

# IRON PORT.

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

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ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

\$2.50 PER YEAR

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Surgeon Dentist.

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Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

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Ludington St., West of Wolcott, Escanaba, Mich. This house has been repaired and newly furnished throughout, and will be found convenient and comfortable.

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### S. C. MACDONALD,

Dealer in General Real Estate,

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Platting, 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.

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### JOSEPH HESS,

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Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—for stone, brick or wood work. Or will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed on time and according to agreement. Residence and shop on May St.

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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, brickens, etc., a specialty.

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LIFE, ACCIDENT, FIRE.

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Designs and estimates furnished on short notice. 10

### 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 Miller Milwaukee Beer, in wood and glass a brewery prices.

### COLUMBUS J. PROVO,

Contractor and Builder.

Shop on corner of Halpin and Georgia streets. Plans prepared and contracts for all kinds of work undertaken in city or county, also, raise and underwrite buildings, and other improvements. Give him a call. Address box 369, Escanaba, Mich.

## Items of Interest.

—Mc N. & S.  
—Catin, Decorator.  
—Sanberg—Jeweler.  
—Godley—Druggist.  
—Oliver—Furniture.  
—Catin, Sign Writer.  
—Remnants at K price Burns.  
—Spring Hats in all new shapes at Burns'.  
—Creamery Butter at Erickson & Bissell's.  
—All kinds of food for Lent at Erickson & Bissell's.  
—Bar-room fixtures at P. M. Peterson's on the hill.  
—At Derouin's you can get elegant calicos at 5 cents.  
—Burns will have the finest store in the u. p. when finished.  
—Domestic and White machines sell themselves at Burns'.  
—Buy your flour of Bittner, Wickert & Co. They keep the best.  
—New Goods on the old 10-cent counter at Erickson & Bissell's.

—Try Godley for the latest wrinkles in Stationery, Toys, Games, etc.  
—At Derouin's you can get yard and a half wide Oil cloth for 65 cents.  
—Families supplied with bottled beer, fine and wholesome, by Peter Semer.  
—At Derouin's you can get beautiful chocolate dress patterns at 7 cents per yard.  
—At Derouin's you can buy Cretonnes for a shilling a yard. How does that suit you?  
—Godley keeps all spring renovators from paints and kalsomines to blood purifiers.  
—Peter Semer offers bottled beer for family use so cheap that it makes water a luxury.  
—Hand-made furniture, for houses, offices, and banks, a specialty at P. M. Peterson's on the hill.  
—At Derouin's you can buy Pacific Cashmere for only 30 cents per yard. Can you do better?  
—Sanberg, the Jeweler, will surprise the boys when they come down out of the woods this spring.  
—Godley, at the brick drug store, carries the finest stock of drugs in the city. Take your prescriptions there.  
—Bittner, Wickert & Co., are still on deck with a full line of Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds. Call on them.  
—Crockery and Glassware at McNaughtan & Schemmel's, Semer block, corner Ludington street and Harrison avenue.

—A correspondent wants to know how to keep cider from working. Imbue it with socialistic ideas. Nothing works that has. —The western King is a clear Havana filled half dime cigar, better than the average dime cigars. Go to Preston's and be convinced. 28  
—Pardon me, Miss Pepperal, but are you a lover of art? "Yes but you might have the decency to call him Arthur; that's his name."  
—McNaughtan & Schemmel offer the best goods to be "had," sell at a fair living profit, and when they find they can't do business on this principle they will quit.  
—Our stock of Teas, Cigars, Tobaccos and general groceries is second to none in Delta county. Visit our store and see what we have got. McNAUGHTAN & SCHEMDEL  
—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—be don't want the world. 15  
—McNaughtan & Schemmel are now settled in their new store (the Semer block) and invite the public to call and look them over. They have a handsome store and a fine line of goods.  
—A Kansas man "pinks with pride" to the fact that his wife has worn one bonnet for twenty five years. The feelings with which the wife points to the husband has not been described.  
—McNaughtan & Schemmel will pay special attention to orders from Camps and hotels and will come as near duplicating outside prices to large consumers as any one can in this city.  
—Sandy Oliver has not been doing as much talking lately as has some of the small dealers around town. Fact is he's been so busy selling fine furniture and such things that he hasn't had time talk.

Published by request.

### BARBARA FRIEDRICH.

FROM THE DUTCH.

Dro der shreds of Fredericdown,  
Mit der rade hot sun a stringin' down,  
Baad de saloons all filled mit beer  
Der rebel vellers walked on der ear.  
All day droo Fredericdown so fast,  
Horse und foot der soldiers bassed;  
Und der rebel vlag shone oud so bright,  
As if py jinks! it had got 'right.  
Vere vas dot Union flag! Der sun  
Jacked down 'on not a pluddy von!  
Up jumped dot old Miss Friedch die,  
Bent oud by her nine schgore years unt ten.

She grapped up der vlag der men hault down,  
Und fastened right onto her night-gown;  
Den she sad in her window, so all could see  
Dot dere vos von who lofed dot vlag so free.

Up der shreed games Shdonevall Jack,  
A ridin' on his horse's pack;  
Unter his prews he squinched his eyes—  
Dot old vlag caused him grand surprize.  
"Hold!" Each fellier there shoodo shill!  
"Vire!" vos echoed from hill to hill;  
It bushed der stringd of dot night-gown,  
But dot old Barbara she vos around.

She fastened it vonce again so quick;  
She oud der window her arms did shdick;  
"Shood, if you must, dis poer old head,  
But leat alone dot vlag!" she said.

A look of shameson soon came o'er  
Der face of Jack, und der dears did poer:  
"Who bulls a hair of dot palt head  
Dis mighty quick! go ahet!" he said.

All dot day und all dot night,  
Till efty reld hat bassed from sight,  
Und leudet bejst dot Friedrigh down,  
Dot old vlag vas shdicked on dot night-gown.

Dot Barbara Friedch's work is done,  
She don't can efer hat more fun;  
Pully for her! shoodo dro a dear  
For dot old voman mitout some fear.

## Sand.

WELL, they voted.

STEMMILLER has been house-cleaning this week.

NEXT Wednesday evening—Shiloh as Prentiss saw it.

NOTE Norman's new advertisement. He means business.

CARROLL will heat his block with steam another season. Good.

HENRY OLIVER wore his cane during the warm days of this week.

A FEW days like Thursday last would wind up sleighing in the city.

MISS H. BROWN has removed her milinary store into Mrs. O'Brien's building.

BORN, in this city, on Monday, March 1, to Mrs. Robt. Finch, a 10-pound son.

WESTERN KING will arrive in a few days and be exhibited at Preston's drug store.

WHY not light up the street lamps some of these evenings, just to see how it would seem.

THE Chicago News has sent us a copy of its almanac. It is a good one. Price 20 cents.

THE Northwestern railway shops now work ten hours a day, and it begins to look like spring.

GROSS will be all settled in his new store (McNaughtan & Schemmel's old corner) by Wednesday next.

THE business men of the city anticipate that the coming summer will be the best they have had for years.

McNAUGHTAN & SCHEMDEL moved on Thursday. Drop in and see how the old Semer corner looks in their hands.

LOOK at our eighth page and see the advertisements. Erickson intends to capture the county on the shoe business this summer.

FRANK ALGER, Hugh Brotherton and An-ton Hansen were the lucky boys who captured turkeys at the rink on Saturday evening last.

ROSES in winter is a luxury but few have the pleasure of seeing—but at Pool's garden you can get sight and scent of them in great profusion now.

GEN. PRENTISS, of whom even Buell the latest writer on "Shiloh," speaks in praise, will speak at Opera Hall on Wednesday evening next. Do not miss it.

WE LEARN from the Green Bay Advocate that our friend Gus Baehrisch, of the Oliver house, has purchased a fine Hambletonian mare from Green Bay parties.

THE gentleman from the second ward stood up, like a little man, and explained his flog. He found out he was on the wrong tack, and "went in stays," that was all.

WALLACE is fixin' up things in his store preparatory to the summer's trade. He is also putting a fine large desk in his office, made by Peterson, on the hill.

Now give us the water-works as soon as possible, so we can make the grass grow in our yards and make the city beautiful instead of being a barren sandy waste as it now is.

DO NOT neglect the only opportunity you will have, in all probability, to listen to the story of the fight at Shiloh by one who was in it—Gen. B. M. Prentiss—next Wednesday evening.

THE Menominee Democrat entertains a comforting belief that the M. & N. railway company will build ore-docks at Menominee and go into competition with the Northwestern for the ore-traffic.

THOSE who come and go between here and the eastern townships complain, bitterly, of the condition of the road across the peninsula, from Stratton to Indiantown, and will, we are told, ask the board of supervisors to do something toward making it better next winter. It is hardly to be expected that the township in which it lies, Bay de Noquet, which has but a small population and makes little use of the road, will make it such a road as the traffic demands, but this city and the townships of Sack Bay, Fairbanks, Garden and Nahma need the road—must have it.

FAYETTE school report for the month ending Feb. 25, 1886: Number of pupils enrolled 56; number of days attendance 836; number of days absence 228; average daily attendance 44; average daily absence 12. Following are the names of pupils neither absent nor tardy during the month: Jennie Burton, Daisy McCorquodale, Aggie Talbot, Anna Altenofen and Willie Bestman. Highest scholarship, Ole Falls; best deportment, Daisy McCorquodale.

NILES COLMAN, Teacher.

THE WATER-WORKS question as submitted received the popular assent and the council has the whole matter now in its hands. It can't be any too prompt in action. Not hurry, of course; no such haste as to involve waste; but the utmost promptitude in placing the matter before the parties who are in the line of such work, in consideration of the plans and proposals submitted and the selection of that which is best and cheapest. We want to put in a water-motor to run our presses, and we want it soon.

LATHROP, MICH., Feb. 28, 1886.

EDITOR IRON PORT:—I think the following will be of interest to some of your readers: On Saturday, February 27, at my camp on the Whitefish river, Mr. John Carmody, foreman of the camp, with five teams on a mile and a half haul, hauled 83,740 feet of logs, being an average of 16,740 feet to each team. Mr. Carmody says if anybody beats that he can do better next time. George Graham, of East Saginaw, scaled the logs.

N. J. WARNER.

THE law officer of the city waxed eloquent in his indignation that anybody should for a moment suspect the city council or the members thereof of any object or purpose other than the public good. That such a suspicion existed he, and every one else there present, knew; and that each and every man of the eight is above suspicion of self-seeking is too much to ask the public to believe. His indignation was rather perfunctory.

P. T. BARNUM, the biggest fraud on earth, says he spends \$2,500 every day for advertising and still he floods the IRON PORT office with marked copies of papers containing puffery for his show which he expects us to copy. Well we guess not, old P. T. When you want anything out of this institution send along some greenbacks or silver. Potatoes are 80 cents a bushel in Escanaba, Mich.

MEMONINEE county must have a new jail and the people must vote the money before the jail can be built. The supervisors, therefore procure a plan from an architect familiar with the work, submit the plan to the state board of charities and corrections, get outside figures on the cost and submit it to a vote. That is business. The people know what they are voting on.

McNAUGHTAN & SCHEMDEL are at last in their new store and have got the paper hanged up like a parlor. Catin did the paper hanging, and Jim Scott applied the paint, and John and Louis have put the finishing touches on by displaying the goods in a manner that makes you feel as though you were entering a country editor's drawing room instead of a grocery store.

On Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock an incipient blaze in one of Grenier's houses, corner of Wells avenue and Wolcott street, called the fire department out. The services of the firemen were not needed however, and they returned to the engine house hoping they would not be again called upon until the water-works was in operation.

PETER O'DONNELL, of Marquette, issues a challenge in the Mining Journal, to walk any man in the upper peninsula a square hpl-and-toe walk of from sixty to one hundred miles for from \$50 to \$100 a side, \$25 to be put up in the Mining Journal office when the match is made. Wonder if Dick Dodge can't accommodate him.

McKENNA hadn't room to do any more building on his own lot so he put a couple of bay windows on the south side of the new building on the corner. They are on the second story, however. Mac will soon have to build skyward or buy more land. That's a settled fact.

DIED, in this city on Sunday, February 28, of spinal meningitis, Marian Clement, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Mead, at the age of two years and eleven months. Mr. and Mrs. Mead have the sympathy of the entire community in their affliction.

THE Menominee Democrat entertains a comforting belief that the M. & N. railway company will build ore-docks at Menominee and go into competition with the Northwestern for the ore-traffic.

THE Eagle polo club disbanded last week and the Peerless club was immediately reorganized and is now composed of the best players of the two clubs. The following are the names of the members: James Corcoran, captain, Harry Matthews, Dan Rooney, John Synonds, Jas. Christie, Al. Purdy and W. H. Bouchard. This new club Charlie a club to practice with, so on Thursday Night Gagnon organized one for that purpose, which is called the Mirror Polo Club (no reflections, please), and is composed of the following gentlemen: E. A. Gagnon, captain, George Finnegan, C. D. Erickson, Frank Dunn, Jr., Wm. Finnegan, P. Perry and Peter McGillis. On Thursday evening the two clubs met for the first time and played twelve games in a little less than two hours, each club winning six out of the twelve. Considering that it was the first game for the Mirror boys we think Capt. Gagnon must have placed his men to advantage on the floor and kept them there.

THERE is nothing under the sun that will build up a town as rapidly as good, substantial improvements. No one will deny that, and it matters little whether the improvements be such as to make business directly or indirectly, or whether they are such as afford comfort and pleasure to its citizens and beautifies the place. Now would it not be a wise plan for the city to appropriate the triangular piece of ground into of the Tilden house property and convert it into a small park. A plain fence could be placed around it. A plain fence could be placed around it, and on all the sides outside for carriage ways, and on the inside have walks the entire distance around it and a liberal supply of benches. To be sure it would take some years to have good grass and shade, but we can not imagine a pleasanter spot on a warm summer's evening than this would be in a few years. At present the place is used as a cow-pasture and unless it is converted into a park (the only thing that can be done with it) it will always remain so. Let us have your views.

THE Chicago Daily Inter Ocean has this to say of Mr. A. Booth's new boat which is being built there and which will come out in the spring with Capt. Basse in command:

Outside of Chicago shipbuilders are engaged generally in building additions to the lake tonnage. Even here, a steamer, 175 feet in length is on the stocks, and it will be ready for launching at the opening of the season. The vessel is being built for A. Booth, of this city, and when she is completed she will be fitted with cabins for passengers and accommodations for freight. It is Mr. Booth's intention to run her in the fish trade between Manitowish, the islands and Chicago. A peculiarity in her construction is the fact that the hull will be composed largely of finely seasoned Georgia pine, which is thought by some experts to be more servicable in vessels than oak. Of course the keel, frame and staves, and in fact the entire skeleton of the vessel will be built of oak alone. Mr. Booth intends that she will be the fastest craft afloat on fresh water, and he will provide her with machinery which will drive her at least eighteen miles an hour.

ON MONDAY Mrs. Wolf, residing at Masonville, went to make some purchases at the village store, leaving her little son, aged about five years, at home alone. While at the store a peculiar crackling noise was heard by those inside, and on going out, Mrs. Wolf's house was discovered to be entirely wrapped in flames. Any attempt to extinguish the fire was rendered useless by the progress it had already made and by the absence of any appliances. The little boy was burned, only a charred mass remaining of his body. No guess, even, can be made as to the manner in which the catastrophe occurred.

