THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

They do neither plight nor wed In the city of the dead, In the city where they sleep away the hours; But they lie, while o'er them range Winter blight and summer change, And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers

No, they no ther wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh In the burgh of by and by. Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long: But they rest within their bed,

Leaving all their thoughts unsaid, Deeming silence better far than sob or song. No, they neither sigh nor sing. Though the robin be a-wing.

Though the leaves of autumn march a million

There is only rest and peace In the city of surcease From the failings and the wailings 'neath the

And the wings of the swift years Beat but gently o'er the biers, Making music to the sleepers, every one. There is only peace and rest; But to them it seemeth best, For they lie at ease, and know that life is

-Richard E. Burton.

LONE HOLLOW:

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERBILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXL-CONTINUED.

It was highly necessary that he should speedily get his hand into the rich coffers of the late Morgan Vandible; once thus, and he felt that he could bid defiance to all

Hurriedly he walked from the spot, accompanied by the twins. Once more a consultation was held in the front room of the cabin with Mother Cabera as one of the

"It is for the benefit of all concerned that you go from this place," concluded Captain Starbright, after a long and earnest talk. "Go west, anywhere to be out of this neighborhood. "A nice plan," cackled Mother Cabera

"I'm onto your tricks, Cap'n." Then you refuse to go?" "No, we don't," put in Hank Cabera.

"Ef you make it pay for us to go, we'll ab-"You know I will do that."

After a little further parley the Captain placed a roll of bills in the hand of the woman, a considerable sum of money, which at some future time Starbright promised to duplicate many times. "One of you come to me again at Lone

Hollow six months from this date and you shall have money enough to make you all independent," answered Captain Starbright. This seemed to be satisfactory, and the

unsavory two promised to depart and remain away during the time specified, when one of them would return for the promised

Thus did Captain Starbright shake the teols of his villainy for the time. He was ready to repent using them, but it was too late to recede. One false step led to another, and now the Captain was on the highway to what to him seemed a grand consummation of all his hopes, or to utter

Now, then, to find the will and make myself master of the Vandible million," muttered Captain Starbright, as he walked hurriedly on his return to Lone Hollow.

CHAPTER XXIL

THE LAWYER'S PRIZE. Seekmore Gripes sat alone in his private office one warm day when a visitor was announced. It proved to be Captain Starbright. Of course the lawyer realized that his client had come with reference to the missing will.

"I have heard nothing with regard to the ost legal document," said the lawyer, smoothing his knee with the back of his hand while he talked. "It's a most puzzling case, indeed. I never saw any thing like it during my long legal experience, never."

"What would you advise?" "The service of a detective, perhaps."

The Captain corrugated his brows and looked troubled, as well as thoughtful. "I have but little faith in detectives," he

finally said. "I have a suspicion that I could point out the person who is at the bottom of the theft."

"Mrs. Martha Penroy."

"Who inherits in case no will is found."

"Did I not understand you to say some time since that you had perfect confidence in this woman and that in fact she was anxious for you to marry her daughter!" "I might have said all of that," returned

the Captain. "It was true four weeks since, but now-" And now?"

"Now a great change has come over the She insists that no will was

"Indeed." "She has gone so far as to order me out of the house as an interloper." "That is bad," agreed the lawyer. "She

doesn't seem to be the weak creature you imagined." "Far from it. Something must be done

at once or I am ruined." The Captain seemed really pale and concerned. Seekmore Gripes regarded the floor intently, and slowly polished his knee

with the back of his hand. "It's a peculiar case, as I said before," finally proceeded the lawyer. "There certainly was a will made, and it is exceedingly

annoying that it can not be produced. may aid us. If this woman has secured the will through a second party it is evident that she has made sure of its de-

"True. Yet I am not sure that she has had a hand in the theft."

"Do you suspect any one else?" For a moment the Captain hesitated. He thought of Lura Joyce and of the crazed brother of Mr. Vandible, who slept quietly now at the bottom of the forest pool. Either of the two might have spirited the will away. And there was Fingal, too; he was certainly none too good a friend; yet what motive he could have the Captain was un-

"No one in particular," finally answered

g to ruin me I would thousand dellars to get hold of that will once more. Mrs. Penroy knows that no will has been probated. She imagines none was made, and unless something is done at once to prevent, she will institute proceedings for a settlement of the estate in her favor. She has threatened it."

For some time Mr. Gripes remained lost in thought.

"She will undoubtedly visit the city to consult some legal authority," he finally said. "If you could manage to send her to me every thing would be well." "Possibly I might do that."

"I think that would be the surest way out of the difficulty," said Mr. Gripes.

The Captain came to his feet. "I will endeavor to send her to you," he said, slowly. "First, however, I shall announce to her that the will is in court ready to be probated, and, if possible, prevent her visiting the city at all, that is, for the

A clang of the office bell cut short further speech. Mr. Gripes came to his feet. "I will call again to-morrow."

And then Captain Starbright left the place, unheeding the presence of the vailed woman who passed in as he went out. "Mr. Gripes, the great lawyer, I 'spose," said the woman, as she confronted the law-

"My name is Gripes, but I can not take any more cases just now," returned he, noting with keen precision that his visitor was poorly clad, and evidently from the lower walks of life. He was courteous

enough to show her a chair, however. She made no move to be seated. "I've got a case 'at you may be willing to look at anyhow," proceeded the woman. "I reckon you're Cap'n Starbright's law-

yer, hain't you!" "He sometimes employs me." "Hain't you'n him got into trouble lately

kind of a muss like over the Lone Hollow property!" "Madam, please come at another time," grunted Mr. Gripes, with manifest impa-

"Mebbe, now, you wouldn't give something for this."

She drew from the folds of her dress a large legal envelope and held it toward the lawyer. He took it mechanically, drew forth its contents, a folded sheet of legal cap, and then, as he glanced at the first page, started and stared at the woman in evident perplexity and surprise.

"Wuth any thing?" questioned the woman.
"Something. Where did you find it?"
"In the woods, on the ground, where a crazy fellow'd dropped it, fur I see him lookin' at it putty close jest afore I picked it

Mr. Gripes thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth several pieces of silver. He

held these toward the woman.

She lifted her vail then and regarded the weazen-faced lawyer with a contemptuous sneer. We have seen this woman before-Mother Cabera, of Hangman's Gulch. She had purchased a new outfit, however, and seemed less filthy than when we last looked upon her parchment countenance.

"It's wuth more," she said, harshly. "Give me a hundred dollars. I don't sur-

render valyble papers like this for nothin' short of that figure." "See here, madam, if I did the proper

thing it would be to put you under arrest for stealing this paper. I don't propose to compound a felony by rewarding you for it." "But I didn't steal it." "Not a word. Go, or I'll put you under ar-

rest," retorted Seekmore Gripes, sternly. Mother Cabera realized that she had sold out "dirt cheap." She had permitted the paper to go out of her hands, and now it was too late to make demands. Accepting the paltry reward, she turned and shuffled from the room, dropping her vail as she

"So," muttered Seekmore Gripes, as he went to the window and examined the precious document. "This was stolen by that old woman for the purpose of extorting money. She didn't make a fortune out of me, the poor fool. It takes somebody mighty sharp to get the start of Seekmore

He chuckled at the last, and then made preparations to go out, secreting the will on his person.

A little later he might have been seen driving out of the city on the road leading past Lone Hollow.

In the meantime Captain Starbright drove swiftly from the city, and a little past noon halted at the gate next the stables at Lone Hollow. Soon the stable-boy grinned at him from the open door of the stable.

"Here you, Sam," called the Captain in a peremptory voice, "put out my horses, rub 'em down and feed well as soon as they are cool."

The darkey only grinned without mov-

"Aren't you coming, you black rascal?"

demanded Captain Starbright, angrily. "Deed, Cap'n, mistis said I wasn't to permit your hosses in de stables again," finally articulated the black boy, the grin fading from his face when he saw the wrath gathering in the countenance of the

Captain. "Not to permit my horses in these stables? Your mistress said that?" "Deed she did, Cap'n."

"Miss Grace?" "No, Cap'n: Mistis Penroy."

"We'll see about that," muttered the

angry Captain under his breath. "Mrs. Penroy shows her hand early." He sprang to the ground and went about

caring for his animals with his own hands. Sam said nothing, although he realized that he was just now between two fires, a position not enviable by any means.

"Now, you black rascal, you can go!" thundered Captain Starbright, turning flercely upon the stable boy. "I am master here, and, since you refuse to obey me, I'll employ you no longer."

As the speaker reached out to seize the black boy by the collar that individual darted away and scampered to the rear of the house, thus eluding for the time the hand of

punishment. With frowning brow Captain Starbright strode toward the house, only to meet Louis Fingal on the veranda. The young hunter was smiling and apparently in a pleasant mood, which fact annoyed the Captain more than a frown would have done.

That boy seems to cross my path everywhere!" was the mental ejaculation of the

"What are you doing here!" demanded Starbright, in a curt tone. "I am a privileged character," answered

Fingal. "I might with more propriety put the same query to you." Captain Starbright was boiling beneath the surface. He had been crossed so many times that now he was fast losing his tem-

per. "Confound you!" he said, hoarsely. "I believe you are leagued against me with

that woman, but-" "Just a word," interrupted the imper-turbable young hunter. "How about the strange gentleman who frightened you so in Stonefield a few days since? You re-

"No."
"The fellow that stared at us through

the window. Surely you haven't forgotten

"No. He had escaped from an insane asylum. His look was enough to frighten anybody," and the Captain forced a laugh. "You met him again!"

"You met him again!"
"Yes. A dangerous lunatic whom I turned over to the proper authorities. He is now in an asylum from which he is not likely to escape soon."
"Now, Captain Starbright, do you expect me to believe that!"

Fingal bent forward and pierced the guilty Captain with eyes of steel. A throb of alarm swept to the villain's heart.

"I do not care_" "But I do," interrupted the youth, sternly. "The blood of Karl Vandible cries out from the ground for justice on his murder-

"Ha, do you accuse me-" "I accuse you of murder," hissed Fingal. The next instant a set of digits closed

about the young hunter's throat, and he

was forced backward, gasping for breath. CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WIDOW'S DEFIANCE. All the evil passions of Captain Starbright's nature mastered him at that moment. Both men had made a mistake. Fingal in accusing the Captain of murder, and the latter in resenting the accusation as he did. Conscious guilt, however, made the Captain a coward.

In vain Fingal struggled under the terrible grip of Starbright. He was as a babe in the hands of a giant. He could not even cry out for help, and had not a third person appeared on the scene at that moment the angry Captain might have perpetrated murder then and there.

As Fingal was sinking down helplessly a door opened and some one appeared on the veranda, a man who, taking in the situation at a glance, sprang at once to the rescue and tore the enraged Captain from his victim. When Starbright faced about he found himself confronted by Austin Wentword, the Stonefield mechanic.

The two had not come in contact in many weeks, not since the scene in the grove where they collided with what would have been fatal results but for the interference of Louis Fingal, who, as it will be remembered, saved the Captain's life at that time.

To-day the mechanic had met Grace Penroy and a reconciliation had taken place, all of which had been brought about through the good offices of the young hunter and Lura Joyce. The latter, however, had absented herself from Lone Hollow since her narrow escape from death at the hands of Captain Starbright. "Did you mean to murder the boy?" de-

manded Wentword, sternly, as he faced the Captain. "He insulted me. I meant to punish him

for insolence." Fingal, looking pale and weak, leaned against a post and regarded the two men without speaking.

"You are a miserable coward," declared the indignant Wentword. "I have a notion to thrash you blind." "I think you had better let the job out," sneered Starbright, as he laid his hand on

the butt of a revolver that protruded from his hip pocket. This movement was observed by Fingal, who cried:

"Draw a weapon, Captain, and it will be worse for you." Then the rattle of wheels fell on the ears of all. A carriage halted in front of the great mansion, and a little, thin old man

Captain Starbright at once recognized his lawyer from Stonefield. Something of importance must have sent him here so soon after his interview with his client. The Captain was at once anxious to be rid of the two men, and so, forcing a laugh, he

said:
"I was angry, gentlemen. I beg your pardon for what has occurred. I hope may be friends hereafter." Then he actually held out a hand toward

Fingal. The young hunter disdainfully refused the proffer of friendship. Plucking the sleeve of the mechanic he led him down the steps, and the twain hurried away without attempting to continue the conversa-

"I should like to know what brings that sneaking lawyer here just now," said Fingal, after they had passed into the road. "The Captain employs him, evidently." "Evidently, and - but the schemes of

that man must be thwarted. I have learned something of the utmost importance during the last few days. I think that scoundrel will hear something drop before he is many "What have you planned?"

"This, to place a detective in the house in the person of Lura Joyce." "Then you have seen her, and know that she still hves?"

"I have. She will help us to thwart the

evil Captain and save the Penroys. Of

course, Grace can not be deceived by him further.' "No. I have found her true as steel, and determined to assert her rights." In the meantime Captain Starbright and Seekmore Gripes met on the veranda. The

Captain saw that in the face of his lawyer that told him to expect good news. "The will has been found." This, then, was the good news that brought Mr. Gripes so swiftly to Lone Hollow.

The two men consulted for a short time on the veranda. "Mrs. Penroy has not yet attempted to carry out her threat," proceeded the Cap-tain, after a short consultation. "Would it not be best for you to show her the will and explain the situation? It may save consid-

erable trouble in the future." "You-are right, Captain," agreed the lawyer. "I will see Mrs. Penroy. Let us hope that she may be sensible. In any event she can only cause delay and trouble without affecting the result. I am satisfied now that she had nothing to do with stealing the will. It was simply the act of a common

thief for the hope of reward." This was a keen relief to Captain Starbright, who had no idea that the woman who had returned the will to Lawyer Gripes was Mother Cabera, who he supposed many miles away by this time.

Mrs. Penroy had just taken a sniff from her gold snuff-box when Seekmore Gripes was announced.

"I am come, madam." he said, in his keen, business-like voice, "to seek an adjustment of the affairs of your late lamented father. The will that I had the honor of drawing before Mr. Vandible died, and which was left in my care, has not been yet read to the heirs at law. The delay has been unavoidable, but I am sure you will overlook it, since I find the business affairs of the deceased in a somewhat mixed

He caressed his knee with the back of his hand, and regarded a distant object fixedly, his bald head moving up and down as he talked. When he paused she made no reply, and then he drew forth a large envelope and proceeded to unfold its con-

"This is the last will and testament of

your lamented father-" "I thought he left no will," Mrs. Penroy interrupted at this point. "It seems a little

strange that so many weeks have passed without its being produced."
"I can explain that satisfactorily;" proceeded Mr. Gripes. "You will please listen to the reading of the will."

She made no objection, and so he read the document which left the Vandible million to Grace Penroy, provided that she married Clinton Starbright, and lived to reach her majority. In case of her death before commig of age, or her refusal to become Mrs. Starbright, then the property reverted to

the Captain. Although Mrs. Penroy was not one of the brightest women in the world, this clause in the will at once aroused her suspicious. She believed she saw a chance to break the will, even should she fail to prove that the signature was a forgery. She was com-pletely out with Captain Starbright now, and determined on securing the wealth left by her father for herself.

Does Grace know of the contents of that paper," asked the widow, nervously partaking of a pinch of snuff. "Not yet. I expect to read it to her at

"Your manner of proceeding seems to me extraordinary," asserted Mrs. Pengoy. "I shall not submit to be disinherated by a

"Madam, have a care," uttered Mr.

forged will."

Gripes, warningly.
"It is a forgery, and I can prove it," reiterated the faded lady with nervous em-"Madam, I would advise you to proceed in a sensible manner. So far as I am concerned I have no personal interest in this matter, but I drew up this document in a legal manner, and witnessed the signature of Morgan Vanfible. It can not be broken on any such ground as you imagine. Of course you are able to make trouble and much cost, without result to yourself. It was well understood that the old gentleman

"I know that paper is a forgery," interrupted Mrs. Penroy, becoming excited and warm. "I will not submit to be robbed by Captain Starbright and an avaricious law-

meant to leave all his property to his

granddaughters this is susceptible of

yer." Then she flounced up and began to pace

the room. The small, keen eye of Mr. Gripes regarded her sharply. Knowing as he did that the will was forged he realized the strength of Mrs. Penroy's case. At that moment the wily fellow was strongly tempted to assume her side of the case and leave the infamous Captain in the lurch. The dishonorable part of the transaction was only a secondary consideration with him, it was lucre that influenced his soul entirely.

"No, sir!" cried the excited woman, pausing at length in front of the lawyer, and shaking her bony hand within an inch of his hooked nose. "I will not submit to being robbed of my inheritance by you and the Captain. This property is mine, and I will fight for my rights to the death. Don't you dare attempt to probate that will! I can prove that the name of Vandible was forged to it, and that will ruin you and the Captain both."

