

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., JAN. 7, 1888.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

In life worth living? For the question rose... A hopeless tragedy of pain and woe... "This is a sight that warms one's soul..."

A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY HARTWELL GATHERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "CRAQUE O' DOOM," "STEVENS GUTRIER," "THE LONE MAN'S CABIN," AND OTHER STORIES.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Whoo-oo!" imitated Adam. "Wake up, chicken-cater. The story's told and the molasses is a waxin'..."

Miss Phoebe White also. Miss Fawcett would not be taken into the room of state, but snuggled to the sitting-room fire of logs which was always kept burning there...



"THIS IS A SIGHT THAT WARMS ONE'S SOUL."

"This is a sight that warms one's soul," said Phoebe, pointing with her whip as she trotted in a level space below the hill. "That's Mr. Gurley's property. Cupid is a fair to middling young man..."

"That's rather mixed. But one thing I do see clearly. You and I are in the wrong skins. You ought to be me and I ought to be you..."

"I didn't say I was in any mysterious mess," remarked Phoebe. "Look over yonder," said Miss Fawcett, pointing with her whip as she trotted in a level space below the hill...

"I am sorry for him," said Phoebe. "His position isn't comfortable." "Poor dear," observed Miss Fawcett. "And it comes to you to complain!"

"Never knit your brows at me, but hearken. Thursday evening of next week I am having the class at the Place, informally. There are nine or a dozen young men, and some of them are nice, I believe, and some are what the English call sawty. We shall have just as many girls, and I want you to come; and perhaps dancing."

"I don't mind the weather," said Phoebe, "when I am asked to supper with you. Here you are shut in princess-like, with a red-hot forest stacked in your fireplace, the woods outside breathing, and the kitchen kettle singing. I wish Thorne and I were set up in a log-house like this."

"Mr. Barker's late to-night," said the schoolmaster's wife. "His school is so full. He's fitting some of the young men for college, and often helps them after hours."



THE DOOR WAS OPENED.

stant as the firm leather pat of her foot steps on the naked floor. She brought mats and finally scented cake from her storeroom. The master's chair was dragged from his library to preside at the foot of the table like a throne over two splint-bottomed seats and one wooden chair with gliding on the back. The hostess's sewing-rocker stood near the fire for Phoebe's use.

"I loaned a little of mine," said Phoebe, hesitating. "The rest I keep by me; to be always ready."

"I don't know," said Phoebe. "But your kinfolks could tell." "I don't know any of them," responded Phoebe briefly, and a great stamping outside the door broke through this conversation.

"Well, here you are, Ogre," said Mrs. Barker. "The Ogre's late to-night," he responded, in a great bass. "He had five stupid fools to eat up. And here's Miss Phoebe." He advanced his square paw and shook her hand.

"What's the hypotenuse, pa?" inquired Orecutt, immediately bringing slate and pencil. "There is nothing in the world," said the master, "so beneficial and strengthening to the mind as that same science of mathematics."

"What's the hypotenuse, pa?" repeated Orecutt, importunately, twitching his father's trousers. The master turned and drew a long switch off the mantel, where, from a limber and juicy shoot it had dried in disuse to brittleness, and aggressively measured the distance between his outstretched hand and his son's fat legs.

AMERICAN SAPPHIRES. Many Localities at Which Perfect Specimens Have Been Found. Of the corundum or sapphire gems more than fifty have been found at the Jencks mine, Franklin, N. O., where corundum mining was carried on some years ago, and has recently been resumed to supply mineral for a grinding or polishing substance.

THE DOOR WAS OPENED. Phoebe stood on the hearth to warm her hands, while Mrs. Barker drew a table from the wall and set up its leaves on extra legs. The broad-boarded floor showed the many grooves this table had made in its many journeys. The master's wife spread a cloth of unbleached linen, exactly balancing the ample folds at each table corner, and put her blue-edged dishes and horn-handled knives and forks in array upon it. Her talk with her guest was as brisk and con-

stant as the firm leather pat of her foot steps on the naked floor. She brought mats and finally scented cake from her storeroom. The master's chair was dragged from his library to preside at the foot of the table like a throne over two splint-bottomed seats and one wooden chair with gliding on the back. The hostess's sewing-rocker stood near the fire for Phoebe's use.

