



IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., APRIL 17, 1886.

News of the Week.

Mr. Gladstone introduced his plan of government for Ireland on the 8th. Trevelyan and Plunket, liberal and tory, spoke in opposition and Parnell in support.

Four men went adrift from the fishing schooner Elsie Low in a dory and were eight days without food or water.

In a riot, growing out of election affairs, at Laredo, Texas, five men were killed and several others wounded.

The name of an Illinois family every member of which, for two generations, died by violence was Blessing.

Rhode Island elected a republican state government all but the state's attorney—that office was captured by the prohibition candidate.

Gen. Terry took command at Chicago on Friday of last week.

The Pennsylvania democrats talk of nominating Mr. Powderly for governor.

The coal miners of the Pittsburg district demand an advance of wages and threaten to strike on the first of May if it is not granted.

Mr. Arthur says he will not countenance a strike of the engineers on the Gould roads—that they have no grievance.

The mail car which left Chicago for the east by the Lake Shore road on the evening of the 7th was burned en route, between Sandusky and Cleveland, and the mail destroyed.

At Argenta, opposite Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 9th, an affray occurred between striking employes of the Iron Mountain railroad and the deputy sheriffs in charge of the property.

Shepler's paper-mill at Toledo was set on fire and destroyed on the 9th. A strike was in progress.

Eight men connected with the strike on the Texas Pacific road at El Paso were tried before Judge Turner, of the U. S. court, and imprisoned.

Thomas Nall and Edward Shaw were indicted for murder and M. M. Lavin, master workman of the Assembly 78, K. of L. for being accessory to murder.

A party of sheriff's deputies fired on the mob at East St. Louis on the 9th, killing half-a-dozen or more.

The divorced wife of O. P. Whitcomb, of Denver, having lost all her cash at the gambling hell at Monaco, made three desperate attempts to commit suicide but was prevented and placed in an asylum.

Large purchases of pine lands have lately been made in Mississippi and Louisiana, by Michigan men chiefly.

The authorities think they have a clue to the perpetrators of the robbery and murder on the Rock Island road, but will say nothing.

Captain Judson died on Sunday.

The ice in the straits is still firm. Cheboygan is open, but from there to Skelligalee the stoutest steamer could make little headway.

Mr. Moffat's bill for a light at the Seal Choix has passed the house.

A new lighthouse district has been formed embracing lake Michigan and Green Bay only.

Miss Frances E. Folsom of Buffalo announces her engagement to marry the president. The marriage is to take place during the present year.

The K. of L. proposes to bring Gould to terms by cutting off his coal supply.

Ex-president Arthur is very ill and grave fears are entertained.

Winston need not come home—his son has withdrawn the libel suit commenced against the News.

The K. of L., general organization, is sending money to support the strikers in the south-west.

Opposition to Mr. Gladstone's plan is developing in unexpected quarters.

Jo. Fullitzer can't conduct the New York World and fill a seat in congress at the same time and has resigned his seat in congress.

The bill for the admission of Washington territory as a state has passed the senate. Its fate in the house is doubtful.

The fires which followed the shooting at East St. Louis were not very destructive and were soon extinguished.

A fire occurred in the Pemberton mills, Lawrence, Mass., on Saturday last. Four men were killed by a falling wall, and eight or ten others wounded.

Five fraudulent voters are behind the grated windows of the Milwaukee jail.

Carter Harrison says that Cleveland's mug-wumpery has lost Chicago to the democracy.

Hon. John Welch, formerly minister to England, died on Sunday at Philadelphia. He was 81 years old.

Ward Beecher preached in Chicago on Sunday.

Russia threatens to invade Bulgaria because of her quarrel with Prince Alexander. Should she do so, Austria-Hungary, Germany and the Turk will oppose her.

A fight in Harlan Co., Ky., on the 10th, with rifles, resulted in the death of one man and the serious wounding of two others.

The K. of L. has declared a boycott of the McCormick machines.

Wm. Wagner, of Lincoln, Wis., killed a tenant on his place named Moe, and then, fearing a lynch court, killed himself with the same gun.

John M. Rountree, a well-known Chicago lawyer and politician, shot himself, in Taylor's gun store, on Monday, and died in 15 minutes.

The strikers at East St. Louis are quiet. There are too many companies of state troops present for any "nonsense." They are as determined as ever, though.

Miles has relieved Crook in Arizona, and now Mr. Geronimo needs to look a leetle out.

The Illinois Evangelical conference, sitting at Freeport, declares war on the liquor traffic—goes the whole prohibition figure.

La Crosse, Wis., has had another big fire and the citizens believe in a plot to burn the town.

Minneapolis had a million-dollar fire on Monday. Minneapolis estimate, of course, but it was a bad fire.

A plan to drain the upper valley of the San Joaquin and reclaim a million and a half acres of rich lands now subject to overflow is on foot at San Francisco. The estimate cost is only a million.

The remains of Capt. Crawford, U. S. A., treacherously shot by the Mexican troops while in pursuit of Geronimo's band of Apaches, were buried at Kearney, Neb., on Monday.

The house of representatives has appointed a committee to investigate the strike and consequent troubles on the Gould roads.

Jacob Heck, a Milwaukee alderman and defeated candidate for re-election, committed suicide on Monday last.

The latest rumor is that Mr. Gladstone will agree to "material modifications," of his plan for the pacification of Ireland.

A broken electric-light wire severely shocked three men in the streets of Cleveland. One of them will probably die.

The new, democratic collector of the port of San Francisco was stupid enough to treat the Chinese minister who lately landed there, en route to Washington, like a common coolie, refusing to allow him to leave the ship without a permit although he was well-known and identified as an ambassador.

His discourtesy was considered in a cabinet meeting on the 8th and severely commented on, especially by Secretary Bayard, who demanded the official heads of both the collector and surveyor. Mr. Bayard should make allowance for the greenness of the Johnny-come-lately fellows and be merciful.

THE ADDING MACHINE.

Contrivance of a Book-Keeper After Twelve Years' Work.

C. G. Spalding, who keeps books for Day & Johnson, has perfected a machine that is designed to aid brother book-keepers or accountants in running up long lines of figures. He has been at work on the invention since 1873, and had the thing patented something like a year ago.

The nine keys on the board are numbered from 1 to 9 and are placed in regular order, but also in two rows, 2, 4, 6 and 8 being above and the odd numbers below. The key is a brass upright, and as the finger draws on it, a spring allows it to slip back toward the lower end of the box.

The pulling of each key on the board sends the unit pointer along on its journey around the dial as many points as there are units in the number of the key. Pull the 5 key and the dial set at 0 goes to 5. Pull the same key again and the unit pointer moves to 10. Pull the 1, 2 and 3 keys now and the pointer goes consecutively with a hop, skip and jump to 24.

When the unit pointer, keeping up its agile athletics has reached its starting point again, there is a quick little motion on the right hand dial. The pointer then has "dotted and gone one." The machine's internal clockwork is more accurate than a human hand can hope to be.

"It isn't troubled with malaria, nor is it ever larger in the morning than it was the night before. All the accountant has to do is to run his eye up and down the columns, pulling each respective key as he reaches the corresponding figure. A day is sufficient in which to learn the key-board, and the motion of the hand quickly becomes almost involuntary.

FOLLOWING is the list of claims omitted from the proceedings of the board of supervisors.

Table listing various claims and amounts, including items like 'Chas H Scott, freight and exp.', 'Chas A Rogers', 'Iron Port envelopes', etc.

A YOUTHFUL FRAUD.

