

IRON PORT.

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

VOLUME 20, NO. 4.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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HORSE SHOEING
AND BLACKSMITHING
I am now ready, at my shop on Harrison street, just off Ludington, to shoe horses (and guarantee satisfaction), and undertake any other work in my line.
Fees Moderate. Give me a trial!
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Escanaba, Jan. 15, 1888.

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Ed. F. Dimock & Co.,
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Sole Agents for the sale of lots in Selden Addition.
Offer desirable lots in all parts of the city. Prices Low. Terms Easy.

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—Call at Finnegan's
—Gloss Soap is best.
—Photo's at Wikson's.
—Cloaks at Ed Erickson's.
—Preston's for Holiday Goods.
—No adulteration in Gloss Soap.
—"Washburn's Best" Flour at Wickert's
—Mead's White Liniment! Try it!

—The new Store brings new trade to Finnegan.
—Holiday Goods for young or old at Van Dyke's.
—Five Bars of Gloss Soap for a quarter—all grocers.
—Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer.
—For Flour or Feed, if you want the best, go to Wickert's.

—Mead's Family Medicines should be in every household.
—Beautiful Holiday Goods, in Plush and Leather, at Godley's.
—Prescriptions Properly Prepared and Promptly, too, by Finnegan.
—Palmer's Perfumes—the finest in the market, bar none—at Godley's
—Cloaks—every style, every material and every price—at Ed. Erickson's.

—Printing offices for the kids; Toys with a school in 'em; on Mead's Holiday Tables.
—"The Old Drug Store," Preston's, is full of nice things, for Christmas and New Year's.
—Buckwheat Flour, Feed of every description and Chicago prices for furs at Wickert's.
—Nobody has Finer Goods, for Holiday Presents, or sells them at lower Prices than Finnegan.

—Views of the Cochrane R. M. works and other points of interest in and about the city at Wikson's.
—Natural History and Geography taught by the use of the Magic Lanterns on Mead's Holiday Tables
—Mead's "Dr. Bissell's Magnetic Balm" is the Boss Pain Killer—a big bottle for only 25 cents at Mead's.

—Better get your Photos now, the weather is propitious and besides, Wikson is going to Florida by and by.
—Albums, all sorts; Books, Ladies Stationery, and a full line of such goods for Holiday trade at Godley's.

—Mead's Compound Cough Syrup cures all diseases of the Throat and Lungs if taken in season. Price 50 cents.
—Building Blocks—give the children an idea of architecture sugar coated with fun—on Mead's Holiday Tables.
—Try our Basswood Ceilings and Maple Flooring, Kiln dried and Sand-papered. W. L. & L. Co., Hermansville.
—The best Cough Medicine on earth is Warner's White Wine of Tar. Contains no poisonous opiates but safe for old and young.

—Toilet Sets in Carnelian, a new and very beautiful material for the purpose, in splendid Plush cases, very cheap, at Godley's.
—Remember that the famous "John E. Fitzgerald" whiskey—by all odds the best brand in this market—can be procured only of Peter Semer.
—John Finnegan offers for sale the Show Cases formerly used by him—fine cases and in perfect order—at a price to make the deal an object.

—Firewood, in quantities to suit purchasers, at the lowest possible prices. For car-loads a special figure will be made. Inquire of Peter Semer.
—While you are at Mead's glance at Koller's corner. You may think your pile too small, but you'll be surprised to find how much you can get for it.
—A Holiday Gift that contributes to the comfort of the persons receiving it, such as one of those luxurious chairs, offered by Van Dyke, has a double value.

—The Children will go to Van Dyke's if unbiased—their perceptions are clear and their instincts true—they know where to find the things that please them.
—A Warm Wrap is a necessity in our Climate, but that only makes it a more appropriate present: Call at Ed. Erickson's and see what he has to offer you.
—Ich, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Justin N. Mead, druggist, Escanaba.
—English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, Soft or Calloped Lumps and Blemishes from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiffes Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by Justin N. Mead, Escanaba.
—Nearly all colds are slight, at first, but their tendency is to so lower the system that the sufferer becomes a ready victim to any prevalent disease. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the beginning of a cold, would guard against this danger.
—No remedy for the blood disorders can equal Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Though concentrated and powerful, this medicine is perfectly safe, and may be taken by children as well as adults. Physicians recommend it in preference to any other. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.
—Gloss Soap is Best.
—Take no other, Gloss Soap.

SAND.

PAY YOUR TAXES—the treasurer is waiting for you—better not wait for him.
THE RINK will be opened this afternoon and evening for roller skating. Music will be in attendance.
TAXES must be paid, you know, and the sooner the better. Drop in at Wickert's and pay yours before the close of the month and save the increased collection fee.
THE SUPERVISORS are called to meet on Thursday, Dec. 27, to take action upon the bonds of the officers elect and to transact such other business as may properly come before them.
CITY readers, who get their IRON PORT at tea-time Friday, please remember that Opera Hall is open that evening and that Bolton, with his stereopticon and his world-wide acquaintance will be upon its stage.
MARRIED in this city Dec. 8, by the Rev. H. W. Thompson. Ole Olson and Thea Olson, both of this city. Also on the same day and by the same clergyman. John Erickson and Ida Christina Naglund, both of Escanaba.
CAPT WM. ROSS, of Norway, for many years captain of the Curry mine, was found dead in his bed last Tuesday. Heart disease is alleged. He has no relatives at Norway, nor do Norway people know of any elsewhere.
TREASURER WICKERT is now ready to receive your taxes, as his notice in another column indicates, and we have only to suggest that the cheapest way to get rid of him is to call and pay before New Years. It will cost more afterwards.
THE WATER WORKS office moved this week to the corner of Wells and Tilden avenue, where the force is more comfortably sheltered and the public more conveniently served. The extension mentioned last week—to the Cochrane works—is completed.
CAPT. CHARLIE got away for Manitowish with the Lotus on Friday, Dec. 7, and now if one will or must go to Gladstone there is but the choice between a ride of three or four miles by stage and one of five by rail and "Foot and Walker's line."
WINTERS grip begins to be felt—the bay was covered with a coating of ice yesterday morning—and the lads are getting their skates, skate sails and ice-yachts in readiness. Two or three more such nights as that of Thursday (if we get them) will make a glorious field for their use.
CAPT. JOHN COFFEY was here Saturday with the Daisy Mofee. "Fine weather," he said—a statement of the truth of which the proof was all about us—"and pretty good fishing on the outside grounds, but no whitefish in the bay—pound nets catch 'em all before they are half grown."
THE "FEAST OF DAYS" will close with a matinee for children Saturday (to day) from 2.30 until 6 P. M. The pantomime will be given; there will be candy, lemonade and toys for the little ones and at the close an auction sale of everything which remains unsold. Admission to the matinee ten cents.
PREDETERMINED did not draw very well last week. There seemed to be a very general impression that the affair was a hippodrome and that the chalk on the blackboard did not represent the work on the floor, and the boys did not care to drop their quarters into the box or wager their dollars on the result.
IT WAS "just our luck" that the Pioneer Press fellows struck Escanaba first—while their "nerve" was good. It cost us just a cool thousand to "see" them, but Marquette and Ishpeming, larger cities and richer ones, got off for \$750 and Hancock for \$500. If they let down in that fashion the "rake down" by the railway companies will eat up their winnings after a little.
"AL" BLACKWELL (he is not sworn in yet and we're not going to give him his title until he takes the oath) is working up a scheme for a highway between Escanaba and Alger county by the extension of the old state road north from the county line and south from Masonville. He'll "go for everything in sight" for the benefit of the district when he gets to Lansing, that's to be understood.
FIFTY DOLLARS and a gold, championship medal will be contested for at Opera Hall on an evening next week not yet determined on. Finucan, Hugh Rafter, the Frenchman and perhaps others will enter for the race which will be "a go as you please" of two hours duration. As an introduction a race on skates, the particulars of which are not arranged, will be given before the footrace.
MR. C. G. COLLINS, who is now stopping at the Ludington, was a whig in 1840 and this story is told of him by the Democrat, of Lewiston, Ills. During the campaign of that year he sold a horse to a neighbor for double its value payment to be made "when Harrison is elected." The purchaser led the horse away with "come along, Cost-me-nothing!" but he had to haul wheat to Havana at 25 cents a bushel to pay that \$150. Mr. Collins offered to let his neighbor off for the true value of the horse but the democrat wouldn't have it's and paid the full amount.

OPERA GRAND was opened last Monday evening by a "house warming" dance and is now at the service of the public. The party was not large—fifty or sixty couples we should say—but it served, and those who composed it were satisfied. The room is a pleasant one to dance in and will prove such for the other purposes for which it is intended. Not nearly as large as Opera Hall, it is large enough to accommodate without discomfort the audiences usually called out by play or concert, is so proportioned that one place in the auditorium is very nearly as good as any other and the gallery makes a place for the hoodlums which will reduce the annoyance of their presence to a minimum and so isolate them that they can be policed. The seats are comfortable, the stage well in view from every seat, the scenery and the decorations of the auditorium new (of course) and very tidy and the light soft and well diffused. We have but a single suggestion to the manager—this; the front of the gallery is not in keeping with the rest of the house; a day's work by a decorator, a little color and ornament, would be best bestowed, upon it. On the whole, Opera Grand is an addition to our facilities for enjoyment worth the cost thereof and creditable both to owner and lessee, and we hope they may find their reward, in federal currency.
GLADSTONE will ask the legislature for a city charter [more work for A. O. B.]. Deputy Sheriff Pierce corralled and took to Fort Howard a couple of Badger thieves that had camped on McMullen's island and were fishing in the bay. Mason's big "Minne-waska" building is to be moved to a site on Delta avenue opposite the Opera block. The contractor, Martin, is at work at the job now. The coal-boiler has cooled off for the winter. Councilman Wilson thinks of going to Chili to engage in railroad building [Big chance for a pun there and Mason is just waiting for some one to try it on].—Condensed from the Delta.
WE HAVE had occasion heretofore to speak of the childishness of the gentleman whose hobby is the proposed canal from Lake Superior to Little Bay de Noquette, a characteristic shown again in a letter to Mason, of the Delta, in which Mr. Morrell tells him to say more about the canal or "stop my paper." We do not notice any renewal of the agitation concerning the canal in the Delta and infer that the paper has been "stopped." Mr. M. may crush the Delta but that won't dig his canal.
THE FIRE DEPARTMENT has pre-empted Opera Hall for Monday evening Dec. 3d (New Year's eve) for the annual masquerade. The music will be the best home talent, the price of a ticket one dollar, as established by precedent, and costumes can be hired for the occasion at the engine house. Of course you'll take a ticket and drop in to look on whether you dance or not, but to get the most fun possible you should be in costume and masked.
IT REALLY LOOKS now, as though we were to have competition in telegraphing; the Postal telegraph company of which Marcus Pollasky (who, by the way is no Russian or Polish but a Michigan lad) is president is finally at work with eight gangs of men constructing a double (two-wire) line north from Milwaukee, and Mr. P. tells the Marquette folks to expect the line, ready for business, not later than June 15.
EIGHT YEARS AGO, come Christmas day, the writer accompanied Capt. Del. Winegar and his associates, on board the little steamer Brooks, to the point in the bay where their nets were set and witnessed the operation of lifting them and securing the catch of whitefish, and it looks, at present, as though he might repeat the experience, with Capt. Shipman or Capt. Coffey, on the coming Christmas.
A PETITION asking congress not to meddle in any way with matters of religion is now in circulation in our city. We imagine that few, if any, of our readers to whom the petition may be presented will withhold their signatures. The government of the United States declared itself, three-quarters of a century ago or more, not "a christian government" having nothing whatever to do with the religion of its citizens—and such we all wish it to remain.
C. H. WEIDMAN sends us copies of the Ionia Sentinel containing notices of the death, in the insane asylum at Kalamazoo where he had been under treatment for two years, of Geo. R. Abbott, a locomotive engineer formerly employed on the C. & N. W. and a resident of Escanaba. His death took place on Sunday last and his funeral was held at Ionia on Wednesday.
DELTA CHAPTER, R. A. MASONS, will install its newly elected officers one week from this evening, Saturday, Dec. 22, in the presence of members and invited guests and entertain the guests afterwards. If you get an invitation, reader don't miss the entertainment—they're the fellows that know how to do it.
JOHN NELSON was brought in from the I. Stephenson Co's camp No 11 last Tuesday and taken to hospital for treatment. He was suffering with a broken leg, the result of being caught by a rolling log. It is a simple fracture, without laceration or crushing, and he will do well.

