

IRON PORT.

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

VOLUME 20, NO. 8,

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1889.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS,
Surgeon, Dentist.
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.
GAS ADMINISTERED.
Sign of the Golden Tooth.

J. H. TRACY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Residence. Office hours, 9 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

H. B. REYNOLDS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Homeopathic school of practice. Office over Erickson & Bisell's store.

F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Mead's drug store. Office hours 8 to 10 a. m., and 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

S. A. THOMAS, M. D., C. M.,
Office over Gagnon's Jewelry Store.
Office Hours: 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

E. P. ROYCE,
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, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

EMIL GLASER,
Notary Public.
Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, 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,
Attorney at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office in second story Bank building.

A. R. NORTHP,
LAWYER.
Practices in all Courts, Attends promptly to Collections, etc. Office on Harrison Avenue, east side, between Ludington and Thomas streets.

ESCANABA LAND AGENCY.
VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM,
Civil Engineers and Surveyors.
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ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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

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 601 Ogden avenue, corner Wolcott St.

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

WHITE & JENNINGS,
Attorneys at Law.
Office 2d Floor No. 511 Ludington St.,
ESCANABA, MICH.

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

H 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.

Pierre.
MRS. F. J. STAFFORD.
From far away, in the countries old
A legend of love for Christ is told,
And it leads our thoughts to the home above,
As we think of Pierre, and his boyish love,
The winds of winter were blowing cold,
As young Pierre waited, in rainments old,
At the door of the cot, where his mother stood,
Ere he started away, through the lonely wood.
"The air is so cold," the mother sighed,
"But the way is short," young Pierre replied,
He grasped his mother's hand in a close embrace,
His dinner pail too, and smiled in her face.
Her kind voice said, "It will do no harm,
Wear your new jacket, 'twill keep you warm."
With a boyish pride, he bowed his head,
And viewed with a smile his jacket red,
Then hastened away to the Sisters' school,
Where love and sweet piety always rule.
As he hurried away the snow birds flew
Across his path, while the cold wind blew,
Aid he carried a moment, to give a crumb
From his scanty dinner, to pleaders dumb,
Then hastened on, till by chapel door
He saw the image of Him who bore
The cross for the world; as a child he lay
In his mother's arms, on that winter's day
With never a robe; and young Pierre wept,
As, taking his jacket red, he crept
Up through branches of a tree 'twas near,
And wrapped it close, while a falling tear
Dropped on the Christ-child's upturned face,
As he turned his footsteps to retruce.
Oh happy Pierre; how his heart that day
Beat with joy, as he turned away
Thinking of Jesus, clothed and warm,
Safely kept from the winter's storm.
Thrice happy Pierre; how the angels sang,
And joy bells triumphant sweetly rang,
As the peasant boy, with tear wet eyes,
Gave to the Savior his greatest prize.
Then down through the aisles of coming years,
Forgot not Pierre, and the frozen tears,
Or how as the years went on apace,
Young Pierre grew rich in heavenly grace.
How hope and joy, and sweet content,
Followed wherever that true heart went,
And how, as a shepherd, a blessing came,
Whenever he asked in the Savior's name.

SAND.
TOURGEUR at Opera Grand, Tuesday evening next. Secure your seats.
TAKE a word of advice; obey the law—all the laws—and avoid trouble.
DANCING and Skating at the Rink this Saturday evening. Admission 15 cents.
"GIVE US A REST," and take one yourself, at Opera Grand, next Tuesday evening.
FISHERMEN have had their herring nets in this week, in open water, with fair success as to the catch.

SCHOOLCRAFT county follows the lead of Chippewa—cuts the salary of game warden down to \$25 a year.
WE HEAR a rumor that Mason proposes to move the Delta to Escanaba. What's the matter with the coming metropolis, Charles?
F. O. CLARK'S cases had to go over until the next term of court. He was unable, by reason of a serious indisposition, to attend the January term.
A DISPATCH from Gladstone dated the 8th announces the beginning of work on an ore dock at that place and states that it is to be finished by May 15.
THE SIDEWALKS and more yet the crossings need attention. A good deal of work with the shovel and some sand or ashes could be advantageously applied.
THOSE who "can't remember such a winter" if they try a little, must be under twenty years of age. The winter of '77-8—eleven years ago—was such another.
MESSRS. LILLIE and Atkinson, for the Metropolitan Lumber company, were busy Thursday with a deal for standing pine, the owners being represented by J. W. Fordney, of Saginaw.

ANTOINETTE MARTIN was the first man to cross the bay on the ice with a team, doing so Saturday last. It was scaly, but he went safely over and returned safely Sunday, at the narrows.
THE American Sentinel fights "Sunday laws," God in the constitution," and each every attempt to marry the state and the church. It costs but half a dollar a year and W. J. Hatton is agent for it.
BREAK IT IN MIND that Tuesday evening next, at Opera Grand, we can hear that logical thinker and eloquent speaker, A. W. Tourgeur, author of "A Fool's Errand," "Bricks Without Straw," and other works.

COURT adjourned Wednesday evening until Tuesday morning next, when the case against Butler, for highway robbery, will come up. In the interim Judge Grant will hold term in Iron county, having gone thither Thursday morning. The last case tried here was the "cedar case," and the result sustained the attachments.
N. COOK, P. Hanberg and Jac. Larson, three of the hardy Norse citizens of Bay de Noc township, on Thursday made false our statement, elsewhere, that there was "too much ice for boats" by crossing the bay hither and returning, from shore to shore, in their boat. They found no ice to make them trouble except an "ice foot" an eighth of a mile or so wide on the east shore over which they had to haul the boat.

NOW, OUR FRIENDS the log jobbers can haul and bank their cut. The snow came Tuesday night and lies level, is damp enough to pack well and deep enough to make good roads.

A LETTER from Dr. J. S. North, whom many of our citizens will recall as having practiced here a short time in (we believe) '79, brings knowledge of his continued existence and well being. He is now located at Lansing.

JOHN CRAIG started from home (or Gladstone) to come to town on skates last Monday but found the ice broken up and moving and had to get ashore at the brick yard, and foot it the rest of the way. Until we get a lower temperature there will be no safety on the ice—in fact, no ice worth mention.

THE Green Bay Advocate, for forty three and a half years owned and conducted by the Robinsons, passed out of the hands of the widow of Col. C. B. Robinson at the close of 1888; her interest having been purchased by her partner, Mr. E. Decker, to whom the IRON PORT extends fraternal greeting.

WM. KINGSLEY, SR., known to all Escanabans as "Grandpa Kingsley," was stricken with paralysis last Tuesday and now lies at the residence of his grand-daughter, Mrs. F. E. Harris, very ill. His advanced age, 85 years, forbids hope of his recovery, and his condition is such that his demise, at any hour, would occasion no surprise.

"BERT" ELLSWORTH will next week open at 602 Ludington street, in the rooms from which Godley and Finnegan have each moved into brick stores of their own, and is ready to serve the public as a 'pothecary with side issues of stationery, fancy goods etc. How long it will take him to follow the example of his predecessors remains to be seen, but "BERT" is a hustler and will get there as soon as may be.

RAILWAY "foldens" (or other advertising matter) are usually, except to one looking for information as to routes, pretty dry reading. But one of the Western & Atlantic road of Georgia, which reached us this week was, to the writer, quite interesting. It gave, as "a southern home of the old style," a picture of the house at Marietta in which he was quartered for a week in the summer of '64, and views and descriptions of the various battle fields in the vicinity of that city.

RUMOR says, we know not with how much truth, that Mr. Rooney will vacate his position in the Northwestern service to take a position on the South Shore and remove to Marquette. We shall be sorry to lose a good citizen but shall rejoice in his promotion and the South Shore company will get a good man. The same may be said of J. C. Dougherty, formerly a resident of our place and more lately agent at Negaunee, whom rumor gives the position of general freight agent of the South Shore. Saw Rooney, says he don't know anything about it.

SHERIFF MCCARTHY authorizes us to say, for the information of all concerned, that hereafter, during his term of office, there will be no winking at open defiance of law. As there is but one law which he could refer to in such terms—one only which anybody has openly defied or is at all likely so to defy, it is just as well to drop the general style and say, plumply, that the saloon men must obey the law as to hours and days of closing their places and as to removing screens and curtains when closed, or that he will bring complaint. It is fair warning and parties interested will do well to accept it. One more point may be stated; there will be no "wheel," "hazard," "faro," "stud," or other such games allowed in the city. "If it is necessary, I'll pull them six times a week for the next two years," says the sheriff, and he will be as good as his word: The traps may as well be disposed of, their day, in our city, has gone by.

THE CASE against Tim Kelleher, for the killing of Eighme, went to the jury between four and five o'clock last Saturday afternoon. It was hardly thought, by those who had followed the evidence, that it would be out half an hour but five o'clock came and passed, six, seven, eight, nine—and the "usual" "Delta county verdict," "Can't agree," was looked for. A few minutes later the judge was asked for; the jury wanted a portion of the evidence read; the jurors did not agree in their remembrance thereof. The point was the time when the gun came into use—whether before or after the delivery of the assault by Eighme. The evidence—Hill's and Kelleher's—was read to them and was conclusive as to the time, and when again the jury went out the belief in a speedy agreement was renewed, but ten, eleven, twelve o'clock passed and no word came to the court or the waiting prisoner, and failure add another trial seemed probable. Until six o'clock Sunday morning the deadlock lasted, and how much longer it would have lasted must be a matter of guessing had not the steam run down and the house got cold. The janitor was wanted but the bailiff could not find him at his lodgings and the temperature continued to fall, and at 6.10 a. m. a verdict was frozen out—"not guilty"—the court notified, the verdict rendered and the jury discharged. The janitor was finally found, and how much longer it would have lasted must be a matter of guessing had not the steam run down and the house got cold.

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JUDGE GRANT, say lower peninsula papers, will be conceded the nomination for a seat on the supreme bench if the upper peninsula delegation in the state convention is solid for him. If they speak by authority the thing may be considered a foregone conclusion, for of the solidity of the delegation from this peninsula there is no doubt.

BOULTON has pre-empted Washington's birthday, Friday, Feb. 22, and secured Opera Grand, and will be on hand with his assistants to furnish the music for dancing. A dollar a couple is the figure: Everybody is invited. He will remind you of the fact, later on, by posters, but this may serve to prevent some one from making engagements before he sees the poster. Ten cents a line, C. F.

D. M. PHILBIN passed north last Wednesday morning (having tarried here over night to greet old friends) to take charge of the docks of the South Shore road, all of them, and the business transacted thereon, a position for which he is eminently fitted both by nature and by experience acquired in a similar position here. We don't know the title nor the pay, but as he left a good superintendency in Nebraska to take it, both are no doubt satisfactory.

FRIDAY afternoon of last week the wind, which had been from the south and so had raised the water in the bay, came out of the north and the falling water drew out of the bay with it its covering of ice, from the light-house point south. All that day the ice field had been covered with skaters—boys of ten years, youths of fifteen and men—and had the ice broken away before dark we should doubtless have had loss of life to chronicle. Be careful, lads; you take too many risks.

THE Mining Journal gives Pollasky's paper railroad more attention than we thought it worthy. If there are capitalists who can be made to believe in the possibility of building a railroad across northern Wisconsin at a cost of only \$8,345 72 per mile they should have guardians, certainly, but we are too busy to accept the charge. If any there are who take for truth Pollasky's assertion that the Soo road has more freight than it can handle (there being a daily mail to Minneapolis and men in its offices there to answer letters of inquiry) they are equally in need of conservators and their heirs at law should, for their own protection, see to it that they have them, but count us out, we've other work.

IN THIS LATITUDE we must warm our houses, artificially, continuously, for seven months—from October 1 until April 30. At this time anthracite coal costs us \$7.50 per ton and we have little reason to hope for lower prices in the future, and wood prepared for use in stoves, costs not less than \$5 per cord. These are hard lines for a laborer with an income of \$600 a year or less, and a large proportion of our population consists of such persons. It is a large item in the cost of a year's living no matter what the income may be, an item worth attention in the expense of every business. And it is an expense which can not be entirely avoided—the climate will remain the same and human necessities the same, indefinitely. But it can be reduced, largely, without any sacrifice of comfort; with, instead, a reduction of labor and relief from annoyance which would make the plan by which it is accomplished one to be desired, and appreciated when in use, even were the cost the same. "Natural gas" was a close guess of yours, my friend, but we are not in "the gas belt," the geological horizon of the region is too low, the "sands" which in other localities furnish the hydrocarbons, oil and gas, are wanting, the primary rocks are at the surface or near it. But we have water, plenty, and steam coal, or the cheaper "slack," can be had, and from them a gas fuel can be made and supplied to consumers at a figure that will cut our present fuel bills in two in the middle and still yield the manufacturer a handsome profit. We do not speak at random in the matter. The thing is already accomplished at other places no more favorably situated than Escanaba, and can be here. At the same time the gas can be so prepared as to be used for illumination. Think of it, ye who burn fuel—gas at 30 cents per thousand cubic feet for heating purposes; no toting coal in and ashes out; no fires to "make," or "renew," or "shake down;" no smoke nor soot; only the turn of a stop-cock and the scratch of a match, and when the fire is no longer needed but the turn of the stop-cock again and it is out; and with all, smaller cost. And you who have money to invest; what a tidy business—a staple article, which sells itself, and 8,000 people for customers; a thousand dinners to cook each day and every day in the year; a thousand homes and shops to heat for two thirds of each year; a business which makes no bad debts; a manufacturing establishment which wastes no material and turns out no unsaleable goods. It is "the next thing" for us: Who will undertake it? There is money in it for every one concerned, but the plant will cost something; will some one take hold of it, raise the necessary cash at home and keep the profit at home; or shall we wait until some enterprising Yankee does it, with eastern capital, and we get only the convenience—the profit going where our water rents, our insurance premiums, and pretty much all our cash goes, east.

