"COTTON PICKED BY MACHINERY, The

APER .-- J. C. AND WM. N. VAN DUZER. Publishers.

LUME 22, NO. 7

ESCANAB

CH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

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

this over then call and see us A large stock of all kinds of furniture in XVIth 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,

Escanaba, Michigan.

Northup & Northup.

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS

-OF CAPITAL AND THE-

In the world are represented by the Fire Insurance

NORTHUP & NORTHUP

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

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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.

B.D. WINEGAR

Is now located with BITTNER & SCHEMMEL 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 & SCHEMMEL

Civil Engineer.

D. A. BROTHERTON.

AND SURVEYOR.

And dealer in Real Estate.

Fifty years my Father, eleeping.
Waits for you the coming bride
Won at last from earthly sorrow:
Peace awaits you, by his aide,

Farewell Mother t Darling Mother Eyes may weep across your bier Mine are red at your departing, Passing with the passing year. Thin and white my locks are falling:
I approach my settling 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 morn ing last and was buried on Tuesday.

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

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

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.

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 wil no doubt have crossed before this is print

ALL OUR EGGS in one basket is not a good success. condition. The year just closed has been, as everybody knows, a busy one and we have thriven, but the outlook for 'q1, 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 indus try 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 occurence 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 soot 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 maugurated.

COURT OPENS next Tuesday morning with a calendar of seventy seven causes-21 criminal, 30 issues of fact, 5 imparlance, and 21 chancery - and the following list of jurors: George Myers, Bay de Noc t'p. Charles Wicklander, "

William Krauth, Baldwin, William H. Wellsteed, " John Christianson, Bark River. Alexander Bono, Albert Moore, Masonville. August Schram, Frank LaBranch, Maple Ridge. John Kleiber, oseph Heldman, Nahma. Joseph Kohlman, " John Green, Sack Bay. Donald A Wells, " William Erickson, Gladstone ohn Christie, 1st ward Escanaba. illiam Martens, 2d ward "

STERLING & WILLIAMS succeed R. S. Sterlanti 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 recuper ate. 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 nonaction) they propose, and are actuated, un questionably, 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 bauged him, that's 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 domicil his housekeeping outfit and appurtnances, 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'

"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 a.ike, and the treatment is unutterly shabby.

GLADSTONE, Dec. 29, 90.

EDITOR IRON PORT :- I was census enumer ator in a district composed of this city and the township of Masonville (the latter seven ser veyed towns). I did the work in the mouths of June and July, when the flies and mu-quitos were at their worst, and was employed six hundred hours. Five months later I received information that my schedules were accepted, (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 idadequacy of the sum and has exerted himself to have it increased, but without

I did a like work for the state of Michigan when its last census was taken, performing not a lifteenth 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 premptly paid. In this latter case, though I have signed and returned the receipts, I do not expect my pay under six months, yet.

THE PRESIDENT launched the "Columbian quadro-Centennial"-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 to 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,

1, 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 Oct ober 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 Co umbian Exposition as will most fully and fitly 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 independ ence of the United States the 115th. By the BENJAMIN HARRISON.

JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

The Jenks Ship-Building Company, with a

apital stock of \$50,000, has been organized n Port Huron, They are Wm. S. Jenks, Orris L. Jenks, A. M. Carpenter, W. G. Jenks, and

essential feature is 330 fingers or spincles pro-jecting 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 is horse hair, clipped so it projects from the finger about one twelfth of an Inch, the tip and the hairs on the ade 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 liat, 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 that time remained on the reservations and cotton. The revolutions are so timed that the had been called "friendly" went out at once fingers which project at the spokes of a wheel and became as "hostile" as the rest. Miles strike the plant without a raking motion, for has his work cut out, now. that would damage the plant. No injury The Decatur postmaster comes to the leaf or boll from running the machine over the plant. With a width of four feet, length seven feet and hight 5% 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 pick ed 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., he 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 postmanter, patches from that place. He was a had 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 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 sifle. 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 thou't 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 gua, killing him in-stantly. Not satisfied with this, McBride fired twe 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 Car-

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 resented, and very justly resented, as experience has already shown."

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

Around the County.

TURIN, Jan. 1, '91. IRON PORT :- Our Christmas tree entertainment was largely attended and passed off very accessfully, though it was much to be regretold 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 eremonies, called the names of the children who had pieces to recite. The little ones did very well indeed, considering their tender age; Mess Esther McFarland, of the Lathrop school arried off the bonors of the evening, while he names of Miss Hattie Taylor, Master A. Haskell, Miss Lora Brown, and Millie Mc-Farland 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

large party of friends on Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Grimes, of Esca

The Latest.

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

The Illinois Steel Co. has closed all its works except the blast furnace for an indefin period. Seventeen hundred men thrown idie. The reds burned the schoolhouse at Catho-

lic mission and laid an ambush for the 7th cavalry but the 9th reinforced it and the plan

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

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 Carrolton, Miss, was shot to death. His name was Matthews and he was a son of that Prentiss Matthews who was killed at Hazelhurst in '82 for voting the epublican 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 Goy. 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 evenng and arrive at Lansing next morning.

KEEPER 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 Truesdell and National Bank blocks 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 res: of the republicans on Wednesday night at midnight.

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

Grand Rapids grocers don't mean to be lone by the sugar trust and have arranged to import their own sugar from Cuba [?] Charles Siler shot Wm. Bibbins, at Bellville,

accidental, which might go for the first shot but is too thin for the second. A Sebewa man, far gone with consumption, is amusing himself by having his coffin built,

wounding hun dangerously. He says it was

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 Kalan on the 29th. Gov. Luce was with them,

Lansing folks, democrats as well as republi cans, 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

A Beautiful and Valuable Book. That ambitious paper, The Detroit

is unwilling to play second is title to a its new Year Book for 1891 compl out as claim of being finer than any work of the kindever issued. They be tains in its 148 pages a remarkable amo valuable information, alphabetically & and among other things, the con census figures, election statistics in It is also profusely and heautifully il with over one hundred "half-tone" end from photographs), all made expressly for the book, and is printed on fine paper and bound in a beautiful cover; It is an immense in provement 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 remitt-ing 30 cts. in stamps to The Detroit Journal.

Local Hetari Market.





(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

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.

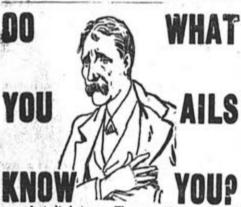
Mining Lands.

* STEGMILLER

AND MINING OPTIONS.

Michigan.

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



You feel tired-Do you know what it means? You are nervous-Why? You cough in the morning-Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends-Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

You have Consumption!

We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

amended by the best physicians in Europe and America. 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per Bottle-

W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York.

HARDWARE.

EEATERS HEATERS

of any pattern or description wanted.

TOOLSE

For Woodsmen and Equipments for Camps.

Logging Sleighs!

Hardware, Arms and Cutlery.

Supply Sleighs!

301 Ludington St. WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St.

BELLES OF ANTIQUITY.

Some of the Styles worn By the Inahlon-

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. With the many changes o' centuries, the gradation of chignons and crinolines. wuch of the simple grace and easy symmetry of ancient Greece has taken their place in the nineteenth

The Ser ptures narrate a great many things about the sty e of dress worn in the time of Solomon. In the law of Moses directions are given concerning the garments worn by the Israelites In the Boo: of Judges the girls of that period are de-or bed by Deborah as "a prey of d vers of needlework."

Lemu'l says: "Their clothing is of slik and purple."

In the frequent intercourse between the Jewish and other nat ves the ladies, tired of their primitive simplicity. sought the fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phoenicians and the luxurious Persians. Even the patient Job became impatient at so much dressing and thought of the adornment of the person, and Isa ah denounces the "women of the period," living for nothing but dress and filrtation, with their great desire to "see and be seen "

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 B ble times. We also find recorded the fact that trains were worn to dresses, and that camels' hair shawls were common among the lad es of that age. Embroidered mantles are also mentioned, and they were fastened with go d pins. The hair must have been quite elaborately dressed to judge from Bible descriptions, and many ornaments worn. It was o led, dyed and put in coils. Little curls were allowed to hang loose over the forehead, and strange as it sounds the young ladies of Solomon's time used paint to make their cheeks red.

Vails were worn and the sandals were made of blue and v olet colored leather w th fancy lockets

Folomon, it is related, said to the Shu am te: "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" Thin nets were worn and ear-rings of great value were commonly used. Bracelets were worn upon the right arm instead of the left, str ngs of pearls and heavy gold chains around the neck. rings on the fingers and other ornaments were fashionable. There are many belies spoken of by women in the Bible, and the h story of some of their ove stores is very touching. The beauty of the women of that time is o ten ment oned, and life must have been much as it is now among the young people. If you will examine the Scr pture to find any th ng used at the presnt day wh ch is still called by the old time names, you will almost invariably and the same article mentioned somewhere n the B bia. There is indeed ittle that is new under the sun.—Chiago Evening Journal.