He Issues a Divorce Decree and Pockets a Twenty-Five Dollar Fee.

A New York lawyer tells a story of a recent occurrence in his office by which his boy made twenty-five dollars, but came near getting two people into a very unpleasant predicament.

A plain-looking man and woman walked into the office one day in the absence of the attorney. His boy greeted the callers cordially and asked what they desired, adding that Mr. — was out, but that he attended to matters in his absence.

"Oh, that can easily be arranged," remarked the whilom attorney, and looking wise he ostentatiously examined a lot of law-books, and after a few minutes proceeded to draw up an agreement between the man and his wife to disagree.

"No," answered the man. "I'm going to be married next week and Mary will be married to-morrow." The lawyer quickly explained the case to the man, and two trials for bigamy were saved from our already overcrowded courts.

HE SKIPPED.

A Washing-Machine Agent Who Was Not Proof Against Dynamite.

"About four weeks ago," said a farmer on the market the other day, "I concluded to get rid of several old stumps near the barn, and I came in and purchased some giant cartridges. Next day forenoon I went at the job, and had just got a cartridge tamped down in the first stump when I saw a man drive up to the house. That was nothing to bother over, however, and I lighted the fuse and ran around the barn to wait for the explosion. I had only got in place when I heard a voice calling:

"Ah! there, Sharp! I want to sell you the best washing-machine ever made."

"It was the chap who had driven up, and my wife had sent him out to hunt me up. He was within ten feet of the stump when he called. I had a two-minute fuse on the cartridge when I heard his voice, and I called back: 'For Heaven's sake get onto that!'"

"Oh, I'll get out, after I have sold you a machine. Sharp, where are you?" "Well, sir, you can have my ears if that infernal idiot didn't walk up and rest his elbow on the stump, and he was there when she exploded. He took a rise of six or eight feet, came down spread-eagle fashion, and then scrambled up and made for his wagon with silver sticking out all over him.

"He just sailed over the forewheel to his seat on the wagon, giving the horses a cut with the whip, and was a mile away when I went out to the road to inquire if his machine was full-jeweled."

"Catarth of the nose and head can be easily, quickly, pleasantly and lastingly cured. The Francis Catarth cure will positively and effectually cure in a few days any case. A package, more than enough to surely and infallibly cure any case, sent post paid by mail for one dollar by M. Francis, Washington, D. C."

PONDOLAND.

Pecculiarities of an African State and Its Inhabitants.

I am one of the very few white people that have ever visited Pondoland. I have lately returned from that country, and possibly some of my experiences may be found interesting.

The Pondos are a rich nation so far as cattle is concerned, and their country allows them to grow mealies and corn and tobacco in profusion without much trouble and labor.

The Pondomen lead very lazy lives. They scarcely ever do any work. They leave to the women the cultivation of the mealie gardens and the hewing of wood and drawing of water. To the boys they leave the herding of the cattle. It is difficult to say what they do but lie, and thieve, and cheat, and in sufficiently formidable numbers (rendering resistance impossible) attack a store, carry off the goods of the unhappy store-keeper, and murder him if he protests too vehemently at the loss of his blankets and rum.

It Was All Right

"Where do you expect this money from?" asked a clerk in the money-order department of the post-office of a woman who presented an order for fifteen dollars.

"From Chicago." "And who from?" "John Williams." "Ahem. I guess it is all right." "Oh, I know it is!" she exclaimed as she signed her name.

"Mrs. Langtry's accent is said by the Pall Mall Gazette to be a mixture of East London and American."

WANTS-FOR SALE-TO RENT.

Salesman Wanted. By one of the Largest Manufacturers of Fine Lubricating Oils in the World. Address JOHN M. GILL, Rooms 50 and 60, 205 La Salle st., Chicago.

HOUSES TO RENT.

Inquire of the subscriber at his office in the Senger building, 3517 F. D. MEAD, Att'y.

MIDWIFE-MRS. EMILY STEINKE.

Gepuete Deutsche Hebamme. Residence south side of Wells avenue, one block west of Presbyterian church, between Harrison ave and Wolcott street.

TRESPASSERS-ATTENTION.

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

RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company are now offering for sale their land in Michigan at greatly reduced rates. Their hard-wood and farming lands will be sold to settlers on long time, with a low rate of interest, or a discount of 10% per cent. from their regular price will be made for cash.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TEACH Any person can become so thoroughly posted in three weeks reviewing with the Common School Question Book as to successfully pass the most difficult and technical legal examination for teachers' certificates.

SCHOOL

Wanted. A. H. Craig, Caldwell, Wis.

HATCH

The CRAIG Folding Incubator and Brooder (combined), will hatch 1,000 to 1,500 chicks a year, worth as broilers \$4 to \$15 per dozen. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price \$25.

CHICKSBY

An absolute success. Perfect imitation of the hen. No lamps to explode. Ten hens will pay \$5000 profit per year. Send for catalogue. No cost or experience to operate. Holds 100 eggs. Price \$25.

STEAM

North Evanston, Ill.

GREENHOOT.

Greenhoot's

Is now Brimming over with NEW Spring Goods

Among Which Are Calicos at 3c a yard, Gingham at 6c a yard, Sheetings at 5c a yard, Piques at 7c a yard, Cheviots at 7c a yard, Sum'r Lawns 4 1/2 a yard

LADIES' HOSE As low as 5c a pair, and

Fine Brocaded Dress Goods At the Unheard-of Price of 5c a yard.

Boots and Shoes For all wearers and purposes—the best line in the city.

CARPETS AND RUGS And a complete line of

Men's, Boys' and Child's CLOTHING.

In short, the largest, best and most varied stock in the city, which is to be sold at prices to command trade without reference to any other consideration. Call and examine the goods and get prices. GREENHOOT.

“La Belle”

WAGONS: SOLD IN THIS CITY ONLY BY W. J. WALLACE.

“EAGLE” LIVERY STABLES,

Under Music Hall. Single or Double Rigs at all Hours.

Orders for Bus Service or Baggage Transportation may be left at the Ludington street stable. Horses boarded on favorable terms.

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

EPHRAIM & MORRELL, CORNER TILDEN AVE. AND LUDINGTON ST.

MERCHANT TAILORS ALSO GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

You can save dollars by visiting our store.



# IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. F. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (No. 5 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

The Kentucky legislature is considering a bill to make boycotting a crime, punishable by imprisonment.

C. A. McRAE, in the Florence News, says that "the back-bone of the Iron River ring is broken" by the election of Reibel supervisor; that Lott was the ring candidate, and that he would have been worse than Weimer.

No, RUSSELL, not till '89. It was so written and so marked in the proof, but nothing would induce slug 25 to turn that figure 'other end up—Three years; "make hay."

BULLETIN No. 13 of the agricultural college is about "potato culture." The rules are few and simple; plow deep, plant good seed and tend carefully. The varieties recommended are "Beauty of Hebron" and "Burbank's seedling."

The successor of Gen. Murray as governor of Utah is like him a Kentuckian, but was, unlike him, on the gray side in the late unpopularity. He can be forgiven for that error if he will but don and defend the blue in Utah.

JAMES J. TONER, formerly of the News, of Florence, is now running the Standard Democrat at Burlington, Wisconsin, the only democratic paper in the two counties of Racine and Walworth. The Standard is 23 years old—the democratic character is just assumed.

A PLOT to rob the mint, by tunneling into the vaults from an adjacent cellar, has been discovered (?) by New York detectives. The mint vaults contain between thirty and forty millions in coin and bullion, and the officers are much exercised over the alleged plot.