"TOWNSEND," writing to a lower Michigan paper, gives Escanaba a good send-off—facts, mostly, and well told, but open to just a little friendly criticism in the interest of historical accuracy. "Nine thousand" people, he gives us: Take you under, 10 per cent., Mr. T. "A courthouse which would make the supervisors of *** county blush": Jesso; makes ours blush (or swear, same emotion) when they think what it has cost and see what it is. "Streets graded *** ten inches of broken stone *** six inches of clay gravel": All but the broken stone, but good roads, just the same. "Good folks * tend to their own biz * liberal, don't hang a cat on Monday for killing a rat on Sunday": Hard, cold fact, too glad to be rid of the rat to kick about the day or method. "Five ore docks": Only four, but plenty of room for more. "Vessels carry from 500 to 1,800 tons": No 500 ton carriers now—largest take 2,500 tons or over. "Fine opening here for manufacturers": True, as we were going to say Genesis but that comparison don't carry the force it used: True, as that two and two, added, or multiplied, make four. Big chance so work in wood; good place as any in the world for coke furnace; tip-top location for concern to build mining machinery: ought to be making Bessemer pig this minute. Keep up your lick, Townsend, but go slow about the black-eyed, red-cheeked demoiselles de Canada-Francais or the lads will get after you with a shot-gun.

Card of Thanks.
MR. AND MRS. C. H. MARSTON tender their sincere thanks to the friends who so kindly assisted them during the illness and demise of their little son.

Dr. Thos. L. Gelzer.
Dr. Gelzer having returned to Escanaba will be found at his office, corner of Ludington and Dousman streets, or at his residence 408 Elmer street.

Enterprise A. Association.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Amusement Association for the election of officers and other business will be held at the Delta County bank at 7.30 p. m. on Monday February 4, 1889.
Business of special importance will come before the meeting and a full attendance is required.
D. E. GLAVIN, Pres't.
SOL. GREENFOOT, Secy.
ESCANABA, Feb. 11, 1889

Is Consumption Incurable?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with absence of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."
Jesse Middlewear, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at J. N. Mead's drug store.

MRS. JOHN STONHOUSE (formerly Elizabeth Scott, of our city), died at her residence in Milwaukee, yesterday morning. Gustave E. Bearhisch and wife went down to attend the funeral. Mrs. Stonhouse's body will be taken to Stevens' Point, Wis., for burial.

THE SAME REASONS, and added thereto the absence from the city of both Governor Macdonald and Mr. Cochrane—the former at Lansing and the latter in Ontario—compel us to again postpone the historical and statistical article of which mention has heretofore been made. We can not say what we wish until the return of one or both of the gentleman named, and we prefer delay to imperfection which can thereby be avoided. We hope to be able to give the article next week but shall not give it until it is the best we can make it even though more delay should be necessary.

JOHN OLSON, a Scandinavian who had resided many years in this vicinity and been employed in the woods and fisheries, committed suicide last Sunday by cutting his throat. The act was performed in the stable occupied by F. I. Phillips, between twelve and one p. m., the Doctor finding his body, yet warm, lying in the stall when he returned from a round of calls at a few minutes past one. The cut that let out his life was inflicted with a dull case knife taken from the house where he had boarded for a day or two, and barely sufficed for his purpose, just reaching and severing the jugular vein. He made an unsuccessful, similar attempt two years ago. As far as is known he had no family nor any relatives in America. Coroner Mc Fall and a jury composed of F. I. Phillips, G. E. Bearhisch, Geo. Preston, F. A. Banks, H. D. Brainard and Geo. W. Harris considered the case and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts as we have stated them.

THE COUNCIL, or some members thereof (to say the least) contemplate action in regard to a system of sewers for the city at no distant day. We are glad to know it and can not refrain from urging that action, to the extent of procuring plans, etc., shall be taken at once. If it is as we hope, intended to enter upon the work of construction during the current year there is no time to spare. Such plans, covering the whole work and including a draft of an ordinance for the building, regulation and maintenance of the system, and estimates of its cost, can be procured for not to exceed \$1,000 (one engineer, of reputation, engaged on such work, offers to do it for \$750) and the money would be well spent even though the work was not undertaken at present. The offer mentioned will be laid before the council at its next meeting and will, we doubt not, receive due consideration. The one thing now most needed for the good of our city and people is good drainage of the city, so much we all agree upon, and our income justifies us in undertaking the work.

THE STATE.

Some one familiar with the Grand Rapids postoffice routine sneaked in and robbed it—loss not stated.
Mrs. Steward, of Flint, is a plucky woman. She beat off a man who attempted to rob her and was able to so describe him that the police got him.
Speaker Diekema went home, to Ottawa county, to make up his committees. Had to get away from Lansing or he could not get time.
Officers of the militia will ask the legislature for an increase of pay and for pensions for militiamen disabled in the line of duty.
Robert Gregg, at the Sault, shot at an empty building, as he supposed, and killed one of two men who had shelter therein.
Ogemaw county has a new court-house and jail, just completed, which cost only \$18,000.
Capt Joseph Heald, of Grand Rapids, lumberman and vessel owner, died Jan. 4.
Chris. Yeager was caught, at Port Huron, Sunday, with his pockets full of bogus dimes.
Friend, the "sugar refining" humbug, was a Michigan man, and lived at Milan, Washtenaw county. The Howards, of that place, Mrs. Friend's people, are "well fixed" out of the million sunk by the refining company.
Representatives of five generations, the eldest 93 years of age and the youngest one year, met at the residence of John Basney in St. Clair county at New Years.
The public schools of Holland have been closed by order of the board of health, to prevent the spread of scarlet fever, which prevails as an epidemic.
A "bob cat" which weighed thirty pounds was killed at Little Manistee river Monday. An ugly customer in a skirmish, sure.
At Hudson there's a hole in the ground 1,200 feet deep for sale. The oil company that bored it has given up the ghost.
Henry Platz swore that the girl he wanted to marry was 16 years old, the truth being that she was but 13, and is in jail at Paw Paw to be tried for his perjury.
John Bell, school teacher at Grand Prairie, has been twice shot at—close shots, both—and begins to think some one wants to hurt him.
Wm. Forbes, a lamp trimmer employed by the Brush Electric Light Co., of Detroit caught the current while at work, on the 4th, and was killed.
Pollasky's railroad company was organized on Jan. 3. at Hudson house, Lansing. Marcus was chosen president and Geo. A. Royce secretary.
Arley Miles, a footpad and fire bug, arrested near Adrian, got away from his captors although he was handcuffed and there were three of them, but blundered into a swamp and nearly died from exposure and hunger before he was recaptured.
Three notable citizens of Detroit, M. W. Birchard (who was over 100 years old), Crozier Davidson and Geo. W. Beadle, died last Sunday.
People at Livonia Center wanted to hang Palmer, who ravished Mrs. Pierson (and he richly deserves it), but the sheriff saved his neck. Jackson, for life, probably.
Another old Detroit, Elijah Cross, fell into the "bunco" trap and went to the bank to draw the funds to "represent." The bank folks saved him and the rogues are in arrest.
Charles Wise and Ney Apsey walked into open water on Clam Lake, near Cadillac, and were drowned. "Pretty full" when they left town, and bottles found on their bodies.
December salt product, shown by inspector's report, 254,774 barrels.
John C. Allen, of Flint, 75 years old, died Monday.

The Latest.
A tornado destroyed the Reading Silk mill, at Reading, Pa., on the 9th, burying some two hundred employes, mostly women and girls, in its ruins. At least 80 are killed and many of the survivors are badly wounded.
A tornado, accompanied by hail and rain, did extensive damage at and near Pittsburg, Pa., on the 9th. One, unfinished, building was thrown down and eight lives lost and many others seriously wounded.
A decision by Judge Barrett, of New York, rendered on the 8th, strikes heavily at trusts. He held that a sugar refining company had by its joining the "sugar trust" forfeited its charter and virtually passed out of existence.
The murderers of Paymaster McClure and Mr. Flanagan, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., have been identified and arrested.

Is Consumption Incurable?
Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with absence of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."
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SOCIETIES

DELTA LODGE NO. 195, A. F. & A. M.
Regular communications are held at their hall, over Ed. Erickson's new store, on the third Thursday in each month. F. H. Atkins, W. M. F. L. Harris, Secretary.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 118, I. O. O. F.
Regular meetings are held in their hall, over Conroy's new store, every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. H. L. Mead, N. G. Ole Erickson, V. G. F. W. Banks, Secretary.

INSTITUT JACQUES CARTIER.
Meets the first Sunday in each month at Grenier's hall. Joseph DuPont, President; E. Delle, Archivist; H. J. Derouin, Financial Secretary.

GERMANIA AID SOCIETY.
Meets on the first Sunday in each month at the city engine house. Anton Eaha, president; John Walk, treasurer; and Jacob Moersch, secretary.

ROBERT EMMET CLUB.
Meets in Odd Fellows hall. P. J. McKenna President; James Heffernan, secretary.

C. F. SMITH POST, NO. 175, G. A. R.
Department of Michigan. Meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. A. H. Rolph, commander; Emil Glaser, Adjutant.

DELTA CHAPTER, R. A. M.
Regular communication, held in Masonic Hall, at Saturday in each month. Visiting companions cordially invited. Theodore Farrell, H. F. A. H. Rolph, Sec'y.

ESCANABA LODGE, NO. 40, I. O. O. T.
Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, in the G. A. R. hall, over Ephraim & Morrell's store. K. Spoor, W. C. T., Cora C. Cox Secretary.

W. C. HATHWAY CHAPTER, ORDER EASTERN STAR
Meets at Masonic Hall last Friday evening of each month at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. S. H. Rolph, N. M. Miss E. Ephraim, Sec'y.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 98, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Meets every Tuesday in Odd Fellows Hall over W. C. Oliver's Hardware Store. L. O. Kirstine, C. C., O. V. Linden, K. of R. and S.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. C. C. Turner pastor. Services at 10:30 and 7:00 o'clock; Sabbath school at 11:45 o'clock; prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00 o'clock. Young People's Meeting at 6 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. C. H. Tyndall, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. Boys' prayer meeting at 7 p. m. every Sunday. Young people's prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5:30.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. E. Buttermann, pastor. Services in the morning at 8:00, 10:00 and 12:00 o'clock; catechism at 2:00 p. m. Evening services at 7:30 o'clock.

ST. STEPHEN'S PROT. EPISCOPAL.
Reverend C. A. French, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. On Sunday and Friday evenings at 7:30. Sunday school at 12 m.

SWEDISH METHODIST CHURCH.
Rev. A. Uppilgen pastor. Morning service, 10:30 evening service, 7:30; Sabbath school at 12, and weekly prayer meeting on Friday evenings.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—Eli P. ROYCE,
City Clerk—PATRICK H. TORNEY,
City Treasurer—EMIL C. WICKERT,
City Attorney—JOHN POWERS,
City Marshal—MICHAEL STEEN,
City Surveyor—FRANK J. MERRIAM,
Health Officer—HENRY McFALL,
Street Commissioner—ERICK ANDERSON,
Justices of the Peace—E. GLASER, LUTHERN FROST and S. F. EDWARDS.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

SUPERVISORS.
1st Ward, City of Escanaba—CASPAR C. STEPHENSON,
2d Ward, " " OSCAR J. LEBOUR,
3d Ward, " " OSCAR J. LEBOUR,
4th Ward, " " EMANUEL ST. JACQUES,
Township of Escanaba—NOEL BISHOPETTE,
" Ford River—T. V. WARD,
" Bark River—CHARLES D. HAKES,
" Bay de Noc—CHAS. J. STRATTON,
" Nahma—JAMES MCGEE,
" Maple Ridge—BASILIO LENZI,
" Baldwin—SARA D. FRANK,
" Garden—THOMAS J. TRACY,
" Fairbanks—HENRY L. HUTCHINS,
" Minnewaska—JOHN S. CRAIG,
" Masonville—ROBERT FRACOCK,
" Sack Bay—SAMUEL ELLIOTT.

TIME TABLES.

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Leave Escanaba for—
The North at 7:05 a. m.
" South (for Milwaukee) at 8:05 a. m.
" (for Chicago) at 4:15 p. m.
The West (for Crystal Falls) at 8:05 a. m.
" (for Iron River) at 4:15 p. m.
" (for Croppell) at 9:05 a. m.
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It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those who are afflicted with Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time. If you are afflicted with a skin eruption, or any other disease of the skin, you will find Sulphur Bitters a most valuable remedy. It is a most effective blood purifier, and will cure you of all skin diseases. It is a most effective medicine, and will cure you of all skin diseases. It is a most effective medicine, and will cure you of all skin diseases.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Drugists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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FUNERALS IN PARIS.

An Enormous Concern Where 15,000 Coffins Are Kept in Stock.
In all countries death and the ceremonies of burial are sad and repulsive. In France, perhaps, decency is observed as well as in any country, thanks to the excellent organization of the Compagnie des Pompes Funebres, which forms, so to speak, the administration of all the churches in Paris, exercising on their behalf the monopoly of funeral ceremonies. This company, whose monopoly is regulated by laws, is a vast enterprise, possessed of exceptional resources, an immense number of horses and carriages, a numerous and well disciplined personnel. Every year it takes charge of about 50,000 funerals, about half of which are those of the poor. Thanks to this enterprise even the poorest citizens are buried with some show of decency and in conformity with strict rules.