Such proof would indeed ruin them. Seekmore Gripes made no further at tempt to conciliate the angry woman, but rose and said:

"This paper will be advertised for probate to-morrow, and I hope you will see the folly of attempting to break it, before the three weeks' public notice is up." Then he went from the room to meet Cap-

ing most anxiously. The lawyer related how Mrs. Penroy had received his well-meant "Can it possible that she knows whereof she asserts?" queried the Captain, uneasily. "I think not. It is barely possible, however, that the young lady made a discovery

tain Starbright, who was waiting his com-

when she rushed in on us that fatal night so unexpectedly, as you of course remember."
"How could that be!" "Well, some people have sharper eyes than we credit them with," proceeded the lawyer. "Miss Peuroy entered the sick chamber just as her grandfather expired,

and at that time, you will remember, the will was unsigned." "I had forgotten, but now that you speak of it I do remember that such was the fact, yet I do not believe Grace knew that the old man was dead, or that the will was un-

signed," declared Captain Starbright. "Possibly not.

"Do you imagine so?" "I do," wih a wise shake of the head. Depend on it, Captain, you have both mother and daughter to fight, and should they be successful your character would be ruined, and I am afraid that I should not be able to keep you out of the penitentiary."

"But there is no chance for their success. Grace would be a fool to throw away a fortune-" "Perhaps."

The two men left the house together, the Captain laboring under intense excitement. The Penroys, mother and daughter, seemed to be in league against him, and among the unknown quantities were Austin Wentword, the hunter Fingal and that witch Lura Joyce, who, as the Captain now realized, was alive and working to thwart his

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FORTUNATE MORTAL.

The Man Who Knows How to Get Along with Every Body. The dazzling genius may startle and amaze mankind by his divinely-gifted en-dowments; but the man who knows how to get along with people is very apt to reach the beights, while the dazzling genius, like an eagle with a broken wing, is

floundering in the valley below. Put the dazzling genius and the man who knows how to get along with people side by side on the race track of life, and let them start abreast. The dazzling genius will excite the curiosity of the crowd by the brilliancy of his gyrations and his involved and intricate evolutions. He will leap like an unbroken colt, and prance like a two-yearold filly, but the man who knows how to get along with people will come swinging down the home stretch, past the judge's stand, with his brilliant, but erratic, competitor far in the rear.

The faculty of getting along with people is, perhaps, the most fortunate gift with which nature can endow a man. The whole secret consists in liking people and taking an interest in them. So many men are armed with dislikes, like porcupine quills, which they shoot in all directions, letting them strike where they will. They are like those pivotal guns which we see in the navy, which turn on a swivel and shoot toward every point of the compass. They keep their batteries loaded, and every man who approaches them they regard as an invader and an enemy. They scrutinize their acquaintancés as a proof-reader examines his proof, to see what errors he can discover. Their lives are a perpetual quest for the vices of their neighbors. They never get along with people, for people object to having a perpetual inventory taken of their

faults and weaknesses.

Opticians tell us there is one little spot in the eye that is entirely blind. The mental eye of the man who knows how to get along with people has a large spot that is blind to all his neighbors' vices, while his vision is unusually keen in regard to their good qualities. Every body likes him because he likes every body. No wonder he climbs high in the world, for every body stands reads to give him a "boost."—Yankee Blade. GREENBOOT.

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Rev. C. H. Tyndall, pastor. Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00. Boys' prayer meeting at 3 pm. every Sunday, Young people's prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5:30,

CT. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. E. Butterman, pastor. Services in the morning at 5:30, 8:00 and 10:00 o'clock; catechism at 2:00 p.m. Evening services at 7:30 o'clock.

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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-George William Curtis never writes at a table except to sign his name. He writes on a pad in his hand with his pencil, and has a copy made from this.

- Two of the most suncessful college presidents in Kentucky, are women-Miss Lottie A. Campbell, president of Caldwell College, Danville, and Miss A. M. Hicks, president of Clinton Col-

-Whitelaw Reid's nom de plume when writing for the Cinciunati Gazette as its war correspondent was "Agate," and he won his spurs for the character of his work at Shiloh and Gettysburg.

-- Col. W. H. H. Taylor, of St. Paul, Minn., the State Librarian, is President Harrison's uncle. He is seventyfive years old, and knows his work so well that he carries the whole library catalogue in his head.

-John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," while a junior at Union College, in 1811, started a college paper, called the Pastime. which became very popular with the

-Allen Thorndyke Rice is one of the richest writers in the United States. He is but thirty-three, handsome and a bachelor. He has a stable of fast horses, a steam yacht, a New York mansion and a cottage at Tuxedo

-Ruskin refers to the way in which the English patronize literature in this characteristic fashion: "We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's book out of circulating libraries."

-"The Publishers' Weekly" recorded the publication in America last year of 4.631 books (1,111 of which were imported). This exceeded the record for 1887 by 194, but fell short of that of 1886-the heaviest in the history of American book-publishing -by 45. In England in 1888 the output was 6,591 as against 5,686 in 1887.

-In a new book upon "Americanisms" some of the less familiar are: Bibibles for drinkables, Bohn for a crib or translation, balditude for a state of baldness; to deacon, or to place fine fruit at the top; parquet, or the pit of a theater from its mosaic floor; pizarro, for piazza; skullduggery, wire-pulling; trampoos, to wander aimlessly, and daisy, for any thing first-rate.

HUMOROUS.

-We undertook to print Amelie Rives' last poem this week and failed. It melted the type in the stick .-Lincoln Journal.

-Curiosity is an essentially feminine virtue, but most observant observers have observed that a man isnot at all unwiling to listen to the inormation his inquisitive wife may have gathered.-Somerville Journal.

-Mrs. De Serted-"You never come and throw your arms about me like you used to before we were married and ask me if I love you." Mr. De Serted-"Why should I, when I know now that you don't?"-Town

-Husband-"What does the paper say about the big fire of last night?" Wife-(reading the morning paper) "It says the boiler burst and then the scene that followed baffled description." H .- "Is that all?" W .- "No: two columns of description follow that."-Yonkers Blade.

-Professor-"Microscopical investigations lead us to believe that there are colors too delicate to be discerned by the human eye-invisible colors, we may call them." Student-"I know the name of one of them, sir." Professor (surprised) — "Indeed! What is it?" Student—"Blind man's buff."-Harper's Bazar.

-Eastern lady (in Colorado)-"It makes me sick to hear some of your Western names. The idea of calling a pretty town like this 'Wagonwheel.'" Resident-"It isn't a nice name, and if we ever change it I promise to let you know at once" "I wish you would." "Where shall I address you?" 'Horseheads, N. Y."

-A correspondent of the Writer asks why a pound of manuscript passing between author and publisher should need more postage than a pound of calico. The answer is simple. It is a wise duty imposed by the Government for the protection of the most defenseless mortals on the face of the earth-editors.-America.

-First lady (behind a tall hat at the theater)- "Rather out of style, isn't it?" Second lady (in a loud whisper) -"Yes. They were wearing hats like that in Paris when I was there two years ago." "Yes, I thought it was about that old. What flimsy material it is made of!" "Horridly cheap. I saw some of that in the window of a second-hand store marked--" Lady in front (to companion)-"It's so dreadfully warm here I will have to take off, my hat."-Philadelphia Record.

-Romance vs. Cold Business.-Managing Editor (at the banquet, replying to toast of "The Press." Extracts from his remarks)-"That noble engine of civilization, whose mighty throbs pulsate in unison with the onward march of enlightened progressthe guide, the educator of the masses -whose vast responsibilities," etc., etc., etc. Managing Editor (in the sanctum)-"Get up a column and a half about that dog fight to-night, send a man to interview Sullivan about his last spree, and if that article on the Dandy Bar-keepers of New York' isn't ready by three o'clock, there'll be trouble up there, and don't you forget

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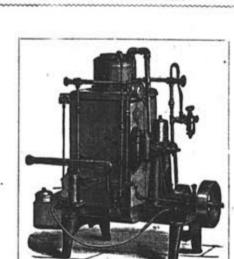
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THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

They do neither plight nor wed. In the city of the dead. In the city where they sleep away the hours; But they lie, while o'er them range Winter blight and summer change,

And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers No, they no ther wed nor plight. And the day is like the night.
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh In the burgh of by and by. Where the streets have grasses growing, cool

and long: But they rest within their bed. Leaving all their thoughts unsaid, Deeming silence better far than sob or song. No, they neither sigh nor sing. Though the robin be a-wing.

Though the leaves of autumn march

There is only rest and peace In the city of surcease From the failings and the wailings 'neath the

And the wings of the swift years Beat but gently o'er the biers, Making music to the sleepers, every one. There is only peace and rest; But to them it seemeth best, For they lie at ease, and know that life is

LONE HOLLOW

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL," "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXL-CONTINUED.

It was highly necessary that he should speedily get his hand into the rich coffers of the late Morgan Vandible; once thus, and he felt that he could bid defiance to all danger.

Hurriedly he walked from the spot, accompanied by the twins. Once more a consultation was held in the front room of the cabin with Mother Cabera as one of the

"It is for the benefit of all concerned that you go from this place," concluded Captain Starbright, after a long and earnest talk. "Go west, anywhere to be out of this neighborhood."

"A nice plan," cackled Mother Cabera. "I'm onto your tricks, Cap'n." "Then you refuse to go!"

"No, we don't," put in Hank Cabera "Ef you make it pay for us to go, we'll ab-

"You know I will do that," After a little further parley the Captain placed a roll of bills in the hand of the woman, a considerable sum of money, which at some future time Starbright promised to

duplicate many times. "One of you come to me again at Lone Hollow six months from this date and you shall have money enough to make you all independent," answered Captain Star-

to be satisfactory, and the unsavory two promised to depart and remain away during the time specified, when one of them would return for the promised

Thus did Captain Starbright shake the tools of his villainy for the time. He was ready to repent using them, but it was too late to recede. One false step led to another, and now the Captain was on the highway to what to him seemed a grand consummation of all his hopes, or to utter

"Now, then, to find the will and make myself master of the Vandible million." muttered Captain Starbright, as he walked hurriedly on his return to Lone Hollow.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LAWYER'S PRIZE. Seekmore Gripes sat alone in his private office one warm day when a visitor was announced. It proved to be Captain Starbright. Of course the lawyer realized that his client had come with reference to

the missing will. "I have heard nothing with regard to the lost legal document," said the lawyer, smoothing his knee with the back of his hand while he talked. "It's a most puzzling case, indeed. I never saw any thing like it during my long legal experience,

"What would you advise?"

"The service of a detective, perhaps." The Captain corrugated his brows and looked troubled, as well as thoughtful. "I have but little faith in detectives," he

finally said. "I have a suspicion that I could point out the person who is at the bottom of the theft. "Well?"

"Mrs. Martha Penroy."
"Who inherits in case no will is found."

"Certainly."

"Did I not understand you to say some time since that you had perfect confidence in this woman and that in fact she was anxious for you to marry her daughter?".

"I might have said all of that," returned the Captain. "It was true four weeks since, "And now!"

"Now a great change has come over the woman. She insists that no will was made."

"She has gone so far as to order me out of the house as an interloper."

"That is bad," agreed the lawyer. "She doesn't seem to be the weak creature you imagined."

"Far from it. Something must be done at once or I am ruined." The Captain seemed really pale and concerned. Seekmore Gripes regarded the

floor intently, and slowly polished his knee with the back of his hand. "It's a peculiar case, as I said before," finally proceeded the lawyer. "There certainly was a will made, and it is exceedingly

annoying that it can not be produced. Time may aid us. If this woman has secured the will through a second party it is evident that she has made sure of its de-

True. Yet I am not sure that she has had a hand in the theft."

"Do you suspect any one else!" For a moment the Captain hesitated. He thought of Lura Joyce and of the crazed brother of Mr. Vandible, who slept quietly now at the bottom of the forest pool. Either of the two might have spirited the will And there was Fingal, too; he was

sertainly none too good a friend; yet what

tive he could have the Captain was un-"No one in particular." finally answered

tempting to ruin me. I would give ten thousand dollars to get hold of that will once more. Mrs. Penroy knows that no will has been probated. She imagines none was made, and unless something is done at once to prevent, she will institute proceed-ings for a settlement of the estate in her favor. She has threatened it."

For some time Mr. Gripes remained lost

in thought.

"She will undoubtedly visit the city to consult some legal authority," he finally said. "If you could manage to send her to me every thing would be well."

"Possibly I might do that." "I think that would be the surest way out of the difficulty," said Mr. Gripes.

The Captain came to his feet. "I will endeavor to send her to you," he said, slowly. "First, however, I shall announce to her that the will is m court ready to be probated, and, if possible, prevent her visiting the city at all, that is, for the present."

A clang of the office bell cut short further speech. Mr. Gripes came to his feet. "I will call again to-morrow."

And then Captain Starbright left the place, unheeding the presence of the vailed woman who passed in as he wentout.

"Mr. Gripes, the great lawyer, I 'spose," said the woman, as she confronted the law-

"My name is Gripes, but I can not take any more cases just now," returned he, noting with keen precision that his visitor was poorly clad, and evidently from the lower walks of life. He was courteous enough to show her a chair, however. She made no move to be scated.

"I've,got a case 'at you may be willing to look at anyhow," proceeded the woman. "I reckon you're Cap'n Starbright's lawyer, hain't you?"
"He sometimes employs me."

"Hain't you'n him got into trouble lately kind of a muss like over the Lone Hollow property?"

"Madam, please come at another time," grunted Mr. Gripes, with manifest impa-"Mebbe, now, you wouldn't give some-

thing for this."
Shortew from the folds of her dress a large legal envelope and held it toward the lawyer. He took it mechanically, drew forth its contents, a folded sheet of legal cap, and then, as he glanced at the first page, started and stared at the woman in evident perplexity and surprise.

"Wuth any thing?" questioned the woman "Something. Where did you find it?" "In the woods, on the ground, where crazy fellow'd dropped it, fur I see him lookin' at it putty close jest afore I picked it

"Indeed!"

Mr. Gripes thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth several pieces of silver. He held these toward the woman.

She lifted her vail then and regarded the weazen-faced lawyer with a contemptuous sneer. We have seen this woman before-Mother Cabera, of Hangman's Gulch. She had purchased a new outfit, however, and seemed less filthy than when we last looked upon her parchment countenance.

"It's wuth more," she said, harshly. "How much?" "Give me a hundred dollars. I don't sur-

render valyble papers like this fur nothin' short of that figure." "See here, madam, if I aid the proper thing it would be to put you under arrest

for stealing this paper. I don't propose to compound a felony by rewarding you for it." "But I didn't steal it." "Not a word. Go, or I'll put you under arrest," retorted Seekmore Gripes, sternly.

Mother Cabera realized that she had sold out "dirt cheap." She had permitted the paper to go out of her hands, and now it was too late to make demands. Accepting the paltry reward, she turned and shuffled from the room, dropping her vail as she

"So," muttered Seekmore Gripes, as he went to the window and examined the precious document. "This was stolen by that old woman for the purpose of extorting money. She didn't make a fortune out of me, the poor fool. It takes somebody mighty sharp to get the start of Seekmore Gripes.'

He chuckfed at the last, and then made preparations to go out, secreting the will on his person.

A little later he might have been seen driving out of the city on the road leading past Lone Hollow.

In the meantime Captain Starbright drove swiftly from the city, and a little past noon halted at the gate next the stables at Lone Hollow. Soon the stable-boy grinned at him from the open door of the stable.

"Here you, Sam," called the Captain in a peremptory voice, "put out my horses, rub 'em down and feed well as soon as they are cool.' The darkey only grinned without mov-

"Aren't you coming, you black rascal?"

demanded Captain Starbright, angrily. "Deed, Cap'n, mistis said I wasn't to permit your hosses in de stables again," finally articulated the black boy, the grin fading from his face when he saw the wrath gathering in the countenance of the

Captain. "Not to permit my horses in these stables?

Your mistress said that?". . "Deed she did, Cap'n." "Miss Grace?" "No, Cap'n: Mistis Penroy."

"We'll see about that," muttered the angry Captain under his breath. "Mrs. Penroy shows her hand early."

He sprang to the ground and went about caring for his animals with his own hands. Sam said nothing, although he realized that he was just now between two fires, a position not enviable by any means.

"Now, you black rascal, you can go!" thundered Captain Starbright, turning flercely upon the stable boy. "I am master here, and, since you refuse to obey me, I'll employ you no longer."

As the speaker reached out to seize the black boy by the collar that individual darted away and scampered to the rear of the house, thus eluding for the time the hand of

punishment. With frowning brow Captain Starbright strode toward the house, only to meet Louis Fingal on the veranda. The young hunter was smiling and apparently in a pleasant mood, which fact annoyed the Cap-

tain more than a frown would have done. That boy seems to cross my path everywhere!" was the mental ejaculation of the Cantain.

