

# IRON PORT.

A WEEKLY REPUBLICAN PAPER.—J. C. AND WM. N. VAN DUZER, Publishers.

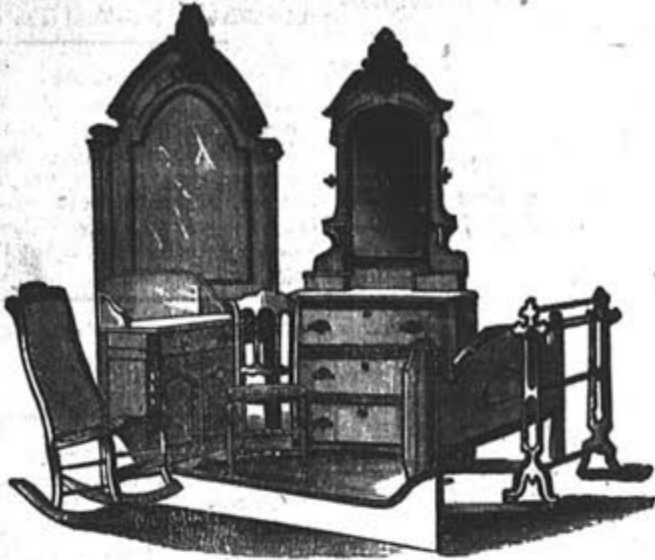
VOLUME 22, NO. 10.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

## FURNITURE.

P. M. PETERSON



CARPETS.  
RUGS.

SEWING  
MACHINES.

FINE FURNITURE  
AT LOW PRICES.

710 Ludington Street.

Northup & Northup.

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS

—OF CAPITAL AND THE—

Oldest AND Strongest Companies

In the world are represented by the Fire Insurance Agency of

NORTHUP & NORTHUP

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

Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

REAL ESTATE.

Northup & Northup now offer

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

BUSINESS PROPERTY

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

RESIDENCES AND RESIDENCE LOTS

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

RESIDENCES FOR RENT.

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

HAVE YOUR  
JOB PRINTING

DONE AT THE  
IRON PORT OFFICE.

SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES

## Grocery.

B. D. WINEGAR

.. Is now located with BITTNER & SCHEMMELE 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 & SCHEMMELE

Civil Engineer.

D. A. BROTHERTON,

CIVIL ENGINEER

AND SURVEYOR.

And dealer in Real Estate.

Now offers Choice City Property, and 1,600 acres on Escanaba River, mostly Hardwood, balance Fine Cedar Land, fifteen miles from Escanaba, ten miles from Gladstone, only \$6.00 per acre, together with many other desirable parcels.

## A Stranger.

A stranger to sight made a call last night, To ask for shelter here; Determined to stay, he declined my "nay," And would remain a year.

Now, what shall I do, with content in view, To put the tramp to rout? If he shall remain it is very plain, He'll surely find me out.

I plan for the best, but it's all a jest; My books I dare not show? He's as sly as a thief; I must turn a new leaf He can't make him go.

I know very well all the tales he'll tell At the close of his brief stay; He shows such a tact—every thought and act, He knows them, day by day.

No use for deceit, he can read a cheat As clear as printed books! The hypocrite's lies are a thin disguise Before his piercing looks!

For honor and worth, though of humble birth, He ever wears a smile; But frowns on his face, for a rich disgrace, For polished shame and guile.

He knows of the tears, for a thousand years For cruel conduct shed; But keeps in his heart, for the pain and smart A solace for the dead.

'Tis strange for a stranger thus to range Thro' all my changing life; And never to shun the affairs of one— My friend, or child, or wife.

His favor I'll court, though it be in sport— The modern rule of "his"— Though, plain as my nose, not a morsel goes; His laugh's a frightful quiz.

But never doubt I shall find him out Before the year is done. I'll give him a place in the years of grace And call him "Ninety-one."

NEW YEAR'S, 1891

ISAAC A. POOL.

## SAND.

WILL OLIVER has painted the store this week and so improved its appearance.

'SQUIRE SAM STONHOUSE was made moderately happy on the 19th by the advent of a daughter.

FRANK, the two year old son of Peter Seiner, was attacked with convulsions at night-fall of Monday last and died at 9 o'clock. The funeral took place Wednesday morning.

THE MIRROR seems to fancy that the justices of the Supreme court are changed with the police supervision of the city of Lansing—see its ill-natured reference to Judge Grant in last week's issue.

GEORGE BEATH has a couple of sore fingers Was "making a coupling" and, he can't tell how, got them caught. Dr. Tracy dressed them and George will not lose them, entirely, though they may not be as symmetrical as be fore.

BITTNER BROTHERS began to build an ice house on the shore just this side of Smith court, forgetting all about the "fire limit" or ordinance. Work was suspended Wednesday. If they can get a permit they'll finish and fill; if not they don't know what they'll do.

JOHN COLLINS, employed in one of the I. Stephen on Co's camps, was downed by a rolling log last Monday. He was brought hither and Dr. Long called, who found only contusions, no solution of continuity of any portion of the osseous framework (that is, no broken bones), and the man is doing well.

WHEN Tip Aplin stole the tax-lists from the Democratic papers of Michigan, he (and the Republican editors) thought he was doing a very clever act; but he evidently did not stop to think that Auditor-General Stone can't even by doing precisely the same thing two years hence—Mirror.

Note, that the truth slipped out by inadvertence. The democrats do not hope to hold the state longer than "two years hence."

THE Pioneer office can now boast of the oldest and the youngest compositor on this peninsula:—Pioneer, Manistique.

Don't see that it is a thing to "boast" about, but we'll have to take issue with you, Major; the compositor who sets this paragraph ranks yours, having set type on the Oneida Whig in the summer of '42, almost forty nine years ago. Give it up?

THE GAME of indoor ball, came off as per announcement on Saturday evening last and the men with wives "walked on the necks" of the wifeless ones—18 to 9, two to one. Whether the ladies had any influence in bringing about the result is a mooted question; they of the winning side say nothing, the losers say "the duffers had to win to save their hair." As a benefit the affair was not bad—a round hundred goes to the beneficiary.

GILMORE & PARKER have taken the building No. 516 Ludington street, lately occupied by Asher, and have placed therein a steam laundry—a \$5,000 outfit—and will proceed to renovate our soiled linens in the shortest time and at the most reasonable rate. Col. Parkes will reside here (and will build during the coming season) and be in charge of the business, Mr. Gilmore's attention being divided between the establishment here and one already in operation at the Canadian Sault.

F. B. PHELPS, formerly of the Copper Journal and now engaged on the Engineering and Mining Journal was one of the party which had such a good time at Iron Mountain last July—the editorial invasion of that city. He had his Kodak with him and used it, and just now sends us a picture of the party taken just after it had dined at the Polderman house, Florence. O'Fife's great head is there, and McKenna's big feet, and Atkinson's baby, and the ladies (bless 'em), and the July sunshine and the general air of satisfaction resulting from the ceremonies just gone through; and the whole is welcome reminder of our outing. Thanks, Brother Phelps; come again.

JOHN M. HARTNETT and Miss Mamie Killian were "called in church" last Sunday and will join hands, lives and fortunes Feb. 3. They are two of the most widely known of our young people, and if either has an enemy in the city we don't know it. For our own part we wish them every happiness and long life, and we doubt not every reader will say amen.

THE STORY GOES that four bidders competed for the purchase of the E. I. M. & Western road—the St. Paul, the Soo, the C. P. (backing the Soo) and the North-Western companies—and that the bid of the Soo company was the highest of the four but that cash in hand was a condition of the sale and that the Northwestern got the property because it was the only bidder of the four that had the cash ready.

ZANE, JOHN G., was knocked out, like all the rest of the ticket, last November but H. G. Squires, who was the successful candidate for county surveyor, don't want the earth nor even Delta county, all of it; and being here last week he appointed John G. his deputy for this side of the county. Just how Zane will work under a democratic regime we can't say, but if we wanted a forty run out or platted we'd chance him.

THE MIRROR of last Saturday admitted (what every one knew already) that there would be no contest for the seat in congress pertaining to this district. It was not quite as frank, however, as its democratic contemporaries, which own up that the talk of a contest was mere bluff, but still insists that the result of a contest, had one been made, would have been the seating of the democratic contestant, on the principle, we suppose, that "a lie, well stuck to," etc.

WHEN the gymnasium association was formed five months ago the boys took hold of it with a will, and for six weeks or so all was plain sailing. But the enthusiasm cooled, monthly dues were not paid (nor collected) and a week ago the treasury was empty and there was a debt hanging over the gym. It looked like a fizzle, but it was not. Giebel got out among the boys again and secured new subscribers enough to bring the membership up to 110, raised money enough to pay the debt and put the association on its legs again, and now it will be permanent. The first rage is over but its place is taken by a steady determination, which is better. There will be a reorganization—new officers in place of those who do not care to serve longer, and business methods from now on.

AS THE DATE of the spring election draws on the Mirror is again becoming rabid concerning the A. P. A. and, naming certain citizens, says of them that they are "too mean a lot of whelps to live, and too infamous to kill." There is an old saying concerning "those whom the Gods would destroy" which fits the case of the Mirror exactly. It is stark madness for the Mirror to attack the persons whom it names in the manner it does, for however we may differ with them as to their course in the field of politics, we all—the editor of the Mirror included—know them to be reputable citizens, not "evil minded demons," men of at least average mental calibre, not "of diseased minds;" men whose course is taken because they believe it necessary to the preservation of American institutions and American liberty. The Mirror is "mad" in every sense of the word.

MRS. AKERLY, wife of Wm. Akerly, conductor in the employ of the Northwestern railway Co. died last Saturday evening of malignant diphtheria, and was buried—without funeral ceremony, of course—during the same night. She is believed to have contracted the disease from the child of her sister, Mrs. Fox, which died of what the doctors called membranous croup, and which she assisted in curing for. She was attacked by the disease on Wednesday and her case was desperate from the first. In the hurried burial and in all other ways precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the pest, and no anxiety is felt unless other cases should follow in her family or among those who cared for her during her illness, but the weather predisposes to difficult ties of the respiratory organs and every such case should be attended to at once, and carefully. Memorial service for Mrs. Akerly was held in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday.

THE SALE of the "Schlesinger" road to the Northwestern company was announced by dispatches from Milwaukee last Saturday, but up to Thursday of this week the statement is not confirmed and it is admitted that the announcement was, if not untrue, at least premature. We hear that four offers were made for the property—by the Northwestern, the St. Paul, the Soo and the C. P. companies—and that, of the four, the offer of the Soo company was the highest, but that only the Northwestern was ready with the cash and that "cash down" was what the management of the syndicate wanted and that the Northwestern (or Vanderbilt) offer will be accepted unless a higher bidder can raise the cash. All this may be but guess work, but it is what we get upon inquiry and we give it as we get it, earnestly hoping the St. Paul company may succeed in obtaining the property, which it needs to make its purchase of the Northern complete and profitable and which will be of more value to our city as a portion of the St. Paul system than in any other hands.

THE COUNCIL called, at last, on sixteen foot sidewalks on Ludington street.

FIRE went through the office of the Mining Journal Thursday evening, leaving it in ashes.

ED ERICKSON has this week enclosed his show windows to shut out the dust and prevent them from frosting up.

THE telephone people take more pains to make their plant of poles and wire look decent than any of their predecessors in wire stringing.

POOL SAYS: "The Crystal Falls Cycle should have been called, for the first month the "Cyclone"—now it should be pronounced "Sickly."

THE TALK of the removal of the passenger house is, to say no more, premature. Inquiry at the railway office elicits the information that nothing is decided with regard to it, and that nothing can be at present.

THE Woman's Auxiliary of St. Stephens church will be pleased to meet their friends, at a musical and social entertainment, to be given by them at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Young, corner of Wells ave. and Wolcott st. Monday evening, Jan. 26. Mother Goose and family (weather permitting) will be present.

A CORN banquet will be given by the young people of the Epworth League on Wednesday evening Jan. 28 at the residence of Chas. Brotherton. A general and hearty invitation is extended to all. Corn will be served up in every imaginable shape and also used as a decoration for the rooms.

A unique and lively program is under preparation and we insure you a good time.

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT that the North western will absorb, if it has not already absorbed the E. I. M. & W. road, and it is equally probable that a controlling interest in the Chapin mine goes with it in the trade. On Wednesday last representatives of Messrs. Vanderbilt were examining the books of the mining company at Milwaukee, and on the same day came hither Gen. Manager Whitman and Messrs. Blunt and Johnson of the railway to go over and examine the railroad, which they accomplished on that and the succeeding day, and returned to Chicago on No. 2, Thursday evening. They said nothing as to whether they were looking at the property to see whether it was worth buying at the price named or whether (the trade having been made) they wanted to see whether it was a good trade, but what they did say was that the road was a good one—good material and good work—and goes as good evidence that, if the result depends in any degree upon their report, the deal will be closed and the road become part of the C. & N. W. system. The tale as it comes from Milwaukee is that the Vanderbilts would take the road only if they could have, with it, control of the mine, and that Mr. Hanna and his associates were willing to let the mine go rather than not unload the road. The deal if consummated, knocks out the proposed line hence to Negaunee and the extension west of Iron Mountain. The sale is said also, to include the "Schlesinger" fleet on the lakes, and leaves the "syndicate" with some second and third rate mines and nothing else. Mr. Schlesinger's rocket like performance has reached the "stick" stage.

## Around the County.

TURIN Mich. January 22 1891.

Rev. Mr. Brown of Marquette, took charge of the Sabbath school on Sunday last, and presided at a largely attended prayer meeting in the evening; where he delivered an able, and interesting address. Numerous complaints are being made of the rather boisterous conduct of some of the youngsters who attend these meetings, and I trust I will not have to refer to the matter again.

Miss O. Trombley, of Maple Ridge accompanied by Miss Aggie Goodwin of Negaunee, visited Miss Kate Kleiber at this point during the week.

A dime social is announced for Saturday evening next, for the benefit of the church. Miss. Edith Sprague has charge of the arrangements, and has left nothing undone to insure its success.

Mr. George Sarasin of Lathrop has returned from Saginaw, where he attended a course at the business college. George is a good fellow and I wish him success.

One of Mr. Scott's lumber camps burned down some days since. No damage done save the loss of a few stoves, and a sewing machine. The men had just moved into a new camp on the day of the fire.

Our local school teachers, the Misses McDermott and Bacon, left for Negaunee to-day, to attend a special examination to be held there. They have the best wishes of their friends here.

Our local postmaster Mr. John Brown, left last week for an extended visit to his old home and friends in York state. This is Mr. Brown's first trip east since some ten years ago, and I trust he will have a very pleasant and enjoyable time. Mrs. Brown manages the postoffice during the absence of her husband.

I understand that Mr. Pete Foote has accepted a position as cook in a hotel at Gladstone at a remunerative salary.

Miss. Kate Kleiber visited Escanaba Tuesday last.

OBSERVER.

## UPPER PENINSULA.

—The Northern furnace was blown in yesterday. Patrick McLaughlin is founder and R. H. Jones manager. The Negaunee strike is over; the men got checks for November pay and due bills for December pay and no more trouble is looked for.—M. J. 16 th.

The strike is over; it was utterly foolish and unnecessary. The men lost \$7,000 by their idleness and gained nothing—would have been paid just as soon had they kept at work. But there will be no "blacklisting," as has been rumored.—Herald, Negaunee.

—The house occupied by L. H. Hind in the village of Commonwealth, was burned Monday and his little son, of four years, was burned in it and his wife severely burned in endeavoring to reach and save the child. Heider charged with cutting Newman, is to be tried on Wednesday. His comrades of camp 14 do not believe him guilty as charged by Newman and have furnished money to employ counsel. There will be a fox chase on Fisher lake on the 31st. Greyhounds are barred out but other dogs can compete and the one that catches the fox will win \$10.—News, Florence.

—The third case was the celebrated case of the people vs. Webb and three others for shooting the Metropolitan Lumber company's team, when the company attempt to remove pine timber from the pre-emption claim of John Burt, known as canal lands.

The case was well tried by Messrs. Crandall and John Power for the prosecution, and R. C. Flannigan for the defence, and nothing left undone on either side. The charge of Judge Stone was fair and impartial, and covered all the legal points involved. The jury were only out an hour or so before reaching a conclusion that the accused did the shooting without malice, and hence were not guilty. The judge, on discharging the accused, gave them some sound and friendly advice.—Drill, Crystal Falls.

—A number of our exchanges seem to be of the opinion that the late explosion at the Newberry furnace will be the cause of the work shutting down for an indefinite period. Such is not the case, the work of clearing up the wreck was commenced the following day and the walls of the top house have been already rebuilt. The old stack has been torn down and a new one will be built from the mantle up. Of course the work of remodeling the furnace will take some time, but the work will be pushed on as rapidly as possible and as soon as completed active operations will be resumed.—News, Newberry.

—We have information from a source entirely trustworthy to the effect that certain Marquette gentlemen are considering the project of building and operating an electric railroad from Pequaunee to Baraga via L'Anse. That the plan is a feasible one there is no question. There are no engineering obstacles, the road being comparatively level and easy to grade for most of the way. Whether such an enterprise would pay is a question upon which we could venture no opinion, but its projectors would certainly be satisfied on that point before putting in their money. We know this that there is a large traffic over that route now, which would be greatly increased with the advent of a railroad. Our people will certainly welcome any such enterprise.—Sentinel, L'Anse.

—At the suggestion of Capt. Daniell, superintendent, the employes of the Tamarack-Osceola mining corporation have established a co-operative concern. The association was organized and incorporated only a few months ago with a capital stock of \$100,000 divided into ten dollar shares. Already over four thousand shares have been taken by the men and paid for. With this the managers have erected a two story and basement store, 45x100 feet, which has been filled with a complete stock of such goods as is usually kept in a general store. Adjoining, on the east, they have erected and stocked a fine meat market, and on the west they have a large two story ware house for the storing of grain, flour, etc. These buildings are fitted in the most complete manner with steam heaters, electric lights and all the appliances for the comfort and convenience of both the customers and those employed to serve them.—Copper Journal, Hancock.

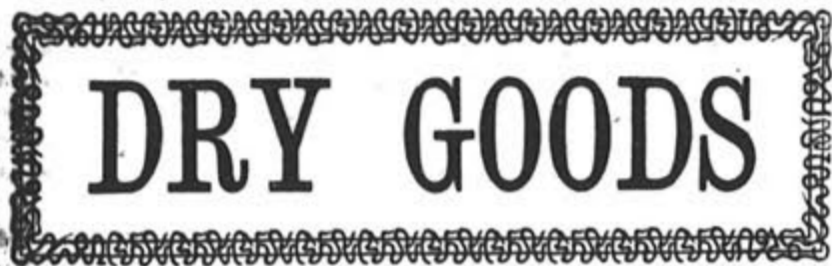
—The dry house at the Fitch mine burned Thursday night. Loss to company \$700 and men underground lost their surface clothes. Mr. Ford, superintendent of the Michigan gold mine, is seriously ill. The buildings of the life saving station are nearly completed, a portion of the apparatus has arrived and more is on the way. The captain, now in charge of the station near Grand Marais will command here.—M. J., 20th.

—The infant son of the publisher died last Wednesday. The men at the Iron River mine were paid on Tuesday. The woods are full of men who want work. John Leonards, died suddenly, on his homestead near town. He was one of our pioneers and was over 70 years of age.—Reporter, Iron River.

Thomas was convicted of the murder of Dougan, at Ewen, and sentenced to twenty-five years in the penitentiary [Judge Williams was merciful]. George Rublein died yesterday. He had resided in Marquette since '52. The new pumps are in place and Ishpening has a water service worth the name. The Pioneer furnace turned out 567 tons of pig in the week ending Saturday last and "broke the record."—M. J., 21st.

# Our Entire Attention

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



## DRY GOODS

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

### At Prices Lower Than Ever!

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

## A Call Will Convince.

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

## GREENHOOT BROS.

308 LUDINGTON STREET.

Mining Lands.

LOUIS + STEGMILLER

DEALER IN

## MINERAL LANDS

AND MINING OPTIONS,

Escanaba, Michigan.

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

## HAVE YOUR JOB PRINTING

DONE AT THE IRON PORT OFFICE.

SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES.

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

HARDWARE.

## HEATERS

of any pattern or description wanted.

## TOOLS

For Woodsmen and Equipments for Camps.

Logging Sleighs!  
Supply Sleighs!  
Chains, Etc.

## Hardware, Arms and Cutlery.

301 Ludington St. WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St.

### THE BROOK BENEATH THE SNOW

'Way down in dad's ol' meadow, where the pussy willows grow,  
I used to go an' listen to the brook beneath the snow;  
Above I heard the roarin' win' an' saw the snow-gust whirl;  
But the brook beneath the snow an' ice danced singin', like a girl.

I'd put my ear down to the ice, I dida' min' the cool,  
An' w'en I heard its music there wuz summer in my soul!  
An' w'en dad licked me, an' my heart 'ud bile and overflow,  
I would go an' hear the music of the brook beneath the snow.

An' then my sobs 'ud change to shouts, an' a sorer change to glee,  
For it strewed along its music from the mountain to the sea;  
An' I'd stretch my ear to hear it, an' my heart 'ud swell an' glow,  
W'en I listened to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

Since then the wintry blasts of life have blown me here an' there,  
An' snow-storms they have blocked my way an' hedged me every where;  
But sheltered from the harrycane, within the valley low,  
I listen for the music of the brook beneath the snow.

For I know beneath the snow an' ice that there is golden sand,  
By that glorious streak uv melody that wiggles through the land;  
The storm beats hard; the wind is high; I can not hear it blow,  
For I listen to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

-S. W. Foss, In Yankee Blade.

### THE GHOSTLY ROBBER.

The Scheme Devised to Steal from an Express Car.

OR SOME time a systematic robbery had been going on. Money was taken in large amounts from the express car on train No. 6, the "Blue Grass Clipper," a night express running between Cincinnati and Winchester on the K. C. road. It seems that the valise of the express messenger and several bags of coins of small denomination were spirited away in some manner between Covington and Falmouth, Ky. The Adams Express Company had begun to suspect the messenger, although he was an old one on the run and had heretofore been implicitly trusted. One night as No. 6 was plunging along, guided by the hand of Cass Guysidy, the veteran engineer of the road, between the big tunnel and Culbertson station, the fireman, Edward Piatt, leaped from his seat and grabbed the whistle cord, at the same time crying:

"For God's sake, Cass, shut her off!" This the faithful engineer did, and so quickly that the passengers, reclining quietly in their berths in the rear cars, were rudely awakened by the shock. "What's the matter, Ed?" cried the engineer as soon as he could make himself heard. Then not receiving an answer, he turned to look at his companion, and to his surprise saw the fireman, pale as death, stretched at full length upon the floor of the cab. He jumped from his seat and dashed some cold water on the face of his companion. By this time the conductor and several of the passengers came up and wanted to know the cause of the sudden stoppage.

