

The Escanaba Journal

E. P. Lott, Editor and Proprietor.

ESCANABA, DELTA CO., MICHIGAN, THURSDAY DECEMBER, 30, 1892.

NO. 4

COLO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Old Time has turned another page
Of eternity and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.
A year has fled o'er heart and head
Since last the yule log burns;
And we have a task to do
What the bosom and brain have burst
Oh! let us hope that our hands have run
With wisdom's precious grain;
Oh! may we find that our hands have done
Some work of glorious pain.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foe who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.
We may have some loved ones pass
To the land of hallowed rest;
And the growth of our sorrows
And the warmth of a friendly breast;
But if we nursed them while on earth,
With hearts all true and kind,
Will their spirits blame the sinless earth,
Of those true hearts left behind?
No, no! it were not well of wise
To mourn with childish pain;
There's a better world beyond the skies,
Where the good shall meet again.
Then a welcome and a cheer to the merry new
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foe who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.
Have our days rolled on serenely free
From sorrow's dim alloy?
Do we still possess the gifts that bless
And fill our souls with joy?
Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
Do we hear loved voices come?
We gaze on eyes whose glances show
A halo round our heads;
Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured
To Him who hath spared and given,
And forget not o'er the festive board
The mercies heaped from heaven.
Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new
While the holly gleams above us;
With a pardon for the foe who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1 9 and 4 is both a maus name,
and an article of food.
My 2 5 11 and 13 is a feathered song-
ster.
My 3 6 12 and 21 is a part of a dance.
My 8 16 9 and 17 is essential to most
men.
My 22 23 24 and 25 is an article of food.
My 18 19 20 and 26 is a characteristic
of the snake.
My 14 and 10 represents you and me.
My whole, all should know.
A reward of 25 cents value, will be
given out of H. B. Smith's Store to the
boy or girl under 13 years of age who
first catches out this Enigma.

TROT, A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"Hopdale!"
I opened my sleepy eyes as the con-
ductor's voice rang through the cars,
and, taking my little carpet bag, sprang
out upon the platform of the little sta-
tion. My brief holiday was over, and
with a shrug, I prepared for my short
walk through the morning air, looking
forward to the good fire and cup of
coffee I was sure Mrs. Watson was
keeping for me.
It was a very rare event for me to
leave the little village whose name
heads this story. My father had been
the only resident physician there, from
the time when I was a boisterous
school-boy up to the hour when, in his
professional rounds he fell dead with
heart disease in the main street, leaving
me, his heretofore assistant, sole
heir to his name, property and practice.
Ten years before that had carried my
dear mother to the little churchyard,
and installed Mrs. Watson housekeep-
er in her place. The villagers were
willing to let the young doctor step in
to his father's place beside their sick
beds, and so for five years I had filled
his duties. In all those five years I
had taken no holiday, so when an in-
vitation came from my old college
friend and since correspondent, Gen-
erel Payne, to spend Christmas with
him, at his father's place on the Hud-
son, I was sorely tempted to accept
and finally concluded to do so. It was
literally Christmas I spent, leaving
home at midnight on the 24th, and my
friend's house exactly twenty-four
hours later. It had been a pleasant
break in the monotony of my life, and
as I stood at sunrise on the Hopdale
station platform, I was sure my recrea-
tion would give me new vigor for my
daily duties.
As I turned to descend the steps
leading to the road, some impulse, nay,
a providence, led me to look in at the
window of the room, by courtesy "Lad-
ies' room" of the station. It was cold
and desolate. No fire was lighted,
and there was no furniture, unless the
hard wooden benches against the wall
could be so considered. But crowded
on one of the benches, sleeping soundly
lay a strange child. His dress of rich
fur-trimmed velvet, the warm fur cap,
long gaiters and mittens spoke of
wealth and care, and the pale face,
round cheeks and sunken eyes of
sunny brown, was round with health
and wonderfully beautiful.
He was so Hopdale child; I knew
them all. My professional instinct
made my heart thrill with a sudden
shock as I caught sight of the pale
face, the sunken eyes, the hair that
deep sleep in the morning winter air.
How long had he been there? Was he
already dead? were the questions I
asked myself as I stood across the
room, and lifted him in my arms.

