

THE HOME AND BUSINESS.

Story of a Man Who Never Brings Business into His Home. They had been discussing a business affair of some magnitude and were about to separate.

is my home, not my other home, and if you will put the same rule in force I'll guarantee that you'll find that most of the business you do at home now can be done just as easily at the office.

"I should like to have call to-night—indeed, I should like to have you dine with me. I should like to have you meet my wife and children. But don't bring the papers."

HOW FOGS ARE CAUSED. They Are Formed From the Moisture of the Earth. The characteristic feature of fog, from a meteorological point of view, is a sluggish movement of the atmosphere, or practically a calm.

Fogs are also formed over bodies of water which are relatively either cooler or warmer than the air which is resting above them, and it is this which is the primary cause of the dense fogs which have rendered the Banks of Newfoundland notorious.

A Cause For Coolness. For some time Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Clamwhooper have not spoken. Mrs. Ferguson, who lives on Madison avenue, is known among her acquaintances to be very stingy.

COST OF INDIAN WARS.

Some Surprising Facts and Figures on the Cost of Fighting Poor Indians. A few figures, which will prove very interesting to people who have paid attention to Indian affairs during the past few years, were given by a commissioner connected with the Indian bureau at Washington while he was visiting this city the other day.

He laid the blame on the Government and the incompetent men who have represented it in dealing with the aborigines. Those who were not incompetent, he said, were worse, and generally retired with a fortune two or three years after receiving their appointments.

"This last statement," said he, "does not appear to mean very much; but when persons depend upon those rations for existence in lieu of game and are compelled to go always without food they can appreciate the Indian's condition, and not wonder that he hails with delight the belief that a Messiah is coming to mitigate his hardships."

ON A BUFFALO'S BACK. A Nervy Stockman's Extraordinary Ride Through a Herd of Bison. A North Platte, Neb., stockman, relates the story of a ride he once took on the back of a buffalo.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Miss Elita Proctor Otis has given some of her monologues at Marlborough House, before the Prince and Princess of Wales.

—The memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to the phrase "A nine days' wonder." Lady Jane was proclaimed Queen of England and July 10, 1553, four days after the death of Edward VI.

—The president of a Delaware savings bank refused to give a tramp ten cents, and the tramp went about hinting that the bank was unsafe, and in twenty-four hours there was a run which took out many thousands of dollars, but fortunately not enough to occasion any inconvenience to the bank.

—Alice Wilson Pryor, to whom Guitau, assassin of President Garfield, paid attention and proposed marriage, died last week at Jasper, Tenn. It is stated that she was of good family and a beautiful girl, gay and spirited, but that she became a recluse, with shattered nerves, after the trial and execution of Guitau.

"A LITTLE ROMANSE." —She—"Are you a fortune hunter, and nothing more?" He—"Certainly not. I want a sensible wife to go with it, who can take care of it for us."

DRUGGIST. GEORGE PRESTON, Dealer in—Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Pure Old Liquors. For Medicinal Purposes Only, Paints, Varnishes, Kalsomines, CIGARS AND TOBACCOS, 302 LUDINGTON ST.

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HEATERS! HEATERS! HEATERS! of any pattern or description wanted. TOOLS For Woodsmen and Equipments for Camps. Logging Sleighs! Supply Sleighs! Chains, Etc. Hardware, Arms and Cutlery. WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St.

These figures, of course, appear exorbitant to a person not familiar with Indian fighting, but when one takes into consideration all of the expenses incidental to the long marches across the country they will find that the figures are correct.

—Mrs. Derrick (admiringly to artist) —"The likeness is just splendid! It's Aunt Susan as she lives! You picture-painters will soon knock the photographing business in the shade if you keep on!"

—"He is in the pork business, isn't he Jim? Pork packer, butcher, or something like that?" "Nothing of the sort; he is a lace man, importer of Nottinghamams."

—Simple Humor—"Curling is justly regarded as a great actor," remarked the young man who was calling, to Mrs. De Porque. "And yet, when you come to study his methods you find them simple."

LANDLORD VS. TENANT.

[The Tenant's side.]
A tenant has no life of ease;
His "moves" are never through;
Before he's settled off his floor,
Same as the Wandering Jew.

well knew could only prove entirely fruitless.
When the station next to my destination was reached, a woman came on board, who instantly pounced on me and kissed me.
It was my niece.

