

IRON PORT.

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

VOLUME 20, NO. 20,

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1889.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

E. Goldberg.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ESCANABA.

"Facts are stubborn things," and it is a fact that I have opened in your beautiful city a First Class Jewelry Store, which is the equal of any located within 200 miles of here. My stock is large, and embraces Watches of all American makes, gold, gold-filled and silver cases. Diamonds, mounted in beautiful designs, Jewelry, new and rare patterns of excellent quality and finish—in fact everything is first-class and my motto is "Honest Goods at Honest Prices." Each and every article is WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED or the money will be refunded. I have come to stay amongst you and



E. GOLDBERG,
"THE JEWELER"

Next Door East First National Bank.

Grocery.

GO TO

Louis N. Schemmel's

CASH GROCERY STORE

813 LUDINGTON ST.

Sales for Cash Only and all sales at Cash Prices. You pay for what you get and no more—no bad debts "averaged" upon you.

Insurance.

INSURANCE

In the Best Companies and at the most favorable rates.

REAL ESTATE

In the best localities and on the most favorable terms by

Northup & Northup,

HARRISON ST., ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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NEW

FALL GOODS ARRIVING DAILY

AT BURNS'

—THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE—

Dry Goods House

IN ESCANABA!

Watch This Space For Changes.

W. F. Walker.

FINE WATCHES

—AT THE—

LOWEST OF PRICES

—AT—

W. F. Walker's,

517 Ludington St.

Waltham,

English,

Elgin,

Danish,

Springfield,

Swiss.

Fine Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware and Bijouterie.

Repairing and Regulating Watches A Specialty.

SAND.

SCHOOL "takes up" a week from Monday.

No CHICAGO mail Wednesday. Whasser-matter?

DOLLAR a ton for ore now: Vessel owners' linnings.

CLIFFORD BARRON has just received a new thrasher.

HENRY MEIER has put city water into his Escanaba house.

THE DAHLIA, lighthouse service boat, was in port Wednesday.

L. J. PERRY will accept our thanks for Los Angeles papers.

BORN in this city on Sunday August 11, to Martin Peterson and wife a son.

THE steam heating apparatus for the new house of St. Joseph's parish was received Sunday.

KILLIAN has raised his building to grade and will finish off a basement to be occupied by a barber.

SCHRAM has put in a new front. Now, if he would put a brick store behind that front he'd be all right.

"SWENSH HAMLAND's" is a bad stagger at Svenska Hemlandet but it will do, for a beginning. Try again.

KIRSTINE does not waste words; announces the dissolution of copartnership thus: "Kirstine stays in; Stephens goes out."

MR. & MRS. Q. R. HESSEL mourn the loss of their infant son by cholera infantum. Its death took place Sunday night and the funeral was held Tuesday.

JOHN SEMER is rushing the work on the new building for the post-office. It is to be ready for occupation not later than Oct. 1.

BARNES is who is going to occupy the basement under Killian's corner. As soon as the place is ready he will be heard from in the columns of IRON PORT.

THE "leg show" advertised for Monday night did not come off—or on. Evidence of good taste on the part of the public—it could not get enough money to get here.

WE HAVE a fair sort of a high school building, for a fact, and a good janitor—pity the "Calumet reporter" could not discover evidence of a corps of teachers as well.

TO SEE what water and attention can accomplish in the way of making a lawn, glance at Squire Glaser's, on Tilden avenue, and quit saying "grass won't grow on our sand."

WILL SENSIRA, the purveyor of lactical fluid, has taken Henry McFall's farm and moved upon it. It is further from town than the one he has heretofore occupied but the price of milk is just the same.

WE'RE the luckiest people on earth. The town has been a standing invitation to fire, always, but we have not suffered, and this week has been a trap to break legs or necks but nobody is caught.

ALBRECHT and McGuire were arraigned before Squire Johnson and, it appearing that the prosecution was malicious, were let off with a fine of \$1 and costs each, and peace is re-established in trimmings.

"PEARS TO ME you're going to buy some lumber here next year," said a Menominee manufacturer of that article who was here this week, "guess I must put in a yard and sell you a part of it." And we said nothing to discourage him.

TWO FRIENDS have said to us this week "send the IRON PORT to"—relatives of theirs—"saves me letter writing." We do so, of course, and are ready for any number of orders of the same sort. Less than five cents a week for all the local news. Cheap enough, is it not?

THE John Kelderhouse ran in here for shelter Sunday night rather than let go anchors in the passes. The wind was dead ahead and too fresh for lumber and cedar craft. Being here, Mrs. Felts and some lady friends who were making the voyage in her came ashore and finished the trip by rail.

ONE of the agreeable features of the "Silver King" engagement is the introduction of the two children, Topina and Lily Adams, aged only five and seven years, who take the roles of Cissy and Ned. The all graceful little actresses, if not overworked, will doubtless achieve money and reputation.—Kansas City Journal.

THREE of the first nine of the Escanabas went to Iron Mountain last Sunday accompanied by six from the second and the Iron Mountain boys got away with the aggregation easily—score 17 to 6 in their favor. The Iron Mountain team will be here tomorrow for the return game when the Escanabas will return—the compliment, if they play ball.

THE Chicago posts of the G. A. R. will be at Milwaukee, having arranged for water transportation and so "flanked" the railroads. The Wisconsin, the John A. Dix and the Mabel Bradshaw have been engaged and other boats will be added to the number if the traffic shall demand it. The line will be managed by captain T. J. Dunlop. The Dix, after taking her load to Milwaukee will remain there as a dormitory.

JOHN CURRAN, one of the "old time" engineers of the peninsula division of the Northwestern and for the two years last past pulling the passenger train on the Menominee river branch, is laid by, at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Ferris, with a broken leg. The accident occurred at Watersmeet last Sunday evening—a mistep, in the dark, and another before he knew that the first had injured him brought about a compound fracture of the left leg just above the ankle and laceration of the tissues by the ends of the broken bones. Dr. Carpenter attended to the fracture and Dr. George Ferris went, Monday, and brought him home.

MRS. LEIGHTON, wife of Arthur Leighton, who has been an invalid for many years, passed to rest on Tuesday last. Her remains were brought hither for interment, the funeral taking place at the Presbyterian church at 2 p. m. on Thursday.

LOIS M. DUNOVAN, whose death is above chronicled, was born at Jonesport, Maine, in 1846 and was therefore 43 years of age at the time of her death. She had been a helpless invalid for more than eleven years, with an incurable malady and the end was to her not grief but relief. We are requested by her husband, Arthur Leighton, to return thanks in his name and that of his daughters to their neighbors and friends (and particularly to Mrs. Geo. English) for sympathy and aid during the long illness of the wife and mother and at the time of her death.

SHERIFF MCCARTHY'S boarders, four in number—Lamb, Laughlin, Findlay and Clark—jumped the ranch Wednesday evening and are at large. The trick was done between supper time and the hour for locking up in the cage and during the absence of the sheriff on other duty, and was accomplished by cutting through the wall of the northwest corner of the jail, the workers being sheltered from observation by a wardrobe (or clothes press) which stood in that corner. The tool used was a drill made out of a stove poker. It is "a horse on" the sheriff, whose regard for the comfort and health of his charges led him to permit them to remain outside the steel cage, in which, locked up, they would have been safe.

WE RECEIVE a letter from Ishpeming complaining of petty thievery by some of the crowd who went up from here to see the boys play ball and asking us to make note of the fact. We have only to say to the writer that the courts are made to remedy such wrongs, and recommend that he have recourse to them. He does not charge the thefts to the players, though he intimates as much, and we turned his letter over to the club. That any member of the club or team was the guilty person is not to be supposed, nor do we admit that "the things went to Escanaba" as the writer asserts, but if he can fix the guilt upon an Escanaban we shall be glad to have that Escanaban sent to join Laine.

THE CASE against Tice, the Gladstone banker, would not hold and was dismissed on Thursday. As we understand the matter the facts, as alleged in the complaint, were not disputed but the competency of the complaint and the jurisdiction of the court were, successfully. The action was brought under the statute regulating private banking; which statute provides that prosecutions under it shall be made by the attorney general upon complaint by the commissioner of banking. Alderman Lightfoot waived examination on charge of keeping a gambling house and gave bail for appearance at the circuit court. Alderman Zierath's charge is yet pending.

THE POSTAL telegraph of which we used to hear much—the last being that it was as gespielt—has been reorganized and rechristened and, as the Milwaukee & Lake Superior, will try it once more. Jeremiah Quin appears to be a manager, is an incorporator, and says it is the same company in which the late James H. Macdonald was interested. We do not hear of—of (what's this his name was?) of—why, you all know—the man who bought Wilson's puppy—he does not appear in the proceedings. Perhaps he has gone to Europe to place some bonds or something.

THE "state editor" of the Detroit Journal announces that "E. A. Rose has been appointed keeper of the Escanaba light-house." There's "a nose for news," there's "a scoop;" that young man is "a rising journalist" and no mistake. Let's see; is it three or four years that Rose has been in charge of our red light; Between the enterprise of chaps like that Journal man and the munificence of reporters stationed in this peninsula there's little to choose.

HON. ISAAC STEPHENSON, Hon. S. M., Andrew C., Fred M. and S. E. Stephenson, Caleb Williams, Esq., Andrew Porterfield, Esq., Harry Brown and George T. Burns arrived Saturday from a trip of a week's duration down "the rushing Escanaba" in which had been combined business and pleasure. As to the business we asked no questions; as to the fun we did and got for reply: "Bushels of it; all the fun and all the fish we wanted."

THE Andy Johnson, from a cruise in Lake Superior and bound for Milwaukee, was in our harbor last week Friday. Capt. Davis looked in at the IRON PORT office for a minute or two and with him was Mr. Van Schaack, member of congress from the 1st district of Wisconsin, who was Capt. Davis' guest on the cruise.

CHARLES JACHOLD, an employe of the Ford River Lumber Co., suffered a fracture of the left arm, between the shoulder and elbow, last Saturday. The sawdust conveyor was clogged and stopped and he was removing the obstruction when it was started again, without notice, and his arm caught and broken.

CAPT. HEWLETT was here this week with the Jane Anderson decks to with potatoes, apples and butter and will be around again about the middle of next week with fruit and butter. The fruit he brings is fresher than that we get through the Chicago market and no higher in price.

ONE MORE CIRCUS this week and let us hope it is the last, for this year to say the least. Pretty good show, for a cheap one, the boys say, but we've been "showed" out of more money than we could well afford this season.

REALLY, we must begin to consider agriculture as one, and not the least in importance of our industries; see the reapers and threshers Frank Kraus is getting and selling. People would not buy such things except they had use for them.

THE SERIES of meetings conducted by Mrs. Robinson at the M. E. church have been continued through the week, the interest has been kept up and some additions to the church have resulted.

ASSELIN was arraigned for examination before Justice Glaser Thursday afternoon upon charge of murder, waived examination and was held for trial without bail.

BEN LAFRAMBOISE fell off a lumber pile at the Flat Rock mill last Tuesday and broke a couple of ribs. Dr. Phillips patched him up and he is as comfortable as may be.

CARDS received announce the marriage, at Blue Mond, Wis., on Thursday, August 22, of George T. Hammer and Carrie Boley. At home, at Gladstone, after Sept. 15.

GEO. HARRIS has set his fine collection of minerals and fossils in a case in the corner of the ladies' waiting room at the stable—some to amuse and interest you "while you wait."

THE MASONIC magnates who visited our masonic bodies Tuesday evening took a trip up the bay to size up Gladstone Wednesday, going by the Morth Star and returning on the Lotus.

AMONG the visitors whom we had the pleasure of seeing last week was Mr. Oberhauser, publisher of the Herald of Truth, the organ of the Mennonite church, published at Elkhart, Indiana.

OUR YOUNG BROTHER Atkinson is the "proud paternal parent" of a son "Mark Dumont Atkinson, born August 19, 1889," as card received informs us. He has our congratulations.

W. C. MORROW, who does stories very like Poe's "Gold Bug" and "Murders of the Rue Morgue" for the Argonaut and other Pacific coast publications, is a brother of Mrs. Gelzer, wife of Dr. T. L. G., of our city.

OLIVER will let you off easier if you order your stock of coal for the winter now than if you wait until you "must have-it-to-day" or freeze. "A word to the wise is as good as a wink to a blind horse," or words to that effect.

DON'T let anything interfere to prevent your presence at Eden park on "Labor day." Though the unions are "completely in their infancy" you'll find them very healthy infants and capable of making things pleasant for their guests.

THE machine in Goldberg's window that turns two watches, bringing each, alternately, under the poles of a horseshoe magnet, is an advertisement for the "Waltham, non magnetic" watch. "Taking" one, too; attracts every passer-by.

FRANK LATHROP sends us a copy of the St. Clair Echo, published at Pell City, Alabama. It is a "new south" paper, full of evidence of enterprise and push, the big advertisement of the Lathrop-Hatten company being prominent.

THIRTY-FOUR was the number in Mrs. Walters, camp last Sunday and, one being a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. McCord, they had a sermon and therewith good music. There are two or three other camps in the vicinity and every one in each is laying in strength and health, no limit.

POOR BILLY MAGEE, as good a sailor as ever stood trick at wheel or lookout, and no man's enemy but his own, was found drowned in the Fox River at Green Bay last Sunday. Whisky had him down and perhaps he is better off on the other side, he can't well be worse.

WILL MCNAUGHTAN severs his connection with the Cochrane works to-day and goes to Fond du Lac, at which place he joins John A., and the two will sell groceries and do a commission business in produce. That good fortune may attend them—that their labors may meet with abundant reward, is the wish of every Escanaban we believe; it is ours, at any rate.

THE Calumet pitched into the local agent of the New York Life insurance company, charging that he misrepresented to those whom he approached on the business of life insurance. Mr. Kelly answered through the Mirror (an otherwise completely knocking out the Calumet's charges, and proposes, we are told, proceedings of another character, which may be even more distasteful to the Calumet man.

NOTE the announcement, in another column, of lands for sale. They are the lands earned by the construction of the state road from Brampton to the county line and they can be had at a price that makes them better than money at ten per cent. "On bond and mortgage." Of course they are not "pine lands" or they would not be offered as they are, yet there's many a forty well worth looking after for the pine on it, much good cedar and much arable land.

IT APPEARS, upon more critical examination, that the jail delivery through the hole in the wall was not accomplished from the inside, unaided, but that the greater part of the work of cutting through the wall was done from the outside and, of course, by friends of the prisoners, and preconcert. The sheriff must keep his charges in the cage. If the thieves and thugs do not like its atmosphere and narrow limits they should not render themselves liable to confinement in it.

