

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**F. A. BANKS,**  
Surgeon Dentist.  
Residence 1121 Tenth avenue. Office 108 S. W. 7th and 6th streets.

**J. H. WILSON,**  
ADMINISTRATOR.  
The Golden Rule.

**UNCLE PETE**  
His Anxious Wait for Rich Never Came.  
**UNCLE PETE**  
A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN PAPER.—J. C. AND WM. N. VAN DUZER, Publishers.

VOLUME 22, NO. 7.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

# DON'T READ THIS

Buy one dollar's worth of goods in our line until you have had prices and looked at our goods.

A large stock of all kinds of furniture in XVth Century Antique, Solid Walnut and Natural Cherry Finish.

is not a list arranged to deceive, but an honest list of honest goods always to be found in stock.

Have you got a Sewing Machine, Piano or Organ? If not, call and see what easy terms you can buy them on. How about those Carpet Sweepers?

What shall I buy for my friends for Xmas, is a perplexing question:—call in and perhaps we can help you with the difficulty.

**DON'T FORGET .. US.**

**P. M. PETERSON,**

230 Ludington Street, Escanaba, Michigan.

Northup & Northup.

## ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS

—OF CAPITAL AND THE—

### Oldest AND Strongest Companies

In the world are represented by the Fire Insurance Agency of

## NORTHUP & NORTHUP

Promptness in placing risks—Promptness and liberality in adjusting losses—Promptness in paying characterize the methods of the agency.

Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

## REAL ESTATE.

Northup & Northup now offer

Choice Lots in the S. H. Selden addition at Low Prices and on Easy Terms. Every one a good investment as they must increase in value.

### BUSINESS PROPERTY

On Ludington, Thomas and Charlotte streets daily becoming more valuable.

### RESIDENCES AND RESIDENCE LOTS

In the best localities in the city and suburbs, all for sale on Easy Terms and at Low Prices.

### RESIDENCES FOR RENT.

Northup & Northup will also take charge of property for non-resident owners, attend to repairs, pay taxes, collect rents, etc., etc.

**Grocery.**

**B. D. WINEGAR**

Is now located with BITTNER & SCHEMMELEL in the new block. Watch for the Grand Display of all kinds of

Lake and Ocean Fish, Smoked or Fresh,

OYSTERS IN CANS OR BULK.

Game and Vegetables of All Kinds.

609 Ludington Street.

**BITTNER & SCHEMMELEL.**

Civil Engineer.

## D. A. BROTHERTON, CIVIL ENGINEER

AND SURVEYOR.

And dealer in Real Estate.

New office in Chase City Property, and 1600 acres on Escanaba River, nearly hardwood, balance Pine Cedar Land, 55 miles from Escanaba, 120 miles from Gladstone, only 26.00 per acre, together with many other desirable parcels.

### Is Dead.

Abraham Pool,  
John Champion,  
Jersey Wickham,  
Mother of Isaac A. Pool.  
Born June 22, 1807, 83 years, 6 mo., 17 days,  
Died Dec. 29, 1890, at East Worcester, N. Y.

His wife and children have departed;  
Brother, sisters almost by;  
But the Mother's love  
Laid the veil of grief away.

You have heard my notes of anguish,  
Sighing on the midnight air,  
Sought for me the hand of success,  
By the Christian's faith, in prayer.

Four-score years, in deeds of kindness,  
You have filled the world with joy;  
While across the world I wander,  
Ever far—your best boy.

By the amber halos veiled,  
Came to me the message dim;  
"She is silent with the morning;  
"She, Your Mother, hath died."

Then the lights went out in heaven,  
Darkness like a mantle fell;  
"Whom didst thou mean to send,  
Only known in deep of hell."

There the night, the silent watchers—  
By the day, the cross-cloth's fold;  
"Still the night awaits the morning,  
And the dark engulfing mold."

Fifty years my Father, sleeping,  
Waits for you the coming bride,  
"Won at last from earthly sorrow,  
Peace awaits you, by his side."

Farewell Mother! Darling Mother!  
Eyes may weep across your hier;  
"Miss are red at your departing,  
Passing with the passing year."

Thus and while my settings are falling;  
I approach my setting sun,  
"Mother! Shall I ever meet you,  
When my course of life is run?"

ISAAC A. POOL.  
Escanaba, Mich. Dec. 30, 1890.

### SAND.

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN died on Sunday morning last and was buried on Tuesday.

THE I. Stephenson Co. will cut 22,000,000 feet of logs this winter unless Burns' calculations fail.

THE holiday exercises by the children of St. Stephen's Sunday school came off on Tuesday evening last at Opera Grand, were well attended and the exercises exceedingly enjoyable.

MARQUETTE and other u. p. towns have just taken the craze for indoor base ball. Our boys had it a year ago, light, and recovered without permanent injury. There's oushels of fun in it, though.

THE ICE-BRIDGE became safe for men on foot last Sunday—two weeks earlier than in either of the two winters last past. Capt Stratton, who crossed on Monday reported no less than four inches at any point and teams will no doubt have crossed before this is printed.

ALL OUR EGGS in one basket is not a good condition. The year just closed has been, as everybody knows, a busy one and we have thriven, but the outlook for '91, from the ore trade standpoint, is dark, and we are likely to have short commons before its close—to eat up the savings of last year and come out a year hence "spring poor." Diversified industry is the remedy.

THE WOUND received by Mr. Robinson, briefly mentioned in our last issue, proved fatal, as was anticipated, his demise occurring on the day following. The occurrence was another case of "did not know it was loaded." His funeral was celebrated on Wednesday of this week and was very largely attended, the shops being shut down for the occasion and the men being present in a body. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Brunel, who were both much prostrated by the catastrophe, have recovered.

THE NEW YEAR came in with a roaring gale, snow laden, from the north east. All day long it raged, veering toward night to the north and northwest, and keeping every one's fears alive lest a fire break out. None did, though Jo. Chevner's chimney burned out just at dark and scattered the burning coal liberally towards the buildings south of it. Paul Kelly's windows gave way before the strength of the blast and he has a job for the glazier. The firemen's dance came off as usual and was well attended in spite of the storm, and so 1891 was inaugurated.

COURT OPENS next Tuesday morning with a calendar of seventy seven causes—21 criminal, 30 issues of fact, 5 imparance, and 21 chancery—and the following list of jurors:

George Myers, Bay de Noc t'p.  
Charles Wicklander,  
William Krauth, Baldwin.  
William H. Wellsted,  
John Christianson, Bark River.  
Alexander Bono,  
Albert Moore, Masonville.  
August Schram,  
Frank LaBranch, Maple Ridge.  
John Kleiber,  
Joseph Heldman, Nahma.  
Joseph Kohlman,  
John Green, Sack Bay.  
Donald A. Wells,  
William Erickson, Gladstone.  
E. V. White,  
John Christie, 1st ward Escanaba.  
William Martens, 2d ward "  
David Morgan, 3d ward "  
P. VanValkenburg, 4th ward "  
Herman Haas, Garden.  
Peter Lank, Fairbanks.  
Peter Gross, Escanaba t'p.  
William Boyler, Fond River.

SORT WEATHER, and our production, in another paragraph, concerning the ice bridge fails.

STERLING & WILLIAMS succeed R. S. Sterling, Mr. C. R. Williams, formerly of Ypsilanti purchasing a half interest. He will be here in about a week with his family and will, after February, be in personal charge of the business.—R. R. must have rest, and recuperate. That's the way he puts it, at any rate, though we should not have thought it.

SEVERAL, we think a majority, of the aldermen are averse to any action with regard to a street railway until after the legislature shall have acted upon our city charter and until after, under the charter as amended, action shall be taken as to paving Ludington street. We do not see the matter as they do, but they have some grounds for the action (or non-action) they propose, and are actuated, unquestionably, by care for the public welfare, and are as likely to be right as we, so IRON PORT will not berate them; their chosen organ and beneficiary in equal to that.

JOHN BURNS lodged with Squire Stonhouse three complaints against two brothers named Kirkpatrick—that they hanged him, that assault and battery; that they did it displaying fire arms, that adds to the a. and b. "with intent" etc.; and that they carried out of his domicile his housekeeping outfit and appliances, that's larceny—upon which complaints and charges the court issued its warrants the officers made the arrests and the brothers were held, one under bond and one in the jug, for hearing and investigation. It was a domestic difficulty to begin with, and the accused took the part of their sister, Burns' wife.

THE DIFFERENCE between the state of Michigan and the United States [census bureau] is the subject of a communication from one of the enumerators who did the work of the 11th census in this county. They are all treated alike, and the treatment is unutterably shabby.

GLADSTONE, Dec. 29, 90.

EDITOR IRON PORT:—I was census enumerator in a district composed of this city and the township of Masonville (the latter seven severed towns). I did the work in the months of June and July, when the flies and mosquitoes were at their worst, and was employed six hundred hours. Five months later I received information that my schedules were accepted, and were approximately correct, and receipts (to sign) for my compensation, the sum therein specified being insufficient to defray my necessary expenses while engaged in the work. Mr. Newett, supervisor of the district, admits the inadequacy of the sum and has exerted himself to have it increased, but without success.

I did a like work for the state of Michigan when its last census was taken, performing not a fifteenth as much labor as last June, for the U. S., and for that my remuneration was as much as the sum now offered by the U. S., and it was promptly paid. In this latter case, though I have signed and returned the receipts, I do not expect my pay under six months, yet.

NEXT.

THE PRESIDENT launched the "Columbian Quadracentennial"—Chicago's big show, by proclamation, thus:

WHEREAS satisfactory proof has been presented to me that provision has been made for adequate grounds and buildings for the uses of the World's Fair Columbian Exposition, and that a sum not less than \$10,000,000 to be used and expended for the purposes of said exposition has been provided in accordance with the conditions and requirements of section 10 of an act entitled "An act to provide for celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, by holding an international exhibition of arts, industries, and manufactures and the products of the soil, mine and sea, in the city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois," approved April 23, 1890. Now, therefore,

I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the U. S., by virtue of the authority vested in me by said act, do Declare and Proclaim that such international exhibition will be opened on the first day of May in the year 1893, in the city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois, and will not be closed before the last Thursday in October of the same year. And in the name of the Government and of the People of the United States, I do hereby invite all the nations of the earth to take part in the commemoration of an event that is pre-eminent in human history and of lasting interest to mankind by appointing representatives thereto, and by sending such exhibits to the World's Columbian Exposition as will most fully and fully illustrate their resources, their industries and their progress in civilization.

In testimony whereof I have hereto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 24th day of December, 1890, and of the independence day of the United States the 115th. By the president,

BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

The Jenks Ship-Building Company, with a capital stock of \$50,000, has been organized in Port Huron. They are Wm. S. Jenks, Orris L. Jenks, A. M. Carpenter, W. G. Jenks, and A. M. Carpenter, trustees. The company will immediately commence the construction of a large vessel on Black River. It is expected that seventy five men will find employment at the new ship-yard during the winter.