"There was no break came from the
white lips, and the faint, fluttering under
my fingers, and I pressed them over the
by heart. Mantling him warmly in my
cloak, I tore down the steps and raced
along the road homeward at a pace
that would have considerably amazed
my patients, had any of them been
awake at that early hour.
Allowing Mrs. Watson no time for
amazement I pressed her into service,
and in what she called "a jiffy," we
had the little form undressed, in my
bed, and under the most vigorous
treatment. It was so long before we
were successful that my heart almost
failed me; but at last the faint heart-
throbs grew stronger; color came to
the pale lips and cheeks, and a pair of
large brown eyes appeared from under
the heavily-lidded lids I had watched
so anxiously.
Only a look of sleepiness was
visible, as he stared a moment at me,
then obeying my order to drink the
warm food Mrs. Watson held to his
lips, my little patient closed his eyes
again, and turned over to finish his nap.
He was safe now, I knew, so leaving
him to Mrs. Watson's care, who by this
time knew as much about him as I did,
I went to sleep myself, to be ready for
the day's duties.
It was nearly nine o'clock when my
housekeeper roused me to say that
breakfast was ready and the child
awake.
Very wide awake I found him, the
glorious brown eyes staring round my
room, taking in every detail of its ar-
rangement.
"Who are you? How did I get here?
Am I nearly at Australia? Who's that
man in the picture?" were the ques-
tions poured rapidly forth, before I had
time to frame one inquiry. "I want to
get up! Who's got my clothes?" came
next; then, "Who put me to bed with-
out any night-gown?"
Not a sign of fear or a word of
homesickness! I was puzzled.
"What is your name?" I asked, sit-
ting down beside him.
"Trot!" I want to get up!"
"You shall get up in a minute, but
first tell me your name and how you
came to be asleep in the station?"
"My name's Trot; and the playgot
cars started off without me when I got
out. It was a dark night and I could
not catch them, so I went into the
room and went to sleep till they came
again."
"Was your mother in the train—in
the cars?"
"No; nobody but just me. I'm go-
ing to Australia."
"Yes; Ellen's there. They have
roses there at Christmas, and we want-
ed some for our tree."
"But, my child, you did not leave
home alone?"
"Yes I did! I ain't afraid! I'm go-
ing back right away, as soon as I find
Ellen and get the roses."
"But don't you know you will have
to sail in a great ship for months to
get to Australia?"
"Ellen went in the cars. We saw
her go, mamma and I. We went in
the carriage and said good-by, and
she got in the cars with Mr. Williams."
"Who is Mr. Williams?" I said,
eagerly catching at a name.
"Ellen's husband. Our milkman he
was, before he went to Australia. He's
jolly! Always filled my cup for nothing,
when I was up."
"And who was Ellen?"
"My nurse."
"What's your father's name?"
"Papa!"
"But his other name?"
"Harry, dear! Mamma always
called him so."
"Where does he live?"
"He's dead!" said the child in a
whisper. "Mamma cries all the time,
most, and wears an ugly black gown
every day."
"Well, where does mamma live?"
"At grandma's, with Aunt Daisy,
and Walter, and Sue, and baby, and
ain't it funny?—baby's my uncle, and
he's so little he has to be carried about,
and Walter's littler than me, and he's
my uncle, too; and Sue's only six, and
she's my aunt."
"Where does grandma live?"
"Why, home, in her house."
"Well, what is her name?"
"Grandma!" in a very positive tone,
and becoming restive under so much
questioning.
I took him from the bed and began
to dress him, and explain his position;
but even when he understood that he
must give up the Australian journey,
and was made to feel something of his
mother's despair at losing him, he
could give me no clue by which to find
his home. Grandma, grandma, mamma,
who was called Mary by the rest, Aunt
Daisy and the three children, were all
mentioned, and I tried to get him
revealed that he lived in a large house
in the country, but that was all. My
heart grew fairly sick as I looked in
that beautiful face and pictured the
grief of his widowed mother over this
only child. In vain I searched his
clothing for the mysterious packet
containing the miniature of a beauti-
ful female; always found on stray chil-
dren in novels; no "strawberry or rasp-
berry mark" distinguished his smooth,
white skin. His clothing of the most
dainty material and make, were marked
with the initials "A. H."
Days passed away and still the little
Trot—for he would own no other name
—was an inmate of my cottage, the
very darling of Mrs. Watson's moth-
erly heart. I advertised him in all the
cities, hoping some paper would reach
his parents' home; yet, as the days
wore away, and he became reconciled

to his new home, and ceased to grieve
for his family, I began to dread the
hour when he should be claimed. His
frank, bright joyousness, his merry
prattle, his loving caresses, began to
fill an unsuspected void in my heart,
and Mrs. Watson was a perfect slave to
his loving tyranny. She made him
pretty garments to replace the rich vel-
vet suit which we put carefully aside,
in case they were ever required to
prove his identity. She furnished for
his bedroom a small apartment lead-
ing from her own sleeping-room. She
made the day one long act of service
for his comfort, and as weeks glided
into months, and there was no clue
found to guide us to his home, she
taught him to call her grandma, while

required title. To tell how he was petted
in the village would be a vain task to
attempt. To say that he was the hero
and idol of Hopdale will give but a
faint idea of his popularity. Gradually
the memory of his home, Ellen, the
visit to Australia, died away, and he
seemed to forget that he had ever lived
away from us. Mamma and Aunt
Daisy had been the two of whom he
spoke the most; but I judged from all
he said, that his father's death was very
recent, and his residence at his grand-
parent's a brief visit only in his
memory.

Eleven months had this dear little
treasure been an inmate of my house,
when there came into my life a new
dream of hope and happiness. About
five miles from Hopdale there resided,
and had lived for many long years,
an eccentric old bachelor, by name Her-
man Graham. His home, Leavenworth,
was very far away from any cluster of
houses, indeed nearly a mile from any
other residence; and here, in solitary
state, with only two ancient servants
for his household, he had lived ever
since I could remember. He was a
morose, ill-tempered man, and some-
times cross had made him adopt a per-
fectly hermitic seclusion, though his
wealth would have commanded every
advantage society could offer. It was
early in November that I was sum-
moned to attend this odd genius, pro-
fessionally. The little note brought
to my office by an elderly man on
horseback, was signed "Lillian Gra-
ham," and urged my immediate at-
tention.

It was a long, cold drive, but the
man represented his master as very ill,
so I prepared to obey the summons. "I
will see your master had a daughter,"
I said, relating the story of her life.
"That's master's niece," was the re-
ply; "a nice, sweet-spoken young lady
as ever I see. She comes down on a
visit sometimes from her father's place
near Albany. They were burnt out,
her father's folks, last winter, and the
family all went to Europe while the
house was building. They came home
about a fortnight ago, but they won't
go to the house till spring, so some of
them are boarding in New York, and
some in Albany, and Miss Lillian she
comes to spend the winter with her
uncle. They're all coming down for
Christmas, I expect."

I found my new patient very ill, and
for a week my visits were very fre-
quent, and more than once I passed a
whole night by his bedside. I do not
mean this for a love tale, so I will not
weary my reader with the why and
wherefore of my heart bending in alle-
giance to Lillian Graham's charms.
Her beauty, gentleness, and winning
grace touched my heart as no woman
had before thrilled it; and before that
weary week of anxiety and watching
was over I loved her. As her uncle
began to recover, my visits ceased, on
a professional capacity to a social one,
and I saw that my welcome was a sin-
cere one from both the old gentleman
and the fair girl, whose devotion to
his sick bed proved her love. I was
agreeably surprised to find the hermit
was neither so savage or inaccessible
as he had been represented to me. He
had a painful chronic disorder; his
manner was brusque, and his voice
often harsh, but he could soften, and I
was able to give him relief from pain,
for which he paid me by a gracious re-
cognition.

Christmas was drawing near, and I
resolved to lay my heart before Lillian,
and ask her to be my wife. I was heir
to considerable property left by my
father. I had a good practice, a pleas-
ant home, and could offer her the pure
love of a young heart; so I was not
without hope, especially as I could see
the flush deepen on her cheek and a
glad light spring to her blue eyes
when ever I was announced. She wore
mourning, and I often longed to ques-
tion her about the loss it implied, but
our brief interviews were very brief,
and seldom occurred, as she never
spoke of her father, and I had a story
to tell. Of course, if she became my
wife, she must hear about Trot.

