

# The Escanaba Tribune.

J. A. CROZER, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I.

## Poetry.

### UP HILL.

#### BY UNCLE CHARLIE.

Long ago, upon a summer's day,  
When the leaves were in most showy way,  
A party of us, just from school released,  
Set forth to scale—undertake at least—  
One of those mountains which they have down  
And with a lumber for the mountaineer's sake,  
With a load of wood, and boyish glee,  
(Which mocked at weariness and fear defied,)—  
We clamber up the grand old mountain's side.

Over the rocks, unshod and bare,  
Through gorges where the angry floods had roared,  
Down the steep sides, too smooth, as men's sail,  
Along the precipices which threatened death,  
Into the caves where we and our breath,

Thus on we went, until in sorry sight,  
We saw at last the great and stately height;  
Our comrades well bowed down, with dirt, and torn,  
Our bodies faded, and our hearts broken,  
Twas a rough journey, sure as you're born.

Few many a year of change has passed away,  
Since the hard trap upon that August day,  
And I have found that mountaineer sleep and high,  
In this sunny journey, always safe,  
Whichever way its course may chance to be.

### Selected Story.

#### JUST IN TIME.

From the St. Louis Republican.  
I was coming up on a steamboat from New Orleans to St. Louis. The night was oppressively warm, and I had gone out upon deck for a breath of fresh air. There were only two other persons there, a man and a woman, who were walking back and forth conversing together in low voices.

"Do I pass them?" I asked.  
"You can't forget him, and it's no use talking to me about my duty. And I don't believe a word that wicked woman says—He isn't married again, he isn't dead; he's all right."

The words were low, but intense and passionate, and sounded involuntarily.

"Don't get excited and unreasonable, my dear woman. Look at the facts of the case. You hasn't heard from your husband in nearly two years; he left you with scarcely a week's provisions on hand, and \$10 in money; if it hadn't been for you and your child would have starved. Yet you talk as if it was your duty to remain faithful to the memory of such a man, and that, too, in spite of the proof you have received by a direct revelation from heaven, that he not only deserted you, but married another woman and lived with her as his wife three months before he died."

I can't tell why it was, but there was something in the mouth, insinuating voice of the speaker that sounded to me like the hiss of a serpent, and inspired me with a feeling of abhorrence that I couldn't overcome. But I felt that I was doing wrong in listening to this conversation, and so I turned away, somewhat reluctantly, for my sympathy and curiosity were both excited.

The next morning I scanned the faces of the passengers eagerly, for I wanted to know how the man looked whose voice had impressed me so strangely. It had been so dark the night before that I couldn't see his features distinctly.

After a brief search I found him seated at the breakfast table, a long-haired, lank-visaged man, with thin lips and light blue eyes; that looked hard and cruel, with a sanguineousness pervading his whole aspect. I might have been prejudiced, but his face did not impress me any more favorably than his voice had done.

A little pale-faced woman sat on his right hand, whom I recognized at once as his companion the night before. She held in her lap a child two or three years old, and was rather pretty than otherwise, although her eyes were red as if from continued weeping.

But the face which chiefly attracted my attention was that of the woman on his left hand. Her complexion, in its unearthly pallor, resembled that of a corpse, her lips were livid and her eyes deep sunken, and dark circles around them, were dull and expressionless. It was a face that, at the same time, repulsed and fascinated you. She, too, as well as the other woman, seemed to be under the control of the man whom I have described.

I noticed, a great many curious glances directed toward these persons during breakfast. Afterward, I learned who they were from the talk of the passengers, among whom various rumors were afloat concerning them; but the only information upon which I relied was given me by the captain. The man, it appeared, was a celebrated spiritualist with a reputation for healing in his hands, who subsumed himself self. S. Johnson, M. D. The woman with the corpse-like face was a clairvoyant who always traveled with him, and went into trances for his benefit as often as he desired. The two together were said to be very successful as healing mediums.