"I saw a figure on the track," said Ed, trembling, "and if it was not a ghost or some other kind of spirit, I'm not standing here. And I yelled to Cass to shut her off, and I'll be darned if that figure didn't fade away. Oh! you can smile if you want, Mr. Carth, but I mean it."

"Pull ahead, Cass," said the conductor, "we have lost three minutes now, and will have to make them up, and as for you, Piatt, if you go to napping any more on duty I'll report you."

"All aboard," he shouted and climbed back to the next coach. The trip of No. 6 was made without further incident than the accustomed robbery of the express car, and when the fireman and engineer had left their engine in the yards, Ed Piatt said:

"I'll tell you what, Cass, I'm going to get a week off and investigate that ghost matter, for I've been thinking about it, and have come to the conclusion that it concerns the express car robberies which generally occur in that neighborhood. Will you lay off with me?"

"Yes! For I think just about the same, and then you know it will be a feather in our caps if we succeed," said Cass.

So they went together to the superintendent and got a week's leave of absence and an order for the local freight engineer to slow up and let them off at Grant's Bend.

About half-past nine o'clock they took their station in the shadows alongside the road, within one hundred yards of where the specter was seen. A down train and two up trains, one a freight and the other two passenger accommodation trains passed them, but nothing strange occurred. They waited patiently until eleven o'clock, never conversing except in whispers, when



"IT'S A MAN AND NOT A GHOST WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH"

the deep whistle of No. 6, managed by Jack Shephard, was heard. The rumbling of the "Blue Grass Clipper" could be heard a long distance on such a night as this, and the two watchers concluded that she was just leaving Milldale, a suburb of Covington.

"The next blow will be for Culbertson," whispered Cass, "and then look sharp, for if any thing is going to occur that will be the time."

The only answer he received was a nod from his companion, who was gazing intently toward the track, where Cass now discovered a body clad in a white flowing robe, gradually rising from between the tracks, alongside of a cow gap which was spanned by the tracks. Nervously his companion clutched his arm. And then the figure was seen to stumble, and a muttered curse reached the ears of the eager watchers.

"There's one thing I'm thankful for," whispered Ed Piatt, "it's a man and not a ghost we have to deal with."

The figure in white took its position alongside the track, and looked nervously around, as if fearing discovery. By this time the clatter of the engine was close at hand, and the headlight shone forth into the gloom, casting its rays on all the objects around, but not disclosing the hiding place of Cass and his companion.

In the door of the express car stood the faithful messenger, his valise in hand; this he tossed to the figure in white as the train rushed along.

"Now's our chance," said the engineer to his companion, and creeping silently from the shadows, drawing their revolvers as they went, they stole on the unsuspecting robber.

When they had crept within a few paces of him, Cass cried out: "Throw up your hands or you're a dead man."

Instinctively the fellow obeyed, and, dropping the valise, he threw up his hands.

"Pick up that valise, Ed, and light the lantern till we get a look at this fellow."

"There, that's right; give me that light and jerk off that sheet."

"My God!" Ed exclaimed, as he drew off the white cloth, "if that ain't old Jack Hayward!"

And sure enough, so it was Jack Hayward, a messenger who had been discharged from the service for dishonesty.

"Well, now, fellers," said he, "since it's Jack Hayward you ain't going to give me up, are you?"

"Well, now, feller," said Cass, imitating the droll manner of Hayward, "do you think we laid out there in the damp to catch you and catch cold, without having some idea of turning you over to the authorities?"

"I'll watch him, Ed, while you go above and flag the 'local,' and if we don't land him in Covington safe and sound, right side up with care and labeled, my name ain't Cass Guysidy."

Ed flagged the "local" and they took their prisoner aboard amidst the congratulations and queries of the trainmen. Their prisoner was landed safely in Covington, and after due trial was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

The faithful messenger was arrested the next day upon his arrival, and when confronted with the charge broke down and begged piteously for mercy. He confessed the whole crime and disclosed the hiding place of the rest of the money, which was found intact in a cave beneath the track at the cow gap. The ghost racket, he said, was worked to keep inquisitive prowlers away after dark, so that Hayward could have a clear field for operations.

Edward Piatt and Cass Guysidy were the heroes of the hour, and received the reward offered by the express and railway companies for the apprehension of the robbers. They received a promotion, and are now running a through train on the K. C. and owe their success to their bravery in capturing the ghostly robber. -Chicago Journal.

The Technique of Reproduction. Prof. Arthur Dodel, of the University of Zurich, says that he has observed of his students in botanic microscopy that the average of those from America draw better than those from Europe of the same age who compete with them. To this he would add the circumstance that in America, during the last two years, the technique of reproduction has made more progress than in any other part of the world. For the cause of this excellence, Prof. Dodel refers to the method of the instruction in drawing in the primary and intermediate schools. "It will not be surprising," he adds, "if this vigilant nation [the United States] finally surpasses us, and also puts us in the shade in the field of artistic painting and sculpture. This I call an enjoyable danger, and greet it in advance in the interest of the general welfare of humanity." -N. Y. Ledger.

Lucky Fellow. "How is your suit prospering with Miss Jiltom?" "I fear it is all over. I asked her the important question last evening, and you should see the look of blank astonishment she gave me."

"I congratulate you, old boy. Marriage is a lottery, you know, and it is better to draw a blank before than after paying for your ticket." -Boston Transcript.

If You Had a Friend About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent, was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's 'tomach Bitters, known throughout malaria plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge and robbing it of its fell, destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary. \*11

Thomas, the broker through whom Spreckels' importations of sugar are handled, is accused of defrauding the revenue by the aid of some appraiser in the Philadelphia custom house. Spreckels, puts up cash to cover the alleged loss but denies the fraud and courts investigation.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who use Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle at Finnegans drug store \*5

The working model of the Pennington air ship is completed and is by this time on exhibition at Chicago.

Great Discoverers. What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and electricity, says the Pittsburg News, Dr. Franklin Miles, the well known specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system and nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries the Restorative Nervine is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholy, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. Free trial bottles of it may be had of J. N. Mead, Druggist. All should read his 'New and Startling Facts for the Afflicted,' a very able, interesting, and finely illustrated book. Free to all. \*16

Lt. Mann, of the 7th cavalry, wounded in the fight with Big Foot's band, died on the 15th, at Fort Riley, Kansas.

A Method of Advertising. Over one hundred thousand free sample bottles of Kemp's Balsam, we learn, were given away in this state last year. The corresponding sale on the Balsam has never been equalled or approached by any other remedy. This medicine must have great merit or the free sample would injure, rather than help, the sale. If you have a cough or cold, or even consumption, we would certainly advise a trial. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." 46-m6

The cold term and heavy snow falls in Europe continue and much suffering is reported.

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 removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Justin N. Mead druggist, Escanaba. 29

Pennington has his small, model, air ship at Chicago and is doing a good deal of talking but as yet no flying.

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 71-01

## 100 Pages WIDE AWAKE, 1891

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

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

HON. JOHN D. LONG (ex Governor of Massachusetts) furnishes six articles, under the general title of OUR GOVERNMENT, for the enlightenment of coming citizens—the boys and girls of today.

KIRK MUNROE, who lately lived for a time the life of a railroad man, in all phases from parlor car to cattle cage, has put his experience into a thrilling serial for boys called CAS AND CABOOSE. Striking pictures by Edmund H. Garrett.

MARGARET SIDNEY's new serial, FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS GROWN UP, will tell more about Polly and Jasper and David and Joel and Phronise, and others, as it runs through the year. Fifty charming illustrations by Charles Mente.

WARIETTA'S GOOD TIMES will chronicle in her own words, from her own manuscript, the childhood adventures of Marietta. Ambrosius MISS MATILDA ARCHAMBEAU VAN DORN, a little girl who had a great many ancestors, is an irresistible little folks' serial, by ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

UNUSUALLY INTERESTING ARTICLES, some elaborately pictorial: "Dining with Gladstone," by Mrs. General John A. Logan; "Amy Robsart's Embroidery," by Frances A. Humphrey; "Mother Goose's Pets," by Agnes Repplier; "Gypsies and Gypsying," by Elizabeth Roberts Pennell; "Some Horses I have known," by Maud Howe; "Seinte Marie College of Wynchester," by Oscar Fay Adams; "Boston's Girl Sculptor," by Mrs. Newberry; "The Sugar Crank," by Theodora R. Jenness.

SOME PROBLEMS IN HOROLOGY, by E. H. HAWLEY, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, will interest High School students. Three sets of Cash Prizes.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES from thousands offered and solicited the past year—some by new authors.

FIGURE DRAWING FOR CHILDREN, in twelve illustrated lessons by CAROLINE H. RIMMER, with four prize offers each month. The ever popular WAYS TO DO THINGS, the SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND STORIES, TANGLE'S POST OFFICE and MEN AND THINGS.

Wide Awake is only \$2.40 a year. D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers. Boston, Mass. FLOUR & FEED. BITTNER, WICKERT & CO. DEALERS IN Flour and Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds. Southeast Corner of Ludington and Wolcott Streets. CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

**F. A. BANKS,**  
Surgeon Dentist.  
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.  
**GAS ADMINISTERED.**  
Sign of the Golden Tooth.

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

**REYNOLDS & COTTON,**  
Physicians and Surgeons.  
Homeopathic school of practice. Office over Mead's Drug Store.

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

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

**DR. C. H. LONG,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Office and residence in Semer Block, Escanaba, Michigan.

**DR. J. C. BROOKS,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Rapid River, Delta Co. Michigan.

**JOHN POWER,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
Office over Goodell's new store, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

**MEAD & JENNINGS,**  
F. D. MEAD. I. C. JENNINGS.  
Attorneys at Law,  
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.  
Office in second story Bank building.

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

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

**ROYCE & WAITE,**  
E. P. ROYCE. W. P. WAITE.  
Attorneys.  
ESCANABA, MICH.

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

**EMIL GLASER,**  
Notary Public.  
Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of western Europe to any part of the U. S., buys and sells real estate, and loans money on real estate security. Office, Tilden ave., Escanaba.

**JOHN A. JOHNSON,**  
Justice of the Peace.  
Contracts drawn in English and Scandinavian. Agent for Steamers to and from Europe. Drafts sold and Money remitted.  
Office 615 Ludington street, 2d story

**CITY CARDS.**  
**ESCANABA LAND AGENCY.**  
VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM,  
Civil Engineers and Surveyors.  
Pine, Mineral, Hardwood, Hemlock and Cedar lands for sale. All kinds of Engineering and Surveying in Michigan and Wisconsin promptly executed. All kinds of Map Work on short notice.  
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

**JOSEPH HESS,**  
BUILDER.  
Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—stone, brick or wood work. Or will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed on time and according to agreement.  
Residence and shop on May St.

**FRED. E. HARRIS,**  
Contractor and Builder.  
Will prepare plans and estimates and contract to erect buildings of every description.  
Counters and store and office fixtures a specialty. Residence a d office 601 Ogden avenue, corner Wolcott st.

**JOHN G. ZANE,**  
Civil Engineer and Surveyor.  
Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber Lands.  
Township Diagrams, City Plats and General Map Work promptly executed.  
Office 2d story Hessel's Building, 507 Ludington St., Escanaba, Michigan.

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

**COPPER JOE.**  
Kinder Injun-lookin', an' I guess 'ut's why, perhaps. He got the nickname 'as he did from all the other chaps; Wuzn't nary one of 'em 'at s'ntioned to him, so we made it interestin' right along fur Copper Joe.

All the bigger fellers kep' 'drivin' him away; Used to take a hikin' jus' so reglar ev'ry day; Seems so matter what you did, you couldn't down him, though— Fur his size I never see'd the best of Copper Joe.

None of us 'ud chum with him, a-cause he wuz so mean— Jus' about the meane's little kid you ever seen! Ketch him at a base-ball match, or takin' in a show— Other fellers done it, but you bet not Copper Joe.

Sharp, though, as a jack-knife, as you needn't a' ben told, If you'd jus' 'at seen the stacks o' papers 'at he sold; Never had his eyes shot, an' wuz allus on the go; Somehow folks a-buyin' looked around fur Copper Joe.

An' then, all of a suddint, he stopped comin' any more; Some wuz thinkin' ma'ye 'at he'd gone into a store; Till some one, kinder curious, went huntin' high an' low To try an' find whatever had become of Copper Joe.

An' what now do you s'pose the feller 'at wuz lookin' found? We didn't feel so good, I tell you, when it got around; Sleek—the little chap wuz sleek—an' then he wuzn't slow Agoin' an' a-doin' what we could fur Copper Joe.

There wuz his helpless mother, an' a little gal beside, A-both dependin' on him ever since his father died, An' all the time we set him as bein' mean, you know, Here he wuz a-keepin' 'em—poor little Copper Joe.

Well, 'at's purty near all, a-ceptin' ever since Fellers has been treatin' him as if he wuz a prince; Let him be, an' you jus' bet 'at he kin hoo his row— Some day when he's growed up big you'll hear from Copper Joe. —Malcolm Douglas, in Detroit Free Press.

**A REMARKABLE SHOT.**  
How a Duel was Happily Averted in France.

I passed, yesterday, on State street, a man who, not being able to hit a haystack, yet once acquired the reputation of being the best pistol shot in all Paris. In the summer of 1874, when Martin G. Scott was a much slimmer, more dandified looking man than he is now, for he is married, and with the acquisition of a wife and three babies he has put away the vanities of dress, there were seated at one of the little round marble tables before the Cafe Ricci, in the Boulevard des Italiens, two young Frenchmen, the cheek of one of whom bore a red mark as if some one had brought his hand sharply against it. In an inner room of the cafe, the person who had done this was engaged in wiping away from his shirt-front the stains of some red wine, which in his fury the recipient of the slap had hurled across the table. The man with the red cheek was the young Mons. Adolphe Ferrier, the son of the celebrated artist of that name. The man with the soiled shirt-front was Martin G. Scott, of Mobile, Ala.

There had been an exchange of cards, and Scott and his friend, George E. Wainwright, twelve hours later suddenly found themselves with a large-sized, healthy French quarrel on their hands, to be settled, as most of those matters are in France, under the code.

When it came to a choice of weapons, Scott had wisely chosen pistols, for while he was a notoriously bad shot, he was totally ignorant of the use of the rapier.

The rapier, too, is a weapon in the use of which the gilded youth of Paris excel. Two years in the students' quarter had doubtless enabled Scott's opponent to become expert with the weapon. That's why, on Wainwright's advice, Scott chose pistols.

The affair was to come off at Auvergne, a little village distant about nine miles from Paris in forty-eight hours' time. The parties were to go out on the early train.

I doubt if Scott was so much cut up about the affair as Wainwright, even though he fully expected to be killed. Wainwright kept on blaming himself for ever having let his friend get into such a scrape. They had been college chums together, and Scott's father had put up the funds for the trip, simply providing that Wainwright, the elder of the two, and in whom he placed implicit confidence, should see that Scott was well looked after.

Here he was seconding the old man's son in a duel a l'outrance, for that there was bad blood between the two principals you may depend on. It was to be no child's play this time, just something to amuse the readers of the "Petit Journal Pour Lire." They were to fire at twelve paces, and continue firing until one of the parties was disabled.

The more Wainwright thought over the affair the more he realized what an awkward job he had upon his hands.

What if his friend should fall. It would be bad enough to face Scott's father with news of such a character. But to communicate such a result to Mary Scott, his friend's pretty sister; to have to confess how poorly he had fulfilled his trust; that, he felt, would be a task beyond his strength.

He lay awake all night at his hotel, revolving some plan by which they could get out of 'a scrape. This was not so easy, for any scheme he might adopt looking to an avoidance of hostilities must necessarily involve the retirement of his friend with honor, of which, being a Southerner of the old school, he was singularly tenacious.

He had frequently seen M. Ferrier practicing at a fashionable pistol gallery in the Rue du Capucines. He knew that he spent the best part of every evening there in ringing the bell on the target—to accomplish which feat, as every one knows, it is necessary to hit the bull's eye. Wainwright arose early with a plan fully thought out.

"Come," he said to Scott, "we haven't too much time before us. We must go down to Maupassant's gallery and get

some practice. You stay here and have some breakfast. I don't care to eat so early. I'll run down there and see if we can't get the gallery all to ourselves for a couple of hours."

"That will be pretty costly, won't it?" hazarded Scott.

"Not more than a decent coffin, and all the other funeral fixings," replied Wainwright, with some little sarcasm. "If possible I want to throw those expenses on the other fellow."

Wainwright jumped into a cab, and, leaving Scott to his reflection and coffee, dashed off to the Gallery Maupassant, where for upwards of half an hour he remained closeted with its proprietor.

"It is agreed, then," said Wainwright, at the conclusion of the interview. "Now then, M. Maupassant, there are two hundred and fifty francs down. The remainder of the five hundred you get if this duel doesn't come off."

"Agreed," said the Frenchman, and he sat down and wrote at least twenty letters like the following:

"M. Maupassant requests the pleasure of your company to-morrow afternoon at three p. m. to witness the phenomenal shooting of an American gentleman, who has kindly consented to give an exhibition of his skill at that hour."

While M. Maupassant was thus engaged, Wainwright put in half an hour in the Rue du Petit Champs, where he made sundry purchases, returning with them to the gallery, where the next hour was profitably employed by him in company with an ingenious mechanic. Meantime, as the idea grew upon the mind of M. Maupassant, he chuckled and wrote, extending his invitations until, if one-half of them were accepted, the question was: Would there be standing room in the gallery?

"We must certainly go down and see this American shoot," said M. Ferrier's second. "You may find some of his tricks useful to you at Auvergne to-morrow."

M. Ferrier, whose courage was not of the five-o'clock-in-the-morning kind, shivered slightly, though the weather was decidedly warm.

"I wish the fellow had chosen rapiers," he muttered. "The Americans are such devils with the pistol."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. M. Maupassant's gallery was crowded. M. Ferrier had an excellent seat. He sat talking with his friend and second. He had been drinking somewhat to keep his courage up, and his voice could be heard all over the room. With a Frenchman's love of esplanade, his second had talked freely of the meeting of the morrow.

As the American had not yet come a dozen voices called on Ferrier to step down and get some practice, and amuse the company at the same time.

Ferrier, who was a really good shot, was not a little proud of it, and with such an audience he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded of displaying his skill.

Throwing off his coat, he stepped down on the floor of the gallery, and picking up a pistol, marked two bull's eyes in rapid succession.

His third bullet went just above, however, an inch, at least, to the right.

"Your pistol is a little heavy on the trigger, Monsieur," said a voice behind him.

Turning quickly, he recognized Wainwright, who was standing quietly by, a smile full of meaning in his blue eyes, as Ferrier, quite disconcerted now, fired again and missed for the second time.

At this moment a side door in the gallery opened, and, scrupulously attired, and holding in either hand a long dueling pistol of American manufacture, came Scott, who, being introduced to the audience, bowed, whilst M. Maupassant said:

"M. Scott has kindly consented to give us an exhibition with the pistol."

Mr. Scott bowed again, and so much was the attention of the audience riveted upon him that no one noticed Wainwright, standing quietly against the wall, feeling cautiously with his hands behind him for a small, round, white object.

Mr. Scott bowed once more, profoundly, to his distinguished audiences. Especially did he extend his salutation to that portion of the room where, pale as death, now sat the thoroughly alarmed M. Ferrier, and who in the redoubtable American marksman had recognized the man he had insulted at the Cafe Ricci.

"I will now give you an imitation," said Scott, in an off-hand manner, "of a Western cowboy practicing on the head of a tenpenny nail at fifty paces. I will fire first at the large bull's eye, so as to get my hand in."

He lifted the two long duelling pistols and fired from them alternately, pulling the triggers like lightning. Above the noise of the explosions could be heard the tinkling of the bell as each bullet struck fair and square in the center.

When the smoke cleared away not a mark was visible on the white portion of the target. He had fired twelve shots and every bullet had struck the bull's eye.

Scott turned and bowed modestly to his audience in acknowledgment of a vociferous round of applause.

As before, he glanced over to the seat occupied by M. Ferrier. The Frenchman's face looked more anxious than ever, and he exchanged hurried whispers with his second.

"I'll show you, gentlemen," continued Scott, "a somewhat more difficult feat."

He took a pistol and threw it toward the ceiling, and catching it in his hand as it descended, pulled the trigger.

A loud ringing of the bell announced that the bullet had again struck the bull's eye.

"Mon Dieu," whispered Ferrier, who was now in a clammy sweat through fear. "He will drop me at the first shot."

Scott now took a small Winchester rifle from the hands of M. Maupassant, and placing it over his shoulder turned his back to the target, and faced a large mirror where the same was reflected.

Starting from the firing point and walking slowly toward the mirror, he fixed his eye steadfastly on the reflection

of the target and rapidly worked the crank of the Winchester. As before, every one of the sixteen bullets struck the bull's eye and the bell was ringing almost continuously.

A perfect hurricane of applause now shook the gallery. M. Maupassant smiled all over, and several French gentlemen left their seats and crowded around the American, offering their congratulations at the marvelous skill which he had displayed.

Among these latter was the second of M. Ferrier.

"Of course we shall meet you, M. Scott," he said, "but we trust you will spare us. Nobody has a chance who stands up before you."

He was evidently as much frightened as his principal.

Now was Wainwright's opportunity. He stepped forward and said to the little group:

"Gentlemen, can't this matter be patched up in some way? You see the kind of a shot my friend is. He hates to take life."

"I'll see what I can do," said M. Ferrier's second eagerly, and he dived over to his principal.

"Well, if you won't apologize you're an idiot. This time to-morrow you'll be in the hands of an undertaker. I tell you I'll have nothing to do with this murder."

This settled poor Ferrier. Choking down his humiliation, he stammered out:

"Well, you may apologize for me if you like. It's a dreadful thing to do, but I suppose I must. I certainly can't afford to die at my age and with my prospects. But I shall never hold up my head at the club again."

Ferrier's second then tendered a handsome apology to Scott, who, with a magnanimity which provoked applause, thereupon immediately apologized also, which so affected M. Ferrier that, after the fashion of his countrymen, he would have thrown himself on M. Scott's breast and wept.

Recovering he made an attempt at a joke.

"I have to thank you, Monsieur," he sobbed, "but every Easterner these days likes to say 'his honor,' and he pointed despairingly to the gallery where his supremacy now was overthrown, his prestige as a marksman vanished forever.

And thus was the duel between M. Scott and M. Ferrier neatly averted by the ingenuity of M. Wainwright.

