

# IRON PORT.

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

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ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**F. A. BANKS,**  
Surgeon Dentist.  
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.  
**GAS ADMINISTERED.**  
Sign of the Golden Tooth.

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Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 2 and 7 p. m.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

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

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

**FRANK D. MEAD,**  
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## CITY CARDS.

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

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

**FRED. E. HARRIS,**  
Contractor and Builder.  
Will prepare plans and estimates and contract to erect buildings of every description.  
Counters and store and office fixtures a specialty. Residence and office for Ogden avenue, corner Wolcott st.

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

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**D. A. BROTHERTON,**  
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Makes surveys, plats, etc., and fills all orders for work in his line. Office and residence, 606 Ogden Avenue.

**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.  
Prices Moderate. Give me a trial!  
JAMES R. MACDONALD,  
Escanaba, Jan. 15, 1888.

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

**SUPERIOR PRINTING**  
AT REASONABLE RATES  
AT THIS OFFICE.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Toys, to give away, at Mead's.

—New Year Presents at Finnegan's.

—Mead's White Liniment! Try it!

—"A Happy New Year to all!"—Godley.

—Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer.

—Wanted, a girl to do second work  
Mrs. W. J. WALLACE

—Holiday Goods at from 30 to 50 per cent off, at Preston's.

—Mead's Family Medicines should be in every household.

—Flour, any brand or price you want, by Bitter, Wickert & Co.

—Only to-day and Monday in which to pay your taxes, and Wickert is waiting.

—"Tariff Reform" at Godley's—"horizontal reduction" of the tariff on Holiday Goods.

—Flour, Meal, Feed and Hay, any quantity, at the lowest price, by B. Wickert & Co.

—Diamonds and other articles of use or adornment in the jewelry corner at Mead's.

—Pay Taxes to-day or Monday and save the extra collection fees. "Penny saved," you know.

—"Come and take them," says Mead, speaking of his Holiday Goods, "at your own price."

—Call on Finnegan for articles suitable for New Year Gifts. He has some surprises for you.

—They Must Go—Preston's Holiday Goods—At Whatever Sacrifice is necessary to Clear Them Out.

—Mead's "Dr. Bissell's Magnetic Balm" is the Best Pain Killer—a big bottle for only 25 cents at Mead's.

—Finnegan's, corner Ludington and Campbell sts., is the place to get New Year Presents at Reduced Prices.

—Mead's Compound Cough Syrup cures all diseases of the Throat and Lungs if taken in season. Price 50 cents.

—Bargains in Holiday Goods at Preston's—Manufacturers' Prices buy any Article until after New Year's Day.

—Your Money, be it much or little, will buy more Holiday Goods at Mead's than at any other place in town.

—Try our Basswood Ceilings and Maple Flooring, Kiln dried and Sand-papered. W. L. & L. Co., Hermansville.

—Make it "A Happy New Year" for some friend by an Appropriate Souvenir bought of Godley. It's the proper caper.

—Mead will keep his Holiday Goods on the tables only a week longer and during that time no offer will be refused for the goods.

—Remember that the famous "John E. Fitzgerald" whiskey—by all odds the best brand in this market—can be procured only of Peter Semer.

—Godley's bill for the "Reduction of the Surplus" is the only practical way of dealing with that question and it is satisfactory to all parties.

—Firewood, in quantities to suit purchasers, at the lowest possible prices. For car-loads a special figure will be made. Inquire of Peter Semer.

—The best Cough Medicine on earth is Warner's White Wine of Tar. Contains no poisonous opiates but safe for old and young.

—"Giving is Better than Getting," but the Getting is so easy and pleasant, at Godley's that the Pleasure of Giving is doubled. Try it to-day and prove our assertion.

—Itch, 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.

—Christmas trade brisk as it was did not spoil Finnegan's stock of Fine Goods appropriate for the Holiday Trade. He Reduces Prices to stimulate the New Year business.

—Rather than Carry Them Over to another year Preston will sell Dressing and Toilet Cases, Work Boxes, Manicure Sets and all his Special Holiday Stock at Net Cost or less To-day and Monday.

—English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring bone, Stiff Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Conges, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by Justin N. Mead, Escanaba.

**Wanted to Rent.**  
About Feb. 15 or March 1, Rooms suitable for a Photograph Gallery. Leave proposals at IRON PORT office.

**Wanted.**  
—To exchange, Stoves and Sewing Machines for Hard Block Wood. No. 501 Ludington St., Branch Hardware Store.

**For Rent.**  
Desirable dwellings, Inquire of  
A. R. NORTHUP.

**Notice.**  
All persons indebted to E. H. Williams are hereby notified to pay their bills to me without delay.  
A. R. NORTHUP.

**For Sale.**  
The brick building, corner of Ludington and Dousman streets known as the Adler building. Address S. Adler, St. Paul Minn.

S. O. Fisher's friends in West Bay City have offset that foolish effigy business by a present to him of a service of silver as a token of their appreciation of his services as a congressman.

## SAND.

It was wintry Wednesday—wind north-east and a driving snow storm.

**MARRIED** at the Presbyterian parsonage in this city, on Thursday, Dec. 20, by Rev. C. H. Tyndall, Tony Confer and Ida Papenfuse, both of Escanaba.

**MARRIED**, at the residence of the parents of the bride, on Wednesday, Dec. 26, by the Rev. H. W. Thompson, Henry John Dunn and Eliza Emerson Martin, both of Escanaba.

The fire alarm Thursday was caused by a burning chimney at the American house. It was another instance of our luck—no good day for a sure-enough fire in the middle of a wooden block.

WHEN WE SAID, last week, that navigation was at an end we should have made an exception as to Ole Gunderson—he still comes and goes with his boat and will, until he can do so on skates.

SNOW has no terrors for Norse folk, so they were on hand at Opera Hall on Wednesday evening and enjoyed themselves all the more, being there, for the blizzard that raged outside. The society netted something like \$100.

MANY of our younger readers will remember Cora Denton, a former schoolmate, whose home was on Wolcott street, just south of the Methodist church, and is interested in a paragraph copied from the Vermillion Iron Journal and published on our fourth page.

THE FIRE at Hermansville last week was not so serious an affair as at first reported. A boiler exploded and the man in charge was badly scalded, and the wreck of the boiler shed took fire and was destroyed. Loss of property small—not over \$1,000 all told.

THE SUPERVISORS, some of them, met at the hour named in the call, 9 a. m. Thursday, adjourned until 2 p. m. to wait for the dilatory ones, and are still in session when we go to press. Their proceedings (chiefly the settlements with outgoing officers and consideration of the bonds of incoming ones) will be found in our next issue.

CHRISTMAS was quiet; there was observation of the day of course, but it was confined to homes and made no show or noise. There was no snow for sleighing nor any entertainments, other than private, in the evening, no egg-nog at the saloons, no sore heads or police court business the next morning. Altogether the great holiday passed pleasantly.

THE WEATHER was as foul as it gets to be Wednesday evening, but 150 or so braved it to hear Prof. Cumcock and were glad they did. He is master of his art and played upon his audience, moving it to tears or to laughter at his will. Should he visit us again not even a howling north easter with snow-drift accompaniment will prevent every chair in Opera Grand from being occupied.

JUSTICE GLASER found that Henry Browe did carry a gun, as charged by Officer Alward, and inflicted a fine of \$100 and costs but, as Henry was ninety nine dollars and some odd cents short of that amount, and as the court did not think it worth while to feed and lodge him at the expense of the county until the robins come again, the sentence was suspended "during good behavior," with a promise of a trip to Ionia if again arrested.

"GET THERE," that is to Opera Hall, next Monday evening, and share in and contribute to the fun. If only for the amusement to be had, the advice is good but there are other considerations: The affair is for the benefit of the firemen's fund and, until we get ready to pay for the service, we can not do too much to please the lads who render it for glory, and every man who has property that can burn in the city should be in the cash-box, whether or not he's on the floor.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS, economically and honestly managed are beneficent institutions and worthy of all credit, but in order that they be economically and honestly managed it is necessary that the whole body of investors should watch the management, and it follows, that the association should not be too large and the management at home. The "Columbian," of Chicago, has just come to grief—the managers are thieves—and its branches in Illinois and Indiana are gutted. We do not intend to carry the idea that all such organizations are handled by thieves, but we do insist that the only safe way to run a building association is to keep the money at home.

PUBLICATIONS that delight in stiches are making much of the Mulliken business. The IRON PORT and Delta, taking the view that, on all accounts it was a case of "least said soonest mended," were content with brief mention thereof but not so others. The class referred to do their worst to annoy not the criminal, who is out of their reach, but the unfortunate children; his victims, and their more unfortunate relatives and friends, by elaboration and exaggeration. One places the number of the victims at forty (doubling or more than doubling the real number), and speaks of them as young women, of sixteen and seventeen, instead of (as is the truth) mere children, under the age of twelve and childishly unconscious of their disgrace. Such pandering is a disgrace to those who are guilty of it and an inexcusable offence when committed by a local publication.

THE RACES at Opera hall last Saturday evening drew out a crowd, or a number of persons sufficient to have crowded a smaller house. The "eight o'clock, sharp" of the posters did not hold, however, it was almost nine before the skaters took the floor, the delay being necessary to

enable the two champions to agree which should have the medal.

They got away, finally, and made quite a race—Martine, the Ishpeming man, taking the championship medal for 12 miles and two laps, against Peltier, the Negaunee man, who made twelve miles. Then, after the laying of the sawdust track, came the great event of the evening, the "two-hour go as you please" (cut down to one hour because it was half-past ten already) for which there were four entries; Finucan, Dodge, Hogan and Boileau. Dick got enough of it and quit after doing a mile and two laps—it was evident there was nothing there for him. Boileau stuck to the track until he had done two miles and five laps and went "out on a foul"—that is, he having "reversed" and taking the track opposite to Finucan and Hogan, fouled with the former and both fell, and the judge decided against the Frenchman on the ground that he was wrong in attempting to pass on the inside, which decision seemed to satisfy him that he was in the wrong box, so he dropped out, leaving the track to Finucan and Hogan. In fouling and falling Hogan had taken a lap on Finucan and for the remainder of the hour, or up to the last five minutes of it, had the race, being right on Finucan's heels and sticking there like wax.

But he was pumped out, while Finucan had some speed in reserve, and when the judge gave notice that only four minutes of the hour remained Martin dropped "her down a notch" and in four laps had regained the lost lap and was in the lead by ten feet, and the race and medal was Finucan's by a lead of ten feet—distance covered nine miles and five laps. Then four kids started for the half-mile race, tumbled over each other (all but the leader), dropped out until only Jo. Cleary was running and young Brotherton jogging around, two or three laps behind, for second money, and so the show was over. We have made double readings, of which each may take choice, but we're bound to say that the persons present will be practically unanimous that the right hand reading is the correct one.