My messenger had twenty-two minutes in which to cover a mile and a half, a portion of his route being through thick underbrush.
The hour which passed before he returned with help seemed a hundred years to me.

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

The Thrilling Experience of an Old Trapper on the Plains of Kansas.
Years ago when the plains of western Kansas were the feeding ground of the buffalo, antelope and prairie wolf, an old trapper named Harris had a thrilling experience and a narrow escape from death by a pack of gray wolves.

HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

Articles Which Add to the Beauty of the Home.
A very handsome ornamental jar may be made of a pint or quart fruit jar.
Wash the jar thoroughly and wipe it dry.
Beginning at the bottom, paint a very dark blue and shade to almost white at the top.

WHY DO YOU COUGH?
Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing?
Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death?
People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that.

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Awarded the medal for superior quality of material and proficiency in workmanship over all other shoes exhibited by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanical Association, Boston, 1896.
For GENTLEMEN: \$5.00 Genuine Hand-Sewed, \$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, \$3.50 Police and Farmer, \$2.50 Extra Value Calf Shoe, \$2.25 Working-man's Shoe, \$2.00 Goodwear Shoe.

A CLOSE CALL.

Romantic Story of an Innocent Man's Escape from Death.

For twenty years Hamilton Duke was my client. In fact, it was to him that I owed not only a competent fortune, but my position in society.
But for this I should never have undertaken his defense in this last case, my best feelings were so against him—not that I was an ingrate, but because I believed that he had murdered his wife.

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The story is probably best told in the language used by the old trapper while relating it, and is as follows:
"One day I had been out looking after my traps along the Smoky river, nearly south of where Hays City now stands. It was in the first days of January, and the winter had been such a severe one that the wolves could get hardly anything to eat, and had become rather ferocious. I was about three miles from my cabin, returning home, when I was startled by the howl of a wolf hardly three hundred yards to my right. Barely had it ceased before the howl was taken up in my rear and on my left. I then knew that I was being trailed and that I would have a hard run for life, with the chances ten to one against me. I increased my pace to a long 'dog trot,' but it was not long before I could see the yellowish eyes of the beasts as they glared at me through the gathering darkness. I broke into a hard run, and was beginning to congratulate myself on escaping, when down came the whole pack right at my heels, snapping and snarling like 'bedlam' turned loose. My rifle was a double-barreled one, and suddenly wheeling, I fired into the pack twice, killing one at each shot. Being winded, nothing was left for me but to take to a tree, which I did instantly, the discharge of the rifle stopping the wolves for a moment and giving me a chance to climb.

HE SUBSCRIBED.

The Crow Was Busted and He Chipped in the Whole Pie.
The growing heartless indifference of the rich to the suffering of the poor was illustrated anew the other day. While standing in front of the sixteenth street station over the bay, waiting for the overland train to arrive, a seedy-looking tramp stood between the rails and called out in heartbroken tones:
"Kind friends, I am broke and starving, I can't find any work and am going to kill myself."
Everybody stared at the would-be suicide, but no one said anything.
"I repeat," said the desperate man, "that I am about to throw myself in front of the train that is now coming. If this crowd will chip in twenty dollars it will encourage me to struggle on in this cold and cruel world."
No action was taken by the car us, although the distant whistle of the train could be distinctly heard.
[Note—Parties wishing to tell this story at the club or private entertainments can do so with realistic effect by standing between a couple of canes laid on the floor about four feet apart, to represent a railroad track.]
"The swooping engine of destruction rapidly approaches," said the tramp, in trembling tones. "I will consent, owing to the present exceptional tightness of the money market, to live for fifteen dollars. Who will pass around the hat in the sacred cause of humanity?"
The amendment failed to pass.
"My charitable hearers!" shouted the tramp, as the train thundered around the curve, "remember that a precious human life hangs in the balance. I will get off the track for ten dollars, but no mutilated coin taken."
It was laid on the table. The train was only 500 yards away!
[Note—A couple of blocks of wood covered with sa-dpaper and rubbed briskly together make a life-like imitation of a train in motion.]
"Third and last call!" screamed the suicide. "Five dollars—only five!"
No takers.
"Wh-e crowd busted, eh?" yelled the tramp, sarcastically. "As I have no wish to rob the extremely indigent, I will subscribe the whole amount myself!" and he just cleared the cow-catcher as he skipped off the track.—San Francisco Examiner.

