

THE IRON PORT.

VOLUME 14, NO. 39.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

\$2.50 PER YEAR

PROFESSIONAL CAMERAS.

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 Pensioners. Applicants for original or increased pensions will be examined on the first Wednesday in each month.
Office, next door west of Dixon & Cook's. Residence, Elmore St., third block south of Catholic church.
Office hours.—From 10 to 12 a. m., and 12 m. to 1 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 Ramspeck block, 2d floor, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

EMIL GLASER,
Judge of Probate, Justice of the Peace and Real Estate Agent.
(Deutscher Friedenstrichter. Besorgt die eintragung von Geldern.)
Collections promptly made and remitted.
Agent for Green Bay Marble Works.

FRANK D. MEAD,
Attorney at Law,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent.
Money to Loan on Real Estate Security.
Fire, Hardwood and other lands bought and sold on commission.

FOR SALE, 10,000 acres of Timber and Farming Lands.
Office in second story Semer building.

HOTELS.

LEWIS HOUSE,
J. E. Smith, Prop'r.
New and Newly Furnished throughout, is now open to the public. No outside show, but good beds and fare at moderate prices. Board by the day, week or month.
Ludington St., between Wolcott and Campbell.

LUDINGTON HOUSE,
LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA.
Jeffrey & Oliver, Lessees.
This well-known house, immediately in the business center of the town, within a hundred yards of the postoffice and the steamboat landing is now open, under a permanent management, for the reception of guests. No pains will be spared to make it again a favorite with the traveling public.

ESCANABA HOUSE,
Albert Sieman Prop'r.
This house has been entirely refitted 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,
Refreshment throughout! Centrally located! Good Smoking! 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HARRIS BROTHERS,
Contractors & Builders.
We return thanks to the building public for past patronage and beg to announce that we have fitted up our mill with first-class machinery, and are prepared to manufacture Dressed Lumber, Flooring, Siding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings and Brackets in all the late designs, and on short notice.

WAGON & CARRIAGE MAKING.
Repairing of all Kinds.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Shop next to P. Findegan's Blacksmith's Shop.
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
Escanaba, Mich. A. J. HENRY.

JOSEPH RAYSON,
Practical Carpenter & Builder.
TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
In first-class work. Heating, Ventilating, and Sanitary work a specialty.
Estimates for all classes of building made on application.
Shop on Campbell St., near Ogden avenue.

Items of Interest.

—At Godley's—the PORT.
—Dry Goods at Greenhoot's.
—Hanley's—Lunch, to-night.
—Try the City Laundry, once.
—Egg Plant by Atkins & McN.

—Clothing and Hats and Caps at Greenhoot's.
—Anheuser's celebrated export beer at the Parlor.
—Burial Cases, a great variety, at Van Dyke's.

—Watches cleaned, regulated and repaired at Stegmiller's.
—Watermelons and Cantelopes by Atkins & McNaughtan.

—At Godley's—a variety of interesting reading matter.
—Hanley's Billiard and Pool rooms, opposite the Postoffice.

—Monday evening next—at Music Hall—Nashville Students.
—Drop in at Sandy Oliver's and see that beautiful library table.

—Kalamazoo celery, twice a week by Atkins & McNaughtan.
—Chamber sets in Walnut, Cherry and painted pine, at Oliver's.

—Budweiser, for family use, by the bottle, dozen, or case, at the Parlor.
—Those baby-jumpers sold by D. A. Oliver are "just the thing"—try one.

—Those Painted chamber sets, at Van Dyke's are too cheap, but they're nice.
—VanDyke, at Hiller's old stand, can supply your every want in the furniture line.

—Hanley's—Tommy Curry in charge—is the best place in town for Commercial men.
—Conveniently situated and capable of the best work, the City Laundry solicits orders.

—At Godley's—walking sticks and a variety of things appertaining to gentlemen's toilet.
—Hanley's—Tommy Curry in charge—best table and best bar in Escanaba. Try it, once.

—City Laundry, north side Ludington street, west of Campbell. All work warranted.
—Bananas and all tropical fruits (as well as domestic) can be had of Atkins & McNaughtan.

—Ed. Erickson, to make room for fall goods, continues to offer his summer stock at reduced prices.
—"An Organ," did you say? Try Mead's New England. It will please you both in quality and price.

—At Godley's—Ecrittoires for travelers, stationery to fill them and pens and ink to make the stationery of use.
—DeVos, Photographer, has a suite of desirable rooms in the Richards block, which will be for rent after Sept. 1.

—Jubilee and Plantation Melody by the Nashville Students on Monday evening next, at Music Hall. Don't miss it.
—At Godley's—Jewsharps (and Revolvers to prevent the abuse of the jewsharps) Pocket knives, razors, nail trimmers, etc.

—Hanley's: there's where you get rest, refreshment and amusement. Whether citizen or stranger, Hanley's is the place for you.
—For a fine watch, whether ladies, wear or gentlemen's—for railway service or use in the woods or on shipboard, apply to L. Stegmiller.

—Hanley's Hotel and Restaurant is situated opposite the Postoffice and in the very focus of the business of the city. Tommy Curry, manager.
—Mead is putting in a new floor, and the lumber and workmen are in the way, but he can attend to the wants of his customers all the same.

—The very best of both domestic and imported beers: Budweiser, Kaiser, Culmbacher and others, and choice wines and liquors, at the Parlor.
—Ed. Erickson's lady customers, one and all, bear him out in the assertion that he sells ladies' shoes cheaper than any other dealer in the city or vicinity.

—L. Stegmiller has just received an invoice of Diamonds in various styles of settings to which he invites the attention of those who desire fine jewelry.
—For a photograph, card or other, in the best style of the art and at the most reasonable prices, call on DeVos, at his gallery (late Wolcott's) in the Richards' block.

—Save money and help us to make room for a new stock by taking our summer stock at the reduced prices at which we offer it.
HUTCHINSON & GOODRELL.
—At Ed. Erickson's ladies can buy, for five cents a yard, Prints that can not be replaced at the same money—Prints which are now worth 6 cents at the factory, and other goods in proportion.

—Warner's Flexible-hip corsets are not only the easiest but the most durable article offered, fitting the form perfectly and adapting themselves to the motions of the wearer. Ed. Erickson has them.
—The Nashville Students are "sure enough" colored folks, and at the same time ladies and gentlemen. Their entertainment contains nothing that can offend. See them (and bear them) at Music Hall, next Monday evening.

Sand.

THE wreck of the Escanaba (which came to grief on Gull Island reef) has gone to pieces, finally.

THE Acmes played half a game with the Green Bay club. Score 21 to 00, in favor of the Greenbayites.

THERE was a little wreck near Wauocedah on Saturday last, the chief result of which was to delay the special train conveying the Iron Workers so they did not arrive here until nearly 7 p. m.; two or three hours later than was intended.

THE Hawley was on hand again on Monday morning having had an overhauling and a coat of black paint. She may be expected, for the remainder of the season, on Monday and Thursday mornings for Manistique and on Tuesday and Friday mornings for Green Bay.

A NUMBER of gentlemen with musical proclivities (and acquirements) have formed a "Glee club and Orchestra" and are practicing with intent to give one or more concerts, soon. The vocalists are good; the violinist, pianist and cornetist are good (we've heard them and speak advisedly), and we anticipate a treat when they club their resources and give us the concert.

FRED WINEGAR, captain of the fishing tug Edith, was severely hurt on Saturday last. Upon rounding the end of the Oliver dock to land alongside the house he saw, just where he wanted to land, a yawl, and to prevent crushing it (having rung to stop her) he jumped into the yawl and pushed out of the way. In attempting to regain the deck of the tug his leg was caught between the fender-streak and a pile and one of the bones broken and muscles badly bruised and torn. It was lucky that it was no worse, but he will be laid up for a while as it is. The tug was barely moving or his leg would have been ground off, then and there.

CUTTING nets doesn't seem to satisfy them, and they have commenced stealing fish. On Sunday night last George Williams, of Bark River, had a considerable quantity of fish taken from his fish-shed. A short time before this a package or two were taken but the amount was so small that it was passed over quietly and nothing done about it, but now the case is different. From his own surmises and what information has been tendered him he has a pretty clear idea of where the fish went to and unless the party's conscience persuades him to return them in a reasonable time George will commence hostilities, then scales will fly.

OUR friends at Iron Mountain and Florence may as well prepare themselves for a disappointment. The W. & M. railroad, wherever else it may go, won't touch either of their towns. At Florence there has been some hope that Rhinelander would think worth his while to push his line thither from Pelican, but he won't. There is a trade on foot, (whether consummated or not we can not say, but far enough advanced to be talked of as consummated) between the M. & S. P., the M. L. S. & W. and the W. & M., by which the territory is parceled out between the three concerns. Rhinelander is to have the Agogebic country to himself, but is not to go into Ontonagon; the W. & M. is to have the country on the Menominee and its tributaries but no iron (and, by the way Angus Smith and E. Mariner go out of its management) avoiding both Iron Mountain and Florence; (the St. Paul when its management gets ready) to build, via Florence to Escanaba, taking in Republic, en route or by a branch, but avoiding the territories assigned to the other parties to the compact. "How do we know it?" We don't; not of our own knowledge, but we are told it by a friend who is in a position to know, and we believe him.

AT THE term of court which terminated on Saturday last the following cases were heard; Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs. Mason; nonsuit. People vs. Raas; continued, bail \$200. People vs. Maes; guilty, 6 months county jail. People vs. Carter; continued, bail \$800. People vs. Giroux; continued, bail \$2,000. People vs. Labriola; guilty, 1 year in penitentiary. People vs. Torney; acquitted. Peacock vs. C. & N. W. Railway Co.; nonsuit. Guilbeault vs. Salva; continued. Corcoran vs. Kenally; continued. Mayott vs. Sweatt; verdict for plaintiff \$131.39 and costs. McKenna vs. village of Escanaba; continued on plaintiff's motion. Sequin vs. Toussignant; verdict for plaintiff. People vs. Campbell; guilty, 2 years and 6 months penitentiary. Beaudreau vs. Township of Escanaba; verdict for plaintiff \$502.02 and costs. Watrons vs. Mason; verdict for plaintiff, \$312.55 and costs. Stack vs. Plant; judgment for plaintiff \$587.56 and costs. Fogarty vs. Wilmette; judgment for plaintiff \$131.50 and costs. Clark vs. Baker; ejectment ordered. McKenna vs. Wilmette; judgment for plaintiff, \$101.70 and costs. Brigham vs. Bebeau, et al.; judgment for plaintiff, \$1123.26 and costs. Bittner vs. Brown, Butler & Blake; judgment for plaintiff, \$734.56 and costs. McKay vs. Monahan; judgment for plaintiff, \$734.66 and costs. Coffey vs. Allen; judgment for plaintiff, \$20 and costs. In Chancery: Annie Lapier vs. Charles Lapier, divorce; decree granted.

CAPT. HANK gets around on time with the Welcome. It takes heavy weather sure enough to keep him in harbor.

CAPT. GALLIGAN called our attention, the other day, to a great moral lesson inculcated by the cautionary signs on the coal dock.

ONE twenty-five offered and one forty asked for ore from here to Lake Erie ports, on Saturday last. Carriers have been scarce all the week.

IT WAS too fresh for the Lady Washington, on Monday last, and she lost a trip. Our Iron Working friends must have got a good shaking up in crossing from here to Traverse City.

THE lake Michigan "sea serpent" is heard from at DePere. It had better stick to the big lake and deep water; some log-driver will harpoon it with a peevy if it goes fooling around the rivers.

MELLEN SMITH, at Wallace, was burned out again on Saturday night—lightning struck the mill and set it on fire. He certainly has the hardest luck, in that respect, of any man we ever knew. This is the seventh mill he has lost by fire.

WE HAVE received the following communication: HEADQUARTERS G. A. R. DEPT. OF MICH. Hillsdale, Mich., Aug. 20, 1883.

An officer is now on his way to muster in your post. He will notify you of the time. W. H. TALLMAN, A. A. G.

Notice will be issued by postal card when the day is fixed, and a full attendance is requested.

THE steamer Leland, Capt. Galligan, left Elk Rapids on Monday morning—lay at Northport all that day and night and crossed the lake on Tuesday, but saw nothing of the City of Grand Rapids. She must have been in shelter at Washington Harbor or elsewhere among the islands, and our friends have had a touch of lake Michigan weather, to finish up their trip, which was more lively than agreeable.

THE family of our friend A. Sam. Kitchen, of Fayette, was increased on Monday last, August 20, by the addition of a nine-pound daughter; and as mother and daughter are doing well, Sam is correspondingly happy. The young lady is a musical prodigy and Sam describes her voice as "a natural alto—clear tone and great compass," having evidently had opportunity for a critical judgement concerning it. THE PORT congratulates.

PROCTOR, the "popular astronomy" man, has got the sun-spot business down fine. They are simply "regions of rarefactions" such as occur when John Stouhouse and Frank Dunn get to complimenting each other; after which comes "an indraught." Proctor don't say whether the "indraught" is Budweiser or the common stuff, (we shall have to ask John or Frank), but he tells us enough. Sun-spots are no longer terrible; almost anybody can stand "an indraught" or two, daily.

ON HER last trip the Chisholm, having the City of Cleveland and the Ahira Cobb in tow, cast the Cobb off near the Beavers, to take care of herself. The Cobb came through all right except for the loss of a job, blown away after she was inside the passes. While the fleet was under the Beavers out of the way of the squall and gale of Sunday night and Monday, Capt. Greenlee, of the City of Cleveland, picked up a Mackinaw boat, belonging at Beaver Harbor, which had capsized in the squall at 10 o'clock on Sunday night and to which three men and a woman had been clinging up to their necks in water, until 2 a. m. on Monday, at which hour they were rescued. Capt. Greenlee not only saved them but their boat and sent them home, wet but rejoicing.

THE Charcoal Iron Workers, eighty-five of them, arrived on Saturday evening at about seven o'clock, having been detained an hour or two longer than was expected at the various points visited between Florence and here. The train conveying them was run directly upon the ore docks and an hour given to the examination thereof, after which an exchange of compliments—welcome and thanks—occupied an hour, supper (at the Lewis house, Hanley's and the Ludington) another hour, and the visitors retired to their quarters. On Sunday morning a heavy fog delayed the City of Grand Rapids, so that instead of leaving for Traverse City at 9 a. m., as was planned, the steamer did not leave the dock until after 3 p. m. and then only went far enough to convince the captain that the fresh scutherly gale was too much for him and he returned and lay here until 5 a. m. of Monday, when the wind having hauled to the westward, he departed. Thirteen states, from Connecticut to Alabama, were represented in the party, and their visit was a good bit of advertising for the iron region of Michigan and for our town. They know, now, by actual observation something of the wealth of the region in iron and fuel, something of its advantages in the proximity of the mines to the great lakes and something of the preparations made at this place and Marquette and by the C. & N. W. and M. H. & O. railway companies for putting the ores into their hands. The members of the association were enthusiastic in their remarks concerning their trip, the failure to get away from here on Sunday morning having been the first check they had met with.

OUR neighbor Dixon is convalescent, but the convalescence is tedious.

Now, that the strike is over, W. U. stock "picks up" again. Another month would have made it very sick, but the boys couldn't stand the drain.

A LETTER from our Manistique correspondent came to hand too late for insertion in this number. It will keep, however, and will be just as interesting reading a week hence.

OUR NORSE friends hold a midsummer festival in the grove on the Ackerman farm tomorrow. Every possible pains has been taken to make the occasion one of unalloyed pleasure and we doubt not that success will crown the efforts of the managers. "Skool! to the Northland; skool!"

SHIPMENTS of iron ores to date of reports aggregate 1,245,106 tons—less by 528,907 tons than at the same date last year. L'Anse has gained 289 tons, Marquette has fallen off 241,476 tons and Escanaba 287,722 tons. The mines of the Menominee range (so called) come nearest to last year's production, being short thereof but 65,441 tons, the remainder of the falling off being from the product of the northern mines, some of which are idle and none of which were vigorously worked until the season was half over.

THE Atlas completed its work of organization on Wednesday by the election of each of the shareholders a director and the following officers: President, John Semer; Vice president, George Korten; Secretary, Ed. Erickson; Treasurer, J. N. Mead. An assessment sufficient will be at once levied on the assessable stock and the work of opening the mine and proving its extent and value begun.

The gentlemen interested are confident that they have a good thing, and what bothers us is the query how a good thing happened to lie so long unclaimed right under the noses of Negaunee iron men.

THE Atlas Mining company was organized in this city during the week, to work the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the sec. 5, 47-26, just east of the city of Negaunee, under an option held by George Korten. The company consists of George Korten, of Negaunee, and E. J. Korten, J. N. Mead, John Semer, Ed. Erickson, Peter Walsh, John Walsh, N. Walsh, and J. Buckholtz, all of Escanaba. The Escanaba parties have purchased of George Korten a controlling interest in the property (which is said to be a very promising one) and will complete their organization by the election of officers and proceed to develop the property at once.

WE WANT an editor. The position requires talent, as much will be required of the man. He must be able to conduct the PORT so as to please every reader, those who borrow as well as those who buy, and the former are critical, very. He must be able to make it acceptable to the republican majority without offending the democratic minority and to reverse the operation at any time should the relative position of the parties be changed and the democrats carry the county. He must be able to handle all matters of current interest without treading on anybody's toes—to condemn law-breaking without hurting the feelings of law-breakers; to insist upon enterprise and public spirit and support the cause of kickers and hang-backs; to be on both sides of every question, from free-trade to Fenianism—to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." To such a writer the PORT offers a first-class position and the privilege of fixing his own rate of compensation. The person at present occupying the position is disqualified by a habit of holding and expressing positive opinions, and is constantly pinching somebody's sore thumb. He'll "have to go."

CAPTS. HUMPHREY and Cowin, of the Oscar Townsend and Ed. Kelly, who arrived here on Tuesday afternoon, reported having seen, between the Fox and Beaver islands, on Monday, a large quantity of wreckage—spars, sections of deck, broken deck beams, portions of a deck house and other fragments of a large vessel, evidently destroyed by collision. On Tuesday morning they passed, at a point some three miles from the North Fox, the wreck from which the wreckage is supposed to have come, lying in seven or eight fathoms water, with one mast standing and another and a boom floating, held by the rigging.

Upon comparing notes with persons here it is concluded that the wrecked ship must be the Sunnyside, which left here, in tow of the steamer W. H. Barnum, on Sunday morning. The conclusion is arrived at from the fact that the captains named saw and identified the other vessels of the fleet—saw the Barnum under the Beaver with the Foster and Dewey which also left here in tow, but saw nothing of the Sunnyside unless the wreck was that vessel. Capt. Carr, the master of the Sunnyside, was also her owner (in whole or in part) and for his sake we hope she was well insured.

A dispatch to the Chicago Tribune from Cheboygan gives the particulars. She was caught by Sunday night's squall and ran into the Foster. She was kept afloat as long as possible, but finally abandoned just in time to save the lives of the crew. She was insured for \$16,000. The Foster was also seriously damaged, but got a steam pump and tug at Cheboygan and went on to her destination.

Tax citizens of St. Ignace failed to receive or entertain the Iron Workers, the city council refusing to take any party in such arrangements. They need a little educating, evidently. A few citizens met and welcomed the legislative party.

THE Ontonagon Miner announces the opening of the "Rhinelander road" to the state-line three miles west of Lac Vieux Desert, and states that a force of 1,500 men is employed in pushing the work to and through the Agogebic iron district to Union Bay, which will be its terminus on lake Superior. The Miner indulges in some reflections not complimentary to those who threw the influence of the country of Ontonagon against this really enterprising and honest company and in favor of the O. & B. R. fraud.

A COMPANY has been organized and its articles of incorporation filed, the purpose of which is to build a railroad across the state of Wisconsin from Taylor's Falls to Florence. Its capital is \$12,000,000. Taylor's Falls is already connected with St. Paul by rail and the Northwestern reaches Florence, so that the new road would give us a line to St. Paul and Minneapolis, direct. The new organization is called the Minneapolis, Sault St. Marie & Atlantic railway company.

If we wanted assurance that the proposition to make the telegraph a portion of the postal service of the country was a popular one and likely to be adopted and acted upon, the course of the New York Sun and the New York World would furnish that assurance. Those papers are always on the wrong side of a question, and they both insist that the government shall do nothing to relieve or protect the public—that "hands off" is the rule—that the thieving Western Union shall not be interfered with, etc. Both are subsidized (the Sun is a member of the N. Y. Associated Press, a profitable adjunct of the telegraph monopoly) and neither is ever, even by accident, right. That they oppose the plan is a recommendation of the plan.

Now that they have lost the fight, every newspaper scribbler in the country can (and most of them will) tell the boys that their contest was hopeless from the beginning and give them the reasons for the failure. They are so wise, afterwards, those pencil-shovers. Truth is, the boys had a show to win—were near winning when they had to surrender. Another week would have brought Gould to his marrow-bones. He could stand the losses he had endured up to that time, but when W. U. shares began to drop and the money-lenders who held them as collateral began to call in their loans or demand other and better collaterals he was hit between wind and water. The brotherhood was led into an error by its dislike to give the public inconvenience: it should have called out the railway men at the same time with the commercial—it should have made its blow all at once; the "reserve" plan was weak and impracticable. But the error was one that does credit to them as public servants, and contrasts with the course of the company favorably to them. No thought of public inconvenience entered into the company's plans. The strikes of '73 and '83 are lessons, merely. That of '93 (or sooner) will avoid the errors of the past and be more troublesome. The war is not over it has only begun.

THERE are various railway schemes on foot in and with reference to the upper peninsula; the Northern Pacific is soon to traverse it, the Northwestern already occupies it and is extending and improving its lines, the D. M. & M. has therein an unprofitable line which it is seeking to extend so that it shall become profitable, the Milwaukee & St. Paul proposes to share in the development of the region, as do also the Wis. & Mich. and Rhinelander companies, and the question naturally comes up—"What is all this going to do for us? How is Escanaba to be benefited by what is proposed?" We give below a letter from a friend, resident here proposing a plan of action in the matter. Who of our business men will take hold of the project and push it through. With a railroad from the wheat-fields bringing their product to our doors there would be inducement for people to build mills here. With each step the next becomes easier. Shall we have the citizens' association?

ESCANABA Aug. 24, 1883.
To the Editor:
I happen to know from private advices, that a railroad is to be built from a point on lake St. Croix (Hudson probably) to some port at the northern end of lake Michigan, to furnish a more direct route to tide water for the wheat and flour of Minnesota and Dakota, and for coal and merchandise going westward. The idea of the capitalists engaged in the enterprise, is to evade the late opening of navigation and small tonnage incident to the lake Superior route. If the advancement of the material interests of Escanaba is an object, I would recommend that a meeting of representative citizens be called, and a committee appointed to do what needs doing—to set forth the advantages of this as an objective point; and the ease with which all of the requirements sought, can be met.

If you see fit, confer with some of the business men who do not desire to see the world fenced out, and "way-day" fenced in, and see if we can not be properly represented. There are many things missed in this world by not asking for them.

Very truly yours,
G.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Two one-armed men applauded in a Stockholm theater by applauding their remaining hands together.

of their way to tell the whole truth. Figures in a store will account for all purchases and sales.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The goat is in danger of losing his main article of diet. A new industry is the collection of tin cans for melting into window weights.

No Spots There.

It began to rain again soon after dinner yesterday, and a disgusted citizen who came down on a Woodward avenue car...

Our Young Folks.

HE COULDN'T SAY "NO"
O, it was sad and it was strange! He'd just been full of snowballs.

her, though they were brown and beard-

"I saw them all, Mary," said grandma, impressively, "sitting around a camp-fire. I tried to get to them, but the jungle was so thick that I could not.

Lawn-Tennis.

Foot-ball is too rough, cricket is too skilful a game, for everybody to aspire to its honors and delights.

Taking Stock.

One of the most graphic incidents in the tale of "Locke Amston, or the Green Mountain Schoolmaster," is the trial of a case in which the old-fashioned "store keeping" system is amusingly delineated.

PITH AND POINT.

The report comes from New York that the dudes are taking to drinking absinthe. She! don't say a word; absinthe is said to be fatal in three years.

Ases, Ancient and Modern.

Once upon a time the wild asses, the onagers, were the only representatives of the family, and they were so swift of foot and so courageous that the East and the South wore their hides as robes of honor.

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GRANDMA THOMPSON'S WONDERFUL DREAM.

The new kittens lay upon an old coat on top of a barrel of shavings in the woodshed. There were six of them—perfect beauties; two all black, two black and white, one of no particular color and one lively little tiger-cat.

How Jessie Helped Mamma.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! That was the telephone bell. Mamma dropped Neddy and her sewing, and ran down-stairs.

During the war a Masonic Lodge at Fredericksburg, Va., was sacked, and among the articles carried off was the silver level of a Senior Warden, which was undoubtedly used by Washington.

—A schoolmistress of Yreka, Cal., while on her way to school was attacked by an infuriated steer. "She seized the animal by the horns and held him until help came."

What the Great Eastern Has Come To.

A use has at last been found for the Great Eastern, which has been, figuratively, eating her head off at Millford Haven for some years past.

During a heavy thunder-storm at Taunton, Mass., the other morning lightning struck the house occupied by Peter Fitzpatrick, running on a wire clothes-line attached to the corner of the house, doing considerable damage and stunning Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

—A Savannah bicyclist who once had a race with a railway train in Scotland. He beat it by more than fifteen minutes in a race of forty-seven miles.

—A new law of Missouri allows nobody to practice medicine unless holding a diploma from a medical college of recognized standing.

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A Counterfeiter's Trick.

"Yes, we used to have some very fine ones to deal with," said a retired employe of the Government Secret Service. "Of course, you know who Pete McCartney, the counterfeiter, is. Well, what he can't figure out may be set down as beyond the possibility of man's work. There is a bit of his history that I have never seen in print. Some time ago the Treasury Department got together all the plates they had—plates of all bonds and Treasury notes—and printed a book as big as an atlas. On the first page, say, they printed the face of a thousand-dollar note, and then on the tenth page the back of the same note, keeping the face and back separate so that they couldn't be cut out and used for the leaves of the book were of Government note paper, the book being intended for the big banker to use in detecting counterfeit notes and bonds. In order to make it still more secure against being cut out, a dark-shaped place was left blank across the middle of each impression.

"Well, Pete got hold of a number of these books—ten or a dozen at least. Of course, they represented a very large amount of money if they could only be made available as such. Pete was equal to the task. Cutting out the front and the back of a bill, he applied the paper to a very fine emery stone until it was worn down to about half its original thickness. Then he stuck the two pieces together, and had a genuine Government note or bond, save that the white dirt appeared in the middle of each side. This Pete fixed by cutting from a one dollar bill a corresponding piece, which, having been reduced to the proper thickness, was carefully pasted over the blank space. Now he was ready to go to market with his product."

"How did the Government learn about this?" "One day some mutilated currency was being counted in the Treasury, when the piece over the blank dirt fell from one of the bills. Of course, investigation followed, and discovery of the fraud was made."

A Happy Ending.

Shortly before seven o'clock yesterday morning a milk-wagon with red wheels turned into Charlotte avenue from Woodward. At the same moment a milk-wagon with a view of the Yosemite on the cover turned into Charlotte from Park. They met. The driver of one had a long nose and a melancholy look. The driver of the other had a fat face and was minus two front teeth. They stopped. The driver of one turned red and green, and his eyes flashed, and his hair stood up, and there was murder in his eye. The driver of the other seemed to sink down into his boots, and he looked wildly around for a club. "You hyena!" yelled the first. "You call!" was the prompt reply. At that moment a policeman came up and remarked that if there was any row going on he wanted to take a hand in it. "I'll crush him!" howled the one with the long nose. "I defy you!" whooped the one with the missing teeth. Then the melancholy driver of the milk-wagon with red wheels told a story. He had courted a girl in the suburbs for five years. They loved and were engaged. They were to have been married this fall, but he with the Yosemite landscape came along, wearing a new brand of paper collar, smoking a seventy-five cent pipe and using real hair oil on his locks, and he won the girl's admiration and affection. She had left the old for the new.

"And I'll pulverize him!" howled the rejected. "I'll leave him a corpse!" chirped the accepted. By and by they agreed to leave the settlement of the case to the officer, and both made a solemn promise to abide his decision. "Well," said the officer, after deliberating awhile, "a girl should marry where she loves. She evidently prefers a man with two teeth gone to one with a long nose. Still, the rejected has taken her on two excursions, given her a fifty-cent fan, and bought more or less candy. He should have some damages."

A Remarkable but Somewhat Doubtful Story.

The New York World recently had the following telegram from Cape Lookout, N. C.: The entire population of this district are excitedly discussing a remarkable event which happened here yesterday. Three pilots, who were lying in their boats off the lighthouse, were suddenly attracted by the appearance of an iceberg at a little distance out at sea. The spectacle was a grand one as the enormous white mass, glistening in the sunlight, and its lofty columns reflecting all the tints of the rainbow, floated slowly past.

The pilots hoisted their anchors and, setting sail, ran a race to the iceberg, which was gained by the foremost in seventeen minutes. An exploration of the iceberg revealed a Greenland hayrack, or boat made from the skins of reindeer, inside of which lay the body of an Esquimaux, who had apparently been frozen to death. A spear lay beside him, and some fish bones were found imbedded in the ice. It was evident that, in addition to the cold and exposure of an Arctic sea, the man had suffered the tortures of hunger, for his boots were eaten down to the heels and the sides of his skin boat were almost gnawed away.

The perfect condition of the body led the pilots to suppose that life might not be entirely extinct, so they took the Esquimaux ashore and placed him before a fire, and rubbed him vigorously. As life and warmth seemed to be returning to the almost lifeless body, one of the men placed a bottle of North Carolina whisky to the lips of the little stranger, and forced him to gulp down about a pint of the liquid. The Esquimaux opened his eyes, kicked the fire, and gasped: "Good, captain. Kapsimi brai." "He wants a sperm-oil cocktail," said one of the sailors, who had in younger days been in the Arctic whale-fishery. "Haven't got it," said Captain Cramp. "Give him another pint of whisky." This was done. The Esquimaux seemed to recover. He sat up, stared around, muttered "Kumi, kumi" many times, then lay down, as if weary, gave a slight gasp, and expired.

Flying Down a Mountain.

A party of English tourists who had ascended Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, complained to Mr. W. J. Arkell, the manager of the inclined railway, that they had not had a sample of speed in any of their travels on this side of the water. Mr. Arkell volunteered to satisfy their desire. He disposed of them in an observation car, to which was attached an engine. What happened is recorded in the Saratogian: "Gentlemen, you will be in Saratoga or somewhere else in ten minutes," said Mr. Arkell, as he waved his hand to the engineer and said: "Let her slide."

The Outcast Plow.

"A short time ago," I was passing a farm and saw a good plow, not an old plow, left standing in the furrow, just where a month or two before the boy had left it when he finished the field. I said to myself, "Alas, poor plow! were you a Scotch implement you would not thus be left out in the cold." You see, gentlemen, I'm a Scotchman and must therefore be excused if I have a natural tendency, or perhaps falling, for comparing the customs of the West with those of my paternal country. But I said to myself, "As this is a strange country, perhaps the farmer has some good reason for leaving his plow in the cold." I asked myself, "was that plow manufactured down South, and has the considerate owner left it there to become accustomed to the stern rigors of a Northern climate?"

HOME AND FARM.

—Scald the chicken feed and see if you do not have fewer cases of gapes. —To take oil spots out of matting, etc., wet the spot with alcohol, rub it with hard soap, and then wash well with cold water.—The Household.

—Cold boiled potatoes used as soap will clean the hands and keep the skin soft and healthy. Those not overboiled are the best. —Young and fine-grained carrots make a delicious entree if boiled until they are tender, then cut in two lengthwise and fried or browned in butter.—N. Y. Post.

—The stomach of a sheep is small, and consequently he takes but little food at a time and wants to feed often. Hence his best food is grass, and the best way to feed him is to let him gather his own food. —If you wish to make jelly of red raspberries and currants, use them in this proportion: To eight quarts of berries allow three quarts of currants. This makes delicious jam. The fruit should be boiled and the sum taken from the pot before the addition of the sugar. After this is put in let it cook just long enough to dissolve the sugar.—N. Y. Post.

—Apple Float: Boil and mash six apples; sweeten to taste, then beat with a silver fork or an egg-beater until very light and smooth. Beat the whites of two eggs to a strong froth, and gradually beat in the apples. Flavor to taste with vanilla, lemon, nutmeg, or anything else preferred. Partly fill a glass bowl with rich boiled custard and put the float upon the top. The float and custard should both be very cold.—Cincinnati Times.

—Pretty blocks for a crazy quilt have different shapes and styles of fans on them. These blocks, and in fact all those used in the quilt, gain in effect by having a framework of black velvet ribbon. This can be brightened as much as you please by the use of embroidery silks. Brocade silk can be made more effective, if of one color, by having the figures outlined with gay silks.—Exchange.

—W. P. Atherton, in a paper on the care of fruit-trees, read before a Maine horticultural society, told the following: "A farmer dismissed a hand because he set only nine trees in a day during his absence; the next day he set the balance of one hundred himself. When they bore fruit the nine set by the hired hand proved to be more valuable than the ninety set by himself."—Boston Post.

Drugging Palms.

Dr. R. V. France, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed it was some patent medicine. It did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. Huxey, Deposit, N. Y.

The Caterpillar and its Enemy.

The caterpillar is covered with bright yellow hair, has a deep brown stripe down the back, has four tussocks, or tufts, of hair in a row back of its head, and has two small red warts on the two segments next the last. From the extremity projects a single pencil of hairs, and from the head radiate two pencils having the appearance of horns. The eggs from which the caterpillar, or grub, is hatched are small, white and hard. When the grub emerges it commences to feed, bending all its energies toward gorging itself. It grows rapidly, shedding its skin several times, and when full sized, or full fed, as it is termed, is ready to spin its cocoon and enter the pupa or chrysalis state. The hairs of the body are woven in the cocoon in addition to the thread spun. The female case is longer and thicker than that of the male. From the cocoon emerges the moth known as the *Orygia leucostigma*. The females are wingless, having only rudimentary wings, and do not travel any distance. The males are smoke-colored with spotted wings. The female lays about 250 eggs, covering them with gluten and a silk which she spins, so that the nest has the appearance of a little tuft of white cotton. She sometimes draws leaves around the nest so as to completely close it, excluding the rain and deceiving the eyes of the birds.

The Johnquon fly is a parasite, its prey being the caterpillar above described. The female deposits its eggs on the back of the pupa in the cocoon of the caterpillar. When the egg is hatched the grub works its way down into the pupa, on which it feeds. When full fed it spins its cocoon in which it completes its transformation, coming forth as a fly. The fly is slim bodied, about one-half an inch long, and of a black color. In some species the antennae and legs are red, but in the one under consideration the antennae are black with the exception of the center, which is white.

There is no way by which the worst-pest can be got rid of, and although this fly aids in the work of destruction, his numbers are too small to make his efforts appreciable. Undoubtedly the best way yet devised is to brush off and destroy the nests of the moth. Generally they are easily seen, and when it is remembered that each one contains more than two hundred eggs, it is easy to conjecture what an inroad one man could make in the ranks of the caterpillar.—Scientific American.

—Miss Jennie Headly, ten years old, added another to her aquatic honors by swimming from the Manhattan House to the Prospect beach, across Deerin's harbor, in which the Atlantic Yacht Club fleet anchored a few days ago. The distance covered is about a mile. She was not weary at the finish, and could doubtless have swum back again. Some one asked her what she thought of on the way over. She replied: "I thought of sharks, and I felt as if I was in a great big world all alone."—N. Y. Herald.

A Frenchman's Treaty with a Savage King.

M. Bandois, a doctor who went out to New Ireland with one of the expeditions organized by M. de Brouil, better known as the Marquis des Raves, now awaiting his trial on some grave charges, gives some very interesting details as to the manner in which Maragnano, the native King, signed the treaty presented to him by Captain Rabardy. His Majesty was invited on board the Genil, and appeared on the quarter deck in the full, but not complete, costume of a band of red cloth around his arm and a reed through his nose. He was accommodated with a seat on a hooop, and was placed within a tempting distance of a scarlet petticoat, a bunch of clay pipes, a quantity of tobacco and some beads. His attention was so taken up by the munificence of Rabardy that he took little or no notice of the hens which pecked irreverently at his bare legs every now and again. He was asked if the island belonged to him, and answered in the affirmative, making for the presents. He was forced back into his seat, while the lawyer who accompanied the expedition read over the charter by which the white man had everything given to him. He was told he could have the presents if he signed the document. With tears in his eyes he urged his ignorance of the art of calligraphy, and the lawyer guided his hand, showing him to make a cross. His courtiers who had accompanied him looked on with surprise. When they saw that making a mark with a pen placed their monarch in possession of so many rich gifts they came forward with touching unanimity, and Captain Rabardy had some difficulty in preventing them from covering the deed with crosses.—Paris Cor. London Globe.

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THE artesian well throws up its water because it has a spring bottom.—N. O. Picayune.

CHRYSLER'S Collars and Cuffs, when thoroughly waterproof, feel as soft as velvet around the neck and wrists.

Golden's Liquid Beef Tonic Cures chills, fever, ague and weakness. Golden's, no other, of Druggists.

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

LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease. "Buchin-palpa." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. \$1.

A CAPTAIN who tied refractory sailors to the capstan said it was the only way to ease their rancor.—Boston Times.

WOODBURY, Md.—Rev. W. J. Johnson says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

RANK injustice—Calling a man Captain when he is a full-fledged General.—N. Y. Advertiser.

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

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HAIRNE HEN.

From Bath, Me., we have received, under date of May 15, 1881, the following statement of Geo. W. HARRISON, the popular proprietor of "The Bathhouse." "A few years since I was troubled so severely with kidney and bladder affections that there was little hope of my recovery, and continued doctoring to no purpose, with severe, darting, sharp pains through my bladder and side, and again, dull, heavy pressure, very tedious to endure. I consulted one of our eminent physicians, but I received no benefit from the treatment, and feeling that my symptoms pointed to Bright's Disease, the most dreaded of all diseases, I made up my mind that I must obtain relief speedily or I would be powerless. I consulted my druggist, Mr. Weber, and after ascertaining my symptoms, he recommended the use of Ely's Remedy, as he knew of many successful cures effected by that medicine in similar cases here in Bath. If I purchased a bottle, and before I had used the first bottle I found I had returned a great benefit. I suffered less pain, my water became more natural, and I began to improve so much that the second bottle effected a complete cure; and my thanks are due to Ely's Remedy for restored health, and I cheerfully recommend this most valuable and reliable medicine to my friends, as I consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to do so."

BLACKSMITHS' TROUBLES.

Having had occasion to use a remedy for kidney troubles, I noticed an advertisement in one of the papers of the remarkable cures that Ely's Remedy had made all over the country. I purchased a bottle at one of our druggists here in Manchester, and after using it for a short time found that it was helping me wonderfully, and one bottle had cured me completely—have no indigestion, and am hearty and healthy for over 10 years (60), and can truly say that Ely's Remedy is a medicine that has realized, and I do not hesitate to recommend it to the public in general.

J. F. WOODBURY, 32 Manchester Street, Manchester, N. H. May 7, 1881.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

When applied by the finger into the nostrils, it will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrh, virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protracts the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the nose and restores its natural smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment of the most stubborn cases. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 10 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Orange, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER

Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 10 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Orange, N. Y.

Fast Potato Digging!

The Mound Lightening Potato Digger Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIMES OVER to every farmer. Guaranteed to Dig Six Hundred Bushels a Day!

Agents Wanted. Write Postal

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, AUG. 25, 1883.

THE WEATHER.

The following is the meteorological report for the week ending Aug. 22, at Escanaba:

Date	Mo. Bar.	Mean Ther.	Wind.	Dir's Force.	Weather.
Aug. 15	29.98	64.3	NE	Light	Cloudy
" 16	29.95	65.0	S	Fresh	Clear
" 17	29.88	70.8	S	"	Fair
" 18	29.73	68.3	SE	"	Clear
" 19	29.64	67.9	SW	High	"
" 20	29.70	67.2	S	Brisk	Hazy
" 21	29.74	64.7	W	High	Clear

Weekly mean barometer 29.76
 Weekly mean thermometer 67.0
 Maximum temperature during the week 70.8
 Minimum temperature during the week 54.5
 No. inches rainfall during the week 0.3
 Gale—S-W—27 miles per hour.
 " S—N—21 miles per hour.

J. RATHCOTE, P.V. Sig. Corps, U.S.A.

"CREDIT; its Meaning and Moment," is a pamphlet giving a sketch of "Broadstreet," its work and methods, and is worth reading. A copy is received and acknowledged.

The Brazilian charge de affairs, at Washington, Senhor Lames, got "staving drunk" the other day and the police "ran him in." Dom Pedro won't declare war on that account though.

If THE president (we hope he won't) should "lose his hair" to some Blackfoot brave, or should jump into the cavity of a geyser, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, would be president, for a little while. It's about his only chance, too.

IT TAKES a great deal of smashing to make "a total loss." The Potomac, which was so reported, and which was abandoned to the underwriters by her owners, was got afloat by the Leviathan, in a couple of days, and taken into Manitowoc for repairs. She had three big holes in her bottom, but three big steam pumps on deck passed the water out as fast as it came in and kept her free and afloat.

OUR Canadian brethren spend as much or more money to carry on their federal government than we do upon ours. The governor-general receives the same salary as our president and the heads of departments (of which there are twelve) more than our cabinet officers. Canada has seven provinces only and but four and a half millions of people, and thoughtful Canadians are asking questions as to the necessity of such a top-heavy government.

THE Philadelphia Press is already figuring up the coming presidential campaign. It gives the republicans 271 votes, sure; the democrats 129, sure; puts in Connecticut, Indiana and New York as doubtful (probably republican) states, their aggregate vote being 57, and California, Florida, New Jersey, North Carolina and Virginia as doubtful (probably democratic), with an aggregate vote of 44. It leaves a fair "fighting chance" for either party, but is evidently of opinion that the republican outlook is the most favorable.

IRON, at New York, steady and in fair demand at \$22@22.50 for 1 x foundry and lower grades in proportion. At Pittsburg business continues fairly active and increasing, but without any appreciation in values. Bessemer is quoted at \$21, cash, or \$21.50, four months. Charcoal irons dull. At Cleveland the demand for pig metal is increasing and prices are firm. L'S. charcoal pig is quite active at \$24@27. The demand for ore has fallen off a trifle but operators are confident of a heavy fall trade and are preparing for it. Lake freights are firm at \$1.25 from Escanaba and \$1.35 from Marquette, with a possibility of higher rates as the season advances.

"THE holy estate of matrimony" is getting to be as dangerous as one of Sherman's assaults. One newspaper, the Tribune of Tuesday, has a casualty list as terrible if not as long as that at Chickasaw Bluffs. At Nebraska City Mrs. Douglas shot her husband; at Selma, Indiana, Mortimer Hill shot his wife; on the ferry steamer Hope, at Detroit, Luke Phipps shot his wife; at Union Pa., the wife of Rev. H. M. Meyer suicided because she could no longer endure his cruelty, and at Cincinnati Bert Schiebler killed his sweetheart and himself. The Douglas business was the cheapest affair, the woman having shot because refused three dollars that she asked for.

IF THERE is any such thing as a "Green-back, Labor-reform National Party," Brick Pomeroy is its progenitor, but he seems not to be satisfied with his offspring. Here's what he says about it now:

Instead of becoming what I intended it should, it became a party of cranky hacks, political tricksters, traders and dealers. The trouble with it was that it was taken control of by men who wanted office, power and money. Every old party hack, every useless political camp-follower, joined the greenback ranks and tried to lead it. It became a failure because the members of the party fell over one another in the scramble for places. When they could not get places they sold out the party for shirkels. They sucked the raw eggs and then thought they could make the custard without them.

BEREMIAH S. BLACK, born in 1810, admitted to the bar in 1831, elevated to the bench in 1841, chief-justice of his native state (Pa.) in 1854, attorney-general of the U. S. in 1857 and secretary of state in 1860, died on Sunday, August 19, at his home in York county, Pennsylvania. A narrow and prejudiced man, Judge Black was an earnest, honest and consistent one; democrat of the "water" rights stripe and therefore an apologist for, if not an abettor of the secessionists, he yet stood between his weak old chief, Buchanan, and the men who would have stolen the government—Floyd, and Cobb, and Thompson, and that Connecticut rebel Isaac Touney—and helped to maintain the consistency of the law. That Lincoln could be inaugurated, at Washington and in usual form, was largely his work.

O'DONNELL, the slayer of Carey, is to be brought "home" from South Africa for trial. The trial will take place in London.

A BRANCH of the Presbyterian church is fighting organs instead of the devil. Shrewd old boys—they "pick out a little one" to fight.

MICHIGAN has 1,527 postoffices, of which Detroit, Grand Rapids, Jackson, East Saginaw and Kalamazoo are of the first class, five; thirty-four of the second class, and sixty-eight of the third.

THE Western Union telegraph office at Chicago was burned out Tuesday morning last. Loss only about \$10,000. Lost on the building, chiefly by water, not over \$50,000, fully covered by insurance.

THE Inter Ocean had a special from Atlantic City, N. J., on Sunday, giving an account of the sinking of a schooner, full of men and flying a black flag, just off the Jersey coast. Imaginative fiction, that correspondent.

THE N. Y. Evening Post (which is under the necessity of being on both sides of any given issue) having backed the Western Union until now, has changed front and supports the strikers. A bad sign for the strikers.

THE Goodrich company has sold the old Oconto, for which it had no use since the De Pere took her place a month ago. She goes to the west shore of lake Huron. Colwell, of Harrisonville, was the purchaser and the price paid was \$17,500.

ONE Jay A. Hubbell forbids (by advertisement in the Houghton Gazette), "the public who" has misbehaved itself, to trespass upon his grounds. Hubbell, Hubbell—'t seems 's if we'd heard that name som'ers. Hubbell—why, good Lord; it's our Jay.

THE Beaver Savings bank, of Pittsburg, failed. A soldier's widow had her all (\$700) on deposit therein, and asked for her money. She not only asked, but backed her request with a six-shooter, and the president of the bank "came down, gracefully" with the cash. Good practice. The woman's name was Ubalto, and it should be as common in the public mouth as Boycott.

THERE'S a business man at Bay City who is qualified to run for governor, or for president—he has "a barrel" of money. One of his customers up in the woods recently remitted a sum of money due to him, enclosed in an oak barrel six inches in length and three in diameter. Come to the dimensions, though, his "bar" is hardly big enough for Michigan; he must move to Rhode Island or Delaware.

THE Weekly Capital is a prohibition sheet, published at Topeka, Kansas, and sold for a dollar a year. That is to say, Mr. H. proposes to publish it, but his lavish habits will break him—dead sure. He offers us, and we presume all other country publishers a whole dollar's-worth of prohibition nonsense in exchange for advertising worth (at our regular rates) \$7.60. We will not be particeps criminis in Mr. Hudson's financial suicide, so we give him this "first-class notice" instead.

ROBERT B. BEATH, the newly-elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was born in Philadelphia in 1839, and is therefore 44 years of age. He entered the military service in '61 as a private soldier and served continuously until the final collapse of the rebellion, rising to the grade of lieutenant-colonel. He was wounded at Bull Run, and lost a leg at Newmarket. He has served, in the G. A. R., as adjutant-general, and is thoroughly conversant with the organization, its needs and purposes.

PROF. R. W. RAYMOND, in the Engineering and Mining Journal, does Mr. Charles Latimer, of Cleveland too much honor in discussing, soberly, his "divining-rod" theories and claims. Every body who knows Mr. Latimer at all knows that he is "a crank"—those who know him best having the most evidence. Every body who has come in contact with Mr. Latimer in this region (at least every one with whom we have compared notes on the subject) believes him to be a fraud. One or the other he must be and in neither character does he deserve respectful consideration.

AT Cincinnati, on Saturday last, in the democratic county convention, the Pendletonians were routed, horse, foot and dragoons. Wash McLean and the unwashed democracy were too much for "Gentleman George" whose presidential aspirations (he has been a standing candidate ever since he was mentioned in 1868) have "gone glimmering." When Indiana finishes off McDonald and New York repudiates the sage of Gramercy Park; when Pennsylvania drops Hancock and Massachusetts bans Butler the road will be clear for Rosecrans, and we're much inclined to think him the coming man—for the democracy.

IT is now proposed to pension "all honorably discharged soldiers of the U. S." to the extent of \$8 a month. The movement originated in Wisconsin we believe; at all events we hear of it first in that state. Chaplain Millard is the active promoter thereof, but Governor Rusk and other republicans of rank and position favor it; the governor putting himself on record as follows:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, MADISON, WISCONSIN, JULY, 1883. To the Honorable the Members of Congress: 'Believing that the Nation can never repay its defenders, that all soldiers who returned to their homes, came with permanently impaired health, we address you in behalf of justice, that inadequate as the reparation may be, to grant a pension of at least eight dollars per month to all honorably discharged soldiers of the Union army. 'Not being pensioners of a low grade,' we have adopted this method of signifying our wishes to your honorable body rather than by the petition in circulation. J. M. RUSK, Governor. ERNEST G. TIMM, Secretary of State."

Ore Shipments.

Statement of iron ore, pig iron and quartz shipments from the opening of navigation to Wednesday, August 22.

PORT OF ESCANABA.		Tons
Marquette hematite	1000	1000
Angeline hematite	1000	1000
Barnum	1000	1000
Bay State	1000	1000
Castro	1000	1000
Concentration	1000	1000
Cleveland	1000	1000
Cleveland hematite	1000	1000
Foster	1000	1000
Jackson	1000	1000
Jackson South	1000	1000
McCumber	1000	1000
Michigan	1000	1000
National	1000	1000
Palmer	1000	1000
Quartz	1000	1000
Sawbury	1000	1000
St. Lawrence	1000	1000
Superior	1000	1000
Superior hematite	1000	1000
Swansey	1000	1000
Washington	1000	1000
Total	22106	

PORT OF MARQUETTE.		Tons
McCumber	4479	
Pendell	245	
Revels	6713	
Lake Superior	7558	
Lowthian	1506	
Pittsburg & Lake Angeline	547	
Hastings	1538	
Hutchinson	2820	
West Republic	1577	
Republic	2074	
Champion	1658	
Hammond	1210	
Dalbha	1092	
Arzyle	4454	
New Burt	3573	
First Champion	1547	
Erie	5495	
Total from Marquette	38661	

PORT OF LANSING.		Tons
Taylor	8458	
Michigan	6848	
Spurr	7430	
Beaumont	12644	
Titan	6826	
Total from Lansing	36206	

PIG IRON.		Tons
Pioneer furnace	1794	
Deer Lake furnace	1347	
Total pig iron	3141	

FOUR hundred packages of giant powder were exploded in a railway collision at Winchester Ky. The train men, on both trains, were killed.

CAPTAIN RHODES, after looking at the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara concluded he would not try to swim through them. More brains and less pluck than Webb.

THERE has been another "desperate battle" in Peru. Sixteen hundred Chilenos on one side and three thousand Peruvians on the other. Of course the Chilenos thrashed 'em.

DR. FRANK L. REA of Chicago, died on the 10th, of a malignant facial carbuncle.

On Tuesday, July 31, he was sitting in his office when he felt a prickling sensation on the left side of his upper lip. He went down stairs to a druggist, and asked him to "pluck a hair out of his moustache over the place of the pain. The druggist complied with the request, and when he had plucked the hair, Rea looked at its bulbous end, and said: "Mr. Jacobson, that is the last of me: it is a facial carbuncle. I will lock up my office, bid you good-bye, and go home to die." Which he did, in spite of the best efforts of the faculty.

MICHIGAN, with an area so great that the distance from Detroit to the northern end equals the distance from the same city to New York; with a yearly product of crude iron exceeding that of any state in the union; with a salt product greater than that of all the rest of the United States, and an output of copper only rivaled in the whole world by Chile—with so great natural elements of wealth as these the great state, even though it loses its present foremost rank as an American lumber mart, may yet count its coming centuries of continuous and abundant prosperity.—C. D. in New York Evening Post.

That's so; and as we have, in this peninsula, all the copper, all the iron and a big share of the pine it is easy to see which is the big end of the state of Michigan. Their "salt won't save" our lower peninsula brethren from taking a back seat twenty-five years hence.

ST. NICHOLAS for September is a bright and breezy autumn number, which Louisa M. Alcott opens with a charming story of child-life entitled "Little Pyramus and Thisbe," telling how a boy and girl became great friends through a hole in the wall. Mr. Daniel Beard tells us of his young friends "Tom, Dick, and Harry, in Florida," and shows us many pictures of the odd things they saw and the curious adventures they had. "Lost in the Woods" is a graphic account of the remarkable adventures of the Lorre children, who for more than a week last summer wandered through the forests of northern Michigan, and were vainly sought by miners from the "Algonquians," "Calumet and Hecla," and neighboring mines, over thirteen hundred men at one time joining in the search. The children through all their hardships had not lost heart, and when eventually found were bravely following out the plan which was bringing them safely home. The "Work and Play" department the first half of a profusely illustrated article on "The playthings and Amusements of an Old-fashioned Boy," who lived when boys had to make their own toys or go without. Modern boys will be able to get many hints from his "clever contrivances." J. T. Hrowsbridge tells how the "Tinkham Brothers," came out of the small end of the legal horn but gained much in popular sympathy "Sweep Away" continues to grow in interest, and there are three entertaining chapters of Harry M. Kieffer's "Recollections of a Drummer-boy." Sarah Orne Jewett, Aunt Fanny, and Celia Thaxter contribute each a poem, and there are, in addition to the usual quota of stories, sketches, and verses, illustrations by Sandhson, Plumb, Reinhard, Champney, Birch, Culmer, Barns, Rose, Mueller, Jessie McDermott, W. H. Drake, De Cost Smith, and many others.

Governor Rusk has appointed Chas. M. Webb judge of the 7th judicial district, vice Gilbert L. Park, resigned. Thad Pound has arranged to extend his railroad from Siles to Shawano. A Chinaman attempted to open a laundry at Oconto, when the grafted Americans of the place notified him to move on, under penalty of having his throat cut. All which we gather from the Reporter, of Oconto.

RUFUS HATCH is authority for the statement that the Vanderbilts will "go out" of railways. Gould and his friends already own, he says, the controlling interest in New York Central and its western extensions and will assume control at the next annual election of directors. When he gets all the railroads as well as all the telegraphs, we propose to walk (when we can't ride on an ore barge) and communicate with our friends abroad by mail.

THE telegraphers' strike failed. Master Workman Campbell, on Friday of last week, issued an order releasing the men from their pledge to the brotherhood and recommending them to take employment as they could get it. It is not necessary that we say "we regret it." It is a victory of associated capital over associated labor—a triumph of legalized fraud. The operators have wasted, in wages lost and money expended, about \$400,000 and the Western Union thrice that amount in loss of business and extra pay to the men they got in to take the places of the strikers. The loss of the operators they will have to bear; the company's loss the public will have to make good, but we've little pity for a public that is content to be and remain at the mercy of half-a-dozen men—especially of half-a-dozen such fishy-blooded, soulless men as those that manage the Western Union monopoly. As for the operators, we've one word of advice only—get out. Take any employment in the open market—do any honest work rather than serve the concern longer. The more capable you are to serve the W. U. to its profit the greater the reason for not serving it. Come up to the woods and clear up a homestead—go into the pineries—go a-fishing—any way to get out from between the public and the W. U.—the upper and the nether millstones between which you are ground to powder.

MARBLE WORKS.
Marinette Marble Works
JOS. SPEVACHEK, Prop.,
Decorator of Graves with

Marble, Granite, Coping,
&c., &c.,
Building Stone Furnished to Order.
HALL AVE., 1/2 MARINETTE, WIS.

FISH.
Fresh & Salt Fish
For home consumption. CAPT. GEO. A. DRIS-
CO, will sell and deliver from his wagon all kinds of
Fresh Fish in their season, and Salt Fish put up spe-
cially for this market. Having had an experience of

14 Years in the Business
He has confidence in his ability to serve his customers
to their satisfaction. 34-1/2

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. Especial attention to orders by
mail.

PAINTING.
PATRICK COLLINS,
HOUSE AND SIGN

PAINTING
GRAINING, STAINING,
Paper-Hanging
& Kalsomining

With dispatch and on the most favorable terms.
Residence Wells Avenue, west of Wolcott St. Post-
office box 455.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

COAL.
Richard Mason,
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 town of Baldwin, and Mazon
ville, including several fine water powers
and a first-class steam mill site on bay shore. 35
Office with F. D. MEAD, Esq., Att'y at Law.

HARDWARE, ETC.

W. J. WALLACE

Of the old reliable "Escanaba Hardware Store," carries the most extensive line and sells at the lowest prices. He buys for cash and in large quantities, and never allows anything to run out. Besides the mammoth stock in his store he has two large warehouses full. When you want anything in the line of

Shelf and Heavy Hardware

Call on or send to Wallace,
corner of Ludington street and Tilden
avenue, and you will be sure of getting the article
you want and of the latest style and make, including Stoves,
Cooking Utensils, Farming Implements, Painters Goods, Oils, Glass,
Building Material, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle. Boat Oars, Row-locks, and a

Complete Stock of Ship Chandlery.

La Belle and Weber Wagons, Etc.

INSURANCE.

The Washington Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS \$7,000,000.

DR. S. L. FULLER, General Agent for Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, Detroit, Michigan.
A. H. HAWES, Manager of Agencies, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Issues all forms of non-forfeiting policies, the most popular being that of the Semi-Endowment. Policies written and collections made by
H. L. MEAD, Agent, Escanaba, Mich.

JEWELRY.

LOUIS STEGMILLER

Dealer in everything in the JEWELRY LINE that is beautiful, useful and cheap, including
Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gent's Chains and Charms, Rings and
Pins. Also the most complete line of Clocks in the city. Repair-
ing promptly attended to and prices down 10-w.

FLOUR, FEED, &c.
BITTNER, WICKERT & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—

Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain and Seeds

Southeast corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets. 3

CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS.

LIVERY STABLE.
"EAGLE" LIVERY STABLES,
Under Music Hall and at the Washington House.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE RIGS AT ALL HOURS.
Orders for 'Bus Service or Baggage Transportation may
be left at the Ludington street stable. Horses boarded on favorable terms.

MUSIC HALL, the largest and best appointed
assembly room in the city is
part of the property. Apply at office for dates. GEO. ENGLISH.

MEAT MARKET.
HESEL & HENTSCHEL,
—DEALERS IN—

FRESH & SALT MEATS

BUTTER, EGGS AND PRODUCE.
45 Ludington St. and Mary St., between Ludington St. and Wells Ave.
EVERYTHING OF THE BEST. 3

MISCELLANEOUS.
PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MADE NEW RICH BLOOD
It will completely cleanse the blood of impurities in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL
EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be assured of several benefits, if such a thing is possible.
For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. They purify the blood, clean the system, and give
rest to the mind for it is in the brain, and for the full particulars, L. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

DIRECTORY.
OFFICIAL COUNTY DIRECTORY.
DAVID OLIVER, Clerk and Register of Deeds
FRANK H. AYERS, Clerk and Register of Deeds
COVILL C. ROYCE, Treasurer
E. F. ROYCE, Circuit Court Commissioner
EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate
E. F. ROYCE, Prosecuting Attorney
CHAS. E. BROTHERTON, Surveyor
HENRY McFALL, Coroner
County Board of Supervisors
J. P. OLIVER, 1st ward city of Escanaba
CHAS. E. BROTHERTON, 2d
PETER M. PETERSON, 3d
JOHN A. McNAUGHTAN, 4th
FRANK PROVO, Township of Escanaba
J. D. FOLLER, Ford River
ALEX. LATHROP, Maple Ridge
W. OLIVER, Baldwin
H. COMLEY, Masonville
ROBERT S. ALLEN, Wisconsin
SAM. ELIOTT, Sec. Bay
CHAS. D. HAKES, Bark River
JAMES MOORE, Nahma
W. J. STRATTON, Garden
JOHN B. KITCHEN, Fairbanks
C. CHRISTIANSON, Bay de Noquette

SECRET SOCIETIES.
DELTA LODGE NO. 733, F. & A. M.
Regular communications are held at their hall, over Knapin's store, on the third Thursday of each month. J. S. Rogers, acting W. M., J. W. Staiger, acting Secretary.
ESCANABA LODGE NO. 215, I. O. O. F.
Regular meetings are held in their hall, over P. N. Cardozo's store, every Monday evening. E. A. Sherry, N. G. Y. A. Banks, Sec.
ESCANABA LODGE NO. 217, A. O. U. W.
Meets every Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall. J. N. Mead, M. W., O. E. Rogers, Sec.
ESCANABA LODGE NO. 85, I. O. G. T.
Regular work suspended during the summer.

CHURCHES.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
The Rev. B. S. Taylor, pastor. Services at 11:30 and 7:30 o'clock; Sabbath school at 10 o'clock; class meeting at 6:30 o'clock; prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Rev. E. W. Garner, pastor. Services at 11 and 7:30 o'clock; Sunday school at 10 o'clock; prayer meeting Wednesday evenings at 7:30.
ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Rev. I. M. Mack, pastor. Services in the morning at 8 and 10:30 o'clock; afternoon, catechism at 3 o'clock; evening, 7:30 o'clock.
ST. STEPHEN'S PROT. EPISCOPAL.
Rev. J. H. Eichenbaum, R. D. pastor. Services at Tilden house every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., Sunday school at 11 o'clock.
SWEDISH METHODIST CHURCH.
Rev. O. E. Olander, pastor. Morning services, 10:30; evening services, 7:30; Sabbath school at 10, and weekly prayer meeting on Friday evenings.

TIME TABLES.
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.
TRAINS AT ESCANABA.
GOING SOUTH.
No. 1 (Passenger) 3:55 pm
No. 2 (Passenger) 7:30 am
GOING NORTH.
No. 1 (Passenger) 10:55 am
No. 2 (Passenger) Iron River 12:45 pm
MEMORINE RIVER BRANCH.
TRAINS AT MEN. RIVER JUNC.
GOING WEST.
No. 4 (Passenger) 10:10 am
No. 4 5:05 pm
GOING EAST.
No. 3 (Passenger) Crystal Falls 6:30 am
No. 3 (Passenger) Iron River 11:10 pm
FELCH MOUNTAIN BRANCH.
Train leaves Escanaba at 9:15 am
Train arrives at Escanaba at 5:15 pm

STEAMBOATS.
OCONTO-FROM AND FOR CHICAGO ON MONDAYS.
FAWN-FOR MASONVILLE AND WHITEFISH, daily at 1 p. m.
LADY WASHINGTON-FOR FAYETTE, Garden and Nahma, daily at 1 p. m.
WELCOME-FOR FAYETTE, GARDEN & NAHMA, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 a. m. For Green Bay and intermediate landings, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 p. m.
HAWLEY-FOR MANISTIQUE MONDAYS and Thursdays at 9 a. m. For Green Bay and intermediate landings, Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 a. m.

LEGAL.
THE TWENTY-FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
Terms of Court for 1888 and 1889, State of Michigan, ss.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of the laws of the State, I have fixed and appointed the times of holding the several terms for the years 1888 and 1889 of the Circuit Court in and for the Counties constituting the Twenty-fifth Judicial Circuit: ss: said State as follows, to-wit:
In the County of Marquette, on the first Tuesday in January, the fourth Tuesday in March, the fourth Tuesday in June and the fourth Tuesday in October.
In the County of Delta, the second Tuesday in February and the second Tuesday in August.
In the County of Menominee, the third Tuesday in February, the third Tuesday in May, the fourth Tuesday in November, and the third Tuesday in August.
Dated, September 20th, 1887. C. B. GRANT, Circuit Judge of said Circuit.

HARDWARE.
GET THE BEST!
RATHBONE, SARD & CO.
ACORN
SHOVES & RANGES
LEAD ALL OTHERS!
And they, with all articles comprised in a Hardware Stock can be found, and purchased at the lowest market rates at the new store and workshop of
Conolly & Moran
North side of Ludington Street, Escanaba, one door East of Wolcott Street.
Work of every description in COPPER, TIN and LEAD promptly dispatched. Plumbing, Roofing, Gutting and Lining on short notice and the most favorable terms.
Builders' Hardware
On hand or furnished upon plans and specifications
Get This Out!
A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of liver, kidney or stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along, it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble besides. All blood diseases, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only 50 cts. a bottle. George Preston. 19

Special Notices.
Five Dollars Reward
Will be paid for the return of my Cow, 5 years old, black color, which strayed on Sunday last. DAN. TYRRELL.
Escanaba, Aug. 24.
Furniture For Sale.
My Household Furniture is for sale, all nearly new and in good order. Two handsome raw silk chairs and walnut secretary, a new bath tub and a lot of other articles. All will be sold cheap for cash. JOSEPH RAYSON.
Found
In the marsh, about two miles from town, a buggy. The owner can have it by proving property and paying charges. MICHAEL O'NEIL.
Escanaba, August 23, 1887. 41
Well Rewarded.
A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of liver, kidney or stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along, it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your trouble besides. All blood diseases, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only 50 cts. a bottle. George Preston. 19
Brewery For Sale.
As the successful operation of my brewery requires more capital than I can command, I offer it for sale. I will sell the whole property and retire, or an equal interest and remain, as may suit the purchaser. JOS. NOLDEN.
Escanaba, May 7, 1887. 21f

Our Neighbors.
[Marquette North Star.]
—John Anderson, 23 years old, was drowned by falling overboard from the tug Dennis Brothers.
—Several cases of scarlet fever in Marquette and Menominee, "all owing to impure water."
—Gagnon can not attend to both, so will close his Marquette store and give his attention to that at Escanaba.
—A young lady, seeing an acquaintance sitting with his chair tilted upon its hind legs, tipped him over and the fall nearly killed him—injuring his spine. The man was Allan, the pitcher of the Marquette nine.

[Marquette Mining Journal.]
—George Korten, under an option from Mr. Breitung, has shown up a mine of a hard red hematite on the 3 1/2, 6, 47-26. [A half interest therein has, we understand, been taken by some Escanabans.]
—The Charcoal Iron Workers arrived, were breakfasted, talked to by "H. L." Burt and sent on their way refreshed and rejoicing.
—The soldier boys have returned from the glory fields of the lower peninsula—all of them.
—The "hay-seed" legislators were on hand, as per schedule, but the Iron Workers overshadowed them entirely.
—At Ishpeming Danny Houle was shockingly injured by a runaway horse, but will recover. In the wrestling match Burton got away with Turner easily, and has now to attend to Dick Dunn, Cornish style. The proposition to raise \$20,000 to extend the water-works was carried by a majority of 56 against the opposition of the big tax-payers.
—At Harris' saloon, Ishpeming, the proprietor stabbed and cut, with a big file, a customer named Anderson.

—"Sorrel Bob" earned the purse, but his owner has not yet touched it, being restrained by a protest on the part of the owner of "Little Maid."
—It must begin to dawn upon the striking telegraph operators that "in (Western) union there is strength."
—And "bouquet" resembling sulphuretted hydrogen.
—A boarder at one of our city hotels got on his patrician ear the other day because a transient guest of the colored variety was given a seat at his table in the dining-room. It is by such jealous care of itself as this that the proud Anglo-Saxon blood of the country preserves itself from contamination and maintains its pristine purity.
—Sullivan earned \$9,000 in eight minutes slugging Slade. It is such facts as this that show more eloquently than words the unpractical character of our academic system of education.

[Manistique Pioneer.]
—Wants, as bad as ever, a courthouse and thinks it high time to be taking some steps in that direction.
—The boys can't play base-ball on Sunday—not if the Major knows it.
—Alex Richard has sold out his saloon and livery-stable to Campbell & Vassau.
—A big bear got after the Major (he had probably been saying "go up" to some bald-headed subscriber), but John Sexton stood Bruin off with his gun.
—Peter Potvin has opened a "half-way house" on the road to Fayette.
—No further light on the "safe-cracking scheme." The Pioneer drops the matter, and no wonder.

[Green Bay Advocate.]
—Schooners try to save tow-bills by working out of harbor under canvas, and do damage to bridges. An ordinance should forbid it.
—Terrific thunderstorm on Tuesday. Much damage to crops and many buildings blown down.
—Edward Frisque, en route from Green Bay to Europe, abandoned his family at Hornellville, N. Y., and has not since been heard from. Probably insane.
—Robert Allen, of Oshkosh, took his gun out of the wagon muzzle towards him, and the usual funeral services were held.
—Eli Stilson died, at his home, of cancer in the stomach, on Monday. He was probably the best-known agriculturist in the state.
—Mr. Geo. T. Burns, of Escanaba, has purchased for \$1,100 of Mrs. Thompson, her house and lot on Walnut street, between Madison and Monroe, as a residence for his parents.

Horace Per Sale.
A quantity of work horses, some of them very cheap, and others at higher prices—all worth more money than will be asked for them. Call at Jo. Lemay's stable, where P. Gagnon will be ready to show them. 23f
Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure burns, bruises, cuts, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, cancers, piles, chilblains, corns, fester, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by Geo. Preston. 23
Notice.
All persons are hereby given notice that George Lanscigne can not give clear title to the property he advertises for sale at Barkville, Delta county, Michigan, as I have a right of dower in the said property and will not sign the deeds. MRS. SOPHIA LANSICONE.
Terry City, Montana, Aug. 11, 1887. 41
Venor's Predictions.
Venor's predictions so far have been wonderfully correct. He says 1888 will be remembered as a year of mortality. German Hop Bitters should be used by everybody. 44
A Run on a Drug Store.
Never was such a rush made for any drug store as is now at Preston's for a trial bottle of Dr. King's new discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. All persons affected with asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, severe coughs or any affection of the throat and lungs, can get a trial bottle of this great remedy free, by calling at above drug store. Regular size \$1. 19

ADVERTISING.
THE THEORY OF ADVERTISING:
—USE THE—
NEWSPAPERS
AND
KEEP AT IT.
Some advertisers think that because an advertisement which appears to-day is not followed to-morrow by an appreciable increase of sales, the advertisement has done no good and the theory of advertising is false. Though it is perhaps impossible to insert a notice that will not be read let any Diddy-mus put a three-line card, "Wanted—A Dog," in the obscurest corner, and be convinced of this—it is not to be expected that the moment a person casts his eye upon an advertiser's announcement he sets out for the advertiser's store. He may not at the time need any article in the merchant's line, or he may deal with another house. But if the representation is attractive he will almost inevitably, whenever he needs anything of the kind announced, turn to the paper where he saw the card and give the advertiser a trial. The merchant should regard his building or putting up his sign-board—as a necessary charge upon the whole year's business, the effect of which is not to be perceived immediately. Men do not sow wheat one day and harvest it the next.
The man who has begun to advertise must keep on advertising if he desires a continual increase in the volume of his business. He may keep a steady clientele of satisfied customers, but the chances are that some of these will be detached by seeing the advantages of other dealers persistently advocated. He will certainly not attract new patrons. They will go elsewhere, just as they would seek another store than his if, on coming to his door, they found it locked and shutters up.
RAILWAY.
Detroit, Mackinac & Marquette
JUNE 10, 1887.
Pioneer East and West Line through the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.
240 Miles Shorter than all eastern and western routes via Detroit, and
311 Miles Shorter via Port Huron to Montreal and all points in Canada than via any other route.

EAST.		STATIONS.		WEST.	
EXPRESS	ACC'N	ACC'N	EXPRESS	ACC'N	EXPRESS
9:00pm	8:30am	L. Marquette	A	5:00pm	7:00am
10:12	9:48	Ontonagon		4:33	5:15
10:37	10:35	Ay Train		4:00	5:15
11:28	11:25	Manistique		2:18	4:18
11:58am	11:55pm	Sesay		1:35	4:18
1:55	2:10	McMillan		12:54	1:55
2:30	2:40	Dollerville		12:10	1:58
2:52	2:50	Newberry		11:50am	1:58
3:45	4:15	St. Ignace		8:50	1:50pm
		Via M. C. R. R.			
5:00pm	6:55am	Bay City		10:00pm	11:00pm
7:47	9:37	Lapeer Junction		7:43	11:10am
8:15	8:15	Port Huron		7:25	11:15
8:35	8:18	Saginaw City		8:30	11:45
8:13	10:45	Lansing		8:15	9:10
9:35	12:05pm	Jackson		4:35	7:50
10:15	11:45am	Detroit		5:00pm	9:10
		Via G. R. & I. R.			
4:35pm	6:10am	Grand Rapids		11:00pm	10:00am
5:54	4:43	Howard City		12:40am	11:50
11:30	1:00pm	Fort Wayne		1:15pm	1:10
6:10	1:00pm	Lansing		7:45	1:45
9:25	11:15	Detroit		8:15	1:45

Connections are made at ST. IGNACE with: The Michigan Central R'y for Detroit and all points in Michigan and in the east, south and west-east. Trains leave Mackinac City at 8:50 a. m. and 9:50 p. m.
The Grand Rapids & Indiana R'y for Grand Rapids, Fort Wayne and the south and east. Also with steamers of the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Co. for Port Huron, Detroit, Cleveland, etc., and with boats of the Northern Michigan line for Chicago and Milwaukee, and with different boat lines for Lake Superior points.
Connections made at MARQUETTE with: The Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon R'y for the iron, gold, silver and copper districts, and with boat lines for Duluth and the northwest.
Night trains run daily, and have Pullman sleepers attached.
FRANK MILLIGAN, Gen'l Sup't, Ft. & Pass. Ag't, Marquette, Mich.
MISCELLANEOUS.
Is the BEST. No preparation. Used with any clean pen for marking any fabric. Popular for decorative work on linen. Received Gold MEDAL & Diploma. Established 50 years. Sold by all Druggists, Stationers & News Ag'ts.
PAYSONS
INDELIBLE INK
How Many Miles do you Drive?
THE ODOMETER WILL TELL.
This instrument is no larger than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-1000th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust tight; always in order; saves horses from being over-driven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other vehicle. Invaluable to Liverymen, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Draymen, Expressmen, Stage Owners, etc. Price only \$5.00 each; one-third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post-paid. Address McDONNELL ODOMETER CO., 3 North La Salle St., Chicago. 47
Send for circular.

FURNITURE.
D. A. OLIVER.
(Successor to John Brathwaite.)
Dealer in Furniture, Moulding, Frames, Brackets
Etc., all of the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices.
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.

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

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.

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

TAILORING.
EPHRAIM & MORRELL,
Merchant Tailors--Gent's Furnishers
A large stock of French, German, English and American Worsteds and Cassimeres of all shades and quality. Also a complete line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Lumbermen's Goods, and the celebrated "Libby" shoe.

HARNESS.
F. D. CLARK,
(Agent)
—DEALER IN—
HARNESS AND SADDLES.
ALL REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY.
OLD STAND. TILDEN AVE.

FURNITURE.
PETERSON & NORMAN,
—DEALERS IN—
FINE FURNITURE.
UPHOLSTERING AND UNDERTAKING.
Supply or repair all kinds of furniture, furnish and attend funerals, or contract for house-building on the most favorable terms. Agents for the Singer Sewing Machines and attachments.

NEW STORE.
More Room for More Goods
We have been compelled by our constantly increasing trade to
ENLARGE OUR STORE
Which we have had done, and we now invite our friends to call and inspect our stock
Clothing for all Ages, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Gentlemen's Furnishing and Fancy Goods,
And take prices. We are here to stay and our goods are for sale, for cash, at whatever prices they will bring.
DEROUIN & LONSDORF.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
LAND OFFICE at MARQUETTE, MICH., August 11, 1887.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before clerk of the District Court of Delta county, at Escanaba, Mich., the twenty-ninth day of September, 1887, at 9 a. m., viz: Hercules Salva, declaratory statement No. 293, for the lot No. 1 and lot No. 2, section 2, township 29 n, range 4 west.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles J. Stratton, Frank DeLester, Meli Struman and Amos Martin, all of Day St. Square, Delta Co., Mich. V. B. COCHRAN, Register.

First publication Aug. 15, 1887.
ORDER OF HEARING.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Delta.
At a session of the Probate Court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the 6th day of August, 1887, the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.
Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of OLE MOY, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Mary Christ on Moy, praying that a certain instrument on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and letters testamentary issued to Ole Olson and Ole E. Nelson, the executors in said will named.
Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 26th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.
And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive times, to-wit: on the 26th day of August, 1887, and on the 2nd and 9th days of September, 1887. EMIL GLASER, (A true copy.) J. S. C. of Probate.

First publication June 9, 1887.
STATE OF MICHIGAN.
The Circuit Court for the County of Delta, in Chancery.
The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Complainant, vs. FREDERICK O. CLARK, BRADLEY DOTY, DAVID J. POLLING, JAMES MCKINLEY, JAMES M. GILCHRIST, WILLET B. JENES and EDWIN R. MEAD, Defendants.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree of said court, made and entered in the above entitled cause, on the 13th day of February, A. D., 1887, I, Frank D. Mead, a special commissioner, duly appointed by said court to make the sale under the decree aforesaid, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on Tuesday, the 28th day of July, A. D. 1887, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the front door of E. P. Royce's hall, on Tilden avenue in the city of Escanaba in said county of Delta, that being the place of holding the Circuit Court for said county, all those certain pieces or parcels of land known and described as follows, viz: Lots number twenty (20) and twenty-one (21) in Block number four (4) the west half of Lot number ten, (10) and Lot number eleven (11) in Block number six (6); Lots number one, (1) two (2) and three (3) in Block number seventeen (17) and Lot number four (4) in Block number twenty-two (22) of the village of Escanaba, in the county of Delta and State of Michigan. FRANK D. MEAD, Special Commissioner. DAN H. BALL, Complainant's Solicitor.

The above sale is hereby adjourned to the 23rd day of August, A. D., 1887, at the same hour and place.
Dated July 24th, 1887.
FRANK D. MEAD, Special Commissioner. DAN H. BALL, Complainant's Solicitor.
The above sale is hereby adjourned to the 29th day of September, 1887, at the same hour and place.
Dated August 23, 1887.
FRANK D. MEAD, Special Commissioner. DAN H. BALL, Complainant's Solicitor.

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Dated August 23, 1887.
FRANK D. MEAD, Special Commissioner. DAN H. BALL, Complainant's Solicitor.

First publication June 9, 1887.
MORTGAGE SALE.
Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the 27th day of July, A. D. 1886, executed by Edwin A. P. Brewster and Sarah E. Brewster, his wife, of the village of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan, to The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the county of Delta in Liber B of mortgages, on pages 570, 571, 572 and 573, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1886, at two o'clock p. m. and whereas said mortgage has been duly assigned by the said The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company to John N. Hiller by assignment bearing date the 7th day of November, A. D. 1886 and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said county of Delta on the 11th day of November, in the year 1886, at two o'clock p. m., in Liber C of mortgages, on pages 77 and 78. And whereas said mortgage was again assigned by the said John N. Hiller to Sarah E. Caven by assignment bearing date the 27th day of January, A. D. 1887, recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said county on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1887, at seven o'clock p. m., in Liber C of mortgages, on pages 112 and 113, and the same is now owned by the said Sarah E. Caven. And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date hereof is the sum of one thousand four hundred and eighty dollars and 25 cents principal and interest and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on the said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale aforesaid and in pursuance of the statute in such cases made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house, in the city of Escanaba, in said county of Delta, on the 28th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day; which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to-wit: lots numbered six (6) and seven (7) in block number twenty-three (23) in the village of Escanaba, in the county of Delta and State of Michigan. Dated at Escanaba, Michigan this 6th day of June A. D. 1887. SARAH E. CAVEN, Assignee. John Powers, Attorney.

DON'T READ!
\$650 CASH WILL BUY AS FINE
Contains 2 acres—1/2 to 2/3 in the upper peninsula, the balance in clear hard maple. Within 40 miles from saw-mill which buys maple for lumber. Taxes paid to it and schools and neighbors close by. Good roads. Price \$650.00. Address A. D. Caven, care of Iron Port office, Escanaba, Mich.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF GOLD.

I remember, I remember,
My boyhood's blizzard night,
The frozen cars that tangled
Down drifting in at night.
It came when the fire was out,
When we had gone away,
But now I wish that my night
Would come again to stay.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The frozen cars that tangled
Down drifting in at night.
Oh, what a cooling night,
The show-house that my brother built,
And where I used to lie
Until my bones were quite neglected—
Oh, would it now were I!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was wont to play,
The good was smooth as the
Whereon I broke my pate,
My buoyant spirit, then so light,
Is hot and heavy now,
And summer's pool can no more cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The cold and dry church,
I used to think the minister
Would freeze fast to his perch,
Those frigid days have passed away,
And now 'tis little joy
To feel that I'm much nearer heat
Than when I was a boy.

COUSIN TOM'S WEDDING.

It was to be in the church, with music and flowers, and my brother Claude and I were to walk up the middle aisle and lead the procession.

"Now you must both put on your best behavior," said mother, after we had worried ourselves into our new clothes on the all-important night; then she kissed us just as if we'd been going to bed, and sent us off to the church an hour before the time.

We found the sexton just opening the doors, and he let us go round with him while he lighted up, and then I proposed that we should stand outside and watch the people come.

"I wonder if Cousin Tom feels nervous," said Claude, as we walked down the steps under the awning. "I shouldn't think he would, though, for you know doctors— But I say, Bert, what's the matter down the street there? See all that crowd? Let's run and find out."

"Come on," I cried; "I'll beat you there," and forgetting all about our good clothes and "best behavior," we both started off down the block.

"Oh, somebody's been run over, or something!" I exclaimed, as I won the race and found a lot of people bending over the form of a man lying on the grass in front of the Baptist Church.

We both stood still for a minute, and I was trying to listen to what a gentleman next to me was telling a policeman, when Claude pulled me by the sleeve and whispered that it might be the very case Cousin Tom, who had just graduated at the Medical School, was waiting for.

"Let's tell him all about it!" I cried. "Quick, before they get somebody else," and then we both took off to his lodgings, around the corner, and pulled the bell as if the house was afire.

I tell you, the girl came to the door in a hurry, and without waiting for her to announce us we bolted up-stairs to Cousin Tom's room, and rushed in to find him just putting on his white satin neck-tie.

"Oh, do come quick!" we both fairly shouted. "Such a—"
"Why, boys, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, making a muddle of his cravat. "Has Alice fainted, or the dress-maker forgotten to send her dress home, or what?"

"No, no," cried Claude, "There's a man hurt, and an awful crowd, and—"
"Quick, how far from here?" interrupted Cousin Tom, leaving the two ends of his tie hanging, and snatching his pea-jacket. "I can spare just twenty minutes."

"Why, it's only around the corner, in front of the Baptist Church," I replied, dancing around the room in great excitement; and then we all three raced off.

"Where is he, boys?" cried Cousin Tom, and Claude pointed inside the railing that ran in front of the church, and against which, strange to say, nobody was leaning.

Then, not waiting to hunt up the gate, our cousin, who was a great strapping fellow, shouldered his way through the crowd, and without paying any attention to the efforts some of the people made to hold him back, he placed his hands on the top rail of the fence to vault over.

The next instant he gave a spring backward instead of forward, and fell against Claude, who, of course fell against me, and we all three went down one after another like a row of bricks, while the people set up such a yell that you might have thought they had all turned into wild Indians on the war-path. Being boys, and quite used to hard knocks, neither Claude nor I was hurt, and we sprang up as lively as ever when Cousin Tom was lifted off of us. But there was not much spring about him, and we were awfully frightened when we found that he couldn't even speak.

Then they explained the whole thing to us, which was something like this: there was an electric light in front of the store next the church, and in some way the stuff—the electric fluid or whatever it is—had got off the track, or the wires, and run into the fence, and so whoever touched it got a most tremendous shock. That was what was the matter with the man inside, and the crowd had too excited about getting an interesting case to listen.

"Oh, if he's killed, it's all our fault for talking him about it!" moaned Claude.

"And he was going to be married in half an hour," I added, despairingly. "And Miss Lord'll be in the church waiting for him, and when he don't come she may have a fit or something, and oh, Claude, how can we tell her?"

By this time they had picked Cousin Tom up and carried him into a drug store a few doors off. They told us he was only stunned, and would probably be able to sit up in the course of half an hour. As he hadn't lived in town a week yet, nobody in the crowd knew who he was, and so the burden of carrying the dreadful news to the wedding party fell upon Claude and me.

Umbrellas.

The earliest English umbrellas were made of oiled silk and were very clumsy and difficult to open when wet, while the stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient. Umbrellas first came into general use about 1775. It was at first considered a mark of great effeminacy to carry one. The transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admitted of the ribs and frames being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious mechanical improvements in the frame-work, chiefly by French and English manufacturers. Specimens of umbrellas made in 1645 weighed three pounds eight and one-half ounces, and the ribs were thirty-one and one-half inches long. The ribs were formerly of whalebone, were cumbersome, and had but little elasticity. The introduction of steel in place of whalebone was the most important improvement made. The ribs are now made in one piece with the ribs, instead of being made of bone, japanned metal, and other materials, and fashioned out. With but few exceptions, the inventors have not realized the cost of the patents. Great opposition was encountered from the trade and public to steel ribs. For a long time umbrellas were only covered with two materials—silk and cotton. Several materials were tried without success until a fabric called alpaca, made of the wool of the Chilian and Peruvian sheep, was manufactured. The ribs are usually eight in number, although six, seven, nine, twelve, and sixteen are frequently made.

Sticks for umbrellas are made from planks sawed into strips and then turned and bent or carved. Maple is largely used for this purpose. The better class are made of roots, such as bamboo, pimento, dogwood, myrtle or orange. The handles are made of wood, ivory, bone, horn, tortoise-shell, etc. Umbrellas were introduced into the United States in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Their manufacture began about the year 1800, and is mostly confined to New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The manufacture of stick for umbrellas is a special branch of manufacture in Lyons, France.

The parachute commonly in use is nothing more or less than a huge umbrella, presenting a surface of sufficient dimensions to experience from the air a resistance equal to the weight of descent in moving at a velocity not exceeding that which a person can sustain without injury. It is made of silk or cotton. To the outer edge strong cords are fastened of the same length as the diameter of the machine—twenty-four to twenty-eight feet. A center cord is attached to the apex, and meets the cord from the margin, acting in part as the stock of the umbrella. The machine is thus kept expanded during descent. The car is fastened to the center cord, and the whole attached to the balance in such a manner that it may be readily and quickly detached, either by cutting a string or pulling a trigger. In the East it appears to have been used by vaulters to enable them to jump from great heights. It has been experimented with to answer as a fire-escape, but hitherto without much success.—Exchange.

Wishing to learn of the nature and effects of hashish, a call was recently made by a reporter upon a young man addicted to its use. His face was flushed, his eyes dull and slightly bloodshot, and he seemed like a man exhausted.

"Why do you take hashish?"
"I tried it once to see what it was like, and I enjoyed it so much I tried it again, and again, and now I have the habit. I take it about three times a week."

"How does it affect you?"
"I begin to laugh. The most commonplace things seem to be utterly ridiculous, and I laugh till the tears come at things which ordinarily would be unnoticed. At times I stop suddenly, and the true condition of things comes over me. I know what I am doing, and think what a fool I am, and before I can get things perfectly clear, the fit comes on me again, and I am in convulsions. This lasts half an hour or so, and then I begin to be quiet. I seem to lose myself and float out into space. I have the most absurd imaginings. I seem to be transformed into a bird and fly up, up, up, till I am lost among the clouds. Then I suddenly have a lucid moment, and am as rational as any man. Sometimes I am a great General and visit war scenes and do the commanding for whole armies. I walk about the room and keep time to imaginary war-drums. Once I seemed to be transformed into a machine, and I moved my arms and legs like the cranks and levers of an engine. After a half hour of this I want to keep perfectly quiet. The slightest movement seems to be an immense labor. I close my eyes and see gorgeous pictures—cities with gleaming towers and gilded minarets reaching to the sky, vast rivers and oceans roaring and dashing, painted ships on their troubled waters, rainbows arching the entire heavens, and landscapes beyond the beauties of the painter's brush. In all this I take the greatest pleasure. There seems to be a sense of resting and a feeling of absence from all bodily weaknesses. If left to myself, I should fall asleep at this stage, and sleep till its effects were over."

"At times I talk and am only happy when I am telling some great story. I make speeches to imaginary audiences. I can tell the most absurd lies with all the dignity and composure of a person in the pulpit. So those who are with me say."

"Do you lose consciousness?"
"Never. I always know friends whom I am with, and the appearance of a stranger often drives the whole effect away. I sometimes try to write poetry, but the ideas get mixed. It is impossible to think continuously on any one subject. Ideas seem to crowd through one's brain with a terrific rush. In all this the time seems to pass immeasurably slow. The minutes seem like hours and an hour like a lifetime."

"How long does this last?"
"About two hours usually—sometimes longer, sometimes not so long."

"Are there any bad effects?"
"Not in my case. My pulse always

Religious.

"THY WILL BE DONE." O simple little words! And yet so hard for us to truly say—To have unobscured before Thy will, And meekly bear the burdens of To-day. Pity our weakness, O Most Holy Son, And teach our murmuring lips to say: "Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" See where the widow mourns, As o'er her dead companion sad tears fall! Alone she stands—her heart's dear comrade gone. Nor answers to her wild, despairing call. O dry your eyes, poor mourner! Think for him, Has risen up Eternity's glad sun! O, may He help your stricken soul to say: "Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" The mother sobbing stands, Beside the coffin of her cherished one—The baby snatched from off her loving breast, To have unobscured before Thy will, Beside her, Lord, in pitying kindness stand, And hold her hand, Most Gracious Holy One! Thou know'st how hard for her poor lips to say: "Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" O how we need Thy help To say these words with humble, trustful hearts—To bow before Thy will in everything, As in this weary world we take our part. Thou know'st our weakness, and how prone to stray, Rebelling, leaving all Thy work undone; Yet, Lord, forgive, and help us all to say: "Thy will be done!"

There perhaps never was a time when the Bible, as a book, was so much in men's thoughts as is the case at present. The fact is a remarkable one, considering how old a book the Bible is, and considering how few writings of the ancient world have even survived to the present hour. In the measure of this interest, too, the Bible stands alone. There are ancient writings which are of great interest still to scholars, and which still to a certain extent inspire and guide the thought of the world; but even when these writings are translated and put within reach of those conversant only with their own language, they do not take a place in popular literature, least of all do they become household books. It is remarkable that the Bible, not only in respect to its great antiquity, but in respect, also, to its hold on the common mind, and its power to move, to interest, to sway, to teach all sorts of men, is even more to-day than it has ever before been, the Book.

One part of this wide interest is due, unquestionably, to the interest of those raised touching certain portions of this book, or collection of books, and to the bearing these have upon vital matters of religion. The adversary overreaches himself when by instigations of hostile criticism he thus makes more conspicuous the remarkable character of the literature contained in the Bible. As those who in places of worship "came to scoff" sometimes "remain to pray," so it may happen, and we believe does happen, that men drawn to read or study the Bible by the excitement of current controversy find, much to their astonishment, what a book the Bible after all is. But meantime there are important interests of truth at stake, and it is still a question of much moment how dangerous attacks may best be met, and how, for students of this book, right views of it may best be secured.

The attention of the writer of this article has recently, by some experiences of his own, been led to a view of this subject which he begs to lay before his reader. Mentioning the same matter to an eminent Christian scholar a few days since, he was gratified to learn that other men, whose example is entitled to far more weight than his own, not only have the same convictions as to methods of Bible study, but have for years acted upon them. The point in question was suggested and impressed by the occasion which arose, in what way need not be mentioned, for an expository examination of one of the most difficult Biblical books, leading to an almost daily study of it, verse by verse, for more than three years. It was a first experience in this line, after many years of such random study, with its imperfect results, as is usual, alike with ministers and with laymen. The result in the present case was to some extent a surprise, and in all respects a matter of joy and thankfulness. A book of the Bible which, as read or more closely examined in the usual method, had always seemed hopelessly mysterious, and commentaries upon which had been consulted in vain, began, little by little, to reveal its great and wonderful secret. The connection of the thought, the idea of the book began to disclose itself. The clues to his chief difficulties was in the hand almost before such a result had been thought of as possible. Its outlook upon the past, present and future of God's infinite kingdom, its interpretations of the vast perplexities of human history, its rich and gladdening revelations of Divine purpose, its personal comfort, its inspiration to a larger faith, a higher life and a more self-forgetting devotion—all these, as coming along in the process of daily study often unlooked for, always most welcome, made the three years given to this verse-by-verse study of that one book the most remarkable period of any in what now begins to seem like a long life. The practical inference in the case described is that the sort of Bible study which is alone sure of answering the highest ends of such is that which, in a right and true meaning of the word, is study.

We have the names, recently given to us, of eminent men with whom this method, or something equivalent to it, has been habitual for years. Some of these are men widely known for their soundness in doctrine, their ability to cope with hostile criticism, the spiritual action alike of their preaching and of their published writings. They know the Bible, not simply by what it is upon its surface, or by appreciative study of specially interesting portions, but they know it in its unity, in the scope of its teachings, in the vital connection between its several books however widely differing in date and authorship, however, to a superficial view apparently unrelated in subject or substance to other books or to the Bible as a whole. They have reached the heart of the Bible as a revelation, and have had their own heart brought in daily contact with it. They may be said to understand the book so far as finite can

Little but Good.

"Yes," said a well-known Evansville tourist to the other day, "I've traveled a good deal in Kentucky and it isn't a particularly quiet country for a man to move about in. The better sort of people there, mind you, are as nice folks as you would meet with anywhere, but the roughs are about as rough as they make them. They have a way, too, of introducing a pistol into an argument which is not appreciated by the colder spirits of the North."

"Did you ever get into any trouble?"
"Once, when I was staying at Lexington, I had a rather unpleasant adventure."

"Let us have it, by all means."
"I noticed a big, tough fellow come into the hotel and pay for a bed. He was as ugly a-looking brute as ever I saw. Wore a black patch over his eye, and had his baggy jeans stuffed into his boots like a regular dime-novel border ruffian. I came at once to the conclusion that it would be healthy to keep out of that fellow's way, and I confess that I was surprised that such a bully would be accepted as a guest at a first-class hotel."

"The next morning I was up early. It was a little chilly, and I took a chair by the stove while they got breakfast ready. I hadn't been there more than five minutes before in walked the very fellow I wished to avoid, and he drew a chair up and sat down beside me."

"Say, stranger, how about them trains for Danville?"
"I do not know anything about the trains," said I, rather stiffly.

"Then I got up and took a chair near the door. There was no one in the office but a dapper little clerk, a chirpy little fellow about five feet high and very girlish in appearance."

"The obnoxious Kentuckian came and squatted down in a chair beside me. I felt myself getting hot and cold with vexation, but knowing that I would have no chance in a personal encounter with such a giant, prudence suggested that I act quietly. Then he drew out of his pocket a dirty piece of tobacco which looked as though he had half chewed it with his wolfish fangs."

"Her a chew, stranger?"
"Thank you, I never chew."

"Now, see here, yer darned stuck-up Northern ass. Think yer can come down here and show off yer high-toned airs. Guess yer'll swaller that lump of 'bacca, or I'll—"

"What he would have done I do not know, for in an instant, with all the little activity of a panther, that little clerk sprang over the counter with a big navy revolver in his hand and every hair of his head bristling like the back of a terrier in a dog fight."

"Get out of this, yer brute, or I'll blow the roof of your head off!"
"The bully's savage look vanished from his face, and like a whipped hound he slunk backward out of the door, only saying in a meek, shame-faced manner: 'Don't shoot, mister; for God's sake don't shoot; I war only a foolin'.'"

"Then, when the door was slammed to on the figure of the retreating bully, the clerk turned to me and said in the most polite and indifferent manner: 'I think, sir, you'll find your breakfast ready.'"

"Yes, they often wrap up first-class goods in little parcels."—Evansville Argus.

The English Parliament refuses to make vaccination compulsory.

Systematic Bible Study.

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compass infinite. Their faith in it is steady under any manner of attack, and they are "able to give a reason of the faith" that is in them to every man that asketh."

If we mistake not, this method of study is after the manner of those who aforetime lived so truly "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is fairly open to question, we think, whether in one direction, at least, Sunday-school teaching has not been of doubtful tendency; and whether the present international lesson method, with all its admitted advantages, does not encourage that tendency. Doubtless the Sunday-school makes study of the Scriptures an occupation for thousands and thousands who might never be drawn to it in any other way, and a far greater proportion, in any community, than was ever the case in times preceding the institution of this valuable means of religious knowledge. But those who did study the Bible in those older days knew the whole of it as it is rarely the case now. It is not uncommon for those who have for years been scholars in the Sunday-school to be utterly at a loss when questioned upon any point, however simple, history, biography, or what not, apart from such portions of the book as have been studied in the "lessons." The tendency alluded to is toward this fragmentary method, as the only one ever adopted, with its fragmentary result as the only good ever realized. When those who know the Bible only in this way are confronted by some question of hostile criticism, they are at a stand. They know only here and there a portion of this great book, and even this perhaps so imperfectly that, having no answer provided, even where the answer is such as a fairly instructed Bible student might find ready at hand, they are thrown into perplexities, perhaps into disbelief.

Of course, it is not to be expected that every Bible student will pursue his work as if writing a commentary. Not even every minister can do this. Yet surely something of the careful expositor's way of work may be adopted by the minister, in his private study and in his preaching, while he may, as regards his people, press them with the truth that to know something about a few detached passages of the Bible is not to know the Bible. He can also urge them with the evident fact that whether or not systematic study, of the kind hinted at, be always practicable for them, systematic reading of the Bible always may be.—Chicago Interior.

Tolerance.

It is very hard for us all to see alike. We have been differently educated. We have had a wide diversity of experience in our Christian warfare. Some have enjoyed the calm repose of a professor's chair; some have contended, as for dear life, against the godless host that is finding its home on the hitherto unoccupied lands of the Republic. Some have settled in the quiet and restful parishes of the older States; others have carried the Gospel to the heathen, and without losing hold of the doctrines of sin and salvation, have been drawn toward those among whom they have labored with a tenderness and affection to which the church at large is almost a stranger. How can we look for complete uniformity of opinion from those who have had or are having such a variety of experience? Why should the pastor whose chief anxiety is to persuade his hearers to become Christians, be blamed if he preaches few doctrinal sermons, or the professor of theology if, in his classroom he insists upon the thorough mastery of the system he is set to teach? Can not both do their work without jealousy of the other? The preacher may be somewhat loose in his theological definitions; if he succeeds in presenting the Gospel so that men accept it and live in accordance with its precepts, can not we trust the grace of God to destroy the error, and give efficacy to the truth?

So great a difference in mental habit, and in the demands which different fields make upon pastors, that it is not strange that certain doctrines and certain methods are made prominent at the expense of others. Can we not tolerate differences in each other?

Have we no place for the evangelist or the teacher in contrast with the pastor; for the literary preacher in contrast with the theological; for the man whose sympathy is with the new rather than with the old? May not these "diversities of gifts" be of the "same Spirit"? May not the Master have need of them? It is not enough if the aim be the same? We need union, concentration of effort. There were never greater opportunities for Christian usefulness as to-day. We never were in greater danger of letting them slip. Shall we divide our forces in the face of the enemy? Why seek for an impossible unanimity in doctrinal belief? Why not be satisfied, as we have been for the most part for many years, with a substantial agreement upon the great verities, and cure our infirmities, and get rid of our jealousies, if we have any, in earnest work for men!

It is easy to misunderstand and misrepresent. People in regard to whom there is some little suspicion, are not always correctly reported. No man of power ever gives more than a partial representation of himself on any single occasion. Yet words which have a definite aim and a legitimate place at the time of their utterance are often made the ground of charges hard to bear, and injurious to the cause of truth. Shall we not be tolerant of each other's deficiencies, and bid God-speed even to those who think that their mission is in the discerning or the setting forth of new phases of divine truth, as well as to those who know that they have been called to stand in the old paths, and therein find rest for their souls?—Chicago Advance.

Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability and learning can doubt more than the wisest man believe. Christianity is a matter of intelligent faith, but infidelity requires no one to give a reason for the doubt that is in him.—Exchange.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our record.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

AT THE MILL.

What do you see, my farmer?
Gray walls of wood and iron
A mill-wheel turning to grind your grist,
And turning for that alone.

You hear the millstone's murmur,
The splash of the tumbling mill,
As you plod with your axen slowly down
The sunny slopes of the hill.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, AUG. 25, 1883.

COURTNEY did not now in the Watkins regatta—was "sandbagged" so he couldn't. Too bad how the poor fellow gets treated—poisoned, his boats spoiled, and now sandbagged. It is too bad, to suffer all that, and be a coward and a liar besides.

The Michigan crop report is received, from which we learn, officially, that the excessive rainfall of the season has seriously injured the wheat and corn crops, while it has made the crops of hay and oats very heavy. The wheat crop averages 14.33 bushels per acre. The hay is 13 per cent. more than last year.

Unusual variety and range in illustrations and reading matter and an out-of-door quality befitting the season—the distinctive qualities of the September Century. A fine portrait of Robert Burns is the frontispiece. It is after a daguerotype owned by Mr. Edmund C. Steedman and made from a miniature which belonged to a sister of Burns. In the same number is a delightful account of "A Burns Pilgrimage," by H. H. H., who writes several anecdotes freshly gleaned in the poet's country. A fiction illustrated paper on "Cape Cod," by F. Mitchell, translated that curious book of sea-sand into a homely Yankee paradise, where the fields are green, the woods are filled with birds, the villages are quaint and prosperous, and the inhabitants are honest and witty. The article has a congenial flavor, which allude to Dr. Edward Eggleston's illustrated historical paper in the same number, on "Indian War in the Colonies." This is a careful paper of thrilling interest, based on much original research. Striking pictures also accompany Lieutenant Schuyler's account of "A Musk-Ox Hunt," which was an incident of his Arctic expedition in 1874. Of popular scientific interest are Ernest Ingersoll's account of "Professor Cassini's Laboratory," at Newport, with a portrait of Alexander Agassiz; and "The Tragedies of the Nests," by John Burroughs, who describes in his inimitable manner the dangers that threaten birds in housekeeping season. Accompanying the latter is a full-page engraving by Florence Knappley; the picture was drawn with the same hand, which were published in recent numbers of the Century. A timely and valuable illustrated article is Roger Riondan's "Ornamental Art in Nature." It has the completeness of a paper by an artist who has ideas and knows how to bring pencil and pen to bear on a subject well thought out. He shows how a pure taste in decorative art must be based upon close observation and simple treatment of beautiful forms in nature. A forcible argument to prove the future supremacy of New York over all the other great cities of the world is made by W. C. Conant, under the title, "Will New York be the Final World Metropolis?" and H. C. Bunner, in the "Open Letters" department, talks encouragingly and entertainingly of "New York as a Field of Fiction." The second part of "The Bread-winners," the anonymous story which is exciting wide interest and curiosity, reveals its motive as a satire on labor unions or socialism. In the eighth part of "A Woman's Reason" (which will be concluded in the October number), Lord Rainford proposes marriage to the heroine, and is rejected. The third and last part of Joel Chandler Harris' "Nights with Uncle Remus" is offered, in addition to two humorous short stories; "Our Story," by Frank Stockton, showing how marriage resulted from literary collaboration; and "Love in Old Clothes," a modern New York love-story, in the quaint style and spelling of three hundred years ago, by H. C. Bunner. The poetry of the number is by Charles de Kay, George Edgar Montgomery, Miss Josephine Pollard, and Miss Susan Marr Spalding; and the verses in "Eric-a-Brac" are contributed by James Whitcomb Riley, Frank D. Sherman, and others. "Topics of the Time" treats of "The Temperance Outlook," "The Renaissance of American Politicians," and "College-bred Statesmen." Among a variety of interesting subjects discussed in "Open Letters," besides Mr. Bunner's letter mentioned above, are "The Massachusetts Experiment in Education," by Charles Barnard; "A Romantic Career" (that of Dr. Francis Lieber), by President Gilman, of John Hopkins University; and the new scheme for "Standard Railway time," by the inventor of the proposed system, W. F. Allen, editor of the "Official Railway Guide."

Special Notices.

Dr. Mary Kierstedt.
Of Chicago, will return to Escanaba on September 1, and can be consulted at the Lewis house.

I make a specialty of all female diseases. I also treat Catarrh, Deafness, Throat and Lungs, Scrofula, Blood and Skin diseases, Cancers, Tumors, Old Sore Legs, diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Heart, Spleen and Stomach, Rheumatism, sick and nervous Headache. I use no poisonous medicines. My treatment is roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds and Flowers.

Blood-Poisoning—A Discovery.
Half of the people are suffering and many die from this fatal complaint. Diseases of the kidneys and liver are the principal causes. As a cure we can only recommend German Hop Bitters.—Journal of Health.

Positive Cure for Piles.
To the people of this County we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchetti's Italian Pile Ointment, which is guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding, Itching Piles. Price 50c. No Cure, No Pay. For sale by Geo. Preston, Druggist.

MEDICINAL.

NARROW ESCAPE

OF A MASSACHUSETTS ENGINEER—TIMELY WARNING OF MR. JOHN SPENCER, BAGGAGE MASTER OF THE B. & A. R.

Marvelous Cure of Stone in the Bladder—Large Stone Removed by "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy." From the Pittsburg (Mo.) Eagle.

Stone in the Bladder is a very dangerous ailment; but many remarkable cures have of late been wrought by "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," the invention of Dr. Kennedy of Rensselaer, N. Y. Another striking case is now added to the list. Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., states in a letter to Dr. Kennedy that he had been treated through a bladder complaint for 17 years, and had consulted a different number of physicians; but nothing beyond temporary alleviation of the pain had been secured. Towards the end of last January Mr. Lawler called on Dr. Kennedy. Sounding the doctor's "Favorite Remedy," he decided that Mr. Lawler should first try the "Favorite Remedy," so as, if possible, to avoid an operation. And here is the remarkable result: "Dear Doctor Kennedy, the day after I came home I passed two gravel stones, and on doing so I found them to be the size of a pea and a marble. The stones, which are so large as to warrant for 'Kennedy's Favorite Remedy' the claim that it is the most successful specific for Stone yet discovered, are now in Dr. Kennedy's possession. Incidentally Mr. Lawler also states that the 'Favorite Remedy' at the same time cured him of a stubborn case of Rheumatism; and it is a fact that in all affections arising out of disorder of the liver or urinary organs it is a searching remedy and a certain cure. It is in itself almost a medicine chest. Order it. It is in itself almost a medicine chest. Order it. It is in itself almost a medicine chest. Order it. Price \$1.00 a bottle.

A Common-sense Remedy.

SALICYLICA.

No more Rheumatism, Gout or Neuralgia.

Immediate Relief Warranted.

Permanent Cure Guaranteed.

Five years established and never known to fail in a single case, acute or chronic. Refer to all prominent physicians and druggists for the standing of Salicylica.

SECRET:
THE ONLY DISSOLVER OF THE POISONOUS URIC ACID WHICH EXISTS IN THE BLOOD OF RHEUMATIC AND GOUTY PATIENTS.

SALICYLICA is known as a common-sense remedy, because it strikes directly at the cause of Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia, while so many so-called specifics and supposed panaceas only treat locally the facts. It has been conceded by eminent chemists that outward applications, such as rubbing with oils, ointments, liniments, and soothing lotions will not eradicate these diseases which are the result of the poisoning of the blood with Uric Acid.

SALICYLICA works with marvelous effect on this acid, and so removes the disorder. It is exclusively used by all celebrated physicians of America and Europe. Highest Medical Academy of Paris reports 93 percent. cures in three days.

Remember

that SALICYLICA is a certain cure for RHEUMATISM, GOUT and NEURALGIA. The most intense pains are subdued almost instantly. **Give it a trial.** Guaranteed or money refunded. Thousands of testimonials sent on application.

\$1 a Box. 6 Boxes for \$5.

Sent free by mail on receipt of money.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT. But do not be deluded into taking imitations or substitutes or something recommended by a neighbor. Insist on the genuine with the name WASHBURN & CO. on each box, which is guaranteed chemically pure under our signature, an indispensable requisite to insure success in the treatment. Take no other, or send to us.

Washburn & Co., Proprietors,
257 Broadway, cor. Reade St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How do you like my old friend? he asked, when they were out of hearing. "I think he is delightful," was Amy's reply.

"What did you talk about?" "All sorts of things. He asked me how old I was—that was very rude, wasn't it—and all about my father and mother, and how it was I lived with the Kestertons." "And what did you say?" "I told him that you could tell him more about me than I could myself. He seemed rather surprised. I should not wonder if you came in for a cross-examination this evening."

"Did he ask you to come and talk to him?" "Yes, Why?" "I suppose because he liked your society," replied Maitland, with faintly misty eyes.

Chicago & North-Western
Railway is the OLD ESTABLISHED SHORT LINE and the UNITED STATES FAST MAIL ROUTE to the Great North-West from and to CHICAGO.

And all points in Northern Illinois, Central and North-Western Wisconsin, Wisconsin, Dakota, Manitoba, Central and Northern Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, and all principal points in the NORTH, NORTHWEST and WEST.

With its own lines it traverses North-Western, Central and Northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Dakota, S. DAKOTA, MINNESOTA, and Central DAKOTA. It offers to the traveler all accommodations that can be offered by any railroad. Its train service equals that of any road; their speed is as great as comfort and safety will permit; they make close connections in union depots at junction and terminal points with the leading railroads of the West and Northwest, and offer to those that use them

SPED, COMFORT AND SAFETY
It runs PALACE SLEEPING CARS on all through trains, PARLOR CARS on its principal routes, and NORTH-WESTERN DINING CARS on the COUNCIL BLIFFS and on its ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS through day express trains.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations, call for full information in regard to all parts of the West, North and Northwest, write to General Passenger Agent, at Chicago, Ill. Get Outgoing Ticket Agents sell Tickets by this line.

J. D. LAYNE, MARVIN HUGHETT,
Gen. Sup't. and Vice-Pres. and Gen. Manager.
W. H. STENNETT,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago.

RENO 66.

Endorsed by the French Academy of medicine for Inflammation of the Urinary Organs caused by indigestion or exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, treatment. Positive cure in one to three days. Local treatment only required. No nauseous doses of cubeba or copaiba. Infallible, Hygienic, Curative, Preventive. Price \$1.50, including both syringes. Sold by all druggists, or sent free by mail securely sealed, on receipt of price. Descriptive treatise free on application. **American Agency "66" Medicine Co.,** Detroit, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

An Old Doctor's Advice:

Trust in God and keep your bowels open.

This can be done by the use of TOWN'S GERMAN VEGETABLE BLOOD PURIFIER.

For sale by all druggists. Try it once, try Torpid Liver, Headache, Kidney complaints, if you have CATARRH, COLD IN YOUR HEAD OR WEAK LUNGS, TRY TOWN'S FRENCH CATARRH REMEDY.

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Dr. Towns also treats, with unvarying success, all CHRONIC DISEASES.

Especially such as arise from self-abuse the symptoms of which are pain in back, left side or breast, fistful dreams, palpitation of the heart, rush of blood to the head, eruptions, pimples, nervous debility, low-spirited, discouraged; resulting in consumption, heart disease, chorea, or St. Vitus dance, debility, insanity and death. Rev. Adam Clark, the distinguished Methodist divine says: "It is one of the most destructive evils ever practiced by fallen men." Its victims of both sexes are filling our insane asylums yearly.

All letters for consultation, strictly confidential, (with stamp) Address Dr. W. TOWNS, Fond du Lac, Wis. Lock box 93.

Please mention this paper when applying to the Doctor.

and died there, telling me never to let his father know that he left a child. I have kept the secret till now." "You may as well finish the story now, you have gone so far," said the invalid, falling back in his chair. "What was her father's name?" "Charles Fletcher." "My son?" "Yes, your son." "Then Amy is my grandchild?" Maitland assented. "No; she is not aware of the existence of any relative. Your son made no promise she should be kept in ignorance of her relationship to you. I shall never tell her." "That will do for to-night. I am tired and excited; my head aches abominably. I will see you to-morrow."

It was quite right of you not to make in pertinent inquiries, especially concerning her position." Dexter felt he had done it now. It was impossible for him to confess that he knew Amy's identity. After a little further conversation they started for the terrace, where Maitland was shortly to meet them. Meanwhile the young doctor had been spending an unhappy hour. He was sure that Dexter would take the opportunity of telling his uncle his intention to marry Amy; the probability was greatly in favor of Amy's identity. After a little further conversation they started for the terrace, where Maitland was shortly to meet them. Meanwhile the young doctor had been spending an unhappy hour. He was sure that Dexter would take the opportunity of telling his uncle his intention to marry Amy; the probability was greatly in favor of Amy's identity. After a little further conversation they started for the terrace, where Maitland was shortly to meet them. 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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF COLD.

I remember, I remember,
My boyhood's blizzard night;
The broken window where the snow
Came drifting in at night.
It came when the fire was out,
When the wind had gone away,
But now I wish that my night
Would come again to stay.

I remember, I remember,
The noise and the white,
The frozen cars that tumbled so—
Oh, what a cooling sight!
The show-houses that my brother built,
And where I used to be,
Until my bones were quite congealed—
Oh, would it now were night!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was shut to skate,
The pond was smooth as glass,
When I broke my skate.
My boyhood's sport, then so light,
Is not so heavy now,
And summer's pond can no more cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The cold and the church;
I used to think the minister
Would freeze fast to his perch.
Those bright days have passed away,
And now 'tis little joy
To feel that I'm much nearer heat,
Than when I was a boy.

—N. Y. Morning Journal.

COUSIN TOM'S WEDDING.

It was to be in the church, with music and flowers, and my brother Claude and I were to walk up the middle aisle and lead the procession.

"Now you must both put on your best behavior," said mother, after we had worried ourselves into our new clothes on the all-important night; then she kissed us just as if we'd been going to bed, and sent us off to the church an hour before the time.

We found the sexton just opening the doors, and he let us go round with him while he lit the candles, and then I proposed that we should stand outside and watch the people come.

"I wonder if Cousin Tom feels nervous," said Claude, as we walked down the steps under the awning. "I shouldn't think he would, though, for you know doctors— But I say, Bert, what's the matter down the street there? See all that crowd? Let's run and find out."

"Come on," I cried; "I'll beat you there," and forgetting all about our good clothes and "best behavior," we both started off down the block.

"Oh, somebody's been run over, or something!" I exclaimed, as I won the race and found a lot of people bending over the form of a man lying on the grass in front of the Baptist Church.

"We both stood still for a minute, and I was trying to listen to what a gentleman next to me was telling a policeman, when Claude pulled me by the sleeve and whispered that it might be the very case Cousin Tom, who had just graduated at the Medical School, was waiting for."

"Let's tell him all about it!" I cried. "Quick, before they get somebody else;" and then we both ran off to his lodgings, around the corner, and pulled the bell as if the house was afire.

I tell you, the girl came to the door in a hurry, and without waiting for her to announce us we bolted up-stairs to Cousin Tom's room, and rushed in to find him just putting on his white satin neck-tie.

"Oh, do come quick!" we both fairly shouted. "Such a—"

"Why, boys, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, making a muddle of his crystal. "Has Alice fainted, or the dressmaker forgotten to send her dress home, or what?"

"No, no," cried Claude, "There's a man hurt, and an awful crowd, and—"

"Quick, how far from here?" interrupted Cousin Tom, leaving the two ends of his hanging, and snatching his pea-jacket. "I can spare just twenty minutes."

"Why, it's only around the corner, in front of the Baptist Church," I replied, dancing around the room in great excitement; and then we all three raced off.

"Where is he, boys?" cried Cousin Tom, and Claude pointed inside the railing that ran in front of the church, and against which, strange to say, nobody was leaning.

Then, not waiting to hunt up the gate, our cousin, who was a great strapping fellow, shouldered his way through the crowd, and without paying any attention to the efforts some of the people made to hold him back, he placed his hands on the top rail of the fence to vault over.

The next instant he gave a spring backward instead of forward, and fell against Claude, who, of course fell against me, and we all three went down one after another like a row of bricks, while the people set up such a yell that you might have thought they had all turned into wild Indians on the war-path. Being boys, and quite used to hard knocks, neither Claude nor I was hurt, and we sprang up as lively as ever when Cousin Tom was lifted off of us. But there was not much spring about him, and we were awfully frightened when we found that he couldn't even speak.

Then they explained the whole thing to us, which was something like this: There was an electric light in front of the store next the church, and in some way the stuff—the electric fluid or whatever it is—had got off the track, or the wires, and run into the fence, and so whoever touched it got a most tremendous shock. That was what was the matter with the man inside, and the crowd had tried to warn Cousin Tom, but he was too excited about getting an interesting case to listen.

"Oh, if he's killed, it's all our fault for telling him about it!" moaned Claude.

"And he was going to be married in half an hour," I added, despairingly. "And Miss Lord'll be in the church waiting for him, and when he don't come she may have a fit or something, and oh, Claude, how can we tell her?"

By this time they had picked Cousin Tom up and carried him into a drug store a few doors off. They told us he was only stunned, and would probably be able to sit up in the course of half an hour. As he hadn't lived in town a week yet, nobody in the crowd knew who he was, and so the burden of carrying the dreadful news to the wedding party fell upon Claude and me.

"It's five minutes to eight now," announced my brother, nervously as having left word with the drugist that we would soon be back with friends and a carriage, we hurried off to the Episcopal Church. "Cousin Tom was to be in the vestry by this time, and, oh my! would it be awful to have Miss Lord walk up the aisle on her father's arm, and then find nobody to marry her?"

"But, Claude, I proposed, a bright idea suddenly striking me, "if we can only get to the church soon enough to see her drive up, we can tell her then, and have the coachman keep right on to the drug store."

"The very thing!" cried Claude. "Let's run for it."

And run we did, but alas! arrived at the church just in time to see the bride's carriage drive away from the awning—empty.

We could hear the organ playing and the people whispering that the procession would soon begin to move toward the altar.

"Oh, why don't they make sure Cousin Tom's here first?" I exclaimed, in a whisper.

"Perhaps they will," returned Claude. "At any rate they ought to wait for us to lead off; but, stop, I've got a plan, and though it's a kind of desperate one, it'll save Miss Lord having a scene before everybody. I'll—" and he spoke the rest very softly in my ear.

"Why, Claude, dare you?" I cried, under my breath. "And do you know how to do it?"

"Yes, I noticed the place when we were in here with the sexton. Now do you think you can get up close to Miss Lord before I count twenty slowly?"

I nodded and hurried into the church, leaving Claude to take up his station in a dark corner of the vestibule. The procession was evidently waiting for us, and as fast as I could I squeezed a way through the crowd to take my place in front of the bride. She smiled when she caught sight of me, and put out her hand. Then just as I took it every light in the church went out, and I knew Claude had succeeded in his plan of turning off the gas.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Lord," I whispered, still keeping hold of her hand, "but come out with me to the carriage, because Cousin Tom's hurt, but not very bad, only he can't stand up long enough to be married yet, and—"

"But I'll take you to him right away," I said, and she looked at me in surprise. "Well, she didn't scream nor say she was going to faint, but just held on to my hand tight, and let me lead her out in the dark. We found Claude on the sidewalk, holding the door of the carriage open; and ordering the coachman (who looked as if he thought we were eloping with the bride) so drive to the drug store. We all three got in, and were off before the people in the church had a chance to think of anything else but the darkness into which they had so suddenly been plunged.

"But—but did the electric fluid put out the lights in church?" asked Miss Lord, after we had explained to her about Cousin Tom's shock.

"Oh no; I turned off the gas," said Claude, promptly. "Don't you think it was a good way to keep people from staring at you and gossiping when they found the groom didn't come?"

"Yes, I see now, and I am sure I am very much obliged for your thoughtfulness; but what will papa and mamma think has become of me?"

"That's so!" I exclaimed. "We forgot all about that part of it. Stop the carriage, and I'll run back," which I did, and found the church lighted up again, a bigger crowd than ever inside, and Mr. and Mrs. Lord rushing about in every direction in search of their daughter.

I was a little frightened at first, but remembering how much the bride had been spared by our plan, I walked boldly up to the "distracted parents," and began to explain the whole thing. This took some time, but I told the story as quick as I could, and I had scarcely finished when back came the carriage with Cousin Tom and Miss Lord both in it.

I jumped as if I had seen a ghost, and indeed Tom looked like one, but declared that he was every bit strong enough to go through with the ceremony. Miss Lord was already in her mother's arms, and I was awfully afraid we'd have a scene, after all, but luckily everybody thought it was because the gas had gone out, and in ten minutes they were safely married, and nobody out of the family the wiser.—Harper's Young People.

Poetry of the Railroad.

But if you wish a spectacle of surpassing picturesqueness, take post upon a railroad, at a safe distance from the track, of a dark night, about the time a train is expected to arrive. First you hear a low thunder reverberating among distant hills; anon a bright point of light appears, like a star on the drapery of evening; it grows with astonishing rapidity, and now it glares like the fierce red eye of a monstrous demon, becomes larger, redder, fiercer every moment, while the roar of the engine heralds becomes more appalling and voluminous as it approaches. An earthquake—a whirlwind—a shower of fire—and the train is passed. If there be not more poetry in this than in an old night-coach, with its dim lamps, drowsy driver, piled-up baggage-rack, snoring passengers and weary cattle, then we give up our point. To us a railway train is a realization of the wildest fancies of eastern romances, the fireman an *Achille*, the conductor a magician, the brakeman attendant *gentil*.—Boston Globe.

Felix, the man-milliner rival of Worth, made twenty-five visiting dresses, twenty-five ball dresses, twenty morning and five o'clock dresses and undresses too numerous to count, for Miss Murphy, the California heiress, who recently married Lord Wolsley, in England.

A one-legged man of Talbot County, Georgia, is attracting much attention at Augusta, Ga., by his performances on one foot. He walks a wire rope, dances jigs and hops a mile in thirteen minutes.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Poughkeepsie hotel has a parrot that cries out "up boat" or "down boat" as the Hudson River boats heave in sight.—Poughkeepsie Eagle.

Umbrellas.

The earliest English umbrellas were made of oiled silk and were very clumsy and difficult to open when wet, while the stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient. Umbrellas first came into general use about 1775. It was at first considered a mark of great effeminacy to carry one. The transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admitted of the ribs and frames being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious improvements in the by French and English specimens of umbrellas of one weighed three pence, and one and one-half were formerly of enormous size. The introduction of whalebone was an improvement made in one piece of being made of and other materials out. With both inventors have of the patents, encountered for public to steal time umbrella-makers two materials—cellulose materials were used until a fabric of the wool of the sheep, was made usually eight in a seven, nine, twelve, and sometimes more.

Sticks for umbrellas were turned and bent largely used for better class are bamboo, pimento orange. The handle, ivory, bone, and horn Umbrellas were introduced into the United States in the eighteenth century.

Parachutes were presented dimensions to export a resistance equated in moving, ceeding that which without injury. To the cord are fastened of as the diameter of cord-four to twenty cord is attached to the part as the stock machine is thus descend. The center cord, and the balance in sum may be readily a either by cutting trigger. In the been used by jump from great experimental will escape, but hit the cess.—Exchange.

Wishing to learn effects of hasheesh made by a report added to its use his eyes dull and he seemed ill.

"I tried it once and I enjoyed it, and again, and I take it about three times a day. How does it—" "I begin to lat monplato things dioulous, and I come at things be unnotified, denly, and the tr comes over me, doing, and think before I can get the fit comes on in convulsions, or so, and then seem to lose my space. I have things, I save to bird and fly up, among the clods have a leuid-motional as any may great General an do the command I walk about the Imaginary ward to be transformed I moved my arms cranks and levers a half hour of the lecty quiet. This seems to be an in my eyes and sc cities with gleam minarets reaching ers and oceans painted ships on rainbows archin and landscapes of the painter's brush the greatest pleas be a sense of rea absence from all left to myself. I this stage, and sleep till its effects were over.

"At times I talk and am only happy when I am telling some great story. I make speeches to imaginary audiences. I can tell the most absurd lies with all the dignity and composure of a person in the pulpit. So those who are with me say."

"Do you lose consciousness?"

"Never. I always know friends whom I am with, and the appearance of a stranger often drives the whole effect away. I sometimes try to write poetry, but the ideas get mixed. It is impossible to think continuously on any one subject. Ideas seem to crowd through one's brain with a terrific rush. In all this the time seems to pass immeasurably slow. The minutes seem like hours and an hour like a lifetime."

"How long does this last?"

"About two hours usually—sometimes longer; sometimes not so long."

"Are there no bad effects?"

"Not in my case. My pulse always

goes way up—sometimes to 140 a minute, and I sometimes have a slight headache when I recover from its influence. Further than this I feel no unpleasant results. The day after I feel stupid sometimes, but a cigar or cup of strong coffee drives this away. When under its influence I have an inordinate thirst and hunger. I can drink glass after glass of water without quenching my thirst in the least."

"How much is a dose?"

"It varies with persons. Hasheesh comes, you know, as a sort of paste, or mixed with a little alcohol in a liquid form. The form I use is a dark, green-

Tea catalogue of the State Agricultural college is received, in which a boy may fit himself for the practice of agriculture, horticulture, stock-growing—in short may make of himself an intelligent farmer, at a very trifling cost. We regard the college as worth more to the state, two to one than the big mill at Ann Arbor which grinds out pill-peddlers, pettifoggers and parasites to prey upon the frailties, vices and superstitions of their kind.

The prohibitionists held a state convention at Easton, Pa., on August 12. Three hundred delegates were present. One thousand dollars was raised as the nucleus of a campaign fund of \$100,000 which it is proposed to raise. The convention, by resolution, denounced the republican party, appointed a state central committee of which Merritt Moore, of Iowa, is chairman and Wm. A. Taylor, of Lansing, secretary, and adjourned. They should have done one thing more. Had they entered into the "fusion" with the democracy and the greenback cranks they might have helped, next year, to make their denunciation of the republican party something else than "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

RUFUS HATCH must be planning a campaign in Chicago by the way he gives the Chicagoans tally. The Inter-Ocean gives the following from its New York correspondent who interviewed "Uncle Rufus":

"Chicago," he said, "is a city of the boldest and most determined lot of men I ever saw. You don't know what one of them is capable of doing. I have one in my mind now, who I believe is worth two and a half millions. He came to me in New York one day and said: 'Hatch, I have a scheme. I am worth \$2,500,000. My brother is worth the same. That's \$5,000,000. We can command an equal backing in Chicago. That's \$10,000,000. I can get \$5,000,000 in Frisco. That's \$15,000,000. With \$15,000,000 backing I can get \$15,000,000 in New York, and that's \$30,000,000. I propose to take this and buy up the wheat crop of the Pacific Slope, load it on vessels at the Golden Gate, and ship it around Cape Horn to Europe. I can control the market in the United States and make the market in Europe. What do you say?' Now I am a speculator myself and have seen and heard a good deal, but the Chicago man's vision belted the globe, and he figured all his boundless proportion with the same coolness and assurance that you would make the addition of 2 and 2. Whenever a man in New York begins to wonder what it is that keeps Chicago going I tell him this story and he goes away satisfied."

After the first "flurry" the list of railway shares rebounded and regained a portion of their losses, but the Western Union did not rally. The market report telegraphed to the Chicago papers, on the 16th, said:

After and while the market was quiet, and the general list advancing, Western Union was pressed for sale in such amounts that it depressed suddenly from 73 to 71 1/4. This is the lowest price at which it has sold since 1877. The general opinion seems to be that sales had been made by persons who have hitherto held the stock on assurances that it would not be permitted to decline. The purchasing orders by which the decline was checked and a recovery produced were thought to have emanated from Gould. The decrease of the earnings caused by the strike is said to be immense, and sufficient to frighten out of their wits those who know the figures. Everybody knew that handicapped as it is by an illegal issue and enjoined by the courts from paying dividends, the stock was not worth the price at which it was quoted; but on the other hand, no one dared to call it "short," knowing that the bulk of it was held by Gould, and fearing that he might be able to engineer a "squeeze on the seller. It is confidently asserted by shrewd operators that if he could have prevented it Gould would never have permitted the confidence of the banks, which held this stock as collateral for loans, to be shaken by such a sharp drop. Whatever be the truth of the matter, it would seem wise for traders and the public to continue to let the stock severely alone. During the last hour the general market continued quiet but strong, and the final prices were about the highest of the day.

know, for in an instant, with all the lithe activity of a panther, that little clerk sprang over the counter with a big navy revolver in his hand and every hair of his head bristling like the back of a terrier in a dog fight.

"Get out of this, you brute, or I'll blow the roof of your head off."

"The bully's savage look vanished from his face, and like a whipped hound he slunk backward out of the door, only saying in a meek, shame-faced manner: 'Don't shoot, mister; for God's sakes don't shoot; I was only a foolin'.'"

"Then, when the door was slammed to on the figure of the retreating bully, the clerk turned to me and said in the most polite and indifferent manner: 'I think, sir, you'll find your breakfast ready.'"

"Yes, they often wrap up first-class goods in little parcels."—Excelsior Argus.

The English Parliament refuses to make vaccination compulsory.

Religious.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Thy will be done!" O simple little words! And yet so hard for us to truly say. To bow unobscuring before Thy will, And meekly bear the burdens of Thy will, Thy own weakness, O Most Holy Son, And teach our murmuring lips to say: "Thy will be done!"

"Thy will be done!" See where the widow mourns, As o'er her dead companion sad tears fall! Alas! the hands—her heart's dear comrade's hands, are not as yet laid out for naught! Nor answers to her wail, despairing call. O dry your eyes, poor mourner! Think for

compass infinite. Their faith in it is steady under any manner of attack, and they are able to give a reason of the faith "that is in them to every man that asketh."

If we mistake not, this method of study is after the manner of those who of oldtime lived so truly "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." It is fairly open to question, we think, whether in one direction, at least, Sunday-school teaching has not been of doubtful tendency; and whether the present international lesson-method, with all its admitted advantages, does not encourage that ten-

The American House, A well-known hotel property, is for Rent and immediate possession can be given. For particulars apply to J. K. Stack, 371f

For Sale. Forty acres of land, having upon it five buildings; one story-and-a-half dwelling, one business building, 18 by 26, one log and one block houses and one frame barn, 30 by 40, all in good order. For particulars and terms apply to GEO. LANGSIRNE, Barkville, Mich. 371f

Daughters, Wives and Mothers. We emphatically guarantee Dr. March's Cathectic Female Remedy, to cure Female Diseases such as Gravel troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above like Headache, Bloating, Spinal weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the heart, &c. No Cure, No Pay. For sale by Druggists. Prices \$1.00 and \$1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. March, 116½ E. 10th St., for pamphlet, free. For sale by George Preston, Drugist. 12

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Mary Brunette

Submit the following from among many similar letters received by her from her patients:

ESCANABA, AUG. 7, 1883.
I hereby certify to the ladies of Escanaba that Mrs. Brunette took care of me during my last confinement and that I never got along so nicely before as I did under her care. In four days I was up and was so smart I did not go to bed again. I advise ladies to call on her under the same circumstances.
MRS. JOSEPHINE HORSEWOOD.

ESCANABA, JUNE 10, 1883.
I certify that Mrs. Brunette has done for me several cases such as Neuralgia, Toothache and headache, giving prompt relief. I myself was troubled for seven years with a pain in my side so that I was unable to work a great part of the time. I was treated by different doctors who did me no good. At last I called on Mrs. Brunette and had relief in five minutes. Mr. Alger suffered much in his hands (after nearly perishing when George Alger died) and she helped him, right away. I also know of several cases outside of my own family which she has cured.
MRS. S. A. ALGER.

Mrs. Brunette may be consulted at her rooms next door to Hart's Wagon Shop, on all matters of female knowledge, as she is a secret well as a doctor. 47

OLD BRINKLEY HILLS. Dalton, Mass., April 27, 1882.
Mr. Peter Lawler has been a resident of this town for the past seventeen years, and in our employ for fifteen, and in all these years he has been a good and respected citizen of the town and community. He has had some chronic disease to our knowledge for most of the time, but now claims to be, and is, in apparent good health. CHAS. O. BROWN, Pres't.
(The wonderful case referred to above is published in another column and will prove of great value to thousands of our readers.—Ed.) 47

POP FACTORY.

JOHN DINNEEN
Having withdrawn from all other business and provided increased facilities for the manufacture of
Summer Drinks,
Such as Pop, Mineral, Soda and Aerated Waters,
will supply them in any quantity from his laboratory corner Langley & Mary streets, Escanaba. His own specialty.
GINGERETTE
Deserves especial attention. 51 44

SOLD BY J. N. MEAD.
DE VEUX COLLEGE,
Suspension Bridge, Niagara County, N. Y.
Fitting school for the Universities, West Point, Annapolis, or business. Charges free a year. For registers, etc., address WILFRED H. MUNRO, A. M., President.

RISO'S CURE FOR
RASHES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup, Tetter Good.
Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

ALYON & HEALY
State & Monroe Sts., Chicago.
Will send gratis to any address their
BAND CATALOGUE,
for \$100 worth of Spectacles,
of Eyeglasses, Binoculars, Collar, Buttons,
Trunk, Razors, Brushes, Combs,
Sunglasses, Dress Buttons, etc., and
also, Sunday Paper Cutters, Rappelling
Clips, etc., etc. Illustrations and Ex-
planations for a Amateur Artists, and a Catalogue
of Choice Hand Meets.

LIQUORS.
New Goods.
New Store.
JOHN K. STACK,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer.
Imported and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Tobaccos of every variety and to suit all tastes.
The Ph. Best Brewing Co.'s Beer, in wood and glass, at best prices.

MISCELLANEOUS.
This property owners on account of the importance of keeping their buildings well painted. It adds to their value, increases their durability, and improves their appearance. The best paint is not the most but the best. The Standard Oil Company's Paint is the best. It is the best in the world for all purposes. It is the best in the world for all purposes. It is the best in the world for all purposes.

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of Choice Hand Meets.

the time of their utterance are often made the ground of charges hard to bear, and injurious to the cause of truth. Shall we not be tolerant of each other's deficiencies, and bid God-speed even to those who think that their mission is in the discerning or the setting forth of new phases of divine truth, as well as to those who know that they have been called to stand in the old paths, and therein find rest for their souls?—Chicago Advance.

—Nothing is easier than to doubt. A man of moderate ability and learning can doubt more than the wisest men believe. Christianity is a matter of intellectual faith, but infidelity requires no one to give a reason for the doubt that is in him.—Exchange.

—There is nothing nobler in man than courage; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our record.

know, for in an instant, with all the lithe activity of a panther, that little clerk sprang over the counter with a big navy revolver in his hand and every hair of his head bristling like the back of a terrier in a dog fight.

"Get out of this, you brute, or I'll blow the roof of your head off."

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"Then, when the door was slammed to on the figure of the retreating bully, the clerk turned to me and said in the most polite and indifferent manner: 'I think, sir, you'll find your breakfast ready.'"

"Yes, they often wrap up first-class goods in little parcels."—Excelsior Argus.

The English Parliament refuses to make vaccination compulsory.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

AT THE MILL.

What do you see, my farmer?
Gray walls of wood and of stone.
A mill-wheel turning to grind your grain,
And turning for that alone.

You hear the millstone's murmur,
The splash of the tumbling mill,
As you stand with your arms slowly down
The sunny slopes of the hill.

The heavens are blue above you,
There's a soft glow on the road;
You took the mill's back of your team
And reckon the bags in the load.

You clip the heads of the daisies,
You pick the petals of the pansies,
To litter the fields with the stinging blooms
Of a stubborn and worthless weed.

You're honest and true and sturdy,
Oh, how give me your brassy hand,
A singer of life songs, I greet
The farmer who tills the land.

Fled home with your grain in the ploom;
The baby crows at the gate;
And over the hill by the pasture bars
The loving cattle wait.

What do I see, my farmer?
The mill and the rill and the wheel,
The moss on the shingles, the mold on the stones,
And the floating mists of meal.

But the poet's vision is clearer,
Revealing the hidden things;
I see the rivulets to the sea,
From cool, clear, woodland springs.

I see the brown fields quicken
With the green of the growing wheat,
When the evaluator's sick at the bending
And the breath of the morn is sweet.

I see the swaying rye in the fields,
In fields of the golden grain;
And oxen that pant in the summer sun,
Yoked to a loaded wain.

I see white sails careening
On the open tilted ocean,
When the silvery sunlight tints the waves,
That are stirred by a freshening breeze.

I see the storm-rick gallop,
That blots out the evening star,
And sung in the foam of a billow's crest,
A drowned man lashed to a spar.

I see in a city's shadows,
A figure that creeps and scraws
"Give blood, or bread," while the wine flows
And there's mirth in the city halls.

I see a rich man's darlings
As fresh as the rose of bloom;
And the faint white face of a little child
Dead in a barren room.

Plod home with your grain, my farmer,
Nor heed how the wide world fares,
The eyes that are clearest are saddest away,
With their burden of alien cares.

Hushed is the millstone's murmur,
The dripping wheel is still,
And over the dusky vale I hear
The song of the Whippoorwill.

—E. C. Moore in Century Magazine.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

A Story in Two Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, doctor, what's the verdict? Am I condemned to death, or are you going to relieve me?"

