, says the New York World, is said to be more than the child's father receives in a year for serving as an officer in the Italian army. A man must be very poor in these days not to be able to own something valuable in the way of a library. An English firm proposes to make literature cheaper than ever by printing a series of standard English and American works to be sold at the low price of three pence a volume. The books will be well bound and printed.—Current.

HUMOROUS.

The world moves. It probably finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent.—Boston Transcript. You can't tell a man's character by the hat he wears. No, indeed; it is frequently put on.—Puck. "Papa, base-ball players ought to be good skaters." "Why do you think so, Charlie?" "Because they strike out so easily."—Philadelphia Call. "New Water Works," says a black head line in an exchange. New cider works, but we didn't know that new water acted similarly.—Norristown Herald. An exchange asks: "What is hostile furniture?" Don't know unless it is armed chairs.—Evansville Argus. A gold-plated harness comes pretty near being hostile furniture.—Marathon Independent. "Is there any danger of the bon constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Garden. "Not the least, marm," cried the showman; "he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."—N. Y. Examiner. Customer (in restaurant)—Waiter, this chicken soup has feathers in it. Waiter—Yes, sah. If you want soup made out of chickens dot am old 'nough to be bald, sah, yo' 'll have to go to some odder 'stablishment.—N. Y. Sun. "With a population of about 300,000,000, China, has not a single insane asylum," says an exchange. Exactly; but, my dear brother, you should remember that China hasn't a single book agent, either.—Newman Independent. The new servant—"You are sure Mr. Blowton is not at home?" "Well, I ought to be. He told me so when I took your card up, and said if you would call some time when he was out he would be glad to see you."—Philadelphia Press. A medical authority says: "Persons have been bitten by mad dogs and have not gone mad." Then the dogs couldn't have hurt them very badly. The man who is not made mad by being bitten by a dog ought to be an angel. He has too good a temper for this wicked world.—The Judge. Mrs. Homespun—"Our John is the greatest fellow to put off over saw." Mrs. Blank—"He procrastinates, eh?" Mrs. H—"Oh, dear, no; I don't think John would do anything so bad as that. He only puts everything off. That's the worst I ever heard anybody say about him."—Boston Transcript. Seeking Biblical Information. Bobby—"Ma, didn't Methuselah have more'n one name?" Ma (reading)—"Only one, of course. Now don't bother me any more." Bobby (after a long pause)—"Ma, can't I ask you one more question?" Ma—"Yes, yes." Bobby—"Was Methuselah his first or last name?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Gloomy Outlook.

Gilhooley went into an Austin restaurant, gave his order for some fried calf's brains, waited a long time for the waiter to bring what he had ordered, but in vain. At last he asked: "Well what about the calf's brains?" "The waiter shook his head dismally and said: "The outlook is pretty gloomy, judge." "What's the matter with my brains?" "There ain't no, that's all." The story got out, and now there is some talk of running him for the Legislature.—Texas Siftings.

CUPID'S PRANKS.

The Pretty and Encouraging Romance of a Coal Stove. One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove-dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with the proviso that if every thing didn't work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said: "Mrs. — wants you to come up and fix that stove. The house is full of smoke." A man was sent up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said: "That stove is puffing and blowing and scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again." He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Every thing seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce: "She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas." The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said: "Madam, you gave me thirty dollars for the stove; how much will you take for it?" "I wouldn't sell it." "But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter." "You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident." And three days ago they were quietly and happily married.—Detroit Free Press.

A WITNESS' POWER.

