

IRON PORT.

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

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ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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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.

The Samoan Question.
BAMARCK.
I will ride the mild Pacific,
In a manner quite terrific,
And will make myself the great and only terror of the seas;
I will smash your silly treaties,
No matter how your fleet is,
For I'm the Giascutis that will do just as I please.

JOHN BULL.
Ho! Ho! You blooming German,
So you think you will determine
The complexion of the action that each one of us must take:
Go on and do your pleasure
In accordance with that measure,
But ere you rake the ocean take a good look at your rake.

UNCLE SAM.
By thunder, Mr. Teuton,
It seems to me you're shootin'
On that island in a manner I would hint was slightly
brash:
And though I've got no navy,
I tell you, sir, by gravity,
I have got what gets a navy, that is to say, the cash.

Washington Critic.

SAND.
SKATING TO NIGHT. Last time.
A "REGULAR SUGAR SNOW" on Wednesday, but a blizzard next day.

"BRIKES" printed on the shortest notice and at the usual rates at this office.

THE Northwestern pay car was here on Wednesday and the boys are "in circumstances" again.

SKATING and ice-boating is at an end—too much snow—but sleigh-rides are in order and the fun is about the same.

SEE THAT your seats are reserved for Uncle Tom's Cabin. It will be at Opera Hall next Monday night. See ad. on page eight.

DON'T nominate a man for mayor because he is "a good fellow"—the chances are at least five in six that he would make a bad mayor if elected.

DR. PHILLIPS has removed to and occupies rooms on the second floor of the Semer building, corner of Ludington and Harrison streets, entrance on Harrison.

ED. DINNEN's assets will do little more, we are told, than satisfy a mortgage held by his mother to secure the capital invested by him, which was a loan from her.

EITHER of our livery concerns will put a passenger across the bays, to Fayette or Galden, more expeditiously and comfortably than he can get there by any other route.

FOR TRUSTEES of the Marquette prison the governor names James M. Wilkinson, of Marquette, Eli B. Chamberlain, of St. Ignace, and E. Z. Perkins, of Cheboygan. Good word.

L. G. PALMER, state senator from the 23d district (Mecosta and Montcalm counties), wants to be U. S. district attorney for the western district and his senatorial colleagues endorse him.

FRANK LATHROP makes us his debtor for a copy of the Age-Herald, of Birmingham, Alabama, containing an interesting correspondence between representative men on the present political situation in that state.

EDWARD CLARK, of De Pere hitherto, has taken a lease of John Sipchen's building, lately vacated by Hessel, and will open therein, on or soon after the 15th instant, a stock of clothing and dry goods.

A GUEST at the Oliver was waked last Sunday night just in time to see a man going through the pockets of his clothing. His demand, "What are you doing?" scared the sneak away and he got out of the house undetected. How handy a gun would have been, just then.

DON'T suggest the name of any one for mayor of Escanaba merely because you "like" him. Whether you (or we) do or do not like him, the man who is best equipped for the work and responsibility of the position is the man to name and when named we'll support him regardless of our own likes or dislikes.

WE SHALL, as likely as not, be putting down cedar pavements in a year or two—they would answer for streets on which there are no heavy loads to be moved, no traffic to be provided for—and, once laid, such pavements should not be disturbed; to tear them up, for any purpose, spoils them. Let us, therefore, get the sewers in first.

THE writer paid for food and shelter at Ishpeming last Monday night and therefore feels at liberty to suggest to the gentleman who presides at the Nelson house that a hotel in which the request of a guest for a cup of milk or an egg is met with the answer "we have none," hardly ranks with first-class hostilities, like our Ludington and Oliver.

COLONEL J. C. VAN DUZER,
IRON PORT Office:
We wish, through your paper, to thank our friends and neighbors for the many tokens of love and sympathy shown us in our recent bereavement. Especially is our gratitude due the Masonic Fraternity for the many proofs of their kindness and tender pity.
Sincerely,
MRS. MACDONALD AND CHILDREN.

THERE is no blinking the fact that the winter is a dull one: The railway company (for the first time in many winters) is doing no work of building, the cedar market is flat and the demand light, there is less lumbering going on than was the case last winter, and dullness reigns: But the mining regions are active and an increased production, over the figures of '88, is anticipated, and with good reason; eastern furnaces heretofore dependent for their ore supply on foreign sources decide to purchase "lake ore" and docks have been built and grounds and hoists provided at Buffalo having a capacity of a million tons, to which extent the output of the lake region will, there is very little doubt, be increased. This increase will be largely (a good point for us too) of non-bessemer ores, and the demand will cause to be actively wrought many properties on the Menominee range heretofore for many years idle or only slackly wrought. Of the anticipated increase a good portion will go to market through the docks here—we look to see them handle not less than two and one-half millions of tons during the coming season—and that, with the other business that it will draw with it, will keep us all busy during the season of navigation, so we play our "pedro" and bide our time quite patiently—this is our time for hibernation, any how.

AT THE RISK of being told that it is "none of your [our] business" we must again suggest to the Enterprise Amusement Association the necessity, if its house is to earn anything hereafter, of extensive alterations and improvements thereto. Being at the street level its audience hall has an immense advantage over one at the head of a narrow staircase, the safety of a panic-stricken audience being the greatest, but that advantage is not sufficient to counterbalance dirt, noise, waste room and bad acoustics. Make the room as pleasant and quiet as its best rival and it will get the companies and audiences—neglect to do so and it will lose them, or so many of them as to preclude the hope of dividends. Take hold of the matter with a firm grip, next Monday night, and have Opera hall an opera house as soon as may be—there's no longer any money in rinking nor much in dancing—wipe out the hybrid character of the house—reform it altogether.

L. H. HALL, who has lived aforesome in this vicinity, was overtaken in intoxication upon the track of the Northwestern last Monday evening, by train No. 11, at a point near Nadeau station, run over and both his legs cut off by the wheels. He was brought hither by a special sent for the purpose and taken to the hospital but was in such case that no operation was deemed advisable by Dr. Tracy and died on the following morning. His brother, a business man of Green Bay, being notified, came hither on Tuesday and took charge of his remains and their disposition.

LOCAL OPTION by counties is one plan, but it is not the only one; option by townships and municipalities has active friends; the simon-pure, salt-of-the-earth folks who train under John Russell and the little coterie he furnishes brains for insist on local option by states; yet others—St. John, Fisk, Brooks and the W. C. T. U.—demand option by the whole U. S. Our plan, which we believe the practicable one, is individual option—every human being answering for one and no more. We hardly expect the legislature to adopt our plan, but it may.

IT IS FUTILE to speculate, as we hear some of our friends doing, upon the policy of the C. R. M. company in the future. Until the meeting of the shareholders, the call of which we publish, shall have taken place it is safe to say that nothing can be predicated. On the personnel of the board of directors then to be chosen every thing hinges. It can be safely said, however, that there is no interest which can be served otherwise than by good management and therefore that good management is to be expected.

THE G. A. R. posts of the state are asked to petition for a monument to Custer. We object: Custer was a gallant soldier but by no means and in no manner a representative Michigan soldier. If he is to have a statue for disobeying orders and getting himself and his command eaten up by Sitting Bull let it be set up at West Point. If we are to put a Michigan soldier into the Washington art gallery let it be "Pap Williams."

BLAINE, for the state department, Allison for treasury, and John Wanamaker for postmaster general are agreed upon—by the newspaper correspondent and editors. The gentleman who will make the appointments keeps his own counsel and says not a word—that reaches the common ear.

MAYOR ROYCE is in attendance upon a meeting of the board of managers of the Marquette prison and will probably go thence, via St. Ignace, to attend to a case before the supreme court—the appeal in the case of Clifton vs. Jackson Iron Co.

THE American Economist has got the Canadian premier and our lieutenant governor confounded in its head. It talks of "Lieut. Gov. John A. McDonald, of Michigan." That editor does not "skim" his exchanges carefully.

THE diagrams for Uncle Tom and the Meun Cement Co. have been placed on exhibition at Mead's this week.

AT THE request of a few who "must skate just once more," the rink will be open for skating (no dancing) this Saturday evening. The City Band will furnish music.

UNCLE TOM, as understood and prepared by Peck & Fursman, will be presented at Opera hall next Monday evening and the house will be full, of course; that lugubrious drama never fails to draw, no matter how hard times are. Seats at Mead's, as usual.

"NEVER BETTER in my life," was Curt Lewis, reply to our "Howdy?" last Saturday, and we can believe him, we never saw him looking better or, to all appearances feeling better. But he is breaking, though—the commandment ancient cuss words, for instance—and people that bet on Cleveland and other "short cards."

WE ARE called to account for the good word we said last week for the Minneapolis building and loan association, our critics alleging that the rate of interest paid by borrowers is extortionate. They will please observe that we spoke only as to the honesty and skillfulness of the management, not for the terms for loans, of which we know nothing. What we said we then believed and still believe.

IF THE CITY was fifty or a hundred thousand dollars in debt and the money had been judiciously expended on the streets it would be better off," said a friend. We did not stop to argue the question but suggested to him the propriety of getting the underground work, sewers and gas pipes, down first so that we need not tear up his hundred-thousand-dollar streets as soon as they were finished, and he "accepted the amendment."

WE ARE TOLD that the committee of the council to which was referred the consideration of a plan for the sewerage of the city has such a plan in an advanced stage and that it will probably be presented for the consideration of the council at its next meeting, next Tuesday evening. We hope our informant was correct. So much is progress, no matter how skeleton-like the plan may be; it is a step, and the next one will be easier, will follow as a matter of course. The plan is the first thing.

THE LIVERY men of the city have agreed to the following list of prices for service, Double rig, Sunday, \$6—single \$4; double: week day, \$5—single, \$3; double, half day, \$3—single, \$2; double, first hour, \$2—single, \$1; each succeeding hour, double, \$1—single \$0.50; funerals, double, \$3—single, \$1.50; Flat Rock farms, double, \$3—single, \$2; Flat Rock mills, double, \$2—single, \$1.50; Ford River, double, \$3—single, \$2. It is not a "pool" or a "trust," for they don't whack up; it's a "combine."

GEO. A. ROYCE wants to be register of the Marquette land office and his application has the backing of many prominent republicans. He may get it, in due time, but we fancy he'll have to wait until Register Byrne's term expires. Cleveland allowed Cochran to serve out his term and Harrison is not likely to be in greater haste. Nobody has complained to make, as far as we know, of Byrne's administration of the affairs of his office, that his removal should be demanded. Being a democrat, he will go when his term is out, of course.

GOV. SWINEFORD says that the Alaska company, which has control under lease from the U. S. of the fur seal islands in Behring's sea, robs the government and maltreats the natives. A committee of congress, of which Mr. Dunn is chairman, says in its report that the company has given Uncle Sam a square deal and a great deal of money and has been a benefactor of the natives. Good democratic evidence, both sides, and yet a plump contradiction. We're inclined to believe the governor, though; he has been there and the committee has not.

C. H. WARNER, who called himself the northwestern agent of Wood, Thornburg & Co., sent us some tempting advertisements last week, offering silks, silk plushes and silk hose for ladies' wear at extraordinarily low figures. His order was so worded as to excite suspicion and we did not fill it, and an exposure by the St. Paul papers, showing that the whole deal was a swindle, a rank one, gives us satisfaction. No reader of the IRON PORT was taken in that we might get the price of advertising, nor were we beaten out of that price. Got on to that rogue, anyhow.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS gets the laugh for his long beard and his dainty ways, but John Q. thinks. Being at Detroit this week, while the public was shuddering with the horror of the Latimer and Stachal murders, he unburdened himself to a Free Press reporter: "I tried, when in the legislature, to get through a bill restoring capital punishment for murder," said he, but the clergyman [and "Old Sojourner"] beat him. "But if a bill was sprung promptly, just now, while the murderous iron is hot, I am pretty certain the result would be different;" and so think we, and hope the course indicated may be taken. Again John Q. "worked his thinker" and suggested payment of a fixed salary—a lump sum instead of a per diem—to the members of the legislature, as a stimulus to business. It could not do harm and might have the result he anticipates, though the result in congress does not suggest it very strongly. At all events, were that course adopted, the sessions would dally, if at all, at their own expense.

WE HAVE the authority of His Honor for saying that there must be a new mayor chosen on the first Monday of April; that he will not accept a renomination or serve another year. Such being the case it is time to be casting about for the right man; Can any one name him? We shall have, no doubt, business to transact. If the city undertakes to construct (or commence the construction of) a system of sewers there will be business of the utmost importance and it is a prime requisite that the man for the place shall be a business man and a good one. Our friends of the council (they will pardon us) are sometimes a little hasty and find it necessary, or at least advisable, to reconsider their acts; the presiding officer should be not only a business man but one familiar with parliamentary laws and usages. He need not be a lawyer (though that would not disqualify) but should be conversant enough with the underlying principles of law to be in part independent of the city attorney, and compelled to depend upon that official for as little as may be of advice; does any reader of the IRON PORT know the man? If so we shall be glad to hear from that reader and give the knowledge to the public through our columns. We think we know such a man, but when we sounded him on the subject he threatened us with his stick. If it should chance that a dozen or so, or a score or two should agree with us and share with us the dangers of the attempt we might coerce him; we'd like to try. No, not to day, the name; we want it to come from others; time enough for us to make use of it in the IRON PORT when we can do so with others behind us. Let us hear from our friends—our city's friends, we should say.

THE CALUMET, the New semi-weekly venture, made its bow to the public last Tuesday morning. It is typographically neat—Bushnell answers for that—and in matter what the Escanaba side of the Delta has been heretofore; gossip, not particularly careful to be accurate (makes Mr. Pollasky "Marquis," for instance), careful to avoid offending anybody that has a nickel to spend in a newspaper office, and without very definite opinions except such as it clips and gives (or fails to give) credit for. If Mason would make it readable, for anything except "Jenkins" work, he should come down and drive the faber himself. All the same, the Calumet will find a circle of readers to whom the "weak way" of the acting editor (we borrow his own words) will be acceptable, and to the members of that circle we commend it as we would toast water to one of weak digestion—it furnishes a pabulum which will not be likely to give them mental dyspepsia.

CERTAINLY, if Gen. Harrison when he becomes President Harrison, wishes to displace Gov. Swineford (and of that there is no doubt), he can do no better than send out Hon. James A. Crozer to succeed and relieve him. Jim is fit—we can not here say why except in general terms, as that he is bright, prompt and honest, because we do not know what, if any, special qualifications the governor of that far-away territory needs—as fit can be. He has run a printing office and newspaper, a lumber business in the woods and a saw mill, and ought to be, and is, able to run a few Indians and seal hunters. Any how he won't run from them if they cut up rusty, that's a habit he never got into. If the company wants a fight or deserves one, it will get one at his hands as sure as shooting, but he won't fight for the fun of it.

OUR new yoke-mate, in the Mining Journal, can not yet cease praising the president, which is not, perhaps, to be wondered at—the force of habit is great; but we hope it may soon so for recover from its political pyemia as to stop asserting that his administration has been "able, clean, and singularly honest." The sooner it can do so the better—for its reputation for perspicacity and for its influence with its new associates. It may be excused, in consideration of its circumstances, from saying that the administration has been weak, perverse, self-seeking and illogical (all which, and more, it might say truly), but it must really, stop blowing the fat fellow's horn if it hopes to substitute for the influence with the democracy it has just forfeited a corresponding influence with republicans.

REPUBLICANS should not—must not if they wish the state officers to be elected next April to be republicans—be over confident. There will be combination embracing democrats prohibitionists, labor party men and Gen. Innes (the residuum of greenbackery) to defeat the nominees of the Detroit convention, and a little sapiness, a little trusting to luck, might enable the combination to effect its purpose. Get out the vote and make all safe.

JOHN T. RICH, railroad commissioner, has issued a circular to all the railroad companies in the state commanding rigid compliance with the law in respect to trees which might obstruct their tracks and urging the removal of stumps or other obstructions from the right of way to such a distance from the track as to be beyond the reach of a derailed car. The circular refers to and is called out by the lamentable occurrence at Elmwood.

MISS CADDIE OLIVER entertained friends Thursday with as much sleighing as was pleasant (a little did it) and a "yes" after, and Friday evening others, without the sleighing. Pleasant affairs, both.

MAARIED, at the residence of Ezra Valentine, the father of the bride, in this city, by Rev. C. C. Turner, on Thursday evening, Jan. 31, Frank Armstrong and Henrietta M. Valentine, both of Escanaba. [Another phase of Western Union monopoly—but the IRON PORT bestows its blessing.]

THE Calumet "Jenkins" must be at some pains to be accurate or he will forfeit the only claim of the paper to excellence. The parties whom he calls "Mr. and Mrs. Gibson" were Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. Brace up, Jenkins, and get that, correctly, or down you go; "society" won't stand that sort of work.

THE PARTY at the armory of the G. A. R. post Wednesday evening was largely attended and was the pleasantest (as well as the most profitable) of the series, so far. As many as eighty couples were present, filling the rooms as full as need be for comfort, and there was nothing to criticize. There was a little sneak thievery in the cloak room, which will be guarded against in future.

SHERRIFF MCCARTHY was "on to" the hoodlums who stole mufflers, gloves, etc., from the cloak room at the G. A. R. armory last Wednesday evening and made them turn up the property—every article. He leaves it with those who lost the property to prosecute or not, as they may choose; and asks us not to make public the names of the boys unless they are prosecuted, at the same time warning them that they will be prosecuted, on his complaint, and sent to the reform school or house of correction the very next break they make. If they are smart they won't give him the chance.

THE Latest.
Don. M. Dickinson will not go to New York when his term of office expires, but will return to Detroit and resume his law practice. His head is level, when it comes to business; he's only off politically.

MRS. RAWSON, on trial at Chicago for shooting Whitney, her husband's attorney, was let off with this verdict: "Guilty, but insane and irresponsible at the time."

A recount of the votes in the fifth district of California elects Clunie, the democrat, to congress by nine votes over his republican competitor.

The Archduke Rudolf, imperial crown prince of Austria, died last Wednesday of apoplexy.

A dynamite cartridge was exploded under a Dubuque street car Wednesday but no deaths resulted.

John M. Clayton, once senator of the U. S. from Arkansas, was assassinated last Tuesday at Plummerville, in that state. It was "a political murder."

The very latest from "newspaper row," Washington, is that Jerry Rusk, not Gen. Alger, is to be in Harrison's cabinet as war minister.

The strike of the New York street car men is a failure—was one from the start.

A meeting of the directors of the E. T. C. & W. railroad was held at Lansing Wednesday.

Eulogies of Lieut. Gov. Macdonald were delivered, at a joint session of the legislature for memorial exercises, by Gov. Luce, Justice Sherwood, Senator Ball, Speaker Diekema and others. Resolutions of regret were offered by Judge Pealer and adopted by a unanimous vote.

James K. Berry was re-elected to the U. S. Senate by the legislature of Arkansas last Wednesday.

It is rumored that the French copper syndicate can not carry its load and that a crash is impending.

The very latest concerning the composition of Harrison's cabinet: "Nobody knows."

Louis A. Knackstedt, teller of a St. Louis savings bank, was on the wrong side of the wheat market and the bank's funds suffer. They caught the lad, though, and his friends will "put up" to save him.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral" has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."—Charles F. Dumpterville, Plymouth, England.

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

The Handsome Lady in Escanaba.
Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lung 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.

Piles! Piles!
Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue causes hemorrhoids, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment cures the itching and bleeding, kills ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At Druggists, or by mail, for 25c postpaid. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

SLOW BUT OBLIGING.

A Vessel Captain Who Runs His Boat to Suit Every Body.

"Leaves his time to fall," but country conveyances, run by private enterprise, apparently do not have their time to start. A little steamer that plies between two ports on Lake Champlain is obligingly lax in this respect. Two travelers who recently boarded it, in the hope of reaching their destination before nightfall, asked the captain what time he intended to start.

"Well, I ought to start in half an hour," he returned, "but you see there is a fair here, and folks are late about gettin' down to the boat."

"Then you don't have a regular time for going?"

"Oh yes, five o'clock's the hour; but then, you see, we have to show some consideration for folks that don't get here."

Half an hour passed, during which the boat lay bobbing up and down, to the misery of passengers addicted to qualms, and the whistle at intervals shrieked in frantic discordance. Five o'clock came, and the captain gave the order to move, when a woman's voice piped up from among the passengers:

"Can't you wait just a minute for Warren? He said he should be here."

"Now you know I can't!" remonstrated the soft-hearted captain. "I can't make all these folks wait for him. Besides, I told him when I saw him on the fair-ground that he must be here at five sharp."

"Well, whistle just once more!"

And he did. He whistled not once, but seven times, filling the intervals of silence with protestations of his inability to disappoint the many for the one. At length he announced, desperately, and yet regretfully:

"Well, I'm going now! Nobody can't blame me! I've waited longer I could have been expected to."

So with one parting shriek the little boat moved out into the lake, the obliging captain still shading his eyes, and scanning the shore for a possible glimpse of the recreant Warren.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

The Steps of the Old Treasury Building in New York City.

The choice of the Treasury building as a favorite place for popular demonstrations of one kind and another, by the way, seems now to be in universal favor. Prestige is lent to the locality, no doubt, by the colossal statue of Washington, placed on the front steps a few years ago by the Chamber of Commerce. But it was not always so. In former years the old Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom House, had precedence on such occasions. More than one distinguished statesman made "the greatest effort of his life" on the steps of that now quite venerable-looking edifice. It was there that Daniel Webster, some forty years ago or more, made his famous speech on the New England fishery question, which was agitating the public mind, promising his fellow-citizens that the Administration (of which he was then a part) would "stand by the fisherman, hook, bob and sinker." It was there also that the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, made his first public appeal for "material aid" in his country's struggle with Austria. It was there, likewise, that "the Little Giant," Stephen A. Douglass, delivered one of his fiercest philippics against the then slave-holding power, which was seeking to extend the "peculiar institution" into free territory acquired by the Mexican war. A few years later Mr. Lincoln's great finance minister, Mr. Chase, from the same place, made his appeal to our merchant princes for financial aid to enable the Government to defend the constitution and maintain the Union. But that was about the last of the great orators and the great orations on the Custom House portico. During the war there were many memorable occasions of the kind, but the scene was shifted to the more convenient white granite building at the corner of Nassau street, and there it will probably remain as long as it is overshadowed by the august figure of the Father of his Country.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Women in Poultry Culture.

It is a gratifying fact that the poultry industry is attracting many women to it. Our poultry associations have many lady members, and many have won prizes at our exhibitions. Woman, by her gentleness and large stock of patience, is best fitted to care for the flocks. Many a woman suffering from the ill-effects of close confinement indoors is recovering her health and cheerfulness in this interesting and pleasing occupation. The time is coming when hosts of women of America will vie with their French sisters in controlling the poultry culture of the land. Woman has asserted herself and has forced an acknowledgment of her ability. Not a profession, trade or calling exists in which women are not included. Chicago has even its women blacksmiths. Every place is open to woman. She is embracing it, and success for her is sure; for in any business where attention to detail in small things is an imperative demand woman excels man.—*American Poultry Journal.*

—There are two rival jewelry stores on Greenwich street, in New York, the proprietors of which bear the same name. The elder, being jealous of his younger rival, has displayed this sign in his show window: "This concern was established in 1858, when (the younger rival) was eight weeks old, etc. We do business on our own reputation."

NEW FIRST READER.

Five Lessons That Will Be Found Instructive as Well as Amusing.

LESSON I.—"How is the President of the United States chosen?"

"By the ballots of the electors."

"How many votes does each elector have?"

"Only one, but there are several electors. He can bet on his candidate, get drunk on election day, and abuse his best friend because he votes the other way."

"How often is a President chosen?"

"Once in four years. Three years of this is devoted to wire-pulling, and the other to knocking the business of the country into a cocked hat."

"Is it wrong to bet on election?"

"Not if your side wins. If your party gets left it is very—very wrong."

"What is meant by universal suffrage?"

"It means that a man who has little natural sense or judgment can sell his vote for a sack of flour, while a woman of wit who has received the highest education must stand back and let the gang run things as they please."

"What is the sacredness of the ballot-box?"

"Getting in the most votes for your party, and it doesn't matter how you get them, either."

LESSON II.—"Why do the men quarrel?"

"It is a citizen jawing with a farmer about a barrel of cider."

"Didn't he like the cider?"

"He says it was half water."

"And what does the farmer say?"

"He denies it in a vigorous manner."

"And does he tell the truth?"

"He does. He made that cider with his own hands and he put in only one-third water. When a man charges him with putting in half water he is going altogether too far, and the farmer does right to stand on his dignity and wear an injured look."

LESSON III.—"Does the man run?"

"Yes, he goes as fast as a horse."

"Is he flying from the police?"

"Oh, no. He is flying from his friends."

"Are they too good to him?"

"They are. He was a candidate for office and was elected by a handsome majority. All this mob voted for him."

"And have they gathered to congratulate him?"

"Sorter, and sorter to remind him that he promised each an office, and that they want it right off quick."

"And can he escape them by running?"

"Only temporarily. They'll make him the most miserable man in America in the next month. He might better go and hang himself at once."

LESSON IV.—"Is the man disgusted with the weather?"

"Oh, no. The weather just suits him."

"But something troubles him."

"Yes, he is the proprietor of a creamery."

"And—What?"

"When he started out this morning he met a man who is going to establish a milkery. Five minutes later he was asked to name a location for a buttery. A little later he encountered a man making ready to set up an eggery. He headed for home, but was invited into a coffery, and he hadn't got through dodging when the owner of a butchery asked him if he thought it would be profitable to open a honeery in connection. Just now he is hurrying to get away from a chap who proposes to open a fruitery on the corner, having come West to try his hand, after failing in a vegetabley in the East."

LESSON V.—"Does the grocer laugh?"

"Ah! he shakes all over."

"Business must be good with him."

"It isn't that. A woman just came along and inquired for apple butter."

"And didn't he have any?"

"Not to suit her. She looked at it and was not pleased. She said she preferred her apple butter done up in pound cakes and rolled in cloth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Magnanimous Maiden.

She—This is leap year, John?

He—Yes, dear.

She—And it is going fast?

He—It will be over directly.

She—Well, there's one thing I've got to say about it.

He—Yes.

She—I have never proposed to you.

He—You have not.

She—And I don't intend to.

He—No?