DANGEHOUS D UGS.

re Necessary in the Handting Common Use

How "dangerous a thing is a little nowledge" has frequently been proven. n these days, particularly when every ther person one meets has a notion or beory to advance upon the ethics of ife, mental and physical, discretion is imperat ve. You have a sore throat, erhaps, and say so to a friend you enounter in a street car "Oh," she cr es, whipping open her bag. "you want a culorate of potash lozenge. I am never without them. Whenever I feel a drynes n my throat, however slight, I nop one in my mouth and the dryness vanishes. I don't wait until the really sore stage is reached." She had much better do so, for the probabi ties are hat she consumes forty useless loznges to the one that proves a remedial gent, and the thirty-nine are not only useless, but harmful. The same proprues which act successfully upon the nflamed tissues of the throat act, when tney are not so absorbel, unkindly upon the normal tissues of the stomach.

Quinine, too, that most beneficent of remedies in many cases, is much abused n as many more. The c mat c conditions of this region do not demand its neessant consumption. Yet in innumerab e household+ the box of qu n ne pollets from one gra n for the children up to five and even ten for the seasone head of the family seems to be an essential. Quinine is counted among the ten dangerous drugs, and the stat stics of the hospital show it to be the most prol fie cause of deafness. And, on the other hand, th snoble compound is accredited with having ncreased the average length of human

life two and a half years. Another drug used in the hands of women, especially is aconite. Many mothers will tell calmly of keep ng a supply on hand with which to dose the ch liren ind scrim nately on the appearance of any abnormal condition. Fortunately most of the aconste thus recklessly used is in the little sugar pils of the homosopath, doubtless g ven thus judiciously because of the habit; but there are mothers who boldly administer the other t noture. Yet acon te is a deadly poison used by physicians with the most scrupulous care and n cety, and supplemented generally w th its antidote or complement. It does ser ous byil, which must speedily

be repaired. Simpler drugs are proportionately powerful, if persisted in. So mild a distillat on as the essence of peppermint is injurious to the digestive organs taken too often. All medicine, indeed, that is not necessary works a degree of evil. For a single ailing, if diet, nat-Chains, Etc.

Chains, Etc.

Chains, Etc.

Chains, Etc.

Chains, Etc.

-Teacher-"You think sin is an adjective, do you? How would you compare it?" Smart Boy- Positive, sin; comparative, a nner; superlative, cynic." -Buffalo Express

UPPER

flay evening--Pioneer office chimney only one t the ceiling and fire got through between the outer rater, put in time, though, a few the right place by ork in office ge .- Pioneer, delayed an hour.

Ontonagon was left by the roadside, on t road, while his partner went for help. Meanwhile wolves killed and are him. Calumet & Hecla will pay a dividend of \$5 a share Jan. 22. A Negaunee Finn, picked up by the poa broken tine from a pitchfork in his back— had been keeping Christmaa in Finnish style. M. J., 27th.

-The Italian hall, an incompleted three story building, blew down on the night of Dec. 22 and in its fall crushed two cottages on the lot next to it. By the same storm the steeple of the M. E. church and blown down, the cross blown off the Austrian church, and sundry other buildings partially wrecked. The gale was from the northwest, very cold and laden with fine snow .- News, Calumet.

-Estelle, second daughter of the publisher of the Sentinel, is very ill with typhoid fever. Thirteen miles of the Turner railroad are graded-eight at the north end and five at the south-and work is still going on .- Sentinel,

-A bloody week : Jas. Heider and John Newman fought, at Stephenson's camp 14, on Christmas morning and Heider got the worst of it. In the afternoon he attacked Newman at a point near Keyes lake and inflicted a wound with a knife which will probably prove fatal. He is in jail. A gang of Itatians stabbed R. Brandos so that he will probably die. He was employed at Hollister's ranch. His assailants escaped. A man was cut to pieces on the railway track, near Penola station, on Tuesday. Nothing on the body by which the man could be identified. II. D. Fisher is mad, all over. The Grand Rapids Furniture Co. did not deliver the furniture for the bank as agreed. All the same the bank will open as announced and get along as best it can with such furniture as can be procured at home .-Mining News, Florence.

-Police business has been a little more ively of late than usual, with more serious in ractions of the law. Among the results may e classed the death of Nels Nord, a reputa ble Swede, who was injured at a dance on the south Buffalo mine location Saturday night. The assault was made with the top of a base urner stove, crushing the skull and driving a ortion of the bone into the brain. Nothwith tanding the terrible injury, Nord came to the ity Monday, and while sitting in a chair at eterson's saloon, fell to the floor in an unonscious condition. He was immediately emoved, but died Tuesday morning between and 8 o'clock .- Heraid, Negaunce.

mine between Nos, 2 and 3 shafts about nine o'clock last night, letting down the surface about six handred feet east and west and three hundred feet across the ore vein. The collapse was general down to the fifth level. The cave was expected, and for some days past that accretion of the stire had been deserted. past that accretion of the sine had been descried. Crews of men were engaged all Christmas eve and the day following boring holes in the timbers on the fourth and fifth levels which were to have been charged with powder and the explosives set off Christmas night. But the men discovered that the ground was already sinking, and the mine tools were carried out. The gradual depression continued until last night when the strict of the appreciated.

with eminent physicians; spent three months save the switch leading to the electric station, in Reed City Hospital. Four bottles of Hiband No. 1 shaft. The cave "breaks" hundreds

of thousands of tons of ore, and Capt. Suther-

land this morning told a News Record re-

porter that it would take five years to get it all

out. - News Record, Ironwood. -II. F. Anderson becomes a partner Atkinson & Anderson is the new firm's style. The water pipes freeze and make much trouble. The Drill boys gave "the old max"

-Manager Fitch says he knows nothing of any decision to brild a South Shore line to Little Bay de Noquette, but if the newspapers of Escanaba and Gladstone can manage to have it done we wont kick [Thanks]. A sailroad man was held up and gone through in West Ishpeming Saturday evening. W. B. Vail is resident agent and correspondent for this paper at Ishpeming, vice Stevens, Capt. Tom Roberts, of the Cambria mine died Sunday morning .- M. J., 30th.

-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. O'Rourke belonged in Iron county, has always been a sober industri ous man, and the cause of his mental break down is unknown. Save your sympathy, brethren: O'Brien can live without that tax list -Reporter, Iron River.

-Many thanks to the kind friends who responded so promptly to the first tap of the fire alarm bell on Monday evening last at 5.40 o'clock, thanks more particularly to those who jeopardized their lives to gain a position on the ridge of "Balsam Row" where a chimney was then burning, while the wind was blowing so furiously, carrying snow and sand with it, stand or walk. Had the "Row" burned at least four other buildings would probably have been destroyed, also, turning out eleven families in all, in about eleven minutes.

C. G. COLLINS.

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

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

ve-in occurred at the Norrie axe, in a lumber camp near Iron is recovering, and will soon be from the Marinette hospital where h under competent care. George Gebo of 17, was so prostrated by the shock nervous system by the drowning of his Democrat, Menominee.

bard's Rheumatic Syrup entirely cured me,

Bright's disease is no respecter of persons. It carried off President Arthur. He might have been saved by using Dr. Craig's Original Kidney and Liver cure.

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UNCLE PETE.

His Anxious Wait for Riches That Never Came.

ruminat-



spring evening. He would sit upon a stump with the dark, freshlyplowed 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.

His kinks were turning from black to gray and many a problem as knotty as his wool and just as powerless to be straightened had passed through his brain. His great passion, was wealth-'twas the only thing he cared for. He had dreamed of it in boyhood-it seemed a pity those log-heap sparks were not real gold—had striven for it in his way in manhood, and now that old age had begun to pay court to him in a sly and wholly unaccountable manner, he still dreamed of and strove for wealth. When a-boy, he would grasp every peculiar-looking rock lying in his path, with the hope that it might bring him a fortune. The sun glancing on a piece of glass would cause his lazy legs to move faster than was customary, for perhaps it might be a nugget of gold lying there especially for him. But he found to his disappointment many times that "all was not gold that

glittered." Uncle Peter had never been taught to read, and was too lazy to work hard. In fact, he shirked dreadfully. Like "ole brer rabbit" in those wondrous days when animals were gifted with speech-the recital of which fills every childish heart with the pleasantest emotions-he did all of the grunting and comparatively no work. He lived with old master's grandson, Marse Bob, as a cropper, and invariably came out in debt to him on an average of forty dollars a year. Each Christmas Marse Bob would storm at him, and threaten to send him away, but Uncle Peter was sly and would "lay low" until Marse Bob's sweet little wife drove all angry thoughts from his mind, and then he began to put in his best work, usually making sundry suggestions "'bout de fattening horgs," and ashes, salt, sulphur and copperas for the horses, mules and colts, until Marse Bob finally finished a contract with him almost before the thought of beginning had entered his mind. It would burst upon him each time like a thunderbolt, and with an internal groan, began the turning of new leaves. But those leaves became dog-eared with too little turning and much fingering. So Uncle Peter lived on at his kind benefactor's, with his progeny of grandchildren and one unmarried daughter, the idol of his heart.