"What are you doing here!" demanded Starbright, in a curt tone. "I am a privileged character," answered Fingal. "I might with more propriety put

the same query to you." Captain Starbright was boiling beneath the surface. He had been crossed so many times that now he was fast losing his tem-

per. "Confound you!" he said, hoarsely. "I believe you are leagued against me with that woman, but-"

"Just a word," interrupted the imperturbable young hunter. "How about the strange gentleman who frightened you so in Stonefield a few days since! You remember him?"

"No." "The fellow that stared at us through

the window. Burely you haven't forgotten

asylum. His look was enough to frighten anybody," and the Captain forced a laugh. "You met him again!"

"Yes. A dangerous lunatic whom I turned over to the proper authorities. He is now in an asylum from which he is not

likely to escape soon."

"Now, Captain Starbright, do you expect me to believe that?"

Fingal bent forward and pierced the guilty Captain with eyes of steel. A throb

of alarm swept to the villain's heart. "But I do," interrupted the youth, sternly. "The blood of Karl Vandible cries out from the ground for justice on his murder

"Ha, do you accuse me_" "I accuse you of murder," hissed Fingal. The next instant a set of digits closed about the young hunter's throat, and he

was forced backward, gasping for breath. CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WIDOW'S DEFIANCE. All the evil passions of Captain Starbright's nature mastered him at that moment. Both men had made a mistake. Fingal in accusing the Captain of murder, and the latter in resenting the accusation as he did. Conscious guilt, however, made the Captain a coward.

In vain Fingal struggled under the terrible grip of Starbright. He was as a babe in the hands of a giant. He could not even cry out for help, and had not a third person appeared on the scene at that moment the angry Captain might have perpetrated murder then and there.

As Fingal was sinking down helplessly a door opened and some one appeared on the veranda, a man who, taking in the situation at a glance, sprang at once to the rescue and tore the enraged Captain from his victim. When Starbright faced about he found himself confronted by Austin Wentword, the Stonefield mechanic.

The two had not come in contact in many weeks, not since the scene in the grove where they collided with what would have been fatal results but for the interference of Louis Fingal, who, as it will be remembered, saved the Captain's life at that time.

To-day the mechanic had met Grace Penroy and a reconciliation had taken place, all of which had been brought about through the good offices of the young hunter and Lura Joyce. The latter, however, had absented herself from Lone Hollow since her narrow escape from death at the hands of Captain Starbright. "Did you mean to murder the boy!" de-

manded Wentword, sternly, as he faced the Captain. "He insulted me. I meant to punish him

for insolence."

Fingal, looking pale and weak, leaned against a post and regarded the two men without speaking. "You are a miserable coward," declared the indignant Wentword. "I have a notion

to thrash you blind." "I think you had better let the job out," sneered Starbright, as he laid his hand on the butt of a revolver that protruded from his hip pocket.

This movement was observed by Fingal, who cried: "Draw a weapon, Captain, and it will be

worse for you." Then the rattle of wheels fell on the ears of all. A carriage halted in front of the great mansion, and a little, thin old man

alighted.
Captain Starbright at once recognized his lawyer from Stonefield. Something of importance must have sent him here so soon after his interview with his client. The Captain was at once anxious to be rid of the two men, and so, forcing a laugh, he "I was angry, gentlemen. I beg your

pardon for what has occurred. I hope we may be friends hereafter." Then he actually held out a hand toward

Fingal. The young hunter disdainfully refused the proffer of friendship. Plucking the sleeve of the mechanic he led him down the steps, and the twain hurried away without attempting to continue the conversa-

"I should like to know what brings that sneaking lawyer here just now," said Fingal, after they had passed into the road.

"The Captain employs him, evidently." "Evidently, and - but the schemes of that man must be thwarted. I have learned something of the utmost importance during the last few days. I think that scoundrel will hear something drop before he is many days older."

"What have you planned?"

"This, to place a detective in the house in the person of Lura Joyce." "Then you have seen her, and know that she still hyes?"

"I have. She will help us to thwart the evil Captain and save the Penroys. Of course, Grace can not be deceived by him further." "No. I have found her true as steel, and

determined to assert her rights." In the meantime Captain Starbright and Seekmore Gripes met on the veranda. The Captain saw that in the face of his lawyer that told him to expect good news. "The will has been found."

This, then, was the good news that brought Mr. Gripes so swiftly to Lone Hollow. The two men consulted for a short time on the veranda.

"Mrs. Penroy has not yet attempted to carry out her threat," proceeded the Captain, after a short consultation. "Would it not be best for you to show her the will and explain the situation! It may save considerable trouble in the future."

"You are right, Captain," agreed the lawyer. "I will see Mrs. Penroy. Let us hope that she may be sensible. In any event she can only cause delay and trouble, without affecting the result. I am satisfied now that she had nothing to do with stealing the will. It was simply the act of a common thief for the hope of reward."

This was a keen relief to Captain Starbright, who had no idea that the woman who had returned the will to Lawyer Gripes was Mother Cabera, who he supposed many miles away by this time.

Mrs. Penroy had just taken a sniff from her gold snuff-box when Seekmore Gripes was announced.

"I am come, madam." he said, in his keen, business-like voice, "to seek an adjustment of the affairs of your late lamented father. The will that 1 had the honor of drawing before Mr. Vandible died, and which was left in my care, has not been yet read to the heirs at law. The delay has been unavoidable, but I am sure you will overlook it, since I find the business affairs of the deceased in a somewhat mixed condition."

He caressed his knee with the back of his hand, and regarded a distant object fixedly, his bald head moving up and down as he talked. When he paused she made no reply, and then he drew forth a large envelope and proceeded to unfold its contents.

"This is the last will and testament of your lamented father-

"I thought he left no will," Mrs. Penroy nterrupted at this point. "It seems a little strange that so many weeks have passed without its being produced."

"I can explain that satisfactorily," proceeded Mr. Gripes. "You will please listen to the reading of the will."

She made no objection, and so he read the locument which left the Vandible million to Grace Penroy, provided that she married Clinton Starbright, and lived to reach her majority. In case of her death before commg of age, or her refusal to become Mrs. Starbright, then the property reverted to

Although Mrs. Penroy was not one of the brightest women in the world, this clause in the will at once aroused her suspicious. She believed she saw a chance to break the will, even should she fail to prove that the signature was a forgery. She was com-pletely out with Captain Starbright now, and determined on securing the wealth left

by her father for herseif. "Does Grace know of the contents of that paper," asked the widow, nervously partak-ing of a pinch of snuff.

"Not yet. I expect to read it to her at

"Your manner of proceeding seems to me extraordinary," asserted Mrs. Penroy. "I shall not submit to be disinherited by a forged will." "Madam, have a care," uttered Mr.

Gripes, warningly.
"It is a forgery, and I can prove it," reiterated the faded lady with nervous em-"Madam, I would advise you to proceed in a sensible manner. So far as I am concerned I have no personal interest in this matter, but I drew up this document in a legal manner, and witnessed the signature of Morgan Vandible. It can not be broken on any such ground as you imagine. Of course you are able to make trouble and much cost, without result to yourself. It was well understood that the old gentleman

granddaughters this is susceptible of proof—" "I know that paper is a forgery," interrupted Mrs. Penroy, becoming excited and warm. "I will not submit to be robbed by Captain Starbright and an avaricious law-

Then she flounced up and began to pace

the room. The small, keen eye of Mr. Gripes regarded her sharply. Knowing as he did that the will was forged he realized the strength of Mrs. Penroy's case. At that moment the wily fellow was strongly tempted to assume her side of the case and leave the infamous Captain in the lurch. The dishonorable part of the transaction was only a secondary consideration with him, it was lucre that influenced his soul

"No, sir!" cried the excited woman, pausing at length in front of the lawyer, and shaking her bony hand within an inch of his hooked nose. "I will not submit to being robbed of my inheritance by you and the Captain. This property is mine, and I will fight for my rights to the death. Don't you dare attempt to probate that will! I can prove that the name of Vandible was forged to it, and that will ruin you and the Captain both."

Such proof would indeed ruin them. Seekmore Gripes made no further at tempt to concluste the angry woman, but

rose and said: "This paper will be advertised for pro bate to-morrow, and I hope you will see the folly of attempting to break it, before the three weeks' public notice is up."

Then he went from the room to meet Cap-

tain Starbright, who was waiting his com-

ing most anxiously. The lawyer related how Mrs. Penroy had received his well-mean "Can it possible that she knows whereof she asserts?" queried the Captain, uneasily. "I think not. It is barely possible, however, that the young lady made a discovery

so unexpectedly, as you of course remember."
"How could that be!" "Well, some people have sharper eyes than we credit them with," proceeded the lawyer. "Miss Penroy entered the sick chamber just as her grandfather expired,

when she rushed in on us that fatal night

and at that time, you will remember, the will was unsigned." "I had forgotten, but now that you speak of it I do remember that wich was the fact, yet I do not believe Grace knew that the old man was dead, or that the will was un-

signed," declared Captain Starbright. "Possibly not.

"Do you imagine so?" "I do." wih a wise shake of the head. Depend on it, Captain, you have both mother and daughter to fight, and should they be successful your character would be ruined, and I am afraid that I should not be able to keep you out of the penitentiary." " But there is no chance for their success

Grace would be a fool to throw away a fort-ESCANABA.

une-"Perhaps." The two men left the house together, the Captain laboring under intense excitement. The Penroys, mother and daughter, seemed to be in league against him, and among the unknown quantities were Austin Wentword, the hunter Fingal and that witch Lura Joyce, who, as the Captain now realized, was alive and working to thwart his

schemes. TO BE CONTINUED.

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unbroken colt, and prance like a two-yearold filly, but the man who knows how to get along with people will come swinging down the home stretch, past the judge's stand, with his brilliant, but erratic, competitor far in the rear. The faculty of getting along with people s, perhaps, the most fortunate gift with which nature can endow a man. The whole secret consists in liking people and taking an interest in them. So many men are armed with dislikes, like porcupine quills, which they shoot in all directions, letting them strike where they will. They are like those pivotal guns which we see in the navy, which turn on a swivel and shoot toward every point of the compass. They keep their batteries loaded, and every man who approaches them they regard as an

invader and an enemy. They scrutinize

their acquaintances as a proof-reader ex-

amines his proof, to see what errors he can

ifscover. Their lives are a perpetual quest

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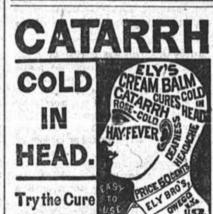
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PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-George William Curtis never writer at a table except to sign his name. He writes on a pad in his hand with his pencil, and has a copy made from this.

- Two of the most sure seaful college presidents in Kentucky are women-I ss Lottie A. Campbell, president of ildwell College, Danville, and Miss A. M. Hicks, president of Clinton Col-

-Whitelaw Reid's nom de plume when writing for the Cincinnati Gazette as its war correspondent was "Agate," and he won his spurs for the character of his work at Shiloh and Gettysburg.

-- Col. W. H. H. Taylor, of St. Paul, Minn., the State Librarian, is President Harrison's uncle. He is seventyfive years old, and knows his work so well that he carries the whole library catalogue in his head.

-John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," while a junior at Union College, in 1811, started a college paper, called the Pastime, which became very popular with the

-Allen Thorndyke Rice is one of the richest writers in the United States. He is but thirty-three, handsome and a bachelor. He has a stable of fast horses, a steam yacht, a New York mansion and a cottage at Tuxedo Park.

-Ruskin refers to the way in which the English patronize literature in this characteristic fashion: "We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's book out of circulating libraries."

-"The Publishers' Weekly" recorded the publication in America last year of 4.631 books (1,111 of which were imported). This exceeded the record for 1887 by 194, but fell short of that of 1886-the heaviest in the history of American book-publishing -by 45. In England in 1888 the output was 6,591 as against 5,686 in 1887.

-In a new book upon "Americanisms" some of the less familiar are: Bibibles for drinkables, Bohn for a crib or translation, balditude for a state of baldness; to deacon, or to place fine fruit at the top; parquet, or the pit of a theater from its mosaic floor; pizarro, for piazza; skullduggery, wire-pulling; trampoos, to wander aimlessly, and daisy, for any thing

HUMOROUS.

-We undertook to print Amelie Rives' last poem this week and failed. It melted the type in the stick .-Lincoln Journal.

-Curiosity is an essentially feminine virtue, but most observant observers have observed that a man is not at all unwiling to listen to the information his inquisitive wife may have gathered .- Somerville Journal.

-Mrs. De Serted-"You never come and throw your arms about me like you used to before we were married and ask me if I love you." Mr. De Serted-"Why should I, when I know now that you don't?"-Town

-Husband-"What does the paper say about the big fire of last night?" Wife-(reading the morning paper) "It says the boile: burst and then the scene that followed baffled description." H .- "Is that all?" W .- "No; two columns of description follow that."-Yonkers Blade.

-Professor-"Microscopical investigations lead us to believe that there are colors too delicate to be discerned by the human eye-invisible colors. we may call them." Student-"I know the name of one of them, sir." Professor (surprised) — "Indeed! What is it?" Student—"Blind man's buff."-Harper's Bazar.

-Eastern lady (in Colorado)-"It makes me sick to hear some of your Western names. The idea of calling a pretty town like this 'Wagonwheel.'" Resident-"It isn't a nice name, and if we ever change it I promise to let you know at once." "I wish you would." "Where shall I address you?"

"Horseheads, N. Y." -A correspondent of the Writer asks why a pound of manuscript passing between author and publisher should need more postage than a pound of calico. The answer is simple. It is a wise duty imposed by the Government for the protection of the most defenseless mortals on the face of the earth-editors. - America.

-First lady (behind a tall hat at the theater)- "Rather out of style, isn't it?" Second lady (in a loud whisper) -"Yes. They were wearing hats like that in Paris when I was there two years ago." "Yes, I thought it was about that old. What flimsy material it is made of!" "Horridly cheap. I saw some of that in the window of a second-hand store marked--" Lady in front (to companion)-"It's so dreadfully warm here I will have to take off my hat."-Philadelphia Record.

-Romance vs. Cold Business. - Managing Editor (at the banquet, replying to toast of "The Press." Extracts from his remarks)-"That noble engine of civilization, whose mighty throbs pulsate in unison with the onward march of enlightened progressthe guide, the educator of the masses -whose vast responsibilities," etc., etc., etc. Managing Editor (in the sanctum)-"Get up a column and a half about that dog fight to-night, send a man to interview Sullivan about his fast spree, and if that article on the 'Dandy Bar-keepers of New York' isn't ready by three o'clock, there'll be trouble up there, and don't you forget

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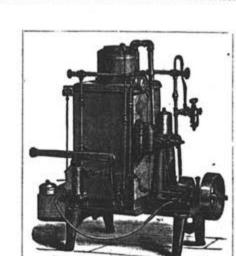
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THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE

THE SAULT HERALD comes this week enlarged, much better printed, and altogether greatly improved. It is in new quarters and evidently prospering.

TALKING of a successor for the late W. H. Barnum as head of the democratic machine; what's the matter with Don Dickinson? His faith in Cleveland is fervent and abiding and lack of such a faith was Barnum's sin, we are

IRONWOOD, the city, had to assume the indebtedness of Ironwood village, \$10,400 and has no cash wherewith to liquidate it. It is proposed to raise the money by an issue of bonds but that must be referred to the people and there is a question as to the vote. It the voters should refuse to authorize the borrowing, the creditors would be in the soup.

THE Alma Pollaskys, brothers of Marcus, have a libel suit in the courts too. They are traders and R. G. Dun & Co., reporters of such matters, made known to their subscribers and correspondants that the Pollasky concern had mortgaged its stock, which notice is the act complained of, the plaintiffs asserting that it "greatly injured their credit." It is not asserted (as we see the case reported in the Free Press) that the report was untrue, only that it was injurious. Marcus is their attorney, but Henry M. Duffield is their "counsel." Dun & Co. are represented by D. M. Dickinson and his partner, and will hardly suffer much, we imagine.

No MAJOR CLARKE hasn't ever changed his politics, but it is a matter of record that he changed his intention as to how he should cast his vote quite suddenly in a congress ional nominating convention not very long ago, in obedience to the command of the npny" magnate who headed the Schoolcraft county delegatron. "Sit down, dyou!"-M. I. 20th.

Major Clarke must take care of himself, but the writer hereol had to do with the conven tion referred to and must correct the "record" of the M. I. No such words were made use of. The person referred to as "the 'Kumpny magnate" is Mr. W. H. Hill, who was chair man of the Schoolcraft county delegation, and he (however despotic he may be at home and in his exercise of authority-of which we can not judge and have nothing to say) did not object, would not have objected to the vote which Maj. Clarke was expected to cast but did not. Besides which, Mr. Hill is a gentleman and would have made his objection, had he desired to object, in other terms than the words given. The M. J. strikes a foul blow.

THE Iron Trade Review of the 16th has the following concerning the ore market at

The situation remains practically unchanged and the volume of new sales reported during the week is inconsiderable. Perhaps the most important action of the week is an understanding arrived at by the producers of the Gogebic Bessemer hematites to hold the price they have been asking all along, viz: \$5.25. While no formal action was taken, it may be stated on good authority that so far as Ashland, Aurora, Iron King, Brotherton, Winsor, Pence and Hennepin, Iron Belt and some others, such as Montreal, Section 33 and Sunday Lake are concerned, the price will remain \$5.25, with chances for an advance later on. Nothing new is doing in non Bes-semers, which appear pretty well sold up. In this line ore men have made some concessions, necessitated by the sharp competition among themselves, as well as by the peculiarly depressed condition of the iron market generally. The shipments of ore to this port are extraordinarily heavy, so much so as to cause serious delay, and consequent loss by reason of the lack of dock facilities. At one time, this week, 14 vessels were vainly looking for a place to unload, and unless something is speedily done in the way of accommodating the ore trade, the port of Cleveland will con tinue to show a falling off in its ore receipts, as compared with Fairport and Ashtabula.

THE REFUSAL of the councils of our city and Gladstone to accept the bonds offered by Beattie and Farrell (Monahan) attracts attention everywhere in the state, and the question growing out of it-the right under the law of the council to reject a good bond because of objection to the character of the principal, will be considered in the legislature. The Detroit Free Press, speaking of the cases and of the report that the question would be brought before the courts says:

Without assuming to say what the courts may do in these cases if they are brought before them, the fact can not be questioned that our tax system does not give adequate means either of dealing with disreputable men who engage in the sale of liquors or of preventing them from engaging in it. The fact that there is no discrimination—that the dealer who lives strictly up to the law receives no greater. consideration, so far as his business is concerned. than the man who shamelessly violates it and keeps a notorious resort-is the essential weakness of the tax system. It should be so remodeled that an inquiry can be made into the character of the men who desire to sell liquor. Bonds may be required as at present, but the best security that the public can have would be in the knowledge on the part of saloonkeepers and liquor dealers that the law sought to drive the dens and dives out of existence, that it would deal justly with those who obey it, but that transgressions would not be lightly regarded. It would protect men in their business so long as it was lawfully conducted. and it would also, which the present law does not, give them full protection from unscrupulous and illegitimate dealers. Every community would be the gainer by a license law because of the power which would be lodged in its hands to shut out the criminal and depraved from engaging in the liquor traffic. With a law such as the state ought to have there could be no complaint from Escanaba, G. dstone or anywhere else in the state, that there was no way of preventing disreput able characters from conducting saloons.

The amount of the tax or license is a matter

of far less importance than that the law regulating the sale of liquors should be efficient and practical. The present legislature can do the state a lasting service by incorporating in the law provision for a judicions license sys-

-Mead's Family Medicines should be in svery household.

Hon, George H. ELY, of Cleveland, was perhaps the ablest of the opponents of the proposed bridge at Detroit who appeared beore the commission of U.S. engineers lately in session at that city to hear testimony and opinion concerning the project. In his ad-

In 1888, 5,023,279 tons of ore came down the lakes, of which 3,500,000 tons were from Michigan mines. It was of vast importance to the consumer, therefore, that the ore and other products should be brought down as cheaply as possible. When capital engaged n this business of transportation it was with the understanding that the government would not murder it, which would be the case if the proposed winter bridge was constructed.

Mr. Ely read the resolution adopted by the commission of engineers of 1879, which declared that in their opinion the most complete solution of the subject of crossing Derot river was the construction of a tunnel. But the reason the Michigan Central and other railroads do not desire a tunnel or high bridge is because they own large amounts of valuable property on the river front, which property would be rendered almost useless by eason of the approaches necessarily being some distance back from the river," said Mr. Ely. "That is why these roads want a low

Mr. Ely said he laid down the first 600 tons of iron rails in the Upper Peninsula. He purchased them in Cardiff, Wales; they were oor things, and cost \$70 a ton. Iron ore is low carried from Ashland to Lake Erie ports for \$1.25 a ton, when only a few years ago the rate from Marquette to the same points was \$3.50 to \$4 a ton. The rate on coal from Lake Erie to the mining ports of the north was from 40 to 60 cents a ton, just about what it cost for cartage a ton in the city of Detroit, while the rate on salt, lime and cement was Io to 20 cents a barrel. All this was due to the cheapness of water transportation. The absolute cost of railway transportation was so much greater that, from many ports in Dakota, it ate up all the value there was in the product. This cheap, natural, God given highway of the people ought to be preserved sacred to the people, and not hindered and obstructed at the instance of a company of enterprising speculators, who desire to secure franchise from the government and sell it out to a railroad company.

He might have added that the city of . Deroit, having tributary county only at the west, and being met close to its own doors by the sharp competition of other, not distant, cities wants the low bridge to render Ontario easily accessible, and cares not what interest suffers o its retailers and truck markets are benefited. 'Commercial union" or "reciprocity" with Canada is also strong in Detroit for the same reason. It is all for Detroit, no matter who suffers, at Detroit.

"CONFLAGRATION JONES" is the nom de crayon of one who writes funny business for the Inter Ocean. His fort is satire, sometimes pointed but mostly of the bottle nosed sortoccasionally capable of provoking a grin but, 'as a constancy," provocative rather of weariness. Once in a great while-only this time since we can remember-he does a bit of work that shows him possessed of percep tion, like this. He has spoken of ex-Senator Jones' promised book, in which Detroit society and Detroit politicians are to suffer,

1 think all this is pretty hard on Detroit. I know it is a Jayesque sort of town and has not got over its cross-roads stage of development. It is a good wood and water station on the Michigan Central and I believe many of the lake steamers running between Chicago and Buffalo stop there for coal. It has gained a kind of distinction as being the chosen home of Canadian embezzlers, who can stand on the banks of the river and gaze at the malarious soil of the Queen whenever they feel homesick. It is so slow that it makes a good millestone for other cities to measure their speed on. Yet not since the Hudson Bay Company removed its post and stopped trading beads for muskrat skins at that point, has it received such a blow as this administered by Ex-Senator Iones. To be likened to Mesopotamia-a miserable, soreeyed Asiatic place where every inhabitant owns four dogs and has no hinges to his front gate—is a worse fate than even Detroit as it worst, deserves.

When Jones, C., goes east by the Mich. Cent, road he should so time himself as to pass Detroit at night and should keep his place in the sleeper.

In August last Dick Johns filed a pre-emption on a piece of land on Burntside lake. He moved on it, made all necessary arrangements, and has lived on it ever since. In October Jack Everett an alleged woodsman and locator already holding down a claim under the quatter right, filed over Johns alleging 'lack of improvements,' and is trying to steal Johns' claim. If Everett's claim isn't more valid than some of the claims he has located other men on, he hasn't much hold on it. Everybody in town knows that Dick Johns has complied with the law, and Everett knows it, too It is a clear case of blackmail, for offers to relinquish for \$200 have been made to Johns. It is time this thing was stopped-and stopped short. There is no room on the range for contestors .- Ely Iron Home.

CHICAGO (or Cook county) insane asylum Is under investigation and the condition of things shown by the evidence is such as to suggest that popular government is not a triumphant success in Chicago any more than in New York, and that the crusade of two years since which sent half a dozen county commissioners to Joliet should be repeated annually. To call the pen in which the Cook county insane are kept an "asylum" is to do violence to the language: a barrack is the best term it is entitled to, and it has been a brothel. It is a disgrace to the county and a reproach to American civilization.

"GENERAL PRINCIPLES" served the Ashland jury which tried the slayer of Jack Mahoney as well as the city council of Gladstone. It acquitted him because his victir was a brothel keeper and "a bad man," Dangerous precedents; werse than lynching because under form of law. The question naturally arises

associates, forty of them, filed into the senate while he was attacking their "suffrage bill,"
just passed by the house, he weakened, and
ran for the cloak room.

BENNETT, of the N. Y. Herald, has started for Khartoum, the Mahdi's capital in the Soudan. What he goes for nobody knows but everybody guesses: Some that he has news of "Gordon Pasha" and has gone to ranso and bring him home, some that he has wagered on visiting Khartoum'and returning alive, etc., etc. Any way, he has gone and by and bye the Herald will tell the world all about it.

down and burned by a lightning stroke near the corner of Pine and Jefferson streets Thursday evening, but suffered only temporary inconvenience. John E. Hackett, lately employed in the Advocate store, died of consumption last Monday. The National furnace blew out for repairs Wednesday, closing a very successful run of 14 months and o days. Tom Hawley will have his steambarge-the hull of the City of Green Bay-out in about a month. Frost Wednesday morning, but not much damage.-Advocate, Green Bay.

Gov. Luce used his veto unwisely, we think upon the bill repealing the tax on mortgages, The effect of the law is simply and inevitably to inflict a double taxation upon the borrower. It seems strange to us that any one can fail to see that and equally strange that any one should be willing to exact the tax, knowing upon whom the burden falls. To tax mortgages is to repeat the idiocy of the man who. to relieve his horse did not get off and walk, but lifted the bag from the horse's back to his own shoulders. It is too much, we suppose, to hope that the bill may be passed over the governor's head, but we wish it might be.

There is a kind of a teeth-pulling, free con cert combination in town. They have put up a good sized tent on the vacant lot south of the Sherwood, and to night give their first grand blowout. If half the diamonds worn by the head men of the gang are genuine the company must be worth at least \$50.ooo in jewels alone, to say nothing about the rest of their precious stones and wares .-Watchman, St. Ignace.

Hello! That "Goerss" crowd, is it Jump on it, with both feet. A more conscienceless gang of robbers never existed. Drive them out of your city and save your unfortun ate both money and suffering. Shut the shop and bounce the thieves, big and little, sober or drunk . hounce 'em

IT APPEARS that there was really a plo against the life of the Tsar and that it was 11 the worst possible place-among the officers of the army; that officers of the regiment which guards the Tsar, at St. Petersburg and at the country palace, Gatschina, as well as those of regiments stationed at Moscow and Warsaw. The officer who fired upon the Tsar at Gatashina, and missed him, killed himself with a shot a moment afterwards and three other officers committed suicide when the failure was known. Hundreds of arrests have been made. It is clear that the Tsan has a ticklish job and we wonder he does not "jump it," and let Russia run itself. He might come to America and take some com-

DOES ANY ONE DOUBT that, if Mr. Kidder ordered a reduction of pay at his mine, or Mr. Fitch scaled the wages of the men on his road, the Mining Journal would at once assure the men that the reduction was necessary and inevitable (facts to be regretted of course) and no more than they ought to accept cheerfully; that Messrs. Kidder and Fitch are their friends etc., etc.? Nobody doubts it : nor do we say that it would diverge from the truth in so doing, or that it should do otherwise. But as to Andrew Carnegie, who does not live at Marquette and raise ore to sell, but whose place is near Pittsburg and who buys ore in respectable quantities, it takes another tone altogether Nothing in his conduct pleases it, and it loses no opportunity to attack him. It would not seem "business" to be always pitching into a heavy customer for our product-it is only the M. J's old habit cropping out in spite of the new frag at its gaff. It is not Carnegie the iron master, the purchaser of ore, the employer of labor, who is attacked; it is Carnegie the friend of Blaine-Carnegie the active and uncompromising foe of free trade democracy-Carnegie who helped to down the M .J's obese friend Cleveland, upon whom its guns are trained. It is sheer force of habit, and forgetfulness, no more, and we must be patient; it will be all right after a while; saving grace is equal to even a greater task than the reformation of so rock-ribbed a democratic sinner as the M. J. scribe.

thing now-a-days and Bishop Potter and others having been at some pains to make us understand what contemptible, dollar-hunting wretches we all are in contrast with the firs president and the men of his day the following may be appropriate reading. G. W. was a good soldier, a staunch American and not a bad president, but he was only human and Abraham Lincoln stands head and shoulders over him in every point of view except a purely military one. But to the reminiscence Here it is :

MT. VERNON, 2 July 1766. To Capt Joh. Thompson: Sir:-With this letter comes a negro (Tom), which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, nd bring me in return for him:

One hhd of best molasses, One ditto of best rum, One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap. One pot of tamarinds, containing about ten

Two small ditto of mixed sweetmeats, about five pounds each. And the residue, much or little, in good old

That this fellow's both a rogue and a runway (tho' he was by no means remarkable for the former, and never practised the latter till of late) I shall not pretend to deny, but that he is exceedingly healthy, stong, and good at the hoe, the whole neighborhood can testify, and particular Mr. Johnson and his son, who have both had him under them as foreman of the gang, which gives me reason to hope he may, with your good manage-ment, sell well, if kept clean and trim'd up a little when offered for sale. I shall very cheerfully allow you the customory commis sions on his affair, and must beg the favor of you (lest he should attempt to escape) to keep him handcuffed till you get to sea, or in the bay, after which I doubt not but you may make him very useful to you.

I wish you a pleasant and prosperous passage, and a safe and speedy return. GEO. WASHINGTON.

Norwegians the celebrated 75th anniversary of the establishment of constitutional liberty in their native land on the 17th instant. Previous to that time Norway had been a part of Denmark but in the reorganization of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon it it was detached from that kindom as a punishment to the reigning family for having adhered to the fortunes of the Corsican, and given to Sweden by the treaty of Kiel. Norway acquiesced in the breaking of the ties with Denmark but refused the new position, and with such unanimity that the final settlement left her free, managing her affairs in her own way, under a constitution which abolished the nobility and provided for free speech, a free press, free religion and the right of free assembly, accepting (the only concession she made) the reigning monarch of Sweden as king of Nerway. Trained at home in liberty and constitutional government, tenacious of ndividual freedom but obedient to the laws enacted by their own legislature, Norwegians in America are proud to carry the flag of their native land with that of the great republic to which they have transferred their allegiance, and to refer to the work of their fathers, and they are all the better Americans for it. There are no Norwegians anarchists; Norwegians do not eongregate in the great cities eastern Europe, and form a dangerous element in such populations; they like to get upon a bit of land and make a home; they are protectionists and therefore good citizens. It is a good blood to breed from, a healthy stock to transplant.

THE CHIEF FUNCTION of the state senate seems to be the slaughter of abortions sent to it by the house. At its hands the Watts bill against Chicago butchers suffered; there too Abbott's bill to restore capital punishment (without a probability of any murderer ever suffering it) found its quietus; the woman suffrage bill (contrived to give woman a vote with which she could do neither good nor -harm) was dispatched there, and there will, we doubt not, Watson's local option measure come to a timely end. It can hardly be called a noble function, but as long as such work can be lobbied, or bulldozed, or wiggled through the "popular branch" it is a necessary and a very useful one. Let the work go on.

-We have received from the Stenographers' Headquarters, 56 Congress St. West, Detroit, a sample book of fine linen papers, legal and letter size, and all typewriting supplies-popular prices. Copy sent on application.

"THERE is one more villain less in the state," says the Soo Democrat, speaking of Latimer, the matricide. The sentence is as false as awkard. Latimer is "in the state" waiting for some softhearted governor to conclude that he has reformed and turn him loose in case his counsel fails to get him a new trial and so manage as to tire out justice and get him off with a lighter sentence or a nol pros. He's "in the state" all right, but not in its soil, as he ought to be.

THE Calumet & Hecla Co. has decided to bring the water of lake Superior to its location, the villages of Calumet and Red Jacket, but has not, so the Mining Journal says, decided whether to put its pumps at the lake and force the water up or at Calumet and draw it up. As the elevation is seven hundred feet we hardly see how it can be an open question, but they may have some trick of hydraulics not taught in our day.

THERE ARE but few readers of this paper who adhere to the prohibition party, but there are a few and, as they would every one be good republicans if they were not adherents of the prohibition political organization, we want them to see the outcome of their work (when it has any effect) as it is seen from the outside. The N. Y. World, criticising the governor of that state for his course in vetoing temperance legislation and in openly allying himself with the saloons,

In 1885 Gov. Hill was elected by a plurality of 11,000, the prohibitionists casting 30,000 votes. Last year the governor's plurality was 19,000, with the prohibition vote again 30,000. Four-fifths if not more of the robibition voters were republicans. Gov. Hill could not carry New York without material reinforcement should the prohibitionists, goaded by the antagonism of the democrat party to any restrictive legislation for the iquor traffic, return to the republicans, as Gen. Fisk announces they will do in New

By maintaining their political organization they aid the democrats to maintain free trade in liquors. That's the only thing they accomplish. How do they make it "fadge" with their hatred of the liquor trade?

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, minister to Russia, died quite suddenly, at New York, on the 16th. He was to have sailed for his post at St. Petersburg on the Saturday following, but was attacked with tonsilitis and confined to his bed. The attack was not considered dangerous nor his condition critical at any time, but at 2 a. m. of the 16th his attendant found him dying and the utmost efforts of his physicians (who were at hand) availed nothing. He was suffocated by a sudden swelling of the glottis.

Mr. Rice, when he was appointed United States minister to Russia, by President Harrison, was the editor of the North American Review and one of the richest editors in the United States. His was an instance in which wealth and ability went hand in hand. He was reputed to be a millionaire twice over. was but 35 years of age, a handsome man, and a bachelor. With these attributes, combined with the advantages of an excellent education and an inexhaustible fund of information obtained by foreign travel, it was but natural that he should be a popular as well as a prominent leader in the literary world. He received his early education in France, and Germany, and finally graduated from Oxford. He was rather slight, with a dark complexion and Spanish cast of countenance. In manner he was democratic, with a slight tendency to be reserved. Mr Rice was a frequent contributor to his own periodical. In politics he was an ardent republican, and took an active part in every national campaign. His hobby in politics was electoral reform, of which he had long been a zealous advocate both by pen and tongue. He framed the first ballot reform bill ever introduced in the New York legislature. In 1886 he was the republican candidate for congress in the tenth district of New York against General Spinola, and received the support of the "Henry George party." His defeat was attributed to the treachery of the party leader to whom the conduct of his canvass was intrusted. Mr. Rice exposed the treachery and caused the expulsion of the accused leader from the party organization.

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St, New York.

HOW JOHNNY ESCAPED. The Playful Pranks of a Boy Who Had a

It is universally admitted that the small boy who has a penchant for bugs, and insects, and reptiles is the worst variety of boy. There is one of this sort in Atlanta who is an ornament to his particular order of small boy. He spends his afternoons and all of his spare time, of which he seems to have a good supply, in foraging in the country for bugs and lizards. Every morning he takes in his pockets to school the results of his last raid. Monday the specimens of his insectiferous and reptilian life that he can fish up from the depths of his trousers pockets are many and varied and awful to touch and look at Last week the teacher took an inventory of the bugs and beasts found in his pockets, or that escaped therefrom and terrified the other children-and the teacher. There were several varieties of beetles, pigeons with broken wings, English sparrows, butterflies, devilhorses, slugs, snails, earthworms, lizards, a snake or two, and an occasional frog, damp and cold. One day he slyly opened the flap of his pocket, and then went on in his hard, resolute effort to make his teacher believe he was studying. After awhile the teacher noticed a grasshopper hopping agilely from desk to desk amid the titter and a tee-hee of the scholars. A chase was begun, when another grasshopper was seen, then another, and they were everywhere hopping all over the room and sticking their sharp feet into the little girls' hair, frightening them half to death. "Come here!" shouted the teacher to the tender lover of insects, as she reached for a ferrule. "Give me your hand, sir." The naturalist held our his hand as if he was a martyr to science. The teacher was about to seize it when she caught sight of two green eyes that flashed at her from the boy's hand and a sharp forked tongue that seemed to dart into her face. The boy had a snake coiled around his arm. He was not ferruled and the teacher has act felt

-A Methodist Episcopal university is to founded in Utah. A committee, of which Bishop Warren is the head, has decided to locate in Ogden, this being the only town in the Territory of any consequence, except Park City, free from the Mormon dictation. The citizens of Ogden offer about \$50,000 in cash and an equal sum in land.

well since .- Atlanta Journal.

-The late Dr. J. P. Durbin had no patience with advertising in the pulpit. He always read notices before doing any thing else; and then when they were disposed of he would say: "We will now begin the worship of God." putting a slight accent on the word "now."-Boston Traveller.

-The Christians of England are not growing remiss in foreign mission work. About sixty English preachers and teachers were sent during the last quarter of 1888 to the Inland Mission of China. Within 1888 nearly one million of converts were added to the Christian churches in heathen lands.

-An English paper states that a minister lately rather astonished his people on a Sunday morning by saying: "I think it is time we had a new prayer. The old prayers are a good deal worn and need renewal. Perhaps a prayer like this would do: 'Lord, keep us from being shabby." The people grimly smiled, and some of them looking around the church walls and at each other, with some mental glances at church bills over-due and contributions never over-large, acted as if they knew what was meant.

-Statistics show that there are in Burmah at the present moment 502 Baptist churches, with 28,559 communicants and about 70,000 adherents. In 404 schools there are 12,000 pupils, and during the year there have been 2,134 baptisms upon a profession of faith. The report reminds the Christian public that it is just seventy-five years since Adoniram Judson, driven out of Calcutta by the officials of the East Indian Company, arrived in Rangoon and established the first Baptist mission at Burmah.-Christian

GROCERIES AND CHINA.

FRANK H. ATKINS.

402-4 LUDINGTON STREET,

o-Has the Largest and most Carefully Selected Stock of-o

IN THE UPPER PENINSULA.

FANCY GROCERIES-

CANNED GOODS, FLOUR, SUGARS

TEAS COFFEES . .

-TOBACCOS AND CIGARS

* A GREAT STOCK OF -*

SENATOR DUNSTAN does not fear "the face of man" but when Mattie Strickland and her FANCY TEA AND DINNER

DECORATED WARE, LAMPS, ETC. ETC.



saw something that Standing on a corner was a man grinding away at a hand organ. Of all the horrible discord that I have ever heard this was the worst. It was like dragging a cat backwards by the tail from under an ash barrel. It was more excruciating than the music of a Japanese tom-tom orchestra. It was worse than the eventide song

of an American tom-tom cat. However, the discord was not what excited my surprise, but the fact that the organ-grinder was none other than my friend Sykes. Now, Sykes is a gentleman of refinement and culture. Moreover, Sykes is a man of means. Not longer ago than last year he inherited thirty thousand dollars from a diseased uncle, who died. Then why should Sykes be twisting hideous discord out of a wretched hand organ. It was an inexplicable mystery; however, as I had a business appointment and was late, I could not stop to investigate. Here was something more mysterious than the Keely motor, for I was perfectly satisfied that the talented organ-grinder was none other than my friend Sykes.

A few days later I met Skyes near City Hall. He didn't have his musical instrument with him. "Skyes, do you ever have crazy spellst"

I asked. "Of course not."

"Do you ever make silly bets and lose, and then play a hand organ on the corner like a demented idiot?"

"What are you talking about," he asked, "Nothing, except that I am willing to bet

the drinks that I saw you playing on a hand organ day before yesterday at the corner of One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Madison avenue."

Sykes' eyes rolled furiously. He clenched his fists, gnashed his teeth and said, in a voice hoarse with rage, as he jumped up and

"O, I'll murder that scoundrel yet. I'll murder him in cold blood. I'll get a gun and cause him suddenly to die of lead poi-"What scoundrel!"

"Never mind. Some day you will read in the paper in big headlines 'SYKES THE FRATRICIDE.' Some day my patience will give the press a chance to compare me unfavorably with Cain, and I'll also give the pub-

lic a chance to see how Tom looks inside." "Fratricide! So you have a brother!" "Yes, a measly twin brother-condemn him-who is trying to drive me into suicide or an insane asylum. But I might as well

tell you all about it. Come along." Following Sykes I entered asaloon; in the secluded back room, at a table on which was a bottle of wine and two glasses, Sykes cleared up the mystery.

"So it was your brother I saw grinding the hand organ." "Yes, it was my twin brother, Tom. We are so much alike that it is almost impossible to say which is which. He takes a mean advantage of this resemblance to make life

a burden to me, but he is strutting on the edge of a volcano." "What is the cause of his enmity!" "It grew out of that legacy left me by my

Uncle James Sykes in Boston. You see I was named after him, and that I think is why he left me thirty thousand dollars. He didn't leave Tom a cent, and consequently Tom has been playing for even ever since." "Where does Tom live?"

"Tom lives over in New Jersey, and I live in Harlem, and we rarely visit each other. The people in Harlem don't know that I have a twin brother, and he took advantage of it to defeat me when I ran for the Assembly. "How did he manage it?"

"You see I am very popular and have a great deal of influence in my district. I was solid with the church people, for I attend the Episcopal church and pay big pew rent. I am, or rather was, the popular idol of the Germans, and I contributed so liberally to the Parnell fund that I am, or rather was, the darling of the Irish voters. Every class of voters fairly doted on me. There never was a candidate with such a pull."

"Then why did you drop out of the race!" "Because this twin brother of mine did me up. He is a cur if ever there was one."

"I'll tell you. One Sunday I happened to be out of town. When I got back I noticed that the members of my church gave me the cold shoulder. Some of them glanced at me reproachfully, and finally my pastor came to me with real tears in his eyes and after urging on me the necessity of joining a temperance society, gave me a book en-titled 'The Fallacies of Infidelity.' " "Why did he do that?"

"I investigated and discovered that on the previous Sunday while I was out of town, just as the congregation was emerging from the sacred edifice, I appeared on the sidewalk in a beastly state of intoxication and hurrahed for Bob Ingersoll." "Didn't you suspect who the guilty party

"I knew right off that Tom was the guilty party, but when I explained about my twin brother my friends smiled incredulously. and some said I talked like a liar who had

been practising a thousand years." "Did you see your brother Tom about it?" "I did. I went over to Jersey City, and asked what he meant by it, and he said that was nothing at all to what he was going to do if I did not divide the \$30,000 inheritance with him."

"Did you give him the money!" "No, indeed."

"Well, what next?"

"About a week afterwards I met one of my warmest and most influential German supporters, Fritz Schimmelpfenig. How goes it, Fritzyl Let's have zwei glass beer,' says I, cordially, Fritz drew himself up with immense dignity and replied: 'Herr Sykes, off you vould blease oggscuse me. May pe you vould not like dose aromas of sanerkraut and limburger," and he passed on with his head and tail feathers up, so to speak. Other prominent Germans cast inspeak. Other prominent Germans cast indignant glances at me, and said harsh things about me in German.

"I suppose your twin brother had been getting in some more of his work on you!" "Right you are. I learned that at a political meeting at which I was not present at all, I had denounced the Germans as mere

reservoirs of sauerkraut, that I had ridi-culed Bismarck, and gave utterance to such pronounced know-nothing sentiment that I was jeered out of the meeting. Yes, I knew brother Tommy was helping me out. I pub-lished a card and denounced my twin brother, but that only made matters worse. I was even compared with Eli Perkins. It created much amusement that I should have a convenient twin brother at election times It was regarded as an entirely new cam-

paign dodge."

"Your twin brother seems to have gotten even with you pretty effectually."

"Well, that's what I thought when a big, raw-boned Irishman hopped on me, and left me a dismal wreck. I suppose Tom had been around blaspheming the Irish or praising the English. Even the Israelites, among whom I had influential supporters, refused to speak to me; that is, all except old Absalom Rubenstein, who is very influential. All he said was: 'So, Misther Sykes, you vant all us Hebrews to go back to Jerusalem where we coomed from. I knew then that Tommy had been tamper ing with my Hebrew vote. There were some negroes in my district that were go ing to vote for me, but they said that I had compared them unfavorably with the chimpanzee in Central Park, and that they had changed their minds. I was in bed three weeks after the indignant Irishman got through with me, but the public did not believe it, for Tommy was disgracing me every day in the neighborhood while b was prostrated on my couch of pain. At last he got arrested for being drunk and dis-

"So vengeance overtook the villian at

"Not a bit of it. He was, brought up before a police justice who was a friend of mine, and he, supposing that it was myself, turned Tommy loose without even a reprimand. I withdrew from the canvass, but even that has not appeased my twin brother."

"I think I'd appease him with an axe helve."

"O, I'll do worse than that. He has de stroyed my domestic happiness." "You don't say so?"

"Yes, somebody told my wife that I had been seen riding in Central Park with two variety actresses. My social standing went long ago. I am regarded as a social outcast. and now he even goes around in my neighborhood with a hand organ. He wants my neighbors to lynch me, I suppose." "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know myself. I'm not going to give him any of that \$30,000. I can move away to some other town and get a new social status with all that money; that is, if I can keep control of myself, but some day you may see the name of Sykes and Cain in the headlines of the daily papers, and then you will know that the worm has turned at last. Let's go."

As Sykes made no effort to settle with the bar-keeper I remarked:

"This is your treat, aint it, Sykes? You invited me in here."

"Not much do I pay for this little spree. I've won the bet. You said you would bet that it was me playing on the organ, and I've won. That's why I've been telling you all about it. So you want to rob me, do you! Why, you are as bad as that twin brother of mine Good morning!" and Sykes hopped out into the street and onto a passing car. I paid for the bottle of wine and waved my hand at Sykes, and called out loud, so he could "Three cheers for your twin ALEX. E. SWEET. hear mo: brother!"

HE DENIED THE STORY.

A Political Anecdote That Carries Its Own Moral. Mr. Blaine used to express his opinion of

the reliability of the newspapers of the day by telling the following story:

There was once an Irish editor who was bothered with so many calls for copy that he reached the end of all truthful news and called upon his imagination. The foreman came into the sanctum demanding more copy, saying: "We must have enough to fill another half column."

"Kill a baby in Cork and describe the murder," said the badgered editor. An hour later the foreman came in, saying: "We need enough copy to fill about

two inches at the end of the column." "Did you kill the baby and picture all the

horrors of the scene!" "Yes, sir, and it don't fill the column." "Then deny the report," was the response of the at last triumphant editor.

This may be a fable, but something similar occurred in real life at Washington a few years ago. A Virginia Congressman was interviewed by Perry Heath, and the interview was revised and corrected by the Congressman before Mr. Heath sent it out to his paper. In the article the Congressman expressed himself as against further immigration of foreigners to this country, without certain restrictions. He was especially outspoken and bitter towards Germans and Jews.

Two weeks later he came in great trepidation to Mr. Heath and said: 'That interview which you published in your Indianapolis paper has been copied in Virginia, and is making me trouble. Some of my best supporters are Germans and Jews, and they will knife me in convention and at the polls. It is very unfortunate."

"Well, the interview was genuine and authorized, wasn't it?" inquired Mr. Heath. "Certainly it was, and there's the trouble. I can't deny it, and can't get out of it." "Why don't you follow the regular cus-

tom!" said Mr. Heath. "I don't know what is the custom, nor what to do in the matter" replied the worried Congressman.

"The regular and proper thing to do," said the correspondent, "is to deny the report. Swear that you never said any thing of the kind to the correspondent of an Indianapolis paper, nor to a correspondent of any other paper. Tell your friends that if you ever meet that rascally correspondent you will horsewhip him, and may kill him. Go right out boldly and deny the report Write a card to all the papers in your district, and assert over your own signature

that it is all an infernal lie." "But you would run me down if I did

that, wouldn't you?" "I would if you had done it without consulting me first. But, inasmuch as you have been exceptionally manly-much more manly than the average politician, and have acknowledged to me that the interview was correct, I will be satisfied to let you get out of the scrape in your own way. Hence, you may deny the report, and abuse me as much as you please. It won't hurt me, and it may help you."

He did so, was renominated and re-elected for several terms.

He Had a Big Face. "Major, what a big face you've got," and little George sat upon his knee with wide

open eyes, in serious earnest.
"Why, my son, how rude of you. Go to bed this instant," said his mother.

"Well, there ain't no top to his head, nohow," responded the irrepressible pet of the household, as he ran his hand, over the Major's face, and clear back over his bald

lcz was produced in summer by means of chemical mixtures by Mr. Walker, in 1783 This was the first known attempt in this

GERMAN ARMY DISCIPLINE.

How a Young Prince Discovered That His Wit Was Not Appreciated. Officers in the German army must always be arrayed in uniform, even when they are on leave, unless a special per-

mission has been granted to dispense with the garb, and this is a favor seldom to be obtained. The Emperor has recently issued an order, however, allowing them to dress as they please when "hunting, shooting or mountaineering."

It lately struck Prince Frederick of Lippe, who is an officer of Hussars, that the sport of fishing must have been forgotten when this order was drawn up, so he thought it would be a good joke to write a formal letter to the War Office to announce that he was going out from Dantzig for a couple of days' trawling in the Baltic and asking whether it was necessary that he should wear his uniform during the trip, as he had observed that a dispensation was allowed only when officers were shooting, hunting or mountaineering.

The Berlin War Office does not appreciate jests of any kind, and the answer to the Prince's inquiry was a telegraphic order to his Colonel, directing him to place his Highness under arrest for several days .- London

-Men will put their money where they will never see it again if they are promised high enough interest on the disappearing principal.-N. O. Pic-

Almost a Monologue.

"How. do you like my new dress?" inquired Mrs. De Jaison of her husband.

"Isn't it a little-

"No it isn't. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. "It's the new color, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to "Oh, I know! That isn't the color I

ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss - you would think it lovely." "But I didn't mean --- "

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for any thing. And you've never noticed my new chip hat,

"Why, my love, I thought-" "You thought! Of course you didthat it makes me look frightful. I-I

-[sob, sob]—declare it's to-o-o b-a-d!" "If you'd only let me speak-" "Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour-just to find

fault, too, with every thing I had on? What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."-Detroit Free

THE STATE.

A member of the lower house said: "I cared nothing about the woman suffrage bills but I told the women if they would go away and not bother me I'd vote for it. They took me at my word and I kept it."

B. T. Judkins, of the Houghton Gazette, is at Lansing looking after some "axe," we

Hon. S. R. Hoobler (wheever that may mean) is wanted at Standish for biting and

maiming the arm of Mrs. McCarthy. The Governor has appointed M. C. Burch udge of the new circuit court of Kent county.

Dr. Garrigues, well known in connection with the development of the salt manufacture of the state, died last week.

W. P. Henton sued the Jackson citizen for libel and got his verdict-six cents damages.

A woman thrashed the editor of the Traverse Bay Eagle the other day, her husband standing by to keep the editor from running or fighting. The woman had received uncomplimentary notice in the Eagle. Both man and wife were arrested and fined for the

The corner stone of the Masonic Home at Grand Rapids was laid Tuesday. Grand Master Babcock "tried the stone" and pronounced it "plumb, square and level," and Hugh McCurdy delivered an address.

Mrs Ida Copeland was burned to death at Durand. She tried to fill the reservoir of a gasoline stove when there was a fire in it.

Howard City was badly scorched Sunday. A dozen or so business houses and fifteen dwellings were destroyed. There were no fire engines nor any water works.

David Kinney gets \$5,000 for the loss of a hand in an Alpena planing mill. Little

An electric storm of unusual severity passed over Genessee county on Saturday last. Many buildings were struck and much damage done but, fortunately, no lives lost.

A tornado, a little one, visited Lenawee county Saturday, May 18.

Horace Hahn, locked up for drunkenness at Battle Creek and having in his possession an anodyne-dose half a teaspoonful-took the whole bottle and was found dead in his

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

-OF THE-First: National: Bank

At Escanaba, Michigan, at the close of business, May 13, 1889. RESOURCES.

B	Loans and discounts	\$167,677	
	U. S Bonds to secure circulation	\$ 15,000	
	U. S. Bonds on hand. Other stock, bonds and mortgages. Due from approved reserve agents. Due from State Banks and bankers. Due from State Banks and bankers. Real estate, furniture and fixtures. Current expenses and taxes paid. Premiums paid. Checks and other cash items. Bills of other banks.	24,132 608 12,000 2,102 4,000	37 36 93 93 93 93 93
	Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents. Specie Legal Tender Notes. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	18,498 20,000 675	05 50 00
	Total	\$ 348,167	95
	Capital stock pard in Surplus fund Undivided profits National Bank notes outstanding	\$ 50,000 2,000 7,658 13,500	92

Individual deposits subject to check...

Demand certificates of deposit...... STATE OF MICHIGAN
COUNTY OF DELTA,

I, Frank C. Buck, cashier of the above named
bank, to solemnly swear that the above statement
is true to the best of my knowledge and clief.
FRANK C. Buck,
Cashier. \$ 348,167 95

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of May, 1889. Fred. J. Merriam, Notary Public. Correct—Attest:

F. H. VAN CLEVE, WM. GODLEY, C. C. ROYCE.

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ETC., ETC.

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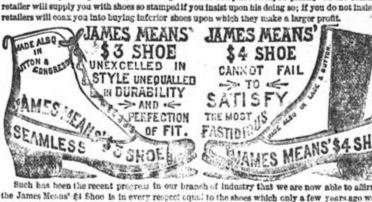
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Coal delivered to any part of the city free of cartage 4 ORDERS LEFT AT MY OFFICE ON THE MERCHANTS' DOCK, OR AT

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cannot imagine how lively trade is, or how hard our competitors have to work to keep us. Ask your retailer for the James Means' \$3 Shoe, or the James Means' \$4 Shoe according to your needs. Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so; if you do not insist, some



Such has been the recent progress in our branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means' \$4 Shoo is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at eight or ten dollars. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate. Ours are the original \$3 and \$4 Shoes, and those who instate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the

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Medicinal Purposes only), And: Tobacco: and: Cigars.

Prescriptions Filled At All Hours.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited.

From the proofs I was correcting, and he caught my angry eyes.
His appearance was against him, as he stood before the fire,
Of convival complexion and irregular attire.
I insinuated, mildly, that I hadn't room for

bores. time of editors.

Then he grunly smiled and nodded, with his head on an incline,

Asking it, 'monget my contributors, was Imogene Vantyne. I was startled; yes, and I'll confess that something like a blush

taing like a bush Came o'er my editorial cleck; and why my blood should rush In such a way unusual, was this: that Imogene Had been making an impression, though her

face I'd never seen,

For her poems were peculiar, and with passion were full charged: And on reading them I'd found my little heart

was much enlarged; So, in one ecstatic moment, but about a week I had written her and had told her that I loved her-yes, and more.

Then my visitor continued: That my checks were fair enough, But this writer cared for business and not

loving gush and stuff; That he thought it wasn't proper, and he hoped that I'd agree To but raise the price of articles and let love

matiers be.
"Ahl then you must be her father, sir," I gasped, with loving rife: "Pray, then, say that I may visit her and woo her for my wife!"

How he laughed, as loud he shouted: "Why, she is no charming elf!
I just chose that for my nom-de-plume. I'm

-George Birdseye, in Judge.

LONE HOLLOW: Or. The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUS BILL" "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

of Love and Adventure.

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CHAPTER XXIV. A SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

Beveral days later. Two forms stood in the shadow of some trees not many rods from the great house

at Loue Hollow. "It seems so strange that a cloud should have come between us, Austin," said Grace, as she leaned confidingly against his

shoulder and glanced up into his brave, dark eyes. "There is perfect trust now, darling," returned the young mechanic. "I was to

lame entirely-She stopped his lips with a soft hand. "Not a word like that, Austin. I know that I was hasty as well. Let it pass. I have other troubles now." "Other troubles, dear?"

"About poor grandpa's will." "But why should that trouble you, Grace! He left every thing to you, I under-"True, but-"

"Well?" as she hesitated and dropped her honest gaze from his face, "I am afraid the will is not genuine,"

"Not genuine ! What do you mean ! I'm sure I've heard your grandfather say a score of times, if I have once, that you would have all his property when he was gone."
"I know, and I believe that such was his

Intention," said Grace, in an unsteady voice, "but-but he did not live to sign the

"Who tells you this?" demanded the young mechanic, hotly. "It is a scheme to deprive you of your rights, Grace, and you must not submit to it."

Why was he so earnest? Was it possible that a sordid motive influenced him after all? Grace permitted this thought to mar her happiness for a moment only, then she cast it from her as an unworthy reflection on the character of her noble lover.

"I have seen my grandfather's will, Austin, and I do not doubt but what it contains his true intentions," returned the girl, after a moment's reflection; "yet even if all is right, I could not live up to the confitions, I should prefer death sooner." "What are the conditions?"

"That I become the wife of Clinton Star-

bright."
"Impossible!" "It is true."

"Who showed this to you?" "Lawyer Gripes read it, and I have no reason to dispute the contents of the docu-

"Then the will is false, I would be willing to swear to that," declared the young man, indignantly. "This Starbright is at the bottom of a tremendous scheme. I can not believe that old Mr. Vandible could

send himself to such a wickedness if in his right mind." Great influence must have been brought to bear if he did agree to that," said Grace.

In any event I shall renounce the fort-"If the will holds good, who inherits,

with your refusal to marry the Captain!" "Mr. Starbright." "Ithought so. You may depend upon it

that it is a put up job that must not be permitted to succeed. I do not believe Morgan Vandible ever signed such a paper as that

"He did not, I am sure of that," asserted

"Then the document is a forgery." "I fear so."

Grace then related the incidents of the night when her grandfather died, when she rushed into the room, thinking she heard him calling, only to find that he was dead, and the will, just drawn up for his signature, lay before his sightless eyes un-

signed.
"Whatever had been the intention of grandfather he certainly did not live to place his signature to the will," concluded Grace, in a voice husky with the intensity of her emotions.

"It is a clear case of the basest rascality!" exclaimed Austin Wentword. "To me it as evident that Captain Starbright and his lawyer have plotted to throw the million of by your grandfather into the hands of the former. No doubt Starbright would be willing for you to refuse to marry him, for then the wast fortune would fall entirely nto his hands. It is a barefaced scheme that

can be easily frustrated."
"It must be. Within two weeks the heirs will be anumoned before the probate court to give reasons, if any exist, why this will be not admitted to probate as the honest instrument of Morgan Vandible's hand. At that time your testimony will be of the

"How can you get-more," queried Grace.

"I was the only one present save the Captain and lawyer Gripes."
"Well, we must find more evidence," declared the young mechanic. "I will consult with our mutual friend, Louis Fingal. He is wise and keen; between us all I believe we shall be able to outwit Captain Starbright and his scoundrelly lawyer. Circumstantial evidence can be brought in. The forged signature, of course, is not likely to be an exact counterpart of Mr. Vandible's chirography, and that will count for a good deal. We have two weeks in which to work, in which time much can be done."

"Yes," agreed Grace, with a sigh. "I wish Lura was back here, I am so lonely in the great house with only mother and the Captain. I may be foolish, but somehow I have

a dread of both." "You shall not be left to the mercy of either," declared Wentword. "Lura will come, and she is a match for the Captain

the best day he ever saw." "I have always felt-safe when my cousin was here," said Grace, . "I was quite overpowered with joy when she returned, but she made me promise not to reveal her coming, as she wished to remain dead to the world for a time, the better to thwart the plots of Captain Starbright, who at that time I trusted more fully than I do now."

"He is a villain without one redeeming trait. I believe that it was he who attempted the life of Lura. They are bitter foes, and he feared she would stand in his way. The two tramps who hurled her into Hangman's Gulch that 'night handled some of Captain Starbright's money for that

work, I am fully assured." "How terrible!" uttered Grace. "It does not seem possible that one so apparently kind, so elegant in manners, could be so deeply wicked."

"Perhaps you still doubt?" "I confess to incredulity to a certain ex-tent. A can not believe that Clinton Starbright would stoop to murder. It seems too horrible for belief."

"Time will tell," answered the young mechanic. "I have learned enough to satisfy me that no crime is too vile for this adventurer. By breaking the will and exposing the villainy of Starbright we throw every thing into your mother's hands, but there seems to be no other way." "I shall be satisfied with that, knowing

that I possess your love," said the beautiful girl, clinging fondly to his arm.
"I am satisfied to gain your hand without
the fortune," returned the infatuated young man, bending and imprinting a kiss

on the pale cheek of his companion. Night shadows were falling, and neither saw the form of a man crouching in the bushes near, a man who had listened to nearly every word that had fallen from the

lips of the twain. Presently he tifted himself so that his gleaming eyes took in the loving scene. "Neither shall live to crush me," muttered the prowler. Then his hand shot forward, a flash followed, then a loud report.

Grace Penroy sank apparently lifeless in the arms of her companion, the blood streaming down her face. The bullet of the assassin had been well simed The suddenness of the crime quite para-

lyzed the young mechanic for the time. He felt the form of his betrothed a dead weight in his arms. He eased her to the ground, fully believing that she was dead. An awful horror was cast over heart and

brain. He had heard the report, and seen the flash. To discover the assassin was now his desire. He sprang forward and caught from the ground a smoking pistol. He glared about him fiercely, but saw no one. Then he strode back to the bleeding form on the ground, still holding the smoking

At this moment a man rushed down the path from the direction of the house and confronted Wentword.

It was Captain Starbright. "So it has come to this at last," cried the Captain, in an awful voice. "I feared it all along. Poor Grace! to die by the hand of

a miserable mudsill!"

CHAPTER XXV. THE ARREST. For one moment the two men glared fiercely at each other.

Austin Wentword was too terribly shocked to realize his position, or the full meaning of the words uttered by Captain Starbright. He even allowed the Captain to take the pistol from his hands, when he bent and lifted poor Grace in his arms and moved toward the house.

There was consternation among the servants when the young mechanic entered the house with his bleeding burden. Mrs. Penrov met him and screamed with fright, and fainted on seeing the blood.

To Mrs. Penroy's room the young man made his way, and placed Grace on the luxurious bed. Then, with pallid face and trembling fingers, he examined the wound in the head of his betrothed. He was unable to ascertain the full extent of the wound, but believed it fatal. Captain Starbright at once dispatched a messenger for a physician, the nearest one being at Stonefield, ten miles away. With this messenger he sent a note which the man promised to

deliver to the county sheriff. Soon after the accident a visitor was an-sounced-Louis Fingal, the young hunter. Wentword met him with a groan as he extended his hand. In tremulous accents he told the youth of what had occurred.

"And you think Grace will die?"

A tear stood in the young hunter's eye as he put the question. "I fear she will."

"Then retribution must fall at once on her assassin," cried Fingal, in a stern

"That it shall." Both men turned to see Captain Starbright standing near, the same spirit of

evil that he had ever been since his appearance at Lone Hollow. "You here!" exclaimed Fingal. "I am. No one has a better right. I

mean to see that the murderer does not es-"You know him-"

"He stands there," pointing at Austin Wentword. Fingal regarded the young mechanic in silence. He saw the pallor on his face

deepen, caught a resentful gleam in the eyes, and realized that the words of Captain Starbright had struck deep. "This is not the time nor place to resent such language, Clinton Starbright," re-

turned the young mechanic, in a low voice, almost hushed under the shadow of his awful grief. "When I am assured that she will live, or death intervenes, then I will settle with you, sir, in a way that will prove satisfactory."
Then turning to Louis Fingal the young

man took his arm and led him away. In another room, with the door locked to keep out intruders, the two young men sat and conversed long and earnestly.

"Just as my happiness had dawned it is awful to have it snatched from me by the ullet of a cruel assassin," groaned Austin

"It is awful," agreed the young hunter.
"Can you imagine who could be so wicked
as to do this!"

"It is Captain Starbright's work," de-clared the young hunter. "He is wicked enough for any thing. He has plotted to gain the Vandible fortune, and nothing is

too black in the way of crime that he will not do to gain what he seeks. That man must be watched. I have not seen the will left by Morgan Vandible, but I know its contents from one who has read it, and it is so worded as to leave every thing to Captain another. Depend upon it, Austin, it was a hand hired by the Captain that fired the bullet at Grace to-night."

"It may be so. I can not believe that one so pure and good has an enemy in the world."

"She has enemies only as she is an ob-stacle in the way of that devil's greed. He must be watched.3 "Mr. Fingal, I quite agree with you," returned the mechanic, sadly. "The Captain must be watched, and I know of but one

person who can do it successfully." "I mean Lura Joyce. She is at Stonefield. and you know where. If you would only go for her I should feel under everlasting

obligations to you. I like that girl, and be lieve now that Grace is-is ill, she would "Of course she would," agreed the young hunter, touched deeply by the emotion evinced by Wentword. "I will go for the girl myself. I know her like a book, and

am sure she will not delay coming one moment when she learns that her cousin is injured." "You are very kind-" "Not a word of that sort, Austin. I like you and Grace, and hope that you may both live to be united and happy in spite of the

machinations of a contemptible villain." Then Fingal turned from the room. Austin Wentword sat like one in a dream until he heard the outer door clang behind the departing hunter, then he leaned his

head on his hands and moaned in an agony of spirit. A pair of glittering black eyes looked in upon the sorrowing young man, the maleyolence in their depths indicating how ven-

omous was the heart beneath. "It is well. The game is now completely in my hands," muttered Captain Starbright, as he passed down the hall to the front door, after glancing in upon the bowed form of Wentword. He stood on the steps and peered down through the trees to the road and the gloomy hollow beyond. Night held full sway now, and a mist hung over Lone Hollow, as if the blue firmament was mourning for the beautiful girl so cruelly stricken down this night.

Captain Starbright became nervous after a little and began pacing the wide veranda with solemn steps and slow, his chin bowed upon his breast, a thoughtfal, troubled look in his eyes.

He remained pacing here until the roll of wheels announced the coming of the physician from Stonefield.

Mrs. Penroy and young Wentword were at the bedside of Grace when the doctor entered. Both fell back to permit the man of medicine an opportunity for examination. The widow, after recovering from the first shock, was extremely nervous, yet she seemed to realize her duty and at once

assumed a place near the wounded girl. Grace was still unconscious, but breathed, and when the doctor rose from a brief examination and turned to the widow, there was a look on his face that brought a throb of hope to the hearts of all-no, not all, for there was one present who was not pleased at the good doctor's announcement.