A STOCK-BROKER'S exchange has been opened in the Mining Journal editorial room, only copper stocks being touched. At the March delivery either the night editor will own the establishment or else he'll wear patched pants for the ensuing six months. Penciling is perched at a safe height and records the transactions; he expects to make the cigars out of the managing editor or out of his telegraphic friend, according as the market turns.—Mining Journal.

That's the cause of the scarcity of copper in this vicinity. The boys here use 3 cm long primer quads, and in fact any thing they can get hold of in lieu of the genuine article with the Modoc on.

AT THE meeting called by the mayor, on Saturday evening, the alderman from the second ward explained his flog. The explanation was very simple—he found out that he was on the wrong side and proceeded to get on the other. The only thing to be regretted is that he did not make the discovery sooner; had he done so we might have had works by this time.

THE third and fourth pages of Wednesday's Mining Journal were at loggerheads over the game of polo at Negaanee on Monday night. The third page says the Negaanee club is composed of gentlemen who played a fair and honest game, and the fourth page says the same, in substance, only substituting the Casino club's name for the Adelphi's. Quer, isn't it?

THE 1st of April Mr. A. H. Rolph will open up in the grocery business in the store under the Lewis house. Also, that Mrs. Burling will put a stock of groceries in the building lately occupied by Miss Hannah Brown.

"COAL has gone up," said a friend of ours the other day. On looking at our pile we came to the conclusion that the man lied, like a thief. Our pile has gone down, decidedly.

THE lighthouse on Sand Point was destroyed by fire on the morning of Friday. Just the time when the fire was started it was impossible to say, but when the alarm was given, at about one o'clock, the flames had entire possession of the building and had broken through the roof, and nothing could be done either to save it or its contents. It was known that the keeper Mrs. Mary L. Terry, occupied the building, and as she was not seen or heard from it was at once apprehended that she perished in the house, and when the subsidence of the fire and the coming of daylight made an examination of the ruins possible these fears were changed to certainties by the discovery of her remains therein. Mrs. Terry has had charge of the lighthouse nearly 18 years. She was a very methodical woman, very careful in the discharge of her duties and very particular in the care of the property under her charge, and it is difficult to believe that the fire was accidental. She was economical and out of her salary has saved enough to purchase some property in the city; was reputed a woman of means, to a certain extent, and it is easier to believe that the burning of the house and her death is the outcome of a scheme of robbery than to believe it an accident. Justice Glaser and a corner's jury composed of P. Coffee, C. J. Provo, S. F. Edwards, Henry McFall, Chas. H. Scott and John Lawrence viewed the remains (mere fragments—a portion of the skull, a few bones and a small portion of the viscera) which were then placed in charge of D. A. Oliver and an adjournment taken to give time for the collection of evidence. The furnace by which the house was heated was in bad order and it is impossible that the fire originated there. Borden Leighton who was employed about the place on Thursday noticed that the wood-near it was hot and called Mrs. Terry's attention to it, to which she replied that she expected to be burned out by it, some day, but added that she slept with one eye open. The remains were not found in the ruins of her bed room, which was on the north side of the house, but in the southeast corner, evidence pretty conclusive that she did not perish in her bed, unwarned. Mrs. Terry was about 69 years of age.

A DRUNKEN Finn cut officer Tom Owen's clothes all to pieces. How he could have done so much damage to the clothes and so little to Tom is a problem. Mrs. D. T. Denton died on Feb. 21. [Mrs. Denton will be remembered by many of our people.]—Tower Press.

OUR neighbor up the street speaks of a dinner given by the lady of the white house as "a feast of blue points and a flow of claret." Its "Jenkins" seems to have overlooked the fact that Miss Cleveland is as staunch a te-totaler as Mrs. Hayes.

RHINELANDER proposes to extend the Oconto short-line from Shawano to Eland Junction and thence to Abbotsford, making a through line to St. Paul.—Oconto Reporter.

## FIBS FROM FAYETTE.

MARCH 4, 1886.

—Mr. H. G. Merry, supt., returned yesterday from a trip to Menasha, Wis., bringing with him a pure bred Hambletonian colt.

—Mr. P. J. VanKoumaulen, for Franklin, MacVeagh & Co., Chicago, and Messrs. Barker, Edyveau and Cheney, of Milwaukee, were registered at the Shelton house last week.

—Mr. J. D. Mangum with Brewster & Stanton, of Detroit, with a full line of gent's furnishing goods was here on his first trip to this part on Monday.

—The genial countenance of Mr. Thos. Farrell, the cedar man, graced our presence once more this week he having "worked his way back" out of the woods looking fresh and as funny as ever.

—Mr. Sweet, of Fond du Lac, of Common Sense sleigh fame, and Capt. Hawley, of Green Bay, with a fine lot of horses arrived here last evening.

—The Cornet band, from this place attended the Masquerade ball at Garden, on the 22d, accompanied by several others. All returned after a very enjoyable evening.

—Coal and wood are received on the bank every day in large quantities and everything now tends to give the impression that the furnace will be in full blast in a few days.

—Cedar street was a scene of wild excitement for a short time a few nights ago. A crowd having congregated together and after partaking-pretty freely of the "O be joyful" indulged in a general fight which ended in the stabbing of Frank Johnson. Mr. Johnson received two deep cuts in the left side but is now recovering under the skillful treatment of Dr. F. I. Phillips.

—The spelling match between the pupils of our school and those of Garden was to have taken place last Wednesday evening, but for some unknown reason Garden failed to put in an appearance. Whether the non-appearance was caused by the fear of a repetition of the last match at Garden—for a crowd child dreads the fire—or whether their burned out on account of some other reason is not known to your correspondent, however, a crowd assembled in Music Hall and after listening to some excellent exercises in orthography were highly entertained by a programme consisting of music, recitations, dialogues, etc., by the scholars of our school.

GENIUS LOCAL.





# IRON PORT.

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

In 1840 the total number of miles of completed railway track in the United States was 4,270. Now it amounts to 128,500, of which 3,113 was built the past season.

BEFORE we could make our own steel rails English manufacturers made us pay \$112 per ton; now that we can the price is \$30; but if our mills were closed the price would go back to the old figure, too quick.

HUND now says (or the Milwaukee Sentinel lies about it) that he is in full accord with the administration as to the suspension of silver coinage. Had he said it before the election he never would have sat in Jo Rankin's chair.

ANDREW HESS died at Erie, Pa., on Saturday Feb. 27, at the age of 92 years. Mr. Hess served under Napoleon and was with him up to the time he was first driven into exile. He leaves four children, the eldest being 70 years of age.

DETROIT reports a resident of that city, an immigrant from the Scottish highlands named David McLellan, who is 120 years of age. Though he has lived 50 years in America he has never learned English, speaking only his mother tongue, Gaelic.

"EITHER the Almighty," said Gen. Cutcherson, "made a mistake when he made Michigan, or when he made Morrison." Is not the General hasty in conceding that He "made Morrison"? The record testifies that the work of the Creator are "good."

BILL PRICE has a mate. Beach, of New York voted against the pension to Mrs. Hancock. A nice pair, are they not? Fancy matched; Wisconsin black and New York clay-bank; each too stingy to enjoy good food because it costs something.

TOM EDISON ought to sue the Free Press for malicious, criminal, unjustifiable (adjectives give out) libel. Tom never was a beauty but the F. P. "portrait," published on the occasion of his marriage, looks no more like him than it does like the Apollo Belvidere.

"PEARS that this particular Milesian is not "on top" so much as he was. What's the row, Stuart? The Washington dispatch of the Free Press dated Feb. 24, says: "The president has withdrawn his nomination of Thomas Ryan to be postmaster at Sault Ste Marie."

WASHINGTON newsmen of republican proclivities swear that Payne is "all broke up" and will resign. The other sort says that the charges are not annoying him at all, nor the investigation going on at Columbus. You pay your money and you take your choice, which to pin your faith on.

BLANT. DUNCAN has come to the surface again. He announces that the negroes of the south, after twenty years of freedom, are "a mass of paupers." Blanton ought to know something about paupers; he has been a general pauper all his life, one of those fellows who "never miss a meal (or a drink) nor pay a cent."

HENDERSON, of Iowa, says he would prefer "an eternity in hell with a confederate, to an eternity in heaven with a northern copper-head." Mr. H. can't be allowed to pick and choose in that way. If he goes to the former place he'll find the copper head and, if, by any grace, he reaches the latter he may find a confederate.

THE Ohio temperance crusade has taken on a more aggressive form. At first the ladies held prayer-meetings in the saloons, then they "picketed" the stubborn ones which did not yield to prayer, and now somebody (it can't be the ladies) dynamites them. The dynamiting is efficacious; it opens it too wide for business.

MR. PARNELL's plan is for a federal kingdom; parliaments for England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, corresponding to our state legislatures, and an imperial parliament corresponding to congress. So that Ireland gets its parliament, however, he will not insist on the others. While he is about it he might as well call for a republic; the time is almost ripe.

MR. PAVSON, of Illinois, from the public lands committee, on Thursday of last week reported, with the recommendation of the committee that it do pass, a bill to forfeit the lands granted to the state of Michigan in aid in the construction of a railroad from Ontonagon to the Wisconsin state line. It is possible that the Milwaukee lobby can prevent the passage of the bill, but it is not probable, and we may reasonably hope that the s. p. is about to be fit of that incubus. That forfeiture and the late decisions of the department go far to put the Iron county land imbroglio in the way of solution, odd sections as well as even. Then Iron River will boom.

AFTER having been idle two weeks the McCormick reaper works started up on Monday last with such men as were willing to return to the old terms. The number is variously stated at from 200 to 500. Those who stand out appeal to the labor organizations of Chicago for support, moral and financial, saying that if McCormick succeeds in dealing with the men, directly, without the intervention of the labor organizations, it will be the defeat not only of the McCormick employes but of the whole labor organizations of the city. The fight is not for wages but for the power to say who may and who shall not be employed. McCormick claims that right and now exercises that power. If he can continue to do so the labor organizations are, say their spokesmen, of no use.

Less than sixty days ago, it was concluded that the ore then upon the docks, would be pretty much cleaned up by the opening of navigation. A careful calculation was made of the number of furnaces in blast, their capacity and consumption before reaching this conclusion. The coke strike, with the attendant "banking" of furnaces, has to a certain extent, modified the situation; but it has not lasted long enough to make any radical change. Had it lasted another thirty or sixty days, the effect might have been serious to the ore producers.

During the strike, the trade has been practically suspended. Necessarily, consumers were not inclined to make contracts until they could see the outcome of the labor difficulties in the coke region. Equal dullness has prevailed in making contracts for lake charters.

With general resumption by the furnaces, the situation will improve and normal conditions obtain. From the best information obtainable, we think we are entirely safe in saying that, at least, 1,700,000 tons have been placed for 1886, and of this, at least, 1,550,000 have been sold for steel making.

Very careful estimates have been made as to the number of tons of steel ores, that will be needed from the upper lake region, to meet the requirements of the steel makers. These estimates, coming from several sources, run from 2,000,000 to 2,400,000 tons. This amount is irrespective of any ores to come from Missouri, or foreign ores likely to come West. If these calculations are anywhere near correct, it stands to reason, that a very considerable tonnage of non-steel ores will be needed for general foundry and forge irons.

What the aggregate of these will be, cannot be forecast now, for the orders for this class of ores will not come forward until the opening up of Spring and early Summer's business show how far the shops and foundries are likely to be kept in orders for finished goods, and to what extent they will be in the market for the raw material.

Unless all signs fail, we can stand by our former statement, that at least 3,000,000 tons must come down. We do not look for a very active market for the next sixty days, but after that it must either come or some furnace will be left, as it is pretty well understood that the ore companies will not load up the docks with unsold ore, on speculation.—Iron Trade Review.

THE eight hour movement is assuming formidable proportions in Chicago, and promises to be very general among the wage workers, both organized and nonorganized. Already the Brick Layers' union has decided to stand for eight hours work at eight hours pay on May 1, 1886, as recommended by the federation of trade and labor unions of the United States and Canada, and as they number 40,000 men, all working at a trade in Chicago, their demand is likely to be acceded to. The Plasterers' union, numbering some 1,500, has taken an action, as have also lathers, carpenters and all building trades. The Cigarmakers' union has also decided to make a stand for eight hours, and the Typographical union, numbering some 1,500 members, yesterday decided to fall into line and work eight hours from and after the first, and invited other printers' unions to co-operate. The general feeling among the workers seems to be to accept the eight hours pay for eight hours work, and manufacturers and employers generally do not seem to strenuously object to the proceeding.

AMONG the many who write on the "labor question" there are few who dare (or care) to touch, as does Geo. W. Scott, of Chicago, in a letter which we copy from the Age of Steel, upon a point more vital to the issue than any other; viz, the necessity of sobriety and economy. The wage-earner who spends from one tenth to one-half his wage in the gratification of an acquired appetite not conducive to his well-being (to put it no more strongly) will not save, and he who does not save has only pauperism to look forward to when age or infirmity overtakes him. The wage-earner who indulges in a habit which makes him of less and less value while it demands more and more of his wage each year, may be left out of the calculation; it is the sober, economical man only who has a right to be heard.

THERE was a convention of prohibition editors the other day at Detroit, and the Rev. John Russel laid down the law to the smaller fry; the "line of editorial battle," as the Center calls it. Looking over the "line of battle" prescribed it appears merely as the skirmish line, thrown out in front of the democratic hosts which constitute the real "line of battle"; and the tactics prescribed by the reverend editor appear to consist of robust lying, well stuck to. To particularize: He says, "Prohibition means death to the trade". Now the thirty years' experience of the state of Maine shows conclusively that it does not mean any such thing, as do the experiences, during shorter terms, of Kansas, Iowa, Ohio and Michigan.

The convention of the postmasters excites a good deal of comment and we note that some republican prints are trying to make political capital out of it. Foolish, very. Hold-overs were as active in the movement as the new men. Truth is, third and fourth-class postmasters do not get a square deal, and there is no impropriety in their attempt to bring that fact to the notice of congress and the public, and the republican who can find no better point of attack had better remain in camp.

HAZEN, Brig. Gen. U. S. A., C. S. O. and A. S. S., has begun a libel suit against the publisher of the New York Times. If the "hero of Fort McAllister" sees every paper which tells the truth about him he will be kept busy during the remainder of his life though it were a century, and if he should get a verdict in each case he might have money enough to go into a business suited to his capacity—renovating old clothes, or selling peanuts.

CAPT. ED. COX has plans for a steam ice-boat which he has sent to Washington to be secured by patent. He thinks he can make a boat 60 feet long and eight feet wide, loaded with ten tons of freight and twenty passengers, go at the rate of thirty miles an hour. F. I. Schuyler attempted to cross Green Bay with a pair of horses and sleigh, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Addison Cleveland and their two children, on Friday, Feb. 19. When some four miles from Chambers' Island light the horses fell into a crack and could not be got out, and the whole party came near perishing. They were rescued by Keeper Williams, of the light house, all frost-bitten but none lost.—Door County Advocate.

BETWEEN 1808 and 1813 the experiment of free trade in salt was tried. It closed every salt-pan in the country and in 1813 salt was sold at four dollars a bushel. Mr. Mayberry is trying to experiment over again. Michigan's salt industry has grown since 1860, from a yearly output of 20,000 to one of 14,000,000 bushels and the price has dropped to sixteen cents a bushel; under protection, mind.

—About sixty patents every year are issued to women, yet none of the little dears have ever succeeded in keeping a child quiet in a theatre.

## FESTIVAL OF MOULOUD.

The Strange Sights to Be Seen in a Morocco Town.