She—Certainly not. My dear John, let me tell you that I will never do such a thing. I'm not going to let you have it to say in the years to come that I proposed to you. No, sir, I want you to have it to say that you courted me in a leap year, and you proposed to me yourself. I want you to have it to say that I never gave you the least hint that I wanted you. No, dear John, I leave the proposing to you entirely.—*Boston Courier.*

—To put this business on a cash basis, Mr. Peduncle," said the father of the young lady, "in case you should marry Irene, you must have something to live on. What are your expectations?"

"Why, as to that, sir," replied the somewhat embarrassed young man, "I shouldn't expect much at the start, though it's kind of you to ask. May I inquire the amount of life insurance you carry?"

—Another good cure for insomnia is to have the nurse sleep up in the attic with the baby.—*Boston Globe.*

ALL TAKE A REST.

Some Sentible and Some Nonsensical Post-Election Thoughts.

There are a good many things that can take a rest, now that election is over. First and foremost are the candidates; then the campaign orator, who has been shouting and gesticulating from platform, stump and barrel heads for so these many weeks. His throat is raw and inflamed, his eyes weak and watery from the smoke of campaign torches, and he is carrying his voice in a sling.

The campaign song singer is similarly worn out and needs a long rest. He has sung in every kind of key, not excepting whis-key, and pounded all the notes of musical electioneering. He and the campaign song writer can go off and recuperate together.

The campaign editor can rest, too, from the exhaustive task of exposing and thwarting the tricks of the enemy, and inventing and flooding the market with roorbacks of his own. If it be his candidate that is defeated he will write an editorial showing how it was done, and then throw down his pen in disgust and go off and soak his head.

The man who plays in the band is resting, too; and the torch bearer of the procession, and the fellow who hurrahs, and the army with banners, and the horses of the parade, and the boys who follow processions and yell for all candidates with cheerful impartiality.

Then the people who do not march in processions, who do not attend political gatherings and who take no special part in a campaign, are glad of a rest, too. They tired of the whole thing long ago. They could find nothing in the papers but politics, politics, and their ears were stunned by the clash of music in the streets, the crash of processions and the general wild hallelaloo. To them the rest is doubly grateful.

And come to think of it, we will take a rest ourselves.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHITE HOUSE PETS.

Creators Dear to the Hearts of Ladies of the Executive Mansion.

Nellie Arthur had a spotted Indian pony for the apple of her eye.

Mrs. Pierce was very fond of the black nag that her husband rode.

Mrs. Monroe brought the first white rabbit to the National premises.

Harriet Lane had a large stag-hound that was presented to her in England.

"Dolly" Madison's particular pet was a fine saddle nag. At Montpelier she had a pet sheep.

Mrs. Adams had a great goldfish and one of a bluish tint, sent her by a New England sea captain.

Mrs. Hayes had a magnificent imported Japanese cat that was presented to her by a naval officer.

Martha Washington's chief pet was a beautiful green parrot. Mrs. Washington was also very fond of a fallow deer.

Mrs. Grant had a "strawberry roan" cow that was a superb milker and supplied her table with milk and cream.

Mrs. Bliss, President Taylor's daughter, who presided over the White House until her father's death, had a splendid white owl.

Miss Cleveland's pet while at the White House was a beautiful rose which she found in the conservatory and which now bears her name.

An eagle occupied a cage at the mansion for a part of President Fillmore's term, a gift from a political admirer, and the noble bird was often fed by Mrs. Fillmore.

Mrs. Jackson never presided at the White House, but a large black and white coon that had been caught when young and trained by one of her faithful slaves had the run of the household.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

An Immense Crop of Gall.

"Two years ago," remarked a prominent business man, "my house was robbed of four hundred dollars' worth of stuff. Two of the gang were caught and sent to prison for five years each."

"Well?"

"The other day a man came to me to sign a petition for their pardon."

"No?"

"True as I live. What do you suppose his argument was?"

"He couldn't have had any. It was all gall."

"But he did, though. He said the men got into my house by mistake. They intended to break into my brother's house, but got the localities mixed up, and he thought I ought to be willing to overlook a mistake in such a thing as that."

"Did you overlook?"

"No; and the fellow went away saying he hoped I might never know what it was to languish in a dungeon under an unjust sentence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Natural Inference.

"Talking about dogs of keen scent, I have one that will compare favorably with any of them."

"Remarkable dog, eh?"

"I should say so. The other day he broke his chain, and though I had been away for hours he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?"

"I think you ought to take a bath."

—*Lincoln Journal.*

—"There is, probably," says the *Chicago Mail*, "no more hopelessly homely man in Chicago than Prof. David Swing. He is so homely that he is positively attractive. He is a teacher greatly beloved by his congregation, and a man whose ability commands respect even from those who differ vastly from his ideals of theology."

AN EXILE'S STORY.

The Mental Tortures Endured by a Once Promising Russian Author.

To me perhaps the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author Felix Volkhofski, who was banished to Siberia for life in 1878, upon the charge of belonging to a society that engaged, at a more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of government. He was (about thirty-eight years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated mind, warm heart and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature, and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfellow. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield," and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that I have ever been my good fortune to know; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white, and when his face was in repose there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and very warmly attached to him; and when I bade him good-bye for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1866, he put his arms around me and kissed me, and said: "George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-bye, I feel as if something were going out of my life that would never again come into it."

Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkhofski only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the *Siberian Gazette*; and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, twenty-five or thirty years of age, had tried to help him support their family of young children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health, she had become an invalid, and in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incumbrance, rather than a help, to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy life by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her; and her death, under such circumstances and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems that I had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading "After the Burial" he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality; the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts and feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn, leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Krapotkin to his exiled brother Alexander; which the latter had left to Volkhofski; and which Volkhofski had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of the association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was in exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government by taking their own lives.

I tried to read Volkhofski's letter aloud to my wife; but as I recalled the high character and lovable personality of the writer, and imagined what this last blow of fate must have been to such a man—in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him—the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and with a choking in my throat I put the letter and the little match box away.

The Tear may whiten the hair of such men as Felix Volkhofski in the silent bomb-proof casemates of the fortress, and he may send them in gray convict overcoats to Siberia; but a time will come, in the providence of God, when their names will stand higher than his on the roll of history, and when the record of their lives and sufferings, will be a source of heroic inspiration to all Russians who love liberty and their country.—*George Kenan, in Century.*

A Business Transaction.

Son-in-law Silverstine — Mister Schaumburg, I want you to dake back your daughter Repecca.

Father-in-law Schaumburg—I dakes not dot Repecca pack. Ven a man comes to my house, picks out himself a piece of goods, and dot goods vas received by him in good order, I would pe a fool to dake pack dot goods. No, sir, you schoost keep dot Repecca.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Some interesting facts and figures are given by M. Maram in his communication to the London Academy of Medicine on "Alcoholism and Criminality." He says that in examining the history of 8,000 criminals undergoing sentences of various lengths he found that of the vagabonds and beggars there were 79 per cent. who were confirmed drunkards; of assassins and incendiaries from 80 to 87 per cent.; of thieves and swindlers 71 per cent.; while of those convicted of violence to the person there were 88 per cent., and 79 per cent. of those guilty of violence to property.

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The Largest!
The Finest!
The Cheapest!

The Most Varied!
The Most Complete!
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Within one hundred miles is now open and ready for e ion and sale at

GREENHOOT BROS.,

308 Ludington Street,
ESCANABA, MICH.

Purchasers will wrong themselves if they fail to see it.

HARDWARE.

Builders' : Hardware,

LIME AND HAIR,

Sash, - Doors - and - Blinds,

Garden and Farm Tools,

—And all articles of—

Heavy and Shelf Hardware at Low Prices,

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

LOUIS STEGMILLER.

GROCERIES.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF THE—

Stock of Fine Groceries!

Cor. Ludington St. and Tilden Ave.,

—Commencing—

MONDAY, JAN'Y 21.

These goods must be sold!
Prices made accordingly!

JOHN A. McNAUGHTAN, Mortgagee

Persons indebted to John G. Walters are notified to call and settle with JOHN A. McNAUGHTAN.

IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. F. Rowell & Co's Advertising Bureau (in Speech), when advertising contracts will be made for it in New York.

MICHIGAN, DEPT. OF STATE.

LANSING, January 29, 1899.

To the Sheriff of the County of Delta: Sir—You are hereby notified that at the election to be held on the first Monday of April, 1899, in the state of Michigan, the following officers are to be elected, viz:

A Justice of the supreme court in place of Thomas H. Sherwood, whose term of office will expire December 31, 1899.

Also two regents of the university in place of Charles S. Draper and Austin Blair, whose terms of office will expire December 31, 1899.

In Executive Warrant, I have herewith set my hand and affixed the great seal of the state of Michigan, at Lansing, the day and year first above written.

F. B. EGAN,
Deputy Secretary of State.

COUNTY OF DELTA.

Sheriff's Office, Escanaba, Feb. 7, 1899.

City and township officers whose duty it will be to see the foregoing and make, in their respective places, the necessary preparations for the said election on the day named.

GEORGE MC CARTHY, Sheriff.

The liquor retailers and their allies the John Russell-ites must be expected to oppose Judge Grant.

BERRY's head is all right, now—the wreck has been cleared away and "Iron Mountain Journal" remains. We congratulate him on having come out of the collision (or whatever it was) alive and so little disfigured.

The Cheboygan Democrat thinks "the republicans grabbed" the M. J. in order to maintain their ascendancy in the U. P. Off; clear off, Forsyth. The M. J. is so solidly republican that the M. J. could not afford to be "out of whack" with it. See?

JUDGE VAN ZILE will not be a candidate for justice of the supreme court. He withdraws in favor of Judge Hooker, of Eaton county, and now, if Judge Hooker will withdraw his name, in favor of the U. P. candidate, our Judge Grant, he will show as well on the record as his neighbor, Judge Van Zile.

OF COURSE, when the senate tariff bill got before the house the democratic majority forgot all about that terrible surplus and, instead of passing the bill and cutting down the revenue, sent it to its final repose in that grave of good legislation, Mr. Mills' committee, the ways and means. It is left for republicans to do the necessary work in the next congress.

M. W. NAYLOR's house was burned Tuesday. Nothing saved—loss several hundred dollars, no insurance: must have those Water Works. The charter is almost ready, will be passed promptly (no doubt) and the first election held on the first Monday in April. A. P. Smith has been appointed principal of the public schools. The Delta is "All Gladstone," now, and wants all that Gladstone has to give.—Delta, Gladstone.

FIFIELD "booms" Crozer, in a column of brevity, for the governorship of Alaska. All right, for Fifield, but the whole column can be condensed into four words—"He's fit, every way"—and there we leave it. If Gen. Harrison wants to know what renders him fit, Fifield or better yet the men of the 27th Mich. Vol. Infantry can tell him; or Jim, who is "no way crippled about the mouth" it the Johnnies did try to shoot his jaw off, can tell him, himself.

BOULANGER made his fight in Paris (and never was the saying "Paris is France" as true as now) and won it easily. The election was held on Sunday last and Boulanger distanced all his competitors, having 81,550 more votes than the highest of them and 54,432 more than all of them. The fall of the Floquet ministry, the dissolution of parliament and a new general election is predicted. The little general seems to be "the coming man" of France and what that may mean is only to be guessed at. We guess it means war.

THERE is a strong probability that Capt. Morcom and Dan. Denton will go to Cuba to work the iron property they went there a month ago to inspect. Not much news on the range now-a-days. The village treasury is empty and the village dads (republicans and accustomed to surplus only) don't know what to do about it. Call in the mossbacks. Many Towerites mourn for Gov. Macdonald. The Journal force is made up of orthodox christians. The Minnesota shipped 457,341 tons by lake and rail and had 8,697 tons left over.—Journal, Tower.

THE Soo Democrat is not well informed concerning the late lieutenant governor: It gives Picton (Pitout?), Nova Scotia, as his birthplace, erroneously, and says that he settled here in '63 and "investing \$750 in land he struck one of the richest mineral veins of that section, and from that time he has been a rich man. It had dropped into his hands." There are, as the Democrat ought to know, no discovered mineral veins here or near here, nor did anything "drop into" the hands of Mr. Macdonald. His interest in the Colby mine (which is the bulk of his estate) was procured by purchase of the lands after careful investigation.

D. H. BALL writes the Ontonagon Herald at some length, giving the history of the acquisition, by the canal company, of the lands it now holds in Ontonagon and Gogebic counties, a clear and precise statement, with the purpose of deterring persons from attempting to gain possession of such lands under the provisions of the homestead and pre-emption laws under the mistaken idea that the canal company's title is defective and the lands really a portion of the public domain, an idea industriously inculcated by the parasites who offer to "locate" homesteaders. He warns them not to undertake such "locations" as by doing so they become trespassers and will be proceeded against as such. Mr. Ball's conclusions are not as the company's counsel but as the friend and well-wisher of the persons addressed each of whom will do well to heed his advice.

FIFTEEN gentlemen, representing papers published in this peninsula, answered the call for a meeting at Marquette last Monday.

