

UPPER PENINSULA.

The Emory Owen, with schooners Michigan and Nicholson in tow, missed the entrance to the harbor yesterday and narrowly escaped going upon the beach. As it was the Nicholson was dropped to save the steamer and the Michigan and did go upon the beach where she is likely to go to pieces. An explosion tore Messner's threshing machine to pieces at Allouez Monday. Dynamite is suspected. Burglars at Ishpeming: The dog loose and have the gun handy. Deaths from typhoid fever continue to occur at Negaunee.—M. J. 15th.

S. Kinney has taken a store at Baraga and will deal in groceries (Who will cultivate the homestead?) The dispatch announcing the sale of "all the Baraga county iron mines" to Schlesinger was not sent from here.—Sentinel, L'Anse.

Chamblain has sold his gypsum bed to the Keystone Plaster Co.; price \$10,000.—News, St. Ignace.

Thomas H. Emmons, 63 years old and a resident of Ontonagon since 1850, died very suddenly on Friday evening, Nov. 8, of heart failure. The Match Co's mill narrowly escaped destruction by fire Monday evening. We have every reason for believing that the terminus on Lake Superior of the northern extension of the St. Paul road will be Union Bay and that a branch will reach Ontonagon.—Miner, Ontonagon.

Twelve cases of diphtheria—the school closed. A lad named Walowitz broke through the thin ice on Mud Lake last Saturday and was drowned. Vilas & Flambeau have bought the water power at the lower Quinnesec falls and will put up a big pulp and paper mill and the M. & N. road will run a branch to it.—Journal, Iron Mountain.

McElroy proposes to remove to Ironwood. The Catholic fair netted \$1,190.85.—Current, Norway.

The Northwestern's round house at this place was burned Thursday morning and the two locomotives contained therein. The "dry" at the great Western mine was burned Sunday. John Dooley—too much booze—insane—too bad.—Drill, Crystal Falls.

Mr. Montgomery does not improve and his friends are much alarmed. His is well cared for by the Pythans and Maccabees, as well as by his family but his case seems to baffle medical skill.—Pioneer, Manistique.

Eugene Mason will organize a Royal Chapter. Garber, who shot the Schwartz boy, was let off upon payment of \$50, \$70, and \$50 to the father of the boy. All wrong, in our opinion. Mary Dwyer, who came from DePere to take care of her sister, Mrs. Martin, fell ill of typhoid fever and died last Tuesday. The board of supervisors in annual session this week cut down the valuation of the county from \$1,170,000 to \$779,000.—Mining News, Florence.

The fund for the ice palace now amounts to \$3,000 and the balance will be raised. The Nicholson may be saved—her owners will try it, at any rate. John Q. Adams negotiated the sale of the east range mines to Schlesinger. Mr. Fitch is very popular with the men under him [It's a way he has—just so everywhere].—M. J., 15th.

The Wooden Ware Co. will put in an electric light plant and make it of sufficient capacity to light the village if the citizens will buy light. We agree with the News as to a courthouse—we ought to have one.—Independent, Newberry.

Sheriff Foley, of Gogebic Co., delivered Holzahay to Warden Tompkins yesterday. Lake Sally water was let through the pipes, to clean them, Friday. It will be brought into use in the city [Ishpeming] the last of the week. Extensive repairs are being made at the Excelsior furnace and the prospect of active operations is good. The B. L. F. will dance, at the Casino, on Thanksgiving eve. The water will be let upon the wheels to-day and the whole system tested, and by Wednesday or Thursday the lights will blaze out all over town.—M. J., 15th.

The water works plant is ready for testing and can be turned over to the city in ten days. A small scare resulted from a couple of mild cases of scarlet fever in the 3d ward—the cases and those attending them are isolated and the scare has abated.—Republican, St. Ignace.

John O'Neil was drowned near Detour in a brave attempt to swim ashore to bring aid to his five comrades who were clinging to a wrecked sailboat. The five were picked up an hour later by a passing boat. The snow made trouble for the electric road and it may be hung up for the winter if the council will permit it. If the water power canal had been ready we might have got the big Washburn-Crosby mill now or soon to be built at Duluth.—News, Sault Ste Marie.

The electric lighting plant was tested yesterday and worked to a charm. The schooner Nicholson was pulled off the beach yesterday. She has suffered only the loss of stern post and rudder. Johnson's employment agency, at Minneapolis, is charged with fraud by some men whom it sent here to work for Underwood & Gardner, guaranteeing \$1.75 per day. U. & G. deny the authority of the agency to make such a contract and will not pay the wages. Ore shipments have practically ceased, the few trains yet running being to fill some special order.—M. J., 19th.

Andy Byrnes [marshal of Ironwood], lost his wife by typhoid fever last Tuesday. Dr. Baker, dentist, died of typhoid pneumonia last Thursday. McKeerchar, whose evidence frightened Holzahay, is the somewhat premature gentleman who thought he could pull a small gun out of his hip pocket and down a professional highwayman who had the drop on him with two thirty-eights. Mr. McKeerchar will always carry a lame knee and a couple of scars on his face to remind him of the folly he perpetrated.—Record, Ironwood.

More talk of the building of the Marquette, Champion & Chicago railroad and of ore docks at the mouth of Dead River. Hawley's saw mill site is wanted for the purpose. A small (and very foolish) strike at the Huron copper mine was ended by the paying off and dismissal of the strikers. The Winslow and Fisk departed for below, last trip, yesterday. If all goes well the streets will be lighted electrically Saturday night. The Schlesinger syndicate has not bought the Negaunee mines "to look at," they'll work 'em, hard.—Mr. J., 20th.

The condition of the editor of the Sunday Sun, Mr. Montgomery, continues bad, and it is yet hard to tell just how matters will turn. Sunday we had a talk with his physician, Dr. Walker, and he expressed hopes of his ultimate recovery. One thing is certain; that the Doctor is doing everything possible for the sick man, and his efforts are seconded by a good corps of nurses. His case is watched with the deepest anxiety by this entire community.

Later—Yesterday the symptoms were decidedly more favorable, and Dr. Walker last evening expressed great confidence in the final recovery of his patient.—Pioneer, Manistique.

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

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

Bull's Arnica Salve.

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

Put to Flight—Nervousness and Indigestion by Wright's Iron Tonic Bitters. Stimulating but not intoxicating. Strengthening and invigorating. Sold by Crain & Walch.

The Chamber of Torture Is the apartment to which the unhappy sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism is confined. If, ere the crisis of pain is reached, that fine preventive, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is used by persons of a rheumatic tendency, much unnecessary suffering is avoided. Nervines, anodynes and sedatives, while having none but a specific effect, are yet very desirable at times. Yet can they produce no lasting effect upon rheumatism, because they have no power to eliminate from the blood the rheumatic virus. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does this, and checks at the outset a disease which, if allowed to gain headway, it is next to impossible to dislodge or to do more than relieve. Rheumatism, it should be remembered, is a disease with a fatal tendency from its proneness to attack the heart. A resort to the Bitters should, therefore, be prompt. Dyspepsia, kidney complaint, malaria and nervousness are relieved by it.

Wright's Vegetable Liver Pills should be in every family. A reliable cathartic; mild but efficient. Sold by Crain & Walch.

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

Their Business Booming.

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. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.

Don't Cough any Longer—Wright's Red Cough Cure will root your annoyance and leave you free and well. Sold by Crain & Walch.

Call a Halt—That tired laborer shows that your system is in a state to invite disease, and Wright's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla is what you need at once to expel impurities of the blood and build you up. Sold by Crain & Walch.

THE STATE.

At the sale of forfeited lands by the state land commissioner last week 12,000 acres were offered but barely 3,000 sold. There were few bidders and prices were low.

There are now 2,070 students in attendance at the university.

The suit between Richardson, the match man, and Alger & Buhl, decided in favor of Richardson by Judge Garter, goes the other way in the supreme court.

James Armstrong, a Muskegon lumber scaler, died of the effect of an overdose of veratrum, self administered.

The commissioners having the estate of Moses W. Field in charge throw out the claims of Mrs. Goring—Field's note for \$2,000 and his check for \$20,000.

Richard Taylor, of Reed City, shot his wife and then himself last Saturday.

Another arrest has been made at Boyne City—Elisha Sheppard, on charge of complicity in the burning of the court house. It is believed that the whole truth concerning that business will soon be known.

Another dynamite affair came off at the Jackson prison last Monday evening but nobody was helped to escape nor was anyone hurt. Three prisoners are known to have been "in it" but Warden Hatch would like to know who the outsider is who furnishes the stuff.

B. F. Osgood, lobe postmaster at Mendon, is on trial for robbing the mail and forgery and things look dark ahead for him.

Hill & Vincent have let the contract for the erection of a five story hotel at East Saginaw. It is to cost \$100,000.

THE WEEK.

Another of Wm. L. Scott's coal mines one at Shamokin, Pa., has suspended work.

Italian war vessels lie in the harbor of Tangier and unless restitution is made by the Italian government for an outrage upon the Italian consul the city will be bombarded.

Jerry McDonald, the "suspect" in the Croghan business, has been tracked to county Cork, Ireland, but not yet captured.

John Crear, of Chicago, lately deceased, leaves the bulk of his fortune of three and one-half millions to charitable, educational and religious establishments in Chicago.

The New York liquor dealers subscribe to the fair fund half a million dollars. They ought to.

Prof Swift has found a comet but it is rather a poor specimen, having neither head nor tail.

Capt. Victor A. Meyers died last Sunday. The "Federal Steel Co." is the latest aggregation. It is to be stocked at \$12,000,000 and the general offices are to be in Chicago.

La Salle street, Chicago, will hereafter be "Caton Avenue" and Blue Island Avenue "Caton Road."

The Brazilian revolutionists sent Dom Pedro to Portugal at once, having no use for him in the republic of Brazil.

Ex Mayor Hewitt has bought Plum island, in Long Island sound. He found Manhattan island just a trifle too big—Plum island is about his size.

The Albany Times announces Dave Hill's presidential candidacy and the Times speaks by authority of D. B. H.

An American manager proposes to bring Boulanger over for a lecture tour in the United States.

The European squadron, consisting of the new ships Chicago, Boston, Atlanta and Yorktown, under command of Admiral Walker, sailed from New York for a cruise in European waters, last Monday.

Alice Jackman, an heiress of 16, was abducted from her home at St. Louis, last Monday. It is not probable that she has been harmed—there is a quarrel among relatives as to her guardianship and the control of her fortune.

Mrs. Parnell's immediate wants have been supplied and measures taken to place her affairs in good shape.

A Kansas City Dogberry undertakes to knock out the Newberry dramshop law. He has probably bitten off too much.

In the watch factory at Elgin, Ill., last Monday an employe named Fred Engel killed Sophia Hath and then himself. Jealousy.

Phil Armour refused to testify before a committee of the senate which was investigating the dressed meat business and the committee sent the sergeant at arms after him with the "come alongs." P. D. will have to talk; he's a big man in Chicago, but Uncle Sam is a bigger one.

The jury that tried Collom for forgery disagreed and was discharged. The prosecution proposes to bring him to trial again on another indictment.

Dynamite cartridges were exploded under the Alcazar, a rowdy "variety" theater at Hurley, Monday night. Big scare, but nobody much hurt.

John B. Allen and Watson C. Squire are U. S. senators elect from Washington.

Gilbert A. Pierce is nominated for U. S. senator by North Dakota republicans. The second is yet to be named.

epoch.

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

Interested People.

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

Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolfords Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Justin N. Mead druggist, Escanaba.

