

THE IRON PORT.

VOLUME 14, NO. 29.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

\$2.50 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. A. BANKS,
Surgeon Dentist.
Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 and 6 to 7 p. m.

GAS ADMINISTERED.

J. H. TRACY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

W. W. MULLIKEN,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office on Ludington street, over John Semer's grocery store. Office hours 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., and after 7 o'clock in the evening.

D. R. T. L. GELZER,
U. S. Marine Surgeon and U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Applicants for original or increased pensions will be examined on the first Wednesday in each month.
Office, near door west of Dixon & Cook's.
Residence, Elmwood St., third block south of Catholic church.
Office hours.—From 10 to 11 a. m., and 12 m. to 2 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m.

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

E. F. LOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

JOHN POWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Kamspeck block, 44 floor, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, &c., promptly attended to.

E. MIL GLASER,
Judge of Probate, Justice of the Peace and Real Estate Agent.
(Deutscher Friedenstrichter. Besorgt die ein castrung von Geldern.)
Offices promptly made and remitted.
Agent for Green Bay Marble Works.

FRANK D. MEAD,
Attorney at Law,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent
Pine, Hardwood and other lands bought and sold on commission.
FOR SALE, 10,000 acres of Timber and Farming Lands.
Office on Ludington Street, 3 doors west of Wolcott.

LEWIS HOUSE,
J. E. Smith, Prop'r.
New and Newly Furnished throughout, will be opened to the public April 2, 1883. Board by the day, week or month.
Ludington St., between Wolcott and Campbell.

LUDINGTON HOUSE,
LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA.
C. T. Hunt, Proprietor.
Having leased the above named hotel, for a term of years, the proprietor has entirely refurnished it, and reopened it for the accommodation of the traveling public. Good Table! Good Beds! Prompt Attention!

ESCANABA HOUSE,
Albert Sieman Prop'r.
This house has been entirely refurnished and refurnished and is now open. A share of public patronage is solicited and assurance is given that no pains will be spared to deserve it.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

HANLEY'S
Is now open and offers the
PLEASANTEST QUARTERS, THE BEST TABLE and the MOST EFFICIENT SERVICE of any hotel in Escanaba. Commercial travelers will find this house especially adapted to their wants.

OLIVER HOUSE,
TILDEN AV., ESCANABA.
G. E. Baehrich, Proprietor,
Refurnished throughout! Centrally located! Good Stabling! Low Rates!
Give it a Trial!

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
COR. THOMAS & WOLCOTT STREETS.
N. Jager, Prop.
This house is entirely new, is newly furnished throughout, and has accommodations for eighty guests
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

SHELTON HOUSE,
FAYETTE, MICHIGAN.
New House, New Beds, Pleasant Rooms and Good Table. Easy terms to summer visitors. Stables connected with the house.
JOSEPH HARRIS, Prop'r.

CITY CARDS.
Dot's big Ike, and he will renovate your soiled clothing for you, too quick, if you desire. Try him once; anybody can afford it, his price for work is so low.

LIFE, ACCIDENT, FIRE.
Northrup & Northrup, Agents,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.
Issue Policies in old, well known and reliable companies, at rates as low as are consistent with safety.

R. ANDRUS,
Painter, Grainer & Kalsominer.
Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging a Specialty.
Can be found at the Lewis House.

ESCANABA, (Box 142) MICHIGAN.

Items of Interest.

Baths, at Haring's.

Remenyi to-night.

Bath towels, at Godley's.

Fresh Butter at Jo. Emb's.

Greenhoo—Straw Hats.

Remember Burns keeps everything.

Ice Cream at Mrs. Yockey's Parlor.

Valentin Raisins, Atkins & McNaughtan.

The "Jumbo" Fan at Burns', is all the rage.

Arnica tooth-soap and all dentrifices, by Godley.

New lot of Fans and Parasols just opened at Burns'.

La Belle Wagons till you are satisfied, at Wallace's.

Greenhoo—Parasols, Fans and all warm weather goods.

Young onions, for the breath, by Atkins & McNaughtan.

Purdy has Milwaukee Compressed Yeast. A constant supply.

Mrs. Asch this day receives New Hats, in the latest styles.

Remenyi, greatest of living violinists, at Music Hall to-night.

Cheapest place in town to buy your groceries at John Corcoran's.

Bargains such as you never heard of, now offering at the Boss Store.

Besides the other good things Jo. Emb's keeps choice Dairy Butter.

More goods left at the Boss Store, but they must go regardless of price.

House and lot for sale in the best part of the city. Inquire of C. C. Royce.

Ice Cream and Strawberries at Wiggan's on Ludington street, next door to Purdy's.

Closing sale at the Boss store still continues. CARDOZO

For the Children, the Baby Elephant Toy Watch, offered by Godley, takes the bakery.

Mrs. Asch invites the attention of the ladies to her unrivaled assortment of underwear.

Unless you are ready to buy her a sewing machine, don't let your wife see the Eldridge, at Wallace's.

Mrs. Asch's stock contains all that the wildest fancy can demand in Flowers, Plumes, Tips and Ribbons.

Mr. Burns has just returned from market with a large stock of straw goods, millinery, fancy dry goods, etc.

Haring's steam laundry is a fixed institution and can be depended upon for prompt service and good work.

Asparagus—Pie-plant—Strawberries—in short, every table delicacy, in or out of season, by Atkins & McNaughtan.

Nice Ice Creams and Strawberries at Wiggan's Ice Cream Parlors, Ludington street, next door to Purdy's grocery store.

A comfortable residence in the best quarter of the town, is for sale. Inquire of or address 1818 GEO. SAWYER.

Take your "best girl," if you are "much of a fellow," to Mrs. Yockey's fashionable Ice Cream Parlor, and make yourself "solid."

Fine Cigars, domestic and imported, cigarettes, pipes and cigar-holders, tobaccos and all smokers' articles at Godley's Eagle Drug Store.

Mary had a little lamb but she had no sewing Machine, so she went to Wallace's and bought an Eldridge. Then she was content.

Purdy has just received a car-load of J. A. Kimberley's Neenah flour, which will be sold, notwithstanding its excellence, at a very low price.

If any reader wants a buggy, there is no better thing that he can do than to go to Wallace's and inspect the "Oshkosh Buggies," made by McMillan.

Greenhoo is not going to go out of business or leave the place. He will continue to sell dry-goods, clothing, etc., indefinitely, at the lowest of prices.

Clocks, from the cheapest Connecticut to the most costly French—from a Tom Thumb to a Railway Standard, but everyone a time-keeper, at Gagnon's.

If you have not already purchased your ticket, do so at once, and give the band boys a benefit. They deserve it. Remenyi, at Music Hall to-night.

Fresh Confectionery—Fresh Lemons—New Cocoanuts, and every conceivable dainty for the table by Atkins & McNaughtan, and all at "hard times prices."

UNTIL the lighthouse board shall have placed a permanent light on the 11-foot shoal there is a chance for some man who owns or can procure a vessel fit for the service to make more money with her than he can by carrying cedar or trading around the shore. Let him provide himself with good ground-tackle and lights and lie, from the opening to the close of navigation at anchor on the shoal and levy a monthly tribute from the ore-carriers. Every captain and owner will be glad to pay, liberally for such service and the insurance companies will contribute as well. Besides keeping the light, the man could run a gang of nets (he would be on good fishing ground) and sell many a package of fish. Who will take the job?

Sand.

Our press has a new coat of paint. Harry would have it and Andrus put it on.

The demand having fallen off and the price dropped, the fishermen are now salting or freezing their catch.

The new parsonage of the Presbyterian society is to be built at once; to be ready for occupation by October.

A. M. VAN AUKEN is now engaged on the State Gazette, Green Bay. He makes its local page worth looking over too.

The "what-d'ye-call 'em" for unloading coal are nearly ready. They look powerful enough to pick the schooner up and dump the cargo all at once.

Our correspondence this week is spicy, read it. Our friends of the fire company give us no end of a scoring, and "Bono Publico" goes for the city fathers.

A CARD from Ypsilanti brings us intelligence of the serious, and probably fatal illness of Capt. Richards, builder and owner of Richards block, on Ludington street.

IT WILL be noticed that the Clark properties are to be sold under a decree in chancery, on July 24, next ensuing. They are good lots and ought to bring good prices, though the buildings are of little value.

WILL HART stumbled on a piece of ore and tumbled into an empty pocket of the dock on which he was at work. No bones were broken, fortunately, and his bruises (which were severe) are getting along nicely.

A REGatta is proposed to amuse us on the afternoon of the fourth. If enough boat owners will signify their intention to enter we will arrange for prizes, the course, judges, etc. and make the announcement next week. Let us hear from you, yachtsmen and fishermen.

THERE was an impromptu race between the Quayle and the Tilden, from the Beavers to this port, on their last trip. Both were towed to the Beavers by the Chisholm, both cast off at the same time, and both came through the same passage. The Quayle was first at dock.

IS THERE to be any celebration of Independence day? If so, it is time somebody was stirring in the matter. Who will pass the hat for funds and undertake the direction of affairs. It used to be Myers Ephraim, always, but he says his time is out. Who next?

A. C. COOK & Co., of Chicago, will furnish us advertising, no end, and pay us in cats and dogs. Thanks; there are no mice about the office, that we should desire cats and dogs are taxed, we can't afford to own one. C. N. Casper, of Millwaukee, is another of the same sort, and to one and all our reply is—cash.

We hope the street commissioner will not consider us meddlesome if we suggest that a few loads of gravel, used to repair Tilden avenue and Ludington street, now, will prevent the little holes from becoming big ones—the shallow from becoming deep. "A stitch in time," you know, Mr. Commissioner.

THE letter addressed to us by Chief Engineer Walsh and Foreman McFall, embodies, we are told by the messenger who delivered it, the sentiments of the company, is in fact its act, having been read at a meeting thereof and adopted and directed to be published by vote of its members. This fact entitled it to what the letter itself would not command, respectful treatment, so we give it place and withhold comment until another week.

As we write it looks as if we were going to be short another hotel—as if the Ludington would be closed in a day or two. We hope not, but if it should be, Hanley and Charlie Smith and Gus. Bebrich can take care of what little travel is on the road now, and "summer people" can camp out or go somewhere else, or stay at home. It is queer that a place as large and doing as much business as Escanaba can not support one good hotel, though.

ON THE eve of the departure of Mr. John B. Kitchen from Fayette, that is on Saturday evening of last week, the friends of that gentleman gathered, and securing the services of the Rev. H. W. Thompson as spokesman, presented him with a memento of his residence among them and a testimonial to the affection they bore him—a splendid ebony walking stick, gold mounted. At the same time they presented to Mrs. Kitchen a silver water-pitcher. Mr. & Mrs. Kitchen leave none but friends behind them.

UNTIL the lighthouse board shall have placed a permanent light on the 11-foot shoal there is a chance for some man who owns or can procure a vessel fit for the service to make more money with her than he can by carrying cedar or trading around the shore. Let him provide himself with good ground-tackle and lights and lie, from the opening to the close of navigation at anchor on the shoal and levy a monthly tribute from the ore-carriers. Every captain and owner will be glad to pay, liberally for such service and the insurance companies will contribute as well. Besides keeping the light, the man could run a gang of nets (he would be on good fishing ground) and sell many a package of fish. Who will take the job?

THE frochet in the Escanaba that ran away with the Ludington company's logs forced the trout over the dam as well, and the fishermen are now catching them below it—nice, big ones.

CAPTAIN ALLEN, Indian agent, is on the peninsula looking after liquor-dealers who sell to Indians. He proposes to "make it hot" for every one against whom he can get evidence.

A SAIL-BOAT, managed by two Indians, was capsized off Willsie's bluff one day last week. Ammi was on hand with his boat and picked the Chippewas up, very wet and cold, but alive. This is the third case near the same place within three years. Ammi ought to wear the humane society's medal.

THE progress already made on the outer-finish of the court house shows what the effect is to be. The staining of the brick brings out the stone work distinctly and gives a decided character to the building. The work is nicely and thoroughly done, too, in spite of the dampness of the walls.

WE DO wish they'd house their ice, Marquette, and keep it to cool their grog with. To leave it lying around loose and waste it refrigerating the north wind now, is no kindness to us and may leave them short in August, with the temperature up to 60°; a result that might be fatal to some of them.

WHATSOEVER else you do, don't neglect to hear Remenyi this evening. If he were but the most ordinary fiddler that ever tortured gut with hair and rosin we ought to turn out, to give the hand boys a benefit; as he is the one great violinist now living we can combine duty (toward the boys) with an exquisite pleasure. Let's do it.

THE fire-steamer tried the water-gang again on Monday, getting water in two and a half minutes and working forty minutes without exhausting the supply; though towards the last the steam was broken a little, showing an air leak somewhere. The engineer suggests that if any more are put in the pit be dug deeper and more points driven.

A WEEK after they had gone, beyond their jurisdiction, our authorities concluded to arrest the parties whom every circumstance indicated as the slayers of the man, Nelson, whose body was found beside the Ford River road. If they can take any pride in their promptness and efficiency, far be it from us to disturb their complacency. On general principles, it may be considered that the time to arrest a person suspected of murder is while he is in reach of process, but that involves a heap of trouble and "puts the county to expense," all which is avoided by waiting until he has gone.

WE were shown, on Saturday last, a lump of a crystalline substance, with the demand; "what do you call that?" It looked like an impure gypsum, and we so said, but we had hit only half the truth. It was a phosphate—a substance very valuable as a fertilizer—as became evident by submitting the specimen to friction, which by heating it brought out very distinctly the odor of phosphorus. How much the under has of it we were not informed, nor of the exact locality where it exists; the information vouchsafed being merely that the locality of the find was "not far away," and that there was "plenty of it." It is another addition to the valuable list of mineral riches of the district—of what value further labor and inquiry must determine.

EVEN at the high figures (compared with the sums expended by Negaunee, Traverse City, and other cities to which we have made reference) suggested by the Chicago experts whom the council called to its aid, the water-works are the cheapest as well as the best arrangement possible for our city. They would undoubtedly pay their own running expense, furnish the best possible protection against fire besides a supply of pure water for domestic use, reduce the rate of insurance premiums, and provide for the interest on the bonds. We had not contemplated so large an expenditure as \$50,000, and were a little staggered by the size of the investment (we may as well own it), but even so, the water works are what we want.