"A bad wound, but if the inflammation can be kept down, the girl will recover. A few days will decide. The skull has been slight ly fractured, I think."

For the first time since the crack of the pistol had rung in his ear Austin Wentword breathed easy. His pallid counte-nance lit up with a glad light, while from his heart fell a silent benediction. Dr. Faxon left medicine, washes for the

wound and brief yet comprehensive instructions, and then took his departure. He had scarcely gone when another vehicle drew up at Lone Hollow.

Austin Wentword stood over the wounded girl in a solemn, thoughtful attitude. He heard no sound of steps, although two men had crossed the threshold and stood at his

A hand touched his arm. He turned then to confront a bluff-looking man, who, with wonderful dexterity, snapped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of the astounded Austin Wentword. "What does this mean!" demanded the

mechanic, reeling backward. "It means that you are my prisoner, Austin Wentword," returned the man, in a stern voice. "I have a warrant for your ar-

At the same time the officer, whom Wentword recognized as the county sheriff, produced a paper and began reading. So dazed was he that the prisoner only caught a word here and there, enough to inform him that he had been accused of an assault on one Grace Penroy with intent to commit mur-

The idea seemed ridiculous as well as

horrible to Wentword. He was not permitted to say a word in his own defense, but was hurried from the room and the house, and was soon being whirled over the road to Stonefield jail. It was a sad termination to the lovers' meet-

ing of the evening. And now two watchers were left beside the wounded and insensible Grace-her mother and Captain Starbright. For some minutes after the departure of Wentword in the hands of the sheriff not a word broke the solemn stillness of the room. The Cap-

tain was the first to speak. "You see now what comes of permitting Grace to receive the attentions of a low me-

Mrs. Penroy lifted her faded eyes and regarded the speaker fixedly. "So you imagine it is to him my poor Grace owes this hurt?"

"Certainly. I have proof that will hang him should your daughter die. It was a lovers' quarrel again, and the use of a pistol in the hands of a low villatn mad with jeal-

"It is terrible!" The tremor in the woman's voice went far to prove that, although seemingly heartless at times, yet Martha Penroy had an affection for her daughter that was a credit to her

motherhood. "Terrible, indeed," returned the Captain. 'I hope you see the folly of countenancing low fellow like Wentword now. I-" "Captain Starbright, please don't," moaned the wretched woman, pleadingly.

She was pale and trembling, seeming ab-

solutely ill, and even the Captain had not

the heart to proceed further then. turned on his heel and walked from the He passed along the hall and entered one of the large front rooms in which a light was burning. The room seemed to be empty, and Captain Starbright threw himself into a large arm-chair beside the center-table and clasped his hands, with elbows on the

table before him. "If she would only die," he muttered, "I should feel better, for I know that she will never consent to be my wife. Should she die he would hang, and then -"

A touch on his arm startled him. He spreag up, white and trembling, with an indefinable fear shooting to his heart. As he turned about he uttered an exclama-

Before hin stood his old enemy, Lura

CHAPTER XXVL

LURA AND THE CAPTAIN. "She will not die, Captain Starbright, but if she should, you would be the one to hang instead of the man taken to jail this night by the county sheriff."

The Captain stared.

Had she then heard his muttered words? How came she here at this hour of the night? He had seen nothing of her since she appeared to him in the road in front of the mansion weeks before, when he had at-tempted to murder her. To him she seemed to bear a charmed life. How much did she know of his real character, of his hand in the first attempt that had proven such a disastrous failure! Had she learned aught from the maniac whose dead body slept so safely beneath the surface of the forest pool? He could not answer these questions, but heat once formed a plan of action, resolving inwardly to tide over present trouble as smoothly as possible.

"You choose to make yourself disagreeable, Miss Joyce," he said, with a smile, that caused the wings of his tawny mustache to lift and then droop suddenly. "I am nevertheless glad to meet you." He held out his hand.

Wonderful as it may seem, she accepted the proffer of friendship, and returned his smile with one of equal cunning.

"I suppose you did not expect me, Cap-"No, but I am pleased all the same. Some one is needed at Lone Hollow who can take

complete charge of the internal affairs during Miss Penroy's illness. Her mother is utterly incompetent." "You think I could assume charge?"

"If you will, certainly." Thus coolly talked the two who were deadly enemies. Lura knew that he was aching to strangle her, even while his dark face was wreathed in smiles. She had entered the house for a purpose that could be better carried through by assuming a meekness she did not feel, and so she smothered

her true feelings.
"Of course I will remain. I heard that my cousin was badly injured, and hastened here at once. Really this is all the home I have, and I meant to come soon in any event. Many changes have taken place since I left here weeks ago. When I think of all that I have passed through I find myself wondering that I am yet alive."

"It is a wonder." "Considering the hand you had in it, Cap-

She smiled wickedly as she regarded him, her red loretop quivering unpleasantly.
'You wrong me, Lura," he said, in a low, subdued tone, "I was mad that night, absolutely crazed when I assaulted you at the gate. I have never been fully able to explain that to myself. I meant at the first

opportunity to beg your parden."
"Indeed! And you had no hand in hurling me into the gulch that night?" Her eyes fairly pierced him to the quick. She was treading on dangerous ground,

but she could not resist the temptation. "Into the gulch! I do not understand." he said, evidently perplexed. "I never knew what happened to you that night last sum-mer, Lura. I meant to ask about that at the

first opportunity—"
"Which, when it occurred, you attempted to strangle me out yonder in the darkness." Her hand was raised, a finger pointing toward the road.

" Lura, let me explain." "I am listening," icily.
"You know that like most men I have a weakness-love of wealth. I admit that I have attempted questionable practices in order to obtain it. I came here to Lone Hollow to win its heiress. You see, I am frank with you. I never meant to stain my soul with a crime, however, for against

blood I revolt as heartily as even yourself." TO BE CONTINUED. TO CURE PNEUMONIA.

Plenty of Wholesome Air the Best Rem edy for the Disease.

Pneumonia is at present attracting unwonted attention among physicians. It is said to be increasing in mortality under the best modern treatment, and some medical men advance the idea that the old methods -including copious bleeding - gave more effective results than those now employed. Others insist that the increased mortality is only apparent, and is accounted for by improved registration. Whatever may be the facts, pneumonia is a very grave disease in the old and feeble, whether their feebleness results from poor and insufficient food, from an inherited weakness of constitution, from some temporary impairment of health, from bad air, or other cause. The feeble are those who are most liable to be attacked by it and its easiest victims. The attack is often without any ascertainable exciting cause; but the most common causes are a sudden chill and prolonged exposure to cold and damp. Though the disease is common among the old, and is quite apt to be fatal yet it occurs most frequently between the ages of twenty and forty-the period of greatest exposure. For a like reason it

more frequently attacks men than women Dr. Thomas Darlington, having medica charge of the workmen on a section of the new Croton aqueduct, saw, in the winter of 1886, over one hundred and fifty cases. All the workmen were exposed to conditions which induce the disease. The air of the badly ventilated tunnel was very impure from breath, the soot of smoking lamps, fine dust from the drilling, and from the gases re-sulting from the blasting with dynamite. Water, moreover, was constantly dripping on the workmen, and when they came up wet, perspiring and thinly clad, they were exposed to cold winds. Most of the cases were soon removed to the city hospital and lost sight of. But Dr. Darlington had sole charge of twenty-five patients. They occupied one room of a shanty in which forty men slept by night and forty by day. The two windows were never open. The excretions went to the floor, and were simply covered with dirt or ashes and swept up The odor was that of a menagerie. The doctor had the room emptied, the sides and the ceiling whitewashed, the bedsteads washed, the bed-clothes and mattresses taken into the sunshine and washed as much as possible, the windows opened and the floor sprinkled with chloride of lime. The epidemie at once ceased. He had not a single death: His chief reliance in the treatment was fresh air, with very simple medicines. He says "the less treatment the better."-

Youth's Companion. A BANGOR (Me.) man tells of a novel incident. One day while traveling he found in a book he tought a letter that had been accidentally bound in with the leaves. It was from a young lady in Chicago to a young man in Lewisburg, Pa. It was sent to its destination, having been several months on the way. The Lewisburg young man, who had supposed the young lady had wearied of him and his letters, promptly answered it, and the rest of the story goes on in the regular paper-covered novel way.

THE number of noxious animals killed in New South Wales during last month was 42,419 kangaroos, 32,273 wallables, 8,619 hares and 219 native dogs. In the Narrandera district 222 emus, 157 hawks and 124 bilbees were destroyed.

It is reported that a citizen of Palmyra Mo., got up in the night and went into the woods and felled a large tree while asleep

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A CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

-The furnace was blown out on Thursday for repairs closing a run of 4961/2 days during which it produced 23,192 tons and 1,225 pounds of pig. It will be repaired, some changes made with the purpose of increasing its capacity, and blown in again as soon as possible.-News, Newberry.

-The city gets old work, done by the old Collinsville furnace company, worth half the money it paid for the whole Dead river property. Ishpeming vs. Gately & Co. is on, involving the question of the right of the city to tax Gately's peddlers. Both sides are determined. Circuit court term, due to-day, is adjourned until June 3. Burglars went into but could not get through the safe in Negaunee postoffice-the chest that held the cash was too tough for them. They took stamps to the value of \$600. A miner named Hendrickson was killed by a 200-foot fall in the Franklin copper mine Friday. A man was captured in the act of endeavoring to rob the safe in Wiesner's market, Tamarack .- M. J., 20th.

-"The old gun :" The history of this gun is well established, and sufficiently authenticated, from the battle of Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1814. It was then a big gun (32 pounder) in Perry's fleet. When the first revenue cutter was put on the lakes, it was transferred from the navy department to the treasury department and mounted as a pivot gun on the revenue (schooner) Erie, and was in service aboard of her for many years. Late one fall, the cutter Erie being at Mackinac Island, the commander thought his ship would reach Detroit with more safety minus the weight of the gun, and he landed it on the island beach near the old post office and left it in charge of the village authorities. After a few years' experiience with the boys slyly loading and firing the gun and breaking half the window glass in town, it was removed to the present site. The old carriage has gone the way of all old things, and the poor old gun lies on its back, neglected and uncared for. Now the village council propose to transfer the gun to the care and protection of the commanding officer of Fort Mackinac, which will insure for it the care and attention that the old piece so well deserves .- Mackinac Island column in Republican, St. Ignace.

-J. F. Carey transfers his business as a banker to Kinney & Co., the Manistique bank. Dominick Harran will open a meat market at Thompson.-Sun, Manistique. O

-Fleming, the brakeman hurt at the Chapin cut last week, is doing well and Dr. Crowell thinks his legs can be saved. electricity. The warden of the prison fixes the Mrs. Brockington presented her husband with triplets-two girls and a boy-Wednesday, and all are doing nicely.-Journal, Iron

-Representative Waite has introducted a bill to give Norway a city government but Norway folks don't care much about the matter, one way or the other. They would like to be rid of the peddler and some other nuisances and will accept the organization if the bill passes. The pulp mill at the Quinnesec falls will be in operation by the last of July, and a paper mill will follow. The highway between Norway and Vulcan has become dangerous by reason of so many railroad crossings and a new one should be laid out and opened .- Current, Norway.

-J. E. Clancy's plan for a courthouse, estimated cost \$13,000, has been adopted, and a plan for a jail, to cost about \$4,000. H. D. Fisher has received from the state fish hatchery 300,000 pike and planted them half in Spread Eagle and half in Fisher lakes. None were planted in Keyes lake because that is already stocked with whitefish, which the pike would kill out. He has the promise of a quarter of a million of rainbow trout which he will plant in Spread Eagle lake .- Mining News, Florence.

-Matt Anderson, annoyed by the crying of his baby, attempted to shoot it but was prevented by the mother and another woman. In the struggle the woman, a Mrs. Engstrom, was shot through the hand. Anderson has skipped. The W. C. T. U. is about to erect a building for a hall and reading room. Blos singham "returns thanks" to his counsel and the public.-Drill, Crystal Falls.

-Another gold find is reported, on the ne 1/4 23, 48-29. Joseph Pepin is the finder and owner of the land, but the mineral right belongs to the Mich. Iron & Land Co .- M.

-By falls of ground in the Chapin Edward Webb had a leg and John Maunder an arm broken. Z. Marsilio was killed by falling down the shaft in the Walpole mine. The safe in the office of the Ludington mine was robbed of \$600 April 22. Not much was said about it but a watch was put upon the few men who could have done the job and the man spotted but not yet arrested. The paying is now done at the First National bank. A consolidation of the Ludington and Hamilton properties under one management and ownership is under consideration.—Leader, Iron

-George Orth will build an opera house -a good one. Jamieson & Eveland will build a summer hotel, forty rooms, on Marquette Island (Les cheneaux). Peter Ferguson capsized his boat at Les cheneaux Sunday and was drowned. Two men who were with him clang to the boat and were rescued. Ferguson was drunk. The talk about finding the body of an infant in the vault at Fort Mackinac was false entirely-no such occurence took place.-News, St. Ignace. the one they deposed, Malietoa.

-Mine Inspector Hall attempted to explore the ground in the mine where the ght men are supposed to have met their deaths but could not reach it. All the accessible portions of the mine have been searched without success,-News, Calumet.

THE WEEK.

Clark E. Carr has been appointed minister to Denmark, Mr. Evander, to whom the place was first given, having been unable to accept by reason of ill health.

Henry M. Severance, of California, Mas been appointed consul general at Honolulu. Mr. Severance has been Hawaiian consul at

John Jarrett, goes to Birmingham, England, as consul. A better appointment could not have been made. Thomas H. Sherman, lately private secre-

tary to Secretary Blaine, gets the Liverpool A. T. Rice, minister to Russia, died, very

suddenly, on the 16th, at the 5th avenue hotel,

Bishop Twohig, of the Catholic diocese of Pittsburg is dying.

Frank D. Hamilton, of Buffalo, sick with some derangment of the liver, trusted the "faith cure" and died, of course. He drank some wine just previous to his death and that lets out the Christian Scientists.

The Worcester theater burned last week. As there were no people burned in it, nobody mourns much.

Bancroft, the historian, is 89 years old and very feeble. He was ill last week and the end was anticipated, but is better and will last a while longer.

Solomon Hirsch, of Oregon, is appointed to represent the U. S. at Constantinopleminister to Turkey.

The doctors who held the post mortem on the body of the mind reader, Bishop, have been held to bail by the coroner on the charge of manslaughter, it being an open question whether he was dead before they cut

Sarah E. Allen, a teacher in Washington public schools, was shot, in her school room and in '.he presence of her pupils, by her vagabond of a husband, who then turned his pistol upon himself. He killed in each case.

John Hengle's mistress left him for a man who proffered marriage and they were married, whereupon John got in his work with a knife and after carving her cut his own throat. Happened at Newark, New Jersey.

The steamer Alaskan foundered at sea, off cape Blanco, Oregon, and thirty men, out of the ship's company of 48, are missing and probably lost. Two officors and ten men were picked up by a passing steamer.

Wm. Nemmler will be the first to be ex ecuted under the new law in New York He was sentenced to be executed on a day during the week beginning June 24, within the walls of Auburn prison by a current of

The Standard Oil Co. has bought 200 bull dogs to keep tramps off their oil properties in Ohio. Too many fires.

Four inch hail stones broke glass, killed coultry and riddled fruit trees at Albany, Illinois, May 16.

Ned. Reading won the six-day cycle race, making 685 miles and a fraction, three others made scores almost equal.

Mrs. Maybrick, an American woman, said to be a niece of Jeff. Davis, is in arrest at Liverpool, England, charged with an attempt to murder her husband by poison. Arsenic was found in beef tea which she prepared for

Three white and one black republicans were killed last Saturday at Forest City, Ark. The occasion was an election for school in-

A very dense fog caused several collisions in New York bay Saturday. A pilot boat was run down and sunk and two pilots drowned. In the other collisions there was no loss of life.

A hoat load, eleven, of the crew of the Alaskan came ashore at Florence, Oregon, last Saturday.

The Augusta Victoria, a twin-screw steamer of the Hamburg line has just made a passage from Hamburg which equals the great run of the City of Paris.

St. Sauveur, a suburb of Quebec, was half burned May 16. Seven hundred houses were swept away and 6,000 persons left homeless. Loss not less than \$600,000, insurance only \$130,000.

Representatives of the producers of copper, a consultation at New York, fixed the price of lake copper at 12 cents.

Workmen excavating on the site of an old house at Columbus, Ohio, found a sum of money estimated at \$10,000. A miser had formerly owned the place and they struck the hiding place.

Ohio editors, a hundred strong, are taking in the central south and will write it up.

Hon. Edward Sanderson, a prominent and popular Wisconsin republican, died, quite suddenly, last Monday.