Saffi is perhaps the least known, but withal, on account of its picturesque situation and traditions, the most interesting of the seaport towns of Morocco. Here is to be found the ancient palace, still in a good state of preservation, of a "sultanogre" named Moulay Yezid, who was in the habit of de-capitating his domestics to play at bowls with their heads. This monster, surnamed "Redbeard," a characteristic derived from his mother's race, was the son of Moulay Mohamed ben Abdullah, who married an Irishwoman, the widow of an English serjeant of the line, who died here some time in the year 1780. Saffi is also one of the holy cities of the Moorish Empire, and in consequence is thronged with ragged but saintly individuals, who thrive on the charity of the devout. During the Mohammedan holiday of Mouloud, which was celebrated on the 19th and 20th of December, and which embraces a fair held yearly in honor of that saint, so dear to all Mussulmans, "Moulay Abd el-Kedar-Gilley-el-Bagdady," the European resident here were the shuddering spectators of the religious frenzy exhibited by the "Aissowa" and "Hamadsha," or "Hamdoushy," on the occasion of their public processions, which are also conducted in this holiday. The "Aissowa" are of the brotherhood of "Moulay Hamed ben Aissa," a saint of great favor among the Moors. It is pretended that their manifestations, which include snake-charming and juggling, ridicule the miracles of Jesus Christ, and this preposterous statement is accepted by the Moors as sufficient explanation of their vagaries. The "Hamadsha" are the disciplinarians of one Sidi Ali ben Hamdoushy, whose zowia is situated on Mount Zehrouan, near the city of Mequinez. It is their practice on the occasion of religious festivities to throw cannon balls into the air, which they receive on their bare heads, and to inflict lashes upon their persons with a small axe. The holiday of Mouloud is accompanied by the displays of religious enthusiasts throughout his Sheerelian Majesty the Sultan of Morocco's dominions; but at no other point do these fanatics amuse themselves with such ferocity as at Saffi, where the rapaciousness of their behaviour renders it extremely dangerous for a Christian or Jew to cross their path during certain hours of the day. Even the Musselman spectators stand with naked feet, fearing the "Aissowa," for lack of prey, should seize and devour their shoes. None but an eye witness can conceive the degrading scenes which occur during these processions; and none, even the enactors, can derive enjoyment therefrom. The "Aissowa" are naked to the waist, and wear their hair so that when necessary it covers the face. The "Hamadsha," on the contrary, are shaven, as is the custom of Mohammedans. The principal performers assemble at their respective zowias or chapels in town, and rally forth attended by the "gerowwa" (blacks), who are usually the musicians of the party. They beat tam-tams and play an instrument whose tones it is impossible to describe on paper. Suffice it to say, the student of this instrument is not allowed to pursue his practice in town, but has to play in a solitary and distant spot until proficient. This will convey some impression of the music imparted to listeners by this barbarous flageolet. As the processionists warm with excitement, then commences the fun of the fair. The Aissowa seize any live animal in sight, be it cat, dog, goat or sheep. Goats are usually provided for these occasions by admirers. They tear them to pieces, and vie one, with another to devour the bleeding morsels of flesh. They struggle, rolling over and over upon the ground, shouting, leaping and gesticulating. They wave the entrails and skins of their victims in the faces of their comrades, who try to seize the prey with their teeth or rut their faces in the reeking mass. Just behind and around are the "Hamadsha," covered with blood and mire, singing their quaint and not ungraceful hymn, and chopping themselves to the cadence of the music. Such is the strange behavior of these fraternities on high days and holidays. After parading the town by day, in the evening these zealots return to their sanctuary, where a supper is provided for their edification. It is worthy of note that their most exciting beverage is green tea, taken with a large quantity of sugar, and flavored with mint. The supper is followed by a pipe of "keefe" (the leaves of the hemp plant), which forms an agreeable sedative after the excitements of the afternoon.—Cor. Pull Mall Gazette.

## The State.

Crouch had to pay Ballaw the detective whom he hired not to detect.

Henry Miller, a West Bay City saloon-keeper, was bound and gagged in his saloon by two men who then "went through" him and the place, but got only \$100.

Lam Robison is exhibiting a gum, at Kal-amazoo, which shoots a steel projectile through six and a half inches of iron with a charge of only ten pounds of powder. Its range is said to be fifteen miles.

A woman named Jones kept a disreputable house at Oscoda but does so no longer. A mob raided and burned it on the night of Feb. 23.

Footo, for the killing of Brink at Flint, got a life sentence.

Carveath for attempting to poison his wife at Hastings, was sent to Jackson for 18 years.

Mary Noll died at Grand Rapids on the 26th, from the effects of an abortion, and several young men of that city are on the anxious seat.

The spiritualists of Michigan held a meeting at Grand Rapids last week. Nothing of importance materialized.

Willie Hodgkin is not dead, but mending. Maybe the doctors were mistaken in the diagnosis.

The Mancelona furnace has been sold to a new company which will put it into blast at once, under the management of E. Fitzgerald.

The old first Michigan infantry boys will reunite at Jackson, May 5.

Gov. Alger has appointed Hon. Watson Beate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Wixson, of the 24th circuit.

Frank Rickett, of Grand Rapids, knows more about eggs than a hen, and has more of them than a grocer. Eggs of all kinds, from that of an ostrich to those of a humming-bird.

The Wittmans and the Knochs are fighting in Wayne county courts over the bit of property left by Frank Knoch. The name of Frank's wife was Wittman, previous to her marriage.

Carveath, tried at Hastings for attempting to take the life of his wife by poison, was convicted.

Joseph B. Clarke, of Dowagiac [cousin of the editor of the IRON PORT] died in that city on Feb. 25.

Alex. Rose fell from the top of one of the electric light towers in Detroit and was killed.

Robert Clark, of Fife Lake stood too close to the track of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad and was hit by the engine and killed.

Edward Regves, of Grand Rapids, son of wealthy and respectable parents of course, made a duplicate key of his employer's safe and when an opportunity offered extracted its contents and skipped, on Sunday last.

There are now 237 inmates at the Michigan Soldiers' Home.

Mrs. Herbert Hollis, became weary of life and attempted to depart from it by the morphine route on Saturday last. A doctor got hold of the case in time and she has postponed the trip for a time, at least. All Jackson.

Mrs. Mary A. Sarsney, mother of Congressman Sarsney died at East Saginaw on Tuesday, March 2. She was 76 years of age and a resident of Michigan for 40 years.

## 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.

## The Willing Workers.

Will give a social and candy pull at the residence of Mrs. Symons on Tuesday, March 9, at 7 p. m. The proceeds are to be used for materials to use during Lent. Admission 10 cents.

JOSIE LONGLEY, Pres.,  
LILLIE EICHBAUM, vice-Pres.,  
JESSIE ROGERS, Secretary,  
CONNIE OLIVER, Treasurer.  
Escanaba, March 1, 1886.

## 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.

## 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, F. Plant, C. Knudsen, E. Boyer, Job Olmsted, Gust. Boirdelais, M. J. Sullivan, A. DeJoria. 101

## For Sale.

The west 1/2 of the southwest 1/4 or the southwest 1/4 of southwest 1/4 of section 24, town 40 north, range 23 west. Apply to Jo. Reno, Flat Rock.

## 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.

## P. M. PETERSON,

Fine Household and Office Furniture.

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.

## HESEL & HENTSCHEL,

Fresh, : Salted : and : Smoked : Meats

BUTTER, EGGS AND PRODUCE.

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

## BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

## New Jewelry

and . Elegant . Styles . in . Silverware

for . the . Public,

at . Stegmiller's . Jewelry . House.

## 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.



## 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, (not  
but the best materials used.)

FEEB STORE.

**ED. DONOVAN,**

—DEALER IN—

## FLOUR

**FEED, HAY,**

**GRAIN AND SEEDS.**

Special attention to orders by mail.

LUDINGTON ST., COR. WOLCOTT,  
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 Manistiquic 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.

Also dealer in Seltzer Water, Ginger Ale and  
Weiss Beer.

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, Supr.

**TREAT ALL CHRONIC DISEASES**

and diseases of the Eye and Ear. We cure Catarrh  
and discharges 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 plates, and valuable prescriptions  
for **Home Treatment.**

Send to 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 more money at once, than anything else 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. Immediate pay sure for  
those who start at once. Strasson & 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 LABOR QUESTION.

IN ANSWER to the five questions propounded  
by the Age of Steel:

- (1) Are strikes and lock-outs a necessary  
feature of the wage system?
- (2) Is arbitration the missing coupling be-  
tween labor and capital?
- (3) May we not hope to discover some  
more satisfactory and equitable basis for the  
division of the profits arising from industrial  
enterprises?
- (4) Does the remedy lie in the direction of  
industrial partnerships—a mutual partici-  
pation of all concerned in the profits arising from  
production?
- (5) Is productive co-operation practicable  
in the United States?

We think no apology is necessary for con-  
tinuing the publication of the opinions of the  
gentlemen who reply to the questions pro-  
pounded by the Age of Steel. At any rate we  
make no apology. The subject is one that  
has more to do with the future of our country  
than any—than all others. If the relations  
between capital and labor can be so adjusted  
as that harmony will result there is no glory  
of progress that may not be confidently ex-  
pected to ensue: if the present antagonism  
continues there is no disaster that we need not  
fear. The question is the question of the  
hour and it presses for solution:

Geo. W. Scott, of Chicago, manager of the  
Calumet Iron and Steel Nail Works—  
In answer to your categorical questions in  
regard to wage workers, which have received  
the attention of such distinguished political  
economists as the Hon. A. M. Chew, of  
Wheeling, W. Va., allow me to say a word, as  
I have had some thirty years of wage-work  
experience and have given much attention to  
the whole economic phase of the subject.  
God Almighty has not up to date, out of his  
supreme wisdom furnished a country—and I  
presume never will—that will enable a wage  
worker to make progress in savings while the  
wage worker supports saloons. Wage work-  
ers and political economists may ignore this  
awful fact as much as they please and deceive  
themselves if they want to, but what is wanted  
in this "age of steel" is a little more truth  
honestly spoken. I know from sad experi-  
ence of what I say to be true. This is the  
solution of the wage workers' problem. I  
don't speak thus for the purpose of a temper-  
ance lecture, but for the purpose of giving you  
a fair square deal school answer, with no  
"whipping the devil around the bush."

Mr. J. Vincent Taylor, commercial editor of  
the United States Mining Machine Times New  
York, and a most thoughtful writer upon var-  
ious phases of the labor question, favors us  
with the following:

To answer No. 1 promptly, no "strike" or  
"lockout" can be necessary feature in the fur-  
therance of any industrial scheme, though it is  
seemingly alleged to be sometimes compulsory  
to resort to them. Why so? The working  
classes of America are presumed to be intel-  
lectually in advance of those of Europe and of  
the last decade, and so the "dignity" of labor  
aspires to something more in keeping with  
that dignity, which in some way aims to be  
classed as a species of capital in itself, ar-  
ranging its growing importance as "physical  
capital," and thus supplies the want of one of  
your eminent contributors to this department,  
seeking the most appropriate title of modern  
times for labor. Thus when physical capital  
appeals to the employing powers for some  
consideration, it does so upon a higher plane  
than did the men of fifty years ago, asserting  
that physical capital and fiscal (money) capital  
are on equal levels, and that if it is fair in law  
or social conduct for fiscal capital to reduce  
wages (or close its doors) in one case, it is  
equally legitimate for physical capital to de-  
mand an increase of wages (or to strike) in  
the other case. But no strike occurs without  
some attempts at simple arbitration in the way  
of stating a grievance, asking for what is  
desired, etc. If, after being listened to, the  
prayer of the workers is refused, a strike,  
where one occurs, is the result of cause and  
effect on the part of both fiscal and physical  
capital rather than a "necessary feature of the  
wage system." Nothing evil or inhuman is a  
necessary, yet both the strike and the lockout  
are evil in their very existence.

2. Arbitration is good only according to  
the intelligence of those seeking redress  
through its employment. Thus, with arbitra-  
tion, the engineers of the New York city ele-  
vated railroads managed to overcome a great  
difficulty, because the intelligence of the  
directing head grasped the trouble in an intel-  
ligent manner, using reasonable arguments  
with (at that time) a reasonable employing  
power which was at first inclined to be over-  
masterful. Now take the case of the strike in  
the coke regions for analytical research.  
"What do we find? A foreign element of low  
intelligence; an element, too, employed more  
for reason of alleged cheapness than anything  
else. But that low intelligence (the Hungar-  
ian) had made known its wants before  
striking. Those needs had been refused—a  
strike, involving the destruction of property,  
loss of life, etc., ensued. It is thus made  
manifest that at the present date arbitration  
is not the "missing link" for yoking the two  
disputants in harmonious activity. Therefore  
arbitration can only be effective for lasting  
good where it inheres to the benefit of both  
parties to a question, aiming to settle (rather  
than making shift with compromise) the dis-  
pute in force according to higher degrees of  
intelligence on the part of physical capital,  
and the enlarged liberal sympathies animating  
fiscal capital. This embraces an education  
of the people in which I find the Age of Steel  
impartially engaged already.

Question No. 3 involves an immense  
breadth of thought. As the intelligence of  
men increases in mental strength, constantly  
striving to reach higher levels in the world's  
common intellectual progress, and so elevates  
the mental capacity of the workers, the hope  
of discovering something more substantial than  
is at present known for a more equitable di-  
vision of profits, resulting from the combined  
efforts of physical capital and the employed or

invested money of fiscal capital may be ulti-  
mately realized. But for the present moment  
we seem to see no new discovery in sight.  
And why? Because the results of labor are  
not always the same. Also the results of  
keeping capital in constant activity is not  
always the same, either; hence profit and loss.  
Where there is fluctuation there is no intrinsic  
value. Where the products of labor are sub-  
ject to conditions of constant charges, created  
only by the calls of demand upon the capacity  
to supply, everything is liable to be more un-  
equal than equal every year. This being so,  
though division of profits may be adopted by  
one or more experimentalists with good results,  
it is impossible to legislate for its adoption as  
a general rule for a given nation, because de-  
trimental to individual enterprise in that it  
is an old feudal idea dressed in a new form.  
But this should not prevent us from making  
new discoveries for the benefit of both parties,  
if earnestly searching for or trying to originate  
the same, and so I would urge the Age of  
Steel forward into new realms of discovery.

Interrogation 5 is practicable in any part  
of the world where civilization sits enthroned.  
We have seen it in China, in Australia, in  
Cape Town, (Africa) and most of you know  
that it has produced good fruits in France as  
well. But everything depends upon the hon-  
esty of managers and the ability of the heads  
of such management in co-operative organiza-  
tions of every kind. It requires so much sys-  
tem and ready knowledge as working capital  
to carry such undertakings forward to remune-  
rative pecuniary results. A partial remedy  
would be found in 4 or 5, if one fraction of  
the profits could find its way to the pockets  
of the wage workers once a year without  
making deductions from the weekly or  
monthly wage. But it would seem to me, on  
the whole, that all of us have much to learn  
in solving the great problem before us, and  
that it will require a whole generation to make  
the necessary reforms, aided alike by wise  
legislation and individual thought."