LONG-DISTANCE LAUGHTER.

How the Telegraph Operator Communicates His Wirth.
Did you ever laugh by telegraph? Probably not. It would hardly pay when one reflects that it would cost a cent or two per chuckle to express his sense of amusement, he refrains from manifesting it and lets it go.
But laughing is done by telegraph. It is the telegraph operators who indulge in this luxury, and mostly the night operators, who have more time than the day people. When an operator becomes lonely and his sounders are clicking out messages not intended for him, he calls up some friend operator, maybe a hundred squares away, and opens a conversation.
A conversation, of course, cannot be continued long before something "funny" is said. It then becomes the duty of the operator to laugh. This he does by making four dots, then one dot and a dash, thus: . . . - , spelling ha. Thus to all jokes he replies h-a, h-a. Sometimes, to make it easier, he says h-4, that is, four dots and two dashes.
The laugh by telegraph is necessarily cold and sardonic. It does not bubble irresistibly to the surface. It is the result of deliberate purpose. When one has sufficient self-control to laugh in this way, probably his tribute to your joke is not what you would desire. But the operator is often shaken with laughter before shaking his key with it, so to speak.
Telegraph operators have a few other conversational expressions, among them "hm," four dots and two dashes, indicating surprise.—Indianapolis News.

COAL.
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Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg
COAL
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By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.
Office on Merchant's Dock.
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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,
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ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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

TELEGRAPHIC ERRORS.

They Have Caused Fun, Sorrow and Loss of Money.

Thousands of errors have been made in telegraphic messages, says the New York Times. In fact, a day rarely passes without a good many of them occurring.

The telegraph companies persistently print at the top of their message blanks a warning that they are not responsible for mistakes in transmission, and they also proffer, in very small type, the advice that "to guard against mistakes or delays the sender of a message should order it repeated; that is, telegraphed back to the originating office for comparison."

Two callow young operators made an explanation necessary from a New York newspaper man recently. He was to be married in the West. Before leaving town he devoted several days to searching over Brooklyn for a flat, being assisted in the search by a young married woman, the friend of his betrothed.

The financial losses that have been caused by telegraph blunders have been due mostly to the changing around of amounts. There have been instances where an order to buy has been changed in transmission into an order to sell.

As the sugar was by that time in Washington, the firm, having investigated and discovered that the mistake was not theirs, notified the manager of the telegraph office that the company must take the extra thirty-five barrels off their hands.

The vigilance committee demanded "Big Bill," and were not at all satisfied with the husband for standing there free and uninjured. The brothers criticised him severely because he wasn't kidnapped, and announced that in their opinion he was guilty of rank deception.

A gentleman in San Francisco learned that an estimable lady in Los Angeles had suddenly lost all her property and was in a condition of actual want.

"It was two o'clock when I reached home," he said. "My wife met me at the door. I saw at once that she was very angry. She handed me a telegram and asked frantically: 'What is the meaning of this?'"

"I realized at once what had happened, and I began to laugh. I couldn't help it. 'Why,' I said, 'this message has been botched. I wrote no such stuff as that.'"

My SCHOOL DAYS. I can't forget them, I can't forget, though for ages to come I am doomed to exist; They're as bright and as fresh in my memory as...

The explanation in this case is that the letter "i" in "wait" was undoubtedly the fault of the operator. There is a similarity between the Morse characters which stand for the letters I and t, and they are frequently confused by young operators.

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When a man is awakened from a sound sleep and informed that his wife is to be married to a young man who, he has had every reason to believe, was to be married to a young lady in the West, he is apt to conclude that he isn't awake after all.

A lynching was nearly precipitated by the error of a Kansas operator some time ago. It was only averted by the discovery that there was no one to lynch.

She Makes Rushing Comments as She Reads. [Jack's room, with Jack in it. He is tramping up and down, hands in pockets, jacket half off his shoulders, furtively smoking a perfectly empty pipe.]