THE OWNERS of Opera hall have not asked us for advice but we'll tender them a little, gratis: They must spend a little money on it and make it pleasanter for audiences or the dramatic and other troupes will forsake it, entirely, for the new Opera Grand, and their dividends dwindle. Skating, for which the house was built, is out of date—they might as well leave it out of account and transform their house into an opera house proper.
A DISPATCH to the effect that Escanaba and Menominee capitalists were to open a gold mine at a point near Foster City has, as we get it, this foundation in fact. Auriferous quartz is known to exist in that vicinity (the writer saw and noted the fact some four years ago, telling the persons present at the time that there was "enough in it for a boom") and a citizen of Escanaba has an option on a location from which he has taken specimens of the quartz, sent them to an assayer of good repute and received a report showing gold—some \$50 to the ton. He is now engaged in an exploration somewhat more extensive and will, when he has sufficient to go upon, go east for capital to work the property. There is no reason for believing the quartz of that region poorer in the precious metal than that of Marquette county, and it may be that the faith of a Detroit owner of such lands, expressed to the writer seven or eight years ago—"those lands are worth more than the iron lands; there's gold there, plenty"—is about to be justified. We hope so. Hon. John L. Buell has a showing of a dozen miles or so south, equally favorable and we hope he'll get a million out of it, but nobody is much excited over the matter, here or on the ground.

THE "FEAST OF DAYS," the entertainment prepared by the ladies of the St. Stephen's church (organized for social and benevolent purposes as "St. Priscilla's Guild"), was opened as per announcement on Wednesday evening last. Mrs. F. D. Mead presiding, assisted by Misses Baldwin and Gibson; and there in they "received," and dispensed a Priscillian hospitality—to wit, charming welcome, wafers and chocolate. Friday should come next but does not, nor Saturday; from Thursday one skipped to Sunday, in which Mrs. J. F. Oliver and Misses Palmer and Rolph provided sabbatical stationary and flowers. From Sunday to Tuesday—Monday's place taken by the stove—where Madames Ellis, Phillips and Longley purveyed such articles as pertained to the usual household labors of the day. Then Monday, and Madames Coria and Marcell and Misses Fanning and Booth, in washewashee costume (but speaking excellent English) offering every thing needed for washday except water—no money to be made on that. Saturday came next, and Mrs. Wallace and her assistants, Misses Sara and Frank McHale and Caddie Oliver, fed the hungry with a grace and style (as well as with viands) to excite an appetite in any but a blind man. There are eight days in the Priscillian week for we come next to a booth presided over by Mrs. "Sandy" and Miss Georgia Oliver and full of sweetness, in boxes, bags and farthingales—candy day. Wednesday is reached next, Mrs. Baldwin and Misses McNeil and Peckham at home, the "little flax wheel" in the corner, yarn and darning needles ready, and all three full of business and graciousness. Friday finished the mixed up week (taking it "with the sun" as we did), Mrs. J. S. Rogers and Misses Symons and Hitchcock offering there brooms, brushes, etc.—things pertaining to sweeping and dusting.
On the stage Mother Goose (Miss Baldwin) marshaled the Bachelors who lived by himself (Ivy English) to London to select his wife from among Bo-peep (Connie Oliver), the Greedy one (Glory Rogers), Daffydowndilly (Carry Wallace), the Fat One (Josie Longley), the Thin One (Jessie Rogers), the Stingy One (Eva Roberts), Yum-yum (Adele Royce), the Tall One (Miss Gibson) and the Bride (Frankie Blake); Mr. Jackson, "the Musical Moke," sang, accompanying himself with guitar and banjo, and Mrs. Phillips and Miss Baldwin gave a banjo duet. The receipts of the evening were some thing over \$125 and the ladies were content—they were safe from loss and had half the "Feast" for disposal yet—Priscilla stock was at par and the market was booming. Thursday evening's entertainment was varied by recitations by Miss Nelson (a guest of Mrs. Ed. Erickson's whose home is Chicago), song by Miss Marian Selden, another pantomime, "Tramps" by Messrs. Merriam, Sawyer and Perkins, and a duet, banjo and guitar, by Fred Palmer and a stranger whose name we did not catch. A matinee for the children, at 2.30 p. m. to-day, Saturday, and an auction sale of the goods remaining at the close will wind up the affair. We can not now give the result in cash but, as the attendance Thursday evening was fully equal to that of the previous evening, we think it will be a nice little sum.

Mrs. Brooks entertained a party of friends Tuesday evening last. There was music and dancing, eating and drinking, and the warmest of welcome; a pleasant evening throughout and a desire like that expressed by Oliver Twist, for "more," on the part of every guest.
The Latest.
F. M. Bickart, an Oscoda banker, is missing and not accounted for since Dec. 7. Recorder Stambaugh, of Big Rapids is unaccountably absent. That is, his absence would be unaccountable but for a shortage in his cash account.
Herman Ruthmeier was shot by Emma Day while attempting to force entrance to her house at Dayton, Ohio.
Toledo switchmen, all except those on the Lake Shore road, are on strike. They ask only the same rate of pay the Lake Shore men get.
An explosion in the Canfield coal mine, Canon City, Colorado, killed two men and injured a dozen others.
Barricades is on trial at Geneva, Ills., for dynamiting the Q trains and structures and the case looks dark for him.
An Iowa jurymen, sitting to hear a murder case, got so tired of it that he hanged himself.
Oliver's oatmeal mill, Chicago, was utterly wrecked by a "dust explosion" Wednesday and four lives lost. Several other buildings adjoining it were badly damaged.
In a fight with oyster pirates on the Chesapeake the police steamer Mc Lane sunk two of the piratical boats.
A theater at Oswego, N. Y., in which Mrs. Langtry was playing, took fire Wednesday night. The coolness of a few men prevented a panic and no lives were lost.
The "fire proof" auditorium at Chicago was on fire Thursday and much damage done.
M. C. Butler ("Hamburg Butler") was re-elected senator from South Carolina Dec. 12.
The coroner's jury at Birmingham accuses Hawes of the murder of his wife and children and two negroes, a man and a woman, of abetting him.
The North Chicago Rolling Mills have contracted with the U. P. road to deliver 17,000 tons of steel rails.

For Rent.
Desirable dwellings, inquire of
A. R. NORTHPUP.
Notice.
All persons indebted to E. H. Williams are hereby notified to pay their bills to me without delay.
A. R. NORTHPUP.
For Sale.
The brick building, corner of Ludington and Dousman streets known as the Adler building. Address S. Adler, St. Paul Minn. tf.
Estray
Taken up about Nov. 20, A Black and White Bull, about four or five years old; appears to be a valuable animal. The owner is required to call, prove property and take it away or it will be disposed of according to law.
P. Baker, Poundmaster.
FORD RIVER, Dec 1, 1888. 4
City of Escanaba—Taxes.
The tax-rolls for the taxes of 1888 are now in my hands for my collection and I will be at my office, southeast corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets, every week day during the current month to receive taxes.
EMIL WICKERT, City Treasurer.
Escanaba, Dec 10, 1888.
Ford River Township.
The tax-roll for Ford River Township for 1888 is now in my hands for collection, at Ford River, Mich.
G. W. SESSIONS,
Township Treasurer.
FORD RIVER, Dec. 5, 1888. 5
Township of Bay de Noc
The Tax Roll is now ready and in my hands for collection. I will be at my residence on every Friday during the month of December 1888 to receive Taxes.
NELSON COOK
Treasurer of Bay de Noc. 6
Bark River Township.
The tax-roll for the above named township is now in my hands for collection and I will be at my residence every Friday during the month of December to receive taxes.
S. BELANGER, Tp. Treasurer.
BARK RIVER, Dec. 7, 1888. 5
Escanaba Township.
The tax-roll for the above named township, for 1888, is now in my hands for collection. I will be at the office of the I. Stephenson Company in said township every week day during the month of December to receive taxes.
R. E. McLEAN, Tp. Treasurer.
WELLS, Dec. 5, 1888. 5
Dancing School.
Miss Gibson's second term in dancing will open Saturday, Dec. 16th at 2 o'clock, will teach the Waltz, "the York," the "American Gavotte" and other dances. Will give an exhibition at the close of the term of the "May Pole" Dance, as danced a hundred years ago. Royce's hall, corner of Ludington & Tilden avenue.

UPPER PENINSULA.

Wm. McGee, the light-house keeper at the canal, made a very interesting discovery one day last week. He was laying a sidewalk on the property adjoining his house, and in digging out a foundation, his spade struck a hard substance. He scooped away the dirt, and at a depth of eight inches found a number of copper instruments, also half a dozen pieces of copper partly shaped. All were covered with a coating of what appeared to be a bluish loam, easily scraped off, under which was found a covering, which was undoubtedly one of the oxides of copper. One of the most interesting points about the knives is the fact that they seemed to be tempered. The blades which were respectively ten and eight inches long, when bent would spring back as if made of steel. The fact that they were copper was proved by an exposure of the metal after a hard scraping. The other instruments when bent, did not return to their original position. The question arises: were the instruments manufactured by the noble red man, or do they date back to the period of the mound builders?—Copper Journal, Hancock.

President Agassiz, of the Calumet & Hecla company, offers a reward of \$1,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who set fire to the mine. Trainers on the South Shore road who have a run of 245 miles, which keeps them on the road thirteen hours, think it too much at once that good thing, work. Joslin, of Knapp & J., has sold out; Knapp buys and continues. Jos. Kurvais was killed by falling ground in the Riverside mine yesterday. He was a Finn and about 35 years old.—M. J., 7th.

Another attempt to get a village government under way is now on foot. The plan leaves out the mine locations whence came the opposition which defeated the former attempt. Lustfield is going to enlarge his business house and veneer it with brick.—Drill, Crystal Falls.

Charles Neilson was killed and Erik Erickson so hurt that his recovery is doubtful by a fall of ore in the Commonwealth mine Wednesday. They had fired some blasts and entered the stope too soon—before the ore loosened by the explosion had all come down. A five year old son of John Greenquist was killed by falling under the wheel of a timber laden truck Thursday. It is probably that the Commonwealth company will become the owner of the Florence furnace which is going to decay in idleness.—Mining News, Florence.

Louis Nicolli, for the shooting of Wilson, was found guilty of assault with intent to do murder and sentenced to twenty-five years in state prison. The Ishpeming party got home from Duluth last night, tired and "broke," but happy, having had no end of a good time and found out what "a brick" the new general manager of the road is. Fitzgibbon has fitted and the Workman's Advocate is no more, but Fallon & Patterson, two of the printers, have the plant and will publish a decent labor paper to be called the Negaunee Advocate.—M. J., 8th.

Charles P. Hill, who succeeds E. L. Clapp in the C. L. Co's store, arrived Monday. Booth's boats still gathering fish. The mills are still sawing and will until there comes a freeze up.—Pioneer, Manistique.

The Spokane was the last boat to pass through the canal. She went down Dec. 4. The canal banks will not stand at the slope given them—one in two—and a revetment of some sort must be adopted.—Democrat, Sault Ste. Marie.

The Sherwood, though it has been running six months, has never been properly and formally "warned." It is to be so warned on the evening of Dec. 27. Paul Sherbono, late of the 32d Wis. Vols. Infantry, now aged 92 years, was mustered into Fenelon Post, G. A. R., yesterday.—News, St. Ignace.

The Baraga Graphite company has no end of the stuff and a water power with which to manipulate it, and Prof. Guentherodt has assayed it and pronounced it first class. When ready for market it is worth from \$40 to \$200 per ton and the company can produce it for \$5 per ton. "It is a good thing," beyond peradventure.—Sentinel, L'Anse.

River still open—no ice in Mud lake even. There were fewer passages through the canal this year than last by 1,552 but the registered tonnage was 233,061 tons greater and the freight carried 916,874 tons more. The Spokane was on fire, in the oil room, when off Outer Island on her last trip down, but prompt work put the fire out before damage resulted. Some one, it is not known who, beat 500 merchants out of \$340 with forged checks purporting to be drawn by Smith & Hassock a lumber firm.—News, Sault Ste. Marie.

Sam Turney, employed in one of Hall & Beall's camps, was brought to hospital with terrible wounds—a cut 13 inches long by the sharp end of a stub, in his back, and another 8 inches long on his leg, by his axe, as he fell. He will live, though. Liquor takes for year ending Nov. 30, in Schoolcraft county, 9,208, 33. The opening of additions by Hefron, McCanna, Carey and Clark has forced the C. E. company to put its property on the market, and now one can buy a lot anywhere.—Sun, Manistique.

The tugs Mayhew and Hennes are still running on Portage lake. The condition of the burning Calumet shaft is not as favorable as it was. The caving of the hanging wall has a tendency to check the up draught and cause the fire to smoulder. One of the Ishpeming visitors thought he was getting a bargain in a barrel of apples at \$2.50 at St. Paul, but the crowd ate up his apples on the way home and comforted him by telling him that he could buy a barrel just like them at home for \$2. E. L. Small, formerly of the Northwestern hotel, Marquette, was killed on the M. C. road, on which he was employed as brakeman, one day last week.—M. J., 11th.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"White caps" by a single warning, closed every brothel at Lima, Ohio. It was understood that they "meant business."