"I don't know what to think of it," said the captain. "There is something remarkable about this clairvoyance. I am convinced that Johnson is an impostor, but as to the woman—why, I'd take my oath that she isn't conscious of what she says and does in those trances. Johnson has a cautious kind of power over her, and I believe his will actually forces her into a semi-conscious state, and puts the words in her mouth that she is to repeat."

"But who is the little pale-faced creature who accompanies him?" I inquired.

"Oh, no; but her husband left her twenty years ago, and this Johnson has befriended her, for reasons of his own. I've no doubt. There's a mystery about it, somehow. I was well acquainted with her husband. He was a steady, hard-working man, but times were poor, and he thought he could better his fortunes by a trip to the mountains. So he went, leaving his wife and child rather scantily provided for, but it was the best he could do. He hoped that before their money and provisions were exhausted he would be able to send them more. This Dr. Johnson was his principal adviser in the step he took, and promised to see that his family did not come to grief. From that day to this, however, no distinct information had ever been received from Joe Morrison. It is known that he arrived in St. Louis safely, that he embarked there for the mountains, that is all. His wife is a weak, helpless little creature, strong only in devotion to her husband, and would have sunk under the blow if it had not been for the child."

The captain stopped as if he had finished his story, but I turned to him eagerly, for the conversation of the night before recurred to my memory.

"Isn't there some rumor about Morrison's being dead or married again? And what about this Johnson? Has he kept the promise he made her husband?"

This question didn't seem inclined at first to say anything more, but was finally persuaded to tell me the rest of the story, together with his own suspicion as to the relations existing between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Morrison.

"I can't deny," he said, "that Johnson has befriended her, but he is a man; I wouldn't trust him, and I believe he has done it for purposes of his own. As to what those purposes are I have my suspicions. After Morrison had been gone over a year, Johnson advised her to consult Sarah White, his clairvoyant friend. Lucy, that's

Mrs. Morrison, yielded to the proposal as a relief from the doubts and fears that almost distracted her. But imagine her horror when informed by Miss White that her husband was alive and well and married to another woman! She would not believe it, and refused to have anything more to prolong his surprise.

"Yes, they are alive and well!" I said, with a smile, and added, "and are in this very house, in fact."

"My God! it isn't possible," he cried, rushing away from the table like a madman.

I followed leisurely, and found him with Willie in his arms, pressed close to his breast, laughing and crying at the same time, and frightening the child nearly to death. Mrs. Morrison wasn't in the room; she had just gone out with Dr. Johnson, the chamber-maid said. A thrill of apprehension ran over me.

"Do you know where they went?" I asked.

"But she couldn't tell me anything except that the gentleman had said something about Square Jests."

That was enough. I rushed down stairs and through the street, dropping Johnson and Willie with me, and didn't stop to see whether people stared or not.

As we reached the door of Justice Jacko's office, Johnson and Mrs. Morrison came out, and my heart sank within me. Willie caught a glimpse of them, and cried out shrilly "Mammal! mammal!"

She was the fact that she had never seen him.

"There is no one like her, in any way," she said, "for I am a miserable scoundrel, and not worth the tears you shed. You are wrong, too, in neglecting your duty to Willie in the way you do."

"It's a strange story," I said, musingly, "but I am inclined to think you are right in your suspicions; and in return for the captain's confidence, I related the conversation to Mr. Morrison's my dearest silence is more than I can tell."

She started and turned, and Morrison sprang forward with the child in his arms, but before he could reach her, she had fallen prone upon the pavement. But she came too quickly, and the greetings between husband and wife were silent but affecting. A little later, she returned to the hotel leaning upon Morrison's arm, a proud and happy woman. My mother was unaffected; she had refused to marry Dr. Johnson, even after he had deceived her in the offices of Justice Jacko.

As to the medical explanations that followed this happy reunion, I have little to say.

Morrison was thunderstruck when he learned of Johnson and Mrs. White? He asked my permission this morning to display her wonderful gift as a clairvoyant. Come along, I want to see her in a frace."