Jack (savagely soliloquizing between puffs)—Glad I wrote it. Glad I sent it. Glad I've broken with her. Only sorry didn't do it sooner.

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to tell me at the very first, wasn't it? (Jack confused.) Well, now, you've told me; I'll tell you something. It was my uncle!

Ethel (examining letters)—Only one for me. Why, Jack, what ails you? You're absolutely white! Are you ill? You're not? But why do you look so? (Glances at address on envelope.) Ah! Jack (apart)—I'd forgotten all about it!

Ethel (with very piquant air of being mistress of the situation)—Now, whom can this be from? The hand is a man's—very much like yours, Jack. The resemblance is quite strong.

Ethel (looking hard at him)—My correspondent seems rather severe, doesn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but I do leave you to one who is far my superior, no doubt." No doubt, truly. Any sane person would be. (Renewed groans from Jack. Ethel continues.)

Ethel (quietly)—My correspondent is just a little vein grain brutal, isn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but you will not care." What is your opinion about that, Jack? (Reads.) "Farewell, cruel girl!"

Jack (wildly)—Ethel! Please don't! Ethel (quietly)—My correspondent is just a little vein grain brutal, isn't he, Jack? (Reads.) "—but you will not care."

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SULPHUR BITTERS THE GREAT German Remedy. TRUTHS FOR THE SICK. If those monthly millions depend on Sulphur Bitters, it will cure you.

WALKER HAS THEM, OF COURSE, AND WITH THEM American Jewels. ALL AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

SHOES. No more of this! Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight generally slip off the feet. THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

ADHESIVE COUNTERS. Greenhoot Bros., John Corcoran, R. R. Sterling, Ephraim & Morrell, Escanaba.

FOR SALE. \$1,000 WILL BUY A Choice Business Lot. On North Sarah Street, near Cochrane Mills.

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

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Wayne County Savings Bank, Detroit, Mich. \$500,000 to Invest in Bonds.

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Stone and Marble. I am prepared to furnish Stone of the Best Quality, in any size, at low prices.

Gray and Blue Marble, suitable for public buildings, fine stores and elegant private residences.

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

"COMPANY IS COMING!"

Read your knees at worry's shrine
In intense devotion,
Set the house from cellar to
Attic in commotion.

Cram the engine, get up steam.
Set the wheels a-bumming,
Make them whirl, and whirl and whirr,
"Company is coming!"

Bake a dust in every room.
Set the atoms flying,
Scold the children, roast the cat
In the corner lying.

Rag those restless baby hands
On the window drumming,
Every window must be clean.
"Company is coming!"

Leave no object in the house
In condition normal,
Make the very cradle look
Prim, and stiff, and formal.

At the oven scorch your face,
Have the store just "booming,"
"Fix up" something "good to eat,"
"Company is coming!"

Cram the engine, keep up steam,
Keep the wheels a-bumming,
Scrub and scour, and bake and stew,
"Company is coming!"

Labor till a "nervous" pulse
In your head is drumming,
Till you ache from head to foot,
"Company is coming!"

When your guests arrive it will
Make their pleasure double
To perceive you put yourself
To a world of trouble.

Then, although you feel you've done
More than you were able,
Fall not to apologise
For your house and table.

This is hospitality—
That the wheels be humming,
Rest and comfort banished when
"Company is coming!"

Martha G. Sperbeck, in Good Housekeeping.

HIS FEMALE RELATIVES.**How Jim Was Cured of Scattering
His Affections.**

ELL, that's all right," said the brakeman, as he took a large chew from a slab of black plug tobacco— "If a man wants to monkey with that kind of thing he can do it, but for me I ain't in it. See? Ever since Jim Rittler got so balled up through havin' too many of 'em, I've considered that I was let out entirely. Bein' as Jim was my side-partner, you might say, at the time, of course I had the whole story straight from him. You've heard it often enough, I reckon, so I don't need ter—" The dispatcher and the agent said that they knew Jim Rittler, but they had never heard the story: "Say, that's funny. I thought everybody about the road knew it. The gen-

eral superintendent heard it, and Jim was expecting every day for a long time to have a dance on the carpet. You ought to get Jim himself to tell it, and if he ever gets transferred back to this division you just ask him how all his female relatives is gettin' along. He'll ketch right on and probably give you the whole story.

