

"I Thank You."  
By Mrs. M. A. Cumber.  
Three little words, mine little wife,  
And yet how much those words tell!  
This curt "I thank you" may express!  
When spoken with a proud disdain,  
Will chill the heart like frequent rain;  
Or, when indifference marks its tone,  
Turn love's sweet impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,  
As time goes on before the sun,  
That I will never let you go;  
For all your blessings to "give thanks,"

First thank your God for life so fair,  
For health and strength, for home and friends,  
An I living care, that never ends.

Then thank the ones, whate'er they be,  
That do a kindly turn to thee;  
Twill cost you little, pain you less,  
This sweet "thank you" to express.

#### THE SCAP-E-GOAT.

Every body in Tübingen knows the sad story of Kaspar Evig and the Jew, Elias Salomon. Kaspar Evig used to call on little Eva Stromeyer. Meeting my friend Elias there one evening, he treated him, under some pretext or other, to two or three sound cuffs.

Elias Salomon, who had begun studying medicine some five months before, was summoned by the counsel of students to challenge young Evig, which he did with extreme repugnance, for your nobleman is usually skilful of fence.

But for all that, Salomon made a well-timed feint, and drove his rapier through the aforesaid gentleman's ribs, which seriously impeded the gentleman's breathing, and sent him to the other world less than ten minutes.

Hector Diemer, informed of all this by the seconds, listened to them coolly, and said:

"Very well, gentlemen, he is dead, isn't he? Well, let them bury him."

Salomon was borne in triumph, like a new Macbeth, but, so far from taking credit to himself, he was seized with the deepest melancholy.

He grew thin, groaned and sighed; his nose, long enough already, seemed to grow visibly longer day by day, and often, at evenings, as he crossed Three-Fountain street, he would be heard mourning. Casper Evig, forgive me; I did not seek your life, Wretched Eva, what have you done? By your thoughtless coquetry you have roused two brave men to rage against each other and now Kaspar's shade haunts my every dream. Eva, wretched Eva, what have you done?"

So mourned our poor Salomon; the more to be pitied that the sons of Israel are not blood thirsty, and that the mighty, the jealous God, has said unto them:

"The innocent blood shall be upon your heads from generation to genera-

tion. One fine July morning, as I was draining my glass at the "Balcon" brewery, Elias came in, chop-fallen, as usual, with hollow cheeks, dishevelled hair, and dejected mein. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Dear Christian, will do me favor?"

"Let us take a short turn in the country; I wish to consult you about my trouble. You, who know things divine and human, can perhaps suggest a remedy for my great sorrow. I have the greatest confidence in you, Christian."

Having had my five or six glasses of beer, and two or three glasses of schnaps, I saw no objection to granting his request. Besides, I thought it very hand-some on his part to trust so much to my discretion,

So we passed through the town, and twenty minutes later were climbing the little violet-bordered path which meanders along the old ruins of Trielich. There, all alone, walking beneath two endless hawthorn hedges, listening to the lark who was warbling himself hoarse far above us,—and the quail who let off his guttural croak from among the vines,—and climbing slowly toward the tall pines of the Rothalp, Elias seemed to breathe more freely, and raising his eyes heavenward, he said:

"In all your theological reading, Christian, you have never found a way of expiation to quiet the conscience of great sinners? I know that you do vote yourself to various studies in that line. Speak! Whatever you recommend me to do to scare away the avenging shade of Kaspar Evig, I will do it."

Salomon's question made me very thoughtful. We walked along, side by side; he is down in the deepest silence; he watched me askance, while I struggled to get together my scattered recollections on this delicate matter. At last I answered:

"If we were in India, Salomon, I should send you to bathe in the Ganges; for the ways of that river wash away stains from both body and soul, so, at least, the natives think, who don't scruple to kill, burn, or rob in full reliance on the singular virtues of their streams. Great comfort for the rascals! It is a thousand pities we have not just such a river. If we were living in Jason's time I should tell you to eat Queen Cire's salt cakes, which had the remarkable property of whitening the blackest conscience, and stilling remorse. And finally, if you had the good fortune to belong to our sacred religion, I should prescribe a course of prayer, and, above all, a donation of your goods to the church. Sustained as you are, in time, place, and belief, I see but one way."

"What is it?" cried Salomon, already plucking up courage.