THERE is a brewer named Boisch at Lake Linden who is a leader in the "labor movement" and had acquired the sobriquet "Little Powderly." He ran a labor ticket at the late election, got beaten, and is now not "Powderly," but "powdered."

THE editor of the Center, the prohibition organ, was "a train-boy on the Mich. Central railroad in 1858," and the business methods of the peanut trade stick to him yet; he slams his bigoted sheet in the face of the public just as he used to do with the "cheap and nasty" stuff he then vended.

TWELVE well-known citizens of Holyoke, Mass., were fined \$13 apiece for playing poker on Sunday. Got off cheap; had they lived and so sinned in Massachusetts a century ago they would have fared much worse. If they want to play poker on Sunday they should move to Chicago.

MICHIGAN presses the name of M. V. Montgomery for the vacant seat on the bench formerly occupied by Judge Baxter, but the president will probably give it to a Tennessean. When he talks about putting a Michigan man there he speaks of Lothrop.

—Later: He has appointed Howell E. Jackson, now U. S. senator from Tennessee.

IT IS NOT safe to assume that because the upper peninsula has always given a large republican majority, it always will. New questions come up—new men come to the front—new methods are used. The ascendancy can be maintained but it will not maintain itself. Organization and work are necessary. Shall we have them?

THE president dodges: The senate's action with regard to the reason for the suspension of officers set him to thinking, and he observed that the terms of office of many of the suspended officers had expired since their suspension. In these cases he now sends the names of their successors to the senate vice the others "term of office expired." In this way he hopes to squelch the senatorial inquiry which, it seems, has bothered him.

THE silver question is settled for the time being. On the 8th the house voted (84 to 201) not to suspend silver coinage as now by law provided for, and on the same day voted (125 to 163) not to authorize free coinage of silver; so the Bland law continues to operate and the mint to coin two millions a month in big dollars. It seems to have been a case of let "well enough alone" in the minds of the majority, though the free-coinage proposition developed more strength than was expected.

THE LATEST news by the mails. A tornado swept over the cities of St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids on the 14th, destroying two or three hundred residences, killing over a hundred persons and wounding as many more. A passenger train was thrown from the rails and into the Blue river, near Oketa, Kansas, on Wednesday. One passenger killed and 13 wounded. The house decided the Hurd-Romeis contest against Hurd by 168 to 105. There is still trouble at east St. Louis and more arson and bloodshed is feared. The debate in parliament on Mr. Gladstone's Irish measure continues but the final trial of strength will come on the second reading, May 10.

AN INTERESTING exhibition of the way fashion works has just been given in Grand Rapids, the head-quarters of the idea. The democrats and greenbackers finally fused on a city ticket after being in session from two in the afternoon until five the next morning. The offices were evenly divided, the police justice being the odd office remaining. For this a selection by a two-thirds joint vote was agreed on. The democrats insisted on a man who was the saloon candidate. The greenbackers supported another democrat, a reputable citizen, the present incumbent, John T. Holmes. But the democrats refused to yield or to compromise, and signified the greenbackers into voting for the man dictated by the saloons.—Detroit Tribune.

Mr. WINSTON, minister to Persia, wishes he had never seen a pen. A loose woman of Chicago died, the other day, of too much opium smoke, and among her effects were letters from Winston. He cables from Teheran that he tried to help the woman to be good, but failed, and directs libel suits commenced against the newspapers that commented on the facts disclosed. Mr. Trude has entered one suit, against the News, damages claimed \$50,000. Mr. Winston says he will be on hand when the cases come to trial.

IN THE charter election on Monday at Escanaba Mr. Stack was re-elected mayor. Marshal McCarthy also secured a re-election. Mr. Wickert was chosen city treasurer and Morrell clerk. The latter is the only republican elected to a city office, and the council is also democratic. The Port's desire to see party lines drawn in the election was gratified, but the result will hardly fill it with gladness.—Marquette M. J.

THE IRON PORT is satisfied; the result was no more than was anticipated. What the republicans who joined in the movement wanted was not so much success in the city election (though they expect that against an acknowledged democratic organization) as to know what and where the republican party is at all times, and not have to hunt it up and herd it together once in two years. The republicans of Escanaba are making no moan—don't turn on the tap on their account.

SURVEYING the field after the spring elections, the Detroit Tribune says:

The republicans seem to have come out of the general scrimmage with full as many of the trophies of war as any of their opponents and to have shown as good a spirit, which augurs well for them in the next fall's campaign. They have every reason to be encouraged but none to cause them to idle away their time, to neglect their opportunities, or to slacken their efforts. Steady work and thorough organization are the prime necessities. Given these, and Michigan will be firmly kept in the republican column despite the utmost efforts of a combined opposition of ill-assorted and discordant elements, held together only by a common hatred for the republican party.

In that paragraph it sounds the key-note of success—"steady work and thorough organization." With these we can not only carry the state on the state ticket, but also replace six of the seven fusion members of congress by republicans; without it, defeat is inevitable and not undeserved.

SALES of iron ore have been less frequent the past than during the preceding week, but, nevertheless, a steady demand of moderate dimensions for medium sized lots manages to keep business moving and the market firm. Besides the usual transactions that range from 1,000 tons upwards, there are negotiations now pending that may result in large sales. The preference is still for Bessemer, and of the two a quarter millions of tons now sold, probably not to exceed one-eighth of the amount is non-Bessemer. The announcement that ore freights from lake ports to the furnaces would be advanced on the first of May, has accelerated the forward movement of ore, as furnace operators are anxious to have stocks already purchased transferred before the advance takes place. As about all the ore now on dock has been sold, the indications are that the docks will be practically cleared up by the first of May, and, according to the opinion of a prominent iron merchant, stocks of ore will be all about used up, as very few have enough left to carry them to June. The amount of ore forwarded from Cleveland during the first three months of the year was as follows: January, 70,804 tons; February, 43,507 tons; March, 63,487 tons. April, owing to the advanced rates, will undoubtedly show a marked increase over previous months. The prospects of an early opening of navigation do not brighten materially. Lake freights are unchanged. During the winter considerable sales of New York ore were made for delivery in this market, but the ability to dispose of it nearer home has checked its shipment west. Quotations unchanged.—Cleveland Iron Trade Review, 9th.

IT IS A GRIEVOUS thing to dethrone a monarch or to "down" a "boss," always resulting in civil war or party feud, and just that grievous thing has happened in the happy-family, partly-fused agglomeration of irreconcilables known as the democratic party of Michigan. There is exultation in one camp; there is sulen anger and hot thirst for revenge in another. Don Dickinson's grip on the president and the pap-spoon is broken. One of his first appointments (by the president, of course) was that of Orlando W. Powers to be associate judge for Utah. It was bitterly opposed by the old party managers over whom Mr. Dickinson had vaulted to his leadership of the party and insisted upon by him with a pertinacity that would not be denied. That appointment the president withdrew this week. Had Powers been rejected by the senate it would have been all right so far as Don was concerned—he assumed to no influence with the republican majority of that body, but to have the president go back on him is death, without benefit of clergy, to Don's budding boom and rehabilitation to the members of the old bourbon syndicate. We clip a Detroit dispatch:

DETROIT, April 12.—The withdrawal by President Cleveland of the nomination of O. W. Powers as United States justice for Utah was a bombshell here. The defeat of Powers' nomination in the senate was regarded as possible, but nobody thought, for an instant, that the nomination would be withdrawn. The opposition to Powers was headed by Edwin F. Conley, law partner of Congressman Maybury, who says that he knew the president would withdraw the nomination as soon as he was convinced of the truth of the charges against Powers. The result must be accepted as a great blow to Don M. Dickinson and his faction of the party. Mr. Dickinson declines to be interviewed, but it is plain that the withdrawal is a great surprise and disappointment to him, as so far he has had his own way with the administration. Powers' appointment was made April 21, 1885, and at once provoked a controversy. It was alleged by Powers' opponents here that the reputed scathing letter from the president published last August, referring to a suit judge not named, meant Powers, but that the president wrote the letter has not been determined. The Maybury faction is wildly stated this evening. Now, if A. P. Swinson's nomination as governor of Alaska should be knocked out there would be blood.