Shuhl's seven-story malt house, at Buffalo, was crushed by its load last week and sunk into ruin. Only one life was lost.

The home of Michael Dwyer, near Elyth, Ontario, was burned Dec. 6 and Mrs. Dwyer, her daughter and three grand-children perished.

Rev. W. L. Parker, rector of Christ church, Oswego, N. Y., is missing and believed to have committed suicide by drowning. He has not been seen or heard from since Nov. 30.

Servia has a brand new constitution—hereditary executive, legislature chosen by popular vote—judiciary—established church and every man a soldier.

H. H. Schumacher, of Milwaukee, dealer in real estate, was found in his barn Saturday shot through the abdomen. Possibly accident—probably suicide.

Axworthy, the defaulting treasurer of the city of Cleveland, proposes to pay back if the prosecution is dropped and he is allowed to return and manage his own property.

Ex-postmaster Judd, of Chicago, has withdrawn from the Iroquois club—says he has not been well treated.

Two men and two women attempted a system of brigandage in New York city and selected Phil Daly as their first victim. They shot him, by accident, and that spoiled their game and they are now in custody and one of the men squeals.

Sullivan challenges Kilrain and puts up forfeit.

There was a heavy frost at Jacksonville, Florida, Dec. 7, and that puts an end to the fever.

A hunting party consisting of twenty of the business men of Coldwater, Mich., was arrested for trespass in the Cherokee country.

Warden Gifford, of the Arkansas penitentiary has been sentenced to five years imprisonment therein for whipping a prisoner to death.

The copper mine and smelter at Butte, Montana, have been closed for an indefinite period.

A fire in the Globe shipyard at Cleveland Saturday destroyed property worth \$200,000 but did not damage the ships on the stocks nor put a stop to work in the yard.

On the evening of Dec. 7 a mob attacked the jail at Birmingham, Alabama, with intent to take therefrom and hang a prisoner named Hawes, accused of murder. The sheriff and his posse defended the building and repulsed the assault, killing two persons outright and wounding many others. Among the wounded is the postmaster, H. B. Throckmorton, who was in the crowd endeavoring to prevent the attack. He is shot through the hips and will probably die. Another wounded in the same way is A. J. Brannon, deputy U. S. marshal.

The new cruiser Chicago got her guns aboard this week and is ready for sea.

Bob Garrett may be crazy but there's sanity enough in the house, somewhere, to refuse payment of the claim of the doctor who went around the world with him for \$30,000.

Tumblety was followed from London by a detective, from which it appears that the suspicion which attached to him there is not extinguished.

The transfer steamer Maryland was burned at her dock at Mott Haven last Saturday morning. She had on board a train of sleeping cars from the Pennsylvania road which was also destroyed. Property loss a quarter of a million or more but fortunately no loss of life.

THE CATTLE INDUSTRY.

Why Stock-Raisers Should Not Be Discouraged by an Occasional Loss.

When a business is depressed, take it up. Seldom has the prospect for profitable investment in cattle been better. Prices are low; corn and other sorts of feed generally are reasonable in price. For beef buy yearlings and "crowd" them for market, if their present condition will warrant, at 24 months to 27 months of age. If you don't understand getting them to market at a profit by 30 months or 33 months of age, don't try to handle beef cattle where land is worth more than \$20 per acre. Only men on very cheap farm land, or on the ranches, can afford to keep cattle until they are 40 months or four years of age. The earlier in age steers are slaughtered (as good beef), the smaller the beef supply. The quality, too, is better. The 1,100 pound yearling, if sold, reduces the quantity of beef possible to his growth as a 48-months animal, fully 40 per cent. The yearling or two-year-old beef is always produced at less cost, too, the conditions and methods of feeding being the same. Plenty of grain is needed to put a yearling into market at 1,100 pounds, or 1,200 pounds weight. Where one has an abundance of pasture and hay, half the ration of grain used to produce yearling beef, or even less than half may be used quite as profitably on the steer until he is thirty months or 36 months old. On cheap land, hay, and pasture alone, with favorable climate or shelter, may often be the exclusive feed for the steers after eight months old until even four years old, when they will go into a profitable market.

For dairy purposes, of course the heifers do not need the quantity of food required to make beef of them. But a calf should be stunted in growth under no circumstances. Beef and dairy products are each to be considered as representing a business, with different results in the details of their outcome. The beef producer must be content, on the start, to invest, and "work and wait" for results, from six months to two or three years. He must be patient and far-sighted. The dairyman often sees his returns from the start. For doing either of the two branches of the work, exclusively, different types of men are as necessary as distinct breeds of cattle; yet there are exceptional men with abundant breadth of thought and purpose to carry on beef production and dairying very successfully. The conservative course is to make one or the other incidental to the other. Each branch of the industry has both its advantages and disadvantages, which the one engaging in them must consider. Thoughtful care and attention to details will add largely to the percentage of profits. But an occasional loss should not discourage one.—Orange Judd Farmer.

ROOSTS FOR TURKEYS.

Objections to Some of the Slovenly Practices of Many Poultry-Raisers. Nothing is more common than to make the turkeys roost upon apple or shade trees near the house or barn, or even upon the shed or barn roofs, or other farm buildings. But this is a slovenly practice, and open to several objections. The roosting of the young birds upon small limbs is liable to injure the breast bones of the chicks while they are in the gristle stage of growth, and in zero nights the feet of adult birds are much more liable to get frozen upon a small limb than upon a stout pole, broad enough to balance the bird without clasping. The toes are more completely covered with feathers and protected from the frost. The roosting of birds upon the roofs of buildings is a filthy practice that no thrifty farmer should tolerate. The manure is necessarily wasted. A properly-constructed and located roost guards against these evils, and makes an important addition to the manure heap. The wild turkey, of course, lodges in trees during the winter, but they have the choice of location, and seek the shelter of thick woods, which modifies the temperature.

One of our best poultrymen, who raises some two hundred turkeys yearly, has located his roosts at the south end of his horse barn, where there is partial shelter from the northeast and northwest winds in winter. Forked posts form the support of the scaffolding—two front posts about eighteen feet high, and two rear posts about fourteen feet high. The front and rear posts at each end of the scaffold are connected by a stout heavy pole four or five inches in diameter, kept in place by the forks at the top of the posts. Upon these side poles, which slope like the roof of a shed, smaller poles, three or four inches in diameter, are spiked to each end, forming the roost for the turkeys. The roosting poles are about two feet apart, of red cedar, and are very durable, with a strong odor, which is said to be a safeguard against insects. The white cedar of the swamps, or the arbor vitae, or any of the resinous woods answer the same purpose.—American Poultry Journal.

A few years ago the Legislature of Connecticut was discussing a woman suffrage bill. A member arose and denounced the bill, and added: "I don't propose to make a man out of my wife." Another replied: "The gentleman doesn't propose to make a man out of his wife. It would be a blessing for the country if his wife could make a man out of him." The House went wild, and for the time business was suspended.

INCH AND OUNCE.

The Derivation of These Two Standards of Measurement.

As the Jews had a mystical reverence for seven, and the ancient Welsh and Celts for three, and the Greeks a perfect philosophy constructed out of the harmonies of all sorts of numbers, so the Romans fell back upon a scale of—or, more properly, upon a scale with a base of—six. Accordingly, as they divided the pound into twelve ounces, so they also divided the foot, which was the standard of lineal measure, into twelve sections, and they called these sections uncia, too. But how did they get the inch originally? It may be asked. Rather, how did they get the pound? for that, and not the inch, is the unit. There seems to be no precise information on this point. They would divide any unit into twelfths, and a prevailing notion was at one time the linear uncia was really the original, and was then transferred as a name to a weight. This, though plausible, is hardly the case. Sometimes, especially in old books, written when philology was not what it is now, it was the fashion to derive uncia from the same word in the Greek, because, after the revival of letters in Europe, the admiration of the Greek became so great that whenever similar words were found in it and some other language it was always said that the other language borrowed them from the Greek. This is very far from being always so, and in the present instance the very reverse appears to have occurred. The ounce is literally the twelfth, and thus we see at once the sense of speaking of an ounce of land and an inch of milk, just as of an inch of a man's will or an inch of interest for money on a loan. It was always the twelfth of a unit; twelfth of an hour; twelfth of a jugerum, that half-acre which the two oxen plowed in a day; twelfth of a sextarius, or equivalent to our pint; twelfth of the entire hereditis; twelfth of the principal lent on time when it was money at usury—that is, over eight per cent.

It is, accordingly, as much of a mistake to say that the primary meaning of the word is a linear, which is to say that it comes straight from the Greek into the Latin and thence on to us. The riddle is plain enough when we get to the true origin of the word—a twelfth. Once, indeed, it used to be said that the true origin was that the word meant a thumb breadth, because its equivalent, pollex, in linear measure, was often used in its place. But this is not the case. Some of the old Latins themselves, moreover, thought it meant literally the unit, but even this will not hold beside the proper signification of the twelfth.

The pound weight really never divided by inches or ounces, it was divided by twelfths, by halves, by thirds, by fourths and by sixths. And here, again, we see what a convenient base a system of twelfths is for division compared with a system of tenths, which could only be divided evenly in two ways—by two and five. For seven ounces they use the literal seven-twelfths; for eight ounces they said two parts—that is, two thirds; for nine, wanting a fourth, which with us reads like a roundabout way of expressing three-quarters; for ten, wanting a sixth; for eleven, wanting a twelfth.—Boston Herald.

BEATING A LAWYER.

It Is Done by a Farmer Who Believes in Treating City Folks Fairly.

"You newspaper fellows," said a Taylor township farmer to a reporter the other day, "have had so many guys and gags at cider that the majority of people believe we add half water in every case."

"Don't you?" innocently inquired the scribe.

"Not you blame nambekull, we don't!"

"But I—"

"Oh, of course, you thought so, but you fellows ain't expected to be too smart in the top-story. However, I was going to tell you about a lawyer in town. He wanted a barrel of cider, but he was terribly afraid of being cheated. He engaged me to bring in the juice, and in order to keep me straight he said:

"Now, then, when the elder comes I shall test it with a lackadaisical, and if there is any water in it I'll make you sweat for swindling."

"Did he say lackadaisical?" asked the reporter.

"Something like that. It made me a bit mad, and so I planned to fix him. I brought in a cask holding forty-eight gallons. Thirty gallons were well watered and the rest cider. I left it at his house, and to-day I called at his office to get my money."

"And he went for you?"

"Hardly. He gave me half a dollar extra, and said it was the first barrel of genuine cider he had had in ten years."—Detroit Free Press.

Which Man Felt the Worse?

"You look depressed," said one club member to another. "I am depressed," was the reply. "I went home last night slightly under the influence and my dear little wife would not say a word to me this morning. I feel pretty badly, I can tell you."

"Crickety!" commented the other, "I wish my wife would do likewise. But when I go home 'tired and troubled' you bet I catch it. Why, she'll almost talk my head off and she'll follow me all over the house lecturing. No talk to me! Why, that's just what I want her to do. You are the luckiest chap I know."—Dapper News.

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In fact, anything you may want in the line of Jewelry for a Wedding or a Holiday Present, at the Jewelry House of

LOUIS STEGMILLER.

IRON PORT.

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

SENATOR BECK, of Kentucky, is not able to occupy his seat in the senate and has gone to Aiken, S. C., for the winter.

SHERIDAN is to have a statue at Washington. The society of the army of the Cumberland has taken the matter in hand and will see it through.

WHO WANTS to succeed Swineford as governor of Alaska? Don't all speak at once; we'll call the roll: C. S. Osborn? Ah, caught him the first time, eh? No use going on with the call, then.

"THE finest train in the world" is said to be the Union Pacific's Golden Gate Special, warmed by steam, lighted by electricity, vestibuled and provided with every device for the safety and comfort of passengers.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, whose wife was Larry Jerome's daughter, is talked of as successor to Sackville-West. Randy is anything but a diplomatist, but he would do well at Washington and we hope he may be sent there.

THE Menominee River Boom Co, finds, from "statistics carefully and accurately gathered," that the standing pine on the river and its tributaries is sufficient to furnish as many logs during twenty years to come as have been cut during the twenty years last past.

THOMASVILLE, the new town built by the South Shore company at the terminus of the eastern division, in the big woods of Ontonagon (or is it Gogebic) county, is now the "hard town" of the peninsula if the stories told of it are true. They say that it is "run" by the gambling houses and brothels.

BURTON is to be wiped out, entirely, by the eastern capitalists who hold the mortgages on his Gogebic and other properties. The interest is in arrears and they have commenced proceedings to foreclose. Had the duffer been content with riches he might have had so much, but he wanted the earth and grabbed for it, and now has nothing.

CLEVELAND OF men and all others agree that the market for ore of next season's production will open immediately after New Year, that the sales will be larger than ever before and prices and transportation charges equally satisfactory. Unless everybody is mistaken the business of '89 is going to be very heavy and the profit thereon fairly divided.