We had reached the Rothalp, at a solitary spot called the Holderloch, a dark, deep gorge, edged with black fir trees, with a great flat rock towering over the chasm, into which the waves of the Murg plunge with a roar.

So far our path had led us. I sat down on the moss to breathe the fresh air from the ravine, and, at that moment, perceived below me a magnificent he-goat, trying to crop a few tufts of wild cress on the verge of the precipice.

You must know that the rocks of the Holderloch rise one above another like a staircase, each step being, perhaps, ten feet high, but a foot and a half broad, at most, and on these ledges flourish a thousand aromatic plants, honey-suckle, creeper, wild vine, violets,—all continually bedewed by the spray of the torrent, and drooping in festoons of the loveliest greenery.

Now, my friend the goat, his broad forehead crowded with knotty horns, and his eyes gleaming like two gold buttons, while his shaggy red beard, his sly, watchful attitude under the vine clusters, and his bold mien, gave him the look of an old satyr on the way path,—the goat was just then climbing to the uppermost of these narrow ledges, and taking his fill of the odorous vegetation.

"Salomon," cried I, "the spirit of the Lord enlightens me; at the very moment when I am thinking of the scape goat, I behold him! lo! there he is! it is not the eternal spirit visible in this! Lay the burden of your remorse on this goat, and let that be the last of it."

# The Escanaba Tribune.

CHAS. D. JEWELL, Proprietor.

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NO. 33.

Salomon looked at me in a bewildered way.

I should be only too glad to do it, Christian," said he; "but how should I go to work to lay my remorse on this goat?

"Nothing simpler. How did the Romans set about ridding themselves of their traitors, stained full of crimes? They pitched them over the Tarpeian rock, didn't they? Well, first launch your imprecation at the goat, and then pitch him into the Hold-erloch."

"But—" Salomon began.

"I know the objection you will make," cried I. "You will say there is no relation between Kaspar Evig, whose specie persecutes you, and this goat; but take care! take care!" that would be an impious way to reason.

What relation was there between the waters of the Ganges, Queen Cire's salt cakes, on the Jewish scapegoat, and the crimes they were meant to atone for? Well, for all that the atomies prescribed by Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Osiris, Jehovah, etc. were all good, sacred and effective. So load this he-goat with our curse, and pitch him over.

Since then, my friend Salomon has consigned himself to Kaspar's death in quite an original fashion.

On taking his medical decree, he married Eva Stromeyer, with the laudable intent of raising a large family of children, and so repairing the wrong he had done to society by cutting off one of its members.

Four years ago I stood groomsman at his wedding, and already there were two plump little toads to cheer his pretty cottage in Crispinus street.

Things look promising.

Heaven forbid that I should urge that this way of doing penance for murder is better than the one prescribed by our holy religion—namely, going to church, and much saving of prayers, but I think it much better than the Hindoo method, and then, to be frank, than the famous theory of the Scap-e-goat."

"Yes, my lad."

"Well, you are a good fellow. I take back my curse from your goat. Here, take this."

And I handed him my purse, with about sixteen florins in it.

"All right," said he: "you can gain over again if you choose. It will be a fair fight up here; down there the goat had all the chances."

"Thank you, I have enough of that. Shake hands, my good fellow, Ishan't forget you. Elias, let's be off."

So my comrade and I, arm in arm, went down the hill. The shepherd, resting on his crook, watched us from afar, and the goat had gone back to his walk on the edge of the ravine.

The sky was brilliantly clear, and the air laden with the thousand odors of the mountains, brought to eat the distant notes of the mountain horn and the dull roar of the torrent.

We got back to Tübingen in a very tender frame of mind.

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41 Squares.	41.00	492.00	5904.00
42 Squares.	42.00	504.00	6048.00
43 Squares.	43.00	516.00	6192.00
44 Squares.	44.00	528.00	6336.00
45 Squares.	45.00	540.00	6480.00
46 Squares.	46.00	552.00	6624.00
47 Squares.	47.00	564.00	6768.00
48 Squares.	48.00	576.00	6912.00
49 Squares.	49.00	588.00	7056.00
50 Squares.	50.00	600.00	7200.00
Total.	169,632	17,749	188,968