It was the day before Christmas, and
the snow was smooth and hard round
Hopdale; so I ventured to propose a
sleigh-ride, meaning to open my heart
to her as we drove. She accepted my
proposal readily, and we were soon on
our way. Somehow there fell a
long silence between us; I longed but
not daring to speak, my eyes fixed up
at that lovely face framed in its pret-
ty, fur-bound hood, the eyes looking down,
the sweet mouth set with sadder ex-
pression than I had ever seen it wear.
Suddenly she spoke:
"I expect my parents, brothers and
sisters here to-morrow."
"For Christmas giveties?" I ques-
tioned.

"No to escape them. They are con-
ferring here to pass the day quietly, far
away from our festivity. It is a sad
day for us. Doctor do you believe in
a broken heart?"
"Yes; I know they exist."
"And are fatal?"
"Sometimes! I have seen heavy
sorrows drain away life."
"My poor sister," she said sadly, her
eyes filling with tears, "I fear her heart
is broken." And after a pause, she
said, "A year ago—a year ago—poor
little Trot!"
"Trot!" I cried breathlessly.
"My sister's only child, who died on
Christmas day last year."
"Died?" I said, my hopes sinking.
"Burnt to death!" she said sadly.
"Christmas tree for the child-
ren in the nursery. My sister had
been a widow only three months, so we
had no holiday gathering, but we dressed
a tree for the little ones and lighted
it on Christmas Eve. The next morn-
ing, they, the children I mean, were all
in the nursery, and we suppose one of
them tried to light the tree. Certain
it is that they set the room on fire, and
before we could say anything the whole
house was in flames. All escaped but
my sister's child, her only one; he per-
ished in the fire."

"Are you certain?"
"Where else would he be? My two
little brothers and my sister were saved
with difficulty, and the roof fell in
while we were all frantically searching
and calling for Arthur, or as we always
called him, Trot. My sister's health
gave away entirely under this blow.
She had concentrated all the strength
of her love upon this child after her
husband died, and the blow prostrated
her entirely. We took her to Europe;
we have had the best advice for her,
but she is slowly dying of a broken
heart."

"It is from no impertinent curiosity,"
I said, "that I question you. Will you
answer my inquiries?"
"We were speeding over the frozen
ground toward my home, as she an-
swered—
"Certainly."
"This little child—had he a pet
name for you?"
"Yes; my home name. They all call
me Daisy, and he called me Aunt
Daisy."
"And your sisters' names are Mary
and Sue, your brother's Walter and
Baby."
"Yes, yes," she said turning very
pale.
"I saw you, Ellen did she
go to Australia?"
"Yes, a year ago last fall. Your face
is radiant! Speak quickly—our lost
boy!"
"We were at my door; her face was
ashy white with effort but she obeyed
my motion, and let me lead her from
the sleigh to my office. I made her sit
down and began to explain when
"Uncle Charley's come! Uncle Char-
ley!" rang out of my pet's voice and
Trot burst into the room. Lillian rose
to her feet with a wild cry of "Trot!
Arthur's darling!"
For a moment he stood bewildered;
then a sudden rush of memory came
over his childish heart, and he sprang
into her arms.

"Aunt Daisy! Where's mamma?
I want mamma! Quick! quick! Uncle
Charley, Aunt Daisy, take me to mam-
ma!"
For nearly three hours we sat in the
little office before Lillian could tear
herself away from the child, but at last
she let me take her to the sleigh con-
soling Trot by a promise that to-morrow
he should see his mother.

"Let the disclosure to her womanly
fact. But on the morrow, when I
drove over with the child, dressed in
his black velvet suit, altered to fit him
by Mrs. Watson's trembling fingers,
and moistened I am sure by many
tears, I found all prepared for the great
joy.
Such a Christmas never dawned for me.
To tell of the gratitude of the
pale widow, the joy of the grandparents,
the boisterous greetings between the
children, is beyond the powers of my
pen.
Of course the precise time and man-
ner of Arthur's escape from the house
could only be conjectured. The nurse
was in the kitchen nearly an hour when
the alarm of fire was given, and the
flames had gained great headway be-
fore they were discovered, the sitting
room being on a different floor, and some
distance from the nursery. Of course the
fearless boy had left the house before
the attempt to light the tree was made,
but the others, absorbed in Christmas
delights, did not miss him. The dis-
tance from the house to the station
was very short, and Ellen had gone to
New York from the little village near
which Mr. Graham's house was situ-
ated. The departure for Europe, and
the certainty all felt of his fate, had
prevented any search being made for
the boy, and we presumed the railway
officials supposed he belonged to some
party on the train.

"It was a glad day for all, for if I lost
my little treasure, I won from Lillian
the right to be called in good truth
Trot's Uncle Charley.—(Godey's Lad-
y's Book.)
An English objection to Napo-
leon's speech is dropped. It is that he
compares the English treatment of Ire-
land to the condition of the Russian
serfs and American slaves. "The New
Yorker" says the Emperor, "abolishes
Slavery; Russia freed her serfs; Eng-
land is doing justice to Ireland. He

had not even the politeness to express
himself in the past tense, and say that
as Russia has freed her serfs, so
England has done justice to her Irish.
Now that we look at the concatenation
with English eyes, we see just where
Napoleon shot his Parthian arrow, and
why a Briton should blush. But after
all, the burden of shame is felt by
Irishmen—shame that one oppressor
reminds another that they have been
treated like serfs.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
Go to C. B. Strass, and buy Kid
Gloves for \$1.50 worth \$2.00. Woolen goods from 25
percent below prices. All winter goods from 25
to 50 percent below prices, FOR CASH.

PAY UP.—Those indebted to the
Presbyterian Church on account of pew rent, or
subscription to church and parsonage subscription
will confer an especial favor on the Trustees by
handing the same to the treasurer on or before the
30th inst.
H. B. SMITH, Treasurer.

WANTED.—A Purchaser for a piece
of land near Centreville. Easy terms will be made
Apply to
H. B. SMITH.

