

The Escanaba Tribune.

J. A. CROZER, Editor and Proprietor.

"Independent in All Things."

Terms: \$2.50 a year In Advance.

VOL. I.

ESCANABA, DELTA CO., MICHIGAN, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

NO. 30.

The approach of the Census Taker very naturally brings to our minds the "Troubles of a Census Taker," as described by John G. Saxe.

"Get any boys?" the Marshal said To that lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered "Nein!"

"Get any girls?" the Marshal said, To the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered "Nein!"

"But some are dead," the Marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered "Nein!"

"Husband of course," the Marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered "Nein!"

"The d—l you have!" the Marshal said To the lady from over the Rhine; And again she shook her flaxen head, And civilly answered "Nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head," And always answering "Nein!"

"Ich kann nicht English!" civilly said the lady from over the Rhine.

GEORGE MARCY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

No one knew what had become of him—a brilliant, young, vivacious, gifted, heedless, lovable George Edgar Marcy. He had dropped wholly out of London and literature and lovemaking, and all his airy projects and his occasionally high aspirations, and his dazzling vivid criticisms and magazine articles and poems, serious and comic—he had left every thing behind him and disappeared.

We all said we might have better paired a better man—some few of us as sincerely sorry for his disappearance; there was one who, as every body afterward learned, felt far more deeply ill. His disappearance came about this way: George Marcy was a brilliant young *literature*; member of a family which had quite a name in literature and was himself rising fast into kind of reputation. Any thing very great he would never be—you had on to look at his head and face to see that; but he certainly had a rare gift at vivid sketches, critiques, articles of every kind wherein certain fresh, bright stream poetic might blend easily with a fantastical, eccentric, but very genuine humor. You would have called him one of the Bohemia school, but that his personal habits were by no means Bohemian; for he much preferred a palatial clubroom to a public house, and a drawing-room well ornamented with pretty and clever women to either.

He was a terribly thoughtless, thriftless fellow, and unless he liked work, decidedly lazy; but he was a gentleman in heart and manner. He sometimes provoked editors and publishers of all patience; for when the first installment of copy came, there was no living when the next would come, or whether it would ever come at all; and indeed there were editors who had issued a formal order that no line of George's copy should, under any circumstances, be touched until the whole was never sent in any article, however poor in one jot, had been fairly got in hand. Many a time had this or that editor vowed that never again would he have anything to do with George Edgar Marcy; but one could not help himself; George Edgar was to come in and talk him over with something appeal, vow of better conduct in the future, and final outburst of fury. You could no more continue to be angry with him than he were with you.

Every body ended by liking him. He was a very handsome young man, of decidedly small stature and slender make, but shapely and lithe; he had curling black hair and dark, vivacious, sparkling eyes. He used to flirt with a great many girls, and of them liked him—and, again, one least felt more than a liking for him.

George had been brought up in Italy, and had a great deal of Italian about him—the animation and variety of gesture and intonation, as well as the black hair and eyes. At the time I speak of, he had, indeed, only been two years home from Italy. One of the houses which he now visited most frequently was that of Mr. Ralph Bathurst, a man of much taste in art and letters, who had a handsome house in Kensington and was fond of gathering authors and painters and journalists round him. Mr. Bathurst had a daughter Annie, who was both pretty and good, and had, moreover, a quick, ardent, and highly cultivated taste, who frequented the house were all very fond of Annie Bathurst. I was very fond of her; but then, so was my son. Perhaps I may come back soon—perhaps it may be a long time."

"My dear fellow, what are you talking about—what do you mean?"

"No matter. At least don't ask me good night and good by."

He seized my hand, grasped it warmly, and then sprang across the street and soon disappeared.