—English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Carbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiffes, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Justin N. Mead Druggist Escanaba. 52-17

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

A Little Too Late—To doctor where Bright's Disease has done its work. Take Wright's Kidney and Liver cure for inflammation of kidney and liver, pain in back and other symptoms of kidney trouble. Sold by Crain & Walch.

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

Wright's California Fig Laxative will cleanse the system effectually, cure habitual constipation and awaken the liver to a healthy action. Sold by Crain & Walch.

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

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

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3 Atlanta, Ga.

WHAT CHINESE EAT.

They Are Very Partial to Poultry Dressed With Rat-Shaped Cucumbers.

The heathen Chinese may be an opium soaked leper, may be addicted to tricks that are vain, may be a supplanter and ruining the country by his alleged propensity to labor for nothing and board himself, and be useless as a consumer, but these charges will not stick to those who live in this city. They may be addicted to gambling and opium smoking, but they do not work under price, and the testimony of those who purvey for them is that their food is of a character that only well-paid workers can buy. They live largely in cellars, it is true, but they are extremely unfortunate if they do not dine sumptuously every day. They are very fond of "chicken frons" and poultry generally, and dealers say they are very scrupulous in choice and insist on the best. They are close dealers, and huckster considerably, but will pay outside prices rather than miss what they want, and they stand out for full price for laundry work.

J. W. Brown, of Neville Island, has secured a lucrative trade with the Celestials in the matter of cucumbers, a vegetable of which they are very fond, but the variety they use is not generally cultivated in this country. Only Mr. Brown and one of his relatives grow them. It is an odd-looking vegetable, and, by a strange coincidence, has a shape resembling that of the Chinaman's reputed favorite dish—the rodent. The outline of the body strongly resembles that of the animal named, and they have a caudal extension six or inches long, strongly resembling a rat's tail. Mr. Brown states that the Celestials chop the vegetable very fine and use it as a dressing for poultry. It is a rather expensive vegetable, being small and selling from twenty-five to fifty cents a dozen, according to the time of the year.

Mr. Brown states that he sells them alone to the Chinese, and that they take about a bushel and a half a day. He got the seed from Cincinnati, but finds the soil of Neville Island well adapted to the cultivation of the vegetable. It would not likely pay any other raiser to attempt the capture of Mr. Brown's trade, for his long connection with laundymen has given him a monopoly, and the appearance of the vegetable would not recommend it to the American palate, though possibly all that is needed to make it popular is acquaintance.

Might it not possibly be advantageous for Americans to study the Chinese more than they have been? They are doubtless somewhat slow to originate, even though they were acquainted with some of our arts when our ancestors were using their enemies' skulls for drinking cups. It has been reported that the Chinese ate pork raw for seventy thousand years before they accidentally discovered the bliss contained in roast pig, but the nation is so very old that it may possibly have knowledge that would be useful to energetic Columbians. If happiness be our being's end and aim, as Pope asserts, certainly the Chinese have learned how to get a large share of it on limited capital.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE MEXICAN MONOLITH.

Probable Age of the Newly-Found Goddess of Water.

A special despatch from the City of Mexico says: "The removal of the great monolith, the Goddess of Water, from the ancient Toltec city of Teotihuacan is attracting widespread attention. The top of the statue is below the surface of the surrounding plain, and as it is over ten feet lower it is seen that the task of its removal is no ordinary one. It is of granite, contains 262 cubic feet of solid rock, and 160 pounds per cubic foot is a low estimate for it. Mr. Batres estimates the weight at twenty-five tons. A temporary railroad track nearly three miles long will be laid from the station on the Mexican railway over to the place where the statue now stands. Its age is supposed to be about 1,400 years. Its square shape and severely grim Toltec features all bespeak its fifth-century sculpture. In clearing away the rubbish that had accumulated around the goddess the mouth of a tunnel was uncovered. It is nearly seven feet high and runs straight back into the mound about sixty feet, and has four side tunnels of little length. In its roof, sides, bottom—in fact, everywhere—are to be found fragments of pottery, bones, obsidian, etc. The ground was covered with a smooth coating of pure lime mortar. Traces of steps or terraces are seen on all its sides.

"The Indians at first made strenuous objections to the removal of the goddess. They said that its mission was to guard the treasures of the sacred city, but they finally gave a reluctant consent. The day that the statue is moved there will be a great celebration. The President of the Republic is impressed with the importance of knowing more of the great Toltec city of Teotihuacan, and it is probable that a part of it will be uncovered by the aid of the soldiers."

In the Church Choir.

Soprano—Really, I think you do an injustice to Mr. Chestone, our basso. He's not such a bad fellow as you try to have us believe.

Contralto—I detest him. He is such a deceiver.

Soprano—I must admit that he disports the truth occasionally.

Contralto—Why, my dear, he is such a liar that he even sings false.—Chicago America.

GREENHOOT.

CLOAKS!

The Largest Assortment in the city.

Plush Cloaks, Latest Styles; at from \$15 to \$75.

Beaver Newmarkets

In all materials, at \$5 to \$35.

JACKETS,

In all materials at from \$5 to \$30.

SHAWLS,

The Latest Styles of "Beaver" and "Blanket," at prices to meet the views of every customer.

Dry and Dress Goods, Yarns, Hosiery, Etc., at

Greenhoot Brothers

308 LUDINGTON ST.

HARDWARE.

Builders' Hardware, LIME AND HAIR, Sash, - Doors - and - Blinds,

Garden and Farm Tools,

—And all articles of—

Heavy and Shelf Hardware at Low Prices,

By W. W. OLIVER, Carroll Block,

408 LUDINGTON STREET,

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JEWELRY.

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

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

LOUIS STEGMILLER.

GROCERIES.

The Old East-End Grocery

Always a favorite with the public was never so

FULL OF

FIRST : CLASS : GOODS

or more a favorite than now. Everything in it was carefully selected to meet the wants of its patrons, and all will be sold at the

Lowest of Low Prices !!

THANKS ARE TENDERED

To old customers and cordial invitations extended to new ones.

GEORGE SHIPMAN,

CORNER TILDEN AVENUE AND LUDINGTON STREET.

ROCKETS.

DELTA LODGE NO. 103, A. F. & A. M. Regular communications are held at their hall, over Ed. Erickson's new store, on the third Thursday in each month.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 118, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings are held in their hall, over Cosolly's new store, every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

INSTITUT JACQUES CARTIER. Meets the first Sunday in each month at Grenier's hall.

GERMANIA AID SOCIETY. Meets on the first Sunday in each month at Royce's Hall.

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

F. SMITH POST, NO. 175, G. A. R. Department of Michigan. Meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7 p. m.

DELTA CHAPTER, R. A. M. Regular communication, held in Masonic Hall, at 8 o'clock in each month.

ESCANABA LODGE, NO. 49, I. O. G. T. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, in the G. A. R. hall, over Ephraim & Morrill's store.

R. C. HATHEWAY CHAPTER, NO. 49, ORDER EASTERN STAR. Meets at Masonic Hall second Tuesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 98, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every Tuesday in Odd Fellows Hall over C. W. Oliver's Hardware Store.

MORSE DIVISION NO. 15, O. R. T. H. J. Nichols, C. T., M. A. Cuppermill, Secy. Meets in G. A. R. armory second Sunday in each month.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. C. C. Turner pastor. Services at 10:30 and 7:30 o'clock; Sabbath school at 11:45 o'clock; prayer meetings on Thursday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. C. H. Tyndall, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00 o'clock.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. E. Buttermann, pastor. Services in the morning at 8:00, 10:00 and 12:00 o'clock; catechism at 8:00 p. m. Evening services at 7:30 o'clock.

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

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

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—JOHN R. SPACK. City Clerk—PATRICK H. TORNEY. City Treasurer—EMIL C. WICKERT. City Attorney—JOHN POWER.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

1st Ward, City of Escanaba—G. E. BARNHAGEN, ad Ward, " " " " JAMES S. ROBERTS, 3d Ward, " " " " OSCAR V. LINDEN, 4th Ward, " " " " EMERSON ST. JACQUES. Township of Escanaba—NORL BISHOP.

TIME TABLES.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN. PASSENGER TRAINS. Leave Escanaba for—The North at 10:30 am. South (for Milwaukee) at 8:50 am.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. OVER 7,000 MILES. Of steel track in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Dakota and Wyoming.

FAST VESTIBULED TRAINS. Running direct between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Council Bluffs and Omaha, connecting for Portland, Denver, San Francisco and all Pacific Coast Points.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS, Surgeon Dentist. Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.

A. S. WINN, Dental Surgeon. Office second story Carroll block, over Atkins' store.

J. H. TRACY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

REYNOLDS & COTTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Homeopathic school of practice. Office over M Drug store.

F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office in Chamber block. Office hours 8 to 10 a. m., and 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

S. A. THOMAS, M. D., C. M., Office over Hoyle's Bakery. Office hours: 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.

W. MILLER, Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence over Peterson's Furniture store.

D. R. J. C. BROOKS, Physician and Surgeon. Rapids River, Delta Co. Michigan.

JOHN POWER, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Goodell's new store, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal.

EMIL GLASER, Notary Public. Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies.

F. FRANK D. MEAD, Attorney at Law, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. Office in second story Bank building.

A. R. NORTHUP, LAWYER. Practices in all Courts, Attends promptly to Collections, etc. Office on Harrison Avenue, east side, between Ludington and Thoma streets.

WHITE & JENNINGS, Attorneys at Law. Office 2d Floor No. 511 Ludington St., ESCANABA, MICH.

ROYCE & WAITE, Attorneys. ESCANABA, MICH.

JAMES H. CLANCY, Attorney at Law AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Finnegan Block, ESCANABA, MICH.

CITY CARDS.

ESCANABA LAND AGENCY. VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM, Civil Engineers and Surveyors.

JOSEPH HESS, BUILDER. Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—frame, brick or wood work.

FRED. E. HARRIS, Contractor and Builder. Will prepare plans and estimates and contract to erect buildings of every description.

INSURANCE! INSURANCE!! LIFE, ACCIDENT, FIRE. Northrup & Northup, Agents, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

THEO. B. HELLER, Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. Office in Hessel & Hentschel's Block, 2d story, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

BROTHERTON & ZANE, Civil Engineers and Surveyors. Agents for sale of City and Farm Property and Timber Lands.

SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES AT THE IRON PORT OFFICE.

THE STAGE-COACH.

Turn shed and battered and old, Heartless y hithers away, Left to the gods and the mould, Darken'd and dust and decay.

How shall its story be told? What shall a son of it say? On e it was brilliant as gold, Once it was glided and gay.

Long through the heat and the cold, Ever from May until May, Over the highways it rolled, Time has now made it his pray.

Over new roads that men say, Bask we with rattle and roar, Only sweet memories stay: Gone are the driver and four.

BACHELOR BEVERLY.

How He Found a Wife Exactly to His Mind. "I will never marry any woman who can not make a loaf of bread."

That was what Bachelor Beverly said in the arrogance of his masculine heart. He liked women to be women, not social butterflies.

But, all the same, all the girls of Lillbury descended into their kitchens, tucked up their curls and their dress sleeves, and set diligently to work about that time at the mysterious science of bread-making.

Except Genevieve Doty. She only rang the bell and sent for Mary Bloom, the poor cousin who was graciously allowed a home on the premises in consideration of her doing all the housework for her board.

"Polly," said she, adjusting one of her long blonde curls before the mirror, "I'm going to have company to tea to-night."

Mary sighed a little. She could not help it. Genevieve had had a croquet company the night before, and a charade gathering the evening before that; and the refreshments had been exceedingly choice and delicate.