I am not superstitious, but there was something uncanny in the air that morning, and a thrill of actual dread ran over me as we approached the clairvoyant. Her eyes were open, but rolled back in her head, and there was a ghastly expression to her face I shall never forget. She was talking and gesturing earnestly, and near her stood Dr. Johnson, whose fixed, magnetic gaze never left her for a single instant.

As soon as I could distinguish what he said, I heard that he married the child, probably to the happiness of the two.

Johnson was also quite absorbed and suspicious, and won't even listen to the stories of your friend."

The Morrisons went back to — and their lives sank into an ordinary and commonplace routine. I verily believe they've half forgotten by this time the tragic episode of these two years.

**A Skunk Soldier Cured.**

From Lippincott's Magazine.

I remember the apparently painful condition of a soldier whose right leg was drawn up at an angle from the knee—the result of rheumatism, he insisted. He was known to be a skinner, and I want you consider what will be best for his future instead of mourning for me any longer."

"What is that Johnson, and Mrs. White?" I asked. "They are both the devil."

"Just as I told you, I want to see her in a frace."

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**The Peasant and the Free-shooters.**

A copy of the Gaulois brought out of Paris in Mr. Dabbs's balloon, invigoratingly against the want of patriotism of the peasantry in the provinces, where the inhabitants not only refused food and shelter to the France-Tireurs, but in many cases pointed out their hiding places to the Prussians. Doubtless this is very wrong, but is surely to be wondered at by the France-Tireurs as the result of Hamlet's memorizing without effect. The child does not know how to read, and is not yet familiar with his alphabet. His father is ill, and he commits to memory in a few readings. Nor is he a mere infant. He is constantly touting his stories of knowledge, and showing his stores of knowledge, and mostly for a year old.

An English savant is endeavoring to prove that the earth is flat, and makes folks believe that he is flat.

It is estimated that 140,000 cords of coal are caught on Newfoundland shores annually.

Among the stock displayed at the fair at Utica N. Y., is a bullock weighing 4,000 pounds.

A spider in Tennessee caught a snake the other day by spinning its web around the reptile's head.

The more one tries the better he succeeds. This is especially true of whalemen and seal manufacturers.

The herring on the Scotch coast are plentiful this year that salt and barrels have been sold out.

A Newark ronagh finds his amusement in knocking people down and stuffing their mouths with guiter mud.

Why does the fool who never laughs remind you of the wisest man? Because he is a solemn 'un.'

At Newark, N. J., various manufacturers are making a substitute for wooden clothespins that will hold up to twice as long as the common clothespins.

The gold mines of California yield annually over \$200,000—the quicksilver mines, \$150,000, and the coal-fields \$1,000,000.

The Baptist church, North and South, have taken one step toward co-operation.

Romeo Island has 165 population to the square mile. Massachusetts has 157. New York, which stands third on the list, has 81.

Roy Hog Critt claims the champion sick man of the oil regions. They have a man there that has been sick for forty-two years.

For ornaments are used on bonnets to keep them from getting wet, and make them so heavy that it feels like lifting a small-sized flat-iron.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
BY J. A. CROZIER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
ESCANABA, DELTA CO., MICH.  
TERMS \$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Cards occupying the space of five lines or less of this page will be inserted one year for \$5.00.  
Two lines, \$1.00; three lines, \$1.50; four lines, \$2.00; five lines, \$2.50;  
Six lines, \$3.00; seven lines, \$3.50; eight lines, \$4.00; nine lines, \$4.50;  
Ten lines, \$5.00; eleven lines, \$5.50; twelve lines, \$6.00;  
Thirteen lines, \$6.50; fourteen lines, \$7.00; fifteen lines, \$7.50;  
Sixteen lines, \$8.00; seventeen lines, \$8.50; eighteen lines, \$9.00;  
Nineteen lines, \$9.50; twenty lines, \$10.00; twenty-one lines, \$10.50;  
Twenty-two lines, \$11.00; twenty-three lines, \$11.50; twenty-four lines, \$12.00;  
Twenty-five lines, \$12.50; twenty-six lines, \$13.00; twenty-seven lines, \$13.50;  
Twenty-eight lines, \$14.00; twenty-nine lines, \$14.50; thirty lines, \$15.00.

Any mistakes in their advertisements will be corrected at no extra charge, and will be inserted until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Advertisers will be allowed to change their advertisements twice a year, without extra charge.

SHIPMENTS.—Below we give the shipments of iron and coal from this port for the month of October, and also for the season:

	OCTOBER SHIPMENTS.	GROSS TONS.
Miles.		
Jackson.	33,981	
New York.	9,854	
Cleveland.	8,855	
Lake Angelus.	8,855	
Barnum.	7,711	
Foster.	6,927	
Total.	49,857	
		GROSS TONS.
Miles.		
Jackson.	103,263	
New York.	74,256	
Cleveland.	49,197	
Lake Angelus.	37,466	
Barnum.	29,582	
Foster.	26,582	
Total.	365,933	

The telegraph, our reporter, and the typos made a sad mess of the report from the Lake Angelus mine, published two weeks since. The explosion was caused by a premature discharge of two kegs of powder that were being used for a sand blast, and there was one man killed and two wounded. They to not use nitro glycerine at the mine at all.

Nitro glycerine is now being used at the Jackson, Cleveland, New York, Barnum, New England, Washington and Edwards mines, and as the miners are becoming more accustomed to it, fewer accidents occur, more work is done, and at a less expense.

DURING a recent flying visit to Portage Lake, we had the pleasure of traveling on the City of Toledo, and of amusing ourselves and Capt. Dustin at his favorite game of checkers. The boat is too small for the route, but for another and one for which she is intended, she would be very popular and profitable.

PORTAGE LAKE AND LAKE SUPERIOR SHIP CANAL.—The important work is rapidly advancing toward completion. If no trouble for accidents occur, the probability is that the waters of Portage and Superior will be united this fall. Of the 11,600 feet (the whole length of the canal) over 8,000 feet have dug the full width and depth, the balance of the excavation is mainly done, and what remains unfinished is in the hands of a large force of men, who are being worked to a purpose.

The work of timbering up the sides of the cans, is in a very forward state, and the company are making every exertion to have this portion of the job in readiness by the time the cut is through to the big lake.—*Mining Gazette.*

UTILIZING SLAG.—Some time ago we broached the above subject, and now we find the following in the New York Sun, in relation to the matter. What a beautiful sight it would be to see a city built of this variegated slag:

In all iron-blasting furnaces, hard and soft or bog iron ore limestone and coal are thrown into the furnace in lumps. A strong draught of air is kept constantly blowing underneath to keep the fire burning. The heat from the coal and limestone causes the iron ore to melt, the iron letting loose, which, being the heavier, falls to the bottom of its own weight. The remainder is a conglomeration of limestone, sand, rock and earthy substances, and is called slag. This is drawn off from time to time and hauled away, no use being made of it. When cool, it is exceedingly brittle and hard, rapidly cooled by the application of a stream of water, which is doubtless the reason of its hardness and brittleness. Its color is gray, with beautiful streaks of black running through it in every direction.

At Aulnoye, in Belgium, this refuse has been cast into slabs, for pavements and paving purposes generally, into garden rollers, and posts and pillars; and it is said in some forms to represent artificial porphyry. Now, as it has always, in this country and in Europe, involved the proprietors of blasting furnaces in considerable expense to get rid of it, the moulding of this molten lava for building, paving, architectural and ornamental purposes has opened a new field for inventive genius. American inventors have found uses for many hitherto waste materials, which have been made subservient to the comfort and luxury of man.