GLADSTONE has been full of excitement during the week past. Just at the close of last week Alderman Lightfoot was arrested charged with keeping a gambling house, the banker was arrested on charge of illegal banking, Alderman Zierath was arrested on a charge similar to that brought against A. J. Lightfoot, the bank suspended business (Mr. McKinney declaring the town "paralyzed"), the Mayor was arrested on charge of taking unlawful compensation from the city, the treasurer had a writ of quo warrantum served on him and, in short, the one half of the town seemed determined to lock the other half in jail. "It is a very pretty fight" as it stands at the time of writing and the outcome no one can predict. Meantime Mason, in the Delta cheerfully invites capitalists to invest in Gladstone property and says that "all is peace and rose bloom, and the nightingale pipes a poem to love and youth" in Gladstone.

MURDER, wanton, unprovoked murder; lacking the excuse of heat of passion or previous quarrel, was done in our city on Thursday morning last. The victim was August Liebel, one of the proprietors of the saloon at No. 311 Ludington street and the perpetrator of the crime Louis Asselin, a laborer in the woods when employed in any honest avocation, but a frequenter of low dives and gambling houses. The story as called out by the inquest held by Justice Glaser and a jury composed of H. Bittner, R. R. Sterling, W. H. Van Dyke, H. McFall, F. J. Merriam and A. S. Winn, is briefly this: August and a friend whose name is Oscar Gratz were in the saloon alone, the hour for closing having passed, when Asselin came in and applied for a loan of money; first to August, pressing his demand persistently, and then to Gratz and being denied by both, drew his weapon, a .38 calibre, self cocking revolver, and fired at August who fell, shot through the neck, and then at Gratz, missing him narrowly (the bullet cut his hat trim). For his life Gratz clinched the murderer and struggled for possession of the weapon, shouting for aid, which came in the person of Louis Bean, and between them the murderer was disarmed. Their attention being then given to Liebel, Asselin got away for the time but seems to have made no special endeavor to escape and was apprehended a few hours later by Officer King and is now in jail. Liebel died in about an hour after the wound was inflicted. He leaves a widow and one child. The prisoner was brought before the coroner's jury and identified (as was the weapon) by the witness Gratz. He showed no signs of emotion, either of regret or fear, and is evidently a man who deserves the full punishment prescribed by the law and one whose sequestration is demanded by regard for the safety of others. He should be "electrocuted" but the law is merciful and spares his worthless life.

MARRIED, in this city, on Wednesday, Aug. 21, by Emil Glaser, J. P., John Wilson, of this city and Matilda Gardipie, of Sack Bay.

Also, in this city, by the same magistrate, on Saturday, August 17, John B. Nyquist and Johanna Nelson, both of Maple Ridge township.

Before leaving town after his marriage, Nyquist "took in the town" and, it is said, received a blow upon the head with a beer mallet wielded by John O'Donnell. He went home to Maple Ridge, however, and attended or endeavored to attend to his business (he was track foreman on the C. & N. W. Railway) on Monday. On Tuesday he was worse and on Wednesday paralysis set in and he died. His body was brought here for a post mortem examination and O'Donnell was apprehended and is held to await the result of the inquisition by the coroner. If it is developed that his death was the result of the blow received Saturday night O'Donnell will have to stand trial for a homicide.

THE IRON PORT says it is tired. The Herald doesn't wonder "it is tired."—Soo Herald.

It ought not. It knows that twice a week we wade through the platitudes that fill the columns of the Herald, a labor sufficient to tire the ancient worthy of the "twelve labor." It ought not to wonder. It is enough to tire the toughest mental athlete to struggle with such dense stupidity as that which (in the columns of the Herald) charges the loss of the cash spent in foreign countries by American tourists to the operation of the American tariff. It ought not to wonder. It must know, if it knows any thing (on which point we have no evidence) that nothing is so fatiguing as ineffectual effort, and it knows that the IRON PORT has endeavored to inoculate the Herald with the virus of common sense.

THE AUTOPSY on the body of Nyquist develops the fact that his skull was not fractured, though there was some effusion upon the brain. It is not completed as we write, and if it were we should not, probably, be able to get the opinion of the surgeons as to the cause of his death, that being "evidence," and reserved until the examination (and perhaps until the trial) of O'Donnell. We infer from what we saw, however, that the case is by no means clear.

MERCHANT—You think your son would make us a satisfactory errand boy, do you?

Mrs. Moriarty—Whatever 'e do, sor, 'e do it very quick.

Merchant (turning to boy)—James, take this note up to Captain Centrefield at the ball grounds and be back in twenty minutes.

Mrs. Moriarty—Niver mind, Jimmy; coom ahn home. It's not a bye they're wantin', it is an angel.—Life.

WE ESCAPED much by the failure of the "Lady Minstrels" to reach here (if the Journal of Iron Mountain is a just critic (and we think it is). It says the acting was bad, the singing worse and the "statuary" worst. The "bald heads" of that city were on hand in force but not one of them will acknowledge it now.

THOSE poor fellows from Marquette; how they did suffer. They are so fed on taffy at home that anything else offends their delicate stomachs. We're sorry for them, but they should know that taffy will spoil their digestion. However, we'll let our base ball friend around the corner deal with them; it's not our fight.

FIVE WARM DAYS were June 30, with a temperature of 84°; July 3, 84°; July 22, 85°; August 19, 83° and August 22, 86°. These were maximums, of course, not means, and continued only for an hour or so in the middle of each day. J. C. Morrell, signal service observer, gives us the figures.

THE bullet that killed Liebel cut the left carotid artery, struck and splintered the spine and was deflected downward, lodging in the pleural cavity, on the right side. The cutting of the carotid made the wound necessarily fatal but its "knock down" effect was due to the injury to the spine.

OUR SHIPMENTS are kept up still in spite of the advance in freight rates. Our reports (a week old from Two Harbors and Gladstone) show a grand total of 2,245,243 bushels and a week's out go from here of 108,081.

ISABEL;

From Shop to Mansion.

The Romantic Story of a Dress Maker's Rise in Life.

By Mrs. F. M. HOWARD.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Falconer, the best husband in the world," resumed Isabel, leading Mrs. Pembroke to her husband.

"Oh, it is well that you found my child before I did," said the old lady, with a shake of her small head; "for if I had found her first I should have been loth to have given her up even to the best husband in the world," repeating Isabel's words with an iron smile.

"I account myself the luckiest of men that I was so fortunate, then, madam," he replied.

"I fear this happy meeting would never have been otherwise," said Isabel, "for the train of events which have led to it all seem to have been developed since my marriage." Her eyes wandered uneasily around; there was another meeting which she was looking forward to with a mingled feeling of tender impatience and dread—dread lest her father's state should be worse than she had anticipated.

Major Carrington read her heart intuitively, and said, quietly: "My brother is not at home just at present, but will be in, I think, after dinner."

The bell rang at the moment, and they fled out to the large dining-room, Major Carrington with Mrs. Pembroke upon his arm, and the rest in their proper order. The old lady's bright eyes sought her long-lost grandchild's face continually through the meal, and she seemed to be living in the past as she listened to her voice, and noticed with quick eyes every motion and gesture, many of which reminded her of her beloved daughter. "Yes, like, very like Alicia," she murmured, as they returned to the drawing-room.

Isabel and her husband were in the library and Major Carrington was showing his books, a subject upon which he was enthusiastic, when a sound of a footstep at the door caused them to look up. It was a slow, uncertain step, and it passed upon the threshold.

Isabel was standing by a window in the full light, and the eyes of the person standing there were fixed mildly upon her. It was an old man, though there were few wrinkles in his pale face, but his hair was snowy white, and his blue eyes had a dim, far-away look, which told at a glance that there were lost faculties valued behind their vacantly mild glances.

"Chester," said Major Carrington, laying down the book of which he had been talking, and going at once to his brother's side; Isabel advanced, her face pale and her hands nervously clasped before her. "You know I told you your daughter was coming to-day. She is here, and longs to know and love you."

"Dear father," said Isabel, coming close to him and looking up at him with a beseeching glance. "I am so glad to have found you."

"My daughter!" he said, slowly, and with a bewildered look. "How should I have a daughter without a wife? I think there is a mistake."

"No, no, there is no mistake," she cried, eagerly; "dear father, I am your daughter and Alicia's; don't you remember Alicia, your wife, and can not you love me for her sake?"

"Alicia!" He put his hand to his head in a dazed way. "I do not remember Alicia, and yet the name has a homelike sound; did you say that you were Alicia?"

"No, father, I am Isabel, and Alicia's daughter and yours; if you can not remember her, won't you love me for my own sake?"

"Why, yes," he answered, slowly, taking the hand which she extended to him, and looking in her eyes with a troubled expression. "It is all very strange," he said at last; "you seem like someone I have known, but I can not tell who. And he passed his hand over his forehead again, as if to brush away the veil of forgetfulness which was hiding the past from him.

"Better drop the past and win him in the present," suggested the Major in a low voice.

"Yes, the past," feebly echoed Chester Carrington; "they talk of a past, but I do not know what it is, and so we will drop that and live to-day alone. You say you are my daughter," and he looked again in her eyes with that strange, troubled look. "Who, then, is this?" and he looked inquiringly at Mr. Falconer.

"This is my husband, father," and Mr. Falconer advanced and took the soft white hand in his. "Will you accept a son also, father?" he said, with his frank, manly smile.

This look had no power to move the clouded mind to any effort of remembrance, and he took the offered hand in the matter-of-fact way in which he greeted all strangers.

"A daughter and a son, both in one hour," he said, shaking his head in perplexity. "It's a strange world, a very strange world!"

Isabel turned away to hide her tears; it was a bitter disappointment; although she had told herself so many times how it must inevitably be yet she had, in spite of all, cherished a hope that it might be better than she feared.

"Then who is this?" he said, gently, as Grace came springing in to her father's side; her eyes aglow with interest in an avian which Tom, a little colored boy, who had been detailed to entertain her, had been showing her. She stood by his side in blushing confusion, as the stranger's eyes were bent upon her in mingled surprise and in query.

"This is my little daughter," said Mr. Falconer, drawing her to him tenderly. "Will you not go and give the gentleman your hand, my dear?" he continued, kindly.

She looked at the strange face steadily, but something in the kind eyes, so vague and yet so inquiring, struck her childish fancy, and she left her father's side readily, and held out her little hand to him in childish trust. He took it in his and looked at her wistfully. "I never had a little daughter," he said, pitifully, looking over at Isabel as she stood with her head turned away.

It was evidently difficult for him to grasp the idea of a grown-up daughter with a family, and if in his darkened mind he had formed an idea of what the daughter which Major Carrington had told him of would be like, it was that she would be a little child like Grace.

He looked at her tenderly, and kissing down her hair, he took her in his arms and kissed her. Major Carrington looked at him in surprise, for since his injury he had never noticed a child, and his affectionate nature had seemed to be buried in the grave of the past.

Grace was a very affectionate child, and as she saw the sad, pained expression on the face of her new acquaintance, she reached her little arm around his neck, saying sweetly: "I will be your little daughter, sir, if you wish me to," looking to her father for his approval.

He nodded kindly, and she prattled on, her sweet voice evidently acting on the clouded mind like music, for he listened intently while she told him how Tom had shown her the big green parrot who had spoken her name, and told her solemnly that Polly wanted a croaker, and how the mocking-bird had sung the same song which Linnæus sang at home.

Isabel had conquered her emotion, and turning toward the scene with a renewed hope that the little child might be the agency through which her father's mind might find light, for she could not give up the idea that in some way there was to be a rift in the dark cloud which obscured it.

"Come, Alicia, let us go and see the rabbits," he said to the child, mildly, as he put her from his knee and rose to his feet.

"But, sir, my name is Grace," she said, as he took her hand.

"Yes, yes, Grace Alicia; it has a sweet sound, hasn't it, little daughter?" and the great and small child passed out together, she looking up at him with mute, wondering eyes, he looking down at her with a tender, protective air, without a thought or look for the real daughter, who looked after him with a heart almost bursting with grief and disappointed affection.

"How did he receive you, dearie?" said the little grandmother, coming in as the air went out at the hall door. The group in the parlor had been in a quiver of curious expectancy since they had seen the tall form enter the library.

A burst of tears was the answer, as Isabel laid her head on the loving little shoulder and burst into tears, sobbing out her grief. "Oh, grandmother, he did not own me at all, and I have longed for him so!"

"The beauty of her face was only equalled by the loveliness of her character," replied Mrs. Pembroke; "none could know her without loving her; but now, my dear, I must know all about yourself; to be sure Major Carrington has given me an outline of your history, but I want to know your inner life, your heart, dear child."

They were sitting in a lovely little boudoir, one which Alicia had loved in her girlhood; Mrs. Pembroke sat in a wide-armed rocker, and Isabel, on a low, wide foot-stool at her feet, leaned against her in confidential fashion as she told her of her early trials, as a child, in her aunt's home, at Mrs. Arnot's, and of her sudden marriage, and the visit to the lonely grave of Alicia, who looked down smilingly upon them in her bridal array.

"And these dear hands have been pricked with needles, and forced to menial labors. Ah, the sad shame of it," said the old lady, taking Isabel's hands and caressing them fondly.

"But, indeed, grandmother, the needles did not prick my hands nearly so bad as the unkind tongues did here," said Isabel.

"But you have no unkind tongues in your home now," and the old lady looked at her inquiringly. "This husband of yours, has he no faults?"

"If he has he is very successful in hiding them," replied Isabel; "he is all kindness and tenderness toward me," and then she told of Lottie and her gentle, dove-like character.

"And she was a shop-girl, too; you did well to remember her. I am glad you can not forget your friends," and the soft little hands caressed again the bowed head.

"I could not be content to have these riches without trying to do good with them; to make others happy as well as myself," replied Isabel, earnestly.

"Quite right, dear," and the small head nodded approvingly; "but I can not help feeling that this woman whom you have called aunt has been much to blame, that she did not advertise or search for us in some way."

"But, dear grandmother, remember, she was so crushed, so sad, and believing as she did that my father had been killed, she had so little to direct her in her search; she was bitterly poor, too, and could scarcely have paid for an advertisement," Isabel protested, eagerly, for she could not bear to have her second mother blamed.

"That is right, child, defend those who have been kind to you," and the kind hand patted her shoulder.

"And now, grandmother, tell me of yourself," said Isabel; "I long to know of your life, also."

"After Alicia left us we were very lonely, but she was so near we could visit her very often, and we were so happy in seeing her happiness that we could not regret her marriage."

"You mean my Grandfather Pembroke and yourself?"

"Yes, dear; how I wish you could have known him; one of the noblest of men," replied Mrs. Pembroke, with a sigh. "It was not long, however, before she began to show signs of failing health, and her physicians advised the trip to the North which resulted so disastrously. It seemed as if my heart would break when I saw her go away—so frail, yet so hopeful—but as faithful Chloe, who had nursed her from an infant, went with her, I knew she would not suffer any lack of care, and tried to think it was for the best, but I have regretted so terribly since that since she must die she could not have stayed and died in her mother's arms."

"It is so natural for the sick to grasp at every straw of possible relief," said Isabel.

"Yes, and Chester would have taken her to the ends of the earth on the shadow of a hope, he was so nearly frantic when he learned that her disease was a dangerous one; then the war broke out in all its strength, and I had one letter saying that she had come to the town where she died, and then that you were born and after that, silence, terrible silence, until it seemed as if I should die with suspense and dread. I was all alone with the exception of the servants, for your grandfather had joined the army at the first alarm of real war. The next news I heard was when Major Carrington came home on a brief furlough, and told me he had seen Chester for a few moments, and that my darling was dead, and that you, her babe, and Chloe were left behind in a Northern town, the name of which he had forgotten, in the charge of a woman whose name had entirely escaped him. Oh, it was dreadful, dear, and you can not know how I mourned and grieved for you both. Then Chester was wounded, and your grandfather was sent home a corpse, though, thank Heaven! not a mutilated one, and my cup of sorrow was full."

"Poor, poor little, grandmamma!" said Isabel, caressing the white hands.

"After the war was over we had all we could do to accustom ourselves to the new

order of things and collect our scattered resources. Of course, the estate was badly crippled, though not as badly as many others, but, as our establishment was not large and my wants were simple, we got along after a fashion. I had no ambitions in those days, and cared little whether I sat in my darkened home in calico or sack-cloth, or whether I ate or drank. Dinah's brother, a stalwart colored man—he is dead now, poor fellow—had a rare business faculty, and he took the place, and managed matters so wisely, with the aid of Major Carrington's advice, that when I at last emerged from my state of sorrow we were once more on solid foundation, and

Alia, not only make our living, but to pay our servants, who, I must confess, were more willing and efficient workers under the new order of things. But, my dear child, you must be faint with hunger after my long story," and she hastily rose and rang the bell for lunch.

"Indeed, grandmamma, I had not thought of any thing so prosaic as eating, in my interest," she replied, earnestly. "I have foolishly thought I had the burden of the sorrow of our separation; but in the light of your suffering my troubles seem very small."

"A very human fancy, my dear," smiled Mrs. Pembroke; "it is natural for every one to think his own burden the heaviest."

"Home again, sweet, sweet home!" said Isabel, as she stood before her mirror, dressing for dinner; "was ever a place so dear as home?"

"Then the sunny South has not quite taken your heart captive," said Mr. Falconer, looking up from his paper. He was ruddy and strong again, better even than before his sickness.

"No," she replied, thoughtfully; "delightful as our visit there was, and much as I loved grandmamma and the rest of the friends, there is no place like home, after all."

"Where is father? Have you seen him of late?" There was an undercurrent of anxiety in his voice.

"Pompey and he, with Grace, went to drive," she replied. "Isn't it wonderful how he clings to her! Ah! if I could only win his loving recognition how perfectly happy I should be," and she sighed heavily.

"It is indeed a singular affection, and Grace seems to return his love sincerely and fully," said Mr. Falconer. "I doubt if you could have persuaded him to return with us had it not been for her influence. Do you know, dear, I feel a vague anxiety about him whenever he is out."

"But Pompey is so strong and so devoted to him," returned Isabel, quickly. "I had never thought of danger. Perhaps I did wrong to bring him away from his home haunts, but I did so long to win his affection, if not his recognition, and she looked at her husband with a newly-awakened sense of alarm.

"Do not let my fancy distress you," he said; "he is probably as safe with Pompey here as at home; by the way, I have a letter for you from Lottie," and he handed her a white envelope. "I was careless to have forgotten it so long."

"One whole hour since the postman came, you naughty man," she said, playfully shaking her finger at him. "Dear girl, her room seems so vacant and lonely," and she broke the seal eagerly. "She will be here in a week," commenting as she read, "and her parents a month later. Dear, happy little girl; I little thought that in bringing her here I was bringing her to home, love and happiness."

"I little thought when I consented, strongly against my will, I assure you, to accompany Lillian on a bonnet excursion, that I was to meet my fate, the other half of myself, so to speak," he rejoined.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," quoted Isabel, looking at him thoughtfully. "It is a beautiful thought, too, my dear, that there is a great over-ruling Providence which, however weakly and blindly we may be struggling to find the right path in life, can make even our slightest acts the leading strings by which we are drawn toward the crowning events of our lives. Had you come in five minutes later I should have been in the work room, and Jennie Dewey would have fitted Lillian with a bonnet."

"In which case there would probably have been no Mrs. Falconer to this day," he replied, with a smile.

They went down to the dining-room arm-in-arm, and found, to Isabel's relief, that Mr. Carrington and Grace were there before them. "We had such a lovely drive," said Grace, eagerly. "Pompey is such a grand driver, the horses seem to know every word he says to them, don't they, Papa Carrington?"

He nodded with a smile; he was never talkative, and his eyes had the dreamy expression of one just roused from sleep. His attitude toward Isabel had not changed, and she seemed an object of mild wonder to him as she called him father, and lavished the affection which she could not repress upon him.

He would often look in her eyes with the same puzzled look which he first wore, and say, mournfully: "It is strange, very strange, how you remind me of someone I have known but can not recall."

The child, however, seemed a thing of the present; a reality which he could grasp, suggesting no torturing thoughts which refused to take definite form, and on her he lavished the love which Isabel so craved, keeping her beside him hour after hour.

He said little about his Southern home; that seemed to have faded from his mind; but occasionally he would look about him as if he missed some familiar presence, and ask Pompey if Major Carrington had come in yet, and receive with ever-recurring surprise the intelligence that he had not.

Pompey had taken care of him so long that he knew just how to humor every whim and make him comfortable. He was a splendid fellow, a perfect specimen of his race; tall, stalwart, and with a keen intelligence which would have done credit to many in a higher station. His devotion to his unfortunate charge was untiring, and no inconvenience was too great to suffer in his interest. Grace shared in his protective love, and he was never weary of contributing to her pleasure with songs or stories, which were fully appreciated by the child.

Lottie returned at the time appointed, and was once more domiciled in her room. She was so much better now that she could walk short distances easily without her crutch, and her face, sweet and pure always, was illumined with a soft glow of happiness which rendered it doubly charming.

Dr. Conroy, though an undemonstrative man, could not control his eyes, and watched her with a devouring look which plainly showed his heart, and the tender care which the bluff, stalwart doctor showed toward his fragile little patient was touching; even the gentle little mother had been entirely willing to surrender her darling into his keeping when she saw his devotion and her love for him.

The family would remove to Philadelphia in a short time, and already a neat little cottage had been engaged for them by the doctor, who had entered into the life of the little mother and the kind father with the warm interest of a son.

Pompey was intending to return to Elm Park with his charge in a few days when an event occurred which materially altered all plans in the household. It had been raining, and the streets were in a slippery and uncomfortable state which precluded walking or driving.

Chester Carrington was in the gloomy, brooding state of mind which always, in a greater or less degree, accompanied a low, depressing state of the atmosphere, and which was particularly aggravated by an electric storm.

Pompey had followed him closely, and driven patiently to amuse or turn his mind upon pleasant topics, but he had shown himself strangely impatient of control, and sending his attendant upon some fanciful

(Continued on page 42)



"MY DAUGHTER!" HE SAID.



"BUT, MY CHILD, YOU MUST BE."

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IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE...

DICK SAMSON gets the Norway postoffice...

THE MIXING house of the powder works...

LEOPOLD JACKMAN relieves the democratic...

SULLIVAN pleads "not guilty"—says in...

BEN BUTLER's opinion on a point of law...

THE "item for our state news column"...

KING Humbert, of Italy, has "ennobled"...

CHAUTAQUA was on fire again last Saturday...

IF THE "alternating current" for electric...

THE Central Wisconsin, Wausau, has a...

THE crop report issued by the secretary...

THE DOCTORS did not know what ailed...

THE catalogue of the Michigan Mining...

AN IMMENSE irrigating ditch, 150 miles...

THE St. Louis Globe Democrat, speaking...

"One must admit also that the act was...

In short, a dangerous man has been removed...

THE Railway Age believes in the protection...

ONE OF THE FIRST things which congress...

It is well known that many foreigners...

An applicant gets a couple of fellows...

The Herald holds that such applications...

We may harp as we like about the sacred...

The lessons of the past few years, many...

CAPTAIN BEERS, the Yankee master of the...

The fire broke out about 9:30 at night...

A TARIFF is a tax when imposed on imported...

MARQUETTE is fortunate in a direction...

THE "raison d'etre" of the prohibition party...

I hereby agree to become responsible for...

THE state organization of the order of the...

MANY of the railroads have conceded the...

OSHTO is to have another railway outlet...

The appointment of 13 democratic ward...

That's the paper that talks about the upper...

NOT MUCH stir in the ore market during...

No WONDER Detroit is slow, she's so solid...

A TARIFF is a tax when imposed on imported...

THE sugar tariff at present can not justly...

MARQUETTE is fortunate in a direction...

THE "raison d'etre" of the prohibition party...

I hereby agree to become responsible for...

THE state organization of the order of the...

THE "raison d'etre" of the prohibition party...

THE ability of the Cleveland ore docks to...

CAPT. JOHN FINERTY, who did the most...

THE SOO DOCTORS who improve on Brown-

IRON PORT begs pardon of Mr. Abijah...

AT THE last meeting of the city council...

BROTHER BATES, of the Traverse Herald,

SOME of the younger trotters having come...

The schooner J. I. Case, one of the finest...

The news comes from Victoria, B. C., that...

D. W. BRITTON, H. B. JAKER, D. W. FLATLEY,

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A big rail refinery at Pittsburg was burned...

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How Protection Benefits The Workingman.

The advocates of free trade are prolific in devices for securing the support of voters to their scheme of abolishing all barriers to unrestricted commerce between this and other nations, however diversely circumstanced they may be.

As between the capitalist and the laborer, the latter is most in need of protection against foreign competition. Under free trade the capitalist could manage to live, and live well.

On the other hand the workingman must have employment by which to earn wages, or he and his family will suffer. No option is left him between work and want; hence, of all men, he should be the most jealous of those "insidious wiles of foreign influence" which seek to have the necessities and comforts of the people of the United States supplied through foreign labor.

Free trade preachers know full well that on the plain issue of preference for the higher standard of wages and better facilities for work which protection insures, and the alternative of getting work by underbidding foreign competition offered by free trade, they have no chance for securing the vote of any intelligent working man.

The following eloquent tribute to our protective tariff is the more significant, coming as it does from an Englishman. It is taken from the Nineteenth Century, by Robert Mackenzie, chapter VIII, on the United States of America, pages 330-331:

The amount of her surplus product which America can sell to other countries is growing with her population. In 1860 it was six million sterling; in 1870 it was ninety million; in 1884 it was 170 million. Very different from this is the history of her imports.

If THE LABORERS of the U. S. want to bring about in the U. S. the condition of labor which is shown to exist in Hungary by the following paragraph, taken from the report of Mr. Cleveland's consul-general at Buda-Pesth, they have but to support the financial policy proposed by the democratic party and embodied in the "Mills bill," but we can not believe that they so wish or would so act.

They visited in all 220 factories, employing a total of 21,000 hands. The hours of labor vary greatly. In large distilleries, steam mills and iron works, which continue day and night, the hands work by relays of twelve hours without specified hours of rest; and the work day in others varies from ten and a half to fifteen and a half hours, the average being about twelve hours.

THE Detroit Journal is authority for the statement that Gov. Swinsford—that was—is not quite satisfied of, or with the republicanism of our friend Russell, of the Mining Journal.

THE Wisconsin pearl hunting craze subsided as quickly as it sprang up. The pearls proved to be of so little value (not one in a hundred having any) that the folly of gathering them was patent.

BISMARCK gets in his work again. He has so played his cards that Crispi, the Italian premier, is in a position to say to Leo XIII that, while he can go to Spain if he likes, he will not be allowed to take thither (or to remove from Rome) the papal treasures contained in the Vatican.

THE report of the special agent of the land department who was sent to Ontonagon to inspect that "first twenty miles" was not as favorable as the O. & B. R. company hoped. Acting upon it the land commissioner proposes to declare the sections of land opposite the line of road south of the 12th mile unearned and to restore them to the public domain, and has notified the company to that effect by a call to show cause why it should not be done.

A DEPARTURE from the ordinary methods of conducting business has been made in Philadelphia. It is this: simply the holding out of inducements in the shape of free excursions and the like to buyers, with the intention of bringing them to the center of supplies instead of sending out traveling men.

FRANK LAWLER, in his speech at the Cheltenham Beach picnic, denounced John Finerty in such terms that John must go for him, in some shape, or pull down his sign and go out of business, and bloodshed is looked for.

THE NEW BARGE on the stocks in Duncan's yard is so far advanced that she will be brought out in time for a trip or two this season.

FROM the Los Angeles Tribune we clip the following particulars of the killing of Terry by Nagle. Terry and Justice Field arrived by the same train at Lathrop neither being aware, until they had entered the dining room, of the presence of the other.

"I don't know," said Judge Terry, quietly, and then he added significantly, "There might be trouble."

This alarmed Mr. Stackpole, and he walked back to the door, determined to watch Mrs. Terry when she returned.

No sooner had Mr. Stackpole left Judge Terry than the latter arose and walked straight up to where Judge Field was sitting, and without a word, slapped him in the face, and then repeated the blow.

WRIGHT'S Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla is used successfully in curing all Blood Diseases, from the least blotch or pimple to the largest scrofulous sore.

WRIGHT'S Iron Tonic Bitters is what you are looking for if you want a preparation that will tone up your system, give you an appetite and improve the digestive organs.

J. N. MEAD, DRUGGIST AND JEWELER. DRUGS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, WALL PAPER, ETC., ETC. WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, ETC., ETC.

J. F. OLIVER, (Successor to D. M. Philbin,) COAL! COAL! ALL KINDS OF Anthracite, Bituminous, Blossburg & Charcoal AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

Keating & Sheehan, Engineers and Contractors. Water Works, Sewerage, Steam and Fire Protection Plants. Plans, Specifications and Estimates Furnished and Solicited. DOWAGIAC - GLADSTONE - DETROIT.

COAN'S GROCERY! 506 LUDINGTON ST. Little Money and Much Goods. Family Groceries, every sort! Provisions, from Potatoes to Pickles! Produce, from Pork to Peanuts!

News of Interest. Mead's White Liniment! Try it! Wedding Cake, Ice Cream and all Bakers' and Confectioners' Goods at Young's.

Those Rags! If you want them made into a Nice Carpet call on or address. JAMES R. CHAMP ESCANABA, Mich.

Card of Thanks. We sincerely thank our friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in the late sickness and bereavement of our darling baby.

Boarding! Mrs. Beggs having taken the large house No. 512 Wells avenue, between Douman and Harrison streets is now prepared to rent rooms, with or without board, or furnish table board at reasonable rates.

Marine. Gilebert's new boat, the Viking, was launched at Buffalo Saturday. She is a steel vessel but has her bottom sheathed with elm, and will carry 1,700 tons.

ORE SHIPMENTS. PORT OF ESCANABA AUG. 21. Angeline No. 1 4977, Sheffield 2567, Angeline Hematite 9723, Angeline South 4668, Larum 918, Buffalo 2921, Buffalo South 9774, Cambria 30049, Champion 10020, Cleveland 5406, Cleveland hematite 2696, Cliff Shaft 8245, Detroit 10223, East New York 20257, Jackson 6100, Jackson South 8128, Jackson, Pitt. 7 8128, Lillie 15820, Lucy 613, Marquette 4177, Marquette 7000, Michigan 4774, Milwaukee 4809, Negaunee 2675, Prot 8792, Queen 6784, Republic 12879, Salisbury 13312, Superior 7928, Superior Old mine Hematite 60249, Volunteer 2658, Winthrop 15623, York 2997, Pitt 8 16223, Hartford 594.

PORT OF MARQUETTE. American 9564, Barum 9573, Buffalo 17841, Brastrand 23484, Cambria 37890, Champion 100993, Cleveland 94310, Curry 9837, Detroit 4179, Detroit 35324, Grand Rapids 3702, C. H. Hall 54970, Humboldt 2784, Jackson 13578, Lake Superior 33314, Lillie 2029, Marquette Ore Co 9721, Milwaukee 20658, Michigan 11350, Negaunee 97314, North Champion 7209, Pittsburgh & Lake Angeline 125293, Queen 26739, Republic 102259, Republic Red Co. 97624, South Buffalo 37114, Volunteers 26590, West Republic 2000, Winthrop 829, East Champion 9123. Total from Marquette 894530.

PORT OF ST. IGNACE. Cambria 1285, Cleveland 1219, Hall 418, Lucy 9740, Lillie 4531, Webster 117. Total 28384. PORT OF ASHLAND. Anvil 29799, Aurora 12794, Ashland 120273, Globe 6795, B. Wherton 4242, Cary 20280, Cary South 23511, Sellwood 1302, Colby Section 15 9028, German 15117, Iron Belt 6695, Montreal 2157, Montreal North V. 2125, Iron King 2125, Ironton 2170, Nerrie 2870, E. Nerrie 2870, Odessa 2844, Pains 12920, Pains 4268, Section 11 North Vain 2412, Section 11 North 9177, Windsor 10024, Raby 2869. Total from Ashland 915204. Two Harbor Aug. 16 312200. Grand Total from all the ports 4142248.

...he managed to slip away unobserved and transferred out upon the street.

Pompey was greatly alarmed when he returned and found his charge missing and many moments of valuable time was spent searching the large house, in the hope that he had gone into some of the rooms.

Isabel shared Pompey's alarm fully when she learned the situation. Mr. Falconer was not at home and Tom was out on an errand, so Pompey rushed out alone upon his search, eagerly inquiring of each policeman and putting them upon the lookout.

No one had noticed the missing man, and Pompey started for the police headquarters in search of assistance. He was hastening along a crowded thoroughfare when his attention was caught by the familiar form of the object of his search in advance of him; he was crossing a street, and Pompey observed with horror that he was directly in the path of a swift-moving carriage, the driver of which seemed to be gesticulating and shouting, but for Chester Carrington, his white locks streaming in the March wind, was also gesticulating and talking to himself, as he rode in his present state of mind, and paid no attention. The driver galled savagely on the lines, the horses reared and plunged, but their impetus was such that they could not stop quickly enough, and poor unfortunate Chester Carrington, in plain sight of Pompey, was lying stunned and senseless on the ground.

There were plenty of willing hands to lift the injured man and help Pompey to carry him where surgical assistance could



THESE WERE PLENTY OF WILLING HANDS.

be sent for, and a messenger dispatched for Mr. Falconer, who was soon on the spot.

An examination proved that the injury was on the head, which had come in contact with the sharp hoof of one of the horses.

"It's a miracle that he was not killed instantly," said the surgeon, gravely, as he looked up from the examination; "you had better get him home as soon as possible."

"Will he live, do you think?" Mr. Falconer asked the question anxiously; he dreaded the effect of the shock on Isabel.

"It is impossible to predict," replied the surgeon. "If this was the first injury, and he was in full bodily strength, there would be more hope," and he shook his head doubtfully.

Isabel's heart sank within her when Pompey appeared alone, breathless with his haste, and with his honest, black face convulsed with grief. It was the first time in her life she had faced such a tragic event, and she almost fainted with dread as Pompey told his story, his voice choked with emotion.

Mrs. Montford came at once to the rescue with her brave heart and strong hands, and while Isabel gave way to her uncontrollable grief, she quickly made a bed ready for the reception of the poor, limp form, which now appeared in sight, borne on a stretcher by strong hands.

"Be brave, my darling," whispered Mr. Falconer, as he took his sorrowing wife in his arms a brief moment, after the father had been laid on his bed and the men had departed; "while there is life there is hope, and every thing which human skill can do shall be done for him."

There was a discolored bruise on his skull, near the spot where the first injury had been received, and this was carefully shaved and treated in the best possible manner by the surgeon, who, with Dr. Conroy, had accompanied the sad procession.

He lay unconscious still with fluttering breath, and a faint, irregular beating of the heart only to tell that he was yet alive.

Telegrams were at once sent to Major Carrington and Mrs. Pembroke, and then the family, with Dr. Conroy, settled down to anxious waiting for further developments.

It was nearly midnight when he awoke from his deathly stupor; Dr. Conroy had laid down upon a couch in the room, and Isabel and Mr. Falconer sat by the bedside.

He had urged her to retire with the rest of the family, but she could not; she felt intuitively that the injury was fatal, and she could not lose the precious moments of the life so dear to her and which she believed to be so short.

She was pale, but more composed, and she rose and leaned eagerly over him as she observed a fluttering movement in one of the white hands which lay upon the counterpane; a moment more and the quiver ran over his features, and then the mild blue eyes opened slowly. There was a strange look in them; the far-away expression was gone, and replaced by a new intelligence.

"Alicia!" he murmured, in a low, tremulous voice, "where am I?" and his eyes slowly wandered, taking in the unfamiliar apartment.

"In my home, father," and she bent over him tenderly; a wild, sweet hope had seized her, that he was yet going to recognize and love her.

"You call me father," he said, slowly and feebly. "I had but one child, and she was a little babe."

"And I am she," the warm tears falling on his face. "Your baby and Alicia's grown up to womanhood, dear father."

"Is it possible!" he said, looking at her wistfully and gently, "and where have I been all these years?"

"Dear sir, I fear you are exerting yourself too much," said Dr. Conroy, who had awakened at the first sound of conversation. He came forward and laid his hand on the patient's pale brow. "You have been injured, and as soon as you are able to bear it, all these things shall be explained to you. He administered a needed remedy, talking cheerfully and soothingly the while.

Chester Carrington looked in Isabel's face longingly and earnestly, seeming to fear that the knowledge he had gained would slip away from him. "Alicia's child," he murmured, "my little Isabel!"

"Yes, father," she replied, taking his hand in hers and caressing it, "your Isabel and hers," and, still clasping his hand, she watched him as he dropped again into a semi-conscious state, half slumber, half stupor.

Isabel looked at her husband with happy eyes. "He knew me. Thank God for that," she whispered.

"A wonderful thing that his memory should come back to him," said Dr. Conroy. "Does the fact give you any more proof of him?" she asked, anxiously.

He shook his head. "My dear Mr. Fal-

coner, I do not wish to 'rouse' false hopes," he said; "be prepared for the worst, and yet the result is in God's hands still."

As fast as it was all safe to do so Chester Carrington was told of the past, and his surprise was unbounded as he grasped the idea that he had lived so many years in such a state.

Isabel, at his request, brought a small mirror to his bedside, and he looked at himself in it. "A white-haired old man!" he murmured, feebly. "How strange! how strange!"

His physical strength failed fast, but his mind was as clear and acute as it had ever been, and he seemed perfectly aware that his days were numbered, and he could not bear to have Isabel out of his sight.

"And I did not know you, dear," he said. "How the affectionate heart must have been grieved."

"But you know me now, father," she said, smoothing his white hair.

"Yes, dear, and I can tell Alicia all about our little Isabel when I get home."

"My poor, poor Chester!" and Mrs. Pembroke leaned over the bed and shed great, burning tears of pity and distress at sight of the white, drawn face.

"Not poor Chester any more, dear little mother," he said, gently; "but rich, happy Chester, now; he who was lost is found again, and is going home."

It was impossible to mourn for him as for one out of their full strength, and grief was tempered by rejoicing that his memory had come back to him so marvelously.

"My dear niece, do not, I beg, reproach yourself," said Major Carrington, earnestly; "the issues of life and death are in God's hands, and I look upon it as a remarkable Providence that my poor brother's life is ending so happily. If he had stayed with us he was exposed to danger, also, so do not grieve, I entreat you, on that account," for she had reproached herself bitterly, thinking that if she had left him in his quiet home he might have lived many years.

He had seemed unusually cheerful after the arrival of his friends, and they hoped he might be spared for some time. His life for the past twenty years was a perfect blank to him now, and he was curious to know what had occurred during the time, and so far as he thought prudent, Major Carrington had answered his many questions.

He dropped to sleep quietly at the usual hour, and the watchers took their places at the bedside.

At midnight there was a change, his breathing became more labored and shorter, and a heavy, gray pallor settled over his thin features. Mrs. Montford flew to Isabel's chamber. "Come, Mrs. Falconer, come quickly," she said, hurriedly, and then went on to awake Mrs. Pembroke and Major Carrington and his wife.

He was still sleeping when they reached the room, but there was death's imprint on his sunken features.

"Oh! father, father, can not you speak to us once more!" cried Isabel, in anguish, as she watched beside him. He opened his eyes feebly, and looked at her long and earnestly, as if endeavoring to fix her features in his mind.

Mrs. Pembroke took his hand in hers. "Dear Chester, you are almost home!" she said.

"Yes, almost there," he whispered, faintly, and again his eyes sought Isabel; each breath was growing fainter, and the death dews were already on his forehead. He gave her one look of unquartered love, and with a last dying effort, gasped brokenly: "Isabel, my darling child—"

and breathed his last.

There was a look of perfect peace and happiness upon his face as he lay in the darkened parlor in his coffin; the noble look of his young manhood had come back to him, and the family felt that it was indeed wrong to mourn for him, who, after so long a period of darkness and mental imprisonment, had found light and liberty, and Isabel's grief was soothed and comforted by the thought that his last look had been for her, his last word had been a word of love for his child, and she thanked God for the remembrance.

They carried him back to his home in the South, and a stately monument marks the spot where he, with the sweet bride of his youth, slept sweetly and quietly together, separated in life, but united in death.

A strange thing occurred when Major Carrington and Mrs. Pembroke, with Isabel, went to remove the young wife's remains. The sexton remarked upon the unusual

weight of the coffin, and, at his suggestion, it was opened; the body was petrified, and there lay the young Alicia, a beautiful statue, every feature intact after twenty years of interment, and Isabel looked upon the mother, whom she had so longed to see, with feelings which may be imagined but not described.

Little is the cherished wife of Dr. Conroy, who has set her up on a pedestal in his heart, where he burns the incense of unceasing devotion before her; her home, though not as grand as Isabel's, is ample, and is furnished with the pure, sweet taste of its mistress throughout, a poem, the keynote of which is purity and love.

She is well now of her lameness, and is able to accompany her husband on many errands of mercy, and is looked upon by the poor, and especially the childless, as a white angel of goodness.

One more scene and our story is done. The home room has received many offerings since its first establishment, and the most important one is a lovely satin-lined cradle, which stands in the corner where the laughing Cupid can peep over at its occupant, a beautiful, rosy babe, who lifts her chubby hands and crows delightedly when her parents draw near.

They stand looking down upon her with love beaming in every feature. "My love, my darling, my Isabel!" he said, turning to her with eyes full of a deep feeling.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, her eyes full of the tears of unspeakable happiness. "Thank God, my dearest husband," she murmured, "for one of His brightest and best of gifts to His children, a happy, happy home!"

THE END.

An automatic bar-tender is now in use in prohibition States, which has five, ten and twenty-five slots. By dropping the amount in one of the openings a chosen beverage immediately appears.

"YES, WE'LL SOON BE THERE."

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FACTS ABOUT PERFUMES.

The Orange Sashet and Delicate Scented Wardrobes.

The sweetest thing in the garden of fashion is the society bud, who breathes of violets one week, of lotus beds the next, elderberry the third and lemon-verbena when the moon is waning. A couple of years ago, says the New York World, it was the proper thing for a girl to rinse her lace handkerchief in her soap-bottle; such a proceeding now would be considered a vulgarity, for if there is any one article in a fashionable toilet which is not perfumed it is a handkerchief. Hosiery and gloves slumber in beds of sweet grass and rose leaves; shoes, wraps and underwear have their separate sachet pillows; dresses are hung among the bags of sweet clover that perfume every closet; even bouquets emit fragrant odors when uncovered, and in the linings of many pretentious waddings is dusted with orris, but not a trace of scent hangs about the sheer little square of lace-edged veil.

The deficiency, however, is more than counterbalanced by faint sweet odors that linger about the folds and hem of dress skirts and the bows of ribbon pendant from jeweled garters. Even card-cases and pocketbooks are perfumed, and so is the small blotter bought with fashionable stationery. But these items are insignificant compared with the cost of perfuming a summer outfit which requires the services of a maid and an outfit equivalent to that expended for gloves or shoes.

For instance, there is the orange sashet made of fine satin to match the dress and filled with a perfume too delicious for description. The sashes, which are an inch square, retail at nine dollars a dozen, and it takes about twenty to go round the edge of a Josephine dress. Of course every low corsage has to be sacheted, and if a belle cares to buy them by the hundred she is charged at the rate of fifty cents each. Another perfume trick is to pour scent over the hair just back of the crimps or fringes. Every woman rubs the stopper of her scent bottle across her lips and eyebrows before leaving the mirror, and the habit of dusting a feather or satin fan with wild rose or blue bells of Scotland is as old as vanity itself. The puffed sleeves of the hour are also used to sweeten a woman's presence, the essence of chypre, magnolia or jasmine being poured among the gathers at the elbow where it is least liable to be detected and most readily perceptible. Desirable perfumes cost seventy-five cents an ounce, and the least popular girl in society will dash twelve dollars' worth over a two weeks' visit and half a dozen summer toilets.

A BOSTON HEROINE.

An Old Lady Sees Off Robbers with the Silver They Are After.

There is an old lady living on Columbus avenue, writes the Boston correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, whose peculiar weakness has always been a dread that she would be robbed of her silver. She has a great quantity of valuable old family plate, some of it dating back to revolutionary times, when such treasure was not so very plentiful among the early colonists. For fear of burglars she always keeps it in her bed-room at night, a maid-servant assisting her each evening to lug it up in a big basket to the third story front. One night last week the robbers so long expected came. The old lady, ever on the alert for such an event, heard them below. She was frightened for her own safety, nobody else being in the house at the time but the maid-servant, aforesaid, and yet her chief anxiety was for the silver. No pistol or other weapon was at hand, as she was afraid of fire-arms. She might howl from the window for a policeman; but suppose none would be within hearing. The predatory ruffians might come up and take the plunder before help would come. The case was desperate and called for corresponding action, no sooner thought of than performed.

She seized the big basket by the handle at one end, and, having opened the door softly, dragged the wicker receptacle with its precious contents as noiselessly as possible along the entry to the stair wall. She looked down and distinctly saw, by a ray of moonlight that came through an entry window, two men, who presently disappeared, presumably into the dining-room. Without losing a moment she strove to get the basket on the top of a trunk which stood against the wall at the landing. By a great effort she succeeded, and another hoist balanced it fairly on top of the rail. A turn of the hand and the entire mass of knives and spoons, tea-urns, napkin-rings, magnets, etc., was dumped out and precipitated two stories' distance to the hardwood floor of the hall below. The crash was something appalling. The robbers must have supposed that safes had broken loose. They were so frightened that they jumped through a glass window from the dining-room to the garden and ran into the arms of a policeman on the next corner. And the old lady's friends say she ought to be embalmed in history as a heroine, together with Moll Pitcher and other locally celebrated females of dauntless courage.

New Universal Language.

A Scandinavian genius has invented a new universal language which he thinks will take the starch out of Volapuk and the rest of the crop. His root words are entirely derived from the chief languages of modern Europe. Prof. Max Muller has published, without comment, a letter addressed to him by the inventor written in the new language. It looks outlandish enough, but anybody who has even a moderate acquaintance with English, German, French, Spanish and Italian will find that he can read it very well at sight, though at the first glance his impression is that the type has been pelted. This new language somewhat resembles the dentist who, with his forceps firmly grasping the offending tooth of his patient, illustrated by a series of tremendous twists the barbarous methods of rival practitioners; then when at last the tooth hangs only by a shred, he exhibits with pride his own easy and painless method of extracting. After one has acquired all the chief modern tongues he will find that the proposed universal language comes quite easy.

Romance and Reality.

"It is easy for married couples to quarrel and bring themselves to the point of divorce," said a well-known New Yorker recently to a New York Sun reporter. "After I had been married three months I came sadly home one night to tell my wife that business would keep me away from her the next twenty-four hours. She was girlish, and by way of reply she gave herself a little hug, with a little wriggle of her body thrown in, and expressed her feelings in an exclamation of unmistakable joy. Deeply pained, I said to her that I never supposed she desired my absence enough to gurgie with joy at the mere proposal of it. Many a man would have gone off angry or darkly suspicious. Instead I questioned her. 'Why, you goose,' said she, 'when you said you were going away one thing popped into my head to the exclusion of every thing else. That was, now he's going away, and I can eat some raw onions with salt and vinegar. That was all. I have been dying for raw onions ever since our wedding.'"

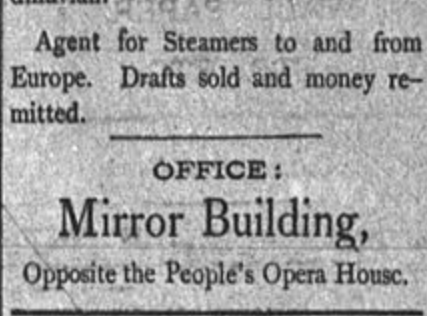
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Wm. Timm, Tonsorial Parlor, HARRISON ST., Between Ludington and Thomas, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JUSTICE. JOHN A. JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace. Contracts drawn in English or Scandinavian.

OFFICE: Mirror Building, Opposite the People's Opera House.

HARNESS. F. D. CLARK, Agt.



Fine Harness, Saddles, Whips. TILDEN AVENUE.

LUMBER. Lumber For Sale. Sawn to Order.

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

BOILERS. STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS. (Established 1855.)

Manufacturer of High and low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, bracing, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes or bars. Also Candy St. and Michigan Central R. R. tracks. DETROIT, MICH.

SMITH'S RIFLENS. THE TESTED VICTOR GROWERS.



CLARK'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. TRADE MARK.



For sale by J. N. Mead, 470 1/2 1st St.

"Dockash" Stoves!

BEST IN THE WORLD.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, PLOWS, HARROWS, SEEDERS AND REAPERS, WAGONS, WATER OUTFITS, HARDWARE, SHIP CHANDLERY PAINTS AND OILS, ARMS AND AMMUNITION, AND POWDER

At Wallace's.

301 LUDINGTON ST. MEAT MARKET.

We Kill Our Own BEEF CATTLE

Veals, Sheep and Lambs.

No Imported Meats

Offered at our markets!

Hessel & Hentschel.

FLOUR & FEED. BITTNER, WICKERT & CO. DEALERS IN Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds. Southeast Corner of Ludington and Wolcott Streets. CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

GEORGE PRESTON,

—Dealer in—

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Pure : Old : Liquors

For Medicinal Purposes Only,

Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines,

—AND—

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

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He has on hand, new this season, a full stock of

Wall Paper and Borders,

Panels, Centre Pieces, Etc.

Give the undersigned a call. No trouble to show goods.

GEORGE PRESTON.

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BETTER NEWS TO LADIES

and All Lovers of Fine Teas

THE CHOICEST EVER IMPORTED. NOTHING LIKE IT EVER KNOWN IN QUALITY, PRICES, PREMIUMS AND DISCOUNTS.

A CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME. GET PREMIUM NO. 27.

Latest and Best Inducements offered in Premiums and Discounts to introduce and get orders for our New Teas just received, which are Picked from the choicest Tea Gardens of China and Japan, none but the Highest Grade Leaf being used. All guaranteed absolutely Pure. Handmade Premiums of Imported China, Lapsa, &c. given away with orders of \$1.00 and upwards, or discounts made if preferred. Good Teas 50, 35 & 25 cts. Excellent Family Teas 30 & 25 cts. Very Best 15 to 20 cts. per lb. Special—We will send by mail a Special Order of 1/2 lb. of our very Fine Teas on receipt of \$1.00. When ordering be particular and state if you want Formosa or Amoy Oolong, Mixed, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Imperial, Japan, English Breakfast or Sun-Sun Choo. No Humbug. Remember we deal only in Pure Goods. Send at once for a Special Order to the Old Reliable and enjoy a cup of Good Tea. For particulars address The Great American Tea Co., 37 and 35 Vesey St., New York, N.Y. P. O. Box 27.

UPPER PENINSULA.

Henry Hoyer was killed by a fall of rock in the South Hecla mine Monday night.

No idle men in Manistique except such as are idle by choice.

The fellow who sent the sensational dispatch about the effect of dynamite used in attempting to find the bodies of the drowned girls...

Phil Lennon has been thieving again—flour, pork shingles—in a quod and good for a long term at Jackson.

We've got a Campbell power press. We must celebrate when the railroad is completed...

Another attempt was made early Wednesday morning to destroy the engine house at the mine.

Billy McCarty, the jolly cruiser, is a gentleman of veracity it is said (and the sayer did not blush).

Dr. Harrison and Richardson of the Sault have been experimenting with the "Elixir" and "panorobium."

The Hancock want a five-game match with the Escanabas, at Ishpeming, for \$500 a side.

The Hanocks want a five-game match with the Escanabas, at Ishpeming, for \$500 a side.

Ironwood voters will decide the question of borrowing \$45,000, half to pay for water supply and half to pay for sewers.

An accident which will prove serious if not fatal occurred to Dominick Welch on Tuesday evening while setting a "starter" for a couple of local sprinters.

A negro preacher and editor of Selma, Alabama, named Bryant, predicts and prays for a "race war."

A falling wall at Fort Wayne, Ind., killed three men and wounded two others Monday.

Robert Marvel died at Indianapolis on the 20th, having tasted sixty-seven days.

Mead's Family Medicines should be in every household.

THE WEEK.

Gen. W. W. Tredway, who was O. M. G. of Wisconsin in '62, died last week.

The Hans got the advance in wages and now the coke strike is really over.

James Spencer, a farmer of Parke Co., Indiana, was inoculated with glanders, by a horse he was handling, and died of the disease last week.

Albert Daggett, of New York gets the contract for making post cards at 37 cents a thousand—a very low figure.

Judge Field was arrested on a charge, made by Mrs Terry, of complicity in the slaying of Terry and released on bail, \$5,000.

Joseph Queen, the "Old Black Joe" of the song, died last week Friday. He was 112 years old—the record proves it.

The Purvis jury thought there was a prize-fight on the 8th ultimo and found Sullivan guilty of participating in it.

Congressman Laird, of Nebraska, is at death's door and the door is open.

The supreme court of the state of California refused to adjourn "as a mark of respect to the memory of Judge Terry."

W. A. Nowell takes the Milwaukee post-office—Paul goes out.

Laird, member of congress from Nebraska, died August 17.

Wm. Thaw, vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad company, died last Saturday.

Dan Coughlin is reported "breaking down," "losing his nerve," etc. His appetite has failed.

A crockery store at the corner of Grand and Clinton streets, New York, was blown up by an explosion of gas Saturday evening.

Sullivan's sentence was a year in jail, Fitzgerald, the referee, was let off with a fine of \$200.

Jo. McKibben, who was Broderick's second in the duel with Terry, does not think Marshal Nagle did right.

War broke out at Richmond, Texas, last week, between rival political factions, and two white men, one the sheriff of the county and one an ex-sheriff, were killed.

The "Cronin" wing of Clan na Gael at Cheltenham Beach was 15,000 strong; the "triangle" party at Ogden's Grove about 7,000.

The British investors acting through Mr. Heiser, have captured all the Chicago breweries.

The pearl craze has reached Galena, Ills., and everybody is digging in Fever river for clams.

A post of the G. A. R. has been organized at Charleston, S. C. and was mustered in at Fort Sumpter.

Sullivan's counsel took appeal, Sullivan gave bail pending, and is again in New York. That's the end of it probably.

Pay day at the mines around Wilkesbarre last Saturday and there were three whisky murders.

Dr. A. B. Lynde of Milwaukee committed suicide at Duluth Saturday night. He was addicted to the opium habit.

Milwaukee and Chicago now talk to each other by telephone.

Eleven persons were burned in a tenement house fire in New York Monday morning.

A female miser was found dead in her home at Hartford Sunday. She had died alone and unattended though she had \$40,000 in the house.

A. J. Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, is erecting an institution like the Cooper Institute at Wayne, a Philadelphia suburb.

Edward Conroy, consul of the U. S. at Porto Rico, the oldest consul on the list, died Sunday last.

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THE STATE.

Samuel Seney, farmer and justice of the peace of Lima, Washtenaw county, cut his son with a pocket knife last week and the son will die.

Burglars got into the residence of T. T. Bates, publisher of the Grand Traverse Herald, and took his trousers.

Gov. Swinford is in Detroit with specimens of gold quartz from Alaska and will endeavor to get Michigan capital to work the option.

Some cowardly rascal attempted to wreck the outfit of the Monitor, at Au Sable, and only failed because he did not know enough.

Van Buren county is getting ready to hold an election under the local option law.

Kalamazoo county pioneers held reunion at Long Lake and the male members of the society organized as "battalion," August 15.

Lamphere's battery held reunion at Ransom Center August 15. There were present 35 survivors.

Milo Martin went "over the divide" by the arsenic route, at Jackson, August 15. Sick and friendless.

Burglars spoiled three safes at Grand Ledge Thursday but got no money from either.

The defense of Wright, who committed the homicide at Aral, is self-defense.

Congressman Allen nominates Fred C. Irwin, of Washtenaw Co., as naval cadet and Albert R. Lamb, of Lenawee co., as cadet at West Point.

Frank Stoner was tarred and feathered at North Muskegon four years ago for haunting school outhouses and frightening girls.

Gov. Luce has agreed to go upon the stump in Ohio to help out "Little Breaches" Foraker and secure a republican successor to Senator Payne.

Waldron, the Hillsdale banker who ran away with another man's wife and got tired of her—put his partner in a hole and had to pull him out again.

Hon. C. W. Clibee, once judge of the Cass and Berrien circuit and a leading republican, died suddenly last Sunday.

Charles Sinning was caught at it—sinning against the exercise law—at Muskegon, and is in jail.

Gov. Luce appoints Col. Frank J. Hecker, police commissioner for Detroit vice Martin S. Smith, resigned.

Soldiers and sailors of Northeastern Michigan have held a three-day reunion at Pontiac this week.

One Smith, "a bad man," resisted arrest at Detroit and the officer perforated him with a bullet. He will try to live, though.

Gosch, the slayer of Sinclair, was captured Sunday, near Hastings. He pleads self-defense.

Twenty incendiary fires in Ionia in two months and hanging talked of. But they must first catch somebody to hang.

Ethan Johnson, an escaped lunatic from the asylum at Traverse City, captured at Lansing, attempted to kill his captor.

Besides getting the worst of the scrap the banker, Waldron, paid the editor, March, \$500 hush money.

The agricultural college turned out forty-three graduates this week, who can now go home and get their dads to teach them something about farming.

East Saginaw board of education is considering the question of bouncing the principal of their schools, Prof. Thomas. He does not get along nicely with teachers.

Ruby's Letter. A letter from Mr. J. W. Ruby, Union City, Ind., says: I have used your Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Cough Cure and find it a complete cure for deep seated cold.

Clarke's Flax Soap for the Skin. It leads them all. Price 25 cents. Cough Cure and Soap for sale Mead's Drug Store.

Mr. J. R. Grinstead, Senora, Ky., says: My children have sometimes had boils and other signs of blood impurities, with loss of appetite, etc., at which times I have found Swift's Specific a most successful remedy.

"Swift's Specific is a great blessing to humanity," says Mr. P. E. Gordon, of 725 Broad street, Nashville, Tenn., "for it cured me of rheumatism of a very bad type, with which I had been troubled for three or four years. S. S. S. cured me after I had exhausted everything else."

Mr. Russell Myrick, of the firm of Myrick & Henderson, Fort Smith, Ark., says he wishes to add his testimony to the thousands which have already been given as to Swift's Specific. He says he derived the most signal benefit from its use to cure painful boils and sores resulting from impure blood.

When taken for a few days, potash mixtures impair the digestion, take away the appetite, and dry up the gastric juices which should assist in digesting and assimilating the food.

WRIGHT'S Kidney and Liver Cure is a positive remedy for Bright's Disease, Inflammation of Kidneys, Liver, Pains in the Back and other disorders caused by the derangement of the Kidneys and Liver. Sold by Crain and Walsh.