"George is in some scrape," I thought at once. What it could be I could not imagine. The most reasonable conjecture seemed to be that he was in debt and feared he might have to make an excursion out of town to avoid his creditors. I was sorry for this too, because I had not suspected of any such escapades; and Mr. Bathurst certainly would not relish any thing of the kind. Moreover, I knew that George had only the day before received quite a considerable sum from a publisher, the profits of two or three little fantastic books which had a real wonderful run; and this money, which he could hardly have squandered since yesterday, would surely have staved off the creditors and kept the wolf-dun from the door.

I resolved to call at his lodgings next morning and try to get into his full confidence.

I called at ten, and found that he had left his lodgings four hours earlier than he had not gone to bed, but had spent the night in packing up his books and papers in a large trunk, which he left in the care of his landlady, and his clothes in a portmanteau which he

Miss Bathurst talked together very much, and really seemed very much like lovers. Once I saw—as I looked purposeless across the room—that their hands met somehow by chance, and that she blushed and trembled, while he looked embarrassed and agitated. I thought these were highly suspicious symptoms.

I had to go into town to one of the newspaper offices that night, and was to return to Mr. Bathurst's for my wife. To my surprise, when I arose to go George Marcy rose also, and said he had to leave early, and that he would walk part of the ways with me. His going so soon surprised me, but I made no remark.

As we walked along together he suddenly said:

"Tell me old fellow, do you ever have presents?"

"Sometimes of course, I fancy I have. All people fancy such things now and then, I suppose. But I don't believe in the fancies—my own or any body else's."

"Well no—of course not. It's all folly. Yet somehow, to-night I have a heavy, uncomfortable, ominous sort of feeling pressing on it."

"Not all the evening, I think. You seemed to me very happy—and I don't wonder."

"Not all the evening, but lately. No matter—it's all nonsense, probably. Let it go. Tell me, don't you think Annie Bathurst a charming girl?"

"Indeed I do; and a good girl—and I think George," I added, quite gravely, "that you will be a very happy man."

He looked at me, not alone gravely, but sadly.

"I am not worthy," he said "of the love of a girl like Annie."

"I dare say not. I doubt if many men are worthy of the love of the women who marry them; but I don't believe you are any worse than the rest, George; and I am sure Annie thinks you are a great deal better."

He only shook his head. Suddenly his ear was caught by the talk of two Italian organ-grinders who were lying on the pavement of Piccadilly enjoying the delicious summer air of evening, and were chatting to each other merrily.

"Stop," said George; "I really must have a talk with these fellows. I delight in these little chaps. Besides, one might get at some 'copy,' don't you see? Something fanciful for the *Corsair* or *Temple Bar!* Now, listen. One of these boys is a Piedmontese, the other a Lombard: I can tell that at once by the accent. Can't you?"

"Spring and summer came and passed; and autumn set in. We had been more than a year gone. My wife and I went to Switzerland for a few days, and then crossed the Alps, meaning to wander about a little in Lombardy, and pay a short visit to the Bathursts, who were now in Milan.

We were journeying one day over mountains and through valleys in a wretched carriage, and got so tired that, although it was yet far from sunset, we made up our minds to rest in a little hamlet we saw on a hill side not far off, and which looked quiet, simple, and picturesque. But as we drew near a priest, who was walking along the road, stopped our driver and talked to him very earnestly; and then addressing us, told us, in French, that there was a bad fever prevalent now in the village, that many persons were stricken down by it, and that we had better not enter the place. This was very kind of him, and we thanked him; but we really could not go on or back—and I have all the obstinacy of ignorance in believing that there is half as much danger of infection in such cases as people tell us. So, my wife being equally skeptical, and we both knowing something of Italian exaggeration, we insisted on at least passing through the village and making a short stay there to rest. The driver had his fears and objections; but they resolved themselves into a question of additional pay, and were removed.

"No, not a line. The Lombard fellow comes from a village I used to know very well at one time; and I was asking him a few questions about people who used to live there; that was all." Then he changed the conversation, and never ceased talking on this, that and the other subject until we reached the point at which our roads diverged.