Uncle Peter was ruminating on this warm, damp January day. The prospect from his cabin door did not invite very pleasant thoughts, but he was paying no attention to the gloom.

The clouds hung wet and gray over the fields, road and pine grove, which was the only green spot in sight. A maul lay before the fire hardening for the next day's work-splitting rails. That was nothing to Uncle Peter, either, for he knew very well, the sinner, he would get out of half his work by sharp-



HE SCANNED IT CLOSELY.

ening wedges for the other hands, making himself uselessly useful.

"Now, if I could dig into dat gully and fine a gole mine, wouldn't I be rich?" he mused. "Gret big peeses, big as my fists, den I could set up at the big 'ouse like folks, and not work my poor ole seff to deth," sighing, as he got up to turn his maul. "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 reckin 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 tha amntry. He was awakened from those yellow-toned reveries by some one hollowing: "Peter;

"Sir?" rousing himself and standing in his doorway to see Marse Bob on the fence some distance away. "What are you doing?"

you Peter-r. why don't you answer

"Burning my maul for to-morrow." "Well, you can do that to-night. You always get mighty smart at the wrong time anyway. Go on to the house and help the other boys shuck corn."

Uncle Peter got up and crossed the field with reluctant footsteps, while Marse Bob growled to himself on the

laziness of the "colored race" in gen-

Sunday morning came, and with it guests at the big house, as usual. Uncle Peter 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-

Uncle Peter's black features lit up in quite a marvelous manner, as Frank offered him what he loved next to "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 bot-

"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 forebber happ'ning," 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 vied. 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 r-i-e-h rich," drawled Angeline. Uncle Peter was all excitement in a moment and exclaimed feverishly: "Read on, nigger!" Angy, looked up astonished; she was not accustomed to being addressed that way by her admiring father.

"Write to J-a-m-e-s II-a-r-l-i-n-g, Harling, C-o-u-r-t-l-a-n-d Courtlend street, New York; I dunno what dat street means after dat word. It can't spell nuthin' cordin to my notion. I reckin it must mean ah, I dunno. Hit was jist got thar by mistake, dat's it. Dat typewriter got jess a little too much onto

"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 "dumpity" 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

"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 reckin 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 reckin. And anudder thing, I never thought about it," replied the unworldly 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 Hamble-ton, looking over his glasses in a grave

manner, as much as to say: "Brother Peter, I'se afraid you'se had a very large smile dis day, and you dreamed dat

"Oh, I don't 'zactly mermemble, but hit wusn't dat, and I heerd 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. Angerline 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

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 inten-

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 Pet r 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, good," it seemed to say; he talked and gave much good, good, good, good advice while he distributed it around. The darkies 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

"Yas, 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.

"Yas, sir, s'pose you do," responded Peter, who was feeling generous after his smile. He didn't care just then if all the darkies 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 "How to get rich. Eat nothing, wear

nothing and work like old nick.' 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 darkies 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 Llly. In connection with the explorer Stan-

ley'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 de-lightful 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 hopes to extract lucre from the re-sults of the daring explorer's work.— Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. SOCIETIES

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"THE INQUIRY is almost exclusively for coke irons," 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 abenating the old · bourben standbys, will be a mosaic "to beat

IT MUST make Col Van Duzer mad to see his excellent paper dubbed the Iron Postalmost as mad as it would 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 ot the Republican papers consider the matter in dead earnest.-Democrat, Menominee.

So? Just codding 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.

SELAH 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 develop ment of this peninsula, died last Sunday morning. He was 78 years of age, but leaves no children.

THE "Alliance" members of the Illinois legislatu: e 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. Oglesly and Gen. Palmer-and "Uncle Dick" will be chosen on the first ballot.

TWENTY years ago a boy robbed the postoffice 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 es. tablished 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 Soo Democrat does the man the ill turn of publishing the history crime, his true name and present location and

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 to my name and had to work from daylight uptil 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 !ewer cares: I slept better, and I may add, generally, that I befieve I was far happier in those days than I have been many times since I became a , mil lionaire. And yet it is a comfortable feeeling 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 overcame 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 at tempted 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 lective, policy. We quote a paragraph which band-none escaped. It is almost certain that should interest American readers just now. others will follow and it is probable that when atl is done the Sioux tribe will be small enough and weak enough to be manageable, though it | ican fiscal policy is (wisely, he admits) based, | command attention, suggests "A New Univerwill 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 they will do it, and ild it moreover by that very setting as amabuensis, to listen to the dictation men were wounded on the 29th.

"Cracker fed dyspeptie" is their politest phrase. As his experience had been with democratic editors and his words on that ocasion 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

"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 en-

"HAY IS SELLING here for eight dollars per on, 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 seli."--Ex press, Canadian Sault

tire satisfaction with the service rendered.

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

FIRE broke out at seven o'clock on Monday evening in fire engine house number one, de troyed 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 - Re porter, Gconto

CORWIN AFKINS the other day found quite a large piece of hemlock wood in the center of a deer's left long. How it got in there is a mystery; but the supposition is that at one time the deer was shot and so severely wound ed that it fell on being but, and that in falling 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 oreign substance existing within it. The lung eemed 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 work ing 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 con templating doing something in the way of ex tending their line from Escanaba If, as re ported in various centres, the syndicate is hard pressed for funds, it is strange that they keep on contracting further debts. It costs momey 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

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 Geneo or Gilpin plan approaches the nearest to exact justice, but every plan yet devised is open to our serious

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, pro-He calls the new tariff law "an outrageous abuse of the principle" upon which the Amer-

American people? Their main object is to for "The House of Martha," that cloistered build up the biggest trade in the world, and establishment allows one of its inhabitants,

to re-

ROWLAND CONNOR wants to be speaker of saps the foundations of every industry to which to illustrate the manner and custom of the he house and the editors whom he insulted, it is applied. Their duty is, not to consider foreigner. Mr, Charles Worcester Clark at Saginaw last July, are "going for" him. 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 next to nothing, and they will eventually pass us in the cotion 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 selfsupplying 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

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 chal lenge 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 under stands the spirit and purpose of the North. the results of the war are contained in the o 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.-Trio

THE ORE DEALERS of Cleveland-and they control the lake Superior output-have held standing, figures regarding the amount of ore on dock at lake Eric 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 satished that conservative action on the part of the ore dealers will result in most good .- Marine Review, Cleveland.

HENRY CLEWS makes this showing: Capial 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, per cent F.71. On its face it is a bad showing, but if Mr. Clews (or any,one) 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 railways," but Mr. C. is evidently an advocate for the share

"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 bead. 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 sity Course to be devoted to terrestrial physics "What is the use, however, of blaming the as a distinct department of instruction. As protection which, as our philosophers tell us, f of a love-story under the sophism that it is told

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 Bridget 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 "Boulangism," 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," Madempiselle 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, cocludes with a mot which is worth preserving : "'When I am asked if I have any presents I always answer 'No,' said a devout churchgoing woman to me one day, because I do not consider them presents until I give them away." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, or with 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 il 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 di gestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folksawould resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant supplies the stamma that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, bittousness, constipation, theumatism and neuralgia.

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

R EPORT OF THE CONDITION -OF THE-

First: National: Bank

At Escanaba, Michigan, at the close of business, Dec. 19, 1890. Stock, securities judgments, claims etc Due from approved reserve agents..... Due from other National Banks.... Due from State Banks and bankers.... 672 11

Banking-house, furniture and fixtures... Current expenses and taxes paid:..... Premiums on U. S. bonds... 17,500 00 672 78 2,209 37 236 00 Checks and other cash items ... 129 62 49,818 00

675 00 (5 per cent. of circulation) \$ 465,066 34 LIABILITIES. Capital stock paid in ... 4,000 00 5,031 02 Individual deposits subject to check... Demand certificates of deposit..... 130 408 12 202,127 20

Total \$465,060 34

STATE OF MICHIGAN COUNTY OF DELTA SES:

1. Covell C. Royce, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the ab ve statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. COVELL C. ROYCE,

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of Dec. 1890 H. H. ALLYN, Notary Public. F H. VAN CLEVE, EDWARD R. HALL, J. B MAAS,

The Atlantic for 1891

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 Cor-

ner 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 Prince ton, and others, topics in University, Secondary and Primary Education will be a feature, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, 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;
35 cents a number. With NEW LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT
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Table Delicacies, Staple Gioceries, 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.