## RECEIPTS.

Mine.	Reported	Received	Total
Jackson Iron Company.	49,168	4,468	50,231
Cleveland	16,253	1,253	15,220
Lake Angelina	13,569	1,233	12,732
Benton	29,052	1,749	17,771
Marquette	20,000	1,000	19,000
New York	30,022	2,527	22,569
Metomen	3,800	616	4,416
Foster	5,911	267	6,168
Grand Central	6,201	344	6,545
Winthrop	621	344	965
Megazine	646	162	808
Total.	169,632	17,749	188,968

## SHIPMENTS.

Jackson Iron Company.	57,959	5,645	61,411
New York	26,710	2,710	29,420
Cleveland	16,253	1,253	15,220
Lake Angelina	13,569	1,233	12,732
Benton	29,052	1,749	17,771
New England	17,994	2,076	20,070
Foster	5,911	1,914	7,825
Grand Central	6,201	1,809	8,010
Winthrop	621	1,621	7,242
Megazine	646	1,621	7,242
Total.	174,915	13,656	187,671

## PIG IRON RECEIPTS.

Deer Lake Furnace	1,112
Pioneer Furnace	3,253
Total.	4,365

## SHIPMENTS.

Deer Lake Furnace	1,112
Pioneer Furnace	3,253
Total.	4,365

## STATEMENT of the number of Gross Tons of Ore and Pig Iron shipped from the Port of Marquette during the months of May and June:

Mine.	May	June	Total
Lake Superior, over 5 & Dock	14,743	14,257	29,000
Champion	4,051	10,434	14,485
Washington	4,475	7,599	12,074
Edwards	3,643	2,253	5,896
Michigan	1,081	1,081	2,162
Metomen	1,081	1,081	2,162
Foster	1,081	1,081	2,162
Grand Central	1,081	1,081	2,162
Winthrop	1,081	1,081	2,162
Cleveland, over own Dock	4,729	5,445	10,174
Total.	31,912	37,619	69,531

## Pig Iron shipped in May:

Hamilton Furnace	706
Greencastle	676
Michigan	676
Metomen	101
Foster	1,081
Grand Central	1,081
Winthrop	101
Cleveland	1,081
Total.	645

## Pig Iron shipped in June:

Hamilton Furnace	706
Greencastle	676
Michigan	676
Metomen	101
Foster	1,081
Grand Central	1,081
Winthrop	101
Cleveland	1,081
Total.	645

## The Revenue Cutter, Andy Johnson, is at Escanaba in search of U.S. offenders. Some of the sharpest smuggling ever done on American waters has been from the shores of Big and Little Bay de Noc.—*Menominee Herald*.

## Any one acquainted with the peculiar formation of the shores of these Bays would grant that they are well adapted to smuggling, were there enough people residing there to use smuggled goods to make it an object. But owing

to the scarcity of population, and the inability of the little hookers trading on these shores to do much sharp smuggling, we will confess that we have our doubts about its being done, unless we look upon this statement as a decided insult to the citizens of these shores.

We regret that the *Herald* did not state the time when these unlawful practices had been carried on. If it is of late, as we are personally interested in all such matters, and would like to distinguish ourselves by making a seizure of some bold smuggler, we should feel called upon to go down and see what our friends know about the business. Perhaps it was Cedar posts that had reference to, Cedar.

The total value of the mining products of Great Britain in 1869 was \$16,500,000, or over eight hundred million dollars.

The movements in Iron Manufacturers. The *Iron Age* says that, "as a rule, other trades have been more prompt to accept and adopt improvements in production than the iron trade. The slowness of the latter in this respect may be due to the fact that any changes are expensive, and that many so-called improvements have entailed loss; but even this does not warrant the utter absence of many of the notable improvements and invention of the day from some of our largest rolling-mills. At no period in the history of the manufacture were so many promising inventions for improving the character of the product before the public. On the threshold of the production of steel from the ore, already able to utilize waste steel by the ordinary process of iron working; elimination of sulphur and phosphorus from iron practically attained; the rolling of any sizes of bars, without change in rolls, provided for; the consumption of smoke and utilization of waste heat, and the use of waste fuel at nominal prices, at hand; the consumption of the gases thoroughly attained, with all these, and the best material in the world to work on, we ought to run foreign iron out of market in five years. In addition to the remedies above mentioned, superiority of product is the *sine qua non* in this case. If the London *Times* is forced to admit that American tools, agricultural machinery, and mechanism are driving the same articles of Sheffield manufacture from world's markets by superiority alone, then we must give up the idea of challenging competition, and it can be inferred for this, that there are few places if any that have grown up rapidly to which a gentle man can go with his family, and have the advantages of education and social intercourse that he can enjoy here."