Need of the Oath in the Various Courts of Justice. I would abolish all oaths of office, or "promissory" oaths. The only value of these, as it seems to me, lies in their setting forth the nature and the duties of the office undertaken, and thus impressing these on the mind of the person undertaking it. But this end would equally be attained by a declaration, while the failure to discharge these duties is now guarded against by simple powers of dismissal. There is, in short, but one class of oaths which I would retain—namely, those taken in courts of justice or in those legal processes which are connected with such courts—affidavits, sworn interrogatories and the like. And I would do so because a court of justice is the one and only place I know of where a power beyond all immediate legal restraint or prevention, still remains, and therefore still needs all the checks upon the exercise that we can devise. No barbarian warrior with his foe at his feet, no baron of the middle ages, with dun geon keep and right of pit and gallows ever possessed more tremendous power than that which is nowadays possessed by the witness or the jurymen in a court of law. A word from his mouth may consign an innocent man to the gibbet or to life-long imprisonment; may strip him in a moment of all his possessions or blast him with a social outlawry as terrible as the terrors of the excommunication of old. Against such a power as this we do well still to take all the security that an oath can give us. For this reason, and for this alone, would I, while abolishing all, or nearly all, other oaths, retain this only. It is the only one which seems to me to completely fulfill the conditions which make oath-taking expedient or even morally right.—Contemporary Review.

A GALLANT FOE.

The Courage with Which a Monster Elk Defended His Life. A monster elk was sighted in the Wind River mountains by a hunter, and the hounds sent after him. A long chase of two hours led to the base of Sable mountain, one of the loftiest of the range, up which the monarch of the forest darted as his final refuge. The ascent was steep, but the hunter and his dogs followed. Soon the elk was brought to bay. As the foremost of the dogs sprang full at the throat, the branching antlers were suddenly lowered, the keen tines pierced from side to side and the staunch hound was thrown high in air, and fell far down the steep incline. Nothing daunted, the remaining hound, too, made its fierce spring, and shared the fate of its comrade. The animal then rushed at the hunter, who fired, but the next instant was whirled aloft on the broad antlers. His stout buckskin hunting-shirt turned aside the sharp prongs, but they had become fastened in the garment, and he bade fair to be thrashed to death. As for a second time the elk dashed him to earth he managed to catch hold of a bush, and kept his grasp long enough to draw his revolver and send a ball crashing through the brain of his gallant foe.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Forgery Made Easy.

David N. Carvalho, a handwriting expert in the district attorney's office at New York, says that forgeries by amateurs are increasing, and that they are encouraged by the bad practices that have grown up in commercial houses—the use of stylographic pens and of aniline inks. Many large houses, he says, recognizing the lack of character in a signature written with a stylographic pen, have discarded them altogether in signing checks and papers of similar importance, and the surrogate's office at New York requires paper to be signed with a steel or quill pen. A stylographic signature is easily imitated, and when it comes to identifying the genuine signature, a difficulty is met arising from the effect of the movement on the essential characteristic features. Aniline inks are still more dangerous, because they can be copied exactly by the use of copying pads on the principle of the hektograph.—Boston Transcript.

The State.