THE steambarge A. Everett, which left here on Friday, June 8, ran upon the 11-foot shoal so heavily that she was three feet out forward and more than a foot aft when she brought up. The stake buoy at the south end of the shoal not being in position, Capt. Minch mistook the one upon the north end for it and giving it a good berth hauled the ship up to her course for Poverty passage, so catching the shoal at its south end. The Owen, with the schooner M. J. Cummings as a lighter, went to her assistance at dark, and had her afloat at half past nine on Saturday morning, none the worse, apparently, for the accident. She returned here to get her ore on board again and got away on Saturday evening. The affair is another bit of testimony to the necessity for a light on the shoal, and a determined effort will be made at the next session of congress to procure an appropriation for the purpose. A light and a fog-horn there, and a fog-horn at Poverty light, would make the navigation of the north end of Green Bay comparatively safe.

MR. CREGIER, chief of the water-service of Chicago, and his assistant, Mr. Williams, visited the city (upon the invitation of the council) and made such cursory surveys and examinations as the time at their disposal allowed to determine concerning a water-service for Escanaba. They expressed themselves to the effect that the city was admirably situated and circumstanced for procuring a cheap and abundant supply of pure water, and held an informal talk with the members of the council before their return to Chicago. Their estimate of the cost of an adequate supply was larger than ours, larger than that of the resident engineer who had made figures upon it, but they proposed a different system; iron pipe in the place of wood, a small reservoir, so that the pumps need not be worked at night, and other matters which add to the first cost of the plant while they, at the same time, make it more valuable. A detailed plan, giving close figures, will be prepared and submitted in time for the next regular meeting of the council. On the point of revenue they were prompt with the opinion that the works at the cost they proposed, would pay; that a private owner with a twenty-five year franchise, would have a good thing, and that could the franchise be obtained, private parties would undertake the work at once.

PAY your dog-tax or look out for your dog; the city treasurer says it—see his notice.

THE Barnes and Moselle took 650,000 feet of lumber from the Flat Rock mill this week.

THE Andy Johnson came to anchor in the bay on Thursday evening and sailed again on Friday evening.

AND here's another one going; Stern, clothier, who says the trade is overdone, and will sell out and hunt another location.

THE H. & L. company has just purchased a pair of silver parade trumpets for its officers. One of them is on exhibition in Mead's window. It's a nice one.

MARRIED, at the residence of the bride, at Bay de Noquette, on Tuesday, June 12, by the Rev. E. W. Garner, Alex. Laframboise and Johanna Wigstrom, both of Bay de Noquette.

THE Cleveland ore market is improving. Orders are not large but more numerous, and the feeling is improving and dealers look for active operations during the remainder of the season.

THE Chisholm left on Wednesday evening with the Tilden, Quayle, J. S. Richards and Reinder in tow, the fleet carrying not less than 5,500 tons of ore. They must have it, if the times are dull.

A BIT of quick work was done on the ore-dock on Wednesday. The Tilden was loaded, with 1150 tons of ore, in two hours and seventeen minutes. It kept the trimmers (and everybody else) busy, though.

THE Gifford arrived during the night of Wednesday, fourteen days from here to Erie and back, with ore on the down passage and coal on the return. Good seamanship as well as good fortune goes to the making of such voyages.

THE Northwestern railway magnates, who had been looking over the peninsula division, went south on Wednesday. In railway occupation of the peninsula it is safe to say that the Northwestern will ever remain, as now, first and dominant.

THE steambarge (Capt. Bayless writes "steamship") Thomas W. Palmer cleared on Thursday evening, June 15, with a tow consisting of her consort, the Ogara, and the schooners S. V. R. Watson, Frank Percw, and Goshawk; the five carrying over 5,000 tons of ore.

THE persons residing in the fourth ward, who get their milk cheaply, by milking their neighbors' cows, are notified that they have been detected and (unless the practice is put an end to at once) will be prosecuted. We make the statement on the authority and by the request of the sufferers.

ORE shipments by lake from the peninsula aggregate, as the reports show, 336,367 tons; less by 222,384 than at same date in 1882—less by 50,023 tons than had then been shipped from Escanaba alone. The shipments from this port, this year, are less by 142,673 tons than last year and the case at Marquette is worse yet, 83,418 tons now, against 164,373 then.

MR. JOHN B. KITCHEN passed through town on Monday, with his family, en route to Chicago, where he is hereafter to be located. It is a matter of sincere regret that a gentleman so universally popular should be lost to the county; and we hope, to borrow the language of funeral orators that "what is our loss is his gain"—that the business enterprise which he is to undertake at Chicago may be both pleasant and profitable, and that we may have an occasional opportunity of meeting him hereafter.

IT'S queer about the girls. They will undertake the whole care of a household and the bearing and rearing of a family for meager sustenance and scanty clothing, but they won't do housework, for others, at wages out of which they can save money. The darkey who agreed to saw a cord of wood for a dollar and gave a white man a dollar and a quarter to saw it under his direction, said it was "worf a quarter to be boss," and the girls must reason in the same way.

"WISH I could sell out, I'd go to Daluth," said one of our business men to us, the other day. He saw only the present "boom" and forgot the twenty years of weary waiting and close pinching through which that town has passed—the dangers that now hang over it; of having its throat cut by a rival across the bay, in Wisconsin, of ceasing to be the lake terminus of the Northern Pacific, etc. Better stop where you are, neighbor, Escanaba has a future.

AT THE date of the passage of ordinance number three we criticised it from the same point as that taken by our correspondent, viz: its applicability to farmers or gardeners selling their own productions, but we thought that an oversight on the part of the council, and so said. Now, however, the council having amended that ordinance so as to make it inapplicable to persons selling by sample to merchants, and not otherwise, "B. P." has a fair case.

THE D. M. & M. railroad has put on a new, fast express train with Pullman sleepers attached which leaves Marquette at 9 p. m. and arrives in Detroit at 10:15 the next evening—leaves Detroit at 9:10 a. m. and arrives at Marquette the next morning at 7. On the 26th and 30th there will be excursions from Marquette to Detroit and Cleveland, taking the fine steamer City of Cleveland, at St. Ignace. Fare for the round trip \$7 to Detroit and \$9 to Cleveland. The first excursion will leave Marquette at 8 p. m. and the second at 8:30 a. m. Further particulars and tickets can be obtained by addressing Frank Milligan, general passenger agent, Marquette.

IT is now announced that the contract, said to have been made between the O. & B. R. railroad company and Messrs. Wells, Harrison & Green, of Milwaukee, for the building of the road between Rockland terminus and Iron River, is "off." We do not know that the fact will shake the faith of our Ontonagon neighbors, but know it is no surprise to us. The concern is connecting with Marinette and Menominee and making to those cities and Green Bay, the same sort of promises with which it has long deluded and swindled Ontonagon. There is neither faith nor truth—neither honor nor honesty in its organization.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of THE IRON PORT:

When "clothed in a little brief authority," men sometimes overlook the rights of others or ignore them altogether, and under the latter head it would seem proper to classify some of the acts of the wise "Solons" of Escanaba.

The constitution of the United States allows to everyone, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and which we infer includes the right of gaining a livelihood in such manner as best suits one, so long as it does not interfere with equal rights of others. Thus, the artisan or manufacturer turn their attention to such branch of industry as best suits them and hold the undisputed right of disposing by sale of whatever article their industry has created. The market gardener or farmer turn their attention to raising vegetables, fruits, or crops—it is presumed, too, that the law allows them equal privilege in the sale of the product of their industry, with the artisan or manufacturer. But for some unexplained reason, or for no reason whatever unless it be that our newly-fledged city is to be run entirely in the interest of a very few narrow-minded storekeepers, everyone offering any article whatsoever for sale, from any vehicle, or even any of the much desired fruits we have been accustomed to obtain from vessels at the docks, all these are virtually prohibited, and for what? Certainly not for health's sake of this community, for if this was taken into consideration, 'twould seem proper to place a prohibition upon the sale and wilted vegetables and fruits we set exposed for sale at some of the stores, brought from abroad and untaxed. If the object sought by this most unjust, and we believe illegal licensing, one which will not stand the test if taken to courts of law, is simply some petty act, instigated by some narrow-minded storekeeper, seeking thus to wage war upon the farmer and tiller of the soil; then I would say to the farmers of this locality, organize yourselves into a grange of husbandry, locate a store in some convenient part of the city, place every product of your farm there for sale, furnish your members with all goods (as you easily can) at but little above wholesale cost, and to any not members, at lower rates than they now obtain. Figure this up for yourselves and you will see that it would be far better for you than to pay "five dollars" for a license, and then "one dollar a day" for every day you offered your produce for sale. Men in playing a new role, or placed in a position new to them, sometimes attempt too much, and we would respectfully suggest to the honorable city council that it is sometimes well to go slowly—too fast feeding is bad for digestion, and too heavy taxation this year for a needless steam fire engine, while the people all cry for pure water to drink, will not when your brief term of office shall have expired, be conducive to a re-election, and the popular sentiment of the people will be to some incoming board, to dispose of the fire engines and give us a system of water-works instead, that shall supply us with pure, wholesome water, without stint or measure.

BONO PUBLICO.

To the Editor of THE IRON PORT:

In your issues for the past several weeks you have been pleased to belittle the services rendered the public by the fire department of this city. In fact such has been your course ever since you have controlled the PORT. Your praises have been faint-hearted and your criticism severe and remind us of the saying "God save me from my friends, I can take care of my enemies myself."

Now, Colonel, we propose to take you to task and make you either take back what you have said against the department or else prove your statements. In your last issue you intimated that all the good the fire department amounts to is "to wear red shirts or give fourth of July dances," or in other words that is end aim, and ambition of those who "run wild der masheen." We notice one thing and that is when we do give dances—let it be on the fourth of July or any other day—you have always been paid your bills, and they have always been pretty liberal in your favor.

Now, Colonel, will you please point out one instance wherein the department has failed in its duty to the public. As we do not know of any, and you do not make specific charges we await your answer. We want no damning praise; only the truth, let it be good or bad. You have always been harping on a "paid fire department." Will you tell us wherein our volunteer department has fallen much behind a paid department in service? It is true that at the burning of the railroad warehouse we could do little less than keep the fire from spreading but whose fault was it? Was it the fault of the volunteer firemen, who have always responded to the fire alarm to their pecuniary damage in the loss of clothing, or was it the fault of such men as yourself who are continually crying "bond the city. Let us leave to our children a debt cursed city." The council, both village and city, had frequently been notified that the steamer needed repairs, but unfortunately a few of your disciples of a bankrupt city were on hand to delay action in the matter.

Let us now see how accurate you are in figuring up the cost of your pet scheme—water-works. You say \$25,000 more is more than sufficient. What does your expert say? He tells us that the pipe, laid, will cost us about \$5,000 per mile and figures up from five to seven miles, which alone would amount to more than the sum named, with the engine amounting to about \$20,000 more, to buy the land to secure, and the water supply. How are you to get this? To get water you would have to either tunnel or extend a pipe at least half a mile into the bay. The first is impossible and to do the last would require the expenditure of thousands in dredging to get the pipe out of the reach of ice.

Now, Colonel, take our advice, and attend to your legitimate affairs and do not occupy so much space in your valuable paper in trying to ferment strife between the several wards and forcing your hobbies upon the public. And above all remember that the "hang-backs, chronic-kickers and few who run wild der masheen" are not a "few" but constitute a large majority of the tax-payers, while the advocates of a water-works system are a very small minority. We will have in the neighborhood of \$40,000 bonded debts to pay without water-works, let us pay that first. Then we will need more school houses in which to teach our children to read of the experience of debt-burdened cities before falling in your steps.

"RED SHIRTS."

HENRY McFALL, Foreman.

JOHN WALSH, Chief of Fire Dept.

ESCANABA, June 12, 1883.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

WHAT THE TRAVELER SAID AT SUNSET.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The murmur of the darkening thicket
I hear an night-thrush call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across the awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearth behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangers?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness blind me?
What thunder roll of music stun?
What vast possessions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgetful faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life Divine and human
The Heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the Jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowl-
edge;
What matter if I never know
Why Aldobran's star is ruddy
Or colder Sirius white as snow?

Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will!

—J. G. Whittier, in N. Y. Independent.

BOBETTE.

Gillespies Tower is a gloomy old building standing guard, apparently, over the scattered houses of a fishing hamlet which lies below, close in under the shelter of the cliffs. At low tide there is a long flat stretch of sand before it, and the broad ocean beyond. Only the lover of wild bleak pasture lands, straight cliffs and a cold, restless sea could find any attraction in the view; yet there are those who love its very grayness and unbounded breadth. The house is more like fortress than dwelling, with massive walls and narrow slit-like windows; but there is one grand outlook from the landing of the staircase, and this was evidently appreciated, as the dark polished cherry of the window-seat bore many scratches from long buttoned aprons and small hob-nailed shoes.

At this moment a child was slowly climbing the staircase toward her favorite nook. The window was just broad enough for her to sit with her little feet straight out before her, and to place her doll upright with her back against the wall. They sat there face to face, the large wax doll dressed in baby clothes, and wrapped in a white capuchin, or long cape, and peaked hood, which stood up very erect on her head; the child as motionless as her companion, her hands clasped over her white apron, and only the hem of her short black dress showing below. Her dark hair was drawn back with a round comb and hung down her back in heavy braids. Her eyes, too, were dark and very clear, and were resting thoughtfully on the tossing sea. A stiff gale was blowing from off shore, and as the tide crept in the waves were caught and buffeted about and almost driven back over the sands. There was a great white ship in the offing, its masts and sails in strange foreshortened angles as it beat up against the wind. It seemed more like some phantom than anything earthly and filled with life.

The beach below was deserted; the fishing boats were out in spite of the storm, the babies all safe at home with their mothers, and the children at school—and Bobette sat on alone and idle, and gazed at the white wing-like sails and the sea.

Presently she sighed and turned her head. The hall below, too, looked dark and solitary; there was not a sound in the house. She glanced at the doll sitting opposite her; the blue eyes gazed back at her blankly; there was no sympathy in the waxen face.

Bobette's eyes wandered back to the ocean, and she gave a long, deep sigh. Her eyelashes rose and fell more and more slowly, and even rested for an instant now and then on her cheek; but she roused herself presently, rearranged dolly's curls and peaked cap, then slid down from her seat and slowly descended the stairs. She crept on tiptoe across the silent hall into the dining-room, and stood doubtfully for an instant before the great mahogany sideboard. On it was a plate heaped high with square chunks of gingerbread, and a silver basket of fruit; but Bobette passed on through a parlor where the shutters were closed and the curtains drawn. Beyond was a sleeping-room, and into this Bobette looked from the door.

On a sofa lay a woman asleep, her long fair hair hanging off over the cushions to the floor. Her black dress was very long and clung closely to her, and one blue-veined hand was pressed on the wet handkerchief bound round her head.