M. Maupassant was a distinct gainer by the hoax, for in addition to the splendid reputation it gave his gallery, he immediately received the remaining two hundred and fifty francs from M. Wainwright. The electric bell, wire and batteries which Wainwright had purchased that morning and with the aid of the ingenious mechanic put in such admirable working order, were also given by Wainwright to the worthy proprietor of the gallery, who instantly disposed of the whole outfit for cash, even to the little button which Wainwright had pressed so efficiently every time his friend Scott fired off his blank cartridges.

And Scott!

Well, he was the hero of Paris for at least a fortnight, and was pointed at on the boulevards as the greatest shot in the world. His popularity continued until a ballet dancer in black skirts caught the public fancy and cut him out. And thus it is over with "the bubble" reputation.—Austyn Granville, in Chicago Journal.

**CATCHING A COLD.**  
The Trouble Explained and Some of Its Causes Enumerated.

What do we mean when we say we have taken cold? In a literal sense, we have done no such thing; and a modern writer has suggested that what is called "catching cold," would be better expressed by the phrase, catching heat. What actually takes place is something as follows: We expose some part of the body to a draft; the surface becomes chilled, and the circulation, to some extent, is arrested; the blood and other fluids are sent in another direction. What should have been thrown out through the surface, is turned in on the mucous membranes; and as these parts become congested, sneezing takes place; there is an abnormal quantity of fluids thrown upon the mucous surfaces, and the system makes an effort to get rid of it.

This "taking cold" may be caused by sitting for a few moments in a strong current of cool air; it may be the back of the neck that is exposed; or it might be some other part of the body. Holding the hands in very cold water for a considerable length of time will often cause one to take cold. Or sitting with cold feet will do the same thing, especially if the general circulation is feeble. Clothing one part of the body too much and another part too little will frequently give one a cold. Any thing that arrests the free circulation of blood and sends it in on the mucous surface may produce this effect.

The most frequent causes of all, perhaps, of taking cold, is the one stated, that of "catching heat." Sitting for hours in a room where the temperature is eighty degrees or upward, and then going out into a colder atmosphere, frequently produces a cold; this is particularly the case where the air is not only hot but impure. In fact, we think the impurity has more to do with it than the heat; and the two combined will rarely fail to cause an influenza or a sore throat; sometimes a full-fledged pneumonia. By exposing one's self to hot, foul air, the whole skin is for the time debilitated; and on reaching a cooler atmosphere the blood is driven from the surface, and congestion of the mucous membranes will almost certainly follow; either there is "cold on the lungs," or a sore throat, or there is an attack of acute catarrh.—St. Louis Magazine.

**Her Natural Preference.**  
"What kind of ice-cream will you have, dear?" inquired the hostess.

The little Boston maiden wiped her glasses thoughtfully.

"I will take vanilla ice-cream, if you please," she replied. "Vanilla, if I have been correctly informed, is extracted from a bean."—Chicago Tribune.

**SOCIETIES.**  
(Send notice of any changes to this office.)  
**DELTA LODGE NO. 175, A. F. & A. M.**  
Regular communications are held at their hall, in the Masonic Block, on the third Thursdays in each month. A. H. Kolp, W. M.; F. E. Harris, Secretary.

**ESCANABA LODGE NO. 118, I. O. O. F.**  
Regular meetings are held in their hall, over Conolly's new store, every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. L. McMartin, W. G.; A. L. Paul, V. G.; C. M. Thatcher, Secretary.

**INSTITUT JACQUES CARTIER.**  
Meets the first Sunday in each month at Grestier's hall, Joseph DuPont, President; C. Girard, Archivist; J. B. Racine, Financial Secretary.

**GERMANIA AID SOCIETY.**  
Meets on the first Sunday in each month at Royce's Hall, John Reom, president; Emil Glaser, treasurer, and Jacob Moersch, secretary.

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

**F. SMITH POST, NO. 175, G. A. R.**  
Department of Michigan. Meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7 p. m. H. P. Young, Commander; I. K. Harig, Adj.

**DELTA CHAPTER, R. A. M.**  
Regular communication, held in Masonic Hall, 6 Saturday in each month. Visiting companions cordially invited. F. H. Atkins, H. P.; F. E. Harris, Sec'y.

**ESCANABA LODGE NO. 40, I. O. G. T.**  
Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, in the G. A. R. hall, over Ephraim & Morrell's store. K. Spoor, W. C. T.; Cora C. Cox Secretary.

**R. C. HATHWAY CHAPTER, NO. 49, ORDER EASTERN STAR.**  
Meets at Masonic Hall second Tuesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. Mrs. L. S. Anthony, W. M.; Mrs. Maggie Mathias, Sec'y.

**ESCANABA LODGE NO. 98, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.**  
Meets every first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows Hall over W. W. Oliver's Hardware Store. O. B. Fuller, C. C.; R. M. Lean, K. of R. and S.

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

**S. E. WILKINSON LODGE B. R. T. NO. 182.**  
Meets in G. A. R. Armory 2d and 4th Sundays at 7 p. m. Otto Nyquist, M. F. Moran, Secretary.

**CITY OFFICIALS.**  
Mayor—PETER M. PETERSON.  
City Clerk—JOHN J. SOUTHWICK.  
City Treasurer—JOHN GROSS.  
City Attorney—JOHN POWER.  
City Marshal—MICHAEL STERN.  
City Surveyor—JOHN G. ZANE.  
Health Officer—THOMAS L. GLASER.  
Street Commissioner—JOHN M. BROWN.  
Justices of the Peace—E. GLASER, SAMUEL STONHOUSE, JOHN A. JOHNSON.

**TIME TABLES.**  
**CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.**  
PASSENGER TRAINS  
Leave Escanaba for—  
The North at . . . . . 10:20 am  
" South (for Milwaukee) at . . . . . 8:50 am  
" " (for Chicago) at . . . . . 5:45 pm  
" North (Milwaukee Pass.) at . . . . . 5:00 pm  
The West (for Crystal Falls) at . . . . . 5:45 pm  
" " (for Watersmeet) at . . . . . 8:50 am  
" " (for Metropolitan) at . . . . . 9:00 am  
Passengers for Watersmeet, Crystal Falls and all points on the Menominee River branch change at Powers.

**THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.**  
THE DIRECT THROUGH LINE TO MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, AND ALL POINTS WEST, SOUTH AND EAST.  
Provides unrivaled facilities for through and local travel. Features of superior train services are:  
**Vestibuled Sleepers MILWAUKEE**  
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.  
**SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS,**  
With Dining Cars and Free Chair Cars  
**CHICAGO TO COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA AND DENVER.**  
**THROUGH SLEEPERS**  
CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO TO PORTLAND, OREGON WITHOUT CHANGE.  
The North Western penetrates the rich agricultural regions of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, and is the only line to the Black Hills.  
For time of trains, tickets and information, apply to Station Agents of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, or to the General Passenger Agent at Chicago.  
W. H. NEWMAN, J. M. WHITMAN, 3d Vice-Prest. General Manager, W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

**BLACKSMITH.**  
**JOHN RACINE,**  
—Dealer in—  
**Wagons, Sleighs**  
ETC.  
Blacksmith : Shop : in Connection.  
I am prepared to do all work in my line promptly and satisfactorily.  
OPPOSITE NEW LUDINGTON HOTEL.

**MONUMENTS.**  
**Some of You Have!**  
Called to see us, and we trust that **The Rest Will!**  
We can furnish you  
Monuments,  
Tablets and  
Headstones!  
Of the very best quality at  
**Reasonable Prices.**  
Work erected in any part of the country.  
Come and see our work before placing your order.  
If our office is closed call at **Oliver's Furniture Store.**  
**Escanaba Marble & Granite Co.**  
Wells Avenue, near Charlotte st.,  
ESCANABA, Mich.  
**PUMPS, ETC.**  
**SAM. STONHOUSE,**  
—Practical—  
**PLUMBER**  
Steam and Gas Fitter.  
Keeps in stock a full line of  
Pipes, Pumps & Fittings  
Drive Wells and  
**Pump Repairs**  
—A specialty—  
Orders in the city or country promptly attended to.  
**Mixed Bitters.**  
**BURKART'S**  
HOMESTEADERS  
**Mixed Bitters**  
After Dr. Bernstein's Receipts.  
Combining all the Virtues of  
**ROOTS, BARKS AND HERBS.**  
Long Noted for their Medicinal qualities, these Bitters stand Unrivalled for Purity and Tonic Properties.  
—PUT UP AND SOLD BY—  
**L. W. BURKART,**  
Appleton House,  
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.  
\$1.00 a Bottle. Sold by all Druggists  
**Advertisements.**  
**USE DR. CRAIC'S**  
**ORIGINAL KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE**  
Crown Plasters and Pills.  
They are the only safe Remedies to use for those afflicted with Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint and Urinary Affections. Only those prepared in the DRY FORM are the Original and the only Kidney and Liver Cure that will restore you to perfect health.  
All Ladies Use  
**C. B. R. A.**  
Sold by all Druggists.  
**The Craig Medicine Co.**  
PASSAIC, N. J.  
50-150 Doses One Dollar (45c)

**SPENCER & CHAPMAN'S**  
**Cyclopaedia of**  
**THE MANUFACTURES AND PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES.**  
comprises Every Article made in this Country—Indexed and Classified—and under each article the names and addresses of  
**THE BEST MANUFACTURERS.**  
Complete in One Royal Octavo Vol. of over 1300 pp. Price in Cloth \$6.00 in Flexible Leather \$7.00  
**INDISPENSABLE**  
to Buyers of Articles in all lines and invaluable as a Statistical work.  
Orders received at office of this Paper.

**MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK**  
Nothing better for babies. Full Cream. Full Weight. Best on Earth.  
For sale by  
**E. M. St. Jacques.**  
Frank H. Atkins.  
**\$3000**  
A YEAR! I undertake to satisfy any man who can read and write, and who after instruction, will work industriously, here to earn Five Thousand Dollars a Year in their own locality, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Reply and quickly forward. I desire but one worker from each district of country. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It's NEW and SURE! Full particulars FREE. Address at once, **E. C. ALLEN,** 210 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

**MICHIGAN MINING SCHOOL.**  
A State School of Surveying, Mining, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, Physics, Chemistry, Assaying, Ore Dressing, Mineralogy, Photography, Geology, Drafting, Machine Design, etc. Tuition free. For catalogue and information address  
**M. E. WADSWORTH, A. M., Ph. D.,** Director, Houghton, Michigan.



# Our Entire Attention

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



## DRY GOODS

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

### At Prices Lower Than Ever!

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

## A Call Will Convince.

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

## GREENHOOT BROS.

308 LUDINGTON STREET.

Mining Lands.

→ LOUIS + STEGMILLER ←

—DEALER IN—

## MINERAL LANDS

AND MINING OPTIONS,


Escanaba, Michigan.

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

## HAVE YOUR JOB PRINTING

DONE AT THE IRON PORT OFFICE. SUPERIOR PRINTING AT REASONABLE RATES.

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



HARDWARE.

## HEATERS

of any pattern or description wanted.

## TOOLS

For Woodsmen and Equipments for Camps.

Logging Sleighs!

Supply Sleighs!

Chains, Etc.

Hardware, Arms and Cutlery.

301 Ludington St. WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St.

### THE BROOK BENEATH THE SNOW

"Way down in dad's ol' meddar, where the pussy willers grow, I used to go an' listen to the brook beneath the snow; Above I heard the roarin' win' an' saw the snow-gust whirl; But the brook beneath the snow an' ice danced singin', like a girl.

I'd put my ear down to the ice, I did'n' min' the cool; An' w'en I heard its music there wuz summer in my soul! An' w'en dad licked me, an' my heart 'ud bile and overflow, I would go an' hear the music of the brook beneath the snow.

An' then my sobs 'ud change to shouts, an' a sorer change to glee, For it strewed along its music from the mountain to the sea; An' I'd stretch my ear to hear it, an' my heart 'ud swell an' glow, W'en I listened to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

Since then the wintry blasts of life have blown me here an' there, An' snow-storms they have blocked my way an' hedged me every where; But sheltered from the harrycane, within the valley low, I listen for the music of the brook beneath the snow.

For I know beneath the snow an' ice that there is golden sand, By that glorious streak uv melody that wiggles through the land; The storm beats hard; the wind is high; I can not hear it blow, For I listen to the music of the brook beneath the snow.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

### THE GHOSTLY ROBBER.

The Scheme Devised to Steal from an Express Car.

FOR SOME time a systematic robbery had been going on. Money was taken in large amounts from the express car on train No. 6, the "Blue Grass Clipper," a night express running between Cincinnati and Winchester on the K. C. road. It seems that the valise of the express messenger and several bags of coins of small denomination were spirited away in some manner between Covington and Falmouth, Ky. The Adams Express Company had begun to suspect the messenger, although he was an old one on the run and had heretofore been implicitly trusted. One night as No. 6 was plunging along, guided by the hand of Cass Guysidy, the veteran engineer of the road, between the big tunnel and Culbertson station, the fireman, Edward Piatt, leaped from his seat and grabbed the whistle cord, at the same time crying:

"For God's sake, Cass, shut her off!" This the faithful engineer did, and so quickly that the passengers, reclining quietly in their booths in the rear cars, were rudely awakened by the shock. "What's the matter, Ed?" cried the engineer as soon as he could make himself heard. Then not receiving an answer, he turned to look at his companion, and to his surprise saw the fireman, pale as death, stretched at full length upon the floor of the cab. He jumped from his seat and dashed some cold water on the face of his companion. By this time the conductor and several of the passengers came up and wanted to know the cause of the sudden stoppage.

"I saw a figure on the track," said Ed, trembling, "and if it was not a ghost or some other kind of spirit, I'm not standing here. And I yelled to Cass to shut her off, and I'll be darned if that figure didn't fade away. Oh! you can smile if you want, Mr. Carth, but I mean it."

"Pull ahead, Cass," said the conductor, "we have lost three minutes now, and will have to make them up, and as for you, Piatt, if you go to napping any more on duty I'll report you."

"All aboard," he shouted and climbed back to the next coach.

The trip of No. 6 was made without further incident than the accustomed robbery of the express car, and when the fireman and engineer had left their engine in the yards, Ed Piatt said:

"I'll tell you what, Cass, I'm going to get a week off and investigate that ghost matter, for I've been thinking about it, and have come to the conclusion that it concerns the express car robberies which generally occur in that neighborhood. Will you lay off with me?"

"Yes! For I think just about the same, and then you know it will be a

The trip of No. 6 was made without further incident than the accustomed robbery of the express car, and when the fireman and engineer had left their engine in the yards, Ed Piatt said:

"I'll tell you what, Cass, I'm going to get a week off and investigate that ghost matter, for I've been thinking about it, and have come to the conclusion that it concerns the express car robberies which generally occur in that neighborhood. Will you lay off with me?"

"Yes! For I think just about the same, and then you know it will be a

The trip of No. 6 was made without further incident than the accustomed robbery of the express car, and when the fireman and engineer had left their engine in the yards, Ed Piatt said:

"I'll tell you what, Cass, I'm going to get a week off and investigate that ghost matter, for I've been thinking about it, and have come to the conclusion that it concerns the express car robberies which generally occur in that neighborhood. Will you lay off with me?"

"Yes! For I think just about the same, and then you know it will be a

The trip of No. 6 was made without further incident than the accustomed robbery of the express car, and when the fireman and engineer had left their engine in the yards, Ed Piatt said:

"I'll tell you what, Cass, I'm going to get a week off and investigate that ghost matter, for I've been thinking about it, and have come to the conclusion that it concerns the express car robberies which generally occur in that neighborhood. Will you lay off with me?"

"Yes! For I think just about the same, and then you know it will be a

the deep whistle of No. 6, managed by Jack Shephard, was heard. The rumbling of the "Blue Grass Clipper" could be heard a long distance on such a night as this, and the two watchers concluded that she was just leaving Milldale, a suburb of Covington.

"The next blow will be for Culbertson," whispered Cass, "and then look sharp, for if any thing is going to occur that will be the time."

The only answer he received was a nod from his companion, who was gazing intently toward the track, where Cass now discovered a body clad in a white flowing robe, gradually rising from between the tracks, alongside of a cow gap which was spanned by the tracks.

Nervously his companion clutched his arm. And then the figure was seen to stumble, and a muttered curse reached the ears of the eager watchers.

"There's one thing I'm thankful for," whispered Ed Piatt, "it's a man and not a ghost we have to deal with."

The figure in white took its position alongside the track, and looked nervously around, as if fearing discovery.

By this time the clatter of the engine was close at hand, and the headlight shone forth into the gloom, casting its rays on all the objects around, but not disclosing the hiding place of Cass and his companion.

In the door of the express car stood the faithful messenger, his valise in hand; this he tossed to the figure in white as the train rushed along.

"Now's our chance," said the engineer to his companion, and creeping silently from the shadows, drawing their revolvers as they went, they stole on the unsuspecting robber.

When they had crept within a few paces of him, Cass cried out:

"Throw up your hands or you're a dead man."

Instinctively the fellow obeyed, and, dropping the valise, he threw up his hands.

"Pick up that valise, Ed, and light the lantern till we get a look at this fellow."

"There, that's right; give me that light and jerk off that sheet."

"My God!" Ed exclaimed, as he drew off the white cloth, "if that ain't old Jack Hayward."

And sure enough, so it was Jack Hayward, a messenger who had been dis-

charged from the service for dishonesty.

"Well, now, fellers," said he, "since it's Jack Hayward you ain't going to give me up, are you?"

"Well, now, feller," said Cass, imitating the droll manner of Hayward, "do you think we laid out there in the damp to catch you and catch cold, without having some idea of turning you over to the authorities?"

"I'll watch him, Ed, while you go above and flag the 'local,' and if we don't land him in Covington safe and sound, right side up with care and labeled, my name ain't Cass Guysidy."

Ed flagged the "local" and they took their prisoner aboard amidst the congratulations and queries of the trainmen. Their prisoner was landed safely in Covington, and after due trial was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

The faithful messenger was arrested, the next day upon his arrival, and when confronted with the charge broke down and begged piteously for mercy. He confessed the whole crime and disclosed the hiding place of the rest of the money, which was found intact in a cave beneath the track at the cow gap.

The ghost racket, he said, was worked to keep inquisitive prowlers away after dark, so that Hayward could have a clear field for operations.

Edward Piatt and Cass Guysidy were the heroes of the hour, and received the reward offered by the express and railway companies for the apprehension of the robbers. They received a promotion, and are now running a through train on the K. C., and owe their success to their bravery in capturing the ghostly robber.—Chicago Journal.

The Technique of Reproduction.

Prof. Arthur Dodel, of the University of Zurich, says that he has observed of his students in botanic microscopy that the average of those from America draw better than those from Europe, of the same age who compete with them. To this he would add the circumstance that in America, during the last two years, the technique of reproduction has made more progress than in any other part of the world. For the cause of this excellence, Prof. Dodel refers to the method of the instructor in drawing in the primary and intermediate schools. "It will not be surprising," he adds, "if this vigilant nation [the United States] finally surpasses us, and also puts us in the shade in the field of artistic painting and sculpture. This I call an enjoyable danger, and greet it in advance in the interest of the general welfare of humanity."—N. Y. Ledger.

Lucky Fellow.

"How is your suit prospering with Miss Jiltem?"

"I fear it is all over. I asked her the important question last evening, and you should see the look of blank astonishment she gave me."

"I congratulate you, old boy. Marriage is a lottery, you know, and it is better to draw a blank than after paying for your ticket."—Boston Transcript.

If You Had a Friend About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent, was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along, or procure on arriving, that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malarial plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge and robbing it of its fell, destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels and counteracts the unfavorable effects of over exertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary. \*11

Thomas, the broker through whom Spreckels' importations of sugar are handled, is accused of defrauding the revenue by the aid of some appraiser in the Philadelphia custom house. Spreckels, puts up cash to cover the alleged loss but denies the fraud and courts investigation.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who use Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle at Finnegan's drug store \*5

The working model of the Pennington air ship is completed and is by this time on exhibition at Chicago.

Great Discoverers. What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and electricity, says the Pittsburg News, Dr. Franklin Miles, the well known specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system and nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries the Restorative Nervine is undoubtedly one of the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholy, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. Free trial bottles of it may be had of J. N. Mead, Druggist. All should read his "New and startling facts for the Afflicted," a very able, interesting, and finely illustrated book. Free to all. \*16

Lt. Mann, of the 7th cavalry, wounded in the fight with Big Foot's band, died on the 15th, at Fort Riley, Kansas.

A Method of Advertising. Over one hundred thousand free sample bottles of Kemp's Balsam, we learn, were given away in this state last year. The corresponding sale on the Balsam has never been equalled or approached by any other remedy. This medicine must have great merit or the free sample would injure, rather than help the sale. If you have a cough or cold, or even consumption, we would certainly advise a trial. The Large Bottles are 50c and \$1 \*11

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Hotel Marvin, Findlay, Ohio was destroyed Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, by an explosion of natural gas. Two persons were killed and a dozen others wounded, some of whom will undoubtedly die.

—Mr. Henry Richardson, a retired farmer of Ypsilanti, Mich., says: "I have been troubled for several years with sciatic rheumatism. I got no relief until I tried Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Six bottles entirely cured me. It has also cured me of liver trouble." \*46-m6

Judge Warden, of Chattanooga, Tenn., shot his son in law, S. M. Fugett, and his daughter, Mrs. Fugett and was himself shot last Sunday. The judge and Mrs. Fugett may live; Mr. Fugett was killed. The judge was drunk.

A Valuable Discovery. Dr. Brown Sequard's elixir of youth may be an important discovery, but every one knows that Dr. Franklin Miles' New Heart Cure certainly is. It has given thousands afflicted with serious heart disease a New Lease of Life. Druggists who can observe its effects on many customers everywhere speak very highly of it. Mr. John Weaver, of Knightstown, Ind., says: "I have many good reports." O. Monroe, of Dunkirk, N. Y., reports large sales. "And the best part of it is every bottle has given satisfaction." Sold and guaranteed by J. N. Mead. \*6

Thayer, ex governor of Nebraska, has become insane and is confined in an asylum.

A Benign Man. Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle Free to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large Bottles 50c and \$1. \*22-19.

Kalakaua, king of Hawaii, is dying of Bright's disease, at San Francisco. Later:—He is dead.

Bullion's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by John Finnegan. \*11

The deadlock in the Connecticut legislature is unbroken; the senate is democratic by 10 majority and the house republican by 14, and there's "no way out."

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

The American National bank, Kansas City, has closed its doors. It is a bad break.

—B. W. Rockwell, of Jackson, Mich., writes: "Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup has relieved me of rheumatism, from which I suffered intensely, has regulated my kidneys and liver, and benefited my whole system." Any statement made by B. W. Rockwell can be relied upon. W. D. Thompson, Pres. Jackson City Bank. \*46-m6

The cold term and heavy snow falls in Europe continue and much suffering is reported.