Mr. Hannah writes the Traverse Herald from Naples. Eugene Parsell, of Flint, has been appointed postoffice inspector. O. W. Powers' resignation (for fear he will fail of confirmation) is again talked of. Doberman out swindlers, driven out of lower Michigan, are at work in the northern counties. A Big Rapids door and blind factory recently received an order for twenty thousand doors. Congressman Comstock is trying to have the life-saving station at Grand Haven kept open all the year. The Coldwater Republican announces, by authority, that farmer Luce will not be a candidate for governor. In a shooting affray at Coral, Montcalm co., James Maloney was killed. Dan. Loaney did it, and is in custody. Geo. C. Bates, formerly of Detroit, and a well-known lawyer and politician, died, at Denver on the 17th. A party of gentlemen inspected the furnace property at Marcelona on Tuesday, and propose to buy it and blow in. Martain Spandt and a man named Ostaland fought, at Quekama, near Manistee, on Saturday, and Ostaland was killed. Of twenty eight chancery causes to be tried in Genesee county at the term of court now in session; nineteen are divorce cases. The three land offices, at Detroit, East Saginaw and Lansing, are to be consolidated, probably, and the one office located at Lansing. W. F. Fox lost a leg by attempting to board a moving train at Albion on Thursday. He had previously lost an arm in the same way. Wesley Smith was choked by a bit of eating-house steak at the eating-house at Adrian, but the doctors managed, by tracheotomy, to save his life. The wife and nephew have confessed the murder of Peter Higgins, near Bellaire. They were criminally intimate and wanted Peter out of the way. John Moore, Andrew Filson, a man named Maines and another named Burt are in quod for the burglaries at and near Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo county. The gang is broken up. Grand Rapids lumbermen have bought property in Kentucky which carries pine and other valuable timber on top and coal underneath. Their organization is called the Stearns Land & Lumber Co. The well on the place of Robert Berry, of Corunna, was poisoned with Paris green and the whole family made sick. Fortunately none died. Henry Schaefer and his wife are in arrest charged with the crime. Fred Watrous owed the Holly Advertiser five dollars and the account was offered for sale. Now Fred says his reputation has been damaged to the extent of \$5,000 and sues. Foolish. Beter have paid the \$5. One Fanning, of Belleville, was careless or awkward with his pistol and has a bullet in his brain, but it does not incommode him much. He ought to be dead, by all precedent, but he is not, and the doctors are stumped. Lake county supervisors struggled for two days over the location of the county seat, being equally divided between Luther and Baldwin. The latter was finally chosen, and money appropriated to build courthouse, jail, etc. Barry, the labor agitator, writes from Gloversville, N. Y., where he is engineering a big strike of the glove-makers, that no consideration would induce him to take a place on the state ticket [Poor, and can't afford to work for nothing]. One Ballard, who was employed by Byron M. Crouch as a detective, has sued for his pay and swears that he was hired not to furnish evidence as to who killed old man Crouch and the others. If so he earned his money—he furnished none. Peter Higgins, who lived near Bellaire, Antrim county, was missing and his family circulated reports that he had skipped; but his body was found in his own manure-heap and his wife and nephew are in arrest, charged with his murder. Shelton Gunn attempted to frighten J. D. Harding out of the postoffice at Bradley, to which he had just been appointed, by threats of killing and burning. Instead, he turned the threatening letters over to the sheriff, who captured Gunn and locked him up until the prosecuting attorney has time to draw the charge. Sellers, of the Cedar Springs Clipper, is "hefty" on reunions. He is the moving spirit of the Western Michigan Press Association and reunites with it every year, and has usually a couple of other reunions on hand. He has served in the legislature and is now engineering a reunion of legislators, acting and retired, to come off at Lansing on the 10th of June next.

For Sale.

Three lots, well located, in Campbell's addition. Enquire at office of F. D. Mead in Semer Block.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by George Preston.

My Wife and Children.

Rev. L. A. Dunlap, of Mount Vernon, Mo., says: "My children were afflicted with a cough resulting from measles, my wife with a cough that had prevented her from sleeping more or less for years, and your White Wine of Far Syrup had cured them all."

FRANK H. ATKINS.

Frank H. Atkins

Would respectfully announce to the people of Escanaba and the adjoining towns that he

Has Removed!

His entire stock of merchandize

Into Carroll's New Block!

And is offering EXTRA BARGAINS in Staple and Fancy

Groceries AND Provisions

And to parties that buy goods in quantities he is prepared to fill orders as low as goods can be sold in Chicago, with freight added.

Before buying elsewhere call and see what you can do. His stock is complete, consisting of

Foreign & Domestic Fruits IN THEIR SEASON.

Table listing various goods: TEAS (Oolong Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Souchong, and Japans), MEAL (New Improved Yellow Corn Meal, White Corn Meal and Oat Meals), COFFEES (Java, Mocha, Rio, Mexican, Costa Rica), CEREALS (Akron Cracked Wheat, Prepared Rolled Oat Meal, Akron Pearl Wheat, Thurber's Shredded Oats), SUGARS (Loaf, Refined, Powdered, Granulated, Coffee A, and Extra C), FLOUR (Pillsbury's Best, and all other brands), Farinaceous Goods (Rice, Tapioca, Sago, Hominy, Farina, Manioca, Coconut, Imperial Granum, Beans, Split Peas, Pea Meal, etc.), MACARONI, VERMICELLI, OLIVES, CAPERS.