Bobette did not fancy the heavy aromatic odors which filled the room, and she beat a noiseless retreat. She was never at a loss for resources; but that she were at times somewhat questionable, was evident when, ten minutes later, she cautiously opened the door of a great square room in the second story of the tower, and peeped down through the oak railing of the staircase; a long skirt of brilliant rose-colored silk rustled softly over the waxed floor, an exquisite blue crepe shawl folded round the small shoulders was tied in a hard knot behind and fell gracefully over the train, and above the bright mischievous face was an elaborate widow's cap with long floating eud.

The way was still clear. Bobette lost no time in escaping from the house and getting down the stone steps to the beach as fast as her small size and the rose-colored train would allow.

She went directly toward a small wooden house standing quite alone, and climbed upon a ledge of rock beside it, thus reaching the level of an open window.

She looked in for a moment, then leaned her short plump arms upon the sill and put her head inside.

The room was filled with rows of desks and benches and sturdy-looking boys and girls. The teacher was standing at the blackboard on the small raised platform. A rustle increasing to general confusion made her turn in surprise.

"Why, Bobette!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with amusement, "what in the world are you doing there?"

Bobette was only too glad to get into conversation. She replied politely:

"How do you do? What I'm doing is watching Harvey. He's making the rudder for our ship."

This raised a shout of laughter, and all eyes turned toward a fine-looking boy whose seat was directly in front of Bobette.

"Well, Bobette," the teacher said, kindly, "you see you are disturbing us now; we are not accustomed to such gay little visitors. Get down and run away."

"But I must speak to Harvey! I can't go away till I do that," said Bobette.

"Harvey, you may go to the door for two minutes to see what Bobette wants," said the teacher, discreetly.

When Harvey appeared outside, he gave a low whistle of surprise; but Bobette welcomed him rapturously. "Harvey!" she cried enthusiastically, "when are you going to sail that ship? Now?"

"This is schooltime, Bobette!"

"But let's go now, Harvey—they couldn't catch us, and I'm lonely to-day. I couldn't stay at home, though I thought about what you said. I did try to be good. But I should die if I tried any more, and what would you do then, Harvey? Wouldn't you be sorry you said I must?"

The boy was four years older than Bobette; he smiled a little, then unclasped her hands which were tightly holding his.

"Poor Bobette! We'll go to the pond and sail our boat to-night. Where'll you be? Are you going home now?" asked the boy.

"Oh, no!" the child said, decidedly; "nobody knows where I am! Mamma was asleep, and Betsy up in her room, and Anthony was out."

When Bobette was left alone she wandered on, her head turned to watch her sweeping skirts. She was passing the little weather-beaten stone church when she ran against the rector, and both stopped in bewilderment.

Mr. Abert was a quiet, scholarly little man, with a clear pale face, and kindly, very nearsighted eyes.

He had been reading as he walked and did not at first recognize in this gay apparition his small friend Bobette, but there was no mistaking her merry laugh. After a few explanations, Bobette slipped her hand into his, and they walked gravely away together to the rectory.

Bobette established herself in a deep arm-chair by the table, and looked over the great illustrated Don Quixote for the fiftieth time, while Mr. Abert was writing.

"Come, now, Bobette," said he, when at last his letters were sealed and stamped, "let us go out, for I think the sun is going to shine. How is mamma to-day?"

"Oh, mamma!"—the child began doubtfully; "you know this is a very bad day for us. Mamma is not ever well on this day."

"Not well?" Mr. Abert repeated, stopping short at the garden gate.

"Perhaps I had better step up and see her?"

"Oh, no!" cried Bobette; "don't you know what day this is?"

The rector looked puzzled: "This is Thursday, I believe."

"Ah," said Bobette, shaking her head impatiently, "it's papa's death's day—the day when he didn't come home. I hate it!" the child cried, passionately; "I wish papa had not gone away! I do!"

"And now it is over three years!" said the rector, absently, after a pause.

"Yes, three years," replied Bobette; "I can not do it any more years. You don't know, so you think me a very naughty girl. But see how it is. This morning, when I was fast asleep in the dark, mamma came into my room and said it was dear papa's day, and I must jump up quick and not wait for Betsy. And my bath was so cold it frightened me awake. Mamma was crying, and that made her pull my hair and tangle it with the comb. Then the chapel was so dark and lonely! While I knelt there beside mamma, I saw a wee fairy, all in white, playing under the curtain at the door, and when mamma prayed that papa would come home again, and not be dead, I screamed, because then the fairy became a ghost. Betsy said it would come if I did the least wrong thing. That frightened mamma, and I had to eat my bread and milk alone, because we must fast all to-day."

"But did you pray, too, Bobette?" asked the rector, looking thoughtfully at the child.

"Yes; I prayed God to please bless papa, and take good care of him if he is alive, and if he is in Heaven to please make us forget about him and not be sad any more. Mamma read prayers in the chapel with Betsy and Anthony, too—then she fainted away, so we stopped."

Bobette wound up her lengthy recital in the most matter-of-fact tone.

They had now seated themselves on a piece of driftwood under the shelter of an old boat.

"But," said Bobette, "it was very nice that she fainted, for Betsy said it was the best thing she could do, and she's asleep now. Look, there comes a man!"

A stranger, an extremely tall, finely built man, with a face almost hidden by thick, closely cut whiskers, was making his way toward them from the promontory which had separated this beach from the large harbor beyond.

He gave an amused glance at the small grotesque rose-colored figure in the widow's cap, sitting beside the clergyman as he passed; and on second thought he stopped and turned back.

"You don't often have these hard gales off the land, I fancy?" he said, inquiringly. His voice had a pleasant hearty ring.

"Not often, but this has lasted some time," Mr. Abert replied.

"Indeed? I hope it will blow itself out by sunset. You've found a nice cozy shelter for a seat. Whose child are you, gay little gypsy?"

Bobette surveyed him reflectively. Of this form of address she did not approve. She replied presently, with quiet composure:

"Child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven."

The stranger's great black eyes opened wide in astonishment; then he gave an odd little laugh.

"But how is it about the pomps and vanity of this wicked world?" he asked slyly. "Has not that part of your education been a little bit neglected? Eh?"

Bobette looked slightly taken aback.

"Never mind, my dear," the stranger went on, quickly. "You probably follow the edifying example of King Solomon arrayed in all his glory—I doubt if he was as picturesque in the general effect."

Bobette ventured no reply.

"Would you favor your humble admirer with a kiss?" he asked, bending toward her with an amused smile.

Bobette drew back haughtily toward her friend. "No, I would not," she replied.

The stranger's smile vanished. "Is this your little daughter?" he asked of the rector.

"No; it is the daughter of Godfrey Gillespie who was lost at sea some years ago—before I came to this parish," the rector replied somewhat stiffly.

"Ah, indeed," said the stranger.

He turned away and walked on. Bobette raised her head from Mr. Abert's shoulder where she had hidden it, and looked after him.

"Man," she called, suddenly, "come back!"

At this imperative command, he looked round, smiled slightly, and obeyed. Bobette stood erect, with one little hand stretched out toward him, an expression of resolution in her face, her cap strings flying in the wind.

"I will kiss you," she said, gravely.

He bent forward, and she touched her lips to the bit of sunburned cheek above his whiskers. The man caught her in his arms and held her an instant, kissing her rosy mouth, then strode away without a word, and Bobette sat down again behind the boat.

"He ought not to have done that," said the clergyman; "he ought not to have done anything of the sort."

"Yes, he ought," Bobette asserted, though her tone was not disrespectful; "I like that man." Her eyes were closely following him. Now she sprang up again. "Look!" she cried, anxiously; "Could he be going to see my mamma?"

The rector rose.

"Well," he said, "you remember you told me your mamma could see no one to-day."

This seemed to relieve Bobette's mind. "Is it four o'clock yet?" she asked. "Then I must go."

Harvey was sitting on the churchyard wall wondering what had become of Bobette, when a voice called breathlessly: "Harvey, where's our ship?"

"It's not finished yet. I didn't get time enough in school to-day. Take off that silk stuff—you can't do anything in that."

But the little rose-colored widow shook her head resolutely, and seized Harvey's hand impatiently.

Back of the beach, separated from the salt sea by high ridges of sand dunes, lay a fresh water lake winding for some distance inland, and boasting of a few gnarled trees along its shores.

Harvey and Bobette were soon rowing over this water to a small island where stood a famous old tree. It must once have been the giant of the moorlands, for the first branches grew out far above the ground, but all the upper part had been carried away by storms. The broad top, with the bare old arms, which had once been branches around it, was the favorite resort of the boys of the fishing hamlet, and to reach this lofty spot, Bobette had always longed unexpressly.

On landing, she was commanded to sit with closed eyes while Harvey's preparations were made; but she listened with suspended breath and rapturous suspicions, while he climbed the tree by the notches cut here and there for steps in the rugged bark.

When she was bidden to open her eyes, she beheld a rope ladder reached from the ground to the top of the tree!

"Should you like to come up?" asked Harvey, trying to speak in an indifferent tone. "All you've to do is to climb that ladder! Are you sure you dare?"

"Sure," Bobette replied.

"I'll hold it steady—but you'll have to take off that long skirt."

For this, Bobette was willing to relinquish her silken trail. A deft bit of fingering, a funny little squirm and kick and it lay on the sand. Bobette began the ascent bravely. It was by no means easy, as the ladder swayed in the wind, and one round of rope gave way and nearly let her fall; but the sturdy little arms held on tight, and a merry stream of laughter soon proclaimed she had reached the eye.

Harvey gave himself up to the enjoyment of her childish delight in the fun. He hurried up and down the swaying rounds in true sailor fashion—now for the provisions, in the shape of cookies and nuts, now for a supply of pebbles for missiles in case of sudden attack, and again for a flask of water to use during the siege. But the ladder was unfortunately an old one which had been washed ashore during a storm. There was more than one unheeded warning as a strand gave way here and there; then, suddenly, the ropes parted altogether in mid-air!

Harvey picked himself up quickly. He looked up at Bobette, who laughed merrily, thinking it was an intentional part of the fun. He grew grave as he began to realize the state of the case. Evidently, the ladder had given out once for all, and how was little Bobette to get down?

"What is it?" she asked quickly; "did you hurt you?"

"Not a bit. I'll be up there in a minute. I was thinking you'd get down?"

"But I don't wish to get down? I've just got up," she cried, cheerfully.

"But the ladder's broke!"

"Never mind; let's stay up here all night."

"Bobette, I'll have to go and get

somebody to help us. This rope's as rotten as sand. I'm awfully sorry I took you up there!"

"I'm not. I like it better than I thought I should. I can see—Harvey, don't go—are you going?" The little face under the widow's cap was very grave and anxious.

"Yes, Harvey was going. She was to be left alone on the island."

"You must keep perfectly still till I come back," he said. "I don't dare wait—it'll be dark before long. I was a thoughtless boy to do this thing. I wanted to give you a treat. But I might have known girls—"

Bobette's eyes flashed. "I won't be called girls!" she cried. "If I wished to, I'd get down in a minute, but I don't."

"How?"

"Climb down, same way all the boys do, I could!"

"Don't you dare to try it, Bobette! Promise?"

The child smiled mischievously.

"Please, Bobette, say you'll sit down and be quiet till I get back?" Harvey asked, pleadingly.

But Bobette would not, and he had to go without the promise. She stood motionless until he was out of sight. She thought then of eating a cookie, but remembered that the reason she felt so hungry was that this was fast day; she thought of mamma and laid it down untasted.

She looked down the side of the tree where Harvey had climbed up. It was a dizzy height, but her little head was a steady one. Should she venture. She would have done exactly as Harvey wished if he hadn't called her "girls!" She let herself down cautiously over the edge and clung to the branches, digging her little shoes into the holes in the bark as Harvey had done.

The sun had just set, and the cloudy sky grew dark rapidly. Clinging fast, Bobette got down out of reach of the branches; but now she was seized with sudden fear. She thought she would give it up. Her short arms could not reach round the trunk, and in her excitement she could find no place to plant her foot to raise herself an inch.

Small as she was, she knew her only chance was in keeping cool. Slowly and cautiously she let herself down again, little by little, but the dear, safe ground seemed hopelessly far away. Again her strong will helped; she knitted her small brow, clung tight to the bark, and reached down her foot. There was a slip! A painful bruising of the skin on the little hands and knees, a fearful rush through the air, and Bobette struck the ground. For a moment she lay stunned, then was conscious of a strange dull pain in one foot, doubled back beneath her. It became intense when she tried to move. Still Bobette kept a brave heart. Her clothes were hanging in tatters around her, her cap was gone altogether, and part of the blue shawl. Poor Bobette! She could just reach the rose-colored skirt; she dragged it over her to hide the rents in her frock.

Hard it was to sit and wait. It was almost dark on the water, and when, at last, there was a sound of oars, and Harvey called anxiously: "Bobette, are you there—safe?" and she tried to speak, her voice was choked with tears, and the answer was just a sob.

But when she saw the boat she suddenly calmed; for the stranger whom she had seen on the beach was rowing with Harvey, and in the stern sat Mrs. Gillespie and Mr. Abert!

Yet could it be mamma who sprang out so lightly? There was no widow's cap hiding golden hair, nothing but a shawl she had caught up in haste, and there was the color of wild roses on her cheeks.

"Bobette, darling, how did you get down? Are you hurt?" a torrent of questions came.

Still, Bobette, huddling under the rose silk, was speechless. Her mother fell on her knees and put her arms close round her child. "Bobette," she whispered, "Bobette, God had heard our prayers—he has come!"

"Papa?" cried the child; then the strange, dull pain swept over her and her eyelids drooped.

All that night lights burned in Gillespie's Tower. Little Bobette's broken ankle had been set by her papa's own dexterous hand, and she was now, at last, sleeping fitfully.

Mr. Abert had waited until he was sure that his little friend was safe, then he stood a moment longer with old Betsy at the lower gate. She had been all the afternoon longing for a listener to whom she could face her mind.

"Yes, it's all come out right," she admitted, "but, as I was about to say, I never really thought he was drowned dead—and no more he wasn't! He do say he was shipwrecked on a desert island, and all that. It's mighty queer if it is true, and she's nearly worried her life out, appointing a day to weep and mourn on, for to be his death-day, which she couldn't have certainly known to be right, anyway, you know. And that Bobette did need a father over her, if ever a child did!"

But, finding that Mr. Abert was out of hearing, old Betsy closed and bolted the door.—Mary M. Edmunds, in Wide Awake.

Killed by an Imaginary Cobra.