THE SCHOOL EXHIBITION at Opera Grand last Friday evening lacked nothing of success. It was a bit long, but there are a good many pupils and every one was anxious to contribute. The house was full and the people that filled it were full, too—of sympathy for the youngsters and appreciation of their efforts to please—which was manifested by hearty applause and frequent encouragements. Everything was well done, but we have space only to note particularly a portion of the program. The 3d number was a nice little "comedy of errors" in which Charles Bond (Harry Thompson) and Charles Bond (Charles Chaisson) were the "two Dromios" and made bushels of fun. The 5th number; an instrumental duet by Misses Young and Johnson, was well done and well received. In the 6th "the Dutchman" (Spoor) made it evident that he had used a scythe and whetstone on a different stage and the other boys seconded him well. In the 7th there was a little hitch, but the tableau was a pretty one, for all that. Miss Fogarty, in the 9th, drew out frequent and hearty applause, as did also Misses Froshar and Finnegan in the 10th. The 11th and 12th—"the Investigating Committee" and "the Debating Society"—were well done, but we shall have to give the boys (much against our will) credit for the best acting. Miss McDermott, in the 13th earned an encore. Miss Finnegan, the 17th, showed dramatic talent. Masters Mc Rae and Coan, in the 18th, were encored and deserved it. Josie Longley's "Abou Ben Adhem," with illustrative tableaux was a pretty thing and well done. Nos. 26 and 27 and 28, the drills, were in fact but one, and were very well done by both girls and boys—not perfectly, which could not in justice have been expected, but exceedingly well. "The Huckleberry Band" was a mine of fun and the boys worked it for all it was worth. There were too many free seats and too many to-ent ones to make the treasurer happy, but there was a fair sum in his box—a nest egg—the instrument will be had in good time. Manager Cates should have mention for the promptness with which he bounced a hoodlum who would not keep still—others of his tribe will mark and remember the act.

"OUR FLAG is still there"—the one, we mean, which the boys nailed to the pole on Wallace's corner two months ago. The winds have frayed it and the sun and rain have dimmed its colors, but the legend—a prophecy then, history now—is as legible as ever, and we want to see it, now that it has endured so much, allowed to remain two months more, until the great guns announce that the men whose names it bears have taken the oath and entered upon their high functions.

ALBION W. TOURGEE had an experience in the south, subsequent to the close of the war, which enables him to speak of what is now called "the southern problem" by the card. Reviewing the affair in Kemper county, Mississippi, he thus states the "problem":

Taken altogether the recent "war of races" at Wahalak, Kemper county, Miss., when we come to apply a little common sense analysis to its reported details, is a very fair sample of the southern idea of the way in which the "race problem at the south" ought to be solved. The trouble with this solution is that there are too many such "desperadoes"; they are learning to practice volley firing; they object to surrendering to men who are armed with Winchester instead of warrants, and they are likely to learn how to use matches as well as their white victims. It is a solution that all the time makes the situation worse, and when it ends—as it is sure to end before many years pass by—in one great tide of blood and flame, the white people of the south will wonder at their folly, and the people of the north will blush with shame at the brutal indifference which allowed such a state of affairs to ripen into its natural resultants of war and horror. Our American christian civilization faces to-day the most terrible question that has confronted any people since the midnight bells rang out the signal for the slaughter on St. Bartholemew's day, 300 years ago. We have to determine whether our liberty is broad enough, our civilization deep enough and our christianity true enough to permit two races to dwell within our limits peacefully, freely, and according to each other's equality of right, parity of opportunity, and equal and exact justice before the law. This issue will never be eradicated from our politics until it is decided either by the permanent disfranchisement of the colored race, the full recognition of the negro's rights as a citizen, or the dismemberment of the American Union. At present we have our option and may yet choose between these three. In a few more years we shall have no choice, but must accept whatever destiny fate may mete out to the Republic.

**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.

**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

**The Latest.**  
Cleveland thieves killed a man to get his Christmas goose and a week's wages.

Leon Dean caught his wife and one Boyer in flagrante delicto at Old Mines, Mo., killed Boyer and walked seven miles to find the sheriff and surrendered himself.

Mrs. F. W. Ball, wife of the proprietor of the Grand Rapids Democrat, killed herself with laudanum at the Burdick house, Kalamazoo, Wednesday. She had escaped from the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and was insane.

The widow Parsons was advertised to speak at Waverly hall, Chicago, Wednesday evening but when the crowd arrived at the place the police was in possession and the speech was forbidden. "Mrs. Parsons can't speak in Chicago" is the declaration of Chief Hubbard.

Two rounders, McAvo and Fitzgerald, bombarding the Deloria ranch at Negaunee with rocks got peppered with bird shot, and served 'em right.

Another "race war," this time at Lamar, Miss., Wednesday. Two whites and five blacks reported killed.

The dismembered fragments of a human body, found in Fairmount park, Philadelphia, Wednesday, tells of a murder but gives no clue to the murderer.

Four men were killed and two others fatally injured by the caving of a trench which the Denver gas company was excavating.

Judge Johnston, of Cincinnati, blew out his own brains Wednesday morning. He lost his wife by death two months ago and has been despondent ever since.

Gen. Logan's body was placed in the mortuary chapel erected for the purpose in cemetery at Soldiers' Home last Wednesday.

The Tacoma Ledger was burned out by an incendiary fire Wednesday. The paper had been fighting the gamblers.

Dubois county (Indiana) white caps killed a man named Hobbs, who had been active in prosecuting them, last Saturday.

Another "race war" occurred at Monte Villo, Alabama, last week. Only negroes suffered and the war was soon over.

Wm. Christ was murdered by his room mate, John Dahendine, at Mt. Vernon, Wis., and the murderer has got out of the country.

An idiot named Gibbs, who misrepresents a district of Georgia in the senate of that state, took occasion, in resisting the passage of a resolution to allow the negroes to use the hall of representatives to celebrate the anniversary of their emancipation, to apply opprobrious epithets to Abraham Lincoln. His colleagues heard him in silence and then passed the resolution.

The ice in the Merrimac carried away a bridge at Hookset upon which eleven men were at work and three of them were drowned.

## THE STATE.

An Ann Arbor tailor went stark crazy over a letter from Gen. Harrison acknowledging the compliment paid him by the tailor, whose baby had been named Ben. Harrison.

Mistake—it is not iron in the Oscoda county people hunt for, but lead.

Fritz Mende, of Rogers City, got into the water and out again, and made his way to a saloon to warm and dry himself. Some one gave him a big drink and that finished him—he was dead in an hour.

Every inhabitant has left the Fox islands, to return when spring opens.

Peddlers must pay \$15 a day for a license, refrain from peddling or subject themselves to a fine of \$50 in the village of South Lyon.

The Democrat puts the alternative thus: Drink whisky and get the jimjams, or water and have typhoid. Chebeogan doctors can handle the jimjams more successfully than typhoids and the people govern their action in view of that fact.

Kalamazoo believed that Duncan Carmichael, who had died suddenly, had been buried alive, so he was disinterred and the body kept until decomposition set in.

Tim Tarsney says the 8th district merely applied to him the principles of the bills supported—when he voted for Morrison's horizontal reduction they reduced his majority fifty per cent; when he voted for the Mills bill they put him (instead of wood, salt and lumber) on the free list.

Michael Killeline, who ran for auditor of Wayne county unsuccessfully, allowed the defeat to worry him into his grave. He died of softening of the brain last Saturday.

The investigation of the coroner established the fact that Dr. Eckroyd's death was the result of accident not murder. He was subject to fits of goodness and in one of them fell and broke his neck.

Geo. W. Townsend, of Luther, 71 years old and racked with rheumatism, cut the arteries in his arm and bled to death.

A woman 60 years of age has been convicted of perjury in the U. S. court at Grand Rapids. She was a soldier's widow and swore to it after she had married again, to draw an instalment of her pension.

The Capital City flouring mills, at Lansing, burned Dec. 19. Loss about \$50,000.

A disease which the veterinarians know nothing about is killing the cattle about St. Johns.

Treasurer Maltz reports a credit balance of \$1,188,567.70. There'll be a howl about a "surplus" first he knows.

The old 3d infantry, what is left of it, held reunion at Grand Rapids Dec. 19.

Ezra Teetzel, of Vassar, got into a low dive in West Bay City, Michigan, in a fight, and went home in a box. Peter Saunders, a negro, is held for the killing.

Thirty-four cases of diphtheria, ten fatal, have occurred at Unionville this month.

Policeman Curry, of Grand Rapids, attempted to debauch the young woman to whom he was engaged, was bounced from the force on her complaint, and jailed.

## PERSONAL.

—Harry Matthews is at home from Waukecha for the holidays.

—Master Richard Stack is at home from school for Christmas holidays.

—T. H. Linsley, wife and son were guests of S. H. Selden Christmas day.

—Claude B. Davis spent the Christmas week here, stopping at the Oliver.

—Grant Tyndall is visiting his brother, the Rev. Tyndall during the holidays.

—Miss Irene McNeil goes to-day to Appleton, to visit her "pard," Miss Rose Hurd.

—Jo. Jeffery passed through town, en route to DePere where he will take up his residence, yesterday.

—Mrs. Wm. J. Coan started on Sunday last for Arcola, Ills., where she will visit the two months to come.

—Gov. Macdonald went south Wednesday, not to return until after the opening of session of the legislature.

—Misses Baldwin and Gibson departed last Sunday to visit at Jackson, Mich. They will be gone some two weeks.

—Representative Northup and Senator Blackwell are off for Lansing to enter upon the discharge of their duties.

—Jos. Fleishum was in town yesterday and we were glad to see him; he's a good man to have in town; even temporarily.

—Mrs. Hodges is spending the holidays "at home," at Big Rapids, Mecosta Co., and Fred's lip hangs like that of a motherless colt.

—Oliver Ellsworth, our "Ollie," visited here over Christmas. He holds cases on the Northwestern, at Oshkosh, Of course he looked in on us.

—O. A. Terrio, formerly of the Mirror force but now and for some time on the Industrial Times, at Minneapolis, is at home for the Christmas holidays.

—Mrs. Brown, of Milwaukee is visiting (for the first time in seventeen years) her brother, Harry L. Hutchins, of Fairbanks, having met him here Thursday.

If your face is marked with blotches, and eruptions mar your skin, you may bet your bottom dollar there is something wrong within. 'Tis the blood. To purify it there is nothing half so good, as the G. M. D. is—try it!

To be clearly understood, I will explain that G. M. D. means "Golden Medical Discovery" (Dr. Price's), the popular remedy for debility, lung troubles, and weak, impoverished blood, which like scrofula shows its presence in the system in blotches, eruptions, and pimples.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

**Epuch.**

The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is heard in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health to the use of the Great Alternative and Tonic. If you are troubled with any disease of Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1. per bottle at J. N. Mead's Drugstore.

**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.

**B. D. WINEGAR.**

**New Market**

**Fish, Oysters,**

**GAME, ETC.**

**B. D. WINEGAR**

Has fitted up and opened a market for the sale of Fish, Oysters, Game, Etc., at

**412 Ludington St.**

And solicits the patronage of the public. Everything therein offered will be

**--THE BEST--**

He can procure and his

**Prices the Lowest**

possible consistent with solvency.

**JEWELRY.**

**: KIRSTINE :**

**HOLIDAY**

**GOODS!**

Everything Beautiful,  
Everything Valuable,  
Everything Rare!

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

**: KIRSTINE :**

**JEWELRY.**

**NEW YEAR !!**

January ONE, '89, is only a few days away and while looking for Presents, don't fail to call on

**W. F. WALKER,**

THE NEW JEWELER,

And inspect his fine line of

**Gold, Filled and Silver Watches**

Jewelry, Clocks and Silverware

And select a Suitable Present for lady or gentleman.

Call and inspect the Goods whether you buy or not. I have greatly enlarged the stock lately owned by E. Sanberg. My motto will be

**"Honest Goods and Honest Prices."**

**ALL GOODS ENGRAVED FREE OF CHARGE.**

**W. F. WALKER,**

517 Ludington Street.

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

**City Property!**

**THREE FINE LOTS**

—Now occupied and enclosed as—

**"Eden Park"**

—Will be disposed of by—

**RAFFLE**

Or drawing, to take place

**Saturday, February 2, '89.**

The following named gentlemen have consented to superintend the drawing, and their award will be final and the lots deeded to the persons indicated thereby or as they shall direct:

James H. Macdonald, J. C. VanDuzer, Nick Walch, John Nelson and Joe LeMay.