Olive Oil, Gelatin, Pickles, Sauces, Catsup, Dried Fruits, Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Apples, Alden's Evaporated Peaches, Pears, Plums, Blackberries, Cherries.

Canned Fruits!

And Vegetables,

Selected from the Hudson River Packing Co., Batavia Packing Co., Gordon & Dillworth's, and others whose canned Fruits and Vegetables have no equal in the market, and can be packed in assorted cases at dozen rates.

Imported Vegetables

In Glass and Tin. Preserves, Jams and Jellies, Mince Meat, Canned Meats, Potted Meats, Canned Soups, Spices—whole and ground and absolutely pure, Crackers and Cheese, Chocolate, Cocoa, etc.

Call for Armour's Hams and Bacon Second to none.

Syrups, Molasses, Butter, Lard, Vinegar, Salt, Toilet and Laundry Soap, Starch, Sapolio, Blueing, Wooden and Willow Ware, and in fact everything can be found. Don't fail to see the

Crockery Display!

LEGAL.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., January 27, 1886. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Circuit Court of Delta county, at Escanaba, Mich., on March 15, 1886, at 2 o'clock p. m., viz: Augustus C. Darling, homestead application No. 1203 for the 1/2 of sec. 24, township 39 north, range 23 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Alfred D. Morten, John Cray, Avery Bacon, and John Alger, all of Escanaba, Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., January 27, 1886. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Circuit Court of Delta county, at Escanaba, Mich., on April 6, 1886, viz: Jacob Orschel, homestead application No. 2200 for the 1/2 of sec. 24 and 1/2 of sec. 11, tp. 38 north, range 23 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Peter Loux, Frank Orschel, Wm. Klug and Frank Dimond, of Fayette, Delta county, Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., January 27, 1886. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Marquette, Mich., on March 16, 1886, at 10:30 a. m., viz: Michael Kirby, D. S. application No. 1018, for the 1/2 of sec. 24 and 1/2 of sec. 24, township 43 north, range 21 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Owen Curran, John L. Corcoran, Bruce Irving and Frank Murray, all of Lathrop, Delta county, Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA, IN CHANCERY. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Complainant, vs. Frederick O. Clark, James McKindley, James M. Gilchrist, Willet B. Jeaks, Edwin R. Mead, Bradley Doty and David J. Pulling, Defendants. In pursuance of a decretal order of the court of chancery, made in the above entitled cause, there will be sold under the direction of the subscriber, at public auction, at the front door of the courthouse in the village (city) of Escanaba, on Wednesday, the 17th day of March next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, all those certain pieces or parcels of land described as follows, to-wit: Lots numbered one, two and three in block seven, and lot numbered four in block twenty two, in the village (city) of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan. E. P. ROYCE, Circuit Court Commissioner. Dated January 21, 1886.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA, IN CHANCERY. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Complainant, vs. Frederick O. Clark, James McKindley, James M. Gilchrist, Willet B. Jeaks, Edwin R. Mead, Bradley Doty and David J. Pulling, Defendants. In pursuance of a decretal order of the court of chancery, made in the above entitled cause, there will be sold under the direction of the subscriber, at public auction, at the front door of the court house in the village (city) of Escanaba, on Wednesday, the 17th day of March next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, all those certain pieces or parcels of land described as follows, to-wit: The north half of lot numbered sixteen and lot numbered fifteen, in block four, in the village (city) of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan. E. P. ROYCE, Circuit Court Commissioner. Dated January 21, 1886.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT. Terms of court for 1885 and 1886. State of Michigan, ss. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the laws of the State, I have fixed and appointed the times of holding the several terms for the years 1885 and 1887 of the Circuit Court in and for the counties constituting the Twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit of said State as follows, to-wit: In the County of Marquette, on the first Wednesday in April, the fourth Tuesday in May, the third Wednesday in September, the first Wednesday in December. In the County of Delta, on the first Monday in January, the second Tuesday in May, the first Monday in October. In the County of Menominee, on the last Monday day in March, the third Tuesday in May, the first Tuesday in September, the fourth Monday in November. In the County of Iron on the second Tuesday in January, the fourth Wednesday in June, and the third Wednesday in November. C. B. GRANT, Circuit Judge of said Circuit. Dated, November 1, 1885.