Alex. Folsom, the pine baron who died a couple of weeks since at Bay City, gave by his will a large sum in charity. Presbyterian missions get \$60,000, Bay City Y. M. C. A. \$30,000, Alma college the same and the Presbyterian church society a large sum.

Twenty officers and 450 men belonging to the crews of the ships wrecked at Apia, Samoa, arrived at San Francisco Monday. Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Cleveland's mother,

was married Tuesday at Jackson, Mich., to Henry E. Perrin, of Buffalo. Bismarck agrees, it is said, to pull down his puppet king of Samoa, Tamasese, and restore

ESCANABA. . MICHIGAN.

James F. Boland, for Dr. Cronin's friends. ffers a reward of \$5,000 for the discovery of the person or persons who conspired to decoy the doctor from his home and who, it is believed, have murdered or sequestered him. He also offers \$2,000 for satisfactory evidence that he is not dead and which will lead to a knowledge of his whereabouts. Humbert, King of Italy, is visiting the Kai-

ser, at Berlin. Ives & Stayner have escaped conviction and

dodged the penitentiary in Ohio, but they have to run the gauntlet in New York yet.

Prohibition, by statute, was defeated in the Illinous legislature this week.

A faith-cure tramp named Mc Intyre treated a female patient at Madison, Wis., in such wise as to get a term in the penitentiary for

"The Merry Malden and the Tar."

She was merriest before she "struck" the tar. Her spirits sank as she beheld her new white gown blackened by the tar. This tar helped a wagon run instead of helping run a ship. Just so a thousand trival accidents and neglected "small things" take the merriment out of the lives of young girls and maidens, Paticularly is this the case with diseases pe-culiar to their sex which take so much en joyment and happiness from life. However remedy is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for all female "weaknesses" or irregularities, nervousness, neuralgia, and uterine troubles. Ask your druggist.

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Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave Ky. dds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been or Electric Bitters.

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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. Will sell all or part. For particulars, inquire of

C. B. Ingalls.

Waucedah, Mich., Feb. 15, 1889.

Wayne County Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich. \$500.000 to Invest in Bonds Issued by cities, counties, towns and school districts of Michigan. Officers of these municipalities about of Michigan. Officers of these municipalities about to issue Boods will find it to their advantage to apply to this bank. Blank Bonds and blanks for proceedings supplied without charge. All communications and enquiries will have prompt attention.

Marcn, 1889. S. D. ELWOOD, Treasurer.

PUMPS, ETC.

SAM. STONHOUSE,

-Practical-

PLUMBER

Steam and Gas Fitter.

Keeps in stock a full line o

Pipes, Pumps & Fittings

Pump Repairs

Drive Wells and

-A specialty.-

Orders in the city or country promptly attended to. ESCANABA, MICH

For Partly Developed

MINING PROPERTIES,

Pine and Mineral Lands.

JULIAN M. CASE.

Marquette, Mich.

THE ESCANABA

Is still doing Plumbing in its various branches in the most satis-

> factory manner. -All kinds of-

Hose Goods.

Marble Works. Sprinklers and Water Fixtures

CONSTANTLY ON HAND. Estimates Cheerfully Given on Plumbing and Sewerage.

Steam and Water Heating upon any

plan and with any fixtures

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

SALESHEN We wish a few men to self our goods by sample to the whole-sale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose two-cent stamp. A permanent wages position. No attention paid to postal cards. Money sales and the same sales are sales and the sales are sales and the sales are sales and the sales are sales postal cards. Money advanced 3.00 for wages, advertising, etc. 3.00 Centennial Manufacturing Co., PER DAY.

paper of the bureau contains can try large reward in als wanted, and for whose capture large reward are offered. Send it, stamp for particulars. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, 6

BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' OGLDEN SPECIFIC BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAIRLY SQUARE SPECIFIC.
It can be given in a cup of coffee or tas, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the person taking it; it is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholio wreck. IT NEVER FAILS, We GUARANTEE a complete cure in every instance. 45 page book FREE Address in confidence, collein SPECIFIC CO... 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. LEGAL.

THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE COUNTY

In Chantery

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court for a county of Delia in chancery, made in the abocause, will be said under direction of the subscriber public auction at the front door of the court house the city of Escanaba, on the roth day of June, 1889 a no o'clock in the forenoon. All those certain premises described as follows, to wit:

The south west quarter (swig) of the south west quarter (swig) of section six (6) in town forty-one [417] north of range twenty-four (24) west.

Dated April 25, 1889.

Ets P. Roven, Circuit Court Com.

FRANK D. MEAD, Complainant's Solicitor.

First publication May 11, 1889 ORDER OF HEARING.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. County of Delta. [88]

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 6th day of May, A. D., 1889, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of William Moran late of said county, deceased, and that all, creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate effice, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 7th day of November, uext, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the 3th day of August and on Monday, the 2d day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated Escanaba, Mich., May 6, 1880.
EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

First publication May 11, 1889.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, SS

At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 6th day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Frank Ackley, decreased

In the matter of the estate of Frank Ackley, deceased,
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Miranda Ackley, the wire ow of said deceased, praying that an administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 3d day of June next, at ten o'clock in the ferencon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heira at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the probate office, in the city of Fscanaba and show cause if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted:

And it is further ordered, hat said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the

notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the IRON PORT a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.) Judge of Probate.

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for s time, and then have them re-turn again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or

FALLING SICKNESS A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my invallible Rement. Give Express and Post Office, It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

John Dean,

A Clean Shave in a Clean Place.

617 LUDINGTON ST (Lewis House Block)

FOR DISEASES OF THE ROYAL ENGLISH

BUCHU will cure all diseases of the Kidnays, Bladder, Irritation of the Neek
of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet,
Gonorrhons in all its stages, Mucons
Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Disactes,
Inflammation of the Ridneys and
Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys and
Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, PAIN
INTHE BACK, Retention of Urine,
Frequent Urination, Gravel in ali
its forms, Inability to Retain the
Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT is A KIDNET
INVESTIGATOR and restores the
Urine to its natural color, removed
the acid and burning, and the effect
of the excessive use of intoxicating
drink.

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

Send for Circular.

Sold by all Droggists.

V.JOHNSTON & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Or JOHN FINNEGAN, Escanaba

REWARD.

The undersigned will give any person or persons the above named amount for the discovery and return of the bodies of John Peterson and Willie Mœrsch, supposed to have been drowned in Little Bay de Noquette January 14, 1889. P. M. PETERSON. WM. MŒRSCH.

Escanaba, Mich, April 20, '89. 25

"Summer, Bright and Brief"

o-Is at hand, and ED. ERICKSON is ready for it with-o

Summer: Dress: Goods

in all materials and the latest styles and tints: with

RUGS CARPETS AND

in quantity and assortment never before attempted by any house in the city: with novelties in

LADIES' HOSIERY which can not fail to please: with the very latest thing in

Umbrellas. Parasols

The Largest, Finest and Cheapest Stock ever exhibited here is at

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

PERSONAL.

-R. A Mc Donald came, to stay, last week Friday.

-S. H. Selden was in Chicago the first of

-J. A. Burns has entertained his St. Louis brother this week.

-Mrs. M. Ephraim is visiting at her old home, New Lisbon, Wis. -Mrs. Conolly and Miss Ella Mc Hale

went to Fond du Lac yesterday. -R. C. Flannigan was in town, upon pro-

fessional errands, on Monday.

-Mrs. Ed. Erickson returned at the close of last week from a three weeks' visit outside

-D. C. McKinnon, of Iron River, in town Monday on business, favored us with a brief but welcome visit.

-Senator Blackwell has been taking the sense of the district on the "local option" business this week.

-Capt. Mitchell, having visited and inspected the company's works at Fayette, passed homeward Tuesday morning.

-Dr. L. A. Friederichs, who went from Metropolitan to California last fall, has returned thence and is now at Bloomington, Wis.

-M. J. Sullivan, who had been for some time in Chicago under treatment for a serious difficulty in his throat, returned to Garden last Saturday.

-Mr. Saunders, superintendent of the Jackson company's business at Fayette, called on us on Tuesday. Furnace making 58 tons a day and gaining.

-O. A. Ellis, of Oconto, with his sons George and Fred, dined at the Ludington Wednesday and fared homeward by the evening train, having been several days at Nahma.

-Harry De Vere, looking so much like a "Maj Gen. commanding" that we involuntarily "took position" to salute, but who is a peaceful insurance man at Iron Mountain, was in town Wednesday.

100 Ladles Wanted,

And 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up of the complexion it does wonders.
Children like it. Every one praises it. Large size packages 50 cents. At all druggists. tf23

Forced to Leave Home,

Over 6) people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist to day for a free trial sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Every one likes it. Large size package 50 cents. tf

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 rem-edies had no effect whatever. So to prove that and convince you of its ment, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle free. Large size 50c and a \$1.

One thousand dollars will be paid to any chemist who will find on analysis of S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) one particle of mercury, lodide of potash or any other poisonous sub-

In 1873 I contracted blood poison, which and 1873 I contracted blood poson, which soon developed into its severest secondary form, with blotches and ugly sores all over my body, which totally disabled me for more than a year. The doctors treated me all the time without benefit. The disease steadily growing worse and worse, I was unable to mark for more than a year; finally was growing worse and worse, I was unable to work for more than a year; finally was persuaded to take Swift's Specific. After taking seven bottles I was sound and well, and have not felt a symptom of the disease since. This was sixteen years ago.

JOE VAUGHN

Forsyth, Ga., Jan. 23, 1889

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. WINGFIELD M. D., Richmond Va.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed ce. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3,

News of Interest.

-Dry Hard wood, at low prices. Inquire f Peter Semer.

-That restorer of nervous force, the Sa maritan Nervine, can be had at Preston's. tf

-"Nothing-like it when one is shaky" said ne of Samaritan Nervine. Preston has it.

Lovely Pictures; those that Wixson is making on ground floor gallery 707 Luding-

-"Don't go for a cocktail, take a dose of Samaritan Nervine, that will brace you up,"

Preston has it.

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

-Wixson the artist is making Photos now at really Bottom figures. Call and get prices. 707 Ludington St., ground floor gallery.

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

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

-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.

-Beef, Iron and Wine, Nutritive Tonic, especially valuable in cases of debility, innutrition and cases of sudden exhaustionpleasant to take and prompt in effect. Get it at Mead's.

-George Young, Baker and Confectioner, 603 Ludington street, offers everything in his line, of the best quality. Ice Cream and Fruits served in his Parlors or delivered any where in the city. Orders by mail promptly

-The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.

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

-The prevalence of scrofulous taint in the blood is much more universal than many are aware. Indeed but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.

Wanted

old laundry building, Wells avenue. Please call or address.

Notice of Sale of Delinquent Stock.

the assessments desinquent thereon :					
Number	Names	Amount of			
of shares	of ownesr	Assessment			
1,000	George B. Hayes	\$ 250 00			
68a	Dan Bundy	274 80			
500	F. J. Bartels	200 00			
500	Chas, Hall	125 00			
200	J. B. Fairchild	70 00			
200 1	E. F. Roberts	70 00			
11	Peter Peterson	3 85			
1,000	J. M. Richmond	150 00			
1,000	Townsend Davis	150 00			
1,000	Franklin D. Locke	150.00			
550	C. R. Johnson	89 50			
550	T. A. Hay	82 50			
500	Jas. & Wm. Watson	75 00			
300	John W. Miner	45 00			
200	S. H. Johnson	30 00			
200	Robert Merryman John Miller	30.00			
900	H. E. Mann	30 00			
100	Dan Cook	15 00			
Description of the last of the	John Dwyer	13 00			
100	Flora A. Mann	15 00			
100	Ann Tracy	15 00			
100	L. H. Mitchcock	15 00			
350	M. H. Kern	15 00			

A great variety in all the



Imported * and * Domestic * Cloths

Fit and Workmanship Warranted.

Gent's Furnishings, Rubber Goods, HATS: AND: CAPS. EPHRAIM: &: MORRELL.

GROCERIES

Wholesale

PRICES and QUALITY of GOODS Talk!!

UNTIL THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE CLOSED OUT ONE DOLLAR

22 lbs Best Turkish Prunes English Currants Evaporated Blackberries Valencia Raisins 121/2" " " " Onduras

16 " Good clean Rice 20 1-lb Bars Old German Soap 20 I " " Country 22 Bars Fairbanks Plymouth Rock Soap 22 " Johnsens Badger

25 " Lautz Bros Gloss "
18 1-lb Pkgs Niagara or Lily Gloss Starch 16 1-" 12 2- Cans Freeport Corn 10 2-" " Marrowfat Peas

12 2-" " Blueberries 12 2-" " String Beans 10 2-" " Red Cherries 10 2-" " Lawton Blackberries 10 3-" " Genesee Pumpkin 10 3-" " Spring Garden Tomatoes

Family Washing and Plain Sewing, at the

MRS. C. E. HALL

A few doses of Hill's Buchu will relieve the severest cases of Kidney Complaint.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the board of directors of the Alpha Iron company, there will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder at the office of the company over the First National Bank, in the city of Escanava on the 1sth day of June next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described shares of the capital stock of said company to satisfy the assessments delinquent thereon:

Number of shares	Names of owness	Amount of Assessment
1.000	George B. Hayes	\$ 250 00
1,000	Dan Bundy	274 80
500	F. J. Bartels	200 00
500	Chas, Hall	195 00
200	J. B. Fairchild	70 00
200 M	E. F. Roberts	70 00
11	Peter Peterson	3 85
1,000	J. M. Richmond	150 00
1,000	Townsend Davis	150 00
1,000	Franklin D. Locke	190 00
550	C, R. Johnson	8a 50
550	T. A. Hay	82 50
500	Jas. & Wm. Watson	75 00
200	John W. Miner	45 00
200	S. H. Johnson	30 00
200	Robert Merryman	30 00
900	John Miller	30 00
100	H. E. Mann	15 00
100	Dan Cook	13 00
100	John Dwyer	15 00
100	Flora A. Mann	15 00
100	Ann Tracy	15 00
100	L. H. Mitchcock	15 00
359	M. H. Kern	-58 50
	T. D. Anderson	7 50
Dated May	A TO LO THE REAL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS.	NUMBER OF STREET
By or	der of Directors,	0 92500
	F. H. VANC	LEYE, Sec'e.

12 3-lb Cans York State Apples 5 1 Gal " " " 7 2-lb " Genesee Strawberries 6 3-" " Baltimore Pears

6 1-" " Mon. Yeast or Baking Powder 6 Cans Eagle Brand Milk
6 2½-lb Cans Cal. Black Cherries
5 2½-" "Santa Cruz Brand Apri-

cots, Grapes, Peaches, Pears or Egg Plums 12 Pint Bottles Tomato Catsup

8 Quart " 12 Cans No. 1 Cove Oysters " Mustard Sardines 1/2 lb " Domestic " 1/4" " Domestic " 6 lbs Ground Coffee

4 " Choice Roasted Coffee 4 "Uncolored Jap. Tea Good Article
3 "Gunpowder "Very Choice
6 lb box of Ground Pepper, Mustard, Allspice, Cinnamon or Ginger

509 Ludington street.

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION.

H. J. DEROUIN.

OPENED: AT DEROUIN'S!

EMBROIDERIES, LACES LACE CURTAINS.

RIETTAS, NEW SHADES, At only NINETY CENTS Per Yard.

RTE, AND DRESS GOODS, ALL WOOL CLOAKINGS In stripes, plaids and mixtures: Splendid Goods, worth a dollar and a half, at only \$1.35.

Every other article of a COM-PLETE DRY GOODS STOCK Very Low.

A Rare Chance to Buy

At Prices BELOW ACTUAL COST!

We want to Reduce Our Stock of Shoes and therefore offer them at a GREAT REDUCTION!

WE ALSO HAVE A VERY LARGE STOCK OF

Which we are selling at Prices Never Before Heard Of in Escanaba!! Remember, these prices are only for a short time :

Side Lace Shoes Sizes 12 to 2, 500 Ladies' Good Button Shoes from \$1.25 upwards. We have Men's Calfskin Shoes for \$2.00, former price \$3.00 to \$3.50

- Also, a Complete Line of -

DRY GOODS and CLOTHING

At the Lowest Possible Price.

It would pay you to come and inspect our stock before buying elsewhere.

608-10 Ludington Street.

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

Erickson

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

THE : OLD : GROCERY : CORNER,

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

IN EVERY LINE-

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS,

VEGETABLES,

At prices guaranteed to suit.

FINE FURNITURE.

M. PETERSON. CARPETS RUGS

SEWING

Fine Furniture - Low Prices

708-10 Ludington Street.

GET YOUR

PRINTING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

FINNEGAN'S PHARMACY.

Let the curtain roll down, for everything is

ENTIRELY NEW!

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.