There is no reason why, if a slower process of cooling were adopted, slag could not be made less brittle, and consequently more valuable. Of course, in drawing it off, it can be moulded into any form desired, into blocks for building, into mantels and other forms of ornamental architecture, as well as for paving purposes, and for park and garden rollers. If slag is useful for any of the purposes to which it appears to have been put in Belgium, it is useful for many, and can be moulded into a thousand forms. It is susceptible of great polish, and is exceedingly beau-

PIANOS & ORGANS  
H. GORDON,  
Sole Agent for the  
HALLETT and CUMSTON PIANOS  
AND THE  
CELEBRATED AMERICAN ORGAN

Piano Tuner, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Marquette, Mich. Orders solicited. 41-42.

2. What is the name and location of the nearest reliable harbor suitable for receiving ore and shipping pig iron, and is it now available for this trade? Has it been improved, what is the depth of water, ease of access, etc.

3. What railroad, built or building, can be made available for the purpose?

4. What portion of the designated area was originally covered with sugar maple, beech or other hard wood?

5. What portion of what hard wood land is now cleared and at what rate is it being divested of its timber?

6. What would be a safe estimate of the average yield per acre in cords (128 cubic feet) of sound charcoal timber, which includes limbs, if closely piled?

7. At what average price per acre can the entered land now be bought in large lots, with timber standing?

8. What portion is government land and what is the price?

9. What is the unimproved land worth, with the timber removed?

10. What does it cost per acre to clear land and fit it for the plow, not including fencing?

11. What would it cost to clear it if the charcoal timber were removed?

ANOTHER EXPLOSIVE FOR MINES.—We learn from the London Mining Journal that Mr. A. Noble, a Parisian engineer, has taken out a patent for improvements in the composition and fabrication of explosive compounds for mines. The following shows the composition of two types of this powder:

1. Sixty-eight parts of pulverized nitrate of barytes; twelve of charcoal, of light texture; twenty of nitro glycerine. 2. Seventy parts of barytes as above; ten of powdered rosin; twenty of nitro glycerine. The charcoal should be carbonized at a low temperature, and consequently, still containing hydrogen.

An addition of five to eight per cent of sulphur to either of the above mixtures gives a powder which fuses more briskly, but at the same time it increases the danger in the manufacture, carriage and application of the powder, which should not be lost sight of. This method of using these powders is to place them in cartridges, like firework cases, covering the powder with a little fulminant, such as mercury, for example, before closing and priming. The cartridge has merely to be placed in the hole, and covered in the usual manner, and it may be fired either by fuse or the electric spark; in either case the fulminating powder, acting on the nitro glycerine, inflames the whole of the contents instantaneously. To render carriage of the cartridges less dangerous, a little ordinary gunpowder may be substituted for the mercurial fulminant.

The following names I give to the public as men of honor for running accounts and paying their debts:

G. W. CHASE, Sam. Bushell,  
Kirby C. Burch, Horace Wayne,  
J. B. Bennett, John C. Cole,  
George E. Smith, H. G. D. Spauls.

This is the only way I can see to prevent others from getting away with what we make collections. I shall be obliged to publish all such parties that do not settle up when accounts are due, or each pay day.

C. B. STRASS.

WARM HOUSES.—We have now a large stock of heavy and light sheeting paper, which is becoming so popular with those who desire cheap and warm buildings, which we offer at manufacturer's prices.

Also carpet paper heavy and light.

Address ROBINSON & BROTHER,

Oct. 1870.—Green Bay Wis.

Chicago and Northwestern RAILWAY.  
Grand Consolidated Line

Shortest and Most Expeditious Route to  
all Points East, South and West!

We leave the depot at Ft. Howard as follows:

Mail Passenger at 4:30 A. M. Night Passenger at 5:30 A. M.

Good Tables, Good Beds, and Good Stables for Horses.

Cedar River, Mich., Dec. 10th.

A LIVER HOUSE.

DAVID OLIVER, Prop.

At this well known Hotel will be found

GOOD TABLE, GOOD BEDS  
GOOD SABLING.

CHARLES E. JOHNSON

BOOT & SHOE MAKE.

Wishes to inform the public that he has received

and well selected stock of French Half, and

other kinds of Leather, and is now prepared to fill

all orders, guaranteeing substantial Work, and

Good Fits.

Repairing Neatly and Cheaply Done.

Shop one door south of Gleser's Barber Shop.

TILDEN HOUSE.

J. W. HUTCHINSON, Prop.

We will try to make and maintain a reputation

for the Upper Peninsula.

BEST KEPT HOTEL,

in the Upper Peninsula.

S. C. BALDWIN, Sept.

PENINSULA DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Escanaba at six P. M.

Arrive at Saginaw at 8:30. Leave Saginaw

at 9:30 A. M. arriving at Escanaba at 11:30 P. M.

Night Passenger leaves Ft. Howard at 10:30 P. M.

Arrives at Chicago at 7:15 A. M.

Arrives at Ft. Howard at 11:00 A. M.

Freight arrives at Ft. Howard at 10:30 A. M.

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## CHAMBERMAIDS.

An Essay by Mark Twain.

Against all chambermaids, of whatever age or nationality, I launch the curse of beheadement!

Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas-burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep a light fit in dazzling your eyes.

When they find the pillow removed to the other end of the bed in the morning, they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit, but glorifying in their helplessness, and untying your helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and deposit it secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you.

Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus deny you and seek to embitter the life that God hath given you.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

If you want a spittoon in a certain spot where it will be handy, they don't. And so they move it.

They always put your boots into impossible places. They chirrily enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude, and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack, in swear.

They always put the matches in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle, or other perishable glass things, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, sweep up its fragments, and open with an illustrated page. The Evening Lamp and Letter Box will suffice for more than one evening. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, Publishers.

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SERIALS drafts in sums of £1 and upwards issued on England, Ireland, and Scotland by F. T. McClure & Co., Bankers, Milwaukee, Wis., General Agents for the Celebrated Guion Line of Steamers. Persons sending to F. H. McClure & Co. for drafts or tickets can have them forwarded to any address in Europe free of postage.

MEN are like begles, the more brass they contain the farther you can hear them. Women are like tulips—the more modest and refined they appear, the better you love them. We once knew an old bachelor—a cynical old fellow—who used to say that women were like watches—pretty enough to look at, but somewhat difficult to regulate when once started ageing.

The Cleveland Herald thinks the marriage service should be changed to read:—"Who dares take this woman?" and the groom shall answer, "I dare." There are also some occasions, says the Revolution, when it might be changed to read: "Then the minister shall say, 'Who dares throw away this woman upon this man?'"

Four lady missionaries lately left New York for India—Miss Britton, Episcopalian; Miss Ward, Presbyterian of Williamson, N. Y.; Miss Lathrop, Congregational, of Rockford, Ill.; Miss Butler, Baptist, of Chicago; and Miss Chase, of the Reformed Church, of Stillwater, N. Y.

THE Acclimation Society of New Zealand is buying California seeds and birds, frogs from Australia, pigeons from Africa, and fishes from England.

The registration of voters in Maryland displays the fact that the attendance on the part of the colored citizens was almost universal.

If you leave your key in the door for convenience sake, they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretense of trying to protect your property from thieves, but actually they do it because they want you to trip down stairs after it, when you come in tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something. In which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony on you, but after you get up, they don't come again till the next day.

They do all the mean things they can think of, and they do them out of pure cussedness, and nothing else.

Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct.

I have cursed them in behalf of outraged bachelors. They deserve it. If I can get a bill through the legislature abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.