ORDER OF HEARING.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. Probate Court for said Co. County of Delta. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Delta, holden at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday the 1st day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six. Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of probate. In the matter of the estate of Minerva Shipman, deceased. On reading and filing the final report and account of George F. Shipman, the administrator of said estate, thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the 1st day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed. And it is further ordered that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the IRON POST, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta for three consecutive weeks, and also by causing the same to be personally served at least 14 days previous to said day of hearing upon all the heirs of said deceased if they be found in said county. EMIL GLASER, JUDGE OF PROBATE. (A true copy.)

PUMPS, ETC.

SAM. STONHOUSE, Practical.

PLUMBER

Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of

Pipes, Pumps & Fittings

Drive Wells and Pump Repairs

A specialty. Orders in the city or country promptly attended to. ESCANABA, MICH.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, FEB. 27, 1885.

ON THE COAST.

ROBT. J. BURDETTE.

My little boy, heroic wife,
Lures me with boyish taunt and boast
To where the snow-clad hills arise
And reckless wrecks swiftly coast.

Why not? Again I am a boy—
I am his brother, not his sire;
His steel-shod sled our mutual toy,
His wishes echo my desire.

Down sweeping flights, with merry cheers,
We fly as swallows skim the shore;
I throw away full thirty years,
And I am ten again—no more.

My boyish pride comes back to me—
My boyhood's skill and courage, too;
I bid the Prince stand back and see
The way that papa used to do.

Ah, I climb the highest hill
And praise the sled upon its top;
In wonder lost the Prince stands still
And listens for my warning "Now!"

Swifter than winged thought I fly,
And, when my flight is nearly through,
A "Thank you marm" lifts me on high,
Into the air a mile or two.

And down that dizzy, reeling track
Like twenty men and sleds I go,
While up my legs and down my back
Packs fifteen thousand pounds of snow.

I crawl out to the light again
And feebly share the Prince's fun,
For something tells my buzzing brain
That I am really forty-one.

And so I say, so late it's grown
That I must hurry home to tea;
While Robbie, coasting down alone,
Shouts "Fraid cat! Fraid cat!" after me.

Personals.

—Jas. Blake was in town on Monday.

—Barclay and Sexton got away for Florida Tuesday.

—Mr. Power arrived, from Washington, on Wednesday.

—Louis Stegmiller departed for Chicago on Wednesday.

—Henry Hagermeister, of Green Bay, was in town on Thursday.

—Julian M. Case, of Marquette, paid us a brief visit on the 19th.

—H. G. Merry was here, to see the polo game, on Saturday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rooney departed on Sunday for a visit of a fortnight at Summit, Ills.

—J. N. Mead's little daughter, three years old, has been very ill this week, with meningitis.

—Burmeister, whom everybody knows, or ought to, called on our dry-goodsmen on Thursday.

—J. W. Patterson, in town on business on Wednesday and weather-bound on Thursday, dropped in for a chat.

—Charles H. Niedeck, the Milwaukee paper dealer, made a call on us on Friday, and went north the same day.

—Mrs. A. Gilmette, accompanied by Mrs. Fogarty, returned on Wednesday last from a visit of a month in Iowa.

—R. E. Morrell has been at Manistique for ten days past, attending to the business there during Leon's visit here.