MRS. SNELL has increased the amount of the reward for the capture of Tascott from \$30,000 to \$50,000 and extended the time to four months from the 5th instant. Seems as though that ought to "fetch him." He could do no better than give himself up and claim the money—it is fifty times as much as he is worth for any purpose in the world—to himself or others.

THE PLAN for the consolidation (or "federation") of all classes of railway employes except conductors in a single organization is again mooted. It proposes an insurance feature and that no strike shall be undertaken except by the permission of the governing board of the federation—a provision which would prevent strikes entirely, as no railway company could afford to fight the entire force, and a threat would be sufficient.

WHAT D'YE S'POSE the jenkins who did the Chamberlain-Endicott wedding for the "Ass. Press" meant by this:

"Miss Endicott has not crossed the meridian of the second decade of her life."

Wasn't the girl fifteen years old? If so Papa Endicott should have spanked her and sent her back to school. Or was it that the jenkins was an idiot, who should not be trusted with a pencil?

SAM. DICKIE, John Russell, Wise and their associates, manipulators of the prohibition party of Michigan, propose to save that organization from extinction by enlarging its organ, the Center, and are begging for dollars lustily. No go, gentlemen; the Center and your management would kill a more robust party than yours even without enlargement. To add four pages and double its (and your) outflow of narrowness, bigotry and intolerance would precipitate the fall to which paper and party now totter.

GEN. H. B. CLIFT, who left his home at Detroit October 26, has not been heard from since Oct 31, on which day he forwarded a sum of money with the memorandum "for household expenses" from Niagara Falls. At the hotel there he registered as "Henry Boardman," had supper and lodging, and left the house at 5.30 the next morning saying that he wished to take the train for Buffalo. From that hour he vanished and, though his family and friends still hope to hear from and see him, the probability is that he went not to Buffalo but into the Niagara.

IF ONE WAS to form his opinion of Michigan democrats from the demagogic papers of Michigan or from the outgivings of defeated democratic candidates for office it must be a very mean one. Ford declares that his supporters (or those from whom he expected support) were bought, at so much per head, and one Turnbull, in the Free Press, declares that Fisher was defeated by votes purchased in Alpena county at "from \$2 to \$20 per vote." We do not believe the tales—do not believe that the democrats of Michigan are such venal creatures. As to those of our own locality we know they are not, and that any man who should attempt, openly, to purchase votes would lose ground rather than gain it. Michigan democrats are not the mean crowd their disappointed leaders represent them.

GROVER'S sour-tempered screed addressed ostensibly to congress but really to the people who had rejected him and his theories, meets with the reception it deserves. We clip a few references thereto:

Will the mugwump discover that President Cleveland has forgot he was a civil service reformer?—Intelligencer, Wheeling, W. Va.

The president was not content with vetoes, but is most unjustly sneering in his reference to pensions in his message.—State Journal, Columbus, O.

No one can read the exordium to the president's message without being convinced that he is either a free-trade crank or a designing demagogue.—Commercial Gazette, Pittsburg, Pa.

Grover Cleveland's farewell message will be a fruitful text-book for communists and the foreign enemies of the United States. Long after he is dead it will be quoted as evidence of the inherent weakness of popular government.—Journal, Indianapolis.

President Cleveland has not been re-elected, but he has borne out the prophecy of the British Minister perhaps even more forcibly by reverting to the spirit of conciliation as soon as the "exigency" was removed, and even though unsuccessful, repeating his conviction that the treaty was honorable and just, and that its rejection was to be regretted. Evidently Lord Sackville was right in his judgment of President Cleveland's character. His error was that, knowing the truth, he spoke it when he should have remained silent.—Empire, Toronto.

The vast agricultural operations of the west, feeding a nation and helping to sustain a world, are carried on by farmers. All over that immense domain are scattered farm-houses, peopled not alone by immigrants, but by American boys and girls who are actually saving the country from some of the dangers that alarm Mr. Cleveland. Scores of western towns and small cities are the happy and successful fields in which young America is doing over again the deeds of our forefathers on the narrow Atlantic seaboard. The national blood is being oxygenized faster than the poison of city life can injure it.—Express, Buffalo.

According to Mr. Cleveland, the country is one great hell, where the rich trample the toiling poor under an iron heel. When a party is badly licked, much of its growing may be charitably overlooked. But the whipped mugwumps and the battered president are going too far in this abuse of the American people.—Sentinel, Milwaukee.

The bulk of President Cleveland's last message is the stump speech he would have delivered during the recent election campaign if he had been given the chance. Lucky for him he didn't, or he would have been buried a good deal deeper. It is most remarkable for its insufferable egotism.—Republican, Lansing.

OUR GOOD FRIEND Col. Van Duzer, of the Escanaba IRON PORT, can not forgive the republicans of the eleventh district for giving their congressional candidate nearly three and a half thousand majority.—Herald, Traverse City.

True, he can not; and for the best of reasons; the republicans of the eleventh district in no wise offended him and there can be no forgiveness where there has been no offence. Of the 21,368 republicans who voted for James H. Macdonald in the seventeen counties constituting the district all but about three thousand took the medicine prepared for them by the council of political doctors which assembled at Menominee, and, if some of them did make a wry face at the dose, that constituted no offence—they took it as became loyal republicans. But for the doctors, who blundered in the diagnosis badly and worse yet in the prescription, for the men who feared (or pretended to fear) that the republicans of the eleventh district were going over to Cleveland, Bart and free-trade, and who demanded the nomination that was made because of the strength which they assumed and alleged it would give to the ticket—for them there is sore need of forgiveness. They insulted the republicans of the 11th district by the assumption that they were ready to desert to the enemy, and capped that insult by another in the reason they gave for the selection they made. They showed that they knew nothing of the case they undertook to manage and were unfit for the charge that had been committed to them. Still, we can forgive them, when we are satisfied that they repent; but we (and the republicans of the 11th district) will call other doctors in future.

THE TRAGEDY at Birmingham, Alabama, briefly referred to in our news summary is something terrible. The crime out of which it grew was the murder of a woman, the wife of a locomotive engineer named Hawes, and her two daughters, children of eight and six years, respectively, by (as is alleged and believed) the husband and father, as preliminaries to a second marriage which he contracted on the day following the murders. The woman had (as the story is told) been guilty of infidelity and Hawes had instituted proceedings for divorce pending which she had taken to the bottle. Hawes was arrested upon his return to Birmingham with his new wife and the discovery of the bodies of the murdered woman and children had so wrought upon the populace that the assault upon the jail, with the purpose of lynching him, followed. The sheriff was, it would seem from this distance, precipitate in the discharge of his duty—the defense of his prisoner—and his fire was terribly destructive. Of those who fell before it many were respectable persons, who were endeavoring to prevent the attack by the mob, among them the postmaster of the city, M. B. Throckmorton, A. B. Tarrant, A. D. Bryant, and others.

FIFTY-NINE new boats, of which all but five are steamers, having a gross carrying capacity of 100,950 tons (an average of 1,706 tons) are contracted for at the several shippards on the lakes, to be delivered during the coming season of navigation. Wheeler is to build eight of them, the Detroit Dry Dock Co. seven, the Globe works at Cleveland six, Davidson five, Quayle's Sons, Dulac and Craig three each, and other builders one or two each. The value of the new fleet is \$7,124,000. Two big ones are for the Lehigh Valley Co., two for the Northern Trans. Co., two for the Cleveland Iron Mining Co., two for the Delta Trans. Co., one for the I. O. T. Co., and one for the Manistique and Tomawanda line.

KELLY, the Ironwood postmaster, was all right. The inspector sent to go through his office proved it; showed that instead of being in arrears to the government (let alone being a defaulter) he was its creditor to quite an amount.

THE Calumet News—whose editor, from long acquaintance with the big mine, is well qualified to judge concerning it—predicts the early extinction of the fire, saying that men will be fighting the fire underground within two weeks.

"SISTER" CURTIS kicks at the fallen idol—says the democratic party "has no hearty sympathy with tariff reform." The dear old thing must transfer her love to Henry George, nothing else is left for her. He is hearty enough—wants to wipe out the custom houses altogether—and pretty much everything else. Flop again, old lady.

ASHLAND is holding her own and leading the race as an ore shipping port, and don't you forget it.—Ashland Press.

Shipments of ore from Ashland 1,020,520 tons, a falling off from last year of about 20,000 tons. Shipments from Escanaba 2,202,965 tons, an increase from last year of about 200,000 tons. Who did you say was "leading"?

CONNECTICUT, the only New England state that voted for Cleveland, has apparently repented. New Haven, which has been a solid democratic city for ten years, went republican in the municipal election this week. The republican gains made in that city alone would have wiped out Cleveland's plurality and given the state to Harrison.—Press, New York.

Connecticut miscalculated; that's all. She meant to be on the big side.

THE GOVERNMENT of the Canadian Dominion insists that it is all right about wrecking on the lakes because it is ready to let American wreckers save life and property in Canadian waters, only demanding in return for the privilege that Canadians may tow from port to port in our waters and compete with our craft in the coasting trade. Oh, yes; Canada is all right—the tory government does not want the earth—only North America.—that's all.

THE LIGHTHOUSE BOARD presses upon congress the necessity of lighting the passage west and north of the Beaver Islands—calls for the speedy erection of a light and fog signal on the west side of the Beavers, the light on Seal Choix Point, a light and fog signal on Squaw Island, and one on Simmons' Reef. It also calls for repairs to Point Peninsula light station and a light on the 11-foot shoal and a beacon at Gladstone. If the 50th does not provide the 51st congress will.

HAYTI must eat humble pie; the state department of the United States declares the seizure of the steamer Haytien Republic unauthorized and illegal and has so notified the Haytien government. Again, the arbitrators to whom was referred the Van Bokkelen claim for false imprisonment by the Haytiens at Port Au Prince in '84 and '85, have decided against Hayti and fixed the amount of compensation at \$60,000, and that's another bite of the same.

THE Boston Journal says "we do not imagine that President Harrison will be able so to exercise the appointing power as to please his mugwump censor." True, nor does he, we imagine, care to do so. He owes them nothing—their censorship is usurped—why should he?—nor will he try. In the exercise of that, as of every other function devolving upon him he will seek the approbation of one honest man, Ben. Harrison, and that secured the mugwumps, the democrats, the republicans "for revenue only," may howl, their clamor will not annoy him.

THE EDITORS of the IRON PORT and the Menominee Herald have begun to call each other hard names. Let up gentlemen, you'll be sorry for it later, and have been too good friends in the past, to quarrel over political issues.—Current, Norway.

'Vast there, Bro. Knight: We have called no "names," hard or soft, other than the one H. O. inherited and honors. We criticised his work a little, and he "hit back"—we ascribed to him no unworthy motive—said nothing that we imagine has in any degree changed any man's opinion of him for the worse. Nor do we fear that what he has said or intimated as to us has alienated a friend.

A SOUTH CAROLINA paper argues that making education—the ability to read and write—a voting test—would take away the reproach against the southern people of suppressing the colored vote. A good many whites and nearly all the blacks would be shut off from the polls. It would reduce the representation of those states in congress and at the presidential election, but the paper says of the two evils of oppressing the vote openly and legally and of suppressing it as now by violence and fraud, the legal way is much the better.

If it is done in the south it should be done in the north also. One of the best practical methods of doing it would be the adoption of the so-called "Australian" or any other scheme forcing a man to read and comprehend the ballot he is casting. Those who are afraid of losing the ignorant vote of the large cities are objecting to it on that account. That was one of the real reasons for Gov. Hill's veto last winter.

They say it is an obstruction to the voter. So it is, to the ignorant voter. It ought to be, too. It is one of its great merits. It would establish the much needed educational qualification. Those opposed to it believe in the ignorant vote. This is one of the strongest arguments for the system.—Journal, Detroit.

Esanoma, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Tortures. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment," without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Itchy, Scaly, Eruptions, Ringworm, Ring, Itch, Scum, Pimples, Kernels, All Scaly, Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A thread has been made from the fiber of the common nettle so fine that sixty miles of it only weighed two pounds and a half.

Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequently by night than by day, also deaths.

A man at Laramie laughed at an Indian who slipped down on the street five years ago, and the other day the red man came around and stabbed him in the back as a reward.

A Tampa, Florida, orange grower experimented in a small way with peeling oranges in dry sand, and finds that some thus treated have kept as fresh as if just picked for a year.

A workingwoman's society in Detroit, formed ten years ago to take care of girls unemployed, and get them work, has so thrived that it recently dedicated a fine building for its purposes.

Under the laws of Canada if you are renting a house and it burns down you are holden to the owner for its full value. If it is blown down by the wind or carried away by a freshet he must pay you full damages.

A Montreal barber sued a customer for the following: Hair cutting, 25 cents (5 cents extra for Sundays); shampooing, 25 cents; singeing, 25 cents; trimming beard, 15 cents (5 cents extra for Sunday); singeing beard, 25 cents; shampooing beard, 25 cents; shaving upper lip 15 cents; total, \$1.55.