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 removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Justin N. Mead druggist, Escanaba. \*29

Pennington has his small, model, air ship at Chicago and is doing a good deal of talking but as yet no flying.

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. \*52-71-01

## 100 Pages WIDE AWAKE, 1891

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

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

HON. JOHN D. LONG (ex Governor of Massachusetts) furnishes six articles, under the general title of OUR GOVERNMENT, for the enlightenment of coming citizens—the boys and girls of to day.

KIRK MUNROE, who lately lived for a time the life of a railroad man, in all phases from parlor car to cattle cage, has put his experience into a thrilling serial for boys called CAR AND CABOOSE. Striking pictures by Edmund H. Garrett.

MARGARET SIDNEY's new serial, FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS GROWN UP, will tell more about Polly and Jasper and David and Joel and Phronie, and others, as it runs through the year. Fifty charming illustrations by Charles Mente.

VARIETTA'S GOOD TIMES will chronicle in her own words, from her own manuscript, the childhood adventures of Marietta Ambrosio.

MISS MATHDA ARCHAMBEAU VAN DORN, a little girl who had a great many adventures, is an irresistible little folks' serial, by ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

UNUSUALLY INTERESTING ARTICLES, some elaborately pictorial: "Dining with Gladstone," by Mrs. General John A. Logan; "Amy Robsart's Embroidery," by Frances A. Humphrey; "Mother Goose's Pets," by Agnes Repplier; "Gypsies and Gypsying," by Elizabeth Robins Fennell; "Some Horses I have known," by Maud Howe; "Sainte Marie Colledge of Wynchestre," by Oscar Fay Adams; "Boston's Girl Sculptor," by Mrs. Newberry; "The Sugar Crank," by Theodora R. Jenness.

SOME PROBLEMS IN HOROLOGY, by E. H. HAWLEY, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, will interest High School students. Three sets of Cash Prizes.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES from thousands offered and solicited the past year—some by new authors

FIGURE DRAWING FOR CHILDREN, in twelve illustrated lessons by CAROLINE H. RIMMER, with four prize offers each month.

The ever popular WAYS TO DO THINGS, the SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND STORIES, TANGLE'S POST OFFICE and MEN AND THINGS.

Wide Awake is only \$2.40 a year. D. LOTHROP COMPANY, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

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

ADDITIONAL LISTINGS

F. A. BANKS, Surgeon Dentist. Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m. GAS ADMINISTERED. Sign of the Golden Tooth.

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

REYNOLDS & COTTON, Physicians and Surgeons. Homeopathic school of practice. Office over Mead's Drug Store.

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

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

D. R. C. H. LONG, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence in Semer Block, Escanaba, Michigan.

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

JOHN POWER, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office over Goodell's new store, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

MEAD & JENNINGS, Attorneys at Law, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY. Office in second story Bank building.

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

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

ROYCE & WAITE, Attorneys. ESCANABA, MICH.

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

EMIL GLASER, Notary Public. Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of western Europe to any part of the U. S., buys and sells real estate, and loans money on real estate security. Office, Fildes ave., Escanaba.

JOHN A. JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace. Contracts drawn in English and Scandinavian. Agent for Steamers to and from Europe. Drafts sold and Money remitted. Office 615 Ludington street, 2d story

CITY CARDS. ESCANABA LAND AGENCY. VAN CLEVE & MERRIAM, Civil Engineers and Surveyors. Pine, Mineral, Hardwood, Hemlock and Cedar lands for sale. All kinds of Engineering and Surveying in Michigan and Wisconsin promptly executed. All kinds of Map Work on short notice. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOSEPH HESS, BUILDER. Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—stone, brick or wood work. Or will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed on time and according to agreement. Residence and shop on Mary St.

FRED. E. HARRIS, Contractor and Builder. Will prepare plans and estimates and contract to erect buildings of every description. Counters and store and office fixtures a specialty. Residence a d office 601 Ogden avenue, corner Wolcott st.

JOHN G. ZANE, Civil Engineer and Surveyor. Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber Lands. Township Diagrams, City Plats and General Map Work promptly executed. Office 2d story Hessel's Building, 507 Ludington St., Escanaba, Michigan.

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

COPPER JOE. Kinder Injun-lookin', an' I guess 'ut's why, perhaps. He got the nickname 'as he did from all the other chaps; Wuz'n't nary one of us 'at astoned to him, so We made it interestin' right along fur Copper Joe.

All the bigger fellers kep' drivin' him away; Used to take a lickin' jus' so reg'lar ev'ry day; Seems no matter what you did, you couldn't down him, though— Fur his size I never see the best of Copper Joe.

None of us 'id chum with him, a-cause he wuz so mean— Jus' about the meanest little kid you ever seen I Ketch him at a base-ball match, or takin' in a show— Other fellers done it, but you bet not Copper Joe.

Sharp, though, as a jack-knife, as you needn't a' ben told. If you'd jus' 'a' seen the stacks o' papers 'at he sold; Never had his eyes shot, an' wuz allus on the go— Somehow felks a-buys'ta' looked around fur Copper Joe.

An' then, all of a suddint, he stopped comin' any more. Some was thinkin' ma yab 'at he'd gone into a store. Till some one, kinder curious, went huntin' high an' low To try an' find whatever had become of Copper Joe.

An' what now do you s'pose the feller 'at wuz lookin' found? We didn't feel so good, I tell you, when it got around; Slick—the little chap wuz slick—an' then we wuzn't slow Agoln an' a-doin' what we could fur Copper Joe.

There wuz his helpless mother, an' a little gal beside, A-both dependin' on him ever since his father died. An' all the time we set him as bein' mean, you know, Here he wuz a-keepin' 'em—poor little Copper Joe!

Well, 'at's purty near all, a-captin' ever since Fellers has been treatin' him as if he wuz a prince; Let him be, an' you jus' bet 'at he kin hoe his row— Some day when he's growed up big you'll hear from Copper Joe. —Malcolm Douglas, in Detroit Free Press.

A REMARKABLE SHOT. How a Duel Was Happily Averted in France. I passed, yesterday, on State street, a man who, not being able to hit a haystack, yet once acquired the reputation of being the best pistol shot in all Paris.

In the summer of 1874, when Martin G. Scott was a much slimmer, more dandified looking man than he is now, for he is married, and with the acquisition of a wife and three babies he has put away the vanities of dress, there were seated at one of the little round marble tables before the Cafe Ricci, in the Boulevard des Italiens, two young Frenchmen, the cheek of one of whom bore a red mark as if some one had brought his hand sharply against it. In an inner room of the cafe, the person who had done this was engaged in wiping away from his shirt-front the stains of some red wine, which in his fury the recipient of the slap had hurled across the table. The man with the red cheek was the young Mons. Adolphe Ferrier, the son of the celebrated artist of that name. The man with the soiled shirt-front was Martin G. Scott, of Mobile, Ala.

There had been an exchange of cards, and Scott and his friend, George E. Wainwright, twelve hours later suddenly found themselves with a large-sized, healthy French quarrel on their hands, to be settled, as most of those matters are in France, under the code.

When it came to a choice of weapons, Scott had wisely chosen pistols, for while he was a notoriously bad shot, he was totally ignorant of the use of the rapier.

The rapier, too, is a weapon in the use of which the gilded youth of Paris excel. Two years in the students' quarter had doubtless enabled Scott's opponent to become expert with the weapon. That's why, on Wainwright's advice, Scott chose pistols.

The affair was to come off at Auvergne, a little village distant about nine miles from Paris in forty-eight hours' time. The parties were to go out on the early train.

I doubt if Scott was so much cut up about the affair as Wainwright, even though he fully expected to be killed. Wainwright kept on blaming himself for ever having let his friend get into such a scrape. They had been college chums together, and Scott's father had put up the funds for the trip, simply providing that Wainwright, the elder of the two, and in whom he placed implicit confidence, should see that Scott was well looked after.

Here he was seconding the old man's son in a duel a l'outrance, for that there was bad blood between the two principals you may depend on. It was to be no child's play this time, just something to amuse the readers of the "Petit Journal Pour Rire." They were to fire at twelve paces, and continue firing until one of the parties was disabled.

The more Wainwright thought over the affair the more he realized what an awkward job he had upon his hands. What if his friend should fall. It would be bad enough to face Scott's father with news of such a character. But to communicate such a result to Mary Scott, his friend's pretty sister; to have to confess how poorly he had fulfilled his trust; that, he felt, would be a task beyond his strength.

He lay awake all night at his hotel, revolving some plan by which they could get out of 'a scrape. This was not so easy, for any scheme he might adopt looking to an avoidance of hostilities must necessarily involve the retirement of his friend with honor, of which, being a Southerner of the old school, he was singularly tenacious.

He had frequently seen M. Ferrier practicing at a fashionable pistol gallery in the Rue du Capucines. He knew that he spent the best part of every evening there in ringing the bell on the target—to accomplish which feat, as every one knows, it is necessary to hit the bull's eye. Wainwright arose early with a plan fully thought out.

"Come," he said to Scott, "we haven't too much time before us. We must go down to Maupassant's gallery and get some breakfast. You stay here and have some breakfast. I don't care to do so early. I'll run down there and see if we can't get the gallery all to ourselves for a couple of hours."

"That will be pretty costly, won't it?" hazarded Scott. "Not more than a decent coffin, and all the other funeral fixings," replied Wainwright, with some little sarcasm. "If possible I want to throw those expenses on the other fellow."

Wainwright jumped into a cab, and leaving Scott to his reflection and coffee, dashed off to the Gallery Maupassant, where for upwards of half an hour he remained closeted with its proprietor.

"It is agreed, then," said Wainwright, at the conclusion of the interview. "Now, then, M. Maupassant, there are two hundred and fifty francs down. The remainder of the five hundred you get if this duel doesn't come off."

"Agroed," said the Frenchman, and he sat down and wrote at least twenty letters like the following: "M. Maupassant requests the pleasure of your company to-morrow afternoon at three p. m. to witness the phenomenal shooting of an American gentleman, who has kindly consented to give an exhibition of his skill at that hour."

While M. Maupassant was thus engaged, Wainwright put in half an hour in the Rue du Petit Champs, where he made sundry purchases, returning with them to the gallery, where the next hour was profitably employed by him in company with an ingenious mechanic.

Meantime, as the idea grew upon the mind of M. Maupassant, he chuckled and wrote, extending his invitations until, if one-half of them were accepted, the question was: Would there be standing room in the gallery?

"We must certainly go down and see this American shoot," said M. Ferrier's second. "You may find some of his tricks useful to you at Auvergne to-morrow."

M. Ferrier, whose courage was not of the five-o'clock-in-the-morning kind, shivered slightly, though the weather was decidedly warm.

"I wish the fellow had chosen rapiers," he muttered. "The Americans are such devils with the pistol."

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. M. Maupassant's gallery was crowded. M. Ferrier had an excellent seat. He sat talking with his friend and second. He had been drinking somewhat to keep his courage up, and his voice could be heard all over the room.

With a Frenchman's love of esplanade, his second had talked freely of the meeting of the morrow.

As the American had not yet come a dozen voices called on Ferrier to step down and get some practice, and amuse the company at the same time.

Ferrier, who was a really good shot, was not a little proud of it, and with such an audience he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity thus afforded of displaying his skill.

Throwing off his coat, he stepped down on the floor of the gallery, and picking up a pistol, marked two bull's eyes in rapid succession.

His third bullet went just above, however, an inch, at least, to the right. "Your pistol is a little heavy on the trigger, Monsieur," said a voice behind him.

Turning quickly, he recognized Wainwright, who was standing quietly by, a smile full of meaning in his blue eyes, as Ferrier, quite disconcerted now, fired again and missed for the second time.

At this moment a side door in the gallery opened, and, scrupulously attired, and holding in either hand a long duelling pistol of American manufacture, came Scott, who, being introduced to the audience, bowed, whilst M. Maupassant said:

"M. Scott has kindly consented to give us an exhibition with the pistol." Mr. Scott bowed again, and so much was the attention of the audience riveted upon him that no one noticed Wainwright, standing quietly against the wall, feeling cautiously with his hands behind him for a small, round, white object.

Mr. Scott bowed once more, profoundly, to his distinguished audience. Especially did he extend his salutation to that portion of the room where, pale as death, now sat the thoroughly alarmed M. Ferrier, and who in the redoubtable American marksman had recognized the man he had insulted at the Cafe Ricci.

"I will now give you an imitation," said Scott, in an off-hand manner, "of a Western cowboy practicing on the head of a tenpenny nail at fifty paces. I will fire first at the large bull's eye, so as to get my hand in."

He lifted the two long duelling pistols and fired from them alternately, pulling the triggers like lightning. Above the noise of the explosions could be heard the tinkling of the bell as each bullet struck fair and square in the center.

When the smoke cleared away not a mark was visible on the white portion of the target. He had fired twelve shots and every bullet had struck the bull's eye.

Scott turned and bowed modestly to his audience in acknowledgment of a vociferous round of applause.

As before, he glanced over to the seat occupied by M. Ferrier. The Frenchman's face looked more anxious than ever, and he exchanged hurried whispers with his second.

"I'll show you, gentlemen," continued Scott, "a somewhat more difficult feat."

He took a pistol and threw it toward the ceiling, and catching it in his hand as it descended, pulled the trigger. A loud ringing of the bell announced that the bullet had again struck the bull's eye.

"Mon Dieu," whispered Ferrier, who was now in a clammy sweat through fear. "He will drop me at the first shot."

Scott now took a small Winchester rifle from the hands of M. Maupassant, and placing it over his shoulder turned his back to the target, and faced a large mirror where the same was reflected.

Starting from the firing point and walking slowly toward the mirror, he fixed his eye steadfastly on the reflection of the target and rapidly worked the crank of the Winchester. As before, every one of the sixteen bullets struck the bull's eye and the bell was ringing almost continuously.

A perfect hurricane of applause now shook the gallery. M. Maupassant smiled all over, and several French gentlemen left their seats and crowded around the American, offering their congratulations at the marvelous skill which he had displayed.

Among these latter was the second of M. Ferrier. "Of course we shall meet you, M. Scott," he said, "but we trust you will spare us. Nobody has a chance who stands up before you."

He was evidently as much frightened as his principal. Now was Wainwright's opportunity. He stepped forward and said to the little group:

"Gentlemen, can't this matter be patched up in some way? You see the kind of a shot my friend is. He hates to take life."

"I'll see what I can do," said M. Ferrier's second eagerly, and he dived over to his principal.

"Well, if you won't apologize you're an idiot. This time to-morrow you'll be in the hands of an undertaker. I tell you I'll have nothing to do with this murder."

This settled poor Ferrier. Choking down his humiliation, he stammered out:

"Well, you may apologize for me if you like. It's a dreadful thing to do, but I suppose I must. I certainly can't afford to die at my age and with my prospects. But I shall never hold up my head at the club again."

Ferrier's second then tendered a handsome apology to Scott, who, with a magnanimity which provoked applause, thereupon immediately apologized also, which so affected M. Ferrier that, after the fashion of his countrymen, he would have thrown himself on M. Scott's breast and wept.

Recovering he made an attempt at a joke. "I have to thank you, Monsieur," he sobbed, "but every Easterner these days likes to say 'his honor,' and he pointed despairingly to the gallery where his supremacy now was overthrown, his prestige as a marksman vanished forever.

And thus was the duel between M. Scott and M. Ferrier neatly averted by the ingenuity of M. Wainwright.

M. Maupassant was a distinct gainer by the hoax, for in addition to the splendid reputation it gave his gallery, he immediately received the remaining two hundred and fifty francs from M. Wainwright. The electric bell, wire and batteries which Wainwright had purchased that morning and with the aid of the ingenious mechanic put in such admirable working order, were also given by Wainwright to the worthy proprietor of the gallery, who instantly disposed of the whole outfit for cash, even to the little button which Wainwright had pressed so efficiently every time his friend Scott fired off his blank cartridges.

And Scott! Well, he was the hero of Paris for at least a fortnight, and was pointed at on the boulevards as the greatest shot in the world. His popularity continued until a ballet dancer in black skirt caught the public fancy and out him out. And thus it is ever with "a bubble" reputation.—Austyn Granville, in Chicago Journal.

CATCHING A COLD. The Trouble Explained and Some of Its Causes Enumerated. What do we mean when we say we have taken cold? In a literal sense, we have done no such thing; and a modern writer has suggested that what is called "catching cold," would be better expressed by the phrase, catching heat.

What actually takes place is something as follows: We expose some part of the body to a draft; the surface becomes chilled, and the circulation, to some extent, is arrested; the blood and other fluids are sent in another direction. What should have been thrown out through the surface, is turned in on the mucous membranes; and as these parts become congested, sneezing takes place; there is an abnormal quantity of fluids thrown upon the mucous surfaces, and the system makes an effort to get rid of it.

This "taking cold" may be caused by sitting for a few moments in a strong current of cool air; it may be the back of the neck that is exposed; or it might be some other part of the body. Holding the hands in very cold water for a considerable length of time will often cause one to take cold. Or sitting with cold feet will do the same thing, especially if the general circulation is feeble. Clothing one part of the body too much and another part too little will frequently give one a cold. Any thing that arrests the free circulation of blood and sends it in on the mucous surface may produce this effect.

The most frequent causes of "all, perhaps, of taking cold, is the one stated, that of "catching heat." Sitting for hours in a room where the temperature is eighty degrees or upward, and then going out into a colder atmosphere, frequently produces a cold; this is particularly the case where the air is not only hot but impure. In fact, we think the impurity has more to do with it than the heat; and the two combined will rarely fail to cause an influenza or a sore throat; sometimes a full-fledged pneumonia. By exposing one's self to hot, foul air, the whole skin is for the time debilitated; and on reaching a cooler atmosphere the blood is driven from the surface, and congestion of the mucous membranes will almost certainly follow; either there is "cold on the lungs," or a sore throat, or there is an attack of acute catarrh.—St. Louis Magazine.

Her Natural Preference. "What kind of ice-cream will you have, dear?" inquired the hostess. The little Boston maiden wiped her glasses thoughtfully. "I will take vanilla ice-cream, if you please," she replied. "Vanilla, if I have been correctly informed, is extracted from a bean."—Chicago Tribune.

SOCIETIES. (Send notice of any changes to this office.) DELTA LODGE NO. 195, A. F. & A. M. Regular communications are held at their hall, in the Masnic Block, on the third Thursday in each month. A. H. Kolph, W. M.; F. E. Harris, Secretary.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 118, I. O. O. F. Regular meetings are held in their hall, over Conolly's new store, every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. L. McMartin, W. G.; A. L. Paul, V. G.; C. M. Thatcher, Secretary.

INSTITUT JACQUES CARTIER. Meets the first Sunday in each month at Grenier's hall. Joseph DuPont, President; C. Girard, Archivist; J. B. Racine, Financial Secretary.

GERMANIA AID SOCIETY. Meets on the first Sunday in each month at Royce's Hall, John Reem's, president; Emil Glaser, treasurer, and Jacob Moersch, secretary.

NORTH STA. SOCIETY. President, O. V. Lindén; Secretary, Lars Gunderson.

C. F. SMITH POST, NO. 175, G. A. R. Department of Michigan. Meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. H. P. Young, Commander; I. K. Haring, Adj.

DELTA CHAPTER, R. A. M. Regular communication, held in Masonic Hall, at Saturday in each month. Visiting companions cordially invited. F. H. Atkins, H. P.; F. E. Harris, Sec'y.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 40, I. O. O. F. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening, in the G. A. R. hall, over Ephraim & Merrill's store. K. Spoor, W. C. T.; Cora C. Cox Secretary.

R. C. HATHWAY CHAPTER, NO. 49, ORDER EASTERN STAR. Meets at Masonic Hall second Tuesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. Mrs. L. S. Anthony, W. M.; Mrs. Maggie Mathias, Sec'y.

ESCANABA LODGE NO. 98, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows Hall over W. W. Oliver's Hardware Store. O. B. Fuller, C. C.; R. McLean, K. of R and S.

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

S. E. WILKINSON LODGE B. R. T. No. 182. Meets in G. A. R. Armory 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m. Otto Nyquist, M. F. Moran, Secretary.

CITY OFFICIALS. Mayor—PETER M. PETERSON. City Clerk—JOHN J. SOUBWINE. City Treasurer—JOHN GROSS. City Attorney—JOHN POWERS. City Marshal—MICHAEL STERN. City Surveyor—JOHN G. ZANE. Health Officer—THOMAS L. GELZER. Street Commissioner—JOHN MOR. Justices of the Peace—E. GLASER, SAMUEL STONHOUSE, JOHN A. JOHNSON.

TIME TABLES. CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN. PASSENGER TRAINS. Leave Escanaba for— The North at . . . . . 10:20 am " South (for Milwaukee) at . . . . . 5:45 pm " " (for Chicago) at . . . . . 5:00 pm " North (Milwaukee Pass.) at . . . . . 5:00 pm The West (for Crystal Falls) at . . . . . 5:45 pm " " (for Watersmeet) at . . . . . 8:50 am " " (for Metropolitan) at . . . . . 9:00 am

Passengers for Watersmeet, Crystal Falls and all points on the Menominee River branch change at Powers.

THE CHICAGO AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY. THE DIRECT THROUGH LINE TO MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, AND ALL POINTS WEST, SOUTH AND EAST. Provides unrivaled facilities for through and local travel. Features of superior train services are: Vestibuled Sleepers MILWAUKEE

ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS. SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS, With Dining Cars and Free Chair Cars. CHICAGO TO COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA AND DENVER.

THROUGH SLEEPERS CHICAGO TO SAN FRANCISCO, CHICAGO TO PORTLAND, OREGON, WITHOUT CHANGE.

The North Western penetrates the rich agricultural regions of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, and is the only line to the Black Hills.

For time of trains, tickets and information apply to Station Agent of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, or to the General Passenger Agent at Chicago.

W. H. NEWMAN, J. M. WHITMAN, 3d Vice-Prest. General Manager, W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

BLACKSMITH. JOHN RACINE, Dealer in Wagons, Sleighs, ETC.

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

MONUMENTS. Some of You Have! Called to see us, and we trust that

The Rest Will! We can furnish you

Monuments, Tablets and Headstones! Of the very best quality at

Reasonable Prices. Work erected in any part of the country.

Come and see our work before placing your order.

If our office is closed call at Oliver's Furniture Store. Escanaba Marble & Granite Co., Wells Avenue, near Charlotte st., ESCANABA, MICH.

PUMPS, ETC. SAM. STONHOUSE, Practical PLUMBER Steam and Gas Fitter. Keeps in stock a full line of Pipes, Pumps & Fittings Drive Wells and Pump Repairs. —A specialty— Orders in the city or country promptly attended to.