**TICKETS \$1.00 EACH.**

Eleven Hundred and Twenty-five tickets will be issued, the twenty-five to be given as prizes to pupils in the schools of our city.

**DANIEL TYRRELL.**

Escanaba, Mich., Dec. 21, 1888.

**UPPER PENINSULA.**

—A surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, of the Hotel Brunswick was a gold watch and chain to the lady from Capt. Smith Moore and others, and a silver cake basket from the employees of the house. Deserved 'em both, too. The Ishpeming excursion party was not drunk at Duluth and Barrett, of the Vermilion Journal, shows neither brains nor honesty in making the suggestion. There are no signs of fire now, and the Calumet mine will no doubt be reopened on Wednesday, Jan. 2.—M. J. 22d.

—Mr. Morgan, of Battle Creek, will build a big paper mill on the water power canal and use 1,200 to 1,400 horse power if he is given a site with 400 feet front on the canal and the same frontage on the river, a bonus of \$5,000, an option on some more land and freedom from taxation for five years [He don't want much]. A big concern now operating at Dayton proposes to remove hither. Mayor Brown insists on bouncing Burgo, the policeman, and talks of putting the Marshal and the City attorney in arrest, for insubordination, if necessary [very pretty fight, as it now stands].—Democrat, Sault Ste. Marie.

—Willie Burroughs, 13 years old, was so hurt by a big iron screw which fell from the Mackinac Lumber Co's lifting apparatus upon him, that he died. Geo. Shaver fell while skating and now suffers from concussion of the brain.—News, St. Ignace.

—C. H. Schaffer has sold his coal kiln and store at Opota to Ballard. The Salvation army wanted to rent the Adelphi rink, at Negaunee, but could not stand the figure. A wreck at Michigamme delayed South Shore trains yesterday. The Calumet fire is declared out but the date for re-opening the mine is not yet fixed. Edward Guy assaulted his wife, at his home at Salisbury location brutally [needs killing himself]. The Salvation army headquarters are red hot pretty near all the time, but Ishpeming is not likely to be permanently benefited. The common council of Ishpeming has concluded that four wards are enough, for the present.—M. J., 21.

—Baily & Froney, druggists, at Jacobsville, were burned out Friday. The ladies of Trinity Episcopal church cleared \$200 by a fair.—Gazette, Houghton.

—The Calhoun shaft is down 120 feet and close to the vein. The mine will be thoroughly manned and equipped at once, and will market some ore during the coming season. Wm. H. Clark and J. E. Abbott are candidates for the place, that of district attorney, made vacant by the removal of Capt. Dickinson to Gogebic county. They are equally capable and equally deserving and the News has no preference. Prof. O. H. Chamberlain, lately in charge of our public schools, has become insane. A black harlot and her white paramour were arrested at Commonwealth Wednesday, charged with adultery, and locked up in default of \$500 bail. Whole gang ought to be in state prison.—Mining News, Florence.

—John Wern, only 15 years old, stole \$70 from Mrs. Walton, but was let off upon the return of the money.—Current, Norway.

—There is no cause here for hopes of an immediate or stupendous boom, neither is there reason to be discouraged about the future of L'Anse. Within a few days an eminent prospector and learned geologist has been sent here to inspect the Hurley brownstone quarry near town and has decided to make a favorable report to the capitalists he represents, pronouncing the stone superior in color to any he ever saw. Only last week head carpenter Dave Stutton, of the South Shore road, was here examining the ore dock, and found that it was all right and with a very slight expense could be used at any time. The impression is around that the company is going to find use for the dock, and the very favorable prospect now entertained that the spur from this place to the main line will surely be put in this spring serves to strengthen the impression. Keep up good cheer. The fate of L'Anse is not sealed yet.—Sentinel.

—Employees of the C. & H. company propose to start a co-operative store. Shares are placed at \$10 and subscriptions come in freely. Success or failure depends entirely upon management. John Werten was hurt, perhaps fatally, by a fall in the South Hecla mine Thursday, and John Bennett and Dan. McKenzie received less serious injuries in the same mine. A party of married men sitting in a saloon drinking with a couple of lewd women were surprised by the wife of one of them and there's h—l to pay. The mine fire is out and everybody rejoices.—News, Calumet.

—Merry Christmas—no M. J. to-morrow—want a M.C. ourselves. S. F. Boyd, Gen. Pass. Agt. leaves the South Shore to go back to the M. & St. L. road: Sorry. That "editorial association" plan won't work—been tried. Lot of good fellows, but they won't "associate"—not built that way. "The court" notified Negaunee officers that the liquor law must be enforced, and it was, yesterday.—M. J., 24th.

—The Mainain copper mine after absorbing some \$400,000, has been finally abandoned. Frenzlauer's Christmas tree took fire and the blaze cost them \$500. The boys gave Supt. Wheeler (or rather Mrs. Wheeler) a handsome service of silver last Thursday. Sweett has just finished a fine hotel, the "Algonquin," at the Canadian Soo.—News, Sault Ste. Marie.

—Julian Case has a queer find, and a valuable one, of "Verd antique." The quarry is near the Felch Mountain. A bouquet of panies, grown out of doors and picked Dec. 21, was presented to the Mining Journal Saturday. Higgins will be ready to serve gas to Ishpeming folks soon after Jan. 1. South Shore and Northwestern trains collided at Michigamme. Half a dozen cars and one engine smashed—no loss of life or limb. The liquor law is to be enforced—"no fooling"—at Negaunee. The police force has its orders and is on its nerve.—M. J., 26th.

**TOMMY'S DIPLOMACY.**

How He Induced His Sister to Go to the Foot-Ball Game.

"No, Tommy," said his sister, "I'll not give you fifty cents to pay to see the foot-ball match; you have seen a number of base-ball games during the summer and I think that is enough."

Tommy was dejected for a while and kept quiet, and his twenty-three-year old sister began to congratulate herself that she had silenced him for a time at least, and she would not be bothered by his teasing. Suddenly Tommy's face brightened and he turned toward his sister, but she was busy with some needlework, and was all unconscious of the thoughts that were running through his mind. After a while he went over and stood beside her and watched her fingers as they dextrously knitted the bright-colored yarn into fancy mats and things without names for a church fair to be held in a short time.

There was silence for awhile only broken by the far-away notes of a harsh hand-organ as it ground out, in spasmodic time, the "Boulangier March," in the next block. "At last Tommy broke the silence and said, softly: "Do you remember Mr. Nicefellow who used to talk to you so much at the hotel in Saratoga?"

"Yes, Tommy. Why?"

"I guess you haven't seen him recently, have you?"

"No, Tommy. When we moved last spring I believe he was in Europe, and I did not know his address, so did not send him a card. What makes you ask the question?"

"Oh, nothin' much; only the last time I went to the Polo Grounds to see the New Yorks' beat the Chicagos he was there in the grand stand, and talked to me. He said he attended nearly every game. He had a lady with him."

"A lady, Tommy?"

"Yes; I guess it was his mother."

"Oh! (relieved). You say he talked to you, Tommy?"

"Yes; he said he thought I had grown a great deal since he saw me in Saratoga, and wanted to know how that good-looking sister of mine was."

"Go on, Tommy."

"And then he said: 'Let me see, your sister is about nineteen now, isn't she?' And I said I guessed that was about your age."

"Well" (softly).

"Then he turned to the lady who was with him and asked her if she didn't remember the lady who looked so pretty that night at the hop; the one, he said, who had brown hair and wore a lovely pale blue silk dress, that became her so well, and made the Rogers girls so jealous—I guess he said the Misses Rogers. And she said she remembered her quite well; and then she turned to me and said: 'Are you the young lady's brother?' An' I said I was, an' she said: 'You ought to be proud of having such a nice sister,' an' I said I was, an' it made me feel good when I see how all the young ladies in the block were jealous of her—"

"Tommy!" (severely).

"Well, I couldn't help it, 'cause I know it's so—"

"Tommy" (mildly).

"An' then Mr. Nicefellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of soda water, an' asked me if I didn't want some peanuts, an' I said I didn't mind, an' he bought me some, an' just then Buck Ewing made a home run, an' Mr. Nicefellow said he guessed the Chicagos couldn't play ball, and he'd rather see a game of foot-ball any day, especially between the college elevens, an' he said he hoped I would be at the foot-ball games this fall, an' wanted to know if you liked athletic sports, an' I said I guessed you did, but you had so many other things to attend to, visiting sick people an' making things for the poor heathens in Africa, an'—"

"When did you say the foot-ball game was to be played, Tommy?"

"On Saturday, an'—"

"Tommy (hesitatingly), would you like to take me to see the game if I buy the tickets?"

"Why, cert."

Then she kissed him and told him he needn't say any thing about their going, and Tommy moved toward the door. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself: "Gee! What a whopper! But it worked."—N. Y. Tribune.

**Willie's First Letter.**

Proud Father (on a visit to friends in distant city)—Hallo! This is a letter from my little boy Willie, five years old. It's the first one he has ever written to me. I wonder what the dear little fellow has to say. (Opens letter and reads aloud): "Dear Papa: This is my first letter to you—bless his heart! I'll keep it always—and I am afraid you can't read it—why anybody could read it. He writes better than many a boy twice his age—but I thought you would like to hear from me. I miss you so much—think of it! Only five years old—and I am trying to be a good boy"—Isn't he a little fellow to be proud of?—and I go to Sunday-school just as regular—I know he would.—"I had a scrap last night with Bill Cooney and I done the blame little rascal and his brother both up in about five minutes"—m—er—m—the rest seems to be in relation to mere family matters that you wouldn't care to hear.—Chicago Tribune.

—Chee Gong, Chung Ling and Fong Long Dick danced a jig on the floor of a Portland, Ore., jail the other night. They were all to be hanged the next morning, but the granting of a new trial made them feel very happy.

—Ornamenting letter and note paper by hand is becoming a very remunerative branch of industry in New York as well as in London, Paris and Vienna.

**GREENHOOT.**

**The Largest!**

**The Finest!**

**The Cheapest!**

**The Most Varied!**

**The Most Complete!**

**The Most Comprehensive!**

**DRY**

**GOODS**

**STOCK**

Within one hundred miles is now open and ready for e ion and sale at

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308 Ludington Street,

**ESCANABA, MICH.**

Purchasers will wrong themselves if they fail to see it.

**HARDWARE.**

**Builders' : Hardware,**

**LIME AND HAIR,**

**Sash, - Doors - and - Blinds,**

**Garden and Farm Tools,**

—And all articles of—

**Heavy and Shelf Hardware at Low Prices,**

By **W. W. OLIVER,** Carroll Block,

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**ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.**

**GROCERIES.**

**EAST END GROCERY.**

**JOHN G. WALTERS,**

Successor to John A. McNaughtan,

**CORNER TILDEN AVENUE AND LUDINGTON ST.**

**GROCERIES ONLY**

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

**JEWELRY.**

**WATCHES,**

**CLOCKS,**

**JEWELRY,**

**SILVERWARE,**

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**COFFEE URNS,**

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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 Geo. F. Revell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau in Spring St., whose advertising contracts will be made for it in New York.

CONGRESS took a recess last week Friday until next Wednesday, Jan. 3.

LATER REPORTS contradict those which represented Stanley and Emin as in the power of the Mahdi, and assert that both are well and their forces joined.

ALLEN O. MYERS got off clear. The jury gave him the benefit of a very faint doubt and said "not guilty," though every man of them knew he was morally if not technically guilty.