We would suggest to the "powers that be," the propriety of straightening up the railing on the bridge leading from the Depot and Dock to the foot of Tilden Avenue. About the only thing passengers in merely passing through here would naturally observe, is the Bridge and railing on the sides, which at the present writing is enough to condemn the town, to say nothing of its being very dangerous. If it belongs to the Committee on Public Improvements too, to this matter, let them attend to it forthwith, before we get the name of being the most slovenly village in the Lake Superior country.

# The Escanaba Tribune.

ESCANABA, July 29, 1871.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

ELFA LODGE NO. 105, F. & A. M.  
Regular communications of this Lodge are held in their hall, over Barras' Store in Escanaba on the third Thursday in each month. M. E. Wright, S. W. Fletcher, Secy. T. J. Dugger, P. W. C. Lott, D. B.

HORN OF OUR VILLAGE LODGE NO. 515, I. O. O. F.  
Regular meetings of the Lodge are held in the Fellows Hall, in Escanaba, every Saturday

H. Smith, W. C. T. J. C. Dougherty, Louis Fanning, W. V. T. L. Williams, Secy. John L. Cox, V. G. Fletcher, Secy. T. J. Dugger, P. W. C. Lott, D. B.

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

Regular meetings of this Lodge are held in their hall, in Escanaba, every Monday Evening.

P. Joyce, N. G. John L. Cox, V. G. L. Williams, Secy. John L. Cox, V. G. Fletcher, Secy. H. H. MELDON, C. P.

## RELIGIOUS.

JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

J. V. CHARLES LANGNER, Pastor, Services: Morning at 10:30; afternoon at 3; Communion at 2 P. M.

N. E. PIERSON preaches in the Presbyterian Church every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Weekly Meeting Wednesday at 7:00 P. M.

DEN. WM. MABON, Methodist Episcopal Minister, preaches in Clark's Hall at 10:30 A. M. and 7 o'clock P. M.

For cork-sole boots, go to Dodge's.

Police news is a rather scarce article this week.

The Musical Club Dance at Stephen's all last night was a success.

Escanaba boasts of a young man, who when occasion requires, goes downairs "very violently."

Rev. N. E. Pierson returned from the east, where he has been paying quite an extended visit, last evening. He will be in his pulpit again at the usual hour to-morrow.

Mr. D. Langley Jr., took his departure last Saturday evening, for a visit among his friends in the east.

Magnolia Chewing fine cut the best town at S. Adler & Co.'s,

The contract for raising the Public school House has been awarded to Hodges & Bro.

The Railroad Company's Dredge has been busily employed during the past week in deepening the channel at the end of the new coal dock, and we believe they now have the job completed.

If your wife wants a pair of Substantial Shoes or a nice pair of Slippers, call at the Shop of Dodge and Son.

Capt. Robert McCorquadale, formerly employed at the Jackson Mine, writes that he is Superintendent of an iron mine in Essex Co., New York.

The firm of Painters, known as Nelson & Collins, has been dissolved by mutual consent. Both gentlemen will continue to do business on their own hook in future.

A female violinist, said to be only a year of age, accompanied by a virtuoso of the masculine gender, have been giving street concerts here this week, to the great amusement of the venies.

PERSONAL.—Dan'l Wells of Milwaukee, and a heavy property holder in Escanaba, was in town the early part of the week.

H. H. Porter, Director, Col. James Lowe Gen. Manager, and John C. Gaunt, Sup't of the C. & N. W. R. R. left here this morning on the Saginaw.

G. H. Pierson is at Benson, Minn.

We have heard a rumor to the effect that W. C. Bellows has purchased a Livy Stable at Waupun, Wis., with the intention of making that village his future home.

M. H. Crocker Esq., one of Marquette County's successful lawyers, found time to make us a short call, while in town attending to a little law business, this week.

The Escanaba House had a narrow escape from being burned on Wednesday night between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock. One of the boarders after retiring to his room, engaged himself in the very pleasant pastime of reading while lying in bed, holding the candle in his hand, so he might have the full benefit of the light. Becoming tired, he must have suddenly fallen asleep, thus setting the bed on fire by dropping the candle. Upon his awakening, the peculiar smell of burning feathers nearly suffocated him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he finally managed to reach the door. Luckily several of the boarders occupying adjoining rooms had not retired at the time, and they went immediately to his assistance, finding the room in flames. It was only after the most strenuous exertions that the fire was finally subdued.

Andrew Stephenson, one of Menominee's oldest citizens, died last week at Woodstock New Brunswick, where he was visiting friends. Mr. Stephenson was an old resident of the Bay shore, and was well known by many of our leading citizens.

The sidewalk in front of the old P. building, is in a very dilapidated and dangerous condition. We have heard rumors however, which we hope to be true, that it is soon to be put in thorough repair. That sidewalk, and the one on the bridge, are to Escanaba, the same as the Jackson Cut Bridge to Marquette.

Go to Job Dodge for nice fitting boots. Mr. O'Brien writes us from Days River, that some 'vile rascal' dug up and destroyed every Rhubarb plant in his garden, while he was absent on business to this village. The man or woman who would be guilty of such a low-lived cowardly act as that deserves to be driven out of the country.

Our Musical critic is in ecstacies over certain and sundry pieces of Music just received from C. J. Whitney & Co., of Detroit. Not being a Musician or singst ourselves, we take her word for it, as to their being "splendid," etc., having a deal more confidence in her ability to judge than we have in our own. Were we better posted in the musical line, we would endeavor to do the subject justice by pointing out the beauties of the several pieces, but as it is we will content ourselves by recommending everyone wishing to obtain music of any description, no matter who may be the Publisher, to C. J. Whitney & Co., of Detroit, who will supply you on short notice.

Ladies trimmed Hats sold at less than invoice prices at S. Adler & Co.'s.

Don't miss your chance.

Casper Stephenson had the misfortune to break his arm, while playing with a brake on the Passenger train the other day. In letting off the brake, his arm was caught in some manner between the brake-wheel and the nut on top of the stem, which was a leverage he was unable to successfully withstand.

The mud snow belonging to the R. Dredge, which was stuck a few weeks since near the ore dock, after considerable hard work, and many large loads was finally raised last Thursday.

Lingham & Sheldon's Dramatic Company played to large and appreciative audiences at Fayette, in the fore part of the week.

The Revenue Cutter, Andy Johnson, came in here Saturday Evening, and remained until the following Monday.

The telegraph wires leading to the store of N. Ludington & Co., during a heavy thunder storm on the 8th inst., were melted and severed by a charge of electricity, also setting fire to the window casings. The fire was extinguished with one of Babcock's Fire Extinguishers.

The late rain had the effect to raise the water in the Oconto, Menominee and Peshtigo rivers.

Pile driving for the improvement of the Harbor is rapidly progressing.

Geo. J. Verbeck, a former Nezahantie, has been appointed by the Japanese authorities to proceed to Japan with a corps of engravers and superintend the issue of greenbacks in that country, at a salary of \$5,000 per annum.

We were well acquainted with George several years ago, when he was employed as Clerk in the Post Office at Nezahantie, and little did we dream at that time of the bright future in prospect for him.

The Chicago people are rejoicing over the improvement on the Chicago & Michigan Canal, which causes the waters of lake Michigan to flow through the Chicago River and the canal. It is just a week since the work was opened, and great benefits have already been derived by the clearing of the river with the waters of Lake Michigan.

Below we append a report from the Chicago Journal, of the effects on the navigation of the canal.

W. A. Gooning, Esq., Superintendent of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, reached this city this morning. He is just up from Joliet and Lockport, and assures us that the deepened canal, filled with the waters of Lake Michigan, passing through the Chicago river, is in a very satisfactory condition. The quantity of water passing through the waste gates at Lockport, with the canal at a navigable stage, is about 20,000 cubic feet per minute, which is nearly double the quantity formerly raised by the pumping works at Bridgeport. The water all through the canal and Des Plaines river is now nearly as pure and clear as that of Lake Michigan—the last of the Chicago river stagnant water, which was let loose on the opening of the canal at Bridgeport on the 17th, having passed Joliet yesterday. As regards the navigation of the canal, Mr. Gooning says boats coming up have more difficulty now than formerly, owing to the greatly increased rapidity of the current. A few days will decide whether it will be necessary to raise the canal banks at Lockport or construct a guard lock for the protection of navigation. Mr. Gooning says there is general racing along the canal at the signal success of the new order of things.