"Well, if you know Jim, there ain't no use in my sayin' much 'bout him. He was as popular and as well-liked as any of the boys that was brakin' on this division at that time. But you probably couldn't tell, no more 'n I can, why the girls was so struck on him, for he wa'n't particularly good-lookin', and he didn't put on any great amount of dog, either. However, he was a pretty good single-hand talker, and probably that was what counted. My, but he was a lightning-striker with the women! Why, sir, I have seen him cut right in and jest naturally walk off with the confiding affections of some young creature before you or I or any other man would have managed to get introduced to her. And for the number of 'em! Well, I hope to croak, if there wasn't one at every stop along the line, and in the big places, two or three— and in the city, oh Lord! there they

**"SAW YOUR LEG OFF," SAYS TOM.**

was thick! The boys was all onto it, and they used to say that if we laid up on a siding right out in the desert, all the Indian squaws would be around askin' for Jim Rittler. Everybody seemed to think that he was a very lucky fellow, but I always suspected that things would get balled up some day. If you keep putting on more trains, you have to keep changin' the schedule, and the first you know the thing is too complicated to manage, and then there are wrecks. Now, that's the way it was with Jim.

"Do you remember about two years ago, when Thirteen was ditched jest this side of White's? Well, Jim got hurt there—not much—jest enough to lay him up in the hospital for awhile. Of course the news went all up and down the line, and at every station you would see some girl wringin' her hands and askin' about Jim. Naturally the boys told them jest how it was—that Jim wa'n't hurt much, but was side-tracked at the hospital. And what do

you think?—why, every one of them bloomin' girls allowed they would go right down to the city for to nuss him. They was unanimously of the idea that if they didn't poor Jim wouldn't have no one to take care of him—for, of course, there wasn't one of them that suspi-oned the existence of the other, and Jim, he always made a point of tellin' 'em all how he was an offun and alone in the world.

"But we assured 'em all—leastwise I did them that spoke to me—that the Sisters of Hope, who was running the hospital then, would take good care of Jim, and they needn't worry. Still there was some of 'em that wasn't satisfied, and they allowed they would go down anyway, jest to visit him. When I got in from the run that night, I went around to see Jim myself, and I told him to be on the look-out, or he'd get jacked up. But he was feelin' pretty perky and said he reckoned it was all right—that he had put up a kind of a schedule they could all run on, and there wa'n't no danger of any thing happenin'.

"Tom Bixby was sittin' by the bed at the time, and when Jim spoke, he winks at Tom, and Tom he grins. You know Tom—he used to be news-butcher on Nineteen, and now he'd runnin' a store in the city. Well, he's been jammed up in a collision some time before, and was now about recovered—only lame, so that he went slumpin' along like a flat-wheeler. To give him something to do, the sisters had put him in charge of the door, to show visitors in and around.

"I've told Tom about it," says Jim to me, "and if one of them comes while another is here, he will keep her back by sayin' that they are fixin' to dissect me—or something like that."

"Saw your leg off," says Tom, grinnin' some more.

"And we have got it all put up about the different degrees of relationship," Jim goes on, winkin' ag'in. But I didn't understand the signals, and I told him so.

"The Sisters of Hope has a rule," says he, "that a man can't have no ladies visit him, unless they are akin to him."

"Well," says I, "much as I know about this hospital, I never heard no such rule as that."

"Tom told me," says Jim.

"And Tom, he spoke up perfectly solemn and said: 'That's right, what he says. I ought to know, being as I am door-keeper, and have to turn the gals away every day.'

"We've got a reg'lar list," Jim says, "of just how many will go of each kind of relation, because it wouldn't do for a man to have nineteen sisters, or twenty-three cousins, or any thing like that, for fear the public would ketch on. See?"

"The first lot will be sisters," says Tom very quick; "and then comes cousins, and sisters-in-law, and then aunts, and—

"That'll be enough," says Jim.

"But if it ain't," Tom goes on, grinnin' like he had just stuck a jaw-hawker with an armful of prize packages, "there is plenty of other kinds of female relatives: wives and mothers—course those ain't available more than oncet—and great-aunts, and grandmothers, and mothers-in-law—

"And daughters," says I, joinin' in, "cause I thought it was just a kind of a game to keep Jim's spirits up; and Jim he laughed and was very chipper about it.