They talked about the idea of an editorial association at some length and took action to test the feeling of the thirty-five or more members of the guild not there present by the appointment of a committee charged with the duty of corresponding with each publisher in the region: If to the communication of the committee a number equal to two-thirds of the whole reply and by their replies support the idea and pledge attendance, the committee will call a meeting in our city, a month hence, for the purpose of organization; if not the project will be dropped. Now is your time, gentlemen. There are enough of us to form a society respectable in point of numbers and there is good work, for such a society. If you desire the establishment thereof and its success in the work you have but to answer the communication which you will receive and the call of the committee which will follow. If you prefer the present "free for all" "go as you please," "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," you can have it uninterrupted—you have only to toss the letter in the waste basket.

We see that we have neglected to give the names of the earnest and hopeful fifteen and proceed to remedy the oversight. They were Powers, Ontonagon Herald; Wilson, Torch Lake Times; Phelps, Copper Journal; Youngs, Florence Mining News; Atkinson, Diamond Drill; Berry and Smith, Iron Mountain Journal; West, Peninsula Record; Dingwall and Hoyt, Soo News; Russel and Kelsey, Mining Journal; McKenna, Escanaba Mirror and the dean of the guild, ourselves. Others, like the soldier husband, "writ, once," and will be on hand next time. Messrs. Russell and Kelsey spared no pains to make the visiting scribes happy, chalked their hats at Nick's and drove them about town to see the sights, from palace to prison, and placed us all under obligations which we, of Escanaba, will endeavor to repay in kind when they come here.

LAST SUNDAY morning about eight o'clock we were nearer kingdom come than many another sleepy habitant of the Island knew. The wind was light from the north east, but it was a dirty morning. The clouds were dragging in the water as they passed up through the channel. We could not get a glimpse of anything through them 100 feet away. It was all very pretty, but we discovered that the commotion was a waterspout coming up Lake Huron at a high rate of speed had gone to pieces near Robinson's Folly, and the wreck of it passed us by without damage. It was a fortunate thing for us that the thing went to pieces before it struck the Island, else we would be now drifting in an upper stratum of atmosphere, or smashed into smithereens against some perpendicular side of the Rocky Mountains. Without fanning, if that waterspout had struck the Island, as it threatened to do, there would not have been left a living soul, a building or anything movable in the Village of Mackinac Island, particularly on the south side of it. It is said somewhere in the good book that "if even one righteous man shall be found in the city, it shall be spared." Maybe that was me.

So says Ketchum, in the St Ignace Republican. If he is trying to supplement the work of the clergy and scare Cable and Preston and others of the islanders out of their wickedness we don't want to lay a straw in his way, but he does "cut in too fat," a great deal. Had the "waterspout" struck the island they might have lost some roofs' would undoubtedly have got a wetting, but they'd have all been there when the dinner bell rang though they might not have noticed the church bells. The idea that "me" was the one righteous man on whose account the island was spared is as good as anything in Puck. Come off, Ketchum; come off.

JUDGE PEALER's joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution relative to the qualifications of voters is correct as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. It needs no argument to show the impropriety of allowing those who are still aliens to vote but the length of time a citizen should reside in state and precinct before becoming qualified is an open question. The present requirement—three months in the state and ten days in ward or township is a premium on fraud, admittedly; the joint resolution referred to makes a step in the right direction—six months and 30 days—but we hope to see it so amended as to make the terms one year and ninety days, and so an end put to "colonization" and a great check placed in the way of fraud.

POOR GROVER, every cur in the democratic kennel barks at him now. He has done nothing right. His appointment of Phelps to succeed Lowell "was a mistake almost criminal"; his yielding to the mugwumps in the matter of the New York post office "was simply stupid"; his choice of Dan Magone for collector of the port of New York "showed his lack of common sense"; his whole course in office "was downright treachery." Geo. W. Childs (who has no political opinions) says the words and "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," repeat and endorse them. They have found out what a wooden thing their "joss" of '84 is.

THE ICE continues to move about with the wind and the prospect for a freeze up is not encouraging. The hull of the I. N. Foster needed only recalling. M. Haines and Geo. Bergsland got adrift in the lake on an ice floe but were seen and a boat sent to them, just in time. A diver from Buffalo made an examination of the hull of the Northwest (lying on Pilot Island reef) this week and reports her in pretty good shape, yet. The whereabouts of Charles Christanson and Mary Shaw are inquired for.—Advocate Sturgeon Bay.

SEWALL, consul of the U.S. at Apia, Samoa, tells the senate, very plainly, that the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs in that kingdom is the fault largely if not entirely of the state department and its shilly-shallying. In private he calls Mr. Secretary Bayard "an old woman." It may be supposed that his return to Apia as consul is not probable.

WE MUST commend the Center, once; I mentioned the accident at Elmwood without charging it to "the run traffic." Don't understand how it happens to do so, but it does, and the fact must be stated, to its credit.

THE Soo Herald has got hold of the old plan for connecting the St. Lawrence and Lake Huron by a water-way consisting of the Ottawa and French rivers (slackwatered) and a connecting canal, and seems to think it a new one.

SPITE of a dozen recently converted mining journals, the Escanaba IRON PORT will continue to be—as it always has been since we can remember—the representative republican paper of the upper peninsula. That's something even his enemies are compelled to give "Old Van Duzer" credit for.—Watchman, St. Ignace.

OF THE FOUR justices of the supreme court holding over but two are republicans and all are from the lower peninsula. The republicans are certainly entitled to the fifth and the claim of this peninsula to one of the five is mere justice. Judge Grant is the man and we doubt not the convention at Detroit will see the situation as we do.

A MARKED COPY of the Reed City Clarion reaches us. The marked article is one claiming the place on the supreme bench for its favorite "J. Byron Judkins." Can't be done. No man that parts his name in the middle can ever get upon that piece of furniture. May do pretty well for the 19th circuit and its pine benches but the supreme bench is too high. Besides, you don't want any more supreme Judges, any way, and we want one.

HOWARD WILSON, from Newberry, was an interesting investigator after truth at the county clerk's office yesterday. He told the following singular story:

Six years ago last July he visited Ionia and, getting out with a number of friends, became intoxicated. He became separated from his friends, and when he came out from under a peculiar stupor he found himself at a hotel with a woman, who claimed that they had been married the night before. Wilson was too much chagrined to investigate the matter and he and his bride set sail for Newberry, where they have since lived with more or less dissatisfaction to both. Two weeks ago the woman hinted that she had played Wilson for a dupe; that they were never married. This was enough for the deceived husband. It gave him an opportunity to relieve himself of an expensive and unpleasant burden, and he took advantage of it. A search of the records here showed that he never had married the woman, and he left the office as happy as it is the lot of mortal to be. Wilson says he will settle some property on the woman and his himself to the west.—Ionia Dispatch.

PROTECTION is a principle; it is the cardinal principle of the American system; it is a part of the great triune "whereas," which precedes the very first declaration of American fiscal policy, made by the first congress and approved by the first president of the United States. "Whereas," it is needful to do three things:

1. To provide for the expenditures of the government.
2. To pay the principal and interest of the public debt.
3. To protect and encourage our manufactures.

"Therefore," resolved the first congress, revenue shall be raised by imposts on foreign goods brought hither. The "therefore" and the "whereas" make the application of the principle to the policy of the nation. Internal, or direct, taxation is avoided, because, while it might produce revenue for the first two purposes, it would do nothing toward the third. The American system of government has three objects of equal import—"three that are one and indivisible"—to effect: The collection of money for the needful expenditure of government, the payment of public debts, the protection of American industries. So that protection is not only a principle, but the principle of American economics. The secessionists and nullifiers alone repudiated it till of late years.—Inter Ocean.

IN THE absence of any ore sales and, consequently, of any prices, the market is still hibernating, and the prospect of a speedy awakening is as far off as ever. It may be said, however, that the opinions, hitherto expressed of the increased ore output for the year 1889, are fully confirmed by the stand taken by eastern ore consumers who have heretofore mainly relied upon foreign ore supplies. In the eastern markets and especially among the furnace men who also turn out a finished mill product, quite a speculative movement enters into the ore supply and it is with a view to establishing a firm feeling that eastern consumers are beginning to look with favor upon the Lake Superior ores for stated supplies and quantities. Negotiations are now pending with eastern furnaces for large supplies of good ores and the Lehigh Valley road, having some twenty furnace plants on its line, has established facilities for receiving half a million tons of ore at its Buffalo docks, so that the eastern market is beginning to make an important factor in the Lake Superior market. Ore dealers recognize the importance of the situation and are now more than ever opposed to making quotations for 1889. Indeed some of them would rather await the opening of navigation than make prices which they feel certain may be bettered by awaiting the necessary orders of furnace men. This seems to be the general feeling without, however, any concerted action, and demonstrates the confidence the mining interests feel in the consumption of all the ore that may be brought down this season. Republic and Champion will probably open at \$6 to \$6.25, while Aurora will start with \$5.50. These figures are simply given as an indication of what is expected by ore dealers and the chances are that these expectations will be realized.—Iron Trade Review, Jan. 24.

FORD'S COMMITTEE which looked into the matter of immigration found an unhealthy condition of things. The law forbidding the importation of contract labor it found to be practically a dead letter—violated and evaded with impunity, and the mass of immigration from southern and eastern Europe now flooding our labor market a very undesirable and unassimilable addition to our population. Of the anarchists, so called, its report says:

"These disorderly persons do not come here to uphold and maintain our form of government. Their object and purpose is to destroy and tear it to pieces. This class of persons, in the judgment of the committee, ought to be rigidly excluded from entering this country."

"In which conclusion every American must join the committee.

It (the report) further says:

"Generally speaking the class of immigrants who have lately been imported and employed in the coal regions of this country are not such, in the opinion of the committee, as would make desirable inhabitants of the United States. They are of a low order of intelligence. They do not come here with the intention of becoming citizens, their whole purpose being to accumulate by parsimonious, rigid and unhealthy economy a sum of money and then return to their native land. They live like beasts in miserable sheds; the food they eat is so meager, scant, unwholesome and revolting that it would nauseate and disgust an American workman, and he would find it difficult to sustain life upon it. They have been brought here in such numbers and have been employed at such low wages that it has resulted in their replacing the American citizens who formerly performed this class of labor, until now there are comparatively few Americans engaged in mining coal in Pennsylvania. The agents of the steamship companies in portions of Europe have been active in inducing, encouraging and stimulating immigration to this country through false representations."

The report condemns the practice which has prevailed among certain foreigners resident in this country of importing men for the purpose of contracting them on railroad works and keeping them in a state of almost abject slavery. Reference is also made to the daily crossing of Canadian laborers, it being shown that about 800 Canadian carpenters daily labor in Detroit while the same number of Americans lie idle for lack of employment.

In conclusion the committee says:

"Certainly the effect of the unrestricted system of immigration, as applicable to the conditions under consideration upon the industrial situation of this country, has been had, and the committee believe that the time has come when the immigration tax should be more effectually regulated; that persons that immigrate to the United States should at least be composed of those who in good faith desire to become its citizens and are worthy to be such."

The committee is right: It is high time that the gate was shut, and only opened to admit such as we know to be friends and worthy of American citizenship.

It is a back-number editor that will discourage the building of a railroad to his town, especially when that town has but one railroad and, consequently no competition. Yet Escanaba has just such an editor, and he manipulates the scissors of the IRON PORT. All the best citizens of Escanaba are urging the construction of the proposed road from Minneapolis and St. Paul to that city. It would be a great thing for Escanaba to be the lake port of such a road, if it is to be built. However, the fact that its construction is so doubtful that it amounts to a certainty that it will never be built, does not justify the IRON PORT in throwing cold water on an undertaking that would be of inestimable value to Escanaba, should all predictions fail and its construction become a reality. The editor of the IRON PORT should get in the swim of progress that permeates most newspapers of this latter day.—News, Sault Ste Marie.

The editor of the IRON PORT can look back over years as many in number as those of the three News men put together, almost, but therein has he never seen a town benefited by extravagant or fallacious statements concerning it; nor has he ever seen a town benefited by being sucked dry to build an improvement, so-called, from which capitalists shrink as too risky; nor has he seen a town made rich or prosperous by being made the terminus of a starving railroad; nor has he seen a town made prosperous (though he has seen individuals made rich) by a "boom." Our neighboring city of Green Bay has a tale to tell about the result of "railway enterprise" unwisely undertaken; our neighboring city of Gladstone is sick with "hope deferred" of prosperity to be brought by the Soo line; even the Soo itself, with its three roads and its bridge is too dead to skin. We're content with our town and hopeful of its future; confident of steady progress and ready to do our utmost towards it; but "in the swim" with the News and its like? Not while reason holds her throne!

P. M. ARTHUR, Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, arrived here to day from the Pacific slope coast, en route to Chicago. The threatened trouble on the Central Pacific, he said had been satisfactorily settled. Regarding his reported resignation as chief of the brotherhood, Mr. Arthur said that he had never uttered anything that might lead to such a supposition, and that all he knew about it was what he had seen in the papers.—Times.

THE schooner W. L. White, which was abandoned, waterlogged, off the capes of Delaware on March 13, 1888, came ashore on the island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides, a week ago. In her ten months' drifting she had traversed a course over 5,000 miles in length and for six months had been tossed back and forth between the gulf stream and the Arctic current out of Baffin's Bay, directly in the great steamship route across the Atlantic, a continual menace to the safety of the steamers.

ONE of Dr. Bushnell's sensations—that of the "poor girl who was driven insane" by the life in a Marnette dance house—is explored by a letter to Gov. Hoard from an Oconto gentleman who knows all about her. She is a half-breed who does not know her father—has been a prostitute from childhood, and all sympathy is thrown away upon her. Her "acute mania" is a sham.