J. M. Swank, general manager American  
Iron and Steel Association:  
Unfortunately arbitration in this country  
which has been sanctioned and regulated by  
law, but not enforced by it, has been of little  
avail in the settlement of disputes between  
employers and employees. All other arbitra-  
tion, being merely an appeal to the reason of  
both sets of disputants, has existed since the  
world began, and is not, therefore, a new  
remedy for anything. Compulsory arbitration,  
that is, arbitration with a sheriff or posse of  
soldiers behind it, to compel obedience to its  
decisions, is foreign to the genius of our in-  
stitutions, and neither employers or employees  
desire it. We may be certain that we will  
not see it in our day. Wherein is the ele-  
ment of justice in compulsory arbitration that  
would compel an employer to pay wages that  
he cannot afford and that might bankrupt him,  
or that would compel a workman to labor for  
lower wages than he believes he is entitled to  
receive? Voluntary arbitration between a  
particular employer and his workmen, or be-  
tween a body of employers and a body of  
workmen is, however, desirable, and yet  
we have seen at Pittsburg how even this kind  
of arbitration, operating through the Wallace  
act, has failed to prevent strikes and their  
attendant evil consequences.

Productive co-operation is a plant that has  
never taken kindly to American soil. The  
element confidence between man and man ap-  
pears to have always been lacking—the cer-  
tainty that every man was doing his full share  
and that there was the necessary amount of  
brains at the head of the management. Then,  
too, manufacturing enterprises in our day and  
in our country require large capital to render  
them successful, and any number of workmen  
may not have the necessary handmaid to  
labor. Even if a body of workmen should  
be financially able to build or buy a manu-  
facturing establishment, what is to become of  
them and their families in dull times like  
these when it would be difficult to secure  
orders at any prices, and when they might be  
compelled to cease operations through a total  
lack of demand for their products? Capital  
is needed to tide over periods, and often very  
long periods of depression. There will be  
very little co-operation in this country except  
in the supply of the necessities of life. But  
as a substitute for co-operation there exists,  
no reason why a workman who, has saved  
something out of his earnings could not buy a  
few shares of stock in the company or cor-  
poration which has given him employment.  
An employee of the Pennsylvania railroad  
company can buy stock in that company as  
well as a millionaire, and an employee of  
the Cambria Iron Company who has money in  
the savings bank can buy stock in that com-  
pany if he so desires.

If there can be no objection to the scheme of  
profit sharing if manufacturers can be induced  
to adopt it. It is on its face more practicable  
as a remedy for the frequent differences be-  
tween workmen and their employers, and as  
a barrier to the widening gulf between the rich  
and the poor, than either arbitration or co-  
operation. But is it so in reality? Will man-  
ufacturers consent to share their profits with  
their workmen after paying them fair wages?  
We doubt it. We can see that they might do  
this, from considerations that appeal to their  
sense of justice as well as to their business  
instincts, but manufacturers are like other  
people; they have in them a great deal of  
human nature. Especially do they believe  
that when times are good they are justified in  
recouping themselves for losses sustained  
when the times have been bad. We fear  
that profit sharing will not become a marked  
feature in the manufacturing industries of our  
country until we approach much nearer to the  
millennium than we have yet done.

A Walking Skeleton.  
E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I  
was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs,  
and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial  
bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption,  
which did me so much good that I bought a dollar  
bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once  
more a man, completely restored to health, with a  
healthy appetite and a gain in flesh of 40 pounds.  
Call at Geo. Preston's drug store and get a free trial  
bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large  
bottles 50c."

I Will Always Keep it in my House.  
Dr. Warner—Dear Sir, I was very well satisfied  
with the medicine you sent me, and after using that  
and a few bottles besides, I will say that it is one of  
the best remedies I ever tried for Coughs and Colds,  
and will therefore recommend it highly. And I will  
always have your White Wine of Tar Syrup in my  
house as a family medicine. Yours truly,  
Stanton, Iowa. Rev. C. G. KATTISBORN.

## Geo. H. Cook

TINNER.

### — 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!

CONTRACTOR.



## O. A. Norman,

Contractor and Builder.

Will furnish plans for and erect any de-  
scription of building, large or small, or per-  
form any work in that line, promptly and at  
reasonable prices.

Shop and residence corner Charlotte and  
Second street.

### 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 reser-  
ved to market under the provisions of Act No. 145  
Session Laws of 1863, 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.			Acres.	Per Cent.	Price.
SUBDIVISION.					
Section					
18 1/2 of ne 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	\$12 00
18 1/2 of nw 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	50 00
sw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	34	50	5 00
se 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	5 00
ne 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	5 00
se 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	5 00
sw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	5 00
se 1/4 of se 1/4	16 48 n	31 w	40	50	12 00
IRON COUNTY.					
Section					
ne 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 43 n	33 w	40	50	5 00
nw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 43 n	33 w	40	50	5 00
se 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 43 n	33 w	40	50	5 00
sw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 43 n	33 w	40	50	5 00
MARQUETTE COUNTY.					
Section					
ne 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
ne 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
nw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
se 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
sw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 47 n	26 w	40	25	00
MICHIGAN COUNTY.					
Section					
ne 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 40 n	27 w	40	13	00
nw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 40 n	27 w	40	13	00
se 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 40 n	27 w	40	13	00
sw 1/4 of ne 1/4	16 40 n	27 w	40	13	00
ne 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
nw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
se 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
sw 1/4 of nw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
ne 1/4 of se 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
nw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
se 1/4 of se 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
sw 1/4 of se 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
ne 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
nw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
se 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00
sw 1/4 of sw 1/4	16 41 n	29 w	40	5	00

## 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-cured and the greatest seller; always in good  
order and gives good satisfaction. It is packed in  
styles which preserve the Pleasant, Ripeness, Cheesy  
condition. 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

### "A SKEPTIC SAID"

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates  
Bills, Carbuncles and Scabs. Permanently and  
promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and  
beautiful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil,  
twins brothers. Changes bad breath to good, renom-  
ing the complexion. Breeds bilious tendencies and makes  
clear complexion. Equalled by none in the deliv-  
erance of fever. A charming restorative and a matchless  
laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind.  
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiate. Relieves

### "THE GREAT"

## NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheu-  
matism by routing it. Restores life-giving prop-  
erty to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous  
diseases. Relieves when all opiates fail. Dr.  
frees the mind and invigorates the body. Cures  
dyspepsia or money refunded.

### "NEVER FAILS"

Disease of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed  
in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens,  
clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe.  
For sale by all leading druggists. 50c.

The Dr. S. A. RICHMOND NERVE CO., St. Joseph, Mo.  
FOR SALE BY GEO. PRESTON.

### 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. Glavin's  
Residence, Ludington St.  
Special attention to  
**ROOFING.**

**LIQUORS.**



New Store. New Goods.

## 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

### 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-cured and the greatest seller; always in good  
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condition. 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

Use Parker's Hair Balm for dressing  
the hair, restoring its color  
when gray and preventing  
dandruff. It cleanses the scalp,  
softens the hair follicles, and it  
is safe in all cases.

**PARKER'S STONIC**

The Best Cough Cure you can use.  
Recommended by eminent physicians. Promotes  
the well known properties of purifying the  
blood and building up the health and strength. It  
has made wonderful cures of bronchitis, Rheumatism,  
Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases,  
and has brought health and comfort to thousands  
of suffering women. Its property of increasing the  
nutritive quality of the blood, renders it so ef-  
fective in removing the vital energies that it often  
saves life. If you suffer from Debility, skin Erup-  
tions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia,  
Diarrhea, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood  
is defective and is losing its power to nourish and  
sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in  
bed, but use PARKER'S STONIC today. It will give  
you new strength and vigor. "It's a God-Sent."

Sold by all Druggists. Large bottles 50c.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. It  
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous  
Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses  
blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutral-  
izes germs of disease and saves sickness.

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For sale by all leading druggists. 50c.

The Dr. S. A. RICHMOND NERVE CO., St. Joseph, Mo.  
FOR SALE BY GEO. PRESTON.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

## Do You Want The Earth?

A 40c Colum Humorous Paper.

Every issue filled with the choicest selections from  
the best humorous writers of the day. Thirty to  
forty illustrations in each number. In order to intro-  
duce it, we will send it three months on trial for 50  
cents in silver. Address HAWKEYE SIFTINGS,  
527 Locust Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., MARCH 6, 1887.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Full often in our lives has come a day... We pondered, deep and long, which one to choose.

Ab, soul look upward, trusting; kiss the rod, and know there is no 'might have been' with God.

Shadows on the Snow.

By B. L. FARJEON. AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "JOSHUA MARVEL," ETC., ETC.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

It was dark enough to the morose man as he stood by the side of his maimed child fighting with his soul. "I could be happier—I know I could be happier, if you and the world were different to each other—if you did not regard it as your enemy. But that will never be, father, will it?"

their feet, and have envied them because they were strong and had straight limbs, and were free from pain—which I seldom am, unless I am asleep. "They suffer much," said Stephen, attempting to draw consolation for her from the misery of others; "they are often without a meal or a bed."

his condition. The temporary retainer, driven by Kitty's distracting airs into a state of overbubbling love, listened to this quarrel with secret pleasure, and, beguiling Kitty under the mistletoe, attempted to snatch from her tempting lips a repetition of the temporary bliss which had fired his soul. But this time he reckoned without his host. Kitty—sly puss as she was—knowing that Samuel was near, pretended to struggle with the poacher, crying out with affected indignation: "How dare you, sir! What do you mean by it? Oh, Samuel, Samuel! Save me!" Whereupon Samuel, his jealousy melting in the warmth of this appeal, flew to the rescue, and caught Kitty in his arms—where she lay panting, her pointing lips in a direct line with the mistletoe, and looking altogether so lovely and bewitching that—Well, he did what you would have done—kissed her once, and again, and again, and would have gone on for there is no saying how long, had not Kitty run away to hide her blushes and delight.

relations? What would be the use of making marriage settlements in favor of a breath of wind? What would be the use of making one's will in favor of a breath of wind? What would be the use of actions at law, writs of ejectment, pleas, interpleas, rules nisi, original process, chancery suits and insolvencies? What, in short, would become of law?" "That is no breath of wind, I grant you," said the little doctor, good-humoredly; "it is a grim reality. But I spoke metaphorically."

J. N. MEAD, Druggist and Pharmacist, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY, BOOKS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Elgin Watches! Stylish Jewelry and SILVERWARE.

CHEAP HOMES! F. W. LINDQUIST HAS FOR SALE Railroad, State and School LANDS IN SOUTHERN MINNESOTA. BUY A HOME Small Cash Payment and 30 Years Credit. N. LUDINGTON CO., ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH Pine: Lumber, : Lath : and : Shingles, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, AT THE LOWEST PRICES. LUMBER YARD IN THE REAR OF "THE IRON PORT" OFFICE. CASH PAID ATTENTION TO BUSINESS AND CONSCIENTIOUS WORK. JULIAN M. CASE, Marquette, Mich.

**LEADING A DOG.**

**A Faithful Experience with an Affectionate, But Unruly, Newfoundland:**

Sir Walter Scott was fond of dogs. I am not. This shows that literary men, however similar their genius, may differ in matters of taste. But it was agreed in our family that we must have a dog, and a Newfoundland dog at that. I shall not enter into the particulars of the discussion, but will merely say, that at last I agreed to buy the animal.

There is a store on Woodward avenue that is a pandemonium. Some very small dogs were caged in the window, and so I entered the zoological boiler-shop.

"Have you a Newfoundland dog?" I shouted in the ear of the proprietor.

"Yes," he replied.

"How old and how much?"

"Three months and eight dollars."

We bargained in capital letters, and finally I became possessed of the dog and a forty-cent collar, while the proprietor threw in a cord with which to lead the animal. The brute showed what little sense it had by refusing to leave this babel of birds. It sat on the floor and the boy had to push it along with a broom while I pulled on the cord in front. When we got out the proprietor followed, and closing the door so that we could talk quietly in the comparative silence of the street traffic, said:

"He doesn't look handsome just now, you know, for he hasn't been fed well by the man that owned him. You'll soon get him into good condition. He's a little frightened, but when you lead him a block he'll be all right."

So I started down Woodward avenue, pulling the dog after me. He persisted in sitting down and sliding along the pavement.

"See here," said a good-natured stranger, "you'll choke that pup to death in a minute or two."

"Well, I can't stay here all day just because the pup wants to."

"Oh, you just turn around and try to lead him up the avenue and he'll go all right in the other direction."

I patting the dog and easily established friendly relations with him. He was a very friendly animal. Then we started off again. He made playful little jumps at people which they generally resented, and so I was kept busy apologizing most of the way to the first crossing. Here he sat down again and we were both nearly run over by an impetuous buggy. The next block we met another dog and instantly I thought I was caught in a whirlwind. I kicked the brutes apart and hauled mine away by the string.

"See here," said the owner of the other dog, "what did you kick my dog for?"

"I didn't kick your dog—particularly. I kicked at the heap. To even things up you may kick my dog and welcome. Further, you may kick me if you ever meet me leading a dog down Woodward avenue again." He seemed mollified and went on.

Crossing the Fort street track the dog sat down again. The car was coming, of course, and as the driver put on the brakes he did not disguise what he thought of both of us. There was nothing else for it, so I picked the dog bodily up and carried him to the sidewalk. He thought this was an exhibition of my affection for him, so he pawed me over with his muddy feet till I was a sight to see. In front of the Russell House he gave an exhibition of his playfulness. There were a number of men sitting behind the big plate-glass windows with their feet at the necessary elevation to enable them to enjoy the passing show in comfort. The dog saw some one that struck his fancy, and making a sudden break for him jerked the string out of my hand. I endeavored to coax him back. I tried to get hold of the string again. The miserable brute thought I wanted to have some fun with him. He playfully danced around and barked joyfully. The Russell House people seemed to enjoy the affair very much, which of course was consoling to me. Two or three times I just missed the string and nearly came down on the pavement in my anxiety to grasp it. The dog thought it was fine sport. He never had met quite as jolly a fellow as I was. It was not every master that would drop in the crowded street and play with his dog. He leaped from side to side and yelped and wagged his tail and thought this was not half so bad a world after all. Meanwhile I had to dissemble and pretend I was his friend, while all the time I would liked to have kicked him over the city hall tower. At last I turned away in disgust. He came dancing to me, springing up to me and trying to lick my hand in token of the good time we had had. He was a very affectionate dog. I caught the string once more, and to prevent a recurrence of this thing I tied the end of it to a buttonhole in my overcoat. We went along to the next block in good shape and then met a small dog. This one didn't want to fight, but it was in for fun. Round and round me the two dogs ran until my dog brought up tightly against my feet, having wound me up in the string like a mummy. I cut the string at the buttonhole and unwound myself free. I stood back a step and gave that dog one heartfelt kick. He landed near Jefferson avenue, and used the impetus I gave him to make the quickest time ever made by a Detroit dog when he lit on his feet. His long, flying bowl of disappointment and reproach still rings in my ears. Anybody finding this dog will confer a favor on me by keeping him.—*Like Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

Aunt Maria was not a great favorite with the children, and an invitation that she brought one morning in person for one of the boys to go back with her and spend the day at the farm did not meet with an overenthusiastic reception from any of those young worthies. "I'm thinking that I'd better go," confessed Will, in an undertone, to his younger brothers. "Oh! yes, go on," said Dwight, encouragingly; "perhaps the pig will get loose, and then you'll have a first-rate time."—*Harper's Bazar.*

**THE SUMPITAU.**

**A Peculiar Blow-Gun and Poisoned Arrows Used by the Dyaks.**

A peculiar weapon, and one whose like we have not yet seen, is the "sumpita" or blow-gun of the Dyaks. This weapon is a long, straight and polished tube of heavy wood, about eight feet long and an inch or two in diameter, bored out with the utmost care, customarily ornamented with tweed patterns, and often surrounded at the end with metal. At the end, lashed to the side in such a way as not to interfere with the main use of the weapon, is often found a spear-head, giving the sumpita a two-fold use, and showing us that it was after all no Caucasian who invented the bayonet.