Surgeon-General Francis, of the Indian Medical Service, reports the following case: A drummer was suddenly aroused from his sleep by something creeping over one of his naked legs. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was a cobra, and his friends, collected by his outcry, not unnaturally thought so, too, and he was treated accordingly. Incantations, such as are customary among the natives on these occasions, were resorted to, and the poor fellow was flagellated with twisted cloths on the arms and legs in view partly to rouse him, but principally to drive out the evil influence (spirit) that for the time being had got hold of him. With the first light of dawn the cause of the fright was discovered in the shape of a harmless lizard, which was lying crushed and half killed by the side of the poor drummer. But it was too late. From the moment when he believed that a poisonous snake had bitten him he passed into an increasing collapse until he died. The drummer was not a strong lad, and the shock was too much for him.—Medical Times.

FITH AND POINT.

—Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It is not necessary to be his own sister.

—Why would a compliment from a rooster be an insult? Because it would be in fowl language.

—Some may write poetry and paint plaques, but the world must also have those who will dig and raise potatoes. The potato people are most useful.—N. O. Picoynus.

—Twenty-eight years ago the first train passed over the suspension bridge at Niagara. Had it only known enough to run over a hack driver, the anniversary would now be a national holiday.—Burlington Hawkeye.

—A Pittsburgh minister will preach to-morrow on "Why some men do not enjoy their religion." It is probably due to the difficulty always experienced by those who try to enjoy what they haven't got.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

—The farmer who is certain that he can beat an express train at a highway crossing may slip over safely two or three times, but his wife, if a prudent woman, will begin saving up butter and eggs to buy mourning with.—Detroit Free Press.

—An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly, which one would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

—A New Haven woman has given \$20,000 for a sanitarium for sick animals. Ah, ha; now Oscar Wilde will have some place to go when he comes back to this country, "play actin'." He will need some place like that after his first night.—Burlington Hawkeye.

—This touching little incident is from the Rochester (N. Y.) Post. One rises from his perusal with mixed feelings: "A beautiful young girl was about to be married to a bachelor seventy years of age, but very rich. On the eve of her marriage she learned that his health had been suddenly swept away, leaving him a penniless old man. Did the noble girl desert him in this hour of trouble? She did indeed, and her parents helped her, too."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In England thin shavings of veneer of different kinds of wood are coming into use as book-covers.

—Coal-tar-sugar is the latest discovery. Its chief advantage over the ordinary sugar is its superior sweetness.

—The latest thing claimed in photography is taking pictures on the skin, which are as indelible as the work of the tattoo artist.

—A Baltimore genius has invented a new life-saving apparatus for hotels. It is a valve that closes with a spring, and shuts off the supply of gas as soon as the flame is blown out.

—An idea of the importance that electricity and electric appliances is beginning to assume may be gained from the number of patents granted on these things last year—1,153. Of this number 258 patents were granted on electric lighting, and only two on electric burglar alarms.—Indianapolis Journal.

—The first successful attempt to make steel by the basic process in America, was that at Harrisburg, Pa., recently, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Steel Company. By this process, ores containing a great deal of phosphorus can be used, a great advantage over the Bessemer, as the ore is abundant, cheap, and near the works.—Philadelphia Press.

—M. Pasteur tells the Academy of Sciences at Paris that wonderful results are being obtained in the work of vaccinating live stock as a preventive against disease. During the last year 80,000 sheep, about 4,000 head of cattle and 500 horses have been vaccinated. Before this system was introduced the annual loss from liver-rot in one department was nine per cent., while the loss since then has been reduced over one-half.

—Dr. Clouston, an Edinburgh physician, says: "All acute mental diseases, like most nervous diseases, tend to thinness of body, and therefore all foods and all medicines and all treatments that fatten are good. To my assistants and nurses and patients I preach the gospel of fatness as the great antidote to the exhausting tendencies of the disease we have to treat, and it would be well if all people of nervous constitution would obey this gospel."

—The electricity generated by the machinery in one of the great Harmony Mills at Cohoes, owing to peculiar conditions which are not perfectly understood, has of late so charged the atmosphere as to affect the employees unpleasantly. Various attempts were made without result to remove the nuisance, but at last a network of wires running through the mill has been successfully employed to collect the electricity and conduct it to the ground.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

The Primary School.

The Philadelphia Times very pertinently speaks a good word for the primary school, which nowadays is somewhat to be neglected. "There is," it says, "very much talk about the higher education, but it is the lower education that is really important to most of us, and there is no more gratifying evidence of progress than the gradually developed recognition among those who have charge of our public educational system of the essential importance of the primary schools. The work of the primary schools is the foundation and the main structure of all public education. Many children never go beyond this, and in every case it is the first bending of the twig that determines the inclination of the tree. We have been giving attention in Philadelphia to high schools and grammar schools, which are for the few; the primary and secondary schools, which are for the many, have been left too much to chance and to the ignorant blundering of imperfectly educated teachers."

—A Scituate (R. I.) man thought it would be funny to send a bogus marriage notice to the Providence Journal. But since he has found that he is likely to have to pay a good round fine for his joke, his ideas of comic journalism have materially changed.

An Infernal Machine—The "Ticker."

The most common form of infernal machine is that known as the "ticker." It has all intents and purposes it is an ordinary tin can, very like that in which astral oil is sold. The can, for such it is, is made of heavy galvanized iron, one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. It is one foot high and four inches square. This machine, as well as all of those now made in this country, is filled with a new powder, invented in Philadelphia. It has the form of ordinary gunpowder, is of a dark-brown color, only explodes in connection with the simultaneous application of fire and power, and is estimated to be two hundred times as powerful as giant gunpowder. The can holds, therefore, the equivalent of nine hundred pounds of powder. Upon one side and near the top of the can is attached, by means of brass screws, an ordinary clock-spring movement. Above this movement, and connected with it, is a small round brass wheel, about an inch in diameter, having upon one portion of the circumference a slot or notch. A spring presses upon the edge of the wheel, which revolves. When the slot is reached in the circuit the spring falls into it with a snap, which in turn releases another spring falling upon a nipple upon which is a gun cap. The nipple is of iron and extends down into the powder, and the explosion of the cap instantaneously sets off the compound in the bottom of the can. The machine can be set anywhere between one minute and thirty-six hours. When all is ready, the operator closes the lid, fastens it with an iron locker, and deposits it where he may desire to cause the explosion. It can be kicked, rolled around, or hammered, but until the spring falls into the slot and explodes the cap there is no danger in its handling. By putting the ear close to the lid the melancholy tick-tick of the clock can be heard, but this is not noticeable at a distance of six feet. The machine is air-tight, and water or any like fluid has no effect on the explosive compound, even were it not hermetically sealed. It can be securely packed in a barrel of lard, a barrel of petroleum, a box of tobacco, a bag of flour, or with any of those articles of export which are not likely to attract attention. The power of such a machine depends, of course, upon the nature of the confined space in which it is placed.—Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Times.

Mule Music.

A Missouri composer, incited by such musical compositions as "The Don," has written a symphony entitled "The Mule." It is an admirable piece of descriptive music. It opens with an easy, moderate movement, intended to represent the animal joggling contentedly along the road. A few grace notes indicate his reaching to one side to nab a thistle as he passes. The road grows harder, and the movement slower. The cluck and the crack of the whip is heard. It stops short, and then the middle basses take up one note and hold it through the rest of the symphony, to indicate that the mule has balked and won't move. Meanwhile, the strings give expression to the efforts of the driver to beat the obstinacy out of the beast with the whip, a few sharp taps of the bones soon coming in to indicate the breaking of the whip-stock. Dull blows upon the kettle-drum tell that the driver has taken up the cushion of the wagon-seat, and is whacking the mule with it. However, the mule remains firm; and the cushion is thrown aside, and the driver goes to the fence to get a board. The tearing of his clothes in the wayside bushes and his ripping the board from the fence are clearly defined by the trombones and lower strings. He returns and belabors the mule with the board; and this is one of the most lively and pleasing movements of the work, and is continued until the mule begins to kick. Then, the melody becomes somewhat obscured, but the force and speed of the movement are greatly accelerated. The wagon begins to break. First, the dashboard goes, then the whiffletree—a sharp clang of the triangle denoting the breaking of the ironwork. So it goes, till the mule has freed itself from the wagon. Then, it kicks the man over the fence; and he falls in a hog-wallow. Then comes the finale—the triumphant bray of the mule. This is a wondrous bit of composition, so natural and true to life that a listener with his eyes closed would think himself in proximity to the living animal. The roar is something tremendous, and can only be produced by an orchestra of ninety-two pieces; while the conductor has to be strapped down to obviate his throwing himself off his feet.—Boston Post.

A Woman's Terrible Curse.

Only a small proportion of interesting occurrences gets into the papers, and of those that are reported the half is usually not told. New York journals gave a few lines to the fact that the mother of Jimmie Elliott, the prize fighter who was killed by Dunn in Chicago, sent back to Harry Hill a contribution of fifty dollars, because her son's death had indirectly been caused by a quarrel with him. But the cause that she pronounced on Dunn was left in the note-book of the stenographer who heard it. It was spoken partly in the Irish language, but being interpreted ran as follows: "May Heaven send him bad luck and give him a strong constitution to bear it. May he look at good fortune constantly before him and never overtake it. May fire and flood pursue him wherever he goes. May the walls of prisons, poor-houses and mad-houses alone shelter him. May deformity of mind and body follow his children and his grandchildren. May his sons be led to disgrace and crime, and may the barren daisy (the dark pathway) of the informer be their only escape from the hangman. May his daughters go to shame. May he bring misfortune on all who try to befriend him. May the last of his race die like a dog in the service of the red enemy of Ireland." The furious utterance of this invective, and the rugged Irish in which it was expressed, was in keeping with the heartfelt damnation which it invoked.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

Brief Digest of Late Decisions. (Compiled especially for the St. Louis Commercial Gazette.)

OPTION CONTRACTS.

In an action to recover for the breach of a contract to sell, the defence was made that the transaction was a gambling one in options. It appeared in evidence that the defendant was dealing in options through his broker on the board of trade, that he failed to put up the required margins, and that the transactions were settled at a heavy loss, which was charged to him. The court said: The evidence falls far short of what is necessary to establish illegality in contracts of this kind. All option contracts are not illegal, and the incident of putting up margins amounts to nothing unless the contract itself is illegal. The validity of "option" contracts depends upon the material intention of the parties. If it is the bona fide intention of the seller to deliver, or the buyer to pay, and the option consists merely in the time of the delivery within a given time, the contract is valid. If the contract itself is lawful, the putting up of margins to cover losses accruing from the fluctuation of prices in the final settlement of the transaction according to the usage and rules of the Board of Trade, is entirely legitimate and proper.—Union National Bank of Chicago vs. Carr, United States Circuit Court for the District of Iowa.

PLEDGING STOCK.

Where stock is pledged as collateral security, delivery of the certificates with blank transfer on the back, signed by the owner, is good as between parties. A pledgee can repudiate to the extent of the original pledge and may assign the principal debt. A national bank, holding the principal indebtedness and all the pledged shares of stock, can sell the stock as the readiest mode of collection, giving the pledgee and his successor in interest reasonable notice to redeem, and of the time and place of sale. Where the pledge was stock of an association having no other corporate property than real estate, the complainant, who had succeeded to all the rights of the original pledgee, could recover the land by a suit in equity, on reimbursing the grantees of such purchaser, who obtained their title with notice of his rights and equities, the amount they are actually out of pocket. To arrive at such sum, an account must be had of rents, profits and income received by such grantees while in possession of the real estate.—Canfield vs. Minneapolis Agricultural etc. Association, United States Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota.

RAILWAY NEGLIGENCE.

Where a railroad corporation lays down its track in a populous city, not within any enclosure, but upon ground open to the public, the mere fact that the rails are not laid over a public highway but upon private property of the company ought not to be held to relieve the company of the obligation to observe all reasonable municipal regulations as to the movement of locomotives within the city limits. Where the negligence that directly contributed to the injury to plaintiff was the absence of any lookout from the forward end of a running train, contrary to city ordinance, and the train might easily have been stopped so as to avert the injury, had a brakeman been at his post, the company is liable, though plaintiff was negligent in placing himself on the track and not keeping a proper lookout himself.—Merz vs. Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, St. Louis Court of Appeals.

RESCINDING CONTRACT.

Whenever one party to a contract refuses to execute any substantial part of its agreement, he thereby gives to the other party the option to rescind the entire contract and to recover damages for the breach.—Clark et al vs. Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Company, Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas.

On a contract to furnish railway spikes "free on board cars or boat at Philadelphia, shipping directions to be given hereafter," it is the duty of the vendee to furnish the shipping directions, and the place for delivery. And if he refuses or neglects to furnish them, when requested by the vendor, the latter is not bound by the contract after such refusal or neglect, and it may be held rescinded.—Marshall vs. Samuel, Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

Where an injury is caused to a workman in a mine by reason of the negligence of one who is not in any true sense a mere foreman, or department leader, or sub-chief in a given sphere of mining operations, but whose agency covers the entire mine and the entire control of the work, such negligence is not the negligence of a fellow-servant, but is to be considered the negligence of the owner of the mine, and he will be liable therefor, whether such agent was appointed directly by him or by his general agent.—Ryan vs. Bagaley, Supreme Court of Michigan.

NEGLIGENCE.

If the defendant, for full compensation, has undertaken to manufacture a boiler for the plaintiff, and if the defendant knew exactly where it was to go, what work it was expected to do, and what pressure it must bear, and if he so carelessly and negligently constructed it that it was not able to do that work or bear that pressure, the fault was the defendant's, and he must bear the damage resulting to the plaintiff's mill and machinery.—Erie City Iron Works vs. Barber & Co., Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PROMISSORY NOTES.

The value of a note is not destroyed or its negotiability affected by the fact that the payee writes his name upon it in the wrong place, when the mistake is immediately corrected, the name written in the right place and it is afterward negotiated.—Browning & Bro. vs. Maurer, Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas.

PRESUMPTION OF PAYMENT.

A legacy unclaimed for more than twenty years is presumed to have been paid, and the burden lies upon the claimant to show that such is not the case.—Bentley's Executor's Appeal, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

HOME AND FARM.

One of the most encouraging hopes for our country is the prospective improvement of its live-stock.

Lemons eaten raw are excellent for rheumatism and are recommended for this troublesome ailment by many of our best physicians.—Chicago News.

Feather Cake: Half a cup of butter, three cups of flour, two of sugar, one of milk, three eggs, a little grated lemon rind, two teaspoons of baking powder.—The Advance.