"And," Miss Doty added, "I want fresh bread, made after your very best recipe. And waffles," added Genevieve, "and cup custards and a Charlotte Russe, and damson preserves. Tea and coffee, of course; and stay—you may as well make a nice peach short-cake, while you are about it."

Yes, it was hard—very hard. Was not she a lady by birth and education as much as the pale-haired beauty upstairs? Why was it that Fate had condemned her to be the patient toiler, in the deep, dense shadow, while Genevieve walked on roses, and dwelt in an atmosphere of luxury.

Not until evening did she find time to slip on her green gingham sun-bonnet and creep down into the woods—and even then her favorite seat by the trout pool was occupied. Mr. Beverly sat there, with reel and line.

"Is that you, Miss Bloom?" said he for he had met Mary frequently in the Sunday-school and Bible-class of the pretty church. "I haven't had a bite all day!"

"You are tired!" questioned Mr. Beverly. "Yes, rather," Mary admitted. "I have been making bread for Genevieve Doty's tea-party."

"Ah," said Mr. Beverly, "I believe I am to be one of the guests. I am very glad I shall meet you, Miss Bloom."

"But you won't meet me, Mr. Beverly," said Mary, with a little sigh. "I am never asked to come to my cousin's parties. I am the one who is useful only behind the scenes."

"The Cinderella, eh?" said Mr. Beverly, gazing intently into the dark-brown depths of the pool. Mary laughed.

"There isn't much similarity between my case and Cinderella's," said she. "But I must go back. They will have brought the cream from the village, and I must beat it for the Charlotte Russe."

And then she vanished away through the green foliage like a dryad of the woods. "That's a very pretty girl," said Mr. Beverly. "A very pretty girl, indeed!"

Genevieve Doty's tea-party was quite a brilliant little assemblage that evening. Genevieve herself had taken the trouble to arrange the carnations, tea-roses and lovely blue-fringed asters; and the table glittered with engraved silver, cut-glass and rare china.

Colorful lights hung from the ceiling and the scene was almost like a leaf-fairy-land.

"Oh, what delicious bread!" said Isabel Copeland—who, by the way, had been trained in her role by the fair hostess; for some body must say these sweet, convenient little nothings, and Isabel had such a gracefully-unconscious way with her. "Dear Genevieve, is this your bread?"

"Of course," smiled the hostess. "Mr. Beverly, I really forget whether you take cream and sugar or not."

"Cream, if you please; no sugar," said the bachelor, with rather a bewildered expression of countenance. "But did you really make it yourself?" said Isabel, persistently sweet.

"I made it myself this very afternoon," said Miss Doty. "Bread-making is one of dear Genevieve's special accomplishments," said Mrs. Doty.

The bachelor drank his tea without knowing whether it was Young Hyslop, Gunpowder or Oolong; and when the meal was over he went out into the veranda, where the little black girl, who had been fanning them with peacock's feathers during the banquet, was amusing herself by eating the broken bits of cake.

"Hello!" said the bachelor, bringing his hand down on Betsy's shoulder. "I didn't done stole 'em, massa," whimpered Betsy, curling herself up like a human caterpillar. "Day was done gib me—eberry bressed cake."

"Look here," said the bachelor. "There's a misunderstanding somewhere." "Sah?" said Betsy. "Who did make that bread?" said Mr. Beverly. "The bread we had for tea—light as a feather, whiter than lilies, sweet as honey."

"Dat yar?" said Betsy. "Why, Miss Mary Bloom, ub course. She allers makes de bread in dis house." "You are sure it wasn't Miss Doty?" Betsy broke into a shrill chuckle.

"Golly!" she squeaked; "Miss Genevieve—she nebber done come into the kitchen! Miss Gennelle—she couldn't make bread any more dan a fox could make johnny-cake!—he! he! he!"

The bachelor whistled long and low. "Ah!" said he. "I think I begin to understand." Mary Bloom was sitting in the shadow of the honeysuckle vines, weary and worn out. Off in the distance the merry notes of the piano sounded, the light steps of the dancers keeping time, while the shadows of the merry-makers crossed and recrossed the casements.

"Mary!" uttered a low voice. "Mr. Beverly!" She sprang to her feet with a little shriek. "Did I frighten you?" he asked, remorsefully.

"No," she answered, trying to laugh. "It—it was so sudden. I didn't think of any one being out here. How did you find me?"

"Betsy told me you had come out here," said the bachelor. "Mary, that bread was delicious."

"Was it?" with dimples and smiles only half visible in the tremulous starlight. "I've always said," meditatively went on Mr. Beverly; "that I never would marry a woman who could not make good bread. I wonder if the dear little woman who can make good bread would marry me?"

Mary said nothing. She only hung down her head. But Mr. Beverly, as he took her hand in his, could feel it tremble like a leaf. "It is for you to answer, Mary," said he. "I have loved you these many weeks."

"I thought—I fancied it was Genevieve," fluttered Mary. "that you liked!" "Did you ever know a man to pluck a gaudy tulip when he could select a rosebud?" said Mr. Beverly. "No, no, little Mary. I want you! May I have my heart's desire?"

Mary did not say "yes," but she certainly didn't say no. And there can be no sort of doubt but that matters made themselves understood very well. Because when she returned to the house she wore a sparkling diamond ring on the forefinger of her left hand.

And we have every reason to suppose that Mr. Beverly had good bread baked in his household all the rest of his life—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Injurious Effects of Sitting. An Albany physician declares that Americans suffer more generally from Bright's disease and nervous disease than any other people, and he says that the reason is that Americans sit down so persistently at their work.

He says: "Americans are the greatest sitters I ever knew. While Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen walk and exercise, an American business man will go to his office, take his seat in his chair, and sit there all day without giving any relief to the tension of the muscles of the back. The result is that the muscles surrounding the kidneys become soft and flabby. They lose their vitality. The kidneys themselves soon become weak and debilitated. If Americans would exercise more, if they would stand at their desks rather than sit, we would hear less of Bright's disease. I knew of a New York man who had suffered for some years from nervous prostration, until it was recommended to him that he have a desk at which he could stand to do his work. Within a year he was one of the healthiest men you ever saw. His dyspepsia and kidney trouble had disappeared and he had an appetite like a paver."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LOUIS SCHRAM'S

Schram Has returned from the East where he purchased largely of

Fall and Winter Goods

And, as usual, is anxious to share with his patrons the profits gained by his knowledge of prices and close buying.

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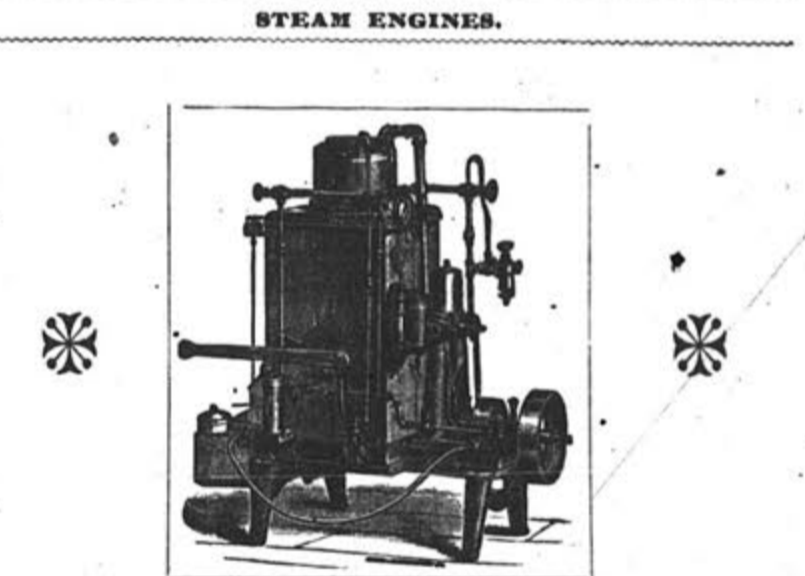
Table listing various goods and prices: 25 Dozen Ladies Corsets, 20c; Hills' Fruit of Loom, Lonsdale, Bleached, 7 1/2 to 8c; 50 Pieces French Sateen, 10c; Good Ingrain Carpets 35c, next quality 20c; 200 Dozen only the Best Ladies' Wool Hose, 20c and 25c; Best White Bed Covers, 72c; Misses' and Children's, 10c; Best Table Oil Cloth, 23c; 20 Pieces Dress Flannels, 20c; Men's best quality Scotch Caps 20c, well worth 75c; 20 Pieces Dress Tricots from \$5 to 23c; 100 dozen Best Men's Wool Hose, only 20c; 15 Pieces Best Red Twilled Flannel, 30c; First quality Camel's Hair Underwear 50 to 75, next lot 45 to 60c; 20 dozen Ladies' Best Marine Underwear, from 30 to 35c; Canada Grey Pants, \$1.50; Big line, all shades, in Silk Flashes, 37 1/2c; Best Cottons, 4 to 5c; 20 pieces double width, Heavy Dress Goods, 12c; Best Jersey Shirts, \$1.25; Big lot of Ladies' Winter Jackets, \$1.50; Boys' Woolen Waist, 50c; Ladies' Cloaks \$2.50, well worth from \$5 to \$10; Boys' Knee Pants, 18c; Embroidered Flannels in all shades former price \$1.50 now only 75c; Best German Socks, full tufted 50; Rubbers with straps, good quality, only \$1; half heel, 80; plain 50c; 50 pieces of Embroidery only 15c, well worth 50c; another lot 7c, worth 20c; Spool Thread, best cotton, 4c; Heavy Cotton Flannels, 5c per yard.

These Goods are Constantly in Stock and as advertised.

Thanking the people of Escanaba and Delta county for their past patronage, I hope by Square Dealing and Honest Goods to merit a continuance of the same.

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IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at the office of the Buffalo, N. Y. Advertiser and Journal, where advertising contracts will be made for in New York.

SENATOR PALMER makes his debtor for copies of the tenth "Stratigraphic Abstract" and the "Tariff and Free List of '83," for which our thanks are tendered.

THE SCHLENGER syndicate has purchased the "cast range" mines near Neganssee, the Buffalo, South Buffalo, Queen and Prince of Wales, will it build a railroad to them, also?

JOHN Q. ADAMS has just closed another big "deal" in iron properties, closing out the "Jerman" properties—the Cambria, Lacy and Little mines—to New York parties at \$600,000.

THE Deloit & Iron Range railway company is to build another ore dock at Two Harbors this winter and the structure is to be of steel, throughout, except the deck. Don't know—not our business to know—but seems the proper thing; don't it?

AN INVITATION to attend the first annual ball of the Iron Mountain B. B. club is received and acknowledged. Can't go, boys; dancing and ball playing days are over for us. Hope you'll have guests plenty, fun galore and a credit balance when you "tot it up."

AUSTIN BLAIR, who was governor of Michigan when there was business in that office (and a man to transact it, too) will publish a book—"Recollections of a War Governor" which we shall have if we are compelled to drop our cigar to save money to buy it.

C. M. HOWELL, our friend who graduated from a printing office but a few years since, made a good record in the Holzhay case. Charlie is public prosecutor of Gogebic and he was opposed in that case by a strong array of talent but he landed his man in prison. He had able help, to be sure, but he "handled" the case himself. We congratulate him.

SCHWARTZ'S cow ate shingle dust—stuff disagreed with her—veterinary Clute cut her open and took out six pails—cow doing well (Notawoppon). The officer whose duty it is to do so don't collect the poll tax [any more than our own]. Don't matter much about him. Beveridge—used to keep a woods "stockade" near here. Nobody knows any thing good of him—North Star, Marinette.