# A SPECIAL DISPATCH FROM WASHINGTON DATED ON THE 8th, to the Detroit Tribune says:

Democrats among the Michigan delegation in the house are very outspoken in their views upon the late elections in Michigan. The preponderance of opinion among them is that the administration received a black eye instead of an endorsement, in spite of the fact that the returns received here show that in many instances the democrats made considerable gains. The democratic members of congress say they believe that, aside from local issues, the party in the state is knocked out. Eldredge and Comstock are particularly bitter in their comment upon the course of the administration and its effect upon the election. The latter speaking of the results, said: "Unless we throw Cleveland overboard entirely there is not a ghost of a show for us this fall. The people of Michigan are sick of him, and the only hope of the democratic congress is to repudiate him entirely. Unless we take this course, not a democrat will be returned from Michigan this fall."

Now, the writer may have been influenced by his own political bias (though Washington news-gatherers are not supposed to have any) but there is certainly a basis in truth for his statements, and they are rather pleasant reading, to us.

# Prof. Stolpe.

This eminent Musician and Composer will take a prominent part in the concert to be given at Opera Hall in this city on Tuesday evening, May 4. Mrs. Carlson, of Chicago, will also assist. Of Professor Stolpe the following press notices were written on his last appearance in those places:

Prof. Stolpe is a wonderful musician, and it is hard to tell which instrument he plays better, the piano or the violin. In some of his exquisite touches on the latter one was instinctively reminded of the great Ole Bull. Fine manner of delivery and skill has the professor in high degree, and his compositions have originally, which is seldom found in our time.—Minneapolis Paper.

Prof. Stolpe, upon both the piano and violin, showed an exquisite touch, and upon the former instrument especially gave character to the selections rendered so skillfully, among the number being Auber's "Romance," "Love in Youth," "Alla Tingaia," "Soldiers' Chorus," and "Pasquinade." The violin selections were a fantastic and Russian airs.—Argus, Fargo.

Prof. Stolpe is a remarkably fine violinist and just as good a pianist. His violin solos were rendered as only a master of the bow and chords could render them. As a pianist we do not remember any one so good as he, who has visited Duluth, except Konski.—Duluth Tribune.

Prof. Stolpe displayed great artistic skill and training, receiving the most applause while rendering his own excellent compositions.—Willmar, Minn., Paper.

Prof. Stolpe has perfect command of both violin and piano. He is celebrated as a composer, and last evening played a fine fantasia of his own composition, and distinguished himself both as a pianist and violinist, it being hard to say in which he excelled.—Duluth Evening Herald.

Prof. Stolpe, as a violinist and pianist, ranks with the best.—Litchfield News-Ledger.

Prof. Stolpe is an accomplished artist and his splendid playing on the piano was not surpassed by his violin solos. He merited and received hearty applause at every appearance. The several instrumental numbers were given in excellent style by Prof. Stolpe, who alternated with equal effect with the violin and piano.—Topeka, Kansas, Daily Capital.

Prof. Stolpe is a pianist of very considerable merit. The two compositions of his own, "Alla Tingaia" and "Soldiers' Chorus," were very characteristic, and were executed with interest and life.—Emporia, Kansas, Repub.

Prof. Stolpe is a violinist of the first rank.—McPherson, Kansas, Republic.

Prof. Stolpe played the piano with most superior skill.—St. Paul Press.

These extracts refer to his former appearance in this country.

Professor Stolpe, assisted by Mrs. Carlson, of Chicago, and other talent, will appear at Opera Hall Escanaba, on the evening of May 4, at 8 o'clock. Tickets and reserved seats at the usual places. Popular prices.

# HE RESIGNED.

Why a Newly-Appointed Railway Mail Clerk Returned His Commission.

A story they tell about Andrew Jeck, the veteran railway mail clerk, comes in well at this time, when they are making so many changes in the postal service. Jeck is the oldest railway clerk in Maine, and there are few, if any, on the postal cars anywhere as old as he; yet he is active, efficient and sharp. Years ago another fellow succeeded in getting himself appointed to fill Jeck's place. Of course Jeck consented to make one or two trips with him to show him the ropes. It happened that on the first trip they made together there was an accident and the car was thrown from the track. Jeck caught firmly hold of the table when he felt the first jar and came out of the accident unscathed and not the least disconcerted. The novice was flung in a heap into one corner and badly bruised.

"Does this sort of thing happen very often?" he asked Jeck.

"Oh, yes," said Jeck. "And I forgot to tell you that we all have a place to cling to when it comes. You must have a holding place purposely fixed to get a stiff grip on with your hands."

The top of the car was much battered by time and the new man asked, before they had gone much further on the route. "Mr. Jeck, what has made all these scars in the top of this car?"

"That's nothing," said Jeck. "It's only where my heels have struck when I've been tossed into the air by accidents such as we have had this morning."

When they finished their run the new appointee said he guessed he had enough of it, and would go back to selling groceries for a living, and Jeck staid in the railway mail service then and ever after.—Leuiston (Me.) Journal.

# HIS EXPERIENCE.

Where Lovers of Dog Flesh Can Purchase a Canine Cheap.

The Lewiston Journal gives a Boston drummer's experience with a high-priced dog, which he had purchased on one of his trips to Maine. The animal had become sufficiently familiar with his delighted owner to follow him, so the young man started to drive to Readfield. His dog ran along beside his team, jumping fences and scouring among the bushes. The drummer had not gone far when the dog played the mischief with a farmer's sheep, and the drummer cheerfully settled for the mutt, greatly admiring the prowess of his dog. A few miles further on, the animal made a raid on a flock of hens, and killed several of them. The drummer pulled his wallet again, and paid the cost of damage.

Well, he had hardly got under way once more, when that dog saw another flock of sheep. The drummer had bought all the spring lamb he could use, so he got out of the buggy and started for his dog with the whip. The horse became frightened and sprang. Raymond caught the tail-board of the wagon and stopped the horse.

He had no further adventures, but when he reached Readfield, he saw for the first time that only a small piece of chain dangled from his vest. When he jumped into the back of the wagon, the chain had caught, pulled out his gold watch, and broken in two. The watch, which had cost him one hundred and twenty-five dollars, dropped in the road. He sent that dog home in a freight-car.

# Special Notices.

For Rent. Two desirable office rooms in the Ram-speak block. Inquire of E. Glaser. 24

For Sale. Three lots, well located, in Campbell's addition. Enquire at office of F. D. Mead in Semer Block. 231f

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box, at Geo. Preston's. 21

Office of the Engineer, Eleventh Light-House District. DETROIT, MICH., April 1, 1886.

Sealed proposals will be received at this office until twelve M., on Thursday, the 22d day of April, 1886, for furnishing the material and labor of all kinds necessary for constructing a Keeper's Dwelling at Sturgeon Bay Ship-Canal Light-Station, Lake Michigan, Wisconsin. Plans, specifications, forms of proposal, and other information may be obtained on application to this office. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids, and to waive any defects. CHAS. E. L. B. DAVIS, Capt. of Engineers, U.S.A., Engineer 11th L.-H. District. 21

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. 22 REV. C. G. KATTSBORN.