Southern Michigan folks who yearn for cheap living may slip over the Indiana line and find a restaurant at South Bend where the "corn bread" is made of basswood sawdust and corn starch. "It is fillin', but not fattenin'," as the old Irish lady said of the water she fed the pig an hour before she sold him.

A resident of Hartford, Conn., was on his bicycle the other day spinning along a country road, when a red squirrel darted from the woods and attempted to cross the road in front of him. The little fellow was just in time to get caught by the big wheel, which, curiously enough, took him up into the slot under the seat and crushed the life out of him.

A small boy recently found a fine topaz on the Bald Face mountain in Chatham, N. H., and sold it for a small sum to a man who realized \$60 for it after it had been cut and polished. Several others of less value have been found in the region, and they are mostly white. So close is the resemblance to diamonds, it is said, that only an expert can tell the difference.

Down in Maryland the other day when Dr. Fulton married Miss White the ring used was made of a gold button that was on the wedding gown of the bridegroom's mother, and a marvelously tattered shoe was sent by an old darkey, along with the information that it was one of the last pair that "master," the bride's father, bought for him in slavery times, and so he wanted it flung after young mistress to insure her good luck.

A well-known fish culturist, has been making some very interesting experiments with the microscope which prove that there are 9,000,000 eggs in an eel. How and when these eggs are hatched has always been, and still is, a mystery. All that is known definitely is that the eels run down to salt water in October, and that in the spring swarms of young ones, the size of a darning-needle and about two inches long, ascend the rivers.

A colored man was arrested in Memphis the other day who might well be called a peripatetic junk shop. When he was searched at the station house something more than a peck of odds and ends were found in his pockets. He had a razor and full shaving outfit, several combs, a looking-glass, four pocket-handkerchiefs, a gimlet, a bradawl, two pocket knives, a copy of the "Biblical Reason Why," two pipes, a jewsharp, three fiddle strings, a chunk of rosin, two lumps of beeswax, three red flannel rags, a plug of navy tobacco and divers other articles.

The Melbourne *Aryus* relates that a year ago an English laborer, unable to find employment, decided to emigrate to Australia, leaving his wife at home. Finding a girl whom he loved, and who returned his attachment, he was honest enough to confess that he had a wife at home. The girl wrote to her rival offering to buy her husband from her. The wife consented to sell him for \$100. After a few months the money with a paper arrived by which she was to renounce all her rights in her husband to the girl. The paper was duly signed and sent back. After its arrival the happy couple in Australia were married.

Extremely Suspicious.

Mr. Larkie is always full of extraordinary good nature when he has been drinking. Even his wife has noticed this. The other evening he had been out late with some friends, and the cup that cheers had gotten in some pretty effective work. As he stood under an illuminated sign, a very battered looking man came up to him and said:

"Mister, would you mind giving a fellow a quarter?"

"Whaffor?" asked Larkie.

"Well, to be dead honest with you, I want it to get a drink with."

"G'way," said Larkie; "I don't believe ya."

"You don't believe me!"

"Nossir. Jee as sho'n's yo git (hic) the money you'll go round the corner an' waste it fur bread."—Merchants' Traveller.

GROCERIES.

Just
Look : into

F. H. Atkins'

Crockery : Dept.

For desirable

XMAS GOODS!

GROCERIES

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Blackwell Bros.

GLADSTONE AND SOUTH GLADSTONE.

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Groceries

AND

PROVISIONS,

Invite attention to their stocks, which are complete, and their prices which are low.

Full Stock in all lines at

SOUTH GLADSTONE

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS ONLY AT

GLADSTONE.

Special Terms made with Contractors, Hotel and Boarding House keepers or others who buy in quantity.

Give Them A Call!!

J. N. MEAD,

XMAS : GOODS !

He has got these and many others ON THE LIST:

- Watches, Jewelry, Steam Engines, Thermometers, Steam Atomizers, Music Boxes, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove Boxes, Plush Boxes, Dishes, Guns, Dolls, Everything.
- Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Shell Boxes, Wall Paper, Music Boxes, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Glove Boxes, Silverware, Games, Toys, Washtubs, Drums.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED ACCURATELY.

BAZAARS.

Drop It!

The Summer Suit, that Thin Overcoat and that Worn Out Underwear.

WINTER

You need New Ones and we're ready to Supply Your Wants !!

IN DRESS GOODS

We have an elegant line of Tricots and Silk-finish Henriettas in the late shades of goblin blue, terra cotta, mahogany and serpentine green, besides black :

IN BOOTS AND SHOES

We carry Selz's Best Warranted Goods. An excellent line of Rubber Goods.

Nobby Hats! All Kinds of Caps from Scotch to Genuine Sealskin.

Prepare for Winter and buy your Blankets and Quilts now !

—Prices as Low as the Lowest at—

Heller's - East - and - West - End - Bazaars,

317 and 319 Ludington St.

COAL.

J. F. OLIVER,

(Successor to D. M. Philbia.)

COAL! COAL!

ALL KINDS OF

Anthracite, Bituminous, Blossburg & Charcoal

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

Good Quality and Full Weights Guaranteed.

Coal delivered to any part of the city free of cartage

ORDERS LEFT AT MY OFFICE ON THE MERCHANTS' DOCK, OR AT THE HARDWARE STORE OF W. W. OLIVER WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

DRUGGIST.

NOW CATCH ON!

Preston's Old Drug Store

Overflows with

Wall Paper and Borders

Of the Latest Styles and most beautiful patterns and colors; with

"Monarch" Brand Paints,

And everything necessary for their application; with

Kalsomines

And all other materials for Spring renovations. All to be sold at the

Lowest :: Possible :: Prices!

Drugs and Medicines, Reading Matter and Stationery as Usual.

THE State Republican of Dec. 10 contains Frank Godfrey's farewell and the announcement that he is a candidate for the place of public printer. Hope he has not sacrificed his Lansing interests, for his chance of success in the other matter is no better than our own. Darius T. Thorp is now state printer and sole proprietor of the Republican.

ADMIRAL LUCE sailed for Port Au Prince, Hayti, Wednesday with orders to ask for the release of the steamer Haytien Republic and to take her by force if his request is refused. It would be madness for the Haytiens to compel a resort to force and we doubt not the "request" of the admiral, in the name of his government and backed by guns, will be acceded to, we hope so, at any rate.

IT IS ASSERTED that neither Brickner nor Barwig, the German democrats elected to congress from Wisconsin, are citizens and so, that they can not hold their seats. Each was born in Germany, each immigrated when under age, but neither can show that his father was naturalized. We find the statement in a Washington dispatch and give it for what it is worth—not much, we fancy.

HOMBACH, of the St. Ignace Watchman, has a libel suit and he's so tickled, over it as to suggest that he's at outs with the tailors and so had no other winter suit. If not that he must expect "the Spragues" to make it so warm for him that he will need no overcoat. Trouble is that he called the female Spragues "prostitutes"—a mean word—he should have said "scarlet ladies." But if he justifies perhaps he can get off for a little less than \$10,000.

TEN sheets of legal tenders were stolen out of the government printing office last week in Washington. The slip-shod style of tending things under the present administration has frequent illustration.—Inter Ocean.

I. O. never lets a chance for a lick at the administration go by, but this time it hits the wrong head. Legal tenders are not made nor handled by the government printing office but by the bureau of engraving and printing in the treasury building, and it was from there and not from the printing house the ten sheets were missing.

MR. CHANNING, mine inspector for Gogebic county, calls attention to the fact that the casualties in the mines of that county are by far too numerous—four times as many in proportion to the numbers of men employed as in Great Britain; three times as many as in Pennsylvania. He charges the loss of life partly to the character of the force employed, it being largely composed of men who had never been in a mine until they came to that county, and partly to the high pressure system of the work—"a rush in which some one was sure to be trampled on."

THE Welcome is still running. Elmore will contest Grey's seat in the legislature. Carl Rothe, a carpenter 63 years old, is missing, was intoxicated when last seen, Wednesday, and is probably drowned as his cap was found in the river Saturday. C. B. Adams, of the Gazette, and Miss Hattie Holsinger were married Dec. 9. The sheriff wants Lutowski, Pennewich and Spear, who escaped from jail last Wednesday night by sawing off the window bars. The kermis netted \$182. Miss Lucy A. Brown died Sunday at the age of nearly 64 years.—Advocate, Green Bay.

THE "PARSER MERCHANT" (J. S. Moore) who has labored so long and, as he now sees, so vainly to educate the American farmer in the economic gospel according to Richard Cobden, is grumpy. He has no politeness for the A. F. now—"the millions of clod-hoppers" who would not dance to his piping may "stew in their own gravy" henceforth, for all cares, The Tariff League Bulletin says:

Messrs. Moore and company remind one of the boy who told a bystander that the father and mother of the little girl across the way were his father and mother, and yet the girl was not his sister. After a long study, the bystander asked a friend to help him out, and the friend said the little cuss lied.

THE SAGE of the Marquette Republican lays down the law for the republican party and threatens it with disaster unless the law is obeyed. It picks out of the mud the democratic war cry of "tariff reform" and demands for the "humblest man in the land his full rights." Now the tariff does not need "reform" and the people so decided on the 6th ultimo. Its principle is right. The schedules may need overhauling and if so they will be overhauled—duties reduced or increased as shall be demanded by the principle that underlies it all, that of fostering the industries of the country, the protective idea. As to the "full rights;" what is there in the history of republican legislation that justifies the suggestion of possible legislation "inimical to the laboring men of the country"? We know of nothing. Further on the Republican borrows the war cry of the mugwumps and demands that "no man shall be appointed to office as a reward for political fealty," none "removed because of his political faith." President Harrison should then leave Don M. Dickinson in the postoffice, Vilas in the interior, Bayard in the state department and the brigadiers at the posts abroad to which he has sent them, eh? Peeh! Finally the prohibitionist (that's the fellow who has been behind the mask all the while) crops out with demands that St. John or Sam Dickie might make consistently, but not the Republican. We've an idea that men whose republicanism dates back further than the first of August last, and is not diluted or adulterated will have something to do with the course of the party during the coming four years. It seems to us natural and right that they should, and if we have any friend holding an office under the federal government who wants "a straight tip" he can have it with our blessing: "Have your balance sheet made and your grip packed the day your commission expires."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

No Danger.

Under a spreading apple tree
Ye maid and ye young man sat.
His arm was round her slender waist
With clasp affectionate.

"Jane," called her mother, who wot not
Ye swain was sitting there,
"Tramps are abroad. Come in. 'Tis late.
Don't stay in the chill night air!"

"'Tis not so very late, mamma;
Night air I do not dread,
Nor fear I tramps, I'm—quite—well
armed."

Ye maid demurely said.
—Chicago Tribune.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, 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 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Mead.

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a sample bottle free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

Cleaned Already.

She was a poor creature, with a weird look on her face and a threadbare shawl thrown over her shoulders. She went to the office of the bank president and asked:

"Don't you want to hire a scrub woman sir?"

"Tha-nks, no," drawled the president. "There's no work for you—or me either. The cashier has cleaned out the bank so thoroughly that we are going to give up biz."—Harper's Bazar.

For First Place

A great amount of political engineering will be done by friends of candidates to secure for their man the first place on the ticket, and the best man will probably receive the coveted place. Then it indorsed by the majority of the people, the election is assured. Electric Bitters has been put to the front, its merits passed upon, has been indorsed, and unanimously given the first place among the remedies peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all diseases of kidneys, liver and stomach. Electric Bitters, being guaranteed, is a safe investment. Price 50c. and \$1 per bottle at J. N. Mead's drug store.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at J. N. Mead's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colic, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

The Handsomest Lady in Escanaba.

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove that and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle free. Large size 50c and a \$1.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for Coughs and Colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggist to give those who call for it, a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and a \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

The Homeliest Man in Escanaba

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat, and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents.—Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Don't give up, my poor, sick friend; While there's life there's hope, 'tis said; Sicker persons often mend:

Time to give up when you're dead, Purer, richer blood you need; Strength and tone your system give; This advice be wise and heed— Take the G. M. D. and live.

Those letters stand for "Golden Medical Discovery" (Dr. Pierce's), great building-up, purifying, and disease-expelling remedy of the age.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy of our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Medical Discovery for consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., and can always be depended upon. Trial bottle free at J. N. Mead's drug store. if

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. N. Mead Druggist.

BIRDS AS JUDGES.

Singular Spectacles Witnessed in England and Switzerland.

REV. DR. J. EDMUND COX has given the particulars of a trial by rooks which he witnessed between fifty and sixty years ago. He was riding along a quiet road in the vicinity of Norwich, England, when he was startled by sounds of an extraordinary commotion among the inhabitants of an adjacent rookery. Securing his horse to a gate, he cautiously crawled for a hundred feet or so, to a gap in the hedge of a grass field, to investigate proceedings. A trial by jury was seemingly going on. The criminal rook at first appeared very perky and jaunty, although encircled by about forty or fifty of an evidently indignant sable fraternity, and assailed by the incessantly vehement cawing of an outer ring, consisting of many hundreds, each and all showing even greater indignation than was manifested by the more select number. Even the scouts, although hovering about in all directions, were so deeply absorbed in the proceeding that they failed to notice their uninvited spectator. After a short time the manner of the accused was seen suddenly and completely to change; his head bowed, his wings drooped, and he cawed faintly, as if imploring mercy. The inner circle closed in upon him and pecked him to pieces in a few minutes, leaving nothing but a mangled carcass. The whole assembly then set up a tremendous screaming and dispersed; some seeking the adjacent rookery, but the greater number flying away across the fields. It is commonly known that rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that if the robber is detected the offender is punished. It has been noticed that young rooks will often pilfer twigs and other useful materials from the nests of their elders, with which to build their own domiciles quickly, and, although they are too cunning to be caught in the act, only committing their thefts when both the owners of the nest are absent, the robbery seems always to be known. When the crime has been discovered and proved eight or ten rooks are apparently deputed to act on behalf of the whole community; they proceed to the convicts' nest and in a few moments scatter it to the winds.

An Alpine tourist relates that during an excursion in the Swiss mountains he accidentally came upon a small secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees, and became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring about one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals they paused in order to permit the accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy; but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually the court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself and they suddenly flew at him from all sides and tore him to pieces with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared.—Popular Science.

TWO GREAT GERMANS.

General Sheridan's Meeting with Bismarck and Von Moltke.

I found him (Bismarck) wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown hard at work. He was established in a very small room, whose only furnishings consisted of a table—at which he was writing—a couple of rough chairs, and the universal feather-bed, this time made on the floor in one corner of the room. On my remarking on the limited character of his quarters, the Count replied, with great good humor, that they were all right, and that he should get along well enough. Even the tramp of his clerks in the attic and the clanking of his orderlies' sabers below did not disturb him much; he said, in fact, that he would have no grievance at all, were it not for a guard of Bavarian soldiers stationed about the house, for his safety, he presumed, the sentinels from which insisted on protecting and saluting the Chancellor of the North German Confederation in and out of season, a proceeding that led to embarrassment sometimes, as he was much troubled with a severe dysentery. Notwithstanding his trials, however, and in the midst of the correspondence on which he was so intently engaged, he graciously took time to explain that the sudden movement northward from Bar-le-Duc was the result of information that Marshal MacMahon was endeavoring to relieve Metz by marching along the Belgian frontier.

Whenever anybody arrived with tidings of the fight he clustered around to hear the news, General von Moltke unfolding a map meanwhile and explaining the situation. This done, the Chief of Staff (Moltke) while awaiting the next report, would either return to a seat that had been made for him with some knapsacks, or would occupy the time walking about, kicking clods of dirt or small stones here and there, his hands clasped behind his back, his face pale and thoughtful. He was then nearly seventy years old, but because of his emaciated figure, the deep wrinkles in his face, and crow's feet about his eyes, he looked even older, his appearance being suggestive of the practice of church asceticism rather than of his well-known ardent devotion to the military profession.—General R. Z.

THE STATE.

Deputy Sheriff Smith, of Wayne, is a bad one to fool with. A horse-thief who would not halt when ordered got it, through and through, at the second shot and the people of the state were saved the cost of maintaining him at Jackson.

Judge Morse, of the supreme bench, was married Wednesday. Miss Anna Babcock, of Ionia, was the lady.

Holchikis & Co's mill, at West Bay City, burned Dec. 6.

The Harrison Wagon works, at Grand Rapids, were burned Dec. 6.

John Schmidt, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home, attempted suicide by cutting his throat but did not cut deep enough and will probably recover.

Ida Curran, a book agent, was accused by one Smith, an East Saginaw tradesman, of "taking things" from his shop but he could not make the court see it and now he must defend a suit for \$5,000 damages brought by Ida.

Muir has no street lights and an enterprising lad is making a good thing by acting as pilot, dark nights, and carrying a lantern.

Henry Smith assaulted and robbed Robert McKay at Marshall, but was collared and the money recovered.

John W. Moon, late senator for the 21st district, was badly hurt by being thrown from his buggy on the 7th.

A convention of the Episcopal church of the state, to choose a successor to Bishop Harris, will be held at Detroit February 6. Only one candidate is mentioned, as yet—Dr. Satterlee, of Calvary church, New York.

Waldron has fixed all his creditors but his wife wants more than he is willing to give, so he stays at Toledo.

There have been four mysterious disappearances at Port Huron within a week—the last that of James Bennett, a blacksmith.

A Coldwater liquor dealer must pay \$389 for having sold whiskey to a minor named Brant, who lay out and had his feet frozen.

A couple of banco sharks played old Capt. Martin, late of the Fessenden, for "a sucker" and would have landed him only that his banker got on to the racket and would not dish out the funds.

The date for the next grand encampment of the G. A. R. of the Dept. of Michigan is March 13, 14 and 15 next and the place Bay City.

Ed. Warner, of Otsego county, shot a white deer a few days ago and will mount the skin and skeleton.

Harrison, Clare county, will build a new opera house.

Charley Hampton airs his cheek thus: "Men of all parties have always admitted that this paper is the best local paper in the county."

Hurlburt, an Adrian butcher, kept a pet bear and last week the brute slipped its fastenings and wrecked his shop.

Col. Rogers has got every thing he asked for, for the Orchard Lake school—a galling gun, more rifles, plenty of ammunition and his military instructor for another term.

Druggist Haywood, of Grand Rapids, gave Carroll, editor of the World, a beating for misrepresenting him in that paper.

Seven business houses in Mecosta village burned Saturday morning.

James Austin, of Romeo, rested with his hands on the muzzle of his gun. One of them is off entirely and the other mangled.

Turner, Hon. A. B., does not want to be public printer, but Frank Godfrey does.

Jocks, deputy U. S. marshal at Muskegon until his arrest for burglary a year ago, is now on trial.

The December crop report places winter wheat at 87 cent as to condition, horses 96, cattle 92, sheep 95 and hogs 98.

Horace Murray sent to state prison last spring on a fifty-year sentence by Judge Buck of Kalamazoo, for rape of a ten year old girl, was given a new trial by the supreme court and the case given up—a nolle prosequi entered. The opinion of the supreme court killed it.

Frank B. Egan, deputy secretary of state, is after the position of public printer, as well as Frank Godfrey. Go in, boys: it's a "free for all."

Safe blowers are working the smaller towns of the lower peninsula. Alaska and Alms suffered this week—Belding and the other Bs should be on the lookout.

Orrin Safford, the oldest known resident of Genesee county, died at Flint last Monday at the age of 94 years. He had resided in the county 54 years.

The furniture manufacturers propose a national convention of the trade at Grand Rapids in January.

A W. C. T. U. meeting with a drunken speaker and a "mumstrel" interlude was a Detroit sensation. It is to be understood that the ladies were not responsible for either the condition of the speaker or the introduction of the darkies.

Dr. E. C. Breen, of Oscoda, is in arrest for performing an operation for abortion upon one Miss Godfrey who will die as the result of it.

Trimble, of the Frankfort express, has skip-ped, leaving wife and express to live if they can.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
121 Pearl St, New York.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., DEC. 25, 1888.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Sometimes when the day is ended
And its round of duties done,
I walk at the western windows
The gleam of the setting sun.
When my heart has been unquiet
And its longings unbeguiled
By the day's vexatious trials
And can not be reconciled,
I look on the slope of the mountains
And o'er the restless sea,
And I think of the beautiful city
That hath not far from me—
And my spirit is hushed for a moment
As the twilight falls tender and sweet,
And I cross, in my fancy, the river
And kneel at the Master's feet,
And I rest in the shade that falls
From the trees that with healing are rife—
That shadow the backs of the river—
The river of water of life.
And, some time, when daylight is ended,
And the duties I have done,
I shall watch at life's western windows
The gleam of its setting sun,
I shall fall asleep in the twilight
As I never have slept before,
To dream of the beautiful city
Till I waken to sleep no more.
There will fall on my restless spirit
A hush, oh, so wondrously sweet,
And I shall cross over the river
To rest at the Master's feet.
—Lida Lewis Watson, in Boston Globe.

OUR WARRIOR.

Up in his nursery-castle
A warrior bold he stands,
No coat of mail around his form,
No fashion in his hands—
Upon his head no visor
The deadly blow to stay;
Yet hark! brave blasts his trumpet sounds—
He's ready for the fray.
Pass through the nursery-portal,
He's coming fast—beware!
From onslaught fierce I refuge take
Behind the nearest chair;
And there I crouch, defeated,
Receive my doom: 'tis this—
A loving hug from his small arms,
And from his lips, a kiss.
O bold and brave young warrior,
Thou art too strong for me!
I can not fight—I must submit—
My heart is all with thee.
—James Cameron, in Leslie's Weekly.

LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD HIGSBY, AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES," "MY LADY FANTASTICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THAT NIGHT AT RICHMOND.

It was the 27th day of February, 1865. The army had wintered close to Winchester, and the campaign was about to open with a grand review before General Sheridan. It was a splendid sight, that you would get many a mile to see in these piping times of peace; but there were no on-lookers, the blinds of neighboring houses were all drawn down, and not a curious face peeped curiously out, nor came a soul from Winchester to witness the gallant doings. Think of it! Fourteen thousand cavalry, endless lines of infantry, and fifty batteries of artillery, all in their best, with the spring sun shining on their ranks.

It was a long ride for Sheridan that day to pass before the extended ranks. On starting he was accompanied by his staff, brave in furbered uniforms, but by degrees, as horse after horse succumbed to fatigue, there was nothing left of the gay cavalcade but the General himself on his tireless black charger. And the most singular part of it all was, that when the long ride was over, every soldier in line was ready to swear that Sheridan's eyes looked straight into his with especially approving glance.

Two days afterward, at four o'clock in the morning, this splendid host set forth to fulfill its destiny. They captured Staunton, passed Waynesboro, and marched along the muddy roads to Charlottesville.

Little did Harry think, when he went a soldiering, that high academic honors would be conferred upon him; that, in fact, he would be appointed temporary conservator of the third greatest university of this country, but so it was. As the Union troops approached the city eager deputations of burghers and college authorities came forward to pray the clemency of the invaders, and to Winthrop's guardian care was confided the protection of those classic halls which have made Virginia illustrious as a home of learning. But I am afraid these roystering troopers enjoyed the good fare the rich city provided a great deal more than the honor accruing from their protectorate of college dons.

Then they struck the James river and destroyed every lock and mill they came to, reaching Hanover Junction, where they had a brush with Pickett's division, which Harry Winthrop declares to this day was the best in the Confederate army, and finally joined Grant at Petersburg.

Meanwhile Lee's position was becoming utterly desperate, for every day Grant's grip upon him was tightening with the cruelty of an avenging Nemesis, and the only hope left to him was to steal away and join Johnston.

On the 1st day of April Sheridan, with nine thousand sabers and heavy columns of infantry, drove his force like a wedge behind the Confederate position at Five Forks, twelve miles southwest of Petersburg; and, sealed in front and rear, the garrison was overwhelmed, and five thousand men were taken prisoners.

The next morning at four o'clock the Union army advanced along the whole front, and the Confederate line of intrenchments was broken and thousands of prisoners were captured.

Oh, that sad, sad Sunday at Richmond! The churches were full of people pitifully praying for Divine interference to avert the calamity they trembled to think was beyond the power of human aid. Even as Jefferson Davis sat in his pew, the bitter tidings were brought him, and men read in his pallid face the beginning of the end of that heroic struggle. From lips to lips were passed the fatal words—Richmond must fall. Then the streets were filled with men, women and children; pushing in wild lamentation they knew not whither, while even in that supreme hour of misadventure the figures of busy pedestrians might be seen doing their unheeded work regardless of the suffering around them. In vain the city fathers tore from the warehouses the stocks of wine and poured their contents in dashed-up hour feeding the demagogues through the streets, and when night came and the moon would shed the great silvery light,

and the flames leaped with uncontrollable fury from street to street, the crisis of wretchedness was reached by the terror-stricken inhabitants.

That night Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated, and Lee, having done all that man could do, passed with the wreck of that splendid army with which he had struck the Union forces so many a crushing blow out into the open country, with the relentless Sheridan hanging on his flanks.

In all history there is there a parallel of the heroic sufferings of Lee's fugitive host? Beset on all sides by a relentless foe, ragged and spirit-broken, driven by the pangs of hunger to eat the young shoots of trees, with the clatter of the pursuing cavalry in their ears if for a moment they lingered for rest, they wandered on in grim despair. And when the last supreme moment was come and the long ranks of the Union army bristled in their front, they rallied to their gallant leader's order, to form for the charge.