Try It, It Will Cure You.

If you are troubled with a Lame Back, Gravel, Lencorhoea, Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder and Kidney's, try Hill's English Buchu and Cubeb. It will cure you.

Two Kinds of Protection.

That a mere inspection of tariff schedules can not be accepted as the sole measure of the amount of protection the industries of a country receive, has long been understood, however assiduously the fact may have been covered by writers on the free trade side.

England, for instance, is a free trade country, but the national prejudice in favor of British industries, and the profits which accrue from them to the manufacturing and capitalist classes, is so strong, that when their silk industry collapsed, they immediately changed the fashion of women's out door wear from silk to woolen stuffs; and at the same time, our silk industries developing and assuming prominence, it here became "not in good form" to wear silk on the street.

A letter from "a well-informed correspondent" to the Ironmonger, notices a case in point where an Austrian railroad had accepted the offer of an English firm to supply them with rails. "The execution of the order, however, was forbidden by the Austrian ministry, with a view to protecting the Rail Trust or 'ring' that exists between the Austrian iron works," and the correspondent inquires "whether a foreign government is entitled to impede British trade by acts of this arbitrary character, in addition to the heavy protective duties already imposed on British goods."

This, it will be noticed, is on a parallel with the outcry raised by the British mechanical trades when the Gladstone government

ordered American pumps for the proposed Suakim-Berber line of water pipes. One of their papers said, "We should like to know why the contract was let to an American at all, and why a single penny of the money paid by the British tax payer should be sent out of the country?" Although the pipe line was projected to enable British troops to make the short march between Suakim and Berber for the relief of Chinese Gordon, the question about sending money out of the country was too much for the grand old man to face. The pumps were quietly stored. Wolsley marched up the Nile valley to defeat. And, consequent on the death of Gordon, we are still in uncertainty as to the fate of Emin Bey; and on Stanley's success depends the question whether Central Africa will be tributary to the prosperity of German or English commerce.

Now, Austria, which has a subsidized steamer line to Japan, has just secured a contract, through the negotiations of the Austro-Hungarian Lloyds, which will transport the material, for the rails and ironwork for a new railroad about 125 miles long, to the intense disgust of the British. In this connection we wonder—if Japan was thinking of protecting its industries and possibly starting its own steamer line—if, under these circumstances, the Austro-Hungarian Lloyds would put their man on the national committee of one of the Japanese parties and give him \$50,000 to contribute to party expenses?

—Mead's White Liniment! Try it!

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 KERICAMICS,

Bohemian and Cut Glass,

And a thousand articles which cannot here be even named.

FANCY GROCERIES

Of every description,

Fruits, Fresh and in Cans and Glass,

And the Finest

Cigars and Tobaccos Procurable!!

CALL THIS WEEK.

DRUGGIST.

NOW CATCH ON!

Preston's Old Drug Store

Overflows with

Wall Paper and Borders

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

"Monarch" Brand Paints,

And everything necessary for their application; with

Kalsomines

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

Lowest :: Possible :: Prices!

Drugs and Medicines, Reading Matter and Stationery as Usual.

THE Ontonagon Herald says that the day of the "locating" is over, that no more \$50 for showing a stranger where there is lead for him goes. The trade flourished longer in Iron county and Ontonagon folks deserve credit for putting an end to it so quickly.

GOV. LUCE will preside and will be assisted by the president of the senate and the speaker of the house, at a meeting of the members of the legislature to be held in the capitol to endorse the Gladstone movement for home rule in Ireland. Similar meetings are to be held in other states where ever the legislatures are in session and the I. N. L. can bring it about. Michigan is to be the first to move.

GEN. INNES is "an off ox" in any political team and so gets no fat fees—no brass tips on his horns—no bells on his harness. But in masonry he is all right and the grand lodge records have been his charge for years—we don't know how many. The Grand Mastership changes frequently, the treasurership changes, but the Grand Secretary is Wm. P. Innes and probably will be as long as he can wield a goose-quill or its metallic substitute. So mote it be.

CHICAGO street car employes threaten another strike in support of the conductors charged with "beating the register," demanding that the company proceed in due form of law against each accused man—not decide itself on the guilt or innocence of men without hearing. It would seem to be a reasonable demand, too. The custom among railroad companies of branding conductors as thieves by discharge while allowing them to go unpunished is not quite the thing, either for the men or for the public.

ONE of the most delightful of Susan Coolidge's stories, "Who ate the Queen's Luncheon" opens the February Wide Awake, with a beautiful frontispiece by Garrett. Another short story as singularly humorous, a valentine story, is entitled "The Apple of Discord," and will entertain all the grammar-school boys and girls; it is by Georgiana Washington. "Princess Mayblossom" by Annette Lyden, with its eight pictures, is a dainty fairy story. "Children in Italian Sculpture," by Mabel F. Robinson, is a model art paper for young people, with interesting pictures. The serial stories by J. T. Trowbridge and Margaret Sidney are very popular, for family reading—a genial happy home element pervades both; Phronsis's "dragons" are irresistible. "The Tupper Children" is a short story of the old war days by Miss A. G. Plympton, full of dash and fun. "Forty-eight Hours a Day" will interest all astronomically-minded young folk and their elders as well. "Nonsense Animals" is very amusing and affords a hint for home-fun of an evening. "An Old-Fashioned Boat" is an interesting chapter in the process of invention, by Ernest Ingersoll. Mrs. Sallie Joy White in her chapter on "The Use of the Oven" tells how potatoes are baked in the Boston Public Schools. Mrs. Goddard Orpen gives the history of the famous Spanish crown pearl, the Pelegrina. Prof. Starr, in his geological series, describes some of gnawings of, "The Tooth of Time." In the new department, "Men and Things," are all sorts of good original anecdotes and breezy "short talk." The poems of the number are many and good, the Ramona, Post Office, Puzzle and C. Y. F. R. U. sections very full and entertaining. Only \$240 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, or with IRON PORT for \$4 for the two.

THERE is a very attractive timeliness in several of the articles in the February Atlantic. "The New Talking-Machines" is the subject of a clean cut, practical article on the phonograph by Philip G. Hubert, Jr. Sarah Orne Jewett writes in her fascinating way of "A Winter Courtship," which tells "the old, old story," with the scene laid on the edge of winter "down in Maine." Charles Worcester Clark thoughtfully discusses "The Spirit of American Politics as shown in the Late Elections," and another new contributor to the pages of The Atlantic, Harry Perry Robinson, writes a strange story called "The Gift of Fersead," detailing some remarkable adventures among the Indians. A feature of this number is the admirable Address to the Assembly at the Opening of the new Players' Club in New York, by T. W. Parsons, which became the special property of The Atlantic, and which is now for the first time published. In sharp contrast with this witty and cheerful poem, Henry C. Lea writes on "Brianda de Bardaxi," describing one of the fiendish devices of torture devised during the time of the Inquisition. Agnes Reppier, one of the brightest essay-writers in America, contributes "A Plea for Humor." Harriet Waters Preston, in an article entitled, "Under which King," paints in glowing colors certain passages in the life of Cicero, and Samuel H. Scudder finds a congenial topic in "Butterflies in Disguise;" Wendell P. Stafford's "Eurylochus Transformed" is a striking poem on the fate of all of Circe's victims. The serials are Arthur Sherburne Hardy's successful novel, "Passe Rose," certainly a distinct contribution to current fiction, and "The Tragic Muse," Henry James' new story of English life. The prominent reviews are on the "Letters of Felix Mendelssohn," "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries" (the Lanciani book), and "Illinois Life in Fiction." Some quaint points are raised in "The Contributor's Club," and "Books of the Month" is as usual as readable and entertaining as some of the more pretentious articles.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston, or clabbed with this paper at \$5 for both.

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

BY THE WAY, Gen. Alger: If the president wants you in the war department you'll have to go, you know. Yes; we understand that it will be a sacrifice, at all points, but that makes no difference; having made Harrison president we must give him such support, in that office, as he may demand; you'll have to go and run the department for him—no "substitute" goes; that's not our style.

THOSE tender-hearted persons who can not abide that a murderer should be hanged (or otherwise put beyond the possibility of committing further crime) are requested to calmly consider the cases of the two young murderers—Stochal, in Ingham County, and Latimer, at Jackson—and tell us if they can—no, they need tell us nothing. Both these chaps murdered their mothers, for money, and one is believed to have killed his father previously; neither shows any proper fame of mind—neither ought to be suffered to live longer than the time necessary to determine his guilt judicially, but the chances are that, should they be sentenced to imprisonment, the more guilty one at least—the fellow with the most friends—will be a free man again in ten years. It is a disgrace to any state that it should be possible.

A Successful Physician. In a large and lucrative practice running through a number of years, my husband, by using Swift's Specific, restored health to a great many people in whose cases all other remedies had proven useless. To give a list would be to write the history of stubborn maladies and remarkable and wonderful cures. I will mention the case of a young man afflicted with blood poison for five years. He was helpless for a year—was blind for some days, and his case seemed incurable—for under the usual treatment he had grown worse, until his condition was, to say the least, horrible; rheumatism came on to add to his sufferings. Dr. Love prescribed Swift's Specific, and by its use the poison was gradually forced out of his system, the sight restored, the rheumatism cured, and to day he is a sound and healthy man. My husband regards Swift's Specific as the best known medicine for diseases which it professes to cure. MRS. J. T. LOVE. Leesburg, Ga., Sept. 20, 1888.

Saves Back-ache, Gloss Soap.

Snowy Linen, and Easy washing with Gloss Soap.

A spring medicine is needed by everyone. Winter food, largely consisting of salt meat and animal fats, causes the liver to become disordered and the blood impure, hence the necessity of a cleansing medicine. The best is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Mead.

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

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the liver, kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at J. N. Mead's drug store.

The Chill Blast That sets the naked branches a quivering, is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian in doors but not all the covering that can be piled on to warm his bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, can warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and aghast frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb age, ague cake, biliousness—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headache, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to effect a thorough cure.

No Trace Left. The wife of one of my customers was terribly afflicted with a loathsome skin disease, that covered her whole body. She was confined to her bed for several years by this affliction, and could not help herself at all. She could not sleep for a violent itching and stinging of the skin. The disease baffled the skill of the physicians who treated it. Her husband began finally giving his wife Swift's Specific, and she commenced to improve almost immediately, and in a few weeks she was apparently well. She is now a healthy fine-looking lady with no trace of the affliction left. Yours truly, J. E. SEARES.

Wholesale druggist, Austin ave. Waco, Tex. Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which permanently cures scrofula, blood humors, cancer and contagious blood poison. Send for books on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free. The Swift Specific Co. Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

For California. In addition to the first-class round trip tickets to California and the Pacific coast points which are on sale daily, the Chicago & North-western Railway company has arranged a series of personally conducted, one way, second-class excursions to California. Persons joining these excursion parties will be provided free of charge with completely furnished berths, including mattresses, curtains, blankets, pillows, etc., in new tourists, sleeping cars which will be run through without change from Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles, in charge of experienced conductors and porters the entire distance. The cost of second-class tickets covers every necessary expense except meals. For tickets and full information regarding rates and dates on which excursions will start, apply to agents of the Chicago & North-western Railway, 326

News of Interest. —Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer. —Mead's Family Medicines should be in every household. —Mead's "Dr. Bissell's Magnetic Balm" is the Boss Pain Killer—a big bottle for only 25 cents at Mead's. —Mead's Compound Cough Syrup cures all diseases of the Throat and Lungs if taken in season. Price 50 cents. —Try our Basswood Ceilings and Maple Flooring, Kiln dried and Sand-papered. W. L. & L. Co., Hermansville. —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. —Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Justin N. Mead, druggist, Escanaba.

House to Rent. Smith court, between Ludington st and Wells ave—5 room house. Inquire of JAMES C. MORRELL.

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

For Rent. Desirable dwellings, inquire of A. R. NORTHUP.

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

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

For Sale. Schooner Badger, with everything complete. Apply to ROBERT NICHOL, Green Bay, Wis.

Cochrane Roller-Mills Company. The annual meeting of the Stock holders of the Cochrane Roller-Mill company, of Escanaba, Michigan, will be held at the office of the company at Escanaba, Michigan, on Tuesday, the 19th day of February, 1889 at 2 p. m., for the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By-laws for the proper conduct of the affairs of the company will be submitted to the stockholders for their approval.

JOHN MC KAY, Vice Pres't.

HUGH E. MACDONALD, Sect'y, Pro Tem.

Dated at Escanaba this day 25th day of February 1889.

All grocers sell Gloss Soap.

Will not chap your hands, Gloss Soap.

It only costs a Nickel to try Gloss Soap.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

POST NO BILLS

Blackwell Bros.

GLADSTONE AND SOUTH GLADSTONE.

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Groceries

AND PROVISIONS,

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

A Full Stock in all lines at

SOUTH GLADSTONE

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS ONLY AT

GLADSTONE.

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

Give Them A Call !!

COAL.

J. F. OLIVER,

(Successor to D. M. Philbin)

COAL! COAL!

ALL KINDS OF

Anthracite, Bituminous, Blossburg & Charcoal

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

Good Quality and Full Weights Guaranteed.

Coal delivered to any part of the city free of cartage

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

DANIEL TYRRELL

Escanaba, Mich., Dec. 27, 1888.

News of Interest. —Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer. —Mead's Family Medicines should be in every household. —Mead's "Dr. Bissell's Magnetic Balm" is the Boss Pain Killer—a big bottle for only 25 cents at Mead's. —Mead's Compound Cough Syrup cures all diseases of the Throat and Lungs if taken in season. Price 50 cents. —Try our Basswood Ceilings and Maple Flooring, Kiln dried and Sand-papered. W. L. & L. Co., Hermansville. —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. —Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Justin N. Mead, druggist, Escanaba.

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DANIEL TYRRELL

Escanaba, Mich., Dec. 27, 1888.

News of Interest. —Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer. —Mead's Family Medicines should be in every household. —Mead's "Dr. Bissell's Magnetic Balm" is the Boss Pain Killer—a big bottle for only 25 cents at Mead's. —Mead's Compound Cough Syrup cures all diseases of the Throat and Lungs if taken in season. Price 50 cents. —Try our Basswood Ceilings and Maple Flooring, Kiln dried and Sand-papered. W. L. & L. Co., Hermansville. —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. —Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Justin N. Mead, druggist, Escanaba.

House to Rent. Smith court, between Ludington st and Wells ave—5 room house. Inquire of JAMES C. MORRELL.

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

For Rent. Desirable dwellings, inquire of A. R. NORTHUP.

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

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

For Sale. Schooner Badger, with everything complete. Apply to ROBERT NICHOL, Green Bay, Wis.

Cochrane Roller-Mills Company. The annual meeting of the Stock holders of the Cochrane Roller-Mill company, of Escanaba, Michigan, will be held at the office of the company at Escanaba, Michigan, on Tuesday, the 19th day of February, 1889 at 2 p. m., for the election of a board of directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By-laws for the proper conduct of the affairs of the company will be submitted to the stockholders for their approval.

JOHN MC KAY, Vice Pres't.

HUGH E. MACDONALD, Sect'y, Pro Tem.

Dated at Escanaba this day 25th day of February 1889.

All grocers sell Gloss Soap.

Will not chap your hands, Gloss Soap.

It only costs a Nickel to try Gloss Soap.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

POST NO BILLS

Blackwell Bros.

GLADSTONE AND SOUTH GLADSTONE.

Dealers in

General Merchandise

Groceries

AND PROVISIONS,

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

A Full Stock in all lines at

SOUTH GLADSTONE

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS ONLY AT

GLADSTONE.

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

Give Them A Call !!

COAL.

J. F. OLIVER,

(Successor to D. M. Philbin)

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ALL KINDS OF

Anthracite, Bituminous, Blossburg & Charcoal

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

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Coal delivered to any part of the city free of cartage

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DANIEL TYRRELL

Escanaba, Mich., Dec. 27, 1888.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., FEBRUARY 3, 1889

THE PHANTOM BALL.

You remember the ball on the corner
Last night, as I walked down-street,
I heard the sound of music
And the rhythm of feet and feet
In time to the plaintive strains
Of lightly-tipting feet.

And I turned and entered the doorway—
It was years since I had been there;
Years, and the world is different,
And pleasure has met with scorn,
But again I was hearing the music
And watching the dancers fair.

And then, as I stood and listened,
The music lost its grace,
And instead of those merry waltzers,
There were ghosts of the "Used to Be"
Ghosts of the pleasure-seekers
Who once had danced with me.

Oh! 'twas a ghastly picture—
Oh! 'twas a ghastly crowd,
Each bearing a skull on his shoulders,
Each trailing a long white shroud,
As they whirled in the dance together
And the music sobbed aloud.

As they danced their dry bones rattled
Like a shutter in a blast,
And they stared from eyes sockets
On me as they circled past,
And the music that kept them whirling
Was a funeral dirge played fast.

Some of them wore their face-cloths,
Others were rotted away,
Some had mold on their garments,
And some seemed dead but a day—
Skeletons all, but I knew them
As friends who had once been gay.

Beauty and grace and manhood,
And this was the end of all;
Only their phantoms whirling
In a ghastly skeleton ball—
And the music ceased—and they vanished
As I came away from the hall.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Ladies' Newspaper*.

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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with the authors.)

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Percival found himself in snug quarters at the "Saracen's Head," and under the care of "mine host" and the doctor was soon on his feet again and all right, except for his broken arm. "Come into the ball-room to-night for a bit, sir," said our old friend Goodspeed on the day of the ball to Percival, who, he thought, was looking somewhat blue and lonesome. "The ladies and gentlemen are not so particular at our Weirdale assembly as they are at the Stagborough County ball, though I tell you what it is, sir, none but the gentlemen farmers, as I call them, come here, and a good many of the landlords come, too. Anyhow, it strikes me you are a born gentleman, Mr. Douglas, and you may rely on a hearty welcome, sir." "But, my good friend," replied Percival, "I am only half better of a sprained ankle and still carry my arm in a sling; I can not dance, much as I would like to accept your kind invitation."

"No matter, sir," rejoined the good-natured inn-keeper, "you can look on, and if there is no one else for you to talk to there will be your friend Master Wilson, who took care of you at Mill Hill the night of the runaway. He always comes with his wife and family. Nice folks those, sir, and between you and me, sir, Master Wilson is a gentleman born."

"You say Mr. Wilson, of Mill Hill, will be here with his family?" asked Percival, suddenly aroused to interest; "then I think I will look in for awhile between the dancing."

The Weirdale Assembly Rooms, which formed a part of the inn property, were brilliantly lighted and decorated with considerable taste. The guests had all arrived and dancing had been going on for some time when Percival entered the rooms. He immediately recognized the family from the Manor farm and walked right up to the farmer, who was, like himself, only "looking on."

"How'd'ye do, sir?" inquired the elder man. "Have you quite recovered from the effects of that unlucky ride?"

"Well, yes, thank you," said Percival. "I am all right, except that I am forced to carry this confounded arm in a sling for several weeks. Allow me to inquire after your wife and daughter, Mr. Wilson."

"They are all here and can speak for themselves when this dance is over. My dancing days are past, Mr. Douglas, but I like to see the girls and boys enjoying themselves."

Maggie Wilson was there, thoroughly happy. She had a different partner for every dance and her programme had been filled before she was in the room ten minutes. Tom Wilson was there looking as though he cared less for dancing than his father did. The fact was the lad was greatly altered, since the ball of one year before. Even now he was thinking more of Lawrence Lovejoy and the starting pore than of the dancing and mirth around him. George Foster was there, too, just a little jealous of Maggie's flirtations, although the jocular himself was carrying on just as many as she. But Percival was looking for none of these. If only he could see that face! Ah, there it is and its owner is the "observed of all observers." That girl is more like a princess than a farmer's daughter. In her dress of pure white, her black hair neatly arranged and set off with one crimson rose, she looks perfectly lovely as she glides to and fro, and Percival's ideas of abstract goodness, purity and so forth are dispersed to the four winds as he acknowledges that it is the woman herself he would worship. As he says to himself, "he would sell his soul for one word from her, if necessary." He pays his respects to Mrs. Wilson and Maggie and then requests the farmer to introduce him to his other daughter.

"I have no other daughter," explained Matthew Wilson.

"Surely," said Percival, "I saw that lady in white at your house, and I took her for your daughter. Pray pardon me."

"Oh!" laughed the farmer, "that is Rachel, who is as good as our daughter, eh, Tom? Come here, my dear, a moment (this is Percival's ideal of goodness, who was just then approaching the party). My dear, this is Mr. Douglas, who was hurt near our place the other night. Mr. Douglas, this is Miss Rachel Foster, my prospective daughter-in-law."

Percival bowed deeply. Usually, he could find compliments by the bushel, but he felt that a stereotyped compliment would be almost an insult if offered to Rachel. She was the first to speak, and, oh, how her

words thrilled him. "I was so sorry to know of your accident, Mr. Douglas. I need not ask if you are better, although I see you are not quite recovered."

"Thank you," he replied, and he was obliged, after all, to fall back on a compliment, as he continued: "I would willingly meet with such an accident every week of my life if each would bring me as near so much goodness and beauty as this one did. May I have the pleasure of the next dance trifled on your programme, Miss Foster?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Douglas, if I say that I think you are hardly fit to dance," she said as she gently touched his lame arm. "I am going to rest for awhile and shall be pleased to have your company." She spoke with queenly grace and Percival would have followed her to the world's end, at that moment, if she had expressed a wish to that effect.

They began of course with commonplace small talk and by degrees worked around to politics, a subject upon which Percival found his fair companion far better versed than himself. Percival was, with the true instinct of a landlord, a protectionist, and he found Rachel to be a champion of free-trade principles. He had heard Mr. Willers in the House of Commons and had read one or two of Mr. Cobden's speeches as reported in the newspapers, but he had always passed his verdict upon them in one word: "Trash!" But he was beaten now, and by a woman. "Now, Mr. Douglas, are we not right? Is it not a very selfish and very cruel policy for the landlords and farmers to pursue—the few amassing wealth at the terrible expense of the many?"

"Miss Foster, I am myself a landlord, and the repeal of the Corn law means, possibly, the loss of half my income, but I am bound to say you have the best of the argument. I bow to your superior reasoning."

Poor Rachel, she felt happy now. Not because she thought that she, personally, had made an impression upon the aristocrat, but because he was her first convert, and, if he was a landlord as he had stated, an important convert to the principles which she so firmly believed in and which she so ardently advocated. She went home that night and slept soundly without a thought for Percival personally, and never spoke of him to any one, except once, when she reported her first victory to the rector.

Not so Percival. He never closed his eyes that night for thinking of the lovely Anti-Corn-Law Leaguer; and her calm and beautiful face, which was so animated while she discoursed to him on behalf of the poor and oppressed, was never absent from him in all the days of his life that followed.

CHAPTER IX.

VISITORS AT MILL HILL.

Of course Saturday found Matthew Wilson at Weirdale, and his neighbor at the dinner-table was Percival. Percival was a good talker, able to take part in a conversation on any and every subject, and in his attempt to strengthen his acquaintance with the good farmer, he played his part so well that before he left Mr. Wilson made Percival promise to accompany him home on the following Saturday.

When Saturday night came round once more Percival was an inmate of the Manor farm-house, the guest of the Wilsons.

He now thought he would have his own way completely, so far as winning Rachel Foster was concerned. What had he, a gay, handsome, cultivated and clever aristocrat to fear from simple country boys like Tom Wilson? He made up his mind, in a way that was perfectly satisfactory to himself, that with Rachel a mere boor like Tom Wilson would stand no chance whatever before the persevering attention and gentle wooing of a gentleman like James Douglas Percival, Baronet. Understand, Percival was not fooling with himself and did not intend any thing of the kind with Rachel. He "meant business," although at the same time he was perfectly well aware of difficulties which should have proved insurmountable barriers to his wooing, much less wedding, a pure and good woman. He could not forget that his lawful wife was, for aught he knew, alive, and, for aught he knew, positively to the contrary, in London. True, he had Randolph's word that she was in America, and he certainly held the certificate of her marriage with Randolph. But what did that amount to? Simply nothing. He knew his wife well enough to be assured that if ever she ascertained that he was alive she would at once claim her rightful position. Then that assumed name of his bothered him considerably.

To make matters worse he had seen a man in the neighborhood recently who knew him well. The man had seen him, too, although Percival did not know this.

Among the soldiers who had fought in the rank and file at Waterloo was the son of an old laborer on the Percivalthorpe estate in Midshire. He had served in the company of which Percival's father was Captain, and in a fit of generosity, soon after coming into his property, Percival had set this man up in business with a well-furnished "pack" to enable him to get a living as a peddler. Teddy Hudson, as he was familiarly called by his customers, was minus one arm and one eye, but he had a good heart and a well oiled tongue to help him out; while a medal for bravery, displayed conspicuously upon his vest, helped to make him a very interesting party to the country folk, among whom he managed of the whole to do a fair business. Now Teddy, although a fifty-year-old bachelor, was all the same deeply in love with Rachel Foster. Of course the old soldier knew his place better than to say a word to any one of his tender feelings, but in his "rough-diamond" way he just whispered the ground Rachel trod upon. Teddy in his travels over the country became acquainted with all kinds of folks, and when once he made a customer, the customer's face was never forgotten. He visited Mill Hill, as he visited all other places along his



extensive route, twice a year. Once before when he came to the village he had been surprised at finding one of his old Lancashire customers, to whom he had once sold some lead pencils at the registry, and now that his greatest surprise at seeing the owner of Percivalthorpe at the Manor farm.

ship with the maids. He had to pass the parlor, which was lighted up by the bright glow from a wood fire, and near that parlor fire he saw two persons, the sight almost taking away his breath. He tried to gather his senses together. Yes; that must be young Sir James; but surely he married a lady and was staying in Italy with her for the benefit of her health. Was she dead? If so they had heard nothing of it in Midshire. Why did not Sir James go to his own home instead of spending his time at a farm-house?

"No, no," muttered the peddler to himself. "There is something wrong here. I am grateful to Sir James for starting me in business, but if he is trifling with that sweet girl—for it is Miss Rachel he is kneeling to—or mean mischief of any kind to her, I will knock him down with this very pack and throw all I ever made out of it in his face. I always had my doubts about young Sir James and his wild ways. He's no such man as Captain Walter was!"

The old fellow was considerably excited and was hardly cooled down by the time he left the Manor farm, where he lingered in the kitchen for over an hour selling ribbons, laces and thread and dispensing the news. However, he got away at last, and as he turned out of the gateway on to the high road he met a horseman, whom he accosted. "Good evening, Mr. Foster."

"Hello, Teddy, how are you?" replied the cheery voice of our friend George.

"I'm first-rate, thank you, sir. Mr. Foster, would you mind walking aside of me to your place? I've a word to say to you, sir."

"All right, Teddy," said George as he dismounted. "What is it?"

"I believe, sir, you have no father living and therefore, I suppose, are your sister's natural guardian. Now, will you tell me who that gentleman is at Master Wilson's?"

"Yes," answered George, "that is Mr. Douglas, from London. Why do you ask?"

"His name," said the peddler, "is Douglas, true enough, and he has a house in London, but he is better known as Sir James Douglas Percival, of Percivalthorpe, in Midshire. I am indebted to Sir James for past kindness, but you'll please excuse me, sir, if I say that in my humble way I think a deal more of your sister, Miss Rachel, and would not willingly see any man, even though it be my benefactor, Sir James himself, acting wrongly by her. Now, sir, you may say it is none of my business, but my motto being 'prevention is better than cure,' I'll tell you, all the same, that by accident I saw Sir James on his knees to your sister and I am very much mistaken if he did not ask her to be his wife. Mr. Foster, Sir James has a wife already!"

"Hudson!" gasped George, almost choked with rage. "I know very little about you, but I have always believed you to be an honest man. Are you certain of this? Curse him, I would out of my mind any man who would trifle with my sister's honor. If you tell me she is true I will kill this man—no, cut—or he shall kill me!"

"Keep quiet, Mr. Foster," said Teddy. "Keep quiet, sir; do nothing rashly. I have put you on your guard in time. Take the advice of a man who has seen much of life and be firm. Have Sir James make an apology to all parties hereabouts and then insist on his leaving this part of the country. Good evening, sir, and excuse an old soldier for taking the liberty of offering you advice." So saying, the peddler passed on to the "Feathers" to spend the night.

Teddy Hudson was not far from the mark when he told George Foster that Percival had asked Rachel to become his wife.

Percival had been Matthew Wilson's guest for nearly six weeks and had made little progress toward the accomplishment of the object which he had in view. Truth to tell, Rachel rather disliked the man. Soon after his arrival at Mill Hill she had, unknown to him, overheard him rather loudly denounce the free-trade movement to his host, much to the satisfaction of the latter. This, too, after he had acknowledged to her the truth and justice of the doctrines which she held so dear. At last, as on this afternoon Percival found himself alone in the sitting-room, Rachel walked in. Now, thought he, was the very opportunity for which he had been waiting, so, after the usual civilities of greeting had passed, he commenced his suit.

"Miss Foster—pardon me if I call you Rachel—can you have failed to see that, since the time I first saw you in this house on that memorable evening more than two months ago, I have only had one object in life? You must be aware that there is but one attraction for me at Mill Hill. Existence in this dull, monotonous place would be simply unbearable were it not for the one bright star which shines so brilliantly in the otherwise dark firmament. Rachel, will you not let me love you and care for you as my wife? Can you not believe me when I tell you that nothing should be wanting to make your life as happy as possible? Only give me the right to protect you and you shall find my word is good. You shall be all in all to me. Do you give me any hope, Rachel?"

While he was speaking Rachel had fallen back two or three steps, completely amazed. She had no idea whatever that Percival was staying at Mill Hill for her sake, and nothing was farther from her mind than the thought that he ever intended asking her to marry him.

"Mr. Douglas," she said, after a moment taken to regain her accustomed composure, "I assure you that I am indeed surprised at what you have just said to me. I say for the honor you would have done me, but, to be candid, I must tell you that were I not already engaged to another man, I could never marry you. Excuse me if I say that I do not like you sufficiently. I think my answer need be no plainer. Thank you and good-bye."

With that she quickly left the room. Percival was now as much surprised in his turn as Rachel had been. He knew something of the quiet, graceful, yet withal plain-spoken, girl with whom he had to deal, but he certainly did not expect so decided and point-blank a refusal. Indeed, he had rather counted upon a favorable answer to his pleading. There he stood, this proud and selfish young aristocrat, in the place where he had been saved, really for the committal of a grievous crime by the sentence passed upon him by the simple country maiden, and then, working himself into a towering rage, he left the house.

CHAPTER X.

A SHOT AND A SEAL.

George Foster was considerably excited over what the packman had told him in regard to Matthew Wilson's visitor. He was not a man given to much thinking, and hitherto the thought had hardly crossed his mind that the stranger, for whom he certainly had no great liking, was at Mill Hill wholly and solely for the purpose of making love to Rachel. If the idea of such a state of affairs had occurred to him he would have dismissed it quickly. Was not Rachel to marry Tom Wilson! That was no secret, and this Douglas or Percival, whatever his name was, knew that such was the case as well as any one. What the peddler told him came upon him as a thunderclap. This fellow, whom he had taken for a London adventurer, is turned out to be a little aristocrat (and married), to come down to their quiet village to tamper with his sister and his sister's honor! Be he who he might or what he might, he should give a full explanation and make ample apology or, by

heaven! and here George brought his cogitations to an abrupt close by stamping his foot and clenching his fists in a rather dangerous manner.

George was standing where Teddy Hudson had left him, within a few steps of his own house, when he came to this full stop. Again he commenced to cogitate. Should he go in or walk up to Wilson's and escort his sister home! On second thoughts he decided to stay home and leave his sister to Tom Wilson. Now that his temper was roused, he could not trust himself to see this Percival, but after a night's rest he would be calmer, and would then have an interview with the scoundrel. So he prepared to mount his horse and ride to his house, when he heard a step coming along the road in the direction of himself.

In another moment a well-known voice exclaimed in a tone of assumed pleasantry: "Good evening, Foster!"

"Good evening, Sir James," replied George, rather lily.

"You mistake me for some more distinguished acquaintance, I'm afraid," returned Percival. "I am no Sir James, but Douglas, staying up here with our old friend Wilson."

"I'm making no mistake," said George. "I am addressing Sir James Douglas Percival, of Midshire, a married man and a villain to boot. You have saved me the trouble of calling on you to-morrow and I now demand a full explanation of your mean behavior. What do you mean, sir, by coming down here under the guise of an assumed name and daring to attempt the



"I'M MAKING NO MISTAKE."

ruin of your sister, who is purity itself. Explain, I say, scoundrel, what you mean by this insult to my sister first, and through her to me. Explain, if you can, such a rascally procedure and make ample apology, as I shall direct, both to my sister and to my old friend, Matthew Wilson. I will then give you until the London coach comes to-morrow to quit this part of the country; after that time you stay here at your peril. Understand, sir, that though I am naught but a tenant-farmer and you a titled landed proprietor, now that you have insulted my only sister and roused my temper, I will example you in the very dirt upon which you are now standing if you attempt to stay here one hour longer than the time I have given you, or dare to say another word to my sister other than I shall dictate!"

"Have you quite finished?" sneeringly inquired Percival. He saw that a "bluff game" would not work very well, so he resolved to "fly high" in answering George Foster.

"Yes, sir," replied George, "I have finished for the present. What have you to say for yourself?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Why the World Has No Use for Grumblers and Whiners.

The world to-day is full of men who grumble at what they term fate. They don't get along, and the only reason they can give is that every one is against them. This is wrong, and radically so. The world is not against any man, unless that man's conduct is to make it so. Every one is glad to see a man climb up the hill rather than go down; and many a man utters the expression, when some fellow goes down the hill: Well, I am sorry for him; he is his own enemy.

The great trouble with many persons is, they are waiting for something to turn up, and as it doesn't turn up without some effort upon the part of the man, he naturally says the world is against him. What effort does he make to let people know that he wants work? Many sit in the house and wait, expecting that business men are going to leave their desks and rush head over heels to the house and engage the ability that sits in a chair and wonders why he hasn't anything to do.

Tell these men that Lincoln studied by a pine knot, or that Garfield drove a pair of canal horses, or that the business man who counts his wealth by the thousands slept under the store counter, or that this or that millionaire once was a barefooted youth who was kicked and cuffed from one end of the town to the other, and the reply received is usually—that these are exceptional cases. Well, the world is chock full of just such exceptional cases. The great difference between the two is that one had brains and a will to overcome every obstacle and the firm determination to reach the top pinnacle of fame and fortune and the other is devoid of both.

The young man who says he can not succeed in such a country as America, with all its magnificent opportunities, is the poorest kind of a stick. Why, there are men to-day who, when they see that a young man has the right kind of pluck, are willing to advance him money to build up his business and give him a start. These are the young men, however, who "stick, dig and save." What others have done can be performed to-day by our young men. They are in a great measure the architects of their own fortunes. Upon themselves alone rests the responsibility. They have it in their own power to either make or unmake, and every young man should earnestly and seriously ask himself which it shall be.—*Merchants' Mail*.

A VARNISH made with alcohol will get dull and spongy by the evaporation of the alcohol, which leaves water in the varnish, as all commercial alcohol contains water. It is, therefore, says the *Carriage Monthly*, advisable to take a thin sheet of gelatine, cut into strips and put it into the varnish; it will absorb in the thin sheet most of the water, and the varnish can be used clear and bright till the last drop. The gelatine will get quite soft. It can then be taken out and used again.

THERE was a tradition that from the time Charaxes, the Persian, carried off a piece of the true cross from Constaupiole, the number of teeth in the mouths of men was reduced from thirty-two to twenty-three. It is needless to say, however, that mankind is usually provided with a full complement of thirty-two.

PHYSICIANS say the number of patients cured in hospital rooms exposed to the rays of the sun are four times as great as those confined in darkened rooms.

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.

HEAT 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

South-east Corner of Ludington and Walcott 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, EILDEN 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.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Jos. A. Moore, the defaulting insurance agent at Indianapolis, got away with half a million at least.

Minister Phelps has come home—not recalled, nor resigned, but just packed his grip and come home.

Ohio proposes to execute her criminals by electricity, same as New York.

Thompson, inspector of customs at El Paso, wanted to appear as counsel for certain parties having claims for rebate of duties paid, but the secretary asked him to resign his inspectorship as preliminary and he gave it up.

The employees of the Brooklyn street car companies—seven lines—struck for \$4 and a ten-hour day last week and the lines are idle.

An English missionary and sixteen native converts were murdered at Saadani, on the Zanzibar coast, Jan. 19.

The manufacturers of feathers in New York locked out all their "hands" last week Friday. They are all women and there are about 800 of them.

Violent earthquake shocks were experienced in Northwestern Colorado on the 15th.

Jo. Howell, who taught school at Forker, Mo., and boarded with a widow named Hall, attempted to outrage her one night last week and, being resisted, shot her and her three children. He is in arrest.

Last week appeared at the mint at Philadelphia A. Squires, and demanded the coin value of 125 ounces of gold deposited therein thirty-four years ago. The gold was there but Mr. S. had some difficulty in identifying himself, however, he got his money, finally.

U. S. troops drove 600 families of "boomers" out of Oklahoma last week. They are now encamped near Purcell, in the Indian Territory.

Patrick Hogan, a wealthy farmer living near Belvidere, Illinois, lay out all night in a state of intoxication and was so frozen that he died. His sons bring suit against the persons who sold him the liquor.

An imitator of "Jack, the Ripper" is operating at Omaha.

A "tiger shark" 150 feet long and forty feet broad has been seen in Matanzas harbor—or else Mulhatton is at work again.

Annie Eisenhart, a nurse in the Cooper hospital at Camden, N. J., was assaulted and outraged last Saturday morning, and the night watchman, one John Ellis, is accused of the crime.

Connellville coke workers, 13,000 in number, demanded an advance of 10 per cent. The employers say they can't pay it. The men propose a strike. They are organized as Knights of Labor.

E. C. Haley, of St. Catharines, Ontario, worth \$60,000, is in jail at LaGrange, Kentucky, charged with robbing a house.

"Regulators" took possession of Jeromeville, Ashland county, Ohio, last Saturday, terrorized the people by shooting and tore down two houses, occupied by disreputables. It was their intention to lynch the occupants but they failed in that.

At Elburn, Ills., a prisoner in the lock-up attempted to burn his way out but succeeded only in filling the room with smoke and suffocating himself.

A syndicate of foreign capitalists is negotiating for the purchase of a tract of land in Ashland county, Wis., containing 135,000 acres and comprising iron, timber and arable lands.

Henry E. Ives and his partner, Geo. H. Stayner, are at least "behind the bars," and there is a chance that their dupes and victims may hold them there a while.

Geo. S. Driver, an unknown American, committed suicide at Islington, England, last Saturday.

The Players' Club, a new organization at New York, blackballed Bob Ingersoll, Hard on Bob—church and theatre both down on him—but he'll get along, somehow.

Sullivan's backers weaken and the fight with Kilrain is not likely to come off. That last "drunk" scared them.

Another test of Zalski's pneumatic gun took place at Fort Lafayette Saturday and the gun was pronounced a success.

The president has computed the sentence of Fish, the president of the Marine bank who helped to rob Gen. Grant and smashed his bank, and the old rascal can die at home, and can't be too quick about it, either.