The sumpita shoots a poisoned arrow. This is only about six or eight inches long, and as thick as a heavy darning needle, being frequently only a large thorn. At its base—secret of the force with which it can be blown—it has a little wad or ball of pith, which just fits the caliber throughout.

The top of this tiny arrow is poisoned. Rev. Mr. Wood thinks, with the juice of the deadly native upas tree; but in this he is not necessarily right. Mr. Carl Bock, who is perhaps the only traveler of note who ever saw the process of preparing the arrows, thus describes what he observed among the Poonians of the interior:

"They had a bundle of arrows by their side, and as soon as the poisonous matter was hot, they took a small quantity and smeared it over a wooden plate, by means of a wooden instrument resembling a pestle, till the plate was covered with a thick layer. Then taking an arrow, they rolled the head across the plate, so that it became coated with the nasty matter. Next they made a spiral incision in the arrow head, and again rolled it over the plate. What this arrow poison is made of, I never could ascertain, notwithstanding all my inquiries on the spot. It certainly contained nicotine, which the Dyaks collect from their pipes, when they get foul, after smoking."

Many scientific men of Europe have attempted the discovery of the nature of this poison, but have failed; nor has an antitoxin been discovered which is more certain than the common treatment for a snake bite—copious draughts of spirits and abundant exercise with cauterization of the wound. It is probable that different poisons are used.

The wound of this tiny arrow is usually within a few minutes fatal to animal or man. The bravest troops dread to march against an enemy so armed; for the hidden foe, using a weapon perfectly silent (even more so than the bow and spear) can creep undiscovered to easy distance, and slay a dozen men before his location can be determined. It is strange, too, at what range this weapon is fatal. At forty or fifty yards the native can use it with perfect accuracy and can even do execution at seventy-five to one hundred yards; a distance almost incredible.

English sailors soon learned to dread the canoe attacks of these fierce pirates, who came on with their "pea-shooters," and blew a perfect cloud of death darts through every cranny of the ship's defenses.

The Dyak uses the sumpita as a hunting weapon, for which its perfect silence renders it the more serviceable. Most of his game is killed with it. He cuts out an inch or so of the flesh from about the tiny wound, and then eats the animal with perfect impunity. The poison seems not to affect the remainder of the body at all. The effect of this poison is supposed to be a stoppage of the action of the heart.—*Cor. American Field.*

Telegraphing from a Moving Railway Train to a Roadside Station.

The system of transmitting and receiving telegraph messages from trains in motion was successfully demonstrated by the Railroad Telegraph and Telephone Company at Clifton, Staten Island, the other day. Inside the car at a small table a telegraph operator sat sending and receiving messages to and from the outside world while the train was in motion. The operator differed from others in having telephone sounding-plates over his ears, held in place by a rubber band passing over his head. In front of the operator on the table was an ordinary Morse key, by which he sent the messages to an operator at Clifton, who received them through telephone sounding-plates fastened on his ears.

Mr. Edison, who was present, explained that in the Clifton office there was a condenser made of layers of tin-foil separated by air, but that at the car a condenser was formed by the thirty Baltimore & Ohio wires stretched along the track, by the tin roofs of the cars, which were all connected by copper wires and by the air between the wires and the tin roofs. Under the table of the operator in the car was a local battery.

The current used may be conceived as passing first from the battery in the Clifton Station and leaving through the condenser to the telegraph wires, then passing along those wires without interrupting ordinary messages until it gets opposite the car, when it jumps across the tin roofs and passes down through a wire to an electro-magnet on the operator's table. Thence it returns through the axles and wheels of the car, and through the ground to the Clifton Station. The Morse current, without the aid of the electro-magnet, can not pass through the condenser so as to make a continuous musical note. It passes through, but its waves are so much slower that no distinct sounds are formed.

Many messages were sent to and from the moving car. This invention, it is asserted, will be especially useful to train dispatchers, who may by its use communicate with a train at any point on the road.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

**A GREAT INVENTION.**

—Smythekins is trying to argue the courage of his better half, who has recently lost her pet parrot and is overcome with grief: "Come, come! What the deuce. Be a man, my dear! Suppose you had lost me!"—*N. Y. Mail.*

**Advice to Hotel Men.**

**BY HILL NYE.**

There are two kinds of guests who live at the average hotel. One is the party who gets up and walks over the whole corps de hote, from the bald-headed proprietor to the boot-black, while the other is a meek and mild-eyed man, doomed to sit at the table and bewail the flight of time and the horrors of starvation while waiting for the relief party to come with his food.

I belong to the latter class. Born, as I was, in a private family and early acquiring the habit of eating food that was intended to assuage hunger mostly it takes me a good while to accustom myself to the style of dyspeptic microbes used simply to ornament a bill of fare. Of course it is maintained by some hotel men that food solely for eating purposes is becoming obsolete and out, and that the stuff they put on their bills of fare is just as good to pour down the back of a guest as diet that is cooked for the common, low, perverted taste of people who have no higher aspirations than to eat their food.

Of course the genial urbane and talented reader will see at once the style of hotel I am referring to. It is the hotel that apes the good hotel and prints a bill of fare solely as a literary effort. That is the hotel where you find the moth-eaten towel and the bed-ridden coffee. There is where you get butter that runs the elevator day-times and sleeps on the flannel cakes at night.

It is there that you meet the weary and way-worn steak that bears the toothprints of other guests who are now in a land where the early-rising chambermaid cannot enter.

I also refer to the hotel where the bellboy is simply an animated polisher of banisters, and otherwise extremely useless. It is likewise the house where the syrup tastes like tincture of rhubarb, and the pancakes taste like a hektograph.

The traveling man will call to mind the hotel to which I refer, and he will instantly name it and tell you that he has never spent the Sabbath there.

I honestly believe that some hotel men lose money and custom by trying to issue a large blanket sheet bill of fare every day when a more modest list containing two or three things that a human being could eat with impunity would be far more acceptable, healthy and remunerative.

Some people can live on cracked wheat, bran and skim milk, no matter where they go, and so they always seem perfectly happy, but while simplicity is my watchword, and while I am Old Simplicity myself, as it were, I haven't been constructed with stomachs enough to successfully wrestle with these things. I like a few plain dishes with victuals on them, cooked by a person who has had some experience in that line before. I am not so especially tied to high prices and finger-bowls, for I have risen from the common people, and during the first eighteen years of my life I had to dress myself. I was not always the pampered child of envying luxury that I now am by any means. So I can subsist for weeks on good, plain food, and never murmur or repine; but where the mistake as to some hotels seems to have been made is in trying to issue a bill of fare every day that will attract the attention of literary minds and excite the curiosity of linguists instead of people who desire to assuage an internal craving for grub.

I use the word grub in its broadest and most compensative sense.

So, if I may take the liberty to do so, let me exhort the landlord who is gradually accumulating indebtedness and remorse, to use a plainer, less elaborate but more edible list of refreshments. Otherwise his guests will all die young.

Let him discard the seamless waffle and the kiln-dried hen. Let him abstain from the drier known as cottage pudding, that being its alias, while the doctors recognize it as it is old Gastric Disturbance. Too much of our hotel food tastes like the 2d day of January or the 5th day of July. That's the whole thing in a few words, and unless the good hotels are nearer together we shall have to multiply our cemetery facilities.

Poor hotels are responsible for lots of drunkards every year. The only time I am tempted to soak my sorrows in rum is after I have read a delusive bill of fare and eaten a broiled barn hinge with gravy on it that tasted like the breath of perdition. It is then that the demon of intemperance and colic comes to me, and in siren tones, says: "Try our bourbon, with 'Polly Narius' on the side."

The hotel, with damp napkins and the odor of ante-bellum cabbage; with coffee that feebly totters down your throat to insult your digester; with vegetables that all taste alike—all small as though they had been frozen and thawed and then scorched—all look as though they had been refused by the pilgrims and shot into the dishes out of a gun; with cotten flannel cake that you cannot cut without a tinners shears; with hydraulic milk, and where the only thing that can stand up and dares to be all you thought it to be—and more, too—is the bill. This hotel, I repeat, is assisting the average American rapidly onward toward a painful death and a disagreeable eternity.—*Chicago News.*

**Rather a Shingler Family.**

"Where is your mother, bub?"

"She's in the back kitchen shingling Annie's hair."

"Where is your father?"

"He is out in the woodshead giving Johnnie a shingling for skating through a hole in the ice."

"Where is your big brother?"

"He's shingling the roof."

"Where is your sister, Mary?"

"She's in the dining room, shingling my pants."

A little girl, very much excited, rushed into the parlor which was full of company, and exclaimed: "Mamma, just think of it!"

"Think of what, darling?"

"Our cat has a whole lot of twins, and I didn't even know she was married."

**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.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>TEAS</b><br>Oolong Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Souchong, and Japans.          | <b>MEAL</b><br>New Improved Yellow Corn Meal, White Corn Meal and Oat Meals.   |
| <b>COFEEES</b><br>Java, Mocha, Rio, Mexican, Costa Rica.                     | <b>CEREALS</b><br>Akron Cracked Wheat, Prepared Rolled Oat Meal, Akron Pearl Wheat, Thurber's Shredded Oats.                         |
| <b>SUGARS</b><br>Loaf, Refined, Powdered, Granulated, Coffee A, and Extra C. | <b>Farinaceous Goods</b><br>Rice, Tapioca, Sago, Hominy, Farina, Manioc, Coconut, Imperial Granum, Beans, Split Peas, Pea Meal, etc. |
| <b>FLOUR</b><br>Pillsbury's Best, and all other brands.                      | <b>MACARONI, VERMICELLI, OLIVES, CAPERS,</b>   |

Olive Oil, Gelatine, 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!** At This Office.

**LEGAL.**

First publication Feb. 6, 1886.  
**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., February 12, 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 21, 1886, at 10 o'clock p. m., viz:  
Augustus C. Darling, homestead application No. 1,203 for the  $\frac{2}{3}$  of sec. 26, township 6, range 22 west.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Alfred D. Morten, John Craig, Avery Bacon, and John Alger, all of Escanaba, Mich.  
V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

First Publication Feb. 27, 1886.  
**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., February 18, 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 the Circuit Court of Delta county, at Escanaba, Mich., on April 6, 1886, viz:  
Jacob Orschel, homestead application No. 2,000 for the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of sec. 14 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of sec. 15 of sec. 21, tp. 38 north, range 19 west.  
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:  
Peter Louis, Frank Orschel, Wm. King and Frank Dimond, of Fayette, Delta county, Mich.  
V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

First publication Jan. 30, 1886.  
**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  $\frac{1}{2}$  of sec. 14 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of sec. 15, section 24, township 43 north, range 23 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.

First Publication Jan. 30, 1886.  
**IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA, IN CHANCERY.**  
The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Complainant,  
vs.  
Frederick O. Clark, James McKinley, James M. Gilchrist, Willett B. Jenks, 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 10 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 seventeen, and 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. 16

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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 10 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. 16

**THE TWENTY-FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT**  
Terms of court for 1883 and 1884.  
State of Michigan.  
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 1886 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.  
Dated, November 1, 1885. C. B. GRANT, Circuit Judge of said Circuit.

First Publication March 6, 1886.  
**NOTICE OF THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE**  
State of Michigan, County of Delta, s. s.  
In the matter of the Estate of John McManiman, deceased:  
Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of said John McManiman, deceased, by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the county of Delta, on the 1st day of March, A. D. 1886, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the Brampton post-office building, in the county of Delta, in said state, on Saturday, the 9th day of April, A. D. 1886, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, (subject to all encumbrances, by mortgage or otherwise, existing at the time of the death of said deceased) the following described real-estate, to-wit:  
The north half of the northwest quarter of section eighteen (18) in township forty-one (41) north, range twenty-two (22) west, Delta in the township of Baldwin, county of Delta and state of Michigan, and containing, according to United States survey thereof, eighty (80) acres, be the same more or less. Dated, March 1, 1886. HERMAN WYNDE, Administrator of the estate of John McManiman, deceased.

First publication March 6, 1886.  
**ORDER OF HEARING.**  
STATE OF MICHIGAN, ) ss.  
County of DELTA, ) ss.  
At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 1st day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six.  
Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.  
In the matter of the estate of Miserva Shipman, deceased.  
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of George F. Shipman, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the heirs at law of said deceased.  
It is ordered that Monday, the 5th day of April next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, 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, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.  
And it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Delta Free Press, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three consecutive weeks previous to said day of hearing.  
EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.  
A true copy. ENIL GLASER, Judge of Probate. 18

**Visiting Cards** At This Office.

# IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., MARCH 6, 1892

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Full often in our lives has come a day  
When, pausing where two paths divergent  
lay,  
We pondered, deep and long, which one to  
choose,  
Fearful that, either followed, we might lose  
The rare enjoyment of a happy hour,  
Or grateful license of a transient power,  
Or glimpse of some fair land where shines the  
sun.  
On giant rivers, and where the rivers run  
Through furrowed fields, and through the  
shadowy ranks  
Of cypress trees that weep upon the banks,  
We fear to lose so much; but, knowing not  
The changeful chances of our future lot,  
We set out boldly on the chosen track,  
And then so often comes the looking back,  
The baffled strife our cherished goal to win,  
The mournful, hopeless cry: "It might have  
been."

Sometimes the soul, when with great sorrow  
wrung,  
Recalls a time, long dead, when lightly hung  
The course of future years in Fate's great  
scale,  
And sees how, all unwittingly, an influence  
frail  
As morning dew, that on the grasses gleams,  
Destroyed the even balance of the beam,  
Unknown to us the deep decision made,  
And turned our path from sunshine into  
shade.

A passing thought, a look, a trifling deed;  
A word unspoken in an hour of need,  
Or spoken when 'twere better left unsaid;  
Some written line that we by chance have  
read;  
All these can shift the scene with subtle hand,  
And round our future draw an iron band.

We never think that such a little thing  
Can ever such tremendous sequence bring,  
Until too late, and then we backward turn,  
The page that we have filled, and dimly burn  
The light of other days in vain regrets  
For opportunities gone by. The spirit frets  
Against its destiny, and deep with woe  
Our hearts we mourn for what we might have  
been.

Ah, soul look upward, trusting; kiss the rod,  
And know there is no "might have been"  
frail God.  
From Him, whenever lowly we draw near,  
We learn of Love that casteth out all fear;  
We find a Faith that, in the oblivious sea,  
Whelms every doubt and doubt eternally;  
A hope unfaltering to us is given:  
A tender Charity, as broad as Heaven;  
A perfect Peace, a calm, untroubled rest;  
Through these all other things seem right and  
best.

We rise triumphant over death and sin,  
All pain and sorrow in our joy forgot,  
And looking backward on our "might have  
been,"  
Thank God that it was not.  
*Baldwin's Monthly.*

## Shadows on the Snow.

By B. L. FARJEON.