Mixed Bitters. BURKART'S HOMESTEADERS Mixed Bitters. After Dr. Bernstein's Receipt. Combining all the Virtues of ROOTS, BARKS AND HERBS.

Long Noted for their Medicinal qualities, these Bitters stand Unrivalled for Purity and Tonic Properties. —PUT UP AND SOLD BY— L. W. BURKART, Appleton House, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

\$1.00 a Bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Advertisements. USE DR. CRAIC'S ORIGINAL KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE. Crown Plasters and Pills.

They are the only safe Remedies to use for those afflicted with Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint and Urinary Affections. Only those prepared in the DRY FORM are the Original and the only Kidney and Liver Cure that will restore you to perfect health.

All Ladies Use C. B. R. A. Sold by all Druggists. The Craig Medicine Co., PASSAIC, N. J. 50-150 Doses One Dollar (4871)

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK. Nothing better for babies. Full Cream. Full Weight. Best on Earth.

For sale by E. M. St. Jacques. Frank H. Atkins.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to satisfy such any inquiry intelligent person either here, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, new to earn Five Thousand Dollars a Year in their own locality, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for entrance money is asked. Study and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It's NEW and SURE! Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, 1-10-100, 1-10-100, Boston.

MICHIGAN MINING SCHOOL. A State School of Surveying, Mining, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, Physics, Chemistry, Assaying, Ore Dressing, Mineralogy, Petrography, Geology, Drafting, Machine Design, etc. Tuition free. For catalogue and information address M. E. WADSWORTH, A. M., Ph. D., Director, Houghton, Michigan.

THE MANUFACTURERS AND PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES. comprises Every Article made in this Country—Indexed and Classified—and under each article the names and addresses of THE BEST MANUFACTURERS. Complete in One Royal Octavo Vol. of over 13000 pages in both 6 1/2 and 8 1/2 in Flexible Leather. INDISPENSABLE to Buyers of Articles in all lines and invaluable as a Statistical work. Orders received at office of this Paper.

## IRON PORT.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE at Gen. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising contracts will be made for it in New York.

### Republican State Convention.

A Republican state convention to nominate a justice of the supreme court in place of John W. Champlin, and two regents of the University in place of Charles J. Willett and Arthur M. Lark, and for the transaction of other business, will be held at Assembly hall in the city of Jackson, on Tuesday, Feb. 24 1891, at 11 o'clock A. M.

In accordance with a resolution adopted at Grand Rapids May 10, 1876, every county will be entitled to one delegate for each 500 of the total vote cast for governor at the last election (November, 1890) and one additional delegate for every fraction amounting to 300, but each organized county will be entitled to at least one delegate.

Under a resolution of 1878 no delegate will be entitled to a seat in the convention who does not reside in the county he proposes to represent.

In compliance with a resolution adopted in Detroit June 23, 1880, the secretary of each county convention is requested to forward to the secretary of the state central committee (room, 6, Butler block, Detroit) by the earliest mail, after the delegates are chosen, a certified list of such delegates as are entitled to seats in the state convention from their respective counties.

JAMES McMILLAN, Chairman.  
WILLIAM R. BITES, Secretary.

Under the foregoing call the County of Zeeland, having 2,704 votes, is entitled to five (5) delegates in the convention.

GEN. MILES "got 'em" without further bloodshed. The hostiles are disarming and the war is over, until the next occasion.

JACOB H. GALLINGER is the republican candidate for U. S. senator from New Hampshire, to succeed Henry W. Blair, whose term expires March 4. He will be elected before this paragraph is read.

THE SALE of the effects of the late Allen Thornbyke Rice last Saturday brought up again the story of his great poker game, and the amount of his winning was authoritatively stated at \$400,000. It had before been said to be only one fourth as much.

THE MINERS who had been on strike at Neganance and had kept sober and behaved well during the strike, proceeded to get bilious drunk as soon as they got what they struck for, their pay for November, and there was scrapping and business in the police court.

THE Prohibition State Conference and Convention will be held at Hibbard's Opera house Jackson, Tuesday and Wednesday, February 17th and 18th. The conference convenes at 1:30 p. m. on the 17th, and closes at 11 a. m. on the 18th, when the convention to nominate a justice of the supreme court and two regents of the university assembles.

HEMISTEAD WASHBURN, son of Elihu B. and grandson of Israel, and a pretty good man himself, is talked of by Chicago republicans as candidate for mayor. They might do a great deal worse. It would be a step in advance to have supported an American for the office even though he was beaten, and there's a possibility of electing an American, now.

GEN. MILES' congratulatory order to his forces, after recounting the events of the campaign, sums up by saying that, by the endurance, patience and fortitude of the troops, one of the most threatening of Indian outbreaks has been suppressed without the loss of a life beyond the bounds of the reservations and with as little bloodshed as possible, and gives them—officers and men—his "thanks and highest appreciation" for the efficient service rendered.

An Escanaba man named Jordan committed the rash act one day last week of starting up a temperance drink factory.—Oconto County Reporter.

There, now. Go slow, and be sure of your ground. John started nothing; he bought a business long since established and out of which John Dinneen had made money and Billy Haman, after him, had made money and in which he will make money, no doubt. "Rash?" You should be better informed. The boys are heavy drinkers of "red pop" and "beer tea," and your little "dig" misses the mark. We only keep 'sky for Oconto folks and other visitors.

THE New York State Board of Arbitration in a special report to the Legislature on the late Central Hudson Railroad strike, makes several suggestions for legislation. The board urges that entrance into railway service should be by enlistment for a definite period, upon satisfactory examination, as to mental and physical qualifications, with fidelity to the people and to the corporation. Resignation or dismissal from such service to be permitted for cause to be stated in writing and filed with some designated authority and to take effect after the lapse of a reasonable and fixed period. Any combination of two or more persons to embarrass or prevent the operation of a railroad in the service of the people, a misdemeanor.

THE MEMBERS of the British Iron and Steel Institute, all experienced manufacturers, after their extended tour of observation through American industrial centers, testify that owing to the high rate of wages in this country, American manufacturers could not continue without protection. When Free-Trade comes and the American workman sits on the fence and looks at the smokless chimneys of the alien factory, which had furnished him the means of keeping himself and family in comfort and respectability, it will be sorry consolation for him to reflect that its owner, the "voluble baron," had been forced by imports and competition of cheap foreign goods to shut down, and can no longer "listen on the substance of the people." The foreign mill owner and the foreign workman will then do all "attending."—American Economist.

THE FARMER who was governor suggests his election law should be amended in the following particulars:

1. A more rapid system of canvassing should be provided.
2. Peddling tickets outside the booths should be prohibited under heavy penalties.
3. Every voter should be required to remain in the booth at least one minute.
4. Tickets should be printed in the counties where voted.
5. Greater protection against fraudulent printing of tickets should be provided.

And argues thus in support of the 2d and 3d propositions.

The object is to prevent the purchase and sale of votes. The reason is found in the fact that the vote broker knows that the man who will sell his birth right for cold cash can not be trusted on his contract, and if he pays his price he must know that the vote is delivered. If he has the ticket on the outside it can be fixed to suit. And then the broker must know that it is the only ticket the voter has with him. Then if he is rushed through the booth in just one second he has no time to change in the booth and all doubt is removed. The absolute secrecy of the ballot should be secured.

In order to do this the second and third amendments or something like them ought to be adopted. One other reason for requiring the voter to remain in the booth is found in the fact that in some cases the men desire to change one or more names on the ticket but know that they are being watched and if they stop longer than is necessary to take a ticket from the booth that suspicion will be aroused and hence the desired change is not made.

LAST November the democrats scared weak kneed republicans by loud assertions that the McKinley bill would kill our foreign trade: In the first two weeks of the present month our imports did show ten per cent less than for the corresponding weeks of '90, but exports were 15 per cent greater. If that is the result of the McKinley bill we have "no kick coming."

They helped on the scare by prophesying high prices for clothing of all sorts, a decrease of consumption and disaster: Dun's review for January 15 shows a good demand and lower prices for all woolsens and for boots and shoes, and the lowest prices ever recorded for print cloths. If this is the result of the McKinley bill the democratic prophets were lying and our friends were terrified without cause.

"Allumented paper," for use of photographers, did advance in price a trifle while American manufacturers were getting at work and that fact made some amateur photographers ugly, but the price has already fallen, the home product having come upon the market, and is now ten per cent, below that of the foreign article before the imposition of the advanced duty under the McKinley bill and a further decline is inevitable. There was no reason for the kick of our amateur friends.

MULHATTON has not been heard from for a long time, but here he is again, with a good one:

Howard Lake, Minn. Jan. 17.—All Wright county is excited over a phenomenal birth which occurred four weeks ago at Boone Ridge, four miles south of this point. The animal is described by those who have seen it as a "devil." Its body is covered with hair a couple of inches long; it has horns, a tail, and feet which are a cross between those of a man and those of a dog. Its mother is Mrs. Sarah A. Morris, a woman of English parentage and of the best connection. She became violent at sight of the monster, and was sent to the St. Peter asylum this week hopelessly insane. The creature developed rapidly and now weighs twenty two pounds. It already shows a greater degree of intelligence than a child at the age of one year. Members of the Morris family explain the phenomenon from an incident which occurred about two months before the birth. A peddler of bibles came to the house, and Mrs. Morris attempted to drive him away with the remark that she would as soon see the devil in her house as the bible. Growing angry at the remark, the book agent raised his hand as if to strike her, and said dramatically: "I will send a devil to you."

The New York Sun "double leads" an editorial urging the defeat of the national election (which it foolishly persists in calling "force") bill. One paragraph we want to "cut out and paste in the hat" of every republican senator. It says:

"If this bill passes the senate it will be signed by the president. On the eve of expulsion from the legislative branch of government the republican party will have enacted a law that makes deadly certain the return of the party to power in the congressional elections of 1892; and from that time on perpetuates the power thus regained."

The bill is designed and adapted to insure honest elections, everywhere in the United States, and if honest elections "make deadly certain" the return to power of any party, who has a right to find fault? Consider the Sun's words, Mr. Wolcott. Take counsel with the Sun, Messrs. Cameron and Quay.

THE faculty which some people have of securing signers to a petition is exemplified in the case of an individual who aspires to a position on the police force in the place of one of the officers suspended from duty last week. Notwithstanding the fact that the man is a consort of the toughest class, that he is a stranger in our city, that he is reported to have been removed from the Marinette police for reasons that would make his appointment here a standing disgrace, he has been actively circulating a petition this week, and succeeded in obtaining the signatures of scores of business men to whom he is as much of a stranger as is the Shah of Persia. And it is safe to say that if the council should recognize the petition and appoint the man, some of the aforesaid signers would be the first and most vigorous kickers.—Journal, Iron Mountain.

MARINETTE is to have another big paper mill, A. C. Merryman and others proprietors. The plant is to be located, says the Eagle, "upon the north or Wisconsin side of the Menominee" and to consist of machines for ground wood and sulphite fiber, and two paper machines, and to have a capacity of fifteen tons of paper per day. The force employed will be not less than 150 men. The proposed plan for such a concern at the Quinnesec falls is abandoned.

THE REVOLT in Chili takes on the proportions of a revolution. The navy takes a hand and declares a blockade of such ports as it can cover.

GEN. OGLESBY may not get to the senate—the three representatives of the farmers have the deciding voice and we can not say how they are likely to use it—but Gen. Palmer's way thither is blocked; "Uncle Dick" holds that and will hold it, just as he, with his brigade, held the Clarksville road out of Fort Donelson in the spring of '62, "for keeps".

PERRIN, of Oshkosh, convicted of receiving the money stolen by his son at Hurley, was let off with a fine of \$100 and the costs, in all about \$5,000. The sentence is received with surprise and a second prosecution, on another charge, is talked of. The prosecutor says "If Perrin had been a poor man he would have been obliged to don prison garb at Waukegan."

THE CAUCUS of the republican members of the legislature of Illinois, held week Wednesday, dropped C. B. Farwell and named as their candidate for U. S. senator Richard J. Oglesby—"Uncle Dick"—and if the farmers in that body can't accept him, and prefer to stand by Streeter and continue the dead lock we shall not complain: but they will be very foolish. That they will go over to Palmer is not to be feared.

"DICKINSON," and not "Quinnesec," is to be the name of the new county if one shall be erected. Bad taste; as we see it, not because of the desire to honor Mr. Dickinson (who deserves it at the hands of the party now in power) but because it is too soon. After a man's work is done and his record made up is time enough to honor him in that way. The same rule applies to "Alger" and "Luce" counties, aboriginal names would have been better.

IT IS SAFE to say that there is not a Grand Army man in the United States who will not turn with deep interest to the recollections of Gettysburg which Generals Howard, Slocum, Sickles, Butterfield, Newton, Wright, Gregg and Doubleday have written for the North American Review. These were the corps commanders in that great engagement and their distinguished comrade, the Com'e de Paris, has added a chapter of his own to their reminiscences.

"A NICE WOMAN" is Mrs. Sheedy, of Lincoln Nebraska. The wife of a carpenter, first, she got "a mash" on a gambler, Sheedy, got a divorce from the carpenter and married Sheedy. Tiring of him and having the property matters fixed to suit her, and having found a man whom she fancied more than number two, she prostituted herself to a negro to secure his aid to be rid of Sheedy and by that and a promise of twenty thousand dollars when the job was done, secured the aid and Sheedy was killed by the negro. All which goes to show that when a woman goes in for wickedness she lets off the brakes entirely.

GOLDWIN SMITH, who fancies that he is posted in American politics, writes to Macmillan's magazine to the effect that the elections last fall constitute a verdict against the McKinley act but not one for free-trade. Mr. Smith is correct in his negative but not so as to his affirmative proposition. They constitute no verdict of any kind, any more than the money stringency which brought the Barings to their knees was a rebuke to legitimate enterprise; any more than the senseless panic of Bull Run was a verdict against the generalship of Scott. Nowhere did the opposition increase its strength—everywhere were the supporters of the administration panic stricken by a whirlwind of lying prophecy. But the panic is over and the McKinley act is "all right."

REGARDING the new Cuban ores recently developed by Cleveland interests, it is learned that the ore in sight is almost unlimited in quantity. The ore is a high grade article, said to show 68 per cent. in iron, and running about 0.20 in phosphorus. A line of railway, some four miles in length, has been constructed, connecting the mines with the seaboard, and the docks have been so nearly completed that shipments are expected to be made this coming season. The output, it is reported, will be about one thousand tons a day from the start, and will be increased as the market will warrant. While the chances are against the use of this ore west of the Allegheny mountains, the probability is not excluded of its coming into competition with Lake Superior ores as far west as Pittsburg, and its presence will certainly operate against the shipment of Lake Superior ores east of the mountains, which has been the aim of some producers for the past few years.—Iron Trade Review.

GLAISTONE FOLKS are not altogether satisfied with the management of the "Soo Line." Noting the fact that the company has not yet made a statement of the business done at that city, the Delta says:

"The numerous strikes which have occurred here were not instigated by a lawless class of laborers, but were brought on through the incompetency of their superiors. Continued dropping of water will wear away a stone and continued "nugging" will work discontent among the best of men. Business men who are forced to do business with the road are bulldozed and browbeaten continually. Most of them feel that they must submit in order to enjoy the privileges they pay dearly for (railroad men know how easy it is to lose a car for ten or twelve hours on a side track within sight of the freight depot when the thirty-second assistant Grand Mogul "has it" for the owner of said car) but the Delta is pleased to state to a suffering people that instances have occurred where their inborn "soonestness" has been resented, in words more emphatic than elegant. When business men are afraid to speak of the everyday matters connected with their business for fear of offending some railway clerk, it is time to register a kick. The Delta has done so and has its foot drawn back for another one."

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup cures rheumatism by purifying the blood and restoring the kidneys to healthy action. 46m6.

### Free Trade Selfishness.

The theory of free trade has been very aptly pronounced "a science based on assumptions." The correctness of this diagnosis finds confirmation in the nervousness of the average free trade advocate when confronted by the cold facts of history and business experience.

No country has ever succeeded in attaining national prominence in the absence of a rigid regard for the defense of those industries rendered practicable by reason of natural resources and the ability of its people to make and keep themselves in most part independent of business rivals in other countries.

England is at once the inspiration of free trade evangelism in the United States and the model to which free trade attorneys invariably point as their ideal of economic government. Yet, within recollection of men now living, when modifying its policy, the British parliament repealed a code of laws, certain provisions of which would make the protective features of our present tariff seem the extreme of conservatism. It was not until after three centuries of protection, and when confronted with the fact that British acres could no longer meet the demands for bread and meat for British tables, that parliament ventured to repeal the corn laws and to remove the barriers of defense from about those products of manufacture that the rigid protection had brought to a then unparalleled perfection.

This chapter of British history, though so rigidly excluded from the speeches of those who are seeking to anglicize the policy of this country, and given no place in the pages of literature with which the Cobden Club so liberally supplies its American allies, is none the less one that the patriotic student of the situation can not afford to ignore. Nor should he fail to recall the fact that the policy of protecting her industries so long as protection seems essential to their supremacy, is one that Great Britain has never altogether abandoned.

Every important line of steamships owned by British capital and run from British ports is defended against damaging competition by subventions that constitute a guaranty of interest upon necessary investments, and British consuls are quite generally under instructions to act as agents of such lines if their services are required.

Another form of British protection is now claiming attention of our Cabinet and Minister to England. Representatives of the Department of Agriculture have for some months been in England under instructions to minimize the expense and embarrassments heaped up against American live stock under an assumed fear of contagious diseases, but in reality to ally the restlessness of British farmers and stock raisers over American competition.

Great Britain has ever been prompt to handicap foreign competition when its freedom was likely to operate to the pecuniary disadvantage of her subjects. The pressure for free trade with this country is no exception to this rule of national selfishness, and will be reversed as readily as the change from Protection was made whenever the exigencies of British interests seem to require such a step.—P. T. League.

OH, YES; the south is loyal, in a way of its own. Here's an example:

The postmaster at Catherine, Alabama, was Granville Bennett, a well qualified colored man. It appears that when the news of Bennett's appointment reached Catherine one Frank Evans told Bennett that he "would kill him if he took hold of the office." On the day that Bennett made his bond an "indignation" meeting, described as composed of all the white inhabitants of Catherine, resolved that Bennett must either be killed or forced to leave the town. Catherine has less than fifty inhabitants but W. W. Winbourne, the telegraph operator there, wired to other stations on the railroad for reinforcements against the solitary Bennett. The re-enforcements arrived from up and down the road, and on Dec. 13 a mob of about thirty men visited the post-office, and, under threat of death, forced Bennett to sign what they facetiously termed a "voluntary resignation." Then they gave Bennett two hours to leave the town. It is needless to say that Bennett left. He succeeded in rescuing the cash in the postoffice, but left behind a considerable amount of postage stamps. Warrants have been sworn out for the arrest of eleven of the conspirators. The mail for Catherine is now left at Paris, a station a mile and a half away. The inspector's report recommends that the post-office at Catherine be discontinued, as is already practically the case. This action was taken by the department and the conspirators will be prosecuted.

But there's no sense in "prosecuting." No jury of Alabamians would convict and none other could be had.

THE Marine Review of the 15th tells the story of the stealing of the steamer Milwaukee from Buffalo, about 1890, and of her trip thence to Milwaukee but (unless the memory of the writer hereof is entirely at fault) is in error on a point or two. On one it certainly is—the first landing after leaving Buffalo was at Oliver Lee's dock at Silver Creek, not at Dunkirk, and it was at Silver Creek that, after "wooding up" and casting off her lines, the ship-keeper was put ashore. And again; what coal-burning revenue steamer was it that chased the Milwaukee? The writer remembers the smart "topsail schooner," with the long gun amidships, which, under command of Capt. Dobbins, used in those days to hunt "Mark Porter" and "Sile Bolster" and the others who made a trade of smuggling, but he does not remember any revenue steamer then in existence nor in existence for many years after the date of that famous escapade. Would it not be well for the Review to overhaul the log and get the story straight? Mr. Chas. H. Lee, of Silver Creek, might give it the facts.

Enterprise Amusement Association  
The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Amusement Association, for the election of directors and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the store of Green Root Brothers in the city of Escanaba; on Monday, February 3, at 7:30 p. m.  
SOLOMON GREENROOT, D. E. GLAYIN, Secretary, President.  
Dated January 12, 1890. 11

EPHRAIM & MORRELL.

M. EPHRAIM.

ROBERT E. MORRELL.

# Ephraim & Morrell, Merchant Tailors & Furnishers,

HAVE REMOVED TO—

## 420 Ludington Street,

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

Give Them A Call

FRANK H. ATKINS.

## ATKINS' Winter Stock!

JUST RECEIVED,

COMPRISES

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

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


### IN CERAMIC WARES

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

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, died last Saturday. He was born October 3, 1800, and had therefore passed his 90th year. He graduated at Harvard and studied afterward at Göttingen and Berlin. For some years he was taught at Harvard as tutor in Greek and as principal of a school at Northampton, Mass.; then for some years his work was literary, his history of the U. S. being his magnum opus. He held various positions under the U. S. having been collector of the port of Boston under Van Buren, secretary of the navy in Folk's cabinet, minister to Great Britain under that administration, minister to Prussia under Johnson's and to the German Empire under Grant's and to the German confederacy under the same. All through his life he was employed upon literary work and, though his labors as minister abroad were fruitful of good, it is as the writer, especially of history, that he is best known and will be longest remembered.

Baron Ginsburg, a Hebrew banker of St. Petersburg, wishing to alleviate the distress of his co-religionists caused by an imperial ukase, gave the Russian minister of the interior a certified check for a million roubles. For a wonder the minister did not pocket the cash but turned it over to the Tsar, and he divided it among the poor and clapped the Baron in jail.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.



W. BAKER & Co.'s  
Breakfast  
Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and is Soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

UNLIKE those periodicals in which the element of timeliness is not a vital consideration, the North American Review can not, for obvious reasons, announce far in advance the topics to be treated in its pages. The following selection from contributions already secured for immediate use will give a forecast of equally important features which are to follow:

"Gettysburg Thirty Years After," reminiscences of the battle by the commanders of the corps that took part in it, Generals Slocum, Howard, Sickles, Newton, Gregg, Doubleday, Wright and Butterfield, with a contribution on the same subject by the Count of Paris. "The Split in the Nationalist Party," by Justin McCarthy, leader of the anti-Parnell wing. "The International Exhibition at Jamaica," by the Governor of Jamaica. An entertaining account of the difficulties encountered among the black populace in organizing the Exhibition to be opened on January 28. "Our National Literature," by Walt Whitman. A rugged bit of criticism, dealing with the possibility of a truly national literature in the United States. "Prohibition in Great Britain," by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M. P., President of the United Kingdom Alliance. "A Deliberative Body," by Hon. T. B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives. "Pauperism in the United States," by Prof. R. T. Ely of Johns Hopkins University. "The State as an Immoral Teacher," by Ouida, who will contribute also an article on "Dogs," and a paper entitled "The Failure of Christianity," to which Father Ignatius will reply. "Existing Irish Troubles," by W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, whose views are of special interest. "The Negro as a Mechanic," by Ex-Governor

Lowry of Mississippi. A discussion of the manual aptitude of the negro, and his capacity as an artisan. "Women and Trades-Unions," by Lady Dilke, who has taken much interest in this subject. "Why More Girls do not Marry," by Kate Gannett Wells and Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. Another of the social articles which have been so popular a feature of the Review during the past year. "Modern Life at English Universities," by Prof. E. A. Freeman of Oxford University. "Compulsory Physical Education," by the Right Hon. Earl of Meath. A suggestive statement of the object of the measure introduced by Lord Meath in the House of Lords during the last session of Parliament. "The Silver Question," by Jesse Seligman. A discussion of great practical interest.