"Then I come away. But I heard afterwards how the scheme turned out. "You see Tom was puttin' the thing up on Jim. There wasn't no rule about lady visitors like what he said, but he had made it up jest to put Jim in the hole.

"Pretty soon the girls began to come—first those that lived in the city, and afterwards those from the country—and Tom would take 'em confidentially into the waiting-room and tell 'em how glad Jim would be, only they must pretend to be some relative of his, else the sisters wouldn't let 'em in. Of course they was all willin' enough—and when they came to where Jim was, he would introjooce them to any of the Sisters of Hope that was about, as his cousins or sisters or what relation was down for that number on the list. I have an idea that them Sisters of Hope must have been thinkin' that Jim's ancestry run a long way back, for him to scare up such a nailin' fine lot of female relatives on such short notice.

"Well, as I was sayin', the scheme that Tom put up was this: As each girl came down, after seein' Jim, he would stop 'em, and takin' 'em to one side, would tell how Jim had said a lot of nice things about them, and how he had been hopin' they would come, and all that. Then he would ask if they expected to call aguin—for Jim would be very lonesome. Of course they all allowed they would. Then he told them that there was a new rule, and visitin' relatives could only come on certain days and at certain hours. One way and another he fixed it up, so they was all agreed to come back to see Jim at exactly the same time on the same day.

"And Jim, of course, he was never suspi-ning nothin' no more'n a man comin' round a curve in a cut with a wild train bearin' down on him.

"Well, come the day that Tom had set, the girls began to arrive—some of 'em ahead of the schedule. The butcher takes 'em into the waitin'-room, grinnin' like only a butcher can grin, and tells 'em that Jim will be ready to see 'em in a minute. When he thinks they are all in—some dozen or fifteen there was altogether—Tom calls out: 'Step this way, ladies, please!' and leads 'em off all in a line upstairs.

"Now it jest so happened that there was quite a crowd around Jim's bed. There was a couple of the Sisters of Hope and the assistant surgeon of the line, Doc What's-his-Name—I forget, and several patients that was able to get about—and Jim he was sittin' 'em some of his remarkable experiences on the road—for he could lie against any man I ever knew—and the audience was gettin' properly excited—when all of a sudden Tom looms up, pullin' that train of girls along behind him.

"Here's your female relatives, Jim," he calls out.

"Say, but it must have been a sight! There was Jim, with no chance to jump for his life. There was the Sisters of Hope and the others around the bed, who had already been quite uneasy about the surpris'n number of Jim's female relatives, and now was paralyzed to see 'em all at oncet. And there was the girls themselves—O Lord! First they looks at Tom to see what he means; then they stares at one another, beginnin' to take it in, and then they all unanimously glares at poor Jim, who was lyin' still in the bed utterly flabbergasted.

"And the silence was so thick and hard that you couldn't have got through it with a rotary.

"At last one of the Sisters of Hope spoke up and says: 'Why, it's quite a family reunion yous do be havin' today, Mr. Rittler.'

"Yes," says Jim, very faint, like a kid that expects to get belted.

"What!" says the doctor, "are all these here ladies relatives of yours?" and he begun a-squintin' down the line.



"HERE'S YOUR FEMALE RELATIVES, JIM." Some was short and some tall, some fat and some lean, and one was red-headed. "Really," he says, "it is a very remarkable family likeness. Are they all sisters?"

"Four sisters," answers Tom Bixby consultin' a piece of paper which he held up to look at plainly: "five cousins, three sisters-in-law, two aunts—and a mothe, mother-in-law, and great aunt, if needed."

"By this time Jim was beginnin' to get his wind again, and he puts his hand out towards the nearest girl, and says: 'Howdy do, Sister Emma? I am glad to see you. And to the next one: 'How are you, Cousin May?—' and was goin' on down the line, thinkin' perhaps that he could make each one of 'em believe that all the others was real relatives. But it wouldn't work; before he had gone any distance, one of his 'sisters' points to another 'sister' right alongside of her, and says, in a loud voice: 'Jim Rittler, who is this person? I insist upon knowin'!' The other answers back, and they all begins to talk at oncet. Some of 'em turns on Jim, and I tell you they give it to him raw; but most of 'em keeps right on jawin' at one another. At last the doctor and the sisters had to interfere. They rounded 'em up and led 'em away down-stairs. Even when they came out in the street, there was two that very nearly had a fight, and they kept a-go'in' on, as long as any of 'em was together.