Card of Thanks. With feelings of gratitude which words can not express to all those who assisted us so generously during the sickness and interment of our son, we take this method of returning our sincere thanks.

MR. and MRS. SHIELDS.

He Found it Good. Dr. C. D. Warner.—Dear Sir, I got a bottle of your White Wine of Tar Syrup and found it most excellent. It was very pleasant to take, and I was greatly benefited by its use. REV. A. HEDGREN, Hauterdale, Pa. 22

Testimonial of the Craig Folding Incubator. (See advertisement elsewhere.) HOPEDALE, ILL., Nov. 11, 1885.

F. D. Craig: I am well pleased with the Craig incubator. Had very good success upon first trial. My third trial was the best. Out of seventy-eight eggs I hatched sixty-five chicks. Never had a finer lot of chicks hatched.

Respectfully, HELEN ORNDORFF.

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 hearty appetite and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds. Call at Geo. Preston's drug store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large bottles \$1. 21

Water Supply. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Mayor of the city of Escanaba until 6 o'clock p. m. of Tuesday, May 4, 1886, for furnishing the city with water according to the plan and specifications now on file at the office of the city clerk. The city reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Dated at Escanaba, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1886.

ROBERT E. MORRELL, City Clerk.

Thousands Say So. Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels: No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Geo. Preston. 21

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING! DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

# FURNISHING GOODS.

# Kratze's Double Stores!

## Ladies' Department.

This department, although only in operation a short time, is rapidly gaining favor with the ladies of all parts of the city for the following reasons:

1. Its central location.
2. The superior quality of goods.
3. Uniform prices.
4. No blow, but good values.
5. Light and room; plenty of both.
6. Courtesy to all.

## DRESS GOODS

## WHITE GOODS

## EMBROIDERIES

## Shoes and Slippers!

## CARPETS

## OIL CLOTHS

## AND RUGS

And in fact a full and complete line of Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions, and all to be sold at a fair margin of profit.

## Gent's Department.

This is the old and long-established place where Kratze has earned the reputation of being the cheapest man in the city, and where he proposes to stay and maintain that reputation. Here you find fine

## CLOTHING

## HATS & CAPS

## BOOTS & SHOES

## Furnishing Goods!

## TRUNKS

## VALISES

## HAND-BAGS

And each and every article in the store will be sold on its merits, knowing that if you call once you will call often.

# FURNITURE.

# P. M. PETERSON,

DEALER IN

# Fine Household and Office Furniture.

UPHOLSTERING AND UNDERTAKING.

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

Agent for the Singer Sewing Machines and Attachments. 2

# MEAT MARKET.

# HELSEL & HENTSCHEL,

—DEALERS IN—

# Fresh, : Salted : and : Smoked : Meats

# BUTTER, EGGS AND PRODUCE.

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

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST. 3

# FLOUR, FEED, &c.

# BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.

DEALERS IN

# Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

SEVENTH CORNER OF LUDINGTON AND WELCOTT STREETS. 3

# CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

# JEWELRY.

# New Jewelry

and . Elegant . Styles . in . Silverware

for . the . Public,

at . Stegmiller's . Jewelry . House.

# LIVERY.

# M.E. MAIN'S LIVERY STABLE.

Tilden Avenue.

# RIGS

At all hours, day or night and at

# Low Prices

Give me a call.

I have the finest horse ever brought to this peninsula and will promptly respond to all orders for its use. Terms as low as anybody's. One door south of Oliver house.





# IRON PORT.

ESCANABA MICHIGAN, APRIL, 17, 1886

## MOTHER'S MENDING-BASKET

O'er and o'er, and in and out,  
The swift little needle flies,  
For always between her and idleness  
The mending basket lies:  
And the patient hands, though weary,  
Work bravely on and on,  
At tasks that never are finished,  
For mending is never done.

She takes up the father's stockings,  
And skillfully knits the heel,  
And smooths the seam with a tender touch,  
That he may no roughness feel;  
And her thoughts to her merry girthood,  
And her easy wifehood go,  
And she smiles at the first pair of stockings  
She knits so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden  
Learning to knit at her side,  
And tells her about those stockings  
Unworn and shapeless and wide—  
"I had to ravel them out, my dear;  
Don't be discouraged, but try,  
And after awhile you'll learn to knit  
As swift and even as I."

She takes up a little white apron,  
And thinks of the sweet little face  
Of her darling when she came crying:  
"Oh, mamma! I've torn my lace."  
So she mended the child's pet apron;  
Then took up a tiny shoe,  
And fastened a stitch that was broken,  
And tied the ribbon of blue.

The maiden has wearied of working  
And gone away to her play;  
The sun in the west is sinking  
At the close of the quiet day,  
Now the mother's hands are resting  
Still holding a stocking of red,  
And her thoughts in the twilight shadow  
To the far off future have fled.

"O where will the little feet wander  
Before they have time to rest?  
Where will the bright heads be followed  
When mother's loving breast  
Is under the spring's blue violets,  
And under the summer grass,  
When over her fall the autumn leaves,  
And the storms of winter pass?"

And a prayer for her heart she utters:  
"God bless them, my dear ones all!  
O! may it be many, many years  
E'er sorrow to them befall!"  
To her work from the mending-basket  
She turns with a heart at rest;  
For she knows that to husband and children  
She is always the first and best.  
—Abbe Kincaid, in N. Y. Ledger.

## Shadows on the Snow.

By B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "SHADES OF GRASS," "GOLDEN GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," ETC., ETC.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

Again the shadow throng upheaved,  
and hid the frightful Creature from his sight. Again their ranks divided, and disclosed a new and awful figure, crouching to the ground, with tears streaming from its eyes. Old before its time, haggard before its time, and utterly, utterly hopeless. It raised its wasted hand, it turned its face Heavenward in despairing appeal. And in its lap, with pallid, pitiful face, lay the form of a once beautiful child, cold and dead.

For the third time William felt the cold touch upon his arm—the touch that now chilled him to the marrow; for the third time the voice whispered in his ear:

"Remorse!"

The moment the word was spoken, the throng of phantom shadows glided into their snow-tomb and vanished from his sight. The snow closed upon them like the resistless wave of a mighty sea, and the great plain lay naked in the eye of Heaven. But William was not alone; once more the voice of the Invisible Shadow addressed him.

"Blind and infatuated! Upon this evening, when the universal heart of man should be turned to love and charity, have you allowed to be sown in your breast the seeds of doubt and mistrust. Upon this holy Christmas Eve have you allowed to be defiled the love which hallows life? She whom you love, and who loves you with perfect faithfulness, is stainless and truthful. This night Doubt occupies its place. Beware, lest to-morrow comes Remorse! Behold what you were, what you are and what you shall be if you allow passion and unreason to blind you!"