Readers will perceive from the foregoing that the Review in the future will be no less valuable, no less alert for all matters of general interest, no less brilliant and authoritative than in the past. Now is the time to subscribe. 50 cents a copy, \$5 00 a year.

Dr. Wm. J. Cox, of Detroit, who was tried for the murder of Anna Clemens and her unborn babe eleven years ago and escaped, though the act was clearly proven (the jury not think it murder); who was concerned in a similar crime four years ago, the victim being Jennie Phillips, and whose reputation as an abortionist is as wide as the state, is again wanted for the same crime, committed upon one Annie Coultis, and this time it is hoped he may be convicted and punished.

Wm. O'Brien, prominent in labor matters at Saginaw, dropped dead, of heart failure, last Sunday.

**THE SERVICE BOOK.**

**A Regulation That Helps to Settle the Domestic Servant Problem.**

Prussia prides herself on having settled the servant question, and her methods are vigorous and summary as well as successful. All servants, male and female, must apply to the local magistracy for a so-called "service book," in which on the first page is the name, age and a description of the owner written by the magistrate, and stamped with the seal of his office. The following page contains questions in print relating to the capacity in which the servant has served, the date of entrance into service, the reason for the discontinuance of such service, and last of all a demand for remarks on the character, behavior and ability which the servant has shown during the term. These questions must be answered in writing by the master when the servant leaves, and the answer stamped at the local police bureau. If any punishment has been inflicted it is officially recorded, and if any of the words "faithful," "industrious," "honest," are wanting, the new master is thus put on his guard. Any evidence which can be proved unjust may be complained of, and a servant who has been discharged for stealing and profligacy has a fresh service book given to him if his record during the following two years shows no renewal of offense.

Servants are hired by the month, but if no time is stated, the contract is binding for three months. Coremonious notice must be given by either party. On four days in the year and no other may notice be given: February 15, May 15, August 15 and November 15. But summary dismissals may take place for great impudence or disobedience, as well as immoral habits.

A dismissed servant, who had by false representation dissuaded an applicant for the place from entering service, received on one occasion an admonition from the police, which admonition was inscribed in her service book.

Every employer must give some sort of an answer to the questions in the service book, and if he writes favorably of servants whom he knows to be dishonest the next employer may prosecute suit against him. Owing to these restrictions there are few summary changes. Servants know there is little chance of getting a place out of the regular season, and mistresses understand, too, from experience that they are not likely to find good servants in the middle of the term. Young housekeepers are apt to dismiss servants for slight faults, but older women put up with grave delinquencies, knowing that to change servants means only a change of faults rather than an escape from them. There is one element which must be considered as important in reviewing success of the system, and that is that German housewives are proverbially good housekeepers themselves, and spend a great deal of time in giving their servants constant oversight.—N. Y. Sun.

**CARL DUNDER'S WOES.**

**He is Again the Victim of a Strange Sequence of Mistakes.**

"Well, where have you been for the last three months?" queried Sergeant Bendall yesterday, as Carl Dunder softly opened the door of the Woolbridge street station about a foot and squeezed through the aperture.

"Oh, I was keeping quiet. I like to speak to you a few words to-day."

"All right."

"Der odder day a man comes py my place and drinks a glass of beer and plays me a game of dominoes and says his name was Shon White. Dot make no deference to me if he was Sheorge Washington. He must pay me shust so queek or I knock him out."

"Of course."

"Vhell, he pays me und seems like a decent fellow, und pooty soon he says he has a check on der bank und likes me to go and say he was Shon White."

"And you went?"

"Vhell, I like to oblige."

"And you identified him?"

"Vhell, when I knows he was Shon White how could I help it? Dot was a bogus check for fifteen dollar, und I hav to pay it. I doan see how it was."

"Um! Any thing more?"

"Somebody doan play me dot vhay again. My eye teeth was cut awfully queek. In two days a fellow comes along mit a subscription paper. He says he likes me to put down a dollar for der poor. I asked him for his name, und he says he was Peter Davis. Sergeant, you should see me knock him oaf der middle of last Shuly."

"Yes, and you'll have to pay for it. He was at the police court this morning to get a warrant for you."

"A warrant for me! But he was a shwindler!"

"Oh, no, he wasn't; he was all right."

"Vhell, I might ash vhell shump into der rifer. How was I to tell about things? Nothings vvas two times alike."

"Any thing else?"

"Vhell, you see, a man comes in my place mit a package und say vvas I Carl Dunder, I was. Here was some express from Chicago, und he haf to collect \$2. Vvas dot all right, Sergeant?"

"Looks that way."

"Of course she does, but after he goes away und I open dot package I find some brickbats in it. He was an awful shwindler."

"But you ought to have spotted him."

"Oh, yes! Spots vvas all right! In two days how was she? In shust two days vvas you believe?"

"Well?"

"Vhell, some ouder mans come in mit a package und says vvas my name Carl Dunder. Yes, he haf some package for me from Noo York, und I haf to pay one dollar. Sergeant, I shumps on dot man und knocks him so cold dot his own uncle doan know him und beliefs he was a young man from Troy."

"Then you spotted him!"

"Spots! Spots! Yes, I see some spots! He belongs by der regular express company, und he was going to sue me for five thousand dollars! Can you see how she was? One time it vvas all wrong, und der next time it vvas all right. Nopody vvas two times alike in dis country, und I now bid you good-bye."

"Going away?"

"No matter. I was sixteen years in dis country und all der time I vvas in some mistakes. I was now played out. If you doan see me some more times remember dot I doan mean to do it, but der country was to blame.—Detroit Free Press.

**IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.**

—Siam keeps up with the procession. She is to have an electric railroad thirty miles long.

—China has 136 telegraph stations. The system is mainly controlled by the government, and the operators are all Danes.

—The first electric street railway in Chicago began to run its cars recently over about three and one-half miles of track.

—Queen Victoria has at last announced that she is decidedly averse to having the electric light introduced into Windsor Castle.

—An English Company has made a proposal to the Legislature of the island of Nassau to lay a cable to the coast of Florida if an annual subsidy is granted it.

—A large mining company has arranged for the introduction of the electric light into its pits in place of allowing each miner to carry his own lamp, as was heretofore the custom. The light will be placed along the roads, the lamps being fifteen yards apart.

—Some practical improvements in diving apparatus have been effected by M. Albert Marcelhacy, a French engineer. Instead of the heavy electric hand lamp hitherto used by divers he affixes a light but powerful glow lamp on the top of the helmet, so that the divers' hands are both at all times free for work.

—A patent has been granted for an electrical drill for oil wells. The device consists of a series of motors in tandem, connected in such a way as to make one motor. The design has been to get the power within a six-inch diameter, so that the entire mechanism, which much resembles a common boiler, can be lowered in the well and the power can be applied at the bottom. The drill bits are firmly fastened on the rod, which is worked rapidly in and out of a cylinder, after the manner of a piston-rod.

—It is gratifying to the large number of American electricians who have watched, with confidence in its eventual result, the huge Ferranti scheme at Deptford, England, for supplying current at exceedingly high voltages, to know that the operation of the Ferranti mains has passed the experimental stage. Thirty miles of mains have been laid down, and out of 8,000 joints only fifteen have been found to be faulty. Several of these have been due to no electrical trouble, but to the carelessness of the men in forgetting to remove the cotton waste from the socket end. There has been but one single fault from the inner to the outer conductor and this was due to moisture.—N. Y. Sun.

—Electric Power describes a new system of reporting base-ball and other games by means of an ingenious electrical apparatus. This device is intended not only to indicate the progress of distant games, but to enlighten the spectators on many points on which they are liable to be momentarily in doubt. All issues upon which the base-ball enthusiast expends such intense solicitude can now be clearly and reliably recorded, and all anxiety and uncertainty can be removed by a glance at the exhibition board placed in sight of the whole concourse of spectators, the indicators on which are electrically controlled, and operated by an experienced person located close to the diamond.

—The submarine system of the world embodies 129,079 nautical miles of cable, of which various government administrations own and operate 12,924 miles while the remainder is in the hands of private companies. The total cost of these cables is estimated to be \$200,000,000. The Eastern Telegraph Company, which owns the cable between England and India, operates 21,860 miles, with a far east extension of 12,958 miles more. Africa is completely surrounded by submarine cables, with an occasional branch to the coast, the last link having been finished to Cape Town only last year. To encircle the dark continent 17,000 miles of cable was required, and a dozen or more companies, backed and aided by the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese Governments, participated in the work. The North Atlantic is spanned by 11 cables, all laid since 1870, and footing up an aggregate of over 30,000 miles between North America and Europe.

**CHANGEABLE STONES.**

**Three Remarkable Curiosities Contained in the London Museum.**

Among the thousands of wonderful things in the British Museum none are more deserving of a description in "Notes for the Curious" than the three little pebbles known to the geologist of that institution as the "changeable stones." The largest of the three is about the size of a cherry-stone and of the same form, perhaps a little more ovate. Lying in its little glass case it appears to be perfectly opaque and of a yellowish color. Paradoxical as it may seem, it will scratch glass if it is drawn across it, but can itself be scratched with a common pen-knife. The various acids have no effect whatever upon it, but strange to relate, placed in water it soon becomes perfectly transparent and of a beautiful amber color. The change begins almost immediately after the immersion at one end of the ovate in the form of a minute spot or bead, being in this way wholly unlike the two smaller "changeable stones," in which the transparency begins around the edges and gradually envelopes the entire stone. In the large one the little globe-like spot increases by degrees until the stone becomes uniformly clear throughout. When removed from the water the end first to become transparent is first to become opaque, the dark-colored globe gradually hiding the transparency of the whole stone.

Bergman, Veltheim, Magellan and Buckman, all voluminous writers upon the hydrophanes and other changeable stones, tell us that some of the steatites exhibit changes quite as astonishing as those shown by the three pebbles in England's great national curiosity shop. Buckman and Veltheim were the first to particularly inquire into the nature of steatite and stones of similar composition. Their report on the remarkable changes wrought upon a piece of steatite upon which they were experimenting may not be wholly uninteresting to the Republic's readers who have a taste for the curious in its manifold forms. It is as follows: "As soon as the stone was placed in the water we noted a peculiar musty smell; also that several air bubbles rose to the surface of the water. Soon the first stone showed signs of becoming transparent, then several others were dropped into the same vessel. Some of them became colorless as soon as they were thoroughly dampened; others took on a more or less deep yellow color; some acquired a beautiful ruby hue, and others, still, the color of mother-of-pearl, or of a bluish opal. Whatever be the color of the liquid in which the hydrophane is immersed, it gains only its usual degree of transparency, with the color peculiar to it. When we look at it in its moist state we perceive a luminous point, varying in its situation as the position of the eye is altered."

The ancients also noticed the peculiar little luminous spot in the steatites and other hydrophanes, which was the cause of their calling such stones *Oculus Mundi*, they thinking the spot the image of the sun. According to Buckman, it is not the immediate picture of the sun, but a reflection refracted into the stone by the direct rays of old Sol; which may serve to remind us that the ancients knew a thing or two after all.—St. Louis Republic.

**GROCERIES.**

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

Every article guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

**A. H. ROLPH,**  
509 LUDINGTON STREET.

**MEAT MARKET.**

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

AT THE OLD STAND.  
**HERMAN BITTNER,**

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

**MEATS**

FRESH, SALTED AND SMOKED,  
by the carcass, quarter or pound at

**THE LOWEST OF PRICES**  
and promptly delivered, and solicits public patronage.

**J. N. MEAD.**

**J. N. MEAD**  
CAN SHOW YOU  
**WEDDING PRESENTS**  
IN EITHER  
Plush or Silverware.  
... Look Over His Stock ...

**STORIES OF ARTISTS.**

**The Pride of Talent Quite as Offensive as the Pride of Station.**

The late Count Andrassy was as good a friend as Munkaczky, the painter, ever had. On one occasion several of the Viennese Courtiers were disposed to rail at the premier's interest in the artist, and one of their number asked: "Don't you think you are making a mistake in paying so much attention to Munkaczky?"

"My friend," said Andrassy, "can you tell me the name of the Italian who was premier during Raphael's time?"

"Indeed we can not," was the answer.

"Very true," said Andrassy, "and three hundred years hence none will recall the premier Andrassy, but Munkaczky's fame will live forever."

This incident reminds me of the story that is told of Mme. Patti. It seems that upon one occasion she declined with some show of offended pride the Queen's "command" to sing in the royal presence. A friend sought to expostulate with her. "Remember, my dear," urged this friend, "that it is the Queen."

"And do you remember," retorted Patti, "that there are many queens, but only one Patti!"

I think that I told you in one of my letters some time ago that the British Queen, although fond of being entertained, was not disposed to pay liberally for entertainment. London artists are in constant terror lest they shall be commanded to perform at Windsor; it puts them out of pocket every time. They say that after Rubinstein played for the Queen he was escorted by a page to a chamber where a wretched cold luncheon awaited him; at the same time the page thrust into the great artist's hand a bit of paper in which ten sovereigns (\$50) were rolled up. Rubinstein disdainfully tossed the gold pieces into the midst of the luncheon and strode angrily out of the palace, using language more forcible than elegant.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

**Extinguishing Fires on Vessels.**

Investigation into the causes of the recent fires on steamships has shown that the use of a very simple means of fire extinction, the injection of carbonic acid gas into the hold, is very often not resorted to when it would be of the utmost service. It is a matter of surprise that this effective safeguard, which requires for its generation only a few barrels of marble dust and twenty or thirty gallons of hydrochloric acid, with hogsheads for the confinement of the gas and hose for its injection, is not universally employed for the preservation of life and property on the high seas, especially as in the hold of a vessel, which can be tightly closed, the principle of chemical extinction can be applied with almost certain success. The adoption of such a system would result not only in the saving of property, but might at any time prove the means of averting loss of life.—N. Y. Herald.

—A Suggestion.—Mr. Bingo—"I have just been to the circus and seen that fellow walk the tight rope. Any one could do that with the balancing pole he carries." Mrs. Bingo—"Then I wish you would order one to use nights."—N. Y. Sun.

**His Last Name.**

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?  
New Pupil—Tommy.  
Teacher—What is your full name?  
New Pupil—Tommy Jones.  
Teacher—Then Jones is your last name.  
Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other for a month afterward.—Cincinnati Commercial.

**A New Remedy.**

Father—Now listen to me, children; I want you from now on to be just as bad as you know how.  
Tommy—Won't you whip us, pa?  
Father—Not if you are very bad, but I'll whip you if you behave yourselves. Your aunt is coming to visit us, and I don't want her to stay long.—Texas Siftings.

**Another Bridge Disaster.**

Katrina (suspiciously)—How was dis, Hans, I find dot fiddle on de floor dis morning mit de pride proke. Vat dime you come hime last night, Hans?  
Hans (looking injured)—Katrina, dot pride disaster was a solemn ting; I shood on dot pride at midnight.—West Shore.

**His Nerve Not All Gone.**

"What are your symptoms?" asked the nerve doctor.  
"Well, I feel weak."  
"Exactly. Great disinclination to do any thing."  
"You've hit it exactly, doctor—disinclination to do any thing, and that's why I've come to see you."  
"Lucky you didn't put it off any longer. Bad taste in mouth mornings?"  
"Awful."  
"Vision dim?"  
"Can't see across the street."  
"You ought to have come here before. Your nerves want strengthening immediately. You've actually no nerve left."  
"No nerve left, you say?" With sudden energy: "Doctor, lend me ten dollars?"  
When the doctor came back from kicking the fellow into the street he muttered: "Try to borrow money of me! Well, he had a nerve."—Tid-Bits.

**Palmer's Little Joke.**

One of the Montana Commissioners to the World's Fair had one hobby; it was to keep politics out of the organization of the fair. When the question of Secretaryship was being discussed and the name of Ben Butterworth was named, the Montana man, addressing ex-Senator Palmer, asked:  
"What is Butterworth?"  
"Forty-five cents to-day," replied Mr. Palmer, without a quiver.—The Oregonian.

**Vegetable Silk.**

The Spinning Worm's Product Rivalled by an Alaska Flea.

The latest addition to William Bendt's collection of curios from the North is a bunch of fluffy little bolts that are deserving of more than the casual inspection of the curious, for the reason that they may lead to a new industry of valuable proportions. Wild cotton, the sailors call them, but a much more appropriate name would be vegetable silk. No material more resembles the floss that bursts out of the pod at the tips of the stalks of this strange Alaskan plant than would a similar-sized bunch of the finest cocoon silk. The bolts are from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, and the threads have about the same length. There are thousands of such threads in each bolt, and each thread is as fine as the finest thread of the silk-worm. They possess a great deal more luster than silk, and the threads have just about as much tensile strength.

The coloring is as rich as that of a south-sea sunset. A breath parts the ball to the very heart just as the fur of a sealskin separates under the same influence, and the roots of the threads are disclosed to be of a light orange, which shades through a rich tea-rose color to silver-gray at the tips.

The support of the bolts is a single slender stem, hollow and leafless, and of a pale-green color. A tiny pod, scarcely a quarter of an inch thick by a half long, incloses the floss until it bursts under the influence of the sun.

The plant was discovered by a party of deer-hunters, from the sealing schooner C. H. White, while visiting the interior in quest of fresh meat. They plucked a few specimens, and report that it grows so thickly that pedestrians can not help treading it under foot, and that beds of it cover countless miles of Alaska soil.—Chicago News.

**CHEAP RESTAURANTS.**

**Bed-Rock Charges Undoubtedly Reached in the German Capital.**

The cheapest restaurants in the world are undoubtedly in Berlin.

The effort to introduce horse-flesh in New York as an article of food has brought all the facts concerning the Berlin restaurants promptly to the front. There are dozens of places there where the meat of horses is eaten regularly, and they are indorsed by the health authorities of the German capital.

These restaurants furnish a meal of horse meat, bread and coffee for the moderate sum of six cents.

This would seem to be the bed-rock charge for a meal even in Berlin, but there is still a lower grade of restaurant. Very few tourists visit the restaurants on the outskirts and building districts of the city where the very poorest Germans buy their meals.

In these places there is a long bench placed in front of a table, in which soup plates made of tin are sunk into the wood. The plates will hold a little more than a pint of liquid. Opposite each plate or pan is a tin spoon chained to the table.

The prospective diner enters the restaurant, places three cents opposite his plate and then shouts "thick soup" or "thin soup," according to his epicurean desire. Then the comfortable and invariably very fat old woman who runs the restaurant waddles forward with a steaming kettle in her hand, fills the pan in front of the diner with soup, seizes his money, waddles back to the stove and then returning alams a large and square lump of black bread down in front of the guest.

The description is not alluring, but in reality every thing about these cheap restaurants is so exquisitely bright and clean, the soup is so good and the bread is so nutritious that no one need be afraid of it. Such places in the poorer districts of London and New York at the prices would be a blessing during the winter month.—N. Y. World.

**Peddlers Require Them.**

"Have you a license?" asked a man of a Pittsburgh wheelman.  
"A license?" asked the bicyclist, in astonishment. "What do I need a license for?"  
"To pedal."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"How is your suit prospering with Miss Jiltem?" "I fear it is all over. I asked her the important question last evening, and you should see the look of blank astonishment she gave me." "I congratulate you, old boy. Marriage is a lottery, you know, and it is better to draw a blank before than after paying for your ticket."—Boston Transcript.

**Watts—Is your teacher a man or woman, Tommy? Tommy—Neither. He's a dude.**

—Watts—Is your teacher a man or woman, Tommy? Tommy—Neither. He's a dude.—Indianapolis Journal.

### THE SISTERS.

Detroit readers will readily understand the implication of this poem. To those outside it is proper to say that the sequel refers to the case of Matilda Orosch, son years ago, who had her entire scalp torn from her head by her hair being caught by a revolving shaft. Her sister Emma, two years older, voluntarily submitted to have a piece of skin, eight by five and one-half inches, cut from her side, to graft upon her sister's head, but to keep the skin alive until it should adhere it was first attached by a narrow strip to Emma's body, and the two were bound together, remaining thus for four days.]

In Pagan Rome (if read the legend right, in early dawn of Mesianic light, Two sisters dwell. Twin-born, they grew, So like to like, that best to his scarce knew One from the other. In air, in form, in voice, In color, stature, eye, nor hair, was choice— So dwelt these sisters, matched in every grace, No less than stature, color, form and face. And equal matched in love—each seemed to share

With each, each thrill of joy, each heart-throb, cloud or care. Thus sped their lives, till one, the story heard, That told of life eternal—thecherished word, That since myriad millions has been given, Anchor of hope and faith, the hope of Heaven. She was consoled, but ere the fell decree Contingent her to the beast, she asked to see Her sister. Extending arm in arm they came To the arena. But which? Who? Which one! The name!

The herald vainly asked; "Tis me," said one, "Tis I; I am the one that is condemned to die." "No, no! 'Tis me, 'tis me!" the other said—"My sister, here, would suffer in my stead." Who shall be umpire in the strange dispute, Where love claims sacrifice, and self is mute?

Peering far upward in the azure sky, A floating speck is thrown upon the eye; Nearer it comes, and soon appears a dove, Messenger of hope, emblem of faith and love. Its forward course is stayed, and circling round, It seeks a resting place upon the ground— Comes near, and hovers o'er the sister's sight, Holding debate on which one to alight. The choice is made—the panting bird finds rest, Upon the hand for which it was in quest.

A hoarse shout rends the air:—"Tis she!" 'tis she! Let none dispute the fateful augury— The dove, mute witness, ooth the truth declare The gods are umpire 'twixt th' accusing pair, Let her fair form to howling beams be borne, And flesh from limb, and limb from limb, be torn.

Yet pause! What message doth the voy'geur bring? What fate's concealed beneath her faithful wing! The herald shall the silent scrip unroll, And read the con-ent of the fateful scroll. "The legends in the field this day proclaimed A new regime—another Caesar's name; Henceforth the new faith may abide in peace, And bloody persecution hence doth cease."