The administration of the Pompes Funebres is situated at Paris in the Rue d'Aubervilliers. It is a big, heavy, white stone building, built round a vast glass-roofed court-yard. To the right and left of the entrance door are the offices of the director and the book-keeping department. In the courtyard are the store rooms, the stables, the coach houses and the harness rooms. Every thing is black, sombre and silent; every thing is rigorously numbered and ticketed, classified and arranged for immediate use. The porteurs, or bearers, commonly called *coquemorts*, have a big room furnished with oak benches, where they assemble every morning, 400 in number, to await orders—gloomy, serious, clad in various styles, some with blouses, but most of them in jackets. Over this room are other rooms with cupboards running down the middle in double rows. Each cupboard is numbered and fitted with a lock, the key of which the correspondingly numbered *coquemort* keeps. In these cupboards are kept the uniforms of the bearers, who dress before going out on service and undress when their service is over, only wearing their regulation costume while on duty. The masters of ceremonies have each a private room to dress in. Their uniform consists of a cocked hat, coat, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, a court sword and a wand. This personage is paid by the day, so much for each funeral. His duty is to arrange the procession in proper order, to fix the order of the precedence among the mourners and to start the funeral.
Beneath the vast building of the Pompes Funebres are cellars dimly lighted with gas jets and full of rows and rows of coffins of all sizes and qualities. This cellar contains a stock of 15,000 coffins ready for use, varying in length from 6 feet 2-1/2 inches down to 27-1/2 inches, which are the regulation maximum and minimum sizes of dead French humanity. For persons taller than 6 feet 2-1/2 inches a coffin has to be built on purpose and to order. On one side of the cellar are the lead coffins, and in one corner a stock of square boxes in which coffins are packed for traveling by rail or steamer without attracting attention. Near the door of the cellar are some huge coffins with a circumference of six or nine feet, destined for the accommodation of very obese corpses. Likewise near the door are thirty hand-carts of peculiar form on two wheels, painted green and lined with black; these carts are used only when some terrible epidemic is decimating the population. The prices of the coffins, of the inner lining, and of the covering pall, and are all regulated by an immutable tariff. In 1870, during the siege, the little hand-carts painted green and lined with black had to serve universally as hearses, for all the horses had been killed for food.—N. Y. Sun.

Pointers From an Undertaker.
By dying now a man can save money. Never in the history of our distinguished profession has it been possible to secure a respectable interment for so small an amount of money as at present. The inventions and improvements which always cheapen commodities have, in our business, kept pace with the times. A decade ago there was not much difference in prices and methods. Now, there is every difference. Ten years ago any funeral would average \$150; now there is no average. A man can spend profitably \$5,000 in getting properly planted; or he can have the thing done in pretty good shape for a week's salary, and he'll feel just as satisfied as though he were investing a fortune in it. Some people are very apprehensive concerning their funeral, and others don't think about it at all. If a man wants to have the thing done properly, and go without a hitch, \$50 will make a pleasant display in his neighborhood. There has been a cut in rates among undertakers of late, and prices are at bottom rock. After a little the trouble will be adjusted and the old scale restored. But our inducements at present should not be overlooked. Now is the time to die.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Courtship Among the Apaches.
The Apache brave, when he goes courting, makes no effort to make himself agreeable to his intended bride. Indeed, he rarely notices or speaks to her except to answer some question of hers. He pays the most assiduous attention to her male relatives, particularly her big, lazy brothers. At night he goes to her father's lodge and distributes the presents about. If a pony, he is picketed close by; if it is a cow a horn is tied to the lodge, which shows his intention. The bridegroom comes sneaking around in the morning to see the result of his proposal. If the articles have been taken inside, the horse removed, etc., he is all right, whereupon the bride goes and builds a new lodge or tepee for herself and puts things in order generally for the buck she calls master. If the trinkets are not touched, the proposal is not accepted, and the suitor carries them away again.—Chicago Tribune.

JIM FISK'S MONUMENT.
An Imposing Structure Erected Over the Daring Financier's Remains.
After dinner at the leading hotel of the place, a more pretentious hostelry than they had met since leaving the Massasolet of Springfield, our friends started out for a stroll through the town, and ultimately found themselves in the cemetery, which is located upon a hill a little south of and overlooking the depot, and from which the photographic view was taken. Here, as they wandered among the tombs of this charming resting place of the dead, cutting bits of wisdom from the various inscriptions, all reminding them of their end, they came rather unexpectedly upon the monument of "Jim" Fisk, the financial hero of Black Friday. It is an imposing and beautiful structure of white granite from the quarries of Dummerston, a little way up the river, and was erected by his widow at a cost of nearly \$200,000. It consists of a shelf mounted upon a square base, at the four corners of which are life-size figures of Commerce, Finance, Banking, and Railroad, all charmingly conceived and admirably executed. Esthetically considered, it is a rare and beautiful piece of work, but what a commentary upon the truthfulness of monumental fame!
As our friends viewed the beautiful structure and criticized its design and execution, the excitable Tinto broke out into strong animadversions against the propriety of such a contribution to posthumous glorification anent a man whose name, while living, was a synonym for every thing that was—"Huah, perturbed spirit," interrupted the dominie. "This memorial of him stands in a secluded spot, far from the eyes of men; and it was the least his widow could do to return for the wealth he left her. As for the rest, judge not lest ye be judged." And the perturbed spirit was hushed.—Atlantic Magazine.

LOUIS SCHRAM'S

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FINNEGAN'S NEW STORE
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Prescription Put Up at Any Hour.

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Lath and Shingles, Dressed Flooring, Siding and Wainscoting.
Escanaba, Michigan

IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (No. 37 West St.), where advertising contracts will be made for it in New York.

STEAM and gas still escape in large volume from the burnt shaft of the Calumet & Hecla mine and the date for reopening is only to be conjectured.

LEON BAILEY'S nomination as U. S. district attorney for Indiana was too rank even for democratic stomachs and the president withdrew it and sent in the name of Samuel Claypool.

SENATOR EDMUNDS' joint resolution saying in fact, to France, "hands off the Panama canal," passed the senate last Monday. The house will undoubtedly concur and it will "finish" De Lesseps' scheme.

THE SHOOTING of Arnold by Blossingham, at Iron River, had "a woman in it," one who had been at one time the wife of the shooter and was at that time of the shooting living with Arnold, but who was, then and now, notoriously disreputable.

EL. PASO, Texas, wants the Sullivan-Kilrain fight to come off there—offers \$10,000 for it and guarantees against interference or molestation. Good place—let it go there, and do not let the big buffers out of the ring until one or the other is whipped; good.

THE MICHIGAN ALMANAC (every one knows what it is) for 1889 is ready. Order it of the Tribune Company, Detroit, cost 20 cents, or pay a year in advance for the IRON PORT and get a copy as premium. It is framed with information, from the 1st page to the 84th.

THE BIG BEGGARS are really going to fight, unless they (or one of them) backs out. Sullivan and Kilrain and their friends and backers met at Toronto last Monday and signed articles of agreement to fight, in July, near New Orleans, the stakes to be \$10,000 a side and the diamond belt to go with the money.

THE Soo Democrat has "information from trustworthy sources" that the South Shore road is to be made "one and the same with the C. P. R." and managed from Montreal. Don't you mean the "Soo road"? The late appointment of Mr. Fitch as general manager of South Shore is a circumstance that tells against you "information," Mr. Democrat.

MRS. PARNELL, the American mother of the Irish leader, has just given him what remained of her fortune, the homestead at Bordentown, New Jersey, and other property in that vicinity. She says that the law proceedings against the London Times, in which he is now engaged have absorbed or will absorb his means, entirely, and leave him penniless.

THE Green Bay Advocate will not allow its columns to become sewers, discharging filth into families; it will not "pander to the vitiated taste of a few who breakfast on iniquity; dine on immorality and sup on vice." In short it does not like, nor believe its readers like "stinks," in which it is unquestionably right, though it does differ therein from some publications we knew of.

"A WOODSMAN" writing from a camp up Whitefish to the Door County Advocate tells awful stories about the quality of Masonville whisky—says "the scent of it would knock down a rhinoceros," etc., but adds that a man who has once used it will have no other, and more to the same effect. Clear case of "writing for the press"—the whisky is bad enough, no doubt, and the best of it will kill the toughest woodsman if he sticks to it; but its only corn whisky—that's all.

WE HOPE the rumor that Mr. Arthur, so long the official head of the B. L. E., is about to resign may prove unfounded. We have no idea that Mr. Arthur is infallible, but he has made very few mistakes, the Brotherhood has prospered under his management, and we doubt its ability to put a better, or even as good a man, in his place. There seems to have been some little friction developed by the Q strike and its failure, but that ought not to bring about the threatened result.

MICHAEL JENNINGS fell over, dead, while sitting at supper, Thursday evening. We must cut loose from Duluth—vah for Vermilion county, Base ball New Year's day—weather uncomfortably warm, but a great game—two innings lasted five hours—score 21 to 13. We tried to be funny and—escaped being lynched. We won't try it again. Tales of "horror," a la Mrs. Oberauer, are exaggerations; there are brothels—where there are not—but no "horror."—Journal, Tower.

THE "American Protective Tariff League" has published heretofore, a "Bulletin," a publication in the nature of a campaign document merely. It changed the name and scope of the publication at the first of the year and now offers "The American Economist," a weekly paper intended to be permanent and while as fully devoted to the support of the "American system of Economics" as the "Bulletin," will be a valuable journal upon all economic subjects. Address Henry M. Hoyt, 53 west 23d St. New York.

THE Mil. & Northern company has "spotted" a lot of its passenger conductors and they have "resigned." Indian Agent Jennings is making inquiry about the death of Amos Skenandoh, and may make Officer Harlan some trouble. Constant Lamar was held up and robbed, on 11th street, Sunday evening. He can not identify either of his assailants, of whom there were three. The examination of witnesses in the Elmore-Gray contest does not bring out anything to help the contestant. Dr. Kate Bushnell stands our chief of police, we believe, if not he ought to be punished; if she does she ought.—Advocate, Green Bay.

GEN. NEWBERRY, who was made postmaster of Chicago because Judd was a failure, takes a course that makes his administration of the office worse than Judd's, dismisses the competent, experienced subordinates and gives their places to his incompetent, inexperienced friends. Luckily the senate has not yet confirmed his appointment and his time is short.

THE NORRIS MINE fire was a small affair and is out. The mine was re-opened Wednesday, Jan. 2. The damage consists of the burning out of the lagging of the pump room and the ladder way and planking of the shaft for seventy feet, and some (not much) damage to the big Knowles pump, which can be easily repaired. We gather the facts from the Ironwood Times.

M. E. GAFFNEY, county clerk of Ashland county, Wisconsin, committed suicide by shooting last Monday. There had been rumors for a long time that things were not "all right" in his office, and the settlement at the close of his official term proved the rumors well founded; he was defaulter to the amount of \$3,000 and the exposure was more than he could endure. He was formerly, for a number of years, a resident of Negaunee, where his relatives still reside.

A COPY of the Coffee Cooler comes to us with an article marked.. The marked article is an endorsement of R. P. Pealer, good soldier, good lawyer, good comrade of the G. A. R., for the republican nomination for justice of the supreme court. Can't do it, C. C.; C. B. Grant is all that and one thing more—the candidate of the upper peninsula—and we "boller" for him. Your part of the state has three justices—we want one, and that one Judge Grant. See?

A PAPER which must be extremely belligerent, speaking of the senate committee on railroad affairs, manages to give offence—a fair casus belli—to L. G. MacDonald, Senator Griffey and Mr. Hubbell in one short paragraph. The Lieut. Governor ought to come the writer but we have no idea that he will and, as he is no doubt as irresponsible as unvarnished, it is scarcely worth the while of either of the gentlemen libeled to take notice of him. Their records will speak for them, not his penny a-line contrabentions to a libelous sheet.

"THE OLD BOYS" of the 5th Mich. Cavalry, such of them as have not heard "ups" for the last time, held joyful reunion at Ionia on New Year's day. Gen. Alger was there and gave them a good, soldierly talk; Col. John Atkinson followed, then Col. Hopkins, Col. Pierce, Judge Morse, Gen. Poe, and then the banquet. After the feed more talking, in response to toasts, by Col. Kidd, Major Watkins, Major Storrs, Gen. Alger again (in a jocose vein) Major C. W. Watkins (the other was E. C.) Dr. Thomas and others. The Ionia Sentinel gave the whole in a special "Reunion edition," a very creditable bit of work.

ST. IGNACE has in progress a "war on the saloons" and the Watchman thus explains its origin. Premising that the Rev. Mr. Ferris is the generalissimo of the attacking forces it says:

The trouble arose thusly. Christmas day one of the parson's sons got fuller'n a goat. Got filled up to the neck with poor whisky—worse than the parson's "preschin,"—and started out to paint the town a deep cardinal red. And he did the job well. The unholy son of a holy father made a holy show of himself. Of course the Rev. John was mad, madder'n a wet hen. In his righteous wrath he poured forth the fiercest maledictions upon the heads of the children of Satan. It was fearful. It made his blood run cold to think of it. His good little boy get drunk! Stray from the straight and narrow path and, like any common youth, get full of Injun whisky!! And then the preacher called for vengeance with a cap. V.

ESCANABA is a good place for business and has a future; of that we have no doubt; but it will not be benefited by such statements as those which we find in the Detroit Journal accredited to Mr. Pollasky, of which this is a specimen: "Escanaba * * * during the year just ended shipped a million tons more ore than the eight other shipping points on the lakes." There are but four other "shipping points" for ore (or five if you count L'Anse, from which none has been shipped for years), namely Ashland, Two Harbors, Marquette and St. Ignace, and their aggregate shipments, instead of falling short of our shipments by a million tons exceed them, slightly. The IRON PORT will rejoice in any enterprise for the benefit of the place—will do its utmost to bring the natural advantages of the locality to the notice of the public, but random talk like that, and like Mr. Pollasky's assertion (given at the same time) that "the Soo road has had more freight than it could handle" can not be of benefit to it and ought not to pass uncontradicted.