Common writing paper if wet with pure benzine, containing an oily matter, will become an excellent tracing paper, on which plans and designs may be transferred.

Chloroform will remove paint from a garment, when ether, benzole or bisulphide of mercury is ineffectual.

116,211 immigrants have arrived at New York this year.

The books in the British Museum Library fill twelve miles of shelving.

Over two million dollars' worth of pianos are manufactured in Boston every year.

The best of leather put in oil will make by Dodge and son.

For nobly styled Ladies Hats, call ADLER & CO'S.

J. A. Crozer, Editor of the Herald, has been elected President of the Brass Band recently organized at Menominee. That Band ought never to lack for wind.

**BRAHMAN INJURED.**—Last Thursday evening as the extra train, which left at 7 o'clock, was going into Days River, one of the brakemen, M. McGilligan, fell from one of the ore cars, and was severely injured, it is not known exactly how. The train was moving very slowly at the time of the accident, the engine having nearly reached the tank house where she was to stop for water. McGilligan thinks one pair of wheels passed over him, but the general opinion seems to be, that he must have fallen between the cars, and caught in some manner by the brake and dragged along on the rail. This, of itself, would give a person a serious squeeze, and it hardly appears possible that a car could have passed over without cutting him entirely in two; but be that as it may, his injuries are of a serious nature, and his ultimate recovery depends upon the best of care which can be given him.

Miss Terry of Wisconsin is 104 years of age.—*Exchange.*

Pshaw, that's nothing. Escanaba, small a village as she is, beats that.—We rejoice in the possession of an ancient species of the "Lo" tribe, who claims to be several years older than the ancient Mys-tery mentioned above. She says she was on earth when Christopher Columbus discovered America, and remembers all about him; she also claims to have been a schoolmate of Geo. Washington. We don't pretend to vouch for the truth of the whole of this, not having been there at the time she claims to have been born, but merely give the venerable lady's story, as told to us, and add that she really looks to be half the age she claims.

**MENOMINEE AND MARINETTE.**—The Marinette Eagle says:

Night work has ceased in the Mills.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### For Rent.

A part or the whole of the large two story building, recently occupied by Frank Bacon as a Butcher Shop, situated on the corner of Harrison and Lindington Streets, for further particulars enquire of Martin Daniels, Ford River, or J. Heitzmann, Escanaba.

### ORDINANCE NO. 92.

Every person who shall hereafter be committed to the County Jail for any term of imprisonment, or forfeitures under the ordinances of the Village, shall be compelled to pay the same by working on the public streets of this village, at the rate of one dollar per day, under the direction of the Marshal, or his Agent, who is authorized to provide tools and chains for such prisoners to prevent their escape.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Dissolution Co-Partnership.

Whereas the Co-partnership heretofore existing between Emanuel Nylen and Patrick Collins is this day dissolved, and the debts due said firm are divided by mutual consent.

### E. NELSON, P. COLLINS.

Escanaba, Mich., July 17th, 1871.

### E. P. ROYCE.

Attorney and Counselor at Law

### AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

Collection made with promptness. Office over Clark's Block.

### W. H. RADCLIFFE.

SHERIFF F.

May always be found at his office, in Clark's Block over.

CLARK'S SADDLER SHOP,

ready and willing to attend to all business pertaining to his office.

### EVERYBODY KNOWS

YOU CAN GET

THE BEST STOCK AND BEST FITS

AT M. BOND'S OLD, RELIABLE

SHOE ESTABLISHMENT.

ESCANABA.

Special Attention given to Repairing.

All orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Having been in business so long in this city, I rely on my previous reputation as a workman, for a full share of your patronage.

Abstracts to Titles in Delta Co., furnished.

H. S. THOMPSON, Teacher of Music, author of "Lily Dale," "Annie Lisle," and many other popular ballads, having permanently located in Marquette, is now ready to give lessons in singing,—especially vocalization, through Bass, Piano Forte and Organ. Will keep a full assortment of all the popular songs of the day, and attend to all open and closed vocal classes.