But Grant's letter to Lee, demanding surrender and offering terms of generous treatment, averted what would have been one of the bloodiest tragedies of the war—the slaughter of men who, right or wrong, had fought like heroes.

So, on the 9th day of April, 1865, the Army of Virginia laid down its arms, and the men who had perished so much for a sentiment, were no longer Confederate soldiers,



"WHY, SURELY THIS IS WALTER FROBISHAM!" BUT SURELY CITIZENS, AND NORTHERNER AND SOUTHERNER FRATERIALIZED AND CONVERSED IN WORDS OF SYMPATHY AND RESPECT.

"Why, surely this is Walter Frobisham!" Harry cried, grasping the hand of a pale, emaciated young fellow, who stood disconsolately leaning against a fence, and whom he at once recognized as the hero of the Jackson dispatch episode.

"And you are Harry Winthrop?" was the cordial response. "Ah, this is a glorious surprise, for we all thought you were dead."

"You thought me dead?"

"Indeed we did. Your friend, Lecroix, brought the news to our place last fall. He said, I think, that you had fallen in a raid with some of Moseby's men, and that, though he had performed prodigies of valor in your behalf, life was extinct when he reached your side."

"What object could he have in concocting such a tale as that?" Harry asked, in dismay.

"Oh, I suppose he wanted to get on the blind side of Kate, for whom he has always evinced a sneaking kindness," was the careless reply.

"And Kate! You have not yet told me how she is faring?"

"Indifferently well I believe. I haven't been home much since they have been living in Richmond; but you can imagine they are not having a very lively time of it."

Harry thought of the horrors of the last few days, and sighed to think of what she must have endured.

"So they are living now at Richmond," he continued.

"They are. You will find them at an old mansion a little way back of the capitol, for I suppose now this little unpleasantness is over, you will be looking our people up!"

"And does she see much of this Alphonse Lecroix?" Winthrop asked, ignoring the youth's question.

"That she does, for he has been the bosom friend of the family for four years. In fact, I believe he is staying with our folks now and will go into business with my father as soon as we have turned our swords into plow-shares. I never liked the fellow, but I must say it is rather generous in him to find the capital to start a crippled and impetuous man on the way to fortune again."

"And Kate! What does she say to all this?" Harry asked, breathlessly.

"I suppose she is properly grateful," was the reply. "And I rather think father and mother hoped that now you were under the sod, as they believed, there would be a chance to recognize him as a son-in-law!"

"The infamous scoundrel!" "Eh! why, I always imagined to hear him talk that you and he were as thick as twin brothers. You don't mean to say—"

But Winthrop interrupted him with a torrent of explanations. He told all he knew about Lecroix's antecedents, and pictured in indignant terms the utterances of his abominable treachery, especially alluding to his fabricated account of Kate's imaginary death-wound.

"Well," was the cool reply of the young man, when Harry had exhausted the category of the Canadian's crimes, "I must say you astonish me, and personally I should be glad to see him exposed and punished; but you see, Winthrop, in the present state of affairs you would find it difficult to induce my people to take a very severe view of your little trick done an enemy in war-time, in-trenched, too, as he is, so securely in the affection of the family. Besides, he would contradict you point blank and, as there is only your evidence against him, I fear the influence of the court would be all on the other side."

"If by the influence of the court you mean your father's favor," Winthrop said, haughtily, "I shall not make any effort to ameliorate his judgment. All I ask is that you will make known to your sister the facts I have laid before you, so that she may be in a position to draw her own conclusions as to the character of the man who assumes such an interest in the household. She, at least, I think, will give credit to my statements."

"That I am sure she will," Frobisham said, heartily; then added with a little burst of enthusiasm: "Upon my soul, Winthrop, you are a fine fellow, and I wish things could have happened differently, for of course your marriage with Kate is now impossible."

"And why?" "You ask why? Little you know Kate Frobisham if you think she would ever forget the horrors of the past four years or of the share you have had in the misery she has endured."

"I will take my chance of that," Frobisham said, with a shrug; then, as if he were not far off when, bitter as you feel at this moment, the wounds of this cruel war will be healed, and welded again into one grand Union, these will be no North and no South, but one great glorious people rejoicing in the strength of its unity," Harry said, earnestly.

"Yes," was the bitter reply, "when the millennium comes, and the lion lies down with the lamb."

CHAPTER XIV. A GREAT CRIME.

And five days afterwards news was flashed through the country that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by a crazy actor, whose mad deed branded his name with infamy, and nearly succeeded in turning the generous tide of compassion for the suffering South into a torrent of vengeful rage, which would have overwhelmed thousands of innocent lives.

Harry Winthrop and his troopers were sent in hot haste to scour the purlieus of Richmond, for the murderer had fled, and it was at first thought he had taken refuge with sympathizers in the ex-capital of the Confederacy. It was a police duty, for which neither men nor officers had a fancy, but it had to be done.

He was sitting one day at his quarters examining an array of papers which had been just handed to him for inspection by one of his Lieutenants. The documents were proscriptions of persons suspected of harboring Booth, and were under the especial charge of the young officer. Harry glanced through them with a listless air, when suddenly one arrested his attention.

"Ah, Garston," he said, eagerly. "What does this mean?"

As he spoke he handed his subaltern a memorandum he had taken from the pile of papers, marked: "Lionel Frobisham, served in Moseby's irregulars; Walter Frobisham, Lieutenant in Confederate cavalry, son of above; Kate Frobisham, daughter of Lionel. All reside at 1 North Crescent. Bad case."

"Why, sir, I have not yet had time to inquire into the particulars of it, save so far as the evidence of the informer goes, but, if he is to be relied on, these Frobishams seem to be a pretty tough lot."

"Who was the informer?"

"A fellow who came into the provost marshal's office while I was there—quite a decent sort of chap, well-dressed and gentlemanly in appearance, but exceedingly flushed and excited."

"He gave his name, of course?"

"Yes, I have it here, for I took the precaution of making him sign the notes I had taken of his revelations. Here it is, sir; and there's the fellow's autograph in full—Alphonse Lecroix."

Harry was too dumfounded to speak. He took the paper from the Lieutenant's hand, and read it through in silence.

It was a wild, rambling charge of treason against the persons implicated, declaring that of his own personal knowledge the Frobishams, and especially the girl Kate, had been in communication with Booth for many weeks, and that he could prove that they were the very center of a conspiracy to destroy the Government. Nay, he even confessed that he had taken part in their malicious designs, though, of course, only with the intention of frustrating them.

"Have you conferred with any one concerning this matter?" Harry asked.

"No, sir. I am just fresh from the interview, and was about to consult you."

"Then keep your own counsel and say nothing to any one. I will myself take charge of this case," Harry said, as he dismissed his subordinate.

He was sorely perplexed. Of course he knew that the charge of the treacherous scoundrel was false, but in these excited times the veriest whisper of suspicion, no matter from what source, might entail endless misery on the innocent victims. Alphonse Lecroix must be crushed once and for all.

And why had the villain so suddenly turned to rend the Frobishams. Pondering over these matters, he called his orderly and started at once for the Frobishams.

Hardly had he gone a couple of blocks than he saw Walter Frobisham hurrying along the sidewalk; so, reining in his horse, he beckoned the young man to his side.

"You don't let the grass grow under your feet, Walter," he said, reprovingly. "Why, I believe you were going to pass without recognizing me?"

"Forgive me, Harry," was the response, "but I am in trouble. To tell you the truth, I am hunting all over the city after Alphonse Lecroix."

Ah! Could it be possible that there was something in the Frenchman's incoherent accusations after all! The young man's manner was certainly very suspicious.

"Yes, I may as well make a clean breast of it. We have had the devil to pay at our house; for, when I carried Kate the news of my interview with you and your strange revelations, she set the old folks at defiance and cut Lecroix dead."

"Brave girl!" "Yes, I dare say she is; but not very politic. Her treatment drove the Frenchman to distraction, for he is a man of strong passions, and, what with whiskey and what with disappointment, he is now little better than a raving lunatic. Why, this morning while I was away from home he terrified Kate half out of her wits by swearing that



"YOU DON'T LET THE GRASS GROW UNDER YOUR FEET, WALTER."

his love was turned to hate, and that he would be avenged on her. I am positively alarmed for her safety, and if I can only come across him I mean to stick to him till the delirium of bad whisky and evil passions is out of him."

"Well, don't let me detain you, then. If I come across him I will have him in irons before he can say Jack Robinson. By the bye, I was just going to see your father."

"Oh, I'm glad of that. The house is on the right, at the top of the hill—big, old tumble-down place—was a boarding-house, but the rats and mice and Frobishams have it all to themselves now."

Harry had no difficulty in finding the house, a dingy mansion which had evidently seen better days, but which now with blind-ness and shattered windows and battered walls, looked indeed a cheerless shanty.

Dismounting and throwing the bridle of his horse to his orderly, he climbed the stone steps and knocked at the door. There was no answer. Again and again he repeated the blows till he could hear their echoes reverberating through the dismal rooms, and was about to retire with the bitter feeling that some member of the family had seen him—perhaps Kate herself—and refused to grant him admission, when he thought he heard a cry—yes, he was sure of it—a woman's voice calling for help. Without pausing to listen twice, he swung him-

self with fury on the door, and to his joy the rusted iron lock gave way, so, calling to the orderly to tie up his horse and follow him, he dashed into the interior of the house. The lower rooms were silent, but from the second or third floor came the sound of scuffling and angry voices.

"Help! help! For the love of Heaven, help!" reached him in tones that gave wings to his feet.

He was just in time. Over the prostrate form of Kate Frobisham, his eyes rolling in frenzy, his hand clutching her white throat, stood Alphonse Lecroix.

With a bound Harry fell upon him and dashed him to the floor, where for a moment



HIS HAND CLUTCHING HER THROAT, STOOD ALPHONSE LECROIX.

he lay panting and glaring like some wild animal; then, with the strength of madness, he flung Winthrop from him, and hurling aside the orderly who had now come to his officer's aid, crashed through the casement of the window and fell with a dull crash upon the pavement fifty feet below.

"Oh, Harry, Harry!" Kate sobbed, as she threw her white arms around his neck and hung quivering to him.

He pushed back the long black hair from her brow and kissed her upraised face.

"You are safe, my sweet!" he cried, exultingly. "Thank God, I came in time!"

"But you must go," she moaned, drawing gently from his embrace; "yes, you must go." Then, as though waking from a dream, she cried: "How could I be so thoughtless! Quick! Harry, to the aid of my father and mother! They are somewhere in the lower part of the house, and I know not what harm they may have suffered. Oh! do not delay one moment, but speed to their assistance."

Harry hurried away at her bidding. For a time he could not find a trace of any other inmate of the house, but at last heard voices behind a door at the end of a long passage, at the extreme rear of the building.

Without ceremony, Harry opened the door, and found himself in a small apartment face to face with an elderly lady and gentleman, who, all unconscious of the tragedy, were engaged in reading and destroying old letters, a pile of which lay on the table beside them. Though he had never seen Kate's parents, he knew that he was in their presence. The crutches by the man's chair and the bandaged stumps of legs identified him, while the shell-like complexion and delicate features of the lady brought to his mind the descriptions his mother had so often given him of Mrs. Frobisham.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, flushing angrily, "this is a strange way of intruding into an apartment of a private house; but perhaps I am wrong in supposing that the privacy of a home remains to us any longer."

"Oh," Harry exclaimed, "is it possible that you have been undisturbed by the commotion in your house, or are you indifferent to your daughter's peril!"

"My daughter's peril!" the mother cried, springing to her feet. "Ah, we heard noises, but thought they came from the street. Where is my daughter! Quick, sir, speak!"

"Saved, mother, saved!" cried Kate herself, as she glided by Harry and flung herself in Mrs. Frobisham's arms.

"What in the name of heaven does this melodramatic nonsense mean?" the father cried, flushed with anger. "Where is Lecroix! Where is Walter! Is there none with a grain of sense to tell me what has happened!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTISTIC ETCHINGS.

How They Are Produced—A Most Fascinating Employment.

The art of etching, the results of which have found such favor with lovers of art, can hardly be treated as a new feature in picture making. It is generally conceded that Durer was the first to try the experiment of making pictures through the medium of acids and plates, but the process failed to reach any thing like a state of perfection until Rembrandt tried the experiment as a novelty, fell in love with it, and finally acquired proficiency that has left some of the finest etching extant as the result of his work.

Since that period the art has had such votaries as Van Dyke, Turner, Fortuny, Potter, Delacroix, and a host of other lights of greater or less magnitude. The list includes artists of renown in every period; so that the process may be said to have never been without a representative.