THE Center is begging, like a professional, for 6,000 new subscribers, meantime giving the too it has about the thinnest, weakest and most dreary affair of four pages (three "patent") that exists in Michigan.

THE question which agitates the country now is not whether Blaine shall be secretary of state, but whether Deacon White and Jackson Rowe shall play ball with the Buffalo club. Until that is decided there can be no peace anywhere.

THE rail and river plan of getting lake ore to Pittsburg, as printed by a paper or two, gets the big laugh from every one who knows anything of the situation. Mr. Stickney, who was represented as the father of the plan, when approached on the subject, merely asked: "Do you take me for an utter fool?"

JOS. W. GREUSEL, who was bill clerk of the state senate two years since, is candidate for the position again. He served acceptably then and, as the custom of Michigan legislatures is to continue its servants in place under such conditions, we have little doubt that he will be chosen at this time. He's all right, politically, coming of a line of republican ancestors from territorial days and honoring his lineage.

JO. DUFLOTE, otherwise J. D. Finney, is editor and head of the firm of publishers of the Lake Superior Breeze, published at Munising, Alger county, with the outfit formerly used at Au Train in the publication of the Alpha. We suppose he knows what he is about, but if we wanted to starve to death—never mind about that, Mr. Finney's dialect work, as Jo. DuFlote, is alone worth the price of the paper.

THE State Republican, under the editorial management of L. J. Bates, is as welcome an exchange as comes to our table. Reliably republican, because of a firm attachment to the principles of that party, it is not narrowly partisan; well equipped for and active in the collection of news it is not sensational or prurient and we are glad to know that it has reached a point where it ceases to be an experiment and is firmly established and paying.

A BRIDGE over the Detroit river at Detroit would be "nuts" for the Vanderbilt railroads, no doubt, but the people of the St. Lawrence valley, from Duluth to the sea, will protest and their protest will have weight. The latest proposal is a "high bridge" with a passage way of 2,900 feet between piers, but the people aforesaid, mindful of the fable of the camel which got its head into the tent, will not listen to "bridge" of any sort. If the railroads can get along with transfer boats such as they now use let them tunnel.

THE "CENTENNIAL" for 1889, to be celebrated April 30 at New York, is that of Washington's inauguration. The program commences on the 29th, on which day President Harrison will arrive from Washington, following the route traveled by Washington; a ball will be given on the evening of that day. On the morning of the 30th services will be held in the church in which Washington worshipped, St. Paul's; following that prayer, a poem (by Whittier) and a speech (Chauncey Depew) at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, the place of Washington's inauguration; national salute at noon; grand military parade in the afternoon and a banquet in the evening.

THE state labor bureau has given much attention to the condition of the laborers in the copper mines of Keweenaw point and presents its findings in the annual report of Commissioner Heath (which can be had of him upon application). It finds the miners (nearly all foreigners) well paid; Canadians who at home earned \$23.24 per month for 10.9 hours per day earn \$48.35 per month for 9.9 hours work per day in the copper mines. Italians who earned \$6.02 at home get \$51.41 here. The Scotch make the highest wages—\$61.65 here as against \$17.06 at home. Englishmen who get \$17.06 in the old country, work about two hours a day longer here and get \$52.37 for their labor. Finns and Austrians who got less than \$9 a month at home get \$49 in upper Michigan.

JURIES are the queerest things in the world, and when, as in Illinois, they have full swing they come out strong. The case of Bauereisen, just tried at Geneva on charge of dynamiting Q trains and structures, excites the remark: "The evidence against him was mainly that of one Bowles, who swore 'with a rope around his neck' that Bauereisen furnished the money to buy the stuff and directed its use and that the stuff was bought and used by himself. His evidence was flatly contradicted at many points by credible witnesses and it would have been no surprise had the jury thrown it out entirely and acquitted the prisoner, but it did not; it found Mr. Bauereisen guilty but not very guilty, assessing his crime, which endangered life and destroyed property to large amount, at half the gravity of horse stealing. A horse-thief would have got five years, sure—the jury gave the dynamiter two. If he was guilty he richly deserved ten years; if there was a doubt about his guilt he should not have been convicted; but the jury did a 'two horse act'—convicted the man to satisfy the Q company and let him off with two years to placate the brotherhood. When we get caught we'll waive the jury business—it is a humbug."

GEN. SHERMAN tells a story of Mr. Blaine which is worth repeating. In 1863 came to him the widow of Surgeon-general Wood, the daughter of Zachary Taylor; called to go to her daughter (resident abroad and sick to death) and too poor to pay her way across the Atlantic. The general was not in funds nor did he think Mrs. Wood, considering the services to the country of her father and husband, should be indebted to private charity, so he introduced her to Mr. Blaine, then speaker of the house, and stated her case. The rest of the tale we give in his own words:

I did not remain, but learned from a friend afterwards the sequel. Blaine sat in his chair about an hour, giving attention to the business of the house, occasionally scribbling on a bit of paper, and when a hall occurred he called some member to take his place, and walked straight to Mr. Holman, the "universal objector," saying: "Holman, I have a little matter of great interest which I want to rush through; please don't object." "What is it?" "A special pension for the widow of Surgeon Wood, the daughter of General Zachary Taylor." "Is it all right?" "Of course it is all right, and every American should blush that this thing could be." "Well," said Holman, "go ahead; I will be out in the cloak-room." Watching his opportunity, James G. Blaine, as a member of congress for Maine, got the eye and ear of the acting speaker, made one of his most eloquent and beautiful speeches, introduced his little bill for the pension of Mrs. Wood for \$50 a month, to date back to the time of Surgeon Wood's death (about four years), which would give her about \$2,400 arrears and \$600 a year for life. It was rushed through the house by unanimous consent, and Blaine followed it through to the senate and to the president, where it became a law, and this most deserving lady was enabled to go to Austria to be with her daughter in her illness.

THE Manufacturer's Record last week printed over 100 letters from all sections of the country in reply to a request asking manufacturers for the present condition of trade and prospects for the future. In its summary of the answers received the Record says:

With scarcely an exception of one out of a hundred the answers to that letter tell of busier times to which all the indications point for the coming year. Many of the statements made in these letters are strikingly forcible, and the activity which they so graphically depict is not confined to one or two lines of industry, but to all branches of manufacturing. Makers of textile machinery seem to be as busy as those whose attention is confined to the vast variety of wood-working machinery produced in this country, while manufacturers of mining machinery and of hardware, and makers of engines and boilers—all, with one or two exceptions, unite in their reports as to the activity of business in their lines. Nor are these reports confined to any particular section. They come from Vermont, from Massachusetts, from Rhode Island, from New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Georgia, Virginia and elsewhere. Many manufacturers report that they are busier than ever before since they started; others that they are working overtime, with orders ahead for several months; others than while their trade for 1888 shows an increase of 50 per cent. over 1887, yet they are expecting and preparing for a still greater volume next year.—T. L. Bulletin.

THE Marquette Republican does injustice to the Pioneer Press in the suggestion, that they do not furnish the "write-up" promised by their slick talkers. They gave our town all they bargained to—"write-up", pictures, copies of P. P. and all, and have done or will do the same at other towns. The stuff is so valueless that they can not afford to do otherwise. Escanaba is not a dollar better off, in any manner, for the \$1,000 its citizens sunk in papers that are stale when they reach here and a trashy "write-up," in the wrong place, but it got all it was promised.

WM. J. BROWN and Cora B. Denton were married on Thursday last, on Monday last while engaged in the discharge of his duties at the mine he received a blow on the head which resulted in his death on Tuesday, and to-day he is carried by his brethren of the I. O. of G. T. to his last resting place and Cora Denton Brown, married a week ago, wife for four days only, is a widow. The Minnesota company will add to its plant at Tower during the winter and will double its shipping facilities at Two Harbors.—Iron Journal, Tower.

FATHER GREENS, parish priest at Menominee, gets "a going over" by the Democrat of that city, which accuses him of squandering church funds and of being too intimate with certain of the ewe lambs of his flock. The facts in the case, as we learn them from other sources, are that his mind has given way—that he is and has been for some time insane, and that he has not, as alleged by the Democrat, run away, but has been placed under restraint and treatment by his friends.

WHAT TO DO with ex-presidents is one of the questions of the day; not, to be sure, a very pressing one, still a question. How would the Spanish-American custom answer? In the republics of that sort the new president, if he gets control, kills or banishes his predecessor. President Raul of Venezuela, has just succeeded in capturing his predecessor, Gen. Crespo, and clapping him in prison, whence the route to the scaffold is short and plain.

JUDGE GRANT would honor the supreme bench should he be chosen to a seat thereon; there's no question as to that, and if the place were, as it should be, a life position and adequately paid we should not offer a word of objection, though we should hate to lose him from the 25th circuit. Indeed we offer none now; if he is desirous to accept the honor we shall gladly vote for him, at the same time wishing that he would remain where he is and continue the good work he is doing.

SPEAKING of the present attitude of the democrats in congress on the question of the admission of Dakota and the other territories, the Mining Journal admits that "their mind-sight is ever so much better than their foresight." In another paragraph in the same issue it remarks, in view of their attitude on the tariff question and the substitute for the Mills bill, that they are such "tarnal fools that they don't know when they're licked." It is very sad.

"WHAT" the matter with Gladstone property holders? Marshal Dolan advertises some six hundred pieces of village property for sale for delinquent taxes.

TOM HINCH, of Milwaukee, and Jim McCormick, a Marinette bruiser, fought sixteen rounds, with skin gloves, last Monday at a point on the Michigan side of the Menominee ten miles up from the city. The fight was pretty evenly contested and both men were game but was hardly conclusive as to which is the "best man," the battle being given to McCormick on a foul. The Eagle, from which we get the item, says the men will meet again.

THE Detroit Journal has sounded the members elect of the legislature as to their preference for senator and their intentions with regard to legislation on the liquor question, and concludes, from the answers received, that Mr. McMillan will encounter no real opposition, that a local option law is sure and that the tax on liquor selling will be increased. The IRON PORT hopes it is correct in its first and last conclusions—the second it cares nothing about.

IF THE ATLANTIC continues throughout '89 to give its readers as charming a variety of excellent reading as appears in its January number both editor and public are to be congratulated. Mr. James' new novel, "The Tragic Muse," is the weakest thing in it, but even it is good, for those (and there are those) who like James; the editor, T.B. Aldrich, contributes an exquisite poem, an incident of fisher folk life, "Alec Yeaton's Son"; Margaret DeLand furnishes a short story, with tears in it, "Mr. Tommy Dove"; "Palm Sunday in Puebla de los Angeles" is vividly described by F. Hopkinson Smith. Never without some papers which are sterling contributions to political and social science, the Atlantic has in this number "A Difficult Problem in Politics" by Frank Gaylord Cook, the problem being how to obtain uniform legislation throughout the Union, and one of Mrs. Wyman's "Studies of Factory Life," this one touching the relation of the American and the mill. Prof. Shaler, of Harvard, considers the "Athletic Question in Education," and then follows Hardy's serial, "Passe Rose." And what a story it is! Papers by Philip Dymond (Characteristics of Von Moltke), John Fiske (Washington's Great Campaign of 1776), and Olive Thorne Miller, poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton and others, and careful reviews of the newest books, close this interesting and thoroughly admirable number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, or clubbed with this paper at \$5 for the two.