Parlor Organ for sale. Enquire
at this Office.
Strayed.
Came into the enclosure of the under-
signed, on or about the middle of November last, a
Brindle gray Cow, has loped horns with their ends
sawed off. The owner is requested to call and
prove his title to the same, pay charges, and take
her away or she will be disposed of according
to law.
HENRY ALLIGH
Escanaba, Dec. 9th, 1892.

Supervisors Notice.
Notice is hereby given, that the Board
of Supervisors of Delta County, will hold regular
sessions on the first Tuesday of February, and first
Tuesday of July.
By order of the Board of Supervisors.
J. W. HUTCHINSON, Clerk.

WANTED.—To have it known, that
had Shirliff gone to H. B. Smith's and bought
a pair of those warm, cheap overboots, his feet need
not have been frozen.
\$50.00 REWARD.
The above reward will be paid by
the County of Delta, to any one who will furnish
sufficient evidence to convict any person of selling
or giving, directly or indirectly, any spirituous or
intoxicating liquors, or any mixed liquors, a part
of which is spirituous or intoxicating, to any indi-
vidual wherever within this County after this date.
By order of the Board of Supervisors of Delta
County, Michigan.
J. W. HUTCHINSON, Clerk.

ESCANABA CARDS.
W. M. H. WELLS, JR.,
BLACKSMITHING,
GUN REPAIRING,
And Jobbing of all kinds done with precision
and Dispatch.

MILLINER SHOP.
The undersigned, thanking her customers for
their past patronage, would announce that she is
still prepared to supply them with all kinds of Hats,
Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, veils, and all other
articles pertaining to her line of business.
Mrs. JOHN STONHOUSE.

MICHAEL BOND.
BOOT & SHOE MAKER.
Shop next door to the
POST-OFFICE.
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
UNKAD LENS,
Also Manufacture Boot Packs. Shop next door to
KILLIAN'S STORE.

J. BELLOWS, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office over P. O. Bldg. Avenue. Residence on the
corner of Ogden and Wells Avenue.

F. O. CLARK,
Real Estate, Collection, &
Insurance Agent,
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
AND CIVIL ENGINEER,
ALSO
Justice of the Peace.
Collections made with promptness. Office in
Clark's Block.

E. P. HOYCE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

CHARLES M. O'MALLEY,
JUDGE OF PROBATE,
Justice of the Peace, and Township Clerk. Col-
lections attended to with promptness. Office op-
posite the Michigan House.

TILDEN HOUSE.
J. W. HUTCHINSON, Prop.
We will try to make and maintain a reputation as
the
BEST KEPT HOTEL,
in the Upper Peninsula.

OLIVER HOUSE.
DAVID OLIVER, Prop.
At this well-known Hotel will be found
GOOD TABLE, GOOD BEDS,
GOOD STABLING.

GAYNOR HOUSE.
E. GAYNOR, Prop.
Having newly fitted up the Gaynor Hotel and re-
frigerated, to keep a first class House, the
OPPOSITION STAGE
Company, make my house their Head Quarters.

ESCANABA HOUSE.
HENRY MIER, Proprietor.
The undersigned would announce to the trav-
eling public, that he has recently refurbished his
hotel with good beds, has

GOOD STABLING
for horses, sets a good table, and is prepared for ei-
ther transient or steady

BOARDERS AT
reasonable charges. His bar is furnished with the
best of all kinds of liquors.
HENRY MIER,
Corner of Dousman and Linsing Streets, Escanaba,
Mich.

W. H. RADCLIFF,
WHOLESALE DEALER,
IN CHOICE
WINES, LIQUORS, LAGER BEER,
And Cigars.

H. B. SMITH & CO.
Escanaba, Mich.
Bankers, Brokers, & Collection Agents
Special Attention Given To
COLLECTIONS AND
To buying and Selling Exchange in
Europe and America. Stocks &
Bonds, bought and sold.
INTEREST PAID ON
DEPOSITS.

Passage Tickets to and from For-
eign Countries furnished at current
Rates.

INSURANCE.
For first class Fire, Marine, and
Life Insurance call on
H. B. Smith, Agent.

Use the Air Tight Filter Walls.
Pure clear water guaranteed or no
charge.
H. B. SMITH, Agent.

POISONED.—It is impossible to esti-
mate the damage done to persons lives
by using the stale water in the open
wood curbed wells of this town. But
the FILTER WALLS put in by H. B. SMITH
and warranted to give satisfaction or
no charges.

BLIND to his own interest is the man
who refuses or neglects to insure his
house, household goods, barn, store,
stock or his own life. Go to H. B.
SMITH, and be healed of your blindness.
GO AT ONCE. To-morrow may be
TOO LATE.
Dead frogs, snakes, worms, and stale
oil water are not found in the FILTER
WALLS. Try one.
H. B. SMITH, Agent.

CHICKS.—H. B. SMITH is selling good
shoes for women at \$1.00.

	100	200	300	400	500	1000
Square	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$4.00
1000	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	40.00
2000	20.00	30.00	40.00	50.00	60.00	80.00
3000	30.00	45.00	60.00	75.00	90.00	120.00
4000	40.00	60.00	80.00	100.00	120.00	160.00
5000	50.00	75.00	100.00	125.00	150.00	200.00
10000	100.00	150.00	200.00	250.00	300.00	400.00

CHEAPER PRODUCTION.
 This is the true motto for the entire mineral district of Lake Superior, Copper as well as Iron, and should be the one grand aim of all controllers of mining operations in the Upper Peninsula. The Tariff is a good thing while it lasts, but it may be taken away from us at any session of Congress, but if 25 cents per ton, can be saved in the handling of ore, or the stamping of copper rock all the free trade elements in the country will not affect it. As we are glad to know that the question of new explosives is receiving as much attention as it is, for a charge of Nitro Glycerine will loosen as much ore or throw down as much copper rock in this country as in any other, and there need be but little difference in the cost of manufacturing it. Nature has been very bountiful of her mineral gifts and all along the shores of the great lake, she has spread them with a prodigal hand, and left unmistakable evidence of their presence in almost every mountain, hill, or rise of land within many miles of its waters. The Country is yet comparatively undeveloped. It has been scratched over and dug into, here a little, and there a little, but no one at all acquainted with its vastness, will believe that anything more than a beginning has been made. During next summer, the completion of the Lake Superior and Mississippi R. R., and the commencement of the Northern Pacific, will very naturally draw labor, enterprise and capital in this direction. Figures have been made, (which we hope to publish in our next issue) that induces the belief, that in less than two years we will have continuous Railway connection south-erly. These things will all aid us, labor will be cheaper, supplies will decrease in value and a new market will be opened for our products, which will be manufactured here and shipped direct to their destination.

But all these things are in the future. Capitalists will not invest, unless they see a profitable prospect, and the right kind of laborers will not seek our shores, while it is the policy of so many of our companies to partially suspend operations during the winter, thus throwing so many out of employment. Jacob Hocutt, Esq., with his Nitro Glycerine, will, we think, put Iron in a shape to show so clear an array of figures, at the close of each year, that no more trembling need be experienced, when the Tariff question is broached. The other difficulty can be reached by establishing Furnaces, here, and along down the Bay shore, for making pig iron, thus creating a home demand for a large proportion of the product. We are having some furnace statistics prepared, which we will soon present, meanwhile we should be glad to hear from any one interested in the country, believing that a general interchange of ideas, through the columns of the paper cannot fail to be beneficial.

1869.
 By the time this paper reaches many of its readers, the old year, with its hopes and joys, its disappointments and sorrows, will have passed away. At such times it is not well for us to glance backward over the 12 months gone, and, seeing our faults, resolve to correct them in the future; seeing our results, resolve to accomplish greater during the coming year. Of what has been done in our own vicinity, we have before spoken, concerning what has been done in some other portions of the United States, we extract the following from our New York namesake, merely adding that to each and every reader of the Tribune, we wish a Happy New Year, and many happy returns.

In the grand cereal, our crop has been 271,000,000 bushels. When such figures are used they fail to convey any definite notion to the mind. It is like saying that the sun is 95,000,000 miles distant from the earth. If this crop were loaded in wagons, fifty bushels in a load, and the train were to stand as close as teams can stand, the heads of the leading horses would be more than twenty thousand miles in advance of the last wagonbed. If this crop were distributed equally among our whole population, the portion of each person would be about eight and a half bushels. What is this production, the corn crop is four times as great, and it will surprise many to learn that our oat crop is larger than the wheat by twenty-five million bushels. Calculated by their money value, our crops have been as follows:

Corn, \$600,000,000. Wool, \$50,000,000. Wheat, \$33,000,000. Barley, \$5,000,000. Cotton, \$300,000,000. Potatoes, \$1,000,000. Tobacco, \$240,000,000. Rye, \$40,000,000. Oats, \$90,000,000. Rice, \$14,000,000.

Calling the aggregate value of fruits, vegetables, hay, sugar, meats, and dairy products \$755,000,000, we have the great aggregate, nearly two and a half billion dollars.

But the value in Federal money is not to be considered in comparison with the relation of our fertility and our industry to the world. England will look to us for fifty or sixty million bushels of wheat. Without it she would have starvation, bread-riots, and may be chaos come again. Our Cotton it is that enables her capital to give employment to millions who, if unemployed, would be storming the House of Lords, and swearing in their wrath that a few great families should not monopolize the natural birthright of a nation of thirty millions.

Within a year the opposite watersheds of the continent have been united by a waterway, the completion of which will be to mold the whole of American society into concrete unity, and make our territory a highway for the commerce of the world. At no time, since Sir Walter Raleigh put the first tobacco seed into the soil of Virginia, and Miles Standish learned how to plant corn from Indian squaws, has American industry been so significant as a power in the world. After a twelvemonth of work that shows such mighty results, cannot the tough hands rest and the bent plowman raise his head?

"RAPPINGS"
 Mr. Editor.—This is a without subject. However, as the experience of the last four months has given me some new and favorable light on it, I have thought, justice to the much-abused subject, should prompt me to give some account of the matter. I am not a "Spiritualist" but I cannot resist the evidence I have had of the "Good Spirits" in Escanaba. As soon as we were somewhat settled in our own house, we began to hear "rappings," sometimes occurring frequently in one day, then at longer intervals. Not being afraid we always proceeded forthwith to the spot indicated by the "rappings," and never failed to find some tangible, material evidence of the presence of "Good spirits." We would find deposited upon our doorstep or on our table, a basket of delicious tomatoes, equal to peaches, and not to be had in our market; early, excellent ones were sure gardens were a success in our community. Large pieces of venison, tender as a chicken, and a great rarity to us; sweet potatoes, honey not concocted, but gathered from the choicest flowers by original manufacture; a dish of savory pickles, a quantity of raspberry-jam just suited to our taste, and making many a dinner and tea a relish; grapes resembling those we have seen pictured, being carried by two men from "Eshcol," so much as to suggest the possibility of our being near the "Promised Land." Then a white fish, or two, if one was not as large as could be readily lifted. A turkey came just in time to be in readiness for the Thanksgiving dinner, showing the spirits knew the needs of mortals at such a time. Cranberries too in such quantity and of such quality as we have rarely seen. A greenback marked 10, found it's way to our purse in a quiet unassuming manner, unheralded by "rappings." But we were no less sure a good spirit sent it. Then barrels of apples, just the kind we like, and just when they were the "one thing needful" in the family. So numerous were these manifestations to us, we feared some even more deserving, might be neglected. We were mistaken; these good spirits appeared with Christmas, laden with cheer for old and young. We not only witnessed, but we experienced, the glad surprise of the children of the Sabbath-school, as one by one they received their rewards for attendance and diligence.

We were sitting quietly in our own house, rejoicing that so many hearts were made glad, all over the world; by the return of Christmas, and its expressions of "Peace and Good Will," when we were startled in our reveries, by the "rappings" at this late hour. These tireless "Good Spirits" were here again, and we found "ourselves" addressed, in the shape of a beautiful and durable Black Alpaca. Truly these are discerning spirits, else the gift would not be so timely, and so exactly suited to our taste. Christmas day brought the pleasant exchange of gifts, among ourselves. Also Bird "all caged and fed," from one whose added gifts betokened, they did not know when to stop giving. Christmas evening there was a display and recounting our numerous and highly prized gifts. Never before in our history had such an array of admired, and needed articles, come to our family as tokens of "Good

Will" from our friends. In the midst of general and hearty outpouring of gratitude from all hearts, we again heard loud and emphatic "rapping." On opening the door there was nothing to be seen but—could we believe our senses? three boxes each containing as we readily divined, (these surprises sharpen one's perceptive faculties,) a set of furs! But a closer examination didn't show any mark to indicate by whom given or for whom intended. So we were in a dilemma. We thought of advertising in the columns of your paper, "Found &c." But they had been left on our doorstep, and exactly corresponded to the needs of ourself and daughters. They were a luxury long craved, but hitherto crowded out by the necessities. Perhaps some "good spirit" had been cognizant of this fact. So we gradually "took in" the fact that they were really designed for us. Then we tried them on, and such a sense of warmth and comfort pervaded our whole system, as we had rarely felt. We did not think we should ever dread cold weather again. We even thought when winter closed here, we would go to Alaska; it was so comfortable to wear furs.

And now Mr. Editor, we desire to make known our grateful appreciation of all these kind deeds, and know of no better way to be "put in communication," with all "good spirits," than through the medium of your promising Journal.

If Webster's heart was ever stirred by deep emotions of gratitude, either he did not express it in words, or he has not left the words recorded in his "Unabridged." So I turn to the words of God and am rejoiced to learn that "It is more blessed to give, than to receive, and even a cup of water given in Christ's name, will not fail of its reward. And I ease the burden of gratitude resting upon us by praying "Our Father in Heaven" for all these "more blessings" to come and rest upon kind friends in Escanaba. R. B. Pierson.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.
 A GENTLEMAN wished to employ a coachman, one who understood his business, and who would not endanger life and limb for the sake of showing off his skill in handling the "Ribbons." And so, like a sensible man, he put a notice in the papers, stating his wishes, and naming the time and place where any applicants for the position would find him. In due time several persons presented themselves, and handed in their recommendations. These latter were carefully examined, and then a few general questions were asked and answered. The gentleman, after he seemed to be in a deep study, began to question the applicants a little more closely. To one, he said, "sir, how near the edge of a precipice would you dare to drive?" After a moments thought, he replied, "within two feet." To the same question, the next man declared that he could drive within one foot. And the next one boasted that he had, and could again go within six inches. This last reply caused the gentleman to move about his office a little nervously; he walked back and forth a moment or two, and then turned to a tall Irishman, who stood with downcast eyes, waiting for the question to be put to him, and said "well Patsy, how near do you think you could drive my horses and carriage to a precipice?"

"Faith sir, an is it a precipice your honor is spakin of? Upon my soul sir, an it's myself that would be keepin as far away from it as ever I could sir." Greatly to the surprise of the other applicants, the gentleman took Patsy by the hand and said "You are the man I want, one who will keep as far from danger as possible."

MORAL.
 If any of the boys of the village should see a drunken man reeling through the streets and a crowd gathering around him to have what they call "a little fun." My advice is that you run the other way, and keep just as far away as you can. If you hear angry, wicked men swearing, put your little hands right over your ears, and run away without waiting a minute, for there is danger; your morals will be corrupted if you stop to listen. If any bad boys ask you to go skating on the Sabbath, repeat to them that pretty little verse,

"I must not work, I must not play,
 Upon God's holy Sabbath-day."
 Dare to do right, even if the bad boys do laugh at you. You will feel much better when you lie down at night, if you have been to Sabbath-school and heard about the loving Saviour, and read your Bibles and other good books. This is the way to keep out of danger, and away from the precipice of evil.

And there is another thing, I wish to say to you, (and I should not mind if older people heard me say it,) and that is, when you pass along by those houses that are called taverns or saloons, if you should feel inclined to look in and see what is going on, or worse still, if you should be tempted to taste any of the vile stuff they keep there, remember you are on the very edge of a most dreadful precipice, and the best

thing for you to do is just what Patsy said he would, and that is, keep as far away as you can. It makes me very sorry to see so many persons, both young and old, falling right over this precipice every day. One says, he is not afraid, and another says he is not afraid, another says he can stop when he chooses; another, "I can walk within six inches of the edge, and so they keep right on, and tumble over each other, and wroes each other down this dreadful precipice.

I want you, my dear friends, to keep away, then you will be safe. E.

TILDEN HOUR.
J. W. HUTCHINSON, Prop.
 We will try to make and maintain a reputation as the
BEST KEPT HOTEL,
 in the Upper Peninsula.
CHARLES M. O'MALLEY,
JUDGE OF PROBATE,
 Justice of the Peace, and Township Clerk. Collections attended to with promptness. Office opposite the Michigan House.

J. S. KAUFMAN,
 MERCHANT TAILOR
 Clothing made to Order.
 Special Attention Given
 Cutting and Fitting
 Boys Clothing.
 EMPLOYS THE BEST WORKMEN

WARRANTS GOOD FITS, AND SUBSTANTIAL WORK.
 Shop on Ludington Street, Escanaba, Mich.

READ THIS.
 The undersigned takes this method of informing his friends and all wishing anything in his line that he is prepared to fill any orders left at his shop, on the corner of Tilden and Wells Avenues, for

CABINET WORK,
CARPENTER & JOINER WORK,
UPHOLSTERY,
PAPERING AND PAINTING,
UNDERTAKERS WORK AND
Jobbing of all Kinds.

WANTED.—A Girl to do general house-work Apply to
E. S. SMITH.

THE NONPARIEL JOBBER,
 Of Five different Sizes;
 Also the
GUILLOTINE PAPER-CUTTER,
 A New and Powerful Machine.

Jobbing of all Kinds.
 He is also prepared to take Building Contracts of all kinds. The large and commodious shop, in which he works and the business arrangements, he has just perfected, will enable him to complete a large amount of work. Call Up.
JOHN H. HART.
 Black and Colored.
 At Manufacturer's Prices.

THE CINCINNATI TYPE FOUNDRY
 AND
PRINTING MACHINE WORKS,
 Office, No. 201 Vine Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL TYPE,
Cases, Cabinets, Stands,
IMPOSING-STONES,
 Wood and Metal Furniture,
HAND PRESSES,
THE HAND CYLINDER-PRESS.

At Manufacturer's Prices.

At the Store of the old Standby
R. A. CONOLLY & Co.
LUMBER DEALERS,
 Will furnish White
 Sawmill at Little L
 & Norway
 Pine
 Lumber to
 Order, at Escanaba
 and Negaunee. Apply
Mr. A. J. PERRIN,
 Escanaba,
 OR TO
R. A. CONOLLY & Co.
 Negaunee, Mich.
LAKE SUPERIOR STAGE COMPANY
WILL RUN
 A Daily Line of
 STAGES
 STAGES
 STAGES
 STAGES
 STAGES
 STAGES

DRY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS, &c.
 Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, &c.
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
FLOUR & FEED,
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED.

Crockery & Glassware,
BEF, HAY,
HAMS, OATS,
LARD, FEED,
BUTER, FLOUR,
CHEESE, CORN,
CROCKERY, GLASS WARE,
CANNED GOODS, SPICES,
CANDLES, SOAP,
CHOICE TEAS,
SUGAR,
FRESH OYSTERS,
AT
Wholesale & Retail,
 Hosiery, and Yankee Notions, Ready Made Shirts, Woolen Goods, Ladies Boots and Gaiters, Childrens " " and 1,000 other articles too numerous to mention and which every householder not only needs but that he is order to have "a little house well filled," and so of which I will sell at the
Lowest Cash Price.
 Give me a call.
T. KILLIAN,
 Escanaba, November, 26th, 1869.

MARK ENGLISH,
 Superintendent.

Between Escanaba and Green Bay, during the Winter, leaving Escanaba, every morning at 6 o'clock. Having a full stock of good horses, (8) coaches and sleighs, the Company is prepared, to carry Passengers.

MARK ENGLISH,
 Superintendent.

MARK ENGLISH,
 Superintendent.

MARK ENGLISH,
 Superintendent.

MARK ENGLISH,
 Superintendent.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

During the latter part of the siege of Vicksburg, our Division was ordered about 15 or 20 miles to the rear to watch the movements of Johnson, who was hovering in that vicinity waiting for an opportunity to strike. Owing to the indiscriminate slaughter of animals by the troops orders were issued forbidding it. The next day it became my turn to go on picket, under the command of Major Wright, of our own regiment, (the 27th Mich.) as Field Officer of the Day. In my squad was Jack O'Connor, a roving Irishman, to whom the foremost order was particularly objectionable. As we were being assigned our positions by the Staff Officer, Jack said to the Major with a twinkle of his eye, "Major, suppose a shape should come along and go to cross my bare to-night, what shall I do." "Halt him and make him give the countersign," said the Major, without cracking a smile. "Be jabber, I will," says Jack, and we had plenty of mutton in our camp that night.

We suggest the following as a question for debate at the next meeting of the Escanaba Lyceum, "If a man build a corn crib, does that give him a right to crib corn?"

Why is our village like a Pic-Nic Dinner? Because of the sand which is in it. Original. [With the author.]

A story was told in our office a day or two ago, which we have never seen in print. An Irishman lately come to this country, saw a bull, pawing up the ground, and weaving his head from side to side, and thought it would be a good job to get over, take him by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed until he finally laid down and had a good laugh, after which he jumped over the fence and tried it, but was very unceremoniously tossed back again. He got up from the ground, very deliberately rubbing the bruised spots, and said, with a mournful sigh, "it's a good thing I had me laugh first." Turning towards the infuriated animal, he said "Ah! ye devil! If it wasent for yer bowin' an' scrippin, I'd think ye did it a-purpose."

Not a great while since, one of the dishes at the Tilden House, was "Fish Chowder," which a green waiter girl, never having heard of before, and getting confused, got slightly mixed. She finally enquired of Dr. B— one of the boarders, if "he would have some CHAWED FISH." The Dr. answered that "it depended altogether on who chawed it."

But the above isn't as good, as the "single-nail" story. For further information, enquire at this Office.

"There's a brandy smash!" as the wag said when a drunken man fell through a pane of glass.

Mark Twain says that the Sandwich Islands dish of plain dog "is only our cherished American sausage with the mystery removed."

A richly dressed lady stopped a boy trudging along with a basket, and asked: "My little boy, have you got religion?"

"No, ma'am," said the innocent, "I've got potatoes."

"I was a sugar planter once, but I didn't make anything by it," said a Yankee hostler to a company of Maine capitalists whom he overheard, talking on the hotel steps about going south to buy up plantations and work them on a large scale. "You a sugar planter?" exclaimed one of the capitalists, with great surprise, "when was that?" "Why, when I buried my old sweet-heart."

A Rhode Island Clergyman, once illustrated the necessity of corporal punishment for the correction of juvenile depravity, with the remark that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, is like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the wrench to get it off."

MASONIC DUTIES.—A Mason is bound to consult the happiness and to promote the interests of his brother, to avoid everything offensive to his feelings; to abstain from reproach, censure and unjust suspicions; to warn him of the machinations of his enemies; to advise him of his errors; to advance the reputation and welfare of his family; to defend his life, his property, and what is dear to the man of honor, his character against unjust attacks; to relieve his wants and his distress; to instill into his mind proper ideas of conduct in the department of life which he is called to fill; and, let me add, to foster his schemes of interest and promotion, if compatible with the paramount duties a man owes to the community. If such are the obligations which a man owes to his brother, they are precisely the duties that one freemason ought to perform to another. Our Order enjoins them as rules from which nothing can be deduced, and considers their infraction as a violation of honor, conscience and religion, a prostitution of all that is deemed sacred and venerable among men. But Masonry does not confine the benignity of her precepts to her followers; it raises higher in the scale of excellence, and enjoins the observance of honor, honesty and good faith to all men; it espouses the cause of universal benevolence and virtue, it declares as unworthy of its patronage those who violate the laws for rectitude, and its votaries exemplify in their lives the truth of the remark, that although there be vicious men in the fraternity yet that they are better than if they

DRUG STORE.

We invite the attention of all in need of Goods in our line to our well selected stock of pure Drugs, Herbs, Gums, Extracts, Soeds, Roots, Patent Medicines, and Chemicals, of all kinds and varieties. Perfumery of all kinds, Toilet Soap, Brushes, Trusses, Nursing Bottles, Lamps, Chimneys, Tobacco, Cigars, all kinds of Pipes, Pockets and Pass Books, Wall Paper, School Books and Stationery, Choice Styles of Writing Paper, and Envelopes, Pens, Ink, Pencils, Erasers, Ink Stands, Pen Racks. In fact anything you may want in the line of Stationery. We also have a small assortment of Books, Magazines, Papers, &c., &c.

Combs and Brushes, of all kinds, Paints, Oils, &c. Prescriptions carefully put up from Pure Drugs, at all hours.

C. C. ROYCE.
Escanaba Mich. Dec. 1st. 1869.

CITY AND MARINE Meat Market.

J. HEITZMAN, Proprietor.

Thanking my customers for their past patronage, I would respectfully announce that I will keep on hand a large supply of the choicest

Fresh Beef, Pork and Mutton, of My Own Slaughtering.

I also keep on hand a good supply of

HEAD CHEESE,

SAUSAGES, HAMS,

CORNED & SMOKED BEEF

LARD & TALLOW,

SALT-PORK,

All of which I will sell at the lowest prices. Market on Ludington Street, Escanaba, Mich.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

J. N. CLEMENTS,

Has constantly on hand a good assortment of fine

GOLD & SILVER, AMERICAN & SWISS, WATCHES,

AGATE JEWELRY,

Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware,

Pocket Cutlery, Lake Superior

2343 QMA 27AH
or Silver Rings, and

other Goods made

FROM NATIVE SILVER.

Violins and Cases, Violin and Guitar Strings and Trimmings generally, Accordions, Harmonicas, Indian Curiosities, &c.

Particular attention paid to repairing Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Music Boxes, and Musical Instruments generally.

Store on Tilden Avenue, Escanaba, Mich.

GO TO SMITHS YAKKOOR

NEW BUTCHER SHOP

AND BUY

YOUR MEAT.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

GOOD FITS.

Repairing Neatly, Promptly, and Cheaply Done.

ESCANABA, MICH.

Two hours east of the corner of Ludington and Harrison Avenues.

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ESCANABA, MICH.

J. N. MILLER, FAMILY GROCERIES, AND DELICATESSEN TA.

My Stock Consists of

TEAS,

COFFEES,

SUGARS,

SYRUP,

NEW-ORLEANS,

MOLASSES,

VINEGAR,

PICKLES,

PORK,

BEEF,

FLOUR,

BUTTER,

HAMS,

DRIED BEEF,

PICKLED TRIPE,

AND PIGS FEET,

MIDDINGS,

FEED, BRAN,

Corn Meal, Buckwheat, Rye, & Graham Flour, Rice, Peas, Beans and Hominy.

PICKLES OF ALL KINDS.

In Canned Goods, I have, Peaches, Yarmouth, and Winslow's Sugar Corn, Pine Apples, Lima Beans, Cherries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, Green Gages, Tomatoes, Strawberries, String Beans, Green Peas, Lobsters, Sardines,

GOVE AND FRESH OYSTERS

Dried Apples, Peaches, Cherries, and Blackberries, Raisins, Prunes, Apples and English Currants, Almonds, Brazil Nuts, Pea Nuts, Chestnuts, Filberts, and Walnuts.

Also a large assortment of Stock and

FANCY CANDIES,

Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars, Yankee No-

ANY OTHER

I also have a large and complete assortment of

FURNITURE,

Consisting of Bed Room Sets, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Lounges, Matresses, Chairs, Stools, Bookcases, Island, Center and Extension Tables, Childrens Beds, Cribs and Chairs.

AT WASHINGTON SQUARE

J. N. MILLER.

ESCANABA, Nov. 30, 1869.

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PRINTING MACHINE WORKS,

Office, No. 201 Vine Street, between Fifth and Sixth Streets.

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL TYPE,

Cases, Cabinets, Stands,

IMPOSING-STONES,

Wood and Metal Furniture,

Cylinder and Machine

JOB-PRESSES,

HAND PRESSES,

WARRANTS GOOD FITS, AND

THE HAND CYLINDER-PRESS.

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING

THE NONPAREL JOBBER,

Also the

GUILLotine PAPER-CUTTER,

A New and Powerful Machine.

FINE BOOK AND NEWS INKS,

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage bearing date the fourteenth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, and duly assigned to Henry Van Allen, of Mackinac County and State of Michigan, which said Mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the said County of Mackinac on the 20th day of March, A. D. 1869, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in Volume C of Mortgages, page 111 (112) of the said County of Mackinac, and it is provided in said Mortgage, that in the event of default in the payment of the principal or interest thereon, the mortgagee should have power to sell the premises therein described, to satisfy the amount due on said Mortgage, together with such costs and charges of foreclosure, the same as are allowed by law. The premises described in said Mortgage, are all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situated on the island of Mackinac, known and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on Lake Huron between this lot and a lot conveyed by Henry Whitting to Lawrence Case, thence north one degree east four hundred feet along the westerly line of said Case lot thence east one hundred and fifteen feet and six inches, thence south on a line parallel to the first above described line, four hundred feet to the border of Lake Huron, thence along the border of said Lake one hundred and fifteen feet and six inches to the place of beginning; together with the buildings situated thereon.

J. S. KAUFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR

Clothing made to Order.

Special Attention Given

Cutting and Fitting

Boys Clothing.

EMPLOYS THE BEST WORKMEN

AND

WARRANTS GOOD FITS, AND

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C. B. STRASSI,

will be found a full stock of

DRY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS, &c.

Clothing, Gents Furnishing

Goods, &c.

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

FLOUR & FEED,

GROCERIES &

PROVISIONS,

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY EARNED.

I wish to inform the Inhabitants of Escanaba and the surrounding country that I have on hand the largest stock of goods that I ever had at any one time.

BEEF, HAY,

HAMS, OATS,

LARD, FEED,

BUTTER, FLOUR,

CHEESE, CORN,

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,

CANNED GOODS, SNICES,

CANDLES, SOAP,

CHOICE TEAS,

SUGAR,

FRESH OYSTERS, AT PRICES,

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