"The moment the girls was out of the way, Jim he began to look for Tom Bixby, but the news-butcher had jest naturally slid off, and before Jim was able to get about, he had left the hospital for good.

"After that Jim was hardly ever at rest for the joshin' he got about his female relatives. The very next time I went up to see him, two of the doctors that was passin' along stopped to ask why his mother had never thought to introduce his sisters to one another when they was little, and how it happened that his great-aunt was such a bloomin' young woman—and every thing like that. It's my idea that the scrape kinder had a good effect on Jim, leastwise to the extent that he is now tryin' to centralize his affections on one girl, instead of disseminat'in' them all along the line. And I shouldn't be surprised if before long that one girl and Jim was to—"

"There's Seventeen's whistle!" cried the agent; "she is on time for oncet," and they all sprang up and went out on the platform.—Hugh Naylor, in San Francisco Argonaut.

Disbelievers in vaccination for small-pox should consider the statements just made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Bourdrel. While Germany loses only one hundred and ten persons per annum from small-pox, France actually loses fourteen thousand, and is accounted for by the right way in which vaccination is enforced in Germany, and by the carelessness of the Frenchmen. In 1865, when vaccination was not obligatory in Prussia, the mortality was twenty-seven per 100,000 inhabitants. After vaccination was enforced the mortality fell in 1874 to 3.00 per 100,000, and in 1888 to 0.049. At the present time the mortality from this cause in France is forty-three per 100,000.

With regard to the question: "Ought our daughters to be dowered?" the answer is easy, declares the Pittsburgh Dispatch. They should be dowered with cheerful disposition, cultivation of the affections, and a training which enables them to do their work in life bravely and well. Daughters so dowered will be worth more to themselves and those related to them than any amount of money in bank or bonded securities. If we have brave, bright and useful women, the question whether they have any money or not sinks into utter insignificance.

In Alarmingly Good Health. Rev. Mr. Cooper (colored)—Well, Brudder Erebus, how is you, an' how is all yo' family?—Is dey keeping well?

Deacon Erebus (colored)—Yes, Brudder Cooper, dey all keeps well enough to eat, I notises.—Jury.

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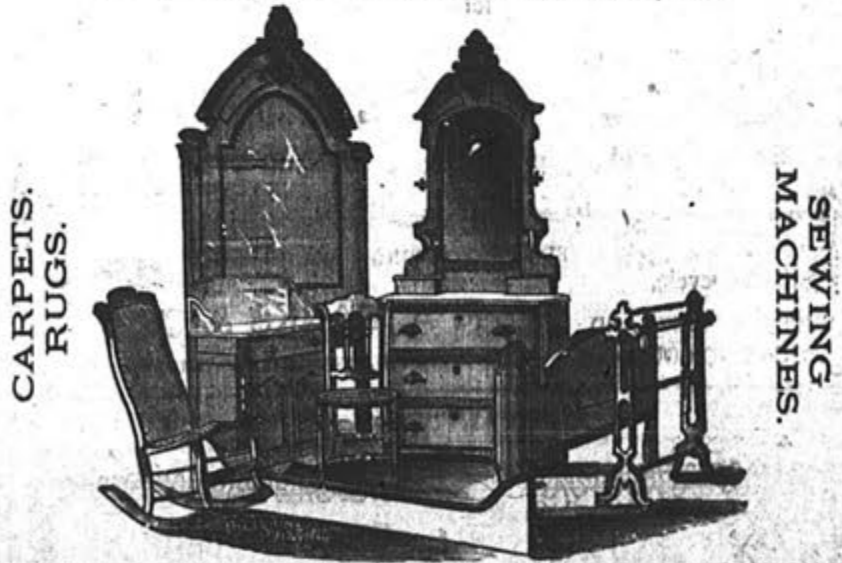
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