It was dark enough to the morose  
man as he stood by the side of his  
maimed child fighting with his soul.  
"I could be happier—I know I could  
be happier, if you and the world were  
different to each other—if you did not  
regard it as your enemy. But that will  
never be, father, will it?"  
"No, child, it will never be. I can  
not play the hypocrite, and lie to  
you."  
"Yet you are good and kind to me.  
Why should you love me so dearly,  
and be bitter with all others? All men  
and women are not bad. See, father,  
there is my angel!"  
She pointed upward to a large gray  
cloud, with white fleecy wings, which  
her imagination had quaintly fashioned  
into the figure of an angel.  
"I never saw him so beautiful before.  
He is at his best because it is  
Christmas. Say that Christmas is a  
good time, and make me happy."  
"Christmas is a good time, child,"  
he said, doggedly.  
"No, no! not like that! From your  
heart—I want you to say it from your  
heart! You are silent. If I were to  
say that I suffer more, far more than  
you can imagine—that my heart is torn  
to pieces with vain yearnings—you  
would strive perhaps to bring some  
gladness into my days. Ah, forgive  
me!" she cried, in an agony of remorse,  
as a spasm of pain escaped him;  
"I am ungrateful, ungrateful!  
You are all that is good to me—all that  
is kind. But I suffer so! I am so truly  
unhappy!" She rocked herself to and  
fro, and sobbed. "Sit by my side,  
father. I must tell you my secret, or  
I shall die!"  
In silence he sat upon the door-step  
by her side, with face almost as white  
as hers. When she had sobbed herself  
into a quieter mood, she spoke again.  
"Father, I am very much deformed.  
am I not?"  
"Not to me, darling."  
"No, not to you, for when you look  
at me, your eyes are in your heart.  
But I am, in reality, very ugly, very  
uninteresting, deformed and a cripple  
No person in the world, seeing me  
once, would care to see me again. I  
know from myself. I do not care to  
look for a second time upon ugly and  
uninteresting things. It is very sad."  
The commiserating tone in which  
she spoke of her misfortunes was very  
touching to hear.  
"I am not like any other girl I have  
ever seen. There is Laura Harrild  
now; she is very, very pretty. When  
I look at her I feel as glad as when I  
see the early primroses peep out of the  
ground, telling me that spring is coming."  
Stephen's features assumed an anxious  
expression at the mention of Laura  
Harrild's name.  
"If you were to ask me my idea of  
perfect happiness, I should answer,  
Laura Harrild. She is young, beautiful  
and good—and she loves, and is  
loved—Oh, my heart!"  
There was such anguish in the poor  
girl's voice that every nerve in Stephen's  
body quivered in sympathy as he  
supported her head upon his shoulder.  
"Do you guess my secret, father?"  
she whispered.  
"To my sorrow, dear child."  
"I can not help it. I have struggled  
against it vainly, feeling how hopeless  
it is. I have always loved him, miserable  
girl that I am! I do not know how  
it came, except that he is so brave  
and strong and handsome, while I am  
nothing but a poor ugly cripple. Is  
life worth having, I wonder, in such a  
shape as mine? If I were somebody  
else, and saw such a creature as myself,  
I would look down with pity upon  
her, and ask whether she would not be  
happier if she were dead. I have seen  
girls, ragged, and without a shoe to

their feet, and have envied them because  
they were strong and had straight  
limbs, and were free from pain—whom  
I seldom am, unless I am asleep."  
"They suffer much," said Stephen,  
attempting to draw consolation for her  
from the misery of others; "they are  
often without a meal or a bed."  
"But they are free," she cried, "they  
are free, and I am a slave! Though they  
have not a skill in their  
pockets, their hearts are sometimes  
light, and they smile and enjoy. I  
have seen them—I have seen them!  
What happiness there must be in poverty!  
You are a rich man, father."  
"I have money, child. It is yours to  
spend as you wish."  
"Money can not buy love. Money  
will not make me different from what  
I am, and it can not bring sunshine  
into our house. Are all homes like  
ours? There is no light in it; it is desolate  
and deserted, and it has never been  
otherwise within my remembrance.  
You and I are like two hermits,  
shut out from the world. In what way  
has this come, and must it be  
always so? Surely there is something  
better in life than my experience  
has shown me. Ah, yes; there is  
something better in it. There is love  
in it, which I shall never, never  
have!"  
She was speaking to herself now,  
while he sat watching her, humbly and  
in silence. Morose and churlish as he  
was to all others, here he was a slave;  
and had he possessed the power, he  
would have laid his heart in her lap,  
could it have insured her a day's happiness.  
"To-night is Christmas," she  
resumed, "and we shall go round to Mr.  
Harrild's house, and see so many young  
people dancing, and laughing, and  
playing forfeits, while I shall sit in a  
corner glaring at them, like the envious  
old witch I have read of in fairy  
stories. I am quite as hideous, I know;  
and it is natural and proper that they  
should not come and pay court to me,  
as they do to each other. And I deserve  
it, father," she exclaimed, her mood  
suddenly changing. "I deserve it for  
reviling the world and everybody in it,  
as I am doing. I deserve it for having  
bad and uncharitable thoughts at such  
a good and sacred time as Christmas—  
for it is a good time, after all, is it  
not?"  
No words can express the entreating  
earnestness with which she strove to  
urge this belief upon him. It could not  
fail to soften the hard man's heart,  
and he said, gently:  
"It is a good time, child."  
And with his hand touching her neck  
lovingly, they went into the house together.  
At Renben Harrild's there was assembled  
on this evening as merry and  
light-hearted a company as ever met  
within four walls. Genial faces everywhere;  
smiles and cheerful looks on  
all sides, from old and young; every  
person on his best behavior, ready to  
shake every other person's hand, with  
as much amiability as can be expressed  
by the pressure of palms and fingers.  
And if such a thing as truth exists,  
hearts accompanied the pressure. As  
for duplicity, double-dealing, suspicion  
of motives, artful maneuvering for  
selfish purposes, such qualities were  
purely mythical, good enough to put  
color into dreams, but utterly imaginative—  
almost comical to think of—as  
to any part they might play in the business  
of life! The business of life! What  
am I thinking of? Business, to the  
right about! It is Christmas-eye, and  
the world is pleasant to hear and eye,  
sweet and loving and charitable,  
abounding in thought.  
But—I am bound to confess it—there  
was heart-burning in the kitchen. For  
in that region of shining stew and sauce  
pans; in whose polished surfaces the  
genial reflection of a jolly time was  
clearly visible, Samuel Meldrum (the  
man-servant of the establishment) had,  
by the merest accident, come plump  
upon Kitty Simons (the maid-servant of  
the establishment) and had discovered her  
in the act of being kissed, beneath the  
miserable pretense of a piece of  
mistletoe, by a retainer of low degree, who,  
being especially recommended by  
Samuel Meldrum, had been temporarily  
engaged to assist in the general  
joy, and had thus basely betrayed the  
trust reposed in him. Now, Samuel  
Meldrum regarded the kisses of pretty  
Kitty Simons, both from and for, as his  
especial prerogative, and most particularly  
and solely within his department  
at Christmas-time. This act of the temporary  
retainer was clearly, therefore, an act  
of treachery, and as such was  
regarded by his patron, who, after  
treating the treacherous dependent to a  
"piece of his mind," glared at Kitty  
with eyes in which love and jealousy  
were plainly depicted. Pretty Kitty,  
busy at the dresser, whither she had  
demurely walked after the kiss under the  
mistletoe, was of course entirely  
unconscious of the state of Samuel  
Meldrum's feelings—which was the reason  
why she furtively watched him from  
beneath her dark eyelashes, and wondered  
when he was going to speak.  
But Samuel's moral dignity was hurt,  
and he preserved silence—more from  
not knowing what to say than from  
any other cause.  
"They're playing games up-stairs,"  
said Kitty, taking the bull by the horns;  
"such games!"  
Samuel only grunted.  
"They're playing," said Kitty, slyly,  
"I love my love with a A, because he's  
amiable, and amusing, and an angel;  
and I hate my love with a A, because  
he's aggravating, and absurd, and annoying;  
and his name ain't Alexander,  
and he comes from Aberdeen, and I  
took him to the sign of the Axe and  
Anchor, and treated him to apples and  
atehovies."  
"And I don't love my love with a  
We," retorted Samuel, goaded into a  
full sense of his wrongs by the pretty  
maid's attempt at conciliation, "because  
she's vicious, and vile, and a  
wixen; and I hate her with a We, because  
she's vulgar, and wain, and a  
wiper; and her name ain't Venus,  
and she comes from Wandiemans Land,  
and I took her to the sign of the  
Wenomous Wamplive, and treated her to  
winegaf and water."  
The retort caused Kitty to smile to  
herself more slyly than ever; for the  
next best thing to a declaration of love  
from a man you have a liking for is a  
declaration of jealousy, and there was  
no doubt that Samuel was in a despet-

ate condition. The temporary retainer,  
driven by Kitty's distracting airs into a  
state of overbubbling love, listened to  
this quarrel with secret pleasure, and,  
beguiling Kitty under the mistletoe,  
attempted to snatch from her tempting  
lips a repetition of the temporary bliss  
which had fired his soul. But this time  
he reckoned without his host. Kitty—  
sly puss as she was!—knowing that  
Samuel was near, pretended to struggle  
with the poacher, crying out with  
affected indignation: "How dare you,  
sir! What do you mean by it? Oh,  
Samuel, Samuel! Save me!" Whereupon  
Samuel, his jealousy melting in the  
warmth of this appeal, flew to the  
rescue, and caught Kitty in his arms—  
where she lay panting, her pointing lips  
in a direct line with the mistletoe, and  
looking altogether so lovely and bewitching  
that— Well, he did what  
you would have done—kissed her once,  
and again, and again, and would have  
gone on for there is no saying how  
long, had not Kitty run away to hide  
her blushes and delight.  
Every room in the house had such a  
bright look about it that there was no  
mistaking the time. Had Father Time  
himself suddenly appeared with his  
opercs hat under his arm, and (being an  
airy old gentleman) with nothing else  
worth mentioning on his old bones in  
the shape of garments, for the purpose  
of telling you that he had made a mistake  
with his glass, and that he was six  
or seven weeks too fast or too slow,  
you would have snapped your fingers  
at him. Not Christmas! A  
nice thing, indeed! As if you  
did not know better! As if every  
saucypan in the kitchen did not know  
better! As if the very sparks flying up  
the chimneys did not know better! Not  
Christmas! Ask Mrs. Ramage. Who  
was Mrs. Ramage? Mrs. Ramage was  
a Large woman, with a Large mouth,  
and a Large nose, and Large eyes, and  
Large limbs, and a Large way of asserting  
herself which there was no resisting.  
And in Mrs. Ramage was merged Mr.  
Ramage, who was a little man, with a  
little mouth, and a little nose, and little  
eyes and little limbs, and such a  
very little way of asserting himself that  
no one took the slightest notice of him.  
As if chance he was spoken of, it was  
as one who had vested the whole of  
his right, title and interest in and to  
human life in the wife of his bosom;  
who indeed, had parted with it so  
thoroughly and completely that it  
might be regarded as a sum which he  
added up, subtracted from, multiplied,  
or divided, at her pleasure.  
Not Christmas! Why, here was Mrs.  
Ramage, this tremendously solemn and  
magnificently large woman, actually  
laughing, and beaming kindly smiles  
upon poor little Mr. Ramage, who  
hopped meekly about her, and bobbed  
his little head in ecstasy at her affability.  
Not Christmas! Ask the Woy and the  
Wymers, of Messrs. Wymer, Woy  
& Wymer, the celebrated firm of attorneys  
and solicitors which transacted all  
the legal business of the district. The  
firm originally was Wymer & Woy;  
but a female Wymer, sister of the  
senior partner, having in her own  
particular right become possessed of a  
sum of money which the firm was anxious  
to pass to its credit, would only  
consent to invest it on the condition  
that her name was added to the firm.  
Being a strong-minded and bony old  
maid, her condition was accepted, and  
the title thenceforth was Wymer, Woy  
& Wymer. All the members of the  
firm were long, lank and lean, and  
grew, as did their parchments, more  
shrunk and shriveled every term. Life  
to them was in a small way made up  
of happiness and sorrow, sympathy,  
disappointments, love, trials of affection,  
charity and such-like trifles; but  
in a much larger way it was made up  
of law. They talked nothing but law;  
they breathed nothing but law; they  
played the game of existence (as  
though it were really a game) with  
cards of law, and they played it so  
skillfully that they never missed the  
odd trick. Yet even they looked frostily  
pleasant, and thawed a little under  
the genial influence of the time; dimly  
recognizing that kindness at such a  
season might possibly be an enactment  
of some old law of humanity which it  
would be well for them not to resist.  
And if there was a shadow of doubt  
on the subject—if any misguided person  
still entertained the most infinitesimal  
particle of disbelief as to the fact  
—he had but to look at the face of  
Laura Harrild, and the thing was settled.  
There was nothing extraordinarily  
handsome about Laura—she was simply  
a dear, loving woman, gemmed with  
the graces of a happy, innocent youth.  
Well-looking and well-formed, with a  
pure mind and a loving heart, a pleasant  
gladness rested on her face, and  
shed its influence on all around her.  
Such women are the roses of the world;  
happy the man who has one blooming  
in the garden of his life!  
"To think," said Dr. Bax, as he sat  
dangling on his knee a privileged,  
curly-headed youngster, "to think of  
those two children going to get married  
in three months! Why, Mr. Harried  
what on earth will you do without her?"  
The person addressed, a sober-looking  
man of fifty, gazed thoughtfully at  
Laura and William, who were sitting  
among a group of young people laughing  
and chatting gaily.  
"Dear, dear!" continued the doctor;  
"three months! And to-morrow we  
shall be looking back to it, and saying  
it was only yesterday that they were  
married. *Lik*, indeed, is nothing but  
a breath of wind."  
"I beg your pardon," interposed  
Mr. Wymer, who was close by, with  
the other two members of the firm; I  
did not quite catch it, Doctor. You  
were saying—"  
"That life was nothing but a breath  
of wind," repeated Dr. Bax.  
"No such thing, sir; no such thing,"  
exclaimed Mr. Wymer, warmly. "Life  
is a breath of wind, indeed! Pooh-pooh,  
doctor! you know nothing about it! If  
everybody took such a light view of  
it—I beg your pardon; you smiled."  
"It sounded like a joke," said Dr.  
Bax; "taking such a light view of it, you  
said."  
"I never joke," said Mr. Wymer, solemnly;  
"and if I did I hope I should  
know myself better than to select a subject  
so serious. I repeat, if everybody  
took such a light view of life, what  
would become of all its most important

relations? What would be the use of  
making marriage settlements in favor  
of a breath of wind? What would be  
the use of making one's will in favor  
of a breath of wind? What would be  
the use of actions at law, writs of  
ejectment, pleas, interpleas, rules nisi,  
criminal prosecutions, chancery suits,  
and insolencies? What, in short,  
would become of law?"  
"That is no breath of wind, I grant  
you," said the little doctor, good-  
humoredly; "it is a grim reality. But I  
spoke metaphorically."  
"I beg your pardon. You spoke—"  
"Metaphorically."  
"I thought I was mistaken in the  
word," returned Mr. Wymer. "My  
dear doctor, you surely can not be in  
earnest. Metaphorically! Of what  
practical use is it to speak metaphorically?  
Speak legally, and you are all  
right. Speak legally, act legally, live  
legally, die legally, and you can go to  
the other world with your title-deeds  
in your hand, and take possession.  
What I find fault with in people nowadays,"  
continued the lawyer, illustrating  
his points with his forefinger, "is,  
that they diverge from the proper  
course of life. They are dreamy, sentimental,  
metaphorical, unpractical and  
unbusiness-like. Now there is no  
dreaminess or sentimentality in law.  
You must be business-like and practical,  
or you will get the worst of it. You  
must be wide awake, my friend, when  
you deal with law." And Mr.  
Wymer emitted a dry, chuckling laugh,  
as though he were in the habit of dealing  
with many people who were unbusiness-like  
and unpractical, and not  
sufficiently wide awake, and who were  
therefore always getting the worst of  
it.  
"But the uncertainty of the law,"  
Doctor Bax ventured to remark.  
"That's the charm of it," replied  
Mr. Wymer, rubbing his hands pleasantly  
with the geniality of his theme.  
"I beg your pardon," interrupted  
Dr. Bax, purposely imitating the old  
lawyer; "you said that is the—"  
"Charm of it."  
"Its uncertainty?"  
"Exactly. You never know where  
to have it. It will get the best of you  
when you least expect it. You may  
study it for a hundred years, and it  
may trip you, after all. It is wonderfully  
and beautifully complex."  
"There are cases which have lasted  
sixty or seventy years, are there not?"  
asked Dr. Bax.  
"More, sir, more," replied Mr. Wymer,  
gleefully. "What could better illustrate  
the law's amazing ingenuity, its  
inexhaustible fertility, than such  
cases? Think of the study, the speeches,  
the learning, the arguments, that have  
been used in one simple suit. Think  
of the briefs—"  
"The fees," the doctor put in, with  
a knowing look.  
Mr. Wymer, Miss Wymer and Mr.  
Wor looked at each other, smiled, and  
softly smoothed the palms of their  
hands with the fingers of their left,  
a sign of satisfaction they were in the  
habit of unconsciously indulging in  
when they were discussing a more than  
usually agreeable topic.  
"The fees," said Mr. Wymer; "yes,  
they follow, of course, for every laborer  
is worthy of his hire; and we are all  
laborers, after a fashion."  
"How on earth," asked Dr. Bax,  
with a spice of maliciousness, "did the  
world ever get on without lawyers?"  
"It never did sir; Biblical records  
prove it. In the patriarchal days, men  
were born with legal minds, as they  
are now. Abraham bought land, and  
was most particular in the specification  
concerning the trees, down to the very  
borders of his property. Then look at  
Jacob and Laban. Do you mean to  
tell me they were not lawyers? If  
Jacob lived in these days, he would  
reach the wool-sack, if he were not a  
Jew."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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LEADING A DOG.

