

IRON PORT.

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ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 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.



SUMBLE.
"Don't call me Mr. Lovell, Miss Malcolm. Call me Cornelius!"
"Did you call you Corn if--?"
"If what, Ethel!"
"If I thought you'd pop." And he popped.

SAND.
"Axes" cut no figure.

KEEPER ROSE lighted his red glim Monday night.

THE KIDS got their mayor but lost their treasurer and marshal.

DR. PHILLIPS' horse ran away Tuesday and smashed the doctor's road cart.

REMEMBER that Murphy gives "Shaun Rhue" at People's Opera house to-night.

THE ICE went out of the bay south of the point on which Escanaba is built on Tuesday night.

THE electric light at the east end of Ludington street is a partnership affair—Main and Christie.

FORD RIVER, as well as Detroit, has a lady school inspector, Mrs. Christina Fiels, chosen last Monday.

FOUND, a bunch of keys, which the owner can get at this office at the small cost of a quarter of a dollar.

FRUIT and vegetables, by the package only, in Sipchen's store this week. Konold & Parker were the parties.

WORK was resumed on the Armour building Tuesday. Got over their scare about the inspection law, probably.

JOHN W. STAIGER is en route home from California or has arrived. He was to have left Los Angeles last Monday.

THE railroad folks began filling the ore docks, Monday, with Norrie and Champion ores for the Chicago consumers.

PROF. MILLER will complete the lecture course a week from Thursday next—the 18th. That will be a lecture worth hearing.

Not "stock holders," as the Calumet has it, but directors of the Cochrane R. M. Co. will meet at the mills next Thursday.

QUARTERLY MEETING at the M. E. church to-morrow. A. R. Bartlett, presiding elder, will preach in the morning at the usual hour.

REV. H. W. THOMPSON will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church to-morrow, Rev. C. H. Tyndall having departed for New York last Monday.

MARRIED at the residence of the bride's father in this city on Wednesday, April 3, by Rev. C. C. Turner, Charles Sparks, of Green Bay, and Alice M. Lockwood.

W. F. GIBSON has become associated with Power & Heller, the firm now standing "Gibson, Power & Heller" and the business proposed being insurance in all lines and real estate brokerage.

THE "FIRST BOAT" and a fire alarm called everybody out Thursday at about one o'clock. The boats held the crowd, though; there was but a burning chimney, soon over, and the boats bucked ice all the afternoon.

FOUND Mr. West busy with pins and thread, last time we called, arranging a new table for the 150 (or so) trains which will be needed to do the work of the peninsula division this summer and wondering how it was to get printed.

IF WE HAD a knack with the graver like that of Rumsey with the crayon we could publish "cartoons" equal to Texas Siftings. Some of his hits at local celebrities would make fun at a funeral. We might have more libel suits, though, or maybe a thumping; perhaps it's lucky that we can't chop wood that way.

GARDEN voted republican, once; Judge Grant and the republican regents having 13 majority. It is not to be accepted as a precedent, however; Judge Grant's personal popularity must have the credit. T. J. Tracy was re-elected supervisor, Ulysses Van Winkle chosen clerk, R. R. Campbell treasurer and Lewis Van Winkle school inspector without opposition.

FORESTER & SAWYER have taken Opera Grand off Cates' hands and will use it for dances only. All dramatic and musical entertainments will be given at "the People's," beginning with "Shaun Rhue," this evening. All announcements of events at Opera Grand should be read with this in mind—Eli Perkins' and Prof. Miller's lectures, and possibly others.

FOR MAYOR John K. Stack had majorities in every ward—517 in all; for clerk Tormey had no opposition—1,185 votes; for treasurer Wickert had majorities in the 3d and 4th wards and Greenhoot in the 1st and 2d, but Wickert's footed up 164 and Greenhoot's only 108, so Wickert was 56 ahead in the outcome and will take your taxes next fall; for Marshal Mike Stern got votes enough, and Owen Connaghan, running independent, came next, the nominee of the "lads" and the "people" running weaker than either; if Owen had been on either "regular" ticket he would probably have been at the head instead of second. Johnson downed Sam. Stonhouse for justice by over 400 and Edwards did not come within 500 of Northup. Supervisors elect are Baehrich, 1st ward; James S. Rogers, 2d ward; O. V. Linden, 3d ward and E. St. Jacques, fourth ward. Aldermen elect are Brotherton (no contest), Rathfon over Young, Lyons (no contest) and Sullivan over O'Brien and Rowell. School inspectors are Oliver, Finnegan (over Power), Hartnett (over Gross), and Palmer. Judge Grant's majority is 367 and the amendment relative to the salary of the governor has 260 in its favor. The vote on the other amendments was light and we have not the figures as we write.

FAYETTE MICH., April 2 1889.
Election has come and gone. Like all wars, it leaves a real sting behind. At least it did here, and a good active one too. There were no broken heads, but a great many sad hearts. There were two tickets in the field, the Township's (or Company's) and People's. The result was a sweeping victory for the latter. Puffy Creek will not be represented on the county board this year, but South River will represent Fairbanks by N. L. Neveaux, who had a majority over H. L. Hutchins of 26 votes. Jos. Mercier defeated J. W. King for highway commissioner by 24 votes and Wm. H. Kiha over A. Rochefort for justice by 30 votes. Jno. M. Perkins was elected treasurer, and Wm. Rowe, clerk. The whole number of votes polled was 145, which is the largest for a number of years. The weather was cool but politics hot.

A SUBSCRIBER.
SAM. STONHOUSE, as every one knows, has drilled on his property south of town. He may have fancied there was iron there (he does not say he did), or just been curious to know what was under his feet; any how he drilled a hole 65 feet deep. Under the sand he found clay—nice goods, twenty feet thick, for brick-making—and then rock, at which he stopped. Between the clay and the rock he tapped a vein of water impregnated with sulphur which rises in and overflows from the casing of the hole a foot or more over the surface of the ground at the rate, we should judge, of three gallons a minute. If any body wants to start a "sanitarium" Sam. is the man to see. We all know what sulphur is good for and it and judicious advertising (especially the advertising) would do the business. Who wants it? Don't all speak at once: What do we hear for the fountain of healing waters?

NOW COME the superintendents of the poor, who have charge of the county hospital, and "yump on" us with both feet (and a hickory cane) for not contradicting the semi-frequent, yet the street publication as to the cost to the county of the hospital. Its expenses in are in the county is barely half that sum, moneys the vicinity of \$12,000 per year but the cost to received for tickets and from pay patients amounting to a moiety thereof. We had to lie still and be "yumped on," for we had not made the contradiction or explanation; but we give notice, now, that we can not undertake to correct all the errors of that concern—we've some other work, which we must look after—and the next man that attempts to walk on us for neglect in that direction will get a stand off.

AMONG the other claims to distinction that Marquette can boast is the important one that it has furnished the first justice of the supreme court that has ever been elected from the upper peninsula. It is no small honor for the city, and will go to establish its prestige as the seat of intellect in this peninsula, as well as its business center.—M. J., 3d.

Talk about gall! There you have it. The Judge was born, bred, educated, admitted to the bar and grown to full mental stature and ripeness elsewhere. Belongs to Marquette no more than to Escanaba, Menominee or Crystal Falls except that there are more rascals and litigants there and so more work for him. Marquette "furnished" him, eh? Come off. "Seat of intellect"—as a three-legged stool is a "seat"—a thing to be sat down upon.

"RICHARDS' MUSICAL TOURISTS," six artists of especial merit, will appear at the People's Opera house on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, April 10 and 11, in selections from popular operas and other musical numbers, giving an evening of melody of which such papers as the New Orleans Picayune, Chicago Times, Baltimore Sun, Philadelphia Ledger and others speak in the very highest terms of commendation.

Besides the music, the entertainment is enhanced by dissolving views, given by Oxy-hydrogen light, of scenery, objects of interest from the world of art and allegorical pictures. Better take seats early.

Lovely Pictures; those that Wixson is making on ground floor gallery 707 Ludington st.

RUMOR has it that Rev. Mr. Tyndall does not intend to remain here after the close of the current year of his pastorate, but we get no official assurance of the fact, if it be a fact.

OVASSAU, the brakeman who was so badly hurt at Negaunee two months ago, was brought home last Sunday. He had not been doing well, of late, at the Ishpeming hospital and better results are hoped for from home care. He stood the trip well.

MUNICIPAL politics (with a bit of personal antagonism interused), got so warm Monday evening that blows passed between a couple of youngsters. Not worth a black eye, all of it, boys. Keep cool, or as nearly so as your ardent blood will permit.

THREE LADS got afloat on an ice floe Wednesday on the south side of the point and caused some uneasiness in a couple of homes for a time. They were cool enough to keep out of the water (though they were for a while in the soup) and were taken ashore, safe and dry, when their predicament was known.

"ELI PERKINS" sends us a couple of dead head tickets to his lecture of the 13th and about ten dollars' worth of advertising, under one cover, which also contained a photo. We can't afford Eli more than these lines and the "picture" and tickets are at his service, on call, to send to the fellow at the next stand.

BUTCHERS (who butcher, not those who merely cut meat, for retail) are circulating a petition in favor of the "inspection law" now before the legislature, the effect of which, if enacted and sustained by the courts, will be to shut out Chicago dressed meats from our market.

TIMES were lively at Iron Mountain Monday; two men named Dow and Sampson quarreled at the polls and fought like dogs—with their teeth—Sampson's under lip and Dow's upper cheeked off. Later, in a saloon, a crowd of Italian miners quarreled over a game of pool and four were stabbed and the saloon wrecked.

THE SUMMER time table is expected to take effect to-morrow. It makes no changes in passenger train times, but the freights and ore trains are numerous—the numbers running to 158. A fellow, to get over the road with a special, will need a professor of mathematics and a private clerk, and it spoils the road for tramps—makes them walk in the ditches instead of on the ties.

CHARLES KEENAN, a lad who had lost one leg already by mixing it up with car-wheels and steel rails while he lived here, got a bad fracture of the one he had left at Republic last Saturday. He was upon a trestle some sixteen feet high when a train came upon it. He could have avoided it by standing at one side, though there was barely room, or easily by sitting down at one side, but he was "rattled" and jumped, with the result mentioned.

TO ARRANGE with a bank for money until you can pay it back is not borrowing; it is merely borrowing.—Calumet.

We did not expect to make the Calumet understand the difference but if there is another adult in the county that does not we all have to send him to a school for the feeble minded; two such are too many in a county. If some creditor of the Calumet held its paper and should get the first National or Delta Co. bank to discount it, would the Calumet be a borrower of the bank?

MAPLE RIDGE township cast more votes than ever before last Monday and the "Rock ticket" was successful, receiving 49 votes against 35 for the "Lathrop ticket." The officers elect are Basilio Lenzi supervisor, Samuel O. Green clerk, Thomas La Branche treasurer, Joseph Luzzardi highway commissioner, Robert Meacham school inspector, Owen Curran, Albert O. Sibert and Robert Meacham justices and Louis Tondolo, John Trombly, Albert O. Sibert and Albert Tomblly constables.

THE FIRST STEP, in case of war with England, would be the protection of the valley of the great lakes by the military occupation of Ontario. No hostile gun will ever be heard at Detroit, Cleveland or Buffalo—no obstruction of the narrow waters, Niagara, St. Clair or St. Mary, will ever take place until the military force of the U. S. has been destroyed in or driven out of Canada. That's how we'll protect our cities and preserve our communications. But a war with England is a contingency so remote as to be scarcely worth consideration.

THE EARLIEST opening since the spring of '78 was accomplished by the Manhattan, Massachusetts and Merrimac, of the I. O. T. fleet, the day before yesterday, April 4. They reached the edge of the ice field, off the light between noon and one o'clock, but all the rest of the day, until six o'clock, was none too much time in which to work through it, from the place of the stake to the docks, a distance of say half a mile. The field had not been broken at all and, though it looked soft, there was a foot or more of hard ice to bore through and the boats were not driven—took it easy—time was worth less than oak planking.

—Beef, Iron and Wine, Nutritive Tonic, especially valuable in cases of debility, in nutrition and cases of sudden exhaustion—pleasant to take and prompt in effect. Get it at Mead's.

RICHMOND VA. March 27 1889.
Editor IRON PORT,

Some unknown friend has sent me a copy of your paper of March 23, containing a marked article, the reading of which impels me to stop in the midst of pressing professional engagements to tender you my sincere thanks in behalf of the sixty comrades of Phil. Kearny Post, G.A.R. of this city, for the patriotic and sympathetic terms in which you have commended their annual effort to keep fresh and green the memories of the thousands of our comrades who fell in the line of duty, and whose resting places are to us a sacred trust.

Myself a private soldier of Co. M., 7th Mich. Cavalry, I was deeply touched at this public espousal of our efforts, coming from "Michigan my Michigan" and am tenderly reminded by your fervent words of the days when in camp, or on the march, we used to sing:

"What tears for those who come no more
Michigan, my Michigan."

I have not yet heard from C. F. Smith Post, save through the columns of your paper, but desire, through the same channel, to tender to them my most fraternal greeting, in response to their own charitable and loyal action upon our appeal.

It will perhaps interest your readers, and especially my comrades, to know that our aims are not confined to the present observance of Decoration Day, but we are endeavoring, with some hope of success, to establish a permanent fund for that purpose by the erection of a Memorial Hall in this, the capital of the late confederacy, from the income of which our comrades while living, and those we leave behind us when we shall have crossed the river, may perpetuate even on this alien soil the virtues and valor of those who died that the nation might live. The object lessons of loyalty which such a memorial will provide the means of teaching to the youth of this southland, will hardly be second in importance to the duty we will be enabled to perform in memory of our fallen comrades. Tens of thousands of dollars are being raised by members of our organization to establish homes for the needy confederate living. Surely the bond of Fraternity will evoke not less charity where they may expect to find the greatest, not the least amount of loyalty.

The committee appointed by Smith Post, need not be afraid that their efforts will result in a "surplus in the treasury" as any excess over the annual expenditure will be devoted to the object of our permanent Memorial Fund.

Yours truly
EDGAR ALLAN,
Chairman Memorial Committee.

BAY DE NOC township chose Charles J. Stratton supervisor by 28 majority in a vote of 90, Christian Christianson treasurer, Ole Erickson clerk (90 votes), James B. Stratton com. highways, Nelson cook school inspector, Hans C. Jacobson Drain com., Andrew Hedeston and John Champ justices, Jacob Lauson, Jean Gay, Isaac Papineau and Almon Stoner overseers of highways, John Barnard, Andrew Rheinholston, Hans C. Jacobson and Robert Usher constables and Gay, Rheinholston and Suamico pound masters. The Republican state ticket had a majority of 32 and each of the constitutional amendments small majorities "yes."

AT THE MEETING of the council held last Tuesday evening the report of the committee which was sent to Milwaukee and Chicago to look up the sewerage question reported, recommending that Mr. W. F. Goodhue be employed, at \$750 for the job, to prepare a plan and estimates of cost for system of sewers; which recommendation and report was, on motion of Alderman Corcoran, adopted by the council. The ordinance authorizing a telephone system was referred to a committee consisting of Aldermen Corcoran, O'Brien and Finnegan and will, we imagine, come back with some amendments.

Marine.
Tugs on Muskegon lake must stop using slabs for fuel or the underwriters will take no risks on lumber there.

The south passage at the straits was cleared of ice Monday night. It is the earliest opening since '78.

The E. C. Hutchinson was the first clearance from Chicago for Buffalo. She had grain and sailed Monday.

The Free Press announces the stage of water in lake St. Clair as two feet below that of last year and says that thirteen feet is all that can be looked for on Grasse Point bar.

The ice has gone from St. Ignace and the West has arrived from Mackinac.

The first cargo of coal is on the way from Buffalo—the schooner Schuykill. Fifty cents is the freight rate.

Cheboygan range lights lighted Monday night.

The Cuyuga, a steel steamer for the Lehigh Valley line, was launched from the Globe yard, Cleveland, Tuesday. She is twin to the Wilbur.

The Ossifrage cleared from Detroit for Grand Marais Tuesday.

The improvement of the Calumet river at South Chicago is already in progress and will be pushed vigorously.

The Latest.

At the Dithridge glass works, Pittsburg, the whole force went on strike Tuesday because the management refused to discharge a workman who had been expelled from the union for non payment of dues.

Persons holding lands on the Des Moines river the title to which has just been confirmed to the successors of the Improvement company resist eviction by force and bloodshed is anticipated.

It is stated that a basis for suspension of hostilities between Legitime and Hyppolite, in Haiti, has been arranged.

Edwin Booth was stricken with paralysis while upon the stage in the character of Othello, at Rochester, Wednesday evening. The attack does not appear malignant and his physicians hold out hope of recovery.

Plank's new summer hotel at Benton Harbor is not built but is named—the "Saranac"—and will be rushed to completion as fast as possible.

Ross Wiman's widow died Tuesday at her home in Baltimore.

The tug Swain and steamers Baltimore and Atlantic got through the St. Clair ice Tuesday night.

Korten, of Negaunee, has found a show of gold on 25,48-27, two miles north of that city, and has organized a company to work the find. Assay shows \$35 to the ton of the vein stuff.

East Saginaw advices struck Tuesday, demanding an advance of 20 per cent.

Thomas Luke was killed in Tamarack copper mine by falling of the bucket.

The Brooklyn, man o' war, homeward bound from Honolulu, is making her way under sail only, her shaft being broken. She was spoken and relieved by the British steamer Falshaw in latitude 23.42 north, longitude 63.47 west March 26.

Miss Belle Converse is appointed postmaster at Mackinac and John L. Buell at Quinnesec.

A tramp who had gone into a barn in Buena Vista township, Saginaw Co., to sleep was shot and killed by the owner thereof last Tuesday night.

Bismark wants to know all about the navy of the U. S., and calls on the German minister at Washington for the information.

Oskaloosa and Cottonwood Falls, two Kansas towns, are governed entirely by their women, and well governed, too.

IT WAS UNKIND to knock the eye out of the new mayor of Chicago—the only one he had, at that—as the Calumet did yesterday.

News of Interest.
—Take no other, Gloss Soap.
—Mead's White Liniment! Try it!
—Rooms to Rent—Inquire of
WIXSON the artist.
—Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire of Peter Semer.
—"Nothing like it when one is shaky" said one of Samaritan Nervine. 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.
—"Don't go for a cocktail, take a dose of Samaritan Nervine, that will brace you up," Preston has it.
—Try our Basswood Ceilings and Maple Flooring, Kiln dried and Sand-papered. W. L. & L. Co., Hermansville.
—Mead's Compound Cough Syrup cures all diseases of the Throat and Lungs if taken in season. Price 50 cents.
—"No matter how it came about; if your nerves are on the strike go to Preston's for Samaritan Nervine; it's 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.
Charles W. Bishop
Has returned to this city and offers his services for any work in the woods—surveys, estimates of timber, detection of trespass, or exploration. Having had a large experience in this vicinity he is confident of giving satisfaction. Call or address through the postoffice. 22
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.

ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.

A Fine Art Which Requires Constant Study and Application.

To be a good housekeeper should be the highest ambition of every wife and mother, as the prosperity and happiness of the family depend greatly on the order and regularity established within the household. It is, therefore, an accomplishment in comparison to which, in its bearing on woman's relation to the household and family, all others are insignificant. It may truly be said to embrace all that tends to make a perfect home, where the sweetest relations of life are nurtured and maintained.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the performance of household labor, when necessary, or a knowledge of it in all positions is incompatible with culture, for no lady of the highest accomplishments should feel that she becomes herself by giving her personal attention to the comfort of her family.

The husband whose home is always neat and comfortable, and who can invite his friends to partake of a meal in his home in the full confidence of finding every thing in a presentable condition, a finely-appointed table, with food daintily prepared, and served with taste, will feel pride and exultation in the possession of a wife who gives her home a charm beyond all else. The sons bred in such a family will be moral men of good principles and industrious, orderly habits; and the daughters will prove treasures to their fortunate husbands, being formed on the model of an exemplary mother, and will use the same means for securing the happiness of their own young families, which was so successfully taught them under the paternal roof.

The mistress of every family should be capable of taking full superintendence of all household matters, and should feel a pleasure in discharging the duties pertaining to them. Every department of her domain, be it large or small, should be arranged with such system that perfect order will prevail.

Housekeeping is a fine art, and we can not hope to hire those who will bring the talent necessary to the artist for the perfection of the work. It is only the mistress of the house, guided by a proper sense of duty to her family, that can bring the charm about her home that springs from systematic labor.

Many rules, and all of them excellent, are laid down for the instruction of housekeepers, and there are few subjects around which cluster so many theories as of happy home making. But, after a carefully study, they may all be summed up in the simple plan of systematic labor, scrupulous neatness, promptness and economy. These rules, if strictly adhered to and guided by love, can not fail to make of every woman a thoughtful and energetic housekeeper.—Mrs. E. R. Parker, in Courier-Journal.

AVOID AFFECTATION.

Real Homage is Due to Truth and Not to Polite Hypocrites.

There are sayings which reflect somewhat on humanity, such as: "No man is a hero to his valet." "Familiarity breeds contempt." "Distance lends enchantment to the view," etc.

The purport of these and other proverbial sayings is that men and women carry on a sort of masquerade, and that when the masks are removed and close inspection possible, it is seen that all is not gold that glitters.

The Frenchman who, was asked why he did not marry the lady at whose house he called so often, replied: "Marry her! Why, where then should I spend my evenings?" And so husbands and wives who have been made such by the illusions of social intercourse have some singular enlightenment when the illusions fade under the cold touch of daily contact.

But if people could ever abjure affectations and be honest, there would be a great diminution of disappointments. The reason why so many fall under close inspection is that they can not keep up always their little theatrical business, and those who have been deceived regard them as frauds.

Society largely encourages numberless deceptions, but without good reason. The natural and sincere person invariably carries off the honors where there is any thing like a fair chance. Polite hypocrites have a conventional standing, but the real homage is given to truth.

In the business world, where men deal with one another, it is dangerous to be a "sharper," and in the social world the counterfeiters who are everlastingly professing to be what they are not, and acting parts foreign to their nature, ought to be ridiculed out of their incessant humbuggery.

The familiarity of frank and genuine bearing will not breed contempt amongst genuine people—the only ones whose opinion is worth any thing; and no right man will pose as a "hero" to his valet. That is not the relation between them, and if the valet holds him in disdain there is a flaw somewhere in his character and deportment.

Plainly speaking, those who can not stand close inspection are radically wrong somewhere. It needs no artificial perspective for the average decent man or woman to pass muster.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Breed only mature swine and you will get larger litters; there will be fewer still-born pigs; the pigs will be stronger, hence more certainly saved, and so much more thrifty by inheritance that they will make larger animals.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

A Washington Sanctuary Where Many Great Men Have Worshiped.

The distinctly fashionable place of worship in Washington is St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church at the corner of Sixteenth and Lafayette Square. It is one of the oldest churches in the city, having been built in 1816 by Latrobe, who was the architect of the central part of the Capitol. However, though still quaint and old-fashioned, the St. John's of to-day is a very different structure from the old church, and would hardly, I imagine, be recognized by its designer. It was erected in the form of a Greek cross, the ground plan of which, with Latrobe's autograph and a number of other interesting relics, can be seen in the vestry-room at the present time.

St. John's, from its early days, has been attended by men and women renowned in the political and social world of the capital. A little stained glass window in the gallery tells this tale quite plainly. It is inscribed as follows: "Erected by the Vestry to the Memory of William Henry Harrison, Ninth President of the United States; John Tyler, Tenth President; Zachary Taylor, Twelfth President, Who Worshiped in This Church While in Office." The inscription on another window is equally interesting: "Erected by the Vestry to the Memory of James Madison, Fourth President of the United States, Who Worshiped in This Church While in Office." Upon the first floor, in the right-hand wall, is a beautiful window, representing the angels of the Resurrection in the upper medallion, and in the lower the annunciation to the shepherds. This window bears the inscription: "To the glory of God, and to the memory of Ellen Louis Herndon Arthur, entered into life January 12, 1880." Upon the window ledge beneath this memorial is a large brass plate with the following inscription: "In memory of Chester Allan Arthur, is placed here by the vestry. He was the twenty-first President of the United States, and worshiped in this church, and he in 1884 erected this window to the memory of his wife. He died November 8, 1886." Presidents Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan were also regular worshippers at St. John's, and Lincoln, Johnson and Grant are known to have attended service there.

The present rector of the church is Rev. W. A. Leonard. The first rector lies buried beneath the chancel. He was the Rev. Dr. Hawley. He wore the picturesque costume of the last century, black silk stockings, silver buckles and shorts. In the pulpit he wore the black silk gown and bands and black silk gloves, with the forefinger of the right hand glove split open so that he might readily turn the leaves of his manuscript.—Washington Letter.

DIPHTHERIA IN BOTTLES.

Prof. Pasteur Has Discovered the Deadly Microbe, But No Antidote.

A correspondent found Prof. Pasteur in the magnificent building known as the Pasteur Institute, in the Rue Rotat, which has been erected by public subscription as a memorial and as a home for the greatest scientist of the age.

"Yes," said the professor, with a pleasant smile, "I think that I can give you good news. My able assistants, Drs. Roux and Yersino, have discovered the germ of the dreadful disease of diphtheria, which perpetrates such terrible ravages during the winter months in your large cities. I believe it exists in a more virulent form in the United States than it does in any other part of the world. My assistants have taken pieces of the diseased tissue or membrane from the throat of the victim, and have inoculated several animals therewith. All of the latter have in due course died of a disease displaying all the objective symptoms of diphtheria, that terrible destroyer of child life. So far, so good. But the opponents of the animalcule theory in epidemic diseases then argued that these experiments only showed the terrible virulence of the original poison. To answer this, my young scientific assistants, by means of a series of glass tubes, diluted the morbid tissue to an infinitesimal amount. A germ was then taken from the final result, and a rabbit was inoculated therewith, which immediately died as quickly as the first victim in the cause of science before the dilution of the virus.

"This is how we stand," continued Prof. Pasteur. "We have found the deadly germ, but we have not as yet secured a prophylactic for its cure or prevention. My confreres are now at work solving the problem, and from their success so far in this original field of research I but little doubt that the inoculating fluid will soon be forthcoming. We have the virus bottled and corked. We can give diphtheria to any number of rabbits and dogs and kill them as effectually as though they had caught it first hand in the regular course of events. I have not, however, succeeded yet in attenuating the virus, and so can not inoculate. I wish you would lay great stress on this point."

As the correspondent turned to leave, Dr. Pasteur submitted to his inspection his glass tubes filled with deadly germs, microbes and bacilli of many diseases to which the flesh is heir. In doing so the professor remarked, with a smile: "Our children are in luck. It will be much pleasanter to live in the twentieth century, when epidemics will be done away with."—Paris Letter.

THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

What a Well-Known Agricultural Editor Has to Say About It.

At the recent farmers' institute in Albany, Dr. Hexamer, an expert gardener of long experience, now editor of the Agriculturist, gave a grand talk on the "Farmer's Garden." Here are some of his good points: To the mind of the average farmer the garden is a nuisance, and on most farms, this is true. A small plot inclosed by a fence or wall, too small to do any of the work of cultivation by horse-power, the only work ever done there is on rainy days, when it's too wet to work in the field. The average value of all the field crops in the country is not much above fifteen dollars per acre. But who can begin to estimate the value of a good garden where all variety of fruits and vegetable are grown? And the home market of the family table will take them all at highest prices. To the old chestnut of so many farmers that "the press of more important work on the farm" makes it impossible for them to have a good garden, the Doctor replied: "Take an acre of your best land, and devote it to garden purposes; plan the planting so that the horse and cultivator can be made to do most of the work, and then hire a man just to take care of the garden. Those of its products that are used in the family will more than pay his wages, any surplus can be sold and be turned to a clear profit, while fully two-thirds of the man's time can be devoted to general farm work, thus giving extra labor without cost."

I am satisfied the doctor is right, for a friend of mine having a half-acre city lot bought his fertilizers, hired the land plowed, and planted thereon twenty-six dollars worth of plants and seeds. He kept an account of all money paid out for labor, plants, seeds, manure, etc., for five years, and charged his family at market rates for all fruits and vegetables consumed. He told me that this half-acre paid him a profit of \$160 annually. And such a half-acre should be on every farm. The family will appreciate it, and it will help largely to reduce the butchers' and grocers' bills.

Ask the busy, hard-working farmer who has a very poor garden or none at all, simply because he has so much else to attend to, what he is working so hard for, and the answer will be, "to make a living;" that is, producing crops to sell, that he may have cash to pay his taxes with, keep up ordinary repairs, and purchase food for self and family—which, of course, is right and proper. Yet, when he can be made to realize that three acres of ordinary farm crops will have to be grown and sold to bring money enough to purchase food products equal in value for his family table to what he can purchase in one half-acre garden, the complete garden will find its place on every farm, even if other things must be neglected. What a mistake to grow and sell crops at wholesale and then turn around and take the cash and buy at retail for our family when so much can be produced at home.—Hartford Courant.

JEWELRY NOVELTIES.

Pretty Things for the Happy Owners of Plithoric Pocket-Books.

A turquoise heart surrounded by diamonds is a new brooch.

Frosted and ornamented with violets, a gold bell is a unique pendant.

A pretty scarf pin represents a morning glory enameled in natural colors.

A novelty in shoe-horns is of oxidized silver, etched with birds and foliage.

An odd hair ornament is a sapphire-bodied fly with diamond wings and ruby head.

Bordered with tiny pearls, a violet, enameled in natural colors, is a novelty in scarf pins.

Six small leaves of turquoises with a setting of small pearls and diamonds, alternating, make a showy hair ornament.

The etched figure of a female dancer, within a border work of Assyrian pattern, is a pretty design for a silver cake or flower basket.

Rather attractive is a little round silver candle-stick, with a fluted border, in the new clouded oxidize finish. A bracket-work handle adds to its quaintness.

A perfectly round silver hand glass has a heavy embossed back, ornamented with scenes of field sports. The handle is the figure of a female tennis player.

A tasty little silver water pitcher is a mass of flower embossing over a bed of twigs, leaves and tropical plants. The tray matches it and may be used as a card receiver.

A new silver candlestick represents spread butterfly wings delicately traced. The thimble into which the candle is fitted and the handle are silver feathers ornamented with fine beadwork.

A frosted gold scent bag in imitation of old gold colored silk, tied with a string of pearls and ornamented with diamonds and rubies, set zigzag, is delightfully quaint as a queen chain pendant.

Worthy of admiration is a silver triplicate mirror, the frame of which is ornamented with fine wave chasing. The back of the inner glass is elaborately etched and the outer cover is inlaid with gold. The top piece represents a silver cupid holding apart falling curtains.—Jeweler's Weekly.

—A well-known magazine statistician says that America has a population of over 60,000,000, and a working power of one hundred and eighty thousand billions of foot pounds per day.

FRESH CHESTNUTS.

NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

Merchant—I trust it will not incommode you, Miss Sweetly, but—er—the fact is, I expect my wife here in about ten minutes,



and you will very greatly oblige me by wearing this—er—disguise, while she is present.

Merchant's Wife—Well, I've heard about the pretty type-writers in business offices;



but if that's a specimen, I must say I think their attractions are greatly over-estimated!—Puck.

A SENSIBLE REMARK.



Hopeful Heir—I don't know what the ah—governor would say if he were living at my having to go around with only a few cents in my pocket, don'tcher know.

Guardian and Trustee (indignantly)—Why, he'd say that you'd better go and get some sense in your head.—Texas Siftings.

Forgiven.

Mr. Caesar Wintergreen—See here, Julius Snowdrif, I gotted hab a settlement wid yo' deed I has. I heered yo' been gwine round sayin' ez how I ain't no gemmen.

Mr. Snowdrif—I nebba made use ob no sich langwidges, sah. I maroly rematched to some ob our chech brudders dat I bleeved yo' was de man w'at stole two hams out 'n my smok-house an' six chickens frum de Widdah Betta, an' that chech folks bettah not let yo' pass de plate no mo', 'case yo' was apt ter steal de hull c'lection. Dat's all I said, sah.

All right, Brudder Snowdrif; dat am quite satisfactory. Beg pardon fo' stoppin' yo'. I didn't b'leeve yo'd say I w'at no gemmen an' I'm glad yo' didn't. W'en a man teches my honah dars apt to be troubles. Good-bye. Come an' see us some day an' bring Mrs. Snowdrif.—Time.

Very Singular.

New Yorker (to friend)—Did you read about that young lady being robbed in broad daylight on Sixth avenue?

Friend—Yes, I read about it.

"Singular, wasn't it?"

"What was there singular about it? Such things happen every week."

"But didn't you read that she had five dollars in her pocketbook, and that she had just returned from shopping? That a woman should quit shopping while she had five dollars left is the most astonishing thing I have even known."—Texas Siftings.

"The Lady, or the Tiger."

"Have you read Frank R. Stockton's story, entitled 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'"

"Yes; but I could never decide whether the prince entered the lady's chamber or the room containing the ferocious tiger. What do you think of it?"

"Well, if the lady was any thing like my wife, I should think that the prince wouldn't care a fig which room he entered."—Arcola Record.

A Limit to His Ambition.

Female friend—Young Smithers, who is paying you attentions, is one of the most promising young men in this city.

Miss Lively—Yes, I know that.

"He is ambitious, too. He is a man who will always aim higher than the mark."

"Aim higher than the mark? Well, I don't know about that. He has never kissed me on the nose yet."—Texas Siftings.

Sufficient for Commitment.

Commissioner—What makes you think your brother is insane? In what way does he betray insanity?

Applicant—Well, sir, he is all the time going on just as if he were amusing a baby, and—

Commissioner—That's enough. We'll send him to the asylum right away. He must be a raving maniac.—Harper's Bazar.

He Wanted Repose.

Tramp—Say, mister, kin ye gimme two cents to git over to Brooklyn.

De Poyster—What do you want to go over there for?

Tramp—Well, mister, it's just this: I suppose I've got to sleep all night in the streets, but I'd prefer to do it in a quiet town, anyway!—Life.

A Hunt Conclusion.

He—What a charming woman Mrs. Barblous is!

She—Oh, she's a bluestocking.

He—She may be, but she is sensible enough to wear her dresses so long that the fact is never unpleasantly perceptible.—Judge.

An Old Chestnut Re-Dressed.

Customer—I should like to get a hoo if I can find one that will suit my wife.

Merchant—We have every thing in that line that you can call for. What kind of a hoo do you want?

Customer—Well, I'd do.—Arcola Record.

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

INSTITUT JACQUES CARTIER.
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GERMANIA AID SOCIETY.
Meets on the first Sunday in each month at Royce's Hall. John Reomer, president; Emil Glaser, treasurer, and Jacob Moersch, secretary.

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

C. F. SMITH POST, NO. 175, G. A. R.
Department of Michigan. Meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. H. W. Thompson, Commander; I. K. Haring, Adj.

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

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

R. C. HATHWAY CHAPTER, NO. 49, ORDER EASTERN STAR.
Meets at Masonic Hall last Friday evening of each month at 8:00 p. m. Mrs. S. H. Rolph, W. M. Mrs. Libbie S. Anthony, Sec'y.

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

MORSE DIVISION NO. 15, O. R. T.
J. J. Seargo, C. T., M. A. Cuppermill, Sec'y, meets in G. A. R. armory second Sunday in each month.

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

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. C. H. Tyndall, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. Boys' prayer meeting at 7 p. m. every Sunday. Young people's prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5:30.

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

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

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

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FACTS ABOUT COUGHS.

Important Information Which Will Be New to Most Readers.
Nature has provided for various spasmodic efforts of an expulsive character, to rid organs of irritant matter. The circuitous route to the lungs through the nasal passages, is always, in health, kept moist, to arrest dust and prevent its entrance into the lungs. To guard against its accumulation, the sneezing function is supplied, accompanied by a copious overflow of serum to sweep away the irritating matter.

The reflex action of the stomach, when irritated by offensive food or poison, is of the same character. The cough is equally beneficial in its provision. Its principal object is the expulsion of irritating matter from the lungs, or air-tubes. The muscles of the glottis, chest and abdomen combine in the spasmodic act. Sensibility to irritating dust is confined to a few points of the nasal membrane. So the sensibility which gives rise to a cough is limited mainly to the larynx and bronchial tubes, being strongest in the larynx, and next in the upper portion of the bronchial tubes. As in sneezing, the overflow of serum aids in the expulsion of the irritant, so a corresponding increase of mucus co-acts with the expulsive power of the cough.

There are many kinds of coughs. Through the network of the sympathetic nervous system, disturbances at remote points may affect the nerves concerned in coughing. Dr. W. H. Thompson, in a paper read before the New York Medical Society, enumerates a list of over a dozen kinds of non-expectorant coughs, each characterized by a peculiar sound.

An expectorant cough generally consists of a number of successive coughs, the sounds of which are like that of a chain passing over a pulley; the non-expectorant resembles rather the separate sounds of a hammer.

One variety of non-expectorant cough is due to simple irritation, without secretion, of some part of the respiratory tract, as in some forms of bronchitis; another to inflammatory irritation of the pharynx; a third to irritation of the membrane which surrounds the lungs and lines the chest. Another is malarial cough, sometimes mistaken for whooping-cough, and curable by quinine.

A cough may also be the result of disorder of many other internal organs—the stomach, the liver, the brain, and even the ear.

From these facts it will be seen how unwise it is, in case of a cough, to resort blindly to the druggist for some patent cough mixture, which may not be of the slightest use in curing the particular disorder. If, indeed, it is good for use in any disease.—Youth's Companion.

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ALLEGED HUMOR.

The Acute Sophomore.
He was only a sophomore, but he had a large head.
He was undergoing the agony of a sophomore love, and he pined for his adored one at home. All his "cuts" had been used, and he could see no way to fly to her side. Suddenly an idea seized him from behind, and he, overpowering it, grasped it and hung on.

The next day he knocked at the office-door of the president of the faculty, and his eyes were filled with tears. In his hand he held a telegram, yellow and foreboding. This he gave to Prez, who opened it and read:

"HARTFORD, CONN., Mr. E. J. B.—Amherst College, Amherst; Charles is not expected to live. Come home at once."
"FATHER!"

The good-hearted president spoke a few kindly words to the grief-stricken lad and told him to remain away as long as necessary.

The next day he sat with Alice on the sofa, and as he read in the paper of the execution of Charles Maxwell, who was hung for murder that morning, he knew that the dispatch had not lied. His sophomore conscience was at ease, and Alice and he were happy.—Life.

Purely Accidental.
Officer—There, Dinah, after a long search all over the neighborhood, we have finally found these three shirts in your house. They were taken from 'Squire Pogram's' clothes-line night before last.

Dinah—Huh, gemmens! I know'd dey's dah all de time. Why didn't yer done axt me on de fust start! Yer see, I wuz takin' a short cut from meetin' Sunday nite to 'scape de rain, and cummed fru de 'squiah's' gwarden. It wuz dat dark I couldn't see nuffin, an' fus I know'd, kerslap went my umbriller agin de squiah's' shirts a hangin' on de line. Co'se I know'd de dirty ole umbershook mused up de shirts buzums awfully, so de less I could do wuz to bring 'em home an' wash 'em up for de missus. Fro 'em in dat cornah on de wood-box, an' when I get 'em done up I'll bring 'em ober to de 'squiah's.—Judge.

A Bad Mixture.
A doctor told a woman who was suffering from a sore throat that she should prepare a drink composed of honey and vinegar, in the proportion of two parts of honey to one of vinegar. When the doctor made his next visit he asked the patient how she liked the drink.

"Bad, doctor, very bad. It was fearfully sour."
"Not if you followed my directions. Two parts of honey to one of vinegar can not be very sour," replied the doctor, tasting the beverage, which he found to be very sour indeed.

"How did you make this drink?" he asked.
"Just as you told me. I mixed up twenty cents worth of honey with two quarts of vinegar for ten cents."—Texas Siftings.

A Welcome Suggestion.
Montgomery Dalhousie lolled back in his luxurious chair, lighted a Giganella cigarette and sighed. He had just returned from a trip around the world, with a resting place in Paris towards the end, and was utterly and entirely biased.

"Arthur," he wailed to his bosom friend, who was teasing a pet mongoose in the corner, "do you know that there isn't a single thing in the world that I haven't seen, and I'm impatiently bored to death; where can I go, and what can I do?"—and as Arthur replied: "Why not try Alaska and quaff the native whisky!" Dalhousie sprang from his chair with a wild bound and cried: "Pawkins, pack me grip!"—Time.

Found at Last.
In a Pullman sleeper:
Bride (in upper berth)—Darling!
Groom (in lower berth)—Yes, precious.
Bride—I've found something I've been looking for ever since my sixteenth birthday.

Groom—What's that, darling?
Bride—A man under my bed.—N. Y. World.

Where to Study Gas.
First New Yorker—I understand that a representative of Japan is here studying our gas system.
Second New Yorker—Here in New York City!
"Yes."
"Well, why don't somebody send him to Albany, where he can learn something!"—Texas Siftings.

Too Much Like Work.
The Herr Professor had just executed a most difficult number on the piano.
"And you call that playing!" asked Noodle.
"And why not?" queried the professor.
"Well, if that is playing I'd like to see what you'd call working!"—N. Y. World.

A Discourager of Generosity.
Mr. Turner Van Nuleef (who has invested in a pair of diamond ear-rings for Mrs. Van Nuleef)—You can never guess what I've brought home to-night, my dear.
Mrs. Van Nuleef (unconcernedly)—Oh, a bottle of whisky, as usual, I suppose.—Pack.

Waiting for His Parcel.
Dry-Goods Dealer (politely to customer who has made a purchase)—Won't you sit down, sir, while waiting for your package?
Customer—Well, I have been sitting down more or less. Haven't you got a bed handy so that I can be down!—Harper's Bazar.

Pleasant for the Poet.
"There is one thing about my poem," said the poet; "the editor said it was very compact."
"I think he must have meant that it was like a very wet snow-ball, rather slushy, eh!"—Harper's Bazar.

Unreasonable Householders.
Householder—See here, I could have put a new pipe in for the price you charged me for mending that leak.
Plumber (with an injured air)—Well, if you preferred a new pipe why didn't you say so!—Time.

WHILE reading a few chapters of Noah Webster's entertaining novel we learned that when they embalm a man they fill him up with aromatic spices. Now we know why a man chews cloves—he's embalming himself.—N. Y. World.

COWPER says that "the tear that is wiped with address may be followed, perhaps, by a smile." If it is woman's tear the perhaps is unnecessary—you can always dry it with a dress.

A MICHIGAN grocer is willing to admit that honest tea is the best policy, but when it comes to coffee he doesn't believe in running the thing in the ground.

THE minister who divides his discourse into many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

A DETROIT lady was recently admitted to the bar. It was her father's. She got a glass of beer and left.

THE apple eye longed for and ate at last must have been a pineapple.

—Chauncey M. Depew graduated from Yale College in 1854.

FACTS ABOUT COUGHS.

Important Information Which Will Be New to Most Readers.
Nature has provided for various spasmodic efforts of an expulsive character, to rid organs of irritant matter. The circuitous route to the lungs through the nasal passages, is always, in health, kept moist, to arrest dust and prevent its entrance into the lungs. To guard against its accumulation, the sneezing function is supplied, accompanied by a copious overflow of serum to sweep away the irritating matter.

The reflex action of the stomach, when irritated by offensive food or poison, is of the same character. The cough is equally beneficial in its provision. Its principal object is the expulsion of irritating matter from the lungs, or air-tubes. The muscles of the glottis, chest and abdomen combine in the spasmodic act. Sensibility to irritating dust is confined to a few points of the nasal membrane. So the sensibility which gives rise to a cough is limited mainly to the larynx and bronchial tubes, being strongest in the larynx, and next in the upper portion of the bronchial tubes. As in sneezing, the overflow of serum aids in the expulsion of the irritant, so a corresponding increase of mucus co-acts with the expulsive power of the cough.

There are many kinds of coughs. Through the network of the sympathetic nervous system, disturbances at remote points may affect the nerves concerned in coughing. Dr. W. H. Thompson, in a paper read before the New York Medical Society, enumerates a list of over a dozen kinds of non-expectorant coughs, each characterized by a peculiar sound.

An expectorant cough generally consists of a number of successive coughs, the sounds of which are like that of a chain passing over a pulley; the non-expectorant resembles rather the separate sounds of a hammer.

One variety of non-expectorant cough is due to simple irritation, without secretion, of some part of the respiratory tract, as in some forms of bronchitis; another to inflammatory irritation of the pharynx; a third to irritation of the membrane which surrounds the lungs and lines the chest. Another is malarial cough, sometimes mistaken for whooping-cough, and curable by quinine.

A cough may also be the result of disorder of many other internal organs—the stomach, the liver, the brain, and even the ear.

From these facts it will be seen how unwise it is, in case of a cough, to resort blindly to the druggist for some patent cough mixture, which may not be of the slightest use in curing the particular disorder. If, indeed, it is good for use in any disease.—Youth's Companion.

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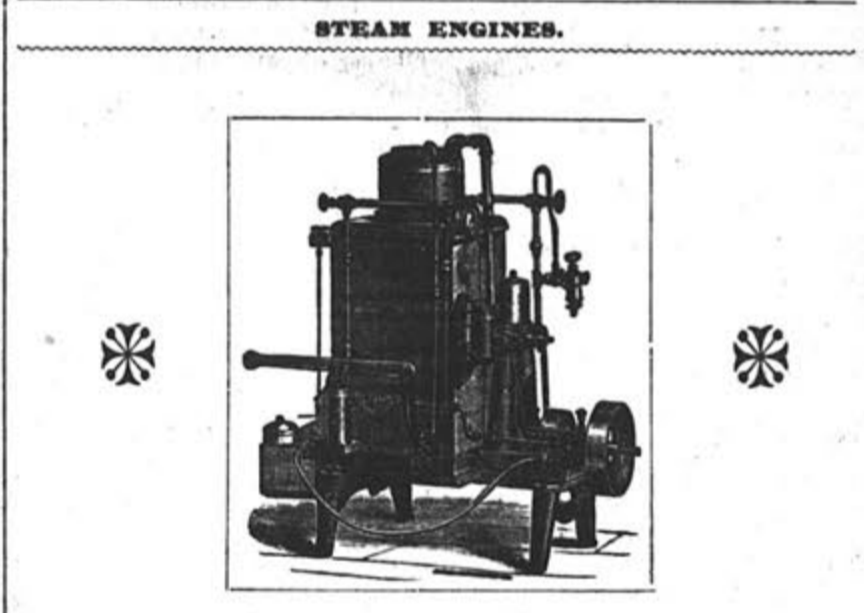
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THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts will be made for it in New York.

THE Iron Trade Review comes to us this week in a new guise and very much improved in typographical appearance and "make up."

NEW TYPE and "make up" of the Mining Journal last Monday, but it was no "April fool." The Journal is getting there, handsomely, and deserves to.

CARNEIE is said to have bought the Valley rail road and to contemplate building a line of ore-carriers on the lakes, all to one end, that he may lay down lake ores at his furnaces near Pittsburg at the lowest possible cost.

FIVE FISHERMEN narrowly escaped being carried through the door into lake Michigan on floating ice last Saturday. The Ludington was here and went north on Wednesday. The tug Nelson broke through the ice to lake Michigan Saturday. The life saving crew got on duty Monday, April 1.—Advocate, Sturgeon Bay.

OH YES; of course the Arkansas democracy will punish the murderer of Clayton if he can be found, but no "nigger" must meddle. One did—found out more than a nigger had any business to know—so Dan Anderson killed him. The high toned, white democrats of Plummerville can hunt their own murderers—it isn't business for "nigger republicans—not safe business, at any rate, as Joe Smith found out.

THREE MONTHS' pay have the members of the legislature drawn—one week's work, not a big one, either—has that body done. Fact is, it is not only a legislature but a state grand jury and is busy not so much in making or mending laws as in pottering with matters that ought to be settled in a justice's court. It has a childish proclivity for "investigating" things about which it knows as much as a cow knows about a musket, and it wants to and does adjourn every time there's a pound-master to be chosen at Higgins's X Roads, or a funeral held at Huckleberry Plains.

D. C. CREGIER succeeds John A. Roche as mayor of Chicago: Got there easy: Labor vote did it and Carter Harrison engineered the business for him. The charge that he "pumped wind" into the water pipes took no hold of the fellows who have no use for the contents of the pipes unless their houses take fire, and the wind expended by the Times, Tribune and Inter Ocean was wasted; might as well have been pumped into the pipes. Mr. Cregier will be a good mayor, too; has grown gray in the city's service, knows all about the city's needs (that a man inside it can know—only one outside can see its real need) and as nearly honest as a man can be in its atmosphere; we lift our cap to Mayor Cregier.

JUDGE GRANT is chosen to the place on the supreme bench of the state for which he was nominated, by majority enough—just how much we do not know yet. The fact renders necessary the selection of a man to succeed him as judge of the 25th circuit, composed of the counties of Marquette, Delta, Iron and Menominee, and we take occasion to pray the gentlemen of the bar, with whom will rest, to a great extent, the selection of his successor, not to lower the standard in that selection. The public will not be content with a "pretty good" judge—it has not been accustomed to mediocrity; will demand the best talent, the highest standard of character and the widest experience obtainable. It is willing to pay for what it wants, too; give the matter thought and in due time suggest the man.

THE Marquette Republican began a daily (evening) issue all-fools' day. It is a seven-column folio, the outside pages "patent" and the inside local matters and "plates"—no news report—the "leading article" being Mary Murchison's letter. The publishers say they did not "put out a perfect paper" because they wanted room for improvement and they've got that, easy. It is "journalistic courtesy," perhaps, to say that it is "neatly printed and brightly edited" and to wish it success, as the M. J. does, but it is not common honesty. The thing does not deserve to live. It offers the public nothing for its five cents but spoiled "print." It can only live at loss to some one or by illegitimate methods, and one of the three men in the firm is perfectly well aware of that fact. This is not nice writing but is truth.

LAST NIGHT about 9 o'clock the heavens were illuminated by one of the most brilliant meteors ever seen in this city.

The meteor was first seen at a point about 20 degrees from the zenith, in the north-eastern point of the heavens. It traveled in a north westerly direction, passed through the handle of the dipper, and lost itself at a point within 10 degrees from the horizon.

The head of the meteor was elongated in the shape of a spike. It reached its greatest brilliancy at a point twenty degrees below the north star, where it seemed to break near the center, one portion continuing to follow the other, with some 4 or 5 degrees intervening. While the meteor was at its brightest myriads of little stars in red, yellow, blue, green, and all the colors, were whirled off on both sides with great rapidity, making a most beautiful display of celestial fireworks.

The main body of the meteor appeared to be about twenty degrees in length, while the tail, which grew more filmy with its distance from the head, extended nearly across the whole sky.

There is some difference of opinion regarding the length of time the meteor was visible. Estimates range all the way from five to twenty seconds.—Portland, Oregon, dispatch April 1.

SOME VERY important changes have occurred since our last week's report. Having practically come to an understanding with the vessel interests, and being thoroughly acquainted with the needs and requirements of the furnace business, the ore men have at last quoted prices, and some large sales at the new prices are already on record. The situation was, perhaps, forced a little by the over-anxious attitude of the vesselmen, who, it seems, after making a few Escanaba charters at \$1.05, lost all confidence and engaged to carry ore for the entire season, at \$1.25 from the head of Lake Superior. The chances are, however, favorable to an advance in charters. The Minnesota Iron company is reported as disposing of 350,000 tons of Vermilion ore—100,000 for Chicago, and the balance for Lehigh Valley points—at a price equal to \$5.75 at this port. A sale of 25,000 tons of Republic ore is reported at the same figure. These were the opening prices for last season, when freights were higher. Strictly Bessemer Gogebic hematites are the strongest on the list, \$5.25 being the figure asked, while for Marquette range hematites, non-Bessemer, but not exceeding .10 in phosphorus, \$4.25 is the figure. For some ore no price has been made as yet, owing to disagreement as to the cost of lake freight, and the market can be no means called active as yet. The ore men are in no hurry, preferring to answer inquiries rather than making the rounds of their customers. The news of the failure by the Chicago steel syndicate to secure a large block of ore at prices below the market—exclusively reported in these columns—has since been fully confirmed with this addition that the Chicago people who, two weeks ago, had no use for non-Bessemer at any price, are now anxiously inquiring for that class of ore.—Iron Trade Review March 28.

TUESDAY, April 2, marked the one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, who was born at Shadwell, Va., in 1743. The responsible and official author of the Declaration of Independence, and the founder of the democratic party, was one of the fathers of protection. While secretary of state, in the administration of Washington, he laid an able and exhaustive report before the president, showing the necessity of such provisions as would tend to develop our internal commerce. He was the first president who found a surplus in the treasury during his administration. In 1806, after paying \$23,000,000 of the public debt, the prospect of a surplus became imminent, and it was necessary to determine upon the best and wisest mode of disposing of it. In a message sent to the house at the time, Mr. Jefferson said: "The question now comes forward, to what other objects shall these surpluses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of impost, after the entire discharge of the public debt? Shall we suppress the impost and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? Patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance and application to the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers." Mr. Jefferson understood the philosophy of government, and his acute mind enabled him to see the full import and bearings of public questions. He did not regard Free Trade either right or expedient, and therefore advised that protective duties be continued, affording to later-day democrats an example of sound democracy which it would be wise for them to follow.—Am. Economist.

THE ASSUMPTION that only the industry whose products are importable, would be affected by a free or freer importation of competing goods, is frivolously false: \$3,300,000,000 worth of American raw materials, not now importable, but which are produced here, depend for their market price upon our manufacture of competing products; \$1,700,000,000 of these raw materials are furnished by the farmers directly. The farmers also furnish \$2,300,000,000 worth of the meat which is killed by the 58,000 butchers throughout the country for consumption by its entire body of food consumers. Our prices on all these products depend on the consuming powers of the non-farming population. These are eight fifteenths of the people of the country. Not that they are all engaged in the manufacture of competing products. But they are all dependent upon industries which are interlocked with the manufacture of competing products. The surgeon's knife could no more cross the blood vessels, without severing the nerves than could a tariff be framed which would uproot and expose to loss the competing industries, without bringing down the non-competing.—Am. Economist.

THE SENATE of the United States did a very foolish thing when it refused to confirm Mr. Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, for the German mission because of his structures on that body and on individuals belonging to it. By the act the senate assumes to punish offenses against its dignity in a manner not contemplated by law and gives to Mr. Halstead's criticisms a weight and force they did not previously have and could in no other way have acquired, and it gives proof, as far as it goes, of the truth of the charge that the senate has come to consider itself an American "house of lords," entitled to a deference not given to or claimed by the other branch of congress or by any other of the public servants. We regret it because the senate is already in bad odor with the people and the act will make it still more unpopular and may lead to results subversive of the form of government—to the choice of senators by popular vote and a consequent change in its character, making of it but a smaller and continuous house like that at the south end of the capitol. It was very, very foolish.

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

"JACK" WABURTON was warned to leave Galena, where he was retailing his stale lies, by somebody who signed the warning "White caps." No use—worse than useless—"Jack" is a nuisance and should be abated, but that is not the way to do it. Stop his supplies—cut off the flow of dimes—and he'll go; give him a chance to fight and he'll stay, and find friends.

EDWARD P. ALLIS died, after a brief illness, at his home in Milwaukee, last Monday evening. By his death Milwaukee loses her "first citizen," his great iron works employing 1,500 men and turning out steam engines and other articles to the value of \$13,000,000 a year. He was born at Casenovia, N. Y., in 1824 and was therefore 65 years of age at the time of his death. He leaves a widow and eleven children.

MARINETTE papers assert that "the boys," when the camps break up, do not "blow in their stuff" as they used to do, but we note in the columns of the same papers the usual numbers of items having booze for their exciting cause. It is but fair to the papers to say that they charge all these disturbances to "fellows from Menominee." Jo. Fleishelm ought to keep his bad boys at home, not allow them to go over and disturb the good people of Marinette.

A HURRICANE which occurred at Apia, Samoa, March 15, wrecked the U. S. steamers Trenton and Vandalia and beached the Nipsic. The German ships Adler and Olga were also wrecked. The English steamer Calliope, having steam up when the storm burst, escaped by getting to sea. The captain and thirty-nine men were lost of the Vandalia's crew and seven men from the crew of the Nipsic. The crew of the Trenton were all saved. The captain of the Vandalia was Cornelius M. Schoonmaker, of New York. Besides the war ships nine vessels, two German, were wrecked and four lives lost of their crews. The Monongahela is now due at Apia and the Alert and Mohican will be sent there from Honolulu and Panama.

NATURAL gas has artificially prolonged the existence of the fly. In the days of old, when nights were cold, there being no gas fire, the last fly of summer smoothed down his coat tails, rolled up his trunk and fell over on his back after the first few frosts. Now the fly, like the man who wants a small loan, is always with us. He basks in continual warmth all winter, but there are precious few of him. The average happy home, where gas bills come as regular as the new moon, will have trouble in scaring up more than three live flies on Valentine's Day. Whether the February fly lasts until the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of spring suits, is a question for scientists to tackle. We simply want to go on record as saying that where natural gas prevails and no tab is kept on the consumption it is possible by the expenditure of from \$12 to \$50 to preserve the life of a fly all winter and keep the household warm at the same time. When we can see a fly twiddling his hind legs and rubbing his ears on Feb. 28 we are convinced that we live in a great and growing age. Jamestown, N. Y. News.

VERY LIKE the Arkansas assassination case of John M. Clayton, who was murdered because he ran upon the republican ticket for congress, and persisted in proving that he was fairly elected, is the case of J. V. McDuffie, in Alabama. He, too, ran upon the republican ticket for congress. He, too, claimed that he was elected, and started in to prove it. He went to Wilcox county seat to take testimony of election frauds in support of his claim: He was promptly waited upon by three men, who said they represented the democratic committee, and warned him to leave the county "or take the consequences." While he was preparing to leave, some other democrats, who saw that this course might hurt their party, waited upon him and asked him to stay, saying that the first three did not act by authority of the committee. However, as they could not guarantee his safety against assassination, and he well knew that they would not protect him, he thought it safer to leave, and did so. These are the facts as stated by a democratic paper. Its feeble attempt to ridicule Mr. McDuffie for not staying and taking the risks does not at all offset the force of its statements of the facts.—State Republican.

HENRY GEORGE, the pessimistic romancer, who grips out assertions full of gloom and far from fact with such earnest enthusiasm, and who is now doing service in the free trade and democratic camp, says in "progress and poverty": "Wherever land is high will you not find wages low? * * * Wages are certainly lowest where capital is relatively most abundant * * * Poverty deepens as wealth increases and wages are forced down while productive power grows."

In Massachusetts land is high, wealth is large, and productive power grows, therefore wages should be low and poverty increasing if Mr. George is right.

The Springfield Republican states that in that manufacturing city of 40,000 people they have three saving banks, the depositors in which number three-fourths of the total population, and the total deposits are \$24,235,748, an average of \$570 to each depositor. The Five-Cent Savings bank, especially visited by small depositors, has \$2,534,789 placed in its care by 1531 depositors, an average of each of \$298. This fact cuts his theory like the cold steel thrust of a bayonet.

In no spot in the world where land is cheap capital is small and productive power poor can such a state of thrift among working people be found. It is usually reckoned that at least three-fourths of savings bank deposits are those of working people, which would give them over \$10,000,000 in Springfield banks.—Tribune.

MR. GLADSTONE spoke as follows of his former associate and late opponent—the one "Commoner of England" who was his peer—John Bright, of Rochdale, lately deceased:

He said: "Mr. Bright has been, to a very remarkable degree, happy in the moment of his removal from among us. He lived to see the triumph of almost every great cause to which he especially devoted his heart and mind. He has established a claim to the admiration of those from whom he differed through his long political life by marked concurrence with them upon the prominent and dominant questions of the hour. While he has in that way opened the minds and hearts of those with whom he differed to the appreciation of his merits, he has lost nothing by the concord with them on the particular subject so much represented. Though Mr. Bright came to be separated from the great bulk of the liberals on the Irish question, on no single occasion has there been any word of disparagement. I acknowledge that I have not through my political life firmly embraced the character of Mr. Bright and the value of that character to the country. I say this because it was during a particular epoch of the Crimean war that I came more to understand than before, the position held by him and some of his friends, and the hold they had laid on the people. I was one of those who did not agree with the particular views he took of the Crimean contest, but I felt profoundly and never ceased to think what must have been the moral elevation of men who, nurtured all their lives in the temple of popular approval, could at a moment's notice consent to part with the whole of that favor they enjoyed, which their opponents might think the very breath of their nostrils. They accepted undoubted unpopularity, for that war commanded the enormous approval of the people. It was at that time that, although we had known much of Mr. Bright, we learned more. We had known of his great mental gifts, his courage, his consistency and his splendid eloquence. Among other gifts, Mr. Bright was delighted to be one of the chief guardians of the purity of England's tongue. He knew how the character of a nation is associated with its language. He was able, as an Englishman profoundly attached to his country, the tongue of his people being to him almost an object of worship, to preserve the purity of the language of Shakespeare and Milton. Another circumstance of his career is better known to me than any one present. Everybody is aware that office had no attractions for him; but few can be aware what extra efforts were required to induce him to accept a servant of the crown. In the crisis of '68, when the fate of the Irish church hung in the balance, it was my duty to propose to Mr. Bright that he become a minister. I never undertook so difficult a task. From 1 o'clock at night until 1 o'clock in the morning we debated the subject, and it was only at the last moment that he found it possible to set aside the repugnance he felt at doing anything that might in the eyes of anyone, even of the more ignorant class of his countrymen, appear to detract in the slightest degree from that lofty independence of character which I have mentioned and which never throughout his career was held in doubt. It was a happy lot to unite so many attractive qualities. If I had to dwell upon them alone, I should present a dazzling picture to the world. His sympathies were not strong only, but active; no sympathies awaiting calls to be made upon them, but the sympathies of a man seeking objects upon which to bestow the inestimable advantage of eloquence and courage. In Ireland, when support of the Irish cause was rare; in India, when support of the native cause was rare still; in America, at a time when Mr. Bright, foreseeing the ultimate issue of the great struggle of '61, stood as a representative of an exceedingly small portion of the educated community of the country, although undoubtedly representing a large part of the national—in all these cases Mr. Bright went far outside the necessities of his calling. Whatever touched him as a man of the great Anglo-Saxon race, whatever touched him as a subject obtained unasked his sincere, earnest and enthusiastic aid. All causes having his powerful advocacy made a distinct advance in the estimation of the world and distinct progress toward triumph and success. Thus it has come about that he is entitled to a higher eulogy than is due to success. Of mere success, indeed, he was a conspicuous example. In intellect he might claim the most distinguished place. But his character lies deeper than intellect, deeper than eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described or that can be seen upon the surface. The supreme eulogy that is his due, is that he elevated political life to the highest point—to a loftier standard than it had ever reached. He has bequeathed to his country a character that can not only be made the subject for admiration and gratitude, but—and I do not exaggerate when I say it—that can become an object of reverential contemplation. In the encomiums that come from every quarter there is not a note of dissonance. I do not know of any statesman of my time who has had the happiness of receiving, on his removal from this passing world, the honor of an approval at once so enthusiastic, so universal and so unbroken. Yet none could better dispense with the tributes of the moment, because the triumphs of his life were triumphs accorded in advance of his country and his people. His name is indelibly written in the annals of the time and on the hearts of the great and over-spreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interest of mankind."

MR. GLADSTONE spoke as follows of his former associate and late opponent—the one "Commoner of England" who was his peer—John Bright, of Rochdale, lately deceased:

He said: "Mr. Bright has been, to a very remarkable degree, happy in the moment of his removal from among us. He lived to see the triumph of almost every great cause to which he especially devoted his heart and mind. He has established a claim to the admiration of those from whom he differed through his long political life by marked concurrence with them upon the prominent and dominant questions of the hour. While he has in that way opened the minds and hearts of those with whom he differed to the appreciation of his merits, he has lost nothing by the concord with them on the particular subject so much represented. Though Mr. Bright came to be separated from the great bulk of the liberals on the Irish question, on no single occasion has there been any word of disparagement. I acknowledge that I have not through my political life firmly embraced the character of Mr. Bright and the value of that character to the country. I say this because it was during a particular epoch of the Crimean war that I came more to understand than before, the position held by him and some of his friends, and the hold they had laid on the people. I was one of those who did not agree with the particular views he took of the Crimean contest, but I felt profoundly and never ceased to think what must have been the moral elevation of men who, nurtured all their lives in the temple of popular approval, could at a moment's notice consent to part with the whole of that favor they enjoyed, which their opponents might think the very breath of their nostrils. They accepted undoubted unpopularity, for that war commanded the enormous approval of the people. It was at that time that, although we had known much of Mr. Bright, we learned more. We had known of his great mental gifts, his courage, his consistency and his splendid eloquence. Among other gifts, Mr. Bright was delighted to be one of the chief guardians of the purity of England's tongue. He knew how the character of a nation is associated with its language. He was able, as an Englishman profoundly attached to his country, the tongue of his people being to him almost an object of worship, to preserve the purity of the language of Shakespeare and Milton. Another circumstance of his career is better known to me than any one present. Everybody is aware that office had no attractions for him; but few can be aware what extra efforts were required to induce him to accept a servant of the crown. In the crisis of '68, when the fate of the Irish church hung in the balance, it was my duty to propose to Mr. Bright that he become a minister. I never undertook so difficult a task. 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His name is indelibly written in the annals of the time and on the hearts of the great and over-spreading race to which he belonged, whose wide extension he rejoiced to see and whose power and prominence he believed to be full of promise and glory for the best interest of mankind."

ONLY FIFTEEN and a half feet of water at the Sault or in the St Clair canal. At the latter place Gen. Poe orders slow speed, not more than five miles an hour, and will time every thing that goes through to see that his order is obeyed and will collect a fine of \$500 for every violation. Sixteen minutes is the least time by the rule but the racers went through last season in six and by so doing made trouble.

AUGUST BEAUDRY will recover. The river is very low and the drive may be hindered. Two men came across from Sturgeon Bay on the ice Monday—a risky trip. The Sawyer-Goodman Co. is putting in a Corliss engine. Some of the mills will begin saving next week. Prescott is working "double turn" and can hardly keep up with his orders at that.—Eagle, Marinette.

MACKINAC folks don't want the militia to come to the Island again—that they say and repeat—but they explain that they do not mean to reflect on the character of the force which is "largely composed of the best material in the state." It is because of the "camp followers" that they kick—they are bad always.

DOLLAR a ton is the opening rate on ore hence to Ohio ports and that means much ore. Marquette rate \$1.15 and Ashland \$1.25 with a probability of an advance later on.

BLIZZARDS ravaged Dakota and northern Minnesota on the 1st. At Cary, Dakota it was "a sand blizzard" and did much damage; at Aberdeen roofs were blown off and buildings destroyed; fire made it worse at Volin, Andover and Sacred Heart. On whole it was a bad day in all that country.

"PETITIONS" don't go with Congressman Payson, of Illinois; he knows about them. As to postmasters he wants an expression of the will of the patrons of the office and gets it, or did the other day at a place in his district, by a regular election, the result of which was almost unanimous for the man whom Don M. turned out, to make a place for one of his sort, only a month before the presidential election. We rather like the idea. One's choice can be exercised in that way without offence to any body and that can not be done by the "petition" method.

NO DOAT yet, but a few days will bring them. The city has contracted for 22 street light—electric, 2,000 candle power—at \$7 a month each; to burn from dark until midnight. A shower of mud, or muddy water, took place Tuesday night. Judge Huntington beats Judge Neville by just a few votes, probably. Two florists, but they can not keep up with their orders. The Water Works Co. has contracted for another well. The mother of Rev. Ed. Walsh died March 28, at 85 years of age. F. DeKaster is accused of embezzlement. He was agent for the Milwaukee Harvester Co. Amount \$1471.—Advocate, Green Bay.

THE "Q" company is again in trouble and a strike of the shop men is imminent. A dispatch from Galesburg dated April 2, says: The men employed in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy shops at this place began work on eight hours time yesterday morning. The men are all dissatisfied with the turn things have taken, and say that if the order is not soon revoked a strike is not improbable. They say they have received letters from the shop men of Chicago, Aurora, and Burlington, and that in every instance great dissatisfaction is expressed over the reduction. It is said that a committee will probably be appointed from each of the places named whose duty it shall be to consult with Mr. Stone and try to come to some understanding where by the old hours may be restored. By the new order of things some of the men working in the yards will only receive about .92 cents a day, when before they were getting from \$1.10 to \$1.15 a day, and nearly all having large families to support. The shops here are crowded with work, and the men are of the opinion that the company can not afford to keep their engines and cars in the shops so long at a time as will be made necessary under the new rule. A number of the men were discharged last Saturday night.

Then Ag'in—
Jim Bowker, he said, ef he'd had a fair show, And a big enough town for his talents to grow, And the least bit of assistance in hoein his row, Jim Bowker, he said, He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name, And climb the round top in the ladder of fame; It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might be, Then ag'in—
But he had tarnaal luck; everythin' went ag'in him, The arrers of fortune they allus'ud pin him; So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him. Jim Bowker, he said, Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come, An the feats he'd a-done, an' the hights he'd a-clumb. It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might be, Then ag'in—
But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I more or less, Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success, An' give fortune the blame for all our distress. As Jim Bowker he said, If it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich, We might a-been famous, an' might a-been rich. It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might be, Then ag'in—
—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade

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

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

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

TOOL-CHESTS FOR GIRLS.

Let Them Have an Opportunity to Develop Mechanical Genius.

Parents do not object to see saw and hammer, gimlet and screw-driver in their sons' hands at a very tender age. They look upon tools as a boy's birth-right. But a little girl is hurriedly told to "put them down," "to not touch," that she will cut herself or pound her fingers, and "get hurt" generally.

But the time is not far off when there will be a room in the house set apart for the work bench, and that bench and its tools will be as free to the daughters as the sons. In their fashionable brass-hammering and wood-curling the girls have "got a taste of it." We may expect to yet see the carpenter come to give lessons as regularly as the music teacher. Why not? That eight children out of ten would like it better there is no doubt.

A dozen years hence certain branches of many trades will be largely occupied by women. We shall see young women at study and work in architects' offices, in the wall-paper, designing rooms, mixing paints and stains and finishes and fresco washes. We shall see the student at the Harvard annex emerge from her long companionship with the "higher mathematics" with the "plans and elevations" of a house in one hand and a "bill of lumber" in the other as "applied mathematics." At present the training, in geometry say, is so unapplied that the "sweet girl graduate" lays the tea table with the cloth awry, and the plates at all angles and distances; and is serenely unaware that she has hung her water-color drawing crooked until some distressed occupant of the room points it out.

The modern female hand and eye are so far untrained that not one young woman in five can take shears and cut straight across a breadth of goods unless she fold and crease the cloth, or "slowly cuts by a thread."

For myself, I have saved many a dollar first and last by being "handy with tools."

When I was a little girl and held a mortal objection to allowing my older brother any accomplishments which I had not, I conceived the brilliant idea one summer's rainy day of making myself a churn, which was to be an exact reproduction in miniature of an old-fashioned instrument my grandmother used and called an "up-and-down churn."

A gentleman called at our house and found me under the shed diligently boring a hole into a round piece of wood. Wishing to make himself agreeable to me, I suppose, he inquired what I was making. I replied in the most matter-of-fact way, as if it were the most common matter in the world for seven-year-old girls to manufacture household goods, "A churn;" and great was my indignation as he went away laughing as if he had heard the greatest joke in the world. After that I never met him, even after I had grown to the dignity of young ladyhood and trained gowns, but what he inquired with a most aggravating interest if my churn was done.

It never was, I am bound to say; but I learned my lesson just the same, and whenever I want a nail driven in, a shelf put up, or a window-shade adjusted, I do not wait for a carpenter. Instead, I thank my stars that I ever practised on churns and wooden sewing machines; and if it were necessary, I think I could—with all the confidence I once began my churn—build a house—after a fashion!—Wide Awake.

WOMEN NAIL-MAKERS.

A Glance at the Condition of Female Laborers in England.

"One woman at work in a shop behind a clean and tidy cottage had been making nails for thirty years. She got 7½d for making 1,000 nails, and by working long hours she could make 8d a day net." One little shop from ten to twelve feet square was in full swing, where were four young women "hard at work;" and if they could keep it up for six days at fifteen hours a day their gross earnings would amount to the surprising sum of 6s 3d each. "But the clear earnings of these young women—skillful, persistent, unwearying workers; their arms thin, but hardened by unceasing toil; their chests flat, their faces pallid and their palms and fingers case-hardened by bellows, hammer, olive and rod, will run to 6s 5d per week, when in full work."

The "oliver," it should be explained, is a spring-tilt hammer operated by the foot of the worker and discharging the duty of a mechanical striker; its weight varies from ten pounds to thirty pounds. It is a very striking sight to see a clever girl at her work making "cone" or "countersunk" nails, or "pipe nails," "spoonheads," and "guttersnipes." Her left hand holds the rod, which is red hot at one end, out of which the nail is fashioned; with her right hand she wields her forming hammer, and with her left leg she works the oliver; while her eager face is all the time bowed to the anvil, except when straightening herself up she turns from the anvil to the bellows to blow up the fire.

But when these girls are aged or about to become mothers the sight is still more striking, and makes one wish that one had never seen it or heard of it, it is so pitiful and sad, not to say unkind and unnatural. It would seem to be next to impossible in the present state of things to do anything in the way of regulating the hours of labor, for the nail-maker's shop is his house, and his house is his castle. But for the fact that the nail-makers' sanitary surroundings should be so shocking there is no excuse.—London Saturday Review.

THE STATE.

The house unseated Lindow and gave the seat to Mc Elroy, but paid Lindow \$260 to cover expenses.

An unknown man was found in a room of the Lindsay house, at Smith's Creek, with his throat cut. Probably suicide but possibly murder—a man who had been seen with him is missing.

Wm. Jenney has been appointed postmaster at Mt. Clemens.

A leaking stove pipe filled the room with coal gas and two children of C. D. Lang, of Hillsdale were suffocated.

The body of the Smith's Creek suicide was buried without having been identified. The money found on it—\$165—escapes to the state.

By the bursting of a jointer in a shingle mill at Hungerford, on March 28, two brothers named Stewart were killed.

Thomas Hickey is in jail at Pontiac for improprieties amounting to a "criminal assault" on a child of only nine years.

Mrs. Cora Olney was maid, wife and a corpse inside of a week. Lived, when she did live, at Tekonsha.

The city of Lansing is in debt, on current account, forty thousand dollars and nothing to pay with.

Gov. Luce has pardoned Barney Rousseau, sent to Jackson from Alpena for killing a man who had seduced his wife.

Charles Cook, a schoolboy, had his neck broken while wrestling.

Meyers lumber dock, Bay City, was burned March 29. Loss \$20,000, fully insured.

Ring & Brady, furniture manufacturers, East Saginaw, burned out. Loss \$15,000.

Apples are so plenty and so low in price in Hillsdale county that they are fed to the pigs to save them from rotting.

A. M. Wright, wife and son, of Alma, have started for Europe.

Win, Austin, of White Pigeon, was found dead in his chair Friday morning.

A big wooden propeller was launched at Springwells Saturday. She is named Philip D. Armour and Capt. F. D. Chamberlain will command her.

Hon. James M. Turner was chosen mayor of Lansing and the council is a tie.

One lady was elected school inspector in Detroit.

Jackson went democratic from mayor to poundmaster.

Republicans carried Grand Rapids. C. W. Watkins was elected mayor and they have the clerk and a majority in both city council and county board. Weston and Gen. Ianes are together in the coup.

Ralph, son of Judge Van Zile, of Charlotte, died suddenly last Sunday. He was but 19 years old and was a youth of high promise.

The new Detroiters are playing ball already; they won a game at Richmond last Saturday.

The Port Huron & Northern road has just placed orders for 10,000 tons of rails. The change to standard gauge made it necessary.

Tom Palmer is to be given a banquet before he starts for Spain. He has secured the services of W. G. Griffith in the capacity of private secretary.

J. H. and W. G. Denslow, father and son, of Isabella county, forged pension papers and were let off with a fine which pretty much cleaned them out.

The flower show at Detroit was a splendid success as a show. How it will pan out in currency remains to be seen.

Gen. Alger's mining operations are to be managed by an organization called the "Volunteer Mining Co."

Leroy Bangs, 17 years old only, shot himself with suicidal intent, last Monday, in the Russell house, Detroit. Insane, no doubt.

Franklin Wells assumes the duties of president of the Agricultural college until a successor to President Willis is chosen.

East Saginaw tailors are on strike with a good show to win.

One woman, Mrs. S. O. C. Parsons, was chosen on the Detroit school board. Her husband's work and men's votes elected her, though.

A Sensible Man

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

Poisoned by a Cat.

My little boy broke out with ulcers and sores, the result of the saliva from a cat's mouth coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and very painful, and showed no inclination to heal. I used quite a number of remedies, with no benefit, but got Swift's Specific, and he improved with the first few doses, and in a short time was sound and well of the poison, and his general health much improved. JOHN T. HEARD. Auburn, Ala., Feb. 15, 1889.

The Handsomest Lady in Escanaba.

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

In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took seven small bottles S. S. S., which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.

J. C. Nance.

Hobbyville, Ind., Jan. 10, 1889.

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.

Underservedly Laughed At.

The unthinking are prone to make game of nervousness. Yet this is a very real and serious affliction, the harassing symptoms of which are rendered all the more poignant by ridicule. The stomach is usually responsible for these symptoms—its weakness and disorder find a reflex in the brain, which is the headquarters of the nervous system. As a nerve tonic and tranquillizer, we believe that not one can be pointed out so effective as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. In renewing vigorous digestion, it strikes the key note of recovery of strength and quietude by the nerves. Headaches, tremors in quiet sleep, abnormal sensitiveness to unexpected noises—all these modify and ultimately disappear as the system gains strength from the great tonic. Dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, constipation and kidney complaints are subdued by the Bitters.

23

The Amendment relative to corporations failed.

A Female Paradox.

A lady old, and growing older still, (As ladies will grow old, you know), became, in spite of age, as young as youth—but ill. And old, and wretched, feeble, lame, and sore. A lady young became in spite of youth, As ladies will, and why? Because the truth, That keeps a lady young, they fall to grasp, And yielding to disease, die in its fatal clasp. That truth is that woman's weakness may be subdued by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Eczema, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Tortures.

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

He Would Care for Her.

Uncle Rastus (speaking of the young bride)—Mr. Smith, how is your good lady dis mawrin'?

Mr. Smith—She's all right, thank you, Uncle Rastus, save a slight cold.

Uncle Rastus—Ah, Mr. Smith, dey is bad things ter hab, 'ticularly at dis season ob de year. Ef dat lady war my wife I wudn't let her stir out ob de house for a week.—Epooh.

Where Poor Poetry Is Dangerous.

A young poet and his friend were lounging in Central Park menagerie near the orang-outang's cage.

"By the way, Fred," said the poet, "I have just completed that poem I spoke to you about. Shall I read you a few verses of it?"

"Certainly; I shall be delighted; but don't stand too near the cage; the orang-outang might grab you."—Harper's Bazar.

Quite Good Enough.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown," said the haberdasher, "but this is a quarter necktie you have selected. You always wear a dollar one."

"That's all right, old boy," he returned, with a wink. "My wife has just started making a cravat-quilt."—Judge.

A Woman's Revenge.

"How could you help that Mrs. Proudly dress for the opera when you hate her so?" asked Maude.

"Because," replied Bessie, "I wanted to get a chance to put a pin in her dress so that it would be sticking in her back all the evening."—Judge.

BULLYING THE WORLD.

Why Shrewd Men Will Never Seek a Quarrel With Society.

Don't try to bully the world. It doesn't pay. Whoever enters the ring for a rough and tumble fight with Public Opinion, is pretty sure, eventually, to be "doubled up." Society is a Briar rose, and who but a madman would think of encountering, with a single pair of fists, a hundred-armed fellow! Better shake the multitudinous hands of the giant good-naturedly, than unnecessarily provoke him to wrath.

Despise the world, if it so please you—though to do so is a proof of arrogance, conceit and egotism—but, as you have to live in the world, to lean on the world, and can not get along without the world, it is just as well to treat it civilly. Shrewd men, who understand their race, never seek a quarrel with Society. They understand that it is possible for an individual to persuade, lead and quietly control a community, but not to fight it down. If you desire to reform social evils or to disabuse your fellow-men of their prejudices, the surest way not to succeed is to resort to denunciation and abuse. Kindness, conciliation, the influence of good example—these are the true and effective means and appliances of reform.

Provoke the world, set its will in arms against you, and you can never carry your point, be what it may. For mankind has more power to resist than any unit of the mass to insist. With what mildness, with what patience, with what loving-kindness Christianity was taught by its Sacred Founder, and His knowledge of human nature was more profound and perfect than that of any mortal. The Evangelists and the Apostles besought the world to hear them; they did not attempt to brow-beat it. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," said Festus to Paul.

It would be well if some of our modern reformers had the courtesy and wise consideration of that great Apostle. Whether your object be to do good to the world, or to make the world of service to your own interests, don't assault it violently, for it is too strong and too obstinate to be carried by storm. Ishmael tried that plan, and it did not answer. Thousands have tried it since and been worsted in the conflict.—N. Y. Ledger.

A GOOD FERTILIZER.

The Composition and Action of Leached Wood Ashes.

The ashes obtained from the combustion of wood contain silice, phosphate and carbonate of lime, magnesia, oxides of iron and manganese, and variable proportions of potash and soda. Most of the alkaline matter is in a state of a carbonate, while a smaller proportion of it is combined with the silice.

Leached ashes are always highly charged with carbonate of lime, quicklime being used to render the lye caustic during lixivation.

Besides these mineral substances, ordinary wood ashes contain vegetable matter which has not been burnt, but exists in the state of charcoal.

Ashes act powerfully on light, dry, acid soils, improving their hygrometric qualities, and by rendering the insoluble vegetable matter soluble, or by correcting acidities, they highly favor the growth of plants. Ashing, without the application of vegetable matter, exhausts a soil, but nevertheless it may be the means of enriching it, since, when a barren soil has its constitution so modified, it is capable of bearing green crops that may be turned in to augment its fertility.

Green crops draw the largest proportion of their substance from the carbonic acid of the atmosphere and from water; hence their substance being added to the soil, the soil is of course enriched thereby.

It is well known that leached ashes are highly valuable as an amendment and manure, and when spread upon the light soils of pine barrens, it corrects the acidity of the soil, augments its retentive properties and renders the soil fertile.—Andrew H. Ward, in Boston Globe.

A Close Shade.

"Oh, I could see it for three months past," he said to a fellow passenger in a Michigan avenue car yesterday.

"Sure that the Republicans were going to win, eh?"

"Just as sure as I was that I was alive."

"Didn't never doubt!"

"Never. I knew it was to be."

"Say, mister!" said a little old woman with a basket on the opposite side, "a feller who knows a thing and won't bet \$75 to \$100 that he knows it, comes mighty close to being a duffer and don't you forget it!"

And as he got off the car he looked as if he wouldn't.—Detroit Free Press.

He Made It a Success.

"Do you believe marriage is a failure, Miss Phyllis?" he asked, as he leaned over the back of her chair, watching her lily hand ply to and fro through the bright-colored wool.

"Really, Mr. Dukes," was the hesitating reply, "I have never had an adequate opportunity of testing—that is—I prefer not to express an opinion until—"

"Miss Phyllis," he kindly interrupted her, "you express my own opinion exactly. When shall we enter upon the experiment?"

"Whenever you like," was the demure reply.—Judge.

Why He Went South.

Wiggins—And so you are going South to spend the winter, Algy?

Babony—Aw, yass; my constitution, yo know, is too delicate to stand the wigors of this climate.

Wiggins—But there's your fur-lined overcoat!

Babony—That's just the trouble, dear boy. Nobody but a cart-man could endure the fatigue of wearing that garment; and yet if I stayed here I wouldn't dare to appear on the streets in any thing else!—Life.

Rather Cool.

Jones—This is rather cool for November, isn't it, Mr. Smith?

Smith—No, indeed. Several years ago, when I was a young man, I found it cooler in August than it is now.

Jones—You must have been searching for the North Pole then!

Smith—You are mistaken. I kissed a Boston schoolmarm, and her spectacles froze to my mustache before our lips met.—Arcola Record.

A Venerable Toad.

Local antiquarians and zoologists are enchanted at present with a live toad found in the course of railway excavations at Greenock, Scotland. The toad is from 20,000 to 30,000 years old, as the stratum of clay in which it was found certainly dates from the glacial period. Its mouth is sealed up. It breathes slightly through the nostrils, and, though the eyes are quite expressive, it does not seem to see.—Scientific American.

Hedging on a Bet.

"Hello, Bromley, that isn't the fair thing! You promised that if your side lost the election, you'd shave off your whisker."

"Well, haven't I?"

"Yes, but you've shaved off both of them."

"Oh, that's all right. I lost the other one in the same kind of a bet with Darringer."—Time.

A Good Title.

"I think," the poet said, "I'll call My book of poems Autumn Leaves, For then the sad condition that My heart so sorely grieves Will be confronted and removed— For autumn leaves, 'tis said, However seared they chance to be, Are largely red!"

—Harper's Bazar.

The Boy and the Gun.

The shooting season has set in, and the average Texas boy begins to worry the life out of his parents for a gun, with which he will doubtless create much devastation.

"Pa," said little Tommy Yerger, "can't you spare money enough to buy me a gun?"

"My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, but not before."—Texas Sittings.

A Settlement.

Smith—Say, Jones, give me a couple of dollars, will you?

Jones—Certainly.

Smith—Thanks. That will make four I owe you.

Jones—You will owe me nothing. I mean that you are to keep the two dollars you borrowed a year ago as a gift.—Life.

A Sure Sign.

"Any important news in railroad circles to-day?" asked the editor, as Faber rushed into the office and hastily began to scribble on a pad.

"Yes, there must be a frightful accident down the road, for when I called at the office I was told there was no information for the press to-day."—Puck.

A Small Favor.

He—Darling, I love you!

She—I love you, too.

He—I know it, sweetest; and that is why I want you to do me a great favor.

She—Willingly.

He—Tell your sister Maude that I want to marry her.—Time.

J. N. MEAD.

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

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R. R. STERLING. FULL LINES OF THE ABOVE.

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,

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FANCY TEA AND DINNER SETS

DECORATED WARE, LAMPS, ETC., ETC.

ONWARD—UPWARD.

Put out to sea! Stand not tremble on the shore, Trembling at the breakers' roar; Ride out beyond the bar, And let the cordage strain To winds upon the open main; Put out to sea! Ride out beyond the bar! Never did ship drift aimlessly Held steady to the star.

Make ponder height! Stopping not for cliff or crag, Upward! Let the coward lag, Take you his seat and seat; Win your summit bare, And plant your single standard there! Climb toward the light, Higher than eagles are! But scabbard is the dimmest height To eyes that's on a star.

CLIMB, HERO—SAIL! Put your manhood to its best, Sail and climb, with mists abreast; Some day you'll gain the heavens, Some day the result will be sublime! The victor's yours in God's good time. Climb, hero—sail! Seven times, and yet times seven! Mountains and seas shall naught avail To eyes that's fixed on Heaven. —John V. Cheney, in Christian Union.

LONE HOLLOW; Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

By JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOOTS BILL," "FISHER JOB" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Now she had followed him to Lone Hollow, and of course would use her influence to about him out of the millinery that would fall to the fortunate one who married Grace Penroy. It was this fact that gave the scheming man such uneasiness and vexation.

"Miss Joyce, of what use is it to put yourself forever in my path?" he finally demanded. "If you would only show a proper regard for my feelings, I would be willing to cry quite and use you well in the future. There isn't the least sense in our being enemies."

"I am your enemy because I know you, Clinton Starbright," she said, grimly. "I know more than you imagine of the part you had in a tragedy of a year ago. I am here, for one thing, to watch you and see that you take no unfair advantage of innocence. I suppose you can comprehend that."

"I think I ought." "You haven't a spark of honor in your composition," she went on. "I can read you like a book. To me your nature is as transparent as glass. I understand your motive for coming here; I realize the peril in which the Penroys exist, and let me tell you at the outset that if you win in the game you are playing you will have to save your success."

"You speak in riddles, Miss Joyce," he returned, affecting not to understand her meaning. "I shall not work that way, at all events," she retorted.

"Again I say your language is all a riddle to me. I would like you to explain yourself, Miss Joyce." "I do not think it is necessary."

"You doubt my sincerity?" "A hurt expression touched his darkly handsome face. There was one woman living who could neither be deceived nor flattered by the dangerously handsome Captain, a fact that he was soon to realize to his chagrin.

"I have no doubts on the subject, Captain Starbright," she declared. "I know that you are not sincere. Honesty and you parted company a long time ago, soon after you came to years of understanding, I should judge. I know why you are a guest at Lone Hollow, and I mean to thwart you in every thing."

"This is why you are here?" "Perhaps." He smiled and plucked at his mustache. However displeased he might be he failed to show it on his countenance.

"I can afford to laugh at your insinuations, Lura Joyce," he said, in an easy tone. "I know how jealous women are prompted to do and say things that to sensible people seem extremely foolish."

He then attempted to rise to his feet. She prevented him with a sudden gesture of angry vehemence.

"Coward!" she hissed. "That I could be jealous of such a snake as you is beyond the possibilities. Have you forgotten that I scorned your advances on other days? I might have been chained to you then had I so wished. I did not. A coward in war and a sneak in peace is not the stuff to make women jealous! That insinuation will not pass current, Clinton Starbright."

He plucked more fiercely at his mustache then, and a bit of red shot into his swarthy cheek. It was evident that she had touched a tender spot at last. He came to his feet then, and confronted her with a black look.

"I had hoped that you would be reasonable, Miss Joyce," he said, in a low tone of disgust and rage. "I find that you do not mean to be anything of the kind, so I suppose it must necessarily be war between us, but in the end I will teach you a lesson that you will not soon forget."

When he would stride away she sprang up and caught his arm, bending her face close to his until the trembling curls on her forehead crossed his cheek.

then up the incline to the level ground beyond.

Before going a mile the horseman turned his animal into the thick bushes lining the road, and after going a short distance came to a halt and dismounted, securing the horse to a sapling.

"I hope Mother Cabera is at home," he muttered. "I have business of an important nature with her to-night."

He pushed through the bushes at a rapid pace, consuming a half-hour's time, perhaps, in following an ill-defined path, and then halted in front of a log cabin built on the edge of a deep gulch.

Light had now fallen, but a light glowed through the one front window, assuring the Captain that an occupant was within. He went at once and rapped. When the door opened in answer to his summons he quickly crossed the threshold, and as it closed behind him he found himself facing an ill-looking crone, who had been engaged in the interesting operation of getting poison from the stem of a black clay pipe.

"Eh? Cap'n Starbright, as I live," ejaculated the female, resting the gaunt end of her under jaw on the end of her thumb as she spoke, the pipe swinging to and fro at her side between the fingers of her other hand.

"Don't guess again, Mother Cabera," said the Captain, with a low laugh. "Are you alone?" "Don't I look like it?"

"Yes, the twins, where are they?" "On one of their larks, I reckon. I hain't seen hide nor hair on 'em in three days now."

"You ought to learn them better—" "Learn 'em, is it! I'd like to see you," she interrupted, with a scowl.

"I shall not attempt it at any rate," was his answer. "I suppose you are open to business now as ever, Mother Cabera?" "Eh! It brings something to keep the pot a-bollin' I'm ready," she answered, with a grin.

"I will, you may be sure. The fortune-telling business must be dull at this season of the year!" "I should say it was."

"Nothing doing for a long time!" "Nothing." "I imagined so. Have you visited Lone Hollow of late?"

"I haven't." "Grace Penroy's cousin has arrived." "I heard something about 'at she was expected. A great beauty, I s'pose, with airs enough to smother a person!"

"Nothing of the kind. She's mannish and fiery. I don't like her, and that is why I've come to you."

"Well!" Mother Cabera grinned more pronouncedly. Her eyes were sunken deep under a narrow skull and looked very like two black, twinkling beads. There was the glitter of avarice plainly revealed. Her visitor knew her well, and was cautious enough not to commit himself in a way that might afterward prove dangerous.

"Sit down and let us have a quiet talk, mother," he said, at the same time placing himself squarely on a rickety chair. She followed his example, and as they sat there they made an odd picture—he with his unspotted garments, with oiled and combed locks, she with a gown whose original color was undiscoverable from grease and dirt, her hair in a dubious tangle and frowse.

A unique picture indeed. "Now, then, Mr. Starbright, I'm all ears," she said, carefully depositing her clay pipe on the floor, and leaning forward until her gaunt form, with pointed chin resting on her attenuated palm, resembled a semicircle of bones.

"I'd like," said the Captain, "for this newcomer at Lone Hollow to depart from there immediately. Her coming has completely upset my plans, and that is very annoying, as you may well believe."

"Of course," agreed the crone. "You would like her to drop dead with heart disease or something of the kind. A little of my cough drops—"

"For heaven's sake, Mother Cabera, stop!" he commanded, hoarsely. "I hadn't such an idea in mind. I wouldn't think of murdering the girl. I'm not that sort of person. I hope—"

A low, withering chuckle that caused his flesh to creep interrupted his speech. He glared at his companion, then sprang to his feet with a muttered imprecation.

"I'll have nothing to do with you, old woman, not a thing!" Then he walked to the door, opened it and gazed out into the darkness. He did not go, however, neither did he close the door to prevent. She sat immovable, glaring at him with her black, beady eyes in a way most unpleasant. She knew Captain Starbright even better than he knew himself. He had come to the cabin for a purpose that night, and Mother Cabera knew it.

After a brief moment the Captain closed the door, slipped a wooden bolt across the opening, and turned once more to the proprietress.

"I am sorry that you can not trust me, Mother Cabera." "Nobody but a fool would do that, Clint Starbright," the woman interrupted. "It would take a heap o' sand an' soap to wash your character clean, more'n I can afford to perduce."

"I had it all ready," she said. "I reckoned you'd be wanting some before long. The old goat at the Haller's gettin' old, and he needs somethin' stimulin' to keep his gray head above ground. 'Twould be a pity of he'd drop off with heart disease some day, an' awful shock to the community like; eh, Cap'n!"

"Some of that, you bag of darkness," retorted he, with a nervous grip on the delicate substance in his hand. "I will call again in a short time, Mother Cabera."

She went with him to the door, and opening it she walked out into the night. As he sawed silently and swiftly away he muttered to himself:

"There were no witnesses to our meeting, and that was as I wished. Should any thing happen, any trouble come of this, that bag's word would count as nothing against me. I am sharp enough not to be caught in a trap, I flatter myself. Had the ugly twins been present I should never have made mention of the object of my visit—never. I am not sure that I shall need the contents of this vial, but it is well enough to be prepared. The poison is so subtle as to defy detection, I am told, and if Mother Cabera could not concoct such a potion no one in the wide world need attempt it."

And so the scheming Captain was eminently satisfied. Perhaps he would not have felt such elation had he looked into Mother Cabera's cabin ten minutes after his departure.

The old woman waited a sufficient time for the Captain to get well on his way, then she went to one corner of the room, moved a large rush mat aside, and stooping lifted a trap-door.

"Come up, children; the coast is clear." Then a head peered above the floor, shaggy and unkempt, a pair of glittering eyes peering from under beading brows, fit mates to Mother Cabera's.

CHAPTER VII. DISTURBED HEARS. "This Captain Starbright seems to hang about here continually, Grace! Can you explain it?"

The speaker was a bronzed-looking young man of three and twenty, with honest brown eyes and well-knit frame. He was standing under a tree with his back against the trunk, while Grace Penroy reclined on the grass, with a book open in her lap, from which she had lately been reading.

There was a frown on the young man's face, as though he was deeply displeased at something.

"Captain Starbright is grandpa's guest," explained the girl. "He seems to like the Captain, and insists on his remaining here."

"And this is the only reason for his sojourn at Lone Hollow?" demanded the young man, in a tone that was displeasing to Grace. A swift bit of red shooting into his cheek told how sore was moved.

"He may have other reasons." "You know he has, Grace Penroy," cried the man, in a voice harsh with aroused feeling. "I have heard all about it, that it is settled that you and the Captain are to marry. The story is in everybody's mouth. I demand to know what foundation there is in such stories."

"None whatever." "Grace Penroy came to her feet and faced her lover, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. He saw how she was moved, and the demon jealousy had full possession of him at that moment, blinding him to reason and justice.

"Grace Penroy, I do not believe you," he uttered in the masterful rage and grief that whelmed him at that moment. "I have reports that I can rely on that prove all and more than the gossips tell. I did not think you would so abuse the trust of an honest heart. But it is gold! gold! nothing but gold! A female heart is tuned to no other key!"

He was interrupted in his impassioned outbreak by a gesture from Grace, whose cheeks had lost their color now, and were pallid with the hurt his cruel words had given her heart.

"It is wonderful, sir, how much you know of woman's nature," she said, in a low voice, husky and tremulous with feeling. "You distrust me, Austin Wentword, and knowing this, it would bring only misery to link my fate with yours. I accept what you evidently wish, freedom from our engagement."

Then she tore a plain gold circlet from her finger and held it toward him. "Grace, do you mean this?" He uttered the words in a sort of astonishment. Evidently he had not intended that their quarrel should lead to such a length.

"Distrust would kill me. I mean it, sir. After to-day you need not come again." He accepted the ring and was silent. She turned, forgetting her book that lay on the ground, and was hastening away when his voice held her steps.

"Miss Penroy, you have forgotten something." When she faced him again he was holding the book toward her. He then advanced and placed it in her hand.

"Thanks, Mr. Wentword." Then she continued her course toward the house, not many rods distant, the young mechanic watching her retreating form with mingled feelings of anger and sorrow. Scarcely had she disappeared when another stepped upon the scene in the person of Captain Starbright.

Unaware of the quarrel, although he had been viewing the two from a distance for some time, the Captain knew not how inopportune was his coming. Wentword was not in a mood for sensible, quiet converse, and the sight of Captain Starbright, whom he viewed as his successful rival, roused all the evil in the young fellow's nature. What occurred would not have happened had my hero been of that saintly pattern made to order by some of the novel writers of the day.

Austin Wentword was human, and perhaps had his full share of faults; he certainly was not a saint, and at the present time, his passions were roused to a high pitch.

"Ah, whom have we here!" sneered Captain Starbright, in a lofty and insolent way that was not calculated to soothe the wounded feelings of the Stonefield mechanic.

holmes. Maybe she'll save your hurts with her tears— At this moment a bright object gleamed in the face of Austin Wentword. Then came a flash and sharp report. A deadly bullet grazed the cheek of the mechanic.

On the instant the two men closed in a desperate struggle for the mastery. It was a struggle that might end only in the death of one of the twain. It was lucky for troubled Grace Penroy that she did not see the conflict.

Wentword seized the Captain's wrist and attempted to wrest the revolver from his grasp. Feeling that to lose the weapon meant doom to himself, Captain Starbright clung to it with the tenacity of desperation. And thus the two men went to the ground.

Over and over they rolled in the grass. Captain Starbright felt his grip on his revolver weakening. It was torn from his grasp, and then a terrible weakness swept his being.

"Mercy!" he gasped, as he felt the knee of his antagonist against his breast and saw the cocked and gleaming weapon in the hand of his maddened rival.

"Mercy to such as you—never!" Then Austin Wentword thrust his weapon in the face of his enemy and was on the point of pressing the trigger when a hand touched his shoulder.

"No, Mr. Wentword; murder must not stain your hands." The words, uttered in a low tone, held the hand of the would-be slayer. Afterward the young mechanic could not feel too grateful for the interruption that saved him from the brand of Cain.

The young mechanic came to his feet to find himself confronted by a slender youth who held a rifle across the hollow of his arm. The reader has met this character before—Louis Fingal.

"Who are you? Why do you interfere?" demanded Wentword, in an angry tone, glaring menacingly at the new comer.

"To save bloodshed and your soul from perdition," answered the youth, quickly. "Captain Starbright was now on his feet, regarding the person who had saved his life with grateful curiosity.

"It strikes me we have met before," uttered the Captain. "Once, I believe." "I can not, however, call to mind the time."

"Not a few days since; just at the foot of Lone Hollow!" The memory of the time and the note of warning flashed swiftly into the brain of Captain Starbright. He was naturally puzzled. Before he could question the young hunter further Austin Wentword raised the captured revolver, fired it in the air till every chamber was empty, then flung the weapon at the feet of his rival.

"There is your revolver, Mr. Starbright," growled the young mechanic. "I will meet you at another time when no friend is near to take your part."

Then Wentword turned and hurried swiftly away. "I will meet you, hotspur," sneered the Captain, angrily. He snatched his revolver from the ground and moved as if to follow his enemy. The hand of Fingal detained him, however.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NAILS AND HAIR.

Scientific Observations Relating to Their Formation and Growth. The following interesting observations have been made by Berthold, of Göttingen. He found that nails which were cut off reformed quicker in children than adults, and in these than in old people; that they formed quicker in summer than in winter (a nail which in summer would be repaired in 116 days, in winter is repaired in 182); that the nails on the right hand reformed quicker than those of the left; that the nails of different fingers reformed in different times; on both hands the nail of the middle finger was most quickly reformed; then those of the ring and index fingers, which were nearly equal; the nails and the little finger took a much longer time, and the little finger rather the longest, particularly on the left hand.

As regards the hair, Berthold found that in persons from 16 to 24 years old, whose hair had been cut off for fever, etc., the length had reached in two years from 12 to 16 inches, giving an average of seven lines per month. By cutting off the hairs of the beard (washed with rain water only) with a very sharp knife, every 12, 24, or 36 hours, measuring them with the micrometer, and weighing them, Berthold arrived at the following results:

1. The growth is increased the oftener the hair is cut; thus the beard cut every twelve hours, grows at the rate of from five and a half to twelve inches a year; cut every twenty-four hours, it grows at the rate of from five to seven and a half inches per year; cut every thirty-six hours, it grows at the rate of from four to six and three-quarter inches per year. The weights correspond with these measurements; cut every twelve hours, the yearly weight of the experimenter's beard would be 313 grains; cut every twenty-four hours, it would be only 280 grains. 2. The hair grows more quickly during the day than at night, and this rule seems quite invariable. About one-sixteenth more seems to be formed during the day. 3. The growth is quicker in warm weather than in cold; but this rule is less constant on account of the variability of the weather.—N. Y. Ledger.

First in Arithmetic. Aunt (to six-year-old Willy)—Now, Willy, if you were to save up one cent each day in the coming year, how much would you have on the close of the year in dollars and cents?

Willy (after a long consideration)—Three dollars and fifteen cents. Aunt—But, Willy, how do you figure three dollars and fifteen cents? Don't you know, there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year!

Willy—Well, I got ter give fifty cents to de schoolma'm's birthday present every year, or she keeps me in late every day. Don't yer see do point!

Stunned by the Prospect. Old Maid—Have you a parrot for sale? Bird Fancier—Yes, ma'am. The one in the white cage. Old Maid—How much? Bird Fancier—Ten dollars. Parrot—Oh, the pretty, pretty girl. Old Maid—I'll take it. Bird Fancier—Ten dollars on trial; if satisfactory fifty dollars. Old Maid—I'll take it, I'll take it. Parrot—Oh, heavens!—Time.

Frederick the Great thought coffee too expensive for his people, saying he was himself reared on beer soup, which was surely good enough for common fellows, as he called his people. He wrote directions with his own hand to his different cooks as to the preparation of the dishes and sauces. He stunted Voltaire in sugar while a guest in his own palace, and what he did give was cheap and bad.

HARDWARE.

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Farm Tools and Implements, : WAGONS :

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All Repairing Done Promptly and Neatly.

OLD STAND. TILDEN AVENUE.

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NEW DESIGNS IN

WALL : PAPERS

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FULL : SPRING : OUTFIT

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PRESTON'S

For finishing new or renovating old structures.

Give Him a Call Before Making Your Purchases. PRICES 'WAY DOWN.

UPPER PENINSULA.

H. D. Fisher will put up two brick business houses...

The express office was robbed of a quantity of clothing Wednesday night...

With two routes by which to reach our mails are delayed from one to three days...

James Woodruff lost his right hand by falling upon the circular saw in the W. L. mill...

John Dollar, crossing Whitefish bay with a dog team, went through the rotten ice, team, toboggan and himself, and very nearly perished...

The fishing season was inaugurated Saturday—the Ethel set nets at Au Train island...

The dead body of Herman Mizalitz was found beside the railroad track Wednesday morning...

The canal company is trying to bulldoze homesteaders—its old game—trying to get possession of lands to which it has no more claim...

F. O. Clark re-elected mayor without opposition; light vote polled. Macauley's saloon burned yesterday and Macauley saved from death in it after he was unconscious...

Tommy Hogan, in the district of a watch and a V from Albert Zeile, got 90 days in the county jail...

Mr. Fowle was elected mayor and the council is a tie, four republicans and four democrats.

An attempt to ditch a passenger train on the Lake Shore road was frustrated by the running of an extra freight, which found the wreckers at work and removed the obstruction...

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease.

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...

THE WEEK.

John Warner, disguised as a negro, attempted to rob the express office at Blocton, Alabama...

The Canadian senate rejected the bill for reciprocity in wrecking on the lakes which had passed the lower house.

General Wolsey was confirmed as governor of Arizona in spite of strenuous opposition.

Thomas Keegan, who carried a pike in the Irish rebellion of '68, died at his home near Hollidaysburg, Pa., March 28...

Halstead's appointment to the German mission is strenuously opposed by several republican senators...

The schooner J. H. Gordon sailed all day on the 24th ult., in a school of 100 sperm whales off Cape Henry.

The Waltham Watch Co. last week declared a dividend of 50 per cent. on its capital stock of \$1,000,000 and increased its stock to \$3,000,000.

A cool fellow stepped into the room of the president in the 1st National bank, Denver, Col., covered the president with a big revolver...

A dispatch from Auckland, dated March 30 announces the loss by a hurricane in the harbor of Apia, Samoa...

The house of Rev. R. Stillwell, at Sydenham, Ont., and a Swedish boarding house at Helbrook, Mass., were blown up with dynamite...

The northwest corner of Dearborn and Madison streets has been leased for 99 years and the Inter Ocean will occupy it in a new building fitted for it.

The Mexican government has forbidden the importation of American lard because of its adulteration with cottonseed oil.

A Cincinnati building firm which was boycotted by a labor union has recovered judgment against the officers of the union for damages—\$2,250.

Steel mills at Harrisburg and Lancaster, Pa., shut down Saturday to await a better market.

Weir and Murphy, like their brothers Myer and—what was the other fellow's name—fought to a stand still and divided the gate money, but they did fight.

Hembold, the "buchur" man, has been boozing again and has gone crazy.

Victoria is awful sorry about the wrecks at Apia and so sends word by cable. The Kaiser lost some boats, too, but he says nothing.

The Eiffel tower, at Paris, was formally opened Sunday.

Hon. Jacob Sleeper died at Boston on Sunday. He was 88 years old and a well known philanthropist.

A stab with pocket knife, of which the blade was but an inch and a half long, killed Dick Whitecliff at Curdsville, Kentucky, Sunday.

A dried apple trust is the latest thing in trusts. Have to keep it dry or it will swell up bigger than copper.

A bomb was exploded in the church of St. Carlo, Rome, Sunday. Nobody killed.

The senate, by 25 to 19, said "not agreed" to the nomination of Halstead as minister to Germany.

The steamer Countess of Flanders was sunk by a collision with the Princess Henriette, off Dunkirk, France, and the captain, three passengers and nine seamen drowned.

Joha T. Abbott, of New Hampshire, is nominated minister to Columbia and Edwin H. Terrill, of Texas, minister to Belgium.

Gould has bought the A. T. & S. F. road. Got it cheap, too.

Columbia College—conservative old Columbia—is going to educate girls, but in a college by themselves to be called "Barnard."

Arms, Bell & Co., iron works, Youngstown, Ohio, burned Monday. Loss \$80,000; half insured.

The Bethlehem company started all its mills Monday, full force.

A letter from Stanley dated Sept. 4, has been received, so he was safe then.

H. D. WINEGAR.

The president gives the Richmond post-office to the widow of Stonewall Jackson.

One engine made the run from Jersey City to Buffalo, with a regular train. The run, 423 miles, was the longest ever made.

Prof. Barnard, of the Lick observatory has found a little, \$200 comet for Warner, the medicine man.

The Hinckley locomotive works at Boston closed doors Saturday for want of orders.

The senate adjourned Tuesday.

Lt. Com. Book, of the navy, left his station at Alaska without leave and went to Washington. He will be court-martialed and probably dismissed.

John Bright's eldest son will run for the seat in parliament made vacant by the death of his father.

The toy "pigs in clover," has made its inventor rich already and is doing the same thing for its manufacturer.

The president has named J. N. Huston, of Indiana, for treasurer of the U. S.; Ellis H. Roberts, of N. Y., for sub treasurer at New York; W. F. Wharton, of Mass., for assistant secretary of state; G. H. Shields, of Mo. for assistant attorney general; Bradford Prince for governor of New Mexico and with them a score or so of men for minor places.

Trouble in the building trade—the carpenters are on strike in St. Louis, Buffalo, New York and Jersey City.

A. W. Thurman announced as a candidate for governor of Ohio at the next election.

Marcus A. Reno, who kept his two companies and himself from the fate which overtook Custer, died at a Washington hospital last Sunday.

A whale was beached and captured at Atlantic City last week.

The latest report concerning the mission to Berlin is that it will be given to Gov. Foraker.

By the wrecks at Apia the Germans lost a hundred men and several officers.

A boy of thirteen, blinded by the glare and smoke, stepped into a coke oven at Uniontown, Pa., and was roasted.

Gov. J. H. McConnell killed himself (third attempt) at Osage, Kansas, Tuesday. Caught, flagrant delictus, with another man's wife a while ago and broke him all up.

Thieves stole Foote's presentation sword, worth \$6,000, from the rooms of the Connecticut historical society at New Haven Monday night.

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.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES. Almost as Palatable as Milk.

SALESMEN. We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade.

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 GET ORDERS FOR OUR NEW TEAS.

WAGES \$3.00 PER DAY. We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade.

WAGES \$3.00 PER DAY. We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade.

H. D. WINEGAR.

New Market Fish, Oysters, GAME, ETC. B.D. WINEGAR Has fitted up and opened a market for the sale of Fish, Oysters, Game, Etc., at 412 Ludington St.

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

BLACKSMITH. JOHN RAGINE, Dealer in Wagons, Sleighs ETC.

Blacksmith : Shop : in Connection. I am prepared to do all work in my line promptly and satisfactorily.

LUMBER. Lumber For Sale OR Sawn to Order.

My mill is now running and I am prepared to furnish Hardwood, Pine and Hemlock Lumber and Shingles, at the Lowest Prices.

Orders Given Prompt Attention. DeLoughary Mich., May 1, 1886.

Best of All Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever.

For Home Use. I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail.

Maple and Hemlock Firewood !! The undersigned will fill orders for Maple and Hemlock Firewood, at market rates, and deliver the wood.

Drunkenness Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY ADMINISTERING DR. HANNEY'S GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE.

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.

C. B. Ingalls. Waucedah, Mich., Feb. 15, 1886.

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

PUMPS, ETC. SAM. STONHOUSE, Practical.

PLUMBER Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of Pipes, Pumps & Fittings.

Drive Wells and Pump Repairs. A specialty.

CASH PAID For Partly Developed MINING PROPERTIES, Pine and Mineral Lands.

JULIAN M. CASE, Marquette, Mich.

THE ESCANABA Water Works Co. Is still doing Plumbing in its various branches in the most satisfactory manner.

Hose Goods, Marble Works, Sprinklers and Water Fixtures CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Estimates Cheerfully Given on Plumbing and Sewerage. Steam and Water Heating upon any plan and with any fixtures desired.

W. H. LaFleur, Supt. Tilden Ave. opp. Oliver House.

Send for Price List. Mail Orders Filled Promptly.

James Morgan, 385, 388, 390 East Water St., (Branch at Corner Vliet and Fifteenth Sts.) Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND! JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA For LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

Used for 30 Years. Best Preparation in the World for Sick Headaches, Pimples on the Face, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Boils.

It is the Best Medicine in use for Regulating the Bowels. QUART BOTTLES, \$1.00. Three Bottles for \$2.50. Delivered free of any charge. Sold by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., Detroit, Mich. Or JOHN FINNEGAN, Escanaba

Drunkenness Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY ADMINISTERING DR. HANNEY'S GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

Drunkenness Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY ADMINISTERING DR. HANNEY'S GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

LEGAL.

ORDER OF HEARING. State of Michigan, County of Delta.

Notice is hereby given, that by order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of James H. McDonald, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court...

PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta.

Notice is hereby given, that by order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 18th day of March, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of William F. Cochran, late of Jefferson county, in the state of West Virginia, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court...

PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta.

Notice is hereby given, that by order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 1st day of April, A. D. 1886, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Leah Symonds, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court...

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 the 1st day of April in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty six, the following was present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the estate of Thomas Forgrave, deceased.

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

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EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

"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.

PROVISIONS

GROCERIES

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

Spring Suitings

A great variety in all the

LATEST : STYLES

Of Color and Finish—Fashionably Made up

Imported and Domestic Cloths

Fit and Workmanship Warranted.

Full : Line : Of

Gent's Furnishings, Rubber Goods,

HATS : AND : CAPS.

EPHRAIM : & : MORRELL.

FINNEGAN'S PHARMACY.

Let the curtain roll down, for everything is

ENTIRELY NEW!

In the stock of

Drugs and Medicines,

Fancy Goods, Stationery, Cutlery, Etc.

At

FINNEGAN'S NEW STORE

Cor. Ludington and Campbell Sts.

There is but one exception, his

Wines and Liquors,

Sold for Medicinal Use Only, are

OLD : AND : CHOICE !

Prescription Put Up at Any Hour.

H. J. DEROUIN.

Special Sale

FOR THE

Next 30 Days

OF ALL

DRY GOODS!!

Clothing, Furnishing Goods and Notions!

Goods Regardless of Cost to make room for New Spring Stock!

"The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating."

H. J. DEROUIN.

PERSONAL.

- O. A. Norman got home Monday.
- L. Stegmiller went to Ishpeming Thursday.
- Jimmie Christie has visited at Marquette this week.
- A. F. Young returned Tuesday from his visit in Illinois.
- Heller, M. L., of the Bazar, reached home on Wednesday.
- Dr. Reynolds has been dangerously ill but is now convalescent.
- Judge Collins, of Gladstone and Appleton, visited us Saturday.
- John A. Mc Naughtan, as soon as election was over, went to Milwaukee.
- Rev. C. H. Tyndall is visiting in New York, having gone thither last Monday.
- John Donahoe, of Lathrop, was in town Wednesday and called on us, of course.
- Rob't B. Finch went to Chicago, with proof of the new time table, Wednesday.
- Hon. A. R. Northrup departed, returning to his place in the legislature, Wednesday.
- H. Zimmer, from Niedecken's paper house, Milwaukee, took orders here this week.
- C. G. Swan, who has been absent on a visit at the east, will arrive here to-morrow, Sunday.
- C. J. Sawyer departed, with wife and baby, Thursday, to visit at their old home in Wisconsin.
- Mr. Van Winkle, of Van's Harbor, was in town on Wednesday. Says he left no logs in the woods.
- Jas. M. Rooney returned from his vacation Monday and was sent to Chicago, on special duty, Wednesday.
- Hon. I. Stephenson and Mr. Wyatt, of the I. S. Co., were here and at the mills on Saturday and Sunday last, and called on us.
- D. S. Moses, for the Hamilton Co., makers of wood type and dealers in printers' furnishings, called on us (and sold us something, of course) Thursday.
- J. C. Dougherty attended to his official duties in our city Tuesday and, that disposed of, put in half an hour's missionary work with us, much to our benefit.
- George Bartley Jr. went to Marinette on Wednesday returning on Thursday. E. T. & W. Co's business was the cause of the trip, but of course George "took in the town".

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.

—Will not shrink your flannels Gloss Soap.

—Gloss Soap has no equal for the Laundry.

—Five Bars Gloss Soap for a quarter—all grocers.

Hill's Buchu gives universal satisfaction in every case where tried.

Beware of poison and opiates in Cough Medicine. Warners White Wine of Tar the safest and best for coughs or cold.

"When the spring-time comes," we usually find ourselves drowsy and exhausted, owing to the impure and sluggish state of the blood. To remedy this trouble, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful, yet safe and economical, blood-purifier in existence.

If your cough keeps you awake and restless by night, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and obtain immediate relief. This remedy allays inflammation, heals the pulmonary organs, induces sleep, and restores health. The sooner you begin the better.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable, and cures Blood Poison by forcing the taint out through the pores of the skin. Send for treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co.
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

At Cincinnati Edwin S. Conger found his wife in a house ill-fame and killed her last Tuesday.

The Florida legislature resolves in favor of the election of president by popular vote. It wants more fighting, evidently.

The Canadian minister of railways, Hon. John Henry Pope, died last Monday.

Dick Guenther goes to Washington (or stays there rather) to start a new German paper.

"Our Mary" Anderson has recovered her health sufficiently to go abroad and sailed from New York last Wednesday for England.

A bad land slide occurred at Pittsburg Tuesday, blocking railways and streets and tearing down telegraph lines.

The French government proposing "a coup" a feature of which was the arrest of Boulanger, that person put himself out of danger by going into hiding.

The captain and mates of the bark St. Andrews are in custody at New York charged with the murder of a sailor named Neilson.

The storm that wrecked the ships at Apia also destroyed others at the Society and Hervey islands, Raratonga and Ouaia. It's course was 12,000 miles long.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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

AMUSEMENTS.

PEOPLE'S OPERA HOUSE

F. T. FORESTER, C. J. SAWYER,
Lessees and Managers.

Engagement Extraordinary!

SEASON OF TWO NIGHTS
Wednesday and Thursday,

April 10th - 11th

RICHARDS'

Musical Tourists!

In a Popular Programme selected from Leading Operas, of which both the Press and Pulpit speak in Highest Praise.

ALL OPERATIC MUSIC IN COSTUME.

ADMISSION:

PARQUETTE, (Raised Seats) 50c
BALCONIES, 35c

Seats now on sale at J. N. Mead's.

"ELI PERKINS"

Saturday, April 13.

BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S

STEAM BOILER WORKS.
(Established 1865.)

Manufacturer of High and low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, breechings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry St. and Michigan Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH.