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EIGHT PAGES

TOTAL ORE SHIPMENTS FOR JUNE 767,618 TONS

Official Statement of Amount of Ore Forwarded from Escanaba Last Month is Issued. Total From all Upper Lake Ports was 7,338,099 Tons.

The total ore shipments for the port of Escanaba for the month of June according to figures announced yesterday by officials of the North Western and St. Paul docks amounted to 767,618 tons and the total shipments from all upper lake ports last month amounted to 7,338,099 tons.

The total shipments from the North Western docks at this port last month were 506,808 tons and the total shipments from the St. Paul docks amounted to 260,810 tons.

The shipments from all other ports outside of Escanaba for the month were 6,670,481 tons.

The shipments for last month from local docks were slightly in advance of those made in June of last year and the season's record for shipments up to July 1 is considerably in advance of the record made for the same period of the previous year.

Of the shipments from ports outside of Escanaba an exchange says:

"Exclusive of the docks in Escanaba, which have not yet been heard from, the ore shipments for June amounted to 6,570,481 tons. The Great Northern docks, at West Duluth have shipped 2,567,077 tons. The North Western docks in Ashland, 605,616 tons, and the Soo docks at the same place, 125,000 tons during the month. At Marquette the South Shore dock sent out 230,275 tons and the Prosaque Island dock 310,872 tons. It is believed that when the figures have been received from Escanaba the shipments for the month will aggregate close to 8,000,000 tons, which will make a record month. At the Great Northern docks the shipments for the year are already 300,000 tons ahead of last year.

WILL PAY WATER BILL

CONFERENCE WITH SUPT. HATTON RESULTS IN MISUNDERSTANDING WITH CITY OFFICIALS.

After a conference with Supt. W. J. Hatton of the Escanaba Water company last night Mayor Solomon Greenhoo and members of the water committee of the Escanaba city council decided to pay the company's semi-annual rental bill that was held up by the council on Tuesday evening. Supt. Hatton promised satisfactory water pressure for all parts of the city and as the complaint that the company was not furnishing proper pressure, was the only one before the committee, it was decided by the officials that the bill should be paid.

CROPS MAY BE TOTAL FAILURE

Farmers of Delta county and other portions of the upper peninsula as well as throughout the northwest fear that practically all crops this season will prove failures. The prolonged drought and hot weather that has now extended through an unprecedented period in this district extending through five weeks has already ruined the hay crop. The oats crop is almost certain to be a failure and but little return is expected from the wheat that is sown here.

Potatoes are badly in need of rain, but if showers come in a few days that crop will be saved.

Of the conditions about Negaunee, the correspondent for the Mining Journal says:

Charles Taylor, who has conducted a farm at Stands for some thirty-five years past, yesterday said that he has never before experienced as heavy losses as he will this year, because of the drought and heat. He said that he will not get a ton of hay from his high lands, and it is doubtful if he will get much barley, wheat or oats, as these grains are suffering more now than at any time during the dry spell. If it does not rain within a few days he will give up his wheat, barley and oat crop as lost. His potatoes, he said, are coming up nicely, but will need rain soon. Mr. Taylor is no worse off than other farmers in his district, as none of them will have any hay or grain crops to speak of.

A few of the farmers here who cut their hay during the past few days felt pretty well disgusted when they finished the job, as they did not get enough to pay for the labor. John Schwartz, who usually has one of the best hay crops, considering the size of his field, of any of the Negaunee farmers, cut his hay Tuesday, but he got so little that he did not consider it worth raking up. The hay in the Mary Charlotte company's field, near the mine, was also cut and less than a half ton was secured. Last year the yield was perhaps the largest to the acre of any hay field in this county.

The farmers here are wondering what prices they will have to pay for their hay and grain this year. Most of them plan on getting rid of as much of their live stock as possible in order to keep down their expenses during the winter.

It is reported from various parts of the Northwest that the wheat crop has been greatly damaged by the long drought. It is now feared that the crops in North Dakota, Minnesota and South Dakota will fall over 60,000,000 bushels below the government's estimate, made a short time ago. The damage is reported to be more heavy in North Dakota than in either of the other two states.

CONTRACT AWARDED

JOSEPH SCHLEIS WAS LOWEST BIDDER FOR WORK OF CLEANING FAIR GROUNDS SITE.

The contract for clearing the site for the new fair grounds, secured by officers of the Delta County Agricultural Society in the northwest part of the city, was awarded yesterday to Joseph Schleis for \$421.38. The contract was awarded at a meeting of the members of the committee on grounds with President Joseph Berckman and Sec. T. E. Strom at the office of Mr. Strom yesterday afternoon. Seven bids for the work were entered and ranged from the lowest presented by Mr. Schleis to \$875.10.

A contract is to be entered into today by Secretary Strom with Mr. Schleis and the work is to be started immediately.

DOCTOR DIES SUDDENLY

Dr. John Harris, a veterinary surgeon, who has been practicing at Spaulding for the past five years, died yesterday at his home at that place. Heart trouble is said to have caused his death. His wife and daughter, who live in the lower part of the state have been notified.

PEOPLE BUNCOED

Escanaba, Mich., July 7.—Upon investigation it appeared that the endorsement of Muselman by the members of the grange of Delta county, which the Muselman managers have been sedulously distributing through their press bureau was a deliberate frame-up with no foundation worthy of consideration. A careful canvass of most of the farmers who attended the grange meeting at which these Muselman resolutions were supposed to have been passed reveals the fact that but few of them knew of the existence of such resolutions. It further appears that all of the farmers interviewed are strong supporters of Chase Osborn and that there is likely to be "doings" at the next meeting of Pomonas grange of Delta county. It further appears that the resolutions were drafted by F. L. Baldwin, editor of the Escanaba Journal and somehow a member of the grange and they were signed by a few of Baldwin's political friends and followers.

Kelley in the Upper Peninsula. The people up here are smiling sardonically when they read the reports printed in some of the Kelley newspapers of the enthusiastic reception which the lieutenant governor is receiving throughout the upper peninsula. Here in Escanaba the Kelley meeting was attended by the Honorable Pat, the gentlemen who entertained him (who, by the way is a pronounced Osborn supporter) and one lonesome newspaper reporter. At Menominee it is reported about fifty met the lieutenant governor and heard him introduced by Roger M. Andrews, who opened his address by declaring his support of Chase Osborn for governor.

If these meetings are fair samples of the rest and Kelley is enthusiastic over them and his reception generally, than, say Escanabans, it doesn't take much to keep Patrick H. Kelley cheerful.

ESCANABA MAN IS INJURED

Announcement was received in the city yesterday that John Powers, whose home is supposed to be in Escanaba, was injured while attempting to steal a ride on a North-Western train at Waukegan. It is said that in attempting to board a train he was caught between the locomotive and a

ESCANABA SLUGGERS PILE ON TO PITCHERS

Milwaukee West Park Twirlers were Easy Yesterday for Olmsted's Stick Artists—One Man with Sneeze-Like Name hit in Spite of Cognomen

Escanaba's stick artists got in their deadly work on two Milwaukee pitchers yesterday and playing the visitors to a standstill at every stage of the game, trimmed the Cream City lads 7 to 4. Yesterday's game was free of close decisions and the visitors were defeated by such a wide margin that there was no opportunity for the opposing team to claim that they had been other than decisively defeated.

Monte Olmsted, the Garden-side wheeler, was turned loose on the Milwaukee West Parks yesterday and held the hard slugging Cream City players to six hits, the greater portion of which were scattered and in addition he caused five of the visitors to whiff and gave three bases on balls. One Abler was the first aspirant for twirling honors that faced the local sluggers and after he had been clouted for two two baggers and a single in the third, a single in the fourth and three singles in succession in the fifth he was hoisted. He was succeeded by a lad with the sneeze-like name of Schlifskic and he was little more effective than his predecessor in spite of his name. Johnnie Walsh was the first man to face the new twirler and he drew a hit and in the later innings he proved no puzzle to such swatters as Monte Olmsted and Enders, both of whom drew doubles and then Monte just to show that he had a liking for the Cream City style of curves drew another single as did Steiny Aronson just to fatten up his batting average.

Following is the score of the game in detail:

Milwaukee West Parks.		Escanaba	
	a. b. r. h. p. o. a. e.		a. b. r. h. p. o. a. e.
Meyer	5 0 1 3 0 1	Olmsted, F.	5 1 0 3 5 2
Granvogel	5 1 0 0 3 0	Lentz	5 1 2 1 1 0
Will	4 0 2 1 0 0	Aronson	5 2 1 1 4 0
Schlifskic	4 0 0 0 3 0	Walch, N.	4 2 2 0 0 0
Biever	4 1 1 5 1 0	Walch, M.	4 0 2 13 1 0
Lewis	3 0 0 0 0 0	Walsh, J.	1 0 0 0 0 0
Ables	3 1 0 0 1 1	Enders	4 0 2 2 0 0
Heinecke	4 1 2 1 5 0	Connors	3 1 0 7 0 2
Reichert	3 0 0 14 0 0	Olmsted, M.	4 0 2 0 1 0
	35 4 6 24 13	Total	35 7 11 27 12 4

Summary: Earned runs Escanaba 3, Milwaukee 1. First on balls off Olmsted 3, off Schlifskic 1; left on base Escanaba 8, Milwaukee 7; first base on errors Milwaukee 3, Escanaba 1. Hits off Abler 7. Two-base hits N. Walch, M. Walch, Heinecke 2, Olmsted, Enders. Struck out by Olmsted 5, by Abler 4, Schlifskic 1. Double play, West Parks 1. Passed balls Connors 2, Biever 2. Hit by pitcher, J. Walsh 2, Connors.

BALL PLAYERS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS

"The Chicago Cubs have a red-headed youth on pay whose duty it is to spit on the end of the bat as each player goes to the plate, to bring him luck. Jimmy Sheekard sticks his chewing gum on a certain lucky spot on top of his cap when he needs a hit badly. Roger Connor, one of the great hitters of the game, took his favorite bat to bed with him and oiled and polished his substitute bats and hung them outside of the window. Jimmy Ryan spent three days searching for a bat with just three worm holes and a red band. He found one in a little school store in Boston and made three home runs with it in the same afternoon.

Batting is a matter of confidence and courage and enable them to hit hard for a time. But modern batters realize that brains, coolness and constant practice will do more than fetishes, and the constant increase in scientific hitting is due to practice and the study of angles."

DANCING PARTY TO BE ENJOYABLE

Elaborate preparations are being made by the members of the Jolly Four club for a dancing party to be given at the Varsity hall on Saturday evening of this week. Flagstad's orchestra has been engaged for the evening and a delightful time is assured for all of those who attend.

UNCLE IKE WAS HERE

After a short visit at Wells and in Escanaba Senator Isaac Stephenson and a party of friends, left Wells at noon yesterday aboard the pleasure yacht Bonita for Marinette. With Senator Stephenson in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Earl Morgan of Oshkosh, Mrs. Nels P. Ludington of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown and Charles D. Heath of Marinette. Members of the party arrived at Wells aboard the Bonita on Wednesday evening and after spending the evening there and at Escanaba with friends, returned to Marinette yesterday.

THUNDER SHOWERS MAY COME TODAY

Possible thunder storms are promised for today by Observer H. S. Cole for Escanaba. Last night a heavy storm was threatened when immense banks of clouds formed in the west but they finally dispersed without rain falling here. It was extremely hot throughout the southwest yesterday, Phoenix, Ariz., reporting 110, Abilene, Tex., 100 and Oklahoma City 98. The only showers that occurred were those along the shores of Lake Michigan. Telephone your wants to 693.

FILM MEN TO FIGHT

Philadelphia, Pa., July 7.—That the moving picture syndicate owning the Johnson-Jeffries fight films will resort to the courts of the several states to determine their right to produce the pictures was indicated here today when one of the best known moving picture men in the country who has a big interest in the syndicate, said the agitation against the display of the pictures would be fought. He said that too much money had been invested by the syndicate, which represents twelve different interests, to stand by and see the fight pictures prohibited.

BIG CROWD WILL GO TO MAYWOOD THIS EVENING

It is expected that a big crowd of pleasure seekers both of Escanaba and Gladstone will go to Maywood tonight on the special moonlight excursion to the upper bay resort place arranged by the members of the Escanaba City band.

The steamer Maywood has been chartered for the evening and will leave the Stephenson dock at 7:45 o'clock and will run to Gladstone arriving there at 8:15 and will then go to Maywood where what promises to be a particularly enjoyable dancing program will be carried out. The pleasure seekers will be delivered back in the city shortly after midnight, making a delightful evening's outing for all who attend.

NEW STEAMER WAS IN PORT LAST NIGHT

The steamer Arizona of the Goodrich Transit Company's line, was in port last night on its first trip of the season to Escanaba. The Arizona was formerly the city of Racine and was rebuilt at Manitowoc during the past winter at a cost of \$25,000. Last season the Racine ran into a pier at Chicago causing damage amounting to \$30,000 and immediately after that time was taken to Manitowoc and rebuilt. The vessel is now one of the best in the Goodrich Company's fleet and will make regular trips to Escanaba during the remainder of the summer season.