"ONE OF THE first practical results of the completion of the new line," says the North Star, speaking of Pollasky's grapevine concern, "will be lower telegraphic rates." Maybe the Star knows; we don't; but the Western Union folks say the new line is under contract with them not to reduce rates, and we don't hear of any reduction south of Onkosh consequent on its establishment to that point.

JUDGE GRANT gave a lecture at Escanaba Sunday evening in which he took occasion to take a number of people obnoxious to him and to severely criticize a number of the officials of Escanaba.—Times, Ironwood.

That's rot Brother Goodland—the veriest in the world. Judge Grant's talk offended no respectable person in the great audience that listened to him. To quote one of the "officials" implicated. "It was every word true and every word deserved." Nobody is obnoxious to the judge except lawbreakers; are they not "obnoxious" to you as well?

THE NEW FAST MAIL made its first trip across the continent this week, arriving at San Francisco Tuesday morning in 4 days, 12 hours and 45 minutes from New York; a gain, taking into account the distribution on the main of an entire day. The "postoffice on wheels" that did the work employed a hundred clerks in all and took 38 tons of mail from New York, received 25 tons at Chicago and 13 tons at Omaha besides "way work" from and to other points along the route. The time is capable of further reduction, on the Central Pacific, and will be reduced.

REVOLUTION broke out in Brazil last week, the garrison of the capital seizing the imperial ministry and imprisoning its members and proclaiming a republic with Senor Da Fonseca at its head. As the government of Dom Pedro was very democratic in its tendencies and very popular with the people, and as the revolt against it is by the army it is probable that the movement is reactionary rather than in the direction of larger liberty. That the revolutionists proclaim a republic may mean nothing. Their ready-made republic is as likely to be a slaveholders' oligarchy as any thing else, and, if that be the case, Brazil will have made a bad exchange—a liberal, progressive, constitutional monarchy for a republic dominated by an aristocratic military faction.

THE PORT makes whining complaint that it is not a fair show in controversy with the Mining Journal because this paper has six chances to "shoot" to its one, the PORT being but a weekly publication.—M. J., Monday.

Oh, no: IRON PORT makes no "complaint" whatever (nor did it say a word about "shoot" that's not what the Mining Journal does, it's a squint); it merely stated a fact as a reason why the M. J. should take its medicine without whining. The fact that it can hit at only at its blows are uniformly short and always lack steam) six times before our iron comes serves but to make the fight even, and we have nothing to complain of. If IRON PORT was as vulnerable as the M. J.; if it carried a flag as does a pirate, to conceal its true character; if it had shipped at the close of a long contest and rested under the imputation of having done so to save by the flop what it had lost to the fight; if it was, in short, as two-faced and unreliable as the M. J., it might suffer, but it is not and does not. To be called "imbecile," "harbinger" and "a scold" by a concern which we have but to tap with a straight-rod to draw a flood of disparagement is not even annoying.

CATHOLICS of Baltimore, assembled in mass meeting in Harris' Academy of Music with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Elder, and other dignitaries of the church assisting, and the cardinal presiding, adopted the following preamble and resolutions which we submit to the Catholics of our city as an expression of the wisest and best of their co-religionists. We need not say that we heartily subscribe to the resolutions or that we hope to see Michigan Catholics take the same ground. If they did so it would go far to take the question of the management of the liquor traffic "out of politics," a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Catholic clergy and laity of the city of Baltimore in mass meeting assembled under the presidency of their diocesan head, keenly alive to the gigantic evils of intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks, evils which menace the dearest interests of religion, and thus imperil the well being and stability of the state and of society at large: Justly alarmed, moreover at the fearful havoc wrought in so many of their co-religionists by this deadly vice which thwarts the best efforts of the church in their behalf, and renders fruitless her noblest influences; and casting about for a means which will, if not at once and entirely cure, at least greatly diminish the evil, and thus pave the way to a complete moral restoration, believe that they see this remedy in what is known as the high license movement. If they have up to the present time been backward in uniting in the well-meant efforts of so many of the most distinguished and upright of their fellow citizens, in this holy cause, it has arisen certainly neither from ignorance of the magnitude of the danger nor from a heartless interest in the work of averting it, but only from the fear of compromising the sacred interests of the truth by accepting certain positions which were sometimes found to be concomitants of such movements. The high license movement affords them the opportunity so long desired, and they therefore hasten to range themselves alongside of their friends and neighbors in this sacred battle of humanity. Wherefore, it is resolved as the sense of this meeting:

1. That high license is at present the only feasible and the only hopeful means of stemming the deluge of vice and crime of which drunkenness is the frightful source.

2. That to make the remedy really effective the license should be put so high as to make it practically prohibitory as regards the multitudes of low saloons which are demoralizing and brutalizing the poor, who more than any other class need the help and comforts of religion to make their hard lot endurable.

3. That not merely a high license will secure all the good aimed at by the movement, but that certain restrictions should be enacted as to the time and place of sale, and the character of those who may be permitted to carry on the traffic. Thus the number of saloons in any one radius should be limited by statute; they should not be suffered to near churches or schools. The excellent Sunday law of our city upon this point should be rigidly enforced, and every failure upon the part of the authorities to carry out the law should be summarily punished; the license to sell at all should be issued to none but persons of tried character who can be depended upon to use their privilege in the interest of sobriety and public order, and finally the violation of the law on any of these points should work either temporary or perpetual forfeiture of the license, according to the number of such violations.

4. That this assembly pledge themselves to do all in their power to secure this most desirable end, and to work for it with tongue and pen until their efforts are crowned with success.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

THE FOLLOWING is Burdette's definition, or rather description of a pessimist, and his idea of how one should be disposed of. It is too good to be overlooked:

What is a pessimist, my son? Well, if the spring opened unusually early, and there was an increase of about 25 per cent. in the acreage of cereals sown, and the weather was so near perfection all summer that nobody cared to go to California, and the harvest showed a yield that fairly lifted the roof off the barn and made the sides of the elevator bulge, and prices have gone down 10 and wages increased 15 per cent. the national debt paid, no taxes, Saturday made a legal holiday and ten hours pay for eight hour's work established by constitutional amendment, all the alms houses closed for want of patronage and the prisons sold to the hotel trust—if in the midst of all this millennium you come across a man sitting on a fire plug on a windy corner, pouring dust on his head and weeping because this prosperity is apt to develop luxuriant and wasteful habits among the masses—he's a pessimist. "And what is your duty as a Christian man to such a sorrowing brother? Kill him, my son; kill him. Don't use violence; just tie him to a man who is having a good time, he won't last two hours."

To PROPERLY estimate the sincerity of the men who make so much noise about "the honest homesteader" one need but watch the papers for a few months to come and see how many "homesteaders" remain upon the land they acquire in Ontonagon and Houghton after they "prove up" and "commute," and inquire, just casually you know, into whose hands the lands go from the "honest homesteader." Of the lot which swarmed upon the railroad lands as soon as they were open for entry we doubt very much if one individual in ten is a "homesteader" such as the law and those who framed it contemplated—persons who intend to remain upon and cultivate the land, making homes. Among those personally known to us there is not one such. Every one has in view merely an operation in pine and will after that operation is completed, return to his drsk in town, his store or his shop, and the pine will belong to some one of these fellows who have been shouting for the "honest homesteader." What a farce it has all been.

WE WANT the Canadian Conservatism and deeply religious character to mingle with the energy and less God fearing Americans, whose tendencies are to put their trust too largely in mammon. We need Canada as a balance wheel.—Soo Herald.

Well, good Lord! We? Want the "conservatism" of the province of Quebec? We? Want the "deeply religious character" of the Canadian-French? What is the matter with that Herald man, any how? Does anybody know?

CAPT. TOM HAWLEY has got the old City of Green Bay rebuilt and her engine changed about so as to drive a screw instead of side wheels, has christened her Dauntless and is working her to Chicago towing scows carrying gravel and slab fuel. Good luck to you, Capt. Tom.

WE LOOK in vain through the columns of the Sunday Sun for a statement of Montgomery's condition, finding only that a lawyer, "to help a friend brother," is doing his work. The inference is that "Mont" is still unable to do it himself.

HOLEMAN had not long to wait after his case went to the jury—less than an hour—to know that he was guilty of murder in the first degree, and less time yet to wait for Judge Williams' sentence—hard labor in the Marquette prison for life. It ought to have been hanging but the statute forbids.

FIRE in No 8 shaft of the Minnesota mine Saturday night (and since until now, Wednesday) destroyed the timbering of the mine and the shaft house and noising machinery. Origin not known; supposed to have been carelessness of some miner. Work of restoration is already commenced.—Journal, Tower.

At a Salvation Army meeting in Pentwater, the other day, the sober looks of one of the auditors attracted the attention of the soldiers. "Are you a Christian?" was asked, "No, I be a Dane." "Well do you work for Jesus?" "No I work for Sands & Maxwell, half cash and half trade," was the reply that convulsed the audience.

THE EDITOR of the Alger County Republican makes two columns of "copy"—readable matter, too—out of a two day term of Judge Steere's court—an assault and battery and three cases of illicit liquor selling. He does so well at Rock River that we can but wonder what he would do if he was located in a place where something happened.

OUR PUZZLE, the Soo Herald, in one number mourns over the lack of protection for the farmer, the injustice he groans under, and in the next demands the abolition of whatever of duties do serve to protect him (on wool, etc.) in order that the manufacturer may be able to compete with England for South American trade. One can't reason with a fellow like that.

FROM the October Crop report made and published by the secretary of state we find only this about Delta County—that there are therein 293 farms averaging 99.15 acres each—29,052 acres in all—11,465 acres under cultivation; and that October weather was about the usual thing. Delta does not make a great showing of crops except of pine and cedar but will when those are finally disposed of.

THE BRAZILIAN revolutionists, be the grounds of their action what they may, evidently understand the business they have in hand. Knowing the popularity with the masses of the old emperor they bundled him off to Europe by the first steamer and, to let him down easy and placate his friends, agreed to continue his pay. To the world the new government announces that the contract entered into by the empire will be carried out by the republic, and altogether the revolution, though sprung suddenly, gives evidence of having been carefully planned and has certainly been skilfully executed. If it shall prove that the republic is progressive and not, as has been charged, reactionary and controlled in the slaveholders' interests, no American can regret the overthrow of the monarchy. Monarchs are out of place on this continent.

MR. W. F. DUREE, in a letter to the Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association on the desire of certain New England free traders to see the country return to the condition following the tariff of 1857, says truly:

Among the chief reasons why the iron business in New England has not been a success in late years is the fact that the pig iron used was all purchased, and not made by its consumers.

We think it was a New England pedagogue who mentioned in a "teacher's institute" that his idea of discipline was to find out what the scholars wanted—and then keep them from getting it. This would not be a bad idea in industrial affairs, substituting the English for the scholars.

When we see the phenomenal growth of cotton and iron factories, with industries dependent on them, in the South, who can wonder that the British wish to control the production of our raw material?—Am. Economist.