California wheat is so dry when harvested that when taken to the damper air of the sea coast it gains seven per cent. or more in weight. The gain is sufficient to pay for transportation.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Currants, which are so fruitful as to bear abundantly if neglected, will give much finer fruit if regularly pruned with the main shoots at what looks like a wide distance apart. Cut away the old bearing wood, and give the new vigorous shoots a good chance.—Toledo Blade.

For washing hands that have become cracked or blackened, there is nothing better than Indian meal rubbed on with the soap. It not only removes the dirt, but softens and whitens the hands as well. For men and boys doing farm or shop work it is excellent, and should be kept always at hand.—N. Y. Times.

Lemon Filling for Pies or Layer Cake: One pint water, juice and grated rind of three lemons, and one cup of sugar. Set on range to boil. Then stir in two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch and yolk of one egg and one tablespoonful of butter. Boil a few minutes, and when cold enough to pour, fill your pie, and cover with strips of crust.—Exchange.

French prunes make delicious pies, soak them in a very little cold water all night; in the morning pinch the stones out of them, stew them slowly. When they are tender take them out of the water with a long-handled strainer. Then strain the water through a piece of flannel, add sugar and make a sirup to pour over the prunes. Bake with an upper and under crust.—N. Y. Post.

The Chatham (N.Y.) Courier thinks every farmer should be, to some extent, an experimentalist. We think so too. Don't jog on forever in the old ruts! Try new methods. Study out and apply better systems of cultivation, breeding, etc. Only don't be reckless about it. Make haste slowly. Experiment on a small scale at first, and launch out only when sure of your ground. A great deal can be learned by careful experimenting. The time spent on it is by no means wasted.—Country Gentleman.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

Farmer Scott, of Kentucky, writing to an exchange on the subject of raising potatoes under straw, gives certainly some indubitable proofs in favor of this method, not only for potatoes, but for tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, etc. Concerning his own experience, he says:

At one time, after covering a large potato patch, the colored assistant exclaimed: "Boss, heah is a painful taters left. What's I gwine to do wid them?" He was told to drop them where the machine horses had pressed the ground very hard, while threshing grain. In the earth there was not plowed; could not be. The potatoes were covered like the "boss": "I s'pose you'll gib me dem taters in de boss tracks?" "Yes. All right!" The man uncovered the place, and got over six bushels of the best, largest and finest potatoes ever grown in Bracken County, Kentucky.

I once raised a large patch of tomatoes. After they were well worked I took straw and covered the ground completely, six inches deep. The vines dropped over on the straw. No weeds ever came up after that. Tomatoes to sell, trade, give away, was the result, after canning more than we ever had before.

Many years ago I was visiting a friend in Missouri; a farmer. The elder son contemplated a watermelon patch. He prepared one near the stable-yard. After the vines were up, just ready to run, he covered the ground all over and close around the vines with straw. In a few days the vines dropped and ran around in every direction. The longest vines were pinched off to prevent them invading the next neighbor's field. The young man also got some good earth and placed it in a low spot on top of an old stack left over from the previous season. There he made a hill and covered it with straw. From that hill he pulled a melon which received a premium at the fair in the early fall. I sojournd at the residence, and we ate of the luscious melons nearly two months.

I have raised pickled cucumbers the same as tomatoes, with straw.

In turning under old straw, in the fall or ensuing spring, should it choke the plow, send a boy along with a short, two-pronged fork. He can scatter the straw along the furrow, so that when the plow passes all can be covered neatly. Should the lad become fatigued let the plowman relieve him. That will allow the horses to rest at intervals and encourage the boy.

Straw is the best bedding for horses and cattle, and (I contend) for man also. Clean straw is the best bedding, also, for sows when farrowing. Straw, mixed with manure, makes the finest hot-beds. I never fail. I buy old straw stacks and bring them home to use, and thus improve my farm in many ways.—Prairie Farmer.

New England wagon factories are turning out for next summer an unusual number of two-wheeled carts. Some have an arrangement by which they can be adjusted to horses of different builds, as a tall horse requires that the cart be pitched at a different angle from that used with a short one. The largest style of two-wheeled carts, built for four people and having seats running lengthwise of the body, passes under the name of wagonet. The carriage dealers say that the reason why there are so many novelties this year in the vehicle line is because the trade is dull, and the manufacturers have been ransacking their brains for patterns which will help stimulate it.—Boston Post.

The Malls—During the Last Century.

The newspapers and the inventions for transmitting mails and intelligence have worked a marvelous change, among other things, in letter-writing. Few men have now time or inclination to carry on correspondence with their friends in distant cities, and when they do write their letters treat of some matter which is disposed of in the fewest possible words. Then it was different, and the men who had fought together at the Brandywine, who had stood shoulder to shoulder at Trenton, and Germantown, and had shared each other's rags at Valley Forge, took pleasure in communicating with each other as often as possible. Their letters contained many items which now are found in the papers under the head of general news. The prices of various articles of use, the cost of living, the last election, the current opinions of the day, were all found in letters simply because they could be gathered from no other source. Practically there was no such thing as mail. Less than two hundred years ago a patent was issued creating the office of Postmaster for the colonies of America, but nothing came of it because there were not enough letters mailed to justify the establishment of a service. About 1720 a line of riders extended from Philadelphia to several points in Virginia, but the service was extremely irregular because the post rider was never sent out with a mail until enough letters had been gathered to pay the expense of the trip, and no one could therefore tell when his missive would be forwarded. The speed was usually about thirty miles a day, and when, at the first of this century, the rider, by changing horses, made one hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, the achievement was considered unparalleled. More mails are now received in a single day in New York than were then in six months; and more letters there in one day than then in the whole country during a year. The mail then between New York and Boston was carried in a single pair of saddle-bags, and when the quantity increased so that two pairs had to be used the carriers remonstrated so loudly that the matter became of considerable consequence.

To receive a letter then was a great event in a neighborhood, since years sometimes passed without a letter being brought to a country town, and when one came, it was a signal for all the neighbors to come in and hear it read. Letters often took six weeks to go from Philadelphia to the country towns of Massachusetts, and during this time the carriers had abundance of leisure to read them and get their contents by heart, an opportunity they were not slow to use. There was a law forbidding them to do this, and as they enjoyed telling the news they bore, and the people liked to listen to them, this arrangement was very satisfactory. This practice, so abominable to those who corresponded, continued for many years until the number of letters and greater expedition in their carriage prevented the carriers from reading them. For this reason the majority of the public men corresponded in cipher of some kind or other, a habit which has been mistaken for evidence of craft, when, in fact, it was merely a desire to render correspondence private. Bad as the system of postal service was, it was so superior to the facilities for traveling that few were disposed to complain. In those days the man who, for any purpose, attempted to start on a journey from Virginia to Massachusetts, called his friends together, gave them a farewell dinner, made his will, had prayer for his safety offered up in the church, and made his general arrangements as a man now would if intending to go to India or Africa for a term of years. In Washington's time two stages carried all the travel between New York and Boston, posting eighteen hours of each day and reaching their destination in only six days. When the stage stuck in the mud all the passengers turned out, as they do now out of a street car, got rails and helped the driver. When New York was in sight, the wretched passengers were sometimes compelled to wait for ten days, if there chanced to be a wind, before they could cross the river, and not infrequently, when ice was running, a ferry-boat would be crushed in the fives and the passengers forced to clamber out on the cakes, where they would float for hours at the imminent danger of being carried out to sea.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofulous, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption, send two stamps to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

NO INDEMNITY.—A land agent wanted a Kentucky farmer to emigrate to Dakota, as he was not making his living in the old Commonwealth. "What inducements do you offer?" asked the farmer. "We have the richest lands, the finest wheat, the best water, the fattest stock and the biggest farms in the world." "Yes," doubtingly interrupted the farmer. "Why, par, on one of those big farms they plow a furrow five miles long." "What?" "They plow a furrow five miles long." "That ends it, stranger. Don't talk Dakota to me! I'll all I can do to plow one of these little fifty-yard furrows here in Kentucky, and if it was five miles long I never would get to the end of it. Gee, whos, Buck, git up there!" and he started across the patch, leaving the agent sitting on the fence.—Exchange.

Mr. B. G. GARMO, of Springfield, O., writes: "I want every one to know that I was cured of dyspepsia, heart-burn, sour stomach and other disagreeable symptoms of weak digestive organs, by using only one bottle of Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Serrapapilla. My stomach now readily digests any kind of food."

The foolishness that can't be cured must be in due.—N. O. Pionyear.

AL, recommend Wile's Ails Grease.

A MALARIAL VICIUM.

The Trying Experience of a Prominent Minister in the Tropics and at the North.

To THE EDITOR: The following circumstances, drawn from my personal experience, are so important and really remarkable that I have felt called upon to make them public. Their truth can be amply verified:

In 1875 I moved from Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., to Florida, which State I intended to make my future residence. I purchased a home on the banks of the St. John's River and settled down, as I thought, for life. The summer following the first winter I was conscious of peculiar sensations which seemed to be the accompaniment of a change of climate. I felt a sinking at the pit of the stomach accompanied by occasional dizziness and nausea. My head ached. My limbs pained me and I had an oppressive sense of weariness. I had a thirst for acids and my appetite was weak and uncertain. My digestion was impaired and my food did not assimilate. At first I imagined it was the effort of nature to become acclimated and so I thought little of it. But my troubles increased until I became restless and feverish and the physicians informed me I was suffering from malarial fever. This continued in spite of all the best physicians could do and I kept growing steadily worse. In the year 1880 my physicians informed me a change of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another summer in the South. I determined to return North, but to the extreme portion, and so I took up my residence at Upper Sandusky in Central Ohio. The change did not work the desired cure and I again consulted physicians. I found they were unable to effect a permanent cure, and when the extreme warm weather of summer came on I grew so much worse that I gave up all hope. At that time I was suffering terribly. How badly, only those can appreciate who have contracted malarial disease in tropical regions. It seemed as if death would be a relief greater than any other blessing. But notwithstanding all this, I am happy to state that I am today a well and cheerful man. This I owe to a cure I received so remarkably can be understood from the following card voluntarily published by me in the Sandusky, O., Republican, entitled:

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

EDWARDS REPUBLICAN: During my recent visit to Upper Sandusky, so many inquiries were made relative to what medicine, or course of treatment had brought such a marked change in my system, I feel it due to the proprietors and to the public to state that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure accomplished for me what other medicines and physicians had failed to do. The malarial poison which had worked its way so thoroughly through my system during my five years residence in Florida had broken me to the verge of the grave, and physicians had pronounced my case incurable; but that is not to be wondered at, as it was undoubtedly one of the worst on record. Hough Brothers, of your city, called my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced me to try a few bottles. So marked was the change after four weeks' trial that I continued its use, and now, after three months, the cure is complete. This is not written for the benefit of Warner & Co., but for the public, and especially for any person troubled with malarial or bilious affections.

Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand by at the present moment. I am convinced that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has received a remedy which can cure the severest case of tropical malarial fever, standing entirely on its own feet, and to cure those minor malarial troubles which are so prevalent and yet so serious.

ALFRED DAY, Pastor Universalist Church, Woodstock, O., May 10, 1883.

VELVET LAWS are so called because they must be kept vell vel to remain so.—Boston Transcript.

The Testimony of a Physician. James Beecher, M. D., of Sigourney, Iowa, says for several years I have been cured by a Cough Balsam called Dr. Wm. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and in almost every case throughout my practice I have had entire success. I have used and prescribed hundreds of bottles ever since the days of my army practice (1855), when I was surgeon of Hospital No. 7, Louisville, Ky.

A LITTLE Atlanta boy denounced his snoring brother for "sleeping through his nose."

I HAVE used Ely's Cream Balm for dry Catarrh (which every Eastern person is subject to who comes to live in a high altitude) and found it the most efficacious of any article ever before used. It has proved a cure in my case. B. F. M. Weeks, Denver, Colo. See advertisement.

FARMINGTON, ILL.—Dr. M. T. Gamble says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and it gives satisfaction."

IS IT any wonder that a man who imbibes corn juice freely should have a "hussy" voice?—Boston Star.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

To the "pooher" all things are poor—Yonkers Gazette.

"Buchu-palpa." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. \$1.

A DUMB-BELL can only emit a mute tap peal.—N. Y. Advertiser.

JUDG RITCHIE, of Frederick, Md., has sixteen beautiful and accomplished daughters, only one of whom is married. This is what the French would call an embarrassment of Ritchie's.—Lowell Courier.

When a tornado strikes a Western town, the torn ado it makes is something remarkable.—The Drummer.

A JOURNALIST'S club.—The lead pencil.

It is a mean wretch who will silly drop a hair switch in a car loaded with women, and then smile as he sees every woman make a grab for the back of her head when she notices it.—Philadelphia Herald.

ALL worn out by this time.—The close of the war.—N. Y. World.

TIT FOR TAT: A.—"Is the Baron at home?" B.—"No; he sends word to you that he has just gone out." A.—"Good! Give the Baron my compliments, and say I didn't call."—Fleegende Blatter.

Did you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" asked the mistress. "No, ma'am," replied Mary; "it didn't need it; it had all the dust on that it could easily hold."—Boston Transcript.

YALE COLLEGE students are organizing a brass band. There will be considerable addition to the number of college tooters.—New Haven Register.

A YOUNG lady fell overboard the other day during a yacht race. She was picked up, and they call it a regatta.—N. Y. Graphic.

If a woman loses her voice driving out chickens, could she be called a brackish wit. She certainly would be a hoarse-shoer.—The Judge.

JONES says he feels sure that his young hopeful, six months old, will easily develop a love for field sports, because he is already such a base bawler.—Detroit Free Press.

SOME one has discovered that a good article of pocket-handkerchief can be made of thised-down. It is, thistledown the silk article.—N. O. Pionyear.

Decline of Man.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.

We believe it has never been told who pulled the clapper that "made the walking ring."—Detroit Free Press.

PORT STEVENSON, DAKOTA TEL.—Rev. James McCarty says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of severe dyspepsia."

OVER the garden wall—Broken glass.—Puck.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.—N. Y. News.

The shades of night gather in dew time.—N. Y. News.

Why suffer longer from Catarrh and Cold in the Head? A sure cure is Ely's Cream Balm. It is not a liquid or snuff and is easily applied. Price 50 cents.

If it were not for dear women the world would present nothing but stagnation.

DR. PIERCE'S "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weakness. It is sold by druggists.

A TRIAL trip—When the jury disagree.—N. Y. News.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." Isc. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

The large stone hand of an idol in a Chinese temple recently fell off and severely injured a worshiper beneath. "Satan finds some mischief still for idol hands to do."—Burlington Free Press.