Illness is a Dangerous Fault.

In the kidneys. When inactive they speedily fall into disrepair. Those obstinate and fatal maladies, Bright's disease and diabetes, ensue with terrible certainty upon the inaction of the organs affected.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at J. N. Mead's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption.

Over 65 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Greeney, Ring-bone, Stiffes Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc.

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

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PUMPS, ETC.

SAM. STONHOUSE, Practical. PLUMBER. Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of.

Pipes, Pumps & Fittings. Drive Wells and Pump Repairs. Orders in the city or country promptly attended to.

MACHINERY. Frank Kraus, Dealer in Farm Machinery. Portable Mills, Horse and Steam Powers.

FRANK KRAUS, Hamacher House, Escanaba, Michigan. Come and see me or write to me; I will give you satisfactory deals every time.

THE ESCANABA Water Works Co. Office, cor. Tilden and Wells Aves. Is still doing Plumbing in its various branches in the most satisfactory manner.

John Dean, BARBER. A Clean Shave in a Clean Place. 617 LUDINGTON ST (Lewis House Block).

ICURE FITS! When I say ICURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS, A life-long study.

Is Marriage a Failure? Prescription B 4712. Ask J. N. Mead. Ladies try Dr. LaDuc's "Pain-Expeller" Pills from Paris, France.

Drunkenness Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food.

TRADE MARKS. In case your name is not registered in the Patent Office, apply to MEAD & CO., and procure immediate protection. Send for Handbook.

LEGAL. STATE OF MICHIGAN—THE 27th JUDICIAL CIRCUIT. Small Cook, Complainant. Charles Cook, Defendant.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 13th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

ORDER OF HEARING. State of Michigan, County of Delta. At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, holden at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba on Monday the 5th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

ORDER OF HEARING. State of Michigan, County of Delta. At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, holden at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba on Monday the 5th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

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PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1889, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Erland Sunberg late of said county, deceased.

PROBATE NOTICE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1889, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Erland Sunberg late of said county, deceased.

MORTGAGE SALE. Defaults having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by John M. Wright and Nellis Wright his wife to Ann Bailey dated September 8, A. D. 1887, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1887, in Liber D. of mortgages, on page 405 on that mortgage it was claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of twelve hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents and interest and attorney's fee of fifty dollars, provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Defaults having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by John M. Wright and Nellis Wright his wife to Ann Bailey dated September 8, A. D. 1887, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, on the 13th day of September, A. D. 1887, in Liber D. of mortgages, on page 405 on that mortgage it was claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of twelve hundred and seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents and interest and attorney's fee of fifty dollars, provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

...and, he managed to slip away unobserved and wandered out upon the street.

Pompey was greatly alarmed when he returned and found his charge missing and several moments of valuable time was spent searching the large house, in the hope that he had gone into some of the rooms.

Isabel shared Pompey's alarm fully when she learned the situation. Mr. Falconer was not at home and Tom was out on an errand, so Pompey rushed out alone upon his search, eagerly inquiring of neighbors and putting them upon the lookout.

No one had noticed the missing man, and Pompey started for the police headquarters in search of assistance. He was hastening along a crowded thoroughfare when his attention was caught by the familiar form of the object of his search in advance of him; he was crossing a street, and Pompey observed with horror that he was directly in the path of a swift-moving carriage, the driver of which seemed to be gesticulating and shouting, but poor Chester Carrington, his white locks streaming in the March wind, was also gesticulating and talking to himself, as he often did in his present state of mind, and paid no attention. The driver pulled savagely on the lines, the horses reared and plunged, but their impetus was such that they could not stop quickly enough, and poor unfortunate Chester Carrington, in plain sight of agonized Pompey, was lying stunned and senseless on the crossing.

There were plenty of willing hands to lift the injured man and help Pompey to carry him where surgical assistance could



THERE WERE PLENTY OF WILLING HANDS.

be sent for, and a messenger dispatched for Mr. Falconer, who was soon on the spot.

An examination proved that the injury was on the head, which had come in contact with the sharp hoof of one of the horses.

"It's a miracle that he was not killed instantly," said the surgeon, gravely, as he looked up from the examination; "you had better get him home as soon as possible."

"Will he live, do you think?" Mr. Falconer asked the question anxiously; he dreaded the effects of the shock on Isabel.

"It is impossible to predict," replied the surgeon. "If this was the first injury, and he was in full bodily strength, there would be more hope," and he shook his head doubtfully.

Isabel's heart sank within her when Pompey appeared alone, breathless with his haste, and with his honest, black face convulsed with grief. It was the first time in her life she had faced such a tragic event, and she almost fainted with dread as Pompey told his story, his voice choked with emotion.

Mrs. Montford came at once to the rescue with her brave heart and strong hands, and while Isabel gave way to her uncontrollable grief, she quickly made a bed ready for the reception of the poor, limp form, which now appeared in sight, borne on a stretcher by strong hands.

"Be brave, my darling," whispered Mr. Falconer, as he took his sorrowing wife in his arms a brief moment, after the father had been laid on his bed and the men had departed; "while there is life there is hope, and every thing which human skill can do shall be done for him."

There was a discolored bruise on his skull, near the spot where the first injury had been received, and this was carefully shaved and treated in the best possible manner by the surgeon, who, with Dr. Conroy, had accompanied the sad procession.

He lay unconscious still with fluttering breath, and a faint, irregular beating of the heart only to tell that he was yet alive.

Telegrams were at once sent to Major Carrington and Mrs. Pembroke, and then the family, with Dr. Conroy, settled down to anxious waiting for further developments.

It was nearly midnight when he awoke from his deathly stupor; Dr. Conroy had laid down upon a couch in the room, and Isabel and Mr. Falconer sat by the bedside.

He had urged her to retire with the rest of the family, but she could not; she had felt intuitively that the injury was fatal, and she could not lose the precious moments of the life so dear to her and which she believed to be so short.

She was pale, but more composed, and she rose and leaned eagerly over him as she observed a fluttering movement in one of the white hands which lay upon the counterpane; a moment more and the quiver ran over his features, and then the mild blue eyes opened slowly. There was a strange look in them; the far-away expression was gone, and replaced by a new intelligence.

"Alicia!" he murmured, in a low, tremulous voice, "where am I?" and his eyes slowly wandered, taking in the unfamiliar apartment.

"In my house, father," and she bent over him tenderly; a wild, sweet hope had seized her, that he was yet going to recognize and love her.

"You call me father," he said, slowly and feebly. "I had but one child, and she was a little babe."

"And I am she," the warm tears falling on his face. "Your boy and Alicia's grown up to womanhood, dear father."

"Is it possible?" he said, looking at her wistfully and gently, "and where have I been all these years?"

...I do not wish to know," said he, "be prepared for the worst, and yet the result is in God's hands still."

As fast as it was at all safe to do so Chester Carrington was told of the past, and his surprise was unbounded as he grasped the bliss that he had lived so many years in such a state.

Isabel, at his request, brought a small mirror to his bedside, and he looked at himself in it. "A white-haired old man!" he murmured, feebly. "How strange! how strange!"

His physical strength failed fast, but his mind was as clear and acute as it had ever been, and he seemed perfectly aware that his days were numbered, and he could not bear to have Isabel out of his sight.

"And I did not know you, dear," he said. "How the affectionate heart must have been grieved."

"But you know me now, father," she said, smoothing his white hair.

"Yes, dear, and I can tell Alicia all about our little Isabel when I get home."

"My poor, poor Chester!" and Mrs. Pembroke leaned over the bed and shed great, burning tears of pity and distress at sight of the white, drawn face.

"Not poor Chester any more, dear little mother," he said, gently; "but rich, happy Chester, now; he who was lost is found again, and is going home."

It was impossible to mourn for him as for one cut off in their full strength, and grief was tempered by rejoicing that his memory had come back to him so marvelously.

"My dear niece, do not, I beg, reproach yourself," said Major Carrington, earnestly; "the issues of life and death are in God's hands, and I look upon it as a remarkable Providence that my poor brother's life is ending so happily. If he had stayed with us he was exposed to danger, also, so do not grieve, I entreat you, on that account," for she had reproached herself bitterly, thinking that if she had left him in his quiet home he might have lived many years.

He had seemed unusually cheerful after the arrival of his friends, and they hoped he might be spared for some time. His life for the past twenty years was a perfect blank to him now, and he was curious to know what had occurred during the time, and so far as he thought prudent, Major Carrington had answered his many questions.

He dropped to sleep quietly as the usual hour, and the watchers took their places at the bedside.

At midnight there was a change, his breathing became more labored and shorter, and a heavy, gray pallor settled over his thin features. Mrs. Montford flew to Isabel's chamber. "Come, Mrs. Falconer, come quickly," she said, hurriedly, and then went on to awake Mrs. Pembroke and Major Carrington and his wife.

He was still sleeping when they reached the room, but there was death's imprint on his sunken features.

"Oh! father, father, can not you speak to us once more!" cried Isabel, in anguish, as she watched beside him. He opened his eyes feebly, and looked at her long and earnestly, as if endeavoring to fix her features in his mind.

Mrs. Pembroke took his hand in hers. "Dear Chester, you are almost home!" she said.

"Yes, almost there," he whispered, faintly, and again his eyes sought Isabel; each breath was growing fainter, and the death dews were already on his forehead. He gave her one look of unutterable love, and with a last dying effort, gasped brokenly: "Isabel, my darling child—" and breathed his last.

There was a look of perfect peace and happiness upon his face as he lay in the darkened parlors in his coffin; the noble look of his young manhood had come back to him, and the family felt that it was indeed wrong to mourn for him, who, after so long a period of darkness and mental imprisonment, had found light and liberty, and Isabel's grief was soothed and comforted by the thought that his last look had been for her, his last word had been a word of love for his child, and she thanked God for the remembrance.

They carried him back to his home in the South, and a stately monument marks the spot where he, with the sweet bride of his youth, sleep sweetly and quietly together, separated in life, but united in death.

A strange thing occurred when Major Carrington and Mr. Falconer, with Isabel, went to remove the young wife's remains. The sexton remarked upon the unusual



"YES, WE'LL SOON BE THERE."

weight of the coffin, and, at his suggestion, it was opened; the body was petrified, and there lay the young Alicia, a beautiful statue, every feature intact after twenty years of interment, and Isabel looked upon the mother, whom she had so longed to see, with feelings which may be imagined but not described.

Lottie is the cherished wife of Dr. Conroy, who has set her up on a pedestal in his heart, where he burns the increase of unceasing devotion before her; her home, though not as grand as Isabel's, is ample, and is furnished with the pure, sweet taste of its mistress throughout, a poem, the keynote of which is purity and love.

She is well now of her lameness, and is able to accompany her husband on many errands of mercy, and is looked upon by the poor, and especially the childless, as a white angel of goodness.

One more scene and our story is done. The home room has received many offerings since its first establishment, and the most important one is a lovely satin-lined cradle, which stands in the corner where the laughing Cupid can peep over at its occupant; a beautiful, rosy babe, who lifts her chubby hands and crows delightedly when her parents draw near.

They stand looking down upon her with love beaming in every feature. "My love, my darling, my Isabel!" he said, turning to her with eyes full of a deep feeling.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder, her eyes full of the tears of unspeakable happiness. "Thank God, my dearest husband," she murmured, "for one of His brightest and best of gifts to His children, a happy, happy home!"

THE END.

As automatic bar-tender is now in use in prohibition States, which has five, ten and twenty-five slots. By dropping the amount in one of the openings a chosen beverage immediately appears.

FACTS ABOUT PERFUMES.

The Cologne Sachet and Delicately Scented Wardrobes.

The sweetest thing in the garden of fashion in this society is, who breathes of violets one week, of lotus buds the next, elder-berry the third and lemon-verbena when the moon is waning. A couple of years ago, says the New York World, it was the proper thing for a girl to rinse her lace handkerchief in her scented-bottle; such a proceeding now would be considered a vulgarity. For there is any one article in a fashionable toilet which is not perfumed it is a handkerchief. Hosiery and gloves slumber in beds of sweet grass and rose leaves; laces, wraps and underwears have their separate sachet pillows; dresses are hung among the bags of sweet clover that perfume every closet; even bonnet-boxes emit fragrant odors when uncovered, and in the linings of many overcoats the wadding is dusted with orris, but not a trace of scent hangs about the sheer little square of lace-edged veil.

The deficiency, however, is more than counterbalanced by faint sweet odors that linger about the folds and hem of dress skirts and the bows of ribbon pendant from jeweled garters. Even card-cases and pocketbooks are perfumed, and so is the small blotter bought with fashionable stationery. But these items are insignificant compared with the cost of perfuming a summer outfit, which requires the services of a maid and an outlay equivalent to that expended for gloves or shoes.

For instance, there is the corsage sachet made of fine satin to match the dress and filled with perfume too delicious for description. The sachets, which are an inch square, retail at nine dollars a dozen, and it takes about twenty to go round the edge of a Josephine dress. Of course every low corsage has to be sacheted, and if a belle cares to buy them by the hundred she is charged at the rate of fifty cents each. Another perfume trick is to pour scented water on the hair just back of the crimps or frizzes. Every woman rubs the stopper of her scented bottle across her lips and eyebrows before leaving the mirror, and the habit of donning a feather or satin fan with wild rose or bluebells of Scotland is as old as vanity itself. The puffed sleeves of the hour are also used to sweeten a woman's presence, the essence of chryse, magnolia or jasmine being poured among the gathers at the elbow where it is least liable to be detected and most readily perceived. Desirable perfumes cost seventy-five cents an ounce, and the least popular girl in society will dash twelve dollars' worth over a two weeks' visit and half a dozen summer toilets.

A BOSTON HEROINE.

An Old Lady Scared Off Robbers with the Silver They Are After.

There is an old lady living on Columbus avenue, writes the Boston correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, whose particular weakness has always been a dread that she would be robbed of her silver. She has a great quantity of valuable old family plate, some of it dating back to revolutionary times, when such treasure was not so very plentiful among the early colonists. For fear of burglars she always keeps it in her bed-room at night, a maid-servant assisting her each evening to lug it up in a big basket to the third story front. One night last week the robbers so long expected came. The old lady, ever on the alert for such an event, heard them below. She was frightened for her own safety, nobody else being in the house at the time but the maid-servant, and yet her chief anxiety was for the silver. No pistol or other weapon was at hand, as she was afraid of fire-arms. She might howl from the window for a policeman; but suppose none would be within hearing. The predatory ruffians might come up and take the plunder before help would come. The case was desperate and called for corresponding action, no sooner thought of than performed.

She seized the big basket by the handle at one end, and, having opened the door softly, dragged the wicker receptacle with its precious contents as noiselessly as possible along the entry to the stair wall. She looked down and distinctly saw, by a ray of moonlight that came through an entry window, two men, who presently disappeared, presumably into the dining-room. Without losing a moment she strove to get the basket on the top of a trunk which stood against the rail at the landing. By a great effort she succeeded, and another hoist balanced it fairly on top of the rail. A turn of the hand and the entire mass of knives and spoons, tea-urns, napkin-rings, mugs, etc., was dumped out and precipitated two stories' distance to the hardwood floor of the hall below. The crash was something appalling. The robbers must have supposed that hades had broken loose. They were so frightened that they jumped through a glass window from the dining-room to the garden and ran into the arms of a policeman on the next corner. And the old lady's friends say she ought to be embalmed in history as a heroine, together with Moll Pitcher and other locally celebrated females of dauntless courage.

New Universal Language.

A Scandinavian genius has invented a new universal language which he thinks will take the starch out of Volapuk and the rest of the crop. His root words are entirely derived from the chief languages of modern Europe. Prof. Max Muller has published, without comment, a letter addressed to him by the inventor written in the new language. It looks outlandish enough, but anybody who has even a moderate acquaintance with English, German, French, Spanish and Italian will find that he can read it very well at sight, though at the first glance his impression is that the type has been pined. This new language somewhat resembles the dentist who, with his forceps firmly grasping the offending tooth of his patient, illustrated by a series of tremendous twists the barbarous methods of rival practitioners; then when at last the tooth hangs only by a shred, he exhibits with pride his own easy and painless method of extracting. After one has acquired all the chief modern tongues he will find that the proposed universal language comes quite easy.

Romance and Reality.

"It is easy for married couples to quarrel and bring themselves to the point of divorce," said a well-known New Yorker recently to a New York Sun reporter. "After I had been married three months I came sadly home one night to tell my wife that business would keep me away from her the next twenty-four hours. She was girlish, and by way of reply she gave herself a little hug, with a little wriggle of her body thrown in, and expressed her feelings in an exclamation of unmistakable joy. Deeply pained, I said to her that I never supposed she desired my absence enough to gurgie with joy at the mere proposal of it. Many a man would have gone off angry or darkly suspicious. Instead I questioned her. 'Why, you goose,' said she, 'when you said you were going away one thing popped into my head to the exclusion of every thing else. That was, now he's going away, and I can eat some raw onions with salt and vinegar. That was all. I have been dying for raw onions ever since our wedding.'"

TONSORIAL.

Wm. Timm, Tonsorial Parlor, HARRISON ST., Between Ludington and Thomas, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JUSTICE. JOHN A. JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace. Contracts drawn in English or Scandinavian. Agent for Steamers to and from Europe. Drafts sold and money remitted.

OFFICE: Mirror Building, Opposite the People's Opera House.

HARNESS.

F. D. CLARK, Agt. Fine Harness, Saddles, Whips. TILDEN AVENUE.



LUMBER.

Lumber For Sale. Sawed to Order. My mill is now running and I am prepared to furnish Hardwood, Pine and Hemlock Lumber and Shingles, at the Lowest Prices. Orders Given Prompt Attention.

M. HARRIS, DeLoughary, Mich., May 1, 1886.

BOILERS.

STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.) Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, bracing, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivers, boiler plates and boiler fittings on site. 700 Broadway St. and Michigan Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH.



CLARK'S BEST LAXATIVE SALVE. CURES CUTS, SORES, PILES, FISSURES, BURNS. For sale by J. N. Mead, 410 Ind. St.

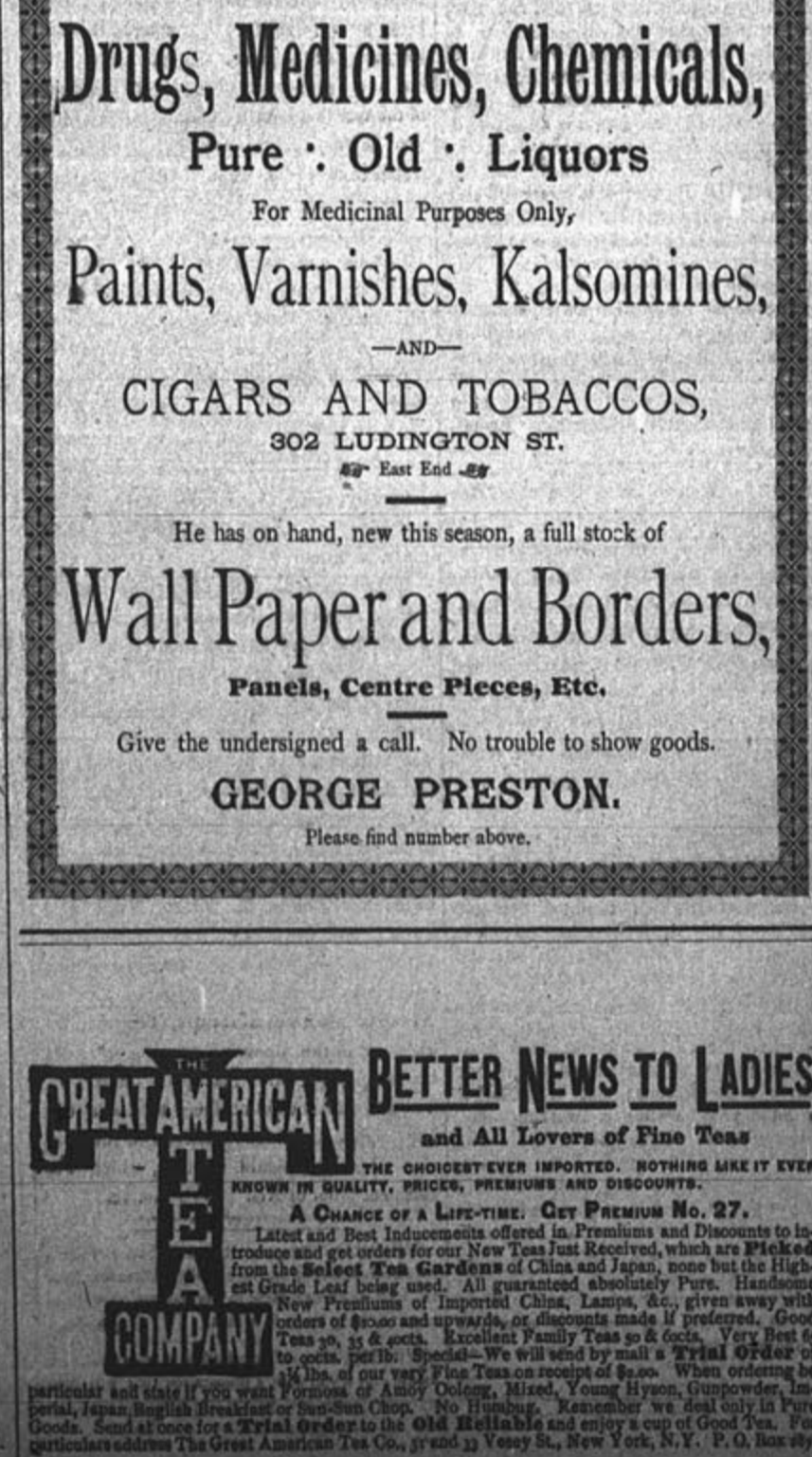
HARDWARE.

"Dockash" Stoves! BEST IN THE WORLD. FARM IMPLEMENTS, PLOWS, HARROWS, SEEDERS AND REAPERS, WAGONS, WATER OUTFITS, HARDWARE, SHIP CHANDLERY, PAINTS AND OILS, ARMS AND AMMUNITION, AND POWDER. At Wallace's. 301 LUDINGTON ST. MEAT MARKET.

We Kill Our Own BEEF CATTLE. Veals, Sheep and Lambs. No Imported Meats Offered at our markets! Hessel & Hentschel. FLOUR & FEED. BITTNER, WICKERT & CO. DEALERS IN Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds. Southeast Corner of Ludington and Wolcott Streets.

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS. DRUGGIST. GEORGE PRESTON, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Pure Old Liquors. For Medicinal Purposes Only. Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines, CIGARS AND TOBACCOS, 302 LUDINGTON ST. He has on hand, new this season, a full stock of Wall Paper and Borders, Panels, Centre Pieces, Etc. Give the undersigned a call. No trouble to show goods. GEORGE PRESTON. Please find number above.

BETTER NEWS TO LADIES and All Lovers of Fine Teas. THE CHOICEST EVER IMPORTED. NOTHING LIKE IT EVER KNOWN IN QUALITY, PRICE, PREMIUMS AND DISCOUNTS. A CHANGE OF A LIFE-TIME. GET PREMIUM No. 27. Latest and Best Inducements offered in Premiums and Discounts to introduce and get orders for our New Tea just received, which are picked from the Select Tea Gardens of China and Japan, some the Highest Grade Leaf being used. All guaranteed absolutely Pure. Handmade New Trademarks of Imperial China, Lamps, &c., given away with orders of \$2.00 and upwards, or discounts made if preferred. Good Teas 25 & 50 cts. Excellent Family Teas 50 & 60 cts. Very Best 75 & 80 cts. per lb. Specials - We will send by mail a Trial Order of 25 lbs. of our very Fine Tea on receipt of \$2.00. When orders be particular and state if you want Famous Old Blend, Mixed, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Imperial, Japan, English Breakfast or Sun-Sun Chop. No Husbands. Remember we deal only in Pure Goods. Sent at once for a Trial Order to the Old Reliable and enjoy a cup of Good Tea. For particulars address The Great American Tea Co., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York, N.Y. P. O. Box 874.



Henry Hozer was killed by a fall of rock in the South Hecla mine Monday night.

No idle men in Manistique except such as are idle by choice.

The fellow who sent the sensational dispatch about the effect of dynamite used in attempting to find the bodies of the drowned girls—the "millions of dead fish" and the danger to health—was just "a cheerful liar."

Phil Lennon has been thieving again—four, pork shingles—in quod and good for a long term at Jackson.

We've got a Campbell power press. We must celebrate when the railroad is completed, let's be getting ready.

Another attempt was made early Wednesday morning to destroy the engine house at the mine. The fire was started on the west end of the building, but was discovered in time to prevent any serious damage being done.

Billy McCarty, the jolly cruiser, is a gentleman of veracity it is said (and the sayer did not blush).

Wm. Thaw, vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad company, died last Saturday.

War broke out at Richmond, Texas, last week, between rival political factions, and two white men, one the sheriff of the county and one an ex-sheriff, were killed.

The "Cronin" wing of Clan na Gael at Cheltenham Beach was 15,000 strong; the "triangle" party at Ogden's Grove about 7,000.

The British investors acting through Mr. Heiser, have captured all the Chicago breweries.

The Hancock want a five-game match with the Escanabas, at Ishpeming, for \$500 a side.

An accident which will prove serious if not fatal occurred to Dominick on Tuesday evening while acting as "starter" for a couple of local sprinters who were desirous of trying conclusions on Stephenson avenue in the wee sma' hours.

A female miser was found dead in her home at Hartford Sunday. She had died alone and unattended though she had \$40,000 in the house.

A falling wall at Fort Wayne, Ind., killed three men and wounded two others Monday.

A gang of coiners have flooded North Dakota with bogus silver dollars.

Gen. W. W. Tredway, who was Q. M. G. of Wisconsin in '62, died last week.

The Huns got the advance in wages and now the coke strike is really over.

An attempt to lynch Wright, the Aral murderer, on the night of the 14th, was defeated, without bloodshed, by the determined stand taken by Sheriff Case.

James Spencer, a farmer of Parke Co., Indiana, was inoculated with glanders, by a horse he was handling, and died of the disease last week.

At Moslyn, Wis., Fred Loshman shot Tom Thomas after a dispute about a debt of two dollars and the citizens of the place hanged Fred.

E. S. Allen, the New York street railway president who issued fraudulent stock of his company, gets fourteen years of Sing Sing.

Albert Daggett, of New York gets the contract for making post cards at 37 cents a thousand—a very low figure.

Judge Field was arrested on a charge, made by Mrs Terry, of complicity in the slaying of Terry and released on bail, \$5,000.

Joseph Queen, the "Old Black Joe" of the song, died last week Friday. He was 112 years old—the record proves it.

The Purvis jury thought there was a prize-fight on the 8th ultimo and found Sullivan guilty of participating in it.

Congressman Laird, of Nebraska, is at death's door and the door is open.

The supreme court of the state of California refused to adjourn "as a mark of respect to the memory of Judge Terry." It had no such "respect."

W. A. Nowell takes the Milwaukee post-office—Paul goes out.

Laird, member of congress from Nebraska, died August 17.

Hecht & Zummach, painters' supplies, Milwaukee, burned out Saturday. Loss \$30,000, fully insured.

Dan, Coughlin is reported "breaking down," "losing his nerve," etc. His appetite has failed.

A crockery store at the corner of Grand and Clinton streets, New York, was blown up by an explosion of gas Saturday evening, two persons killed and thirty wounded.

Sullivan's sentence was a year in jail, Fitzgerald, the referee, was let off with a fine of \$200. Sullivan will try for an appeal or a modification of the sentence.

Jo. McKibben, who was Broderick's second in the duel with Terry, does not think Marshal Nagle did right. The American public does not agree with Jo.

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The pearl craze has reached Galena, Ill., and everybody is digging in Fever river for clams.

A post of the G. A. R. has been organized at Charleston, S. C. and was mustered, in at Fort Sumpter.

Sullivan's counsel took appeal, Sullivan gave bail pending, and is again in New York. That's the end of it probably.

Samuel Seney, farmer and justice of the peace of Lima, Washtenaw county, cut his son with a pocket knife last week and the son will die. Seney had been boasting and the stuff made him ugly.

Burglars got into the residence of T. T. Bates, publisher of the Grand Traverse Herald, and took his trousers. The surprising fact is two—that a burglar should work a newspaper man and that he should get \$50 by the operation.

Gov. Swineford is in Detroit with specimens of gold quartz from Alaska and will endeavor to get Michigan capitalists to work the option.

Some cowardly rascal attempted to wreck the outfit of the Monitor, at Au Sable, and only failed because he did not know enough.

Van Buren county is getting ready to hold an election under the local option law. It was first to try it under the old one and will be first again.

Kalamazoo county pioneers held reunion at Long Lake and the male members of the society organized as a "battalion," August 15.

Lamphear's battery held reunion at Ransom Center August 15. There were present 35 survivors.

Milo Martin went "over the divide" by the arsenic road, at Jackson, August 15. Sick and friendless.

Burglars spoiled three safes at Grand Ledge Thursday but got no money from either.

The defense of Wright, who committed the homicide at Aral, is self-defense.

Congressman Allen nominates Fred C. Irwin, of Washtenaw Co., as naval cadet and Albert R. Lamb, of Lenawee co., as cadet at West Point.