A QUESTION of the utmost importance to the Lake Superior iron ore interests presents itself in what now seems to be a well authenticated claim that the season of 1890 will see the manufacture of steel, by eastern furnaces, almost entirely from American Bessemer ores. Letters are pouring in from eastern steel mills persistently inquiring for the price of Bessemer ores for next season, so as to enable them to fix a price upon steel rails. The eastern manufacturers have never before cared for the price of Lake Superior ores, for which reason these inquiries at this time bear a deep significance. These manufacturers have learned that they will not be able to obtain foreign ore next year and that they must, in consequence, depend upon the home product. The best possible confirmation of this view is found in the action of the leading firm of New York ore importers, which, when asked by Pittsburgh buyers for the price of next year's foreign ore, replied that it has engaged to send the ores it controls from the Mediterranean ports of shipment to England, where an advance has already been secured of two dollars a ton over the price of similar ores delivered in this country. The ore importations for 1889 fell far short of those of the previous year and the 1890 imports will fall off at least fifty per cent from this season's figures. If these statements are at all indicative of the future, 1890 promises to be the boom year of the Lake Superior region. Local furnacemen are getting nervous about next season's prices of ore and some of them have offered to cover their wants at market rates. Freighters are very dull and shipper obtain all the concessions they want. The Escanaba rate during the week was one dollar.—Iron Trade Review, Nov. 14.

THE English correspondent of the American Manufacturer thinks that "a unique feature" of the present prosperity of the British iron trade, which establishes solid ground for expecting its continuance, is a fact that so far it has proceeded without any assistance from an American "boom." Previously English revivals have depended a great deal upon the demand for iron and steel from America. This time, up to the present moment, nothing of the sort has been observable. In fact, the American demand is perhaps smaller than it has ever been. Yet our mills and furnaces are provided with more work than they can possibly execute.

This property is 2 1/2 entirely to the tin-penis given to the iron trade by the ship-building boom which commenced some eight or ten months ago. It is a home demand and shows the value of a home market; for an increase of 1-7 per cent. in exports is too slight a fluctuation in the demand to account for a nearly doubled price of pig-iron, when over two and a half millions tons were in store at the commencement of the year and the furnaces have been urged to nearly their full capacity since that.

This home demand would shrivel, instantly, if it was certain that the republican party would no longer follow the teachings of Davis and Toombs; as an announcement of the changed policy would transfer the ship-building boom to this country, and the prosperity we see on the northern lakes would be reproduced and increased on our sea coasts.

We are so nearly able to supply our wants in most iron products, that in general the English rise in prices is not oppressive to us. But it is not so in the matter of tin-plates; within a month the price of steel bars for tin-plate making has advanced fully 1. "This increase represents an increase in the cost of producing tin-plates of 18 6d. to 2s. per box, and the makers declare that amount." This will be on top of a rise of from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per box during the past month; these rises combined will amount to 79 cents per box; a tax on a workman's dinner pail, &c., which it is predicted our mugwump and free trade contemporaries will neither denounce nor notice, as no part of this increased price goes into the pocket of any American workman, nor adds to the prosperity of any American interest.—Am. Economist.

AGAIN the dispatches from Berlin credit Bismarck with having "maintained the peace of Europe" by persuading Austria to allow Russia the preponderating influence in Bulgaria and to consent to the dethronement of Prince Ferdinand. The "peace of Europe" is a very ticklish matter, indeed. It takes armies aggregating ten millions of men, and three or four great navies, and the best exertions of the diplomats to boot to maintain it, and the earnings of all the peoples to pay the soldiers and sailors and diplomats. It would seem as if it was hardly worth maintaining at the price; as though having these great fighting machines it would be economy to use them and see if, afterwards, the peace would not maintain itself for a while and the countries turn their labors into something of more value than armies.

WHATEVER may be yet in doubt concerning the Brazilian revolution and the men engaged in and affected by it, one thing is clear, the old emperor is a trump and the highest of the suit. When informed by the provisional government that he had "lost his job" and served with "notice of ejection" he neither attempted resistance nor complained, but manfully accepted the situation saying, in effect, "I have tried, for fifty years, to guide Brazil on the road to freedom and prosperity, and can only hope, gentlemen, that you may be more successful than I," and signs his letter as a private gentleman—"Pedro d'Alcantara." Dom Pedro has been an exceptionally good ruler, as hereditary rulers go, and Brazil has lost a good citizen by his banishment. Perhaps it was best, but it is to be regretted for all that.

JOHN DUNCAN launched a 1000-ton steam-barge for the trade in ore and coal Wednesday. She is called the Maggie Duncan. E. L. Kendall left for Chicago, to go into business there, Monday. Somebody stole Manuel Brunette's \$50 overcoat while he was eating supper at Curt Lewis's, at Marinette, Thursday evening, and he must suffer all winter, poor man. Frank Tilton is hustling for the Green Bay Business College. Six cases of typhoid fever in one family in the east part of town—The Gill family. Henry Hare's little daughter fell into a kettle of hot lye Tuesday and was so scalded that she died.—Advocate, Green Bay.

FISHER, chief engineer of M. & N. road, is running a line to connect its Ontonagon division with the main line at or near Iron Mountain. To reach Sidlaw, the southern terminus of the Ontonagon division, trains now pass over 52 miles of M. & N. track (to Champion) and 43 miles of South Shore track. The line direct will be at least 30 miles shorter. A Milwaukee dispatch of the 19th says: "It is pretty certain that the line will be built next summer."

HERE'S another newspaper which abhors Gen. Mahone—the Richmond State. It gives its reason, too, saying, "He is a traitor to the confederate cause."

CLEVELAND dispatches of 19th say that charters for ore tonnage are no longer sought. The season is at its close.

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

Finish your house with hard woods and buy the stuff of the Wisconsin Land & Lumber Co.—If you need to see them to judge of their beauty and value run out to Hermanville and examine the station there or the company's new building.

Woman and the Tariff.

BY FLORENCE HUNLEY

"Go home and work for the third party. You don't understand the tariff but you do know what prohibition means."

This was the advice given to the W.C.T.U. by Miss Frances Willard, in Minneapolis during the last presidential campaign. This was the admission of a "would-be politician" who claims that she and her adherents are competent to run the entire government, and legislate on the interests of over 60,000,000 people.

By admission of this sort, such as Miss Willard made in the non-reflective mood of heated exhortation, women "acknowledged" and affirm the masculine charge, that we have neither the distinctive nor acquired ability to comprehend government from an industrial or commercial point of view, and that, by her very womanhood, her keener moral and religious bent, woman will develop nothing more than "emotional politics."

"Emotional politics," being translated, means the substitution of feeling for reason and the defeat of lofty principles through lack of judgment.

"Emotional politics" is making a virtue of throwing bread in the gutter when one is hungry, because the man of the house refuses pate de fete gras.

"Emotional politics" is constructing a battering ram, with which the enemy demolishes your own castle walls.

"Emotional politics" is the cant that refuses to compromise with Satan, by working industriously to abet his emissaries.

In short, third party politics, is direct aid to the liquor strong hold, by defeating the republican and acknowledged temperate party.

Whether or not women are ever to be granted suffrage, whether or not they are physically constituted to undertake the manifold requirements of public life, and at the same time satisfactorily superintend the domestic and social concerns, does not in this connection warrant discussion.

But the fact that does impress itself more deeply on the minds of thinking people is that woman with her widening sphere and larger influence, is bound to more fully acquaint herself with governmental problems. Universal suffrage would make her familiarity with commercial questions a duty; her present condition makes it a necessity.

So long as women themselves do not vote it is vitally necessary that they should be competent to intelligently direct the decisions of men.

Woman's struggle for civil recognition arises from confusion in her mind concerning values. It is craving the right to deposit a ballot rather than directing the hand of the man who casts it. It is vagueness concerning the value of "being" rather than "seeming." It is a low estimate of woman's secular power. It is ignorance of what constitutes ultimate triumph.

Woman's indifference to politics is equally creditable. The majority of women who wisely agree that domestic and social duties are a broad enough field are yet in duty bound to acquire an intelligent comprehension of conditions that shape a nation's progress or disintegration.

While nature has decreed a separateness (not separation) of work and of method, it has, however, made the interests of man and woman indivisible, and men can no more get away from the superior moral influence of woman than woman can live without being affected by the political decisions of men. Nature has made it impossible for man to use the finer instruments of women, and women is too delicately molded to wield the battle-axe intended for man.

Until comparatively recent times men ruled women and each other by physical strength. Walled cities and moated castles, chain armor and ponderous weapons bear witness to the physical strife.

When intellect developed among the masses physical strife lessened. Diplomacy leveled the walls, let down the drawbridges and discarded chain armor. Intelligence among men let in sunlight to the delicate plant woman. It gave the mind—and what is yet her greatest power, the soul—of woman a chance to expand.

Men are physically superior, and in all the struggle for existence that bears upon the physical power of endurance men must be left in the mastery. On the intellectual plane men and women meet with perfect equality. The marvelous progress of women within a decade proves this; but on what we call the spiritual, the finest, highest plane, woman is the superior controlling force.

The exquisite compensation of nature has endowed the weaker body with the stronger genius for control.

If woman did not misdirect her power the world would be at her feet. As the few men of intellect control the physical strength of the masses, so does the spirit of a pure woman win to her cause the companionship of wise men.

With this as a basis of argument, why should women disdain to study the tariff or concern herself with the problems that had their origin when the first man gathered his family under a separate roof and for their protection made a friendly alliance with his neighbors? The question of protection was involved when our remote ancestor (who is said to have passed his time swinging by the tail from a cocoanut tree) hid from his neighbors a particularly nice nut and divided it among his own children.

How many women have a really clear idea concerning the vital issue before the country or the stupendous consequences that impinge on its treatment? How many women can tell the difference between democratic free trade and the republican protective tariff policy?

The average woman being told that free trade means cheaper silks, gloves, laces and other luxurious necessities, would declare herself a free trader. But when the average woman found that when she could buy her silks and laces and frills for one-third less that she had only half the money to do it with, she would flop over to the tariff platform and be thenceforward a vigorous protectionist. The fallacy underlying the free trade policy is a phase particularly seductive to women. "All men are brothers," quote the college professors and theorists and a great many honest people want to legislate to that effect.

Now all men are not brothers, in fact the most of men are very aggressively constructed in the other direction and instead of dividing his possessions with his neighbor man has an insatiable thirst for robbing or cheating or acquiring for himself by some hypococcus, his brother's goods and chattels.

This does not sound as well as the brother business, but nature does not upset her laws to accommodate a preconceived notion of what ought to be, nor to confirm the theories of scholastic dreamers.

Having written an article on the tariff that really says almost nothing concerning the question itself, I have yet endeavored to make clear the reason woman should understand it, in that if woman is subject to political decisions she should dedicate her influence to the support of wise commercial as well as the moral measures. Were I permitted to paraphrase the illustrious and honest but mistaken leader of the third party I would say to women:

Go home and study the tariff. You don't understand the laws of commerce, but you ought to know that a prohibition ticket is a liquor-seller's vote.—Am. Economist.

Those Rags!

If you want them made into a Nice Carpet call on or address: JAMES R. CHAMPS, ESCANABA, Mich.

Unsettled Accounts. Persons having unsettled accounts with us are hereby respectfully notified that such accounts must be settled and liquidated within thirty days from date hereof. H. J. DEROUIN, ESCANABA Oct. 19, 1889.

Boarding! Mrs. Beggs having taken the large house No. 512 Wells avenue, between Dousman and Harrison streets is now prepared to rent rooms, with or without board, or furnish table board at reasonable rates, and to make every arrangement for the comfort of her guests. Call or address through the postoffice.

Watch Lost! Lost on Friday, Nov. 8, a small silver watch, stem-winder, and short silver chain with a horse's head of silver at its end. The finder will receive a suitable reward upon returning the watch to W. J. WALLACE, ESCANABA Nov. 9, '89.