"IF THE COLONEL wants an office \* \* we hope he may get it," says the Marquette Republican. No, thank you: the publisher of the IRON PORT knows better than to ask for anything (if there was anything he wanted) under the incoming administration. In traversing the Republican's outgivings he was actuated by no selfish purpose. But he does want honest, capable republicans appointed to every position of trust or emolument under the federal government "as a reward for party fealty," and every democrat removed "because of his political faith." We do not want "thieves" rewarded, nor was there anything in our former article that suggested it; but we are utterly out of patience with cant about "reform" where there is no need of reform; with the assumption of political virtue of a superior sort by—perhaps we'd as well stop there; with so called republicans who begin as soon as a republican administration and congress is secured to insist that the enemy was about half right after all, and that congress and president must mind their ps and qs or something dreadful will happen. Nothing can be better for the country than that the republican party should remain permanently dominant therein, and nothing will contribute to its permanent domination so much as a firm grip and a bold course on lines already laid down and understood. To give ground to the democracy would be cowardly; to dally with mugwumpery suicidal. The Republican "does not fully comprehend the full gist" of our former article; perhaps we can make it plainer. We do not regard "the griff who joined yesterday" competent to command veterans or plan campaigns, nor do we think it modest in him to undertake it.

THERE has been a regular exodus of ore men, during the week, to Eastern points, with a view to making preliminary arrangements for the placing of the output of '89, and, although only surmises may be made of the state of the market four months hence, there are those who question the wisdom of any decided ore transactions at this early date. It seems to be generally accepted as a foregone conclusion that on account of the immense corn crop to be forwarded with the opening of lake navigation, freights will be high next year, and the vesselmen talk quite bullish. With this as a premise the ore men will try to obtain, on the start, the prices paid at the opening of the '87 season. Furnacemen, on the other hand, are stocked with ore which will probably last them until July 1, and they will seriously dispute every inch of ground, claiming that they are but just making up their losses, and that they should have an opportunity, next year, of making a little money. Much will depend upon the amount of steel orders placed early in the season, and upon the quantity thus placed. Heavy orders, simultaneously placed, or given within short periods of each other, would undoubtedly stimulate the ore market, while a lack of such orders would necessarily depress Bessemer to some extent, without, however, interfering with non-Bessemer except by sympathy. On the other hand, it is claimed that the steel industry for purposes other than rails has so materially grown, especially in Western markets, that even a lack of rail orders could not hurt Bessemer ores very much. Ore men, who are now feeling their way, do not receive much encouragement, and little will be done until the middle of January.—Iron Trade Review, 19 th.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

J. N. Mathews, proprietor of the Buffalo Express, died Dec. 20.

Meredith and Herrman, who so nearly killed Phil. Daly, got respectively nine and seven years on their plea of guilty.

The old "Doty tavern," near Boston, which had existed since colonial times and once sheltered Washington, was burned last week.

The Rock Island railroad has been so "paralleled" that it now earns dividends of but four per cent.

One of the evicted farmers from the Des Moines improvement lands has been awarded the value of his improvements by the courts.

At Wilmington, Delaware, for assault upon a woman, Wm. J. Calhoun was last week sentenced to be hanged.

Sam Miller, 96 years old, and Anna Hagan, only 71, were married at Jeffersonville, Indiana, last week.

France stands by Lesseps yet, though the French government has dropped him.

Capt. Wishart, president of the "Law and Order League" of Pittsburg, was set upon and badly beaten, by somebody not identified, on Friday.

Some fellow (who should never have been trusted with a pencil) sent the N. Y. Herald a cock and bull story of an attempt to assassinate Gen. Harrison.

The president pardoned Ben Hopkins and he can "die at home" (or get well and start another bank, as he is able).

The supreme court of Ohio has finally decided that the church property is not liable for the debts of the late Archbishop Purcell (though it is not disputed that much of the money went into that property).

Another lewd woman has been found dead in the streets of London, strangled with a cord but not mutilated.

One Robert Morris, a farmer of Barnwell county, S. C., was missing and it was supposed that he had been murdered, but, after the negroes of the neighborhood had been driven to the swamps, Morris was found in the woods drunk, but no worse off.

The "big boys" in the school at Andale, Kansas, rose in rebellion against the teacher and in the row he was killed by a blow on the head with the poker.

W. C. Whitney, the lawyer who was shot in the court by Mrs. Meckie Rawson, has become insane as a result of his wounds.

Some scoundrel placed dynamite in the cupola of a foundry at Litchfield, Illinois, destroying it and wounding two men.

Capt. Bray, of the Cincinnati fire department, was killed in Strobel's picture frame factory and a dozen other firemen were hurt.

By the blowing up of glycerine magazines the village of Tarport, Penn., was wrecked and many persons hurt, two or three fatally. Some persons, it is not known how many, were blown to atoms at the magazines.

Mrs. Whittling, the Philadelphia woman who killed husband and two children to get the small amount of money for which their lives were insured, must hang—and ought.

The secretary of the Spanish legation in Japan tells of an alliance between Japan and Russia against England.

The steamer Kate Adams was burned last Sunday near Commerce, Miss. The officers did their duty bravely and of the passengers and crew, numbering over 200, all but some thirty were safely landed.

A dynamite magazine at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, blew up Sunday and several (how many is not known) lives were lost.

The Haytiens surrendered the steamer Haytien Republic—because they could not help themselves—but said the demand was an abuse of power.

Henry D. Schoonmaker killed his wife and himself in their rooms at Brooklyn. Temporary insanity is alleged.

The Exchange hotel, at Missoula, Montana, was burned Dec. 21, and two men, Henry Hawkins and Geo. Collins, lost their lives in it.

J. P. Wilcox's millinery wareroom, at Wichita, Kansas, blown up with dynamite Dec. 22, and a woman and boy killed.

Ernest Kurtz and his son, a boy of 15 years, killed by a falling tree in Door county, Wis., Dec. 21.

Oglevie, the coon who got up the colored democratic convention last summer and was given a place in the mail service for his work, has been caught robbing the mails and will serve for a while in doors.

The east bound express train on the Pacific Central road was robbed near Clipper Gap, in the Sierra, Christmas eve. The plunder is variously stated at \$50,000 and at only one tenth as much.

Three acres of ground covered by factories and work shops, was burned over in Cincinnati Christmas morning.

Emma Fierison committed suicide at Logansport because her lover grew cold, and Daniel Finn took his own life, rather than marry, in Connecticut.

Marblehead, Mass., burnt out—as to shops, stores, etc., on Christmas morning.

Font Horner, crazy with booze, turned himself loose, with a club, at Charleston, West Va., and ran things his own way until he met Ed. Ames, who killed him with a knife.

The steamer Leif Erikson burned five miles from Seattle, W. T., Christmas eve. Ten lives were lost.

Wisconsin Welshmen held "Eisteddfod"—whatever that is—at Milwaukee Christmas.

Constable Vogle, of Justice Prindiville's court, Chicago, was careless with his revolver and a bystander named Dempsey has a bullet hole through his kidneys. He will die and Vogel ought to spend the rest of his days at Joliet.

## GROCERIES.

# Frank H. Atkins'

# HOLIDAY

# SURPRISES!

## DINNER SETS

At \$12.50, \$16.00 and Upwards.

## TOILET SETS

At from \$3.00 to \$20.00.

## LAMPS OF EVERY KIND.

**FANCY: KERAMICS,**  
Bohemian and Cut Glass,

And a thousand articles which cannot here be even named.

## FANCY GROCERIES

Of every description,

Fruits, Fresh and in Cans and Glass,

And the Finest

## Cigars and Tobaccos Procurable!!

## CALL THIS WEEK.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

# Blackwell Bros.

## GLADSTONE AND SOUTH GLADSTONE.

Dealers in

# General Merchandise

# Groceries

# PROVISIONS,

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

A 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—

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

317 and 319 Ludington St.

### COAL.

## J. F. OLIVER,

(Successor to D. M. Philbin.)

# 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.

CHEBOYGAN had a small-pox scare and a big fire to help along its "Merry Christmas."

GEN. ALGER is again clothing the naked and feeding the hungry. It's a way he has.

"COL. VAN DUZER should be careful," says the Mining Journal. Never mind, friend; "Sam" will see to it that no suggestion of ours gets consideration. No harm done, yet, or any likely to result.

FOLLOWING the example of the miners, the coopers have also withdrawn from the K. of L. If this keeps on Terence will soon have a concern like the Dutch ship of the line—three decks but no bottom.

GEN. HARTSUFF has served notice on Whiting, congressman elect from the 10th district, that he will contest his seat. The notice contains twenty-one specifications and if Gen. H. can substantiate one third of them by evidence Mr. Whiting will get the g. b. sure.

"FORT HURON has 2,700 water takers," and the State Republican, assuming that for one that takes water there are forty that take "suthin warmin'," figures up the population of that city at 108,000. It submits that its ratio is pretty nearly correct but permits Fort Huron papers to change it if they will, having no fear, apparently, that they will do in the cutting down of its estimate of the size of the place.

JIM CROZER, the Menominee Herald intimates, would like to succeed Swineford. We have always thought Jim level-headed as well as big hearted, but if he has got that bee in his bonnet we shall believe that the bullet that so nearly cut his head off carried away a chunk of the brain—there's no other way to account for a desire on his part to go into exile at Sitka. Maybe Fifield is off the rug, though; we hope he is.

ONE HORROR treads on the heels of another this week—the news papers are full of suffering and death. On Christmas eve the steamer John Hanna, from the Ouachita river for New Orleans, piled with cotton and full of people, took fire as she neared Plaquemine, Louisiana, and was destroyed with a great loss of life. The pilot ran the boat to the bank and some persons who jumped for the shore stuck in the soft mud and were roasted by the heat from the burning cotton. The captain, the clerk and one of the pilots were turned to death.

PROF. GARDNER has resigned the position he held, that of principal of our city schools. Certain deviations from a strict veracity and certain questionable (or unquestionable) financial transactions which had been brought to the notice of the school board brought it about [the naked truth being that the quasi "professor" was proved a liar and a swindler]. Capt. John Gillis cut an artery in his arm and bled to death last Thursday. Drink was the cause of his trouble. Amos Skennandoh, an Oneida, drunk and disorderly, resisted arrest and assaulted officer Barlament who then used his revolver killing the Indian. In a saloon near Pierre L'Eglise bit off the nose of Emil Dentiste and is in jail to answer.—Advocate, Green Bay.

THE CHRISTMAS WIDE AWAKE is so bright and beautiful that Santa Claus may be suspected to have written and illustrated it himself; at any rate, some of the private doings of Santa's household have got into the magazine. "Goody Santa Claus," by Katharine Lee Bates, with its dozen jolly pictures, is a regular fireside chronicle of "Father Christmas" and his folks. Margaret Sidney opens her new Peppers serial in this number, "The Peppers Midway," the irrepressible, irresistible "Phronsie" coming to meet us in the opening sentence. This story will run through the year. J. T. Trowbridge in his serial, "The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane," opens the door upon a typical New England farmhouse family, where every member is a distinct character. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Herbert Ward) contributes one of her best short stories, "The Toddlewhait Prize." John Strange Winter, the author of *Boetie's Baby*, has a good story with a sweet lesson, entitled "Yum-Yum: A Pug." Mrs. General Fremont has a remarkable account, "How the Good News Came Out of the West." Mary E. Wilkins is represented by one of her best fantastic stories, "The Silver hen." Mrs. M. F. Butts has a naive story, called "Mussent touchit." Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen opens the magazine with a splendid ballad of the North, "Inge the Boy King," with a drawing by Howard Pyle. Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey furnishes a charming paper from Scotland, about "Pet Marjorie," written among the child's kinsfolk; the portrait of this famous little girl whom Sir Walter Scott loved so dearly, and whom Dr. John Brown has immortalized, will make the Christmas Wide Awake prized by thousands. Emile Poulsson has a dainty poem, "Little Tree and Little Maid." Mrs. Whitton-Stone contributes a beautiful Christmas sonnet. Miss Amanda B. Harris tells the touching story of a captive eagle. Mrs. William Claffin gives the first of "Daisy's Letters to Patty." Mrs. Sallie Joy White opens her series, "Cooking in the Public Schools," with a chapter entitled "Master Allen's Prophecy." Professor Starr's geological series, "A Long Line of Hills," opens with "The Labor of a Giant." Mrs. Goddard Orpen's series, "The Stories of the Famous Precious Stones," gives an account of "The Regent." There are many other interesting features, the wonderful "Celestial Bear," and the new department of crisp miscellany, "Men and things."