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Advertisement for Belle of Bourbon Whiskey, featuring a portrait of a woman and text: 'FAMOUS 10 YEAR OLD BELLE OF BOURBON WHISKEY... THE GREAT APPETIZER.'

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Men's Felt Shoes.



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Enormous Stock of WINTER GOODS now on exhibition! The public is earnestly invited to call and inspect it! Nothing is lacking and PRICES ARE WAY DOWN!

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., JAN. 7, 1888.

PERSONAL.

—Herman Winde was in town Thursday.

—Miss Wylie returned to Ford River Tuesday.

—Jay Gibbs has visited in Iowa and returned.

—Martin Dunn was at home during the holidays.

—Supt. Linsley went south, to Milwaukee and Chicago, Thursday.

—Harlow Brainard has got back from a visit at Burlington, Wis.

—Anton Wagner returned from a visit in lower Michigan Thursday.

—Miss Florence Pool went to Sands Monday to take the school there.

—Capt. Charlie Burns has gone east to buy a new wheel for the Lotus.

—Miss Nellie Fitzgerald has returned from a visit, a sad one, at Waukegan.

—Paul Fritz, formerly with Burns but now of Fond du Lac, visited here this week.

—Miss Ella Hatton, who spent the holidays at Spaulding, returned home on Monday.

—Miss Jennie Stephenson returned to Ripon Monday, to continue her studies.

—J. T. Wixson is fixing things for a trip to Florida: will get away early next month.

—Frank Greenlaw, employed for the winter at Ishpeming, was in town for the New Year holiday.

—Mrs. Godley, the mother of Mrs. C. C. Royce and Will Godley, is very ill at Oberlin, Ohio.

—C. C. Royce will be out of town for two or three weeks, visiting with Mrs. Royce and the lads at Oberlin.

—James Christie's holidays came to an end Wednesday, on which day he returned to school, at Ripon.

—Eugene Gay came over to do jury duty Tuesday, and went home again. His claim will be for double mileage and an extra day.

—Dan McGillis is planning another trip across the continent. John and Alex had proposed a visit here this winter but could not get away.

—Judge Collins, of Appleton, called on us Tuesday. He was here to attend court, not having been notified of the adjournment of the term.

—John Roemer is out again after a three months' tussle for life with typhoid fever. A weaker man would have gone to "God's acre," but John had endurance enough to live.

—Charlie Gagon visited here over Sunday and took in the dance Monday evening. We fancy Charlie is a trifle taller than he was—What? got insoles in his shoes, eh? that's it then.

—F. J. McMann, representing the Eagle, of Marinette, was in town Wednesday soliciting binding and blank-book orders, and called on the IRON PORT. The Eagle bindery does good work for reasonable charges.

Gentleman (thoroughbred, who is inclined to treat his inferiors about right; pleasantly)—I guess, waiter, you have not heard the old rule for doubling your sales?

Waiter (who has received gentleman's orders on previous occasions, now ignoring the acquaintance)—Can't say that I have.

Gentleman (thoroughbred, inclined to treat his inferiors about right; pleasantly)—I guess you don't remember me?

Waiter (maintaining the chill accents of a stranger)—Can't say that I do.

Gentleman (thoroughbred, inclined same way as before)—That's right. I don't want you to.

Exit waiter.—Tid-Bits.

Capt. Ira Holt was beaten and robbed in the streets of Detroit Tuesday evening and the robbers got away though a big noise was made and six shot fired.

That dispatch from Iowa, about Tarney having "necked" Congressman Henderson, of North Carolina, was a lie, out of whole cloth.

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."]

This astute proverb comes from India: "It must always be the women who are in the wrong, and not the men, because men have reserved to themselves the right to decide what is right and what wrong." In Portland, Maine, where it is claimed that the prohibitory law is "a farce," some thirty liquor-sellers by the sentence of Judge Burney, of the superior court, to which they had appealed, had to pay from \$277 each to \$600 and costs, or eighteen months in jail. The Japanese say: "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and next the drink takes the man."