Lands for Sale. Fifteen Thousand acres of Timbered lands on which are Pine, Cedar, Hemlock and hard woods, and a good portion of which is good Farm land is offered either as one body or in sub-divisions such as may be wanted at a very low price, to close out a business connection. These lands are in Garden and Nahma Townships, Delta County, and are traversed from east to west by the Soo railroad and from north to south by four streams down which logs can be floated. For further particulars and prices address B. YOUNG, ESCANABA, Aug. 22, '89.

To the Citizens of Escanaba. Gentlemen—We the undersigned representatives of the National Union are here for the purpose of organizing a Local Building and Loan Association to be operated under the national system. We court investigation as to our method of doing business. The affairs of the association when organized will be placed under the control of an efficient board of managers who are also stockholders and consequently have an interest at stake. Our plan embraces a number of features not found in any other building association. We issue a guaranteed contract payable in five years from date of issue, also pay similar to life insurance in case of death. For full information inquire of MOORE & SNYDER, Oliver House Escanaba.

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line. Overland Flyers. The joint arrangement between the Chicago & Northwestern and Union Pacific Railways provides improved passenger service. The Limited Fast Mail leaves Chicago daily 10.30 p. m., carrying sleeping cars only from Chicago to Portland, in eighty-two hours to San Francisco in eighty-five hours. The Overland Express leaves Chicago daily 10.30 p. m.; carries Coaches and Colonist Sleepers through from Chicago to Portland in four days.

The Denver Limited leaves Chicago daily 5.30 p. m., a Solid Vestibule train with Wagner or Pullman Sleepers, Free Chair Cars, First-class Coaches, from Chicago to Denver in thirty-eight hours. Chicago & North Western and Union Pacific Dining Cars on Limited Fast Mail and Denver Limited. For information apply to ticket agents Chicago & North Western Railway.

Painful Boils. About three years ago I was troubled with poison in my blood, very irritating and painful boils breaking out all over my body. For two years I suffered with them, trying all sorts of remedies, and doctor's prescriptions without avail. Becoming disgusted with doctors, and medicines I had used up to this time, I concluded to try S. S. S. and the result was far beyond my expectations. A few bottles left me in better health than I had been since childhood. I consider S. S. S. the only medicine that will thoroughly purify blood. T. K. MAYFIELD, Horse Cave, Ky.

A Valuable Tonic. I have used Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) with good results. As a tonic, it is valuable; as a blood purifier, it is reliable. Rev. J. H. JEFFERSON, Winston, N. C.

Keep it as a Family Medicine. Mr. J. J. Bradley, writes from Harrison, Ga., under date of September 22, 1889. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) has been freely used by my family with the best and happiest results. A half dozen bottles entirely relieved my sister of a severe case of scrofula. My wife has frequently found her blood purified and her health improved by S. S. S. I also had a scrofulous affection that has been entirely cured by taking a few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Prof. Loisset's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

Marine. The schooner A. E. Nicholson went ashore near Marquette last week and is likely to be a total loss. The tug Peter Dalton was burned at Muskegon Nov. 14. A new light will be shown at Cedar River next week; a fixed, white light of the fourth order. The tower is on the outer end of the east pier and the light is 66 feet above the water level and should be visible from a vessel's deck at a distance from it of fifteen statute miles.

Notice is given that the life saving stations on the lakes will be closed December 5. The Wolf & Davidson S. S. Co. has contracted for 130,000 tons of ore from Escanaba to Lake Erie ports next season. Rates unknown.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Cadis (O.) cat tried to kill a three-foot blacksnake. She didn't succeed, but was choked to death in the attempt.

It is stated by one of the guides at the capitol, in Washington, that fifteen brides an hour is the average number of visits to the statutory hall each day of the year.

There is a man in Schenectady, N. Y., getting rich from a dog. He owns a canine which he has sold several times, but it always returns home, no matter how far it is carried.

A farmer of Pleasant County, Va., being greatly annoyed by rats in his barn, filled a half-hogshead with water, put chaff over the top, scattered meal on it, and in the morning fished out over 200 dead rats.

An Illinois woman has invented a dish-washing machine. As it never insists upon having its Sunday out, with Thursday afternoon for shopping and cousinly visits, it is likely to have a general demand among house-keepers.

The following advertisement appeared in a recent number of the London Tablet: "To parents—Unruly girls and boys of any age visited and punished at their homes by a thorough disciplinarian accustomed to administer corporal punishment. All bad habits cured by one or two attendances. Fee, five shillings for two visits. Address 'Birch.'"

A fire that broke out in a shaft of a coal mine at Birmingham, Ala., imprisoned a miner and sixteen mules. The miner was reached about ten days afterward and was found to be dead. Eighteen days after the fire the mules, which were much further back in the mine, were reached and all but one of the sixteen were alive, although too weak to stand.

Dwellers in Florida who are fortunate enough to possess pet sand-hill cranes have discovered that they are alert night watchers. No tramp or thief can approach the house without hearing a clear bugle note of alarm. The cackling of a goose saved Rome and the cry of a sand-hill crane performs the same service for the Florida hen-roost and smoke-house.

Among the modern "Mysteries of Paris," says the London Figaro, is a shop devoted to the sale of tea. At the retail counter a real live Prince may be seen any day weighing up packets of the leaf which cheers but does not inebriate. This Prince is the son of an European General, whose name is well known throughout the continent, and who is related to some of the most aristocratic of the families of Paris.

The highest structure of masonry in the world is said to be the National Museum recently completed at Turin. It was originally designed for a synagogue, but it proved ill adapted to that purpose, and was sold to the city. It was then converted into a museum as a monument to the memory of Victor Emanuel. On top of the dome rises a spire nearly as high as the whole of the rest of the building. The gilt statue on the top of this spire stands 538 feet from the ground.

A couple of good-natured Frenchmen got into a quarrel and challenged each other to fight. The morning of the duel they and their seconds trapped through the woods to the fatal spot, when one of the duellists, the challenging party, tripped and fell. His second helped him to his feet. "I hope you are not hurt?" said the other duelist. "I'm not much hurt; I only bumped my nose on the ground." "Does it bleed?" "Yes, a little." "Heaven be praised! Blood flows, and my honor is vindicated. Give me your hand, old boy!"

Since its first year the Thirteen Club of New York has gone on ridiculing minor superstitions with all its might, and if it had not succeeded in hurting the superstitions, the superstitions do not seem to have hurt the club. Among the other achievements of which the club is proud is the alleged rehabilitation of Friday—a day whose reputation has been of the worst from time immemorial. It published some time ago a list of notable events, by no means baneful ones, which happened on Friday. For instance, the club's archivist professes to have discovered that on Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed for America. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Mayflower landed the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Bismarck, Gladstone and a host of great men were born on Friday. And so on through a long list.

The Meanest Man in Maine.

A man who owes us over two years' subscription put his paper back in the post-office last week, marked "Refused." We have heard of many mean men. There is a man who used the wart on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastured a goat on his grandmother's grave, the one who stole coppers from a dead man's eyes, the one who got rich by giving his five children a nickel each to go to bed without supper and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep; but for downright meanness the man who will take a paper for years, never pay anything for it, mark it "Refused," and then stick it back into the post-office is entitled to the first premium. Now, if this man don't settle his account with this office inside of three weeks we shall tell who he is and where he lives, and invite him to go down the grand circuit of cattle fairs to be exhibited as the meanest man on earth.—Norway (Me.) Advertiser.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

An Ohio girl, nineteen years of age, has become baldheaded.

A Californian named John Fessler has a quartz mine that has paid him \$30,000 in two years. He does his own work, and his only mill is a hand mortar.

The oldest Admiral in England is Sir Provo Wallace, aged ninety-eight. He was in the fight in 1812 between the Shannon and the Chesapeake, but he never commanded a steam vessel.

Colored women in New York City have organized "The Woman's Charity and Industrial Club" for the help of their sisters, and have leased a four-story house as a "home for friendless colored girls."

One of the wonderful women of the Pine Tree State is Miss Dow, the invalid daughter of the veteran General Neal Dow. For years she has been confined to her chair. During this time she has studied almost constantly, and mastered the French, German, Spanish, Russian and Greek languages. She recently repeated a long passage from her Greek Testament verbatim, a month after she had read it.

Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the "Bonanza King" of California, is the owner of the superb robe presented to the Empress Eugenie by the municipality of Paris in the time of the Second Empire. The robe is of lace, entirely covered with flowers. It was made at Chantilly, and took five of the first hands of that celebrated fabrique fourteen years to make it, at a cost of 100,000 francs.

The popular Croesus of Spain recently died in the person of the Marquis de Urquijo. His executors have paid into the Spanish treasury succession duties amounting to £26,000 on his fortune, which exceeded five millions sterling. This was gained in fifty years. The owner had begun life as a Basque village lad, and died a Senator, grandee and ex-mayor of Madrid. He left £180,000 in bequests to charities in his native province, many of which he founded himself, and £20,000 for masses for himself.

President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, says a writer in the Washington Post, are strikingly alike in the matter of complexion, the peculiar pallor of which defies sunburn, tan or freckles, no matter how long the exposure to the sun to which they may be subjected. During his stay at Deer Park the President spent much time in the open air, and while at Bar Harbor, in company with the Secretary of State, led an out-of-door life. Yet neither has even a tinge of brown to show for his summer's outing.

Prof. F. V. Hayden was the founder of the system which developed into the Geographical Survey of the United States. He was a man of great genius and a renowned scholar, but erratic and peculiar. It was not uncommon for strangers to follow him for several blocks, their attention arrested by his bowed figure as he almost ran for a few steps—then suddenly stopped, with his gray sharp eyes fixed on the pavement—then ran again as if a sudden thought had struck him; then they would inquire, "who can that poor insane man be?"—Wide Awake.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

Base-ball enthusiast—"What's the score to-day?" Plain citizen—"Twenty, I suppose, just as it has always been. I haven't heard of any change."

Rochester Post-Express.

"Were you carefully brought up, young man?" said the merchant to an applicant for a position in his establishment. "Yes, sir," he replied, "I came up on an elevator."

Boston Post.

Ethel (entering parlor)—"Oh, Aggie, so glad to see you. (They kiss.) Why, you are engaged to be married?" Aggie—"How do you know?" "I can tell by the way you kiss."—Rochester Herald.

Messenger (going through Western railway train)—"Want dinner at Scroggs Corners?" Starving passenger—"Indeed I do." Messenger—"One dollar, please." Passenger—"What do you want pay in advance for?" Messenger—"Sometimes the train is late an' don't stop."—N. Y. Weekly.

"I have a little poem here, and I want to see the editor," said the long-haired stranger at the door of the sanctum. "Is that so now," said the office boy, musingly, as he ran his inky fingers through his hair. "What a pity it is that the editor don't feel that way."—Somerville Journal.

The boss barber happened to look toward the new man and beheld tears as big as gooseberries rolling down the cheeks of that Teutonic individual. "What's the matter, Gus?" asked the boss. "Faller I yooost schafed vas been eatin' limburger, and I got me to 'inking of home," was the tearful answer.—Terre Haute Express.

Will Continue to give one of those fine Photo Crayons with each dozen Cabinets until further notice. These Portraits are worth \$10 each. Call and see them at the Ground Floor Gallery No. 707 Lexington street.

Ladies desiring the services, at their residences, of a competent dressmaker are invited to call upon or address.

MISS BESSIE TANGNEY No. 217 Ogden Ave.

The French papers of Montreal and Quebec catch the revolutionary spirit from Brazil and declare for a Canadian republic.

The republic of Brazil proclaims universal suffrage and confirms the ministers sent abroad by the empire and the delegates to the Pan-American congress.

ORE SHIPMENTS.

Table with columns for Port of Escanaba Nov. 20, listing various mines and their shipment amounts. Includes sub-totals for Marquette and Gogebic mines.

Table for Port of Gladstone, listing previously reported and total shipment amounts.

Table for Port of Marquette, listing various mines and their shipment amounts, including sub-totals for Marquette and Menominee mines.

Table for Port of St. Ignace, listing various mines and their shipment amounts.

Table for Port of Ashland, listing various mines and their shipment amounts.

Table for Grand Total from all the ports, listing various mines and their shipment amounts.

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MUNN'S RESPECTFULLY suggests to the public that it give attention during the weeks to come to this space. During his recent visit at New York he purchased (besides an enormous stock of Fine Groceries) a line of Ceramics, Crystal and Lamps of which he will have a word or two to say and illustrations to give. "A WORD TO THE WISE"

THE THREE BURGLARS.

"We started slowly, for the tide was just beginning to turn, and when we got over the house I mentioned I noticed that there was now no light in it. When we were about opposite to it father suddenly looked up and said, not speaking very loud: 'By George! if that isn't Williamson Green's house. I wasn't thinkin' of it when we rowed up, and passed it without taking notice of it. I am sorry for that, for I wanted to see Williamson, and now I expect he has gone to bed.'

"Who is Mr. Green?" I asked.
 "He's an old friend of mine," said my father, "and I haven't seen him for some little while now. About four months ago he borrowed of me a sextant, quadrant and chronometer. They were instruments I took from old Captain Barnoy in payment of some work I did for him. I wasn't usin' them, and Williamson had bought a cat-bat and was studying navigation, but he has given up that and now said he promised me over and over to send me back my instruments, but he has never done it. If I'd thought of it I would have stopped and got 'em of him, but I didn't think, and now I expect he has gone to bed. However, I'll row in shore and see; perhaps he's up yet."

"You see, ma'am," said the speaker to my wife, "I'm tellin' you all these particulars because I am very anxious you should understand exactly how every thing happened on this night which was the turning-point of my life."

"Very good," said Aunt Martha, "we want to hear all the particulars."

"Well, then," continued the burglar, "we pulled up to a stone wall which was at the bottom of Green's place and made fast, and father he got out and went up to the house. After a good while he came back and said that he was pretty sure Williamson Green had gone to bed, and as it wouldn't do to waken people up from their sleep, to ask them for nautical instruments they had borrowed, he sat down for a minute on the top of the wall and then he slapped his knee, not making much noise, though."

"By George," he said, "an idea has just struck me. I can play the prettiest trick on Williamson that ever was played on mortal man. Those instruments are all in a box locked up and I know just where he keeps it. I saw it not long ago, when I went to his house to talk about a yacht he wants built. They are on a table in the corner of his bed-room. He was taking me through the house to show me the improvements he had made, and he said to me:

"'Martin, there's your instruments, I won't trouble you to take them with you, because they're heavy, and you're not going straight home, but I'll bring them to you day after to-morrow, when I shall be goin' your way.'

"Now, then," said my father, "the trick I'm thinkin' of playing on Williamson is this: I'd like to take that box of instruments out of his room without his knowing it and carry them home, having the boat here convenient; and then in a day or two to write to him and tell him I must have 'em, because I have a special use for them. Of course, he'll be awfully out up, not having them to send back, and when he comes down to my place to talk about it, and after hearing all he has to say, I'll show him the box. He'll be the most dumfounded man in this State, and if I don't choose to tell him he'll never know to his dying day how I got that box. And if he lies awake at night, trying to think how I got it, it will serve him right for keeping my property from me so long."

"But, father," said I, "if the people have gone to bed you can't get into the house to play him your trick."

"That can be managed," says he. "I'm rather old for climbing myself, but I know a way by which you, Thomas, can get in easy enough. At the back of the house is a trellis with a grape-vine running over it, and the top of it is just under one of the second-story windows. You can climb up that trellis, Thomas, and lift up that window-sash, very carefully, so's not to make no noise, and get in, then you'll be in a back room with a door right in front of you, which opens into Mr. and Mrs. Green's bed-room. There's always a little night lamp burning in it, by which you can see to get about. In the corner, on your right as you go into the room, is a table with my instrument-box standing on it. The box is pretty heavy and there is a handle on top to carry it by. You needn't be afraid to go in, for by this time they are both sound asleep and you can pick up the box and walk out as gingerly as a cat, havin', of course, taken your shoes off before you went in. Then you can hand the box out the back window to me—I can climb up high enough to reach it—and you can scuttle down, and we'll be off, having the best rig on Williamson Green that I ever heard of in my born days."

"I was a very active boy, used to climbing and all that sort of thing, and I had no doubt that I could easily get into the house, but I did not fancy my father's scheme."

"Suppose," I said, "that Mr. Williamson Green should wake up and see me, what could I say? How could I explain my situation?"

"You needn't say any thing," said my father. "If he wakes up blow out the light and scoot. If you happen to have the box in your hand drop it out the back window and then slip down after it. He won't see us, but if he does he can't catch us before we get to the boat; but if he should, however, I'll have to explain the matter to him, and the joke will be against me; but I shall get my instruments, which is the main point, after all."

"I did not argue with my father, for he was a man who hated to be differed with, and I agreed to help him carry out his little joke. We both took off our shoes and walked quietly to the back of the house. My father stood below, and I climbed up the trellis under the back window, which he pointed out. The window-sash was down all but a little crack to let in air, and I raised it so slowly and gently that I made no noise. Then, without any trouble at all, I got into the room."

"I found myself in a moderate-sized chamber, lit with a faint light came

"Just to think of it! I have left open the window in which that beautiful child was sleeping. If it should take cold and die from the damp air of the river blowing upon it I should never forgive myself. Oh! if I had only thought of climbing up the trellis again and pulling down that sash. I am sure I could go back and do it without making the least noise. My father gave a grunt, but what the grunt meant I do not know, and for a few moments he was silent, and then he said:

"Thomas, you can not go back, the distance is too great, the tide is against us, and it is time that you and I are both in our beds. Nothing may happen to that baby, but attend to my words now, if any harm should come to that child it will go hard with you. If it should die it would be of no use for you to talk about practical jokes. You would be held responsible for its death. I was going to say to you that it might be as well for you not to say any thing about this little venture until I had seen how Williamson Green took the joke. Some people get angry with very little reason, although I hardly believe he's that sort of man, but now things are different. He thinks all the world of that child, which is the only one they're got, and if you want to stay outside of jail or the house of refuge I warn you never to say a word of where you have been this night."

"With this he began to row again, and I followed his example, but with a very heavy heart. All that night I dreamt of the little child with the damp night winds blowing in upon it."

"Did you ever hear if it caught cold?" asked Aunt Martha.

"No," replied the burglar, "I never did. I mentioned the matter to my father, and he said that he had great fears upon the subject, for although he had written to Williamson Green, asking him to return the instruments, he had not seen him or heard from him, and he was afraid that the child had died or was dangerously sick. Shortly after that my father sent me on a little trip to the Long Island coast to collect some bills from people for whom he had done work. He gave me money to stay a week or two at the sea-shore, saying that the change would do me good, and it was while I was away on this delightful holiday that an event occurred which had a most disastrous effect upon my future life. My father was arrested for burglary!"

"It appeared, and I can not tell you how shocked I was when I discovered the truth, that the box which I had carried away did not contain nautical instruments, but was filled with valuable plate and jewels. My unfortunate father heard from a man who had been discharged from the service of the family whose house he had visited—whose name by the way was not Green—where the box containing the valuables mentioned was always placed at night, and he had also received accurate information in regard to the situation of the rooms and the best method of gaining access to them."

"I believe that some arrangement had been made between my father and this discharged servant in regard to a division of the contents of the box, and it was on account of a disagreement upon this subject that the man became very angry, and after pocketing what my father thought was his fair share he departed to unknown regions, leaving behind a note to the police, which led to my father's arrest."

"That was a mean trick," said Aunt Martha.

The burglar looked at her gratefully.

"In the lower spheres of life, madam, such things often happen. Some of the plate and jewels were found in my



WE PUSHED OFF AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE.

father's possession, and he was speedily tried and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. And now, can you imagine, ladies," said the burglar, apparently having become convinced to address himself to Aunt Martha as well as my wife, "the wretched position in which I found myself? I was upbraided as the son of a thief. I soon found myself without home, without occupation, and alas! without good reputation. I was careful not to mention my voluntary connection with my father's crime for fear that should I do so I might be compelled to make a statement which might increase the severity of his punishment. For this reason I did not dare to make inquiries concerning the child in whom I had taken such an interest and whose little life I had, perhaps, jeopardized. I never knew, ladies, whether that infant grew up or not."

"But I, alas! grew up to a life of hardship and degradation. It would be impossible for persons in your sphere of life to understand what I now was obliged to suffer. Suitable employment I could not obtain, because I was the son of a burglar. With a father in the State's prison it was of no use for me to apply for employment at any respectable place of business. I labored at one thing and another, sometimes engaging in the most menial employments. I also had been educated and brought up by my dear mother for a very different career. Sometimes I managed to live fairly well, sometimes I suffered. Always I suffered from the stigma of my father's crime; always in the eyes of the community in which I lived—a community I am sorry to say

from a door opposite the window. Having been several hours out in the night my eyes had become so accustomed to darkness that this light was comparatively strong and I could see every thing."

"Looking about me my eyes fell on a little bedstead, on which lay one of the most beautiful infants I ever beheld in my life. Its golden hair lay in ringlets upon the pillow. Its eyes were closed, but its soft cheeks had in them a rosy tinge which almost equaled the color of its dainty little lips, slightly opened as it softly breathed and dreamed." At this point I saw my wife look quickly at the bed-room key she had in her hand. I knew she was thinking of George Williamson.

"I stood entranced," continued the burglar, "gazing upon this babe, for I was very fond of children, but I remembered that I must not waste time, and stepped softly into the next room. There I beheld Mr. and Mrs. Williamson Green in bed, both fast asleep, the gen-



"I STOOD ENTRANCED."

tleman breathing a little hard. In a corner just where my father told me I should find it, stood the box upon the table.

"But I could not immediately pick it up and depart. The beautiful room in which I found myself was a revelation to me. Until that moment I had not known that I had tastes and sympathies of a higher order than might have been expected of the youthful son of a boat builder. Those artistic furnishings aroused within a love of the beautiful which I did not know I possessed. The carpets, the walls, the pictures, the hangings in the windows, the furniture, the ornaments, every thing in fact impressed me with such a delight that I did not wish to move or go away."

"Into my young soul there came a longing. 'Oh!' I said to myself, 'that my parents had belonged to the same social grade as that worthy couple reposing in that bed, and oh! that I, in my infancy, had been as beautiful and as likely to be so carefully nurtured and cultured as that sweet babe in the next room.' I almost heard a sigh as I thought of the difference between these surroundings and my own, but I checked myself, it would not do to make a noise and spoil my father's joke."

"There were a great many things in that luxurious apartment which it would have delighted me to look upon and examine, but I forebore."

"I wish I'd been there," said the stout man, "there wouldn't have been any forebearin'."

The speaker turned sharply upon him.

"Don't you interrupt me again," he said, angrily. Then, instantly resuming his deferential tone, he continued the story.

"But I had come there by the command of my parent and this command must be obeyed without trifling or loss of time. My father did not approve of trifling or loss of time. I moved quietly towards the table in the corner, on which stood my father's box. I was just about to put my hand upon it when I heard a slight movement behind me. I gave a start and glanced backward. It was Mr. Williamson Green turning over in his bed; what if he should awake? His back was now towards me and my impulse was to fly and leave every thing behind me, but my father had ordered me to bring the box, and he expected his orders to be obeyed. I had often been convinced of that."

"I stood perfectly motionless for a minute or so, and when the gentleman recommenced his regular and very audible breathing I felt it safe to proceed with my task. Taking hold of the box I found it was much heavier than I expected it to be, but I moved gently away with it and passed into the back room."

"There I could not refrain from stopping a moment by the side of the sleeping babe, upon whose cherub-like face the light of the night-lamp dimly shone. The little child was still sleeping sweetly, and my impulse was to stop and kiss it, but I knew that this would be wrong. The infant might awake and utter a cry and my father's joke be spoiled. I moved to the open window, and with some trouble and, I think, without any noise, I succeeded in getting out upon the trellis with the box under my arm. The descent was awkward, but my father was a tall man, and, reaching upward, relieved me of my burden before I got to the ground."

"I didn't remember it was so heavy," he whispered, "or I should have given you a rope to lower it down by. If you had dropped it and spoiled my instruments, and made a lot of noise besides, I should have been angry enough."

"I was very glad my father was not angry, and following him over the green sward we quickly reached the boat, where the box was stowed away under the bow to keep it from injury."

"We pushed off as quietly as possible and rowed swiftly down the river. When we had gone about a mile I suddenly dropped my oar with an exclamation of dismay."

"What's the matter?" cried my father.

"Oh, I have done a dreadful thing," I said. "Oh father, I must go back."

"I am sorry to say that at this my father swore."

"What do you want to go back for?" he said.

incapable as a rule of making correct judgments in delicate cases like these—I was looked upon as belonging to the ranks of the dishonest. It was a hard lot, and sometimes almost impossible to bear up under."

"I have spoken at length, ladies, in order that you may understand my true position, and I wish to say that I have never felt the crushing weight of my father's disgrace more deeply than I felt it last evening. This man," nodding toward the stout burglar, "came to me shortly after I had eaten my supper, which happened to be a very frugal one, and said to me:

"Thomas, I have some business to attend to to-night, in which you can help me if you choose. I know you are a good mechanic."

"If it's work that will pay me," I answered, "I should be very glad to do it, for I am greatly in need of money."

"It will pay," said he, and I agreed to assist him."

To be continued next week.

WOODPECKER STORES.

How the Busy Birds Secure Provisions For Winter Consumption.

In stripping off the bark, I observed it perforated with holes larger than those which a musket bullet would make, speared with most accurate precision, as if bored under the guidance of a rule and compass, and many of them filled most neatly with acorns.

Earlier in the season I remarked the holes in most all the soft timber; but imagining they were caused by wood insects, I did not stop to examine or inquire; but now finding them studded with acorns firmly fixed in, which I knew could not have been driven there by the wind, I sought for an explanation, which was practically given me by Captain S—'s pointing out a flock of woodpeckers busily and noisily employed in the prudent task of securing their winter's provisions, for it appears, that the sagacious bird is not all the time thriftlessly engaged in "tapping the hollow beach tree" for the mere idle purpose of empty sound, but spends its summer season in picking those holes, in which it lays its store of food for the winter, where the elements can neither affect nor place it beyond their reach, and it is considered a sure omen that the snowy period is approaching when these birds commence stowing away their acorns, which otherwise might be covered by its fall.

I frequently paused from my chopping to watch them in my neighborhood, with the acorns in their bills, half clawing, half flying round the tree, and admired the adroitness with which they tried at the different holes, until they found one of its exact caliber, when, inserting the pointed end, they tapped it home most artistically with their beaks, and flew down for another. But their natural instinct is even more remarkable in the choice of the nuts, which you will invariably find sound; whereas it is a matter of impossibility, in selecting them for roasting, to pick up a batch that will not have half of them unfit for use, the most safe and polished-looking frequently containing a large grub generated within. Even the wily Indian, with all his craft and experience, is unable to arrive at any thing like an unerring selection, while in a large bag full that we took from the bark of our log, there was not one containing the slightest germ of decay. They never encroach on their packed stores until all on the surface are covered, when they resort to those in the bark, and peck them of their contents without removing the shell from the holes.

—N. Y. Ledger.

WILD YOUNG BRITONS.

A Manitoba Refuge For the Fast Sons of Nobility.

There is one of the strangest farms in the world up here in Manitoba. Its principal crop is an annual growth of young Englishmen, sons of wealthy parents, who have interrupted the boys in their diligent work of sowing a thick and early crop of wild oats, and have sent them out to the colony to have their moral and physical health built up and a little industry and useful knowledge instilled into them at the same time. The owners of the farm, two brothers, charge the boys for their board and instruct them in farming for nothing, but the work they manage to get out of the young fellows is worth a good deal more than the time spent in teaching them, though occasionally a horse is foundered or a piece of farm machinery broken.

It is remarkable, though, how these young sprigs of nobility, many of them, take to the hard work of the farm. They have true British grit about them, and the managers have sense enough to have the drudgery and dirty work done by hired men. The boys ride the horse rakes, drive the mowing machines, learn to run a thresher, plow, etc., and all of them take kindly to the care of live-stock, the horses especially, though a propensity to race the latter at every opportunity has to be guarded against. The "instincts of gentlemen" do not seem to desert them either, for they will never sit down to eat in the clothes they have worked in and they refuse to eat with the farm hands who bring the smell of stables to the table. Bathing, shaving and dressing for the evening take up a good deal of their time—indeed, "waste it," real farmers would say—but the boys insist on it. They also cling to their cigarettes. Many of them get to like the life, so that they stay longer than their parents insist on, but nearly all return gladly when the term of their banishment is over. The farm owners make a good thing out of it.—Winnipeg Letter.

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PERSONAL.

—Squire Glaser made a visit to Marquette Tuesday.

—Peter Mallman, of Isabella, was in town yesterday.

—Wm. Loeffler, of Bark River called on us last Wednesday.

—Capt. Schwartz, of the state land office, was at the Oliver Tuesday.

—Mr. A. Maitland, of the Iron Cliffs Co., was at the Ludington Tuesday.

—Safford, foreman of the Mirror office, has visited at Milwaukee this week.

—Misses Gertrude and Marian Selden are visiting at Menominee this week.

—Miss Verna Crosett has vacated the position formerly held by her on the Mirror.

—Dr. and Mrs. Phillips celebrated their "wooden wedding" last (Friday) evening.

—Pat McKenna, brother of the editor of the Mirror, is down with a typhoid fever.

—Mr. Lillie, of the Metropolitan Lumber Co., has been here for a day or two this week.

—Mr. Jennings, of White & J., departed Thursday for a two weeks' visit in lower Michigan.

—Major Clark, of the Pioneer, was in town Monday night, on business of the Good Templars.

—John M. Millar arrived from "the frozen north" on Tuesday—that is to say, from Grand Marais, Minn.

—Rev. H. W. Thompson, called hither to perform the marriage ceremony for Bert and Laura, paid us a brief visit Thursday.

—M. Sberbinow and his nephew, Mayea, boom boss at Flat Rock, departed Thursday for a visit of two or three weeks in Canada.

—John Staiger started for New York Thursday on business which every one who knows him hopes he may accomplish successfully.

—Oliver Ellsworth arrived from Oshkosh, to be present at Bert's wedding, Thursday morning. He was accompanied by Miss Carry, a cousin.

—Dr. L. A. Friederichs, who has been taking instruction at the post graduate school of medicine in New York, is now located at Bloomington, Wis.

—Mr. D. F. Chariton of Marquette, was in town Monday to look at the burnt district with an eye to planning the new buildings to be erected thereupon.

—Rev. L. B. Stimson, who has for many years past taught the children, married the lovers and buried the dead at Wilson, has again taken up his residence in our city.

The Latest.

Green Bay is to have free delivery of mails after Jan. 1, next ensuing; the postmaster general has so ordered.

At Eagle Harbor a boy of ten years named Lawrence killed a girl of eleven by throwing a stone. The girl's skull was broken.

The rivers of Central Pennsylvania are greatly swollen by rains and damage by flood is feared.

The women supposed to be Mrs. Bender and her daughter Kate have been held with out bail, but the identification is very weak.

Warner, the "Safe Care" man, has sold his business to English investors for \$5,000,000. The comet trade goes with the rest, we suppose.

Late news from Stanley is to the effect that he has beaten the Mahdi in battle and captured his "holy banner."

Milwaukee coal dealers have been cheating in weights. [And the Sentinel gives that as news.]

Mrs. Strang, a Jackson county woman, forced her daughter, a girl of 18, to take Paris green and took a dose herself. Both died. The mother was insane.

Philip Lennon, tried and convicted of burglary at St. Ignace, assaulted Judge Steere when he was sentenced. No harm done, though.

Lasari was found guilty of an attempt to murder and sentenced to fifteen years in the Marquette prison.

Stanley is reported within four days' march of Zangbar and to "root of the woods."

Three men were fatally and four others less severely injured in the Buffalo mine. A fall of ground caused a blast of air through the drift in which they were working, hurling them violently outward, towards the shaft.

An unknown man was killed by being hit by a passing engine as he lay asleep beside the railroad track near Bessemer Tuesday night.

In the Cronin case witnesses whom the jury can not believe are swearing to alibis that contradict each other and the lawyers call it "defense."

An eastern syndicate has bought up the whole Monongahela coal field and the coal fleet on the Ohio river—125 mines, 18,000 miners and 4,300 steamers and barges are affected by the deal.

Sharkey, condemned to die for the murder of his mother at Eaton, Ohio, has been granted a new trial.

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AMUSEMENTS.

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With all our own special scenery, showing the

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—Also the—

Sinking of the Boat

In Full View of the Audience.

Tuesday, Nov. 26th

Will be presented the famous backwoods Idyl,

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A Great Backwoods

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Wednesday, November 27.

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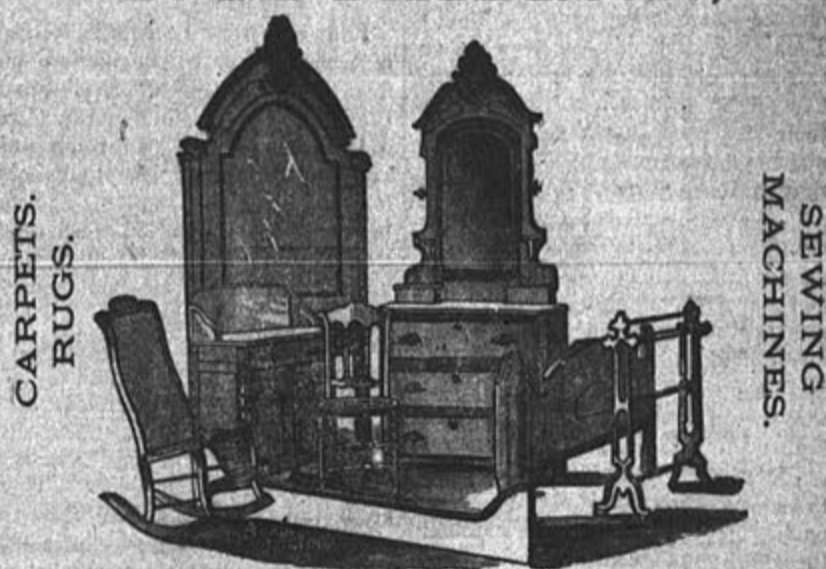
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