—H. W. Cole, of Whitefish, called, and set the figure, opposite his name on our subscription list a year ahead, on the 20th.

—A. G. Clark, of Chicago, formerly a resident of Marquette, stuck here by the storm of Friday, week, called on the IRON PORT.

—Mr. Flynn, of the Iron Herald, who accompanied the Adelphi hither on Saturday, found time to call on the IRON PORT, much to our satisfaction.

—Dominic Harran, who had been home to election, returned on Wednesday. "Four thousand for Hudd, and we buried the Dutch," is his report.

—A. Hornstein, of the Mining Journal company, because the blizzard kept him from getting home, tarried for the night of the 19th at the Oliver and called on us.

—Leon Ephraim came over from Manistique last week to make arrangements for a permanent residence there. Mrs. Ephraim will accompany him on his return.

—A Kansas man is sawing wood in the navy-yard at Washington. Thus the unexpected happens. He went there for a post-office commission and, up to date, can only say: "I came, I saw."

Forcing Business.

"Didn't you sell any peanuts?" inquired the experienced train boy of the new recruit.

"No," was the reply.

"Go through the car an' g'v'e each passenger a peanut."

The new recruit did so.

"Now try 'em agin'," said the train boy of experience.

Presently the new recruit came after more peanuts.

"You want to keep your eyes open in this business, young feller," admonished the expert, refilling the basket. "Anybody'll eat a peanut what don't cost him nothin', an' when he once gets the flavor he's gone. You've got to study human nature."—N. Y. Sun.

—A bucolic salesman of the town of Mexico, N. Y., drove to the village during the peach season last fall to dispose of his crop of peaches, and offered them for sale at one dollar a bushel or a shilling a peck. "It was very singular," he said, "that nobody took a bushel, but almost everybody took a peck, and some took two or three pecks."—Buffalo Express.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad recently burned up fifteen hundred useless coal-cars to get the old iron in them.

GERMAN SCHOOLS.

An American Farmer's View of Educational Methods in Germany.

The paternal form of government, that seems so to enslave the men and make them dough in the hands of the rulers, causes the schools to be the very ideals of what they should be. I was delightfully impressed with the first visit, and the more I see of them, the impressions grow deeper. To meet the "director," I was sent to a long, cheery room, where was a table the entire length, covered with all sorts of literary matter, in that delightful confusion so attractive to a lover of books; seats—comfortable arm-chairs, placed regularly—showed it was the cabinet, so to speak, of the chief, and here the professors were gathered for their examination of exercises, consultation and relaxation; some were passing their pupils' exercises under examination, with that rapidity so surprising to a layman doubtful of his own p's and q's; two were enjoying, evidently, a letter written to one of them by an exasperated mother; others were evidently newly arrived from Berlin, and a chatter of gossip went on, while the exercises were at the same time quickly examined; others only came in to deposit books, and departed with a salutation to all, not even forgetting me, who sat with my tongue in a double twist to encounter the German language. Almost all were smoking; all were in the prime of life, younger than I expected, nervous, intellectual, by far the finest collection of men I had yet seen.

When the director was at leisure, I was invited to his study, where I met a genial, thin student, with capability written in strong characters all over his face. To my great relief he had one of his "staff," a charming young man and fluent English scholar, who bridged me safely over the interview. The principal was as interested in my plan as if the six hundred other boys in the gymnasium were never on his mind. He examined my children fully, to see where they could enter so as to preserve their self-respect and not be in classes with companions too small; suggested in what branches they had best have private instruction to hasten them on, and made them, as well as me, feel that every consideration would be paid. As every class has a special guardian, appointments were made where I could meet and consult with them, so that I felt I had about a dozen private teachers, instead of dropping them into a sort of maelstrom, as one feels in leaving boys at a large school with us.