It is just dawning upon my mind how rich the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is! Verily, we have become millionaires without knowing it. Not in houses and lands, neither in silver and gold, do we lay claim to great possessions, but the organization has immense wealth in the love and faith, the prayers and consecrated talent of its members. The truth of this was impressed upon me as never before, during the recent Convention at Minneapolis, upon receiving a little note from one of our New Hampshire delegates who had expected to be present but was not in attendance. She said: "I had expected to start about this time for the grandest sight of my life. I have traveled thousands of miles in Europe and America, have visited the Pacific coast, and seen grandeur that has drawn tears of joy and admiration for the handiwork of my Maker. Yet I anticipated beholding grander sights—the Ethers, the Deborahs, the Miriams of the nineteenth century, with faces lighted up with love for God and humanity! I had expected to draw such inspiration from the commingling of faith and prayer with this golden chain of prayer and labor encircling the world? What a sight for God and angels! Heaven will open its windows and look down upon in Minneapolis, and Satan and his hosts will be looking also. I trust the sight will make him tremble, and that the prayer of united faith will shake his kingdom more than the earthquake did Charleston. (God bless Sister Chapin. Prayers have been offered and tears have been shed in New Hampshire for her.) And shall I say the eyes of all America, yes, of all Christian lands, will be looking also. May the sight rejoice the first, confound the second, and instruct the third! I am all alone to-day, reveling in the sunlight, both of nature and God's love, yet the tears will fall as I think of you all gathered together and I not there, but I shall be with you in spirit. And thus it has been, while a few hundreds of these devoted women have gone on the yearly journey to help plan for greater things in the mighty contest that is raging—"For God and home and native land," many thousands just as loyal and true have been adding their faith and works and prayers at home, denying themselves often of great privileges that they may thus increase the treasury of the W. C. T. U. God bless the noble women everywhere that make up the rank and file of this mighty temperance army, and who so nobly stand by the white flag of prohibition wherever it waves! Neither ought we to be unmindful of our wealth in loyal husbands and brave sons, and whose love for the white ribbon is only second to our own, and whose love for our cause runs parallel with ours. Place the wealth we represent as an organization, in our noble workers, in our faithful friends, and most of all in our King of kings—place these beside the poverty of the liquor traffic and the liquor trafficker, and the contest seems almost ended, and victory well nigh won. Of this we may be confident, that the combined forces of the so-called power cannot overcome or destroy the influence of our wealth, which is represented not in silver and gold, but in heirship to a kingdom that owns Christ its King.

An ambiguous compliment: "If you use my mixture once," said a patent-medicine man, "I'm sure you will never use any other." "No," was the reply, "I don't suppose I ever would."—Judge.

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He has bought, very low, and now offers at retail, at

WHOLESALE PRICES

- Silk Mufflers
- Silk Handkerchiefs
- Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose
- Men's Half Hose
- Linen Handkerchiefs
- Linen Collars
- Windsor Scarfs
- Fine Fringed Towels
- Bath Towels
- Toboggan Caps
- Hoods
- Corsets
- Fine Beaver Shawls.

Call and see the Goods and compare prices with Chicago prices.

ED. ERICKSON.

H. J. DEROUIN.

H. J. DEROUIN.

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BROCADED SILKS, CORDED SILKS, GENOA VELVETS,

—The Latest Patterns in—
GINGHAMS, PERCALES AND PRINTS,
 —The Best of—
WORSTED DRESS GOODS

Of the most fashionable and the most servicable styles and shades. The best, in fact, of everything in each of the lines he carries, and he carries everything that ought to be found in a Dry Goods Establishment of the first class. Ladies and Gentlemen alike are invited to

—EXAMINE THE GOODS AND ASCERTAIN PRICES.—

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A Happy New Year

To the many patrons of

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JOB PRINTING
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Look at this Ad. of Kratze's!

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