Only \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, Mass.

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 ooze the itching and bleeding, heal ulcers, and in most cases remove the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swasey & Son, Philadelphia.

### LINCOLN'S LEG CASES.

How the Great War President Looked Upon Desertors and Desertion.

No man clothed with such vast power as President Lincoln ever wielded it more tenderly or more forbearingly. No man holding in his hands the key of life and death ever pardoned so many offenders and so easily. There were from time to time, of course, instances of cowardice in the army in the face of the enemy, a crime justly punishable by the laws of war throughout the world with death. In the earlier years of the war all the death penalties of court-martial had to be sent to the President, as Commander-in-Chief, for his approval. When Judge Holt, the Judge Advocate General of the army, laid the first case before the President and explained it, he replied: "Well, I will keep this a few days until I have more time to read the testimony." That seemed quite reasonable. When the Judge explained the next case, Mr. Lincoln said: "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living." To the third, he answered: "The General commanding the brigade is to be here in a few days to consult with Stanton and myself about military matters; I will wait until then, and talk the matter over with him."

Finally, there was a flagrant case of a soldier, who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by his cowardice, throwing down his gun and hiding behind a friendly stump. When tried for his cowardice there was no defense. The court-martial, in examining his antecedents found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife nor child; that he was unfit to wear the loyal uniform, and that he was a thief that stole continually from his comrades. "Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case that comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt; he will better serve the country dead than living, as he has no relations to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate." Mr. Lincoln's refuge or excuse was all swept away. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "approved," on the paper, but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he often used to do when in serious thought, replied: "Well after all, judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"Leg cases," said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by leg cases, sir?" "Why, why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, 'cowardice in the face of an enemy, but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' I put to you, sir, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself; if Almighty God gives a man cowardly legs, how can he help their running away with him."—From *Bohwyler Colfax's "Reminiscences of Lincoln."*

### FACTS ABOUT MICE.

Some of the Little Rodents Can Jump and Others Know How to Sing.

The chisel-like front teeth of rats and mice pass deeply into the jawbone, and they are continually nourished by a kind of pulpy substance from which the tooth is formed, and which adds fresh material in proportion to the daily waste. The covering enamel of the front face of the incisor teeth is much harder than that which is laid upon the back part of the teeth. As the enamel and dentine of the softer part wears away much faster than the harder front surface, the peculiar-chisel edge structure is continually preserved. The family "murids," to which the mice and rats belong, has thirty-seven genera, with 830 species. They are all found in parts of the old world, but are not natives of America. There is a small animal resembling a mouse, which is exclusively American. This family has eighty or more species. The little meadow mouse is an example. Our domestic mice are foreigners, introduced by our forefathers. Of the genus "mus," or mouse, there are one hundred species, all natives of the old world. They have three simple molar teeth in each jaw, their fore feet have four toes and a rudimentary thumb; the hind feet have five toes; the feet can be turned outward and the claws hitched upon any convenient projection when descending a wall. The common mouse readily colonizes every region, arctic, temperate or tropical. Aristotle is said to have made the experiment of placing a pregnant female mouse in a closed vessel filled with grain, and found in a short time 120 mice in the vessel. The jumping mice, or jerboas, are natives of the Mediterranean region. Their usual jump is ten or twelve feet. It is interesting to know that when a mouse is frightened and wants to hide with her children, she takes great leaps with her babies hanging fast to her sides. No matter how long her jumps are or how far she goes, every little mouse holds on like "grim death" till a safe hiding-place is found and she can rest.

Perhaps the most amusing power the mouse has is his ability to sing. They show a strong love for music, and a power of imitating the song of a bird. There has been a great deal written on their singing powers, and it is discussed whether they really do possess this faculty, or whether it is merely the consequence of throat disease. The field mouse sings like the cricket. I read of a saucy little mouse who built his home under a sitting hen's nest, and nibbled the feathers off the tail of the patient old hen to make feather beds for her children.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### THEY TOOK THE CAKE.

Origin of a Slang Expression Which Was Once Very Popular.

This expression—applied to one who does a thing pre-eminently well, or, sarcastically, and more usually, to one who fails conspicuously—undoubtedly had its origin in the negro cake-walks common in the Southern States, and not unknown in the Northern. The walk usually winds up a ball. Couples, drawn by lot, walk around a cake specially prepared for the occasion and the umpires award the prize to the couple who, in their opinion, walk most gracefully and are attired with the greatest taste. Hence they are said "to take the cake," an expression which has attained its wide currency through the burlesques in the negro minstrel shows.

Yet the negro cake-walk has respectable ancestry in medieval past. Gerard's "Herball" (1633) informs us that "in the spring time are made with the leaves hereof newly sprung up, and with eggs, cakes or tansies, which be pleasant in taste, and good for the stomachs," and a contemporary, speaking of the strictness of the Puritans, says "all games where there is any hazard of loss are strictly forbidden; not so much as a game of foot ball for a tansy." According to Brand, in the earlier season foot-courses were run in the meadows, the victors carrying off each a cake, given to be run for by some better person in the neighborhood. In Ireland, at Easter and whitsuntide, the lower classes used to meet and dance for a cake raised on top of a pike decorated with flowers, the prize going to the couple who held out the longest, and in some parts of England a custom prevailed of riding for the bride-cake. "This riding took place when the bride was brought to her new habitation. A pole, three or four feet high, was erected in front of the house and the cake put on top of it. On the instant that the bride set out from her old home a company of young men started on horseback, and he who was fortunate enough to reach the pole first and knock the cake down with his stick received it from the hands of the damsel. This was called 'taking the cake.' The fortunate winner then advanced to meet the bride and her attendants."—*Notes and Queries.*

### FECUNDITY OF FISH.

The Untold Numbers of Young Which a Cod Could Produce in a Year.

"There are 70,000,000 codfish caught annually off the Newfoundland coast," observed a fish culturist the other day. "You might think that would deplete the yearly hatch. If so you would be mistaken. It has been calculated that, as fish produce so many eggs, if vast numbers of the latter and of the fish themselves were not continually destroyed and taken they would soon fill up every available space in the seas. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 4,500,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 135,000,000,000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equalling the cod, are wonderfully prolific. A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young it has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon calculated that if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

### Earnestness is Power.

Earnestness is power. He who is in earnest will impress himself on others, whether he would impart to them or would receive from them. Yet no man will gain in earnestness by seeking to be in earnest, nor will he convince others that he is in earnest by saying that he is in earnest. In order to show earnestness a man must be in earnest; and the man who is in earnest can not help showing it. Earnestness is of the man's self, and it is drawn out by the cause that can draw it out. When it is drawn out, every one who sees and hears the man knows that his earnestness is real. If, therefore, a man is in earnest in behalf of anything he undertakes, he may know that he has power in that direction; but if he lacks earnestness, it is of no use for him to try to seem in earnest.—*S. S. Times.*

### An Old Man's Wisdom.

Enamored youth (trying to sound his girl's father)—About how much income should a young man have to be married on, Mr. De Rich.  
Mr. De Rich (meditatively)—Well, I married on \$900 a year and was both comfortable and happy.  
Enamored youth (delighted)—Indeed?  
Mr. De Rich—Yes. You see I married a penniless girl who knew how to economize, but if I had married a petted and spoiled child of fortune like Miss Blinks, or Miss Finks, or—my daughter, for instance, I should have needed about \$9,000.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—When you see a ruralite in a different fancy fannel shirt every day you may feel pretty certain that he is a drummer, wearing his samples.—*Yuck.*

### MAKE-UP OF ACTORS.

Methods Employed in Composing Their Facial Expressions.

Through the "make-up" we give our faces the appearance of age and youth, of health and sickness, of race and blood. To be natural it is necessary only to follow the suggestions given without taking further thought; to be accurate demands study and hard work. In doing this kind of work the actor sits before a mirror, and uses his face in it as a canvas upon the easel. And here good work tells. The audience who sit delighted with some charming piece of art seldom realize the study and labor which the actor has expended upon the part.

It should be remembered that in making up the face of the actor is to produce a symmetric whole. He or she who confines the change to paint and a wig has not yet learned the ABC of the profession. Thus, in representing an old man, the hair and beard are easily taken care of. The whitish but varicose complexion of old age presents no greater obstacles. The wrinkles and folds of the skin increase the difficulty, but can be handled without too much trouble. All thus far, has been done with pigments. In treating the teeth all sorts of expedients are employed. The way adopted by many comedians is to cover them with black silk.

This throws the uncovered ivories into bold relief and gives an effect that is extremely ludicrous. Wax, black and green, is used for the same purpose. The most curious thing in this line I ever heard of was a conscientious French player, who presented "old man" parts, and who, to be accurate, had all his teeth extracted and a dozen sets of false ones made by some clever dentist, imitating what nature produces in the various stages of old age. I would hardly recommend this to the profession as a good precedent, however, though the hero of the action certainly deserves special mention and praise for his fidelity to art.

As to the effect of "make-up"—that is, of paints—upon the health a word may be of both interest and use. The opinion that they are very deleterious is just about as unintelligent and false as the opposite, which proclaims them innocuous. Any cosmetic is injurious to the complexion. The mere mechanical action toughens the skin and enlarges the pores. I question if there be a professional of five years' experience whose epidermis has not assumed a tint and hardness inconsistent with the highest beauty. But this is the limit of the injury as far as the vast majority of stage pigments is concerned. On the other hand, the perspiration induced by excitement, hard work, and, it may be, heated dressing-rooms, and the repeated washings and scrubbing to which the face is forever subjected, keep the skin in excellent condition and prevent the eruptions and blemishes so common to the outside world. In many cases when actors are naturally careless of their appearance and neglectful, "make-up" is a blessing and bestows upon them a healthier and handsomer complexion than they would otherwise have.—*Drake's Magazine.*

### A LIFE-LONG LOVE.

The Romance of William Warren and Miss Adelaide Phillips.

William Warren, the veteran comedian of the Boston museum, had a romance that a newspaper writer has just made public. "Few persons," says he, "are aware that this comedian, the merriest of the merry, carried a life-long hunger in his heart." In their early years William Warren and Adelaide Phillips were lovers. The latter had a father of the Eccles type. When marriage was proposed to her she made this answer: "I love you, and because I love you I will not now marry you. This old man, my father, is helpless—a sore trial, in truth—and he must look to me while he lives. I would not purchase my own happiness by adding to your burden. Let us wait, and if the good years to come bring fruition of our hopes we will live for each other then. Meanwhile I shall not cease to love you, nor will I marry any other man, let the end be what it may." The lovers went their ways. Father Phillips, though he abated not a jot of his devotion to gin, lived on and on. Young Adelaide grew to old womanhood, and the great comedian went on the list of honored veterans of whom the world speaks with respect. Still their love survived, and when at last their weary waiting ended, they once more took up the old question, both found that opportunity had come too late. They had grown old in singleness; had formed irradicable habits; neither had many years longer to remain, and—well, they would live out their lives in the way they had followed for a generation, and trust to the eternal future to bring them realization of their early dream. Adelaide Phillips went first, "the strong base and building of her love" unshaken to the last. And now the other, who like Philip Ray, had waited all his life, has found the meaning there in it the august experience of a change of worlds.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Were it not for the constantly increasing demand in this country for diamonds, it is doubtful if they would preserve their high value. In one year the diamonds taken from South Africa alone were valued at \$5,000,000. One of the puzzling questions is what becomes of all the diamonds people have when they die.