### "COTTON PICKED BY MACHINERY.

The essential feature is 310 fingers or spindles projecting through and from a hollow cylinder. Those fingers are 10 inches long, and have at the end a brush or tip of fine wire, and set in four grooves radially in horse hair, clipped so it projects from the finger about one-twelfth of an inch, the tip and the hairs on the side being the means of getting the cotton from the bolls. The fingers or spindles are given a whirling motion by a system of cog gear inclosed within the cylinder. Moving forward the cylinder revolves, the fingers come in contact with the cotton lint, and it is picked, then carried upward and backward until cleaned from the fingers by brushes, and thrown into receptacles holding 60 pounds of seed cotton. The revolutions are so timed that the fingers which project at the spokes of a wheel strike the plant without a raking motion, for that would damage the plant. No injury comes to the leaf or boll from running the machine over the plant. With a width of four feet, length seven feet and eight 3/4 feet, the machine complete weighs about 1200 pounds, and it is of easy draft for two mules. Thursday a party of gentlemen went to the Ruffner place on the Robinsonville road and saw the Campbell machine in operation. The rows were 185 yards long and were gone over twice, the result being the cotton was cleanly picked out of the bolls, the machine being as thorough in this respect as the fingers of the negro. In the morning, when the cotton was slightly damp, a gathering from one row made by the machine weighed a little more than thirty pounds; the waste knocked on the ground by the machine was picked up by hand and weighed five ounces. In the afternoon, with the cotton perfectly dry, the cotton picked weighed over twenty eight pounds, and the waste picked up weighed nearly three and one half pounds. The time made was about five pounds a minute, or 300 pounds an hour. Allowing time, liberally, for emptying the receptacles, stopping for repairs, meals, etc., the machine could easily work ten hours a day, and would gather 3000 pounds, at a total expense of not more than \$3 per day, making the total cost of the picking for each bale \$1.50. The present cost is fully \$16.—Waco (Texas) Day.

### THE KILLING OF MATTHEWS, the postmaster, at Carleton, Miss., is justified by the dispatches from that place. He was a bad man, they say; got drunk, and swore, and carried a weapon, and they just had to kill him, for peace sake. This is the way his sister tells the story. John was murdered by a mob. He had been notified by a dozen men that a mob was going to kill him that day. He saw the men and their guns and he got a wife. When he did this the sheriff arrested him and placed him under bonds. John pointed three men out to the sheriff and asked him to arrest them and protect his life. The sheriff refused. It was a plot, and all were in it. John told Loyd (a young man working for him) that he thought they would kill him before night. He stayed at the postoffice until his second dinner bell rang, when he said he would go to dinner. They begged him not to go, but he said he would. When he reached the hotel steps McBride, who was still in his drug store, shot him down with his shot gun, killing him instantly. Not satisfied with this, McBride fired five shots at him from a revolver after he was dead. The mob then began dancing and shouting around the body with the most vile abuse and curses. John had received several anonymous letters telling him he must leave the town. The murderer goes free, and all because they must have the postoffice at Carleton.

THE Iron and Coal Trades Review, English, hopes much from the incoming democratic house of representatives in the way of modification of the tariff, but it says, very sensibly, "Any attempt, however, from this side, either by the foolish meetings held a few months since at Sheffield, or by the action of the Cobden Club, to dictate to the people of America when and how they should regulate their tariff to our liking will assuredly be resisted, and very justly resented, as experience has already shown."

A nugget of gold weighing seventy ounces was found, last week, in Mahaska county, Iowa.

### Around the County.

TURIN, Jan. 1, '91.

IRON PORT:—Our Christmas tree entertainment was largely attended and passed off very successfully, though it was much to be regretted that none of the school teachers were able to be present. Rev. Mr. Brown, of Marquette opened the proceedings with a short prayer, after which John T. Brown, master of ceremonies, called the names of the children who had pieces to recite. The little ones did very well indeed, considering their tender age; Miss Esther McFarland, of the Lathrop school carried off the honors of the evening, while the names of Miss Hattie Taylor, Master A. Haskell, Miss Laura Brown, and Willie McFarland are worthy of special mention.

Miss Maggie Bacon, of Escanaba, visited here on Tuesday and will return in time to reopen school on Monday, the 5th.

A material improvement has been made in the church building by the addition of several new hanging lamps.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt. McFarland entertained a large party of friends on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gross, of Escanaba, spent the holidays with Mr. O'Brien's parents at this place.

Both schools reopen on Monday, the 5th.

### The Latest.

Gen. Brooke not having made a success of it, and there being fighting to be done, Miles assumes personal command of the troops. Now the Sioux know just what to expect.

The Illinois Steel Co. has closed all its works except the blast furnaces for an indefinite period. Seventeen hundred men thrown idle.

The reds burned the schoolhouse at Catholic mission and laid an ambush for the 7th cavalry but the 9th reinforced it and the plan failed.

The whole Dakota tribe is on the war path—the fight with Big Foot's band gave the signal and those of the tribe which had up to that time remained on the reservations and had been called "friendly" went out at once and became as "hostile" as the rest. Miles has his work cut out now.

The Decatur postmaster proposes to move his office and the people of the place protest and appeal to the p. m. g.

The postmaster at Carrollton, Miss, was shot to death. His name was Matthews and he was a son of that Preatious Matthews who was killed at Hazelhurst in '82 for voting the republican ticket.

In a saloon near Wilkes Barre, Pa., the proprietor, his wife and a Hungarian customer were killed by another Hungarian who has so far evaded arrest.

SUCH of our democratic friends as desire to have part in the jubilee at Lansing, upon the occasion of Gov. Winans' inauguration, can get thither from Marquette for one fare for the round trip. Sleeper fare will be another \$5. Train will leave Marquette on Tuesday evening and arrive at Lansing next morning.

KEEPEE ROSE discontinued the light on the point last Saturday.

### THE STATE.

F. E. Dickinson and Gertrude Brundage, members of the medical department of the university, skating on Cornwall's mill pond, at Ann Arbor, on Christmas evening, broke through the ice and were drowned. Dickinson was from Dubuque and Miss Brundage from Long Island.

Cole, marshal of Mendon City, shot, and fatally wounded on Monday, a saloon keeper whose place he was endeavoring to "regulate."

The residence of N. McGroft was destroyed and the Trustees and National Bank books badly damaged by a fire last week. Muskegon was the place.

"Aunt Sally" Jump, of Coldwater, was past her 102d year when she died, last Monday.

Game Warden Smith resigned his position so as to give Gov. Winans another place to fill. He went out with the rest of the republicans on Wednesday night at midnight.

A Mormon missionary is working Santiac county for converts, and getting them.

Grand Rapids grocers don't mean to be done by the sugar trust and have arranged to import their own sugar from Cuba (?)

Charles Siler shot Wm. Bibbins, at Belleville, wounding him dangerously. He says it was accidental, which might go for the first shot but is too thin for the second.

A Sebawa man, far gone with consumption, is amusing himself by having his coffin built, under his own direction and supervision.

The "Knights of the grip"—that is to say the commercial travelers—of the state held their second annual convention at Kalamazoo on the 29th. Gov. Luce was with them.

Lansing folks, democrats as well as republicans, united to give Governor Luce a reception, by way of a send off, on New Years evening. They like the governor.

Braastad keeps the old book keeper, Moore, and P. J. Davis, late deputy, but the latter has to take a lower place, that of cashier. All the rest must go.

### A Beautiful and Valuable Book.

That ambitious paper, The Detroit Journal, is unwilling to play second fiddle to any other its new Year Book for 1891 completely beat out its claim of being finer than any previous work of the kind ever issued. This book contains in its 148 pages a remarkable amount of valuable information, alphabetically arranged, and among other things, the census figures, election statistics in 1890. It is also profusely and beautifully illustrated with over one hundred "half-tone" engravings (from photographs), all made expressly for the book, and is printed on fine paper and bound in a beautiful cover. It is an immense improvement on its two predecessors and should be found in every home. It is given free to all subscribers of The Detroit Journal, but others can have a copy mailed them by remitting 30 cts. in stamps to The Detroit Journal.

### Local Retail Market.

Corrected weekly by Erickson & Busell, Postoffice block.

Sugar, Granulated	per lb	10.00
C. Sugar	per lb	11.00
Flour	per cwt	1.25
Butter	per lb	12.00
Chocolates	per cwt	1.00
Apples	per bushel	1.00
Oranges	per bushel	1.00
Lemons	per bushel	1.00
Walnuts	per bushel	1.00
Peanuts	per bushel	1.00
Various	per bushel	1.00



Our Entire Attention

(our banking business having been wound up) is now given to

DRY GOODS

of which our establishment, the oldest in the city, was never so full as now, and we propose to sell them

At Prices Lower Than Ever!

The Assortment is complete in all lines and the quantity sufficient to meet and satisfy all demands,

A Call Will Convince.

It is not necessary to enumerate and we make no "specialties," (which are usually but tricks of trade) but cover the whole field with our purchases and are ready for every demand.

GREENHOOT BROS

308 LUDINGTON STREET.

Mining Lands.

LOUIS + STEGMILLER

DEALER IN

MINERALLANDS

AND MINING OPTIONS,

Escanaba, Michigan.

Operates on all the ranges, Marquette, Menominee, Gogebic and Vermilion; has choice properties now in hand to which attention is invited.

Advertisement for Dr. Acker's English Remedy, featuring an illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for various ailments like cough, indigestion, and consumption.

HARDWARE.

HEATERS

of any pattern or description wanted.

TOOLS

For Woodsmen and Equipments for Camps.

Logging Sleighs! Supply Sleighs! Chains, Etc.

Hardware, Arms and Cutlery.

301 Ludington St. WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St.

BELLES OF ANTIQUITY.

Some of the styles worn by the fashion-able ladies of yesterday's time. It is an interesting fact and to a great extent true that the style of dress and ornaments of the ladies of the present day is much the same as in the time of Solomon.

The Scriptures narrate a great many things about the style of dress worn in the time of Solomon. In the law of Moses directions are given concerning the garments worn by the Israelites.

Lemuel says: "Their clothing is of silk and purple." In the frequent intercourse between the Jewish and other nations the ladies, tired of their primitive simplicity, sought the fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phoenicians and the luxurious Persians.

The tunic spoken of in the time of King Solomon was very much like the polonaise of the present time. The belts and fancy girdles and clasps and buckles are the same thing as the leather girdles and silver buckles worn in the Bible times.

Vails were worn and the sandals were made of blue and violet colored leather with fancy lockets. Solomon, it is related, said to the Shunamite: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" Thin nets were worn and car-rings of great value were commonly used.

DANGEROUS DUGS.

are Necessary in the Handling of Many in Common Use

How "dangerous" a thing is a little "knowledge" has frequently been proven. In these days, particularly when every other person one meets has a notion or theory to advance upon the ethics of life, mental and physical, discretion is imperative.

Quinine, too, that most beneficent of remedies in many cases, is much abused in as many more. The climatic conditions of this region do not demand its incessant consumption.

Another drug used in the hands of women, especially is aconite. Many mothers will tell calmly of keeping a supply on hand with which to dose the children and scrupulously on the appearance of any abnormal condition.

Simpler drugs are proportionately powerful, if persisted in. So mild a distillate as the essence of peppermint is injurious to the digestive organs taken too often.

Teacher—"You think sin is an adjective, do you? How would you compare it?" Smart Boy—"Positive, sin; comparative, sinner; superlative, cynic."

UPPER PENINSULA.

Pioneer office on the Tuesday evening chimney only one brick thick and the ceiling and fire got through it, some way, and spread between the outer and inner walls—seen in time, though, a few buckets of water, put in the right place by cool men.

A Finn who had been stung by an axe was left by the roadside, on the Ontonagon road, while his partner went for help. Meanwhile wolves killed and ate him.

The Italian hall, an incompleting three story building, blew down on the night of Dec. 22 and in its fall crushed two cottages on the lot next to it.

Estelle, second daughter of the publisher of the Sentinel, is very ill with typhoid fever.

A bloody week: Jas. Heider and John Newman fought, at Stephenson's camp 14, on Christmas morning and Heider got the worst of it.

John O'Rourke, an insane man confined for safe keeping in the village coop, set it on fire but the blaze was quenched before much damage was done.

Police business has been a little more lively of late than usual, with more serious infractions of the law.

Mr. Collins is the gentleman who, for several winters past, has spent his time in our city We clip from the Ontonagon Miner.

A big fire-in occurred at the Norrie mine between Nos. 2 and 3 shafts about nine o'clock last night, letting down the surface about six hundred feet east and west and three hundred feet across the ore vein.