The voice ceased, and William, starting forward in terror, threw up his arms with a wild, despairing cry. For the white plain was forming itself into a vast valley, shelving into depths which appeared limitless, and into which he was sinking. In vain he strove to save himself. Down he sunk, lower and lower still, until he was dizzy with fear that each moment would disclose a frightful precipice, over which he would be hurled and dashed to pieces. But although the soft, white snow enveloped him, and this terror encompassed his soul, he was sensible of the presence of shadowy spirits accompanying him in his flight; and ever and anon, in the course of his descent, there gleamed athwart his otherwise blinded sight visions which enthralled him. Blue eyes and brown; faces wondrously beautiful; white hands that played about his hair; lips that smiled and mocked; persons for whom he entertained affection; his mother who died when he was young, and the pretty child who was buried with her—one and all gleamed before his sight, like stars falling from heaven into the depths. It seemed to him that he continued thus to sink for days and weeks and years, and that to this horrible fate he was eternally condemned; but at length the end came. Darkness fell upon him, and he knew nothing more until he found himself standing before a house surrounded by waving fields, the golden corn gleaming in the sun. The musical whisperings of the waving sheaves fell melodiously upon his ears, and he experienced an inexpressible sense of relief. For a brief space he gave himself up to the spell of a calm, delicious rest, and then he looked more narrowly upon the scene.

Strange! It was his own house before which he stood; these were his own fields that he saw around him. Not as he had seen them last; the evidence of more careful husbandry and cultivation was everywhere apparent. It was the realization of what he had dreamed his home and farm might be in a few years after he married. And there the specter was Laura, more

matronly and more beautiful than in her maiden days. He stepped to her side and laid his hand on her shoulder, but she did not turn to look upon him. He spoke to her, but she betrayed no consciousness of his speech. He clasped her in his arms, but she melted from his grasp, and he saw her looking with a glad light in her lovely eyes toward the distant landscape. Wonder upon wonders! He saw a man approaching—himself with a little girl upon his shoulders—his child and hers, by the likeness in her pretty face to himself and Laura—crowing and clapping her tiny hands at her mother, who ran toward them with joyous cries, and was taken to her husband's embrace. And then he learned that he was a shadow, invisible, impalpable, and that his other self had taken his place in Laura's heart. He accompanied them, and walked by their side, listening to the fond terms of endearment that passed between them, a witness of their true and faithful affection. The day passed, and he saw them in the evening, sitting by the window, her head resting upon his shoulder. He heard her speak in sweetest accents of love; he comprehended the worship of her eyes as she gazed upon her husband, and he groaned in despair at the thought that he had faded out of his place in the world, and that another filled it.

"Shall I buy your thoughts?" asked her husband, in reference to a sweet and pensive expression he observed in her face.

"What will you give for them, William?"

He kissed her; she nestled closer to him.

"I am thinking of the past," she said; "of something that is often in my mind, yet of which I have never spoken. Do you remember the last Christmas Eve we spent in my father's house before we were married?"

"Surely, my darling."

"Something seemed to come between us that night, something that threw a shadow upon both our hearts. When you went away I was truly unhappy, and I did not sleep the whole of the night. How I sighed for the day to come, so that I might see you, and tell you all! And when I saw you coming across the field, O William, I ran up to my bedroom and cried for very happiness. For I feared that I might never see you again, and the thought was like death to me."

"Do not speak of that night," he said; "the remembrance of my blind jealousy always brings pain to me."

"It brings pleasure to me, William, for it seemed to me that I needed that proof of your trustfulness. I am, indeed, a happy woman, happy beyond the power of words."

"I am blest in your love, my darling."

"And I in yours, dear, I thank God for it hourly and daily."

In this way, without one discordant element, the story of those two lives passed rapidly before the dreamer. He saw them in their youthful wedded days, contented and blessed. Years passed swiftly over their heads, and children grew around them adding to their happiness. Every day was not a day of joy. Sorrow and sickness came to them as to others, and he beheld them weeping in the chamber of death over the lifeless form of one of their children, gathering consolation in their bereavement from their natural affection, and from their firm belief that He whose all-seeing eye watches equally over all world, in His own good time, bring their darling again to their arms.

And so, through the valley of the years, he followed the record of their honored lives until they were gathered to the fold of Him whose children live through all eternity.

Again he heard the voice of the spirit-shadow: "Such lives as these are the reward of Faith and Love. Doubter of what is most holy and beautiful, behold what shall spring from the seeds you have allowed this night to be set within your heart!"

Again he saw his home and farm, but, ah, how changed! Neglected lay the rich fields around his homestead; and in his garden overrun with weeds, stood Laura, looking out upon the landscape. Could this be the Laura whom he loved? Although the familiar features were there, the expression of accustomed unhappiness upon them struck him with fear. Presently his second self came toward her; but she was not, as before, taken to her husband's embrace, and he made no response to the yearning look with which ever and anon she raised her eyes to his. In silence they walked side by side to their house.

"Who has been here, Laura?"

"No person, William."

"You are sure of that?"

"Indeed, indeed," she replied, with a heavy sigh, "there has been no person here."

He received her assurance with a sneer.

"We men are not a match for you fair women!"

She turned from him, sobbing, and William recognized that an unhappy home was here before him, darkened by doubt, gloomed by mistrust. Love did not illumine it; faith did not sanctify it.

In the evening, the wife crept humbly, beseechingly, to her husband's side.

"William," she said, timidly, "is this to go on forever?"

"It is for you to decide," he replied, morosely.

"What can I do?" she cried "oh, what can I do? Why do you still continue to doubt me?"

of anguish in her eyes, "you have broken my heart!"

But he left her abruptly, without reply—left her to weep over the cold ashes of her love.

Thus passed the years. Thinner and paler grew the wife—more morose and haggard grew the husband—until the hour arrived when she lay upon her bed of death, her wan face looking up to his, while the angel of love and the demon of doubt still fought their battle within his soul.

"Kiss me, William," she said, slowly and painfully. "I am sorry, yet glad, to leave you. Our life has not been what I hoped it would be. How happy we were before we were married—in the dear-old days! How bright the future was. But all my dreams died years, long years ago. It is too late now to endeavor to bring them to life; but we shall meet again—in the Hereafter, when all doubt is cleared away. In that good time you will know me better, and will love me again, as in the old days, will you not?"

He choked back the spasms that rose to his throat, and, in a sudden agony of remorse, knelt by the bed and laid his hand in hers.

"Thank God!" she said, with glad light in her voice as she held his hand to her wasted breast, and then raised it feebly to her lips. "It is all over—life was very hard to bear without your love. I gave you all my heart, William; but you took yours from me—and it was my life, my life! When I am gone, think of me sometimes, with love in your thoughts. Look, William, look!"—she rose in her bed, and pointed out of the window—"there is father's house! The snow is falling—is it Christmas, then? Beautiful shadows are moving all around. Kiss me, William, for the last, last time. Ah, my love! my love!"

With that last kiss spiritual beauty passed into her face, and her soul winged its way to the bosom of our Heavenly Father.

"Such lives as these," said the Invisible Spirit "are the fruits of Doubt. Behold Remorse!"

For the third time the aspect of his home changed. All now was drear and desolate. A deathly stillness reigned throughout the house, and, sitting by himself, with eyes that sought the ground, William beheld a prematurely old, gray-headed man. Unfriendly, uncared for, he mourned in silence, surrounded by the sad evidences of a wrecked and wasted life. Brooding over what might have been, listening for what he shall never hear—for the tender voice of the woman whose heart he had broken, for the pretty prattle of children, and the joyous scrambling of their pretty little feet; searching for the home-lights which he himself extinguished, and which shall never shine again, stretching forth his trembling hands to the years that were gone, and gazing despairingly at the dead flowers which might have bloomed for him until he closed his eyes upon the world.

And for the last time the spirit spoke:

"The story you have heard this night from the lips of a hard, bad man is true. But if one sin, must all be guilty? Your life is now sanctified by the pure love of a pure woman. Cast it not lightly from you. Live, and be blessed by the angel, Love. Live, and be blessed by the devil, doubt. The choice is before you. You have received your warning!"