LADIES and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and all kindred complaints, will find without a rival Brown's Iron Bitters.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Renders a lady's skin white and soft. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

Use a pair of Lyon's Patent Hair Stiffeners and make a boot or shoe last twice as long.

As WARM weather comes on wear Chroloth Collars and Cuffs. Perspiration has no effect on them.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 10c.

Wile's Ails Grease never gums.

DROPS OF WATER.

Mr. JOSEPH G. BICKELL, No. 62 Main Street, Cambridgeport, Mass., writes, April 27, 1883: "I have been terribly afflicted for a number of years with gravel and kidney disease. My urine contained brick-dust deposits, and at times I could not pass my water except in drops and great pain. I had had to get up as many as fifteen times during the night. I tried several physicians; they did me no good, but a friend of mine, who had used Hunt's Remedy, told me to get a bottle and try it. He had been cured of a severe case similar to mine, and that others had used Hunt's Remedy in Cambridgeport and pronounced it a medicine of real merit. After being repeatedly urged I purchased a bottle, and before I had used all of it I passed a stone as large as a pea, followed by smaller ones. I have used in ten bottles, and it has completely cured me. My kidneys are in excellent condition, and for one of my age (60) sixty-eight years, I can truly say I feel like a young man with strength and vitality. My family use the Remedy, and would not be without it, and never fail to recommend it to our friends and neighbors in Cambridgeport and Boston. You are at liberty to use my name in praise of the best kidney and liver medicine, Hunt's Remedy."

"DID WONDERS FOR ME."

The above words are from Mr. LEWIS KEES, No. 9 Highland Avenue, Malden, Mass., April 28, 1883. He says: "I have been troubled for years with kidney and liver complaint, followed by gravel, with severe pains in my back and groin. I had great trouble in passing water, it being scanty, and accompanied by terrible burning, the vessel being coated with brick-dust deposits. I was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had been completely cured of a similar trouble. I purchased a bottle at the drugstore, and commenced to improve at once. I have used but two bottles, and it has done wonders for me. I have no more kidney trouble, no more pain. It has given me new life, and I would not be without Hunt's Remedy at any price. It is all that it is recommended to be, and I cheerfully give this testimony for the benefit of the many sufferers from kidney disease and gravel."

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is a perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Peck's Compendium of Fun

IS A JOKE IN EVERY PARAGRAPH AND A LAUGH IN EVERY LINE, containing PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA and all the master pieces of this, the greatest humorist of the age. Literary Marvel, 100 illustrations. Laughable illustrated circular. Free. To save time, send 20 cents for outfit and get choice territory. Address: BELFORD, CLARKE & CO., Chicago.

AGENTS CLEAR \$30 A DAY selling Peck's Compendium of Fun in Russia and Germany. Best new book out. Fully illustrated. Circulars all other books. 60 pages. 300 illustrations. Circulars only 10 cents. Pictorial circulars free. Extra terms to agents. Secured territory AT ONCE. Address: HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, JUNE 16, 1883.

THE WEATHER.

The following is the meteorological report for the week ending June 12, at Escanaba:

Table with columns: Date, Mean Bar., Mean Therm., Wind, Dir'n, Force, Weather. Includes weekly mean barometer, maximum temperature during the week, minimum temperature during the week, and inches melted snow during the week.

THE motion for the arrest of sentence and for a new trial for Clifford, the slayer of Capt. Henry Pugh, at Racine, was denied. Clifford is at Waupun, where he belongs.

FROM Pittsburg come the same reports as before the settlement of the labor question, but the reports are based upon the statements of the men whose actions contradict their words and may be taken for what they are worth with that understanding.

THE ex-wife of the ex-bruiser Ben Hogan complains, in a half-column letter to the Inter-Ocean, that she does not get newspaper taffy enough. It's a pity, surely. She refers to the parable of the lost sheep, which does not apply to her case.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT, a brother of Wm. Callen Bryant and the only surviving member of the family, celebrated his "golden wedding," at Princeton, Ill., on Thursday, June 7. A large company of relatives and friends were present and letters were received from John G. Whittier, Dr. Holmes, Robert Collyer and others.

HORATIO G. BROOKS, the head of the Brooks Locomotive works, Dunkirk, N. Y., has organized a "school of technology" for the apprentices in his works. The company bears all the expenses of the school and will find its reward in a corps of thoroughly instructed workmen.

OHIO iron-masters complain that the Pittsburgers have "played it" on them. They say that, relying on the assurances of the Pittsburgers that the scale would not be signed, they have refused orders and prepared for a lock-out of at least two months, and that the Pittsburgers accepted the orders they had refused, signed the scale at the last moment, and so secured business at their expense and by an act of bad faith.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Secretary Teller has reversed his decision in the case of Wm. Chandler, of the village of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and now decides that the Porterfield scrip is locatable upon the tract in question, evidence being produced that the Indians did not reside on the tract, as was supposed at the time of the first decision.

That decision gives Chandler and his associates a strip of land between the canal and the river the value of which can only be guessed at, at present, but which is undoubtedly very great. Chandler has made a successful "land-grab."

THE annual meeting of stockholders of the Northwestern railway company was held at the offices in Chicago on June 7. The report of the officers show that the year last past has been a prosperous one and that the property was in good condition.

THE "Barnard bill" came up in the senate on June 5, and received a majority of votes—17. It Gov. Crosby ruled that the bill required a two-third vote to pass it, and that it had, not having received it, failed. The senate, instead of over-ruling him, sent the bill back to the house by resolution with a statement of the fact that it had received the vote of a majority of senators elect, and the house took action on the bill as though it had been passed—ordering it engrossed, etc.

THE republican nomination in Ohio is a weak one—one that ought not to have been made. Judge Foraker is "a good man," "a fair man," "a man of some ability," and can be spoken of indefinitely in that half-apologetic sort of way, but he'll wish the republican lightning had struck somewhere else if the democrats put up Gen. Durbin Ward against him. He has no strength in the state at large, and no "bar!"—though it is asserted that Foster's "bar!" is to be tapped for his benefit.

GEN. GRESHAM, the new postmaster-general, seems to have ideas. By a recent order he attempts (with what success remains to be seen) to make his subordinates, not only at Washington but in the local offices all over the country understand that they are public servants and to hold them strictly to the discharge of their duties as such. Under it postmasters who desire to leave their posts hereafter for recreation or other purposes will have to undergo considerable personal inconvenience to accomplish such a result.

THE old wife regains her title to that nice old boy, Maj. Nickerson, but it is not of much value; the new one has him out of reach of process.

CARL GERBLICK is wanted, or information of his whereabouts, by his brother, August Gerbliek, Rockland, Ontonagon County, Pass the word.

THE committee of the legislature which investigated the charges of attempted bribery brought against the friends of Ex-Senator Ferry during the late contest, reports "no cause of action."

THE Senate wound up with a song, to the air "In the morning by the bright light." The public is content, would have been had they closed with a "walk around," only so they quit and give us a rest.

GRACE CHURCH, New York, is to have a new marble spire, 219 feet high, costing \$50,000. A \$50,000 spire ought to relieve a great deal of distress among the poor, and bring many souls to repentance.

GOVERNOR BEGOLE refused his assent to the bill abolishing the office of swamp-land commissioner; to that appointing a commission to codify and arrange railroad legislation, and to that for the protection of hotel and boarding-house keepers.

IT APPEARS that "the Ferrys" are not dead broke. We note the organization of the E. P. Ferry Lumber company, Montague; capital \$400,000, of which E. P. Ferry holds seven-eighths of the shares, and we fail to notice any proceedings in bankruptcy.

THE army of Michigan will go into camp on August 9, at Island Lake, near Brighton, Livingston Co., and continue there five days, General Withington will be in command and the Q. M. G. will provide transportation, camp and garrison equipage, etc.

HALF-A-MILLION is the regular amount of capital stock of an iron mine, but gold is higher priced. The Marquette Gold and Silver company, lately organized, puts its capital at the round figure, \$1,000,000. The holders won't insist on par, though. They'll shade the figure a little if a purchaser shows greenbacks.

CHICAGO's best mayor is disgusted with the Illinois legislature. He says that not over 500 saloons in Chicago will take out licenses at \$500 each—that the law is unconstitutional and that a test case will be made at once to try that question in the courts.

THE North Shore Herald announces the discovery of a silver mine, near Rabbit Mountain, from which two men, in only six weeks' time, have taken \$100,000 worth of silver. The stuff is a "black sulphate" and very rich, worth \$1,200 a ton, and nuggets are found weighing (in one instance) seven pounds. If half the talk is true it is the greatest mine ever opened.

WHEN an enterprise, a mine, or an insurance company, or any other project appeals to a society, religious, charitable or fraternal, to sustain it, let it alone. Ninety-nine times in a hundred it is a deliberate swindle and the hundredth a folly. Drop it, before your fingers are burned. A sharper is trying, just now, to rope in members of the G. A. R., with what he calls the Veteran Mining Co.

THE star-route case was given to the jury on Tuesday last. The only result looked for by those best situated to forecast the event is a disagreement. One of the counsel said "when foreman Crane asked in that matter-of-fact way for the sleeping accommodations, it was settled so far as an immediate verdict was concerned. When he asked for a copy of the charge I gave them two or three days; but when some of the jurymen wanted the printed testimony I gave up all hope of a verdict."

FOR once we can read the rebel historian of the Free Press, "M. Qaad," without a mental protest. In his narrative of the operations of the army (under that military prig Halleck) following the Shiloh fight and until Beauregard evacuated Corinth, he sizes up that commander about as well as did the sucker teanster whom Halleck attempted to instruct about getting his load out of a mudhole in which it was stuck: "git out o' there you d—d yankee schoolmaster," roared the teanster, and Halleck "got."

CHICAGO Irishmen say, of the fulmination of the Vatican concerning the Parnell fund, that it is uncalled for, unjustifiable, arbitrary, and dangerous to the religious faith of the Irish people; that they "will no more tolerate the hostile intervention of Rome than of any other power;" and that they resolve, among other resolutions, that "while we acknowledge and are ready to yield obedience as Catholics to the spiritual authority of Pope Leo XIII, we emphatically repudiate his claims to exercise any authority over us as Irishmen while we vindicate the solemn and sacred duty we owe to our native land."

GEN. GRESHAM, the new postmaster-general, seems to have ideas. By a recent order he attempts (with what success remains to be seen) to make his subordinates, not only at Washington but in the local offices all over the country understand that they are public servants and to hold them strictly to the discharge of their duties as such. Under it postmasters who desire to leave their posts hereafter for recreation or other purposes will have to undergo considerable personal inconvenience to accomplish such a result.

Good for Josiah. His conglomerate excellency, the governor, interposed his veto, and the "Barnard bill" to sow dissension in corporations and promote litigation, died the death. The sharp practice of the senatorial promoters of the plan disgusted Josiah—honest man—and no wonder. As to the intent and purpose of the bill, he says: "The provisions of this bill affect only the managers and stockholders of corporations, and are of no consequence and afford no relief to the poor man. The struggle of capitalists for the ascendancy in the management of corporations, affect the people generally and especially the farming and laboring classes, no more than would a 'corner' in the diamond market. The character of corporations, whether ruled absolutely by the majority, or ruled, guided, or obstructed by a minority, will be the same."

Ore Shipments.

Statement of iron ore, pig iron and quartz shipments from the opening of navigation to Wednesday, June 13:

Table with columns: Marquette mines, Tons, and Grand total from Escanaba. Lists various mines like Marquette, Anselme, Barium, Cambria, Cleveland, etc.

Correspondence.

FAYETTE, June 13, 1883.

Editor of the IRON PORT: Being impressed with the idea that a short description of the entertainment given in honor of Mr. John B. Kitchen, previous to his leaving this location, would not be unwelcome to your columns, I am prompted by the prevailing spirit of good-will to take that pleasant duty upon myself.

Proceedings were opened by the cornet band escorting the guests and their family from their residence to the hall, where some 200 or more persons had assembled, consisting of the employees of the Jackson Iron company, their wives and families, and a number of intimate friends. After passing a couple of hours in "tripping the light fantastic," the company was called to order and the Rev. H. W. Thompson, in the name of the employees, presented to Mr. J. B. Kitchen a very handsome gold-headed cane and to Mrs. Kitchen an elegant silver water pitcher, together with a very appropriate address, in which he expressed the regret of the residents in general at the removal from amongst them of one who for the last sixteen years had been to them both a kind master and a good friend, and together with his esteemed wife had always been ready to assist the needy and comfort the afflicted, and wishing to both, health and prosperity for their future, and the blessing of the Almighty on their venture in their new home.

Mr. Kitchen responded for himself and wife briefly thanking the donors for their handsome gifts and reciprocating the kind wishes expressed. The band then played a march and those present, forming in twos, passed around the hall and shook hands with Mr. & Mrs. K., thus giving to each one an opportunity to personally express his or her regrets and adieus. Refreshments were then handed about and the remainder of the evening passed in dancing.

Mr. & Mrs. Kitchen left here for Chicago on Monday morning, carrying with them the best wishes of all with whom they have been associated in any capacity, social or otherwise, and may God's blessing attend them in the wish of "FAYETTE."

WE GIVE below, by permission of the person to whom it is addressed, a letter which is of interest as showing what our neighbors at Negaunee are doing about a water supply:

Negaunee, June 13, 1883. J. H. TRACY, Esq., DEAR SIR:—I procured from the chairman of the water commission, John Mulvey, Esq., the following figures in regard to the system now under construction here: 1. Worthington, Duplex pump, capacity 1,000,000 gallons in 24 hours . . . \$3,000 2. Engine house, 40 by 60, 18 feet high . . . 5,000 3. 2.5 miles of 12 inch pipe, 60 inches diameter . . . 2,000 4. 2.5 miles of pipe, 10 inch main and smaller for branches, including cast iron T's for intersections—laid ready for use . . . 14,500 Total . . . \$54,500 Hydrants, for fire service, cost \$30 each. These are no guess-work figures; contracts are let for pump, engine house and boilers, and having already laid nearly one mile of pipe they are prepared to make a close estimate of the cost of that. You can lay pipe at least ten per cent. cheaper than they can here. Thirty thousand dollars would give you a system that would be more protection against fire than four steamers. For the system at Ishpeming to furnish this amount of water they used, for six months, an average of one ton of coal a day. Yours Truly, J. A. S. DOUGHERTY.

Our Neighbors.

[Marquette Eagle.] —The Beaver Creek house was burned on Saturday. —The Eagle has "just turned" its twelfth year. —The contract is let for the Marquette branch of the W. & M. It stipulates for the completion of the road on or before the first of October. —The paper-mill company has bought two acres of ground and will erect houses for its workmen. —Nellie M. Thorne, wife of Dr. J. H. Peaslee, died on Tuesday. —Lightning struck the telephone wire and melted portions of it.

[Marquette Mining Journal.] —The water in the lake is a foot lower than this time last year—nobody can tell why. —Mr. Schoch has been interviewed and denies and refutes the charge of bad-faith on the part of the M. H. & O. in its dealings with the D., M. & M. At the same time he declines to "bid the devil good-morning until he meets him"—to worry about competition until somebody begins to compete, because, as he says, "a railroad must be built before it can carry ore."

—Mr. Sweat is winning friends and getting business at Marquette. [He deserves it.] —Mining being dull, marrying is in order. Two weddings are announced and others are expected. —The St. Ignace News—her latest and third newspaper—announces its subscription price at \$2 per annum, in advance—single copies three cents. This is a clear case of a premium not to subscribe for it, and the first on record.

Cinders overlooks the fact that the News is to be published semi-weekly, which disposes of his criticism. One hundred and four numbers a year, at three cents, is \$3.12; eh? —Speaking of Bismarck, says, "it lies about half a mile up the river from Fort Abraham Lincoln, near which the town was laid out for the purpose of being near military aid in case of an Indian outbreak." As the fort is four miles instead of half a mile from town, and on the opposite bank of the Missouri, the statement may be taken with some allowance. —The PORT is giving the city authorities cold facts and sound advice on the water supply question in every number lately. It is plain to see that the Colonel is a believer in the efficacy of a bounteous supply of cold water for the common uses of life and fire protection, however he may look upon it as a beverage.

Aye; for bathing and boiling potatoes it is indispensable, and besides, there are those (friends of ours—Cinders, and Major Clarke, and Rev. John Russell) who make use of it to quench their otherwise unappeasable thirst; and we don't want to be inhospitable. —Poachers at work in the trout streams near Clarksburg. [Give 'em the g. b.] —A "cave-in" at the St. Lawrence mine delayed mining operations a few days. Nobody killed.

—Rev. John Russell, presiding elder, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, June 3. —A small strike (the stock-pile men) at the Cleveland mine, was quick over—the strikers paid off and other men put in their places. —In spite of the Major and "the company," "a prominent citizen" got drunk and spent Wednesday night in the lock-up. —Somebody blazed away at the night-watchman, twice, without doing any damage. [Verily, Manistique for a temperance town, indulges in "funny work" to a degree.] —One Johnson discharged all the loads in his "pop," or thought he had, but a child picking it up and snapping it, found a cartridge that went off and lodged the bullet in Johnson's face, below the eye. He won't die, unfortunately.

—There was another row on Saturday night, and still another on Thursday night, but "the hotel de McCanna" (the jail) has but one boarder. —"It is the duty of society to pass such laws as can be enforced" [and no others]. —Scarlet fever again—one case only, but enough to call for measures of precaution, lest it spread. —Bréyer is around with his "comedy company."

—The wire for the telephone line to Seney is received and the men are putting it up. [Menominee Herald.] —Mat Rauner, of Marinette, 75 years old, died, in a fit, on Friday. —Three fires on Tuesday; the first in the K. C. company's warehouse, loss trifling—the next destroyed the paper-mill on the Michigan side of the river, loss \$15,000; and the third burned the tug Alert and 300,000 feet of lumber belonging to the Sawyer-Goodman company. The three made a hard day's work for the firemen.

—The wife of John Lutka, while burning the brush on the lot occupied as her home, set fire to her clothes and was so severely burned that she died. —The W. & M. railroad will build a branch to Menominee in consideration of \$20,000, which sum a committee of citizens is trying to raise by subscription. That's the W. & M. style—"put up or shut up."

[Negaunee Iron Herald.] —On the Wheat mine property, mining hard ore has been suspended, but the hematite will be wrought "for all it is worth." —The wife of Wm. Schultz, of Republic, drowned herself in Perch lake. —The supreme court decision in the case entitled Erickson & Fresh, vs the Michigan Land and Iron Co., invalidates the reservation of mineral rights, etc., made by the M. H. & O. railroad company and unsettles the titles to various valuable mining properties. Sixty thousand acres of land are affected by it. —The suit of Jeremy Compo against the Jackson Iron company has been decided in favor of the company.

HARDWARE, ETC. A CAR LOAD OF Fence Wire! For Sale Cheap! Just Received at Wallace's Hardware Store.

COAL. HALL & CO., (Successors to P. Ouderkirk & Co.) Wholesale Dealers in Ohio Hocking Lump Coal Cargo or Car Lots at Lowest Prices. Shipments made from Escanaba or Marquette. Correspondence Solicited. Address, HALL & CO., Ishpeming, Mich.

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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, JUNE 16, 1883.

News Summary.

THE N. Y. West shore & Buffalo road was opened between Jersey City and Newburg on June 3.

THE Port Huron Telegraph characterizes Lt. Gov. Crosby's ruling with regard to the "Bernard bill" as "infamous." Nice idea of the use of adjectives they must have at the Telegraph office.

HORATIO SAMPSON, of New York, cautions the democracy, suggests that it is making a fool of itself on the tariff question.

A GRAIN warehouse at Milwaukee burst and spilled its contents on June 6.

FOWLER BROTHERS, of Chicago, accused by Peter McGeech of selling adulterated lard, "answer and say" that Peter lies—that they are not like a concern that would do so.

THE newly elected mayor of St. Paul, O'Brien, is closing up the "hells" and brothels to quick.

TWO brothers, outlaws, named Barber, were apprehended near Waverly, Iowa, on June 6. They killed two men and wounded three others in the melee, but were overpowered and jailed.

THE Zinc reservation is to be re-surveyed and the position concerning the Nutrias valley and springs definitively settled. Tucker insists that his claim and himself have been misrepresented, that the springs and valley are his by necessity of the Zincs.

THE result of the republican convention at Columbus, Ohio, is said to have been brought about by the blundering of "Private Dalzell."

THE body of Capt. John Larson, mate of the steamship *Leviathan*, burned at sea late last fall, was picked up by the *Leviathan*, off Keyauakee, one day last week.

THE *Vandal*, a river tug, owned by Alger, Smith & Co., of Detroit, was burned, on Lake Erie, June 7. Loss (total) \$25,000; insurance \$16,000.

THE Irishmen in Canada do not like the prospect of having Lansdowne for governor-general.

OURAIN friends of Phil Sheridan have bought a house, in Washington, which they will present to him when he goes there next fall to succeed Gen. Sherman in command of the army.

SENATOR T. W. PALMER and wife will start for Europe on July 4. Hon. E. Breiting sails at the same time.

JOHN HAYEKI, the manager of a dozen or so theaters and shows, of one sort and another, is "offence."

THE railroad which Vanderbilt resigned to avoid carrying on has been inaugurated. The Grand Trunk is the system attacked.

THE legislature of Michigan adjourned on Saturday last. Now for two years of peace.

SENATOR F. B. HILL refused his approval to the "burned bill."

TWO Barber brothers were taken from the Waverly (Iowa) jail and hanged on June 8.

BILLIE CHANDLER tells the New Hampshire folks that he will not run for senator at the time. Likes to be "ruler of the people's house" better.

MAJOR MARK NICHOLSON, who is in dispute between two wives and don't know which one has the title, has "run and hid."

MAJOR WASSON, the defaulting paymaster of the army, is "offence" as if he was to be white-washed.

GEORGE FREDERICKS, proprietor of a low variety show at Kansas City, and John Bell, a regular, quarreled about a harlot and the pimple-patched pimp.

GEORGE Gould's trip to Europe had more in it than a frolic would seem. George Gould visited the *Albatross*, on Friday last, with \$200,000 worth of Western Union stock and other assets, delivered to the Doctor.

A POWDER magazine at Scutari, Turkey, was struck by lightning and exploded on June 12. *Some of our large.*

A CANAL across the Florida peninsula is being designed. General Chas. F. (Ball's Bluff) Smith is in charge as chief engineer and the money is ready. The route is from Fernandina up the St. Mary's river and the canal proper to the gulf. It will save the gulf commerce six hundred miles of dangerous navigation.

WILLEDGNEY, HILL & Co., of Chicago, were seriously injured by a small fire in their establishment, but they will get part of their money back on fire-insurance, like this.

THE latest Dakota paradise is Appomattox, on the Cheyenne river.

THE Illinois legislature has passed the "high license bill" but whisky is "the same old price" in Chicago.

WHERE the piano man is in deep water, financially. The creditor who made him trouble is Giro, the fellow who attained such unenviable notoriety as "the lover" in the Christianity case.

MAJOR WASSON has paid up the amounts which his accounts were short, and his acquittal is expected.

TIM KELLY was hanged in Kilmainham jail on Saturday last. He was the fifth of the Phoenix park murderers to suffer. He died without confessing or denying his participation in the death of Cavendish and Burke.

LUTYA lies very low, at her home at Bloomington, and the gravest fears are entertained. Should she improve (which is extremely doubtful) she will be taken to southern California, the climate of that locality being favorable for rheumatic patients. At the best it is hardly possible that she should ever appear upon the stage. We shall have to remember that we were the last people for whom she sang. Her career ended on the boards of Music hall probably.

EUGENIE, widow of Napoleon la petite, will build a memorial church, at Plamborough, England, which is to cost \$350,000 and to contain the bodies of her husband and son.

ON THE coming anniversary of American independence a monument which has been erected over the grave of Jefferson, at Monticello, Va., will be unveiled.

"BONANZA MACKAY" and his wife attended the Russian coronation and outshone everybody except the *Car* and *Carina*, in gorgeousness of apparel.

A CYCLONE came within two blocks of the state house at Springfield, but the blowers inside outblew it and "stood it off."

JAY GOULD's yacht, the *Atlanta*, on which he has spent a quarter of a million, was out for a trial trip the other day, and Jay was a little surprised to find that she would "go."

THE two grain elevators owned by Douglas, Stewart & Forrest, at Chicago, were burned on Saturday last. Loss \$100,000; insurance \$59,000.

THE Macon Volunteers, of Macon, Georgia, a military organization which has existed continuously since 1825, visits Chicago this week. The organization served in the Florida and Mexican wars and through the rebellion—under the national flag in the first two and against it in the third.

THE new gospel ship was launched on Saturday.

MR. PARSELL will make a tour of the United States in August next.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is "playing himself out" as rapidly as possible. He is wanted, now, for whipping his wife.

THE state of New York proposes to purchase what is known as Prospect park, Niagara Falls, together with the islands, and convert the whole into a public park.

THE dead body of a woman was found afloat near Wyandotte. It was in night-clothes only. Whether a murder or a suicide is the question.

PECK, of the *Sun* (and the flame-colored hair), gave the three-hundred-and-odd gamblers who sell *Suns* at Chicago an excursion by rail to Milwaukee and return. At Milwaukee he fed and frolicked with them. Good scheme—break on the waters, as it were.

A NEW steamer, the *Walter L. Frost*, was launched at Detroit on Saturday last.

AS late as May 27, Gen. Crook had not caught the Apaches—nor they him. He was 250 miles into Mexico and going on, bound to have a fight or run the hostiles out of the mountains where the Mexican troops can catch them.

SUNDAY is murder day in Chicago, but if one goes to church he is comparatively safe.

THE Apaches fight Crook by setting the woods on fire as they retreat.

AT Vincennes, Ind., Charles Pollock shot his wife and then himself, fatally. He was 28 years old and his wife 18. Whisky was the trouble.

JOHN G. MACKAY, said to be "an American Fenian," was arrested at Cardiff with a quantity of explosives in his possession.

DOYLE, one of the "invincibles," has been liberated. He was near death with consumption.

A SHIP, in the harbor of Corunna, Spain, hoisted the Fenian flag at the peak, and the British consul hauled it down, with the assistance of the Spanish coast-guard.

CORN is going to be a big crop, but wheat will be short—much whisky and pork, but smaller loaves of bread.

THE bones of John Howard Payne are finally at rest in Oak Hill cemetery, Georgetown, D. C.

THE "John Bell," who killed Fredericks, at Kansas City, in a quarrel over a harlot, is Orth Stein, a son of Hon. John H. Stein, of Lafayette, Ind.

SECRETARY CHANDLER proposes to close and abandon the navy yards at Portsmouth, N. H., Boston, and League Island, Cal. and to economize in various ways.

THE investigation of Hill, the supervising architect, seems to be doing him some harm without doing his persecutors, Messrs. Murch and Mullett, much good.

THE Goodrich steamer *Sheboygan* ran down the lumber schooner *Mystic* in a fog, off Groge Point, on Sunday last.

AND now the loyal Jannibulls are exercised in their minds lest the Queen should lose hers. The whole tribe of Hanoverians are crazy—Victoria has kept her head longer than any of her forbears.

THE "vulcanizer" of the *Ansonia* rubber works at College Point, Long Island, blew up on June 9, killing five men and destroying \$12,000 worth of property.

THE lately enacted license law of Illinois imposes a tax of \$150 per year upon those dealers who sell distilled liquors.

BELOIT, Wis., was struck by a cyclone on Monday last and the Northwestern railway bridge and a number of buildings wrecked. Only one life lost. The same storm struck Elmo, Wis., and did much damage there, and it or another ripped through Waverly, Brush Creek, Tripoli and Sumner, Iowa, shattering buildings and wounding many persons.

GEN. CROOK has been again heard from. He had captured a few non-combatants, old men and women, but had not been able to catch any warriors.

SENATOR VEST, of Missouri, was nearly suffocated in a bath at the Arkansas Hot Springs. He was unconscious when removed, and was with difficulty restored.

THE Chicago Tribune must be a kleptomaniac—one that steals for the pleasure of stealing—if as the *Inter Ocean* charges, it steals Spurgeon's sermons.

TOM HENDRICKS and Jim McDonald, two Hoosiers "with but a single thought"—viz. how to get the democratic presidential nomination, won't speak to each other. Sad: oh, so sad.

CHESTER H. KAUM, of St. Louis, missing for a couple of weeks or more from St. Louis, has been traced to Salt Lake City. Nothing is said about the woman.

S. O. DAVIS, a Terre Haute lawyer, attempted to shoot John E. Lamb, member of Congress, missed him, hit a man he did not aim at and has a criminal prosecution and a civil action for damages to fight at the same time.

BARGAINS IN FINE DRY GOODS.

Hutchinson & Goodell

Again call your attention to their stock of

SHAWLS! - SHAWLS!

India, Broche, Cashmere, Wool and Colored.

Dress

Dress

Goods!

Goods!

Black Cashmeres, Buntings, Brocades, Plaids and Colored Cashmeres.

SILKS!

SILKS!

SILKS!

SILKS!

SILKS!

SILKS!

American Black Silks, Summer Silks, Rhadames, Brocade and Ottoman.

HOSIERY!

Hosiery!

Hosiery!

Hosiery!

50 dozen Ladies' Hose at 10 cents per pair.

25 dozen Ladies' Hose at 25 cents per pair.

White Goods, Embroidery, Notions, Etc.

Examine our Stock!

Ludington Street, West, under Lewis House.

One Price—Cash.

CLOTHING.

FINE



Summer

Clothing

AT RATHFON BROS.

THE IRON PORT
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, JUNE 16, 1883.

Personals.

—Jim Hanley has been outside for the last ten days.

—Harry Hutchings, of Fairbanks was in town on Monday.

—Miss Jennie Perrin arrived home on Thursday last.

—F. O. Clark was in town yesterday, looking after his interests here.

—Stegmiller has been at Chicago for the week past visiting the exposition.

—W. W. Caven left, on Sunday last, for a thirty-day visit at Racine and elsewhere.

—H. A. and Mrs. Barr went to Chicago on Monday to take in the railway exposition.

—J. B. Hamacher went to Chicago on last Monday to meet friends from the waterland.

—Mr. Bending, of Rothschild & Bending, Marquette, visited Escanaba on Wednesday.

—Marshal Dolf was in town during the week, but we do not miss any of the "timber thieves."

—Jas. C. (peppermint) Dougherty, spent a couple of days in Escanaba last week. Some business and some visiting.

—Mr. D. I. Lay, of Stambaugh, was in town the latter part of last week, visiting his sister, Mrs. S. H. Selden.

—Mrs. Mark English, of Green Bay, with her family, is visiting at the home of George English, her husband's brother.

—James Conolly has been in town for a week, visiting his brothers. He is engaged on the St. Paul & Manitoba road.

—Mrs. H. L. Mead was called suddenly to Ohio by the dangerous illness of her father. She departed on Friday of last week.

—Will Sclden, of Stambaugh, who has lately returned from an extended visit in Connecticut, was in the city on Wednesday.

—Louis Allard, a former Escanaba boy, but now proprietor of the Montreal house, Menominee, was in the city on Saturday last.

—Capt. Swart, who looks after trespassers on state lands has been in town for a day or two this week and sundry of our cedar friends have been uneasy.

—Our friend Moon, of the Travelers', made his appearance, a week late, on Tuesday. He was delayed by an accident to his 14-year-old son—a badly dislocated elbow.

—Matt Serwe is ill; has had a touch of paralysis, we hear, and returns hither as soon as he can travel. Mr. Gagnon went to Marinette, to attend to him on Tuesday.

—Wm. Palmer, of the U. S. fish commission, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Heathcote. He is also collecting specimens of fish, birds and reptiles, for the National museum, Washington, D. C. He is taking in the lake region.

Range Items.

—"We had better shut down," said a mine owner and manager to us, the other day, "there's no money in ore at the price we are getting."

—The shut-down at the Metropolitan mine was but temporary and for a purpose which has been accomplished. The mine is again wrought and shipments continue.

—"We hear, just as we go to press, of the blowing up of building at Iron River with dynamite. The building was wrecked and others near by damaged, but no lives lost."

—Florence will have a Fourth of July "of its own." A dog-thief nearly broke the Florence dog-owners. Of the Great Western mine, "no other mine ever developed so fast." George R. Tuttle is going to leave Commonwealth. (Sorry to hear it, unless he is coming to Escanaba). Charley Geer is at the Lockwood house, Crystal Falls, clerking.

—Florence mining news.

—Tom McKenna is going to the Vermilion lake country. The "salvation army" is besieging Quinnesec—Bligh is command. Dr. McKee swallowed a gold eagle—actual; not dissolved in any solvent. John K. Stack is rebuilding the Adams house at Crystal Falls. The night-force at the Quinnesec mine has been taken off. Explorations are going on as though the ore market was brisk, instead of dull. The new cage-shaft at the Ludington mine is down 150 feet and will be carried 50 feet deeper. It is a model in every respect. John Hobbs was killed by falling down the shaft at the Ludington mine, on Wednesday. The Northwestern railway company contemplates the building of repair shops at Quinnesec or Iron Mountain—Menominee Range.

—Insure with Munger. 111f

—10 of the best Organs, just received at Burns'.

—Washing, better and cheaper than it can be done at home, at Haring's.

—Fresh candies this day; warranted pure and healthy; at Will Godley's.

—Cigars, Cigarettes, and Tobaccos, a wholesale stock, by A. & McN.

—My Shoes I will sell at a reduction of 50 per cent. No humbug. CARDOZO.

—Goods are going, fast, but there are bargains, lots of them, still left at the Boss store.

—Mrs. Yockey's Ice Cream Parlor, opposite Purdy's, is open, for the season.

—I have a fine Piano that I will sell cheap, for cash. CARDOZO.

—Mrs. Asch offers Baby Robes at from 50c to \$10. Each and every one cheap at its price.

—Mrs. Asch's stock of hosiery for ladies, comprises stockings at any price, from 10 cents to \$2.50 a pair.

—French Prunes, at only 15 cents per pound—cheaper than dried apples, by Atkins & McNaughtan.

—The most comprehensive stock of watches, clocks, silver-ware and jewelry in the city is to be found at Gagnon's.

—Greenhoot's stock of summer shoes, slippers, etc., for ladies', misses' and children's wear is worth looking at.

—Repairs, of time-pieces, jewelry or musical instruments, neatly and expeditiously done by competent workmen at E. S. Gagnon's.

—I will stay but a short time longer, so those who want cheap dry-goods should come now. CARDOZO.

—Fifty varieties of note paper, with envelopes to match. Something for every taste and for every social exigency at Will Godley's.

—Greenhoot once more calls the attention of the ladies to those beautiful dolmans and the extremely low price at which they can be bought.

—Peter Semer has just ten barrels of that Berrien county cider, which, if not soon sold will be made into vinegar. Come or send an order at once.

—Mrs. Heathcote has a few hats left, also ribbons and silks which she offers at cost price. All must be cleaned out by the end of the month.

—Mrs. Yockey has fitted up, furnished and opened a portion of her Millinery-store rooms as an Ice Cream Parlor and invites the patronage of the public, pledging her word that no effort shall be spared to give satisfaction.

—For sale, 1,240 acre farm, in south west Mo., all under fence, 6,000 apple and fruit trees, living water, good stone house, 36 in. vein of coal under 320 acres of it. Terms to suit the purchaser, very cheap, only \$22.50 per acre. Address, Rundell & Walser, Real Estate Agents, Lamar, Mo. 41

A Life Saving Present.
Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan.: Saved his life by a simple trial bottle of Dr. King's new discovery for consumption, which completely cured him, when doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, severe coughs, and all throat and lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial bottles free at Geo. Preston's drug store. Large size \$1. 23

WANTS-FOR SALE-TO RENT.
RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
A fine house, in a desirable locality, on usual terms or for cash at a more favorable price. Inquire at this office. 23f

MIDWIFE-MRS. EMILY STEINKE.
Gefruehe Deutsche Hebamme. Residence north side of Ludington street, opposite Purdy's, and one door east of Mrs. Yockey's millinery store.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
Situated on Georgia Street—lot 16, block 49—story and a half house, \$500 will buy it. Apply on the premises to J. PETER LECLAIR.

WOOD FOR SALE.
Good, well-seasoned body-maple Wood for sale, delivered at any place in the village, by WINEGAR & BURNS. 23f

TRESPASSERS-ATTENTION.
All persons are hereby cautioned against cutting wood or timber on N. Ludington Co.'s land, or they will be prosecuted according to law. O. T. BURNS, Agent.

RAILROAD LANDS FOR SALE.
The Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company are now offering for sale their land in Michigan at greatly reduced rates. Their hard-wood and farming lands will be sold to settlers on long time, with a low rate of interest, or a discount of 10% per cent. from their regular price will be made for cash. For all information apply to our address.
H. VAN CLEVE,
Land Agent, Escanaba, Mich.

THE C. O. D. STORE.

QUOTATIONS
AT THE C. O. D. STORE OF
MCGILLIS BROS.

MISCELLANEOUS.		FLOUR.	
9 lbs Granulated Sugar for	\$1 00	Tidal Wave per barrel,	8 00
10 lbs Standard A,	1 00	Straight, per barrel,	7 50
10 lbs Extra C,	1 00	CANNED GOODS.	
16 bars "Royal" Soap,	1 00	Condensed Milk,	25
18 bars "Highest Prize" Soap,	1 00	Kensett's 3 lb Tomatoes,	15
20 bars "Imperial" Soap,	1 00	String Beans, 2 lbs,	10
3 lb box Starch,	20	Lima Beans, 2 lbs,	10
16 oz. bottle Bluing,	15	Marrowfat Peas, 2 lbs,	15
10 oz. bottle Bluing,	10	Burnham & Morrill's Corn,	20
Rice, per pound,	09	Peaches, 3 lbs,	25
Prunes, per pound,	12	Lobsters, 2 lbs,	25
O. G. Java Coffee,	30	Salmon, 2 lbs,	30
Golden Rio, roasted,	20	Clams, 2 lbs,	20
" " " "	18	Clams, 1 lb,	12 1/2
" " Green,	12 1/2	Raspberries, 2 lbs,	12
" " " "	15	Pine Apple, 2 lbs,	15
Corn Starch, per pound,	08	DRIED FRUIT.	
Syrup, per gallon,	60	Evaporated Raspberries, per lb,	35
New Orleans Molasses,	70	Evaporated Blackberries,	15
New Maple Syrup, per gallon,	1 50	Pitted Cherries,	30
Potatoes, per bushel,	90	Evaporated Apples,	18
Turnips, per bushel,	60	North Carolina Sliced Apples,	12
Apples per bushel,	1 50	California Canned Goods,	30
CRACKERS.		All goods warranted as represented or money refunded. Give us a call.	
Soda Crackers,	08		
Milk " "	10		
Assorted Jumbles,	15		
Breakfast Snaps,	12		

NEW STORE.

Closing Out Sale!

As I have concluded to leave the city of Escanaba within Thirty Days, I shall offer my *Entire Stock!*

Consisting of Ready-made Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, etc., regardless of cost.

N. B.—I shall also sell my Household Furniture very cheap. WM. STERN.
Escanaba, June 15, 1883.

FURNITURE.

BIG BARGAINS AT DETROIT IN
F--U--R--N--I--T--U--R--E.

We are selling furniture cheaper than ever, and shall give at all times prices at least 10 per cent. lower than any other dealer in Detroit, with by far the largest stock in the state to select from and no charge for packing or delivering at boats or depots.

Bedroom Suite of 10 pieces for \$20 | A Cottage Furnished for \$50
Marble Bedroom Suites for 30 | Parlor Suites for 35
Cane and Wood Chairs at Cost. | All articles at Cheapest Prices.

—Don't buy without calling on us, and save yourself time and money.—

DUDLEY & FOWLE, 125 to 129 JEFFERSON AVE.
2-37

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW BLOOD

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For every Female Complaint these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. L. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

INSURANCE.

THE
Commonwealth

Pays its Members Benefits as follows:

Death by accident \$1,500 to \$2,500.
Accident Indemnity, per week, \$7 to \$25.
Sickness Indemnity, per week, \$10.00.
Loss of Arm or Leg, \$300.
\$8 per annum is the average cost of carrying a policy in

THE
Commonwealth.

Accidents will happen—secure a policy TO-DAY!
N. F. MUNGER, Gen. Agt.

Also agent for the
Northwestern
Mutual Life, of Milwaukee, the
Oldest, Best and Strongest
Life Insurance company in the
northwest. Office with
NORTHUP & NORTHUP,
Escanaba, Mich.

COAL.

Richard Mason,
—DEALER IN—
Coal, Wood and Timber

At wholesale and retail,
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

COAL

STOVE COAL,
LUMP COAL, for Grates,
STEAM COAL, and Fine
BLOSSBURG COAL.

Also 8,000 Acres of Pine, Cedar, Hardwood and other lands in the towns of Baldwin and Masonville, including several fine water powers and a first-class steam mill site on bay shore. 2 1/2 Office with F. D. MEAD, Esq., Au'y at Law.

FEED STORE.

ED. DONOVAN,

(Successor to Pat. Fogarty.)

At his old stand, corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets offers

FLOUR & FEED,
GRAIN & SEEDS,
HAY & STRAW

In any required quantity and at the lowest market rates. Special attention to orders by mail.

FURNISHING GOODS.

Lumbermen, Look Here!

It is to your own interest to call on me, see my stock and ascertain my prices. I have made the wants of the Lumberman a study and now claim to be able to fit out the boys

From Head to Feet,

Cheaper and better than any other store in the City of Escanaba. I do not sell goods below cost because I can't afford to do business that way but I do endeavor to furnish you with

Good Goods at Low Prices.

My stock embraces everything in the line of Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rubber Goods, Etc.

I. KRATZE.

Store on Ludington St., between Wolcott St. and Harrison Avenue.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Exclusive Sale of Reynolds Bros.

Fine Shoes.



FRANK J. DRAPER,
Escanaba, Mich.

FURNITURE.

D. A. OLIVER,

(Successor to John Braithwaite.)
Dealer in Furniture, Moulding, Frames, Brackets
Etc., all of the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. 2

SEWING MACHINES, COFFINS and TRIMMINGS. Ludington St.

MEAT MARKET.

A. & H. BITTNER,

—PROPRIETORS OF THE—
City and Marine Meat Market,
And dealers in Fresh, Salted and Smoked Meats,
Canned Meats and Fish, Sausage, Mince Meat, Butter, Eggs and Cheese. 2

HARDWARE.

DIXON & COOK,

—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL HARDWARE
A large stock of everything, and at the lowest prices.
JOBGING A SPECIALTY. WAGONS, ETC.
Ludington St., 3 doors west from Dousman St. 2

MERCHANT TAILORING.

KIRSTINE & REINWAND,

MERCHANT TAILORS.
The parties above named have bought the stock and good-will of John Peck and will hereafter do business in the building formerly occupied by him and would announce to all lovers of good clothes that their stock of imported and domestic cloths can not be beaten Call and leave your measure. 2

LUMBER.

N. LUDINGTON CO.,

—ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH—
WHITE PINE LUMBER
Either at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices. 2
LUMBER YARD IN THE REAR OF "THE IRON PORT" OFFICE.