"Good-night, old fellow," George said, in a low and rather sad tone. "And, I say, I think of soon leaving town; in fact, I have to leave town very soon—perhaps to-morrow—just for a while."

"Where are you darling off to now?"

"Well it's a long story, and not all a pleasant one—and, in short, don't ask me. Perhaps I may come back soon—perhaps it may be a long time."

"My dear fellow, what are you talking about—what do you mean?"

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took with him. He told his landlady that he might return in a fortnight, but that he might possibly be a month longer time away. Where he was going he did not say or hint—and doubtless the good woman had done her best to learn.

There was nothing more to be said. We must wait for him to come back. A week after I met Mr. Bathurst, who was surprised at George's not having come near him since the night I last saw the fugitive at his house. A month, two months went by, and George did not return. I called on George's father, with whom his son was on cold, unfriendly terms, because of the elder George having married again very soon after the death of George's mother—an act which poor George was naturally resentful.

"My wife!" said George. "My poor dying wife!"

We did not leave the village that day, nor for several days after. We did not leave it until the poor Italian girl had been laid to rest in the village graveyard.

"Xid," said George. "My poor dying wife!"

Gradually we learned from George the whole of his strange story. While living in Italy formerly he came to spend some time in this village, and had fallen boyishly in love with the pretty girl who now lay dead. She was only a poor little ignorant peasant girl, but she had a native grace simplicity, and beauty which naturally charmed an impulsive, eager, poetic boy. The girl was then living with her father. George and she exchanged some foolish vows of love and constancy, and it was after a time that most persons.

George the elder could only tell me that his son had written him a few dry cold lines, to say that he was about leaving town; that he might possibly be away for a long time, and that he would take it as a favor if no search or inquiry were made after him.

"Xid, I can assure you," Mr. Bathurst concluded, "that I have not made, and do not intend to make, any inquiry whatever. I have no doubt George is alive and well; but I have much doubt whether a close inquiry after him would take it as a favor if no search or inquiry were made after him."

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Cherches la femme was evidently Mr. Bathurst's mode of solving the mystery, and it was after a time that most persons.

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The Escanaba Tribune.

ESCANABA, July 2nd, 1879.

LOCAL ITEMS.

ELTA LODGE NO. 193, F. & A. M.

Regular Communications of this Lodge are held in their Hall over Barnes' Store in Escanaba on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays each month.

J. T. Edwards, W. M. C. J. Wright, S. W. James Robertson, J. W. J. N. Hiller, Treasurer, J. D. Ross Secy. Theo. N. Lee, D. D. Hoag.

HOPES OF OUR VILLAGE LODGE NO. 315, I. O. G. T.

Regular meetings of the Lodge are held in the Hotel Powers, every Saturday evening.

J. C. Dougherty, W. C. T. Miss E. M. Mitchell, W. T.

Mrs. A. Simonds, W. S. Tolman, Prog. W. T.

P. Lott, D. D.

ESCANABA LODGE, NO. 118, I. O. O. F.

Regular meetings of this Lodge are held in their Hall over Barnes' Store in Escanaba every Saturday evening.

W. H. Wallace, No. 1, President, V. G.

C. H. Reiff, Cor. Secy., H. Fletcher, Vice Secy.

C. J. D. Ross, Trustee.

EXCELSIOR ENCAMPMENT OF PATRIOTS.

Annual meetings of this Encampment are held at Odd Fellows Hall in Negansaw, Mich., on the 1st and third Tuesdays of each month.

J. M. Johnson, Secretary, H. H. MELDON, C. P.

RELIGIOUS.

S. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

CHARLES LASONNE, Pastor, Services Monday at 10:30, afternoon at 3, Children at 5 P.M.

J. J. J. HILLER.

J. J. Hiller has just been receiving a stock of new furniture which he is prepared to sell at reasonable prices.

Conductor Page caught seven Pekins in half an hour Wednesday last with a Trapping hook. They averaged seven pounds each.