The voice ceased, and William, starting to his feet, rubbed his eyes in amazement, and looked about him. It was a dream, then—surely a dream, for no spirit-faces were in the twisted limbs and branches of the tree. The hedge-row beyond was beautiful, but no beckoning shadows were there. The stars shone in the frosty heavens, and the moon threw a soft tender light upon the snow fields smiling in her face. The night was very lovely; all nature was in repose. He looked toward Laura's house, and there—

For a moment his heart stood still, and then his body throbbled with maddening pulses. Stealing out from the house, he saw a female, her form throwing a long shadow on the snow. He could not mistake the step, the graceful turn of her neck as she looked warily around. Another form meeting hers—the shadow of a man upon the snow! As the two met, William pressed forward in mad excitement. He saw the tenderest kisses pass between them; he saw them clinging to each other in fond endearment, he saw her, his Laura! lying in another man's arms and he sunk to the ground with a bitter cry. A blight had fallen on his life.

## PART II.

THE SHADOWS ON THE SNOW RANGE.

Far away from English homes and English firesides, our story takes us, on a dark and cheerless night, to a small canvas tent, pitched in a gully, on each side of which frowning ranges rear their lofty heads. To this small tent we come from the dear old land, across wild and stormy seas, through gale and tempest, over tropical waters where the blood-red moon rises from a lurid ocean, past icebergs looming threateningly near, mid tracks of phosphorescent light gleaming in the darkness of the darkest night—to this small tent, wherein are centered all the elements of passion which make up the sum of human life in the great world beyond. Months fly, seasons change, and glowing aspirations fade away, and are lost forever, in the gulf of time. The drama of some men's lives is played out upon many stages; for others, a single scene upon a narrow stage suffices for the commencement and the end.

A dark, cold, cheerless night. The solitudes wear their saddest aspect. The moon is in its third quarter, and rises late. The wind, shrieking for freedom, tears about the snow-clad hills, and, finding no outlet, robs the surfaces of a myriad soft and graceful flakes, and, whirling them into furious eddies, is stripped in its turn of its stolen treasure by every sharp nook and cranny it strives to pass. The hills are here the master of the gale, which grows more frantic in its vain endeavors to escape into the plains, where it can revel at its pleasure, with naught to oppose its supremacy. But the mountains hold it fast, and laugh to scorn its wild shrieks, knowing full well that when its strength is spent it will die away in fitful whispers, and find its grave in the valleys below.

A dark, cold, cheerless night. With the exception of this small tent, no trace of civilization near. Here Nature reigns supreme. The lofty mountains, rising range over range, shut out from the world the gully in which our scene is laid. And yet, between this sterile, savage spot and our lovely Devon lane there is a close and human connection. Invisible but indestructible links of love connect the Old World and this that we call the New. The thoughts of one man at least, sitting in the tent with his face hidden in his hands, are traveling toward the beautiful lane in Devon, which seems with pleasant and one terribly bitter memory—to the narrow, quiet lane in the garden of England, wherein were culminated his life's happiness and his life's great sorrow. Again the scene rises before him. Again the old familiar faces shape themselves in the air, and visit him with loving looks and smiles. Again a tearfully happy face is resting on his breast, and loving eyes seek his. Again the fond arms are thrown around him, and a tender form is folded in his breast. And then he wakes, and looking up with a bitter smile, shakes off the dream in anger.

Within the tent a party of men are seated before a miserably scant fire. The canvas—the only roof between them and heaven—scarcely screens them from the intemperance of the storm; and, strong and hardy as they are, they huddle close together for warmth, and greedily watch the dying embers before them. The men are rough looking fellows, with great beards and strong limbs, and a decided assertion of physical strength in every movement of their bodies. Each has a short, black pipe in his mouth, which he puffs vigorously and with a will; and all are attired in rough pea-jackets, mole-skin trousers, and water tight knee boots; their billycock hats are on the ground or on the wooden benches upon which they rest at night. Although they are in as desperate a condition as men well can be; although the country for miles around is knee-deep, and in some places man-deep, with snow; although a heavy drift without is raising barriers almost impassible; although their last handful of wood is burning on the fire, and they know they can obtain no more; although they have not three days' provisions in their tent—no craven fear disturbs them. If they have to die they will die like men, as others have done before them. Some three or four weeks ago they had set off on the track of a party of miners, who, it was whispered, had discovered a new gold-field. Stealing out in the dead of night, lest they themselves should be followed, they plunged into a portion of the country which they did not hope to find other than barren, inhospitable and incapable of sustaining human life. With the indomitable courage and apparent recklessness which form part of the gold-digger's character, they set themselves the task of tracking the men before them and discovering the locality of their workings. No pluck in the world can beat the pluck of the gold-digger. He snaps his fingers at obstacles from which other men would shrink affrighted; he fights with the barrenness of nature, and, conquering, opens up country which, but for his hardihood and daring, would remain, with its treasure, forever shut out from the knowledge of mankind. There is no pioneer so brave, so persistent, so enduring. In no age or country have the nobler physical qualities of man been more worthily exercised. In the Australian colonies the gold-digger is the pioneer of progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ROSY CHEEKS.

A Philadelphia Physician Who Produces Them Without the Aid of Paint.

To a neat little house on Pine street a number of women from ten to sixty years old have been flocking lately, where a young doctor practices. His business is to manufacture rosy cheeks. The treatment is painless, and the girls seem rather to enjoy it. The young lady who was being operated upon during the reporter's visit was a pale-cheeked lass from up-town, whose face needed but the roses to make her interesting. She was undergoing the first course. Under the impression that the visitor was a student, she made no objection to his presence. The doctor began his operations with a soft, dry towel, with which he rubbed both cheeks of the patient till they glowed.

After a rest of ten minutes the process was renewed, and before that was over there was a spot on each cheek that glowed like a burning coal. This had to be toned down, and the toning was done by an application of an ointment rubbed into the skin with a piece of soft sheepskin, so that when this was done the young lady, who came in pale-cheeked and colorless, left the office with a pair of roses that will be the admiration and envy of her uninitiated companions. This process is continued for several successive days until the bloom becomes permanent.

"I have a very extensive practice," said the bloom producer, "and they come from all sections of the city. I am thinking of opening an office in New York. I discovered the method accidentally. My sister had a pale, colorless face, and she frequently lamented that fact. Several times I made her cheeks red by rubbing them, and I found that they at last retained their color. She was gratified with the result and had me put rosy cheeks on several of her girl friends. As I was a physician without practice the idea struck me that I could make money by that means, so I established an office and now I am having more patrons than I can attend to. I have an awful lot of old maids, from whom the bloom of youth has faded, coming to have their cheeks blushed again. Brunettes require the most work, as the blood must be brought very close to the surface to show through their dark skin. Blondes require the greatest care, as there is danger of making them look like cooks, with too much color. I have become such an expert that I can just catch the right shade to suit the complexion."—Philadelphia News.

J. N. MEAD.

# J. N. MEAD, Druggist and Pharmacist,

Cor. Ludington St. and Harrison Ave., Escanaba.

—DEALER, ALSO, IN—

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes,

WALL-PAPER AND BORDERS!

FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY,

BOOKS AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



## Elgin Watches!

Stylish Jewelry and

## SILVERWARE.

Timepieces Repaired and Regulated by a competent workman and all work warranted.

VISITING CARDS.

This office is just in receipt of some of the choicest

VISITING CARDS

Miss H. Goldblom

To be had in the market. Your order is solicited.

IRON PORT.

LAND.

# 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

On the balance, at low rate (5 or 6 per cent.) of interest.