TOMMY BURNS IS CRITICISED

Tommy Burns, erstwhile idol of Australian fight lovers, who made Jeffries' defeat by Johnson possible by himself getting licked by the black, came in for a good deal of caustic criticism on Tuesday and is being generally blamed for Jeffries' defeat. Melbourne sportsmen condemn Tommy for lowering the white standard by accepting a battle with Johnson, "purely for purposes of gain," thus enabling a negro to win the championship. Jeffries' defeat is much regretted in Australia but was generally expected. Australian sports are now agitating two championships, one for white men and one for blacks.

COURT TO OPEN SOON

The regular July session of circuit court for Delta county will open next Monday at the court house here with Judge R. C. Flannigan of Norway presiding. The court calendar promises to be light as no jury will be called for the session and only non-jury and civil matters will be disposed of.

Wednesday the third day of the session has been set as naturalization day and all applicants for citizenship will be heard on that day.

JOHNSON AT HOME

Chicago, Ill., July 7.—With great eclat Jack Johnson, champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, was received in Chicago today by his colored brethren. He was met at the station by a great crowd of his people and was escorted to his home where his mother was waiting to greet him. The Johnson demonstration was conducted without interference of any kind, the whole proceeding being orderly and quiet. It was announced after Johnson's arrival here that Joe Woodman, Sam Langford's manager, has agreed to place a side bet of \$20,000 for a match between Langford and Johnson.

HOLD INQUEST TODAY OVER BODY OF MAN KILLED

The coroner's inquest into the death of Michael Purcell, of Chicago, who fell beneath the wheels of the south bound passenger train on the North-Western road at Wilson on Wednesday night and met death under the wheels, will be held this morning by Coroner L. O. Kiretine. The members of the jury selected to investigate the unfortunate man's death are: Henry McFall, Andrew Van Brockle, James H. Elliott, John Lauscher, E. R. Burns and Thomas Malcolmson. Two companions of Purcell, who were with him when he fell beneath the wheels of the train are being held at the county jail and will testify at the inquest today when a claim agent for the North-Western road will also be present.

COMMITTEE TO MEET AGAIN

Members of the general Fourth of July committee will be forced to hold another meeting as some of the bills incurred in giving the celebration of last Monday, were not presented for payment. The committee audited a number of accounts and will mail checks to those to whom money is due and will meet again in a few days to clean up the entire business.

FANS AWAIT THE OPENING OF GLADSTONE SERIES

Baseball fans of Escanaba will journey to Gladstone in droves on Sunday and Monday when the baseball teams representing two cities will clash in a series of two games opening on Sunday afternoon at the Gladstone ball park.

Stung by the three straight defeats administered at the hands of Escanaba last week the Gladstone players have turned out for practice every afternoon of this week and team work such as was impossible in the Escanaba series because of the late arrival of new players, is being developed. Every Gladstone fan is confident that a team has now been brought together that, with the best practice will be able to handle the strongest team

from the county seat town and every enthusiast of the upper Bay city will be on hand in the games of both Sunday and Monday to pull decisive victory over Escanaba.

With the practice that has been secured by Olmsted's warriors in the two games against the crack Milwaukee aggregation the locals believe they are now playing in top season's form and while they expect two hard and fast games in Gladstone will be prepared to give an excellent account of themselves at every stage of the two contests.

A special street car service will be arranged by the Escanaba Traction company to carry the Escanaba fans to Gladstone on Sunday and on

I. STEPHENSON COMPANY'S CAMP BURNED YESTERDAY

The I. Stephenson Company's camp No. 13 was burned yesterday and forest fires throughout that district are serious. Pierce fires were raging yesterday north of Wilson and about Chandler's Falls, where big forces of men were at work fighting the

The I. Stephenson Company's camp No. 13 was one of the best equipped owned by the company and the loss will be considerable. A number of slides were reported north of Wilson and

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The Escanaba Morning Press Co. will not stand responsible for any indebtedness incurred except on orders signed by the president of this company or by the secretary.

Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
Weather Bureau.

Escanaba, Mich., July 8, 1910.
Friday, partly cloudy, possibly thunder showers; moderate west winds.
Highest temperatures yesterday 73 degrees.
Lowest temperature yesterday 64 degrees.
Precipitation yesterday 0 inches.
Temperature at even hours yesterday:

2 a. m. 57 12 m. 76
4 a. m. 57 2 p. m. 78
6 a. m. 60 4 p. m. 76
8 a. m. 69 6 p. m. 79
10 a. m. 72 8 p. m. 72

Temperature at even hours one year ago yesterday:
2 a. m. 55 12 m. 74
4 a. m. 54 2 p. m. 74
6 a. m. 57 4 p. m. 72
8 a. m. 66 6 p. m. 76
10 a. m. 69 8 p. m. 68

Precipitation one year ago yesterday, 0 inch.

Observations Taken at 7 a. m.

Table with columns: City, Max. Min. R. tem. last P. last last 24 h. 12 h. 24 h.

Tampa 92 70 1.76
Toledo 82 68 . 76
Washington 84 68 .01
Winnipeg 89 60 .02
Winnipeg 89 60 .02
Piam Island, W. partly cloudy 12 miles.

H. S. COLE,
Observer.

AGAIN THE PITCHER WENT TO THE WELL.

When the pitcher that goes to the well is old in use and cracked by time, rough handling and several years of misuse and disuse, it must expect to be broken.

Jeffries during six years of easy and not too discreet living accumulated 60 pounds or more of superfluous fat.

Jeffries, however, was able to capitalize a rather desperate chance, a broken down physique and a discarded title, for something like \$116,000.

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man drinks buttermilk. It has come to a point where it is not safe for a man in public life to drink buttermilk. It ruins his career.

Bertie County, North Carolina, has endorsed Joseph W. Folk for the presidency. This is good as far as it goes, but there are several other counties in the United States.

If Colonel Roosevelt supports Lodge in Massachusetts and Potendexter in Washington, nobody can complain of his partisanship.

Memphis, Tenn., neglected to feel sore over the fight, because work suddenly began on the new Union Station.

It is ten to six that the Insane Fourth and the Brutal Prize Fight have about their wads.

The literary center is rapidly working its way East from Reno.

QUITE A SNAP FOR HUBBY

How Mean Man Turned to His Own Account the Latest Fad of His Wife.

"My wife has a new fad," announced the fat man with the red face as he cheerfully stirred the mixture before him with a long straw.

"Now," she said sternly, "you cannot leave your chair."

"Just to see what her game was I gave her the glassy eye and made no move. Her eyes gleamed with triumph, and then she said:

"Listen to me. You must no longer drink intoxicating liquor. If you do it will make you sick. You will find it impossible to lift a glass of the vile stuff to your lips. You cannot even enter a place where it is sold."

"Then she brought me out of the trance by snapping her fingers and announced that her experiment was a complete success.

"Now the dear woman remains at home serenely confident that I am no longer able to indulge in the flowing bowl, and my plea of being detained late at the office goes without question. Let's have another."

REASON FOR THE SLOW TIME

Irritable Traveler May Not Have Been Convinced but He had to Be Reasoned.

The trains on the branch road never went very fast. There were various reasons for this, all good ones.

"What are we stopping for now?" he asked.

"This is a station," he said, mildly. "Don't see any," said the other.

"Oh, there isn't any building," said Silas; "but it's a stopping place."

By and by the train went on. Presently it stopped, apparently in the middle of a field. This time the stranger did not inquire into the reason for halting. But after another 20 minutes the same thing occurred. Finally he broke out again:

"What are we stopping here for? Isn't any station here, is there?"

"No station," said Silas. "We're stopping for water."

"Water?" exclaimed the other. "Water! Why, we just took in water not five minutes ago. What do you mean?"

"Boiler leaks," said Silas, patiently; and the other relapsed into silence.

Youth's Companion.

Smoker Who Found Himself.

It is doubtful whether the confirmed smoker ever really enjoys smoking. The habit becomes merely mechanical. M. Maeterlinck hit upon a happy expedient whereby he continued to enjoy the pleasure of his pipe and at the same time guarded against its injurious effects.

Latest News in the World of Finance and Trade
By PAINE WEBBER & CO., Monnetta, Michigan.

BOSTON MARKETS

Encouragement was given to the bears to sell this market at the opening. Early quotations showed losses all through the list but the decline did not go far.

NEW YORK STOCKS

The action of St. Paul directors in declaring regular dividend on the common issue did much towards creating a better feeling and the result of the meeting of the Atchinson directors tomorrow will undoubtedly be anxiously awaited.

THE CURB MARKETS

The Boston and Col. has drifted on the fifth level for 2000 feet and the drift is still in good ore. Sinking of shaft is progressing rapidly and it is expected that the 800 ft. level will be reached by the end of July.

IRON TRADE REVIEW

Cleveland, O., July 7.—The Iron Trade Review says:

Owing to part, at least, to the interruption of the holiday, there has been less life in the market during the past few days and very few transactions of importance have been recorded.

The month of June made a new record in iron ore shipments in the Lake Superior region, the total being 7,316,769 tons, an increase of 123,480 tons over the previous record month of August, 1909, and exceeding by nearly two million tons the record of June of last year.

The first half of 1910 has made a new record in production of coke and anthracite pig iron the total being 14,761,264 tons, an increase of a million and a half over the wonderful production for the first half of 1907.

The production for June was 2,291,094 tons, a reduction of only 83,708 tons compared with May. The average daily production in June was 76,369 tons, or only 238 tons less than in May.

The list of active stacks shown a loss of eight, but since July 1, five stacks have been blown out, and it is expected that a number of others will become inactive at an early date.

It does not seem probable that during the second half of the year such a large tonnage will be manufactured as during the past six months and a sharp decrease is greatly to be desired under present market conditions.

In all parts of the country come reports of lifeless pig iron market, and in some places there is decided weakness.

Some very low quotations have recently been made on basic in the east and new low levels have been touched in the valleys, where as low as \$14.10 at the furnace has been done for No. 2.

On shapes and plates there is increasing irregularity in prices and the demand is not active.

The principal contrast of the week was for bridge and viaduct work on an eighty-three mile extension of the Western Maryland railroad, requiring twelve thousand tons, awarded to the McClintock-Marshall Construction company.

Morning Press Job Work orders will be taken at fair prices during twenty-four hours every day except Sunday.

BOSTON MARKETS

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Includes Adventure, Arcadian, Alloues, Atlantic, etc.

LONDON COPPER

Table with columns: Opening, Close, Sales. Includes 56-7-8, 57-8-3, etc.

CURB STOCKS

Table with columns: Commodity, Price. Includes Ariz. & Mich., Ahmeek, Bay State Gas, etc.

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REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE ESCANABA NATIONAL BANK
Escanaba, Michigan
June 30, 1910
Resources: Loans & Discounts \$548,317.28, Overdrafts 786.76, U. S. and other Bonds 112,500.00, Furniture and Fixtures 3,568.86, Cash and Exchange 139,396.16. Total Resources \$808,446.09.

ONE OF THE CHIEF DELIGHTS OF OLD AGE.
John Tolan, Maker
which has so few real pleasures, is smoking a good cigar. Both old and young enjoy the exquisite flavor of the Fresh Havana smoke, as it has an aroma and a palate tickling quality in it that obtains in very few domestic made cigars, and you can enjoy its exquisite luxury at ten cents.

One Small Smile
DELTA LIQUOR STORE
1123 Lud. St. Phone 565L
of our rye whiskey is better than half a dozen of inferior adulterated stuff. Take a bottle or flask of it on your auto, fishing or hunting trips. It will ward off the effects of cold winds or rainy days, save you many a cold, many a discomfort.

FOR SALE
409-411 Maple Street BARGAIN
218 Stephenson avenue \$3,000
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House and lot on Stephenson avenue, \$250.00 down. Balance on monthly payments.
FOR RENT—207 South Fannie St.
FOR RENT—427 South Sarah street. 104 S. Georgie St.

Now is the time to order an Excelsion Auto-Cycle
Do not wait until the day you want it. This one man runabout is always on the job.
ESCANABA CYCLE WORKS 1011 Lud.

An Appeal to all of the People of Delta County, Save one, who is Awfully busy always.
For two years have I in vain, appealed to men of means and influence in order to have them check up the iron ore which has been cut in Delta county. One year ago I was promised by a man without word that he would make this test long before this and since, have I been held out strong hopes for having this done and have been asked to wait many long weeks by an awfully busy man, to only be awfully busy of valuable time in the end. What is there about money and influence as will crush the man out of some would be men? Why treat with contempt and ridicule men who are men to the core? Why ride rough shod over men who will wrong no man—men who will do their duty by their town and county as they see it—and men who possess the courage of their convictions? Where is the wisecrack so brave as to state that he can see one sixteenth of an inch under the ground and then have the audacity to say that there is no iron ore in Delta county? The iron ore is here—it has been cut.

FIREWORKS BURN EIGHT BUILDINGS

Centerville, Mich., July 7.—The major portion of one side of the business section of the town was wiped out Monday afternoon when fire, resulting from the premature explosion of fireworks, started in the hardware store of Sousel & Lowrey. In all eight store buildings were burned. The loss is estimated at \$35,000, partly covered by insurance. It is not known whether the fire in the hardware store resulted from a spark from fireworks that were being exploded on the outside or spontaneous combustion.

The flames spread rapidly from the Sousel & Lowrey store to buildings occupied by W. L. Thomas, dry goods; Bradley & Frays, meat market; Henry Hampton, grocery; Adelia Welty, bakery; the post office and one vacant building.

ENDS HER LIFE IN SECOND ATTEMPT

Lansing, Mich., July 7.—After drinking almost an ounce of chloroform during last night, in an effort to end her existence, Mrs. Lon Gibson eluded the watchfulness of relatives this morning, made her way to a drug store and procured an ounce of carbolic acid. Returning to her home on Turner street, in North Lansing, she drank the poison in the presence of her husband and daughter, Mrs. Emma Baker and died soon afterward. She was 50 years old and had been despondent for some time.

FAST FUNERAL SERVICE FOR LATE CHIEF JUSTICE

Sorrento, Maine, July 7.—In the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer was held this afternoon the first funeral service for the late Chief Justice Fuller.

The church was thronged with relatives and men of national prominence. The body will be taken to Chicago where another service will be held Friday.

GEM THEATRE

Entire Change of Program Every Night
Two New Pictures and Two New Songs
Doors Open at 7:30 p. m.

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Doors Open at 2 o'clock

Admission 10c, Matinee 5c

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McWilliam's Block

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Meals Served at All Hours on Short Notice
GLADSTONE, MICHIGAN

DAY OF ALARM FOR PORT WING

Bayfield, Wis., July 7.—The Barker returned to Bayfield early last evening having on board thirty-five women and children from the village of Cornucopia. When the boat left the village all roads out of the village were cut off and the flames were approaching the town, being borne along by a strong wind. Cornucopia is a village of about 400.

Port Wing, a village of about 1,000, twenty-five miles southwest of here, on Lake Superior, was also in danger all day, being nearly surrounded by fire. The camp of the Bayfield Mill company, five miles west of Bayfield, was destroyed by fire.

International Falls, Minn., July 7.—The forest fires in Koochiching county are spreading. The situation in the district along the Minnesota & International and the Duluth, Rainy Lake & Winnipeg railroads is becoming desperate. Unless relief through heavy rain comes immediately the entire county will be burned over.

The settlers have moved out from Plum creek and Wildwood townships, taking their stock with them and have sought safety in the villages. The greatest damage has been done along the railroads, where log piles, cedar yards, slashings and in some cases the dry moss in the swamps have been set on fire by locomotives. The section crews have been unable to patrol their sections and their failure to extinguish fires along the right of way before they become unmanageable has been the cause of fires that have now destroyed timber to the value of \$3,000,000.

The village of Ray has called upon this place for help, Big Falls is in danger of being wiped out and Rainier is threatened by a fire in the swamp south of town.

The fires along Rainy river were the outcome of small fires set by settlers in clearing land. They are practically under control, and are not likely to do great damage.

RIVER LOWEST IN FOURTEEN YEARS

Delegates to the meeting of the Upper Mississippi River Improvement association in St. Paul, July 12 will have to travel by rail. The river is lower than for years. Regular passenger boat service between St. Paul and Davenport, Iowa, has been suspended, waiting for higher water.

Some of the Minneapolis sawmills are closed down for lack of logs and the flour mills are using steam as auxiliary to the water power.

Water is dropping, not running, over Minnehaha falls, and the small boats which take excursion parties out of St. Paul are so frequently stopped by sand bars that the owners expect to tie them up until water is higher.

These conditions are unprecedented say those who have depended for years on water power or river navigation for their business.

MRS. DREWITZ IS DIVORCED

Cincinnati, O., July 7.—Mrs. Guesle Ogden-Drewitz, sister-in-law of Mrs. Ogden Armour of Chicago, worth \$500,000, was given divorce decree in her fourth suit against Ernest Drewitz, piano salesman.

She says from now on she will devote her life and fortune to help other women who are struggling to escape from mislaid matrimonial yokes.

Mrs. Drewitz is planning to urge the passage of a bill in the Ohio legislature that shall protect women from slander especially slander uttered by former husbands.

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrations by Magnus C. Kettner

(Copyright 1908 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.) (Continued.)

A shudder ran through one councillor's frame, as if the voice had startled him, his arms and body stiffened and slowly he lifted his head. Nathaniel tried to smother the cry on his lips, tried to smile—to speak, but the terrible face that stared up into his own held him silent, motionless. He had heard the voice of madness, now he looked upon madness in the eyes that glared at him. In them was no sign of recognition, no passing flash of sanity. The white face was lined with purple veins, the mouth was distorted and the lips bleeding. Involuntarily he stepped back to the end of the table.

At his movement the councillor stretched out his arms with a sobbing moan.

"Nat—Nat—don't go—"

He fell again upon his face, clutching the table in a sudden convulsion. In the next room Nathaniel had noticed a pall of water and he brought this and wet the old man's head. For a long time Obadiah did not move, and when he did it was to reach out with a groping hand to find Nathaniel. A change had come into his face when he lifted it again, the mad fire had partly burned itself out of his eyes, the old chuckling laugh came from between his lips.

"A little weakness, Nat—a little weakness," he gasped faintly. "I have it now and then. Excitement—great excitement—" He straightened himself for a moment and stood, swaying free from the table, then collapsed into a chair, his head dropping upon his breast.

Without arousing him from the stupor into which he had fallen, Nathaniel again concealed himself in the shadows outside the cabin where he could better guard himself against the possible approach of Mormon visitors. But he did not remain long. He struck a match and saw that it was nearly lit and a sudden resolution turned him back to the cabin door. He believed that Obadiah would not easily arouse himself from the strange stupor into which he had fallen. Meanwhile he would find food and then conceal himself near the path to intercept Marion.

As he mounted the step he heard for the second time since landing upon the island the solemn tolling of the great bell at St. James, and as he paused for an instant to listen, peal upon peal followed the first until its brazen thunder rolled in one long booming echo through the forests of the Mormon kingdom. There came a shrill cry at his back and he whirled about to see the councillor standing in the center of the big room, his arms outstretched, his face lifted as if had been raised in prayer at the tolling of the same bell the night before—but this time it was not prayer that fell from his lips.

"Nat, you have returned in the hour of vengeance! The hand of God is descending upon the Mormon kingdom!"

His words came in a gasping, but triumphant cry.

"And tomorrow—tomorrow—" He stepped forward, his voice crooning a wild joy. "Tomorrow—I—shall—be—king!"

As he spoke the cabin trembled, a tremor passed under them, and the tolling of the bell was lost in a sudden tumult that came like the bursting crash of low thunder.

"What is it?" cried Nathaniel. He leaped into the room and caught Obadiah by the arm. "What is it?"

"The hand of God!" whispered the old man again. "Nat—Nat—" It was his old self that stood grimacing and twisting his hands before Nathaniel now. "Nat—a thousand armed men are off the coast! The Lamanites of the mainland are descending upon the Mormon kingdom as the hosts of Israel upon Canaan! Strang is doomed—doomed—doomed—and tomorrow I shall be king!" His voice rose in a walling shriek. He darted to the door and his cackling laugh rang with the old madness as he pointed into the north where a lurid glow had mounted high into the sky.

"The signal fire—the bell!" he gurgled chokingly. "They are calling the Mormons to arms—but it is too late—too late! Ho, ho, it is too late, Nat—too late!" He staggered back, gripping his throat, and fell upon the floor. "Too late—too late," he moaned, groveling weakly, as if struggling for breath. "Too late—Nat—Marion—" A shiver passed through his body and he lay quite still.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Six Castle Chambers. In an instant Nathaniel was upon his knees beside the prostrate form of the old councillor. Obadiah's eyes were open but unseeing; his face was blanched to the

whiteness of paper; an almost imperceptible movement of his chest showed that he still breathed. Nathaniel lifted one of the limp hands and its clammy chill struck horror to his heart. Tenderly he lifted the old man and carried him to the cot at the end of the room. He loosened his clothes, tore off the low collar about his throat, and felt with his hand to measure the faint beating of life in the councillor's breast. For a few moments it seemed to grow fainter and fainter, and a choking lump rose in his throat as he watched the pallor of death fixing itself on the councillor's shriveled face. What strange chord of sympathy was it that bound him to this old man? Was it the same mysterious influence that had attracted Marion to him? He dropped upon his knees and called the girl's name softly but it awakened no response in the sightless eyes, no tremor in the parted, unquivering lips. Very slowly as the minutes passed there came a reaction. The pulsations of the weakened heart became a little stronger, he could catch faintly the sound of breath coming from between the old man's lips.

With a gasp of relief Nathaniel rose to his feet. Through the door he saw the red glare in the northern sky and heard the great bell at St. James ring a wilder and more excited alarm. For a few moments he stood in silent

listening inaction, his nerves tingling with a strange sensation of impending peril. Obadiah's madness, the mysterious trembling of the earth beneath his feet, the volcano of fire, the clanging of the bell and the councillor's insane rejoicing had all come so suddenly that he was dazed. What great calamity, what fearful vengeance, was about to come upon the Mormon kingdom? Was it possible that the fishermen and settlers of the mainland had risen, as Obadiah had said, and were already at hand to destroy Strang and his people? The thought spurred him to the door. The blood rushed like fire through his veins. What would it mean to Marion—to Nell?

In his excitement he started down the path that led to the illac hidden home beyond the forest. Then he thought again of Obadiah and his last choking utterance of Marion's name. He had tried to speak of her, even with that death-like rattling of the breath in his throat; and the memory of the old councillor's frantic struggle for words brought Nathaniel quickly back to the cabin. He bent over Obadiah's shriveled form and again in his ears. There came no response, no quiver of life to show that the old man was conscious of his presence. As he worked over him, bathing his face and chest in cool water, the feeling became strong in him that he was fighting death in this gloomy room for Marion's sake. It was like the whispering of an invisible spirit in his ears—something more than presentiment, something that made his own heart grown faint when death seemed winning in the struggle. His watchfulness was acute, intense, desperate.

When, after a time, he straightened himself again, rewarded by Obadiah's more regular breathing, the sweat stood in beads upon his face. He knew that he had triumphed. Obadiah would live, and Marion— He placed his mouth close to the councillor's ear.

"Tell me about Marion," he said again. "Marion—Marion—Marion—" He waited, stilling his own breath to catch the sound of a whisper. None came. As he bent over him he saw through the open door that the red glare of fire had faded to a burnt out glow in the sky. In the deep silence the sullen beating of the bell seemed nearer, and he could hear the excited barking of dogs in St. James. Slowly the hope that Obadiah might speak to him died away and he returned to the door. It still lacked an hour of midnight, when Marion had promised to come to him. He was wildly impatient and to his impatience was added the fear that had filled him as he hovered over Obadiah, a nameless, intangible fear—something which he could not have analyzed and which clutched at his heart and urged him to follow the path that led to Marion's. For a time he resisted the impulse. What if she should come by another path while he was gone? He waited nervously in the edge of the forest, watching, and listening for footsteps. Each minute seemed like an hour marked into seconds by the solemn, steady tolling of the bell; and after a little he found himself unconsciously measuring time by counting the strokes. Then he went out into the path. He followed it, step by step, until he could no longer see the light in the cabin; his pulse beat a little faster; he stared ahead into the deep gloom between the walls of forest—and quickened his pace. If Marion was coming to him—he would meet her. If she was not coming—

In his old fearless way he promptly made up his mind. He would go boldly to the cabin and tell that Nell was waiting. He felt sure that the alarm sounding from St. James had drawn away the guards and that there would be nothing to interfere with his plan. If she had already left the cabin he would return quickly to Obadiah's. In his eagerness he began to run. Once a sound stopped him—the distant beating of galloping hoofs. He heard the shout of a man, a reply farther away, the quick, excited yelping of a dog. His blood danced as he thought of the gathering of the Mormon fighters, the men and boys racing down the black trails from the inland forests, the excitement in St. James. As he ran on again he thought of Arbor Croche mustering the panting, vegepall defenders; of Strang, his great voice booming encouragement and

promise, above the strident cannon of the bell; he saw in fancy the frightened huddling groups of women and children and beyond and above all the coming of the "vengeance of God"—a hundred hosts, a thousand men—and there went out from his soul if not from his lips a great cry of joy. At the edge of the forest he stopped for a moment. Over beyond the clearing a light burned dimly through the lilacs. The sweet odor of the flowers came to him gently, persuasively, and nerved him into the open. He passed across the open space swiftly and plunged into a tangle of bushes close to the lighted window.

He heard a man's voice within, and then a woman's. Was it Marion? Cautionally Nathaniel crept close to the log wall of the cabin. He reached out, and hesitated. Should he look—as he had done at the king's window? The man's voice came to him again, harsh and angry, and this time it was not a woman's words that he heard but a woman's sobbing cry. He parted the bushes and a glare of light fell on his face. The lamp was on a table and beside the table there sat a woman, her white head turned from him, her face buried in her hands. She was an old woman and he knew that it was Marion's mother. He could not see the man.

Where was Marion? He wormed himself back out of the bushes and walked quickly around the house. There was no other light, no other sign of life except in that one room. With sudden resolution he stepped to the door and knocked loudly.

For a full half minute there was silence, and he knocked again. He heard the approach of a shuffling step, the thump, thump, thump of a case, and the door swung back. It was the man who opened it, a tall giant of an old man, doubled as if with rheumatism, and close behind him was the frightened face of the woman. An involuntary shudder passed through Nathaniel as he looked at them. They were old—so old that the man's shriveled hands were like those of a skeleton; his giant frame seemed about to totter into ruin, his eyes were sunken until his face gave the horror of a death mask. Was it possible that these people were the father and mother of Marion—and of Nell? As he stepped to the threshold they timidly drew back from him. In a single glance Nathaniel swept the room and what he saw thrilled him; for everywhere were signs of Marion; in the pictures on the walls, the snowy

curtains, the cushions in the window seat—and the huge vase of lilacs on the mantle. "I am a messenger of the king," he said, advancing and closing the door behind him. "I want to speak with Marion."



"I want to speak with Marion."

"I am a messenger of the king," he said, advancing and closing the door behind him. "I want to speak with Marion."

"Strang—the king!" cried the old man, clutching the knob of his cane with both hands. "She has gone!"

"Gone!" exclaimed Nathaniel. For an instant his heart bounded with delight. Marion was on her way to the trust! He sprang back to the door. "When? When did she go?"

"The woman had come forward, her hands trembling, her lips quivering. Something in the terror of her face sent the hot blood from Nathaniel's cheeks.

"They sent for her an hour ago," she said. "The king sent Obadiah Price for her! O, my God!" she shrieked suddenly, clutching at her breast. "Tell me—what are they doing with Marion?"

"Shut up!" snarled the old man. "That's Strang's business. She has gone to Strang." With an effort he straightened himself until his towering form rose half a head above Nathaniel. "She has gone to the king," he repeated. "Tell Strang that she will give him tonight, as she has promised!"

In spite of his effort to control himself a terrible cry burst from Nathaniel's lips. He swung open the door and stood for an instant with his white face turned back.

"She went to the castle—an hour ago!" he cried.

"Yes, to the castle—with Obadiah Price."

The last words followed him as he sped out into the night. As swiftly as a wolf he raced across the clearing to the trail that led down to St. James. Something seemed to have burst in his brain; something that was not blood, but fire, seemed to burn in his veins—a mad desire to reach Strang, to grip him by the throat, to mete out to him the vengeance of a fend instead of that of a man. He was too late to save Marion! His brain reeled with the thought. Too late—too late—too late. He panted the words. They came with every gasp for breath. Too late! Too late! His heart pumped like an engine as he strained to keep up his speed. He passed a man and

a boy hurrying with their rifles to St. James and made no answer to their shout; a galloping horse forged ahead of him and he tried to keep up with it; and then, at the top of the long hill that sloped down to the stronghold of the Mormon kingdom something seemed to sweep his legs from under him, and he fell panting on the ground. For a few moments he lay there looking down upon the city. The great bell at the temple was now silent. He saw huge fires burning for a mile along the coast, hundreds of lights were twinkling in the harbor, there came up to him softly, subdued by distance, the sound of commotion and excitement far below.

His eyes rested on the beacon above the prophet's home, burning like a ball of fire over the black canopy of tree tops. Marion was there! He rose to his feet again and went on, reason and judgment returning to him—telling him that he was about to play against odds; that his work was to be one of strength and generalship and not of madness. As he plodded his way more slowly and cautiously down the slope a new hope flashed upon him. Was it possible that the discovery of the approach of the mainlanders had served to save Marion? In the excitement that followed the calling of the Mormons to arms and the preparations for the defense would Strang, the master of the kingdom, the bulwark of his people, waste priceless

time in carrying out the purpose for which he had sent for Marion? Hardly did he hope to burn anew in his breast when there came another thought to quench it. Why had the king sent for Marion on this particular night and at this late hour? Why, unless at the approach of his enemies he had feared that he might lose his beautiful victim, and in his overmastering passion had called her to him even as his people assembled in defense of his kingdom.

There was desperate coolness in Nathaniel's approach now. Whatever had happened he would do what Nell had threatened to do—kill Strang. And whatever had happened he would take Marion away with him if it was only her dead body that he carried in his arms. To do these things he needed strength. He advanced more slowly and drew deeper and deeper drafts of air into his exhausted lungs. At the edge of the grove surrounding the castle he paused to listen. For the first time it occurred to Nathaniel that the prophet might have assembled some of his fighters to the defense of his home, which he knew would be one of the first places to feel the vengeance of the outraged men of the mainland. But he heard no voices ahead of him. There were no fires to betray the approach of the enemy. Not even the barking of a dog gave warning of his stealthy advance. Soon he could make out a light in the king's house. A few steps more and he saw that the door was open, as it had been on his first visit to the castle. He dodged swiftly from bush to bush, darted under the window through which he had seen Marion, leaped lightly up the broad steps and sprang into the great room, his pistol cocked in his hand.

The room was empty. He listened, but not a sound came to his ears except the rustling of a curtain in the breeze. The huge lamp over the table was burning dimly. The five doors leading from the room were tightly closed. Nathaniel held his breath, tried to still the tumultuous pounding of his heart as he waited for a sound of life—a step beyond those doors, a woman's voice, a child's cry. But none came. The stillness of desertion hovered about him. He went to one of the five doors. It was not locked. He opened it silently, with the caution of a thief, and there loomed before him a chaos of gloom.

"Hello!" he called gently. "Hello—Hello—"

There was no answer. He struck a match and advanced step by step, holding the yellow bit of flame above his head. It disclosed the narrow walls of a hall and an open door leading into another room. The lead sputtered and went out and he lighted another. On a little table just outside the door was a half burned candle and he replaced his match with this. Then he went in.

At a glance he knew that he had entered a woman's room, redolent with the perfume of flowers. On one side was a bed and close beside it a cradle with a child's toys scattered about it. The tumbled coverlets showed that both had been recently used. About the room were thrown articles of wearing apparel; a trunk had been dragged from a closet and was half packed; everywhere was the disorder of hurried flight. For a few moments the depth of his despair held Nathaniel motionless. The castle was deserted—Marion was gone! He ran back into the great room, no longer trying to still the sound of his foot steps, and opened a second door. The same silence greeted him, the same disorder, the same evidence that the wives and children of the Mormon king had fled. He went into a third room—and then a fourth.

For an instant he paused at the threshold of this fourth chamber. A light was burning in the room at the end of the hall. The door was closed with the exception of an inch or two.

(To be Continued.)

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GREAT RECEPTION AT CARO FOR OSBORN

Caro, Mich., July 7.—An immense throng of people from all parts of the Thumb took part on the celebration at Caro Monday, the crowd being variously estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000.

The orator of the day was Hon. Chase S. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie, and his address was a masterly effort. He knows how to hit right out on the shoulder in regular Rooseveltian style, and that he had his audience with him from the first was evidenced by the hearty applause.

He was entertained at dinner by local Republicans at the Hotel Montague, and in the afternoon an informal reception and hand shaking event was held in the court room of the county building. His cordial reception and the extent of the Osborn sentiment in Tuscola county was a revelation to the state administration here who are advocating Pat Kelley to succeed Gov. Warner.

Mr. Osborn completely captured the large audience that listened with marked attention to his address, which was replete with good things. Caro this year had the most successful celebration in the history of Tuscola county. From all over the county thousands came here to celebrate and Mr. Osborn was the one man they all came to see. After his address a reception for him was held at the court house and old friends and hundreds of new ones gathered about him to give him a cordial welcome. It was made evident that if there were any here who thought anyone else might be nominated for governor they are not to be found now. Mr. Osborn's sincerity of purpose, keenness of perception, good business judgment and candid fairness commend him to all with whom he comes in contact and his coming here has only marked the beginning of a united Republican party again in this county.

OSBORN IS WELL RECEIVED

Lovering, Mich., July 7.—Chase S. Osborn, formerly opened his tour of the lower peninsula at Lovering, where he was warmly greeted by a nice crowd. Mr. Osborn pledged himself, if elected, to put an end to the practice of sending out state employees, ostensibly on state business, while as a matter of fact they spend the major portion of their time at state expense booning the political ambitions of the man higher up.

Representative Pierson, a pro-Kelley man, admitted today that Chase S. Osborn will carry Cradlevor county. Osborn had a fine meeting at Boyne Falls and Boyne City. At both places he stated that he "is opposed to the coterie of politicians now in control who have looted, disgraced and debauched Michigan and that if the voter wants to see the present conditions cleaned up they should support my candidacy, as the reason the present state machine is making such a fight for Kelley is because my election means their passing. Kelley may have quit the machine, but it is very apparent that the machine has not quit him. As he says, 'here's a reason,'" concluded Mr. Osborn.

Today's tour closes with a meeting at Charlevoix tonight with talks from the same platform by ex-Gov. Fifer of Illinois and Gov. Harmon of Ohio, who are resorting at Charlevoix.

MACCABEES MAY MAKE HIS SHORTAGE GOOD

Flint, Mich., July 7.—Despite the fact that he is about \$1,000 short in his accounts at the First National bank, where he had charge of the savings department and that some of his transactions in the Maccabee lodge, of which he was finance-keeper, appear somewhat muddled, sentiment appears to favor Fred W. Richardson, who is missing.

A. J. Sulf, record-keeper of the lodge, has received a letter from a prominent lodge official in Detroit. In it was stated that it is the desire of the order to not only assess the shortage on the membership at large, but also to subscribe a sufficient amount to reimburse the bank.

The writer said: "We believe that Mr. Richardson was living beyond his means and that when he learned that he was in a hole, he secured what he could and went away. I believe he will make good the amount and return to us eventually. It is not our desire, that he is down, to hold him there."

There is still no tidings of Richardson's whereabouts.

SEVERE STORMS ARE REPORTED

St. Paul, July 7.—Western Minnesota and western South Dakota were visited last evening by severe wind and electrical storms which may have caused a heavy loss of life and great damage to cities and farming communities. The storm seemed to follow a path west from Benson and Madison Minn. Details are meagre.

Wires are down as far west as Watertown, S. D., where the storm appears to have spent itself.

Reports from Breckenridge, Minn., Grand Forks, N. D., Sioux Falls and Brookings, South Dakota, tell of bad storms and much damage inside the storm belt. These reports indicate a tornado swept through the storm area and the fact that telephone and telegraph poles are down and wire communication cut off would indicate the damage was of a serious nature.

A report from Watertown says a circus tent was blown down and the stage destroyed by fire. A heavy rain alone prevented a serious blaze. The storm destroyed the main and menagerie tents of the circus, killing a circus employe and injuring more or less than a score of persons.

A large crowd was in the tent when the storm struck. There was a stampede for exits as the tent began to sway and the poles lifted from the ground. Spectators barely left the tent when the first blast ripped the canvas to ribbons.

The canvas caught fire from lamps which were blazing into the air by the pole.

Flying poles pierced the seats which were hurled after the fleeing people, who, blinded by dust were hysterically rushing for places of safety in the darkness. It is a miracle that the death list is not greater.

A cyclone that visited the western part of Minnesota is believed to have caused great damage in and around Benson, Minn., the county seat of Swift county and one of the most prosperous cities in that part of the state.

All telephone and telegraph wires were leveled by the storm, which struck town from the west, destroying several farm houses in its path. Swift county has been visited by many severe cyclones in recent years the damage amounting to large sums yearly.

OSBORN IS WELL RECEIVED

Saginaw, Mich., July 7.—James White, aged 35 years, of Portland, Mich., met death in a balloon ascension at Caro yesterday afternoon. White was thrown downward about 50 feet and hit an electric transformer, breaking his neck, jaw and both legs. He died shortly after.

A second accident of a similar nature occurred at Yassar at almost the same hour and as a result Paul Wenchel, aged 30 years, of Grand Rapids, is believed to be dying. Wenchel had ascended about 400 feet, when his balloon began to drop and his parachute failed to work when he attempted to clear away. He fell the remaining distance and is still unconscious with little chance of recovery.

HEMANS MAY BE CANDIDATE AGAIN

Detroit, Mich., July 7.—There are numerous indications of activity in the democratic ranks and it will not be surprising to hear within the next few days that Lawton T. Hemans of Mason has consented to become a candidate for governor again. He is being strongly urged to run, and in view of the strong showing he made two years ago, he is acknowledged to be the best timber the democrats can offer.

It may be taken for granted also that the democrats will have a candidate for United States senator at the primaries. John T. Winship of Saginaw and John W. Bailey of Battle Creek are being mentioned. The former is the one more likely to make the run. Mr. Winship is widely known and his friends are preparing to circulate petitions in his behalf. With Hemans at the head of the ticket many would like to see Mayor Bailey, the militant executive of the breakfast food city, his running mate. It is not known whether Bailey would consent to make the run.

Morning Press Job Work orders will be taken at fair prices during twenty-four hours every day except Sunday.

YEARS TOO OFTEN WASTED

Magazine Writer Calls Attention to What He Considers a Danger to Democracy.

As conditions now exist there comes into the life of the average boy or girl four or five waste years—the years between thirteen and eighteen. These waste years hold in them the real dangers of our democracy. For out of school the boy at least is worthless. If the boy goes out to attempt to learn a trade at 14 years of age the manufacturer says: "I do not want you in my factory," and the manufacturer will not employ the boy except as an errand boy.

And yet 10,000,000 of fourteen-year-old boys and their sisters—who are really worth something—are out of school in America today. Partly they are out for economic reasons; the family needs their support. But apart from economic forces there are social reasons why he is not in school. His studies and his teachers, and at the bottom of all, the selfishness of the tax-payers.

For when a child is not "doing well" in school the parents find it easy to put him to work outside. Probably 5,000,000 leave school not because they have to leave to support the family, but because the parents feel that the boys at least are better off working out of school than idling and wrangling with their teachers in school. The instinct of the boy for physical education as well as for mental training should be heeded. The boy longs for many things, to see things under his hand. The almost universal introduction of manual training in some form into the lower grades of American schools—giving the boy opportunity to work with his hands—is one of the most important symptoms of social health in our political organization.—American Magazine.

DOG USED THE TELEPHONE

Intelligent Act of Animal Imprisoned in Office, Reported by the London Mail.

The operator at Grimsby telephone exchange received an unexpected call from the premises of a firm of tobacconists in the early hours of a recent Sunday morning. Putting the instrument to his ear, his surprise developed into wonderment, for all he could get in reply to the usual query: "What number, please?" was the vigorous barking of a dog.

Coming to the conclusion that there were burglars in the place, the operator informed the police. In the meantime the owner of the dog suddenly remembered that he had, contrary to practice, left the animal, a fox terrier, in the office, had gone to the premises to release it. When he arrived he found a couple of police officers about to force an entrance, and their astonishment was great when reaching the office they found that the terrier had climbed on to a desk five feet high and knocked the receiver off the telephone. Used to hearing its master's voice over the instrument, it had apparently barked into the mouth-piece to draw attention to its plight.—London Mail.

Be Careful.

If you have reached the place in your life where the commonness of word, action or thought does not disturb you. If mediocrity of purpose and accomplishment be all that satisfies you. When you can work in surroundings totally lacking in law or order without trying to remedy the defects. If work poorly done does not trouble you in the sharp haunting way of other days. When you do not expect refinement, sincerity or truth from your friends, for that means a laxity in self-requirements. When deep down in your heart there is no striving for an ideal. If you scorn the contempt or admiration of other broad minded individuals. For these are a few signs of a pitiable deterioration of character, and absolutely mark the failure of an individual to carry on the forward movement of the race.

American Voices Something Fierce.

"You don't notice it so much when you have been living here right along," said a man who returned lately to America from the Orient, "but to a person who has spent the last two years in sleepy Hindu villages American voices, particularly the voices of American women, are, as the Bowery boy might put it, 'something fierce.' Men gabble or mutter or bellow, clip off words and talk through their noses, all of which is bad enough, but women tear your nerves to pieces by shrieking as if each were trying to outshriek the other. My wife has dragged me to some receptions and things, and I wonder more and more why voices, such as our grandmothers had—sweet, low voices—are never heard any more."

Still in the Ring.

"Billinger used to be one of the biggest fish bars I ever met."

"Has he quit?"

"He quit lying about fish some time ago. But he's more than making up for it by the lies he tells about the smartness of that four-year-old kid of his."

Wanted—A Drawing Card.

"Hold, man! What would you do?"

"I would die! From this bridge I will leap into yon mighty torrent and end it all—all!"

"Heavens! But if you must, wait 30 minutes until I can send for my moving picture machine; this will make a corking film."

LOCAL NEWS NOTES

A. G. Gerdel, William Konz, and A. H. Mathies enjoyed a fishing trip to Ford River yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McGraw of Minneapolis are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Longtine.

Mrs. W. Leach left yesterday morning for Port Huron.

Cleanest, Coolest Corner. "Sweet Corner."

Frank Perrow of Bark River was in the city yesterday.

Miss (Reason) who has been engaged as an instructor in the Escanaba high school left yesterday for her home in Minneapolis.

Miss Sarah Thatcher is visiting in Milwaukee.

"Good Morning" Only 23 left. Skidoo Sale.

H. E. Roberts of Waupaca, Wis., is visiting in the city.

M. E. Brown of Marinette was in the city yesterday.

"Sweet Corner." Hill Drug Store.

Miss Emma Herbst has returned to her home at Menominee after a short visit with Escanaba relatives and friends.

Don't forget the dance at Hyde on Saturday evening, July 9. Two-piece orchestra.

George Stecker is visiting with relatives at Hancock.

Henry Anderson has returned from a visit at Marinette.

Sanitary Fountain, Hill Drug Store.

Miss Leah Duranseau of Flat Rock is visiting with relatives and friends in Detroit, accompanying Mrs. James Robertson to that city.

APOLLO CLUB MAKING PLANS FOR AN OUTING

Members of the Apollo Club are making extensive preparations for the picnic to be given at Maywood on Sunday by the members of that organization. The steamer Maywood has been chartered for the day and will make regular trips between Escanaba, Gladstone and Maywood throughout the day.

The fare for the round trip from Escanaba to Maywood for the day has been fixed at 65 cents and from Gladstone to Maywood and return a charge of 15 cents will be made. Throughout the day a dancing program will be arranged at the park pavilion with music by the city band and refreshments and soft drinks will be served on the grounds. Everything possible will be accomplished to make the outing one of the most enjoyable of the season.

TAFT STARTS REAL VACATION

Beverly, Mass., July 7.—With not a single entry in his engagement book for the next ten days, President Taft began a real vacation period today. The executive officers have turned down all requests for audiences with the chief executive and the only callers allowed on Burgess point up to July 16 will be special friends.

Really Remarkable.

"That fellow deserves to be encouraged."

"Why, he's a wretched comedian."

"I know, but he got through the skit without once referring to his feminine partner as 'kid.'"

CHEMISTS START ON TOUR OF STATE

Lansing, Mich., July 7.—Sixteen chemists, acting under the supervision of State Chemist Robinson, will start out today on a tour of the state. It will be their duty during the next two months to make tests of the milk delivered in several of the larger cities and also to inspect the dairies. The work is brought about by the state dairy and food commissioner in an endeavor to decrease the rate of infant mortality.

The plan was originated by Mrs. Robinson. While it is impossible to keep chemists in the field continuously it was decided that the department can afford the services of these men for at least two months, and July and August were chosen because the infant death rate is so high during that period that it exceeds all other mortality rates within the state.

Those chosen to carry on the work have had considerable experience in the actual testing of the milk and are in possession of first-hand knowledge in the practical care of dairies. On finding samples that show traces of germs sufficient to make the milk dangerous to health, they will trace the cause and advise dairymen on methods of correcting the evil.

The regular inspectors of the state department will follow them up closely and where dairymen fail to comply with the orders given by the inspectors their cases will be referred to the state commissioner, when prosecutions will begin.

"This campaign," said Mr. Robinson, "is not one of prosecution, but of education. We must do something to curtail the fearful death rate among infants during the summer months and I can discover no better way than by guarding the milk supply. We can at least see that the babies get pure milk and we expect to have but little, if any, trouble in carrying out our plans. The majority of dairymen will be ready to adopt the suggestion made, and I expect our experiment will work out successfully."

SEVERAL MEN GET SENTENCES

Menominee, Mich., July 7.—Frank Beat was arrested by Officer J. B. Collard, while on his beat, about 11 o'clock Tuesday night for assault and battery upon the person of his wife. This morning Judge Waite gave Beat ten days at the county jail to think it over.

John McGuire was arrested Tuesday on a peace warrant and the case was adjourned by Judge Waite to July 12.

James Utley of Cedar River was brought to the city today to serve a sentence of thirty days at the county jail. He was sentenced by a justice at Cedar River for attempting to do a little job of "painting the town."

SAYS NEGRO IS WHITE MAN'S EQUAL NOW.

Chicago, July 7.—Professor W. L. Hamilton, of the University of California, lecturing before a class in sociology at the summer school of Northwestern University at Evanston, today said that the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight proved to some extent the truth of the theory that the negro no longer belong to an inferior race.

"The negro has made wonderful progress in the last fifty years," he said, "and no longer can be called the white man's inferior. I believe that within three hundred years the negro will become extinct in America through the effects of intermarriage and climatic conditions."

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Something each day—a smile,
It is not much to give,
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Bequeathed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Don Ignatio, I hardly like to ask you, and I dare say that you will think the offer beneath contempt, but are you willing to accept an engagement? Here, one who could control the Indians, and to such a man I am prepared to pay one hundred dollars a month; the funds of the company I represent will not allow me to offer more."

"I thought for awhile, and answered: 'The money is not enough to tempt me, though it will serve to buy food, lodging and cigars, but I accept your offer for the same reason that I fought your battles this morning, because I like you, and will gladly do my best to serve you and your interests.'"

"Still I must warn you that, for aught I know, I may have to leave your service at short notice, for my time is not altogether my own. I also am the servant of a great company, senior, and though now I am on leave, as it were, and have been for these many years, I may be required at any moment."

"Thus it was that I entered the service of Senor James Strickland, or rather of his company, in which I continued for something more than a year, working very hard, for the senior did not spare either me or himself. One evening, on returning from the smelting works to the house, I found Senor Strickland, with his chin resting on his hand and an unlighted cigar in his mouth, seated at a table on which lay an open letter. I asked him what evil thing had happened."

"Nothing particular, Ignatio," he answered, "but listen here." And he read the letter aloud.

It was from the owners of the mine, and this was the purport of it: that the shaft had become choked with water because of the incompetence and neglect of the senior; that they, the owners, hereby dismissed him summarily, refusing to pay him the salary due, and, lastly, that they held him responsible in his own person for such money as they had lost."

"Surely," I cried in wrath, when he had finished, "this letter was written by a man without shame, and I pray that he may find his grave in the stomachs of hogs and vultures!"

"Do not trouble, Ignatio," he said, with a little smile, "it is the way of the world. I have failed, and must take the consequences. Had I succeeded there would have been a different story. Still I think that, if I ever meet this man again, I will kick him for telling lies about me. Do you know, Ignatio, that with the exception of one thousand dollars which remain to my credit in Mexico, I have spent all my own money that I had saved upon this mine, and of that one thousand dollars, eight hundred dollars are due to you for back pay, so whatever trade I take to next I shall not begin as a rich man."

"He silent, I beg of you, senior," I answered, "for such words make my ears burn. What am I also a thief, that I should rob you, you who have already been plucked like a fowl for the good of others? Insult me once more by such thoughts and I will never forgive you."

And I left the house to calm myself by walking among the mountains, little knowing what I should hear before I entered it again.

CHAPTER III.—THE SENSORS.

As I walked down the street of the village I met my friend with whom I had stayed when first I came to Cumbaro.

"I was seeking you. The scroll has been found," said he, handing it to me. "Good," I answered, "I will study it to-night, and continue my walk, thinking little more about the matter, for my mind was full of other things. The air was pleasant and the evening fine, so that I did not return to the house till the moon rose. As I passed up the path a man stepped so suddenly from the shelter of a bush in front of me, that I drew my machete thinking that he meant to do me a mischief."

While he gazed upon it, then said: 'It is enough. Tell me, lord, what is the saying that has descended with this trinket?'"

"The saying is, Molas, that when this half that I wear is reunited with the half that is wanting, then the Indians shall rule again from sea to sea, as they did when the heart was whole."

"That is the saying, lord. We learn it in the ritual that is called 'Opening of the Heart,' do we not? and in this ritual that half which you wear is named 'Day,' since it can be seen, and that half which is lost is named 'Night,' since, though present, it is not seen, and it is told to us that the 'Day' and the 'Night' together will make one perfect circle, whereas the center is named the 'Heart of Heaven,' of which these things are the symbol. Is it not so?"

"It is so, Molas."

"Good. Now listen. That which was lost is found, the half which is named 'Night' has appeared in the land, for I have seen it with my eyes, and it is to tell you of it that I have traveled hither."

"Speak on," I said.

"Lord, yonder in Chiapas there is a ruined temple, and to that temple have come a man and a woman, his daughter. The man is old and fierce-eyed, a terrible man, and the girl is beautiful exceeding."

"There in the ruins they have dwelt these four months and more, and the man practices the art of medicine, for he is a great doctor, and has wrought many cures, though he takes no money in payment, but food only."

"Now it chanced, lord, that my wife, whom I married but two years ago, was very sick, so sick that the village doctor could do nothing for her. Therefore the fame of the old Indian who dwelt in the ruined temple having reached me, I determined to visit him. He was an aged man, clad in a linen robe only, very light in color, with long white beard and hair, a nose hooked like a hawk's beak, and fierce eyes that seemed to pierce those he looked upon and to read their most secret thoughts."

"Greeting, brother," he said, speaking in my own tongue, but with a strange accent, and using many words that are unknown to me. 'What brings you here?'"

"Then he looked at me awhile, and asked, slowly: 'Say, brother, are you sick at heart?'"

"Now, lord, when I heard those words of which you know the meaning I was so astounded that I almost fell backward down the ruined stair, but recovering myself I tried him with a sign, and a lot he answered it. Then I tried him with the second sign, and the third, and the fourth, and so on up to the twelfth, and he answered them all, though not always as we use them. Then I paused, and he said: 'You have passed the door of the sanctuary; enter, brother, and draw on to the altar.'"

"But I shook my head, for I could not. Next he tried me with various signs and strange words that have to do with the innermost mysteries, but I was not able to answer them, though at times I saw their drift."

"You have some knowledge," he said, 'yet you but stand at the foot of the pyramid, whereas I watch the stars from its crest, warming my hands at the eternal fire.'"

"None of my order have more, lord," I answered, 'save the very highest.'"

"Then there are higher in the land?" he asked, eagerly, but started suddenly, and, looking round, went on without waiting for an answer: 'You are in sorrow, child of the heart, and have come from one who was sick to the death; to your business, and perchance we will speak of these matters afterwards.'"

"First, lord," I said, 'I have brought an offering,' and I set down a basket at his feet."

"Gifts are good between brethren," he replied; moreover, in this barren place food is welcome. Come hither, daughter, and take what this stranger brings."

"As he spoke a lady came forward through the archway, dressed, like her father, in a white robe of fine fabric, but somewhat worn. I looked at her, and it is truth, lord, that for the second time I went near to falling, for so great was the loveliness of this girl that my heart turned to water within me."

"The lady, whose name was Maya, looked at me carelessly, and took the basket. Following her through the archway to the terrace beyond, I set out the matter of my wife's illness to the doctor—or rather to him who passes as a doctor, and who is named Zibalbay, or Watcher—praying that he would come to the village and minister to her."

"It would be of little use, brother," he said, sadly, 'seeing that your wife is now dead. I felt her spirit pass us as we talked together in the gateway.'"

"Then taking my hand Zibalbay, the Watcher, spoke great words to me in a solemn voice that seemed to soothe me as the song of a mother soothes a restless child, for he talked with certainty as one who has knowledge and vision of those who have gone beyond."

"Listen! he went on. I come from far with the medicine, my daughter, and we are not what we seem, but who and what we are now is not the hour to tell. This is the purpose of our coming—to find that which is not one, but divided; that which is not lost, but hidden. Perchance, brother, you can point the path to it, and he paused and looked at me with his piercing eyes."

"Now, lord, I understood to what his words had reference, for are they not a part of the ritual of the service, 'Opening of the Heart?'"

"It is enough," I said, 'now, lord, what do you desire?'"

"I desire to know where that which is hidden can be brought to light, and if it dwells in this land, for I have journeyed far to seek it."

"It dwells here," I answered, 'for I have beheld it with my eyes, and he guards it who is his keeper.'"

"Can you lead me to him, brother?" "No, for I have no such command; but perhaps I can bring him to you, though I must journey by sea and land to find him—that is, if he will to come. Give me proofs, lord, or I do not start on this errand."

"Will he believe that which you have seen with your eyes?" "He will believe it, for he has trusted me from childhood."

"Then look," said the man, and opening his robe at the neck, he knelt down in the light of the fire."

"There, lord, upon his breast hung that which has been hidden from our sight since the sons of Quetzal, the god, ruled in the land, the counterpart of the severed symbol which is upon your breast. That is all my story, lord."

"Now I, Ignatio, listened amazed, for the man's look was marvelous. He said: 'Did the man send me no further message?'"

"I asked him, and he said: 'I showed it to the senior, and kneeling down, we examined the bed of the tunnel together, and not uselessly, for there we found the remainder of the skull and some fragments of an arm-bone, but the rest of the skeleton lay under the great boulder in front of us.'"

"He was coming out of the mine when the rock fell upon him, poor fellow," whispered the senior. "Look here," and he pointed to a little heap of something that glistened in the candle-light."

"It was free gold, six or seven ounces of it, almost pure, and for the most part in small nuggets that once were contained in a bag which had long since rotted away."

"Doubtless, after the mine was closed, some Aztec, who knew its secret, had made a practice of working there for his own benefit, till one day as he was coming out the rock fell upon him and crushed him, leaving his spirit to haunt the place forever."

"There is no doubt about the mine being rich," whispered the senior; 'but, all the same, I think that we had better get out of it. I hear odd noises and rumblings which frighten me. Come, Ignatio,' and he turned to lead the way towards the opening."

"Two paces further I saw him strike his shin against a piece of rock that stood up six or eight inches from the floor of the tunnel, and the pain of the blow was so sharp that, forgetting where he was, he called out loudly: 'Next instant there was a curious sound above me as of something being torn, and lo! I lay upon my face on the rock, and upon me rested a huge mass of stone.'"

"None. He asked me if I had money, and without waiting to be answered he gave me two handfuls of lumps of molded gold from a hide bag, whereof each lump was stamped with the symbol of the heart."

"Let me see one," I said.

"Alas! my lord Ignatio, I have none. Not far from the ruined temple where Zibalbay and his daughter sojourned in the hacienda of Santa Cruz, and there, as you may have heard, dwell a gang of men under the leadership of one Dom Pedro Moreno, who are by profession smugglers, highway robbers and murderers, though they pretend to earn a living by the cultivation of coffee and cocoa."

"As it chanced in journeying homeward, I fell into the hands of some of these men. They searched me, and, finding lumps of gold in my pocket, handed them over to Don Pedro himself, who rode up when he saw that they had the fish in their net. He examined the gold closely, and asked me whence it came. At first I refused to answer, whereupon he said that I should be confined in a dungeon at the hacienda until such time as I chose to speak."

"Then, being mad to get back to my village and learn the fate of my wife, I found my tongue and spoke the truth, saying that the gold was given me in exchange for food by an old Indian doctor, who dwelt with his daughter in a ruined temple in the forest."

"Mother of Heaven!" said Don Pedro, 'I have heard of this man before; but, now I know the kind of merchandise in which he trades. I think that I must pay him a visit and learn what mill it was stamped with.'"

"Then, having plucked me bare as a fowl from the oven, they let me go without hurt."

"I, Ignatio, sat late that night pondering over these tidings that filled me with a strange hope. I threw myself upon my bed and strove to sleep, but could not. Then remembering the scroll that my friend had given me, I rose, purposing to change my thoughts in studying it and so win sleep. It was a hard task, but at length I mastered its meaning, and found that it dealt with a mine near Cumbaro, and described the exact position of the mouth of the tunnel."

"This mouth, it would appear, had been closed up in the reign of Guatemala, and the scroll was written by the cacique who had charge of the mine in those days, in order that a record might remain that would enable his descendants to reopen it, should a time come when the Spaniards were driven from the land. That the mine was very rich in free gold was shown by the weights of pure metal stated in this scroll to have been sent year by year to the court of Montezuma by this cacique, and also by the fact that it was thought worth hiding from the Spaniards."

"Early on the morning I went to the room of Senor Strickland and spoke to him with a heavy heart."

"Senior," I said, "you will remember that when I entered your service I told you that I might have to leave it at any moment. Now I am here to say that the time is come, for a messenger has arrived to summon me to the other end of Mexico upon business of which I may not speak, and to-morrow I must start upon the journey."

"I am sorry to hear it, Ignatio," he answered, "for you have been a good friend to me. Still, you do well to separate your fortunes from those of an un lucky man."

"And you, senior, do ill to speak thus to me because I know that at times, when the heart is sore, the mouth utters words that are not meant. Listen, senior: When you have eaten your breakfast, will you take a ride with me?"

"Certainly, if you like. But where do you want to ride to?"

"To another mine, that is, or should be, about two hours on horseback from here, in a valley at the foot of yonder peak."

"An hour later we were riding among the mountains, I having left a message for Molas to say that I should return before dark. After a hard journey and a long search, by good luck, we discovered a hole immediately beneath a rock, large enough for a man to creep into."

"Was this made by a coyote, or is it the mouth of a mine?" the senior asked."

"That we can only find out by entering it," I answered. "Doubtless when they shut down the mine the antiquos would have left some such place as this to ventilate the workings. Bring the pickaxe, senior, and we will soon see."

"For ten minutes or more we labored, working in soft ground with pick and spade till we had the side of a tunnel, which I examined."

"There is no need to trouble further," I said, "this rock has been cut with copper chisels, for here is the green of the copper. Without doubt we have found the mouth of the mine. Now give me the hammer and candles, and bring the leather bag for samples, and we will enter."

"CHAPTER IV.—THE LEGEND OF THE HEART."

When I had gone a few paces down the hole it widened suddenly so that were able to stand upright and light our candles. Now there was no doubt that we were in the tunnel of an old mine, a rudely-dug shaft that turned this way and that as it followed the windings of the ore body."

"Along this tunnel we went for thirty or forty paces, creeping over the fallen boulders and twisting ourselves between the brown stalactites that in the course of ages had formed upon the roof and floor, till presently we reached an obstacle that barred our further progress, a huge mass of rock, which at some time or other had fallen from the roof of the tunnel and blocked it. I looked at it and said: 'Now, senior, I think that we shall have to go back. You remember the writing tells us that this mine, although so rich, was unsafe because of the rottenness of the rock. Doubtless they dropped it in the old days, but the timbers have decayed long ago.'"

"Yes," he answered, "we can do nothing here without help, and, Ignatio, I don't like the look of the rock; it is full of cracks."

"As these last words left his lips a piece of stone, the size of a child's head, fell from above almost at his feet."

"Speak softly," I whispered, "the ring of your voice is bringing down the rock."

"Then I stooped to pick up the fallen stone, thinking that it might show ore, and as I did so, my hand touched something sharp, which I lifted and held to the light. It was the femur of a man, yellow with age and decayed by damp. I showed it to the senior, and kneeling down, we examined the bed of the tunnel together, and not uselessly, for there we found the remainder of the skull and some fragments of an arm-bone, but the rest of the skeleton lay under the great boulder in front of us."

"He was coming out of the mine when the rock fell upon him, poor fellow," whispered the senior. "Look here," and he pointed to a little heap of something that glistened in the candle-light."

"It was free gold, six or seven ounces of it, almost pure, and for the most part in small nuggets that once were contained in a bag which had long since rotted away."

"Doubtless, after the mine was closed, some Aztec, who knew its secret, had made a practice of working there for his own benefit, till one day as he was coming out the rock fell upon him and crushed him, leaving his spirit to haunt the place forever."

"There is no doubt about the mine being rich," whispered the senior; 'but, all the same, I think that we had better get out of it. I hear odd noises and rumblings which frighten me. Come, Ignatio,' and he turned to lead the way towards the opening."

"Two paces further I saw him strike his shin against a piece of rock that stood up six or eight inches from the floor of the tunnel, and the pain of the blow was so sharp that, forgetting where he was, he called out loudly: 'Next instant there was a curious sound above me as of something being torn, and lo! I lay upon my face on the rock, and upon me rested a huge mass of stone.'"

"I say that it rested upon me, but this is not altogether true, for, had it been so, that stone would have killed me at once as a beetle is killed beneath the foot of a man, instead of talking more than two-and-twenty years to do it. The greater part of its weight was borne by the piece of rock against which the senior had struck his leg, a point of the fallen boulder only pressing into my back and grinding me against the ground. Now we were in darkness, for the senior had been knocked down also and his candle extinguished, and, in the midst of my tortures, it came into my mind that I must be dead."

"Presently, however, I heard his voice, saying: 'Ignatio, do you live, Ignatio?'"

"Now I thought for a moment, and even in my pain I remembered that more of the rock would surely give ere long, and that if my friend stayed here he must die with me. Nothing could save me; I was doomed to a slow death beneath the stone; and yet if I told him this I knew that he would not go. Therefore I answered as strongly as I could."

GETTING RICH RAPIDLY ENOUGH.

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SPECIAL FOR WEDNESDAY

Men's fine Negligee Shirts Regular \$1.50 and \$1.75 quality, Wednesday only,

\$1.15

THE CONTINENTAL

METROPOLITAN HOTEL

Rooms now undergoing repairs and complete renovation. Will be one of the best hotels in the city.

JOS. DELORIA, Prop.

FOR SALE

200 acres timber land in T. 42 N. R. 21 W. \$5 per acre.

THE BROTHERTON CO.

Now under new management. Thoroughly remodeled. Electric lights. Baths and everything first class.

AUGUST CHARTRAND, Prop.

Following is a Sample Dinner Menu at HINES CAFE

Soup, Potatoes, Bread and Butter and one Vegetable included with all meat orders.

- Vegetable Soup
Roast Beef Brown Gravy
Roast Pork, apple sauce
Frankfurts and Sauer Kraut

EXTRAS

- Sliced Cucumbers
Sliced Tomatoes
Radishes
Green Onions
Pickled Beets
French Peas
Strawberry Short Cake
Sliced Pineapple
Cantaloup
Rice Pudding
Pie
Coffee, Tea, Milk or Ice Tea

DR. W. B. BOYCE

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist. Office hours 10 a. m. to 12 m., 2 to 5 p. m. Evenings and Sundays by appointment.

E. R. TIBBALS, Marble and Granite Works

Monuments and Tombstones Made to Order. All Lettering and Cemetery Work done at reasonable rates.

721 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich.

JOHNSON READY TO MEET LANGFORD

Cheyenne, Wyo., July 7.—If Sam Langford, the Boston fighter, will put up a side bet of \$20,000, heavyweight champion Jack Johnson will fight him in Cheyenne, during the great Frontier celebration in the latter part of August or a month later.

Johnson made this statement when his train pulled in from Reno, en route to Chicago.

For half an hour Johnson was given the greatest friendly demonstration he has received since the fight. Flowers were showered on him and the crowds forced their way into Johnson's car to shake hands with him.

Johnson was accompanied by his wife, who wore a profusion of diamonds, his brother George, his manager, Tom Flanagan, George Cotton and others.

The veteran John L. Sullivan was also on the train.

LUSH SIGNED BY ST. LOUIS

St. Louis, Mo., July 7.—Ernest Lush, formerly a member of the New York Nationals, who recently was released by the Troy team, was signed by the St. Louis Nationals today as a utility mán. Cory Bachus, a right-hand semi-pro pitcher from Popular Bluff, Mo., joined the St. Louis team today.

Modern Warfare. The battle of Fornova, fought July 4, 1495, between the French and the Milanese, whose territory they were invading, was the very last of the characteristic Middle Age battles.

Dr. A. J. Carlson Physician and Surgeon

Conservative People Call for OLD RESERVE BOURBON Or PEMPLICO RYE AT J. F. BURNS

WE AIM TO GIVE YOU THE FINEST MEATS, SAUSAGES, CANNED GOODS, ETC. AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE

R. SCHWARZ, Escanaba, Mich.

It's Easy Money

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George Hogan

Phone 305 1305 Ludington St.



SPORTING DEPARTMENT

The Only Local Newspaper with a Reliable Sporting Department...

BURNS AGAIN GETS REVENGE ON TOWNSMEN

Former Sox Twirler Lets Cubs Down With Two Hits

Chicago, Ill., July 7.—Burns, the former White Sox pitcher got revenge again today on his former townsmen when he held the Cubs to two measly hits and allowed Cincy Reds to take the opening game of the series 1 to 0.

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BOSTON TAKES TWO FROM THE GIANTS

Boston, Mass., July 7.—Boston trimmed the New York Giants in both games of a double header today, taking the first 5 to 4 and the second 5 to 2.

BROOKLYN WON BOTH ENDS OF DOUBLEHEADER

Philadelphia Pa. July 7.—Brooklyn copped both ends of a double header event from the Phillies today shutting out the locals 2 to 0 in the first and grabbing the second 7 to 4.

What Keeps the World Alive.

There's the world at large; town, village, country, sea. What is it all about? A man's search for his God, his struggle to fill his stomach, and his desire for his mate.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions, the bowels become deranged, the liver and kidneys congested causing numerous diseases.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache.

YESTERDAYS BASEBALL RESULTS

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Boston 5-5, New York 4-2. Brooklyn 2-7, Philadelphia 0-4. Cincinnati 1, Chicago 0.

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Boston 13, New York 4. Washington 4, Philadelphia 1.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION. Toledo 5-0, Columbus 4-9. Louisville 6-4, Indianapolis 3-1. St. Paul 5, Milwaukee 3. Kansas City 2-4, Minneapolis 0-3.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION. First Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. Columbus 4 8 3, Toledo 5 7 4. Batteries: Lieberhardt and Carlich; Boice and Abbott. Umpire Hayes. 12 Innings.

Second Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. Columbus 9 12 1, Toledo 0 3 6. Batteries: Stremmel and Abrogast; Yingling, Robinson and Land. Umpire Hayes.

First Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. Indianapolis 3 8 0, Louisville 6 9 3. Batteries: Orth and Bowerman; Slagle and Schreck. Umpires Vansyckle and Bierhalter.

Second Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. Louisville 4 9 2, Indianapolis 1 6 1. Batteries: Weaver and Schreck; Lindaman and Howley. Umpires Vansyckle and Bierhalter.

First Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. St. Paul 5 7 1, Milwaukee 3 10 3. Batteries: Kilroy and Kelley; Cantwell, Cutting and Marshall. Umpires Chill and Guthrie.

First Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. Minneapolis 0 8 2, Kansas City 2 6 1. Batteries: Altrock and Smith; Brandon and Ritter. Umpires Cusack and Owens.

Second Game:—

Table with columns R, H, E. Minneapolis 3 9 2, Kansas City 4 6 3. Batteries: Sage and Owens, Essick and James. Umpires Owens and Cusack. 10 Innings.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

Table with columns W, L, Pct. Delta County League. Escanaba 12 9 2 .750, Rapid River 10 5 5 .667, Gladstone 10 2 8 .200.

CITY LEAGUE.

Table with columns W, L, Pct. Continentals 3 2 1 .667, Tip Tops 3 2 1 .667, Richters 3 1 2 .333, South Sides 3 1 1 .333.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Table with columns W, L, Pct. Chicago 42 24 .636, New York 40 26 .616, Pittsburgh 34 30 .531, Cincinnati 32 32 .529, Philadelphia 32 35 .478, St. Louis 30 39 .435, Brooklyn 29 37 .439, Boston 26 46 .361.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Table with columns W, L, Pct. Philadelphia 45 23 .662, New York 39 28 .582, Detroit 41 31 .569, Boston 37 30 .552, Cleveland 29 32 .475, Chicago 30 36 .445, Washington 28 43 .397, St. Louis 21 45 .318.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Table with columns W, L, Pct. Minneapolis 54 30 .643, St. Paul 52 29 .642, Toledo 46 33 .582, Kansas City 35 41 .461, Milwaukee 34 43 .443, Columbus 34 42 .447, Indianapolis 34 47 .419, Louisville 27 51 .346.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache.

SENATORS TROUNCE LEAGUE LEADERS BY 4 TO 1 SCORE

Dolly Gray Held Athletics to two Hits.

Washington D. C. July 7.—The lowly Senators took an easy 4 to 1 victory from the American League Leaders today in the opening game of the series with the Philadelphia Athletics.

Table with columns R, H, E. Washington 4 6 3, Philadelphia 1 3 3. Batteries: Gray and Street; Combs and Donnanhue. Umpires Egan and Perrine.

BOSTON SLAUGHTERS YANKS 13 TO 4

New York, July 7.—Boston slaughtered the Yanks by a score of 13 to 4 today when they got to Vaughn for a total of 18 hits. In addition the Yanks played in Rank form making a total of six errors.

Table with columns R, H, E. Boston 13 18 4, New York 4 9 6. Batteries: Karger and Carrigan; Vaughn and Sweeney. Umpire O'Loughlin.

English Women's Feet Larger.

English women rapidly are becoming rivals of the Chicago women. They are developing big feet. Statistics prove it. Investigation recently made in London shows that the average woman there is taking substantial fives and sixes in shoes instead of the little twos and threes which were not uncommon in the past.

Gretna Green Marriages.

The production of a Gretna Green marriage certificate in court is not absolutely unprecedented, for in the Wakefield case, in 1827, such a certificate was produced and identified by the famous blacksmith himself, and in another case at Carlisle as late as the early nineteenth century, a Gretna Green certificate played its part.

Journey Letters.

When a friend starts on a journey, particularly if the journey be tinged with the sadness of separating from loved friends, give her journey letters, one for each morning and a good-night letter as well.

WORLDS SERIES IS A HOODOO

It is a Jonah to be one of the shining stars of the world's series? The hoodoo that seems to pursue the men who shine in the big show would lead one to believe so.

Bill Dineen, who practically pitched Boston a victory over Pittsburg, is now an umpire on the American league staff.

Billy Gilbert, whose batting played as prominent a part as Mathewson's pitching in the Giants' victory over Philadelphia in 1905, is no longer a big leaguer.

George Robe, who worked at third base and particularly at bat, made the White Sox's victory over the Cubs possible in 1906, has been out of the big league, for several years.

No two Detroit players played better ball in the series of 1907 than Charley O'Leary and Claud Rossman. Before the opening of the series Rossman was regarded as the feeble sister but his work was superior to that of Frank Chance.

Johnny Kling was the big show in 1909, and last year Kling did not play ball. Believing his work during the season and in the series had a great deal to do with the Cub's success, Kling held out for a fancy increase in salary.

Coming down to the series of last year, take the two idols of the Pittsburg team. Babe Adams and Hans Wagner, Wagner, by his great work in all departments of the game, kept the Pirates in the running in every game, while Adams, by thrice defeating Detroit, made it possible for the Pirates to be labelled the world's champions.

JEFF AMONG HOME FOLKS

Oakland, Cal., July 7.—James J. Jeffries arrived in Oakland this morning in a private car. He was accompanied by his wife, brother and a number of intimate friends.

The big prize fighter bears the scars of his encounter with ohnson. His face is still marred, his lips being swollen and cut and his eye almost closed.

Jeffries refused to answer the assertions of Muldoon and others that he was "all in" before he ever entered the ring. The fighter maintains an absolute silence which his brother Jack and his wife are unable to break.

FIGHT GAME NOT DEAD IN NEVADA

The fighting game is not dead in Nevada as a result of Monday's battle, in the opinion of Gov. Dickerson, as expressed to the United Press.

"Billy Muldoon, the famous old sporting man, paid a compliment which was highly appreciated by Nevadans," said the governor, "when he referred to our state as the one remaining state in the union whose citizens are still free. Nevadans are proud of the liberties they enjoy and the sporting spirit which was a prominent characteristic of the pioneers of the state, who were forced to make a gamble on life, has not entirely died out."

"I expect considerable agitation against boxing contests between this and the convening of the legislature, but it is widely known that this contest was on the level, and I do not anticipate any movement to limit rounds of glove contests."

BACK TO ALFALFA IS JEFF

Reno, Nev., July 7.—James J. Jeffries, whose great ring career came to a pitiful end when he fell before Champion Jack Johnson here in the arena, left the scene of his defeat at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday night.

The Jeffries car was hitched to the regular evening train. He motored into the city from his camp at Moana Springs with Berger and other members of his party an hour before train time and hid himself as soon as possible from the curious gaze of the crowd that still thronged the streets of the world's fight capital.

In his every stumbling movement, in his bowed head, in the depths of his somber eyes, in his nervous rubbing of his swollen face and blackened eyes in his almost timid shrinking from the public, the great Jeffries showed that his defeat had dealt him a vital blow and that he never again would be the man that he was a few hours ago.

There was silence as he passed through the streets. Men rushed forth from the gambling tables to gaze, but no word of taunt or derision was thrown at him. Those who saw the fight, and that includes nearly everybody in Reno, know that Jeffries did his best. The train was lost in the red glow that the sun shed over the Sierras. Jeffries was gone into history.

In the other direction, somewhere in the desert to the east, a hilarious band of negroes were journeying with the banner of the world's champion floating from the car window.

Special trains have been pulling out of Reno all of last night and all day today trying to get 10,000 visitors back home. Thousands stood along the platform, grips in hand, waiting to clamber into the next train.

Thousands gave it up and decided to wait over for lighter traffic. As a consequence the gambling-houses were running full blast and the main street presented the aspect of a frontier mining camp at the height of a gold strike.

A determined effort was made by the losers in the fight beting to recoup their losses and at last accounts there were many who will have to wire home for money. The financial condition of hundreds, hit by the fight and the games, is desperate.

An air of great weariness prevailed the crowds today. The restaurants were recovering from the famine, the freight trains were alive with clinging hoboes and thieves sent out of town by the ever vigilant state police. The bar-rooms were filled with listless, thirst-quenching groups, the poolroom men were settling up their bets.

The betting at Tom Corbett's poolroom, was not as heavy as had been expected. Corbett, however, declared himself satisfied. The lack of Johnson money was a surprise. The largest individual loss on record in the poolroom was that suffered by Clarence Berry, a California oil operator. He bet \$35,000 on Jeffries.

ENGLAND HAS GIANT FIGHTER

Eugene Corri, the most noted referee in England, who refereed the Burns-Moir championship fight, said today:

"I thought Jeffries would win. I thought he was not an ordinary man at all but an extraordinary man. I believed he could come back, even after six years' absence from the ring and win."

Asked if he thought it possible to find a man capable of boxing Johnson, Corri replied: "I believe it is. There is a man down at Southend-on-sea, who has a great chance, in my opinion. His name is Bombardier Wells. He was trained in India while in the army by Maloney, an American, and beat every man he met. Wells has a longer reach than Johnson, stands 6 feet 3 inches and for a heavyweight is wonderfully quick on his feet. He is 21 years of age. His last match was with Gusner MacMurray, whom he knocked out in half a round. His next match is with Jim Meher of America. Paeky McFarland, who saw him beat MacMurray, said to me: 'Mr. Corri, I wish we had him out in America. I believe we could train him to become the champion.'"

MISS GLEASON GETS A GOOD POST IN WEST

Miss Gleason left last night for her home in Minneapolis, where she will spend her summer vacation.

The position has been held open for her for some time, but as she had applied for the position of supervisor of music in our city, she did not close with the school officials at Portland until yesterday.

Miss Gleason has had charge of the Latin department in the high school for the past two years and her work was of a high order.

PIRATES' OWNER BLAMES CLARKE

Pittsburg, July 7.—President Barney Dreyfuss of the Pittsburg ball team criticizes Manager Fred Clarke today in speaking of the unprecedented slump that has marked the playing of his team for some time past and says he does not know what is the matter with the players individually or as a team.

"I am at a loss to understand how a team that won the world's championship last year could fall so much in form in such a short time," said President Dreyfuss today.

"The remedy is just as far beyond me. It has been suggested that we get new stars, but if those making this suggestion will supplement it with a little information as to where these stars are to be found or procured, I will gladly hand them a fat bonus for their trouble. I tell you this thing is beyond me."

Board of Education will let contracts for the grading of High School grounds. All bids for same to be in the hands of Secretary S. M. Matthews not later than July 12th.

Peter Trudell of Negaunee is in the city on business.

DIPHTHERIA CASES BEING WATCHED WITH GREAT CARE

Escanaba's health officials are straining every effort to curb diphtheria that has developed in a serious form in several quarters of the city.

RICK AND GLEASON DIVIDE A FORTUNE

Apart from those who plunged on Johnson, the next best satisfied men on the fight are the promoters. Jack Gleason today declared that when all expenses are paid, he expected to have \$150,000 to divide between himself and Rickard.

"Neither one of us," Gleason said today, "ever expected the attendance that turned out to see the fight. I am sorry that those who traveled so far saw such a rotten show."

"If we had had any idea of the rald that was to be made on the arena, we would have built a stronger outer fence. I believe that no less than 2,000 people rode into the fight, but I am not kicking. They are welcome to what they saw."

NOTICE OF REGULAR ANNUAL ELECTION OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual election of school trustees for the school district of the City of Escanaba, Delta county, Michigan, will be held at the City Hall in said city of Escanaba on the eleventh day of July, A. D. 1910, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and eight o'clock in the afternoon for the election of two trustees for a term of three years from and after said eleventh day of July, A. D. 1910.

S. M. MATTHEWS, Secretary of Board of Education of the City of Escanaba.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Telephone your wants to 693.

MAN DIES AT PEST HOUSE AFTER SHORT ILLNESS

After proving one of the most unruly patients ever confined at the Delta County pest house Austin Brown, died at that institution early yesterday morning from a complication of diphtheria and alcoholic poisoning.

For a time this summer the man was employed as a cook aboard the steamer Maywood and for years had been engaged in this district as a camp cook. He was about 40 years of age and formerly lived at Ocharlevoix where his relatives still live and who have been communicated with. The body was interred at Lakeview cemetery yesterday.

EPILEPTIC GETS NINETY DAYS

After suffering from two attacks of epilepsy in the court room of Judge O. V. Linden, John Smith charged with stealing \$28 from David McGregor, was sentenced to 90 days at the county jail. The prisoner finally confessed his guilt in court and it was believed that his condition would be benefited by a long term in jail.

I believe Chicago merchants will ship more merchandise into the section visited by the delegation on board Steamer Roosevelt than ever before—

is all the Chicago Association of Commerce will do for this city, by word of their own mouth. And this is about all we can expect from Milwaukee, Green Bay, Menominee, Escanaba, the people of these towns or any other will not tear down their labors in their home towns and transplant them to Escanaba. If this city is to grow and Delta county to prosper, it is up to our home people to do it. You can be as live a wife as ever, and at that no extra cost to you, at in buying your roasts, chops, steaks, sausages from the live man who dare do something worth while for this town and county. His name is Mike Gunter.

The world's most successful medicine for bowel complaints is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by all druggists.

Helpful Cousin Mattie

"Why, you've got your house cleaning all done, haven't you?" said the old friend who had dropped in to afternoon tea.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Durand. "I think every article in this house has been thoroughly washed, scoured and rinsed. I don't know of anything that has escaped."

"You don't speak very enthusiastically." "Well, you see, our house was put in such good order last autumn that I didn't think it needed pulling to pieces with spring cleaning."

"Then why did you do it?" "My cousin Mattie has been visiting me. If you never had a cousin Mattie you can't understand what I've been through the past few weeks. She hadn't been here 24 hours before she suggested that we begin house cleaning. I told her that I didn't intend to do much cleaning this spring and I supposed that would settle the matter. Imagine my consternation when I came home from market one morning and found the front porch full of furniture and a man in the back yard beating rugs."

"I thought I'd surprise you by getting things started," said cousin Mattie, cheerfully. "I just knew you were letting my visit interfere with the cleaning. Now, there was no use of your being so polite, Louise, for I don't mind the trouble at all. You can help me wash the picture frames. That's a job I never like to leave to hired help. Besides, your girl is pretty snippy."

"My maid certainly was snippy about house cleaning, for I had engaged her with the express understanding that there was to be no spring house cleaning done. Nothing but an increase of wages would induce her to stay through the turmoil that cousin Mattie raised."

"Why in the world didn't you stop it?"

"I hadn't the necessary force of character. You don't know cousin Mattie. Her dominating energy hypnotized me."

"After ten days of violent labor we got the last curtains up at 11:50 Friday night and I went to bed in the fond belief that a little rest was coming the next day. But I was doomed to disappointment, for when I went downstairs to breakfast Saturday Mattie briskly called to me to come into the back yard."

"See what a nice garden you can have here, Louise," she said. "There's plenty of room for a big flower bed. I'll be delighted to help you make it." "But," I feebly protested, "I don't care about making garden. I'll be away in the summer when the flowers bloom."

"Why, you'll have the pleasure of seeing the things come up," she said, "and think how much your husband and the neighbors will enjoy the flowers. I've engaged the man who cleaned the rugs to come here this morning to spade up all this long place by the fence and you and I can rake the ground after him and I should think we could get all the seeds in by night."

"We did get the seeds in, but my back was almost broken and my feet ached so that I wanted to groan aloud." "Monday morning Mattie remarked that she had made up her mind to get all my dozen new dinner napkins hemmed that day."

"But I intended to keep them for fancy work," I remonstrated. "You'll be very thankful to have them all done to-night," she said. "She said it so determinedly that I knew it was useless to resist. We slaved at those napkins for hours. I got so nervous that I pricked my finger several times, but cousin Mattie seemed to enjoy herself."

"Now," she said, as we folded the last of the dozen late in the evening, "these are out of the way and we can start your spring sewing tomorrow."

"You're awfully good," I answered, "but I think I'll not make any thin clothes this year." "Why," she exclaimed, "you have the material for two morning dresses in the house. I'll help you cut them out the first thing in the morning."

"And she did. Neither of us took a leisurely breath until those gowns were hung in the closet, finished. If she hadn't heard that her sister's children had the mumps I suppose Mattie would have been here helping me yet. Of course, I'm sorry about the children, but I am thankful for this relief."

Mrs. Durand was just leaning back in her chair with an air of great comfort when the maid appeared with a letter. "I declare it's from cousin Mattie," said the hostess.

"See what she has to say," urged her friend. "Maybe she has done all the work in sight and is pining for new worlds to conquer." "Well, just listen to this: 'I'm glad to say that I have helped my sister with her spring cleaning, got the winter clothes packed away in camphor and most of the children's sewing done. I want to make over some feather pillows before I leave here to go to my brother's. After I have done all I can for his wife I hope to be with you in strawberry season and help you put up fruit. You know, you can't have too many preserved strawberries.'"

"I hate preserved strawberries!" exclaimed Mrs. Durand, laying down the letter with a vicious little slap upon the tea table. "I don't see what I've done to deserve cousin Mattie's dreadful helpfulness."

CLAIMS STOMACH IS SEAT OF LIFE

Not Working Miracles, Just Helping Digestion. Says Escanaba Visitor

Many Visit The Office in the Jepson Block, Cor. Ludington and Sarah St.

An idea has recently sprung up in Escanaba that has as its chief exponent W. Vurpillat, a young eastern man who seems to be making remarkable headway with a new theory he has advanced.

Nothing, with the possible exception of Christian Science, has won a large following so rapidly as this Vurpillat theory. Christian Scientists claim that the mind is entirely responsible for ill health. Vurpillat on the other hand, is positive the stomach is to blame for most sickness and has a remedy with which he claims to prove this theory.

In explaining his theory recently Vurpillat said: "I am convinced that the stomach is the actual seat of life. I regard stomach trouble as the curse of the twentieth century. Practically all of the chronic ill health of this generation is caused by abnormal stomachic conditions."

In the earlier days when the human race was closer to nature and men and women worked all day out of doors digging their frugal existence from the soil the tired, droopy, half sick people who are now so common, did not exist. To be sure there was sickness, but it was of a virulent nature and only temporary. There was none of this half-sick condition all the time with which so many are afflicted.

"I have talked with thousands in various cities during the past seven years, and few indeed knew what their trouble was. One said nervousness and others kidney trouble, another liver complaint or constipation or heart trouble. Many had 'treated' as they called it, for all of these diseases at various times. A very common complaint is all run down or tired all the time, or no appetite."

"I am positive that every bit of this chronic ill health is due to stomach trouble. I know that few indeed can be ill with their digestive organs in perfect condition. My New Discovery gets the stomach in shape in from four to six weeks' time. It positively does nothing else, yet I have had more women, men too, for that matter come to thank me than I have time to talk with, who claim that they were nervous wrecks before taking my Discovery."

"I am not working miracles as some hysterical people are claiming. My New Discovery is regulating the stomach; that is all there is to it. "Among one of the testimonials received of benefit derived from the use of the New Discovery, was that of Mr. Griffith of 405 Ludington street who was relieved of a monster tapeworm from which he had been afflicted for years."

The office is open from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. where consultation and examination is given free to all who care to call.

ROCK. Mrs. J. Nauer of Indian town spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. August Larson.

Miss Mee Kirby of Marquette is visiting friends and relatives. Emerson Brow came up from Perkins to stay a few days.

Miss Julia Sharkey and Frank Johnson went to Perkins Monday.

Mrs. Peterson and daughters of Bark River spent the Fourth here. Mrs. Fitz Henry and daughter Ruth, returned from Chicago where they have spent the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Larson drove to Perkins Monday. Mrs. John Larson Sr. and Mrs. John Larson Jr. spent a few days at Escanaba last week.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beson of Trembley was buried here Tuesday. Father Laforest officiated. We are glad to see some of the typhoid fever patients able to be around again. Earl, Jay and Sidney Kieffer are much improved.

Mrs. R. Laframboise returned from Negaunee, where she spent several weeks. Mrs. John Larson Jr. and Wallace Bridges drove to Perkins Friday. Albert and Peter Moran of Ooster spent the Fourth here.

Mrs. D. Neven is visiting at Rapid River this week. John Nelson and family left yesterday for Bridge, One to visit for a short time.

Mrs. William Loeffler of Bark River accompanied by her son, Atty. John Loeffler of Minneapolis visited in the city yesterday.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES For Rent

Northrup & Benton Phone 29L Corcoran Bldg

MORNING PRESS WANT ADS

WANTED.

WANTED—Men; Mashek Chemical Plant, Wells, Mich. 2346-146-4f

WANTED—First class cook and good dining room girl at the Fox Cafe at once.

WANTED—Cook and dining room girl. Enquire at First National Hotel, 183-6f

WANTED—A first class cook at once. Apply City Hotel, Rapid River. 184-6f

WANTED—Scrub woman, Oliver Hotel. 2727-182-3e

WANTED AT ONCE—First class cook for restaurant work. Delmonico Cafe, Gladstone. Phone 194. 2728-183-4f

WANTED—A housekeeper, Inquire at 211 Wolcott Street. 2729-183-3f

DOGS—To be given for one dollar and price of dog tax, to persons offering guarantee of permanent homes. One good black spaniel, male about eighth months old, house trained, good disposition One black and white bound male, about two years old, house trained. The bound is injured and seeks charity home as pet or stud for kennel. 619 Murray avenue upstairs. 187-3f.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One second-hand Remington typewriter. Gordon's Business College. 2734-183-4f

FOR SALE—25 city lots in the Hessel Addition. Those lots will be sold at the lowest market value, on easy terms. Monthly payments or otherwise. Q. R. Hessel. 2541-183-4f

FOR SALE OR RENT—Ten room house on Fifth street. All modern improvements. Enquire of either Coleman Nee or Edward Erickson.

FOR SALE—Two houses on South Elmore St. 230-232, also one house on Hale St., 304. Enquire of C. Grenier, 222 Elmore St. 178-24f

FOR SALE—5 desirable residence lots in North Escanaba. Reasonable price. Easy terms. Enquire at Morning Press. 2664-181-1f

FOR SALE—8 room house, for \$1050. Inquire of Andrew Carlson, 605 N. Oak St. 2670-184-3f

FOR SALE—Farm of 40 acres, 13 acres cleared in Ford River township near Newhall. Small barn, small house, good well. Joining Charles Bond's farm. Good road to land. Cheap if taken at once. Frank Porrow, Bark River, Mich. 2231-117-4f

FURNITURE FOR SALE—At 810 Ayer street. Cheap if taken at once 2726-187-3f.

FOR RENT. FOR RENT—Office rooms in Stack Block, recently vacated by Dr. Brettenbach. Enquire of J. K. Stack. 2373-155-1f

FOR RENT—A first class pasture, 75c per week for horses, flowing well, good fly sheds. Apply to Andrew Barbeau, Rapid river, Mich. 184-6f

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. Inquire at 209 South Georgia Street. 2674-187-3f.

FOR RENT—One office room over C. R. Williams shoe store. Enquire of Dr. R. E. Hodson. 2725-187-3f.

LOST. LOST—A Colonial bicycle from in front of C. R. Williams' shoe store on Monday. The name of the person taking the wheel is known and if it is returned immediately the case will not be reported to the police.

LOST—An Axminster rug, size 27x63. Finder return to E. O. Anderson, 418 South Jennie street. 184-3f

Contracts will be let by the Board of Education for a cement wall and sidewalks. Work to be done on the High School grounds, all bids for said work to be in the hands of Secretary Matthews no later than July 15th. Plans can be had for work by calling on Sec'y S. M. Matthews. Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. 2728-183-6f. Board of Education.

Morning Press Printing Department work does Business-Bringing work. Telephone your wants to 693.



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New Pictures Hercules and the big Stick Comedy Gaminant

By the Faith of a Child Dramatic Vitagraph

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ADMISSION Adults 10c Children 5c Saturday and Sunday Matinee

THE FARMER'S HOME

FRANK PERROW, Prop. Dealer in Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars Hotel in Connection Rates \$1.00 per day Board by the day or week BARK RIVER, MICH.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Peterson arrived last night from a two weeks' visit at Calumet. Dr. P. C. Dube left this morning for Amos, Mich., called there on professional business.

EXCURSION TO

St. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec

\$25.00

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