The New York Mills, owned by Messrs. Spaulding & Porter, were burned a week ago to-day. Loss about \$65,000.

We notice the material on the ground for T. Kilian's new store, which will occupy one of the best business sites in the village.

MUSICAL.—Prof. Thompson of Marquette will teach a class during the summer, at this place, in vocal and instrumental music, provided suitable room is offered.

The parties interested are trying to open up a road between Escanaba and Day's River, and wish aid from the County for the enterprise. This is the most important road yet remaining to be built in the County.

A New Store is being erected by a young man from Green Bay, named John Semer on Madison Street, two doors west of "Stras." The building will be \$4,000, with a full up-stair to be used for public purposes.

A large number of pleasant cottage-homes could be built here now. The expense of putting up these buildings would be about \$1,000 each, and they will rent readily at from \$12.00 to \$15.00 per month. Are there any better investments offered?

Some person from Marquette is here taking the Census. Now this man may be especially adapted for that purpose, in y have especial gifts in that direction, "but we can assure the powers that be" that there are men yet alive in Delta County that could probably have worked through it.

DEISTRATOR.—Our old friend J. H. Hoy, is in town on a brief visit, and we advise all who are in need of services in his line to call upon him at the Tilden House immediately. We can speak from experience and say that his work is invariably well done, and that during a three years practice in the Copper Regions, he has been remarkably successful.

NEALNESS.—We stopped Wednesday Evening, a short time in Negansaw and found business looking as lively as ever. Some new brick blocks are being erected, and other buildings are going up in various parts of the town. The Plaindealer Office is pretty well in the suburbs, but seems to be doing well with a largely increasing subscription list.

While at Fayette last week, we were presented with a piece of Butter-nut Board nearly two feet in width which has the most beautiful grain of anything in the rough state we have ever seen. There is a large amount of this timber growing near the shore of Big Bay de Noquet, which will undoubtedly be used long for manufacturing purposes.

TORNADO.—On Saturday last a terrible storm visited different parts of the country. At Menominee it blew down smoke stacks, tore roofs off the houses, and stirred up the circus in a manner that must have made the Canals think of "Home, sweet home." In the vicinity of Centerville, trees were uprooted and other damage done, as was also the case along the line of the State Road between here and Ford River.

In addition to the changes in the Chicago and N. W. R. general officers we note the appointment of C. C. Wheeler, late Superintendent of the Milwaukee Division, to the position of General Freight Agent.

The Maiden's Lie. One of Mr. Childs' stereoscopic views of Lake Superior, received from him the above title, it is taken from a rock 65 feet in height opposite the Fayette Furnace and from which the maiden is supposed to have thrown herself, as her mangled body was found there about a week after she was missed. Another "unfortunate" had crossed the "Bridge of Sighs."

A Ride among the Farmers.—We embraced the opportunity kindly offered us a few days since of visiting the farms scattered along the Escanaba River and found them all looking well. The one owned by David Oliver of this village is perhaps under better headway than the others, and we will describe that. The farm is located about half a mile from the River and consists of 240 acres, 160 of which is cleared and under cultivation as follows: 50 acres in grass, 10 acres in wheat, about equally divided between spring and winter, 30 in oats, 7 in potatoes and 2 in turnips; the remainder with the exception of a small garden, is devoted to grazing. The grass is remarkably heavy, and will average from 14 to 2 tons per acre. The oats also appear well and will undoubtedly make a large yield, while the winter wheat is as good as we have ever seen in any country well headed, with no appearance of flies or disease of any kind, and will undoubtedly average 25 or 30 bushels per acre. The other crops also promise well, but the farmer complains of the Potato Bug somewhat. There are on the farm in the shape of live stock 3 horses, 6 cows and 19 head of young cattle all in good condition which they cannot afford by selling the pasture they enjoy. In talking with Mr. Oliver about the market he told us he would not trade here for sure for the best farm in the State of Wisconsin, excepting perhaps some that lie adjacent to a great market, and we think so too. Let us figure a little and see what the product will likely be:

75 tons of hay @ \$25.00 per ton	\$1,875
1,500 bushels of Potatoes @ \$1.00	1,500
1,000 " Oats @ \$1.75	1,750
250 " Wheat @ \$1.00	250
500 " Turnips @ \$0.50	250
6 head of fall calves	60
" " " " "	60
100 pounds of butter @ \$0.30	30
Making a total of	\$4,880

Exclusive of Poultry, Eggs, Garden Vegetables, increase in value of 25 head of stock from summer pasture and of the implements which a good farmer and his family know, well how to turn to account. Let it be borne in mind these are in ideal figures and that these actual yields produce will average from 30 to 40 per cent higher than this, and we challenge comparison with any other part of the country. Let it be made a note of that there are thousands of acres of land in Delta Co. that can be made as profitable as this and that there are few countries that offer as brisk a demand for products and announcements to general farmers as this. During our ride we passed through the Watson, Howard, and other farms and found the crop throughout looking well. At the latter place we were treated to a dish (large one) of strawberries from a little patch in the garden, from which 40 lbs. had been picked the day before, and which will probably yield as many bushels. To say that we were pleased with what we saw will not express it; we were not only surprised but delighted, and we think every one would experience the same sensations in making the same trip.

MARGUERITE.—A few hours stay at the above point, served to impress upon our minds what a beautiful little city can be made of the front towns if the proper kind of enterprise is adopted.

With a place of less than 5,000 inhabitants they have gas works, water works a number of brick blocks that would be an honor to any city, schools of the best grade, good County Buildings, and many beautiful residences. The secret according to our ideas lies about here, the inhabitants are living, they have constructed residences and contracted business relations in a manner that begets their willingness to live and die in the country. They have also gone into manufacturing extensively and it is to this much of their prosperity is due. The Rolling Mill, Furnace &c., located a short distance below the town will be in operation soon and will afford employment for a large number of workmen and we doubt not will prove but the advance guard for many similar enterprises. We believe that the future prosperity of Marquette is secure and that it is due principally to the enterprise of its own citizens.

We called upon the Journal people and we found them busy as bees with a fair prospect of securing a generous supply of honey. We have already regarded the lofty talk that they do about this as partially the effect of the gas works, but after seeing their "Fourth of July" poster and looking around a little, their reputation for ve-

rency increased considerably. They publish a good paper, do good work and are well patronized.

We called upon Prof. Thompson at his Music rooms and found him engaged in professional duties, and looking remarkably smiling, owing principally to the fact that he has just entered into a partnership "for better or for worse," with one of Marquette's fair damsels. He has a very fine room for class exercises and his abilities as a teacher are unsurpassed.

Our old friend Hunt at the Northwestern is keeping a good hotel as we know he would and although we did not like to lose him from Escanaba yet it is a comfort to have some place to stop at when visiting our neighboring town.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS IN JUNE.

25 Schr. Bush, Cleve.	Chas. Wall,
27 David Stewart, Cleve.	Wm. Jones, Erie, Light.
Schr. C. L. Johns, Mich. City.	Schr. John, Johns, Cleve.
Brig. Lucy J. Clark, Cleve.	Eagle Wing, Detroit.
Schr. J. S. Wilder, Erie.	Fayette Brown, Erie.
33 Isla, Frankfort.	Star of the West, Chi.
40 Kilmall, Cleve.	Kilmall, Cleve.
J. B. Penny, Cleve.	Goshawk, Cleve.
Schr. S. S. Osborn, Cleve.	J. B. Penny, Cleve.
43 H. J. Webb, Cleve.	JULY.
R. D. Elliott, Days River.	J. W. Nichols, Cleve.
	Fleetwing, Cleve.