A MARKED copy of the Battle Creek Journal calls attention to a feature of Senator Blair's proposed amendment to the constitution of the U. S. which that paper vigorously opposes and to which the IRON PORT is just as earnestly opposed. The amendment proposes "a system of free public schools" in which shall be taught "the common branches of knowledge" and "virtue, morality and the principles of the Christian religion." To the teaching specified we must demur, utterly. It is no more defensible from the standpoint of the "American idea" of civil government than the teaching of Mahomet's religion or that of Buddha or Confucius. What are the principles of the Christian religion? apart from "virtue and morality"? A commission would be necessary to determine the answer to the question, and the work of such a commission must establish a "state religion"—could have no other effect. No; let the "Christian religion" and all other religions stand equal before the law; let there be no meddling, in any manner, with that subject by congress; no Utah for us.

JUDGE NOYES and his partners experimented for 123 days with a daily Eagle and gave it up. In its last issue, last Saturday, they announce its suspension for the reason that "there has been no profit in the enterprise," and the further reason that they are "not doing business for fun or glory." But "the Old Bird" will continue to appear every Saturday while the world stands.

A. H. HEATH, commissioner of labor, makes us his debtor (and will except our thanks) for a copy of his annual report, a document exhaustive of the matters of which it treats—the condition of labor in the fire-clay, slate, coal, grindstone, gypsum, stone and copper industries of the state, and showing that condition to be an enviable one as compared with the condition of laborers in like industries anywhere else in the world.

THE PUBLIC will be pleased to hear that the "Standard Oil Trust" has ceased to be remunerative to its shareholders and is likely to go to pieces and will experience a greater joy still when the collapse occurs. It is too late for the breaking up of the trust to be of much value—the decreasing yield of the Pennsylvania oil field which brings it about will serve to keep up the price of the commodity, but the death of the "octopus" will be a boon, for all that.

FITZGIBBON had an unsavory reputation and when two of his employes succeeded to the control of the plant and assumed the conduct of the paper every one had a good word and wish for them. It seems, however, that they deserved support even less, if that be possible, than Fitz. We never heard of Fitz robbing a harlot or of his submitting to have his face slapped, in the street, by one. Patterson's escapade and arrest will probably wind up the career of the "Advocate."

THE Boston Advertiser still clings, apparently, to the long exploded heresy about the "balance of trade," for we find it declaring, upon the strength of the statistical showing for November, that "at last the merchandise balance has turned in favor of this country." Will these antiquarians never learn that there is profit in buying as well as selling merchandise?—Free Press.

The individual who buys more than he sells—everything counted—is or soon will be bankrupt, and there's no profit in honest bankruptcy, that we ever heard of. The rule holds of a community as certainly as of an individual. "Explode" that, Mr. Free Press.

BERRY has dropped the "Industrial" from the title of his paper, which is now the "Iron Mountain Journal." He got a new "picture head" for it, too, concerning which we might have been tempted to say a word had he not said it himself, thus:

"We are not particularly stuck on the engraver's work; the ore cars look as though they were sawed off box cars. Where the men came from with the dump car full of rock or where they are going is more than we can tell, as the engraver failed to send a key with the cut."

"Reform it altogether," Bro. Berry; plain, Roman type is the neatest thing.

THE Free Press interviewer caught on to "Our Jay" and "John Q.," in one and the same evening and hotel last week and made a column and a half, solid nonpareil, out of them. Mr. Hubbell communicated two bits of information, namely, that he was out of politics "for good" and that he had got beyond "worry" in matters of business, and therewith he had to be content. From Mr. Adams he extracted two statements—that there was not much money in a Negaunee law practice and that there was bushels of it in the hills of Marquette county, waiting to be dug out, but he could work the affable Adams for nothing in the way of political opinions, any more than he could the sarcastic Hubbell. From each he got one thing though—a good report of the upper peninsula—Michigan's treasure chest.

HERE'S what the Michigan newspaper men want with regard to libels and suits for libel, as embodied in a bill prepared by Fred. A. Barker:

"A bill relative to actions for libel. Section 1. The people of the state of Michigan enact, that in actions for libel there shall be no presumption of either express, actual or legal malice from the mere fact of the publication of the libel, and the burden of the proof on the question of malice shall be on the plaintiff.

"Sec. 2. In actions for libel, if there is no proof of express malice, or the court or jury shall find that there was no such malice, then no exemplary or punitive damages shall be awarded; nor shall any general damages be awarded that are not strictly actual and real.

"Sec. 3. No action for libel shall be brought or maintained unless the plaintiff shall before bringing suit request the defendant to publish a retraction of the libel and allow the defendant a reasonable time in which to publish such retraction and make such amends as are reasonable and possible under the circumstances of the case; and proof of the publication of any such retraction or correction shall be admissible in evidence under the general issue on the question of the good faith of the defendant, and in mitigation and reduction of damages. Proof of the failure or neglect of the plaintiff to comply with the provisions of this section may be given in evidence under the general issue in bar of the action.

"Sec. 4. It shall not be lawful for any attorney-at-law to bring or conduct any action of libel for a contingent fee, or on any understanding, expressed or implied, that he is to receive any portion, or all, of the damages recovered as compensation for his services; nor shall any attorney-at-law advance any money or incur any liability for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the plaintiff in any such action."

Section 5 repeats all acts inconsistent with the act. The bill will be pressed by all the means within the power of the Press Association and Press Brotherhood, and will, if passed and approved, give a newspaper writer half a chance in the courts. As the law now stands such a one, sued or prosecuted for libel, is like a kitten in a kennel—he may scratch the dog's noses but he gets nipped, all the same.

GOVERNOR LOCK'S MESSAGE is long but as he has a chance only once in two years perhaps that is not to be wondered at. It is good, and that may atone for its length. He returns thanks to Providence for the unbroken prosperity of Michigan and points out to the legislature some things it should look to; first, a better method of conducting elections, and he recommends attention to what is called the "Massachusetts system"; then he cautions against hasty and ill-considered action which the supreme court must nullify, suggests a joint committee to be composed of the most eminent lawyers belonging to the legislature, to which questions of constitutionality shall be referred: "Indeterminate sentences" of criminals is a subject needing attention, he thinks, and he points to the law of Ohio as one worth attention, and suggests rather a "parole system," with proper care of paroled prisoners, than any other plan. His references to the various charitable, reformatory and penal institutions are wise, but not of great interest to the lay reader and we pass them. Upon the question of legislation to "discourage intemperance" it would be neither wise nor fair to epitomize—the governor shall speak for himself: We give below the paragraphs in which he treats of that subject:

The policy of all civilized countries is to discourage intemperance and mitigate its evils by legislation. This is eminently true of our own state. The questions connected with it form one of the most difficult problems submitted to you for solution. In 1887 the legislature passed a law known as a local option act, authorizing counties by vote of its citizens to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within its jurisdiction. They also amended what was known as the tax law, increasing the tax upon the sale of liquors and beer, and otherwise providing for its more rigid enforcement. By virtue of the local option law 37 counties voted upon the question, and 35 of these voted to prohibit the sale and manufacture, most of these by very large majorities. But unfortunately the law was declared to be unconstitutional by the supreme court, because of defect in the title. By the same high judicial tribunal some of the most valuable amendments to the tax law were nullified.

Evidence of the magnitude of the evils of intemperance are to be found in every direction. Those who visit our state prisons, reformatory and charitable institutions with a desire to investigate the causes that fill these institutions with their population are painfully reminded of the evils inflicted upon society by the traffic in, and use of, strong drink. It is certainly the right and the duty of law makers to exhaust every effort in applying a remedy for their evils, and when the remedy is discovered, whatever it may be, it must be fearlessly and effectively applied. The sentiment of our state, as clearly indicated at the polls, is in favor of the adoption of such measures as will restrict the evils of intemperance to the narrowest possible limits, and in doing this we must not forget that laws relating to this subject as well as others, must be enforced by public sentiment. Indeed law itself is but such sentiment crystallized, and under the genius of our institutions, laws must be enforced by local authority—courts, prosecutors, and jurors. In order to do this public sentiment must be stimulated and educated. A stream can never rise higher than its source, and this illustrates the enforcement of law. It is to be deplored that agencies once so promising and potent have been impaired, even destroyed by strife and contention, and some that were once active in propagating and building up temperance sentiments, are now using their power solely and alone to propagate and build up party. But even this does not excuse the legislator from the discharge of his duties. And, believing that the sentiment of a large portion of the state is ripe and ready for it, I commend to your consideration the passage of a local option law if one can be devised free from constitutional objections. Entertaining sincere doubts as to this point, I desire to urge upon your careful attention the question of constitutionality. Unfortunate indeed would it be to adopt measures relating to this subject that will again be overthrown by competent, judicial authority.

The evil to be confronted is a great and powerful one. It stalks abroad at noonday, and at night is doing its deadly work. Many saloons of the lower order are rendezvous for criminals. With a high hand it attempts to dictate measures and to elect its friends to official position. It is so strong that good men sometimes bow down and obey its demands. But in some way, somehow, it must be met and restrained applied. If our constitution prohibits us from securing an efficient law for localities, it does not prohibit a general prohibitory law, and if we are denied other opportunities, no doubt in the future this course will be resorted to. Some amendments to the tax law should be made increasing the tax and to render its enforcement more certain. Complaints against prosecuting attorneys for neglect in liquor cases are not infrequent. Possibly their duties may be more clearly defined.

The passage of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks within three miles of state educational institutions has been urged upon my attention, and while I am not quite prepared to recommend the adoption of this measure, yet its consideration in connection with the whole question is submitted to you for solution.

IN THE ABSENCE of business transactions worth speaking of, the usual report of the week's doings is reduced to trade gossip of more or less interest. The ore men who, during the past two or three weeks, have been quietly conferring with their heaviest buyers, decline to speak of the result of their preliminary negotiations, but it is quite well known that such negotiations are already under way, and include some heavy blocks of ore, both Bessemer and high phos. grades. It may suit the rail mills at this time so prognosticate a poor season, hoping, perhaps, to obtain some concessions on new Bessemer ores, but when the market opens they will be found in the forefront of purchasers, the ruling low rail quotations notwithstanding. The statement made, that a good many furnaces hereabouts are supplied with ore until July 1, is disputed by some of the interested parties, who claim that the ore now on hand will be practically all consumed by May 1, and that the furnaces will have ore at any price. This, of course, represents but one view of the case. Lake freights, although quite firm, will hardly be as high as the vessel-men anticipate, and there is little doubt that season charters could be made at \$1.10, or even less, from Escanaba, with corresponding Marquette and Ashland rates.—Iron Trade Review, Jan. 3.

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

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.
EVIDENCE of the magnitude of the evils of intemperance are to be found in every direction. Those who visit our state prisons, reformatory and charitable institutions with a desire to investigate the causes that fill these institutions with their population are painfully reminded of the evils inflicted upon society by the traffic in, and use of, strong drink. It is certainly the right and the duty of law makers to exhaust every effort in applying a remedy for their evils, and when the remedy is discovered, whatever it may be, it must be fearlessly and effectively applied. The sentiment of our state, as clearly indicated at the polls, is in favor of the adoption of such measures as will restrict the evils of intemperance to the narrowest possible limits, and in doing this we must not forget that laws relating to this subject as well as others, must be enforced by public sentiment. Indeed law itself is but such sentiment crystallized, and under the genius of our institutions, laws must be enforced by local authority—courts, prosecutors, and jurors. In order to do this public sentiment must be stimulated and educated. A stream can never rise higher than its source, and this illustrates the enforcement of law. It is to be deplored that agencies once so promising and potent have been impaired, even destroyed by strife and contention, and some that were once active in propagating and building up temperance sentiments, are now using their power solely and alone to propagate and build up party. But even this does not excuse the legislator from the discharge of his duties. And, believing that the sentiment of a large portion of the state is ripe and ready for it, I commend to your consideration the passage of a local option law if one can be devised free from constitutional objections. Entertaining sincere doubts as to this point, I desire to urge upon your careful attention the question of constitutionality. Unfortunate indeed would it be to adopt measures relating to this subject that will again be overthrown by competent, judicial authority.

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Have their WINTER STOCK of
BOOTS AND SHOES
Now in place. Call and examine their
HEAVY, HAND-MADE
Goods for Men,
Fleece : and : Fur-Lined
Goods for Ladies.

School Shoes
For Children--and every sort, size and
fashion of
WINTER FOOTWEAR.

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.

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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, Silverware, Games, Toys, Washtubs, Drums.

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GLADSTONE AND SOUTH GLADSTONE.

Dealers in

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

Full Stock in all lines, at

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GROCERIES & PROVISIONS ONLY AT

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

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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.

The Plain Truth

About the so-called "War of races" in Kemper county, Mississippi, would never have been known except by investigation from the outside; the white people of the county would never have told it and the negroes could not. But the investigation has been made and the case is shown to be merely one of a "sassy nigger"—"sassy" enough to own a farm and make money, and the usual action of the Mississippi chivalry in such cases. The investigation was by a special correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution and we copy from his report:

The Wahalak tragedy was not the result of a race war. It was simply an unlawful attack upon the home of a colored man, and the killing of two of the assailants; and the subsequent pursuit and murder of several black men by lawless whites. The lawlessness was permitted to gather force through the culpable indifference of an incompetent sheriff, at whose feet the responsibility must be laid.

Wahalak is a little lumber station on the Mobile and Ohio road, situated in Kemper county, which is not unknown to fame. The negroes are said to outnumber the whites ten to one. On either side of the railroad, and for several miles back, the country is level and the soil rich. On the east side there arises a series of precipitous bluffs, behind which the country is sterile and broken. In the valley below live the white planters, most of whom own their own places as family inheritances, while the negroes, who were their former slaves, live on the high lands, where they cultivate small patches. Many of them have bought their homes, and live there in an ideal republic of their own. In the busy season they hire out to the planters below, and the money thus earned, supplemented by their own little crops, enables them to live the year around.

The Maury family is the leading one in that section of Kemper county. The head of the family, J. W. Maury, now an aged man, has a large family, who are settled around him. He was also, before the war a slave owner, and his former slaves are among the most prominent among the black inhabitants of the hills. Mr. Maury's two sons, Henry and Frank, in middle life, married, and fathers of large families, live adjoining him. George Maury, the leader of the colored men, was a former slave of the Maury family, and had the implicit trust of its members. Some years ago George married the house girl who had the kitchen keys to the Maury household. The affair was one of note. In the marriage of two trusted servants, the Maury's showed the deepest interest. The wedding took place from the mansion, and the newly married pair were settled in one of the mountain cabins, where they have since lived in a thrifty manner, paying for the place and accumulating something every year.

As to what led up to the present ill-feeling there are conflicting opinions. It has been stated that a few Sundays ago, a negro preacher in one of the churches read one of General Sherman's recent fulminations, in which he referred to the use which might be made of the torch, dynamite and sword. That reading, however, did not take place in the Maury neighborhood, but in DeKalb some miles distant, and there is no evidence that the Wahalak negroes ever heard of it. The friends of the DeKalb preacher deny that he ever read it. Then, again a series of letters appeared recently in several northern papers, which criticised somewhat freely the manners of the people and the relation between the races. As the negroes are not a reading people, and probably never saw either of the obscure papers printing the offensive articles, it is difficult to see how they could be incited by them.

Tom Nicholson and his brother-in-law, Seth Cobb, are known as hard cases. Many stories are told as to their antecedents, their drinking habits and their association with negroes. It is asserted by many that their families lived on equal terms with those of the negroes by whom they were surrounded. Hence, when George Maury ordered Nicholson's young son to drive out of the way and let him pass, he was only carrying out the familiarity which had long existed. George is a man of violent speech, so that his language was that to which the Nicholsons were accustomed. When Tom Nicholson reached the spot he found the boy still crying with the negro still abusing him. A fight took place in which the negro whipped the white man. Nicholson went home and Maury drove on. This, then, establishes the feud, with George Maury, black, on one side, and Tom Nicholson, white, on the other. Nicholson sent for his brother-in-law, Seth Cobb. Soon others were added to the crowd, among them being William Vaughn and William Hare. They claim that their purpose was to arrest George Maury for assault and battery. There is much stronger evidence, however, that their intention was to get George for the purpose of flogging him, and perhaps to kill him, if he should resist too strongly. This theory would be in keeping with the antecedents of the parties. The white Maury's joined in later, their special object being to punish the negro for presuming to talk impudently to a white boy. George Maury knew what was coming, and prepared for it. His house is on one of the highest points of one of the highest hills in the neighborhood. The smoke house, the cotton pen and the wagon shed form a triangle command-

ing the gate entrance into the house. George called his friends together, thirteen in number, and prepared to defend himself from the attack of the mob. The party approached on Sunday night, eleven white men composing it, with Seth Cobb in command, Frank Maury as his first lieutenant, and Thomas Nicholson, William Hare, William Vaughn, a young clerk named Giles, and others. The party passed within range of the triangle, and up to the door of the house. Frank Maury pushed the door open and found the house perfectly dark. An inmate told him that George was over about the cotton pen. As the crowd turned in that direction a deadly fire was opened upon it from the three entrenched houses. Giles took to his heels and ran, never stopping until noon of the next day. Seth Cobb fell, mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes. Next, Frank Maury bit the dust. Nicholson was mortally wounded. William Hare fell between a log and the fence which afforded him protection against the fire from the cotton pen. The night was bright and clear, and every movement could be distinctly seen. One of the inmates of the cotton-pen took special charge of Hare, who was behind the log. The negro would work his rifle through the port-hole in all directions trying to get good aim at Hare, while the fire would be as promptly returned. During a lull in the shooting Hare jumped the fence and soon made himself scarce. Half a dozen of the party were seriously wounded, all of whom retreated leaving the dead on the field. When the party returned next day for the dead, they found that the negroes had evacuated the place. Thus it will be seen that the assault upon the negroes was unwisely, even if it had been in pursuance of law. But the fact is sufficiently proven that there was no law in the whole affair. Seth Cobb, who pretended to act as constable, had no such authority, and had no warrant to execute. None was found in his possession, and Justice Robinson, the magistrate from whom he claimed to have received it, lives about twenty miles away in an inaccessible place from Wahalak. The story that he had such a warrant was simply made up after the trouble, in order to cover with the mantle of legality the conduct of a lawless raiding party. The raiders at once took measures to color the whole affair. The stories sent out were all of their own making, correspondents from a distance were kept at bay, and several were given to understand that their immediate departure might be to their interest. The reports which were sent out under these circumstances, conveyed the idea that it was a race war; that whites were in danger of extermination at the hands of infuriated negroes. Such reports found ready sympathy and immediate response. The young men in all parts of the state were ready to go to the defence of the beleaguered whites. Still Sheriff Key was strangely inactive. So far as he was concerned he might as well not have existed. While young men 200 miles away were tendering their aid to the people whom they believed to be in danger, the sworn law officer of the county, but twelve miles away, never moved a peg.

The excitement which followed the moonlight battle on the hill was intense. The better class of people in Kemper county, who have as little sympathy with the Cobbs and Nicholsons as with the negroes, began to feel concerned for the good name of the county, but owing to the absence of a leader, the sheriff failing to appear, could not accomplish much. A party of men from Meridian was the first to arrive, and the first to leave. The story of their departure has yet to be told. It seems that there was a good many pocket flasks in the party, and that by the time they reached Wahalak they were ready for business on an extensive scale. They fired around wildly at every negro in sight, and, while a race war had not yet broken out, it was plain that a little more promiscuous shooting would produce one. Several prominent citizens seeing this, induced the Meridian men to return home.

It was on Wednesday following the Sunday battle that the friends of the dead men organized to skirmish the county. Three days had passed by; the county was the scene of blood; the whole Union was thrilled with horror at the impending calamity in Kemper; people in all parts of Mississippi were concerned for the safety of their brethren, and yet Sheriff Key was supremely indifferent. Here was a company of armed men, booted and spurred, laden down with shotguns and revolvers, dividing off into platoons to scour the county with hostile intent, all without law or the presence of the sheriff, who was quietly receiving the taxes at DeKalb.

The story of that ride over the county it will take the grand jury to unravel. Vaughn and Hare were prominent as leaders. They went out bound to secrecy, and they are yet under that obligation. Many negroes are missing, and when an absentee is named the suggestion is made that he has probably "gone to Arkansas." What peculiar meaning that phrase has it is hard to determine. One of the parties which scoured the neighborhood in which George Maury lived arrested several negroes. On its return it was suggested that it would be well to have the negroes under guard in an old house called the white house. Five hard looking cases were left in charge of the party. Thursday morning the guard appeared in Wahalak without their prisoners.

How many more have gone the same road it is hard to say, but there is plenty of room for conjecture. "Every one of the thirteen suspected men will be killed if caught," said

a citizen who knew all parties concerned. George Maury, Will Martin, and Walter Crook are among the three who, it is significantly stated, "have gone to Arkansas." Their cabins have been burned and desolation reigns where they once lived.

WHAT does the Free Press want or what is it likely to want of the senator from the 31st that it should "put salt on his tail" in this way? "He is one of the younger generation of politicians who are rapidly rising into fame and fortune in Michigan * * * of distinguished appearance * * * no slouch of a newspaper man * * * wields a wide influence." Say no, to it, any way, C. G., on general principles. Don't be caught that way; the trick is stale.

THE New York law substituting electricity for the rope as the means of inflicting the death penalty is imperfect in that it does not provide for the purchase of the necessary apparatus nor the employment of persons who know how to use it. The ordinary sheriff could manage to put an end to a condemned criminal with the rope, but he is likely to kill himself as his prisoner if he goes to fooling with high tension electric currents. Now the talk is to legislate some more and make asphyxiation the method—a tight cell and turn on the gas.

MR. MORRELL continues to excavate a canal across this peninsula, with his mouth. He was at Chicago last week and aired the subject in the papers in his usual felicitous style. We note he has changed his mind about the point on Lake Superior for its northern terminus from Grand Island sound to Au Train bay, "just east of Marquette," but he sticks to the old story that "the towns at each end" are "moving in the matter" though the motion is imperceptible here. He adheres, also, to his estimate of the probable cost of the work, ridiculously small as that estimate is, and puts the time necessary for its completion at eighteen months—all of which is as bright and as unsubstantial as a rainbow. Fact is Mr. M. knows nothing of the magnitude of the work he proposes, of its probable cost or of the time it would take to perform it, and his vaticinations are mere flatulence.

THE JANUARY number is the second beautiful holiday issue of Wide Awake for the season. It opens with a charming social novelty for the winter evenings, a violin recitation entitled "The Cricket Fiddler." The words for recitation are by Clara Doty Bates, the music with each verse for the violin is by Julius Eichberg, and the funny little orchestral crickets are by L. J. Bridgman. The opening story, full of the Christmas tide spirit, is by Heskiah Butterworth, entitled "Good Luck." Another Christmas story "Such a Little Thing" is by the popular English writer, Mrs. L. E. Walford. Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, has a sketch of early California, called "My Grizzly Bear." The serial stories are very readable: "Five Little Peppers Midway," by Margaret Sidney, is full of delicious home-fun and young life, while the Trowbridge serial, "The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane," swings along in a jolly way; Trowbridge's New England families are the genuine people of the soil, and those in this story are real Yankees. "The Legend of William Tell" gives some excellent reasons for classing that popular episode of Swiss history among folk-tales. Mrs. Sallie Joy White tells in "Fire-Building" how the girls are taught to build a fire in the Boston Public Schools, which is exactly how it should be built in everybody's kitchen. Prof. Starr writes in "A Queer Bundle of Sticks" of the evidence that elephants once roamed over America. Mrs. Goddard Orpen relates the romantic incidents belonging with the famous Russian diamond, "The Orloff." "Minty Malvina's Santa Claus," by M. E. M. Davis, is one of the best Christmas stories of the season. There are poems by Mrs. Whiton-Stone, Margaret Eyring, Faith Clevelead Lee, and others. A very bright department has been added to the magazine called "Men and Things" full of contributed anecdotes, reminiscences, descriptions and "short talks." Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, or with IRON PORT at \$4 for both.

A Sensible Man

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

The Handsomest Lady in Escanaba.

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

The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily overcome by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assists digestion, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood of all germs of disease.

The best anodyne and expectorant for the cure of colds and coughs and all throat, lung, and bronchial troubles, is undoubtedly, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your druggist for it, and, at the same time, for Ayer's Almanac, which is free to all.

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 50c and \$1.

Eczema, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Tortures.

The simple application of "Swamy's Ointment," without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Pimples, Itch, Scum, Prurigo, Eczema, all Scaly, Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Recent Discoveries and Experiments of General Interest.

Eastern wood-workers are using naphthalene as a wood preservative. It is said to be very effective, leaving the wood dry and with only a faint aromatic smell.

A Swedish scientist claims to have discovered the secret of petrifying wood by artificial processes. He thinks it will be possible ere long to construct edifices of wood and convert them into stone. As it takes three months and costs about five hundred dollars to petrify a block of wood of the dimensions of one cubic inch it will probably be some time before his process will be generally adopted.

A novel method of locating a leak in a water main has been employed at Rochester, N. Y., with entire success. The break in the main was known to be between the banks of the river. A solution of bi-permanganate of potash was introduced at a hydrant on the side of the river nearest the reservoir, and observers were stationed on the river along the line of the main. A deep redish-purple discoloration of river water at one point soon made the exact location of the leak apparent.

A mechanical engineer, writing about belting materials, advises machinists to select belts of a light color in preference to others. "The best belting," he writes, "has an unmistakable light-buff color, which indicates that it is not only all oak-tanned, but that the leather has been thoroughly washed by the currier to remove all matter except the fiber. The light-buff color also indicates that only the best quality of greases have been used; if the latter are of inferior quality they darken and impair the leather."

One of the troublesome questions which architects have never been able to settle is the placing of permanent foundations under large buildings. The latest experiment tried in this city, according to the American Architect, is to cover—before commencing the footings—the entire area of the excavation of the building with a thick stratum of concrete, laid directly upon the top of the clay hard-pan. The depth of this course is nearly two feet, and its object is to strengthen the clay that the settlement may be reduced to a minimum.—Chicago News.

COUGHING IN CHURCH.

An Evil Bred of Habit and Apparently Thoughtless Imitation.

Whoever has attended a place of worship must have noticed that the storm of coughing which prevails therein, and the throat-clearing, which moves like a rabble of wrong notes before the church music, are not wholly natural phenomena. They are to a large extent avoidable evils, bred of habit and thoughtless imitation, and their very desirable reduction is therefore by no means hopeless. Even where a basis of disease underlies the explosion, a little self-control could usually do something to lessen its force or its frequency. The same is of course doubly true in the case of the merely habitual cougher. A variety of medicinal aids might, moreover, be used in support of such voluntary efforts. There is, lastly, the option of refraining from the use of the voice in worship should every other means fail to assure that reasonable degree of quiet which is natural and decent in public worship. Remonstrance on the part of the officiating clergymen affords another possible remedy, and a preacher must indeed be often tempted to reprove this form of disturbance as much in the interest of his hearers as himself. Occasionally his judicious interference might be useful. We can not doubt that it has from time to time been resorted to. It must be remembered, however, that nowhere are tact and temper so needful as in the pulpit, and that, however easy of use this corrective may appear, it would be unwise to establish any set method of restraint in a case where so much depends on personal discretion. A notice affixed at each entrance-door would probably better answer the same purpose. In one respect, indeed, both clergymen and their lay assistance are open to some degree of blame in the matter. The arrangements for heating and ventilation are defective in almost every church. By seeking out and amending any evident errors in these respects the official members of a congregation would at least be doing what they could to abate the coughing nuisance.—London Lancet.