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Ironstone China, Chelsea Decerated China. Dresden China, Japanese Were, Bisque and Terra Cotta, Behemian Glass, Venitian Glass, Rochester and other Lamps, Dinner Sets. Tea Sets. Tellet Sets,

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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 railroads in Scotland to the number of 7,500 are on strike and the roads are all crippled and business at a stand GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878,

W. BAKER & Co.'s **Breakfast** 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

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

as well as for persons in health.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

The angel, guardian of my youth and age,

The angel guardian of my youth and age,
Spread out before me an account book's page,
Saying: "This column marks, what thee dest
owe—
The gain there must lo show."

"Spirit," I said. "I snow, alas, too well
How poor the tale thy record has to tell.
Much I received—the fittle I have brought Seems by its side as naught.

"Five talents, all of Ophir's purest gold.
These five fair caskets ranged before thee hold;
The first can show a few poor shekels' gain.
The rest unchanged remain.

" Bringing my scanty tribute, overawed, To Him who respeth where he hath not strawed.

I tremble like a culprit when I count
My whole vast debt's amount

What will He say to one from whom were due Ten talents, when he conres with less than two? What can I do but shudder and await The slothful servant's fate!

As looks a mother on an erring child. The angel looked me in the face and smiled: "How couldst thou, reckoning with thysolf, con

To count thy talents five? "These caskets which thy fixtering fancies Not all with Ophir's precious ore are filled; Thy debt is siender, for thy gift was small:
One talent—that was all.

This second casket, with its grave pretense, Is weighty with thine Ignorance, dark and Save for a single glow-worm's gl mmering light

To mock its murky night. a The third conceals the Duliness that was How could thy mind its lack of wit divine?

Let not what Heaven assigned thee bring thee Thy want is not thy shame.

"The fourth, so light to lift, so fair to see Is filled to bursting with thy Vanity, The vap'ous breath that kept thy hopes allve By counting one as five.

"These held but little, but the fifth held less-Only blank vacuum, naked _othingness, An idiot's portion. He who gave it knows Its claimant nothing owes.

"Thrice happy pauper he whose last account Shows on the debtor side the least amount! The more thy gifts, the more thou needs must

On life's drepd reckening day."

Humbled, not grieving to be undeceived, I woke, from fears of hopeless debt relieved: For sparing gifts but small returns are due-Thank Heaven I had so few ! -Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.

END OF A QUARREL.

The Happy Settlement of a Bitter Family Feud.

1

As far back as the oldest inhabitant could remember there had been a feud between the Jasons and the Spratts. It had never been a deadly one, but it had been very bitter for all that. There were people, too, in and about Tomsburg who took special delight, it seemed, in keeping the two families constantly in hot water by carrying 'ales between the two houses.

Tomsburg is situated on the shore of one of the many bays on the Texas coast, where nine out of every ten of the inhabitants own sailing craft of some kind, the greater number being what are commonly called cat-boats, on which they make weekly trips to the adjacent cities, carrying the products of their gardens and fields.

Sim Jason owned one of these boats, a trim little craft named the Annie, after his sister. Like every other boatman, Sim was touchy on the subject of being beaten by any other craft, but his particular sore spot was a banter from the Spratt adherents that Jay's boat the Lily, could outsail him under any and all conditions. The Lily, like the Annie, had been named for the sister of its owner. It was a new boat, understood to have been built expressly to beat the Jason boat.

One evening Jay and Sim met down by the shore, where they had come to look after their boats. Both men were accompanied by friends.

"If I owned an old tub like that one yonder," said Jay Spratt to his companions, pointing to the Annie, and speaking in tones loud enough to be heard by the Jason crowd, "I'd leave her to the mercy of the wind and weather, and let her take care of her-

"That tub, as you call her, can outsail that box of yours," retorted Sim. "and if you have the spunk of a kitten I can prove it to you this very night."

"How?" asked Jay, affecting surprise. "I'll sail you a race to Redfish lighthouse and back. From the looks of the sky we are likely to have all sorts of weather, and our boats will have an equal chance." Jay considered a few moments. The

sky looked threatening, and the night would be dark; but Jay knew he must either accept the banter or back down in disgrace. Aye, he would outbrave Sim in accepting the challenge.

"I accept your proposition, Sim," he said, and then added: "And, to make the race more even for you, I will only take sister Lily along to help sail the boat."

A wild yell of approval went up from his companions, for all knew that Lily Spratt was as plucky a girl as there was in Tomsburg.

Just then Annie Jason came upon the

scene, and asked the cause of the uproar. Sim told her in a hurried whisper. "The Spratts sha'n't crow over us. Sim," she said, resolutely. "I'll go with you."

In a short time the news of the proposed race spread through Tomsburg, and in less than half an hour's time men, women and children were congregated upon the shere, all taking a lively interest in the preparations being made there.

The young men made a hasty survey to see that their crafts were in ship shape, and, having satisfied themselves that every thing had been properly attended to, grasped the tillers, gave the signal to east off, and darted away from the shore, like birds on snowy wings, amid lusty cheers from those left be-

The sky looked rent and threatening. There was distant thunder and frequent flashes of lightning. Dark, towering masses of clouds rose slowly on all sides of the horizon. The water was

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

For the first ten miles it was a pretty even rate; then the wind died out completely Night bad set in. The thunder sounded louder and closer and the lightning came in blinding flashes. The clouds rolled upward from every eide until they met overhead. For a few minutes the thunder stopped its loud cannonade and the lightning ceased.

The darkness was intense; the air was not and stiffing. Then an ominous sound care? from a distance-a sound that the occupants of the boats had often heard before-a low murmur at first, increasing gradually in volume, until at last, as it drew nearer, it sounded like a roar of wrath, mingled with shrill shricks of agony and de-

spair. Sim and Jay hastily lowered their sails and furled them snug and fast, and just as the first chilly breath of the squall touched their sweat-beaded cheeks and foreheads they threw the anchor : overboard.

Then the storm broke loose in its fury. The thunder roared more deafeningly, the lightning flashed more blindingly than before. The two boats seemed to be riding the gale safely until suddenly the Annie's cable snapped The Annie was to the windward of the Lily, and when the cable parted she drifted straight down upon the other boat. They came together with a fearful crash. Then came a wave higher crested and more furious than its fellows. It burst upon the boats while they were yet side by side, sweeping their decks from fore to aft, at the same time tearing them aport and carrying one far astern of the other.

Jay looked around for his sister. At his feet, in the small cockpit in which he was sitting, now half filled with water, he saw a motionless figure, which he thought to be hers. He reached down his hand and dragged her toward him.

A long and vivid flash lighted up every thing around him, revealing instead of the expected face of his sister that of Annie Jason.

At that moment a woman's piercing ery rung out above the voice of the storm. Jay heard it, and sprung to his

"It is Lily, and she is drowning," he cried. "I'll cut the cable and drift down with the wind. I may save her vet.

He started forward, and just then the topping lift broke, and the boom came down with all its weight upon his head With a moan upon his lips he sunk down unconscious.

It was a week after the night of the squall on the bay when Jay Spratt awoke to consciousness again. He was at his home in Tomsburg. Two sweet faces were bending over him, while the arms belonging to the possessors of the faces were wound lovingly around each other's waists.

"Where am I?" "You are at home, Jay, and all is well," said Lily, with a smile.

"And you didn't drown?" 'No, dear; thanks to Sim Jason, who risked his own life to save mine." "How did I get home?"

"Annie-"

But here the blushing Annie placed her disongaged hand over Lily's mouth "Did 'vou sail the boat and take me home, Miss Jason?" asked Jay, looking up into her face.

"Yes," she whispered; "but be quiet now, and try to go 'o sleep."

The great majority of the people in Tomsburg are well pleased to know that the feud between the Jasons and the Spratts is at an end. A double wedding is announced there to take place in the near future. - N. O. Times-Democrat.

PLAIN-SPEAKING PEOPLE.

They Bave No Business to Mingte in Genterl Society.