CLEARANCES IN JULY.

25 Schr. Setkirk, Cleve.	563 tons.
27 J. B. Wilber, Erie.	709 "
Eagle Wing Detroit.	450 "
Bayfield, Green Bay.	62- "
Brig. Lucy, Cleve.	500 "
Days, Cleve.	117 "
Niles, Mich. City.	1440 "
Wm. Jones, Erie.	615 "
Schr. S. Johnson, Mich. City.	203 "
Schr. John, Johns, Cleve.	241 "
Schr. John, Johns, Mich. City.	180 "
Schr. David Stewart, Cleve.	60 "
Brig. Lucy J. Clark, Cleve.	601 "
Schr. C. B. Bush, Cleve.	611 "
S. H. Knobell, Cleve.	550 "
H. J. Webb, Cleve.	761 "
Schmids Saginaw, and G. G. L. Dunlap, alternate daily, between this port and Green Bay.	

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FARM FOR SALE.—Containing 40 acres 7 miles from town of Escanaba, 30 acres under cultivation, house, barn, stable, and outbuildings, together with his stock of horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry, also wagons, sleds, ploughs, harrows, and other farming implements, the whole of which will be sold at such price as will make it a good and profitable farm.

The said farm has raised annually from 5,000 to 6,000 bushels of potatoes, together with a large amount of oats, hay, and other grain and vegetables. For further particulars, enquire at the TUESDAY Office or of the owner on the premises.

R. D. ELLIOTT, Days River.

PICTURES.

PICT

Pin and Scissors,

A lady made her husband a present of a silver drinking cup with an angel at the bottom. When she filled it for him he used to drink it to the bottom, and she asked him why he drank every drop. "Because, duckey, I long to see the dear little angel at the bottom."

Upon which, she had the angel taken out, and a devil engraved at the bottom. He drank all the same, and she again asked the reason.

"Because, I won't leave the devil a drop," he replied.

WILL YOU TAKE A SHEEP?—An old farmer, about the time the temperance reform was beginning to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much must I give you to induce you to do without it?"

"Oh I don't care much about it," said Jonathan; "you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I'll give you a sheep in the fall, if you do without."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said:

"Father, will you give me a sheep too, if I do without it?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said:

"Father will you give me a sheep if I will do without."

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep, also, if you will do without rum."

Presently Chandler spoke up again:

"Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

LIFE INSURANCE.—Who is there in this age that does not believe in Life Insurance? Very few indeed and so convinced are all parties that it is the greatest security a poor man or a man of ordinary means can give his family that thousands are daily investing in this way. One of the most successful companies and the one in which the greatest number of policies on Lake Superior have been taken is the North Western of Milwaukee, of which Mr. H. B. Smith of this place, is Agent. They have just been erecting a large building at Milwaukee of which they use the 2nd story, while the remainder is rented for various business purposes. This building, almost entirely constructed of imperishable and fire proof materials is typical of the financial basis and structure of the institution that is to occupy it. Such a building will stand long after the last policy holders of the 32,000 in force shall have passed away.

The Northwestern has recently adopted for its premium reserves, (or the amount necessary to separate and keep invested to pay the policies whenever they may become claims) the legal standard in the state of Massachusetts, viz: the "combined experience" or "Actuaries" rate of mortality at four per cent. interest. This is the highest standard of reserve known to an American Company, and places the Company upon an impregnable basis of solidity and security. A low reserve, that is assuming a higher rate of interest for reserves, gives temporarily a larger apparent surplus for dividend.

We feel it our duty to command this action of the company in the direction of security, because there has been growing up in this country among life companies a practice of too low reserve standard, induced by a desire to win business. As a policy holder, we certainly prefer a standard of reserve shall be adopted that will make the payment of our policy absolutely certain, rather than have dividends made out of funds that should be held in reserve. It has always been a mystery to us how the public can be deceived into believing there can be any security either in life or fire insurance without cost. This new basis of reserve of the North Western, as we understand it, makes no difference in the aggregate earnings of the policies. It simply distributes those earnings in different amounts over the life of a policy.

It is the highest evidence of financial strength and solidity, that the Northwestern has been able to make the change from a five per cent. to a four per cent. reserve, and still has in hand \$700,000 to be divided in January, 1871.

The Northwestern has the sanction of the best authority in the country for this change in their financial policy. The *Western Insurance Review*, St. Louis, endorses it:

But the most commendable feature in the management of this truly sound and vigorous institution, we gather from a circular now before us, issued by the officers of this Company, in which it is announced that on the 17th day of March, 1870, they adopted as the standard of their reserve, the highest rate known to any American company, to wit: The "combined experience" rate of mortality, at four per cent. interest, thus placing the Northwestern on an impregnable basis of solidity and security.

We congratulate the officers of this company, and thank them too, for thus taking the initiative, in this much needed reform. We have long been satisfied that the New York rate of reserve (4 per cent.) is wrong, as a basis of ultimate security, and in common with other insurance journals, in the coun-

try, we have insisted that the higher rate is the rule of absolute safety.

The Northwestern entered upon the year 1870 with the most flattering prospects, and with assets at the present date of \$7,150,000. Nothing in the history of the states of the northwest has so nearly paralleled their material growth as this great financial success the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.

H. B. SMITH & CO.
ESCANABA M.

Bankers, Brokers, & Collection Agents

Special Attention Given To

COLLECTIONS AND

To buying and Selling Exchange on Europe and America Stocks & Bonds, bought and sold

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

Passage Tickets to and from Foreign 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 Wells, Pure clear water guaranteed or no charge.

H. B. Smith, Agent.



Poisoned.—It is impossible to estimate the damage done to persons lives by using the stale water in the open wood cistern wells of this town. But the FILTER WELLS put in by H. B. Smith and warranted to give satisfaction of no charges.

Gone.—The day when married ladies can do without SEWING MACHINES has passed away. Grever & Baker's is the machine to buy for durability and beauty of work and H. B. Smith will be happy to prove this fact to any who will call at his store. He keeps both the Lock STITCH and GROVER & BAKER STITCH. Give him a call.

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 foul water are not found in the Filter Wells. Try one.

J. N. HILLER,
DEALER IN CHOICE

FAMILY GROCERIES

Provisions, Crockery, Glass Ware, notions and Furniture, Clark's Block, Escanaba, Mich.

My Stock Consists of

TEAS,

COFFEES,

SUGARS,

SYRUP,

MOLASSES

VINEGAR,

PICKLES,

PORK,

BEEF,

FLOUR,

BUTTER,

HAMS,

DRIED BEEF,

PICKLED TRIPE,

AND PIGS FEET

BUTTER,

CHEESE,

CORN,

OATS,

MIDDLES,

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 Grapes, Tomatoes, Strawberries, String Beans, Green Peas, Lobsters, Sardines

COVE AND FRESH OYSTERS

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

Also a large assortment of Stick and

FANCY CANDIES,

Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars, Yankee Notes, Crockery, Glassware, and Lamps

ALWAYS ON HAND.

I also have a large and complete assortment.

FURNITURE,

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

All of which is offered at low prices for Cash.

J. N. HILLER.

Escanaba, Nov. 30, 1869.

VILLAGE

Lots

FOR

SALE.

"Unquestionably the best sustained of the kind in the World."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, apart from the illustrations, contains from fifty to one hundred pages more matter than any similar periodical issued in the English language.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The York Observer.

We must refer in terms of eulogy to the big and varied excellencies of HARPER'S MAGAZINE—a journal which is a model in every respect. Its copies when page are to be found some of the choicest light and general reading of the day. We speak of this work as an evidence of the literature of the United States, and the periodical it represents is entitled to the highest rank.

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