A Painful Experience with an Affectionate, But Unruly, Newfoundland.

Sir Walter Scott was fond of dogs. I am not. This shows that literary men, however similar their genius is, may differ in matters of taste.

There is a store on Woodward avenue that is a pandemonium. Some very small dogs were caged in the window, and so I entered the zoological boiler-ship.

"Have you a Newfoundland dog?" I shouted in the ear of the proprietor.

"Yes," he replied.

"How old and how much?"

"Three months and eight dollars."

We bargained in capital letters, and finally I became possessed of the dog and a forty-cent collar, while the proprietor threw in a cord with which to lead the animal.

"He doesn't look handsome just now, you know, for he hasn't been fed well by the man that owned him. You'll soon get him into good condition."

So I started down Woodward avenue, pulling the dog after me. He persisted in sitting down and sliding along the pavement.

"See here," said a good-natured stranger, "you'll choke that pup to death in a minute or two."

"Well, I can't stay here all day just because the pup wants to."

"Oh, you just turn around and try to lead him up the avenue and he'll go all right in the other direction."

I patted the dog and easily established friendly relations with him. He was a very friendly animal. Then we started off again. He made playful little jumps at people which they generally resented, and so I was kept busy apologizing most of the way to the first crossing.

Here he sat down again and we were both nearly run over by an impetuous buggy. The next block we met another dog and instantly I thought I was caught in a whirlwind. I kicked the brutes apart and hauled mine away by the string.

"See here," said the owner of the other dog, "what did you kick my dog for?"

"I didn't kick your dog—particularly. I kicked at the heap. To even things up you may kick my dog and welcome. Further, you may kick me if you ever meet me leading a dog down Woodward avenue again."

Crossing the Fort street track the dog sat down again. The car was coming, of course, and as the driver put on the brakes he did not disguise what he thought of both of us.

He thought this was an exhibition of my affection for him, so he pawed me over with his muddy feet till I was a sight to see. In front of the Russell House he gave an exhibition of his playfulness.

There were a number of men sitting behind the big plate-glass windows watching their feet at the necessary elevation to enable them to enjoy the passing show in comfort. The dog saw some one that struck his fancy, and making a sudden break for him jerked the string out of my hand.

I endeavored to coax him back. I tried to get hold of the string again. The miserable brute thought I wanted to have some fun with him. He playfully danced around and barked joyfully.

The Russell House people seemed to enjoy the affair very much, which of course was consoling to me. Two or three times I just missed the string and nearly came down on the pavement in my anxiety to grasp it.

The dog thought it was fine sport. He never had met quite as jolly a fellow as I was. It was not every master that would drop in the crowded street and play with his dog. He leaped from side to side and yelped and wagged his tail and thought this was not half so bad a world after all.

Meanwhile I had to dissemble and pretend I was his friend, while all the time I would liked to have kicked him over the city hall tower. At last I turned away in disgust. He came dancing to me, springing up to me and trying to lick my hand in token of the good time we had had.

He was a very affectionate dog. I caught the string once more, and to prevent a recurrence of this thing I tied the end of it to a buttonhole in my overcoat. We went along to the next block in good shape and then met a small dog. This one didn't want to fight, but it was in for fun.

Round and round me the two dogs ran until my dog brought up tightly against my feet, having wound me up in the string like a mummy. I cut the string at the buttonhole and unwound myself free. I stood back a step and gave that dog one heartfelt kick.

He landed near Jefferson avenue, and used the impetus I gave him to make the quickest time ever made by a Detroit dog when he lit on his feet. His long, flying howl of disappointment and reproach still rings in my ears.

Anybody finding this dog will confer a favor on me by keeping him.—L. H. Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

Aunt Maria was not a great favorite with the children, and an invitation that she brought one morning in person for one of the boys to go back with her and spend the day at the farm did not meet with an overenthusiastic reception from any of those young worthies.

"I'm thinking that I'd better go," confided Will, in an undertone, to his younger brothers. "Oh! yes, go on," said Dwight, encouragingly; "perhaps the pig will get loose, and then you'll have a first-rate time."

—It costs twenty-eight dollars per year to educate a pupil in the Boston schools.

THE SUMPITAU.

A Peculiar Blow-Gun and Poisoned Arrows Used by the Dyaks.

A peculiar weapon, and one whose like we have not yet seen, is the "sumpitan" or blow-gun of the Dyaks. This weapon is a long, straight and polished tube of heavy wood, about eight feet long and an inch or two in diameter, bored out with the utmost care, customarily ornamented with tweed patterns, and often surrounded at the end with metal.

The sumpitan shoots a poisoned arrow. This is only about six or eight inches long, and as thick as a heavy darning needle, being frequently only a large thorn. At its base—secret of the force with which it can be blown—it has a little wad or ball of pith, which just fits the caliber throughout.

The top of this tiny arrow is poisoned, Rev. Mr. Wood thinks, with the juice of the deadly native upas tree; but in this he is not necessarily right. Mr. Carl Bock, who is perhaps the only traveler of note who ever saw the process of preparing the arrows, thus describes what he observed among the Poonians of the interior:

"They had a bundle of arrows by their side, and as soon as the poisonous matter was hot, they took a small quantity and smeared it over a wooden plate, by means of a wooden instrument resembling a pestle, till the plate was covered with a thick layer. Then taking an arrow, they rolled the head across the plate, so that it became coated with the nasty matter. Next they made a spiral incision in the arrow head, and again rolled it over the plate. What this arrow poison is made of, I never could ascertain, notwithstanding all my inquiries on the spot. It certainly contained nicotine, which the Dyaks collect from their pipes, when they get foul, after smoking."

Many scientific men of Europe have attempted the discovery of the nature of this poison, but have failed; nor has an antiodote been discovered which is more certain than the common treatment for a snake bite—copious draughts of spirits and abundant exercise with cauterization of the wound. It is probable that different poisons are used.

The wound of this tiny arrow is usually within a few minutes fatal to animal or man. The bravest troops dread to march against an enemy so armed; for the hidden foe, using a weapon perfectly silent (even more so than the bow and spear) can creep undiscovered to easy distance, and slay a dozen men before his location can be determined. It is strange, too, at forty or fifty yards the native can use it with perfect accuracy and can even do execution at seventy-five to one hundred yards; a distance almost incredible.

English sailors soon learned to dread the canoe attacks of these fierce pirates, who came on with their "pea-shooters," and blew a perfect cloud of death darts through every cranny of the ship's defenses.

The Dyak uses the sumpitan as a hunting weapon, for which its perfect silence renders it the more serviceable. Most of his game is killed with it. He cuts out an inch or so of the flesh from about the tiny wound, and then eats the animal with perfect impunity. The poison seems not to affect the remainder of the body at all. The effect of this poison is supposed to be a stoppage of the action of the heart.—Cor. American Field.

A GREAT INVENTION.

Telegraphing from a Moving Railway Train to a Roadside Station.

The system of transmitting and receiving telegraph messages from trains in motion was successfully demonstrated by the Railroad Telegraph and Telephone Company at Clifton, Staten Island, the other day. Inside the car at a small table a telegraph operator sat sending and receiving messages to and from the outside world while the train was in motion.

The operator differed from others in having telephone sounding-plates over his ears, held in place by a rubber band passing over his head. In front of the operator on the table was an ordinary Morse key, by which he sent the messages to an operator at Clifton, who received them through telephone sounding-plates fastened on his ears.

Mr. Edison, who was present, explained that in the Clifton office there was a condenser made of layers of tin-foil separated by air, but that at the car a condenser was formed by the thirty Baltimore & Ohio wires stretched along the track, by the tin roofs of the cars, which were all connected by copper wires and by the air between the wires and the tin roofs. Under the table of the operator in the car was a local battery.

The current used may be conceived as passing first from the battery in the Clifton Station and leaving through the condenser to the telegraph wires, then passing along those wires without interrupting ordinary messages until it gets opposite the car, when it jumps across the tin roofs and passes down through a wire to an electro-magnet on the operator's table. Thence it returns through the axles and wheels of the car, and through the ground to the Clifton Station. The Morse current, without the aid of the electro-magnet, can not pass through the condenser so as to make a continuous musical note. It passes through, but its waves are so much slower that no distinct sounds are formed.

Many messages were sent to and from the moving car. This invention, it is asserted, will be especially useful to train dispatchers, who may by its use communicate with a train at any point on the road.—N. Y. Dispatch.

—Smythekins is trying to arouse the courage of his better half, who has recently lost her pet parrot and is overcome with grief. "Come, come! What the deuce. Be a man, my dear! Suppose you had lost me!"—N. Y. Mail.

Advice to Hotel Men.

BY BILL NYE.

There are two kinds of guests who live at the average hotel. One is the party who gets up and walks over the whole corps de hote, from the bald-headed proprietor to the boot-black, while the other is a meek and mild-eyed man, doomed to sit at the table and bewail the flight of time and the horrors of starvation while waiting for the relief party to come with his food.

I belong to the latter class. Born, as I was, in a private family and early acquiring the habit of eating food that was intended to assuage hunger mostly it takes me a good while to accustom myself to ornament a bill of fare. Of course it is maintained by some hotel men that food solely for eating purposes is becoming obsolete and out, and that the stuff they put on their bills of fare is just as good to pour down the back of a guest as diet that is cooked for the common, low, perverted taste of people who have no higher aspirations than to eat their food.

Of course the genial urbane and talented reader will see at once the style of hotel I am referring to. It is the hotel that apes the good hotel and prints a bill of fare solely as a literary effort. That is the hotel where you find the moth-eaten towel and the bed-ridden coffee. There is where you get butter that runs the elevator day-times and sleeps on the flannel cakes at night.

It is there that you meet the weary and way-worn steak that bears the toothprints of other guests who are now in a land where the early-rising chambermaid cannot enter.

I also refer to the hotel where the bellboy is simply an animated polisher of banisters, and otherwise extremely useless. It is likewise the house where the syrup tastes like tincture of rhubarb, and the pancakes taste like a hektograph.

The traveling man will call to mind the hotel to which I refer, and he will instantly name it and tell you that he has never spent the Sabbath there.

I honestly believe that some hotel men lose money and custom by trying to issue a large blanket sheet bill of fare every day when a more modest list containing two or three things that a human being could eat with impunity would be far more acceptable, healthy and remunerative.

Some people can live on cracked wheat, bran and skim milk, no matter where they go, and so they always seem perfectly happy, but while simplicity is my watchword, and while I am Old Simplicity myself, as it were, I haven't been constructed with stomachs enough to successfully wrestle with these things I like a few plain dishes with victrolas on them, cooked by a person who has had some experience in that line before. I am not so especially tied to high prices and finger-bowls, for I have risen from the common people, and during the first eighteen years of my life I had to dress myself. I was not always the pampered child of envying luxury that I now am by any means. So I can subsist for weeks on good, plain food, and never murmur or repine; but where the mistake at some hotels seems to have been made is in trying to issue a bill of fare every day that will attract the attention of literary minds and excite the curiosity of linguists instead of people who desire to assuage an internal craving for grub.

I use the word grub in its broadest and most compensative sense.

So, if I may take the liberty to do so, let me exhort the landlord who is gradually accumulating indebtedness and remorse, to use a plainer, less elaborate but more edible list of refreshments. Otherwise his guests will all die young.

Let him discard the seamless waffle and the kiln-dried hen. Let him abstain from the debris known as cottage pudding, that being its alias, while the doctors recognize it as it is old Gastric Disturbance. Too much of our hotel food tastes like the 2d day of January or the 5th day of July. That's the whole thing in a few words, and unless the good hotels are nearer together we shall have to multiply our cemetery facilities.

Poor hotels are responsible for lots of drunkards every year. The only time I am tempted to soak my sorrows in rum is after I have read a delusive bill of fare and eaten a broiled barn hinge with gravy on it that tasted like the broth of perdition. It is then that the demon of intemperance and colic comes to me, and in siren tones, says: "Try our bourbon, with 'Polly Narius' on the side."

The hotel, with damp napkins and the odor of ante-bellum cabbage; with coffee that feebly totters down your throat to insult your digester; with vegetables that all taste alike—all small as though they had been frozen and thawed and then scorched—all look as though they had been refused by the pilgrims and shot into the dishes out of a gun; with cotten flannel cake that you cannot cut without a tinner's shears; with hydraulic milk, and where the only thing that can stand up and dare to be all you thought it to be—and more, too—is the bill. This hotel, I repeat, is assisting the average American rapidly onward toward a painful death and a disagreeable eternity.—Chicago News.

Rather a Shingler Family.

"Where is your mother, bub?"

"She's in the back kitchen shingling Annie's hair."

"Where is your father?"

"He is out in the woodshed giving Johnnie a shingling for skating through a hole in the ice."

"Where is your big brother?"

"He's shingling the roof."

"Where is your sister, Mary?"

"She's in the dining room, shingling my pants."

A little girl, very much excited, rushed into the parlor which was full of company, and exclaimed: "Mamma, just think of it!"

"Think of what, darling?" "Our cat has a whole lot of twins, and I didn't even know she was married."

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.

TEAS

Oolong Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Souchong, and Japans.

MEAL

New Improved Yellow Corn Meal, White Corn Meal and Oat Meals.

COFEEES

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.

Farinaceous Goods

Rice, Tapioca, Sago, Hominy, Farina, Manioc, Cocoanut, Imperial Granum, Beans, Split Peas, Pea Meal, etc.

FLOUR

Pillsbury's Best, and all other brands.

MACARONI, VERMICELLI, OLIVES, CAPERS,

Olive Oil, Gelatine, 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.

First publication Feb. 6, 1886. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., Jan. 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 9 o'clock p. m., viz: Augustus C. Darling, homestead application No. 1,003 for the e½ of sec. 1, section 6, township 30 north range 29 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Alfred D. Morten, John Craig, Avery Bacon, and John Alger, all of Escanaba, Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

First Publication Feb. 27, 1886. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., February 18, 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 the circuit court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Mich., on April 6, 1886, viz: Jacob Orschel, homestead application No. 2,000 for the n½ of sec. 1 and n½ of sec. 11, township 30 north, range 29 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Peter Loux, Frank Orschel, Wm. King and Frank Dimont, all of Fayette, Delta County, Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

First publication Jan. 30, 1886. 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. 108, for the n½ of sec. 1 and n½ of sec. 24, township 43 north, range 23 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 L'Anse-au-Loup, Delta County, Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

First Publication Jan. 30, 1886. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA, IN CHANCERY.

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Complainant, vs. Frederick O. Clark, James McKinley, James M. Gilchrist, Willet B. Jenks, Edwin R. Mead, Bradley Dwy 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 seventeen, 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. 16

First publication Jan. 30, 1886. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA, IN CHANCERY.

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Complainant, vs. Frederick O. Clark, James McKinley, James M. Gilchrist, Willet B. Jenks, Edwin R. Mead, Bradley Dwy 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: 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. 16

THE TWENTY-FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT

Terms of court for 1885 and 1884.

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 1886 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.

First Publication March 6, 1886. NOTICE OF THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE

State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss. In the matter of the Estate of John McManiman, deceased: Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of said John McManiman, deceased, by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the county of Delta, on the 1st day of March A. D. 1886, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the Brampton post-office building, in the county of Delta, in said state, on Saturday, the 24th day of April A. D. 1886, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, (subject to all encumbrances, by mortgage or otherwise, existing at the time of the death of said deceased) the following described real-estate, to-wit: The north half of the northwest quarter of section eighteen (18) in township forty-one (41) north, range twenty-two (22) west, situated in the township of Baldwin, county of Delta and state of Michigan, and containing, according to United States survey thereof, eighty (80) acres, be the same more or less. Dated, March 1, 1886. HERMAN WINNS, Administrator of the estate of John McManiman, deceased.

First publication March 6, 1886. ORDER OF HEARING.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss. County of Delta. At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 1st day of March, 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 petition, duly verified, of George F. Shipman, the administrator of the estate of said deceased, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the heirs at law of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the 5th day of April next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, 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, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Post, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing. E. M. GLASER, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) E. M. GLASER, Judge of Probate. 18

Visiting Cards At This Office.

**WILLIAMS & HOYT'S SHOES**



Are the Best Wearing, Best Fitting and  
Finest Looking Shoes for Ladies and  
Children that are made at the

**PRESENT DAY.**

AND ANOTHER, FOR LADIES AND GENTS, THE  
**FOSTER SHOES** Another good seller and an old stand-by.  
I keep them in all sizes and widths.

I ALSO HAVE A FINE LINE OF THE CELEBRATED  
**JEFFERSON SHOES!**

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY BUYING  
YOUR SHOES OF ME. I AM MAKING  
A SPECIALTY OF THE SHOE BUS-  
INESS AND INTEND TO HANDLE ALL  
GOODS ON SMALL MARGINS.

**Erickson.**

STORE IN THE ERICKSON-GODLEY BLOCK.



**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.**

JUST OPENED!

A FULL LINE OF

**JERSEYS**

JERSEY JACKETS.

ALL NEW STYLES, AND WILL BE SOLD CHEAP  
ENOUGH TO SATISFY ANY ONE.

**LEADS THEM ALL!**

—With his Spring Stock of—

**Fine Dress Goods**

Following are some of the New Dress Goods:  
Gros de Londres, Cachmeres,  
Gros de Almas, Broadheads,  
Robes, Toile du Nord,  
Berbers, French Gingham,  
Tricots, Seersuckers.

To Some it may Seem

**A Little Early, Perhaps,**

But I have the goods on hand, so

**WHAT'S THE ODDS**

If I am a month ahead of small dealers.

**Ed. Erickson.**

DRUGGIST.

**Preston's Drug Store!**

Is the senior in years and stands at the head of the trade in Escanaba.

IT CONTAINS

Drugs, the best that skill can pro-  
duce or money buy: Tobacco & Cigars, to please every  
Proprietary Medicines, of every Choice Wines & Liquors (in spite  
description: of threats).  
Paints and Oils, in every state of Cutlery and Fancy Goods, a large  
preparation for use: assortment.

**Books, Magazines and Papers:**

Special Attention to the Jobbing Trade.

**PRESCRIPTIONS PERFECTLY PREPARED!**

Prices in all Lines Way Down.

Escanaba, Sept. 3, 1885.

GROCERIES.

**EAST END GROCERY.**

**JOHN G. WALTERS,**

Successor to John A. McNaughtan,

CORNER TILDEN AVENUE AND LUDINGTON ST.

**GROCERIES ONLY**

But every article of a grocer's stock at rock bottom prices. Don't pass the  
old place without calling.

HARDWARE.

**W. W. OLIVER,**

Successor to DIXON & COOK,

**HARDWARE**

**And Stoves,**

WILL OCCUPY THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.

**IRON PORT.**

ESCANABA, MICH., MARCH 6, 1886.

**Personals.**

—Mr. Van Winkle, of Garden, was in the city on Monday.

—Geo. Buckley arrived home from Washington on Thursday.

—Capt. Geo. Hammer, of Masonville was in the city this week.

—Willie Wellsted, of Brampton, was in the city on Tuesday.

—Godley was out of town on Saturday, out the range, we believe.

—Will Brotherton and Will Sensiba came in out of the woods on Thursday.

—Louis Schram departed on Saturday last for Chicago to buy his spring stock.

—Tom Harrington is at home again. Tom says he had a splendid time white gone.

—Mr. Hitchcock has returned to his duties in Atkins store after a good long vacation.

—Philbin is at home again from his extended trip to the northwest, looking well and happy.

—Manager Ross, of the Casino rink, Marquette, attended the Carnival here Monday evening.

—W. H. Merriam, representing the Excelsior Stone Company, Chicago, called on us Thursday.

—Mr. Ernest Heidl, proprietor of the Spaulding house, at Spaulding, made us a call on Wednesday.

—Ouderkerk, Shelton house, Fayette, was in town on Saturday. Of course he called on the IRON PORT.

—Claude M. Atkinson spent Saturday and Sunday renewing old friendships in our city, his former home.

—Mrs J. T. Wixson departed on Monday for Wrightstown, Wis., where she will spend a week with her friend, Miss Carrie Higgins.

—M. A. Haring and his sister Flora, went to Beaver Dam, Wis., Thursday for a two weeks' visit with their friends and relatives.

—Tom Daily left Thursday for a short vacation outside, and will visit at Owasso, Mich., Buffalo Gap, Dakota, and other points before he returns.

—Mr. Geo. Hair left Friday, for Gordon, Neb., (on the line of Mr. Fitch's road) where he takes a position as station agent. May success go with you George.

**A Man with a Big Appetite.**

"There are a good many men who enjoy the table d'hote at the hotels and get the worth of their money," said a chatty hotel clerk uptown to a Mail and Express reporter yesterday. "A peculiar fact about the greatest eaters is, that they are not so large in size. One of these phenomena struck the hotel the other day. He lives in Albany. The guests at the same table complained that the amount he stowed away made them sick. He sat down at the table at 4 o'clock and left at 6 o'clock. Tell you all the men? Why he duplicated the regular menu five or six times and then left the table grumbling. To give an idea of his mammoth emporium capacity, he dispatched the sixty seven dishes on the menu five times, as stated. He especially doted on the entrees, such as quail brace with green peas, fillet of mutton a la jardiniere, curry of chicken with rice, codfish fried English style, salmi of duck with olives, and apples fried with pork. The dish tickled his palate, if he has any, and caused him to order it seven times in succession; that was cardinal punch. He revelled and luxuriated in the virtues of cardinal punch. 'Waiter' he would softly call, 'here, give me another what do you call 'em; O yes, punch; let it be cardinal.'"

"The seven cardinal punches aroused the ire of the other guests who happened to be at the same table. They each came around quietly, and asked to be placed at another table. 'I like your hotel,' they would say, 'but I swear I can't sit at a table where one mortal man eats seven cardinal punches. There

is a limit to the capacity of some stomachs, but not to his. Well, we moved them, and left the Jumbo eater alone at a table. He liked it immensely. After one of his wholesome meals he asked the waiter for a tooth-pick. The waiter brought him a box.

"Why did you bring me a box? I only wanted one," he said. The waiter replied: 'I thought you wanted enough to go along with your appetite, sir.'"

—Little Paul is having a good deal of difficulty in committing to memory the Lord's Prayer. The other night, after repeating it with the assistance of his mamma, he looked up and said: "Mamma, won't the Lord be glad when I can say this through without a break!"

**NOT TAKING RISKS.**

A Youngster Who Proposes to be on the Safe Side

"You say you live with your parents," said a china dealer who was putting a lot of youngsters through an examination for the position of errand boy in his establishment:

"Yessir."

"And you are quick at figures?"

"Yessir."

"Now, suppose I had dropped around the corner to get lunch, and a lady should come along who wished to purchase two dozen cups and saucers at a dollar and a half a dozen."

"Yessir."

"After agreeing to take the goods she hands you a five-dollar note. How much change would you return to her?"

"Two dozen cups and saucers," asked the boy gazing toward the ceiling.

"That's what I said."

"She must be a boardin' house keeper to—"

"Never mind what she is. How much change would you hand to her?" asked the dealer.

"A dollar and a half a dozen?"

"Yes, yes. Now then!"

"Don't you think that's pretty darn high for—"

"Never mind whether it's high or low. How much money would you return to the lady?"

"But them five dollars might be bad," ejaculated the boy, winking at the store cat.

"We will suppose the bill to be good," said the dealer, sharply.

"I don't see what one woman wants to buy all them cups and saucers for any way. When my sister got married she didn't set up housekeepin' with near so—"

"Then you can't give me the answer?"

"What, 'bout the change?"

"Yes, yes."

"Oh!"

"Come, what is the answer?"

"Well," murmured the boy, shifting to his other foot, an keeping an eye on the cat. "I'd just tell the lady to call 'round when you was in and get her change, fur the bill might be a bad un, and I don't never take no risks."

"You're engaged," ejaculated the dealer.—California Maverick.

**The Vintage of France.**

The vintage returns of France have just been published. They show that the vintage of 1885 was 20 per cent. below that of 1884—namely 28,536,000 hectolitres, against 34,780,000 hectolitres, and nearly twice as much below the average of the 10 years 1875-84—namely, 42,209,000 hectolitres. The quality was generally good. The older crop, on the other hand, though not equal to that of 1884, the most bountiful since 1830, amounted to 49,950,000 hectolitres, being 8,048,000 hectolitres higher than that of 1884, and 7,433,000 hectolitres higher than the last decennial average. The 1884 crop was 23,487,000 hectolitres.—N. Y. Post.

—One day as John Van Buren was luncheon at the Astor House, an enemy named Wadman came up to him. "Mr. Van Buren," said Wadman, "is there any case so unjust, mean and dirty that you will not take it?" "Well, I don't know," said Van Buren, picking up an oyster in his fork; "What have you been doing now, Wadman?"—N. Y. Sun.

**For Sale.**

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

**LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.**

His Last Visit to the Country for Which He Did So Much.

Congress, learning that General Lafayette had expressed an anxious desire to visit this country, the independence of which his valor, blood and treasure were so instrumental in achieving, requested the President of the United States to ascertain the time when it would be most agreeable for him to perform this visit, and that he offer to the general a conveyance to this country in one of our national ships.

General Lafayette declined this offer of a public ship. He sailed from Havre in the packet-ship Cadmus, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and arrived at New York on the 15th of August, 1824. His reception in the city was all that his heart could desire. He soon proceeded on a tour through the United States. Everywhere he was received and honored as "the National Guest." For more than a year his journey was a complete ovation. As he passed through the country, every city, village and hamlet poured out its inhabitants en masse to meet him. He visited all the States then composing the Union.

When the time of his departure drew near, a new frigate, the Brandywine, named in honor of the gallant exploits of General Lafayette at the battle of Brandywine, was provided by Congress to convey him to France. It was deemed appropriate that he should take final leave of the Nation at the seat of Government in Washington. President Adams invited him to pass a few weeks in the Presidential mansion. During his sojourn at the capital he visited Presidents Jefferson, Madison and Monroe at their several places of residence.

Having paid his respects to the venerated sages, the "Nation's guest" prepared to take his final departure from the midst of a grateful people. The 7th of September, 1825, was the day appointed for taking leave. At twelve o'clock the officers of the general Government, civil, military and naval, together with the authorities of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, with multitudes of citizens and strangers, assembled in the President's house. Mr. Adams then addressed him in an appropriate speech. I copy a single paragraph:

"You have traversed the twenty-four States of the great Confederacy; you have been received with raptures by the survivors of your earliest companions in arms; you have been hailed, as a long-absent parent, by their children—the men and women of the present age; and a rising generation, the hope of future time, in numbers surpassing the whole population of that day when you fought at the head, and by the side of their fathers, have vied with the sturdy remnants of that hour of trial in acclamations of joy at beholding the face of him whom they feel to be the common benefactor of all. You have heard the mingled voices of the past, the present and the future age joining in the universal chorus of delight at your approach; and the shouts of unbidden thousands, which greeted your landing on the soil of freedom, have followed every step of your way, and still resound like the rushing of many waters from every corner of our land."

General Lafayette's happy reply closed with these words: "God bless you, sir, and all who surround us. God bless the American people, each of their States and the Federal Government. Accept this patriotic farewell of an overflowing heart. Such will be its last throbbing if ceases to beat."

The moment of departure at length arrived, and having once more pressed the hand of Mr. Adams, he entered the barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury and of the Navy, and passed from the capital. An immense procession accompanied him to the banks of the Potomac, where the steamboat Mount Vernon, awaited to carry him down the river to the frigate Brandywine. The next morning this boat, anchored in safety near the Brandywine. Here Lafayette took leave of the Secretaries of State, the Treasury and Navy and the guests who accompanied him from Washington, together with many military and naval officers, and eminent citizens who had assembled in various crafts near the frigate to bid him fare well.—Cov. Louisville Courier-Journal.

**WANTS—FOR SALE—TO RENT.**

HOUSES TO RENT.  
Inquire of the subscriber at his office in the Semer building, 35th St. 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 hardwood 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 CLEVE,  
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 appears to readers by its own charms.—New York Evening Post.

**The Atlantic Monthly**

FOR 1886.

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

HENRY JAMES ("The Princess Casanoviana"), will continue until August, 1886.

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

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL Will write for the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1886.

JOHN FISKE Will contribute papers on United States History.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON Will furnish a series of articles comparing French and English people, character, opinions, customs, etc.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH Will contribute some short stories.

TERMS: \$4 a year in advance, POSTAGE FREE; 50 cents a number. With openers life-size portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whitier, Lowell or Holmes, \$1; each additional portrait, 50c.

The November and December numbers of the Atlantic will be sent free of charge to new subscribers whose subscriptions are received before Dec. 31.

Postal notes and money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass.