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EIGHT PAGES

BIG VOTE WILL BE POLLED AT SCHOOL ELECTION

Much Interest is Centered in Battle of Ballots that Will be Waged Tomorrow— Little Doubt Expressed as to the Result

It is expected that one of the largest votes ever cast at a school election in Escanaba will be recorded tomorrow when two members of the board of education will be selected for regular terms of office. The terms of office of Trustee H. W. Reade and Atty. S. M. Matthews have expired and Mr. Matthews will be a candidate to succeed himself while Mr. Reade will not be a candidate. The other candidates are Dr. W. A. LeMire, Atty. C. N. Spencer and Dr. E. E. Torrell.

Because of the work of a certain coterie of misguided individuals in injecting into the present school election campaign matter that were wholly uncalculated and inexcusable, more than the ordinary interest has been aroused in the election and it is expected that a particularly heavy vote will be polled.

The action of the retiring members of the board in forcing through a resolution engaging the present superintendent of schools for a term of three years after he had but recently been engaged for a term of but one year, and when it was due the people of the city to be allowed to express their choice in the matter by naming trustees who would have been either for or against the present head of the city schools, is another element that has served to arouse interest in the election.

The action of the majority of the board members aroused widespread discussion at the time and has furnished campaign material that will not die down.

Supt. Davis yesterday issued a denial to the charge that he was instrumental in injecting an issue into the campaign that should above all things have been avoided but it still remains the fact that the issue was raised by the forces favorable to Mr. Davis and which has proven to be a boomerang in his cause.

POSSIBLE SHOWERS AGAIN PROMISED

Possible showers are promised for Escanaba again today. Throughout last night it tried hard to rain but succeeded in producing only a half-hearted sprinkle and it is hoped that today the weather man will be more successful in his predictions. Scattered showers of but little consequence were reported from many quarters of the peninsula yesterday while at Duluth and throughout the northwest well up into Canada heavy rains were the rule.

EXCURSION IS POPULAR

Elaborate preparations are being made by the members of the Escanaba City Band for the excursion to be given to Manistique aboard the steamer Maywood on July 24. The outing promises to be of the most attractive arranged out of Escanaba this season and it is expected that a host of Escanaba people will take part in the excursion. The trip from Escanaba to Manistique is one of the most picturesque offered out of this port and others besides those having friends in the neighboring city will take part in the outing to view the natural beauties that the trip affords. A stop of nearly six hours will be allowed at Manistique and different forms of amusement will be provided there for the entertainment of the visitors.

SUPERVISOR IS DEAD

After being ill for but a few days Supervisor Robert L. Bridges of Maple Ridge township, for two years a member of the Delta County Board of Supervisors, died yesterday at his home at Maple Ridge.

Mr. Bridges was thoroughly fatigued in fighting forest fires on Tuesday and Wednesday night complaining of feeling ill. His condition rapidly became serious and when only a few of his friends about the county knew of his illness, he passed away at 10:30 o'clock yesterday.

Mr. Bridges was elected as supervisor of Maple Ridge township to succeed Under Sheriff T. J. Curran, two years ago and for years had been a prominent figure in political circles of his township. As a member of the Delta county board he was one of the influential and hard-working members of that body and was thoroughly respected and honored by all of his brother members.

The announcement of his sudden death will be received with marked regret not only by all members of the board with whom he had been closely associated, but by all others throughout the county who knew him.

Mr. Bridges was 36 years of age and is survived by his wife and four children. Funeral services will be conducted over the body at Maple Ridge at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon. The interment will also be at that place.

MAN DIES AT HOSPITAL HERE

After a prolonged illness from a complication of diseases, Gustave Hill, died yesterday morning at the Delta County hospital. The body was removed to the undertaking rooms of D. A. Oliver and from which place the funeral was held this afternoon, Rev. Edward Bernsten officiating. Interment was at Lakeview cemetery. The unfortunate man has been employed in the district for some time but as far as is known had no relatives in the district.

ARE NOT YET NOTIFIED

Local officials of the North-Western road have as yet received no advices from the headquarters of the company at Chicago as to the institution of the new passenger train service to be provided for this city. Members of a committee of the Escanaba Business Men's Association, who recently went to Chicago were promised two new trains for this city and a parlor car service on trains already on the schedule and it was expected that the new service would be instituted here by the middle of this month. The fact that local officials of the company have received no official notice of the changes promised would indicate that it will be at least late in the month before the service is provided.

PICNIC TODAY WILL ATTRACT MANY PEOPLE

An immense army of Escanaba's pleasure seekers will go to Maywood today to take part in the picnic to be given at that place by the Apollo club of this city. The steamer Maywood, which has been chartered for the day will make regular trips between Escanaba, Gladstone and Maywood during both the forenoon and the afternoon and bringing the pleasure seekers back to their homes early in the evening. The Escanaba City Band will furnish music throughout the day at the Upper Bay resort and everything possible will be accomplished to make the event enjoyable for all of those who attend.

With the steamer Maywood leaving the Stephenson dock on its first trip of the afternoon up the bay the overflow crowd of baseball fans will go to Gladstone to witness today's game will be able to take the boat to the Upper Bay City and will be able to return home by boat at 6 o'clock.

AGED GROOM TO TAKE AGED WIFE AT PERKINS MICH.

A 78 year old groom taking a 69 year old bride will be the usual event that will be celebrated at Perkins this week. Charles Besaw of Perkins 78 years of age, yesterday secured a license to marry Mrs. Marcelline Besaw, aged 69, at the office of the county clerk yesterday. Both live at Perkins where they have spent many years of their lives. The present will be the groom's third marriage while his bride will for the second time take the solemn marriage vows.

CAMPERS GO TO FAYETTE FOR STAY

Accompanied by Dr. C. B. J. Kitchen Mrs. R. S. Adam and the Misses Elsie, Rose and Florence Kitchen of Chicago, left yesterday for Fayette where they will camp for several weeks. Led by the members of the camping party will be joined by friends from Chicago, it being planned to spend the remainder of the summer at the popular resort place.

LIGHT RAINS AID FOREST FIRE CONDITIONS

Big Blazes are Still Raging in Some Parts of County but Losses of Past Few Days are Light

The slight fall of rain that favored Escanaba yesterday developed into a real shower at points north of Escanaba and aided nearly fatigued fire fighters, who have been at work for days, in fighting back the heavy forest fires in that district.

At several points in the county terrific fires are still burning and much property is in danger but the slight dampening given the earth has aided

the fighters greatly in saving property that was threatened.

Throughout the northwest reports of forest fire damage are still coming in but in Delta county and in the surrounding counties of the peninsula the losses have been comparatively light for the past few days.

With a heavy rain all of the fires would be easily extinguished and normal conditions will be restored.

MANY WILL GO ON PILGRIMAGE

Quite a number of French-Canadians of the upper peninsula including some from this city, expect to make the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaufre next week. This pilgrimage is confined largely to French-Canadian people, although people of other nationalities are found among the journeymen to that quaint spot in the St. Lawrence river on the Isle of Orleans in the province of Quebec.

While from the different portions of Canada the pilgrimages to St. Anne's shrine continue from early spring to autumn, those from this side of the border are made in July, the month when the grand fete day takes place. This has been brought about by the railroads offering a very low rate of fare for the occasion, which affords many former residents of eastern Canada an opportunity to visit their native homes at small expense.

The shrine of La Bonne St. Anne as it is known in that country, is the oldest votive shrine on this continent, and it is the most noted. There is a legend of the place, which relates in poetic language, how some pious fisher-folk undertook to build for themselves a little hamlet on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, and decided that they must have a house of worship. There was a great deal of trouble in erecting their little church and many discouragements were encountered. The first edifice was built too near the river bank, the sifting sands washed it away, and all their labor went for naught. After one or two other efforts the zealous fishermen selected a place high and dry, and it was while at work on the little building there that the first miracle was performed. While toiling over the heaving of wood and cutting of stone for the new building, one of the workmen was suddenly cured of a paralyzing rheumatism, and the wonder-stricken laborers were convinced that good St. Anne was their guardian still, taking this method of showing to all that she had selected this spot to be forever in her keeping, and had taken the method of making her intentions known. From that time the place has become a shrine, and the pyramids of crutches, quantities of spectacles, braces, canes, bandages and other aids of the lame, the halt and the sick testify to the faith that the visitors have in the healing powers of St. Anne de Beaufre.

Claude Deshelmean of Flat Rock has the distinction of offering for sale on our streets the first load of hay grown and cured this year. The hay was of excellent quality. The price demanded was \$20.00 per ton.

According to word that has been received in the city, Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Spence of Escanaba are greatly enjoying their visit to England and Scotland and are planning on sailing for the return trip on July 30. Mr. and Mrs. Spence have been dividing their time with relatives in England and Scotland and according to cards received from them by different Escanaba people both are thoroughly enjoying their trip.

LONG DRY SPELL MAKES CONDITIONS VERY SERIOUS

Long continued drouth in Michigan has made the fire hazard very serious in a number of cities. The situation has been especially grave in Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo and Muskegon, where the water pressure has been very low on account of excessive use of water for sprinkling and other purposes, and a number of arrests of "water hogs" have been made. Use of water for sprinkling was forbidden in Kalamazoo, while in Grand Rapids and Muskegon the hours were greatly shortened. Muskegon borrowed a fire steamer from Grand Rapids until the Fourth was over. Two chemical engines have been stationed in the east end of Grand Rapids until the scarcity of water is over.

WEEK END OUTINGS PROVE POPULAR WITH ESCANABA PEOPLE

A number of Escanaba people took part in the regular week end excursion to Fayette yesterday afternoon, leaving the city at 2:30 o'clock and returning shortly before 10 o'clock last night. For some time the Saturday afternoon excursions aboard the Maywood to Fayette have been growing more and more popular as the short outing is one of the most attractive offered out of this port, many people taking a picnic dinner and remaining at Fayette while the boat covers the remainder of the Big Bay route before returning to Escanaba.

ESCANABA PEOPLE ENJOYING TRIP

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ALL RECORDS ARE BROKEN

Washington, D. C., July 9.—More iron ore was shipped from Lake Superior in 1909 than ever before in a single year. The quantity, according to the report of the United States geological survey, was 42,504,119 long tons.

Nearly 36,000,000 tons of iron ore passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal and through Lake Michigan and Huron in 1909.

Lake Superior ore represented 80 per cent of the total iron ore production in the United States.

DANCING PARTY ATTRACTED MANY

A big crowd of dancers was attracted to the party given last night at Varsity hall by the members of the Jolly Four club. The musical program for the party was furnished by Flagstad's orchestra and the pleasure of the dancers at the excellence of many of the selections was shown by enthusiastic encores.

Telephone your wants to 693.

BASEBALL FANS WILL FLOCK TO GLADSTONE

Every baseball fan of Escanaba who can under any conditions get to Gladstone today will be at the Upper Bay City park this afternoon when the Escanaba and Gladstone baseball teams will clash in the opening game of what promises to be the crucial series for Capt. Loell's band of warriors. The Gladstone team will either today break the hoodoo that has been persistently following the team since the opening of the season and trounce Escanaba's champs, or the Upper Bay City squad will slide further back in the percentage column.

The cellar champs with the new material that was secured a week ago have been practicing religiously for the series that opens today and have constantly held before them the sting of three defeats to which Olmsted's swatters subjected their team last week.

That Capt. Loell has now brought together a band of players that will force every team in the league to show their best game when they meet

GET NEWS OF DEATH

Announcement was received in the city last night of the death of Felix Brannigan, a former resident of Escanaba, at Detroit where he had been employed for the past year. The young man was raised in Escanaba and but little was known of his illness here. Relatives left last night for Detroit and whether the body will be brought here for interment is not yet known.

TO HONOR MC KENNA

Phillip J. McKenna, formerly a resident of Escanaba, may be nominated by the Democrats of Chicago, for judge of the superior court. His name has been prominently mentioned for the place and should his nomination follow his election will be certain. Mr. McKenna for several years published the Mirror in Escanaba and has a host of friends in this city who will be delighted at the prominence that has been attained by him.

START WORK ON NEW STORM WATER SEWER ON MONDAY

The work of constructing the new storm water sewer which will drain Georgia street running down Hale street to Tilden avenue and on Tilden to Wells avenue will be started on Monday under the direction of Street Commissioner Peter Holmes. All of the pipe for the sewer has been distributed and a large number of men will follow and a large number of men will be given employment on the contract Street Commissioner Holmes still in search of men for the work which is expected to occupy considerable time.

ESCANABA MAN LEAVES FOR WEST

H. H. Reade, who has been in the employ of the National Pole company at Whitney and at Henderson for several years, left last night for Sand Point, Idaho, where he will have charge of one of the company's pole yards at that place. Since coming to this district Mr. Reade has made a great many close personal friends here and his transfer to another district is sincerely regretted by all who know him.

The Misses Gertrude and Grace Schultz of Oshkosh are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Matt.

FORMER ISHPERING GIRL KNOWN HERE IN SUMMER OPERA

Miss Klara Farm, of Ishpeming, sister of Teckla Farm, the noted soprano singer, is now playing in light opera at Allentown, Pa. Miss Farm is known to all theater goers of Escanaba having appeared here on several occasions in high class musical comedy. Of Miss Farm an exchange says: Miss Klara Farm of the Soo, formerly of Ishpeming, and who has had for several years considerable success on the stage, is now playing with Lew Morton, general manager for all of the Joe Hart attractions. The company at present is playing a long stand of light opera in Allentown, Pa. and Miss Farm is reported to be making a great success in prima donna role.

SIDEWALK BUILDING WORK BEING HELD BACK IN CITY

Sidewalk building work in all parts of the city is being delayed by the inability of city officials and contractors to secure gravel. The entire output of the gravel pit of A. R. Moore is being taken as fast as it can be delivered in the city and much work is being held back by the inability to secure the gravel in sufficient quantities to carry forward all of the contracts that are contemplated.

MAY DIE FROM AN ACCIDENT

Edward Busche, residing on Walnut street in Marquette, is now lying at the point of death in the Menominee River hospital as the result of having his head almost severed from his body by a band saw.

He is employed by the Merryman Manufacturing company and yesterday afternoon, just a few minutes before closing time, he fell across a moving carriage which carried him right into the fastly moving saw. Before anyone could be stopped and before anyone could rescue him the saw had ground into the back of his neck as far as the spine, and into his left shoulder into the shoulder blade.

Had his face been turned toward the saw and the windpipe severed death would have been instantaneous. At the hospital, where he is now lying, it is said it will be a miracle if he recovers, although some hope is held.

Telephone your wants to 693.

TIE PLANT IS CLOSED

The tie preserving plant of the Chicago & North-Western road at this station was closed yesterday and will remain out of commission for two months. Each summer the plant is closed for a short period but the present term of idleness promises to be considerably longer than usual.

The closing of the plant is believed to be the result of the company's retrenchment policy that is being pursued all along to line although announcement to that effect was not made by officials of the company yesterday.

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ESCANABA MORNING PRESS CO. JAMES S. DOHERTY, President and Business Manager. E. M. ST. JACQUES, Vice-President. JOHN P. NORTON, Secretary and Managing Editor.

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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 10, 1910. Sunday, possibly showers; light to moderate variable winds.

Highest temperature yesterday 73 degrees.

Lowest temperature yesterday 65 degrees.

Precipitation yesterday .01 inches.

Temperature at even hours yesterday:

Table with 2 columns: Time (2 a. m. to 10 a. m.) and Temperature (62 to 77).

Temperature at even hours one year ago yesterday:

Table with 2 columns: Time (2 a. m. to 10 a. m.) and Temperature (60 to 76).

Precipitation one year ago yesterday .02 inches.

Observations Taken at 7 a. m.

Table with 2 columns: Max. Min. F. and observations for various locations.

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Table with 2 columns: Location and Temperature (Swift Current 66 42 .14, Tampa 92 72 .01, Toledo 90 72 .00, Washington 92 72 .00, Williston 72 44 .08, Winnemucca 88 58 .00, Winnepeg 78 52 .00, Plum Island-S. W., partly cloudy, 8 m. H. S. COLE, Observer.)

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE MAN.

The contemplated elevation of Gov. Hughes to the chief justiceship offers a striking commentary on the exigencies of American politics. Six years ago Charles E. Hughes was as obscure, nationally, as is the humblest citizen of the republic. A review of the roster of great Americans would not have disclosed his name as that of a man who was possible material for a national task.

A Winchester, Va., woman was recently buried in a walnut coffin made from a tree that grew from a nut she had planted in youth. The moral of this story, children, is not to be recklessly planting walnuts.

But the "occupation" of Korea by Japan, the "occupation" of Egypt by Britain, or the "occupation" of England by the Normans were nothing to the "occupation" of Jeffries by Johnson.

The young duke of Cornwall has been confirmed as prince of Wales at the age of 16. But, alas, where is the successor to that irrepressible prince of Wales the last generation knew?

But while Pinchot, Glavis, Garfield and Wiley lose their authority. Director Moore of the weather bureau stays. He is right on this conservation business.

Regent Osborn, of the University of Michigan, at least refrained from heaping coals of fire on his opponents' heads by having degrees conferred on any but his friends.

Teddy Roosevelt was a sickly child whom his parents despaired of raising. And now his opponents despair of keeping him suppressed.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS. Chicago Aldermen are up in arms against the adoption of the police "golden rule" that sends drunken men to their wives instead of placing them in the lockup. More than this, it is unconstitutional, being "cruel and unusual."

John W. Kern refuses to comment on the report that Colonel Roosevelt will make a speech for Beveridge in Indiana. Poor old John, one year he runs with Bryan, the next against Roosevelt.

The Courier-Journal asks whether a man can be lost in thought. Did the Courier-Journal ever see a man trying to remember whether he posted his wife's letter?

Can President Nicholas Murray Butler "come back" in his Latin sufficiently to take on that active young Latinist, Professor Harry Thurston Peck?

The Russian law forbids one to marry more than five times. Little old America for Nat Goodwin!

That West Point cadet, who was dismissed for chewing gum probably has exchanged it for a rag.

For the victor, watermelon and chicken; for the vanquished, alfalfa and the farm!

The sun now sets at 7:32 p. m. What have you done about your winter's coal?

Fear is expressed that the end of the River may run by.

When making the house fly, why not the mosquito?

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then resort to oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by all druggists.

CARING FOR CLARISSA

In the first place, the child's parents should have known better. That was what every one said when everything was over and the Honeywells were at home again.

The Honeywells were young, so, naturally, their child was young. They had named her Clarissa, and she was a little over two years old and quite the most wonderful infant in the world.

Mrs. Honeywell said it seemed providential that her younger sister, Boss, should have chosen to come to see them just at the time Honeywell had to take a business trip east and wanted his wife to go along.

Mrs. Honeywell's sister took Clarissa very seriously, her acquaintance with children being only theoretical. Clarissa surveyed her aunt speculatively. Experience had taught her that you can never tell. This person had large blue eyes and pink cheeks and lovely shiny things on her dress, yet she might not turn out so well, after all. So, as it was a warm day and access to the yard was permissible, Clarissa started things by running away.

"If only she had eaten more breakfast!" her aunt wailed as she prepared to dash out upon the street, at-tired as she was in a negligee and with no hat in her hair. How could she wait to attend to her toilet when her niece probably was being destroyed by a blood-thirsty automobile or was under the hoofs of a raging horse? Her apparently wild remark was really more sensible than it sounds. The Honeywells have an iron fence around their home and always keep the gate shut, so that their child may not wander. But the space between the bottom of the gate and the walk is so large that unless Clarissa lately has eaten a hearty meal she can wriggle under.

She was found enthusiastically eating unripe apples at a corner stand, for the good-natured owner of the apples recked not of the awful aches contained in the emerald fruit.

Promptly Clarissa was led home in disgrace. The disgrace was accentuated by the fact that as captor and captive turned in at the Honeywell gate a young man passed and bowed, after some hesitation, to Clarissa's vexed and disheveled aunt. Clarissa could not know that the young man was a very particular young man, whose acquaintance her aunt had made on a previous visit, and who should have seen her again only in all the glory of new gown and the correct number of puffs and having the proper air of languid ease.

"Clarissa," said her aunt as she entered the house, "sometimes I wonder how you can do it when you have such an angelic expression!"

Two nights later the young man was calling and Clarissa's aunt had on the gown and the puffs, and the young man was properly impressed and things were lovely until a cough sounded from above.

"Listen!" said Clarissa's aunt, tragically. "Doesn't that sound like croup?"

"Does it?" asked the young man, looking appropriately alarmed. "Does she—is she subject to croup?"

"All children are subject to croup!" declared Clarissa's aunt, grandly. She flew upstairs and the young man telephoned to a doctor and then followed Clarissa's aunt. He found Clarissa clasped in her aunt's arms, very sleepy and pink-faced and coughing.

"She does it—just like that—every time I tell her to!" wailed Clarissa's aunt in terror. "What shall I do? The—cook's out! Run next door and ask Mrs. White!"

The young man ran. He paused to shout back from the foot of the stairs that sometimes when babies were sick they put them into hot water. Then he slammed out of the front door. When he returned with Mrs. White and another woman, a dinner guest, and the respective husbands, Clarissa's aunt was discovered putting the protesting Clarissa into a steaming bathtub.

"I thought they couldn't make any noise when they had croup!" said Mrs. White. "I don't know anything about croup, anyway—but I brought this bottle—the dog when he coughed just like that. It won't hurt her to swallow some!"

"I'll hold her head," said the dinner guest. "There—it's down."

"Please go downstairs and get some from the kitchen!" cried Clarissa's aunt. "Doesn't she look awfully queer—and red—and she screams so! How I wish the doctor would hurry!"

"Put cold water on her chest!" said the dinner guest's husband. "That'll cure anything!"

"Thank you!" cried Clarissa's aunt. "I will, as soon as she's had the lard!" Presently the doctor came. He examined the child.

"Will she live?" her aunt asked, breathlessly.

"She will, if what you're already given her doesn't kill her," said the man of science. "Croup? Your grandmother! Put her to bed and let her go to sleep!"

"Anyhow," said Clarissa's aunt later, tremulously, to the very particular young man, "it might very easily have been croup! How was I to know?"

"You did perfectly right!" declared the young man. "That child never will appreciate what you did for her!" Clarissa, not having a fondness for lard and vaselin, never did.

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

NEW YORK STOCKS

NEW YORK—Stocks met with good support this morning notwithstanding yesterday's Gov. grain report. There was particularly good buying of steel and short traders started covering forcing prices from one to three points above the previous close. Last prices were nearly the highest figures for the day. The bank stims. was much better than expected.

BOSTON MARKETS

COPPER—The action of the market today was most encouraging. The closing session yesterday was followed at opening today by heavy liquidation but stocks seem to be well taken and resulted in a rally which was the best we have had for several weeks. In the local market stocks are sold to a stand still. Prices have discounted the worst that can happen and the majority are selling at bargain prices. The R. Ry. list will be weak at times on bad crop news and lack of buying makes it very susceptible to bear drive but we think the local copper stocks have touched bottom and the only chance from now on must be improvement. The copper producers report yesterday showed the greatest consumption in history with every prospect of this being increased with in the next few months. We are bullish on the metal and copper stocks.

THE CURB MARKETS

CURBS—The curb market is inactive with slight demand for the better class. Many of the Butte stockholders of Butte & Superior will oppose the organization of plans at Duluth meeting today. It is understood Senator Clark's representatives are here to control the meeting there is much dissatisfaction in Butte because of refusal of the management to furnish a statement of the finances of the company and clear up cases of criticism.

MR. SMITH STILL GUESSING

Mystery of Letter of Introduction Remains a Puzzle and Solution Seems Afar Off.

When a local professional man, whom we shall call Smith, received a call some time ago from a stranger bearing a letter of introduction from his friend Brown, Mr. Smith gave the man a cordial welcome. For Mr. Brown is a close friend of Mr. Smith and he felt that any one recommended by him must be worthy of the highest esteem. He therefore laid himself out to be agreeable and helpful, in compliance with Brown's note. The stranger, whose name was Green, proved to be most agreeable on better acquaintance, and soon he and Mr. Smith became fast friends. About this time Mr. Smith and his new friend chanced to meet upon the street their mutual friend, Mr. Brown. Mr. Smith grasped the hand of Mr. Brown, greeted him warmly, and entered into conversation. Soon he noted that neither Brown nor Green displayed the slightest sign of recognition. "Good gracious!" he thought, "have they quarreled?" But a furtive glance showed him no trace of anger in either, and he was more nonplussed than ever. At last he could endure the awkward situation no longer. "Gentlemen," he explained, "surely you two are acquainted?" "No," said Brown; "haven't had the honor."

"No," echoed Green; "haven't had the pleasure."

"Well, I'll be swizzled!" said Mr. Smith. "Mr. Brown, Mr. Green. Shake hands."

And now, dear reader, if you can figure out the answer, please inform Mr. Smith who wrote that letter, for that is what he has been trying to find out ever since.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

How Eskimo Women Die. On her first entrance to her new hut of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her; upon food and drink set close at hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill air away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companionship with her, may refresh itself with food, but starving and freezing her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone.—Harper's Bazar.

BOSTON MARKETS

Table with 2 columns: Stock Name and Price (Adventure 5 54, Arcadian 4 44, Allouez 35 36, Atlantic 51 6, Ariz Com'l 144 142, Butte Coalition 174, Boston Cons 112 124, B. Corbin 49 494, Cal. & Ariz 509, Cal. & Hecla 144 15, Centennial 62 63, Copper Range 71 8, Daly-West 7 7, East Butte 7 7, Franklin 94 10, Greene Can 54 7, Graney 50, Grizzly 63 7, Hancock 161 174, Helvetic 2 2, Isle Royale 16 16, Keweenaw 3 3, Lasalle 10 10, Lake 434 434, Mass 7 7, Maima 181 181, Michigan 4 4, Mohawk 46 474, North Lake 94 94, Nevada Cons. 181 181, North Butte 212 222, Nipissing 104 104, Ojibway 6 7, Old Dominion 334 34, Osceola 122 13, Parrot 121 69, Quincy 68 69, Sup. & Boston 81 81, Shannon 94 99, Superior 40 40, Superior & Pittsburg 10 10, Trinity 5 5, Sennese Cop 47 50, Tamarack 20 204, Utah Cons 36 361, U. S. S. & R. 42 424, Utah Cop 24 3, Victoria 11 11, Wyandott 105 107, Wolverine 9 67, Winona 6 102)

Table with 2 columns: LONDON COPPER (Opening 56-7-6 57-5-3, Close 56-6-3 57-5, Sales 500 tons. 800 tons)

CURB STOCKS

Table with 2 columns: Stock Name and Price (Ariz. & Mich. 30 35, Ahmeek 165, Butte & Lon 5, Bay State Gas 22 24, Boston Ely 11 11, Black Mt 10 25, Begole 11 11, Bohemia 54 64, Chief Cons 11 11, Carmen 80 90, Chemung 7 9, Cumb. Ely 5, Corbin C. Co 54 6, Cal. & Corbin 35 38, Cactus 2 24, China 104 11, Cordova 50, Cortez 24 25, Col. Cons 40 45, Cal. & Montana 95 100, Davis-Daly 1, Dom. Cop. 2, Denn. Ariz. 21 3, Ely Cons 45 56, Ely Central 88 89, First Nat. Cop. 3 116 3-16, Foster, Gold. Cons 5 6, Gila 7, Inspiration 7, Indians 1, Keating 1 14, Keystone 3 34, Lakose 4 3-16, L. S. & A. 14, Live Oak 15, Mont. Clinton 30, Nevada-Utah 54 6, Ohio Copper 11 11-16, Oneco 2 5-16 24, Ray Central 24 24, Raven 28 30, Ray Cons 18 21, Rawhide Coal 18 20, Santa Rosa 38, South Lake 52 6, Sierra 24, Shattuck 24 24, Silver Queen 10 12, Savannah 14, San Antonio 7, Sup. & Globe 27 32, Silver Leaf 7 8, Senca 80, Section 12 84 84, Tonopah 84 84, United Cop 85, Woly. & Ariz 7, Warrior Dev 4, Yukon 44 60, Yuma 45 60)

Helping Out the Gun. Gadebusch, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in celebration of the birth of the grand ducal heir decided to fire the regulation salute of 101 guns. An ancient cannon was hauled out for the purpose, and the firing began. Unfortunately the powder ran short after the ninety-third shot and there was no means of obtaining any more in the town. The burgo-master was in despair, especially as 93 shots indicated that the grand ducal baby was a girl. At this moment the municipal bandmaster came forward with a luminous proposal, which was eagerly accepted. He dispatched his big drum major to the market place, where he struck eight powerful strokes on his instruments to make up the 101 shots, and thus the situation was saved.

Illogical Marriage. Ritter—I don't see how Blunker and his wife could have married for love. Salmo—Oh, they didn't marry for love; they married because they pitied each other. Ritter—Pitied each other? Why, if they had any real pity for each other they would never have thought of marrying.

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 3,668.86, Cash and Exchange 139,396.16, \$808,446.09. Liabilities: Capital stock \$100,000.00, Surplus 20,000.00, Undivided Profits 21,181.90, Circulation 100,000.00, Deposits 567,264.19, \$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. WILL T. SEEGER. The Real Estate Man. Money to Loan on City Property. 409-411 Maple Street BARGAIN 218 Stephenson avenue \$3,000 306 Stephenson avenue \$1,800 1404 Fourth street \$1,700 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. 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 swindled out 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! How much of it is here? Is there enough to dot with mines several parts of this county and to line with furnaces and steel mills the shores of our bays? Several facts speak for a bigger Escanaba and a more prosperous Delta County. Right here is where we start, in dead earnest, going after the iron ore. Respectfully yours truly, MIKE GUNTER.

LIFT RICHARDSON; IT SINKS AGAIN

Buffalo, N. Y., July 9.—After being submerged for many months, the steamer Richardson was raised and towed toward the breakwater, but she did not go far before her water soaked cargo of flaxseed shifted, the ship listed heavily and it was found necessary to let her settle again. She bore the marks of sea and ice on every quarter. Her cabins aft are washed away and great holes broken in her decks, but the steel of her hull has proven staunch.

As the Richardson rose almost to her waterline, the tugs, which had made fast to her, got under way, steaming for the breakwater as fast as safety would permit. The wreck cut her way through the smooth water for more than one hundred feet and then the great freighter listed suddenly to starboard. The tugs stopped while the men in charge of the work considered what was best to be done. Rather than take chances in the position of the ship changing so that the openings would no longer be closed, they decided to let her settle as she was, and raise her after adjusting the list. So the water was allowed to close with a gurgle over the wreck once more.

The Richardson is now about 100 feet nearer the breakwater than she was. Her bow projects about as it did before, but the after part of the ship is four feet higher.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by all druggists.

Telephone your wants to 693.

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Entire Change of Program Every Night

Two New Pictures and Two New Songs

Doors Open at 7:30 p. m.

Sat' day Afternoon Matinee

Doors Open at 2 o'clock

Admission 10c, Matinee 5c

Gaufin Brothers

Makers of the "BAY DE NOC" CIGAR

DON CORELLO—10c straight CUBA FLORA—5c Gladstone Mich.

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WHERE THEY PICK UP BASE HITS.

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For Pure Ice Cream and Candy

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McWilliam's Block

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Under the Management of MISS ANNA LEE

Meals Served at All Hours on Short Notice

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Save All Your Cream

The United States Cream Separator is the biggest money maker—gets more cream than any other. Holds WORLD'S RECORD for clean skimming. Cream represents cash—you waste cream every day if you are not using a 1909 Model

U. S. Cream Separator.

They have smaller diameter bowls and yet retain their great milk capacity—easily and quickly washed. Low supply tank—cream pail shelf—easy to pour milk into—see picture. All working parts enclosed, keeping out dirt and protecting the operator. Many other exclusive advantages.

Call and see the 1909 Model United States Cream Separator.

PHIL LABRE, AGENT, BARK RIVER, MICH.

Announcements of the Churches

St. Patrick's Church. Rev. Father Langan, pastor; Rev. Fr. Bender, assistant. Low mass 8 a. m. High mass 10:15 a. m. Catechism 2:30 p. m. Vespers and benediction 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's church. Rev. Father Julius, pastor. Rev. Fr. Herbert, assistant. Low mass at 8 o'clock a. m. High mass at 10. Vespers and benediction at 3 p. m.

St. Anne's Church. Rector, Rev. P. C. Menard; Rev. Fr. Beauchene, assistant. Sunday—Low mass at 8; high mass at 10. Baptisms and catechism at 2. Vespers Rosary and Benediction at 3. Daily—Mass at 8.

First M. E. Church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30. Subject, "The Religion of a Mature Mind." Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. At 7:30 there will be a patriotic address, a continuation of the one given last Sunday evening. Subject, "The Greater United States, or, 'Our New Fourth of July.'" If the weather should be to warm, the address will be shortened to not exceed twenty minutes. All are cordially invited. This will be "Men's Day," both morning and evening. Rev. E. W. Frazee, Acting Pastor.

First Presbyterian Church. The services at the First Presbyterian church will be held at the usual hour, 10:30 o'clock, this morning. The theme of the pastor's discourse will be, "The Religion of the Home." All are cordially invited to attend. P. B. Ferris, Pastor.

St. Stephen's Church. St. Stephen's church, Rev. E. E. Williams, rector. Morning Prayer Litany and sermon at 10:30 o'clock; Sunday School, 9:30 o'clock. Holy Communion the first Sunday of the month at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Lutheran Church. Rev. C. A. Lund pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Regular morning service at 10:30. Evening service 7:45. All Swedish speaking people visiting in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

Nor-Dan. Lutheran Church. Regular services will be held in the Norwegian-Danish Lutheran church today, both morning and evening. Rev. Bernsen will conduct the services.

Salvation Army. Meeting tonight at 8 o'clock. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Everybody invited to attend.

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrated by Wagon C. Kettler

(Copyright 1910 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.) (Continued.)

Nathaniel loosened his grip and staggered to his feet.

"For you!" he panted. "If you had only come a little sooner—" He stumbled to his pistol and picked it up "I am afraid he is—dead!"

He did not look back.

Arbor Croche barred the door. He had not moved since he had fallen. His head was twisted so that his face was turned to the glow of the lamp and Nathaniel shuddered as he saw where his shot had struck. He had apparently died with that last cry on his lips.

There was no longer a fear of the Mormons in Nathaniel. He believed the king and Arbor Croche dead, and that in the gloom and excitement of the night he could go among the people of St. James undiscovered. A great load was lifted from his soul, for if he had not been in time to save Marion he had at least delivered her after a short bondage. He had now only to save Marion and she would go with him, for she loved him—and Strang was no more.

He hurried through the grove toward the temple. Even before he had come near to it he could see that a great crowd had congregated there. The street which he passed was deserted. No lights shone in the houses. Even the dogs were gone. For the first time he understood what it meant. The whole town had fled to that huge log stronghold for protection. Buildings and trees shut out his view seaward but he could see the flare of great fires mounting into the sky and he knew that those who were not at the temple were guarding the shore.

Suddenly he almost fell over a figure in his path. It was an old woman mumbering and sobbing incoherently as she stumbled weakly in the direction of the temple. Like an inspirator the thought came to him that here was his opportunity of gaining admittance to that multitude of women and children. He seized the old woman by the arm and spoke words of courage to her as he half carried her on her way. A few minutes more and a blaze of light burst upon them and the great square in which the temple was situated lay open before them. Half a hundred yards ahead a fire was burning; oil and pine sent their lurid flame high up into the night, and in the thick gloom behind it, intensified by the blinding glare, Nathaniel saw the shadows of men. He caught the old woman in his arms and went on boldly. He passed close to a thin line of waiting men, saw the faint glint of freights on their rifles, and staggering past them unchallenged with his weight he stopped for a moment to look back. The effect was startling. Beyond the three great fires that blazed around the temple the clearing was bathed in a sea of light; in its concealment of giant trees the temple was buried in gloom. From the gloom a hundred cool men might slaughter

five times their number charging across that death square!

Nathaniel could not repress a shudder as he looked. Screened behind each of the three fires was a cannon. He figured that there were more than a hundred rifles in that silent cordon of men. What was there on the opposite side of the temple?

He turned with the old woman and joined the throng that was seething about the temple doors. There were women, children and old men, crutching and crowding, fighting with panic-stricken fierceness for admittance to the thick log walls. Through the doors there came the low thunder of countless voices pierced by the shrill cries of little children. Foot by foot Nathaniel fought his way up the steps. At the top were drawn a dozen men forming barriers with their rifles. One of them shoved him back.

"Not you!" he shouted. "This is for the women!"

Nathaniel fell back, filled with horror. A glance had shown him the vast dimly lighted interior of the temple packed to suffocation. What sins had this people wrought that it thus feared the vengeance of the men from the mainland! He felt the sweat break out upon his face as he thought of Marion being in that mob, tired and fainting with her terrible day's experience—perhaps dying under the panic-stricken feet of those stronger than herself. He hoped now for that which at first had filled him with despair—that Strang had hidden Marion away from the terror and suffocation of this multitude that fought for its breath within the temple. Freeing himself of the crowd he ran to the farther side of the building. A fourth fire blazed in his face. But on this side there was no cannon; scarcely a score of men were guarding the rear of the temple.

For a full minute he stood concealed in the gloom. He realized now that it would be useless to return to Obadiah.

The Courage of Captain Plum

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Illustrated by Wagon C. Kettler

(Copyright 1910 by Bobbs-Merrill Co.) (Continued.)

out team off, shouting and firing his pistol. He won by a hundred yards and stood panting as they came toward him. Dawn had dispelled the mist-gloom and as the mainlanders drew nearer he discerned in their lead a figure that brought a cry of joy from his lips.

"Nell!" he shouted. "Nell!"

He turned as Marion's brother darted to his side.

"This way—from behind!"

The two led the way, side by side, followed by a dozen men. A glance told Nathaniel that nothing much less than a miracle could turn the tide of battle. Half of the mainlanders were fighting in the water. Others were struggling desperately to get away in the boats. Foot by foot the Mormons were crushing them back, their battle cries now turned into demoniac yells of victory. Into the rear of the struggling mass, firing as they ran, charged the handful of men behind Captain Plum and Nell. For a little space the king's men gave way before them and with wild cheers the powerful fishermen from the coast fought their way toward their comrades. Many of them were armed with long knives; some had pistols; others used their empty rifles as clubs. A dozen more men and they would have split like a wedge through the Mormon mass. Above the din of battle Nathaniel's voice rose in thundering shouts to the men in the sea, and close beside him he heard Nell shrieking out a name between his blows. Like demons they fought straight ahead, slashing with their knives. The Mormon line was thinning. The mainlanders had turned and were fighting their way back, gaining foot by foot what they had lost. Suddenly there came a terrific cheer from the plain and the hope that had flamed in Nathaniel's breast died out as he heard it. He knew what it meant—that the Mormons at St. James had come to reinforce their comrades. He fought now to reach the boats, calling to Nell, whom he could no longer see. Even in that moment he thought of Marion. His only chance was to escape with the others, his only hope of wresting her from the kingdom lay in his own freedom. He had waited too long. A crushing blow fell upon him from behind and with a last cry to Nell he sank under the trampling feet. Indistinctly there came to him the surging shock of the fresh body of Mormons. The din about him became fainter and fainter as though he was being carried rapidly away from it; shouting voices came to him in whispers, and deadened by the sound, like the quick tapping of a finger on his forehead, were all that he heard of the steady rifle fire that pursued the defeated mainlanders in their flight.

After a little he began struggling back into consciousness. There was a splitting pain somewhere in his head and he tried to reach his hand to it.

"You won't have to carry him," he heard a voice say. "Give him a little water and he'll walk."

He felt the dash of the water in his face and it put new life into him. Somebody had raised him to a sitting posture and was supporting him there while a second person bound a cloth about his head. He opened his eyes and the light of day shot into them like a stinging, burning charge of needle-points, and he closed them again with a sharp cry of pain. That second's glance had shown him that it was a woman who was binding his head. He had not seen her face. Beyond her he had caught a half-formed vision of many people and the glistening edge of the sea, and as he lay with closed eyes the murmur of voices came to him. The support at his back was taken away, slowly, as if the person who held him feared that he would fall. Nathaniel stiffened himself to show his returning strength and opened his eyes again. This time the pain was not so great. A few

yards away he saw a group of people and among them were women; still farther away, so far that his brain grew dizzy as he looked, there was a black moving crowd. He was among the wounded. The Mormon women were here. Down there along the shore—among the dead—had assembled the population of St. James.

A strange sickness overpowered him and he sank back against his supporter. A cool hand passed over his face. It was a soothing, gentle touch—the hand of the woman. He felt the sweep of soft hair against his cheek—a breath whispering in his ear.

"You will be better soon." His heart stood still.

"You will be better—"

Against his rough cheek there fell the soft pressure of a woman's lips.

Nathaniel pulled himself erect, every drop of blood in him striving for the mastery of his body, his vision, his strength. He tried to turn, but strong arms seized him from behind. A man's voice spoke to him, a man's strength held him. In an agony of appeal Marion's name burst from his lips.

"Sh-h!" warned the voice behind him. "Are you crazy?"

The arms relaxed their hold and Nathaniel dragged himself to his knees. The woman was gone. As far as he could see there were people—scores of them, hundreds of them—multiplied into thousands and millions as he looked, until there was only a black cloud about him. He staggered to his feet and a strong hand kept him from falling while his brain slowly cleared. The millions and thousands and hundreds of people dissolved themselves into the day until only a handful was left where he had seen multitudes. He turned his face weakly to the man beside him.

"Where did she go?" he asked.

It was a boyish face into which his pleading eyes gazed, a face white with the strain of battle, reddened a little

on one cheek with a smear of blood, and there was a startled, frightened look in it that had passed. "Who? What are you talking about?"

"The woman," whispered Nathaniel. "The woman—Marion—who kissed me—"

The young fellow's hand gripped his arm in a sudden fierce clutch.

"You've been dreaming!" he exclaimed in a threatening voice. "Shut up!" He spoke the words loudly. Then quickly dropping his voice to a whisper he added: "For God's sake don't betray her! They saw her with us—everybody knows that it was the king's wife with you!"

The king's wife! Nathaniel was too weak to analyze the words beyond the fact that they carried the dread truth of his fears deep into his soul. Who would have come to him but Marion? Who else would have kissed him? It was her voice that had whispered in his ear—the thrill of her hand that had passed over his face

And this man had said that she was the wife of the king! He heard the voices of other men near him but did not understand what they were saying. He knew that after a moment there was a man on each side of him holding him by the arms, and mechanically he moved his legs, knowing that they wanted him to walk. They did not guess how weak he was—how he struggled to keep from becoming too great a weight on their hands. Once or twice they stopped in their agonizing climb up the hill. On its top the cool sea air swept into Nathaniel's face and it was like water to a parched throat.

After a time—it seemed a day of terrible work and pain to him—they came to the streets of the town, and in a half conscious sort of way he cursed at the rabble trailing at his heels. They passed close to the temple, dirt and blood and a burning torment shutting the vision of it from his eyes, and beyond this there was another crowd. An aisle opened for them, as it had opened for others ahead of them. In front of the jail they stopped. Nathaniel's head hung heavily upon his breast and he made no effort to raise it. All ambition and desire had left him, all desire but one, and that was to drop upon the ground and lie there for endless, restless years. What consciousness was left in him was ebbing swiftly; he saw black, fathomless night about him and his earth seemed slipping from under his feet.

A voice dragged him back into life—a voice that boomed in his ears like rolling thunder and set every fiber in him quivering with emotion. He drew himself erect with the involuntary strength of one mastering the last spasm of death and as they dragged him through the door he saw there within an arm's reach of him



Strang Was Alive.

the great, living face of Strang, glowing at him as if from out of a mist-ringed, white fanged, filled with the vengefulness of a beast.

The great voice rumbled in his ears again.

"Take that man to the dungeon!"

(To be Continued.)

FIRE SITUATION BECOMES SERIOUS

Lansing, Mich., July 9.—Reports received at the office of Game Warden Pierce from counties in the northern portion of the state indicate that the fire situation is assuming serious proportions and unless rain falls at once considerable territory will be burned over in spite of the precautions of the deputies and settlers to prevent the spread of the flames.

Warden Pierce left Tuesday on a tour of investigation among the northern counties where the danger from fire is most feared, instructing the deputies to exercise the greatest amount of precaution possible to see that the law governing the setting of fires is vigorously enforced.

Most of the fire which is now burning is confined to the slashings which dry out almost immediately after a rain and the real property loss thus far is small, but Pierce says that unless rain relieves the situation at once the damage may amount to thousands of dollars.

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

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REAL ESTATE

For Sale

10-room residence, 523 Jennie St., in A-1 condition. Stone foundation. Electric light and bath. Cheap taken at once.

307 Tilden Ave. Modern seven room house, all in good condition. One of the best resident districts in the city; convenient to stores and streets. Price, \$3,500.

815 Stephenson Ave. One five room cottage, in A-1 repair, with two lot. Price \$1,900.

Seven room house and lot 230 Michigan Ave., price \$2,500.00.

We have listed farm lands, son choice farms which can be bought cheap. Also building lots in all part of the city.

DOHERTY & LEWIS

Real Estate, Fire and Plate Glass Insurance Agents

507 LUDINGTON ST.

LITTLE GIRLS LOCKED IN BOX CAR MANY HOURS

New York, July 9.—Fainting with hunger, their tongues swollen with thirst, ten-year-old Mary Mori and eight-year-old Nelsie Beforko were taken from a refrigerator car in the Lackawanna railroad yards at Secaucus, N. J. They had been locked in the car by joking boys in Buffalo, N. Y. During the 88 hours that elapsed before their rescue their terror would not let them sleep, they had nothing to eat and to quench their thirst they licked the tears that ran down their cheeks.

The swoolen, bleeding finger tips and broken nails of the two children, the scratched and dented inside surface of the car door, the wan faces of two misties as they were lifted out of the car in the Hoboken freight yard, were mute witnesses to the hours of agony they had endured in the 400 miles from Buffalo to New York. Alone in the darkness, close by the food and water for which they were longing, the children awaited death.

"Nuncia and I never thought when some boys said we'd find bananas in the car, that they'd shut the door," little Mary, the older of the two girls, told a reporter last night just before she and her companion started back to Buffalo as guests of the Lackawanna railroad. "You see, Nuncia lives in our house, up stairs, and we were playing together. So we climbed in the car; but there wasn't no bananas or anything else. The car was empty every bit. Then the door slammed shut.

"The boys laughed as the door slammed and yelled: 'Now we got you uns, ain't we. And Nuncia she began to cry. I hammered on the door but they didn't open it. I couldn't bear them any more. There was a little hole and I peeked out, but no one didn't see us and I think some one nailed the door. Then the cars bumped and the train jerked. I knew we were moving. I yelled—screamed—and Nuncia cried, but no one came.

"We kept moving for a long time, and when I peeked outside it was getting dark. I was hungry and so was Nuncia. I said let's pray like Father Salvini says to when we're in trouble, and Nuncia did pray with me. We asked God to send some one to unlock the door. Well, Nuncia cried herself to sleep. She wanted her little baby—that's Rosa, her mother's baby—one year old. Nuncia rocks it to sleep.

"All that night I kept waking up, 'cause it was cold. I put both arms round Nuncia, but she kept crying. So did I cry, and Nuncia was so thirsty she licked the tears off my face. And when the light came again we both pounded on the door, but no one came. All that day we kept calling until we could hardly speak. That day the car stopped a long time several different times, but no one came.

FLY OVER ATLANTIC IN HUGE DIRIGIBLE IN AUTUMN IS PLAN

New York July 9.—Walter Wellman and Melvin Vaniman will attempt this coming fall to cross the Atlantic Ocean in the dirigible balloon America, which was built for the Wellman polar expedition and has twice been tested in voyages over the Arctic Ocean, north of Spitzbergen. The attempt will be made solely on the responsibility of the aeronauts, but the London Daily Telegraph, the New York Times, and The Chicago Record Herald have arranged to buy the news of the expedition, which will be transmitted by wireless from the airship, even as news now is from ocean liners.

On her long voyage the America will carry a crew of six men, including the wireless operator, and 1,600 gallons of gasoline in a steel tank.

TEX RICKARD TO SUE GILLETTE

San Francisco, July 9.—Tex Rickard announced here today that he will start suit against Governor Gillette next week in an attempt to recover \$30,000, which he claims he lost on preparation to hold the Johnson-Jeffries fight in California. Rickard will base his rights on the claim that the governor told him at one time there would be no interference with the proposed fight and later after work had been started on the arena and other preparations made, called out the militia to prevent it.

THAT MATTER OF EQUAL TAXATION

HON. CHASE S. OSBORN'S MANLY STATEMENT ON THE SUBJECT OF MINE PROPERTY.

Efficient Administration Needed That the People's Will May Prevail.

Owosso, Mich.—Chase S. Osborn, of the Soo, was in Owosso Friday afternoon, and when talking on the question of adequate taxation for the upper peninsula mining properties, advocated the formation of a commission which would have power and ability to put the mines on an equitable basis with the rest of the state. Furthermore, he pledged himself, if elected governor, to do all in his power to bring such a commission into being.

"While I sincerely believe," said Mr. Osborn, "that many of those who are discussing the question of taxation, especially with reference to increasing the mine values and taxation on them are earnest in their opinions, that primarily the question has been raised by those who are interested in creating sectional feeling between different parts of the state for political effect. There is not an honest citizen who does not believe in the adequate taxation of all the property of the state, regardless of where it is situated or what it is.

"The proposition to make a revision of values is not a new one. This is provided for under the law. The revaluation of all property is made mandatory under the law, every five years, and a new valuation under this provision will be made next year, and would have been made whether the question had been made on issue of this campaign or not.

"I earnestly desire to state that the mines and other properties of the upper peninsula should pay their just share of taxation, as well as other property of the state. The mining regions of the upper peninsula are 200 miles from my residence and the section in which I live is under no more mining influence or domination than Wayne county or Shiawassee county. If this question of taxation, which is as old as society, is raised as an issue for the purpose of obscuring more important questions, then it is unworthy of being given a first place in the minds of the people at this critical time. A great question of this campaign, it seems to me, is as to whether the money as raised by taxation shall be honestly expended for efficient government or whether the state funds shall be wasted among political grafters or hangers-on, many of whom are only interested in holding their jobs, and who would not be given a position in private occupation in any of the legitimate activities of the state.

Public Integrity the Thing. "It seems to me that the thing that is most demanded in Michigan today is that the state shall be put back into a condition of public integrity by an efficient administration. Until this is done and until men of honest character and capacity occupy the public places there can be no assurance that an intelligent and honest revaluation of the property of the state can be made, or that moneys raised by taxation will be properly expended, or that any of those things that the people most hope for will be accomplished.

"A great many departments of the state are at present hampered by a needless number of inefficient employees. Any good executive should be able to reduce the expenses of many of these departments at least one-half, and at the same time increase the department's efficiency. "The state has been Republican so long that men who have no higher ambition than to obtain public place for what it pays them, have drifted into the party from all sides by wholesale. This has reduced the standing of the party and its character and efficiency. In other words, the party, which is as good today in its passive personnel as ever before, has become so careless as to permit the worst elements in it to dominate by reason of their greater activity.

An Expert Commission. "Mr. Osborn, have you personal knowledge at this time whether or not the mines of the upper peninsula are adequately taxed?" "I have not; and I don't think anyone else knows."

"How can this knowledge be arrived at?" "It can be obtained through the work of a special expert commission, having knowledge of every phase of mining, appointed for the purpose."

"By revaluation?" "No, by valuation, because there never has been a complete valuation made. This can be done as accurately by experts, as the valuation of any other property can be estimated. I think that a commission of three experts could do the work."

"Appointed by the governor?" "Appointed by the governor or legislature, or elected. Its creation, of course, would be a legislative function."

"Would you, if elected governor, and there seemed a state-wide demand for this commission for the revaluation of mines, pledge yourself to bring it into existence?" "As I have said, it is a legislative function, but I would be glad to lend my influence and do all in my power to help toward its creation."—Detroit News of June 11.

President Taft signed an order abolishing the bureau of equipment in the navy department and distributing its functions among the other bureaus of the department in accordance with the recommendations of the Swift board.

SLAYER IN DRY WAR IS LYNCHED IN NEWARK, O.

Newark, Ohio, July 9.—Battering down the doors of the Licking County jail, a mob of women and men tonight took Charles Etherington, an anti-saloon detective, who confessed, it is said, to having killed a man here this afternoon, and lynched him in the public square.

Etherington with several other detectives in the employ of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League, came here today and armed with search warrants went through three soft drink places. A fight started and former Policeman William Howard and another man were shot. The detectives fled, but most of them, including Etherington, were captured after an exciting chase through the streets, and lodged in the jail.

All day the mob howled around the jail, demanding a lynching, but the utmost efforts of Mayor Atherton and Sheriff Linke postponed the actual storming of the jail.

At 8:25 o'clock tonight Howard died of his bullet wound. With the announcement of his death the mob spirit flared forth into action.

Mayor, Sheriff and deputies were brushed aside. The huge iron doors and gates to the jail were battered down. Etherington was kicked and beaten. By 11 o'clock his lifeless body was swinging in the public square.

As the mob advanced on the jail Sheriff Linke telephoned to Adjutant General C. C. Weybrecht at Columbus a frantic appeal for help. The general replied that he would mobilize a company of the Fourth Regiment and Troop B, which are stationed in Columbus, with all possible dispatch and make a rush trip to Newark.

Etherington, who was 22 years old was employed Thursday night by the State Anti-Saloon League as a blind tiger raider.

CUPID GETS VICTIM IN HOME OF AGED

Rockford, Ill., July 9.—Love laughed at the doard of women managers of the Winnebago County Home for the aged when Mrs. Margaret Johnson, 70 years old, slipped away from the institution, where she had been a resident for four years, and was married at the court house to Timothy Reilly, retired peanut merchant.

The managers early in June observed symptoms of an invasion of the home by rosy colored romance but figured that the retreat of the aged and infirm would prove immune to any contagion of Cupid. Therefore when Mrs. Johnson a day or two ago confessed herself a victim and intimated an intention to wed the managers made haste to meet in executive session for discussion of the problem.

The debate was long and earnest. Finally the board arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Johnson having been of age some 50 years, probably would marry with or without its consent, and that it would be better to superintend the wedding arrangements and bestow a blessing on the pair.

The managers were about to communicate their decision to Mrs. Johnson when she coolly announced that she had already become Mrs. Reilly and was about to pack her belongings and say "Good-by." Evidently she didn't propose taking any chance of an adverse finding by the guardians of the home, who submitted with the best grace possible.

The ceremony was performed by County Judge Reckhow while the board was having its weighty conference.

The principals gave their ages as over 21 years, which caused Mr. Reilly, who is 75 years old to chuckle. It wasn't his idea but his bride's, and he thought it mighty clever. They have gone to live at Mr. Reilly's home here.

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. Dated June 23, 1910. 2868-174-19t

LOCAL NEWS NOTES

The Misses Katherine and Genevieve Carroll returned yesterday from a visit at Marinette.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Miller of Muskegon, who have been visiting with friends here left yesterday for Ishpeming to visit for a short time.

Cleanest, Coolest Corner. "Sweet Corner."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moreau left this morning for a visit at Marquette.

Miss Ethel Wellsted, who submitted to a serious operation at Ann Arbor several weeks ago has returned to her home at Brampton fully recovered.

"Good Morning" Only 23 left. Skidoo sale.

The condition of Frank J. Sheedlo, who has been seriously ill at his home on Stephenson avenue was yesterday reported to be unchanged.

Christy Berrigan of Sturgis Bay is visiting with his mother here.

Judge O. V. Linden has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late Charles G. Beck.

"Sweet Corner." Hill Drug Store.

Albert Langenbach of the Calumet Chemical Works is in Milwaukee on business.

Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Nadeau, who were recently married in this city, have returned to their home at Marinette after a wedding trip through the east.

Sanitary Fountain, Hill Drug Store.

Miss Anna Abrahamson has returned from a visit at Isabella.

Miss Emma Groos has returned from a visit at Green Bay.

Miss Jessie Stephens left last night for a visit at Chicago.

Mrs. Andrew Nelson and children have returned to their home at Manistique after a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bonander Smith.

DIAMONDS AND GOWNS ON ASSESSMENT ROLL

Chicago, July 9.—Social leaders who have been conspicuous for dress and jewelry displayed at the grand opera and other public functions may have to enrich the county treasury if plans of the Board of Review materialize.

Summonses will be issued for their appearance before the board of review to show cause why they should not be assessed on the gowms, diamonds, pearls, bog collars and necklaces worn at balls and festivals.

The reviewers have discovered a unique method of ferreting out the personal property of some of the wealthy social leaders now taxed nominal sums. Their method is to carefully read the news in the society columns and to file it away for future reference, of until taxing time comes. Then it comes in handy in raising personal assessments.

NOTICE.

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. Plans can be had for work by calling on Secretary Matthews. Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. 2733-188-6t Board of Education.

Parties desiring to secure lots in the new Moore and Matthews addition to the city of Escanaba must act quickly as the home sites are being taken up so fast that but few will be left by the first of next week. Go today and investigate. 2869-190-3t.

CENSUS TAKERS ARE IN TROUBLE

Helena, Mont., July 9.—F. C. McDonald and W. E. Martin, Great Falls census enumerators charged with making fictitious returns, appeared in federal court yesterday, but having no counsel they were given until July 16 to plead.

Joseph Thompson, another enumerator, is in jail in Great Falls unable to give bail.

It is said that a second census, disclosed the fact that at the residence of Robert S. Ford, a leading banker, where 408 persons were given in the first census, but a half dozen actually resided. In the Todd block the second census showed there were less than 100 persons living there, while the returns of the first census gave 600.

Seventy-five names, it is alleged, were found to be returned as living on a vacant lot.

CHILDREN VANDALS USE PAINT LAVISHLY

Pittsburg, July 9.—Six little boys and a girl whose average ages are not over nine, climbed in a cellar window of the Denny M. E. church, and finding a supply of painters' tools and material, proceeded to redecorate the church and all its contents. The newly frescoed walls were smeared with color regardless of harmony, the organ and the piano, including the keyboards, were lavishly treated, while the furniture, chairs and pews were similarly given a fresh coat of paint.

One of the youngsters apparently thinking the piano cover would make a good substitute for an Indian wigwam, spread it on the floor and decorated it in hieroglyphics of his own until it met with his idea of the wild west.

The Rev. C. A. Clark caused the arrest of the youngsters, who are held for juvenile court. The damage to church property is placed at \$300.

GETS A FORTUNE IF HE SHUNS FAIR SEX

Washington, D. C., July 9.—Robert George Dyrenforth, the 8 year old foster son of Robert Dyrenforth, former commissioner of patents, face a busy life with high reward, the latter if he qualifies. The lad is the sole heir of his foster father.

The latter's will, filed for probate on Friday, provides these conditions for Robert if he would inherit the estate when he reaches the age of 28.

He is to be graduated from a public high school by the time he is 14. He is to take a full course at Harvard and win a degree before he is 18. This is to be followed by six months' study of law at Oxford. Then he must return to the United States, be graduated from West Point and after holding a commission in the army, resign thoroughly educated in the law and begin practice.

His vacations are to be short travels through France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Germany Denmark and Russia, in the order named.

He is not to become a Catholic; he is to learn manual training, dancing music and to beware of women.

Robert will have the income of the estate until he becomes 28, when it is his absolutely. Should he die the estate reverts to William H. Dyrenforth, all of Chicago.

Morning Press Printing Department work does Business-Bringing work.

W. W. BERRY OPTICIAN

State of Michigan Registration Certificate No. 170
Eyes Examined FREE OF CHARGE
We keep on hand a full stock of Mountings and Lens.
Glasses made up while you wait
H. M. STEVENSON CO., Jewelers and Optician

The State Savings Bank

Escanaba - - Michigan

Deposits Jan. 3rd 1908	- - -	\$221,866.
Deposits Jan. 3rd 1909	- - -	233,745.
Deposits Jan. 3rd 1910	- - -	299,142.
Deposits July 6th 1910	- - -	356,979.

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CORNER DELTA AND CENTRAL AVENUES. GLADSTONE, MICH.
PHONE—194

Meals Served at all Hours Day & Night

Rooms for Transients. Board by Day or Week
SUNDAY DINNER A SPECIALTY.
Breakfast—8:00 a. m. to 8:00 a. m. Dinner—11:30 a. m. to 2:00 p. m.
Supper—5:30 p. m. to 8:00 p. m.
Catering to Social Functions, Lodges, Private Parties and Church affairs.
OUR LUNCH COUNTER A SPECIALTY

Carl A. Johnson

wants you to know that he is in a position to your plumbing in a first class manner.

At price lower than the lowest.

A first class tinner always on hand to do any work in that line. Also General Hardware, stoves, etc. At cheap values.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

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PROTECT YOUR HOME

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Monuments or Headstones

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We Have a Few Large Ceiling Fans That Will be Sold at a Reasonable Figure.

City Lighting Plant.

A RAINY DAY.

When like a rainy day—suits 'em to a "W"...

ART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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

Copyright, 1894, by H. Rider Haggard.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.
"Something was wrong, James went to the cabin and...

"The ship is sinking! Into the boat, quick!"
The man who had been...

"Get the plug back," said the senior;
"the vessel is sinking; you must bale the rest."

"Half a minute more and it was done;
then at a word from the boatswain the sailors lowered away...

"The oarsmen hesitated, but the boatswain said, with an Indian oath:
"Pull on, and let the dog crown!"

"He tried to murder you just now!"
shouted the boatswain, "and if you go near the ship she will take us down with her."

"Listen, you cur," shouted the senior,
"the ship is sinking and will take us with it. At the word three, give way, men. Now, will you come or not?"

"Down went the Santa Maria, bow first, making a hollow in the sea that sucked us back toward her."

roshed to the companionway, men and women together, and, shrieking, praying and blaspheming, clung to fragments of the bulwarks, shrouds of the mast, or anything they thought could give them protection against the pitiless waves.

Some of the men followed them to their watery grave, others more self-possessed crept forward, attempting to escape the waves that broke over the stern, but none made any effort to save them, and indeed it would have been impossible so to do.

Among those who came forward to where we and some of the Indian sailors were clinging to the rope that was coiled round the stump of the broken foremast was Don Jose Moreno. Even in his terror, which was deep, this man could still be ferocious, for recognizing the senior he yelled:

"Ah! Maldonado—evil gifted one, you called down the northern upon us, well, at least you shall die with the rest, and, suddenly drawing his long knife, he rose to his knees and, holding the rope with one hand, attempted to drive it into the senior's body with the other. Doubtless he would have succeeded in his wickedness had not an Indian boatswain, who was near, bent forward quickly and struck him so sharply on the forehead with his clenched fist that the knife flew from his hand, and in trying to recover it Don Jose fell face forward on the deck, where he lay, making no further effort at aggression.

For a few minutes there was a turmoil that cannot be described; then, although the wind still shrieked overhead, we felt that we were in water, which seemed almost calm to us. The ship no longer pitched and rolled, as one rocked as she settled in the sea. The sea was full of water almost to the thwarts, which could only be got rid of by pulling out the plug in her bottom. Happily the boatswain, that same man who had struck the knife from the hand of Don Jose, knew where to look for it, and, being a sailor of courage and resource, was able to lose it, so that presently the water was pouring from her in a stream as thick as a waterfall. Meanwhile the other Indians were getting out the oars and loosening the tackle.

"The senior saw it and cried: "The ship is sinking! Into the boat, quick!"
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The man who had been...

upon us, when we would be flung up toward the sky to sink deep into the trough on the further side, sometimes half full of water, which must be baled out before the next wave came.

"I was very thankful when, at length overcome by cold and exhaustion, I sank into unconsciousness or swoon. How long I remained in this merciful state of oblivion I do not know, but I was roused from it by Molas, who shook me and called into my ear with a voice that trembled with cold or joy, or both: "Awake, awake, we are saved!"

"Saved?" I asked, confusedly. "What from?"
"From death in the sea. Look, look!"
"Where are we?" I asked.

"In the Umanacinto river, thanks be to God!" answered Molas. "We have been driven across the bay in the dark and at dawn found ourselves just outside the breakers. Somehow we passed them safely and there before us is the blessed land."

As for the Indians, the men to whom we owed our lives, they were utterly worn out. Two of them appeared to have swooned where they sat, three others lay gasping beneath the seats, but Molas held the tiller by my side, and the boatswain still sat upright in the bow, where he had faced death for so many dreadful hours.

"Say, lord," he asked, turning his face that was hollow with suspense and suffering to speak to me, "can you row? If so, you take the oar and pull us to the bank, while Molas steers, for our arms will work no more?"

Then I struggled from my seat, and with great efforts, for every movement caused me pain, I pulled the cutter to the bank. Some Indians appeared belonging to a rancho, or village, half a league away, and, on learning our misfortunes and who we were, these men hurried to bring us food, having first pointed out to us a pool of sweet rain water, of which we drank in great need, for our throats were dry. When they had been gone nearly an hour water arrived from the rancho, bearing with it baskets laden with tortillas or meal cakes, frijole beans, a roast kid, and a bottle of good agua ardiente, the brandy of this country. On these provisions we fell to thankfully, and before we had finished our meal the alcalde, or head man of the village, presented himself to pay his respects and to invite us to his house.

Now I whispered to Molas, who had some acquaintance with this man, to take him apart and discover my rank to him, and to learn if perchance he had any tidings of that stranger whom we came to visit, Dr. Zibabney. He nodded and obeyed, and after awhile I rose and followed him behind some trees, where the alcalde, who was of our brotherhood, greeted me with reverence.

"I have news, my lord," said Molas. "This man says that he has heard of the old Indian and his daughter, and that but this morning he and she had traveled down the river, told him that some five or six days ago they were both of them seized by Don Pedro Moreno, the father of Don Jose yoder, and imprisoned at the hacienda of Santa Cruz, where, dead or alive, they remain."

Now I thought awhile, then sending for the senior James I told him what we had learned. "But what can this villain want to do with an old Indian and his daughter?" he asked. "The senior forgot," said Molas, "that Don Pedro robbed me of the gold which the doctor gave me, and that in my folly I told him who it was that gave it me. Doubtless he thinks to win the secret of the mine whence it was dug, and of the mine where it was stamped with the sign of the heart. Also, there is the daughter, whom some men might value above all the gold in Mexico. Now, lord, I fear that your journey is fruitless, since those who become Don Pedro's guests are apt to stay with him forever."

"That, I think, we must take the risk of," I answered; "having come so far to find this stranger we cannot turn back now. At least we have lived through worse dangers than those which await us at Santa Cruz."

Returning to the place where we had eaten we found the alcalde talking with the sailors as to their plans. The senior unhooked the belt of money which he wore about his waist, and pouring out half a handful of gold pieces, begged the boatswain to accept of them for division between himself and his companions. All this while Don Jose was sitting close to us, watching everything that passed, and I saw his eyes brighten at the sight of the belt of gold.

whom were somewhat disturbed on learning that we proposed to sleep at Santa Cruz. "The place has an evil name," said the alcalde, "and is a home of thieves and smugglers. Only last week a cargo that never paid duty went up the river. They say that Don Pedro was fathered by the devil in person. May the saints protect you from him, lord!"

"We have business that takes us to this house, friend," I answered. "Still, doubtless, it will be easy for you to keep yourself informed of what chances in that neighborhood, and if we should not appear again within a few days, perhaps it will please you to advise the authorities at Campeche that we are missing."

"The authorities are afraid of Don Pedro," answered the alcalde, shaking his head; "also he bribes them so heavily that they grow blind when they look his way. Still I will do the best I can, be sure of that; and as an Ingles is with you, it is possible that I may be able to get help if necessary."

Our walk that day was long and hot, though at length we came within sight of this hacienda. We reached the gateway and entered the courtyard, where we were met by many fierce dogs, which rushed upon us from all sides. Don Jose beat back the dogs, that knew him, and, leaving us under the charge of some half breeds, he entered the house.

After awhile he returned again and led us through the passage into the dining-hall. Several lamps were hung upon its walls, and by their light we saw five or six people gathered round a long table waiting for supper. Toward the far end of the chamber, a hammock was swung from the beams in the roof, in which lay a man whom a handsome girl, also Indian, was employed in rocking to and fro.

"Come and be introduced to my father, who expects you," said Don Jose, leading the way toward the hammock. "Father, here is that brave Englishman who saved my life last night, and with the Indian gentleman, who did not wish to save my life. As I told you, I have offered them hospitality on your behalf, feeling sure that they would be welcome here."

At the sound of his son's voice Don Pedro awoke, or pretended to awake, from his doze, and bade the girl cease swinging the hammock. Then he sat up and looked at us. He was a short, stout man of about sixty years of age, with a white beard, although the hammock was hung low, his legs did not touch the floor. Notwithstanding his lack of stature, Don Pedro's appearance was striking, while the long, carefully brushed white hair gave him a venerable aspect.

"Senior, I am grateful to you, and this house and all within it is at your disposal and that of your companions," he glanced with genuine affection at the coarse, beetle-browed man beside him, who was gnawing one end of his massive cigar, as if at us out of the corner of his eyes.

"Tell me," he asked, "to what do I owe the honor of your presence?" "To an accident, Don Pedro," the senior answered. "As it chanced the ruins of this ancient land interest me much, and I was traveling to Palenque with my Indian friend, Don Ignacio, when we were so unfortunate as to be wrecked near your hospitable house. In our dilemma we accepted the invitation of your son to visit you, in the hope that you may be able to sell us some guns and powder."

When they rose to go away the gentleman found that he had no money. The woman who owned the chairs stormed and scolded, and denounced them as swindlers until, in order to pacify her, the gentleman took the lady's parasol, an exquisite affair of green silk, fringe and rosewood handle, and gave it to her. He handed her one of the lady's yellow gloves also, and said: "Keep the parasol as a pledge of what I owe you, and do not give it up to anyone unless he shows you the mate to that glove."

Then he and the lady walked away across the Place de la Revolution and the Boulevard de la Madeleine. Suddenly rain began to fall. There were no carriages passing. The couple hurried into a doorway. Immediately the concierge of the house came out and invited them into his office. He gave them chairs, and offered them, if they did not wish to wait until the rain was over, the loan of his fine great green serge umbrella.

The gentleman accepted these attentions gratefully, and he and the lady made their way through the rain under the borrowed umbrella. An hour later a footman in livery returned to the good-natured concierge his umbrella, with a gift of several bank notes and the compliments of Duke de Berry, nephew of the king. Then going to the Champs Elysees, the footman sought out the ungracious renter of chairs, and displaying a yellow glove, said: "You recognize this glove, madame? Here are eight sous, sent you by Duke de Berry to redeem Princess Caroline's parasol."—Youth's Companion.

LATEST DISASTER IN THE FRENCH NAVY



Paris.—There is much criticism of the administration of the French navy since the recent disaster in which the submarine Pluviose was lost, because France has not followed the example of Germany in building a vessel especially designed for the raising of submarines that are sunk by accident. The Pluviose was struck by the channel steamer Pas de Calais and her officers and crew, numbering 27 were lost.

RATS CARRY PLAGUE

Branded as One of the Greatest Foes to Public Health.

Bubonic Pestilence Invariably Preceded by an Epidemic Among Hated Scavengers—Book by Government Tells of Fight.

Washington.—The most complete work ever issued on rodents has been published by the United States government in its crusade to prevent an epidemic of the deadly bubonic plague in this country.

From the time of its birth, through all its wanderings, in all its haunts, whether on sea or land, in sickness and in health, Uncle Sam traces the rodent and brands him as "plague infected" and a constant danger to health.

"Ancient writing abound in allusions to pestilences and their connection with epizootics among rats and mice," declares Walter Wyman, surgeon general of the public health and marine corps service, in the introduction.

"The Rat and Its Relation to the Public Health," is the title of the government publication. The co-operation of foreign governments was secured in its preparation. The legalized warfare against the rat in Denmark is described. Mention is made of the work done by the English Incorporated Society for the Destruction of Vermin.

Dr. Walter R. Brinckerhoff, assistant director of the United States Leprosy Investigation station, discusses "Rat Leprosy."

Surgeon Rupert Blue of the United States public health and marine hospital service in the chapter of "Rodents in Relation to the Transmission of Bubonic Plague," declares that in China a rat epizootic almost invariably precedes an outbreak among human beings. Dr. Blue remarks on the peculiar fact that Aesculapius, the god of the healing art, is represented by the Greeks with a rat at his feet.

How direct contagion is conveyed from plague-stricken rats to man by means of the flea is told by Passed Assistant Surgeon Carroll Fox.

Dr. David E. Lantz tells of the natural enemies of the rat, such as hawks, owls, skunks, minks, weasels, dogs, cats, ferrets and the mongoose. In the south, he says, the alligator destroys many rats along the levees and banks of streams. Snakes are also enemies of the rodent.

In the chapter showing the destruction wrought by rats many curious instances are given. Mail sacks are eaten by rats. They have destroyed cargoes of ivory; dikes and dams have been broken down by rats. At Hamburg, Carl Hagenback had to kill three African elephants because rats had gnawed their feet, inflicting incurable wounds.

The fact that within 15 years the dread bubonic plague has spread to no less than 52 countries is declared evidence that the measures taken against rats have not been efficient.

"Hobo" Bonds Protect City

Novel Undertaking for Towns Along Reservoir Line in East Yorkers, New York.

Yonkers, N. Y.—Novel bonds, aggregating \$10,000 in value, have been filed with Mayor Lennon by two of the construction companies in charge of the New York reservoir work in East Yorkers. The bonds are legally known as "hobo bonds" and are issued as a result of a clause inserted in the contract for the work, drawn up by the New York city authorities to protect the cities and villages where New York reservoir work is performed.

The "hobo bonds" are of recent origin, and their work is to protect cities and towns from any liability as to the care of paupers, hoboes or ne'er-do-wells, who are imported to reservoir jobs by contractors. For instance, if a laborer employed on the New York reservoir, to be constructed in East Yorkers, were to be incapacitated, or

in some other way become a public charge, the expense of taking care of him will be borne by the contracting company instead of by the city. It also means that the contracting companies must bring to their jobs only men who are workers. If they bring a man here who refuses to work they must get rid of him or their \$5,000 bond is forfeited. The companies that filed the bonds were the Jackson Construction company and the Keystone Contracting company, the bonds were furnished by the Title Guarantees & Surety company of Scranton, Pa., being surety. Following is the clause in the contract of New York city with the contractors that calls for the "hobo bonds."

"This contract shall not take effect until the contractor or employer of labor to be engaged in the construction of any of the work herein provided for shall give to the municipality in which such labor may be employed a bond in the penal sum of \$5,000, conditioned to indemnify and save such municipality from any loss that it may legally incur because of paupers or indigent employees brought into said municipality and having no settlement therein, such bond to be approved by the chief executive officer of such municipality."

Still Active in Profession. Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who is the only woman in the United States who was ever a candidate for the presidency, is now near seventy-five years old, but continues to practise her profession. Recently she was down in the south, paying several Cherokee descendants money for their claims in Oklahoma. She represented the Indians in their claims, and each one received about \$175.

Diplomacy. "Why do you let a prize fighter go on the stage of your theater?" "Because," replied the manager, "he's likely to be more orderly there than if he sits with the audience."

Girls Imitate the Men

Loss of Charm in Modern Girl is Laid to Indulgence in Vigorous Outdoor Sports—Training by Male Instructors Blamed.

London.—The change that has come over the modern English girl is remarkable. Her steadily growing "manliness" is coming in for more criticism than ever. Her education and early training by male instructors is severely condemned by those who profess to be deeply concerned by the change for the worse that is coming over her. It is noted that she is fast losing all her charm of femininity; that she is becoming too masculine, not only in her manner, but in her gait and motion in her outdoor pastimes.

Not so far back as a generation ago, the idea of the English girl was something like the following: "Neck of lily, cheeks of roses and eyes of heaven; hair of sunny Auburn, whose tiny tendrils dance with the slightest motion; a face nearer round than oval, but irradiated by the unsetting sun of a kind nature; a figure meek and graceful, wreathed in innocent mien, and perpetually undulating and bending into lines of beauty."

"A girl of that type," writes a grieving matron, "is seldom to be met nowadays. She is a rara avis only to be seen in country districts and out of the way places, far removed from the hundred and one blighting influences and attractions of town and city life. These certainly tend in the direction of the unmaking of the typical old English girl."

"Our schools today are in a large measure responsible for the tomb, who is multiplying on every hand as an astonishing rate. You come across them by the dozen. Manliness, recently their chief characteristic. They seem

to try and imitate men as far as possible. "Their dress is similar to that of the male sex; they smoke, they cycle, drive automobiles, play golf, hockey and other vigorous games. Indulgence in these pastimes is even leading them to walk like men. They are breaking into a stride which in my young days would have been regarded as almost criminal; at least as a sign of bad breeding. If a girl is to be encouraged to keep her girlishness, the refinement and the gentleness which are her birthright, by all means let her be taught by a woman."

One of Many. Guyer—There goes a man who has acquired a reputation as a promoter. Myer—Perhaps I could get him to handle my patent. What does he promote? Guyer—His own interests, chiefly.

Urge Graduates to Marry

"If You Cannot Support a Wife, Get One Who Can Support You," Says Dr. Brashear.

Cleveland, O.—"Get married, boys. Get married as soon as you can. As soon as you are earning money enough to support a girl, marry her. If you are not earning enough to support a wife get one who has enough to support you. At all events, get married, for you will need the support and sympathy that only a wife can give." This is the advice that Dr. John A. Brashear, the celebrated astronomer of Pittsburg, gave to a graduating class of over 80 students of Case School of Applied Science, recently. "I would advise you to have some

hobby outside of your profession or business," said Dr. Brashear in the course of his remarks. "Remember, too, that while you are scientific men, you must eat. Hold to your beliefs and help your fellow-men, but do not neglect the practical aspect of things." Pretty Hard. The Father—This paper says the hardest wood in the world is not ebony, but cocoon, which is much used for making flutes and similar instruments. The Boy—I guess that shingle you use, pop, is made out of that kind of wood, ain't it?—Yonkers Statesman.

SPECIAL FOR WEDNESDAY

Men's fine Neglige 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.

FOR SALE

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

THE BROTHERTON CO.

THE NEW FAYETTE HOUSE

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

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, etc.

DR. W. B. BOYCE

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

E. R. TIBBALS,

Marble and Granite Works. Monuments and Tombstones Made to Order.

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. A saving on your fuel bills—a saving on the initial cost of installation if we put in your Heating System. George Hogan, Phone 305, 1305 Ludington St.



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

GIANTS BEAT CUBS IN FIRST GAME OF SERIES

CHICAGO NATIONALS ARE DOWN-ED EASILY.

Chicago, Ill., July 9.—The Giants opened the series here today by trimming the Cubs 7 to 3 when the visitors bunched hits off Brown and Felster taking the game in a walk.

CARDINALS CLEAN UP ON THE BEANIES

St. Louis, Mo., July 9.—The Cardinals cleaned up on the Bennes 2 to 1 today in spite of the fact that Brown pitched for Boston held the locals to four hits.

REDS BEAT BROOKLYN AFTER LONG GAME

Cincinnati, O., July 9.—The Reds defeated Brooklyn 4 to 3 after 14 innings of play today.

CAMNITZ HOLDS THE PHILLIES TO 5 HITS

Pittsburg, Pa., July 9.—Camnitz held the Phillies to five hits and which with the errors made by visitors allowed the Pirates to take the game 7 to 1.

HUGH DUFFY PICKS ATHLETICS TO WIN

Hughy Duffy, manager of the White Sox, picks the Athletics to win the American league pennant, and this is the way he argues it: "Connie Mack has the best balanced pitching staff in the league."

YESTERDAYS BASEBALL RESULTS

NATIONAL LEAGUE. New York 7 Chicago 3. St. Louis 2 Boston 1.

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Chicago 5-2, New York 2-3. Boston 5, Cleveland 4.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION. Columbus 4, Indianapolis 1. Toledo 1, Louisville 1.

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ATHLETICS MAKE TIGES LOOK LIKE DUBS BY SHUTOUT

PLANK HELD DETROIT SLUGGERS TO FIVE SCATTERED HITS.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 9.—The Athletics made the Detroit Tiges look like dubs today when Plank held the highly mounted sluggers to five scattered hits and beat them 5 to 0.

SOX BREAK EVEN WITH THE YANKS

New York, July 9.—The White Sox broke even with the Yanks today when the visitors took the first game 5 to 2 and the locals took the second 3 to 2.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

Table with columns for League, Club, P, W, L, Pet. Includes Delta County League and City League.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Table with columns for Club, W, L, Pet. Includes Chicago, New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Table with columns for Club, W, L, Pet. Includes Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, Washington, St. Louis.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Table with columns for Club, W, L, Pet. Includes Minneapolis, St. Paul, Toledo, Kansas City, Columbus, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Louisville.

BOSTON CONTINUES UPWARD CLIMB

Boston, Mass., July 9.—Boston continued its upward climb today when the locals again defeated the Naps taking the game 5 to 4 in spite of errors on the infield.

BROWNS SPLIT EVEN WITH THE SENATORS

Washington, D. C., July 9.—The Browns took the first game of a double header from the Senators 9 to 6 and the locals copped the second 3 to 2.

DOPE FOR TODAY. By Chase.

The games today and tomorrow between the hoodooed team and the tween the hoodooed team and the...

All aboard for Gladstone this afternoon.

Gladstone has practiced hard all week and expect to take both games from Escanaba.

Come along and help the champs win.

Nothing to it but Escanaba.

Capt. Freddie Olmsted may not go into the game this afternoon on account of an injury to his right hand and left side received in last Wednesday's game.

"Nig" Paul Jaegers, an Escanaba boy, who has been playing on the Pacific coast for the past five years may play second in the absence of Capt. Freddie Olmsted.

Jaegers tried out with Portland, in the Pacific Coast League, which is a class A league. He played three games with them.

Rube Nelson will umpire at Gladstone today and he is some umpire, too.

Have you seen Nicholas "Tyrus" Walsh's White Sox contract yet? Jack McDonald is slated to pitch today's game.

Second Baseman Bendt of Gladstone visited in the city yesterday.

Gladstone will undoubtedly work his Big Chief Miller today. Get to him, boys. Show HIM THE TRAIL.

The city league is having a warm fight for the pennant and some fast baseball may be witnessed at South Park today.

Jack Enders says he is just getting his eye on the ball now and expects to lead the league with the stick when he gets going right.

"Big Noise" Mike Walsh will be there with an extra supply of pep today.

We will miss Freddie but hope that "Nig" more than makes good.

We hope that Umpire Mathey has his glasses on today, so he can see the corners and base decisions.

We could lose two to Gladstone and still lead the league. But we have no intentions of losing.

We hope that Gladstone will have more than two baseballs fit to play with.

TEX RICKARD GIVES SOME INSIDE FACTS

That the Jeffries-Johnson match was signed up with Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason fully two days before the meeting in New York when bids were opened and the bout officially awarded was the statement made today by Tex Rickard, who returned from Reno.

"The fighters were signed up with me two days before the opening of bids," said Rickard. "When I went to New York I saw a Joker in their contract. It stated that the 'best inducements' would be accepted. I knew that meant they could do as they pleased and so I got busy. I worked on Johnson, and also on his wife. I offered Johnson a bonus of \$10,000 and told his wife I would buy her a seal-skin coat if her husband would sign. The champion accepted and, in addition, I had to loan him \$2500 when the articles were signed.

"Most of the negotiations with Jeffries were worked through Berger. Berger told me he had promised Gleason the fight and he said, 'You can't get the fight without Gleason.' That was why I took Gleason in. My contract with Gleason called for me to furnish all the money, while he was to have half the profits. It was further stipulated he was not to have any partner."

Rickard refused to state whether or not he gave Sam Berger a bonus, but it is a fact that Berger received \$2500. Johnson signed his contract two days before the bids were opened and Berger and Jeffries signed a day previous. Continuing, Rickard said that the proposal to change the purse from 75 to 25 per cent, came from Johnson five days before the fight. Jack wanted the purse split even. Jeff suggested 60 and 40 per cent and Johnson agreed. The negro thus did himself out of 15 per cent.

GOTCH HINTS THAT JEFF WAS "DOPED"

Reno, Nev., July 8.—Frank A. Gotch, the wrestling champion who was one of Jeffries' trainers, in discussing the boiler maker's defeat hinted on Thursday that Jeff may have been doped.

"If I did not know those about Jeffries all right, having known them for many years, I would declare that Jeffries was doped, he was so groggy and dumpy," Gotch said.

Gotch agrees with Muldoon as to Jeff's nervous condition. On this point the big wrestler said:

"He was whipped before he left Moosa Springs for the ringside. He felt that he was to fall before the colored fellow and that was too much for him to face, and as the hour approached his nervous condition became such that his mind lost all control over his body.

"It began Saturday night, first indicating itself when he gruffly ordered a newspaper man to get away from here—go out, when there was no justification for his surly action, which brought forth general censure.

"Sunday noon, after playing several games of cards, he made many bad plays and said things exceedingly strange. Shortly after Mrs. Jeffries was noticed to be worrying about his condition of mind. Then he became morose and refused to talk to and one.

"Sunday night he did not sleep a wink, but walked about and looked out of the windows of his bedroom. Monday morning he ate little breakfast, and by the time he sat in his corner in the ring Choyanski as he wrapped his hands, exclaimed: 'Why, Jim, your hands are cold as ice, and clammy!' Believing that he was merely a little nervous and would get over it as soon as he got busy in the fight, nothing more was said.

"Thy physicians had declared his physical condition perfect and did not look for any nervous breakdown for the man was courageous.

"When I asked him after the fight what he did actually remember from the time he entered the ring Jim replied: 'Well, I remember sitting in the corner and getting up and not being able to get my arms up right. I really don't just remember much about what I did.'

"In looking over the battle and comparing the Jeffries of old and the Jeffries of today, there is a very great difference. He had not the speed on Monday which of old was phenomenal for a big man. His hitting power was decreased; he also lost his judgment of distance, which was very pronounced in the big battle. He was willing to take all kinds of blows in order to land one in return, but that chance never came. Johnson was stronger than he in the forearms. He was able to bend Jeffries' arms backward without any great effort, a thing which nobody could have done to Jeff in his prime. In fact, as a great fighter he is but a shadow of his former self.

"Even Jeffries' warmest friends were disconcerted when Johnson squarely on the first blow and landed it squarely on Jeffries' eye."

OLD CY YOUNG IS MODEST MAN

Many good stories have been told of Cy Young, the veteran pitcher of the Cleveland Americans, but the following is about the best. It was told by a prominent member of the Naps recently. The Cleveland team were in Boston a few days after Old Cy had set the world talking about his no-man-reach-first game against Connie Mack's team some years ago. He came down to the Old Quincy house to see the boys.

"Tell us about the game," said Larry Lujole, as the Naps gathered around the G. O. M. of the game.

"Oh," remarked Cy in that native natural dialect that six years' residence in Boston did not change, "there ain't nothing to tell. Nothing much, at any rate. They just hit 'em right at somebody all the time, that was all. Two or three of the drives would have been good, long hits if Buck and Chick hadn't been saying for 'em. I didn't know nobody had reached first until we were going to the clubhouse. Then Jim told me.

"First time in twenty-four years," says Collins.

"What is?" says I.

"Nobody sees first," says he.

"Didn't they?" says I.

"Nobody, he says. Then I knew what all them 20,000 people were yelling about."

The Morning Press has a big circulation, in proportion, in the rural districts.

The BIJOU

The Coolest Theatre in the City

NEW PICTURES

Judgement of the Mighty Deep
Dramatic
Caesar in Egypt
Colored Drama

Save us From our Friends
Comedy

NEW SONG

By
Mr. Connell

Coming Monday—George Crotty
Eccentric Singer and Dancer

ADMISSION

Adults 10c - - Children 5c

IS FORTY-EIGHT STATES THE LIMIT?

In securing the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to the Union, President Taft has put a period, or at least a long pause, to his class of legislation. For many years, it would appear, the Union will consist of forty-eight states. Our only remaining Continental possession is Alaska, which has not yet progressed even to the territorial form of government. It is a long way from Statehood, though its possibilities are greater than those of Hawaii or the Philippines.

The question for years to come will be that of the division of old states rather than the admission of new ones. There are several that would bear division. Texas with its 265,000 square miles is too large. California with its 108,000 square miles, would make two good States if cut East and West through the center.

But the division of old states will hardly be undertaken. The difficulties in the way are tremendous. Unless the movement could be coupled with an amalgamation of some old States, it would tend to make Congress too large. The two Carolinas might be made one. West Virginia might be rejoined to the mother of Presidents. Vermont and New Hampshire might squeeze together. Rhode Island might be joined to Connecticut or Massachusetts, and Delaware to Maryland or Pennsylvania. This would reduce the States to forty-three and the Senate to eighty-six members. But who expects any of the small of the East to surrender their sovereignty in this manner? The Constitution does not make any provision for it and the States themselves would have no disposition to surrender their individuality.

Nothing is likely to happen, then in the way of making new states or destroying old ones for a long time to come. The United States is becoming almost a fixed quantity as to territory and number of constituent members. The problem before the Republic now is more largely than ever before the improvement and development of what she has. Her magnificent resources will within a few years be called upon to sustain a great population.

The political problems of the Nation will become more and more acute as the free land disappears and the cities grow. The fixing of the economic policy of the Nation is with the men who are now entering public life. They will not be called upon to enlarge the Union but they will be called upon to settle the law that this country will continue to be one of the best in the world to live in.

PREFERRED STATE OF NUDITY

Remark of Dusky Lady Proves Morality to Be Largely Matter of Environment.

The late Justice Brewer was noted for his tolerant and broad-minded views. A Washington diplomat recalled the other day a story told by Justice Brewer in illustration of the need for tolerance.

"We should respect the views of others"—so the story ran—"for morality itself is but a matter of environment. A missionary in the South seas was distressed because his dusky parishioners were nude. He decided to try delicately to get them to wear at least a little clothing, and to this end he left a great many pieces of scarlet and green yellow calico lying about his hut.

"An elderly dame called one afternoon for spiritual advice. The missionary noted how enviously her eyes rested on the calico, and he took up a two-yard piece of the yellow, saying: 'I'll give you this if you'll wear it.' 'The female draped the calico about her like a skirt and departed in great glee.

"But the next day, nude as before, she returned with the fabric under her arm. Handing it sadly to the missionary, she said: 'Me no can wear it. Me too shy.'

THE LINCOLN.

The illustrated song, "When the Hush of Autumn Fills the Woods," written and composed by Mrs. Lillian Specht and rendered by the Lincoln Trio, last night was received with more appreciation by the large audiences than any song that has been rendered in that pleasure house. The public will have another opportunity to hear it for it will be given by the trio for the last time today. The people should not fail to hear it.

Mrs. Frank D. Mead left for Milwaukee on Saturday called there by the illness of her mother.

Parties desiring to secure lots in the new Moore and Matthews addition to the city of Escanaba must act quickly as the home sites are being taken up so fast that but few will be left by the first of next week. Go today and investigate. 2869-190-31.

JEFFRIES WELCHED ON THE BANQUET

Reno, Nev., July 9.—The banquet hall is silent.—James J. Jeffries, "retired" pugilist, never gave his big celebrated dinner which he had ordered at a local restaurant before the fight and at which his friends were to have made merry over the downfall of Johnson. And not only that, but the restaurateur is still "holding the sack," for he had made preparations, on Jeffries' orders, for a \$1000 wine supper. All that was used of the stuff was some food which was devoured by a few of Jeff's trainers, who considered the invitation good, even though the boiler maker lost. The restaurateur will try to secure judgment for the amount against Jeffries, as the Californian has refused to make good on the money end.

NAPS GET A GOOD STICKER

New Orleans, La., July 9.—Jackson, the Southern league's greatest hitting outfielder this year, is said to have been sold to Cleveland for the end of the season and next year, while Hess, former Cleveland star, and three other New Orleans players are sought by the big leagues.

Virtue in Silence.

It is a good plan to speak the truth when one can, but there are times when the truth should be put aside under the shadow of kindness. One is not called upon to put into words every thought that comes into the topknot. One's dearest enemy may look as pale as a boy after a tussle with his prize orator or as deplorable as a burial permit, but why tell him of it? There is no chance of a doubt that he does not know it. You are not giving any fresh or valuable information.

If one cannot say pleasant things, it is not much better to keep still! Truth is commendable and necessary, but there are times when silence makes a bigger hit.—New Idea Woman's Magazine

Accounting for Absence of Noise.

"You know I had something the matter with my ears," said the nervous man, "and I feared I was going deaf; and this morning I got the scare of my life. I thought deafness had actually settled on me.

"Going down Madison avenue I met two carloads of children coming up in open cars filled with children and all waving their arms and making a mighty stir. I couldn't hear a sound, not a whisper, and then I knew I'd gone deaf, sure enough; but when those carloads of shouting children had gone by then I could hear the rattle of the wagons in the street and the clatter of the horses' hoofs and all that, and then it came to me, what was a fact, that those cheering children were a bunch of jolly deaf and dumb children going on a picnic. And that was a great relief. I felt sorry for the children, but a little more cheerful for myself."—New York Sun.

Green Snow.

The familiar red snow of Alpine and Arctic regions is well known to be due to the growth in it of a minute one-celled species of alga.

In the Bulletin of the Botanical Society of Geneva, R. Chodat describes a new species of alga which grows in snow and colors it green. The specimen was collected by Viret in a depression between the Agulles du Chardonnet and the Grands Mulets, at the edge of the Argentero Glacier. The patch of green snow was some 37 yards long by 3 broad, the color being a dirty green. The new species has been named *rhapidiolum viret*, after its discoverer.

JOHNSON AND LANGFORD MAY FIGHT THEIR BATTLE IN RENO

Omaha, July 9.—That Nevada may get another championship fight in the near future, should Sam Langford put up the \$20,000 side bet demanded, was the practical admission by Jack Johnson when he arrived here late last night from the battle of Reno. The Johnson party, which left the desert town after Jeffries had been counted out, is still intact. A goodly share of Omaha's colored population was on hand to extend greetings to the champion.

Johnson reiterated what he had said previously during the day, that he would meet Sam Langford for a \$20,000 side bet, but when told that the governor of Wyoming had thrown cold water on the proposed bout being held at Cheyenne during the frontier celebration, Johnson said that if he and Langford would ever meet it probably would be in Nevada, and as he had been well treated at Reno it looked like the best place.

JOHNSON SENDS GIFT TO FRIENDS

Galveston, July 9.—Eight men here were made happy by Jack Johnson winning the championship without having to wager any money on the fight. They are former associates of the Galveston negro, who had at different times in his career in this, his native city befriended him.

The remembrances from the champion were in the form of remittances ranging from \$250 to \$750. The biggest remittance was for \$750 for Ed. Harrison, an old timer here, who taught Johnson how to fight when a young boy, and gave him his first lesson in the ring along the docks.

Jack appeared very anxious to become a fighter, and years ago proffered his volunteer instructor that when he got to be champion, and wealthy, he would fit him out in fancy clothes and a red necktie. Sure enough, he kept his promise and one of the first messages he sent after the fight was to Harrison, telling him to order two suits of clothes and not to be stingy on the price.

While swimming in the bay from the docks years ago when Johnson was a small boy he was sucked under a vessel and would have drowned had it not been for Cafferty Williams, an associate who saved him. Williams is remembered for \$500.

COBB SAYS GOOD BASEBALL PAYS

Ty Cobb says it pays to play baseball. In proof of his assertion the Georgia peach has his picture taken with his wife and Ty, Jr., in their automobile. The machine cost \$4,000. As Ty only gets about \$2,000 more than this for his season's work, he didn't have the family coat of arms outlined in diamonds on the tonneau.

Before Ty became the sensation of the American League he played ball on a country town team in the south and automobiles were not numbered as among his possessions when the tax collector made his annual visits. Hence it does not require an understanding of higher mathematics to dope it out that Ty is right when he says it does pay to play baseball.

MUCH MONEY WAS SPENT AT RENO

San Francisco, Cal., July 9.—The Southern Pacific today gave out official figures on the number of fight fans handled by that road for the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno. According to these figures, 12,000 persons traveled from different parts of the country to witness the battle. Of these, 11,000 came from west of Ogden and 1,000 from east of Ogden. The revenue of the railroad company in fares was \$176,000 and \$27,000 additional was paid the Pullman company for sleeping car accommodations. The Southern Pacific officials estimate that the fight crowd spent \$900,000 in Reno.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism and always affords quick relief. Sold by all druggists.

SHOWS BENEFITS OF YAWNING

Has Great Value in Diseases of the Throat—Strengthens Respiratory Muscles.

Dr. Emil Bunzl of Vienna, in speaking of diseases of the throat and remedies, said that yawning had its great value. Yawning has recently been recommended independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

"According to Dr. Naegeli, of the University of Luetlich," said Dr. Bunzl, "yawning brings all the respiratory muscles of the chest and throat into action and is, therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. He advises everybody to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration. In many cases he has found the practice to relieve the difficulty in swallowing and disturbance of the sense of hearing that accompany catarrh of the throat. The patient is induced to yawn through suggestion, imitation of a preliminary exercise in deep breathing.

REAL NECESSITY OF THE AGE

Misguided People Who Would Abolish Poverty Herein Shown the Error of Their Ways.

Forgive those who would abolish poverty, for they know not what they do. To abolish poverty would hurt business immeasurably. There are a great many people who get their livelihood by dispensing charity. If poverty were abolished, they would have to join the army of the unemployed. Furthermore, all the technical knowledge of how to assist a pauper without pauperizing him would be wasted.

Then there is another end to it. When a man gets rich he invariably has two tasks before him. First, to build and try to inhabit a larger house than any other man ever built and tried to inhabit, and, second, to engage in some unique and picturesque charitable enterprise. A reporter, serving up a modern quick lunch biography of rich magnates, would be entirely at sea if he could not catalogue the beneficent activities of the said magnates.

Without poverty, no charity, and the three graces would become a duet. Hinc illae lachrymae.—New York Times.

The Languages of Paradise. Every language has its admirers; in "Lucile" the author, Owen Meredith, maintained that when he heard French spoken as he approved he "found himself quietly falling in love." Edward Hutton is another instance of this linguistic fascination. In stating his preference in his enchanting "Cities of Spain," he recalls an interesting medieval legend. He says: "And as I listened to the splendid syllables of the Castilian tongue that rang eloquently through the twilight I remembered the saying of that old Spanish doctor of whom James Howell tells us in his 'Instructions for Foraine Travell,' to wit, that Spanish, Italian and French, these three daughters of the Latin language, were spoken in Paradise; that God Almighty created the world in Spanish, the tempter persuaded Eve in Italian and Adam begged pardon in French."—Youth's Companion.

Worth Remembering. Many a man, like the ancient Persian, All Hafed, who wishing to be rich and place his children on thrones through the influence of wealth, has searched in vain north, south, east and west, when there were acres of diamonds on the old farm, found there by the observant man, who dug in his own garden. Your fortune is in the shop where you work, in the store where you wait, in the house where you sit, or on the farm where you cultivate the soil. Your riches are within your present reach. There are riches in every rubbish heap. Only the mummified, conservative, visionless traditionalist no more progress is possible. You cannot do better anywhere than just where you are. What you need, others need.

Artist and His Work. The great artists, like the great heroes, have always done whatever came to hand. Michelangelo grumbled and said he was a sculptor when Julius II set him to paint, but he painted the roof of the Sistine chapel. Shakespeare chafed at the popularity of the fool in the drama of his time, and then produced the fool in "Lear." If either of them had waited for perfect conditions and an inspiration untrammelled by circumstances he would have done nothing. They produced masterpieces because they made the best of things as they were. And this is the business of the artist in life.

SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

Vurpillat's New Discovery Destroys Monster Tape Worm—Mrs. Chas. Pariseau of 112 N. Norris St. is Relieved of the Parasite

Office in the Jepsen Block to be Kept Open today

Vurpillat and his New Discovery gained their first victory in this city yesterday. The results obtained fully prove all that is claimed for this preparation. It is evident from the reports in the city that this practical advertiser will demonstrate to the satisfaction of all that he is not making any idle boasts, but stands ready to fulfill all promises made in regard to his New Discovery.

Yesterday, Mrs. Charles Pariseau of 112 N. Norris street, called upon Vurpillat, bringing with her a container in which was a monster tape worm. With gratitude showing in her face Mrs. Pariseau said: "For the past four years I have been a sufferer from stomach trouble. I was constantly suffering intense pain in my stomach. At times my appetite was ravenous, then the very sight of food was enough to sicken me. At night my sleep would be broken and in the morning I would be more tired than before I went to bed. My nerves were unstrung and I was very nervous. Having heard of the New Discovery, I concluded to try it, as I had tried most everything without results. To my surprise after taking just a few doses I passed the monster tape worm and I can cheerfully recommend the Discovery to anyone suffering as I did."

Among the number who took advantage of the free demonstration was Mr. John Schroder of 525 Elm street, whose little child was afflicted with paralysis of the right leg. Vurpillat had applied the New Discovery for a few minutes and the little fellow was able to walk across the platform without the use of the ankle brace. This is only one of the many who have this remedy to thank for their release from their aches and pains.

For the benefit of the working people, who are unable to call during the week the office in the Jepsen Block, which is in charge of a registered physician will be kept open today between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. where consultation and examination are given free to all who call.

IS JOINT PROPERTY OF ALL

To No One Individual or Class May the Home Rightly Be Said to Belong.

This home exists for the children. I once heard a father say, with an air of having pronounced a decision in court. The man was a judge on the bench and rather given to oracular statements in the family. He had risen rapidly in his profession, but I could not agree with him when I saw that his children under seven were helped at the table before their mother and grandmother and several guests had received the slightest had received even the very slightest attention. The little sentence was apologetic and accompanied by a smile, but the adoration for children thus expressed was a weakness. Not so had the foundation of character been laid for the successful barrister in his early home among the granite hills of New England.

For whom does this home exist? Not alone for a husband, for a wife or a child, but for each and all who dwell together, united by the ties of blood and common affection, who know one another as only those can who meet in the informality of daily companionship and whose interests are subtly blended. "United we stand divided we fall," may be written over every hearthstone. In a childless home husband and wife or brothers and sisters have continual need of refreshment and reinforcement in all that makes for strength, faith and hope, and the home exists just as much for them as it does for the parents who have their children to bring up and educate for their share in the world's work. If I can show you what I mean, it is this: No individual has the privilege of dominating a home.—Woman's Home Companion.

Appreciative Irishman.

The English travelers complain that they are so much hurried in our hotels and so little in our stage coaches. An Irish traveler took a different view of the case. Honest Pat came in at one o'clock, and was called up in a half an hour. "And what will you charge for the lodging?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "An sure 'twas kind of ye to call me so arly; if I'd slept until the morning, I'd not had the money to pay the bill!"

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

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

For Rent

Northup & Benton

Phone No 29L Corcoran Bldg

MORNING PRESS WANT ADS

WANTED.

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

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

WANTED—A first class cook at once, Apply City Hotel, Rapid River. 184-8t

WANTED—Scrub woman, Oliver Hotel. 2727-188-3t

WANTED AT ONCE—First class cook for restaurant work, Delmonico Cafe, Gladstone, Phone 194. 2728-188-4t.

WANTED—A housekeeper, Inquire at 211 Wolcott Street. 2729-188-3t

WANTED—Good girl or woman for second cook at Hotel Bourque, Address Forsyth P. O., Mich. 2866-190-3t

WANTED AT ONCE—40 men for sewer building work. Apply at noon on Monday to Street Commissioner Peter Holmes in front of the court house. Signed PETER HOLMES, Street Commissioner.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE CHEAP—One second-hand Remington typewriter, Gordon's Business College. 2734-189-4t.

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. 2541-159-4t

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. 220-222, also one house on Hale St. 804. Enquire of C. Grenier, 222 Elmore St. 178-24t.

FOR SALE—5 desirable residence lots in North Escanaba. Reasonable price. Easy terms. Enquire at Morning Press. 2664-181-4t

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 Perrow, Bark River, Mich. 2231-117-4t

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

FOR SALE—Household furniture, H. E. Robinson, Wells, 2864-190-3t.

FOR SALE—\$39.50 Victor phonograph 38 records, 10 and 12 inch plate. \$25.00 takes outfit. Inquire 1015 So. Mary St. 2863-190-6t

FOR SALE—Team of chestnut sorel horses. Good farming team. 2900 pounds. Mayotte's farm, Flat Rock. cheap if taken at once. 2867-190-6t

FOR SALE—19 acres of fine land, very fertile, 7 miles south of Ford River, along the Bay shore. A good chance for one who lives to land. A fine living house, a good barn, a new bathhouse, a well with good water in it. First class fishing rigs. (Apply to A. Walberg, Box 91, Ford River, Mich. 2671-184-191-195-205)

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Office rooms in Stack Block, recently vacated by Dr. Breitenbach. Enquire of J. K. Stack. 2373-155-4t

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms. Inquire at 309 South Georgia Street. 2871-191-3t.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Enquire 212 North Mary St. 191-3t.

NOTICE.

The A. O. H. will hold their annual mid-summer smoker in their hall on Sunday evening July 10th. A musical and literary program of a high order will be carried out. The coming entertainment promises to eclipse all formerly held. All members are requested to be present.

By order of the entertainment committee.

Telephone your wants to 481.

THE FARMERS' HOME

FRANK PERROW, Prop.

Dealer in Fine Wines, Liquors & Cigars

Hotel in Connection

Rates \$1.00 per day

Served by the day or week

BARK RIVER, MICH.