Frank Stoner was tarred and feathered at North Muskegon four years ago for haunting school outhouses and frightening girls, and thereupon disappeared. Last week a skeleton was found in the woods of Fruitland township which is identified as that of Stoner by the shoes and remnants of clothing.

Gov. Luce has agreed to go upon the stump in Ohio to help out "Little Breaches" Foraker and secure a republican successor to Senator Payne.

Waldron, the Hillsdale banker who ran away with another man's wife and got tired of her—put his partner in a hole and had to pull him out again, who showed himself both a rogue and a fool, climbed an editor who had made uncomplimentary reference to him in a railway car and got licked and then kicked off the car, last Saturday.

Hon. C. W. Clisbee, once judge of the Cass and Berrien circuit and a leading republican, died suddenly last Sunday.

Charles Sinning was caught at it—sinning against the ex-vice law—at Muskegon, and is in jail.

Gov. Luce appoints Col. Frank J. Hecker police commissioner for Detroit vice Martin S. Smith, resigned.

Soldiers and sailors of Northern Michigan have held a three-day reunion at Pontiac this week.

One Smith, "a bad man," resisted arrest at Detroit and the officer perforated him with a bullet. He will try to live, though.

Gosch, the slayer of Sinclair, was captured Sunday, near Hastings. He pleads self-defense.

Twenty incendiary fires in Ionia in two months and hanging talked of. But they must first catch somebody to hang.

Ethan Johnson, an escaped lunatic from the asylum at Traverse City, captured at Lansing, attempted to kill his captor.

Besides getting the worst of the scrap the banker, Waldron, paid the editor, March, \$500 hush money.

The agricultural college turned out forty-three graduates this week, who can now go home and get their dads to teach them something about farming.

East Saginaw board of education is considering the question of bouncing the principal of their schools, Prof. Thomas. He does not get along nicely with teachers.

Ruby's Letter. A letter from Mr. J. W. Ruby, Union City, Ind., says: I have used your Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Cough Cure and find it a complete cure for deep seated cold.

Idleness is a Dangerous Fault. In the kidneys. When inactive they speedily fall into disrepair. Those obstinate and fatal maladies, Bright's disease and diabetes, ensue with terrible certainty upon the inaction of the organs affected.

Their Business Booming. Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade as J. N. Mead's drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption.

Bullion's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiles Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$5.00 by use of one bottle.

JOHN RACINE, Dealer in Wagons, Sleighs ETC.

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

John Dean, BARBER. A Clean Shave in a Clean Place.

\$25 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 Meersch, supposed to have been drowned in Little Bay de Noquette January 14, 1889.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. ESTABLISHED 1845. In the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS. A Edition of Scientific American. A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plans of country and city residences or public buildings.

PATENTS. 40 years' experience and have made over 10,000 applications for American and Foreign patents.

TRADE MARKS. In case your mark is not registered in the Patent Office apply to MUNN & CO. and procure immediate protection.

PUMPS, ETC. S.A.M. STONHOUSE, Practical. PLUMBER. Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of

Pipes, Pumps & Fittings. Drive Wells and Pump Repairs. A specialty.

Frank Kraus, Dealer in Farm Machinery. Portable Mills, Horse and Steam Powers.

FRANK KRAUS, Hamacher House, Escanaba, Michigan.

THE ESCANABA Water Works Co. Office, cor. Tilden and Wells Aves.

Is still doing Plumbing in its various branches in the most satisfactory manner.

John Dean, BARBER. A Clean Shave in a Clean Place.

ICURE FITS! When I say ICURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

Is Marriage a Failure? Prescription B 4712. Ask J. N. Mead.

Drunkennes. Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

LADIES try Dr. Lee's "Periodical" Pills from Paris, France. Established in Europe in 1839, Canada in 1858.

Dr. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC. A life-long study. I WARRANT MY REMEDY TO CURE THE WORST CASES.

LEGAL. STATE OF MICHIGAN—THE SUPERIOR COURT. Charles Cook, Complainant. Charles Cook, Defendant.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA. At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 5th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA. At a session of the probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday the 5th day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

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MORTGAGE SALE. Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by John M. Wright and Nellie Wright his wife to Ann Bailey dated September 5, A. D. 1883, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Delta and state of Michigan, on the 24th day of September A. D. 1883, in Liber D. of mortgages, on page 400 on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of twelve hundred and seventy-seven dollars of principal and interest and an attorney's fee of fifty dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof.

Dr. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC. A life-long study. I WARRANT MY REMEDY TO CURE THE WORST CASES.



THIS is positively the Best Shoe in America for the money. The uppers are cut from Genuine Goat Kid, tanned the same as French kid, and having a harder grain surface, is less liable to crack and will wear longer. This shoe is sewed with the best silk and silk-faced top. A very Stylish Shoe in every particular, and equal to any \$3 Shoe in the market. Nothing but the best Oak-Tanned Sole Leather. Every pair warranted. You will get good style, good fit and good wear by using this shoe.

100 Dozen Ladies' Hose
 Direct from the manufacturers—Fine Cotton and Lisle Thread—Good values at 50 and 75 cents—
 which will go at
Only 25c Per Pair.
 REMEMBER THE PLACE—ED. ERICKSON'S—REMEMBER THE PLACE

A Rare Chance to Buy
Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES
 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
Men's - and - Boy's - Shoes
 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, 50c
 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.
I. KRATZE,
 608-10 Ludington Street.

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

Erickson & Bissell,
 At their new place of business, corner Harrison and Ludington Streets,
THE OLD GROCERY CORNER.
 Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity
Complete - Stocks - of - Goods
 IN EVERY LINE—
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES,
 At prices guaranteed to suit.
GIVE THEM A CALL.

FINE FURNITURE.

P. M. PETERSON,

Fine Furniture - Low Prices
 708-10 Ludington Street.
GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THIS OFFICE.
H. J. DEROUIN.

CLEARING : SALE !
 Preparatory to Removal to larger and Finer Quarters !
 UNTIL SOLD I OFFER
DRESS GOODS which cost, not counting freight or insurance, over 15 cents a yard and are good value at 25 cents for **Only 15 Cents**
COTTONADES, for summer wear for men and boys, heretofore sold at 20 cents, and cheap goods at that, at **Only 14 Cents**
LADIES' KID SHOES, well worth \$3 and selling at that elsewhere, at from **\$1.50 to \$2.50**
CHILDREN'S SHOES, worth twice the money in any market at from **50 Cents to \$1.50**
AND OTHER GOODS AT LIKE FIGURES !
 These prices are positively below prime cost and the goods are staples.
HENRY J. DEROUIN.

PERSONAL.

—Dr. Van Cleve was in town last Monday.
 —John D. Mercereau of Manistique was here Sunday.
 —Miss Adele Palmer returned from Oshkosh on Monday.
 —H. D. Colby, Milwaukee, was booked at the Oliver Monday.
 —John B. Frechette, Bark River, dined at the Ludington Tuesday.
 —J. W. Thompson and wife, Detroit, were at the Ludington Sunday.
 —Louis Schram will go outside after his fall stock some time next week.
 —Miss Mary Warner, of Marquette, is the guest of Mrs. S. H. Selden this week.
 —Judge Hubbard and wife, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, are guests of W. J. Wallace.
 —Misses Mary and Madge Ellsworth returned home by the Corona last Wednesday.
 —Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter, of Beaver Dam, Wis., departed for home Wednesday.
 —Judge Hamilton, of Door County, Wis., visited in Escanaba last week, putting up at the Oliver.
 —Miss Rose Hurd's vacation came to an end and she returned to duty, at Appleton, Wednesday.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Burns and Miss Sara McHale arrived from Chicago by the Corona Wednesday.
 —John Washo, Jr., of Nahma, an American of ancient lineage, was a visitor at our office on Thursday.
 —Mrs. Sol. Greenhoot departs to-day, Saturday, for a visit of a month with her parents at Milwaukee.
 —Clerk McColl was called to Gladstone by subpoena Monday. Case against Tice for illegal banking.
 —Miss Trowell, who had been Mrs. Engliab's guest, departed for her home by the Corona Sunday.
 —C. E. Peterson and wife, of Milwaukee, are visiting Capt. Casper Bartley. The two wives are sisters.
 —John Noonan, of Oconto, en route between that city and Nahma, passed through our city Saturday.
 —Henry M. Atkinson, president of the Metropolitan Lumber company, spent Sunday with friends in town.
 —Arthur M. Clark, Grand Lecturer of the Masonic fraternity of the state, visited Delta Lodge Tuesday evening.
 —Harry Graves and wife arrived from Painesville, Ohio, on Friday of last week and Harry is again on duty at Burns.
 —Rev. Mr. McCord, wife and daughter, who have spent some weeks here, returned to their home at Chicago on Wednesday.
 —Misses Gertrude and Lizzie Selden are spending the week at Stambaugh. The latter departs for Duluth on Tuesday next.
 —J. C. Lewis, the perennial "Curt," looking and acting not a day older than he did ten years since, visited here last Saturday.
 —Leopold Jackman, postmaster-to-be of Menominee, was also in attendance upon the work of Grand Lecturer Clark Tuesday evening.
 —Misses Ethel Halliwell and Joanna Longley, who have visited our Mrs. Longley, departed for home Wednesday by the Goodrich boat.
 —George Fitzpatrick and Ed. Gallagher, a pair of Marquette sporting men, were here "to look at a boss" and sample potables Saturday and Sunday.
 —Our Brother (by more than one tie) Crozer, of Menominee visited here Tuesday and Wednesday, and with him was Frank Penberthy, also of Menominee.
 —Miss Marian Ellis, of Milwaukee, has visited Miss Hattie Hitchcock during the ten days last past. Miss H. gave a very pleasant reception in her honor last Monday evening.
 —W. Irving Babcock, Grand master of the Free and Accepted Masons of Michigan, tarried at the Oliver Tuesday and commended with the brethren of the mystic tie here resident.

MAYWOOD is not on the map; it is not in the list of postoffices; it is not on the time tables of the railroads. No one "booms" Maywood; there is no newspaper there to do such service nor any syndicate, with lots to sell, to demand it. There is no church at Maywood save "God's first temple," the forest; nor any school but nature's, no doctors and for medications only the pure air, the warm sunshine, the smell of the earth and the embrace of the waters. "What are we talking of?" Of the sheltered spot in the light of the bay between Squaw and Hunter's Points, which has been known as the best camping ground on the bay for years, but has until just now been accessible only by a tedious tramp from Hunter's Point or in small boats, but where the Burns' Trans. Co. has this season put in a wharf and where its boats now make regular landings. As we have said, the ground is admirable for camping; cleared, so that tents can be pitched, and so that the sun can reach them; dry, an absolute necessity to a healthy or even comfortable camp; sheltered by the forest from cold north or raw easterly winds but open to the bracing west. In front the waters of the bay, so land-locked as to be always smooth and safe for boating and free from danger to bathers, and at the edge, between bluff and bay, springs of pure cold water for drinking. Opposite, a couple of miles away, is Gladstone and eight miles south is Escanaba and four times a day the Lotus and North Star make communication with either a matter of a half hour or hour's sailing. That's Maywood; our suburb in the forest; the Long Branch of Escanaba without the nuisance of fashion characterizing the Jersey resort. All the season have our people been camping there, one family or party this week, another the week before, another ready for the week to follow; fishing (it's the home of perch and pike and a favorite feeding ground of bass), bathing, loafing and laying in strength for rush of work when the work time comes. That is Maywood. Do you think we are "drawing the long bow?" Take the Lotus and see for yourself. If you do you'll stay a week or, if you can not do so now, you'll arrange for more than that next season. Right now is the time, though; mosquitos gone, fishing at its best and the weather glorious.

COURT opens next Monday. The jury list is James Blake, John E. Smith, Patrick Flynn, Owen Cleary, Julius Peterson and Nels Johnson, of this city; David Cousineau and William Kauthen, of Garden; Joseph Mercer and Frank Joulin, of Fairbanks; John L. Moser and Frank Provo, of Escanaba township; Albert Siemens and William Lee, of Ford River; George Lawrenson and Oscar Carlson, of Bay de Noc; David Beaupre and Alexander Cons. of Baldwin; Herman Johnson of Maple Ridge, Robert W. McClellan of Nahma, James McGregor of Sack Bay, Jacob Fontanna of Gladstone, Benjamin F. Bridges of Masonville. There are five cases on the criminal calendar—Findlay, for robbery; Clark, for burglary; Corcoran, for larceny; Lamb and Laughlin, for robbery and Monahan, for keeping a gambling house. Issues of fact to be tried are sixteen, imparlance causes fourteen and one case in chancery.—Louisa Taylor vs. Wm. Taylor, divorce—36 causes, all told, and some of them likely to take time in the trial. It looks as though the term would last a couple of weeks at the least.

"CON. CURREN" is Calumet for John Curran. Beats volapuk, easy.
 The Kate Winslow rolled her foremast out off Fairport on the 15th. In falling it carried away her head spars and all their canvas, and the strain so opened the schooner's seams that she had thirty inches of water in her before the tug could get her into port.
 The Nebraska and Rochester collided in the river below Port Huron and the Nebraska was sent to dry dock.
 The Magnetic lost her canvass in the blow of the 15th on lake Huron.

The Latest.
 The latest thing in railway circles is rumor of consolidation of C. & N-W. and C., M. & St. P. systems. That would make "the boss" road of the northwest, to be sure.
 President Harrison unveiled the new soldiers' monument at Indianapolis Thursday.
 A train went off the rails, upon a trestle, at Flat Gap Creek, Ky., Thursday, and three passengers were killed and many wounded.
 Virginia republicans nominated Gen. Mahone for governor, and propose to elect him.
 Schlesinger has an option on and may buy the Braasand mines near Ishpeming.
 Capt. Neville, of the Sun. Mather, picked up Captain Bentler, of the yacht Celt, his wife and N. G. Robman in the yawl between Oyster Island and Isle Royale. The Celt had sunk while endeavoring to make Siskowit harbor.
 WRIGHT'S California Fig Laxative, a positive remedy for Constipation, Impurity of the Blood, Torpid Liver, etc. Agreeable to the taste and very effective. Sold by Crain & Walsh.

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GROCERIES.

STOP
 And examine the delicious Cakes, Crackers, Macaroons, Wafers, Wine Biscuit, etc., from the celebrated bakery of Holmes & Vanderveer, N. Y., which are acknowledged by all to excel any other in the U. S., for sale only by Rolph, at 509 Ludington St., where you will also find the best assorted and most complete stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries in the city, all at prices that defy competition.

FINNEGAN'S PHARMACY.

"ACME" PAINT !

 The above picture tells its own story, but if any one wants explanation
Finnegan,
 Cor. Ludington and Campbell Sts.,
 Will be happy to furnish both that and the paint, as well as everything in the lines of
Drugs, Medicines, Stationery, Cutlery and Notions
 Or to put up Prescriptions.
"His : Latch-string : is : Always : Out."