—A Brunswick, Ga., minister says that he once received two chickens as a fee for marrying a couple from the same district.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., DEC. 29, 1888.

THE EMPTY HEART.

Send to a beautiful Lucy, sent with a heart-shaped Jewel-Box. Well, since our lot must be part (Three lots, how they do push and pull one) I send you here an empty heart. But send it from a very full one. My little hour of joy is done. And every vain regret I smother. With murmuring: "When you see the one Think kindly sometimes of the other."

LOYAL AT LAST.

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

BY BERNARD BISHOP, AUTHOR OF "ELEANOR'S SECRET," "FALLS AMONG TREES," "MY LADY FANTASICAL" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Why, don't you see it is these letters that are upsetting my poor boy? When a girl tells a man she won't be his wife, but will keep up a sisterly friendship for him, and keeps writing and writing, it just sets him fretting all the time."

"Of course it does; but what can you do, Daniel?"

"He brought down his hand so heavily on the little table in front of him that the glass jar which contained his tobacco fell with a crash to the floor."

"It's a bad sign, Martha," he said, ruefully, for, like all sailors, he was superstitious. "But all the same I'm going to try my level best to stop this foolish correspondence."

"But how! You can not write to her; for you haven't her address; and I'm sure it would never do to ask Harry for it?"

"That's my grand idea, Martha!" He took from his pocket a New York newspaper, and, first peering out of the tiny window of the summer-house to see that there were no eavesdroppers, he read in whispering tones that would have baffled some deep-laid conspiracy, the following advertisement:

"MRS. PUPILS wanted by a graduate of Richmond Ladies' College. Terms very low. Address Miss Frohisham, 201 East Sixty-third street."

"What do you think of that, Martha? I found it quite by accident when I was in town this morning."

"Yes, it is Kate sure enough," his wife mused. "But what are you going to do now, Daniel?"

"She could tell by the earnestness of his look that the revelation would be startling, but was hardly prepared for its momentous character."

"I'm going to New York to-morrow, Martha."

"Had he said he was about to depart for Jerusalem Mrs. Winthrop could hardly have manifested greater consternation."

"Good gracious, Daniel, all the way to New York!" she gasped.

"Yes," he said, with the air of one who was resolved to do and dare great adventures. "I start for New York to-morrow night. Harry leaves in the morning for a week's trip through Indiana to sell lumber from his new mill, and I'm off in the evening."

"Oh, Daniel!"

"I tell you it is no use writing. I must go myself and see if I can not drill some common sense into this foolish young woman's head. Those letters have got to be stopped, and I'll see if I can not stop them."

CHAPTER XVII.

MY BOY HARRY.

When Captain Winthrop found himself one of the hundreds pouring out of the gateway of the Central station in New York, I fancy he felt, for all his brave words to his wife, a little nervous concerning the troubles he was about to encounter, for, like all untraveled provincialists, his ideas of the metropolis were not exactly flattering to its inhabitants."

It was mid-afternoon when he arrived, and, first "running into dock" at a hotel, he set boldly off for East Sixty-third street. It was reeking hot—hotter than the Captain in his wildest dreams had ever imagined human beings could endure it and live. Along Fifth avenue it was bad enough, but when he turned to the right into a narrower and more crowded street he had fairly to gasp for respiration. The neighborhood was not a pleasant one; for by degrees the character of the houses seemed to deteriorate until at last he reached a region of squalid tenement dwellings, teeming with slatternly women and half-naked children, whom the stifling air had driven to the door-steps. Again and again he passed, thinking he must have blundered, but the inscription on the street lamps reassured him and he plodded on. Then things mended a little. There was a marked improvement in the style of houses, which were now of the shabby-genteel order, with windows decorated with cards of "Apartments to let," and at last he reached No. 251.

A pleasant-looking, neat, middle-aged woman was sweeping the door-step as he approached.

"Does Miss Frohisham live here?" the Captain asked, mopping his brow with a handkerchief big enough for a night-drag.

"Yes, sir. Please come in." And the Captain found himself in a small, dark sitting-room, made hideous with abortions in wax flowers and colored tapers after the manner of the New York lodging-houses.

"You'll excuse me, sir," the woman observed, when the Captain was seated, "but might I ask your business with Miss Frohisham?"

"The Captain stared in indignant silence. "Oh, you need not be angry, sir; I don't ask you of course; only I can see that you

are from the country, and I supposed you are one of the family."

"Merely an old friend," the Captain explained.

"An old friend, eh? Then I'm glad I took the precaution of speaking to you. You must deal gently with her, for she's seen about as much trouble as she can bear, and if you're going to worry her with any bad news or other unpleasantness you won't see her at all, and that's plump."

The Captain felt very uncomfortable. The piano man's been here this morning and taken the instrument away, though she starved herself to pay the hire, and too proud she is to let me help her. Lord above knows what she'll do if some of her people don't turn up—but, gracious, I'm letting my tongue wag, and precious mad she'd be if she knew I'd let on about her troubles."

"May I see her, please?" the Captain asked, meekly.

"Yes, I suppose I must tell her you are here," the woman said, reluctantly. "Wait a few minutes and I will fetch her."

Left to himself, the Captain began to deplore the obstinacy of women in general and Kate Frohisham in particular. Why, in the name of goodness, couldn't she let his boy alone! But he would bring this young person to her senses before he left the city, sure as his name was Daniel Winthrop.

Suddenly the door opened and Kate Frohisham stood before him.

Now, it is one thing for an elderly gentleman to make big resolutions, and another to carry them out when he is confronted by a lovely young woman looking exasperatingly beautiful, and piercing his very heart with a glance of pitiful entreaty. Such a sad, sweet face, too! What a shame that fortune should deal so hardly with her. So instead of reading her a lecture on the impropriety of her conduct, he found himself holding both the girl's hands in his and drawing her to him with a fatherly kiss.

"I was so surprised to hear you were come," she said, in shy, soft tones. "And so glad, my pretty—say you were glad too?"

"I think I am glad—nay, I will say I am sure I am glad, Captain Winthrop."

For an hour they talked, yet not a word did the wicked Captain say of the object which had brought him to the city; and so confidential did they become that when she showed him some water-colors she had sketched in the vain hope of selling them, he had the unblushing mendacity to declare that he knew a picture dealer who was anxious to secure just such things, offering, if she would entrust them to him, to transact the business for her—which he did much to her wonderment and satisfaction.

Then he pleaded that she must have pity on his loneliness in the city and "show him about a bit," and even succeeded in inveigling her to dine with him at his hotel and drive in the park with him, and altogether conducted himself in such a reprehensible manner, that I am sure the reader has lost all confidence in him.

The next day was a repetition of the previous one, and the more he saw of the charming girl the more his heart warmed towards her, and he became so demonstrative in his affection that she scandalized Mrs. Wilson, Kate's landlady, so that she felt it her duty to warn the young lady against the danger of the elderly gentleman's admiration, which brought the first smile she had seen in Kate's face for many a day.

By and by they became more confidential and she told him many of the struggles through which she had passed and her manner of encountering them, all of which tended to more deeply impress him with the fact that she was a jewel of a girl who could hold her own under any difficulties.

But the crisis of the Captain's inconsistencies came upon the third day of his visit to New York. Bright and early he was at Mrs. Wilson's house, for Kate had promised to accompany him on a trip to Staten Island. As he sat in the little dingy parlor waiting her arrival—for Kate was not without the feminine weakness of being a wee bit behind time in getting ready—he saw a scrap of paper lying on the floor and recognized at once Harry's handwriting. I make no apology for the indelicacy of his action, for I am simply a historian, but the wicked Captain picked it up and deliberately read it through. It was a portion of a letter containing the following:

"While I acknowledge that he is the best father man ever had, I am deeply pained to add that there is no sign of that unreasonable animosity to the name of Frohisham wearing away; and if, as you say, you will

not be my wife until he of his own free accord asks you to consent to our union, our happiness is indeed far off."

"Ho-ho," the Captain chuckled, "so the young dog has been making me the bug-bear all this while."

And quite forgetting the young lady who was hurrying her preparations up-stairs, he slipped out at the door and sped to the nearest telegraph office, whence he dispatched a peremptory message to his son in Indianapolis:

"Come at once to the Grand Union Hotel, New York. Reply."

Then he sheepishly returned to the lodging-house, and never so much as hinted to the young lady the desperate step he had taken.

Thirty hours afterwards, father and son were clasping hands in the office of the hotel.

"What is it, dad?" the young man asked, eagerly. "You can not tell how your telegram has upset me, for the least I thought was that you might be sick, or in some scrape or other. What in the name of conscience brought you to New York?"

"Just a little matter of business, Harry; that's all; but I felt I couldn't conclude it without your assistance. In fact, there's a person now in the ladies' room I want you to see—would you mind stepping in there? I'll join you in a few minutes."

If the clerk of the hotel had chanced to notice the portly figure of his guest when his son left him, he would have had grave doubts of his sanity, for it is not usual for old gentlemen to walk about grinning and chuckling and every now and then slapping their thighs in a perfect ecstasy of uncontrollable delight. Presently he conquered his emotions and walked demurely upstairs into the ladies' reception-room.

"Well, Harry, boy's business, have you and the other party come to terms?"

"Harry Winthrop seized his father's hand

There was the same glad, trustful look in his face the old man had missed for many a day, and his heart thrilled with joy to think that at last there was no barrier between him and his boy Harry.

It was a very quiet wedding, for the Captain insisted on its taking place at once in New York, as he argued that it would be awkward for Kate to go back to the Orchard Farm as a visitor; and you may be sure Harry offered no obstacles to his arrangements, though I am free to confess Kate made a blushing objection to the hurried ceremony, which was so transparently insincere that it did not delay it an hour.

Then the Captain sent the young couple off for a week's trip to the sea-side, and started home to tell Martha, how effectually he had stopped those bothersome letters.

There were grand doings at the Orchard Farm. From far and near the guests had come by boat and carriage; under the big apple trees long lines of tables were spread with snowy cloths and laden with the choicest viands; on the lawn the village band played, making up in energy what they lacked in science; and from the flag-pole on the summer-house yards of gay bunting fluttered in the gentle breeze. For on this day Harry Winthrop was bringing home his bride.

But I question if all the bright speeches and all the gay music were half as sweet to his father as the hideous screams of the steam-whistles from the passing vessels with which his brother captains saluted their happy old comrade.

And Kate, as she hangs on her husband's arm and gazes on the fair scene, whispers: "The wounds are healed at last, Harry, and for all the long years to come there shall be in our lives no North and no South."

But Daniel Winthrop's mind was not just now devoted to the glories of steam-whistles. He stood with his hand on his boy's shoulder, watching the gay scene around him; but suddenly his gaze concentrated on four figures grouped on the lawn—his wife and his son's wife, Walter Frohisham and Gordon Grey, and he said:

"The dead past is burying its dead pretty fast, boy. I did not think I could be ever so grateful to God as I am this moment to see the blue and the gray blended in such a union. Say, Harry, we must do something for that fine young fellow, your brother-in-law—a few thousands would be a mighty help to him to start in his new profession. Yes, I would like to do something for him for Kate's sake, for the best gift your father ever made you was the chance to bring that brave girl home as your wife."