Round-trip tickets to see the lands for \$10 only, which will be refunded to all who purchase lands. Address,

F. W. LINDQUIST, Escanaba, Mich.

LUMBER.

# 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.

LAND.

PRINTING.

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MINING PROPERTIES,

Pine and Mineral Lands.

JULIAN M. CASE,

Marquette, Mich.

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TO

# BUSINESS

AND

## Conscientious Work

Is the invariable rule at the Iron

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*Ed. Erickson.*



**IRON PORT.**

ESCANABA, MICH., APRIL 17, 1886.

**W. C. T. U.**

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

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

**I.—FOR GOD.**

Thou Great eternal Word  
As Life and Light first heard  
In Christ the Son;  
Who flesh was made to dwell  
Where sin had wrought its spell,  
And by the cross to tell  
The love of God.

**II.—FOR HOME.**

A home decreed to man,  
Built on the Christian plan  
Within the heart;  
Home cheered with song and prayer,  
With pure parental care,  
And love, in which all share,  
And yield a part.

**III.—FOR NATIVE LAND.**

A land of mellow soil,  
The pride of all who toil,  
Their own to be:  
Of corn and cotton land,  
Of steam and mountains grand,  
In Union bound to stand,  
By God made free.

—Do not forget nor neglect the Friday evening meetings.

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

—"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—St. Paul.

—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."—Solomon.

—"Cattle know when to go home from grazing; but a foolish man never knows his stomach's measure."—Scandinavian Proverb.

—The next regular meeting of the Union will be held Wednesday afternoon, April 21, instead of Saturday, at the usual time and place. A good attendance is desired.

—We make our own skies very largely. Our hearts cast their shadows without us, and the projections of these shadows tinge the world for us—our world. We find on this earth, in a measure, whatever we bring the eyes to see. A joyous heart finds much joy in circumstances and experiences. A gloomy heart finds no end of gloom. A songful spirit hears music everywhere; but a life that has no music in itself never hears a single note, even amid the sweetest and richest of harmonies.—Exchange.

—Liquor saps every life that is soaked in it for twenty-nine years, say the insurance companies. That is, the approved statistics show that the average lives of drinking men are only 30 to 31 or 32 years, while the lives of non-drinkers average 64 years. The fair conclusion is that, when a man begins drinking, he has deliberately made up his mind that life is not worth living.—Christian Statesman.

—Mr. Murphy, the temperance orator, recently said, "I have labored ten years for the cause of temperance, from Maine to San Francisco, and I am thankful to say that in that time three million persons have signed what is known as the Murphy Gospel Temperance Pledge." Mr. Murphy will attend the Methodist ecumenical conference in London, and afterward will proceed on a lecturing tour through England and Scotland.

—True temperance is the proper use of good things, and total abstinence from bad things. It is a grave popular error that temperance is the moderate use of everything, irrespective of quality. Good things may become evil when used in excess, on account of the quality. The most wholesome food may cause serious disease when thus abused.

There is another class of substances which are intrinsically bad. They are evil, and only evil in all proportions and quantities. They have no redeeming qualities. The slightest indulgence in these articles is intemperance.

The glutton, the gourmand, the epicure, is intemperate because he abuses by excessive use, that which might nourish him if taken with moderation. The tippler or wine bib-

ber is intemperate, not because he uses wine or brandy in great quantities, but because he takes even the smallest portion of the poisons. The boy who robs an orchard is a petty thief. The official who puts his hand into the national treasury and abstracts the public money is a defaulter. Each individual is a thief. Both are criminals of the same class. They differ only in the degree of the crime committed. They stand respectively, at the two ends of a long series of gradations which all incline in the same direction.

Intemperance presents two similar extremes. At one end is the man who takes his daily or occasional glass of wine or beer—just to make him "feel well," or "for his stomach's sake"—and at the other is seen the confirmed inebriate reeling into a drunkard's grave. Both individuals stand in the same line, their names stand in the same category. Moderate drinkers—as small tipplers term themselves—really differ from gurglers, toppers, and "old soakers" in only one particular. They have taken only a few degrees, only the initiatory, perhaps, while the latter are nearly ready to graduate in ignominy. The moderate drinker has only to continue his course in the same direction in order to bring up at last in the same slough with other wretched victims of intemperance.

Primarily, the crime of intemperance is a sin against the body. The moral evils which always result are the natural consequences of injuries suffered by the physical organism. The act of drinking, *per se*, is not a sin, whether the liquor taken is beer, wine, or brandy, or be the individual a hod-carrier or a clergyman, no criminality can be attached to a mere mechanical act. The real sin consists in subjecting the body to unnatural and harmful stimulation. Nature has given to each organ of the body its proper function. When allowed to act unrestrained, these functions are all properly performed, and harmony reigns in the vital domain. But, so soon as any organ or set of organs is unduly excited, harmony is destroyed, and discordant action results. A whole train of ills then follow as immediate consequences of the disturbed action.

The mental and moral evils which result from the use of intoxicating liquors, are the direct consequences of the first sin against the body, which was artificial stimulation.

Alcoholic liquors are not the only means by which artificial stimulants may be indulged. A large number of drugs and poisons possess properties which are capable of occasioning the same results. Tea, coffee, tobacco, opium, hashish, and absinthe are some of the most common of these. The effects of these several agents may be said to be essentially the same in kind, though some of them are doubtless productive of more injury than others.

True temperance discards all of these poisons. They all go together. It is a question upon which there is considerable division of opinion, whether rum or tobacco is productive of the greatest amount of injury to the human family. We will not here discuss the relative importance of a reform in the two directions. Both are great evils. Both will stand or fall together.

Dr. Arlidge, of England, has recently called attention to the fact that tea drunkards are very common among the women of the laboring classes of that country, and every physician knows that similar cases are not uncommon in this country.

The only true platform upon which the cause of temperance will ever find a substantial basis is total abstinence not only from alcoholic drinks, but from every other stimulant or narcotic. There is no room for compromise on this subject. Christian temperance is more radical still, and requires that the appetite must be held within the bounds of moderation in eating as well as drinking.

**Wives! Mothers! Daughters!**

Be your own physicians! A lady who for years suffered torments worse than death from uterine troubles, prolapsus, leucorrhoea, suppurations, &c. so common among our wives, mothers and daughters and had despaired of being cured, finally found remedies which completely cured her after all else had failed. Any lady can use the remedy and cure herself, without being subjected to a medical examination. From gratitude she will send free recipes. Illustrated Treatise and full directions sealed address with stamp Mrs. W. C. Holmes, 658 Broadway New York. Name paper.

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The Spring season of 1886 has proven the greatest effort of our whole career in Merchant Tailoring, and that department is meeting with an approval of patronage that even exceeds our expectations. Therefore it becomes those who want the correct styles, fit and workmanship to call on us.

Specially attractive styles of Foreign and Domestic Woolens for Suitings, Trouserings and Spring Overcoatings made in all styles, artistically lined and thoroughly constructed and offered at

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Having opened the store in the Lewis House, with a full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, I am prepared to supply your wants with anything in the grocery line at prices to suit the times.

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Drive Wells and

**Pump Repairs**

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Call at this office for them when in need of a supply.

**COFFEE.**

Standard Java @ 35c or 3 lbs

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Java @ 25c, are specialties.

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Frank H. Atkins,

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Gros de Almas,	Broadheads,
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I have without doubt the **BEST** line of **DRESS GOODS** in Delta County.

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All-Wool Extra Super Carpets at **75 cents** a yard and other grades proportionately low.

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*Ed. Erickson.*

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