Queer Economical Streaks.

It is very strange how differently the economical streak is developed in different persons. We once knew a well-to-do father of a family, who thought that to hire a carriage for any purpose, was to bespeak an instantaneous removal to the poor-house; therefore, if his wife and daughters chanced, when nicely dressed, to get caught in a shower of rain, more dry goods would be ruined in the operation of walking, umbrellas in hand, through it, than would pay for a carriage several times over. Another gentleman was so economical of wafers as invariably to break one in halves when sealing a letter. Another hoarded up the blank page of old letters to save stationery. And yet, in other respects, these good people were not niggardly. If the reader will take pains to question himself, very likely the result will be the discovery in himself of just such a queer vein of stinginess, about some little every-day matter, not before self-acknowledged.—N. Y. Ledger.

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 Jos. 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. 27, 1888.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., JAN. 12, 1889.

ONLY.

Only a wounded bird,
As I see you, dying on the grass,
As I see that his song for you is still,
The wild sweet fatal melody that filled
The summer woodland; and ecstatic thrilled
With all rich cadences the ear that heard,
Only a bird! Who mourns it as we pass?

Only a withered rose,
Picked as it were and lying in the heat,
What matter for its lightly-berthed bloom,
Or that, if you had spared, its happier doom
Had been to dance in every wind that blows?
Only a rose, despoiled of every sweet.

Only a coffin small,
A dead child with white roses on its breast,
What matter that some heart is wrung with
pains,
Some baffled love hath fought with Death in
vain
That slow tears fall, a salt and bitter rain
That never had nor flower to life may call?
Only a child, gone from its play to rest.

Only 'Ah, well-a-day,
A word, a sound, a waft of fragrant breath,
But life goes fleetly in its narrow bound,
And hearts break sometimes to its simple
sound.
The world is good and green and fair and
round,
But what is this, the west wind men say?
We only dare to live in hope of death.

—M. G. Williams, in Detroit Free Press.

LAWRENCE LOVEJOY.

A Romance of English Life During
the Free-Trade Movement.

BY FRANK J. MARTIN AND W. H. S.
ATKINSON,
AUTHORS OF "THE MILLS OF GOD" AND OTHER
STORIES.

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first published by exclusive arrangement
with the authors.]

**CHAPTER I.
NORTHBOROUGH.**

YOU may find a hundred and one such towns in old England; every shire can boast of from two to two dozen of them. A stranger visiting one of these places six days out of the seven wonders what kind of people live there—whether they ever work and transact business, or whether they pass all their time in deep sleep—and racks his brain with speculations as to how they contrive to make a living. Business is apparently at a standstill. The streets are empty and the inns are deserted; no life is in the market-places, and not a soul is seen in the shops or banks, while two or three gray old clerics appear to be as cold and dead as the mouldering bodies buried years before in the graveyards which surround them. Then, again, if the same stranger should happen to visit that veritable town on the seventh day, the day set apart for the weekly market, his wonder would rather be that so many people and vehicles of all descriptions could possibly be gathered together in so modest a country town. Yet dear old places, under any and all circumstances, they are to those who live in them and know them well; and Northborough, in the grand and glorious shire of York, is a fair sample of them all.

Too many of us, in these nineteenth century days, are natives of huge towns of modern bricks and mortar. We are born in some "tricky day" sort of house in a glittering street; by the time we go to school we are living in another house on a street equally as dull and monotonous as the previous one; we are married from a third house of the same character, and by the time we come to die shall have probably lived in more of these houses than we could count on the fingers of both hands. What memories can men and women have of the surroundings of their earlier life whose existence has been divided into such monotonous sections? Few, and poor, indeed, as compared with those of folk who lived until they married, or perchance all their days in an old home in some country hamlet, or such a town as Northborough.

Northborough was celebrated for nothing but good North country ale. It was not a cathedral city; it was not a country town, and yet there were few indeed of its inhabitants, young or old, but felt a personal interest in all its belongings and took a pardonable pride in all that concerned its welfare. To them its spacious and uneven market-place, with the old church of St. Michael's set, quaintly in the center, was the heart of the world. The dull, solid-looking stone building, with the heavy doors set off by a brass plate bearing the single word "Bank," was to them a veritable symbol of wealth and prosperity, with a meaning far deeper than the names of Rothschild or Vanderbilt could have conveyed.

They could purchase at the unostentatious shops in the High Gate (no streets in Northborough and Low Gate all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life, and if they ever gave a thought of such places as Oxford street or Regent street, it was only to regard them as entirely superfluous and unnecessary. Northborough was "our" town and "we" were Northborough. The quaint country town and its inhabitants were inseparable in the minds of the latter. Among the boasts of the worthy Northboroughers was that of the hotels and inns. Good, substantial, ancient and comfortable hosteleries, with the very best of accommodation for "man and beast." None of your modern fire-traps built cheaply to accommodate hundreds of guests, nor yet your modern gin-palace or uncleanly "drum-shop"—but venerable and prosperous institutions conducted in a highly respectable and "Yorkshire" style by landlords of enviable reputation throughout the ridings as caterers to one's internal and external comfort.

There was the "Talbot," a massive stone building of imposing appearance, patronized by Lord Fitz-poppin, the member for the borough, and all the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood. A few yards lower down the High Gate was the hospitable "George," a less pretentious but much more snug house of rest and refreshment. The "George" attracted all the commercial gentlemen who periodically visited the town, who, if they had to stray away from home over Sunday and found themselves within fifty miles of Northborough, usually made for the "George," where they could rely upon being comfortable and happy—such as it is, well-kept and well-made feather-bed and ever-wholesome dinners could bring about such a state of affairs.

For the townspeople and well-to-do farmers of the neighborhood there was no place for evening pipes and social chat like the

"Crown." No; that it was one whit behind the "George" in the quality of its diners and beds, which were well patronized, but the old-fashioned cozy parlor was its specialty. The "Crown" inn was a large, rambling house with extensive stabling at the rear, and presenting a gothic front on Low Gate. It introduced itself to the passer-by by means of a plain, swinging sign-board on which were the words in bright gold letters, "The Crown Inn, by Mary Leader." A trait to Mrs. Leader's red-cordained and well-carpeted parlor, on any evening but Sunday, would introduce you to a fair sample of the Northborough men. But first let us get acquainted with the landlady, who is seated in her rocking-chair at one corner of the parlor in charge of those fat, unctuous-looking stone jugs and bottles, which raise visions of punch and all sorts of other good liquors calculated to warm the "cockle" of one's heart. Mrs. Leader has a kindly, pleasant face, which is not put on expressly for business purposes; it is always the same, and a cheery word is ever on her lips. She is to be found every Sunday, with her three charming daughters, at the parish church of St. Leonard's, and, taking all things into consideration, there is small wonder that the "Crown" parlor can boast of the most select evening company of any hotel in the town.

The most fastidious lady would never hear a word to shock her propriety in the "Crown" parlor, for Mrs. Leader being herself a *gentlewoman* in the true meaning of the word, her visitors, well knowing that fact, take care that no conversation is carried on which would lower them in her estimation, and we be to the unfortunate stranger who should drop into the "Crown" parlor and attempt to introduce a subject not strictly correct in language or morality. The regular patrons of this model landlady were some fifteen or twenty representative men of the town and neighborhood. There was Mr. Rogerman, the town clerk; there were two or three of the Messrs. Ruster, the wealthy brewers. Old Mr. Maclean, the celebrated trainer of race horses—of whose stables had gone forth more than one winner of the "Blue Ribbon." In addition to these were most of the leading tradesmen of the town, with two or three well-to-do farmers from the immediate neighborhood. The vital sparks in this social circle were two men, good friends, and yet forever taking opposite sides in an argument. They were Matthew Eldis, an out-and-out seventy-year-old Yorkshire man, a furrier by trade, and a great burly-burly Scotchman, William Dimont by name. Dimont was fully ten years Eldis' junior, weighed about two hundred pounds and was pretty well imbued with the idea of his own importance, while Eldis was a little wiry fellow, well met with every body. At the same time, the man who opened fire by way of argument on Matthew Eldis was soon silenced by his skillful repartee, and many a time had Dimont in a word war with the furrier been defeated.

**CHAPTER II.
THE NORTHBOROUGH TRAGEDY.**

The snow was falling heavily, and every thing out-doors was very cold and wintry on one eventful evening when the guests of the "Crown" Hotel assembled as usual in the snug and cozy parlor. It was within two weeks of Christmas, 1845, and the all-absorbing question of the time was: Whether the famine in Ireland, together with the distress in the manufacturing districts of England, would not force the Government to repeal the Corn laws. The conversation was more than usually animated, and Matthew Eldis waxed very warm. No one knew exactly where the old man had come from originally. He had lived in Northborough for twenty years, and folk said he was a West Riding man. Dimont also was a perfect stranger at Northborough twenty years before, although it was impossible to doubt his Scotch origin. They had both settled down quietly, and had gradually come to be looked upon as part and parcel of Northborough. All knew Eldis for a red-hot Radical, and had heard him time and again denounce the Corn laws. To-night, Dimont, who was a "Peelite," taunted him with the remark that "Lord John Russell could not and Sir Robert Peel would not" abolish the obnoxious corn laws. Then the old farmer fired up, and in his unrestrained Yorkshire dialect, exclaimed: "Dimont, it is thou, and sike as thou, as make wild beasts o' men and women. Ye have played with want and starvation lang enon, but ye want do see much langer! Sliding scales or small fixed duties had hae done years ago, and I mun hae free corn noo; and I tell thee, mon, we mun hae it sure, or spite o' Sir Robert or Lord John Russell or Mister Cobden hissien, there'll be sike a bloody reck'ning as old England has never yet seen, and will take care never to see agen! I'm an old man, and hae seen rioting and massacre brought aboot for less than holding bread and meat free starving folk. I've been wrangled mysen by those who are growing rich at the expense o' warking-men, and if the men o' Yorkshire and Lancashire are driven to venture themselves by means o' fire and bloodshed, Mattie Eldis weant interfere to stop them, but, by heaven, he'll be there to help!"

The old man was terribly excited, and his listeners wondered what had led to the display of so much feeling. When he had finished there was a stranger standing in the doorway, and the subject was dropped.

Mrs. Leader welcomed the new arrival, who was a young man dressed in the garb of a well-to-do farmer, with riding breeches, boots and spurs. He explained that he had ridden that day from York and had been riding for a week past, having set out from his home in Stagshire, about two hundred miles distant. Arrangements having been made for his accommodation he lit a pipe

"I am George Foster, an honest man," and sat down with the company in the parlor. He found himself next to Mr. Dimont, who exchanged a few commonplace remarks with him.

"Did I understand you to say," inquired Dimont, "that you were from Stagshire?"

"Yes," replied the stranger.

"Well, that is rather strange. Fisher, of the Talbot," told me to-day that Lord Ogilvie, of Stagshire, is a guest at his house. I suppose you know something of his lordship?"

"Oh, yes, a little," said the visitor; "as much as a man could know by riding to hounds with him now and again, and was-

him rent twice a year. Still, I don't care to see his lordship very particularly."

During this short conversation Matthew Eldis pricked up his ears and murmured to himself: "Lord Ogilvie! Lord Ogilvie! He must be a young man," and then leaned back in his seat puffing hard at his pipe. These were the last words the old fellow ever spoke in the parlor where he had been so familiarly known for twenty years.

"Our friend Fisher entertains quite a number of distinguished guests," remarked Alfred Ruster. "Sir James Percival, of Midshire, has been at the Talbot for nearly a week past."

And now it was the stranger who was all attention, but his anxious look passed unnoted by the company and he said never a word.

Eleven o'clock came and one by one the regular guests of the "Crown," including Eldis, departed. It was still snowing heavily, but the young Stagshire farmer said he would take a short walk before retiring. He bent his steps along the deserted streets in the direction of the "Talbot" Hotel, just to look at the place in which he was evidently interested. "Villain," he muttered to himself, "years ago you insulted my sister and fired on me. I let you go then and you tried to get me hanging with your pains and stole away my sister. Now that I have at last found you, you shall tell me where she is, or—" His words were left unfinished, for at that moment two men came arm-in-arm along the street from the direction of Derwent House, where, as they were in evening dress, it is to be presumed they had been dining. The young farmer knew them both. One was a young man of twenty-two or twenty-three, to whom he said: "Good evening, my lord!" The other he tapped upon the shoulder, saying: "A word with you, Sir James, if you please."

"Well, be quick, man," was the reply. "This is no night to stand out on the street talking. Who are you?"

"I am George Foster, an honest man. You are Sir James Douglas Percival, a consummate scoundrel," said the young farmer. "As you remark, it is a nasty weather, and we will therefore waste no time. I know the rascal I have to deal with, and know you can answer the question I have to ask you. Tell me, where is my sister, Rachel Foster?"

"You may or may not be George Foster. You may or may not have a sister; it makes not one morsel of difference to me. I will not answer your question, and will not say whether I can or no. I will tell you for the second time, if you are George Foster, that you are a confounded fool—a low-life fool! Stand aside!"

"Coward, defend yourself!" exclaimed Foster, at the same time slapping Percival in the face. The men were pretty well matched both for size and strength. Percival, who was older and slightly heavier, attempted to throw the younger man and pass him, but Foster was his match, and quickly regaining his feet, aimed one terrific blow at Percival and struck him in the left temple, inflicting a deep wound. Percival staggered and fell, and George Foster, thinking he had merely "down'd" him, returned to the "Crown." On the instant that Percival fell to the ground a pistol-shot rang out through the wintry night, and the young Lord Ogilvie fell a corpse outside the entrance to the "Talbot" Hotel. Five minutes after, old Matthew Eldis walked into the police-station with a recently-discharged pistol in his hand. He looked pale and haggard, and his eyes, usually so bright and sparkling, were sunken and bloodshot. He walked up to the officer in charge and handed over his pistol.

"You will find him," he said, "outside the Talbot." His father killed my first-born son and my wife. He blasted my life, and this young aristocrat, his son, has commenced to tread in his father's footsteps by persecuting my other boy. But I am avenged, I am avenged!" And, so saying, the old fellow swooned away.

The next morning Northborough was horrified to hear of the double murder in the High Gate, and most of the townspeople were distressed to hear that the murderer was the kind old man Eldis. Every man who had been in the "Crown" parlor on the previous evening was ready to testify that he was greatly excited over the wrongs of the working classes and was hardly accountable for his actions, while Dimont declared that he would spend his last penny in defending the old fellow.

No one connected the stranger at the "Crown" with the murder, while as for Foster himself, he was very reserved, and, neither talking nor listening to any one, heard nothing of Matthew Eldis being in custody for double murder. He did hear that Percival was not dead yet, although his life was despaired of, and knowing that Percival's friends would take good care of him, he resolved to make his way to the vicinity of Percival's home, where he would be sure to hear of the extent of the injuries he had inflicted.

We have started our story, however, almost at its close, and we must go back some years to trace the events which lead up to what was known for a long time as the Northborough tragedy.

**CHAPTER III.
"THE CLOUD NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND."**

Perhaps you have visited Weirdale, perhaps not; most likely not.

If your father was an Englishman and was a graduate or undergraduate of Fenborough University, and if he traveled between Fenborough and London before the days of railroads, you may rely upon it he knew Weirdale well and the "Saracen's Head" Hotel still better.

It is of those old days I wish to write, when Weirdale was basking in considerable prosperity under the stage coach regime. Weirdale enjoys a most ancient and historical reputation. It is said to derive its name from the fact that when the Danes sailed their war-ships up the river Ryes, which flows through the town, the Saxons built a great dam or weir and so stranded the vessels of the enemy. From first to last Weirdale owed its prosperity to the road; for an old writer has said that a certain Earl "first laid the foundation of the greatness of this town, which from the very beginning eclipsed the town of Stagborough (the county town); for he caused the iron chain which blocked up the passages over the bridge into this town to be broken and the roads for carts and horses to be laid open; whereas before all traffic was prohibited this way, and only such persons allowed to pass as paid toll to the bailiff of Stagborough, who kept the key to the chain. By this means Weirdale became a great thoroughfare, and inns and houses began to be erected for the reception and entertainment of travelers, so that in a short time it became a populous town." To call Weirdale "great" or "populous" now would be absurd, and were it not for a certain huge bed preserved for many centuries in the town, the fame of Weirdale would probably have been confined to the county of Stagshire and the guards and drivers who traveled with the coaches over the London and Fenborough road. However, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirty-one Weirdale was to the inhabitants of the eastern part of the county of Stagshire a place of considerable importance, and once a week the streets presented such a lively appearance as is seldom seen in these times, when all England, as to speak, is a market town and all the year round "market day." The market

active resort for a non-resident of Weirdale for the past three hundred years or more has been, and still is, that ancient and most respectable hostelry, the "Saracen's Head."

It was one bright day in August, and market day at Weirdale, when punctually at ten o'clock the dinner-bell rang at the "Saracen's Head" and into the large dining-room filed some twenty or thirty farmers of the better class. These were the times when farmers received war and famine prices for wheat. The times when Lord ruled England. When great centers of industry like Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham had no voice in framing the laws. When landlords and farmers combined to keep up the price of bread and to keep down the wages of the operative. The time when, no matter how plentiful a harvest was garnered in Egypt, Russia or America, not a grain of golden life-sustaining wheat could be imported or sold until the price of home grown wheat ex-



WIELDING WITH MIGHTY DEXTERITY A HOOP CARVING-KNIFE.

ceeded eighty shillings per quarter! (two dollars and fifty cents per bushel). The times before a Cobden and a Bright had arisen to arouse thoughtful men by pleading the cause of starving women and children. The time when farmers could live in as good style as their landlords, while in the larger cities of the land skilled artisans worked twelve and fifteen hours a day for about half-a-crown, nearly half of which it took to purchase a four pound loaf!

The farmers at the "Saracen's Head" were a fair sample of the English yeoman of fifty years ago. They all ate of the very best mine host's larder could provide until they could eat no more with any degree of comfort, never uttering one word until their capacious appetites were fully appeased. Look at the health and wealth represented in that dining-room. See the jovial host, Master Goodspeed, directing the waiters—himself wielding with mighty dexterity a huge carving-knife, and, with his able flourishes and passes rapidly demolishing grand joints of all kinds. See that army of red-faced, corpulent farmers with well-filled stomachs and purses, and then listen to their after-dinner talk. Mr. Smith, of Kirby, opens the conversation, as he has done under similar circumstances for over a quarter of a century.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRIALS OF ENGINE-MEN.

Disagreeable Features of a Passenger-Train Engineer's Work.

The passenger runner's greatest concern is to "make time." Some trains are scheduled so that the engine-man must keep his engine up to its very highest efficiency over every furlong of its journey in order to arrive at destination on time. A little carelessness in firing, in letting cold water into the boiler irregularly, or in slackening more than is necessary where the right to the track is in doubt for a few rods; these and a score of similar circumstances may make five minutes' delay in the arrival at the terminus and necessitate an embarrassing interview with the train-master. A trip on a crowded line may involve watching for danger signals every quarter of a mile and the maintenance of such high speed that they must be obeyed the instant they are espied in order to avoid the possibility of collision.

The passenger runner finds himself now and then with a disabled engine on his hands, and two or three hundred passengers standing around apparently ready to eat him up if he does not remedy the difficulty in short order. Often in such cases he is in doubt himself whether the repairs necessary to enable his engine to proceed will occupy fifteen minutes or an hour. This, with the knotty question of where the nearest relief engine is, causes the brow to knit and the sweat to start, and to the young runner proves an experience which he long remembers.

The engineer whose humanity is not hardened has his feelings harrowed occasionally by pedestrians who risk their lives on the track. Tramps and other careless persons are so numerous that the casual passenger in a locomotive cab generally can not ride fifty miles without seeing what seems to him a hair-breadth escape, but which is nevertheless treated by the engineer as a commonplace occurrence. These heedless wayfarers do, however, occasionally carry their indifference to danger too far, and they are tossed in the air like feathers. Doubtless there are those who, like the fireman who talked with the tender-hearted young lady, regret the killing of a man chiefly "because it muzzes up the engine so;" but, taking the fraternity as a whole, warmth of heart and tenderness of feeling may be called not only well-developed, but prominent traits of character.—Scrivener's Magazine.

Impromptu Rhyming.

An ex-member of the Virginia State Senate told the other day of a curious incident in his legislative career. A. L. Pridemore, not many years ago a member of the House of Representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was before he came to Washington a member of the Virginia Senate. One day he introduced a bill for the relief of the sureties of H. G. Wax, who was a collector of taxes in Scott County. He made a brief explanation of the bill, and when he sat down Edgar Allen, familiarly known as "Yankee Allen," who represented the Farmville district, rose and said:

I wish to ax
If Mr. Wax
Has been too lax
In collecting the tax?
If such are the facts,
I am willing to relax
And remit the tax
Which the law exacts
We should exact
Of his sureties.

The bill passed by a unanimous vote.

This secretary of an English society for the prevention of cruelty to children recently asserted that one thousand children are murdered every winter in England to obtain the insurance on their lives.

"Do you," said a gentleman to his pastor, "now can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," he replied, "and the pastor."

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.

No Imported Meats

Offered at our markets!

Hessel & Hentschel.

FLOUR, FEED, &

BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.

DEALERS IN

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

SEVENTH CORNER OF LUDINGTON AND WELCOTT STREETS.

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

HARNESS.

F. D. CLARK,

(Agent)

Dealer in
Light and Heavy
HARNESS
and
SADDLES.



All
Repairing
Done
Promptly
and
Neatly.

OLD STAND.

WILSON AVENUE.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

The Best Goods and the most of them

The Best Cutters AND The Best Tailors

In the City, are at

EPHRAIM & MORRELL'S!

The result is that there gentlemen get

The Best Suits, The Most Stylish Suits and The Cheapest Suits

That can be had in Town.

At the same time they find there the best assortment of
Furnishings, Hats, etc., etc.,

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

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

GET YOUR

JOB PRINTING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

UPPER PENINSULA.

Marquette traders propose to close their shops at 6.30 or 7.00 p.m. (except Saturdays) until the first of April next.

J. E. Abbott was elected district attorney by a majority of 147 in a vote of 339, has qualified and will take up the duties of the office Monday.

John Blossingham fired two bullets into Sam. F. Arnold just as we go to press, one in the bowels and one near the heart.

The Soo road will not hereafter haul C. P. R. cars empty to Minneapolis to load with flour but will bring the flour to this point in its own cars and transfer it here.

Holland's Gazetteer of Marquette county is out. Patterson of the Negaunee Advocate, is in arrest charged with robbing the notorious "Pinkey" of \$83.

Peter Duncan's leg was so crushed that the doctors had to take it off midway between ankle and knee. Dock Allison killed a lynx near Indian river last Sunday.

Ralph Atkinson and Tom Nelson, each minus a left foot and ankle, propose a "peg-leg race." It will be lively. The boys are getting up a grand "double ripper" for coasting.

Valentine Nomlini was foolish enough to marry a courtesan—she was foolish enough to abandon him for a worse man, Tom Williams—then Nomlini's foolishness took another line, he tried to burn out Tom's place, was detected and the law has its grip on him.

By a new card which takes effect to-morrow the South Shore trains pass Negaunee going east at 8.55 a. m. and 12.30 and 6.09 p. m., and going west at 8.35 a. m. and 3.10 and 5.37 p. m.

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.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

The World Ought to Know It. The world ought to know what S. S. S. has done for me in the cure of a malignant Cancer, which was so bad as to be considered incurable by the physicians in Chicago, where I went to be treated.

English Spain Linctus removes all hard, soft or Caloused Lumps and Blisters from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splinters, Sweeney's Ring-bone, Stiff Spavins, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by Justin N. Mead, Escanaba.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A private of the 20th U. S. infantry who deserted from Ft. Assiniboine, lost his way and was so frozen that he will lose both legs if he does not his life.

The owner and editor of the Chicago Times have to defend suits for criminal libel brought by Inspector Bonfield and Capt. Schacka, of the police force.

A masked robber (one only) stepped two stages near Mendocino City, Colorado, last Saturday night, and took the "treasure box" from each.

Barry's new order starts out from Philadelphia with a circular signed by four of the original members of the Knights of Labor but not by Barry, though the circular takes his ground and echoes his charges against the Powderly rule.

The murderers of Paymaster McClure and Mr. Flanagan, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., have been identified and arrested.

One of Osman Digna's lieutenants has deserted and come in to Suakin. He confirms the report of the capture of Emin Bey and says he is prisoner at Khartoum.

The strike on the C. B. & Q. road is settled and declared off. It cost the B. L. E. one million and the railroad company three millions of dollars.

Members of the Miners' Union and Knights of Labor fought in the streets of New Castle, Washington, Jan. 4, and one man was killed. The Union men had the best of it and held the ground.

Elwood and Homerville, Nebraska, are fighting in the courts and with arms, for possession of the county records, each claiming to be the county seat.

The Electric Sugar Refining company is bankrupt; the whole thing proves to have been a swindle, conceived and carried on by Henry C. Friend. The loss to the shareholders is ever a million.

The "bagging trust" went out of business Dec. 31 having failed of its purpose and made no money.

The skeleton of a woman and a large sum of money was unearthed near Jacksonport, Arkansas, Jan. 4.

The Rev. M. Summerbell, a leading light of the Christian (Campbellite) church, died at Yellow Springs, Ohio Jan. 4.

Ben. Hopkins, pardoned by the president, "to die at home," died Monday, as in duty bound.

At Hazelton, Pa., H. J. Myer killed his wife and then himself Monday. It was arranged between them; they were suffering and had no children or dependents, so they ended it all.

Contractors on the Panama canal are discharging their forces and dropping the work. Another Cleveland man—a little, \$3,000 chap only, though—has "gone to Canada."

By the explosion of a boiler at Newhope, Pa., four men were killed and two mortally and two others severely wounded.

The steamer P. C. Brown was snagged and sunk at Hermitage, Louisiana, Sunday, and seven lives lost.

A heedless man at the hoist dropped the engineer and two other employees of the company to the bottom of the shaft of the West Leisenring mine, a distance of 600 feet, killing them, of course.

The British steamer Montana was sunk by collision with the German steamer Main, off North Point, Baltimore, last Saturday. Only one life lost.

A man in the jail at Fort Wayne, Ind., is believed to be the murderer, Tascott.

One Schafter threw a dynamite bomb into the house of a man against whom he held a grudge, at Gilman, W. T., and its explosion killed four persons. The inhabitants of the place very properly hanged him, under sentence of Judge Lynch.

A bomb was exploded in the royal palace at Madrid last Tuesday, but no lives were lost. The act had no political significance, it is said, but was one of revenge for police raids on the gambling houses.

Read the Death Roll Which the bills of mortality of any large city may be fitly designated, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say, those that affect the kidneys or bladder have a remarkable prominence—we had almost said—preponderance. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder and enuresis, slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to inactivity of the organs involved, the danger may be nullified by that renal tonic and diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without over-exciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation.

Dainty little globules, Fine, and white, and sweet, Easy to be swallowed; In their work, complete. No discomfort or aching. Inner grip, or rubbing. What are they? Why, Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the perfection of laxatives. Contain not an atom of mineral poison; are especially appreciated by those whose taste revolts from the coarse, violent pills, which tear their way through the system like steam cars, actually doing harm, instead of good. Of druggists. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures "female weakness" and kindred ailments.

Brother in Black. Two or three years ago a negro boy on my place near Franklin, Ky., was tormented with an apparently incurable case of Scrofula, which lasted him a long time and gave him great trouble. After trying many other remedies, I at length went to Dr. Morris' drug store in this place and bought several bottles of S. S. S., by taking which, and nothing else, he was fully and permanently cured. He is now a stout man, and at the time I commenced giving him S. S. S. the bones were working out of his arm—could use but one arm, and the doctors said nothing could do him any good; but I had tried S. S. S. and seen it tried, and felt that it would cure him.

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 a \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

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.

FOR WINTER WEAR. Every Fern is tucked and lit Neath coverlet. Downy and soft and warm. —COOLIDGE.

WINTER, the "ruler of th' inverted year," as Cowper calls it, is here now in stern reality. Those, therefore, who're not prepared for cold and frost and blizzards should send us immediately—We've BLANKETS and COMFORTABLES which are "downy and soft and warm," and which will keep you warm, too. We've UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY, high in qualities, low in prices.

BLANKETS—White, full size, per pair. . . . \$1 75 to \$14 00 Gray, full size, per pair. . . . 2 50 to 6 00 Scarlet, full size, per pair. . . . 3 00 to 8 00 COMFORTABLES—Extra heavy Quilts, full size, 75c to \$4 50 UNDERWEAR—Ladies' Vests or Drawers 95c to \$1 75 Men's Vests and Drawers 50c to 4 50 Boys' Vests and Drawers 50c to 1 40 HOSIERY—Ladies' Hose 50c to 1 00 Misses' and Children's Hose 30c to 1 50 Infants' Knit Leggins, for one to four years old 1 00 Men's Half-Hose 50c to 1 00

We're selling large quantities of the "Morgan Ebony-Sole," a man's shoe which we're giving at \$3.00, though equal to any five dollar shoe on the market. Try a pair. We're likewise giving the celebrated "Waterbury" Watch for \$2.00 (15c extra for postage). Price everywhere, \$5.50.

Ladies and gentlemen all, we wish you most cordially and sincerely "A Happy New Year!" James Morgan, 385, 388, 390 East Water St., (Branch: Corner Vliet and Fifteenth Sts.) Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Lumber For Sale OR Sawed to Order. My mill is now running and I am prepared to furnish Hardwood, Pine and Hemlock Lumber and Shingles, at the Lowest Prices. Orders Given Prompt Attention. 2414 M. HARRIS. DeLoughary Mich., May 1, 1886.

SAM. STONHOUSE, Practical PLUMBER Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of Pipes, Pumps & Fittings Drive Wells and Pump Repairs. —A specialty.— Orders in the city or country promptly attended to. ESCANABA, MICH.

CASH PAID For Partly Developed MINING PROPERTIES, Pine and Mineral Lands. JULIAN M. CASE, Marquette, Mich.

THE ESCANABA Water Works Co. Is still doing Plumbing in its various branches in the most satisfactory manner. —All kinds of— Hose Goods, Marble Works, Sprinklers and Water Fixtures CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Estimates Cheerfully Given on Plumbing and Sewerage. Steam and Water Heating upon any plan and with any fixtures desired. W. H. LaFleur, Supt. Tilden Ave. opp. Oliver House.

FIREWOOD!! The undersigned will fill orders for Maple and Hemlock Firewood, at market rates, and deliver the wood. Leave orders at Van Dyke's Furniture Store or address through the postoffice F. H. BROTHERTON.

SPECULATION. Geo. A. Romer, Banker: and Broker, 40 & 42 Broadway and 51 New Street, NEW YORK CITY. Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions and Petroleum BOUGHT, SOLD AND CARRIED ON MARGIN. P. E.—Send for explanatory pamphlet. 437.

DENTISTRY. DR. A. S. WINN, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist Is now Permanently Established in rooms in CARROLL'S BLOCK, Escanaba, Mich., where he is prepared to execute work in every branch of dental practice in the best style. Calls attended to at all hours. Persons living out of the city can be sure of prompt attention by advising him, by postal card, of the day and hour of their visit. No Charge For Extraction In cases where artificial teeth are ordered. None but the best material used. Ludington st., west of Harrison, only.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS! OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENTS "Competition is the life of trade," and if you have not seen our latest improved goods, you cannot imagine how they trade in, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep within sight of us. Ask your retailer for the James Means' \$3 Shoe, or the James Means' \$4 Shoe, according to your needs. Positively none genuine unless having our name and the stamped initials on the sole. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so if you do not insist, your retailer will send you any other shoes upon which they make a larger profit.

JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE UNEXCELLED IN DURABILITY AND PERFECTION OF FIT. JAMES MEANS' \$4 SHOE CANNOT FAIL TO SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS. JAMES MEANS' \$4 SHOE. Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to afford the James Means' \$4 shoe in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate. Ours are the original \$3 and \$4 shoes, and those who criticize our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States. Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wholesale retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any state or territory if you will send us with a postal card and write to us. Sewing Machine & Co., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE BY R. R. Sterling, 406 Ludington St. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Almost as Palatable as Milk. So digested that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious. Remarkable as a flesh producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it. SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS. The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

Drunkenness Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the person taking it. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. WE GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 45 page book FREE. Address in confidence. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

The Favorite Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Asthma; soothes irritation of the Larynx and Fauces; strengthens the Vocal Organs; always softens of the Lungs; prevents Consumption, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for such cases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy. "My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this Cough Medicine to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman Headlight, Morrilton, Ark. "I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Ballard, Guilford, Conn. "Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass. "For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1237 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$4.

LEGAL. First publication Jan. 11, 1886. ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, 1886. County of Delta. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Anabelle Greaser, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 7th day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the 28th day of March and on Monday, the 7th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated Escanaba, Mich., Jan. 7, A. D. 1886. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

LEGAL. First publication Jan. 11, 1886. ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, 1886. County of Delta. Notice is hereby given, that by order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 7th day of January, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of George W. Sawyer late of Palatine, Cook county, Illinois, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 7th day of July next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the 28th day of March and on Monday, the 7th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days. Dated Escanaba, Mich., January 7, A. D. 1886. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

LEGAL. First publication Jan. 11, 1886. PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, 1886. County of Delta. At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, holden at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday the 7th day of January in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six. Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Henry Meier, deceased. On reading and filing the final report and account of Henry Meier, Jr., the administrator of said estate. Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 4th day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, Mich., and show cause, if any there be, why said report and account should not be confirmed; And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Post, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta for three successive weeks. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate. (A true copy) EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

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GENERAL : CLEARING : SALE!

From now until

FEBRUARY 15, 1889.

Ladies' and Children's Dress Goods, Hosiery,

CLOAKS, UNDERWEAR, ETC.

Special---Remnant Sale---Special

BIG BARGAINS FOR CASH ONLY!!

ED. ERICKSON.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., JAN. 12, 1889.

PERSONAL.

—A. P. Smith, Gladstone, was in town Wednesday.
 —Mr. Hanscom, of Ball & H., attended court here this week.
 —Stegmiller has been out of town, don't know where, this week.
 —R. W. McClellan, Nahma, has been in town a portion of the week.
 —Miss Lilian Gibson arrives, returning from her visit at Jackson and Chicago, to-day.
 —Mrs. Gifford is visiting Mrs. Fuller at Ford River, having gone thither, Thursday.
 —B. Blumrosen, enroute from Manistique to Marquette, called on us yesterday morning.
 —L. E. Beardsley, Garden, on the jury, promised us a call and a gossip, but "failed to connect."
 —Mrs. Symons and her daughter, Miss Adele, and Miss Minnie Thompson visited at Chicago this week.
 —John W. Kreitter will, we hear, return from Nebraska to take employment on the South Shore road.
 —Hon. A. R. Northup was at home Saturday and Sunday, the house having taken a recess until Tuesday.
 —Cyrus F. Mason has gone to the South Shore road. Is to attend to the distribution of cars to the mines, we hear.
 —A Chicago attorney, name "Cratty," as we understood it, "rattled the boys" around the courthouse in "the cedar case."
 —Sup't Linsley went to Cleveland Tuesday. When he returns we'll perhaps learn something reliable about the ore market.
 —Tom Larke, formerly in the dispatchers office here, is now in the general offices of the South Shore road at Marquette.
 —John M. Perkins, Napoleon Neveaux, John Quinn and John Chalkline, all of Fayette, were in attendance at court, getting off for home Tuesday night.
 —Rob. McDonald, Garden (though we need not identify him that way—every man in the county knows Rob.), was here, on business, on Monday and Tuesday.
 —Dr. Tracy is making a longer visit at Chicago than he proposed, but we're all in pretty fair fix and hope he is enjoying his leisure.
 Later.—He got home Thursday.

News of Interest.

—School Books at Mead's.
 —Gloss Soap "Paralyzes" dirt.
 —Gloss Soap stands on its merits.
 —Mead's White Liniment! Try it!
 —Wixson Reduces Prices after to-day.
 Gloss Soap—The Housewivess delight.
 —Pen-knives and Scissors at Finnegan's.
 —Endorsed by Housewives—Gloss Soap
 —Ice Cream, every Saturday, at Winegar's.
 —Sportsmen's Supplies at Mead's—plenty.
 —Use Gloss Soap for washing Lace Curtains.
 —Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer.
 —Kirstine's closing sale has but a few more days to run.
 —Holidays over—Regular Business, Drugs, resumed at Mead's.
 —Catholic Prayer Books and books of devotion at Finnegan's.
 —Wixson says that for 30 days he will make pictures cheap enough for anybody.
 —Dolls, many and fine, at Finnegan's Drug Store corner Ludington and Campbell streets.
 —"Box paper" for Ladies' correspondence, many varieties but never a poor one, at Finnegan's.
 —Cigars, Tobaccos, and all Goods in that line—Choice Articles at Low Prices—at J. M. Mead's.

—Remnants of Dress Goods, for Cash only at special prices, at Ed. Erickson's, until February 15.

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

—Kirstine is going into other business and his goods "must go." Come and take them at your own prices.

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

—Mead offers Watches and Jewelry—the Best of each—at Prices to Stimulate Trade. Call and See the Goods.

—To be sure of Ice Cream for your Sunday dinner order of B. D. Winegar not later than Thursday noon.

—Thirty Days Only will the low prices prevail at Wixson's. Get your photos within that time to reap the benefit.

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

—For a very short time only, to close out the goods, Kirstine "marks down" again. There are bargains to be had—big ones.

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

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

—Great Bargains in Remnants of Dress Goods, for Spot Cash, only, from now until February 15, at Ed. Erickson's. It's richer than a Gold mine.

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

—Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Just N. Mead, druggist, Escanaba.

—Ed. Erickson is "Clearing Out," to get in shape to handle a Spring Stock. See his space, 8th page, and note what he says elsewhere about Remnants of Dress Goods.

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 Douman streets known as the Adler building. Address S. Adler, St. Paul Minn. W. J. WALLACE.

Notice. Three Nice Young fresh Cows for sale Cheap. Inquire of W. J. WALLACE. Jan. 10, 1889.

Deaf. I was the victim of the worst Catarrh that I ever heard of. I was entirely deaf in one ear, and all the inside of my nose, including part of the bone, sloughed off. No treatment benefited me and physicians said I would never be any better. I took S. S. S. as a last resort, and it has entirely cured me. I have been well four years, and no sign of return of the dreadful disease. MRS. JOSEPHINE POLHILL. Due West, S. C.

Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable medicine, and is the only medicine which has ever cured Blood Poison, Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases, mailed free. The Swift Specific Co. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle at Mead's drug store.

GROCERIES.

GROCERIES

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

Choicest and Most Complete Line of

TEAS AND COFFEES

IN THE CITY.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SATISFACTION • GUARANTEED.

A. H. ROLPH,

617 Ludington Street.

WEST END GROCERY.



ALL FRESH GOODS.

Fancy and Staple Groceries!

Glassware and Crockery,

FLOUR AND FEED.

PRICES : 'WAY : DOWN.

P. M. PETERSON,

Ludington St., West of Charlotte,

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

H. J. DEROUIN.

H. J. DEROUIN

HAS RECEIVED AND NOW OFFERS

DRY GOODS

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

Clothing and Gent's Furnishings,

Of the Very Latest Fashions, and

HATS AND CAPS.

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

REMEMBER.

DEROUIN'S.

Entire Stock of Dry Goods

In Gladstone, also all the stock consisting of

Clothing, Hats, Etc.,

Boots & Shoes,

Formerly belonging to M. A. Asher, Manager of the Boston Clothing House, was bought by me from

Schloss Bros. & Co., Mortgagees, At Fifty per cent. less than value.

WE CAN SELL

Men's Fine Worsted Suits at	\$ 10 00	Regular price, \$ 18 00
" " Cassimere "	8 00	" " 15 00
Boys' Fine School Suits at	\$ 2 00 to 5 00	" " 9 00
Men's Overcoats at		\$ 5 00
Boys' "		2 00
A Very Large Assortment of SHOES at \$2 00 for choice, worth from \$3 00 to \$3 50.		

This stock will be sold. Prices shall not interfere with its sale!

KRATZE!

608-10 Ludington St.

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

Erickson & Bissell,

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

THE : OLD : GROCERY : CORNER,

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

Complete - Stocks - of - Goods

IN EVERY LINE—

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES,

At prices guaranteed to suit.

GIVE THEM A CALL.

BAZAARS.

To Close Buyers We Offer Great Inducements!

Our Stock Must Be Reduced!

Before Spring Purchases are Begun!

TO THE END THEREFORE, WE ANNOUNCE A

25% Reduction!

On all Seasonable Goods!

HELLER'S

East-and-West-End Baza

317 and 319 Ludington St.

gr... soon c... months... had... to their... they... Au Sab