The cave was expected, and for some days past the sections of the mine had been deserted. Crews of men were engaged all Christmas eve and the day following boring holes in the timbers on the fourth and fifth levels.

Blaine vs. Gladstone. Blaine's famous reply to Gladstone has been issued in pamphlet form.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills. An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves.

There is Only One. There is only one Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) and there is nothing like it.

Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism."

Mr. Collins is the gentleman who, for several winters past, has spent his time in our city We clip from the Ontonagon Miner.

Riggs, the deaf mute who was so fearfully injured by a fellow workman with an

Large advertisement for Christmas Bargains, featuring a counter for toys, books, tablets, stationery, confectionery, wall pockets, wall brackets, baby swings, purses, dolls, tumblers, and candlesticks. Also lists groceries like fruits, nuts, candies, and cigars. Signed George Shipman's.



PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS, Surgeon Dentist. Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue.

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 Mead's Drug Store.

S. A. THOMAS, M. D., C. M., Office over Hoyler'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. C. H. LONG, Physician and Surgeon, Office and residence in Semer Block, Escanaba, Michigan.

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

JOHN POWER, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Goodell's new store, Ludington St.

MEAD & JENNINGS, F. D. MEAD, I. C. JENNINGS. Attorneys at Law, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

A. R. NORTHP, LAWYER. Practices in all Courts, Attends promptly to Collections, etc.

T. B. WHITE, Attorney at Law. Office 2d Floor No. 511 Ludington St., ESCANABA, MICH.

ROYCE & WAITE, Attorneys. ESCANABA, MICH.

D. FRED CHARLTON, ARCHITECT, Bank Building, MARQUETTE, MICH.

E. MIL GLASER, Notary Public. Prepares documents in either the English or German languages.

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

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.

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

JOHN G. ZANE, Civil Engineer and Surveyor. Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber Lands.

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

UNCLE PETE.

His Anxious Wait for Riches That Never Came.



UNCLE PETE was a ruminating fellow. However, this was nothing new, as he had done but little else since the time he was a mite of a ducky, watching the sparks fly up from the burning log-heaps scattered over "old master's" new ground and die away in the dusky spring evening. He would sit upon a stump with the dark, freshly-plowed ground about him giving forth odors of earth and torn green roots, while the frogs in the shallow, shining branch, marked with willows, sang a happy, monotonous refrain.



enning wedges for the other hands, making himself uselessly useful. "Now, if I could dig into that gully and find a gold mine, wouldn't I be rich?" he mused. "Gret big peeces, big as my fists, den I could set up at the big 'ouse like folks, and not work my poor ole self to deth," sighing, as he got up to turn his mail. "But den dat's Marse Bob's land, s'pose 'twould be his gole. Nor dat ain't right neither. What I fine is mine. Ef I was to fine a quarter out yonder, I reckon it would be my quarter, and dat gole mine would, too," so soared his thoughts to a realm where roads were lined with gold instead of red mud, and palaces in the places of pine trees faced them, and he was richest of all in the country. He was awakened from those yellow-toned reveries by some one hallowing: "Peter; me? Peter, why don't you answer me?"

laziness of the "colored race" in general.

Sunday morning came, and with it guests at the big house, as usual. Uncle Pete went up to black boots and build fires, as was his custom—one he adopted himself and one he invariably kept. Marse Bob's wife's brother was there and, as Peter came in, he asked: "What kind of weather, Peter?" "Lubly, sir, lubly," was the reply he always gave, no matter what the weather might be. Hot or cold, wet or dry, Sunday morning was always "lubly" to Uncle Peter. "Where did you get that shirt, Peter?" came Frank's lazy tones from the depth of a feather bed, from where he could just see Peter, whose shoes were shining brighter than his ebony face, sitting on the wood-box rubbing away with brush and blacking for all he was worth. "Bought it!" with a proud glance. "You ought to be a good citizen with such a shirt as that on. Let me see! Stars all over and a striped sailor collar. Stars and stripes, pretty good!" Uncle Peter gave a complacent smile as Frank spoke in a half sleepy, half mischievous tone. "How's crops? Going to get rich this fall, aren't you?" "Well, mebbe so," brightening up. "Do you think so? I can't say, but I know one thing, you would like to have a smile," as Peter placed both shoes side by side, and shut up the blacking-box. Uncle Peter's black features lit up in quite a marvelous manner, as Frank offered him what he loved next to money. "Yes, sar, deed I would, sar," bowing and rubbing his hands gleefully. "Hand me that flask on the table. Now, here is your smile," detaching the silver drinking cup from the bottom of the flask and pouring the clear red liquid into it, which ran out with a jolly gurgle from the mouth of the bottle. "You drink fust, Marse Frank." "O, no, Peter, I never drink. I carry it about in case of an accident." "Well," smacking his black lips, and wrenching the cup from the pitcher of water, "if I owned dat dream accidents would be forever happen'ing," grinning and bowing himself out. He turned his steps towards the kitchen after leaving Frank's room. There he sat himself down to wait for the coffee pot. This coffee pot was a great consolation to Uncle Peter; he never went to his work without first draining it, even eating the grounds. It was too good to waste. He was a great deal more likely to be on hand when breakfast was over than most of the family when it was ready.

It was raining—and not only raining, but pouring—and had been for an hour. Uncle Peter sat in front of his huge fire-place, which was filled with burning logs, and nodded, while mammy pieced up a quilt with colors so startling, such as pink and yellow, side by side, or green and blue with each other varied. Their pride and delight, a piece of ebony impudence done up in checked homespun, sat by the little window, reading. Laboriously she spelled out the words, more laboriously absorbed their meanings. Now and then mammy would give a grunt, or "dat's so," sometimes coming in at the most absurd times, for she never understood what Angeline was reading; there was such an interval between each word, the one had escaped her memory before the other was called out.

Uncle Peter still nodded and bobbed his head around dangerously at times, for it did seem that it would pop off. He was thoroughly awake all at once. What was that? "How to get ri-eh rich," drawled Angeline. Uncle Peter was all excitement in a moment and exclaimed feverishly: "Read on, nigger!" Angry looked up astonished; she was not accustomed to being addressed that way by her admiring father.

"Write to J-a-m-e-s-H-a-r-l-i-n-g, Har-ling, Co-o-n-t-i-n-e-n-t Courtland street, New York; I dunno what dat street means after dat word. It can't spell nuthin' cordin to my notion. I reckon it must mean ah, I dunno. Hit was just got thar by mistake, dat's it. Dat type-writer got jess a little too much onto dat." "Ugh, humph!" assented Uncle Peter indifferently; but his little black eyes were sparkling, and after awhile he got up, stretched, and looked at the elements. They were clearing up a little, so putting on his great coat, which struck his "dumpy" little figure about the heels, he sallied forth to the preacher's, his dearest friend and closest ally. He found him at home making foot-mats, as he usually did in wet weather. "Howdy does" being over, Uncle Peter set forth in a most cautious manner, to feel around and learn what the preacher thought of the scheme he had hidden in the back part of his head.

"Brother Hambleton, does you reckon you will ebber get rich workin' 'mongst dem shucks?" "Whut! git rich? I aint a working fur riches. I am workin' fur de Lord. Ef He wants me to get rich He will make me, I reckon. And anudder thing, I never thought about it," replied the unworlly old fellow. "Well, ef you will juss read here in dis newspaper, you 'ell see sumpin', pulling it out of his pocket. "What's it 'bout?" "Gittin' rich," dropping his voice to a whisper, Brother Hambleton pulled out his brass-rimmed glasses, put them on his nose, and grasped the paper. He scanned it closely for awhile, and then said: "Hit must be this here. Riches air very desirable things, but there is something more desirable yet, and that is health. Now, this can be obtained by taking Green Leaf tonic."

"Hole on, Brer Hambleton, you ain't readin' the right one; leastwise it don't sound like dat whut Angeline read," exclaimed Uncle Peter in some alarm. Was the fortune, which seemed in his grasp, to run through his fingers like so much water, only leaving them damp as a sign it had been there? "Well, how 'did it start, Brother Peter?" asked Rev. Benjamin Hambleton, looking over his glasses in a grave manner, as much as to say: "Brother Peter, I see afraid you've had a very large smile dis day, and you dreamed dat thing."

"Oh, I don't zactly fhememble, but hit wasn't dat, and I heard her read it sho'," with some excitement. "Look again, Brer Hambleton." Benjamin Hambleton once again looked over the paper, and then was about to give it up in despair, when a little advertisement in the ten-cent column caught his eye. He read it out, and Uncle Peter almost wept for joy as he heard the sentence he thought he should never hear again. "Now, what do you propose to do?" inquired Benjamin Hambleton. "I says fer you to write to dat man, and see whut he says. We'll share profits. Of course you kin have mos' haff," generously. "Mos' haff," indignantly. "Mos' haff, when I does all de writin' and reading?"



No, sir! I gits whole haff or not write." "All right, all right," hurriedly, as visions of a lost fortune again float before him. Amiability being restored, they worked and plotted together like old cronies should. The letter was written and posted; they had only to wait a week or two before they could dress up and live like folks in the big 'ouse. Uncle Peter began to wear "the biggest" air imaginable. He became lazier than ever, and plagued Marse Bob almost out of his wits. The negroes all wondered what had got into Uncle Peter. He usually bade them good morning in the pleasantest manner, but now it was with the condescension of a monarch. Angeline was no longer the "apple of his eye." She found herself not noticed at all, and thereby became sulky and switched about more than ever while she walked. But it all was lost upon Uncle Peter. He was going to get rich in his old age, and that was all he wanted. He dreamed of it at night, and went a-day dreaming over it too.

Uncle Peter was too talkative, however, to let his secret remain one longer than a few days. He had no idea he had "let the cat out of the bag," but before one week had expired all the negroes on the plantation knew he had discovered a method for getting rich, and all were on the qui vive for discovery, but they did not let Uncle Peter have an inkling of their intentions.

One Saturday afternoon as the clouds in the west began to lose some of their exquisite coloring, for night was creeping on, all of the hands, Uncle Peter included, had gathered about the back door of the big house. All eyes were centered upon Marse Bob, who stood on the stone steps with a stone jug in one hand and a cup in the other. Every face was wreathed in smiles at the thought of a dram. As Marse Bob poured out the liquid which ran with such a good old sound: "So good, good, good," it seemed to say; he talked and gave much good, good, good, good advice while he distributed it around. The darkeys had just wiped their mouths on their coat sleeves, preparatory to leaving, when a little negro boy came up with the mail. Marse Bob glanced over it hastily, and called out: "Holloa, here, Peter—a postal for you."

"Yes, sir," responded Uncle Peter, stepping up with happy expectation in his tones and movements. "Shall I read it for you?" with a twinkle in his eyes, for he had read it while speaking, and had heard something of Peter's boasting lately. "Yes, sir, s'pose you do," responded Peter, who was feeling generous after his smile. He didn't care just then if all the darkeys in Christendom knew how to get rich.

Marse Bob cleared his throat, while all the hands turned around to hear what Uncle Peter's correspondent had to say. "How to get rich. Eat nothing, wear nothing and work like old nicks." There was a shout of laughter from every pair of lips save Uncle Peter's. He was dumb with disappointment and rage. He said not a word, but turned away and walked off "a sadder and a wiser man."

It is a month later. Riches are never mentioned by Peter now. He is cured. His fellow-workmen plagued his poor old life almost out of him, until one morning he turned like a wounded lion at bay and made them all fly. Since that time he has lived in peace. A curious coolness grew up between him and the preacher at one time, but the genial nature of both old darkeys has thawed that out and they are the same old cronies, only they never speak of wealth to each other.—Mrs. F. M. Stewart, in Atlanta Constitution.

Stanley's Lily. In connection with the explorer Stanley's visit to the United States, a story is told of the discovery by him in the interior of Africa of a beautiful, large, yellow lily, emitting a wonderfully delightful perfume. It is said that he presented a jar of the dried lilies to his bride-elect, Miss Tennant, and that an enterprising New York pharmacist has obtained some of the same variety of flower, from which he is making a new and rare perfume called "The Lily of the Nile." Thus the practical American mind bows to extract lures from the results of the daring explorer's work.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

SOCIETIES.

DELTA LODGE NO. 195, A. F. & A. M. Regular communications are held at their hall, over Ed. Ericson'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 Conolly'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.

NORTH STA SOCIETY. President, O. V. Linden; Secretary, Lars Gusterson.

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

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ESCANABA LODGE, NO. 40, I. O. G. T. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, in the G. A. R. hall, over Ephraim & Morrell'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 first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows Hall over W. W. Oliver's Hardware Store.

MORSE DIVISION NO. 15, O. R. T. E. J. Nichols, C. T., M. A. Cuppernell, Secy.

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# IRON PORT.

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

"THE INQUIRY is almost exclusively for coke iron," says the Iron Trade Review of Dec. 18.

ALMOST four millions tons of ore in dock at Lake Erie receiving points, but it all belongs to furnacemen, not a ton to ore producers.

NEW YORK Democrats have a wide range in the choice of senatorial candidates—Hill, and Smith Weed, and Dana, and—but that's enough.

THE Democratic platform for '92, if it is made to suit the allies the party is now court ing, without disgusting and alienating the old Bourbon standbys, will be a mosaic "to beat the world".

IT MUST make Col Van Duzer mad to see his excellent paper dubbed the Iron Post—almost as mad as it would be to see it called the Stuffed Club.—Range, Iron Mountain.

Oh, No: Fellow thinks it "a good thing to tie to." See?

THE Democratic papers of the eleventh district are having some sport over the threat to contest the seat of the honorable member of congress from this district. Some of the Republican papers consider the matter in dead earnest.—Democrat, Menominee.

So? Just kidding us, were you? Well; did it pay, as a joke?

MONTGOMERY published two editions of the Republic Sun last Saturday—one distributed as usual, through the mails, and one outside them. Of course only the expurgated edition reached us, but we infer from Mont's remarks that the other contained a lottery ad, which "don't go" in the mail bags.

SLEIGH CHAMBERLAIN, of Cleveland, a man long prominent in matters connected with transportation, both as owner of lake craft and as organizer of railway companies and builder of roads, and who has had part in the development of this peninsula, died last Sunday morning. He was 78 years of age, but leaves no children.

THE "Alliance" members of the Illinois legislature propose, it is said, to cast their vote for Gen. R. J. Oglesby for senator. If they do so, and the republican members have good common sense there will be only two men then voted for—Gen. Oglesby and Gen. Palmer—and "Uncle Dick" will be chosen on the first ballot.

TWENTY years ago a boy robbed the post-office at the Sault, was captured and sent to Jackson for seven years, came out a man and an honest one, went to an eastern city and established himself in business and on the 5th of last month wrote to the officer who arrested him to let the officer know of his reformation, etc. The S. D. Democrat does the man the ill turn of publishing the history of his boyhood crime, his true name and present location and business.

Big Foot and his braves made a bad mistake in tackling the seventh cavalry. That regiment had memories to avenge, and the defeat on the Little Big Horn to get even for. Almost any other organization in the army would have been preferable, unless the reds wanted to be killed.

THE Lynchburg, Va., Appeal says of Grover that he is "not in accord with the democratic party on a single national issue." Which is rough on G. C.

THE IMMENSITY of the commerce of the lakes is not half appreciated even by persons contributing to it or engaged in carrying it on. It is only the statistician who sees that the throat of the system, the Detroit river, is the busiest bit of water in the world; only he to whom it is not a surprise to be told that the trade of the lakes exceeds in volume that of all the seaports of the U. S. both foreign and coastwise, and of both London and Liverpool. Such are the facts, though, and another may be mentioned—that it is increasing in volume more rapidly than any other.

GEORGE M. PULLMAN, the possessor of many millions, recently said to a correspondent, when asked how it feels to be a million aire: "I have never thought of that. But now that you mention it, I believe that I am no better off—certainly no happier—than I was when I didn't have a dollar in my name and had to work from daylight until dark. I wore a good suit of clothing then and I can wear but one suit now. I relished three meals a day then a good deal more than I do three meals a day now. I had fewer cares; I slept better, and I may add, generally, that I believe I was far happier in those days than I have been many times since I became a millionaire. And yet it is a comfortable feeling to be rich."

BLOODSHED could not be averted. Gen. Miles tried to do it by concentration of troops and a display of force sufficient to overcome the Indians and it looked as though he might succeed. The hostile bands came out of their stronghold in the bad lands and one of them, Big Foot's, surrendered. But when it was attempted to disarm them they opened fire on the surrounding troops (7th cavalry) and Capt. Geo. D. Wallace was killed and Lt. Garlington wounded. The fight that ensued was sharp and the result the wiping out of the band—none escaped. It is almost certain that others will follow and it is probable that when all is done the Sioux tribe will be small enough and weak enough to be manageable, though it will cost life and money to reach that desirable result. The Indians at the Pine Ridge agency were very much excited and grave fears were entertained for the safety of that outfit. Some firing occurred there and two men were wounded on the 29th.

ROWLAND CONNOR wants to be speaker of the house and the editors whom he insulted, at Saginaw last July, are "going for" him. "Cracker fed dyspeptic" is their polite phrase. As his experience had been with democratic editors and his words on that occasion apply, presumably, to them only, he may have been justified in his estimate.

WE HAVE HEARD a saying, that, "when there is an Irishman to be hanged there is always an Irishman to hang him". Just now Parnell, who but a few weeks ago was, by common consent, the "uncrowned king" of the island, appears to be the subject and Michael Davitt the volunteer executioner. Lecky's article in the North American Review is timely.

"POKER CHARLIE" FARWELL won't make a cent by abusing the president and had better quit it. We charge him nothing for the advice, but it's worth big money to him if he accepts it. He can get back to the senate only, if at all, by the united effort of every republican in the Illinois legislature and it would be strange if among them there is not one who will resent his words as to President Harrison.

EVERY BODY has a good word for the C. R. M. works, our first industrial enterprise. We clip the following from the Norway Current:

We learn that the Cochrane Roller Mills Co. of Escanaba is doing a good business in mining machinery among the range mines. While it will take the works some time to get fully prepared to do all classes of mine work satisfactorily and profitably, all those who have patronized the establishment express entire satisfaction with the service rendered.

"HAY IS SELLING here for eight dollars per ton, while on the American side, the price is twelve dollars per ton. The Americans' duty on hay is four dollars per ton. The price of hay on the American side of the line has not been increased by the McKinley tariff, but the price on the Canadian side has declined, showing clearly that unrestricted reciprocity would be worth just four dollars a ton to the Canadian farmer who has hay to sell."—Express, Canadian Sault.

That shows, in one instance at least, who pays the tariff duty—who the "tax" falls upon.

FIRE broke out at seven o'clock on Monday evening in fire engine house number one, destroyed it and its contents, and communicated to the Presbyterian church and the Funke block both of which were also destroyed, it being all that the remaining engine and pumps could do to stop the fire there and save the Wright building and the rest of the property on the north side of Main street. Loss not less than \$50,000; insurance \$21,350.—Reporter, Geoito

CORKIN ATKINS the other day found quite a large piece of hemlock wood in the center of a deer's left lung. How it got in there is a mystery; but the supposition is that at one time the deer was shot and so severely wounded that it fell on its back, and that in falling a piece of limb had penetrated the deer's side and entered the lung, where it broke off. On examination it was found that the lung was in a sound and healthy condition, a-ide from the foreign substance existing within it. The lung seemed to have healed perfectly, after having been pierced by the piece of wood, but the wonder is that the animal lived despite the accident which befell it.—News, Manistique

THERE ARE NOW a party of surveyors working near the half way house between Negaunee and the village of Palmer, who are employed in selecting a route for the Iron Mountain & Western railroad, at the head of which it is said the Schlesinger syndicate are. There is quite a large party in the force of surveyors and helpers, five tents being necessary to accommodate them. From this it would appear that the Schlesinger people were seriously contemplating doing something in the way of extending their line from Escanaba. If, as reported in various centres, the syndicate is hard pressed for funds, it is strange that they keep on contracting further debts. It costs money to survey railroad lines, costs more to construct them, and it appears that the syndicate is doing both. They evidently have something in view calculated to figure in ore freight.—Iron Ore, Ishpeming.

ANOTHER of the laws of 1889, that which provides for minority representation in the state legislature by "cumulative voting" in districts where more than one representative is to be chosen—No. 254 of the acts of that legislature has been overturned by the supreme court. We quote from the opinion, written by the chief justice and concurred in by all except Justice Cahill:

If the people of this state desire to provide for some different means to secure minority representation than that which is in a measure secured by the single district system under the present constitution, they must do so through an amendment to that instrument by which a proposition so vitally interesting to them may be passed upon by the popular vote, but it is to be hoped that when a plan is submitted to them it will not be the system of cumulative voting which obtains such unequal and unjust results, overturning in many instances the will of the majority. \* \* \* If proportional representation is desired the Genoe or Gilpin plan approaches the nearest to exact justice, but every plan yet devised is open to our serious objection.

NOT ALL ENGLISHMEN are blinded by Cobdenism. One, Louis J. Jennings, a member of parliament, in an article contributed to the December number of the Nineteenth Century, arraigns the British system and points out its error of conception and its woful results, contrasting its failure with the success (from the same point of view) of the American, protective, policy. We quote a paragraph which should interest American readers just now. He calls the new tariff law "an outrageous abuse of the principle" upon which the American fiscal policy is (wisely, he admits) based, but says:

"What is the use, however, of blaming the American people? Their main object is to build up the biggest trade in the world, and they will do it, and do it moreover by that very protection which, as our philosophers tell us,

saps the foundations of every industry to which it is applied. Their duty is, not to consider the harm they can inflict upon us, but the good they can do themselves. If, incidentally, a severe blow is inflicted upon England, the vast masses of the people in the U. S. would sincerely rejoice, although that is a fact which is usually kept out of sight at festive gatherings. It has, however, a significance which we shall probably understand and appreciate better some day than we do now. Meanwhile the Americans have beaten us at the iron and steel trades, in which thirty years ago they did not to nothing, and they will eventually pass us in the cotton trade. \* \* \* Already we feel the injurious influences of the McKinley tariff act. Shipping agents all report a diminution in the quantity of goods sent to the U. S. One has stated that 'the difference between this year and last year is at least 50 per cent. The volume of the reduction is chiefly in cotton and woolen goods and upholstery materials'."

The writer credits the advocates of the protective policy in the U. S. with a prime motive erroneously—their aim and purpose is not to build up "the biggest trade in the world"—that is the British idea, to which England has sacrificed everything else—but to maintain a high rate of remuneration for labor, in the first place, and to make the country as nearly self-supplying as possible. He errs, too, in alleging that harm inflicted upon England would be "sincerely rejoiced in" by the American masses, which would have no feeling about it, but his ideas of what Cobdenism has done for England and protection for us are not affected by these errors, nor his testimony as to who is benefited and who suffers by the McKinley tariff.

SENATOR BUTLER of South Carolina, representing the Democracy of the South, has a proposition to make looking to the solution of the race problem. The proposition is to disfranchise the colored voters and to reduce relatively the Southern representation in congress. This, say the Southern democrats, is a fair and just proposition, and they will challenge its consideration in congress. It would be hardly worth while for congress to waste time over the proposed solution. It is simply asking that the Fifteenth amendment to the constitution be abrogated, and it is hardly to be supposed that the present congress is going to pass a joint resolution submitting to the state legislatures such an amendment as is proposed. If it should, it isn't at all likely that three fourths of the state legislatures would vote for the amendment. The proposition, however, is evidently made in good faith, and it shows how little the sectional south understands the spirit and purpose of the North. The results of the war are contained in the so called war amendments to the constitution. The South has the insolence to ask that they be pruned to suit the side that unconditionally surrendered. Gall is no name for it.—Tribune, Detroit.

THE ORE DEALERS of Cleveland—and they control the lake Superior output—have held two or three meetings and, by mutual understanding, figures regarding the amount of ore on dock at lake Erie ports at this time, together with a statement of the unsold portion of the same, have been submitted. The situation has been talked over, and it is more than probable that no great effort will be made to sell ore for some time to come. The ore men argue that it will be better to allow the ore to remain in the mines than to go on with a rush for business next year. There has been some talk also of an agreement to cut down the output, but this feeling, as well as the cautious proceedings indicated in the meetings already held, is caused by the poor prospect in the market at this time. What the opening of the new year will develop is, of course, a question and in the meantime all interests seem satisfied that conservative action on the part of the ore dealers will result in most good.—Marine Review, Cleveland.

HENRY CLEWS makes this showing: Capital invested in American railways as represented by the stocks, \$4,495,000,000; dividends paid in '89, \$81,200,000, ratio of dividends to stock, 1.8 per cent. On its face it is a bad showing, but if Mr. Clews (or anyone) would show us how much of the stock represents money thrown away fifty years ago, how much water, how much the organization of companies merely (the roads they nominally own having been built with borrowed money on which interest at a good rate is paid before dividends) and how much cash actually invested in the existing plant the public would be better able to judge of the condition of things. If the cash invested should show up, as we believe it would, a sum one fourth or perhaps one fifth as large as Mr. Clews' big figure the case would not look so very bad. IRON PORT is no "foe of railroads," but Mr. C. is evidently an advocate for the share holders.

"THE FANCY took me to go to Noto," says Mr. Percival Lowell, in his paper on "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan;" and where Noto is, and how he went there, is not only the subject of the opening article in the January Atlantic, but is to be the subject of several articles which are to follow. Mr. Lowell always writes cleverly, and his account of his journey is the freshest and most vivid travel sketch that has appeared for some time. He was accompanied on his wanderings by a certain Yejiro, who acted as servant and courier. Mr. Lowell says that, "besides cooking excellently well, he made paper plum blossoms beautifully, and once constructed a string telephone out of his own head. I mention these samples of his accomplishments to show that he was no mere dabbler in pots and pans." Cleveland Abbe's paper which will command attention, suggests "A New University Course to be devoted to terrestrial physics as a distinct department of instruction. As for 'The House of Martha,' that cloistered establishment allows one of its inhabitants, setting as an amusements, to listen to the dictation of a love-story under the sophism that it is told

to illustrate the manner and custom of the foreigner. Mr. Charles Worcester Clark writes about "Compulsory Arbitration," in which he says that one of the most striking features of our easy-going American character is ready submitting to the domination of our servant, whether it be to bridge in our kitchen, the railway in our street, or congress in the Capitol at Washington. Professor Royce has a long paper on Hegel, Adolphe Cohn writes about "BooLangism," and Mr. Henry Charles Lea indicates the "Lesson of the Pennsylvania Election." Sophia Kirk gives a pretty sketch of "A Swiss Farming Village;" and "A Novelist of the Jura," Mademoiselle Adele Huguenin, is the subject of a long article which shows her to be a kind of Swiss Charles Egbert Craddock. The "Comedy of the Custom House," in the Contributors' Club, concludes with a mot which is worth preserving: "When I am asked if I have any presents I always answer 'No,' said a devout church-going woman to me one day, 'because I do not consider them presents until I give them away.'" Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, or IRON PORT at \$5 for both.

"SHE'LL NEVER make a second trip," said a local vessel man who saw the big Gilchrist boat, in the yard of the Cleveland Shipbuilding Co., glide into the water a week ago with out a name. He was probably jesting, but the remark drew out yarns about several boats that were launched without a name and were lost after a few voyages.—Marine Review.

The Grave gets tired yawning. Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia. 11

Travellers may learn a lesson from Mr. C. D. Cone, a prominent attorney of Parker, Dakota, who says: "I never leave home without taking a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with me, and on many occasions have run with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail. For sale by your druggist." 11

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

At Escanaba, Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 19, 1890.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$270,293 44
Overdrafts	442 76
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	15,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	10,227 34
Stock, securities judgments, claims etc.	31,794 00
Due from approved reserve agents	44,000 98
Due from other National Banks	19,227 98
Due from State banks and bankers	672 11
Banking-houses, furniture and fixtures	12,300 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	672 79
Premiums on U. S. bonds	3,000 00
Checks and other cash items	2,200 37
Bills of other banks	235 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	129 62
Specie	49,811 00
Legal Tender Notes	15,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	675 00
Total	\$455,065 34
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	4,000 00
Undivided profits	5,031 02
National Bank notes outstanding	13,500 00
Individual deposits subject to check	130,408 12
Demand certificates of deposit	202,127 20
Total	\$455,065 34

STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss: COUNTY OF DELTA, ss: I, Covell C. Royce, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. COVELL C. ROYCE, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of Dec. 1890. H. H. ALLYN, Notary Public. Corrected—Attest: F. H. VAN CLEVELAND, EDWARD R. HALL, Directors. J. B. MAAS, Cashier.

The Atlantic for 1891 will contain The House of Martha, Frank R. Stockton's Serial. Contributions from Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier. Some hitherto unpublished Letters by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Mr. Percival Lowell will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan. The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman. There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, and others. Untechnical papers on Questions in Modern Science will be contributed by Professor Osborn, of Princeton, and others, topics in University, Secondary and Primary Education will be a feature. Mr. Richard Watson Gillet, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. Fields, Graham R. Tomson, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry.

The Atlantic for 1891. TERMS: \$4 00 a year in advance, POSTAGE FREE: 25 cents a number. With NEW LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF LOWELL, and also portrait of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00. The November and December number sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 31st. Postal Notes and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letters, to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL. M. EPHRAIM. ROBERT E. MORRELL.

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## Merchant Tailors & Furnishers,

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### 420 Ludington Street,

Where they offer the best of goods, the most perfect fits, the best of workmanship and prompt service.

Give Them A Call

FRANK H. ATKINS.

# ATKINS' Winter .. Stock!

JUST RECEIVED, COMPRISES

- Table Delicacies,
- Staple Groceries,
- Canned Meats,
- Canned Fruits,
- Cheese, every variety,
- Fruits and Pickles in glass,
- Tobaccos and Cigars,
- Colgate's Toilet Soaps,

A Full Line—the Best Soaps in the market—and everything else in the line of groceries.

## IN CERAMIC WARES

- Ironstone China,
- Chelsea Decorated China,
- Dresden China,
- Japanese Ware,
- Bisque and Terra Cotta,
- Bohemian Glass,
- Venetian Glass,
- Rochester and other Lamps,
- Dinner Sets,
- Tea Sets,
- Toilet Sets,
- Bijouterie and Bric-a-Brac.

STONE.

## Stone and Marble

I am prepared to furnish Stone of the Best Quality, in any size, at low prices. Contracts taken low, now, for the season of 1890. I also offer for sale Gray and Blue Marble, suitable for public buildings, fine stores and elegant private residences.

MRS. M. P. GOULEY, GARDEN, MICHIGAN.

Big Foot's and Sitting Bull's bands of Indians, which had surrendered, have again started out and are trying to join the force under Kicking Bear, in the Bad Lands, and the chances for fighting are good. Train men on the railroad in Scotland to the number of 7,500 are on strike and the roads are all crippled and business at a stand still.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

## W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



CUT ONE TALENT.

To you yourselves of larger worth extend... The common mortal listens to my dream... And learn the lesson of life's fleeting breath...

END OF A QUARREL.

The Happy Settlement of a Bitter Family Feud.

As far back as the oldest inhabitant could remember there had been a feud between the Jasons and the Spratts... The happy settlement of a bitter family feud...

rough, and the waves ran pretty high, casting a drizzling spray over every thing as the little crafts were forced straight through them...

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

Where lies the land? I asked, in sorrow... Tell me, I pray, where the enchanted ground That knows not weary heart, nor aching head...

LEGEND OF ASH-KE-MUK.

A Story of Indian Life in Muskoka, Canada.

During the summer vacation of 1878, I devoted my leisure time to trout-fishing, and for this purpose pushed away up into the wild, rocky region of north-eastern Muskoka, Canada...

guarded by three warriors; but he was well fed, and his legs were left unbound, so that he might be strong and make much sport when the time came...

LINCOLN'S VISITORS.

Queer Sorts of People With All Sorts of Queer Requests. This human struggle and scramble for office, for a way to live without work, will finally test the strength of our institutions...

SANS ARMS AND LEGS.

An English Woman Who Wielded Pencil and Brush With Her Mouth. It was touching to see in the hospitals during the civil war, men who had lost their right arms beginning to learn to write with their left as soon as the surgeon allowed them to sit up...

100 Pages WIDE AWAKE, 1891

Beginning with the Holiday Number, is permanently enlarged to one hundred pages, a faint with new and larger type, a new style of page, and fresh, strong literary and pictorial attractions.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, whose story of "The Anglomaniacs" has been the sensation of the season in The Century, has written for WIDE AWAKE a story called "DIAMONDS AND TOADS"...

D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, Mass. BITTNER, WICKERT & CO. DEALERS IN Flour and Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds.



**THE BIG WHISTLE.**

I boarded the train at midnight  
In the darkness and the rain,  
And deeply followed the engine,  
And onward sped the train;  
Aboard my window, in showers,  
The sparks to rearward sped—  
The heavy breath of the monster  
Of steam and steel ahead.

And I neared a highway,  
And the hollow of the night  
Was stirred by the voice of the demon,  
And I shuddered in fright;  
And as I neared a village,  
And the whistle's feeble roar  
Proclaimed the power of the engine  
And the speed at which we tore.

With a steel so strong and mighty,  
(Conductor said "Old No. 4"),  
I knew that we were flying  
A hundred miles an hour!  
And I grasped the seat before me,  
And braced my feet for a crash,  
With that whistle at crossroads howling  
In our mad, impetuous dash.

I clashed my teeth at the danger,  
And my heart like a plummet dropped;  
When, after an hour of terror,  
The train at a station stopped;  
Then I found, to my consternation,  
That only ten miles we had gone—  
The demon, a "pony" engine  
With a great big whistle on!

**REMARK.**  
The steam at that whistle wasted  
Might have yielded far more speed;  
A man's imagination  
Is an easy thing to mislead;  
And there are engines human  
On a very similar plan,  
Who are blowing too much whistle,  
And showing too little man.  
—A. W. Bellaw, in Detroit Free Press.

**A WOMAN'S PRISONER.**

And a "Sweet-Looking Object" He Was When Released.



WAS down in Louisiana, not many years ago," to quote from an old song, that several companies of us wicked Yankees were posted in a small town, just far enough from New Orleans and other important points for it to be of no strategic consequence for its own sake; yet, being on a direct route from the enemy's lines to the Mississippi river, it was important as an outpost. The war was almost over, and the enemy knew it, and we knew they knew it, so we were not as vigilant as we might have been had we been stationed in front of Lee's army. The natives were loyally Southern, every man of them—perhaps I should say every woman, for the only men left in town were the few who had passed three-score years and ten, one physician and one preacher. But the natives did not allow us to be uncomfortable. The doctor disagreed radically with us on principle, and cursed Grant fluently, but he took professional and even friendly interest in such of us as had more malaria than our regimental surgeon could manage; the preacher gave us a sermon, and the old men would smoke and chat with us all day, so long as we did not say what we believed about the future of military events.

As for the women, they were very tenacious of their opinions, so far as the war was concerned, but otherwise hospitable and charming. They didn't mean to give us the entire of local society, but somehow we got there all the same. We did it so quietly that none of them knew how it began or who began it. We purchased enough supplies to set business booming, allowed no marauding, wore clean clothing, and were on our good behavior in every way, President Lincoln having specially ordered, through General Banks, that Louisiana should be "concocted."

The consequence was that we officers soon knew everybody worth knowing, and were entertained with as much



"IT WASN'T HIS FAULT, SIR."

courtesy and self-possession as if the native coffee had not been burned rye or some other substitute, and the tablecloths had not long before been turned into lint or bandages for Southern hospitals.

The women never let us forget that they were Southerners to the heart's core, and that we were merely Lincoln's hirelings; still, they were women; they did not like to see any one appear careless of dress, and soon there was not a uniform coat with a loose-hanging button. To have a Southern woman, whether maid, wife or widow, or gray-haired grandmother, bring a needle and thread and tighten a button, while the wearer stood awkwardly in front of her, was to realize that Louisiana was not the only party to the war who was being "concocted."

Every regiment had some officer, generally a young Lieutenant, whose ability, appearance and spirits compelled his comrades to pronounce him the flower of the flock. Ours was Will Glennie. He was officer of the first picket line we threw out, and so impressed was he with the defensive possibilities of the place that we were glad to have him relieve us of some responsibility by taking charge of the light

artillery, it seemed advisable to erect. He spent a full half of every day outside the lines, looking for additional points of vantage, and as no enemy had been in the vicinity for weeks, he never cared for a guard.

Time passed on so delightfully for a fortnight that there was little but roll-calls and picket duty to remind us that we were soldiers. Every thing was too pleasant to last, so one day a rattle of musketry warned us that there was trouble on the picket line. By the time our bugles recalled us from our hospital lounging-places and hurried us toward the front, a soldier with a broken arm came in and reported that some cavalry had tried to force their way into town by the western road, and, being repulsed, had dismounted, and were disagreeing, in the usual military manner, with the pickets, who had fallen back to Glennie's breastworks.

"Bless Glennie for the breastworks!" exclaimed our Major in command, after he had shouted: "Double quick—march!"

The resistance made by our entire force seemed to disgust the cavalry, for in a couple of hours they ceased firing. A special roll-call showed that none of our men had been killed, and only two or three wounded, but a Captain approached the Major and said that Lieutenant Glennie was missing. He had gone nearly a mile to the front, to a little elevation, where he had thought a howitzer might advantageously be posted—gone two or three hours before the enemy appeared.

"Captured, then, of course!" groaned the Major. "Confound it, gentlemen, for the good of the service I'd rather have been captured myself."

Most of us felt the same way, and we were too dismal for the remainder of the day even to rejoice at having repulsed the cavalry. The entire force went out as skirmishers for a mile or two, asking questions at every plantation-house and cabin, but no one could tell whether or not the cavalry, as they galloped away, had a Union officer with them.

We felt sorely at our loss, that we feared to face the natives when we returned to town. What would they think of us, as soldiers, when they learned that the officer whom we all cheerfully acknowledged as the ablest soldier among us had fallen into the enemy's hands? The Major actually bit off the mouth-piece of his pipestem in a fit of anger; but this severe action did not return to us the flower of the regiment.

Just before sunset a sentry on the road started all of us as we lay behind the works, by shouting:

"Officer of the guard! Flag of truce coming!"

We all sprang to the parapet, and saw, emerging from the forest nearly half a mile away, a horse, a rider and a tiny white flag. The Major raised his glasses, peered through them a moment, dropped them and exclaimed: "That flag is carried by a woman!"

Then all of us wished we had glasses. The rider advanced slowly, until we could see that she was not armed; then that she had a good seat and a fine figure, and finally that she was young and pretty.

"Wants protection for her property, I suppose," growled the Major. "Those raiders are probably cleaning out the family's barn and smoke-house, there being nobody at home but women and children. What do they suppose a few infantry can do against nobody knows how many cavalry?"

Nevertheless, he went slowly out, alone, to meet her, at which Glennie's Captain exclaimed:

"This isn't according to custom. Who knows but she's a young man disguised, and will drop the Major with a pistol. Come on, boys."

Several of us followed him. As we saw him twirling the ends of his moustache and tipping his hat slightly to one side, we followed his example in these respects also. We overtook the Major just as the rider halted, looking very pale, and said:

"It wasn't his fault, sir—really it wasn't."

"Whose fault, madam?" said the Major, rising his hat.

"Mr. Glennie's," said the girl.

"Oh, confound it! I mean—so they got him, did they?"

"Oh, no, sir; but he wishes they had. And they would have done so, only—"

"Well, madam?"

"Only they were prevented."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Why, you see, sir, he stopped at our house just for a drink of water, and while he was standing by the well the Rangers—"

"Rangers?"

"Yes, sir; the Texas cavalry—they came across the hill just then. He started to run this way, but—but—"

"Well?"

The girl looked down a moment, colored, raised her head, and said rapidly:

"I told him he would never get there alive. I said they were a hundred to one, and he'd surely be killed. I'm a true Southern woman, sir; my father is Captain Grayson, of the artillery battalion, but I don't believe murder is war, so I made him come into the house. He declared he wouldn't; death was nothing to duty. But I made him come in."

"Indeed! What arguments did you use, may I ask?"

Again the girl looked down and colored deeply. Some of the young officers began to exchange winks.

"He declared he wouldn't," the girl resumed, "but I made him. He struggled with all his might, but—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," said the Major, biting his lip, "but—"

"Yes, sir; but not a moment too soon. I hadn't more than got him into the hogshead—"

"Hogshead?"

"Yes, sir; a big sugar hogshead in the cellar that we had meant to keep sweet potatoes in, when two of the Rangers came to the front door. They said they'd seen a Yankee at the well and wanted him. I told them he had seen them and made a dash for his own lines. He really did, you know, for a step or two, when—"

"When—"

When he warned him of his danger?"

"Yes, sir. Well, they took my word when I told them who my father was and they went away?"

"Ah! Where are the Rangers now?"

"They went back—I don't know where—hours ago."

"And caught him as they went?"

"Oh, no, sir; they couldn't. But he was in a dreadful excitement. He said he had no right to be outside the lines; he could be court-martialed for it and disgraced, and may be shot if things went wrong in the fight. He went on so that I wouldn't listen to him, and I was afraid that some of the Rangers might come back and hear him, so I wouldn't stay and listen to him."

"But why didn't he return after they retired?"

"Because he couldn't, sir. I wouldn't let him. I didn't want him to be court-martialed and shot, and all of those dreadful things; so I thought it would be only right to come and tell you it wasn't his fault."

"The enemy has been gone several hours," said the Major, turning with a suspicious look to us. "I'm afraid there is some ruse about this." Then he turned to the girl, and sternly said:

"Young woman, if your story is true, he should have returned by this time. He knows there is nothing to fear, and



"YOU'RE A SWEET-LOOKING OBJECT."

there is nothing to prevent his coming back, if he knows the enemy have disappeared."

"Oh, yes, there is, sir; there's a cover to the hogshead, and a padlock beside."

"Oh—h—"

"be's your prisoner, is he? But, heavens, madam, if he has been locked in a hogshead all this time he's probably suffocated. Confound—"

"Oh, no," said the girl, with an assuring smile. "There's a big bunglehole to the hogshead, and I know he has sense enough to breathe through it, because when I went down and whispered through it that the Rangers had gone home again, he—"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing—he—but I know he was alive and just like his old self." Then the girl suddenly dropped her eyes again and colored deeply. While a very young Lieutenant murmured:

"Um!"

"I see," drawled the Major, very slowly. "Attention! First company, deploy as skirmishers. Forward!"

The girl turned her horse's head quickly, looked backward, set her lips firmly, and exclaimed:

"You're not going to court-martial and shoot him?"

"Suppose I were?" said the Major, as the men began to file from behind the "curtain" that commanded the road.

"Then," said the girl, "I'll gallop ahead at the risk of my life, and let him escape on my pony."

"Madam," said the Major, lifting his hat, "I give you the word of a soldier and a gentleman that you shall be his sole judge."

The skirmish line advanced, and the officers of the other companies followed the girl and the Major. The latter should have ordered us to remain with our men, but he didn't. We reached the house—more than a mile outside the lines—without annoyance; and when the girl had lighted a candle we followed her and the Major to the cellar.

The Major's suggestion that the girl should first whisper at the bunglehole and see if the captive was still alive, was not acted upon. Instead, she said, cheerily, as she turned the key and raised the cover:

"You've nothing to fear, Will."

"Will!" murmured the very young Lieutenant.

Just then Glennie's face appeared above the edge of the stairs, and seemed somewhat disconcerted at the grinning faces before him. Several pairs of hands helped him out, and as he stood before us, with crystals of light brown sugar glistening all over his uniform coat, the Major remarked:

"You're a sweet-looking object!"

Miss Grayson smiled as if she thought so, too.

"You see, Major—" began Glennie.

"Yes," said the Major, "I certainly do. I see, also, that one of two things must be done for the good of the service. Either our lines must be extended a mile or two further into the country, or you must persuade this lady's family to move to town."

The family moved; Miss Grayson finally moving all the way to New York. The wedding present from the bridegroom's brother officers was a miniature sugar hogshead, in gold, with a rosebud for a padlock.—John Habberton, in Once a Week.

**A Delighted Parent.**

Sans (looking down the road)—An elopement, eh? (to girl's father) Hallo, old man! Are you trying to catch the young couple?

Old Man (rushing forward)—Yes. Want to give 'em my blessing.—Mansley's Weekly.

—An exchange says that a poor man's wife who bought a quart of molasses at a Cincinnati grocery the other day found a diamond ring in it worth two hundred dollars. It is to be regretted that she didn't get a gallon of the precious sirup while she was about it. She might have found ear-rings and breastpins to match.—Bam's Horn.

**YOUNG LADIES IN LONDON.**

Degeneracy of the Society Miss as Described by an Englishman.

The modern conventional London young lady belongs to a type altogether distinct from other varieties of the species, and one which is easily distinguished from them by certain salient characteristics. On her first appearance in the London world she is generally timid and insipid; enthusiastic about balls and parties, and indefatigable in her pursuit of pleasure. After a season or two, however, her timidity gives place to singular assurance, while her previous insipidity degenerates into a kind of young married woman's affect, which the society which she affects indicates the peculiar experience she has accumulated during the transitional period. No longer keen after balls and parties for their own sake, society, with all its little trivial duties and details, has become an absorbing occupation, and her mind can scarcely extricate itself even temporarily from its contemplation. As a conversationalist she is utterly beneath contempt; never originating a new idea, nor even reproducing an old thought in a fresh setting; she almost entirely confines herself to personal gossip, with an occasional resort to "chaff." She seldom discourses of things, but almost always of people. She has apparently no inner life, nor any individual aspirations beyond those connected with social progress. Society absorbs, as it were, her whole energies and intellect. If she travels, her mind does not burden itself with the things that she has seen, but with the people that she has met. So it is also with the theater; it is not the plot that attracts her, but the audience. Thus: "Oh, yes, I went to the Lyceum last Friday, and enjoyed it immensely. There were lots of people one knew there—Lady A. was in a box, and Charles D., with Mrs. C., was in the stalls"—and so on, indefinitely.

And it is, perhaps, for this reason, as a striking contrast to her, that the American girl has recently met with such marked success in our midst. American girls possess individuality; they travel—and compare; they read and—discriminate. They witness a performance and digest its details. The one collects facts and fictions concerning a limited class, and repudiates the more important knowledge of life; while the other utilizes people as mere pawns in the serious game of ambition.

Within the past fifteen years—ever since, indeed, the London young lady successfully battled with the then paramount young married woman, and, as it were, informally incorporated herself prematurely in the same category—she has been steadily degenerating both in personal worth and in general esteem. After two or three seasons, she now generally affiliates herself to some semi-rapid married woman, under whose chaperonage she forms one of frequent parties-carries to the play, to suppers at night clubs, to race meetings and excursions on the river, as if, in fact, soon becomes practically as unrestrained and as experienced as her married companion. The charm of a young girl is her dissimilarity to man, and by conforming to his natural tastes and pursuits she loses her chief attraction. She becomes a pal," but she is no longer the idol to be adored and worshipped, the ideal to be wooed and won.—London Truth.

**HE PONCED UPON THEM.**

An Exacting Railway Magnate Gets a Set-Back.

A funny story is told at the expense of Sir Richard Moon, chairman of the board of directors of the London & Northwestern Railway Company. Sir Richard is one of the most energetic railway magnates known, and is the terror of the employees of the company, for the never known when he is about to pounce upon them. He makes a point of visiting every station on the line at least once a year, and has an odd habit of overhauling the books and accounts of station masters at inconvenient times. He knows the price of every thing and is said to have rowed an unfortunate freight-agent for giving too much for a packet of carpet tacks. One day during the summer he dropped in at Crew station about 5 a. m. and saw a couple of porters hard at work cleaning up things generally. Sir Richard was delighted. "This is the right way, men," he exclaimed. "I like to see such painstaking industry begun so bright and early in the morning." "Industry be blowed," said the man addressed, tartly, who, of course, did not know who the fussy old gentleman was. "We don't commence work at this unearthly hour, but we've just heard that old nuisance, Moon, is on the road somewhere, and we're getting ready in case the old hunk should drop in on us unexpected." In justice to Sir Richard he said that he took no notice of the opprobrious remarks, but quietly slipped away and gave the crew the go-by that time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Its Mouth Has Moved.**

The maps of the country which were gotten up thirty or thirty-five years ago all show the Missouri river emptying into the Mississippi directly opposite Alton, and they were correct in having it so, although such is not the case now. The well-known propensity of the Missouri river to change its channel on account of the wearing away of its banks is as apparent near the mouth of the stream as at any other point along its course. The lower side of the river has been gradually cutting away and the deposits filling in at the upper side until the mouth of the Missouri is now about three miles further down the river than it was thirty years ago.—Keokuk Gate City.

**The Right Sort.**

Mrs. Finemind—My son, who is this Miss DeSweet you are paying attention to? Is she intellectual?

Adult Son—Not enough to hurt.—Good News.

—"The Farmers' Institute" is a popular feature of education in Texas. Twelve of these institutes are held annually in different parts of the State, and are accomplishing great good in the development of agricultural resources.

LINE, ETC.

**LIME!**

**BUILDERS' AND MECHANICS' SUPPLY HOUSE.**

**J. M. LE BEAU & CO.**

NO. 317 LUDINGTON ST.

Having bought the stock and good will of F. ROCK & CO., now offers to those in need thereof

**BUILDING MATERIALS**

Brick, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Etc.

In any quantity and on favorable terms.

The public can depend upon finding us hereafter, as the establishment is a permanent one.

COAL.

**J. F. OLIVER,**

ALL KINDS OF

**Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg COAL**

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

Office on Merchant's Dock.

ESCANABA, MICH.

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.

LUMBER.

**The I. Stephenson Co.,**

GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

Office, Tilden Ave., north: Yard, Wells Ave., east: Mills, Flat Rock.

**LUMBER of all KINDS**

Lath and Shingles, Dressed Flooring, Siding and Wainscoting.

Escanaba, Michigan

HAVE YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE IRON PORT OFFICE. SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES.

**C. BAUMANN,**  
Successor to Jas. A. Foster,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
Foster's Patent Artificial Limbs  
Trusses, Supporters and apparatus for all kinds of Deformities, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Suspensory Bandages, Shoulder Braces and Metallic Furnishing for Artificial Limbs.  
29 and 31 Grand River Avenue, Detroit, Mich.  
Chas. Klein, Agent, Red Jacket, Mich., Lock Drawer 24.



FIGHTING FOR A PIG.

How Admiral Farragut Won His First Victory.



EARLY in the spring of 1814, the beautiful harbor of Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chile, was the scene of several stirring events.

While putting up for a short time in this South American port his ship, the Essex, was attacked by the English man-of-war, Cherub and Phoebe.

The burning of the ship decided the fate of the conflict. The flames spread rapidly, driving the gannets from their places, and terrifying the seamen.

The flag of the Essex was finally hauled down, and the surrender made. Among the seventy-five prisoners, who were transferred to the decks of the Phoebe, was a boy-midshipman who was not more than thirteen years of age.

The ring was finally formed, and certain simple rules regulating the first fight were agreed upon. The two men then threw off their coats and began the encounter.

As one thing after another was brought from the hold of the doomed ship, and thrown recklessly across to the deck of the successful man-of-war, the American sailors closed their teeth with rage, and almost longed for a renewal of the conflict.

Finally one of the sailors came up from the hold of the Essex clasping a small pig in his arms. The pig was squealing from fright, while the sailor shouted to his comrades in a loud voice: "A prize, boys, a prize! By Jove, it's a fine grunter."

"It's my pet pig," said the midshipman, "and he doesn't belong to you. His name is 'Murphy,' and he has been with us ever since we left the island of Mocha. Will you give him up?"

"No, you are a prisoner, and so is your pig," shouted the sailor, at which a general laugh was set up by the others. The young midshipman, however, was not to be robbed so easily.

"But we always respect private property, and this pig belongs to me."

The pig in question by this time began to feel uncomfortable in the hands of its two claimants, and its squealing was renewed, and increased tenfold.

The pig had been captured on the island of Mocha, off the shores of Arica, when the Essex was cruising in the Pacific. Running short of provisions after leaving the Brazilian coast, Captain Porter had landed at this island while his men enjoyed an exciting hunt inland.

not to be robbed so easily. His face flushed up with anger, and seizing the pig with both hands he said sharply: "But we always respect private property, and this pig belongs to me."

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"GO IT, MY LITTLE YANKEE."

encounter. For the first two or three rounds there was no evident advantage on either side. Shortly was the heavier of the two, and his blows powerful enough to knock his young antagonist down; but the wily midshipman avoided them well, and succeeded in getting in a stroke now and then that fairly stupefied the Englishman.

Then the English sailor began to puff and blow. His efforts to knock his enemy down were all abortive, and his blows were parried so well that he had really punished the boy but very little.

The spectators cheered and shouted. "Go it, my little Yankee. Go it, Shorty. I'll bet on the man that gets the pig. Give it to me."

The light was renewed, but the midshipman's pugilistic education now began to come to the front. He parried every blow of his antagonist with ease, and sent in his own blows with unerring accuracy.

The shouts of the sailors were confusing, but they served to encourage the fighters. Finally a well-directed blow, followed up by two or three others from the midshipman, settled the question.

The American sailors, prisoners though they were, felt that the second battle of Valparaiso had been fought, and with a cheer that was deafening they joined in a hearty hurrah for their champion.

Tourist—What is the name of that mountain? German Patriot—Dot vas der Hohelloufenschwarzartzenkelmelber. Tourist—Excuse me, but I wish also to learn the name of the castle on its summit, and I'm afraid we haven't time for both before we reach our landing.—Puck.

Hold it to the Light. The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year.

Rheumatism cured in a day.—"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious.

Remarkable Rescue. Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse.

An Important matter. Druggists everywhere report that the sales of the Restorative Nervine—a nerve food and medicine—are astonishing; it exceeds anything they ever had, while it gives universal satisfaction in headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, sexual debility, backache, poor memory, fits, dizziness, etc.

A Method of Advertising. Over one hundred thousand free sample bottles of Kemp's Balsam, we learn, were given away in this state last year.

A Sensible Man. Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles than any other medicine.

Ladies clean your kid gloves with Mather's glove cleaner, for sale only at Justin N. Mead Druggist, where you will find a full line of Perfumes, Toilet articles, and everything kept in a first class Drug Store.

Flavoring Extracts—Vanilla, Lemon and other—put up by J. N. Mead are warranted pure and are of perfect flavor and full strength.

All forms of rheumatism—muscular, sciatic, inflammatory, acute or chronic, cured by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters.

The assembly of the K. of L. at Iron Mountain has but fourteen members in good standing and it owns real estate worth, say, \$4,000.

LEGAL.

First publication Dec. 20, 1890. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at MARQUETTE, Mich. Dec. 15, 1890.

MICHIGAN MINING SCHOOL.

A State School of Surveying, Mining, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, Physical Chemistry, Assaying, Ore Dressing, Mineralogy, Petrography, Geology, Drafting, Machine Design, etc.

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Nothing better for babies. Full Cream. Full Weight. Best on Earth. For sale by E. M. St. Jacques. Frank H. Atkins.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to either teach any family intelligent persons, either men, women or children, how to read and write, and when they have learned, will work indefinitely, how to save Three Thousand Dollars a Year on their own business, and how to invest their money so as to make it grow.

Three men robbed a bank at South Chicago between noon and one o'clock of Monday last—holding up the bookkeeper. Only some \$1,500 was stolen and pursuit was so prompt and persistent that all three of the men were captured.

Happy Hoosiers. Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble."

The postmaster at Carrollton, Miss., was shot to death. His name was Matthews and he was a son of that Prentiss Matthews who was killed at Hazlehurst '82 for voting the republican ticket.

Failures in life. People fail in many ways. In business, in morality, in religion, in happiness, and in health. A weak heart is often an unsuspected cause of failure in life.

In a saloon near Wilkes Barre, Pa., the proprietor, his wife and a Hungarian customer were killed by another Hungarian who has so far evaded arrest.

Itch on human or horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J. N. Mead Druggist, Escanaba.

An unknown woman slipped and fell upon the sidewalk in New York on Christmas day and a "hat pin" was driven into her head, killing her.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

1891. The Tariff and the Farmer. ROSWELL G. HERR, OF MICHIGAN.

The witliest, brightest and most successful of Republican campaign orators, long a member of Congress, sound and safe as a legislator and a thorough Protectionist, has been engaged by The New York Tribune to help in the battle for Protection during the coming year.

Young Men who wish to Succeed. Many a man feels the lack of early direction of his energies and early inculcation of the maxims which promote character and success in after life.

What shall I Do? By S. S. Packard, President of Packard's Business College. Suggestions for the Boys on the Farm who are Ambitious. By the Hon. J. H. Brigham, Master of the National Grange.

Importance of Good Manners. The views of Ward McAllister. A College Education good for all; what is best for the country. By the Hon. J. B. McPherson, University of Pennsylvania.

Vital Topics of the Day. Present Needs and Future Scope of American Agriculture. By the Hon. Jeremiah B. Conner, U. S. Senator from Michigan.

Principle in Politics and the Virtue of Courage. By the Hon. James S. Clark, U. S. Senator from Michigan.

Glaciers of the United States, by Professor Israel C. Russell, Explorer of Alaska. Other Features.

During 1891 The Tribune will print a valuable series of articles by its own traveling correspondent, on the agriculture of the United States, with explanations of a number of model farms.

Foreign letters, good stories, the news of the day, the best of market reports, book reviews and literary news, witty jokes, etc.

Premiums. Premium List for 1891, containing many new and useful articles, will be sent to any applicant, free.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK. For those who are afflicted with Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, etc., Sulphur Bitters will cure you.

Do you suffer with that tired and allgone feeling; if so, use Sulphur Bitters. It will cure you. Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined indoors, should use Sulphur Bitters. They will not then be weak and sickly.

Do you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of Sulphur Bitters. It never fails to cure. Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are afflicted with Indigestion, should use Sulphur Bitters. It will cure you. Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 2 cent stamps to A. F. ORWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

NO MORE of this!



Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomformably tight, generally slip off the feet. THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO. make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

At Retail by Greenhoot Bros., John Corcoran, R. R. Sterling, Ephraim & Morrell, Escanaba.



FOR SALE. \$1,000

—WILL BUY A—

Choice Business Lot

On North Sarah Street, near Cochrane Mills.

—INQUIRE AT—

813 Ludington Street.

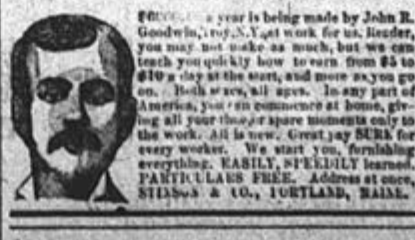
BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.)

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

MANHOOD!

How Lost, How Restored. Read Dr. Culverwe's Celebrated "Essay on the Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness" induced by early indiscretion and excess. The celebrat d author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from 30 years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of said disease may be cured cheaply, privately and radically, no matter what the condition of the sufferer may be.



Read Dr. Culverwe's Celebrated "Essay on the Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness" induced by early indiscretion and excess. The celebrat d author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from 30 years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of said disease may be cured cheaply, privately and radically, no matter what the condition of the sufferer may be.

JEWELRY.



WALKER HAS THEM, OF COURSE, AND WITH THEM

American Watches

of any make wanted, and a complete stock of

JEWELRY.

ALL AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

HARNESSES.

F. D. CLARK, DEALER IN



HARNESSES!

Saddlery, Buggies and Carriages.

Corner Ludington and Dousman Streets, ESCANABA, MICH.

CATARRH

Cures in 10 DAYS. Guaranteed to cure Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, etc. Price \$1.00.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Relieves the Nerve Headache, Cures Cold in the Head, Cures Catarrh of the Throat, Cures Hay Fever, Cures Rheumatism, Cures Sprains, Cures Bruises, Cures Burns, Cures Itch, Cures Eruptions, Cures Cuts, Cures Wounds, Cures Ulcers, Cures Sores, Cures Frost Bites, Cures Sunburn, Cures Chafing, Cures Dry Skin, Cures Itchy Skin, Cures All Skin Diseases.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Always Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell and Hearing.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail, ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

SPECIAL OFFER.



MAKES THIS SPECIAL OFFER for the next 30 days:

He will sell Twelve Ideal Cabinets and one, extra, in a Gilt and Bronze Frame—

—for only—

\$3.

And he positively guarantees the Finest Pictures in the land.

MONEY

can be earned at our NEW Plan of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. No money to invest. No money to pay. No money to lose. No money to spend. No money to waste. No money to give. No money to lose. No money to waste. No money to give. No money to lose. No money to waste. No money to give.



DOWN GO PRICES OF  
—OUR—  
**CLOAKS-CLOAKS**

ON AND AFTER TO-DAY

My stock of Cloaks will be sold at

**20 PER CENT. REDUCTION!!**

From former prices—old price and new both shown  
in Plain Figures.

**ED. ERICKSON.**

**GROCERIES.**

My line of Staple and Fancy Groceries is now full and complete in every department, and am prepared to guarantee to give you more and better value for your money, quality considered, than any other house in the city.

Every article guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

**A. H. ROLPH,**

509 LUDINGTON STREET.

**MEAT MARKET.**

Re-establishment of the Old Firm of  
**BITTNER BROTHERS**

AT THE OLD STAND.

**HERMAN BITTNER,**

Resuming the management, presents his compliments to his friends and offers

**MEATS**

FRESH, SALTED AND SMOKED,

by the carcass, quarter or pound at

**THE LOWEST OF PRICES**

and promptly delivered, and solicits public patronage.

**J. N. MEAD.**

This Year the Headquarters of

**SANTA CLAUS**

—Will be at the Drug and Jewelry House of—

**J. N. MEAD.**

There you will find a Beautiful Line of

**Plush Goods!**

In Dressing Cases, Manicure and Smoking Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Traveling Cases, Plush Handkerchief Boxes and numerous others.

**OUR JEWELRY STOCK**

Offers attractions in Oxidized Silver, Gold and Silver Tea Sets, and was never so complete as it is for this season.

We Would Like to Have You Call and Inspect this Line of Goods

**What Of That ?**

Tired? Well, what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on bed of ease Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze? Come, rouse thee! work while it is called day; Coward, arise! go forth the way.

Lonely? And what of that? Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall— To blend another life into its own: Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark? Well, and what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet! Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight: Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday, With lessons none to learn, and naught but play? Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die! It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

No help? Nay, 'tis not so! Though human help be far thy God is nigh. Who feeds the raven, hears his children cry. He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam, And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home. —UNKNOWN.

**PERSONAL.**

—C. P. Trucks is visiting in Wisconsin.

—Clinton Oliver is at home from school for the holidays.

—C. J. Sawyer, of Gladstone, was an Escanaba visitor this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harrison took their Christmas dinner at Neenah.

—Miss Katie Moran departed on Tuesday for a month's visit in Chicago.

—Miss Dell Symons is visiting with Miss Minnie Thompson at Green Bay.

—Mrs. Hayden fareled southward, en route to her home in Saginaw, on Friday.

—Mrs. Beggs departed on Monday last to visit for a month at Rochester, N. Y.

—Mrs. W. N. VanDuzer returned from her visit in Wisconsin on Thursday evening.

—Wallace Cochrane, of the C. R. M., has gone to visit his mother in West Virginia.

Miss Fannie MacLeod, of Minneapolis, is the guest of the Misses McHale this week.

—Mrs. Flack, of Duluth, is in the city visiting her father, David Oliver, and other relatives.

—Miss Monahan, of Burns' millinery department left this week for her home, Chicago.

—Mrs. C. H. Scott, of Gladstone, spent the greater part of the week visiting friends in the city.

—Mrs. Dady [our Addie Leighton], is with her husband, in Chicago, for a couple of weeks.

—Mrs. J. H. Ellison, of Helena, Montana, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Myers Ephraim.

—Mr. T. E. Conolly is at home. He arrived from the west on Monday and will remain here several weeks.

—George Preston has been doing the Job trick—boils—for a fortnight. If there's any fan in it he knows it by this time.

—T. J. Daley has returned from his outing and with him came William, his brother, more familiarly "Billy," to visit here.

—J. B. Knight, of the Current, visited our city and us on Wednesday. That we were glad to see him goes without saying.

—A note from Mrs. Sortor, covering a remittance for subscription to IRON PORT says "Mr. Sortor is very feeble—unable to leave the house."

—Hon. A. R. Northrup, representative for the Delta Iron district, will start for Lansing, to take his seat and discharge his duties, tomorrow, Sunday.

—Michael Downey was killed, at Ewen, by one Thomas, who was arrested and taken to Ontonagon. Lynching was threatened [and it is a pity that it was not carried out] the trunk sewer job is a botch and if the contractor, Bergh, and engineer, McKey, escape tar and feathers they'll be in big luck. The examination of Johnson, accused of the killing of Nord, at Negaunee, showed him not blamable and, though he was held for trial, he will no doubt be acquitted. Nord was drunk and quarrelsome and Johnson hit him in self defense.—M. J. 31st.

—Pratt, who has been deputy auditor general we don't know how long, remains such under the new dispensation. He was indispensable.

Manitsee is to have a "rotting park" and trotting—the land is bought and the money put up to fix it.

**THE WEEK.**

There was another big snow fall in the Ohio valley on Christmas day.

Isaac Sawtelle, for the murder of his brother Hiram—tried at Dover, N. H., last week—was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the first Tuesday in '92.

On Nov. 19 Mrs. John Sullivan, of Orange, N. J. gave birth to a strong healthy baby. Tuesday Dec. 23 she gave birth to a second child, also strong and healthy. Physicians say such a case was never before heard of.

A powder house at Lake Hoptacong, N. J. blew up the day after Christmas and two men were killed.

The great coal mine at Scottsdale, Pa. is on fire and may be ruined—is certain to be badly damaged.

The arrest of a couple of Italian "shovers" at Pittsburg, last week, uncovered a big factory of bogus coin in New York city.

A fire destroyed two millions of dollars' worth of property in London on the 30th ult.

Stepniak, the Russian revolutionist, arrived in America on the 30th and will lecture.

The Dominion government may make ours an offer for Alaska, it has the matter under consideration.

"Quinnsec" is the name proposed for the new county asked for by the Iron Mountain folks.

The Range, of Iron Mountain, insists that Mr. Schlesinger is not "scared" a little bit. Maybe it knows—we don't. Our informant has business with him and is fully as well qualified to judge as our Brother Tuten.

**Scandia Supply Co.**

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Scandia Supply Co. for the purpose of electing directors and performing such other business as may properly be brought before said meeting, will be held at Dupont's Hall, at the corner of Georgia and Ayer streets in the city of Escanaba, on January 2, 1891, at 7:30 p. m.

J. A. STROMBERG, Secretary.

ESCANABA, Dec. 24, 1890. 7

**Bullion's Arnica Salve.**

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

**Smoke the "Phoenix"—at Mead's.**

Mr. William T. Price, a justice of the peace, at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "The remedy can not be recommended too highly." Let any one troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial and they will be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale by your druggist. \*11

**ORDINANCE No. 15.**

AN ORDINANCE relating to the cleaning of sidewalks within the city of Escanaba: THE CITY OF ESCANABA ORDAINS:

Section 1. It is hereby made the duty of owners and occupants of lots within the city of Escanaba to keep or cause to be kept all sidewalks upon streets fronting upon or adjoining their several lots at all points free from all obstructions whatever, including snow, ice, and other deposits or formations.

Section 2. Any owner or occupant mentioned in the first section hereof who shall permit ice or snow to remain upon any sidewalk adjoining his property after the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of any day, or after the lapse of three hours after the cessation of any storm, shall be deemed to be guilty of a violation of this ordinance.

Section 3. For each and every violation of this ordinance the offender shall incur, and shall be adjudged to pay a fine not exceeding five dollars and not less than one dollar, and costs of prosecution. In default of the payment of such fine and costs, every such offender shall be imprisoned in the common jail of the county of Delta for a period not exceeding five days.

This Ordinance was adopted by the common council Wednesday, January 2, 1884.

ROBERT E. MORRELL, City Clerk.

Approved January 2, 1884.

JAMES H. TRACY, Mayor.

ually in different parts of the State and are accomplishing great good in the development of agricultural resources

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

**Erickson & Bissell,**

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

**THE OLD GROCERY CORNER.**

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

**Complete - Stocks - of - Goods**

IN EVERY LINE—

**GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES,**

At prices guaranteed to suit.

**GIVE THEM A CALL.**

**MEAT MARKET.**

**Q. R. HESSEL,**

Successor to Hessel & Hentschel,

—DEALER IN—

**Meats of All Kinds!**

Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and

**RIGIDLY INSPECTED,**

both on the hoof and after slaughter, and

**Every Ounce Warranted.**

My predecessors have made a good reputation and acquired a large trade, and I propose to retain the one and increase the other.

**Q. R. HESSEL.**

**LUMBER.**

**A. H. Butts,**

—Dealer in—

**LUMBER**

OFFICE AND YARD,

Near C. & N. W. Passenger Depot.

A full assortment constantly on hand, consisting of

**Lumber, Lath, Shingles,**

Sash, Doors and Blinds at Lowest Prices.

Estimates furnished contractors and others on short notice.

**GIVE ME A CALL.**

**DRUGGIST.**

**GEORGE PRESTON,**

—Dealer in—

**Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,**

Pure : Old : Liquors

For Medicinal Purposes Only,

**Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines,**

—AND—

**CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,**

302 LUDINGTON ST.

East End.

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

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