## A Point of Law.

A curious and perhaps important case is reported in the court record of the New York papers. A well-known lawyer went to court before Judge Dowling on Friday, dressed in a "stunning" costume, and accompanied by a beautiful young lady, whom by special favor he was allowed to seat himself within the lawyers' enclosure. The girl was brought up on a chair of state upon a hotel keeper, having as the latter alleged, hired a suite of rooms and occupied them for a week without having any bill of fare paid. For this the moderate bill of two hundred and twenty-two dollars was rendered. The defense was that the girl had been, long before, in Europe, sickened and abandoned, had taken up with a gentleman as a "protector," who had not been heard from since he engaged the room, and that she had nothing whatever to do with hiring the apartments. The hotel keeper was forced to admit the truth of the statement so far as related to the hiring of the suite by a gentleman, and further admitted that he was aware that the apartments were to be used by a gentleman and his mistress. The lawyer summed up his case in a most remarkable speech, of which the following sample is given: "Adjure you by the name of woman, the managing of the tickling time-piece of Time's theoretical transmigration, to disbelieve this lady." So far the case is rather amusing than important, but the conclusion of it is worth consideration. Judge Dowling discharged the lady because he was convinced that she had been guilty of no fraud. He went on to say that he held the "hotel act" to be altogether unconstitutional, because it would seem to re-vere the obsolete law of imprisonment for debt. It may be remembered that our own Legislature passed a law last winter forbidding the New York hotel act, and it will be interesting which case comes under it to see how it contrasts with this. New York judges and juries treat it with particularity, delight in nothing so much as a welcome game as a question on the constitutionality of State and national laws, against which their decisions are invariably rendered.—Boston Advertiser.

## Female Highway Robbers.

One Major Milligan, who has just written a book entitled, "Wild Life among the Koords," gives a painfully minute argument intended to demonstrate that the garden of Eden corresponded with the high plateau of America! Of the Koords this is very unfavorable. The kind of highway robbery practised by the women of the country appears to have particularly irritated him. "The culprits," he says—the brigands, in this case fair young women—have no other plundering pursuits in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair bandits take up a station at the trees there, and wait to visit for the arrival of the doomed traveler. As soon as the wretched innocent approaches the fair troop starts off to meet him, welcoming him with dances and with fiery glances of irresistible power. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maid then politely requests him to alight from his horse. No sooner has the bewildered victim, unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the whole troop. Immediately he is stripped of all he has on his back, and is left in that primitive state in which Adam was at one time."

There is an old lady in St. Joe, Mo., who has kept house over twenty years, and who had had only one pair of pins in that time. She is not very poor, but the pins are the road to wealth.

\$10 A DAY FOR ALL—Stencl Tool Samples Free. Address, A. J. COLE, 49 Broadway, N.Y.

WANTED—AGENTS.—For 100 per day to sell our newly improved HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. The shuttle is a new invention, and may be used on both sides, and will save 50% of labor. The best and cheapest family sewing machine ever made. Address, J. M. JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis.

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\$25 A DAY.—New articles for Agents. Same place as last year.

## Magazines for November.

Gordon's Lady's Book is the first of the months to make its appearance. As usual, it is full of information for ladies; fashion plates, embroidery patterns with accompanying descriptions, &c., &c. It is a pleasant reading, in the way of tales, poems, essays, &c. It is worth more than his price to any housekeeper. L. A. Godey, Publisher, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY contains Fugitives, by T. W. Higginson; The Return, Old Town Fire-side Stories, by Mrs. Stowe; Highly Exalted; by James G. Blaine; Experiments; Foster; by H. Hunt; by Kate Greenaway; and his Friend, by Bayard Taylor; Four Months with Charles Dickens; Murillo's Immortal Conception, by David Gr. Jr.; The Intellectual Influence of Music, by John R. Green; The American Family; and many other articles of interest.

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OUR YOUNG FOOLS is full of good things. A boy's drift to Pompeii, and How to Draw, are the most instructive articles; both are illustrated. The story We Girls is continued, and three other short stories, and three four poems. The children's column is full, and opens with an illustrated page. The Evening Lamp and Letter Box will suffice for more than one letter.

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