This feeling of personal interest in the pupils increases as the system becomes more familiar. At every holiday (Wednesday and Saturday afternoons) when suitable weather, the boys go to one of the commons and have royal games of foot-ball. One of the professors is always there, who generally enters into the game on the weaker side, to add interest; keeps a general supervision, and thus the play never oversteps the bounds of safety or temper. One day the pupils of this and the other large college had a grand sham battle a few miles from town; there were captains, flags, a regular field of battle, and I do not know what all—only I know the faces were flushed with healthy excitement when they came home, and all were full of their prowess, their struggles and final victory or defeat.

The satisfaction that one has, to see studies so administered that the scholars enjoy them—thorough to the last degree, but gradual, gentle, persistent! No boy is made to feel that he is expected to cram two years' study into one. Yet, to show how thorough it is, my boys said one day—"We are far ahead of the class in Caesar, but all the boys can talk in Latin just as easily as in German." It is not a dead language to them, but a live one; and so in whatever is taught.

So absorbing is the desire to have the whole nation educated, that it has changed the natural habits of man—for no adult, of his own free will, would start the wheels of life at five a. m.; yet here, for half the year, schools begin at seven; for the excellent reason that two hours in the morning are, for instruction, worth four later in the day. Every thing bends to this. All places of amusement begin at half-past six, out at nine, and we go to bed at ten with-out a blush. I wish I could say we rise at five with alacrity; but as I see the advantage to the children, I must admit that in every way we should find it well to adopt it at home. Think of the wasted morning hours, and the horrible suffering our children endure in summer! If they were over the worst of the day's studies at eleven, think of the relief, the vast improvement in their health, what a different thing study would be! And, quite as important, the pressure here is gentle; the children take to study about as willingly as to play; the teachers are separated by no guile, they are familiar to the verge of impudence; but their power being autocratic, the line is always clearly defined. I wish all our school trustees (for remember, these are all public schools) could be impressed with these facts, and that parents would support the teachers in carrying such reforms into practice.—Brunswick (Germany) Cor. Country Gentleman.

—A composer of music whose halo did not fit on that particular day said to a friend: "To compose a piece of music is a serious affair. If a musical idea comes into your head, you won't happen to have any paper handy, and if you have any paper you will find it hard work to find a publisher, and even if you secure a publisher he may fail to pay you anything for your trouble, and besides, very few will buy your piece, and if any one should buy it he would not know how to play it, and in all probability if he played it he would not like it."—N. Y. Tribune.

—A story is related of a Connecticut infantry company in the war of the rebellion which is believed to be without a parallel. The company, which was recruited in the town of Greenwich, had no less than twelve pairs of brothers in its ranks. There were, in addition, three instances in which father and son stood side by side and three brothers-in-law.—Hartford Post.

RATHFON BROS.

We Have Just Received

A very large and very fine line of

Imported Suitings

Such as "London J. B. Worsteds," "Irish Boating Tweeds," "Broad Brook" "Surrey" and "Blarney," and

Meltons, for Spring Overcoats

These, with our splendid line of

STYLISH HATS

And our other specialties make our stock more desirable than ever.

RATHFON BROS.

W. C. T. U.

BY THE LADIES OF THE W. C. T. U.

—[Pledge of Temperance Union: "In the full belief of the existence and power of Almighty God, and acknowledging our accountability to Him, we solemnly promise that we will not make, buy, sell, use, furnish or cause to be furnished to others as a beverage any spirituous liquors, and by all just means in our power to banish the use of intoxicating liquor from our land and to advance the cause of temperance."]

—Do not forget nor neglect the Friday evening meetings.

—Regular prayer meeting at the reading room Friday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

—The regular fortnightly business meeting of the Union will be held Saturday, March 6, at the usual place.

—The Band of Hope was entertained by the ladies of the Union, at the reading rooms, last Tuesday evening. About fifty young people were present, all apparently enjoying the treat.

—Health can be bought, but the price of it is temperance in all things.

—Quincy, Mass., in the three years that the liquor saloons have been banished from the town, has decreased its pauper expenses from \$15,000 to \$5,000.