It is not the least of the signs of a

finer civilization that courtesy of manner is an absolute requirement of the day, and the crude and the rude in speech may be held to be almost as much without the pale of good society as the criminal. To tell unpleasant truths in an unpleasant manner used to be held as one of the privileges of family and friendship; now it is not tolerated, and the true ethics that the nearer the social relation the more scrupulously careful, if any thing, should people be, is the code of polite life. The truth is, too, that while Christian charity may be properly drawn on for the criminal or the wrong-doer in less degree, there is no law, human or divine, that need enforce it for the boor. The penalty for rudeness is social ostracism, and it is a just one. No form of rudeness merits a severer penalty than that which expresses itself in the guise of letters. The stranger of acquaintance, as may be, who thrusts upon one his rebuke or admonition for some real or fancied error, is guilty of an impertinence, which should result in the swift elimination of his name from one's list of friends. Unasked advice is the worst of vices, and the person who can be guilty of such a rudeness reveals not only a lack of familiarity with average courtesy, but a coarseness of nature that renders any form of communication an impossibility The person who presumes to rudely intrude an unpleasant and irritating admonition or question because, indeed, he is your friend, has yet to learn the alphabet of friendship. Courtesy is the very basis of all social intercourse, the only conditions under which it is possible, and the one who violates this law merits, as he must invariably receive, social ostracism. The crude idea that used to be more or less tenaciously held, that what was called "plain speaking" was an attribute of friendship, and the plainer-which really meant the ruder-the speech the greater the friendship, is one that is wholly swept away by the finer social demands of the present, when courtesy

-More Sound than Sense .- "Pa," said Bobby, "what's a gasometer?"
"Something by which gas is measured."
"Well pa, is a chronometer something
they measure crows with?"—Judge.

and charm rank among the cardinal

virtues of polite life, -Boston Budget.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

Where lies the land? I asked, in sorros Tell m . I pray, where the enchanted ground That knows not weary heart, nor aching head, Nor wild regret, nor sore and anxious dread, And I will seek it to earth's utmost bound. Here my voice faltered-dropped to faintee

sound;
A whisper startled me, and, looking round, I heard an echo mocking me, which said: Where lies the land?

My eyes then caught a little grass-green mound With pure white roses and white lilies crowned, That sweetest fragrance all around them shed; And as I looked upon that quiet bed, Full answer to my question I had found.

Where lies the landy -Charles D. Bell, in Lippincott's.

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 northeastern Muskoka, Canada, far beyond the limit of any of my former explorations. In the vicinity of Bracebridge 1 engaged as "guide, philosopher and friend," an old Iroquois Indian, who knew every inch of the territory over which, if his own account was to be believed, he had roamed for nearly eighty years.

One day as we sat smoking on the bank of a river which my guide said was the Ash-ke-Muk, the old Indian pointed to a spot about twenty feet up the face of a precipice, and said:

"You see that cave? Wonderful thing happen there once; me tell you about it.

I looked closely at the place indicated, and saw, through a tangled maze of wild creepers, what appeared to be a dark hole, some three feet wide and five feet high. John said this was the ontrance to a large cavern, the existence of which had been quite unknown to his tribe, formerly inhabiting the fertile plain, until revealed to them by 'he occurrence of events which he proceeded to relate. I will not attempt to follow the old man's vernacular, but give the legend in his own simple words as nearly as I can.

"A long, long time ago," said he, "when I was a very small boy, my people, a large band of the great Iroquois tribe, dwelt upon the good land, where we stopped last night. Game was plentiful in those days, both winter and summer. The river, then much bigger than now, was full of fish. My people raised much corn, and were contented and happy. Where are they now? Gone! Gone! All gone but poor old John! The white man's rum and small-pox, the white man's ways have swept them from the earth.

"Our head chief, Matchedash, was a great warrior and ruled his people wisely and well. He had no sons, and but one daughter, Minnekoma, beautifui as the morning sun. fleet of foot as a wild deer, with eyes like stars, and hair glossy as the raven's wing. All gifts at her feet, only to be rejected. Rut one brave Oletka, would not be repulsed. Far and near he sou tht for the choicest spoils of the chase and brought them to her wigwam; yet still she turned coldly away.

"Ojetka was a crafty, cunning warrior, and with rich presents bought the old chief over to espouse his cause. All was in vain. Minnekoma's face was hard toward him and she would not listen. Matchedash was much angered; but she was his only child and had great influence in the tribe, and he would not give her away against her will. None could tell why the maiden refused to marry, unless it might be that she had given her heart to a Huron lover; for some time before, Thyendaga, a noted warrior of that tribe, with which the Iroquois were then at peace, had asked her in marriage and had offered her father great wealth in gifts. But the old chief spurned him away, saying that his daughter must wed only an Iroquois; and none of our tribe had seen the Huron since. Ojetka hid his grief and put on a careless air to throw Minnekoma off her guard, but all the time he was on the watch; and one evening. when the sun was low, he saw her leave the lodge and wander slowly away into

the forest. "Even Ojotka dared not be seen to follow or spy upon Minnekoma's movements, so he went off, at first another way, to the woods and then made a wide sweep to strike her trail. Soon he found this and crept along it, sure, slow and silent as a panther. In a little while he came to a clear spot, where had been an old camp, and saw Minnekoma standing there with bowed bead, listening. Pretty soon he heard the low call of a pigeon, and then Thyendaga stepped out from the other side, and clasped the young (squaw in his arms. Ojetka's heart burned with rago, and softly he drew an arrow to its head, but dared not shoot while the two stood together. Bime-bye, they turned and came straight toward bim, and now he let his arrow fly; but the starry eyes of Minnekoma had seen him! Quick as the lightning's flash she bent the Huron down, and the arrow passed over his head. Then, out from his cover sprang Ojetka, and, whirling his tomahawk in the air, sent it flercely at his rival's breast.

"But Thyondaga, tall and springy as a cedar, strong as an oak, was now ready, and the bright blade whistled by without hurt, and, with his own tomahawk upraised, in three great leaps he was upon his foe. His first blow struck the knife from Ojetka's hand, and the next buried the axe in his brain. Down like a log he fell dead. Thyendaga shouted a cry of victory and stooped down to tear off the scalp, but at that moment was seized on all sides at once by six Iroquois who were returning from a hunt and had come to the place of the fight just as Ojetka fell. Now they bound the prisoner between two warriors, and taking up the dead body, set off to camp, singing the song of mourning as they went. Soon the council was called, and, although it was clearly shown that the Huron had killed in his own defense, he was condemned to die by running the gauntlet. That night he was tied to a tree and

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

"All night long Minnekoma watched for a chance to free him, but the gnards slept not, and the morning came. Then, when the sun was high, all the warriors and squaws and children went out to the plain to see the race for life. Two lines were formed, six feet apart, with fifty braves face to face in each line. At the ton, where the prisoner was to start, were young men armed only with green rods and blunted spears; then came those armed with knives, and at the far end of the line stood old warriors with tomahawks and war-clubs. The prisoner was to run between the lines, every man giving him a blow, and, if he reached so far without falling, the warriors who bore the axes and clubs would surely kill him. The guards now led Thyendaga out, stripped him naked, except moccasins and breech-cloth, and placed him at the head of the lines. Ho sang no death-song, but looked proudly around upon his enemies.

"The word was given; the guards released him and closed up the gap behind. But the brave Huron, instead of running between the ranks, leaped with one mighty bound clear over the line to his left and flow like the wind toward this cliff. The Iroquois were struck with wonder. No man had power to stir until Thyendaga had got far away; and then, raising the war-whoop, they all gave chase, spreading out like a fan as they ran None had their bows, and even now Thyendaga was beyond the reach of arrows.

"Straight and fast as a hunted deer he leaped along, and when he came to the top of the rock above us, was the half of a mile ahead of his pursuers; but they could see him all the time, for few trees were here. Now he never stopped or looked back, but with a wild yell of defiance sprang far out from the edge of the rock, down, down into the deep waters below. In a little white the Iroquois, all crazy with anger, very much mad, came up. Thyendaga was not to be seen; and they could not get down to the river at this place. Some kept watch on the bank while others ran two miles down to the gap and brought back cances. Ever : where they Searched, but no sign could they find of the Huron warrior; and all then knew that he was lying drowned at the bottom of the deep hole where no line could reach.

"In great shame they went back to the camp, and the squaws and little children made game of them. For had not their prisoner escaped and died without terture? But Minnekoma rejoiced because of this thing; though she greatly mourned for her lover. Every day she walked alone through the rocks and forest, always weeping and calling softly on the name of Thyendag None followed or gazed upon her grief, for they said: 'The maiden's heart is sore.'

"Two moons passed away and the leaves were falling, when one day she wandered off to the spot where Ojetka died. Here for a long time she stood, the young men of the tribe laid their, faintly and sorrowfully whispering to the soft wind again and again her lover's name. Suddenly near at hand she heard the rustle of leaves and the cooing of a wood-dove, and Thyendaga himself stool before her. No words can tell her joy when she found it was indeed he, and not his spirit, as she thought. Quickly he led her to a safe hiding-place until it should grow dark, and as they went along he told her how, when he leaped that day into the deep waters, he rose again and climbed up the vines into a cave (that one above us), which none but he knew of, before the Iroquois came to the river; and when the search was ended, and the black night came down, he escaped easily to his own people. Also, he told her that his canoo was now concealed down the river, and he had come to bear her off as his wife.

"Minnekoma's heart was melted, and when great darkness fell upon the earth that night, she went with the Huron chief away across the lake to his home. The next day, all the Iroquois warriors looked for her in vain; but with great cunning they tracked the two footprints over bare rocks and through thick woods, to the edge of the water. There they found marks of a canoe, and, lying on the sand, a chief's totem, which Matchedash well knew.

"'The Great Spirit,' said he, 'has saved Thyendaga, and he has borne off my daughter. We will make a new peace with the Hurons, for they are mighty and strong. It is good medi-

"So, next moon, he sent the wise men of his tribe with gifts of wampum and tobacco and costly furs to that people; for the old chief greatly loved his child. Thyendaga was now the head of the Hurons, and for the sake of his wife he accepted the gifts, and sent back many rich presents and kind words in return. Then all were happy. There was a long peace, and it was from the lips of Minnekoma that the Iroquois first knew of this cave I have shown you.'

Poor old John told this little story with indescribable pathos, and it may be true. He lived for five years afterward, and if ever an Indian deserved to go to "The Happy Hunting Grounds," surely it was he.-W. Thomson, in N. Y. Ledger.

Durable Stuff.

Little Girl-My shoes is always get-tin' worn out. I dess the leather 18n't dood leather.

Mamma-I'm afraid it is not as good as it might be. Little Girl-Nex' time we'll ask the

man to give me shoes of the same stuff as those teeny weeny ones you got for my dollie. Dollie has worn hers a year. Good News. Very Much Like a Ball.

Clerk-I can't make out the signature of the gentleman who wrote this letter Perhaps you can tell who it is? Employer-Don't bother me. Just write to the man and tell him we can't

make out what his name is .- Texas

Siftings. -Customer-"Will you warrant this watch for a year?" Jeweler-"Yes; for ten years, if you wish. (Sotto voce). I am going out of business in six months."

—Yankee Blade.

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," said President Lincoln one day, after the office-seekers had been unusually numerous and persistent. They used to thrust their papers into his hands when he rode, and dogged his steps while he walked.

One day, as the President was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, a man ran after him, hailed him, and thrust a bundle of papers into his hands.

"I am not going to open shop here!" said the indignant President, and he tossed back the papers and walked on.

All sorts of people called on the President, with all sorts of requests. One day a friend of his, being in the audience chamber, saw an attractive, handsomely dressed woman talking with him. As she was a good talker, and winning in her ways, the friend thought she must be making an impression.

Finally the President wrote a few words on a card and, enclosing it in an envelope, directed her to take it to the Secretary of War. First, however, he showed the card to a friend. It read: This woman, dear Stanton, is a little smarter than she looks to be." She had overstated her case.

On another day, two women, dressed in humble attire, sat waiting their turn. "Well, ladies," said the tired President at last, "What can I do for you?" They both began speaking at once, pleading for the release of two men imprisoned for resisting the draft. One, an old lady, was the mother of the men, the other was her daughter-in-law.

"Stop! don't say any more; give me your petition," replied the President.

"Mr. Lincoln," answered the old lady, "we've got no petition; we couldn't write one and had no money to pay for writing one, and I thought best to come and see you."

The President rang his bell and ordered a messenger to tell General Dana to bring him the names of all the men in prison for resisting the draft in Western Pennsylvania.

"These fellows have suffered long enough," said he to the General, on looking at the list; "I have thought so for some time, and I believe I will turn out the whole flock. Draw up an order, General, and I will sign it." It was done; the General left the room, and the Presdient, turning to the women, said: "now, ladies. you can go."

The younger of the two ran forward and was in the act of kneeling in thankfulness; but the President, preventing her, said. "Get up! don't kneel to me, but thank Ged and go."

The old lady, with tears in her eyes, said, "Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln; I shall probably never see you again till we meet in Heaven."

The President, deeply moved, took her right hand in both of his, saying, "I am afraid that with all my troubles I shall never get to the resting-place you speak of; but if I do I am sure I shall find you. That you wish me to get there is, I beme. Good-bye,"

"That old lady," said the President to the friend who narrates the anecdote in Herndon's 'Life of Lincoln,' "was no counterfeit. The mother spoke out in \$1,500 was stolen and pursuit was so prompt all the features of her face. It is more than one can often say, that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day. Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."-Youth's Compan-

SANS ARMS AND LEGS.

An English Woman Who Wielded Penell 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. There was a corporal in Chaplain Roe's department near Fortress Monroe, who wrote home a pretty long letter with his left hand, relating the loss of his right arm, three weeks before. Hundreds of men who suffered similar loss learned to write with their left hand well enough to earn good salaries as clerks and bookkeepers.

Much more wonderful things have been done to make good the loss of important portions of the body. There was the little lady at Barnum's who had no arms at all, but sewed, used the scissors, drew and and wrote with her toes. A gay and polite little woman she was, in spite of her deficiencies.

We have seen men cut out with their toes very good likenesses in black paper, and there was an artist in England who, being paralyzed from hiz neck to his feet, learned to draw and paint holding the brush and pencil in his mouth. No man ever drew more daintily with his hand than did he lying on his back unable to move hand or foot.

Sarah Biffin, too, who died some years ago in Liverpool, though born without arms or legs, had the spirit and talent to become an excellent miniature painter. She was just one vard and one inch high. With her mouth she wielded pencil and brush, held the scissors and sewed with a common needle. Besides painting numberless miniatures in the ordinary course of her profession, she painted likenesses of the reigning family, and was honored with a medal by the Society of Artists.

After practicing her art for a period of forty years, she died at the age of sixty-six.

An instance not less remarkable was that of Arthur Kavanagh, an Irish member of l'arliament of great note, whose death was reported just before Christmas. He was endowed with an exceedingly fine head a body of unusual strength and symmetry, as well as a handsome, manly countenance; but he, too, was born without arms or legs.

Being a man of great wealth and resolution, he supplied the absence of those va uable members with various mechanical contrivances, and could always command the assistance of comnetent servants. Two stout men carried him to his seat in the House, from which he addressed the House with such effect as always to command attention.

Still more surpris ng were his skill and daring as a horseman. He rode after the fox hounds with the foremost. drove a four-horse coach, wrote and drew well enough to rank as an amateur artist, performed all the duties of a magistrate and country gentlemen, and reared a family of beautiful children, all of whom have the usual complement of arms and legs. He was a truly eminent and g fted man .- Youth's Com-

Three men solbbed a bank at South Chicago between noon and one o'crock of M only last -holding up the bookkeeper. Only some and persistent that all three of the men were captured. They are believed to be the same men that robbed Allerton's paymaster.

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

1891

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The flery breath of the monster Of steam and steel ahead.

And the hollow of the night Was stirred by the voice of the demon And I shuddered in affright; And anon we neared a village, And the whistle's terrible roar laimed the power of the engine And the speed at which we tore.

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

RESUME. 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 threescore, 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 entree 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 must be "conciliated."

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



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 hos-

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 grayhaired 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 "conciliated."

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 slight

cartaworks it seemed advisable to creet. 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 rollealls 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 Lieuteaant 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

We felt so ugly 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

Just before sunset a sentry on the road startled 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 rag. 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

"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 mustache 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 "Whose fault, madam?" said the Ma-

jor, 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-"

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—he

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

"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 , warned him of his dan-

"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 courtmartialed 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

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.

hours," said the Major, turning with a



"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-," said the major, with many inflections, "he'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 bunghole 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 murm ured:

"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'H 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 fol Yowed her and the Major to the cellar The Major's suggestion that the girl should first whisper at the bunghole 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 staves, and seemed somewhat disconcerted at the grinning faces before him. Several pairs of hands helped him out, and ashe 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

"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. Sanso (looking down the road)-An elopement, ch? (to girl's father) Hallo,

old man! Are you trying to catch the Old Man (rushing forward)—Yea. Want to give 'em my blessing.—Munsey'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 i to be regretted that she didn't get a gallon of the precious sirup while she was about in She might have found car-rings and breastpin to match.—Bam's Horn.

YOUNG LADIES IN L...DON. Degeneracy of the Society Miss as De-scribed by an Englishman.

The modern conventional London young lady belongs to a type altogether distinct from other varieties of the specles, 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 audacity, which the society which she affects indicates the peculiar experience she has accumulated during the transitionary 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 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 paws 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 alliliates herself to some semirapid married woman, under whose chaperonage she forms one of frequent partis-carres to the play, to suppers at night clubs, to race meetings and excursions on the river, at I, 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 POUNCED UPON THEM.

An Exacting Railway Magnate Gets a Set-

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 know 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 couse, 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 hunks should drop in on us unexpected." In justice to Sir Richard be it 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 empting intoy 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

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. Chas. Klein, Agent, Red Jacket, Mich., Lock Drawer 34.

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TIME

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spring of 1814, the beautiful harbor of Valparaiso, the chief seaport of Chili, was the scene of several stirring events. Captain Porter, afterward Admiral, on returning from his famous cruise in the

Southern seas, repaired to the Chilian seaport before beginning his long voyage to the United States. During his trip among the warm seas he had won great glory for the American navy by capturing nearly every English whale ship known to be off the coast of Peru and Chili, and by taking from the enemy property valued at over two million dollars. Besides relieving the American whalers of all danger, he had inspired the Peruvian and Chilian authorities with respect for the power of the United States.

While putting up for a short time in this South American port his ship, the Essex, was attacked by the English men-of-war, Cherub and Phœbe. The gallant fight which followed was one of the bravest in naval history. Though the Essex was injured by a squall before the battle commenced, and the weight of men and metal was heavily in favor of the British, the American man-of-war had strong chances of final victory until the hawser of the Essex parted, and fire was discovered below

The burning of the ship decided the fate of the conflict. The flames spread rapidly, driving the gunners from their places, and terrifying the seamen. Efforts were made to subdue the flames, but under the heavy fire of the enemy's guns this was impossible. They crept nearer and nearer to the magazine, where several hundred kegs of powder were stored away. Appreciating the danger that awaited the ship and its gallant crew, Captain Porter called his men together and gave them liberty to make the attempt to swim ashore. Many made the attempt and succeeded, but others were drowned.

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 Phœbe, was a boy-midshipman who was not more than thirteen years of age. He had been active in the battle, and now that all was lost he refused to leave the ship until his captain was ready to go. Dressed in his bright but battle-worn uniform, the young midshipman attracted no little attention from the English sailors. There was a manly, determined look on the youthful face which betokened strength of character and will. When he stepped from the deck of the Essex to that of the Phoebe, he cast a lingering glance at the burning ship, and seemed to be taking a long farewell of his old friend. "See the little youngster," remarked

one of the old sailors on the English ship. "He looks as if he was the cap-"Captain of his mother's apron

strings," volunteered another. A general laugh followed these re-

marks, but the boy, without deigning to notice the jeers, stepped lightly from the bulwark of the ship to the deck. Taking his place among the prisoners he quietly awaited further developments. The English seamen were actively engaged in transferring every thing of value from the burning vessel to the Phœbe. The magazine, storeroom, state-rooms and even the captain's cabin were ransacked for valuables. The flames, meanwhile, were being put out gradually by the Englishmen.

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. Articles that had become dear and familiar to their gaze during their long journey in the Southern seas were now passing before their



eyes into the hands of the enemy. It was a sight sufficient to cause bitter feelings in any heart

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."

He leaped upon the deck of the English ship. There was a commotion for a moment among the prisoners. The young midshipman Repped up to the sailor with the pig. and claimed it as

"It's my pet pig," said the midship-man, "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 g." shouted the sailor, at which a meral laugh was set up by the others. The young midshipman, however, was

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."

The pig in question by this time be-gan to feel uncomfortable in the hands of its two claimants, and its squealing was renewed, and increased tenfold. The sailor clung to his prize, and the young midshipman kept his hold with equal determination.

The pig had been captured on the island of Mocha, off the shores of Araucania, 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 bunt inland. The island had been inhapited by Spaniards at one time, and fat wild swine were abundant. Among those captured was the small pig, which the sailors named "Murphy." During the rest of the journey the little porker of the midshipman's had become a great favorite, and now that its ownership was in dispute the American, as well as the English, seamen crowded around the two contestants.

The English sailors were fair-minded, and ready for any kind of sport. They enjoyed the scene hugely, and saw in it the germs of an exciting fight. One or two of them shouted out words of encouragement to the disputers. Then one of the English sailors cried out:

"Go it, my little Yankee; if you can thrash 'Shorty' you shall have the pig.' This decided the matter. The young midshipman let go of his hold and said: "Agreed. I'm ready to fight for 'Mur-

A shout of approval greeted this brave remark. The sailors, ready for a lark, fell back and formed a ring. On one side stood the American sailors, who for the time being forgot the stings of their recent defeat and shouted and cheered their young champion. On the other side were the English, equally excited over the contest, and though prejudiced in favor of "Shorty," their own man, they could not help admiring the youthful gladiator.

The midshipman was slight in build but his muscles were hard and well-knit for one of his age. His quick, agile movements indicated an athletic training that would now stand him in good

His opponent was an older man, thick, strong and stocky. Long service in the English navy had hardened his muscles. The battle really seemed all onesided at the beginning; but the American sailors still bad confidence in their champion. They had witnessed some of his bravery in the recent naval con-

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



"GO IT, MY LITTLE YANKEE."

encounter. For the first two or three rounds there was no evident advantage on either side. Shorty 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. The fight continued for five or ten minutes with unabated fury.

Then the English sailor began to puff and blow. Ills 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 fight was renewed, but the mid-shipman'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. Several times the Englishman was nearly knocked off his feet, but each time his comrades braced him up, and sent him at it again.

"Don't give in yet. Remember the pig. Give it to the young Yankee." 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 Englishman acknowledged that he was whipped, and surrendered the pig to its rightful owner.

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. The young champion, taking the pig under his arm, acknowledged the cheer, and walked away to his place among the prisoners.

Thus did Admiral Farragut, the first American upon whom the title of Admiral was conferred, win his first fist fight, and partially wipe out the disgrace of the naval defeat at Valparaiso. -George E. Walsh, in Yankee Blade.

On the Rhine.

Tourist-What is the name of that mountain? German Patriot-Dot vas der Hohell-

enzuffenschwartzkeufelkimmelber-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 .-

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The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Kemp's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to continue only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Kemp's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then com pare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and \$1. Sample bottle

-J. N. Mead puts up Flavoring Extracts and so can warrant their purity. Try them, the

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. It renoves at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Justin N. Mead druggist, Escanaba.

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Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill. makes the statement that she caught cold, which set tled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found her self benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found her self sound and well, now does her own house work and is as well as she ever was .- Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Finnegan's drug store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00

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Druggists everywhere report that the sales of the Restorative Nervine-a nerve food and medicine—are astonishing; exceeding any-thing they ever had, while it gives universal satisfacton in headache, nervousness, sleepessness, sexual debility, backache, poor memory, fits, dizziness, etc. L. Burton & Co., Troy, N. Y.; Ambery & Murphy, of Battle Creek, Mich.; C. B. Woodworth & Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind., and hundreds of others state that they never handled any medicine which sold so rapidly, or gave such satisfac-tion. Trial bottles of this great medicine and book on Nervous diseases, free at J. N. Meads who guarantees and recommends it.

-B W. Rockwell, of Jackson, Mich. writes: "Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup has relieved me of rheumatism, from which I suffered inten-ely, has regulated my kidneys and iver, and benefitted my whole system." Any statement made by B. W. Rockwell can be relied upon. W. D. Thompson, Pres. Jackson City Bank.

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Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the circuit court of Delta county at Escanaba, Mich. on January 28, 1801 wir.

ary 28, 1891 viz;
Arthur Leighton, Hd. Application No. 4533 for the nw\(\frac{1}{2} \) of sec. 6. Tp. 30, n. 7, 21 w.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence, upon and cultivation of said

land, viz:
Almon H. Stoner and Henry Klepser, of Gladstone,
M.ch. Anton Nelson and James E. Burns. of Escanaba, Mich.

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and the sympathy of friends (which they have without stent) can help them but little to bea

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. They are believed to be the same, men that robbed Allerton's paymaster.

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 Livertrouble." John Leslie, farmer and stock man, of same place says: "Find Electric Bit ters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J W. Gar dener, hardware merchant, same town says; Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Finnegan's drug

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

Pailures in life.

People fail in many ways. In business, in morality, in religion, in happiness, and in A weak heart is often an unsuspected cause of failure'in life. If the blood does not circulate properly in the lungs, there is shortness of breath, asthma, etc.; in the brain, dizziness, headache, etc.; in the stomach, windpain, indigestion, etc. Paid in the left side, shoulder and stomach is caused by heart strain. For all these maladies Dr. Miles' New Cure for the heart and lungs is the hest remedy. Sold, guaranteed and recommended by J. N. Mead. Treatise free.

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. 52 y1-01

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

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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.

VEW YORK TRIBUNE. 1891.

The Tariff and the Farmer. ROSWELL G. HORR, OF MICHIGAN,

The wittlest, brightest and most successful of Re-

The wittlest, 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 fight the battle for Protection during the coming yet.

Every issue of The Weekly Tribune will contain extended explanations of the new Tariff and the advantages of Protection, point by point. Mr. Horr will also invite from the public and will answer questions or phases of the Tariff which perpiex the minds of the people.

So far as other duties will permit, he will also address gatherings of Farmers this winter (Institutes, Clubs, etc.) as the representative of The tutes, Clubs, etc.) as the representative of The Tribune, concerning the Tariff. Those who with Mr. Horr to address them should communicate at

once with The Tribune. 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. Every such man would gladly see the young men of to day better guided than he was. The Tribune has planned the following articles, which will appear in this paper outs: ear in this paper only:
What shall I Do? By S. S. Packard, Pres-

What shall I Bo? By R. S. Packard, Fresident of Packard's Business College.
Suggestions for the Boys on the Farm who are Ambitious, By the Hou.
J. H. Brigham, Master of the National Grange.
Education without the Help of a College. By President C. K. Adams, of Cornell.
A Continuation of "How to Win Fortune," By Andrew Carnegie, whose remarkable article of last spring was so full of encouragement to poor men. Multiplicity of Paying Occupations in the United States. By the Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

Wright.
Talk With American Boys, By P. T. Barnum, of Bridgeport, Conn.
Example sin the History of our own
Country. By Gen. A. S. Webb, the gallant sol-

Importance of Good Manners, The views of Ward McAllister.

A College Education good for all; what is best for those who cannot get it. By President William Pepper, University f Pennsylvania.
The Tribune will print from week to week well-

considered answers to any questions by young men or women, in any part of the country. Vital Topics of the Day. Present Needs and Future Scope of American Agriculture. By the Hon. Jeremiah Rusk. Proper Functions of the Minority in Legislation. By the Hon. Julius C. Burrows,

Village Improvement Associations, their practicability in Rural Districts, with the Story of certain Model Vil-lages. By the Hon. B. G. Nortarop, of Clinton,

Principle in Politics and the Virtue of Courage, By the Hou. James S. Clarkson, of lows.

Influences of the Labor, Movement upon Human Progress. By Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

America's Suburban and Rural

Homes. By George Palis-er, of New York.
Warehouses for Farm Products. By
L. L. Polk, President of the National Farmers' Glacters of the United States, By Pro-fessor 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.

A practical farmer is now in France, visiting the farms and farm-buildings of that thriftiest of the agricultural nations of the world. He will report upon the dairy, grain, stock and other branches of French farming in illustrated articles, Mrs. An de Wittenmayer, President of the Woman's Relief Corps, will contribute a column of notes and news to Tue Tribune's G. A. R. page every week.

notes and news to The Tribune's G. A. R. page every week.

Admirable letters of travel in the Southern States, illustrated, will be printed.

The Home Circle columns will be varied by illustrated articles on d-coration, fashious and subjects of intense interest to women. Written for people with little money.

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SULPHUR BITTERS; bealthy. Don't be without a will make your blood bottle. Try it; you pure, rich and strong, will not regret it. Ladies in delicate Try SULPHUR BIT-bealth, who are all TERS to night, and rundown, should use you will sleep well SULPHUR BITTERS. and feel better for it.

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Read Dr. Culverwe I's Celebrated 'Essay on the Radical cure of Seminal Weakness' induced by early indiscretion and excesses. The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstratas from 30 years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of said disease may be cured cheaply privately and radically, no matter what the containing of

vately and radically, no matter what the con tition of the sufferer may be. This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man. Send under seal in a plain envelope, post paid, on receipt of two postage stamps (4c). Sample of medicine free: The Culverwell Medicine Co. Established 1850 P.O box 450 New York, N-Y

every worker. We start you, furnishin everything, EASILY, NPERDILY learned PARTICULARS FREE. Address at one STIASON & CO., IURTLAND, BAIME

boiler tubes for sale.

Michigan Central R. R. tracks,

Cor. Foundry St. av

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say, and Jao. Hoge, Austin, say, and Jao. Hoge, Toledo, Ohio. etc. Others are doing as well. Why tyou? Some vary over \$500.00 a soils. You can do the work and live

No more

of this!

HARNESS

-DEALER IN-

: F. D. CLARK, :

JEWELRY.

WARKER

HAS THEM, OF COURSE,

AND WITH THEM

American * Watches

of any make wanted, and

a complete stock of

ALL AT THE LOWEST POS-

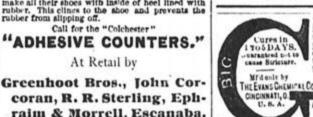
SIBLE PRICES.



Saddlery, Buggies and Carriages.

Corner Ludington and Dousman Streets,

ESCANABA, MICH.



Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the Curre in
1 To 5 DAYS.

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cause Suricure.

Mrd only by

I prescribe it and feel safe THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. In recommending it to CHCHNATIO. In recommending it to CHCHNATIO. In all sufferers.

U. S. A. A. & STONER, M. D., DECATUR, M.L. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE 81.00.

lustin N. Mead, Agent.



Try the Cure Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays 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.



SPECIAL + OFFER for the next 30 days:

He will sell Twelve Ideal Cabinets and one, extra, in a

→ Gilt and Bronze Frame ← -for only-



And he positively guarantees the Finest Pictures in the land.



CLOAKS CLOAKS

ON AND AFTER, TO-DAY

My stock of Cloaks will be sold at

CENT. REDUCTION!!

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

ED. ERICKSON.

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.

509 LUDINGTON STREET.

MEAT MARKET.

Re-establishment of the Old Firm of

AT THE OLD STAND.

HERMAN BITTNER.

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

MEAT ••••••••••

FRESH, SALTED AND SMOKED,

by the carcase, quarter or pound at

THE LOWEST OF PRICES

and promptly delivered, and solicits public patronage.

J. N. MEAD.

This Year the Headquarters of

-o-Will be at the Drug and Jewelry House of-o-

There you will find a Beautiful Line of

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

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 ail 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 our 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 11ght.

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

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

PERSONAL

-UNKNOWN.

-C. P. Trucks is visiting in Wisconsin. -Clinton Oliver is at home from school for

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

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

-Miss Kittie 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 fared 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

risit 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, i

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

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

-Mrs. J. H. Ellison, of Helena, Montana, s visiting her parents, Mr., and Mrs. Myers

-Mr. T. E. Conolly is at home. He arrived from the west on Monday and will re-

main here several weeks. -George Preston has been doing the Job trick-boils-for a fortnight. If there's any

fun 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 oh Wednesday. That we were glad to see him goes without saying. -A note from Mrs. Sortor, covering a re-

mutance for subscription to IRON PORT says Mr. Sortor is very feeble-unable to leave -Hon. A. R. Northup, 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 fand 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 e don't know how long, remains such under the new dispensation. He was indispensable.

Manistee is to have a "trotting park" and trotting-the land is bought and the money

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

THE WEEK.

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 Scottdale, 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 blg factory of bogus coin in New York city.

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

"Quinnesec" is the name proposed for the new county asked for by the Iron Mountain

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

J. A. STROMBERG, Secretary. ESCANABA, Dec. 24, 1890.

Buchon'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 sat isfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by John Finnegan. tf

Smoke the "Phoenix"-at Mead's. Mr. William T. Price, a justice of the peace,

at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his ed 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 wil. be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale by your druggist.

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 adoining 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 men tioned 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 for the county of Delta for a

ing five days.

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

ROBERT E. MORRELL, City Clerk.

Approved January 2, 1884.
7 JAMES H. TRACY, Mayor

nually in different parts of the Stat and are accomplishing great good in the development of agricultural resource

Erickson & Bissell,

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

: CROCERY : CORNER,

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

- Stocks - of - Goods

IN EVERY LINE-

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS, FRUITS.

VEGETABLES,

At prices guaranteed to suit.

GIVE THEM A CALL

MEAT MARKET.

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

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-

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.

IN GIVE ME A CALL. TO DRUGGIST.

GEORGE PRESTON, -Dealer in-

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Pure : Old : Liquors

For Medicinal Purposes Only,

Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines,

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS. 302 LUDINGTON ST.

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

Panels, Centre Pieces, Etc.

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

GEORGE PRESTON.

Please find number above.