Dispersed in rage the disappointed throng, While converts joined in joyful praise and song; The sisters breathed their holy love anew, And twining arm in arm with grateful hearts withdrew.

Change we the scene upon another stage, And find the heroine in our modern age. Here is no dread of persecution grim— No boasts ferocious rend the quivering limb; Yet tyrant commerce claims her colleague of greed— In mine and shaft her countless victims bleed— Her engines rend the flesh and grind the bone— And wrench from tender youth kind nature's crown.

If Roman maiden would her sister save By suffering for her, no less grandly brave Is she who yields her tender flesh, to mend A sister's hurt—her blood with hers to blend. If the partizan may be guardian claim, The humble heroine both an equal fame.

Few dramas have a pathos more intense Than this we write: the day and night suspense— Where lie the sisters, bounden side by side, Awaiting issue of a thing untold. Not twins by birth, yet new-born twins are they— Their mingling blood marks later natal day— The cords that bind them are their matrix mold— A love thus nurtured never can grow cold.

—S. H. McCracken, in Detroit Free Press.

### THE SCAPEGRACE.

#### One Who Lives by an Ingenious System of His Own.

We who earn our living by hard work naturally regard with a good deal of interest those who manage to dodge this seeming necessity.

What are these mysterious mortals, we say, who toil not, neither do they steal, who have no property, nor any apparent source of income, yet they wear clothes, eat meals and sleep under a good roof like the rest of us?

We have a habit of speaking with contempt of these people, as though they were beneath us in the social scale. Are we not really in secret a little envious of their originality and courage?

If one should, for example, try the simple rule of "put yourself in his place—"

You, now, who make a living by some occupation, commonplace but reliable, suppose you were to wake to-morrow in a strange place, without money or friends, and with all work prohibited—what would you do? How would you arrange about breakfast, and, subsequently, about dinner, and supper, and a bed, and then numerous meals and beds thereafter? Would you not be frightened? Would you not be at a loss what to do? Well, that is where you would show your inferiority to those of whom we speak.

It must be admitted that they could, if they wished, earn a plain, honest living as we do; whereas could we, by the exercise of all our wits, exist a week after their fashion? *En effet*, there you have the whole matter.

Before I undertook a study of these singular beings, I had always thought of them as a class by themselves, pursuing, for the most part, similar methods. To live without work constituted in my mind a profession—like law or the ministry. I wronged them. I did not appreciate their feigned originality! There is no profession that is common to them all, but each has his own, complete in itself, unique and delicate as the miniature carved-work of the Japanese.

To tell of them is to tell of individuals, not of the class.

There was one who recently came to live at the very respectable boarding-place of the present writer. He was, as the naturalists would say, an excellent specimen—rather young, good looking, well dressed and correctly mannered. There are some of this class who have a slow habit of making a pretense of earning a living. They will maintain an office with "Real Estate," or "Commission," or something of that kind, on the door. To no such stupid vulgarly did Mr. Richard Kerth descend. Not even a suggestion of work cast a cloud upon his title of "gentleman."

I had known something of the previous career of Mr. Kerth, and when he took possession of two of the best rooms in the house I hastened to make his acquaintance. He treated me with easy condescension, and soon offered to borrow money of me.

I did not loan Mr. Kerth any money. It was indeed for a long time a source of quiet satisfaction to me that while a number of others, in plain view on all sides, were being taxed for the support of this American peer, I was exempt. But one day, when I was being measured for an overcoat, my tailor asked me what I knew about Mr. Richard Kerth, and told me that he owed fifty dollars on a suit of clothes. I answered Shearshy that I thought he had better charge it up to profit and loss. He immediately proceeded to do so. The overcoat which I ordered was more expensive by five dollars than I had expected, and possibly about nine other of Shearshy's customers suffered a similar amount of indirect taxation.

As time passed, I gained more and more of Mr. Kerth's confidence. I knew just enough about his past performances to make him think that my silence was a useful commodity, and he sought to purchase it with frankness. He was, however, loth to betray his secret all at once, but prepared me beforehand by various significant hints to appreciate better its mysterious nature.

One evening, when he was smoking one of my cigars before my fire, he said: "I am getting very hard up; I must raise some money."

I said: "How will you do it?" "I have a method of my own," he answered, "which I apply whenever I am in need of ready cash."

"What is it like?" He smiled with the smile of a sphinx, as he replied: "I call it a system of absence."

On several occasions he made use of phraseology similar to the above. For example, once he said to me: "I get a good enough living out of not being in certain places at certain times."

Further, he would not explain. About this time his creditors, of whom the crop seemed to be perennial, began to press him close, and it was evident that unless the ready cash should presently come to his rescue, he was lost—that is, lost in the same way that he had been lost many times before.

In the nick of time the money came, however, and he proceeded, with the skill of a practical debtor, to make a small stream of cash irrigate a vast area of credit. This being accomplished, he was at ease again; and one night, over a bottle of wine and cigars, he told me how he had raised the money.

"It wasn't much," he said, carelessly—"five or six hundred. I manage to raise that sum about four times a year. If you understand how to make it go good as twice that, you know. Now, I'll tell you. I have, back East, a number of relatives—rich, respected and all that. Money comes from them. Easy enough, you think? Well, I would. I am the black sheep of the outfit—scapegrace, you know. And do you imagine they would ever give up a bean for me, if I did not come at 'em with something worse than a gun? Why, sir, the whole bloody layout is so mean, and they hate me so, that I give you my word, if I was roasting in the lowest depths of Sheol, there isn't one of 'em would loan you a fork to go and see if I was done. No sir! That's the kind of citizens they are. But I notice they come up pretty regular just the same."

He flicked the ashes from his high-priced cigar into the fire-place with an impressive gesture. Then from his desk he produced several letters and a large book labeled "journal."

"Here it is," he exclaimed, throwing the book down on the table in front of me; "Richard Kerth's Ready Letter Writer, or the Art of Holding Up Our Relations." And here are sample returns," he added, dropping the letters on the table. "But you had better begin at my end of the transaction. Read in the book first—the last batch of letters copied there. I always copy 'em so as to keep track of what I'm doing."

I opened the volume at the place where he indicated, and began to read aloud: "Hiram Griffin, Cleveland, O.—My Dear Uncle—"

"My mother's only brother," interpolated the scapegrace—"Presbyterian elder—hardware merchant—moral citizen."

I read on: "I suppose you will be devilish glad to learn that I have at last decided to turn my face homeward. I'm tired of wandering, and it's mighty poor picking out here. I expect to start in a couple of weeks, unless I hear from you in the meantime. A lot of California stock will be entered at the fall meeting at Cleveland, and I think I can fix for both of us to get in on the ground floor, so that we can make a good thing out of it. How are Bill and Jimmy?"

"William and James," said the black sheep, rolling up his eyes; "his sons, whom he is bringing up in the way they should go—pious youths of sixteen or thereabouts."

"I expect they would enjoy the races and some of the life that I could show them. I plan to spend a month in Cleveland, and perhaps may locate there. Some of the fellows are making up a party to go to China. If I had a couple of hundred more I would go with them, but I have only just enough to take me home. Your affectionate nephew, RICHARD."

"Cold chills ran down his back when he read that letter," said Mr. Kerth. "Here is his reply. He prays for the salvation of my soul, and incloses a check for two hundred. See? Read the next one."

It was addressed to "S. Van Doosan Kerth, The Beachamp, New York City," and began: "Dear Uncle—"

"Father's brother," the scapegrace explained; "old bachelor—great swell. He never saw me, and has an idea that I am very wild and woolly, like every thing west of the Croton aqueduct."

I read as follows: "DEAR UNCLE—Respected brother of my parent; I take my pen in hand to let you know that two weeks from date I shall take the train for your city, and shall visit you at the Beachamp House, where you are staying. If you should happen to be out of town, I will wait until you get back, for I mean to stay in your city hereafter; I hope to get a job there. I know you will help me, as your brother's son, to get a job. Perhaps Mr. Beachamp would like a man to carry trunks. I know you will be glad to see me. If I could get into the grocery business here I would stay, and a man I know of will take me in for two hundred dollars. Please look for me at the depot in the emigrant car. Your nephew, RICHARD."

"Imagine Uncle Van Doosan reading that epistle at his club," said the scapegrace; "I wonder it didn't give him a stroke of apoplexy. However, it was not the first of its kind. He always comes up. I don't have to whistle twice to him."

The next was addressed to "Mrs. Elizabeth Pennington, Germantown, Philadelphia."

"Van Doosan's sister," said the scapegrace; "they have quarreled and won't compare notes. She is a widow, with a fine income and an elegant place. Two lovely marriageable daughters."

The letter set forth the intended visit of Mr. Richard Kerth to the East and his plan to spend some time at Germantown—at his aunt's residence, if she wished it so; if not, with some friends of his there by the name of Boggs. There were various gallant references to Mr. Kerth's cousins, and a delicate insinuation that he would probably fall in love with one of them during his visit. There was also a casual reference to the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

"She was short this time," remarked the writer of the letter, aloud; "only sent a hundred. Strike her deeper next time."

There were two more letters in the batch—both to cousins living in Chicago. They were full of mysterious hints about good times to be enjoyed when he should visit that city shortly. Each demanded a plain loan of fifty dollars.

"I send them to their houses," said he, with a villainous grin; "their wives read 'em first. Good for fifty any time."

I noticed that the book was written nearly full, and that Mr. Kerth's "visiting list"—if so it might be called—contained some ten or fifteen names. Each letter was dated, and underneath was entered the result achieved. The latter was generally favorable.

"Whenever the machinery gets rusty," said the scapegrace, "which happens every four or five years, I take a trip East and lubricate things. After that," he added, with a wink, "it runs better."

I do not know whether I have done wisely in making these facts public. For there are many people who might easily sell their absence at a good figure—if they only understood the art.—Fred Bayham, in San Francisco Argonaut.

### AN ENDLESS DEBATE.

Whether K by Did or Whether She Didn't Will Never Be Decided.

There is one crop of early autumn that grows on trees which doesn't vary much, and that is the katydids. Climatic influences are favorable to the growth of this fruit. It is a singular thing that on the same trees where forty years ago, as little elms, these chanting insects lived, they now stay. They are never known to change from one tree to another. There may be several elms of equal size on one street, but two trees will most likely hold all the katydids, and from the first chosen greenery they never budge.

The same way one yard will have its number, or one tree in a yard; the next person's grounds, although just as cool and shaded, will have none. Those in the same trees or yards have good manners, never interrupting each other, but listening intently for their turn to express their belief as to whether Katy did or didn't. The outside world, after listening for years to the debate, is divided as to opinion. Just the same as our more important subjects, it judges in accordance with the sentiments of its own consciousness.

These little green chanters never change their opinion. For year after year they belong to the dids or didn'ts, and by no mistake alter their saying. One may tramp around the trees where they live, may sit beneath them, talk, laugh or indulge in any noise, and Katy chants on in undisturbed monologue. But lay a hand, ever so lightly, against the bark of a tree, or one says who has tried it, and their notes are instantly hushed, remaining quiet until the hand is removed. In darkness, when one creeps safely up to an elm tree where, above in the branches, is taking place a loquacious dialogue, and gently rest the palms of the hands against the bark, the silence is painfully sudden.

There was once a man visiting Rhode Island whose ambition was to possess some elm trees, and in them katydids. He had the elms for the katydids, but no katydids for the elms. So he came from his distant home and got possession of one, which he carried back and put well up in the greenery of the elm. Then he waited. The katy was as dumb as a sealed fruit jar, and wouldn't say a word. He wrote back to inquire why the thing wouldn't open its mouth and sing. He was informed, first, that the thing didn't speak the sentence with any mouth, but with its legs; second, that although the divorce laws of Rhode Island were often brittle enough to sever knots tied by ministers, still he need not expect any garrulous hilarity from one katydid separated from its mate and alone in a strange land. Then another was sent and put in the tree, and in true marital style one said Katy did, and got contradicted in about a second. They've kept it up ever since.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### The President Squire.

Squirrels are systematic and thoughtful providers for the emergencies of a long winter, and not only stow away their favorite food in one grand storehouse, but make deposits at other places, so that in case the chief nuttry should be destroyed or become exhausted the sub-store can be fallen back upon. When the snow has lain on the ground late in the spring holes may be seen at various places in the woods where the squirrels have dug down through it to reach the stores of nuts which they buried months before. This instinct with which they find such spots, covered as they are with probably a foot of snow, is unerring and marvelous.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Wonderful Sell.

Sumway—That man Thompson is an awful liar. He says that in Kansas he has planted potatoes one day and had them for dinner the next.

Larkin—Well, it doesn't hurt potatoes all the time in the ground over night.—West Shore.

### AN EXCITING PULL.

A Young Indian Hunter and His Canoe Towed by a Stag.

The following story is told by an officer of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada:

Some Indian hunters were peddling in their little bark canoes across one of the large Canadian lakes. As they were threading their way between the islands with which the lake was studded, they noticed some animal swimming in the water some distance ahead. Paddling with all speed, they soon came near enough to the object to perceive that it was a stag crossing, as they are wont to do, from one island to another. The animal, as soon as he noticed that he was being pursued, made frantic efforts to increase his speed. The Indians, however, found little difficulty in keeping pace with him, but refrained from killing him till he was near the shore lest he should sink and be lost.

As they followed him toward the shore, which was still some distance off, it suddenly occurred to a young Indian in the foremost canoe that he might enjoy a little amusement at the stag's expense; so, quick as thought, he caught up a cord that lay beside him, formed it into a noose, threw it over the stag's horns and attached the other end to his canoe, thus compelling the creature to draw his canoe and himself through the water. His intention was to dispatch the animal with his gun or his axe as soon as he got sufficiently near the shore.

Great was the merriment excited in the party as the stag labored on with the canoe and its occupants in tow. But a sudden surprise was in store for them. The water became shallow and the stag gained a footing sooner than the Indian had calculated. No sooner did the animal feel firm ground beneath his feet than with two or three frantic bounds, he sprang forward, taking the canoe and the Indian with him, and, before the rest could realize the situation, he reached the shore.

Here, in an instant, the man was precipitated on the stones and the canoe dashed into a thousand pieces and the stag made his way off triumphantly into the depths of the forest.

The young hunter was not killed, but he was so bruised and battered that it was some months before he was able to resume his usual occupations.—N. Y. Journal.

### RULE OF CONTRARIES.

The World Is Populated Largely by Rolling Stones.

The world is to a large extent populated by "rolling stones." Sometimes a stone that is quite willing to roll is stuck by force of circumstances on some rocky ledge which prevents its further travels, but the inclination to roll is just as good an example of the prevalence of the rule of contraries as the action itself. I believe fully one-half of the civilized persons who have lived in the world have gone down to their graves under the impression that they had utterly and entirely mistaken their vocations.

Just as the man who, after selecting a seat in a car with forethought and deliberation, finds that after all, he has made a mistake and that the seat opposite is the one he should have chosen, so men discover that their talents run in any other groove rather than the one they have selected or into which the force of circumstances has driven them.

The soldier feels that his name would have been a household word if only he had been an actor; the actor feels that if he had followed the profession of arms he would have been a Wellington, a Napoleon or a Grant; the lawyer feels that if only he had escaped the petty drudgery of the legal profession he would have achieved a grand success whether as an actor or a soldier. The man who feels that he is occupying the exact niche that nature created for him is a rarity, a veritable black swan.

While, of course, there is a ludicrous side to this prevalent rule of contraries, it has its disadvantages. The man who feels that he has mistaken his vocation in life is generally a discontented individual. The woman who sees too late that she has been tied to the wrong man is apt to make mistakes in her conduct of affairs, and in fact this longing for what can not be is a mistake. The tempting prospect which seems so easy of access is but a mirage, and between it and you stretch vast arid deserts, where you are much more likely to fall than on your present path, whatever the obstacle in it. The right kind of man is he of whom Horace sings: "Justum ac tenacem propositum."—Saturday Review.

### HOW TEA IS MADE IN JAPAN.

An Art Peculiar to the People of That Country.

Tea making in Japan is a fine art. The teapot is small and dainty like those sold for bric-a-brac at Japanese shops, and the teacups, often of fine Cloisonnes, with plain enameled linings, are each no larger than a giant's thumb. With them is a year-shaped pitcher for boiling water, and a lacquer box containing choice tea. Among the rich these appurtenances accompany a brand of tea so rare that none of it is ever exported.

The Japanese host scoops out enough of the precious herb (with an ivory implement shaped like a large tealeaf) to loosely fill the little teapot. He then pours over it hot, not boiling, water, and in less than a moment the tea-maker begins to pour off a stream of pale yellow tea into cups which are never filled more than half-way up, and they are at once served to visitors and the family. It is needless to say that the tea, losing no part of its delicate aroma, is fragrant and delicate as any concoction can possibly be. How different from the coarse, clumsy teamaking of the American, or rather of Bridget's method! Of course, the tea is slowly sipped, yet even then it is strong enough to keep the guest awake half the night, unless he is accustomed to Japanese teamaking.—N. Y. Star.

Woman—Have you no trade? Hungry Higgins—I used to be a coal-dealer, mum, but I am a weigh-fairer now. Hal hal hal Woman—What are you laughing at?—Indianapolis Journal.

**DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU?** 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.** It is recommended 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.**

**LIME!**  
**BUILDERS' AND MECHANICS' SUPPLY HOUSE.**  
**J. M. LE BEAU & CO.**  
NO. 317 LUDINGTON ST.  
Having bought the stock and good will of E. ROCK & CO., now offers to those in need thereof

**BUILDING MATERIALS**  
Brick, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Etc.  
In any quantity and on favorable terms.  
The public can depend upon finding us hereafter, as the establishment is a permanent one.

**COAL.**  
**J. F. OLIVER,**  
ALL KINDS OF  
Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg  
**COAL**  
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.  
Office on Merchant's Dock.  
ESCANABA, MICH.

**HARDWARE.**  
**Builders' : Hardware,**  
LIME AND HAIR,  
**Sash, - Doors - and - Blinds,**  
Garden and Farm Tools,  
—And all articles of—  
\* Heavy and Shelf Hardware at Low Prices, \*  
By **W. W. OLIVER,** Carroll Block,  
408 LUDINGTON STREET,  
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

**LUMBER of all KINDS**  
Lath and Shingles, Dressed Flooring,  
Siding and Wainscoting.  
**The I. Stephenson Co.,**  
GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.  
Office, Tilden Ave., north: Yard, Wells Ave., east: Mills, Flat Rock.  
Escanaba, Michigan



LEGAL.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Marquette, Mich. First publication Dec. 30, 1899.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta. At a session of the Probate Court for said County held at the Probate Office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday the 5th day of January, in the year A. D. 1899.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE MICH. Jan. 10, 1899. Notice is hereby given that the following named settlers have filed notices...

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of the Cochran-Kell & Mills Company will be held at the office of the company on Stephenson avenue in the city of Escanaba, Delta County, Mich., on 5th day, the thirty-first day of January, 1899.

The Atlantic for 1899 will contain The House of Martha, Frank R. Stockton's Serial. Contributions from Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Whittier.

Mr. Percival Lowell will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan. The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman.

There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thanet, and others. Untechnical papers on Questions in Modern Science will be contributed by Professor Osborn, of Princeton, and others.

The Atlantic for 1899. TERMS: \$4.00 a year in advance, postage free; 50 cents a number. With new 128-size portraits of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait, \$1.00.

Blaine vs. Gladstone. Blaine's famous reply to Gladstone has been issued in pamphlet form. This is one of the ablest presentations of the benefits of Protection yet published, and should be widely read.

A Wonder Worker. Mr. Frank Hullman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around.

The democrats in the New York legislature have nominated Dave Hill to succeed Senator Everts. The contest is close—the vote of a confessed thief, one D. Marast, from New York city—is necessary to Hill's election and it may not be possible to get it.

Hold It to the Light. 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.

Another snow storm visited southern Europe on Saturday last and the suffering, which was had enough before, was aggravated. Like the storm of ten days previous it reached the African coast also.

Mr. William T. Price, a justice of the peace, at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work.

Your druggist desires to inform the public that he is agent for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced for colds, coughs and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment.

Milge's Nerve and Liver Pills. An important remedy. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation.

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

FILLS THE BILL! AMOUS AVORITE FAMILY FREE PRESS YOU WANT. 1. A CLEAN, WHOLESOME PAPER that you can safely take into your family.

AFRICAN LAKE DWELLERS. Blacks Who Rear Their Huts on Piles in the Denham Waters. Much attention was recently called to the region around Kotonou, on the Gulf of Guinea, near which place several hundred of the women warriors of the King of Dahomey were killed in battle by the French troops.

On a good map one may see the "Denham waters" near Kotonou. This is the home of these lake dwellers. The towns have each a population of from 200 to 300 souls to as many thousands. Physically the people are fine and healthy specimens of Africans, and as a rule they are free from disease.

These natives are fishermen, and also a pastoral people. It is a curious fact that they keep cattle in pens adjoining their houses built on piles over the water like their dwellings. Sometimes during the dry season the shallowness of the water admits of the cattle being allowed to wander on terra firma; but fodder is brought in canoes with many less fortunate animals which are compelled to eke out their existence in these pens surrounded by water until such time as they are tethered and transported by canoe to the butcher.

The failure of the American National caused a run on the Kansas City Savings Bank. It was heavy but was paid in full and the bank saved \$20,000 by it—1000 forfeited by depositors.

In some other parts of Africa, particularly in the Congo basin, the habit of dwelling in huts sustained on piles in lakes or rivers is very largely followed, and perhaps a million or two of the people of Africa are still perpetuating the phase of life of which we have relics in the remains of the lake dwellers of the pre-historic era.—N. Y. Sun.

LOOKING-GLASSES. How They Are Made is a Secret Even to the Workmen Employed. "How is a looking-glass made?" was the question asked by a reporter of a local Pittsburgh manufacturer engaged in that line of business.

On the side of the Big Black Mountain, 300 yards from the Wise County line in Harlan County, Ky., there stood until lately a tree that is thought to be the most valuable tree in the Appalachian mountains.

Domestic Problems. Mr. Newwed—My dear, I wish you'd tell that cook we don't like our beefsteak burned, and don't want our roasts raw. Mrs. Newwed—Tell her? How can I? She never comes into the parlor and she won't let me go into the kitchen.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Discrepancy Somewhere. Travers—Look here, doctor, this medicine hasn't done me a particle of good. I've been taking it regularly once a day now for a month. Doctor Reaper—But I told you to take it three times a day. Travers—No, you didn't. You told me to take it after each meal.—Jury.