I have also fitted up and nicely furnished two of the largest Reception Rooms in the State for the accommodation and convenience of my pupils in class singing.

H. S. THOMPSON, Teacher of Music,

P. O. Box 52.

HOTELS.

TILDEN HOUSE.

J. W

The Kiss.  
BY CHARLES SISTER  
Upon a stormy Sunday,  
Coming down the lane,  
Wore a coat of blue, base,  
And was he die,  
Then I took leave of my poodle,  
To shield her from the rain.

He said that the clouds looked  
For the kiss that I had taken,  
I wadna have thought the kiss,  
Wad see a kiss complain,  
Now, inside !  
I wish you may never piddle,  
If I gang home in the rain !

III.  
Put on after Sunday,  
When the sun was not am,  
This selfsame winsome lassie—  
We chance to meet in the lane—  
Why dims ye wear thy plaidie ?  
Who kens but it may rain !

—July Gallop.

#### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

##### Facts About Honey-Bees.

There are three classes of bees in a hive, the Worker, Queen and Drone. Queens are raised by peculiar food and treatment from that would otherwise produce workers.

The worker is an undeveloped female. Workers, in the absence of the queen, sometimes lay eggs. These invariably produce drones.

The queen lives from two to five years; the worker from two to three months in the working season, and from six to eight during the season of rest.

The queen is perfect in fifteen or sixteen days from the eggs, the worker in twenty to twenty-one, and the drone in twenty-four.

The queen usually commences laying in from seven to twelve days after leaving the cell, and is capable of laying from two to three thousand eggs in a day.

The impregnation of the queen always takes place outside the hive, on the wing, and generally the fourth or fifth day after leaving the cell. Excepting in rare cases, one impregnation answers for life. The drone she has mated with dies immediately.

The eggs of an unimpregnated queen produce nothing but drones; and it is generally conceded that impregnation does not affect the drone progeny; consequently, the male progeny of a pure Italian queen is pure without regard to the drone she has mated with.

The queen and worker are provided with stings; but the latter will use it upon any provocation, the former will only use it on her own rank. The drones have no stings.

One queen, as a rule, is all that is tolerated in a hive; but previous to throwing off "after swarms," two or more queens are permitted in the same hive for a short time; but extra ones are soon disposed of. In case of superseding a queen, the old one is preserved until the new one is fitted to take her place. Queens have a deadly hatred for each other, and will destroy, if permitted, all queen larvae or cells in the hive, and will fight each other until there is but one living one left.

Bees gather three kinds of products: Propolis, from the gums of trees and shrubs, for fastening the joints and cracks of their hives; Pollen, or bee bread, from flowers, for feeding their young and themselves; and Honey, which constitutes the main food of the hive. Water also carried into the hive during the breeding season for mixing with the food for their young; salt is also made use of for the same purpose.

Wax, like fat, is an animal product, and is secreted by the bees in thin scales from the under side of the side of the body. While doing this, they consume large quantities of honey from fifteen to twenty pounds for every pound of wax secreted.

A frightened bee, or one filled with honey, is not disposed to sting.

A good swarm contains about twenty thousand bees.

A strong or medium hive, with a good laying queen, is never seriously troubled with the moth worm; but a hive without a queen or a means of raising one, is sure to be taken by them.

Bees recognize each other by their scent.

The first one or two weeks of the young bee's life is spent inside the hive, or nurse or war worker.

The range of a bee's flight for food is generally within two or three miles; much greater range is but little benefit to them.—*Live Stock Journal*.

##### Animals Diseased by Sewage Irrigation.

Dr. Spencer Cobbold, of England, has microscopically demonstrated the presence of thousands of entozoa in pork which has been fed upon the produce of laida irrigated with sewage. The introduction into the human system of countless entozoa, through the medium of cattle fed upon sewage-irrigation grass, and swine fed upon offal-food similarly produced, is regarded as a new danger with which the public health is threatened. It is the deliberate opinion of Dr. Cobbold that thousands of cattle in England are thus rendered unfit to be used as food.

##### Player and Color of Eggs.

There is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clean, sound grain, and kept on a clean grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than hens that do have access to stable and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on fish and onions flavor their eggs accordingly—the same as cows eating onions, or cabbage, or drinking offensive water imparts a bad taste to milk and butter. The richer the food the higher the color of the eggs. Wheat and corn give the best color, while feeding on buckwheat makes the eggs colorless, rendering them unfit for some confectionery purposes.

##### The Ailanthus Tree.

The disagreeable smell of the ailanthus tree while in blossom need be no objection to the planting of it on a large scale as a timber tree, since, as is well known, it is dioecious, and the male tree alone possesses the unpleasant peculiarity. It is only necessary to propagate the female tree, therefore, in order to have an equally fine grove without the practical inconvenience referred to. It so happened that on the first introduction of the tree into this country, the male tree alone was propagated. The female, however, is coming more rapidly into use, and may readily be known by the clusters of seeds it bears, similar to those of some species of the ash family. There are few trees more valuable for timber than the ailanthus. The wood has much of the same properties as the chestnut, and is equally durable, grows with great rapidity, and in its native country obtains a height of between 200 and 300 feet. It is said to be well adapted to growth on the western prairies, and will undoubtedly perform an important part of clothing them with forest vegetation.

##### Parasite on the Potato Bug.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* writes:

I have found an enemy to the potato bug in my patch. I hesitated to speak

until I caught the fellow three different times with his lance into a young potato bug. The first two times, the P. B. was dead before I saw him, but the last time I saw the whole affair. The Doctor advanced, and made an attack on the young P. B., by running his bill or lance into P. B., when P. B. rolled himself up into a round ball, making quick movements with his legs. The Doctor kept backing up and down the vine, as long as there was any movement. When the movements ceased on the part of P. B., Doctor stood still and drank his fill. I took Mr. Doctor around among my friends to see if they could tell me what kind of a bug he was. Some thought it the squash bug; all the boys who saw him said it was a pumpkin bug. I went to my squash vines and found a bug resembling him very much, with this difference. Mr. Squash Bug was much larger, and very dark both on breast and back, while my Doctor is of a light drab color on the back, and still lighter, with a golden tinge on the breast.

##### An Important Decision.

The United States Court of Claims, after its late adjournment, decided a case bearing on certain private rights or redress of citizens against the government, which will affect a large number of cases now pending. Elias & Morris Brown brought an action in the Court of Claims, wherein a decree was rendered on April 13, 1868, adjudging them entitled to \$99,444, being the net proceeds of captured property found by the court remaining in the United States Treasury. The Secretary of the Treasury assumed to annul the decree of the Court, and paid only a portion of the judgment, leaving \$72,332 unpaid, wherefor the claimants brought action for this amount due upon the former decree. The defense of the United States in this action was, first, that the Court of Claims had no jurisdiction, because its power was exhausted when it had passed upon the amount due the claimant from the captured and abandoned property fund, which is a special fund, and that it could not award any portion of such amount to be paid from the general appropriation for the satisfaction of decrees or for other purposes; second, that the United States are not liable for the mistake, malfeasance, or neglect of its officers, and ought not to be compelled to pay this amount from the general fund if wrongfully withheld by the Secretary of the Treasury from the claimants.

The decision of the court sustains the question of its own jurisdiction on the ground that a judgment was an implied contract of which the court, under its organized laws, had jurisdiction; that proceeding was not under the special laws relating to captured and abandoned property, and that the decree in the present case was payable like any other general decree of the court, from the general fund. Touching the second point of the defense of the government, the court says:

"The Court of Claims was established to give legal redress to the citizen as against the government where he would have had legal redress as against another citizen. We cannot give legal address except upon legal principles. We cannot sustain a defense on the part of the government where, if set up by an ordinary defendant, it would be held illegal, inequitable or unconstitutional. What would be said of a bank that came into court, while still with holding the funds of a depositor, and pleaded that the refusal to pay over was the tortious act of its agent?"

Dickens' Worshiper.

Kate Fields, in her interesting reminiscences, tells of a woman who absently worships Dickens, burning a candle under her portrait as Catharine burn candles to the household shrines of the Virgin. She reads nothing but Dickens, and when the great man came to America she wrote to him requesting to know whether he intended to visit the West. Receiving a reply in Dickens' own handwriting, her joy knew no bounds, and as her hero could not leave the East, she declared her intention of going to New York. Jones, her husband, demured, but upon being waked out one night and told that if he did not give the money to travel to the West, receiving a reply in Dickens' own handwriting, her joy knew no bounds, and as her hero could not leave the East, she declared her intention of going to New York. 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