The process at first consisted of covering a copper or some other metal plate with a proper varnish or "ground" made of resinous wax. The design was scratched through this with a needle; nitric acid was then introduced into the lines thus bored, eating into or corroding the exposed parts. The "ground" was then removed by the use of turpentine. Ink was smeared over the plate and into the lines, after which the ink was removed from the part of the plate which had been protected by the wax. The plate was then in proper condition for taking impressions, which was done by using fine Japan paper, which was placed on the plate and pressed into the lines with a heavy roller which was passed over the plate. Some minor changes have been made to expedite the process, but the cardinal principles remain unchanged.

Compared to the artist who works in color, the etcher has an easy time of it in suiting the public. If the etcher can draw well and is fairly posted on the effects of light and shade, etching will come easy. On the other hand, the colorist must be able to draw and then use his colors in such combination as will remove all chances for the "good drawing" but poor coloring" criticism which is so often heard at art exhibitions, and from which the etcher's work is safe.

One reason why there is such a diversity of opinion in regard to etchings may be accounted for by the lack or possession by individuals of what must be termed artistic instinct. The person of artistic temperament, a few lines, with the help of the imagination, may be turned into a lover of beauty, while to the other class they remain lines pure and simple, and half the beauty of the picture is never discovered. Still the etcher, as a critic, is in love with their work; which is said to be a most fascinating employment, and it is safe to predict that they will keep pace with the other classes of artists in the end both ways and to hold the mirror up to nature.—Thomas May, in Detroit Free Press.

HARDWARE.

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Speed is the ruling idea of the age. Even the traveler in search of health is in a hurry, and insists on combining the excitement of a match against Time with the pursuit of Hygeia.

But perhaps, after all, the passion for rapid motion is no stronger now than before steam was put in harness. The human race is naturally prone to velocity.

It is useless to reason against the general desire to push ahead. It is human nature. All the resources of art and science are laid under contribution to accomplish this grand object.

UNCLE SAM'S WHITE-WASH.

The Mixture Used to Shine Up the Light-Houses on the Coast.

Excursionists who travel along the sea-coast in summer are often attracted by the remarkable whiteness of the light-houses, beacons and keepers' dwellings.

"To ten parts of freshly-slacked lime add one part of the best hydraulic cement. Mix well with salt water and apply quite thin."

Sylvester's process for excluding moisture from exterior walls consists in using two washes or solutions for covering the surface of brick walls.

The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of soap to one gallon of water and half a pound of alum to four gallons of water.

The temperature of this wash when applied may be sixty degrees or seventy degrees, and it should also remain twenty-four hours before a second coat of the soap-wash is put on.

"What did the doctor pronounce your ailment?" inquired the wife, with a tremor of anxiety in her tone as she came into her husband's sick-room.

"It is a curious fact, but one that appears to be well established by investigation, that the women teachers of the New York schools are much opposed to the experiment of having women on the school board."

During a very bad performance of "Hamlet" by a barn-burning party in a country theater the audience in its entirety commenced to hiss, with the exception of one man.

"The money given by the women of the Presbyterian church in the United States during the past sixteen years amounts to \$2,150,000, representing the entire support of more than 200 women missionaries, 300 active Bible readers and more than 150 schools."

THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

Where Book-Learning Was Defective and Decidedly Dangerous.

"I'm bunged up considerable," said a red-headed young man as he stood at the foot of Cortlandt street, waiting for the ferry.

"Been in a fight?" asked a sympathetic bystander.

"Naw—I didn't git started 'nough so you could call it a fight. I've been licked through and I ain't tryin' to dodgo the issue."

"What got you into the trouble?"

"Edjuration, sir—readin' when I orter been in 'better business; believe I a lot of blame fool truck jes' 'cause it was in a book."

"How was it?"

"W'y this way: You see I had one o' these 'ere gymnasium books and read it. Says the book like this, you see: 'A man with his waist bigger 'round than his chest ain't no good physically.' That's what the book claimed. He's li'ble to give out at the critical moment, says the book.

"Didn't the theory hold good in practice?"

"I ain't been able to see it in that light yet. I came over from Jersey this morning feelin' pretty O. K. My dimensions are all right. You can crack hick'ry nuts on my chest; I ain't short-winded. Nothing flabby 'bout my muscles. I don't give out at the critical moment says L. After while I was up on Bleeker street lookin' in a wander watchin' a Frenchman cook pancakes on an iron footstool when long comes a pollicoman big's a load o' hay. He tried to run on me by tellin' me to move on. I sized him up. It was a foot further 'round his waist than 'round his chest if it was an inch. He was fat, too. Consequently, says I to myself, you're flabby and short-winded, and 'bove all you'll sunk at the critical moment. Then says I: 'Old hoss, dry up or I'll mob you!' He steps up and I salls in, dependin' on the critical moment for him to cave."

"But he didn't do it?"

"Don't know, you see; I was dead at the critical moment, so I couldn't tell. But I have a sneakin' lowdown notion that he didn't. I couldn't swear to nothin', but it's my plinjon that at the critical moment he was walkin' 'round on me and reachin' down and poundin' me with a black club 'bout the size of a bananah. He may have slumped at the critical moment, but I'd sooner think that he was dancin' on a blasted fool 'bout my size durin' several very critical moments. When I come to I put on my boots which he had pounded off'n me, and went and bought court-plaster by the roll like wall paper. I am now goin' home to burn up a green-covered book on physical development, and when I git my arm out of the sling I shall go to work again and try to forget some things that I have read. Good-by!"

Great Ocean Depths.

Her Majesty's surveying-ship Egeria, under the command of Captain P. Aldrich, R. N., has during a recent sounding cruise and search for reported banks to the South of the Friendly Islands, obtained two very deep soundings of 4,295 fathoms and 4,430 fathoms, equal to five English miles, respectively, the latter in latitude 24 degrees, 37 minutes, S., longitude 175 degrees, 8 minutes, W., the other about twelve miles to the southward. These depths are more than 1,000 fathoms greater than any before obtained in the Southern Hemisphere, and are only surpassed, as far as is yet known, in three spots of the world—one of 4,555 fathoms off the northeast coast of Japan, found by the United States steamship Tuscarora; one of 4,475 fathoms south of the Ladron Islands, by the Challenger; and one of 4,561 fathoms north of Porto Rico, by the United States ship Blake.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Bathie, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from General Debility."

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Bathie, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Finkham, South Molwens, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from Nervous Prostration, with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 59 years of age, and feel satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lena J. Kottig, Killybegs, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 70 years old, says, Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25¢ per bottle, 64¢ worth of 6 bottles.

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The edition of 1889 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained free of cost of druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere.

The Atlantic Monthly

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By Henry James, author of "The Portrait of a Lady," etc.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

By E. L. Byrner, author of "Agnes Surriage," "Penelope's Suitors," etc.

PASSE ROSE.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy, author of "But Yet a Woman," etc. This began in the September number, and will continue until April.

The Atlantic for 1889.

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Of American periodical literature, which appeals to readers by its own charms.—New York Evening Post.

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It illustrates practically its well-earned reputation as the foremost literary magazine in America.—Providence Journal.

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Magazine in which a regard for letters is a controlling motive.—The New York Tribune.

The Atlantic for 1889.

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Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor.

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"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from General Debility."

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"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Finkham, South Molwens, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from Nervous Prostration, with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 59 years of age, and feel satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lena J. Kottig, Killybegs, Conn.

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First Publication December 8, 1888. ORDER OF HEARING.

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And select a Suitable Present for lady or gentleman.

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Repairing of Watches and Jewelry a Specialty, and all work warranted.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., DEC. 15, 1888.

School Column.

KIRK SPOOR, CONDUCTOR.

Wallace Van Dyke was so injured by a ladder falling on his foot as to be compelled to go on crutches. He felt worse about the matter than he otherwise would, because it broke his record of being present and on time every day of the term. I wish more were prompted by the same spirit.

We are quite sure of a military company this winter. It will be of use as an exercise both to the muscles and the will power, and it will save much confusion and noise.

The girls will be provided with a drill to help them retain their vigor. There is no reason why girls can not be as active and strong as boys. They would be if allowed the freedom of dress, as it is, the circulation of the blood and the breathing is interrupted.

Because it is in the woods and no one likely to see, the Third Ward school-house has become a target for boys with sling shots.

There are four times as many pupils in the primary rooms as in the high school.

During the last few weeks some one has been writing on many buildings about town. It will be laid to the school children, guilty or not. It is a shame to have such things done. I once saw in a neighboring town, while visiting, many such marks, I thought to myself, "My pupils would never do such a thing." Upon arriving home I saw writing upon the walk before reaching the school-house. So our faith in our own goodness often takes a fall. Parents and teachers can do much to prevent such work.

"Sturdiness in physical life is what Dr. Milliken urge that every boy and girl should take care to gain early, if possible, and his warnings as to the dangers besetting the vigor of those who grow up in cities is none too extreme or too earnest. Teachers in city schools especially should read and consider well the suggestions in his article. It is almost as necessary to cultivate mental sturdiness. There is quite too much cosseting in modern school work, too much doing for pupils, making the way smooth and easy. It would in many cases be wiser to try to tone up the pupil's mind to earnest endeavor. If he is kept in right relations to his work he will not wish much help, he will rejoice in doing hard things, as he does in sports. The truth is that teachers and pupils need to recognize the fact that difficulty is opportunity. Here is a chance not merely to show strength and skill but to get them. To put this sort of spirit in the pupil is the highest art of teaching.

—Mead's Holiday Tables: See them.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. Collins, of Ontonagon, is at the Ludington.

—Dr. Phillips was called to Bruce's camp Sunday.

—Alex McKinnon, of Iron River, was at the Ludington Sunday.

—F. D. Mead went up the road Thursday, we did not hear to what point.

—Ed. Erickson was at Chicago early this week, "sorting up" his holiday stock.

—Henry Rabr looked after his interests here Monday, taking shelter at the Oliver.

—H. W. Thompson departed Monday for a trip to the eastern townships and Manistique.

—Mrs. Scott visited in town Wednesday and assisted at the "Feast of Days" in the evening.

—Mr. A. Shipman, of Beaver Dam, Wis., visited Frank Atkins and other friends here this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, of Ford River attended the "Feast," as did Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, of the same place.

—Mr. Kelley has severed his connection with the Mirror. H. L. Bushnell has now charge of its mechanical affairs.

—Mrs. G. E. Graves and her sister Miss. Villa Sensila, departed on Wednesday last, to visit at the home of their brother, at Talbot, Mich.

—Miss Wylie, who has been for a time the guest of Mrs. Longley, returned to Ford River Thursday for a farewell visit before going south.

—Will Brown, who has been employed by the Jackson Iron Co., at Fayette, has taken a clerkship in the office of the county clerk in this city.

—Frank Struble arrived, returning from lower Michigan, Wednesday. His father's health is much improved, so much so that he is for the present out of danger.

—Richard Mason and family have this week removed from Gladstone to Ann Arbor, where they will reside for some time that the children may have the educational advantages there offered.

Cole's horse ran away with his delivery wagon yesterday, the driver was thrown out and his arm broken and the wagon smashed. Marquette county gets \$6,134.04 from the primary school fund, of which the city gets \$1,432.20, Ishpeming \$1,457.94 and Negaunee \$1,059.30. Ishpeming is wrestling with the problem of drainage. The new process gas is the best we ever had. Nothing but steam coming out of the Calumet mine now—looks as though the trouble was nearly over. Mitchell Deloria died at Negaunee yesterday and was doubtless glad to do so. He was a cripple and his wife made his home a hell.—M. J. 12th.

—Van Dyke this day receives beautiful Furniture. Call and see it.

GROCERIES

Full lines of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables and Provisions.

Choicest and Most Complete Line of

TEAS AND COFFEES
IN THE CITY.

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In all lines, of the best quality and Latest Styles,

Clothing and Gent's Furnishings,

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HATS AND CAPS.

A very Large Stock to be sold at VERY LOW PRICES!! Nothing finer was ever offered to the people of this city and never before would the same money buy so much.

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DEROUIN'S.

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HOLIDAY
GOODS!**

**Everything Beautiful,
Everything Valuable,
Everything Rare!**

**The place where you get the MOST
for your money and are satisfied!**

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FURNISHING GOODS.

Read and Reflect.

If you want a Boy's Overcoat, or a Ladies' Cloak, you can buy them at

Kratze's positively at COST PRICE!! The season being very unfavorable

for such goods, and having a large stock on hand, we are determined not to

carry them over. Call and see them! Prices will astonish you! Those

calling early will have the best selection at

KRATZE'S,

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ERICKSON & BISSELL.

Erickson & Bissell,

At their new place of business, corner Harrison and Ludington Streets,

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

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Have their WINTER STOCK of

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Now in place. Call and examine their

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For Children--and every sort, size and fashion of

WINTER FOOTWEAR.

WEST END GROCERY.



ALL FRESH GOODS.

Fancy and Staple Groceries!

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FLOUR AND FEED.

PRICES : WAY : DOWN.

P. M. PETERSON,

Ludington St., West of Charlotte,

ESCANABA,

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