A glad light leaped to the young man's face—a radiant look that gladdened the father's eye to behold—ard, with a laugh, but half concealed his earnestness, he replied in the words of the greatest of all writers:

"She is mine own; And I am rich in having such a jewel As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls, The water nectar and the rocks pure gold."

[THE END.]

TWO COUNTRY BOYS.

The First Meeting of a Great Editor and a Famous Physician.

About sixty years ago a Vermont boy, a farmer's son, was sent to East Poutney by himself to sell a load of potatoes. It was a great event for him, the proudest day of his life. He sold out his load, then drove round to the tavern, put up his horses, and went in to dinner. How grand he felt ordering a dinner on his own account, and paying his own bill!

A good many people were in the dining-room, among the rest a distinguished-looking man, no less a personage than the sheriff of the county, who had been formerly a member of Congress. But pretty soon our young fellow's eyes fell upon a "tall, pale, white-haired, gawky boy," sitting at the further end of the table in his shirt-sleeves, paying attention to nobody, and eating as if upon a wager.

"This is a pretty sort of a tavern, anyhow, to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen! He ought to come in with the hostler," thought our proud potato merchant.

Before long the conversation turned upon some political subject, some act of an early Congress, and there was a difference of opinion as to how certain members had voted upon it. All at once the sheriff turned to the white-haired, half-dressed boy at the end of the table, and asked:

"Ain't that right, Greeley?"

"No," said the boy; "you're wrong."

"There!" said one of the other men. "I told you so!"

"And you're wrong, too," continued the boy, and he proceeded to give the history of the measure in question from beginning to end.

Our dealer in potatoes was astonished out of measure, the more so because the whole company took these statements as law and gospel, settling the whole dispute at once and forever.

The "gawky boy" was Horace Greeley, who was there at work in a printing office at East Poutney. The other boy became a prominent New York physician. The two did not see each other again for many years. Then the famous physician met the famous editor one day in the street, and told him this story, to his great amusement.—Youth's Companion.

WORDS NOT TO USE.

Read This Over a Few Times and Then Commit It to Memory.

Cute, for acute.

Party, for person.

Depot, for station.

Promise, for assure.

Posted, for informed.

Stopping, for staying.

Like I do, for as I do.

Feel badly, for feel bad.

First-rate, as an adverb.

Healthy, for wholesome.

Try and do, for try to do.

These kind, for the kind.

Cunning, for small, dainty.

Funny, for odd or unusual.

Guess, for suppose or think.

Fix, for arrange or prepare.

Just as soon, for just as I lief.

Had rather, for would rather.

Had better, for would better.

Right away, for immediately.

Between seven, for among seven.

Not as good as, for not so good as.

Some ten days, for about ten days.

The matter of, for the matter with.

Not as I know, for not that I know.

Somebody else's, for somebody's else.

Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.

Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.

Above, for foregoing, more than or beyond.

Try an experiment, for make an experiment.

More than you think for, for more than you think.

Nice, indiscriminately (Real nice may be doubly faulty).

Real, as an adverb, in "pressions, real good, for really or very good."

Singular subject with contracted plural verb, e. g., "She don't skate well."

Taste and smell of, when used transitively. Illustration: We taste a dish which tastes of potato."

Some or in an adverbial sense, e. g., "I have studied some" for "somehow." "I have not studied any" for "at all."—N. Y. Med. and Surg.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—James Payn, the present well known novelist, it is said, has turned out as the product of his pen in thirty years over 100 volumes, mainly fiction, but embracing some other topics.

—George Stevin Venables, a distinguished London lawyer, died recently. He was the original of Thackeray's Warrington in "Pendennis." He leaves an estate of \$750,000, and among the bequests is a legacy of \$100 annually to his washerwoman.

—Margaret Dolan, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is an American lady about thirty years of age. She was born in Pittsburgh, and is the wife of a Boston gentleman. Her first appearance as an author was in 1884, when she contributed a few poems to the leading magazines.

—Countess Tolstoy, wife of the Russian novelist and reformer, does not sympathize with her husband's extreme religious views; and it is said threatens, if he attempts to carry out his plans of selling all that he has and giving the money to the poor, to ask for an official investigation of his sanity.

—It seems that the poets are fond of making fine speeches to Mary Anderson. When Oscar Wilde was in this country he presented Miss Anderson with a volume of poems in which he had written: "From a Poet to a Poem." And now Tennyson has written several new pieces for her and calls her a "perfect poem."

—Miss J. E. Harrison is reckoned one of the most profound archaeologists in England. Miss Harrison has made a specialty of the interpretation of the pictorial record of the Greek vase, and has lectured to large audiences at the South Kensington Museum on this subject. The proceeds of these lectures she has given to the British school at Athens.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," the most popular book of the day, lives in Russell square, London, near the British Museum, in a house full of books and flowers. She is described as "a wonderfully charming person, slight and most graceful in figure and movement, and with a suggestion in her brilliant face of her uncle, Mr. Matthew Arnold."

—In his volume of professional reminiscences Colonel Mapleson, speaking of Ima di Murska, says that she traveled with a monkey, two parrots, an Angora cat and a Newfoundland dog. The last always dined at the table with her off a plate laid for him, and he never dropped a morsel on the floor or even on the table-cloth. Such excellent manners might be observed with profit by many who have had better opportunities for learning the etiquette of the table.

—Mrs. O. C. Converse, of Waterbury, Conn., is an old lady of seventy-eight, who had a hand in the education of two Presidents of the United States. While teaching school in South Bend, Ind., Benjamin Harrison, President-elect, was one of her pupils, and she taught him his alphabet. When teaching in Ohio, James A. Garfield, then fourteen years of age, was one of her scholars. He had been driving a horse on the tow-path, and his boat being frozen in, he devoted a few weeks to her instruction.

HUMOROUS.

—The inventor of the barbed-wire fence got his idea from the autograph of a Russian Prince traveling in this country.—N. Y. Sun.

—"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay \$50 for a diamond ring for your wife? "Not at all; you seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill."—Boston Transcript.

—In Iceland it is the custom for everybody to kiss everybody else he meets. It requires a good deal of skill in Iceland to meet only the people you would really like to see.—Somerville Journal.

—Winks—"What a sad, anxious face that man has." Jinks—"Yes, I noticed it. He has a strained, haunted, afraid-I-won't-catch-the-train expression. I guess he works in the city and lives in the suburbs."—Philadelphia Record.

—After having listened at a Thanksgiving dinner to Jones' stale jokes, Smith said: "I say, Jones, the Thanksgiving turkey is luckier than we are." Jones—"In what way?" "He isn't stuffed with chestnuts until after he is dead."—Texas Sittings.

—Lady—"And what does your father do?" Little Girl—"Oh, papa is a doctor." Lady—"Indeed! I suppose he practices a great deal, does he not?" Little Girl—"Oh, no. He doesn't practice any more. He knows how now."—Harper's Young People.

—Boddler (just released from the penitentiary to tailor)—"I want you to get me up a first-class suit of clothes." Tailor (innocently)—"Yes, sir; something in the way of a nice stripe?" Boddler eyes him darkly, and then orders a pronounced check.—Epoch.

—Young girls in society should restrict themselves in their indulgence in marsh-mallow drops to three pounds a day. This suggestion is not made so much for the welfare of the young ladies as for that of the young men in society who furnish the supply, which rarely equals the demand.—Harper's Bazar.

—Jones—"Hello, Smith. Congratulations! I hear that you are engaged. But, between friends, old fellow, I don't see how you plucked up courage to do it." Smith—"Well, you see, we go to talking politics, trusts, rings, etc., and drifted right on to the matter before we knew it."—Burlington Free Press.

HARDWARE.

WALLACE

Has waited long enough for snow before advertising.

SLEIGHS! SLEIGHS!

—And will—

WAIT NO LONGER!

He's got them—they are sure to be needed—and the public had better

TAKE THEM RIGHT NOW!

Prices may go up as the demand comes.

MEAT MARKET.

We Kill Our Own

BEEF CATTLE

Veals, Sheep and Lambs.

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That can be had in Town.

At the same time they find there the best assortment of

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And no customer is permitted to go away dissatisfied. Call, then, on

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JOB PRINTING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.



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**BARGAINS  
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT!!**

**GENT'S FURNISHINGS, FUR CAPS, MITTS,  
SCARFS, NECKTIES,**

**LADIES' DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.**

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**Thursday, Jan. 3, 89.**

**Literary and Musical Treat!!**

**Entertaining! Instructive! Amusing!**

First appearance in Escanaba of the Charming Young Elocutionist,

—MISS—

**Cornelia : Neltnor!**

of Chicago, assisted by the Best Musical Talent of this city.

A WORD—Miss Neltnor is possessed of more than ordinary elocutionary ability, as can be testified by those of our citizens who have the pleasure of listening to her. She has a splendid range of voice; unusually clear enunciation, while her easy and unaffected address at once pleases her audience. Of the others who will participate little need be said, our people being acquainted and appreciative of their musical talent.

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Reserved Seats, Parquette and Balcony, ..... **50c**

General Admission, Parquette, **35c**

" " Balcony, **25c**

Seats on sale at J. N. Mead's commencing Monday a. m., December 31

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CATALOGUES,  
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BUSINESS CARDS,  
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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 negro woman in Kingman county, Kansas, believed herself "hoodooed" by the daughter of her employer, a girl of 16, and the girl in a spirit of mischief humored the belief until the negro killed her.

**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, colds, 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.

There was fighting at Suakim Dec. 20, and the Soudanese got the worst of it, losing 1000 men.

Colds are frequently the result of derangements of the stomach and of a low condition of the system generally. As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

Canada was buried under snow drifts and harried by a blizzard last week. Railroad service was suspended in Quebec and the Maritime provinces and many lives lost.

**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 druggists to give those who call for it, a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Mrs. Diggle, the actress accused of poisoning her husband, was acquitted.

**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 \$1.

**Escanaba, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Tortures.**  
The simple application of "Swayer's Ointment," with any internal medicine, will cure any case of Yewer, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Scars, Pimples, Scabs, all Scaly, Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and cures but a trial.

**Natural to childhood.**  
Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband)—Dot leetle Jacob has been a very pad poy today.  
Mr. Isaacstein—Vos dot so?  
Mrs. Isaacstein—He vent into der eloset und ate all oof dat limberger kase.  
Mr. Isaacstein (looking fondly at young Jacob)—Oh, vell, Rebecca, dot was not so pad; dot was natural; all dose leetle shildren haf dot s-vent tooth.—New York Sun.

For more than a generation, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been before the public, and its popularity was never greater than at present. As a remedy for the various disorders caused by constitutional taint, this medicine has no equal. The demand for it is prodigious.

The Pope, in his address to the Sacred college last Monday, insisted as stiffly as any of his predecessors that temporal sovereignty is necessary to the welfare of the church and not opposed to Italian unity and autonomy.

A "tail-end" collision between two passenger trains occurred at Bardstown Ky., on Monday and two persons were killed and a dozen wounded.

The double-track bridge of the C. & O. road over the Ohio, at Cincinnati, was opened for traffic Tuesday. It has cost \$5,000,000.

Diphtheria has again broken out in the village—five cases. The report that the controlling interest in the D-M. Co. had been purchased by New York parties is not confirmed. Not snow enough for good sleighing yet.—Miner, Ontonagon.

**A Valuable Medical Treatise**  
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. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fourth of a century. It combines with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1889 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

**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.

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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

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FRUITS,  
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Have their WINTER STOCK of

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

Now in place. Call and examine their

**HEAVY, HAND-MADE  
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