

IRON PORT.

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ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

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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.

SAND.

SUGAR WEATHER, frost at night and warm sun by day, all the week.

OUR "wood-butchers" propose to organize, too. All right—that's business.

BALLOTS to order and no questions asked, or answered. Cash with the order is the rule.

CAPT. BARTLEY will start to-morrow, with a crew, for Bay City to bring up the new boat for long towing and wrecking.

SANBERG buys out Gagnon and will move west on Ludington street as soon as he can get possession of the place selected.

MARRIED, at the home of the bride, in Hillsdale, Mich on Wednesday, March 20, Alfred Shields and Gertrude Avery.

THAT HOUSE which is on its travels at the west end of Ludington street, had to get out of Kratz's way, he wanted to build a block.

CAPT. TAYLOR is getting the Lady Washington ready for business and the weather bureau is getting the way clear for her to do it.

A PATIENT, delirious with fever, escaped from the hospital in his underclothes only, yesterday morning and made his way down town.

MRS. AINO, who lives in the Oliver building, next east of Main's, lost a little one, two and a half years old, by name Virginia, last Wednesday.

HITCHCOCK has this week furnished and brought into use sixteen rooms in the Oliver house extension—nice rooms and nicely furnished.

THE PEOPLE'S Opera house proposes a benefit for the S. O. V. camp on the 22d and 23d of the coming month—John Thompson with his "Huge Joke."

ORDERS for ballots begin to come in but we can take care of all that come. Send them in as soon as the ticket is made, we shall be busy with "stickers" later on.

"ELI PERKINS" under the management and for the benefit of the Sons of Veterans, at Opera Grand, Saturday, April 13. Eli "gits thar" when he undertakes to amuse an audience, every time.

NOBODY is going to have a walk-over in the coming municipal election. So much it is safe to predict. We look for the liveliest election since the city was organized.

MR. TYNDALL'S sermon to-morrow evening will deal with the first day of creation—the Mosaic record by the light of modern discovery in geology and kindred sciences.

ARMOUR'S building takes form rapidly and will soon be in condition to receive and safely keep whatever can be kept by "cold storage." It will be handy to cool off aldermen, if any should become heated.

LYING flat on his sleigh, to drunk too sit upright, a man started across the bay Tuesday. It would have been manslaughter to permit him to go only that other teams, driven by sober men accompanied him.

"FREEZE TO-NIGHT;" said a friend with whom we were speaking Saturday last at 6 p. m. He spoke as he hoped; he had logs yet to get out; and we hoped with him, but instead of the freeze came a three hour's rain-fall.

GLASER'S building—barber shop first, magistrate's office, Water Works headquarters, and scene of more caucuses and elections than we can count, was torn down last week. Good job, too; gives Email an outlook and breathing room.

"FOR A REST," Dr. Reynolds said he was going, but now comes a report that the "rest" he went for was his complementary half—the rest of the family, the feminine side—in short, that he went away, unbeknownst like, to be married, and has achieved his purpose.

DICK CAMPBELL will, if he has not already done so, establish a restaurant next door west of Stack's. Dick is a cook, from Cookburg, Cook county, Cookdom, and don't forget to remember the fact when you chance to want a lunch, along in the shank o' the evening.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKETS have been forwarded by the county committee to the republican township and ward committees and will be ready for use on the morning of election day. We make the announcement to answer inquiry from some of the townships.

THIS EVENING at Opera Grand, Pat McHugh and Jim McCormick will give a ten-round, soft glove sparring exhibition; Pat Darrington and J. O'Brien will try a six-round contest, and J. Doyle and Martin Finucan will wrestle. Cornish style. Fifty cents pays for all.

J. G. SCOTT, who has been running as messenger on this division some eight years and whose home has been at Marquette, succeeds Mr. Roanree in charge of the business of the Am. Ex. company here, to day. He has friends here already and an unlimited capacity for making more.

WE ARE REQUESTED to say to our city readers (whom our paper reaches Friday evening) that each voter who desires to place the municipal government in the hands of the best citizens is requested to be present and take part in the caucuses which will be held in the several wards on that evening.

JONAH'S GOULD beat the Young Men's organization, just a little. It grew up in a night; the Young Men's organization took almost a week to germinate, foliate and blossom. The record says nothing of fruitage on the part of the goird; the record of the organization which blossomed Wednesday evening last can not be written until after the harvest of Monday week. Just when the idea originated, or with whom, we can not say; we heard of the movement first on Saturday last, on the evening of which day the boys held a preliminary meeting and determined to go in. On Wednesday evening last there gathered in the People's Opera house, besides lookers on not young enough to participate, eleven men of the first ward, about forty of the second, some thirty of the third and seven (by our count) of the fourth, in caucus to make ward tickets and delegates to a city convention to make up a city ticket. This they did as follows:

The first ward caucus nominated for supervisor Casper C. Stephenson, for alderman Frank I. Phillips, for school inspector John F. Oliver and for constable Henry McFall, and sent Casper C. Stephenson, Wm. McNaughtan, Wm. Waite and Ira C. Jennings as delegates to the city convention.

The second ward caucus nominated Narcisse Blanchette for supervisor, Sam. Rathfon for alderman, Charles J. Finnegan for school inspector and Adam Henry for constable, and made delegates of John Telan, John Finnegan, Sanford Macdonald, Robert Bruns, Robert B. Finch and C. J. Sawyer.

The third ward nominations were for supervisor O. V. Linden, for Alderman James Lyons, for school inspector John M. Hartnett and for constable Gus. Bregman, and the six delegates were James Lyons, W. H. Hamm, John Nelson, Erick Anderson, L. Gunderson and John M. Hartnett.

The fourth ward ticket was for supervisor Emanuel St. Jacques, for alderman John E. Sullivan, for school inspector C. Palmer and for constable Phil Dupont, and its delegates Frank H. Thompson, J. N. Mead and Frank Moran.

The convention was called to order at 8.30 and organized by the choice of John M. Hartnett temporary chairman and R. B. Finch secretary, a committee on credentials certified to the representation of the several wards as we have given it, the temporary organization was declared permanent, and the work began.

The informal ballot for mayor showed 11 votes for J. K. Stack, 7 for F. J. Merriam and one for J. N. Mead and the first formal was the same, to a vote, and on motion Mr. Stack was declared the unanimous choice of the convention.

The informal ballot for treasurer was 19 "scattering," no candidate having more than three, but the next, formal, counted out twelve for E. C. Wickert, five for J. N. Mead and one each for John Corcoran and Charles J. Finnegan, and Wickert's nomination was made unanimous.

For clerk P. H. Tormey had a walk-over—sixteen votes to two for Hartnett—and the informal ballot was made formal and the account closed.

As to marshal the same course was taken, J. R. Macdonald having a majority, thirteen, on the informal ballot, Mike Stern three and Connaghan two.

For justices the nominations were John A. Johnson for the full term and Wm. R. Northrup to fill the vacancy, and Erick Anderson was nominated to succeed himself as street commissioner.

Taking a dispassionate view of the field as the boys have it laid out we really see no reason for holding the convention called by Mr. Power, unless to endorse the nominations made Wednesday evening: does any one?

HYDROGEN is the lightest and most tenuous of known substances, and in handling it the utmost care must be exercised to prevent its escape, especially if handled under a pressure, as in a distributing system. The "water gas" used for fuel is practically pure hydrogen and the objection to its use (which also applies to natural gas) is mainly the danger from leaks, or asphyxiation in closed rooms or the formation of explosive mixtures with the common air; dangers which should be fully admitted and understood. But a large economy may be attained by its use as fuel; so large, when the conditions for its manufacture and use are the most favorable, as to stagger credulity; one manufacturer reports a saving of three fifths in its use as compared with coal, and the cost of the gas at only eight cents per thousand cubic feet; and the avoidance of the known danger or its reduction to a minimum is a question of painstaking and mechanical skill merely. The question as to its use, if we had the opportunity, would be whether the minimum of danger which may be unavoidable is too large a price to pay for the economy and convenience. For illumination merely the economy possible by its use is not so large, and if an illuminant is wanted, merely, it will hardly hold its own in competition with the denser gases made from coal and naphtha; though it is not improbable that methods of carbonizing it may be discovered and applied which will reduce its cost as an illuminant and so increase its availability.

CASKEY, the Petoskey steamboat man, proposes to run his boat to Escanaba and Gladstone this season, instead of to Manistique only, and has been in town and up the bay making arrangements.

ALTHOUGH there was no formal celebration of St. Patrick's day in our city there was a general "wearing of the green" by the sons and daughters of Erin.

THE TEAMS belonging to the Jackson Iron Co. which had been employed by the Metropolitan Lumber Co., passed homeward Tuesday. Pretty near time, too, unless they wanted to go round the heads of the bays.

BORN, in this city on Wednesday, March 20, to Henry Valentine and wife, a son. Also to Frank Burk and wife, on Sunday, March 17, a son. And to H. B. Hansen and wife, on Tuesday March 19, a son.

REGISTER next Saturday in order that you may vote on the following Monday. The boards will be in session all day, from 8 a. m. until 8 p. m., at the following places: 1st ward, at engine house; 2d ward, D. E. Glavin's house; 3d ward, hose house on Mary street; 4th ward, hose house on Charlotte street.

EVERYBODY expected a called session of the city council to take action upon the report of the committee which was sent to Milwaukee and Chicago to study the sewerage question but none has taken place. The interest which sent out the committee and promised energetic work seems to have cooled off, we do not know why.

JAHU DEWITT MILLER has been giving his lecture "Love, Courtesy and Marriage" in the cities at the north of us and the papers praise it without stint. He will be here, remember, on Thursday, April 18, and all who are liable to be attacked by either of the three—that is to say, all persons under 70 years—should hear him.

JO FLESHEIM, Mr. Raymond of Grand Rapids, and our comrade Hawkshurst did not give us any longer line of insurance last Thursday (they are all insurance men, and we thought they might have done so), they only made a social visit. We enjoyed it, too. Learned a little something (we'd have been awfully dull if we had not), and refreshed our republicanism a bit by contact with theirs.

PETER JORGENSEN is the name of a swindler to whose operations the Green Bay papers call attention. He solicits orders from Scandinavians for a Danish spirit and gets cash with the order when he can. The orders are never filled, of course, his work is done when he has picked up what cash he can. Watch for him; pay no money for Danish (or other) whisky until the 'sky is in sight. Better buy a house and lot then.

THE "MASTODONS" who sang and got off "goaks" at Opera Grand last Saturday were the Ishpeming boys, a fact that we had not "caught on" to until after the IRON PORT of that date was printed; having until their arrival supposed the company to be one which has at past times sung here under that name—a professional company. They played to a fair house and gave a good show, for amateurs, and would get a good house should they come again.

MR. WATSON, of Grand Rapids, representative of the Michigan (Bell) Telephone company, has been in town this week and has arrived at an agreement with Mr. Finch for the purchase of his, Finch's, telephone plant now out of use and unavailable because of the collapse of the Cushman company. Of course this purchase is contingent upon the passage and adoption by the city council of the ordinance giving the Bell company the right to use it, now before that body, but we do not regard that as questionable (at least we hear no objection to it), and its adoption will restore to us the convenience of which we were deprived just as we had become accustomed to its use.

A COMMUNICATION from Phil. Kearny Post No. 10, G. A. R. received by C. F. Smith Post, presents forcibly the burden resting upon Kearny Post and asks aid. Kearny Post is located at Richmond, Virginia, and is, for reasons patent to every one, weak in numbers, having a membership of but sixty, and upon it devolves the duty of caring for the graves of no fewer than 32,382 of our and their dead comrades who laid down their lives in the vicinity of the rebel capital. Of this great number the names of only 8,441 are known; 29,941 graves bear the legend "unknown" and are, for that reason, especially to be remembered upon the soldiers' "memorial day," and to this work Kearny Post sets itself. That it shall do the work is inevitable, we can not go thither, but that the few comrades who compose it should bear the expense unaided is not inevitable nor would it be just nor generous to permit it. The post proposes not merely to strew flowers upon these myriad graves, but to plant roses and other flowering shrubs; it did so last year in the cemetery at Seven Pines and will, this year plant 500 at Fredericksburg, and in following years at the other cities of the dead in that blood soaked region. To aid the comrades of Kearny Post, C. F. Smith Post contributes from its scanty funds ten dollars and appeals to comrades and the public for further aid, appointing Comrades A. H. Rolph, I. K. Haring and John C. Van Duzer a committee to receive contributions. Drop in your mite—anything you please, from a dime upwards—and earn the blessing of widow and orphan whose lost ones lie in those graves under the sorrowful word "unknown."

MR. MORRELL, the gentleman whose project of a ship canal between the head of our bay and Au Train bay, of lake Superior, we have sometimes laughed about, is now at Lansing asking for a charter for a company to construct it, and says that abundance of capital is ready as soon as the charter shall be granted. Give him his charter, please, gentlemen of the legislature. Give him the right of way through such state lands as the proposed canal shall traverse. Give him anything except the cash—that let him get where he can. "Abundance of capital" expended in digging a trench twenty feet deep and a hundred feet wide from head of navigation at Whitefish to the county line would be a Godsend to this county, whether the trench ever became a canal or not. His idea that the canal can be built for five millions is, we think, tallacious, but we should like the five millions—and ten more on top of that—and if you can help us to it by just giving him a charter you should not hesitate about doing it. There is this good point about Mr. Morrell's work; he does not try to tap Whitefish nor threaten, should he fail to get his demand, to run his canal to Ogontz; nor does he tell Whitefish folks that Trout Lake has promised him twice as much as he asks Whitefish for; he may be over sanguine but he's no fraud—no dead beat. Give him his charter.

ESCANABA March 10th, 1889.

At a union meeting of Div. No. 116 B. of L. E. and Mineral King Lodge No. 129 B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, The great Ruler of events has been disposed to remove from our midst our late worthy and esteemed Master Mechanic, Josiah Symons, and;

WHEREAS, The intimate relations long held by the deceased, with the engineers and firemen of this division, render it proper that we place upon record our appreciation of his services as our superior officer and a man; therefore;

RESOLVED, That we deplore the loss of Josiah Symons, with feelings of deep regret, softened only by the confident hope that our loss is his gain, and that his spirit is now with those who, having fought the good fight, are enjoying perfect happiness in a better world.

RESOLVED, That we tender to his afflicted wife and children our sincere condolence and earnest sympathy in their affliction, in the loss of one who was a kind father and good citizen.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, also a copy printed in the local papers of this city.

PHIL. B. SULLIVAN, R. LETCHER, J. J. CORCORAN, R. E. GORHAM, W. J. ANTHONY, W. KIRKPATRICK. Com.

HOLD on, Mr. M. J.; Mr. Pollasky did not "wisely conclude" to do anything of the sort. On his way hither on the train he boasted of his errand and of how he was about to do us up. His case was abandoned by the prosecutor and Mr. P. did not know enough to try it himself, so he had to drop it. One thing besides had an effect: He found himself beaten in another matter, and the fight was taken out of him entirely. Your suggestion that we may find in more difficult to forgive is "off," too. It is the easiest thing in life, and one of the pleasantest things; but repentance must precede forgiveness, even the divine, and we heard threats the last time we heard the voice of our enemy. As to the costs, he paid them because he must—he had given bond for that.

A Big Thing.

W. J. Wallace will commence the 25th of this month (February) and close out to whoever may want to purchase, his real estate, except his dwelling house and store, consisting of nineteen lots, some with desirable houses and some without, but all desirable property, together with his farm property consisting of four hundred and ten acres of land with good houses and barns and sixty acres cleared, the balance is all heavily timbered with hardwood, cedar and pine. A mill power and plenty of good springs on the land. The land is situated between Gladstone and Escanaba, two and one half miles from Gladstone and five miles from Escanaba and is the natural feeding place and also the natural place for a bridge. An island in the middle of the Escanaba River and at this point always above high water making a fine place for a bridge, together with a grist mill near the bridge. I think it would be a favorable place for some enterprising man to start a village. I have had frequent opportunities to sell lots for saloons and stores at this point: the names of parties will be given on sale of land.

Also an interest in three thousand acres of mineral land and about two hundred acres of other wild land.

A half interest in a store lot in the village of Norway will also be sold.

I have a lot of young cows, two pair of well matched steers, two head of good beef cattle and one hundred and fifty cords of good dry hard wood. All of the above property will go cheap for cash. Come early and get the benefit of my sudden notion of selling at once without reserve.

W. J. WALLACE.
February 14 1889.

Address Wanted.

of Jennie F. Cadwell, supposed to reside in this city or vicinity. "I have good news for her," says the person who orders this notice.

The Latest.

Mayor Weston's veto of the water gas ordinance for Grand Rapids was not much of a check, the council passed it over him by a vote of 14 to 2.

Ex-Governor Blair is mending and his full recovery is now confidently hoped for.

There was a collision at arms Tuesday between the "Oklahoma boomers" and U. S. troops, but no casualties are reported—that is, no fatalities.

Whitlaw Reid can go to France, but not to England. A business man is needed there.

Julius Goldschmidt goes to Vienna as consul general.

Eugene Schuyler had written a book, so his nomination as assistant to Mr. Elaine was withdrawn. He could not pass the senate.

Bancroft is succeeded, as superintendent of railway mail service, by J. L. Bell, of Pennsylvania.

Spendlove, a broker, and Warner, a tailor, residents of Topeka, Kansas, quarreled in Spendlove's office and both are dead. The shots were fired from Spendlove's pistol, but he said Warner fired them.

James B. Angell is talked of as the probable choice of President Harrison for the mission to England.

The man who was found dead at the furnace at Negaunee was suffocated by the escaping gas from the stack. He had chosen the place, for its warmth, to sleep in and was suffocated while asleep.

One of Chief Justice Fuller's nine girls ran away and was married Wednesday. Matt. Aubrey was "the other party" in the transaction.

Thieves made a haul of \$10,000 out of the South St. Louis postoffice on the night of the 19th.

Fred Grant has been given the mission to the Austro-Hungarian empire. He wanted to go to China but the president "had other views" for that mission.

John C. New goes to London as consul general. The place is worth more than that of minister.

Candidate.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Justice of Peace at the approaching election, and if elected I shall discharge the duties of the office without fear or favor.

J. A. JOHNSON
March 13, 1889. 19

For Sale.

A good 40-acre farm, with a house, within a mile and one-half from Bark River station and three-quarters of a mile from Section 4 on Soo railroad. About four acres of this land is cleared. Will be sold on easy terms, or cheap for cash. Inquire of

P. M. PETERSON
Escanaba, Mich. 21

Latest State News.

It comes out that Moses W. Field's green-backery was not his only soft spot. No sooner was he dead than a certain Mary Goring was applying at the banks for the cash on certain of Mr. Field's checks, and now Mrs. Field has filed a bill in chancery against Mrs. Goring, her daughter, husband and brother to get out of their hands evidences of debt and pieces of property for which Moses never had value received, which could be shown in court. The Gorings are by the bill asserted to be specimens of that class of parasites which prey upon weak-minded rich men.

The mayor of Grand Rapids vetoed the water gas ordinance.

Lake St. Clair ice has broken up and is running out past Detroit. Navigation will be open in a week through the rivers.

Judge Huntington lies very ill at Lansing and the doctors hold out no hope of his recovery.

The dead man seen on the ice off Cheboygan is believed to have been Tom. Curtis, a hermit fisherman of Thunder Bay, who is missing.

Smith Brother's sawmill and salt block, Bay City, burned Tuesday.

East Warsaw schools are closed by an epidemic of scarlet fever.

Brule is in arrest on charge of assault with intent to kill Miss Comeau.

Charles Andreas, secretary of the German Benevolent society at Kalamazoo has skipped, \$1,000 short.

A prize-fight—bare knuckles and no fooling—took place within fifty feet of police headquarters at Lansing Saturday night, but the police did not catch on.

Burr, the seducer of Nellie Vanderpolder, is in jail with the doctor. They both swear that Nellie lied about them.

Morrell is buzzing the legislature about his canal, but he's no Lesseppe nor is our legisla-ture French.

Brule is recovering—is able to get out of bed and walk about the room—and will soon be well enough to be tried and sent to Jackson. Martin Hudson died last week Friday.

St. Joseph is to have a new summer hotel, to cost \$250,000.

"Aunt Emily" Ward, eldest sister of the late E. B. Ward, celebrated her 80th birthday last Saturday at her home in Detroit.

A WATER FINDER.

The Wonderful and Mysterious Gift of an Englishman Named Mullens.

He has been employed here several times to find water, after much expense had been incurred with engineers and others, and has always been successful, although at first most of us doubted his powers. I have tested him in every possible way, and he has never failed. No one hereabouts doubts his powers. The vicar was perhaps the most incredulous, until he had tested the man thoroughly, what convinced him most being that when Mullens was asked to find water in his flower garden he set out accurately the running sewer from his house for a long distance—not a trace of which was discernible above ground, and which no one knew but the vicar. He did other work of the same kind at the mansion here, finding an old disused sewer, the existence of which was suspected, but although searched for could not be found.

He has been employed, I believe, on similar duties by the London authorities. He discovered our water mains and branches here wherever he crossed them in the course of his journeys, greatly to the surprise of an engineer from Sheffield who constructed our reservoirs, and who followed John "star off" for several days. The same engineer afterward confessed to the writer that he was puzzled; but he admitted the man's powers. Mullens used the hazel and thorn "twig" only. No member of his family has the "gift," hence every thing has to be done by himself. He asks no assistance save a "twig," cut close by, and a lad to follow behind and put a peg in where he makes a mark with his heel. He charges his fare and a modest fee, and is willing to submit to any reasonable test. He does not profess to explain his power, knows little or nothing about science and is rather illiterate. Not a few large breweries and manufactories owe their water supply to him. He does not profess to find still water; it must be running. In the case of the water mains here the "twig" turned up above the pipe in the field, woods and highways, where no sign of the ground having been disturbed appeared, the pipes having been long down, and no one knowing anything about their whereabouts but the waterman, who depends on the map when he looks.

Mullens says a "twig" from a variety of trees will do, but the hawthorn and hazel are the most active; and the way the point whirls around in a moment above water is marvelous. The "twig" is Y-shaped; and the man, holding a leg firmly in each hand and the point downward, steps slowly forward, stooping. On one occasion I held one end of the "twig," where it projected through his hand, the vicar holding the other end, both firmly. Mullens simply holding it, but without the power to move it up or down, yet it whirled round as before, except where we held it, and consequently twisted the bark into wrinkles by the force it exercised.—Chambers' Journal.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

How a Scotch Gentleman Neatly Outwitted One of His Countrymen.

Some years since, before the sale of game was legalized, and a present of it was thought worth the expense of carriage, an Englishman, who had rented a moor within twenty miles of Inverness, wishing to send a ten brace box of grouse to his friends in the South, directed his gilly to procure a person to take the box to the capital of the North, whence the London steamer sailed. Not one, however, of the miserably poor tenants in the neighborhood could be found who would take the box for a less sum than eight shillings. This demand was thought so unreasonable that the Englishman complained to a Scotch friend who was shooting along with him. The Scotchman replied, "that the natives always made a point of imposing as much as possible upon strangers; but," said he, "if you will leave it to me, I will manage the matter for you; with all their inclination to knavery, they are the simplest people under the sun."

A few days thereafter, going out a-shooting, they saw a man loading his cart with peats, when the Scotchman approached him, said, after the usual salutation: "What are you going to do with the peats?" "I'm going to Inverness to sell them," was the reply. "What do you get for them?" "One shilling and eight pence, sir." "Indeed! Well, I will buy them from you if you will deliver them for me in Inverness." "That I will, and thank you, too, sir."

"All agreed, the Scotchman resumed his walk for about twenty yards, when he suddenly turned around and said: "By the by, I have a small box I want taken to the same place. You can place it on the top of the peats?" "That I will, and welcome, sir." "Well, if you will call at the lodge in the evening, I will give you the direction for the peats, and you can have the box at the same time."

He did so, and actually carried the box and gave a load of peats for one shilling and eight pence, although no other the same man nor any one of his neighbors would forward the box alone for less than eight shillings.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Here is a new story for Hans Von Bulow. An old acquaintance whom Von Bulow wanted to drop met him, after a long absence, saying: "How do you do? I bet, though, that you don't remember my name." "You've won the bet," replied Von Bulow, and turned on his heel.

CHILDREN ON THE FARM.

How to Make Them Contented With Their Lot in Life.

As the children grow, share the responsibilities as well as the labors of the place with them. Give each one something of the common product for which to be responsible, and thus early teach all to feel that every one has duties, on the performance of which other people are dependent. Give to one the garden; to another the yard; to another the potatoes, etc. It is well to give each one a patch of land to do with as he or she pleases; but give each one some care in the common stock as well, increasing the share and responsibility as fitness for it warrants. Be watchful yourself, but let it always be in a spirit of genuine interest, not from lack of confidence. Be ready with advice when asked for or absolutely needed; but in the latter case, remember that experience is a pretty thorough teacher.

If your boys see that you are willing to consider the advice of others and read that given in some good agricultural paper, they will feel the freer to come to you while you will be the better able to assist them.

If you can influence a neighbor to let out a portion of his farm among his boys, so much the better for your own. A friendly competition will be pretty sure to follow.

Nor are the girls to be forgotten in these plans. Give them something aside from the usual household drudgery so that they may also look for some returns besides the return of their tasks.

Use your leisure hours in keeping up with the times. Don't give your children a chance to feel that to become a farmer means to retire from all the outer world. Youth paints all walks of life in brilliant colors and loses interest first in that which seems diverging farthest from the rest.

Don't always talk of the work on a farm never being finished. This saying is no truer of the farmer than of the true man everywhere whose work is only finished with his life. Avoid unnecessary shadows in the farm picture, but don't wholly evade comparisons with other occupations if others bring them up, as any child might suppose that in that case, you thought farming would appear disadvantageous.

Encourage originality and let your children see that as yet the room for advance is limitless. Thus by always keeping them employed with business of their own, you can tide them over the most fickle portion of their lives, at the same time teaching them self-control as well as self-reliance and making themselves into true men and women. Then those whom Nature meant for farmers will be true to her decree, and it is only those we wish to keep; while those who have some other mission to fulfill, experience has proved, will the more readily find their true calling and be the better fitted for it by the broad and generous natural education every intelligent and observant farmer must acquire.—Wilder Grahame, in Rural New Yorker.

MAKING BASE-BALLS.

Automatic Machines That Wind Much Better Than Human Hands.

Winding base-balls by hand is a thing of the past. Machines have been invented to do the work automatically, consequently every ball is like its fellow. Each machine winds two balls at one time. A little para rubber ball weighing three-quarters of an ounce, around which one turn has been made with an end of a skein of old-fashioned gray stocking-yarn, is slipped into the machine. Then another, after which the boy in charge touches a lever, the machine starts, and the winding begins. The rubber ball is hidden in a few seconds and in its place appears a little gray yarn ball that rapidly grows larger and larger. When it appears to about half the size of the regulation base-ball there is a click, the machine stops, the yarn is cut, and the boy picks out the ball and tosses it into a basket. When this basket is full it is passed along to another boy who runs a similar machine, where a half-ounce layer of worsted yarn is put on.

The next machine adds a layer of strong white cotton thread, and by watching closely as the white appears on the surface of the grey the beauty of the winding machine can be appreciated. There is perfect regularity and no point where the thread crosses oftener than in another. A coating of rubber cement is next applied, and a quarter-ounce layer of the very best fine worsted completes the ball with the exception of the cover. Each ball when completed must weigh five and a quarter ounces and measure nine and a quarter inches in circumference. The minute differences in the balls are equalized by the thickness of the cover.

Every ball and cover is weighed before the cover is sewed on. The cover resembles two figure 8s in shape and is cut from selected and specially prepared horse hides. There is only one kind of professional dead-ball made, the supposed differences lying in the cover and stamps only. The patentees of the winding machines employ about 500 hands at their factory in this city and have about 40,000 dozen balls now in stock. Several cheap grades of balls are also manufactured, those retailed for five and ten cents being made from pressed leather shavings.—Philadelphia Record.

—"Henry? W'y, Henry died 'moor' a year ago wid a kyarbuncle." "My! It's awful how many gits killed on dem kyars nowadays, wid de bilers bustin' an' a gittin' scrunched 'tween de kyar-buncles."—Harper's Bazar.

THE MODERN ATHENS.

A City of the Nineteenth Century Under Nineteenth Century Conditions.

I chose the square, and in a few minutes was in the midst of the orange groves and fountains which lead up to the white marble palace of King George. The orange trees were in blossom, the water was sparkling, the spotless marble of the palace and of the neighboring mansions glowed to the eye, and there was a hubbub of talk from the hundreds of gayly-dressed loiterers in the square itself and round about the palace. They were officers, spick-and-span, discussing the war news and gesticulating or shrugging their shoulders, according to their temperament; Athenian butcher boys and baker boys smoking cigarettes while they paddled their feet in the waters of the fountain; civilians in broadcloth and billycocks savorily discussing the daily papers or arguing heatedly about the predilections and friendly intentions of the great Mr. Gladstone, who "loves the Greeks like brothers;" all the motley attires of the different country troops included in the national army of Greece, from the petticoated Albanians to the stereotyped blue coats with their muskets over their shoulders; nursemaids, their pretty brown faces peeping from under voluminous white linen headresses, leading frilled and flounced little children, who could hardly stoop for their hoops and balls in the strenuousness of their martyrdom to fashion, and the cosmopolitan element of uncertain sight-seers, men, women, and adolescents, strung with opera glasses, Baedekers in hand, halting at every other step to refer to their books, lest haply they might pass something famous or interesting without being able conscientiously to put a pencil mark against it in their record. These palace gardens were a feast of color. One could sit and smoke a cigar and watch the kaleidoscopic changes of the populace of the hour without a touch of ennui. And, if in the humor for some mild moralizing, there was material at hand with a vengeance, from the kite-flying little Greeks or the small gamblers who made piles of copper pieces and then banged them into confusion with a brick-end, pocketing as lawful gain all that staid unmoved, to the old stones and new hard by. But Athens is no longer a heap of ruined marble morsels. There is the pungency of commercial life in the bustle of its streets and the shrill cries of the vendors of every thing who go up and down its thoroughfares. And one may wander for a long time in quest of the Acropolis itself unless one knows well where to look for it. It is a city of modern times under modern conditions, with embryonic boulevards where in the time of the Moslems were forts and fortifications; it is a city of museums and universities, of Sunday schools and churches and tramways, as well as ruins, and it has three railway termini already. Had Byron lived and roamed in Athens in 1886 instead of 1812 his muse would have been either considerably more or less tearful.—Temple Bar.

THE ALCHEMIST'S DREAM.

A Munich Chemist Succeeds in Decomposing Cobalt and Nickel.

A cablegram from Munich announces that Dr. Kruss, a chemist of that city, has succeeded in decomposing cobalt and nickel, both of which have hitherto been supposed to be elementary substances.

If the facts are as alleged, the discovery is of great interest and importance to the scientific world. Prof. Charles F. Chandler, of the school of mines, Columbia College, said: "Yes, I have seen the dispatch, and there is really nothing to say about it. I do not believe it, and yet if it is true it will only be demonstrating what everybody has believed to be true for years—that all of our supposed elements are mere combinations and alloys. Similar reports have come to us before from long distant places and have not been substantiated. But in these days no man may say it is not true. It is not much more than a century since air was found to be a composition, and recently we were informed that there were stereoscopic reasons for believing that hydrogen was a combination of two elements called helium and cronium. No, there can be no practical conjecture even framed as to what the constituent elements of cobalt and nickel are until the report of the alleged decomposition is received."

A. R. Ledoux, an analytical chemist, also said the discovery, if true, would prove of vast interest and importance to the scientific world, and the details would be awaited with impatience by chemists all over the United States. It would be accomplishing something that men have been trying to do for years without an indication of success. As to the means employed to produce the solution, he thought it might be some new process, the application of which to other elements would produce like results. If the statement is true, there would seem to be the opening up of a new field that, scientifically, might prove of intense interest. It would bring a step nearer to demonstration the dreams of the ancient alchemists, that the precious metals were alloys and interchangeable.—N. Y. Times.

—Mrs. Kate M. Sprague in a recent lecture says that "one of the most important acts of life is to breathe." There are few who will question the truth of this statement. When a man stops breathing he is of little importance in this world. Breathing is as essential to a man's health as eating.—Norristown Herald.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, the Atlanta defaulter, died after twenty-seven days of starvation.

The Charleston doctor who killed the editor, Dawson, is held for murder and his black servant is held as accessory.

James W. Helm, of Danville, Ill., is missing and suicide is feared, as he was in financial trouble and very despondent.

The supreme court of West Virginia maintains Wilson in the governorship until the contest is settled between Goff and Fleming.

A boiler explosion at Pittsburg, Pa., killed five men and wounded fourteen (one fatally), March 13.

New Orleans police force is now organized on a "life service" plan, thus taking it out of politics.

A man of 75 who had lived forty years at St. Louis in squalor died last week and was found to possess \$60,000 in cash and good paper. His heirs are unknown. Name was Hayden.

Mrs. Grant adds her mite to the fund for the confederate soldiers' home at Austin, Texas.

The Mt. Torry Mining Co., capital \$1,500,000, was organized last week to operate the mines of manganese and iron ores in Augusta county, Virginia.

The "Anchor Line" transportation company has contracted to handle all the lake business of the B. & O. railroad at Erie, Pa. The deal involves yard and track improvements at Erie which will cost \$200,000 and will add largely to the trade of that port at the expense of Sandusky and other lake ports.

The doctors of Wooster, Ohio, report a cure of hydrophobia—the treatment was by aconite, hydrate of chloral and salicylate of soda.

The arrest of Tascott, the alleged murderer of Amos Snell, is said to have taken place at Winnipeg Lake, Winnepeg, on March 13. Chicago detectives hunted him down—score one for the C. ds. Later: It was not Tascott.

The bark Agnes Burton was wrecked on the Virginia coast, near Dam Neck life saving station, March 14, and the captain and five men perished. The wreck was just out of reach of the life saving apparatus.

Of the six men who were imprisoned in the Black Diamond colliery near Mt. Carmel, Pa., by the caving in of the slope, five were rescued alive and unhurt.

At Birmingham, Alabama, a new coal and coke company, with a capital of one million, was organized last week. It has 3,000 acres of coal lands and will build a hundred coke ovens and a furnace.

Elections in England show gains for Gladstone and home rule. One held last week Friday to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of a Tory resulted in the choice of a Gladstonian. The Tory when elected had 430 majority—the Gladstonian has now 630.

Chicago republicans re-nominate Mayor Roche and the democrats put up DeWitt C. Creger, once at the head of the water supply system, to be bowled over by him—or to knock him out, as the case may be.

The last man of the six who were caught in the Black Diamond colliery was saved, alive, shock and nervous exhaustion.

and not much hurt, Saturday, but died of the The Anheuser & Busch Brewing Co., of St. Louis, refused an offer of \$8,000,000, cash, for its plant and business last week. Their money is beer.

Irwin, superintendent of the Carnegie gas line, turned the gas into a new line of pipe Saturday without warning men who were at work thereon and, the pipe bursting, one man was killed and another badly hurt and Irwin is held on charge of murder.

A big find of silver, said to equal the Leadville mines, is reported at a point thirty miles west of Helena, Montana.

The negro exodus from North Carolina to Arkansas increases in proportion. "The white folks don't want us here, let's go," is the word with the negro.

The detectives that followed Tascott 8,000 miles got their man, but it was not Tascott.

A bad storm raged along the Atlantic coast last Saturday and Sunday.

Rees, the foreman of the squib factory that exploded last week, before he died told the truth about the business. He set the powder off by a spark from his pipe.

Another mine under Scranton, Pa., has caved in and wrecked churches and houses. Bradley got judgment against the owners of the John Pridgeon for sinking the Selah Chamberlain but will have to fight the case again on appeal. He can only get \$37,500 at best, that being the appraised value of the Pridgeon and her cargo.

A salt trust, with a capital of \$25,000,000, is said to have been formed. Too big a thing; won't work, see if it does.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade as J. N. Mead's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted. 116

Epoch.

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

GREENHOOT.

The Largest!
The Finest!
The Cheapest!

The Most Varied!
The Most Complete!
The Most Comprehensive!

DRY GOODS STOCK

Within one hundred miles is now open and ready for
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,
By W. W. OLIVER, Carroll Block,
408 LUDINGTON STREET,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JEWELRY.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, WATER SETS, TEA SETS, COFFEE URNS, NECKLACES RINGS

DIAMONDS

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. Kowal & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau...

For Justice of the Supreme Court, CLAUDIUS B. GRANT.

For Regents of the University, CHARLES S. DRAPER, WILLIAM J. COCKER.

MICHIGAN, DEPT. OF STATE, Lansing, January 29, 1889.

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, 1889...

A Justice of the Supreme Court in place of Thomas T. Sherwood, whose term of office will expire December 31, 1889.

Also two regents of the university in place of Charles S. Draper and Austin Blair, whose terms of office will expire December 31, 1889.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto 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. 1, 1889.

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

GEORGE MC CARTHY, Sheriff.

MICHIGAN, DEPT. OF STATE, Lansing, March 11, 1889.

TO THE SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF DELTA: Sir—You are hereby notified that at the general election to be held in this state on the first Monday of April, 1889...

An amendment to Section 6 of article 6 relative to Circuit Courts, provided for by Joint Resolution No. 1, Laws of 1889.

Section 6. The state shall be divided into judicial circuits, in each of which the electors thereof shall elect one circuit judge, who shall hold his office for a term of six years...

Section 7. The governor shall receive an annual salary of four thousand dollars; the judges of the circuit court shall each receive an annual salary of two thousand five hundred dollars...

Section 8. The auditor general shall receive an annual salary of one thousand dollars; the secretary of state shall receive an annual salary of eight hundred dollars...

Section 9. No corporation except for municipal purposes, or for construction of railroads, plank roads and canals...

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G. R. OSBORN, Secretary of State.

OMAHA has a Sunday closing struggle in progress.

McMILLAN, Stockbridge, Palmer and Alger are not "side by side."

JAMES S. CLARKSON, editor of the Des Moines Register, is appointed first assistant postmaster general...

TROOPS from Fort Reno drove out the "Oklahoma" trespassers last week, destroying tents, houses, dugouts, claim foundations and marks.

THE REASONS given by democratic papers for Grover's failure to get there last November do not interest us much...

THE FRIENDLY Sons of St. Patrick of New York celebrated the 16th—the 17th falling on Sunday—and the guest of honor at their banquet (at Delmonico's) was ex-President Cleveland.

DAN DENTON has gone, to visit in lower Michigan first and then to Cuba to help open up the Ely's iron mine in that island.

THE ANACONDA, the big Montana copper mine, suffered a loss of a million by an incendiary fire last week, the reducing works, 600 by 320 feet on the ground and containing forty roasting furnaces, having been destroyed.

THE Calumet News is sharply criticizing the management of the public schools of that place and seems to us to come pretty near making its case.

THERE'S getting to be a "fishy" smell to the scheme for the "Marquette, Iron Range & Chicago" road.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE GODFREY died at Ontonagon March 10. She was a Chippewa and without doubt the oldest person living in Michigan while she yet lived...

Her earliest recollections was as a little girl to or 12 years old at Sault Ste. Marie, there she resided many years; marrying first a Frenchman named Colte, afterward Mr. Godfrey.

She outlived all her children, the latest survivor, a daughter, dying but three weeks before her at 78 years of age.

She was probably the oldest member of the Chippewa tribe on Lake Superior, had resided in this village many years, and from the best information we can gain was about 108 years old.

She was a Catholic and rests in consecrated ground.

THE "Illinois Steel company" will, after May 1, next ensuing, take the place and own the properties of the three companies now existing at and in the vicinity of Chicago and engaged in the manufacture of steel rails...

DAMON'S figure, \$800, was not high enough to suit the real "high license" men of the legislature and a bill is now under consideration which makes a retailer of spirits pay \$1,000 and forbids retailing under a wholesale license.

ESCANABA is howling for telegraphic or telephone connections with Gladstone, Manistique and the Soo.

THE Amalgamated societies of iron and steel workers constitute one of the most powerful of the trades-unions, but it can not reverse the laws of trade—a strike in Wheeling, which it supported, was last week defeated...

WITH the western energy of Clarkson and the eastern orderliness of Wanamaker in the postoffice we may hope to get a decent postal service.

THE homesteader who goes upon "canal" land will pay for his land twice over before he gets title even if he succeeds...

A GIRL of only fifteen years was seen (and not for the first time either) in the postoffice at Iron Mountain and on the streets of that city in a state of mad intoxication...

BABY MCKEE has been creating a sensation at the White house, not because of any desire to make mischief, it should be said, but simply because of his inexperience in public affairs.

There are on the desk of the president—the desk presented him by Queen Victoria, and made up of the timbers of the ship Resolute, which brought from the Arctic the remains of the Franklin expedition—a series of ivory keys, which connect with electric bells in different parts of the building...

ONE of these keys calls the private secretary, another the executive secretary, and the rest the telegraph operator, the stenographer, the telephone man, the messenger, the door-keeper, and so on.

AND NOW "Poker Charley" Farwell has found out whose administration is in power. He had a nice little plan all ready to relieve the president and distribute his appointing power among senators and representatives.

THE double life which some men lead, and which is so often revealed to the community at their deaths, has been brought to light in the contest over the property of the late Moses W. Field.

THE ROBINSONS came on the 15th and are now quite numerous. The rivers both opened March 17. Leon Duchesne's baby was burned to death in its crib, at Robinsonville.

DO NOT be Deceived. CAUTION—Do not let any dealer palm off any medicine on you in place of Hill's English Buchu and Cubeb, for there is nothing equal to it that can take its place.

PEOPLE'S CONVENTION. A Convention to nominate candidates for city officers for the ensuing year will be held at Music Hall on Saturday, March 23, at two p.m.

CITY CONVENTION. A city convention is called to assemble in the Fire Company's hall, in the city of Escanaba, on Tuesday the 26th day of March next, at two o'clock in the forenoon.

COPPER is too big a thing to be successfully "cornered."

THERE was no fight in Samoan waters; nobody really believed there had been, but it was stuff for "dispatches."

A NATURALIZED citizen named Kempinski having been arrested and sentenced to Siberia upon his returning to Russia on a visit, Mr. Blaine (does not say "we'll see about it" but) demands his release.

OUR FRIEND of the Mining Journal has not gotten clear of old habits—he can not refrain from hitting Alger or Stockbridge or praising Don M.—but he will if he perseveres, and says his prayers regularly.

"WE CAN'T do anything with this man, Harrison," says Hiscock, of New York. "Talking does not seem to do much good."

NO SALES of ore for future delivery are yet reported at Cleveland but furnaces are said to be at or near the end of their stocks and the '88 ore yet unsold is going, a sale of 20,000 tons of a good non Bessemer having taken place at an advance from '88 prices.

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Telegraph Company's Liability.

A verdict was recovered some time ago by a Chicago firm against the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company for a mistake in the transmission of dispatches sent to their correspondents in New York in regard to the purchase of a large quantity of coffee. The company lately moved before Judge Baker, of the Circuit Court, for a new trial on the ground that their printed message contained a notice of exemption from liability, and further that the transactions were in the nature of gambling transactions. The Judge decided against the telegraph company on both grounds. He held that a telegraph company was obliged to use ordinary care in the transmission of telegrams, notwithstanding what had been printed on its message forms, and that the errors made raised the presumption of neglect. As regards the charge of gambling, the Judge held that such transactions were not necessarily illegal. If actual purchases were made under which the buyers were bound to take and the seller to deliver coffee in a specified time and for a specified price, the mere fact that the purchase may have been made with the intention of reselling did not necessarily make it illegal under the Gambling act.—Bradstreet's.

"You're too fresh," said the brine to the beef. "I acknowledge the corn," replied the beef, humbly.—Puck.

Dangers of the Deep.

"Who was that man who was talking with you about the perils of ocean travel at this season of the year?" asked Rutherford Patterson; "he spoke like an experienced voyager."

"He is one," returned Franklin de Belleville; "he has crossed on these Jersey ferry-boats every day for five years."—Puck.

What She Did.

Miss Fletcher (of Chicago)—Oh, dear, Nelly! I'm in a fix. Young Mrs. Wentworth has invited me to a conversation, and I'm not at all up in those things. What do you do, Nelly, when you are invited to a conversation?

Miss Pearlina (of Cincinnati)—I always stay away.—Judge.

Their View of It.

Englishman—You—aw—live in California, I believe!

American—Yes, sir. San Francisco is my home.

Englishman—Quite so. Ah, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends the Courtneys in Arizona—an adjoining State, I believe!

A Different Stick.

"How's this?" inquired the city editor; "I told you to make a 'stick' of this story, and here you bring me in a report a yard long."

"I'm sorry," returned the new reporter; "but you see I used to be a clerk in a dry-goods store."—Puck.

Slandering the Animal Kingdom.

Jones, who is an inveterate diner-out, is also a bit of a philosopher. This is his latest "mot":

"I hear a great deal said about the slowness of the turtle, but notice that he generally arrives in time for the soup."—Judge.

The Small Brother Again.

"Do tell me about it, Miss Clara," said Snippy, eagerly. "I am all ears."

"Huh!" said Clara's little brother, "that's a chestnut. Clara told me you were all ears last night. I heard her."

A Short Journey.

Ed—All is out of his mind. Gus—Well, I guess he didn't have very far to go.—Time.

Traced.

Wife—Where is your boot-jack? Husband—I don't know; the cat had it last.—Time.

Nellie Vanderpolder died at Kalamazoo Sunday of the effect of an abortion and Dr. Thomas is in arrest and the police are after the young man who employed him.

Wm. Jones and Emma Remington were to have been married at Detroit March 15 but Wm. married Aggie Brown instead and skipped. Emma is likely to die of the shock of grief and mortification. If she lives Remington pere will appeal to the law for redress.

Scarlet fever—every case fatal so far—a Hillsdale.

Austin Blair, the "war governor" of Michigan, is dangerously ill at his home in Jackson.

There is war between rival street car companies at Saginaw. Ex-Gov. Jerome and "Little Jake" Seligman are opposing commanders.

The Lady and the Panther—A Story From East India.

Mrs. H., wife of a Bombay official, sends us the following account of a recent adventure:

I was visiting some friends at Mathuran, a delightful hill resort, which affords an agreeable relief during the hot season to a number of jaded Bombay officials. On my arrival at Bella Vista, I found that some other of S.'s friends had unexpectedly asked to be put up, and indeed were occupying the spare room of the bungalow. I therefore insisted that no change should be made in the family arrangements on my account. At my earnest solicitation I was allowed to have my way, and take up my quarters in a cool, inviting tent, erected about thirty yards from the house, and which I found my host was using as a study. The removal of his books was the work of a few minutes; and these were quickly replaced by the necessary furniture of a bedroom. I soon found every thing arranged to my mind, and I congratulated myself upon having secured the coolest and most delightful sleeping apartment in the place. The lookout from the door was one of exceptional beauty. The moon shone out clear and soft over the whole landscape before me. Having done a great deal that day, I was very tired, so I soon prepared for bed. My little fox-terrier Fidget, my only companion, took up her usual place at the foot of my bed. I crept under the mosquito curtains and soon sank into a deep sleep. In about an hour I was awakened by the growling and barking of Fidget, and by the light of the moon I caught sight of a huge panther standing in the doorway of my tent. Its eyes were flashing fire, and it was lashing its long tail furiously to and fro, as if it really meant mischief. In a moment more it seemed on the point of making a spring at me, and I could no longer doubt that it was bent on making a meal on my dog or myself. I in no way, however, lost my presence of mind, as I commenced shouting with all my might, which caused the beast to beat a retreat. He walked slowly toward the open door, by which he had entered, but only to walk round the outside of the tent and enter by another opening, which brought him somewhat nearer the bed. I stretched out my hand and clutched my candles and matches and quickly struck a light. This, together with my shouting and the dog's barking, startled the animal, and he again disappeared. I was not certain that he would stand such trifling any longer, so I made a dash for my dressing-gown, slipped into my slippers, tucked my dog under my arm and ran for my life. Unfortunately, I could not tell where the animal was, and the dark shrubbery, with trees overhead, looked just the place for him to be hiding, but I had to take my chance, and I ran as if fifty bulls were behind me, leaving my slippers on the path, and, tumbling up the steps, I fell into the verandah panting. I rushed to the door, which was locked from the rest of the house, and, knocking loudly, called out: "Mr. S., there is a panther in my tent." You can imagine the commotion. Every one was about in a few seconds. The gentlemen all seized their guns and ran out to see if there was any chance of a shot, and I was made a great fuss of; every one said what a wonderful escape I had had. They saw no more of the panther, but the next morning we heard that he made for the house of another friend some distance off, and there he attempted to carry off a big English bull-dog, which he found asleep in the inner verandah. Fortunately the cries of the dog brought the servants to the rescue, but not before its throat and face had been frightfully mauled. My friends are all of the opinion that the mosquito curtains saved my life. The beast was evidently very hungry and was at one moment preparing to spring upon us, but he was puzzled by my surroundings, and probably took them for some kind of trap. But I never for a moment lost my presence of mind; this and the watchfulness of my little dog enabled me to beat a safe retreat and escape the jaws of my midnight visitor.—London Queen.

The Homeliest Man in Escanaba.

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

The creditors of the Engelman estate get barely 30 cents in the dollar on their claims.

A water-gas company—furnish fuel gas—has been chartered at Grand Rapids and operations will begin at once.

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

Fingers Came Off.

My little son, five years old, was afflicted with a disease for which the doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers, came off his hands up to the middle joint. For three years he has suffered dreadfully, and has taken quantities of medicine. He is now getting well under treatment of Swift's Specific. JOHN DEHL. Peru, Ind., Jan. 12, 1889.

The usually "good boys" of Adrian college broke out, on the occasion of the junior examination, with a hideous racket, put out the lights, dusted cayenne pepper and poured bi-sulphide of carbon. Rustications and probably expulsions will ensue.

A Terrible Misfortune.

It is a calamity of the direst kind to feel that one's physical energies are failing in the prime of life—to feel more nerveless, more spiritless, weaker every day. Yet this is the unhappy lot of hundreds who surround us. A source of renewed strength which science approves, in behalf of which multitudes of the debilitated have and are every day testifying, and which, in countless instances, has built up constitutions sapped by weakness and infirmity and long unbenefited by other means, surely commends itself to all who need a tonic. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a medicine—pure botanic, soothing to the nerves, promotive of digestion and a fertilizer of the blood. Dyspepsia and nervousness—the first cause, the second a consequence of lack of stamina—depart when a course of the Bitters is tried. All forms of malarial disease, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, constipation and biliousness are annihilated by this standard family medicine.

The body of a man floated past Cheboygan on an ice floe March 15. An attempt to reach and bring it ashore was unsuccessful by reason of floating ice and it went out into lake Huron.

A Woman'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." Thus writes W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at J. N. Meads drug store.

Remarkable Case.

For two years I had rheumatism so bad that it disabled me for work, and confined me to my bed for a whole year, during which time I could not even raise my hands to my head, and for three months could not raise myself in bed; was reduced in flesh from 192 to 86 lbs.; was treated by best physicians only to grow worse. Finally I took Swift's Specific, and soon began to improve. After a while was at my work, and for the past five months have been as well as I ever was—all from the effects of Swift's Specific.

JOHN RAY. Fort Wayne, Ind., Jan. 7, 1889.

Wayne County Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich. \$500,000 to Invest in Bonds

Issued by cities, counties, towns and school districts of Michigan. Officers of these municipalities about to issue Bonds will find it to their advantage to apply to this bank. Blank Bonds and blanks for proceedings supplied without charge. All communications and enquiries will have prompt attention. March, 1889. S. D. ELWOOD, Treasurer.

THAT SAME OLD TROUBLE AGAIN.



Mr. Colback—Young woman, I ain't been to th' theater afore for twenty year. Hadn't yer just as lieve take off that hat! 'Twon't be much for yer 'd do.



His annoy (sweetly)—Certainly, sir. Don't mention it, I beg of you.—Judge.

Worked Both Ways.

"You understand," said a stall-keeper at the market to a patrolman, "that I don't want the boy arrested for the value of the property he stole, but for the principle of the thing."

"Exactly. He stole a head of cabbage—a small head!"

"Yes. How long will it take you to find him?"

"About four weeks, probably."

"Four weeks! Why, you ought to pick him up in half a day!"

"Yes, but you understand, I go on value while you go on principle."—Detroit Free Press.

Duplicates at a Discount.

Lillian (with concealed disdain)—And did you really mean this lovely work-bag for me!

Ethel (with virtuous complacency)—Yes, dear. I'm so glad if you like it. It was such a pleasure to make it when I thought it was to be for you.

Lillian (who has seen the same thing on Cashboy & Cheaply's fifty-cent bargain counter)—Oh, you dear darling, it was too good of you to take so much trouble just for me. But isn't it funny, our coachman gave the cook one just like it!—Time.

He Dropped.

"Did any one in this car drop any money?" called the conductor as he opened the door.

There was a painful silence for half a minute, and then a man held up his hand.

"How much was it?" asked the conductor.

"I dropped forty-five dollars at fare last night, but I can't expect to get it all back. Give me thirty-five dollars and let the rest go to experience."—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Doubt.

"No dogs allowed on the car, if you please," said the conductor, as the man was followed up the steps by a big canine.

"Is that the rule?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. If my dog can't ride, then I won't. He is as good as I am."

"Don't doubt it, sir; but that is the rule, and the dogs will please step off."—Detroit Free Press.

Sympathized with Them.

"Brown, have you noticed the hoodlums in Brooklyn?"

"No, but I feel sorry for them."

"Sorry for whom? the hoodlums?"

"No; for the fellows who are trying to get the hoodie. I have tried all my life to get it, but it's precious little hoodie I could ever get hold of, and I know how to sympathize with those Brooklyn people."

More Zeal Than Wisdom.

The lady of the house had just returned from a long railway journey.

"Good heavens!" she called out to her maid-of-all-work; "here I've gone and got a grain of dust in my left eye."

"Dear sakes o' massey, ma'am!" cried the abigail, in a great state of excitement; "I'll run and get the feather duster, ma'am."

—Judge.

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

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

J. N. MEAD.

J. N. MEAD, THE DRUGGIST AND JEWELER. DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, WALL PAPER, ETC., ETC. WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, ETC., ETC. POST NO BILLS

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.

R. R. STERLING. JAMES MEANS' \$3 & \$4 SHOES. Competition is the Life of Trade. 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. SEAMLESS \$3 SHOE. 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' \$1 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retail 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 imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States. Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us. JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass. FULL LINES OF THE ABOVE SHOES FOR SALE BY

R. R. STERLING City Property! POSTPONEMENT! THE RAFFLE for City Lots announced for Saturday, March 2, was unavoidably postponed until Tuesday, April 2, next ensuing, on which day it will be called and the property disposed of—no further delay. By Order of the Committee of Arrangements, for the benefit of all parties concerned. DANIEL TYRRELL. Escanaba, March 2, 1889.

GROCERIES AND CHINA.

FRANK H. ATKINS,

402-4 LUDINGTON STREET,

Has the Largest and most Carefully Selected Stock of

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FANCY GROCERIES

CANNED GOODS, FLOUR, SUGARS, TEAS COFFEES

TOBACCOS AND CIGARS

A GREAT STOCK OF

FANCY TEA AND DINNER SETS!

DECORATED WARE, LAMPS, ETC., ETC.

IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICH., MARCH 23, 1889

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

Yells that brought to mind the savage
In his wail-point all alert!
Risks that oft recalled the savage
Of some border-land expert!
Hazzings out to trees and fens,
In his efforts to explore,
Startling to a body's senses
Was the little boy next door!

If a window pane was shattered,
Or a missile cleaved the air,
If the street's repose was scattered—
Flash of peril, every where—
Little need for explanation,
All had happened oft before:
Mite of terror and vexation
Was that little boy next door!

Cats and dogs, by intuition,
Knew of his approach, and fled;
Famly was the hat's position
On his regular, curly head,
As with bearing independent
He would bound the crossings o'er;
With good nature, all repentant
Was the little boy next door.

Brave, chivalric and respectful
To the old who came his way,
With a sympathy regretful
Toward each beggar, day by day;
How the wild and tame were mingled
In his nature's bounteous store!
How my nerves were hourly tingled
By that little boy next door.

When, at sunset, homeward walking,
Once I missed the children's noise,
Marked their groups in whispers talking,
Leaving all their romping joys,
Saw the snow-white ribbons streaming
From the house I stopped before—
Tear-drops on my cheeks were gleaming
For the little boy next door.

—George Cooper, in N. Y. Independent

LONE HOLLOW; Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story
of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOODS
HILL," "FIBBER JOE" AND
OTHER STORIES.

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paper Company.)

CHAPTER I. RAFFLED TRAMP.

"Help—help!"
It was a woman's cry, and rang out in
pitiful terror through the aisles of the dim
old woods.

A young girl stood with her back against
the trunk of a tree, with extended hands,
a look of terror on her white, beautiful face.
At her feet lay strewn a mass of forest
flowers, some of them partially woven into
a wreath.

The object of the girl's terror was re-
vealed in the form of a man, black and fierce
looking, with bushy beard, uncouth dress
and the swagger of a low-bred ruffian. He
had pushed his way suddenly into the nar-
row glade occupied by the young girl, and
it was a low chuckle from his lips that
caused her to start to her feet.

"Come here and let me kiss you, pretty,"
ordered the man.

Then he began to move toward her. It
was at this moment that she gave utter-
ance to the cry of alarm that opens our
story.

The man was a stranger to Grace Penroy,
and his forbidding aspect quite frightened
her, even aside from his threatening words.

"Don't touch me, sir," pleaded Grace, in
a low voice. She was too deeply terrified
now to speak loudly or to cry out as she had
done at the outset.

"Go far her, Bill. I'll stand to yer back,
kiss her, and then we'll see what's next to
go to."

And then a second man, far worse-look-
ing than the first, pushed into the view. He
was rugged, dirty and bear-eyed, his sandy
hair and beard not having made the ac-
quaintance of comb or brush in months, ap-
parently. They were certainly as ill-look-
ing a pair of tramps as one would meet
within a thousand miles' journey.

Grace Penroy was now too frightened to
utter a word. Her blood seemed to freeze
in her veins, and a chill stole over every
pore, rendering her rigid and motionless
as a statue.

A grunt of satisfaction fell from the lips
of the man addressed as Bill, and with a
quick stride he stood at the side of the
startled girl.

"Help!"

A cry did come to the pallid lips, but this
only served to enrage the vicious tramp.

He gazed at her and shook her fiercely.

"I'll 'arn ye," he hissed, at the same time
drawing the paralyzed girl toward him.

That moment was an awful one to poor
Grace Penroy. A fate worse than death
stared her in the face. She remembered
then the prophesy of an old ripper that the
family of Penroy was destined to go down
in woe to final extinction. She could see
the wrinkled, hideous face of the hag prophe-
tress, and it took on the outlines of the
tramp's wicked countenance.

"Don't yell if you don't want to die!"
hissed the ruffian, drawing her, unresist-
ing now, toward him. His hyena grin
was repulsive. His breath fanned her
cheek. She was ready to faint with fright
when an interruption came that was both
startling and unexpected.

A sudden gasp, awful in its distinctness,
fell on the ear of Grace Penroy. The clutch
on her arm suddenly relaxed and the giant
tramp sank, limp as a dishrag, at her feet.

Grace reeled and clutched a small sapling
for support. At her feet lay the ruffian,
with blood upon his black countenance. A
heavy object had shot from a tree-top upon
his head, that object now lying beside him—
a short, silver-mounted rifle, the butt of
which had done deadly work.

The second tramp was startled.
He glanced about in evident alarm, but
seeing no one, made a sudden move to seize
the rifle. He was not quick enough to ac-
complish his design, however. A dark form
shot through the leaves and stood beside the
prostrate tramp—a youth of slender form,
who snatched the rifle from its resting-
place and presented the muzzle at the breast
of the discomfited tramp.

"If you don't care to die, you will move
off."

There was a low sternness in the voice
that was effective. Tramps are proverbially
gawards, and this one was no exception.
He retreated suddenly, and began to beg
for mercy.

"Let's stop to beg," cried the boy, sneer-
ingly. "The tramp has no use for such
words, and I had as lief shoot you as not."
The second tramp waited to hear no more,
but wheeled and fled at the top of his
speed. Then the rifle of female inap-
propriety faded Grace Penroy.

It was a handsome youth of apparently

twenty. His nose was dark, his black hair
hanging in long, wavy masses to his shoul-
ders. His upper lip was adorned with a
black mustache. His dress was plain, yet
of fine cloth, and his rather small feet were
encased in heavy shoes.

One of his hands had a blood-stain across
it where it had been scratched by a twig.
"Miss Penroy, I believe," said the young
man, lifting his gray cap with a smile that
revealed rows of even white teeth.

"Yes, sir," she answered, opening her
honest gray eyes wide with astonishment.
"You are a stranger to me," she con-
cluded, after a moment.

"I suppose so. But few people in and
about Stonefield, or Lone Hollow, know
Louis Fingal; even you never heard the
name I venture to say."

"I never did until this moment," ad-
mitted Grace, blushing prettily under his
earnest gaze.

"You may learn more of me in the
future," he said, leaning thoughtfully on
his handsome rifle.

"I hope so. I love you much. Will you
not come to the house? Grandfather will
be pleased to see one who has befriended
his pet grandchild. It all seems strange to
me. You were up in a tree. I do not fully
understand it even now."

She shuddered and clung more tightly to
the sapling for support, while her honest
gray eyes regarded his handsome face
questioningly.

"I was in the woods gunning, looking for
deer. I know that old hunters some-
times watch a deer-trail from an ele-
vated perch—my brother always did, and
he was one of the most successful Nimrods
in the West."

"And were you perched up there watch-
ing for a deer?" questioned innocent Grace.

"That's about the truth of it," he ad-
mitted.

"But there hasn't been a deer in these
woods in years," and she laughed for the
first time.

"I must beg leave to differ with you there,
Miss Penroy."

"But I know," affirmed the girl. "I
have lived at Lone Hollow for years and
years—"

"And never saw a deer?"

"Never."

"Yet I have been here but one day, and
have seen as pretty a one as I could wish to
look on. I sat entranced watching the
beautiful creature, consequently forgot all
about my rifle."

There was a quizzical smile on his face,
while a mischievous glint sparkled in his
eyes.

Her long lashes dropped, covering her
gray orbs. She bit her lip in some confu-
sion. His full meaning dawned on her
brain, and she did feel annoyed, and cer-
tainly would have been offended had not she
owed so much to the youth before her.

"Never mind, Miss Penroy," and his
merry laugh rang out pleasantly. "I did
not mean to give offense, I see that this
fellow is stirring. Shall I bind him and
turn him over to the authorities for punish-
ment, or do you prefer to overlook his
rascality?"

Grace regarded the fallen tramp with a
little tremor of disgust and fear.

"I—I think I will not punish him further.
If he recovers he will not forget the blow,
and—"

"Of course. We will leave him to the
tortures of an outraged conscience," inter-
rupted Fingal, lightly.

"Are you sure that he is not mortally
injured?" questioned the tender-hearted
Grace.

"I am sure of it. Even if he was mor-
tally hurt who would weep for him?"

"He had a mother once," was Grace's
soft answer.

"So had we all," sighed Fingal, his light
mood vanishing suddenly. "But there's no
danger of harming such a fellow as this
with an ordinary thump; their heads are
thick."

He bent down and made a brief exami-
nation.

"No harm done," he said at length, com-
ing to his feet. "I believe I will accompany
you home. There's one resident at Lone
Hollow whom I wish to see."

"A friend?"

"No; an enemy."

"I can not conceive of such a thing," de-
clared Grace. "I am sure all the inmates of
my home are good people."

"Perhaps you don't know Laura Joyce as
well as I do."

"Laura Joyce?"

"The girl uttered the words in evident sur-
prise."

"You have met Miss Joyce, have you
not?"

"Never. We have been expecting her at
Lone Hollow, however. She is my cousin, I
suppose."

"And she has not arrived then?" uttered
Fingal, in a disappointed tone. "I am
sorry, for I have a bone to pick with that
young lady. Perhaps I had best not go to
the house."

"But grandfather would be pleased to see
you," urged Grace, who was really quite
possessed in the young man's favor, in spite
of the fact that he wore long hair and was
very plain spoken.

After a little reflection Fingal continued
in Grace's company, and the two in a little
time came in sight of a rambling stone
dwelling built upon an elevation that occu-
pied the exact center of a vast basin, whose
sides were covered with trees and bushes.

CHAPTER II. AT LONE HOLLOW.

As we have said, a rambling stone man-
sion loomed up on the summit of a mound
that occupied the center of an immense
basin or hollow.

The elevated land was not raised as high
as the surrounding country; on the con-
trary, the hills about the basin were fully
up to a line with the highest point of the
roof of the dwelling in the hollow. It was
fully a mile from the spot where the girl
and young man stood to the farther side of
the sink beyond the dwelling.

The country presented a weirdly wild ap-
pearance, not a human habitation being vis-
ible save the stone house in the hollow.

A wagon-road wound its way down the
side of the hill and passed up the elevation
past the front of the old house, losing itself
beyond, and again appearing on the further
rise, cutting squarely through the low, yet
dense growth of trees on its summit. It
would seem that Grace Penroy had wan-
dered some distance from the home roof on
this quiet, cloudless summer day. It was
nothing new for her, however.

"That is Lone Hollow," uttered Fingal,
musingly. "It is well named, that is cer-
tain."

"Yes, I think so," returned Grace. "The
house is old, having been built by my ma-
ternal grandfather."

"Have you lived here all your life?"

"Indeed, no. We have been here scarce-
ly more than a year."

"We?"

"Mother, grandfather and I."

"At first I did not."

"I see. You have become accustomed to
the solemn old place."

"Yes, in a measure."

"Do you often wander so far from home
as to-day? It seems to me not wholly safe
for you to do so," persisted Fingal.

"Not often. I am, however, privileged
to do as I please. I expect, when my cousin
comes, I shall take immense pleasure in
visiting all the noted scenes and wild places
in the neighborhood," declared Grace, with
no little enthusiasm.

"You tell me you have never seen your
cousin. Certainly you do not know that
you will like her."

"No, but then I mean to. It certainly
will be her fault if I do not," declared
Grace, emphatically.

"I believe so myself," he returned, smil-
ing into the pretty, flushed face of his beau-
tiful companion. "There are noted spots in
this vicinity, you tell me?"

"Many. Just a mile to the west is Hang-
man's Gulch, where 'tis said one of the first
settlers was lynched for murder. Then I
have heard that not far from this hollow is
a cone where at one time old Lile Doty
secreted himself several days from his pur-
suers. You see, we live in a romantic re-
gion."

"I should say so," agreed Fingal. "You
ought to be a poet, or an artist, Miss
Penroy, then you might immortalize the
country roundabout."

They walked on then, descending the hill,
following the wagon road along up the next
incline to the front door of the old mansion.

On the porch an old man sat smoking a
pipe. His hair was white as the driven
snow, his face smooth-shaven after the
manner of olden times. His dress was
quiet and old, and altogether he presented
the appearance of one of the revolutionary
patriarchs.

He sat in a huge arm-chair as old and as
quiet as himself, while at his side, lean-
ing against his knee, was a heavy cane cut
from the native woods.

He removed his pipe when he saw the
two young people coming up the broad
graveled walk, pushing with wrinkled
fingers his glasses high upon his bald
brow.

"Eh! It's Grace, and—and, yes, by the
board of the prophet, it's a young man!
Confound it; confound it, I say! One young
man is enough for a girl. Haven't I told
her—"

"Grandpa, this is Mr. Fingal. He saved
my life, and I want you to thank him, as I
can not, for the act. Mr. Fingal, Grandpa
Vandible."

Then Grace went in to her mother, leaving
the two gentlemen together.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Vandible, as he
shook the stranger's hand without rising,
"I've got the stiffness of old age in my
bones, and can't get up and down as I once
could."

"Certainly, sir."

Fingal laid his rifle carefully aside and
accepted a chair that stood near.

"Grace says you saved her life. What
did she mean? I'm sure the hussy ought
not to put herself in danger. I've warned
her enough, yes, I have. But there's no end
of trouble one has with the girls, confound
'em; yes, I say, confound 'em."

Then Mr. Vandible readjusted his glasses,
and patted his cane gently while he resumed
his smoking.

Fingal explained the meaning of Grace's
words, and when he had modestly told his
story the old man's cane fell with a mighty
crash to the floor. Up went the glasses
once more, and the pipe was quickly removed
from his lips.

"Confound it, confound it, I say," uttered
Mr. Vandible.

"It isn't really safe for a young girl to go
out unattended," asserted Fingal, after a
moment.

"No, it ain't, that's a fact. I've talked
till all was blue to keep Grace from run-
ning wild in this way, but I might just as well
talk to a fence-post, I had. I'll tell you, my
young friend, one thing, and the old man
laid his hand on Fingal's knee and regarded
him with a queer pucker of the gray lips,
speaking evidently in confidence, "I've tried
to have Grace marry a protector, I have."

Such a comical look came to the old fel-
low's face as to bring a smile to the lips of
Fingal in spite of his efforts at gravity as
befitted the occasion.

"Could she do that?" queried the young
man, quickly, in order to escape being
thought rude.

"Could she! Could Grace Penroy marry!
Great Mahomet! Young chap, there isn't a
gentleman in forty miles of Lone Hollow
who wouldn't jump at the chance to wed
Morgan Vandible's grandchild. She's an
heiress, my boy, an heiress to millions.
Confound it, sir, confound it, she shall
marry, I say, and at once. I want this
trouble off my mind. This looking after
one girl is a torment, and to think another
is coming. It'll be pandemonium here after
that; yes, pandemonium, I say."

The old man groaned, jammed his glasses
once more over his eyes, resumed his pipe
and began smoking furiously.

Fingal felt that he had found an original,
and was immensely pleased.

"I suppose," he ventured, "that Miss
Penroy has suitors in plenty, then?"

"Suitors! Young man, why shouldn't
she have! Fortune hunters, though, the
most of 'em; devilish fortune hunters, and
I'll have none of 'em, none of 'em, I say,
that I won't."

"Isn't there one you approve?"

"Yes, there is one."

Puff—puff—puff.

Fingal waited some moments for the old
man to proceed. He seemed in no hurry to
speak, so the youth broke the silence with:
"The gentleman whom you approve is—"

"Captain Starbright."

Then the old man removed his pipe and
caressed his companion's knee tenderly.

"I never saw the captain, sir?"

"I never did."

"A gentleman, every inch of him; one of
the old school. You could hang your soul
on his honor and it would be safe, sir,
at least, I say."

"And Miss Penroy?"

"Oh, she likes him well enough, of
course, but she's a little backward about
acknowledging it. That's natural, you
know, perfectly natural. Girls of to-day
are so timid."

"To me Grace Penroy seems quite brave,
Mr. Vandible."

"Eh! Does she? So you've taken the
pains to notice, have you?" and the old man
shoved up his glasses and eyed his visitor
from foot to head sharply. Doubtless he
was wondering if this new-comer was to put
in a claim as one of his granddaughter's
suitors. The young fellow seemed danger-
ously handsome, to say the least, and at the
end of his examination the old man frowned.

Before he could speak again the sound of
wheels fell on the ears of the twain. Grace
came out on the steps as a rumbling stage-
coach halted, with steaming horses, at the
gate. A heavy trunk was "dumped" from
the rear of the vehicle, and then the driver
waded his whip and the coach rolled on.

No one had alighted, and Grace gave ex-
pression to her surprise in words:

"I wonder why she did not come. It's too
late now to ask the driver, I suppose. That
must be my cousin's trunk."

"I don't think it is too late," uttered
Fingal, springing up and hastening in pursuit
of the stage. He was fleet of foot, and soon
overtook the lumbering vehicle.

"The gal'll come to-ards night," said
John, in answer to Fingal's question.

"Yas, the chest was here. She'll be along
with a private rig, I was told."

And Fingal brought this information back
to Grace and her grandfather.

"I'd a pesky sight rather she'd stay away
altogether," grunted the old man.

"Why, grandpa?" cried Grace.

"I had, though. Her mother was the
worst female I ever saw. She'd a cat-a-
mount temper, and gave poor Jonas, her
husband, no end of trouble. If Laura's any
like her mother I want none of her. May be,
though, she's like meek Jonas. If so, it
wouldn't take much of a hand to manage
her."

"Grandpa, remember, that Laura hasn't
any father or mother now, and that we must
be kind to the orphan."

"Yes, yes, that's true, Gracie. We'll be
kind to her, and she shall have half my for-
tune if she behaves herself. I say that and
I mean it, I do."

The old man had various moods. At one
time he seemed harsh and stern, while per-
haps the next minute he would be all sym-
pathy and compassion. He had one soft
spot and that was love for his grand-
daughter.

Fingal excused himself and was about to
depart, when Mr. Vandible said, suddenly:
"Boy, I haven't settled with you for
smashing the head of the tramp who in-
sulted Gracie. How much do I owe you?
Name your own price now. Don't be bash-
ful; I can pay any amount from a dollar up
to a million, I can."

The old man drew a well-filled wallet
from his pocket and proceeded to open it
with pompous deliberation.

"Why, grandpa!" exclaimed Grace,
shocked at the practicality of the old gen-
tleman. But Fingal received the offer in good
part.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Vandible,"
he said, with a laugh. "I may crave your
hospitality on more than one occasion,
which, coupled with a friendly smile from
Miss Grace, will be ample reward."

HARDWARE.

Sugar : Makers' : Goods !

Everything Wanted in a Sugar Camp

W. J. WALLACE'S
301 Ludington Street.

River : Drivers' : Tools : and : Rafting
Chains, : Peevies, : Pike : Poles,
Oars : and : Sculls.

Farm Tools and Implements, : WAGONS :

—EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF—

HARDWARE : AND : CORDAGE

At the Old Corner Hardware Store !

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

Southeast 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.



OLD STAND, TILDEN AVENUE.

DRUGGIST.

NEW DESIGNS IN

WALL : PAPERS

" BORDERS " PANELS "

PAINTS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES,
KALSOMINES,

—IN SHORT A—

FULL : SPRING : OUTFIT

—AT—

PRESTON'S

For finishing new or renovating old structures.

Give Him a Call Before Making Your Purchases.

PRICES 'WAY DOWN.

UPPER PENINSULA.

Menominee needs a chair factory—that is to say, every condition for the successful operation of such a concern exists here.

The Peninsula Electric Light company has determined to put in a \$30,000 plant at Red Jacket.

Newberry celery culture was 'but a partial success last season, the grass hoppers having got about one-third of the crop.

A bit of rock detached from the back of a drift in the West Vulcan mine struck and killed an Italian trapper named Crisotti.

A girl of 13 came near dying of cramps brought on by being tickled. Lot of fellows here get their living by robbing drunk men.

Aleck Hogan—too much booze—out doors Thursday night in shirt only—frost-bitten, but will live. Mike Fay robbed a peddler—held a gun under his nose—skipped across into Wisconsin.

A Marquette girl, Miss Ada Mapes, has taken a homestead claim. Mrs. Caroline B. Ferris died yesterday at the age of 72 years.

The jail was on fire Friday night. If it would only burn we might get a decent one. Village election a tame affair.

It's a craze, a stampede for the pine woods. Children cry for homesteads of the forfeited lands.

Open water within six miles of Mackinac at the east—the ice in the straits badly honey-combed.

Big Frank La Londe, on a spree, attempted to board a South Shore train at Au Train, slipped and went under the wheels.

Three applicants for, every acre. Five cases of diphtheria at Negaunee. A Maitland is talked of for mayor of Negaunee.

Those belonging at Skillegalee, Waughoshane, St. Helena, Detour and Cheboygan Point have gone, and those of Bois Blanc, Rouad Island and Point Iroquois will go in a few days.

Ispheming municipal election is likely to be "a straight party pull," the prohibitionists have put their ticket in the field already.

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Consumption Surely Cured. TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

The "Ruffner" gas well, 25 miles east of Columbus, Ohio, turns out to be the biggest on record.

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Salt, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy."

Boiler of Whitney & Tuttle's sawmill at Pound, Marinette county, Wis., blew up last Monday and killed two men.

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.

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.

W. W. Thomas, Maine, gets the Swedish mission; C. E. Mitchell, Conn., is to be commissioner of patents; S. R. Thayer, Minn., goes to the Netherlands; J. W. Mason, West Va., is commissioner of internal revenue and Gen. Tyner and A. D. Hazen go back to their old places in the p. o. department.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY. Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading.

Tonsorial. Timm & Kehoe, Opera Grand Tonsorial Parlor, Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

MORGAN'S Great Annual Sale. LINENS IS NOW ON. Send for Price List. James Morgan, 386, 388, 390 East Water St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

BETTER NEWS TO LADIES and All Lovers of Fine Teas. THE CHOICEST EVER IMPORTED. NOTHING LIKE IT EVER KNOWN IN QUALITY, PRICE, PREMIUMS AND DISCOUNTS.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. LATEST AND BEST INDUCEMENTS OFFERED IN PREMIUMS AND DISCOUNTS TO INTRODUCE AND GET ORDERS FOR OUR NEW TEAS JUST RECEIVED.

W. T. GIBSON, Insurance Agent, Office east side of Harrison st., one door south of Ludington. Has added to his list of companies the ANGLO-NEVADA, Of California, a very strong company, with assets at over TWO MILLION DOLLARS.

FOR SALE! A 200 Acre Farm. Good house and 300 Fruit Trees on it. Also 320 acres unimproved land, also nine lots in the village of Waucedah with two good Store Buildings on two of the lots, also stock of General Merchandise.

TRIAL FREE. Young Men Grow Old to Fast. DR. CASSIDY'S Brain Specific Medicine. A positive cure for Self Abuse, Spermatorrhea, Dimness of Vision, premature old age, and many other Diseases that lead to Consumption, and an early Grave.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Used for 30 Years. Best Preparation in the World for Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Back, Constipation, Pimples on the Face, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Boils, etc.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES. Almost as Palatable as Milk. So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach.

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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.

THE BEST. He can procure and his Prices the Lowest possible consistent with solvency.

BLACKSMITH. JOHN RACINE, Dealer in Wagons, Sleighs, ETC. Blacksmith Shop in Connection. I am prepared to do all work in my line promptly and satisfactorily.

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.

The Favorite Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Cough Medicine. "My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her."

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.

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LEGAL. THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF DELTA. Notice is hereby given that on the twenty-eighth day of November A. D. 1889, a writ of attachment was duly issued out of the circuit court for the county of Delta at the suit of Max A. Asher the above named plaintiff against the lands, tenements, goods, chattels, moneys and effects of Rachel Solomon.

LEGAL. ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. At a session of the Probate court for said county held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday the 18th day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

LEGAL. ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. At a session of the Probate court for said county held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday the 18th day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

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LEGAL. PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1889, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Hugh Glover, late of said county, deceased.

LEGAL. ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1889, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James H. Macdonald, late of said county, deceased.

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"Spring is at Hand"

—And ED. ERICKSON displays a full and very fine line, JUST RECEIVED, of—

Ladies' Fine Dress Goods

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON

The extent and variety of which can only be comprehended after inspection, but in which there is not a piece that is not

FASHIONABLE :: AND :: VALUABLE.

BEAUTIFUL : EMBROIDERIES

Constitute another attraction : there is something in his stock of these goods for every customer, the range of price extending from the lowest to the highest, and in

WHITE : GOODS

He is simply unapproachable by any competitor.

REMEMBER THE PLACE—ED. ERICKSON'S—REMEMBER THE PLACE

EVERYTHING

Is being sold at REDUCED PRICES at Kratze's to make room for Spring and Summer Goods.

CALL : FOR : BARGAINS !

KRATZE'S

608-10 Ludington St.



ERICKSON & BISSELL.

Erickson & Bissell,

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

THE : OLD : GROCERY : CORNER,

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

Complete - Stocks - of - Goods

IN EVERY LINE—

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
FRUITS,
VEGETABLES,

At prices guaranteed to suit.

GIVE THEM A CALL.

WEST END GROCERY.



ALL FRESH GOODS. Fancy and Staple Groceries !

Glassware and Crockery,

FLOUR AND FEED.

PRICES : WAY : DOWN.

P. M. PETERSON,

Ludington St., West of Charlotte,

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

GROCERIES.

IT IS ECONOMY

At all times to buy the best—especially is this true when you can buy the BEST for the same, or LESS MONEY than others charge for inferior goods.

THE ABOVE APPLIES TO THE EXTENSIVE LINE OF

Staple AND Fancy Groceries

Kept in stock by

A. H. ROLPH.

Best Coffees, Purest Teas and Spices,
Choicest line of Canned Fruits, Fish, Meats and Vegetables,
Greatest variety of Groceries and Provisions,
Tobaccos, Cigars and Smokers' Articles.

Prices as Low as the Lowest

Call on him and realize the truth of above statement at

509 LUDINGTON ST.

FAILED TO PUNCH WITH CARE.



Conductor (to slow passenger)—Why don't you keep your ticket stuck in your hat like this gent here! Then I wouldn't have to wait a week for you.—Judge.

PERSONAL.

—Harry Hutchins was in town last Saturday.

—James Mason of Gladstone, was in town Wednesday.

—J. H. Clark, of Manistique, visited here Wednesday.

—Dr. Scott, of Manistique, was in town on Wednesday.

—John A. Mc Naughtan will, we hear, remove to Milwaukee soon.

—Orrie Hughitt made a flying trip to Minneapolis the first of the week.

—Mr. M. Pajlasky had business here Wednesday and was on hand to transact it.

—Dan Ball, Marquette, was called hither by professional engagement Wednesday.

—F. W. McKinney, Gladstone's banker, was in town Tuesday, and favored us with a call.

—Mr. Roantree departed to-day to take station, in the same service, at Cariboo, Idaho.

—A. E. Willard is back from his visit in Dakota—most time to be looking for the ore carriers.

—Geo. A. Royce spent Wednesday in town, returning to Marquette by the early train Thursday.

—Sam Greenhoot returned from market Tuesday and "his works do follow him" in bales and boxes.

—Mrs. H. P. Young and her son, R. C. Y., have returned from a visit at their former home, in Wisconsin.

—Miss Effie Northup departed yesterday to visit at Chicago and, perhaps, to tarry for a time at Battle Creek.

—Dr. Reynolds has been gone for a week or so—taking a rest and visiting at Grand Haven and thereabouts.

—Miss Cora Miller, teacher of the second grammar school, was called home on Sunday by the death of her mother.

—Mr. Keating got away for home, Detroit, last Saturday, to make preparation for his summer's work at Gladstone.

—R. W. McClellan was in town over Sunday and heard one sermon, and possibly more. One we're sure about.

—Geo. Myers, of Ogontz, was in town last Saturday on business, a small part of which was the paying for a year's IRON PORT.

—Leon Ephraim was here for a short visit last Saturday. Looks as though he had things about as he wants 'em at Manistique.

—John Loose has gone to Manistique for good—to those who want livery service there, having bought Peter Ouderkirik's stable and outfit there.

—F. H. Van Cleve arrived, returning from his visit in lower Michigan (which was but a gory visit—he was housed up with neuralgia most of the time) last Sunday.

—Jimmy Heffernan, who has been trying hotel life as clerk of the Commercial, at Depere, for six or eight months, came home last Tuesday and, will wander no more.

—Fred. Miller, the mute boy sometime employed in this office and who came home from the Wisconsin school for mutec helpless with rheumatism, is out again and nearly well.

News of Interest.

—Grocers sell it, Gloss Soap.

—Gloss Soap is the best of all.

—Mead's White Liniment! Try it! if

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

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

—Will do more work than ordinary 5 cent Soaps—Gloss Soap.

—Save 25 Gross Soap wrappers and get the "Snow Boy" picture.

—That restorer of nervous force, the Samaritan Nerve, can be had at Preston's. if

—"Nothing like it when one is shaky" said one of Samaritan Nerve. Preston has it.

—"Don't go for a cocktail, take a dose of Samaritan Nerve, that will brace you up," Preston has it.

—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.

—The most eminent doctors of Europe and America admit Warner's Wine of Tar to be the greatest cough medicine in use.

—"No matter how it came about; if your nerves are on the strike go to Preston's for Samaritan Nerve; its the thing you need."

—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.

—Persons wishing to improve their memories or strengthen their power of attention should send to Prof. Loissette, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y., for his prospectus post free, as advertised in another column.

Swift's Specific is a purely vegetable remedy, contains no Mercury, Potash or other mineral, is harmless to the most delicate infant. Our treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases will be mailed free.

The Swift's Specific Co.,
Drawer 3 Atlanta Ga.

For the cure of colds, coughs, and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease, and has saved innumerable lives.

When Macbeth ironically asked, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alterative gives tone and strength to every function and faculty of the system.

For Marshal.

I beg leave to announce to the citizens of Escanaba, that I will be a candidate for City Marshal at the coming spring election, and if elected, I assure you that I will faithfully perform my duty. JAMES R. MACDONALD.
March 6, 1889.

Proposals for Lighting.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
ESCANABA, MARCH 8, 1889.

Sealed proposals will be received at my office until May 1, next, for the establishment of a gas or electric light plant in this city. All bids should state time plant will be completed, also price per thousand feet for gas and price per lamp on electric lighting. The common council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

PAT. H. TORMEY, City Clerk.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

Spring Suitings

A great variety in all the

LATEST : STYLES

Of Color and Finish—Fashionably Made up

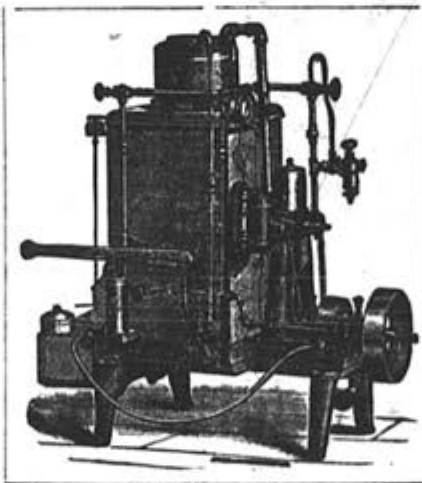
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