HOW DEATH COMES. Signs Which Indicate the Approach of the Dark Angel. The signs of impending death are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases. Shakespeare, who observed every thing else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to the extremities, which consequently become cold, a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is more painful than birth. It is because, in a certain, proportion of cases, dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that the idea exists, but it is nearly as certain as any thing can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest, and as facts are facts, the wiser course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is equally black and death keeps no calendar.—Medical Journal.

THRILLING EXPERIENCE. A Telegraph Operator's Hut Attacked by Bears and Wildcats. The telegraph operator at the tunnel about eight miles above Penn Haven Junction, on the Lehigh Valley railroad, had a remarkable and thrilling experience on Thursday night, says a letter from Wilkesbarre, Pa. The place is a very lonely one. There is not a dwelling within over two miles of it, the nearest one being Mud Run, where the awful railroad disaster occurred two years ago.

FOR SALE. \$1,000. Choice Business Lot. On North Sarah Street, near Cochrane Mills. INQUIRE AT 813 Ludington Street.

BOILERS. STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.) Manufacturer of High and low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, brachings, etc. Old-boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Co. Foundry St. at Michigan Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH.

MANHOOD! How Lost, How Restored. Read Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated "Essay on the Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness" induced by early indiscretion and excess. The celebrat'd author in this admirable, easy, clearly demonstrated, 30 years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of said disease may be cured cheaply, privately and radically, no matter what the condition of the sufferer may be. This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man. Send under seal a plain envelope, post paid, on receipt of two postage stamps (4c). Sample of medicine free. The Culverwell Medicine Co. Established 1850. 400 Box 40 New York, N. Y.

20000.00 a year is being made by John B. Goodwin, 107 N. 7th St. work for us. Reader, you may not work as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$10 to \$100 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare moments to the work. All is new. Great pay HERE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, FREELY, HONESTLY. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STIMMONS & CO., WESTLAWN, PA.

SULPHUR BITTERS. THE GREAT German Remedy. TRUTHS FOR THE SICK. For those deathly Bilious Spasms, Headaches, Nausea, etc., it will cure you. Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling? If so, use Sulphur Bitters. It will cure you. Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and work shops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use Sulphur Bitters. They will not then be weak and sickly. If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of Sulphur Bitters. It never fails to cure. Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it. Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use Sulphur Bitters. They will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard. Try Sulphur Bitters to-night, and you will sleep well Sulphur Bitters. Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & CO., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

SHOES. No more of this! Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet. THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO. make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This allows the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off. Call for the "Colchester" "ADHESIVE COUNTERS." At Retail by Greenboot Bros., John Corcoran, R. R. Sterling, Ephraim & Morrell, Escanaba.

FOR SALE. \$1,000. Choice Business Lot. On North Sarah Street, near Cochrane Mills. INQUIRE AT 813 Ludington Street.

BOILERS. STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.) Manufacturer of High and low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds, smoke pipes, brachings, etc. Old-boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Co. Foundry St. at Michigan Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH.

MANHOOD! How Lost, How Restored. Read Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated "Essay on the Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness" induced by early indiscretion and excess. The celebrat'd author in this admirable, easy, clearly demonstrated, 30 years' successful practice that the alarming consequences of said disease may be cured cheaply, privately and radically, no matter what the condition of the sufferer may be. This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and man. Send under seal a plain envelope, post paid, on receipt of two postage stamps (4c). Sample of medicine free. The Culverwell Medicine Co. Established 1850. 400 Box 40 New York, N. Y.

20000.00 a year is being made by John B. Goodwin, 107 N. 7th St. work for us. Reader, you may not work as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$10 to \$100 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare moments to the work. All is new. Great pay HERE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, FREELY, HONESTLY. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STIMMONS & CO., WESTLAWN, PA.

20000.00 a year is being made by John B. Goodwin, 107 N. 7th St. work for us. Reader, you may not work as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from \$10 to \$100 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your spare moments to the work. All is new. Great pay HERE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, FREELY, HONESTLY. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STIMMONS & CO., WESTLAWN, PA.

JEWELRY. THE BEST ALL OVER THE WORLD. BOSS' WATCH CASES. WALKER HAS THEM, OF COURSE, AND WITH THEM American Watches of any make wanted, and a complete stock of JEWELRY. ALL AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

HARNESS! Saddlery, Buggies and Carriages. Corner Ludington and Dousman Streets, ESCANABA, MICH.

ADHESIVE COUNTERS. Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. Prescribed and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. Sold by Druggists. PRICE \$1.00. Justin N. Mead, Agent.

CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM. Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed to cure Catarrh, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Hayfever, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. Price 50 cents.

Ely's Cream Balm. Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Alleviates 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. He will sell Twelve Ideal Cabinets and one, extra, in a Gilt and Bronze Frame—for only \$3. And he positively guarantees the Finest Pictures in the land.

MONEY. can be earned at the NEW line of work, rapidly and honestly, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. Your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new and highly wonderful method of earning money. Businessmen are earning from \$10 to \$50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We will furnish you the information and teach you FREE. No money to be paid. Information FREE. TRUBB & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY. PATENTS. A pamphlet of information and abstracts of the laws showing how to obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, and Fees. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Blaine vs. Gladstone. Blaine's famous reply to Gladstone has been issued in pamphlet form. This is one of the ablest presentations of the benefits of Protection yet published, and should be widely read. Send for a copy to the American Protective Tariff League, 23 West Twenty third Street, New York, inclosing a two cent stamp.

# REMNANT SALE

## COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 12

In all lines of Dry Goods.

# Remnants Dress Goods, Embroidery, Laces

Over 1,000 yards of LACES worth from 10 to 25c a yard to be sold at



ED. ERICKSON.

ERICKSON & BISSELL.

# Erickson & Bissell,

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

THE OLD CROCCERY CORNER,

Now offer the public of Escanaba and vicinity

# Complete - Stocks - of - Goods

IN EVERY LINE—

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES,

At prices guaranteed to suit.

GIVE THEM A CALL.

MEAT MARKET.

# Q. R. HESSEL,

Successor to Hessel & Hentschel, DEALER IN—

# Meats of All Kinds!

Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and

RIGIDLY INSPECTED.

both on the hoof and after slaughter, and

Every Ounce Warranted.

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

Q. R. HESSEL.

LUMBER.

# A. H. Butts,

—Dealer in—

# LUMBER

OFFICE AND YARD,

Near C. & N. W. Passenger Depot.

A full assortment constantly on hand, consisting of

# Lumber, Lath, Shingles,

Sash, Doors and Blinds at Lowest Prices.

Estimates furnished contractors and others on short notice.

GIVE ME A CALL.

DRUGGIST.

# GEORGE PRESTON,

—Dealer in—

# Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

Pure Old Liquors

For Medicinal Purposes Only,

# Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines,

—AND—

# CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

302 LUDINGTON ST.

East End

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

# Wall Paper and Borders,

Panel, Centre Pieces, Etc.

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

GEORGE PRESTON.

Please find number above.

### Ungrateful Man.

(A Fish Story.)

All ye who would aspire  
To the title, "Champion Liar,"  
Pass this brief epistle by  
Lest from very shame ye die.

But ye ones of lesser claim,  
Liar yet unknown to fame  
Who to twist the truth would know,  
Listen to my tale of woe.

One fine day of recent date  
He (the man) essayed to skate  
To the land across the bay;  
"Cross the bay and back again!"  
That his one ambition was,  
And his reason just because  
He would do as other men.  
Cold the air and long the way;  
Light of foot and lighter hearted  
O'er the field of ice he started  
Just to cross the bay and back;  
Over open seam and crack,  
Heeding not the warning rumble,  
Minding not the tr p and tumble,  
Till, with patient persevering,  
Soon the limestone cliff seemed nearing;  
And he said, with hopeful air,  
"Half an hour will see me there."  
Man proposed but fate disposed:  
Ere he had more time to think,  
He was struggling in the drink,  
Over him the water closed.

Did he stay there? Just a minute!  
Guess most people would have fainted,  
But instead he got acquainted  
With the bay and what was in it,  
Met a big and burly trout  
Who proposed to pull him out.  
So he made a close connection  
With the big trout's dorsal fin,  
And was hauled in the direction  
Of the place where he fell in.  
Having there effected landing  
He upon firm ice was standing  
Clasping still the fish's fin,  
And the fish, tho' tender hearted,  
From the man would fain be parted.  
An began to say: "Dro- in  
Any time when going past."  
But the man said: "Not so fast!  
Surely we two can agree,  
I for you have fond affection;  
Just you come in my direction,  
I will take you home with me."  
So the man, grown strong and bolder,  
Slung the trout across his shoulder,  
To his home his captive took,  
Gave instructions to the cook  
And, as I'm a living sinner,  
Ate that fish for Friday's dinner.

### MORAL.

Whether beast or fish or man,  
If on doing kindness bent,  
Help your neighbor if you can,  
But stay in your own element.

### PERSONAL.

—Miss Caddie Oliver went to Chicago yesterday.

—Wallace Van Dyke is now captain of the military club.

—Mrs. Chas. Burns went this week to visit at Manistique.

—Judge C. R. Brown, of Marquette was in town on Tuesday.

—Capt. Schwartz, of Crystal Falls, was at the Oliver on Monday.

—E. R. Hall, of Ishpeming, was in town on Monday, visiting the 1st National bank, of which he is a director.

—President Fuller of the Cochrane Co., is in Ohio, pushing the "Big One."

—Mrs. Leon Ephraim returned this week Friday to her home in Manistique.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Waite arrived here on Wednesday evening.

—Myers Ephraim departed on Thursday to visit a brother at Giddings, Texas.

—Col. N. G. Parker, late of the Sault, is now domiciled in our city and is henceforth one of us.

—Misses Sara and Frankie McHale are visiting in Chicago having departed thither on Monday last.

—Miss Irene McNeil went yesterday to visit her (and our) friend Miss Rose Hurd at Oconomowoc, Wis.

—John Fuhrman, of Baldwin, was in town on Tuesday and Iron Port goes to another subscriber to day.

—G. M. and Charlie West are en route homeward from St. Andre's Bay and expected to arrive next week.

—Supt. Saunders, of Fayette, was in town on Wednesday but our man with a faber failed to "work him" for items.

—O. B. Fuller will get away, with his family, for a visit at Muskegon, early next week. Mr. Fuller will visit New York before his return.

—A. H. Rolph goes tomorrow to attend the session of the Masonic grand lodge and the dedication of the Masonic home at Grand Rapids.

—Mrs. Rolph accompanies A. H. as far as Chicago, where she will make an extended visit.

—John Washo, Jr., of Nahma, was in town yesterday to enter (or prove up) a homestead claim. Being an old friend of Iron Port, he called on us and paid a subscription.

### THE STATE.

THERE IS NOT a republican newspaper in the state of Arkansas, nor is there likely to be for the present; there is too much shot-gun in Arkansas politics to tempt publishers.

THE ELECTION of Wachtel as speaker of the house of representatives is said to foreshadow the senatorial candidacy of Hon. S. O. Fisher two years hence, if the republicans of the state stay at home at that time.

ROGER Q. MILLS had his fighting clothes on last Tuesday and treated the horse to a specimen of Texas good breeding. It became necessary to call in the sergeant at arms to make him behave like a gentleman.

IT HAS BEEN customary to pay the members of the legislature from this peninsula a per diem of five dollars, by resolution and special appropriation; but they do not propose to be bound by the precedent. A senate caucus of democrats has decided against the appropriation and the house democrats are in accord and will take similar action. Rough on our republican members, but they can stand it for two years.

A PARTY of eleven, coasting down Lave street hill, at Appleton, on Saturday evening last were thrown into the river from the bridge and three of the number were drowned. The "double runner" on which the party was loaded got away from the steerer and dashed through the balustrade of the bridge. We gather information from the Green Bay Advocate, which gives the name of but one of the persons drowned—Miss May Carey—whose body had not been recovered. The Advocate also chronicles the death, at Chicago, of Douglas Beaumont, in his 33d year.

THE Soo line follows the St. Paul and orders its telegraphers to drop out of the O. R. T. on pain of grand bounce. It wants a row, evidently, and we hope it may get one. The attempt of the railway companies to destroy the telegraphers' organization, if successful, will open the way for similar attacks upon the others labor organizations, and the brakemen, the firemen, engineers and conductors should make the telegraphers' cause their own. They may as well, any how; if the O. R. T. goes down their societies follow—there's no question as to that.

DR. JACKSON, of Chicago, does not like the new fashions in Methodism. In a paper read at a "minister's meeting" in that city this week he said:

"Pretty soon you'll see advertisements like this: 'Send a 2 cent stamp and learn the way to be saved. The quickest and surest way. Don't be fooled by swindlers, but send to us at once.'"

You send your 2 cent stamp and you'll soon get a card by mail with full instructions and rules to follow.

In those good old show'nt' days people sang "Where will we find Jesus?" Now with abundant church literature it seems to have become a sort of mathematical calculation, like a game of chess. You move so and so, you get the devil checkedmate and the game is yours."

"BROTHERLY LOVE" and "Knighly heroism" are the headlines over columns of gush in the Chicago papers about 150 Knights Templar who each gave a scrap of skin to cover a great wound on the body of a brother that he might live. There was nothing but commonest humanity about the whole business and the gush is gratuitous. The 150 suffered no more than one does who hits his thumb with a tack hammer, swears a little, claps the thumb in his mouth until it ceases to ache, and thinks no more of it. The whole buffed and fifty gave no more to their brother than the little Oresch girl, at Detroit, gave her sister and made no fuss about. Stop; they did; they each gave him a day of abstinence—took no luscious for 24 hours before the scrap of skin was shaved off. Perhaps that was "heroic."

Don Cameron succeeds himself as senator from Pennsylvania, Teller comes back from Colorado, Vance is re-elected from North Carolina and Vest from Missouri, Mitchell from Oregon and Squire from Washington.

The New York legislature voted for senator on the 20th but, for want of the vote of the democratic member who was in jail, Dave Hill could not "get there." Ball has been furnished for the rascal and he will be on hand when the next vote is taken.

Five of the most desperate convicts in the Jackson prison attempted an escape on the night of Jan. 15. They got out of their cells and out of the cell block, to the roof, but were discovered and returned to safer quarters. One of them was the murderer of Officer Shoemaker and the others were burglars.

One Carson, reformed at the Ionia reform school and a pet of the warden, is now wanted for a causeless murder. He was jealous of one man and shot another.

Chauncey H. Millen, of Ann Arbor, died of congestion of the lungs Sunday. He had resided there since 1837 and was well known and highly esteemed.

Rumor declares that the Detroit Tribune has again changed hands; that James R. Dee, of the News, is to be managing editor and John A. Russell his first assistant.

J. P. Van Norman, of Saginaw, attempted to work the green goods racket, but was caught and held for trial. Saginaw is something of a town, but too small for that "industry."

Mayor Pingree proposes a grand park for Detroit, at a cost of, say, \$5,000,000. It would be, if the plan was carried out, an enlargement of the campus martius.

The Michigan Salt Association will go out of existence March 31, and the business be conducted by individuals and firms.

The prohibition state convention is called for February 17, at Jackson.

The Warren-Lewis Lumber Co., of Bay City, has gone up, bad.

It was a cowardly scoundrel who poisoned Wirt Wickham's well, at Battle Creek, and killed his horses.

The convention of the "Industrial" party is called for February 12, at Lansing. Chairman Winnie will be there and hopes to see a few others.

Jo. Moran was fully identified, upon examination, as the man who assaulted and robbed Mrs. Eastman, at Jackson, and is booked for a long term in the state prison.

The Detroit Journal of the 20th says that the sale of the Tribune to J. R. Dee is accomplished, he having bought the stock held by Perry Hannah, Wm. Edson, J. S. Edson, C. A. Black, James H. Stone and others.

The schools of Portland have been closed by the health officer to prevent the spread of scarlet fever.

Charles S. Hampton appointed game warden but will appoint no deputies until he sees what the legislature does about the recommendation of the governor that his office be abolished.

### The Latest.

E. M. Ford, manager of the Michigan Gold mine, died on Wednesday at the Nelson house, Ishpeming.

The Daily Press made its debut at Ishpeming on Wednesday. It is a seven-column folio, neatly gotten up and full of local news, but if it is to endure it must arrange for telegraphic reports.

Connecticut Legislature broke the deadlock and chose O. H. Pratt senator.

The cruiser Charleston will carry the remains of Kalakaua to Honolulu.

The democratic thief Demarest, was let out of jail long enough to go to Albany and vote and David Bennett Hill was chosen senator by his vote to succeed Wm. M. Elyarts.

The office of the Mining Journal was burnt last Thursday evening: Loss \$35,000—insurance only \$7,500. Hager & Johnson, Nester, Stafford and Eggers snffered also. The bursting of a main cut off the water for two hours, during which time the fire had its own way.

### LEGAL.

First publication Jan. 24.

LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH., Nov. 24, 1890.

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 judge or the clerk of the circuit court of Delta co. at Escanaba, Mich., on March 5, 1891 viz:

Costel A. Carlson, Hd. application No. 1307, for the 1/2 of sec. 16, and 1/2 of sec. 17, sec. 29 T. 24 N. R. 24 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Oscar Y. Lutzen, Peter M. Peterson of Escanaba, Mich., Fred Hedderson and August Falk of Barkville, Mich.

GEO. A. ROYCE, Register.

SOME CURIOUS, interesting, and hitherto unpublished Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb cover the first sixteen pages of the "Atlantic" for February, and these letters are edited by Mr. William Carew Hazlitt. They are most carefully printed, nothing to suppress in them, and they are quite fully annotated. One most characteristic note of condolence, written by Lamb to Thomas Hood on the death of his child, after many expressions of grief, ends with the extraordinary sentence, "I have won sixpence of Moxon by the sex of the dear one gone"; Lamb being unable to forego his wager and his pun even at such a moment.

Professor Royce's second "Philosopher of the Paradoxical" is Schopenhauer. He treats most ably Schopenhauer's place in the world of thought, and concludes his paper with a ringing passage of very great beauty. Mr. Percival Lowell's "Not," is continued, and the traveler at last arrives at the turning-point, but not the end of his journey. There are several striking descriptions of scenery in the paper, especially Mr. Lowell's first glimpse of Noto, on the Arayama Pass. Alice Morse Earle has a paper on "The New England Meeting House," which is full of curious bits of information. Mr. Alpheus Hyatt writes on "The Next Stage in the Development of Public Parks," in which he advocates the allowance of space for a collection of living animals grouped for the uses of the student. Frank Gaylord Cook contributes a paper on "John Rutledge," William Everett has an article on the French Spoliation Claims, and Theodore Roosevelt, in "An Object Lesson in Civil Service Reform," tells about the work of the National Civil Service Commission for the last year, and its success in gaining a large number of applicants from the Southern States to enter the civil service examination. Mr. Stockton's serial "The House of Martha," is as amusing as ever, and the hero and the Sister from the House of Martha continue their surprising adventures. The fortunes of "Felicia" have also reached their climax. Reviews of Sir Walter Scott's Journal and of Adams's Life of Richard H. Dana complete a cleverly arranged number.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

NOW THAT Parnell has definitely broken with the English party which has heretofore aided him, whither can he look those who still follow him unless into Fenianism.

Explosions of gas, which had accumulated in the subways for electric conductors at Chicago, occurred on Saturday last. One woman was killed, her brains knocked out by a flying man-hole cover, and much damage done surrounding property.

The manufacturers of Dr. Craig's Kidney and Liver Cure will forfeit one thousand dollars if it does not cure you. No fraudulent remedy could make such an offer.

—All forms of rheumatism—muscular, sciatic, inflammatory, acute or chronic, cured by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. 46 m6

—J. N. Mead puts up Flavoring Extracts and so can warrant their purity. Try them: if Smoke the "Phoenix"—at Mead's. 4f

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891. No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over 100 pages 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Sunrise Amaranthus, Hydrangea and Potatoes. Instruction for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Buds, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prizes of \$1,000 and \$200. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing because the to cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

Local Retail Market. Corrected weekly by Erickson & Bissell, Postoffice block.

Sugar, Granulated	per lb.	28
C. S. C.	per lb.	25
Teas	per lb.	95
Flour	per cwt.	2.15
Butter	per lb.	20
Cheese	per lb.	21
Eggs	per doz.	20
Hams	per lb.	12
Bacon	per lb.	12
Lard	per lb.	10
Codfish	per lb.	10
Mackerel	per lb.	15
Pork	per lb.	15
Potatoes	per bu.	1.00
Turnips	per bu.	1.00

—All forms of rheumatism—muscular, sciatic, inflammatory, acute or chronic, cured by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. 46 m6

—J. N. Mead puts up Flavoring Extracts and so can warrant their purity. Try them: if Smoke the "Phoenix"—at Mead's. 4f

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891. No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over 100 pages 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Sunrise Amaranthus, Hydrangea and Potatoes. Instruction for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Buds, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prizes of \$1,000 and \$200. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing because the to cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

Local Retail Market. Corrected weekly by Erickson & Bissell, Postoffice block.

Sugar, Granulated	per lb.	28
C. S. C.	per lb.	25
Teas	per lb.	95
Flour	per cwt.	2.15
Butter	per lb.	20
Cheese	per lb.	21
Eggs	per doz.	20
Hams	per lb.	12
Bacon	per lb.	12
Lard	per lb.	10
Codfish	per lb.	10
Mackerel	per lb.	15
Pork	per lb.	15
Potatoes	per bu.	1.00
Turnips	per bu.	1.00

—All forms of rheumatism—muscular, sciatic, inflammatory, acute or chronic, cured by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. 46 m6

—J. N. Mead puts up Flavoring Extracts and so can warrant their purity. Try them: if Smoke the "Phoenix"—at Mead's. 4f

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891. No lover of a fine plant or garden can afford to be without a copy. It is an elegant book of over 100 pages 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, beautiful colored illustrations of Sunrise Amaranthus, Hydrangea and Potatoes. Instruction for planting, cultivating, etc. Full list of everything that can be desired in the way of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Buds, etc. Also full particulars regarding the cash prizes of \$1,000 and \$200. The novelties have been tested and found worthy of cultivation. We hope it will be our good luck to see the Nellie Lewis Carnation and taste the Grand Rapids Lettuce. It costs nothing because the to cents you send for it can be deducted from the first order forwarded. We advise our friends to secure a copy of James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.

Local Retail Market. Corrected weekly by Erickson & Bissell, Postoffice block.

Sugar, Granulated	per lb.	28
C. S. C.	per lb.	25
Teas	per lb.	95
Flour	per cwt.	2.15
Butter	per lb.	20
Cheese	per lb.	21
Eggs	per doz.	20
Hams	per lb.	12
Bacon	per lb.	12
Lard	per lb.	10
Codfish	per lb.	10
Mackerel	per lb.	15
Pork	per lb.	15
Potatoes	per bu.	1.00
Turnips	per bu.	1.00