Sensors, in debate over the diplomatic appropriation, bill proposed the abolition of the entire system. Good job, too. Not worth a tithe of its cost. Consuls we must have; ambassadors we can do without.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, had one of his eyes removed (to save him a worse fate) this week. The operation was successful and the senator is comfortable.

Moore, the Indianapolis defaulter, has gone to Canada. His stealings foot up nearly a million.

Duluth's opera house burned last Monday and on Tuesday its walls fell and crumbled the building next to it, killing E. E. Chamberlin.

Black, American consul at Buda-Pesth, has been writing letters like Sackville-West, and is in the same sort of trouble.

The laborers in the limestone quarries at Youngstown, Ohio, are on strike. There are 400 of them.

The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce moved into a splendid new building, located on the corner of 4th and Vine streets—the best corner in the city—and just finished, at a cost of a million, last Tuesday.

The British war minister sees (as does every one) that Europe must soon fight—for what else are the great armies?—and has the courage to say so. It made a great howl, but no one could contradict him. The howl was one of pain and fear.

UPPER PENINSULA.

Sam. Doney, 18 years of age, fell 45 feet down a perpendicular winze and tumbled another 45 at an angle but has a chance to live though. Joseph Nengan, a bible peddler, is in good for an indecent assault on Mrs. Helena Larson.—Range, Iron Mountain.

The First National Bank took possession of its new and elegant quarters on the 21st. The building is a fine one, of pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings, two stories in height and admirably adapted for its purpose. The bank, started as a private institution in '72 with a capital of \$30,000, has had a prosperous career and has now a capital of \$200,000.

No use talking about Mr. T. L. Chadbourne for supreme judge, he won't have it so; Judge Grant is the man.—Copper Journal, Hancock.

The dog-poisoner got in his miserable work upon (among others) A. Mathews' family guardian, Beppo, and Mr. M. will give a hundred good dollars for information that shall lead to the identification of the man. Mr. Adams, of the Detroit electrical works, is proposing an electric street railway between Negaunee and Ishpeming and gets a favoring response. The plan will probably "go." The M. J. did not have its teeth filed off when it became republican. Hon. James A. Crozer ought to succeed Gov. Swineford—his fit.—M. J., 25th

Albert Day, teamster employed by Holmes & Son, was killed Monday—thrown from his load and some logs fell upon him. He was twenty-eight years old, unmarried, and belonged at Woodstock, New Benuewisk. The county board has ordered the organization of a village government for this place and the first election will be held on the first Tuesday in March. Gladstone must be a "groggy" town—it can't support a newspaper.—Drill Crystal Falls.

Prisoners confined in the new prison can be employed as are those at Joliet, cutting stone. Judge Grant will hold term for Judge Steele, at the Soo, in February. Ishpeming and Negaunee people are inclined to take hold of the electric street railway plan and put in the necessary cash. They do not litigate much in Keewenaw Co., Judge William's term opened and adjourned the same day. Negaunee kids drove the Salvation army off the streets with snow-balls.—M. J., 26th.

This number completes the fourth year and volume of the Current. G. Gunfala was killed Saturday by falling down the shaft at the Mastodon mine. The family of Winslow Shaw was found at Rockford, near Grand Rapids, Mich., and his son came to Waucedah and took the body home for burial. The family had known nothing of Shaw's whereabouts for sixteen years and supposed him dead long ago.—Current, Norway.

The fire in the Calumet is supposed to be, now, in a worked out pocket below the second level which was partly filled up with old timbers, and a drill hole is to be driven to it from the surface and water sent through the hole to flood the pocket.—News, Calumet.

The lands on which homesteaders are now filing, or attempting to file claims, west of L'Anse, were never "earned" by the M. H. & O. railroad company—that is self evident.—Sentinel, L'Anse.

A wheelbarrow manufacturer will start a factory here and expects to be in running order in a month. The water power canal company asks that it be let off as to the taxes assessed in '87, and makes a good case for itself. Two pile drivers are at work putting in the piling for the canal banks. Paving, and how best to do it, is the question now absorbing the attention of the city authorities and citizens.—News, Sault Ste Marie.

The committees of the legislature for the examination of the prison and mining school will be here Friday. Kirkwood & Killan have platted and dedicated an addition to Negaunee. Mrs. Newton, of Newtonville, complains of injustice at the hands (or rather mouth) of Justice Wilson, of Lake Linden; says she did nothing for which she should have been fined. Father Rousseau started, for a visit beyond the Atlantic, last Tuesday.—M. J., 30th.

One Mc Pherson, for a clumsy forgery of Rod Lyman's name, on which he realized only \$25, is in good and good for a term at Jackson. James Casey, long an employe of the C. L. Co., in its work in the woods, attempted to rape a child only six years old at Smith's camp, on the Driggs, and has left the country. Fortunately the child was uninjured.—Sun, Manistique.

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

T. A. SLOOM, M. C. 181 Pearl St, New York.

JAMES MORGAN.

"Elegant Sufficiency."

Lowest of lovely things are they.—BYRON.

No matter how elaborately a lady may be attired there are certain little finishing touches which are indispensable to a really an full appearance, and the neglect of such are most displeasing to the critical eye. On the other hand, when due attention is paid to these minor matters, even a garment of plain material and plainly made, is so "set off" by them as to render the wearer "dressed" despite the plainness. We allude to those very necessary articles, of which we give a few sample prices:

- RUCHINGS AND EMBROIDERIES. Moll Ruching, (per yard) \$ 1.00. Flat Band Ruching, so extremely popular just now, (per yard) 10, 20, 30, 35, 50c. Crepe Lisse Ruching, (per yard) 15, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60c. Tourist Ruching, (per box) 15, 25, 30, 45, 50, 75, 80c. Fancy Pompadour Ruching, something very novel and striking, (per yard) 60c. Edging, (per yard) 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 1/2, 14, 15, 18, 20, 22, 25 to 65c. Embroidery, 22 in. wide, (per yard) 35c to \$1.00. Skirting Embroidery, 42 in. wide, per yard, 35c to \$1.50.

Our importations this year, are livelier than ever. In fact, they're an "elegant sufficiency" as Thompson has it.

James Morgan, 386, 388, 390 East Water St., (Branch: Corner Vliet and Fifteenth Sts.) Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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.

LUMBER.

Lumber For Sale

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.

24th M. HARRIS.

DeLoughary Mich., May 1, 1886.

SALESMEN. We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line. Exclusive 10 per cent. stamps. A permanent position. No attention paid to postal cards. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Central Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS

Oh My Back! JOHNSTON'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU. Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea in all its stages, Neuritis Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Iritis, Dist Depott, Diapetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys and Ad. Urine, Bloody Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, inability to retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR and restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE \$1: Three Bottles for \$2.50. Delivered free of any charges.

Send for Circulars to Druggists. V. JOHNSTON & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Or JOHN FINNEGAN, Escanaba

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every country. Sherwood men to act under instructions in our secret service. Experience not necessary. The International Detective, the official paper of the Bureau, contains exact likenesses of criminals wanted, and for persons appearing in the records are offered. Send for Circulars to Druggists. Brennan Detective Agency, Chicago, Ill.

PUMPS, ETC.

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. S.—Send for explanatory pamphlet. 4371

DENTISTRY.

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. News

with the best materials used.

Ludington St., Water Marquette, 401

SHOES.

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 lively trade is, 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. Possibilities none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the sole. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon our doing so; if you do not insist, some retailer will cost you just buying inferior shoes upon which they make a larger profit.

JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE. UNEXCELLED IN STYLE UNEQUALLED 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 affirm that the James Means' \$4 shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailing 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 frustrate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products.

In our lines we wear the largest manufacturers in the U. S.

Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold to wholesale retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any state or territory you will favor us with a postal card and write to us.

J. J. Burns & 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.

Is digested that it can be taken without any of the usual objections of the 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.

IT NEVER FAILS. We GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book FREE. Address in confidence.

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy, but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—B. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—M. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

A Women's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death was imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and was much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." This writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at J. N. Meads drug store.

Escanaba, N. Y., Sonly, Slin's Tortures.

The simple application of "Sole's Ointment," without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Burns, Ulcers, Eczema, Scalds, Itchy Skin, Eruptions, and other low ailments or blemishes. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

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EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

LEGAL.

First publication Jan. 22, 1886.

ORDER OF HEARING.

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 Anathalia Greiner, late of said county, 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 4th day of March and on Monday, the 5th 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.

First publication Jan. 22, 1886.

ORDER OF HEARING.

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 4th day of March and on Monday, the 5th 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.

First publication Jan. 22, 1886.

PROBATE NOTICE.

At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held 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-nine.

GENERAL : CLEARING : SALE!

From now until

FEBRUARY 15, 1889.

Ladies' Dress Goods, Hosiery and Underwear

Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Etc., Etc.

Special--Remnant Sale--Special

BIG BARGAINS FOR CASH ONLY !!

ED. ERICKSON.

AMUSEMENTS

OPERA HOUSE.

FRED T. FORESTER, Lessee and Manager.

FIRST SHOW OF THE SEASON!

MONDAY, FEB'Y 4

—PECK & FURSMAN'S—

Mammoth Spectacular Co., presenting Mrs. Harriet Beech Stowe's masterpiece,

Uncle Tom's Cabin!

Produced with a Star Cast and a carload of special scenery.

The Greatest Topsy on Earth, Kate Partington !!

The Celebrated Mystic Quartette and South Carolina Jubilee Singers
The trained pony, Prince—The trick donkey, Oscar—
OUR OWN ORCHESTRA !!

GRAND FREE PARADE AT NOON!

Reserved Seats. 50 Cents
Admission, 35c | Children, 25c

NOTE—This theatre will be overhauled and refitted in the near future, two galleries, a partition, sounding boards, Incandescent Electric Light, raised chairs, new scenery and drop curtain, painted and decorated, making it the model theatre of the Upper Peninsula. It being on the ground floor, and having plenty of exits, the danger from fire will be reduced to a minimum.

PERSONAL.

—F. D. Mead went to Chicago Monday.
—Capt. John Coffey was in town Tuesday.
—Dan Rooney returned from Chicago Thursday.
—Charles Doton visited "mother and Frank's folks" Sunday last.
—A. E. Gifford removed, with his family, to Ashland, Wis., last Wednesday.
—A. Z. Sourwine, of Spring Valley, Ills., has visited his brother, John Sourwine, this week.
—Miss Laura Rolph is at Foster City, visiting Miss Allie Braithwaite, who is teaching there.
—Mrs. Dr. Cameron, Mrs. Mc Gillis' guest for several days, returned to Iron Mountain last Thursday.
—Geo. Preston has been in Chicago this week, departing on Monday. Some business—some recreation.
—Mrs. Baldwin entertained a number of her friends with cards, conversation and coffee Wednesday evening.
—Miss Fannie McLeod, who visited Mrs. Burns, returned to her home in Minneapolis on Friday of last week.
—Capt. Ed. Coffey visited Manistique, to see if he could get at work putting up ice there, Monday. "Not yet," he says.
—Atkinson, of the Drill, stopped off to shake hands with Escanaba friends last Sunday, being en route to Marquette to attend the press meeting.
—D. A. Wells, of Sack Bay, in town on Tuesday to make return of delinquent taxes for his town and transact other business, paid us a two-dollar visit.
—G. M. and Mrs. West will, D. V., depart to-morrow for their winter residence at St. Andrew's Bay, Florida. En route they will take in the iron country of Alabama.

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 especial importance will come before the meeting and a full attendance is required.

D. E. GLAVIN, Pres't.

SOL. GREENHOOD, Secy.
ESCANABA, Jan. 11, 1889

To Rent.

A furnished or an unfurnished front room. Inquire at 813 Ayer street.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Education must embrace a knowledge of God and a knowledge of his law, which teaches all that is known of truth and justice.—*School Journal*.
—When we turn to Christianity we find encouragement to prayer and we learn that Christ is sufficient and willing to supply all our need.—*Christian Inquirer*.
—By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and can not do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—*George Eliot*.
—Read the Bible when you are fresh and wide awake; when the brain is clear and you are not pressed for time. Read it as the only book on earth that has dropped down from Heaven, as your directory for life and your guide to immortality, and it will become a new book to you altogether.—*Rev. J. Thain Davidson*.
—Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability; otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee.—*Lord Burleigh*.
—Sin is a very simple word, but it is a very awful thing. A little child could spell the word; but no one, not even the angels that dwell in Heaven, could explain the thing, or tell the evils it wrought. It is a deadly tree, whose fruit and whose shadows have filled the world, and from which everybody has suffered.—*Our Young People*.
—The man who has a good round income and fares sumptuously every day, and clothes himself and family in the finest material, and spends hundreds of dollars annually in recreation and pleasure, and then gives only \$5 for benevolent purposes, calling it the widow's mite, by way of apology, must be sadly lacking in self-respect, to say nothing about religious principle.—*Christian Advocate*.
—Our public schools are organized and maintained to fit the child for the fulfillment of his duty as a citizen. But duty is founded on obligation, and obligation on justice. Now, justice is the basis of morality, and, joined with truth, gives us all that is known as religion. Society depends for its existence on truth and justice. Education must therefore embrace both. If civilized society is to exist and civilized government to endure.

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WE CAN SELL

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

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