—A Boston clergyman tells the following incident: "I once had a conversation with L. Greely, of the Arctic expedition, and he told me that on inquiring into the habits of his men he learned that all but fourteen used tobacco habitually. Of the fourteen survivors all but one were those who did not use the deadly, enervating drug."

"Never are kind acts done,
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like the flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need."

—Below is given the continuation of Miss White's letter from Washington territory, a portion of which was given to the readers of this column last week:

"Before our local option bill could be enrolled ready for the governor's signature, telegrams were sent him from the Liquor Dealers' association asking him to refuse to sign the bill until they could bring counsel to argue the case before him, and until petitions asking him to veto the bill could be forwarded to him. The governor consented to defer his decision. And now, for five days, was waged the fiercest battle, probably ever fought around a governor's desk. Liquor lobbyists came on from Portland, reputed to have ready for use great sums of money. Two most able lawyers, from Seattle and Olympia, argued the case before the governor, occupying an afternoon and two evenings. Letters, petitions, telegrams, for and against the bill, poured in to the governor every hour. A petition from "business men," asking him to veto it, covering thirteen pages, was telegraphed from one single city. The mayor and most of the city council of Olympia signed a petition asking him to veto it. And our friends were just as active, and letters and telegrams came pouring in from various places, asking him to sign it. Would the governor sign it, or would he veto it? was the topic on every tongue for five long days. Three times we had gone personally to see the governor about the bill, and had been most courteously received. At last, when the last day when a governor could withhold a bill, was reached, Monday, Jan. 25, the glad news was brought to the legislature that the governor of Washington Territory had signed the local option bill, and it was now the law of the territory. All hail to Washington Territory, "the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

Yours exultingly, NARCISSE E. WHITE.

P. S.—This local option law provides that whenever fifteen persons in any city, town or township, shall petition the county commissioners for a vote on prohibition, the county commissioner shall arrange for such a vote to be taken at a special election on next June, and every two years thereafter. The campaign for the vote this year will be a grand temperance education to the people, even if accomplishes nothing more.

WANTS—FOR SALE—TO RENT.

HOUSES TO RENT.
Inquire of the subscriber at his office in the Semer building, 35th F. D. MEAD, Att'y.

MIDWIFE—MRS. EMILY STEINKE.
Geprüfte Deutsche Hebamme. Residence south side of Wells avenue, one block west of Presbyterian church, between Harrison ave and Walcott street.

TRESPASSERS—ATTENTION.
All persons are hereby cautioned against cutting wood or timber on N. Ludington Co.'s land, or they will be prosecuted according to law.
G. T. BURNS, Agent.

RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company are now offering for sale their land in Michigan at greatly reduced rates. Their hard-wood and farming lands will be sold to settlers on long time, with a low rate of interest, or a discount of 25% per cent. from their regular price will be made for cash. For all information apply to or address
F. H. VAN CLEEVE,
Land Agent, Escanaba, Mich.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN J. BEBEAU.
Livery Stable.
A mile and a quarter from the furnace at FAYETTE, DELTA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.
Rigs for traveling men, sportsmen and pleasure parties. Orders by mail promptly attended to and customers met at the steamboat landing. Prices low.

COFFEE.

Standard Java @ 35c or 3 lbs

FOR

\$1.00.



Atkins' Blend, or Plantation

Java @ 25c, are specialties.

Try Them!

Frank H. Atkins,

Sole Agent.

LITERARY.

The best representative of American periodical literature, which appeals to readers by its own charms.—New York Evening Post.

The Atlantic Monthly FOR 1885.

Will contain Serial Stories by CHARLES ROBERT CRADDOCK, Author of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "In the Tennessee Mountains," etc.

HENRY JAMES ("The Princess Casanovissa" will continue until August, 1885).

WILLIAM H. BISHOP, Author of "The House of a Merchant at Prince."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL Will write for the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1885.

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