"I think I can relieve you. But I can't promise to do more."

"I never expected it. I know my state quite as well as you—I haven't a year's life in me. Now, don't begin to talk the usual rubbish; you ought to know me well enough by this time. Can you give me six months?"

"Not in England."

"Where?"

"Somewhere in the South—say, Nice or Cannes. Nice, by preference."

"All right; Nice, by all means. When can I travel?"

"Early next week, if you rest the remainder of this."

Mr. Fletcher gave a dissatisfied grunt as he stretched himself in his bed.

"Look here, Maitland," he said, when he had settled himself into a new position; "if you think at my time of life I'm going to gab about foreign countries by myself you're mistaken. You'll have to come with me."

The doctor smiled; he was pleasantly surprised to hear his patient make the suggestion, but he did not wish him to see how astounded he was.

"What is to become of my practice meanwhile?" he asked.

"Oh, your practice must take care of itself; look upon this journey as a holiday taken rather earlier than usual. See me safely to Nice, put me in the hands of a good doctor here, and then you can leave me to end my days in peace. I think you will do that for three hundred and expenses?"

"I would do it for less," was Maitland's reply.

"I don't want you to pay for what people do for me. What do you suppose I want to keep my money for? I can't take it with me, can I?"

"Not beyond Nice," replied the young doctor, using the freedom that his eccentric patron liked.

"Good, and I shan't want about there; I can't make much of a hole in my property in six months, however hard I try; though I believe that young scamp of a nephew of mine will grudge me my daily drive."

Maitland was silent; it was not his place to foster the breach between uncle and nephew, whatever his private opinion of Fred Dexter's character might be.

"You have a father, haven't you?" asked the old gentleman, after a pause.

"Yes; he is still living."

"Then, break him better than my son treated me; it will make him happier, if it doesn't make you."

"I wish you would let me speak to you about your son," said Maitland.

"Thank you; I'd sooner hear you on any other subject."

"I don't often trouble you with this one."

"No, or I should change my doctor."

"You have done him injustice, at all events," said Maitland, rather warmly; "and I think you will live to repent it."

"In that case, you must make me live longer than you profess to be able to do," retorted the invalid. "Don't renew the subject, please, till I ask you. Come in to-morrow, and we will make final arrangements about the journey."

Maitland knew Mr. Fletcher intimately enough to know that the interview was over. He left the room and proceeded on his round of afternoon visits, reaching his small house about an hour before dinner.

A letter was waiting for him; it was directed in a lady's hand, and bore the post-mark of Nice. He read it through twice, apparently enjoying the perusal; then he lay back in his chair and thought.

"It's a stroke of good fortune, most decidedly," he soliloquized. "Amy is at Nice, and now I shall be able to go and see her. That will be a pleasant surprise for her, I hope. I'm afraid she doesn't get too many of these. Luckily, Mr. Fletcher will never guess the reason for my recommending Nice; after all, it is just as good for him as any other place, and I may be doing him a greater service than he dreams of in taking him there, if things fall out as they should."

In the midst of his reverie the servant entered, bringing him another letter.

"Please, sir, this came this morning, but you don't seem to have seen it."

Maitland opened it, not with the alacrity he had shown with the first. It ran thus:

"How do you like my old friend?" he asked, when they were out of hearing.

"I think he is delightful," was Amy's reply.

"What did you talk about?"

"All sorts of things. He asked me how old I was—that was very rude, wasn't it?—and all about my father and mother, and how it was I lived with the Kesterons."

"Did you say?"

"I told him I could tell him more about me than I could myself. He seemed rather surprised. I should not wonder if you came in for a cross-examination this evening."

"Did he ask you to come and talk to him again?"

"No, why?"

"I suppose because he liked your society," replied Maitland, wittily misinterpreting her question. "Be sure you come to the terrace at the same time to-morrow."

"Yes, I will make a point of it, so you can consider yourself relieved."

"I am relieved, but I don't intend to be dismissed again," retorted Maitland with a laugh. "I suppose I have no excuse good enough for coming in?" he added, as they reached the door of the villa hired by the Kesterons.

"I must leave you to settle that question."

"I have no excuse to make at all, but I'm coming in all the same, if you will let me."

"It isn't my house," replied Amy.

"That is a very ungracious invitation," said Maitland, as he accompanied her into the hall.

"And what?"

"When Maitland, half an hour later, returned to his patient, he found him talking with a man who was sitting next him. "He is making acquaintances to-day," thought the young doctor. As he approached, however, he saw that the supposed stranger was Mr. Fletcher's nephew, Fred Dexter.

"Ah, Maitland!" was his greeting, "here I am, you see."

"Yes, but in the old gentleman, on whose nature his nephew always acted as an irritant; where the carcase is you know Maitland."

"Oh, come, uncle, you're not a carcass yet," protested Dexter. "You might have blamed me with more reason if I'd waited till you were one before I came to see you."

"He seems to be under the impression that I shall be able to blame him after I'm dead," remarked Mr. Fletcher, sarcastically to Maitland.

"Oh, don't argue. I don't see why you should always put the worst interpretation on all I say."

"It won't bear any other," pettishly replied the old man. "Who told you I was here?"

"Maitland. I wrote and asked him about you."

"Do you mind letting me see that letter?" Maitland here interposed and said he believed he had not kept it.

"That's a pity," said Dexter; "I should like to have shown it to you that you might see what my letters to you are like."

"Let us go in," said Mr. Fletcher; "I'm getting tired. You will dine with us to-night?"

"Many thanks, uncle, but I've promised to see some people to-night."

"Who?"

"They are called Kesterons."

"Do you know them?" inquired Maitland, rather anxiously.

"Oh, yes, very well. Do you?"

"There is a very nice girl in the house, a sort of companion, or governess. She's called Fletcher, same name as uncle's. Odd coincidence, isn't it?"

"Come!" said Mr. Fletcher, peremptorily.

After dinner, instead of trying to get his usual nap, Mr. Fletcher sat in his easy-chair, evidently in a very excited frame of mind. He seemed undecided what to do; he fidgeted about with one book and another till at last he threw them down, and called out, "Maitland!"

"Yes."

"Let me see the letter that precious nephew of mine wrote you. You haven't destroyed it, I could see well enough that you were only trying to vex me. He said I could have read it if it had not been torn up."

"I have it, it's true," replied Maitland, "but I can't show it you without his permission."

"He gave it."

"But I told him I thought I had destroyed it."

"Very well, if you don't show it me I shall conclude the worst; it's clear you would let me see it in a moment if it was fit to be seen. Fred had better take care; he knows that he is his heir, but he doesn't know how near he is to having his expectations disappointed. I'm afraid he's a scamp, and it will be a bad job for him if he can't conceal the fact a few months longer."

Maitland did not attempt to defend Dexter; both his conscience and inclination were against such a course. He knew that he was, in spite of his advantages, a loose, untruthful and selfish fellow, and he had strong reasons for hoping that his succession to Mr. Fletcher's money might never become a fact.

"The old man seemed inclined to talk this evening. He turned himself round in fact, Maitland said: 'Who is Amy Fletcher?'"

"She is governess at the Kesterons."

"Why? Who got her the place?"

"I did," replied Maitland, looking rather guilty.

"I'm! you seem to take a considerable interest in the young lady. Has she any money?"

"None whatever."

"Then you paid for her schooling?"

"Her father left enough to cover most of the expense."

"And you supplied the rest?"

Maitland's look was sufficient to condemn him.

"It's a nice, romantic story," continued the old man; "when do you propose to marry her?"

"I don't know," replied the young doctor; "perhaps not at all."

"You mean she doesn't care for you?"

"No, I don't mean that; but I am in a very peculiar position in regard to her."

"What is the peculiarity?"

"Do you ask me to tell you?"

"Yes; why not?"

"I didn't like to go so without your asking me directly. I have reason to believe that she may be an heiress."

"I don't see why that should stop you."

"No, perhaps not; though people would doubt my sincerity in proposing to a girl as rich as she may become."

"It's very odd that an heiress should be a governess."

"She doesn't know who she is," explained Maitland. "I am the only one in the world who does know. Suppose that I ask her hand—she may accept me; afterward she discovers that she is very rich; what will she think of me then? She will judge me to be the most despicable man in the world."

"Why not tell her she is an heiress, and then propose? If she loves you, the fact that she is rich will only add to her willingness to accept you."

"I can't tell her because she may never be rich as she may become."

Mr. Fletcher looked puzzled. "There is more in this than you tell me, Maitland," he said. "You've treated me very well; I've taken a liking for you, and for the girl too, for that matter. I should like to help you if I can, and feel I have done one kindness before it is out of my power to do so. But did you come to have this girl on your hands?"

"I knew her father and mother very well. They died about within a few months of each other. I was only a very young man then, as you may imagine, but they left me in charge of their only daughter, then scarcely more than an infant. My mother brought her up; when she was old enough she was sent to school, as I told you."

This simple recital interested the old man more than he cared to show. He could not prevent his voice from trembling as he asked:

"Is her grandfather alive?"

"Yes, he is the reply."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives at Kesterons."

Maitland did not make any very lengthy or detailed protest.

It was quite right of you not to make imprudent inquiries, especially concerning her position."

Dexter felt he had done it now. It was impossible for him to confess that he knew Amy's identity. After a little further conversation they started for the terrace, where Maitland was shortly to meet them.

Meanwhile the young doctor had been spending a satisfactory hour. He was sure that he would take the opportunity of telling his uncle his intention to marry Amy; the probability was greatly in favor of the old man's approval of his nephew's suit rather than of his—Maitland's. One thing he was sure of—that he must keep silent till Dexter had either won or lost, and that if he won he must keep silent forever. His only hope was that Amy loved him. Yet why should she? He had always been careful to treat her as a young sister, and if occasionally he had been conscious of saying something which was not quite appropriate for a brother, she had never given him reason for believing that she had ever contemplated the possibility of a closer relationship between them than that of always excited. Yet, if he lost her, and to such a heartless scoundrel! No! he would never let her marry that other. Yet what could he do if she accepted him?

His mind was still full of the matter when he found himself on the terrace, near the usual seat of the invalid. Mr. Fletcher and his nephew were already there, and close by them stood Amy. She had evidently only that moment arrived. Dexter rose, and with considerable eagerness offered her his seat, and began to introduce her to his uncle.

"There is no necessity," interrupted Mr. Fletcher; "this young lady and I have met before."

Dexter looked surprised and annoyed. He had made good use of his time during the morning, which he spent in the company of Amy, doing all he could to compress a courtship into a couple of hours. He had told her he wanted to introduce her to his uncle, but had not mentioned his name, and Amy never imagined that the uncle was the same old gentleman whose acquaintance she had already made.

At this moment Maitland came up. He took off his hat to Amy, and remained standing near her.

For some time the conversation was to the last degree commonplace; not one of the men seemed inclined to be the first to broach the subject that each was thinking of. At last Mr. Fletcher, after a painful cough, said:

"My dear, I want to speak to you seriously for a minute or two. You will excuse an old man who has not many months to live if he says things a little bluntly. Try and suppose that he is afraid he has not time to do otherwise."

Amy looked surprised, but said nothing.

"My nephew," continued Mr. Fletcher, "has told me that he wishes you to be his wife. He has not, I believe, confessed as much to you, knowing that the possibility of his marrying depends on me. I have told you that, if he gains your consent, he will not marry a poorer girl, for I shall give you the same as I shall give him. So you see, you may rely entirely on your feelings in giving your answer; it will not be a case of marrying for money, but only for love. What do you say?"

Amy said nothing. She turned her eyes on Maitland, who persistently kept his sword-belt between them.

"This is too sudden, uncle," pleaded Dexter.

"Perhaps it is," assented the old man. "I do not ask for a decisive answer now. Plead your own cause, my lad, during the next week, and then Amy shall give her reply."

Amy turned her head.

"There is no necessity to wait for a week," she said; "my mind is quite made up. I can never marry Mr. Dexter."

"My dear girl," persisted Mr. Fletcher, "do not make up your mind so swiftly. No doubt my blunt way of putting the matter has pained you. I can see you are agitated. Let me plead for my nephew. His love for you is disinterested; he knows you but as a charming young lady who is at present occupying a position unworthy of her. He knows nothing of you whatever beyond that; judge then whether you are treating him quite fairly in refusing to listen to him. It is not so easy to find young men, nowadays, who are capable of displaying such disinterested earnestness and devotion in seeking for a wife. He tells me he is even ignorant of the name of your parents—does not that show he values you for yourself?"

Dexter had tried once or twice to interrupt his uncle, but in vain. However, he now managed to interpose with:

"Really, uncle, you appear to imagine that—"

But he was interrupted in his turn by Amy.

"Did Mr. Dexter tell you he did not know who my father was?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fletcher, "and I applauded the delicacy of feeling he showed."

"I must tell you then that he did ask me, and I was very surprised to hear his name. There seems to be some mystery about it, for its mention seems to have sufficed to turn Mr. Dexter from a casual acquaintance into an ardent admirer."

Dexter stood abashed; he did not attempt to defend himself.

"So, sir," said his uncle, severely, "it is not for you to do know who this young lady is. I had my suspicions, and that you why I have said what I have, thinking I should catch you in your own trap."

"I thought you would be pleased if I married her," pleaded Dexter.

"Don't say another word, sir. Leave us now; come to my rooms this evening, I shall have something to say to you then."

Dexter walked away as carelessly as he could.

"Come a little closer to me, my dear child," said Mr. Fletcher, in a tender tone, as soon as his nephew was out of sight. "I have some news for you. You must think me a very strange old man—so I am, perhaps. You think I have been very rude and unkind, but it was for your sake. No one is near us now; put your arms around my neck and kiss me and call me grandpapa."

Amy looked at him in astonishment for a moment, and then glanced at Maitland. His look reassured her; she fung her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him. "Grandpapa!" she exclaimed. "Is it true?"

"Yes, my darling. Ah, if I had only known it before! It's your fault, Maitland."

"Are you quite sure?" he asked.

"Well, no; I suppose it's chiefly mine. Do you think, Amy, you will be able to love me for the few months I have to live?"

"Oh, don't talk of dying, grandpapa; you mustn't."

"Ask Maitland."

"What must I ask him?"

"If he can spare me a part of your affection for a time. Ah, I know all about it, you see; my eyes are not so dim yet but that I have seen more than either of you imagine. Take her, Maitland."

Maitland did not hesitate long, for Amy's glad look revealed to him that her grandfather had judged her truly.—All the Year Round.

COMMERCIAL LAW.

Effect of Release on Estate Definitive. (Compiled especially for the St. Louis Commercial Law Reporter.)

VERBAL AND WRITTEN CONTRACTS.

Action was brought on three promissory notes executed by defendant to plaintiff, being the purchase money of a tract of land which plaintiff sold to defendant, who at the time executed back a mortgage to secure their payment. The mortgage contained a power of sale, under which plaintiff after the notes became due, advertised and sold the same and had it bought in for his benefit. It was afterward agreed between them that if defendant would surrender the possession of the premises to the plaintiff, he would cancel the notes and release defendant from any further liability. In pursuance of said agreement defendant permitted plaintiff to take possession of the land and waived his right to reclaim from the sale under the mortgage. As this contract was not in writing, plaintiff insists that he was not bound by it. Held, that when a parcel of land is executed courts will not inquire into the consideration nor disturb the consideration in which parties have voluntarily placed themselves. Where the contract is actually cancelled and the property surrendered, it is at an end, and the formality of a written release is unnecessary. The effect of an executed agreement is the same whether the contract be sealed or otherwise.—Russell vs. Berkstresser, Supreme Court of Missouri.

RAILWAY FENCING.

The statute requiring railway companies to fence their tracks is not for the purpose of protecting adjoining land owners from damages that might be done by stock getting on the right of way and thence to the adjacent crops. The object of the statute was to prevent stock from coming on the railroad and being injured, and to prevent accidents which would likely occur if stock were not fenced away from the track, thereby promoting the safety of passengers and employes on the train. There is a special requirement in the statute, the plain object of which is to prevent stock from getting on the track, and for a failure to comply with it a special liability is provided in respect to one thing, viz., the damages which may be done by the agents, engines or cars of the corporation to such stock so getting on the road, and providing that when this requirement is complied with, liability in respect to such damages shall be dependent upon negligent or willful conduct. The manifest purpose of the law is to enforce this special duty by attaching this special liability, and had there been a purpose to create a liability beyond that specified, very different terms would have been employed.—P. D. & E. R. Co. vs. Schiller, Appellate Court of Illinois.

WIDOW'S SHARE OF ESTATE.

A wife demands and receives from her husband one-third of the purchase price of a tract of land as for her separate property, in consideration of her relinquishing to the purchaser her inchoate right of dower in the land sold, and the remaining two-thirds of the price passes into the personal estate of the husband, of which he dies possessed intestate. Held, that the widow is not estopped from claiming her distributive share of any part of the personal estate of her deceased husband by reason of the fact that such estate was augmented by the conversion of such realty into personalty.—Barber vs. Hite et al., Supreme Court of Ohio.

MUTUAL UNDERTAKINGS.

The undertakings in a contract whereby one party agrees to sell and deliver an article to another on the demand of such other, at a certain price, and upon the payment by him of a certain price, are mutual and dependent. But before either party can maintain an action against the other for non-performance of such a contract, he must aver and show an offer of performance on his part, or a readiness and willingness to perform according to the circumstances of the case.—Neils et al. vs. Youcum, United States Circuit Court District of Oregon.

EXEMPTIONS AND INSURANCE MONEY.

Where personal property exempt by law from execution is destroyed, the insurance money due upon its loss is not exempt. The insurance company is the debtor of the party insured for the amount of the insurance. There is just so much "money due him" from the corporation, not as the price or equivalent of the property insured, but upon an agreement to indemnify the insured against its loss by fire, the consideration for which was the premium paid, and not any interest in such property.—Monnia vs. German Insurance Company, Appellate Court of Illinois.

CONSTRUCTION OF WILL.

A widow with three infant children provided in her will as follows: "I wish my aunt E. to take charge of my children, and to receive annually from my estate for her services the sum of \$500." Held, that the clause was a direction for payment of a certain sum annually for services in charge of children, and that the right to receive such payment ended with the termination of her relation to the children. The direction in question was akin to an appointment of a testamentary guardian, and should be simply construed.—Hewson and Emjen's Appeal, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

CITY AND DEFECTIVE SEWERS.

A city is bound to keep sewers erected by it in good condition and repair, and if negligent in this duty and the sewers burst and property is damaged, the city is liable in damages. Notice to the city of the bad condition of the sewer is not necessary. The mere absence of notice does not absolve it from liability, and if the defect existed and ought to have been discovered and repaired, the plaintiff need not, in order to recover, show actual notice to the city.—Vanderlooe vs. City of Philadelphia, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE.

The intention of the parties to a chattel mortgage, that after acquired property should be included in the mortgage, must clearly and expressly appear in the instrument itself. The omission can not be cured by parol evidence of the understanding between the parties.—Montgomery vs. Chase, Supreme Court of Minnesota.

DEAR MAITLAND: How is the old boy? This question will be asked of you by your friends, and you may take your own meaning. I ask because I am among the "strangers" again, and until I can pacify them with a food on my uncle's accommodations they are insupportable, want to know, as a matter of

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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, AUG. 25, 1883.

Personals.

—Mr. Brucker, of the Ishpeming Agitator, visited his sister here on Sunday last.

—Col. W. L. Gross and wife went southward, to visit at Sheboygan, Wis., on Sunday.

—Judge Grant got away, on Sunday for Menominee, where he holds a term this week.

—Hugh Shirkie left last Friday for his home in Indiana, where his brother lies seriously ill.

—Misses Kittie Moran and Mary McHugh have visited in Chicago this week, leaving on Monday.

—L. K. Pemberton, of Groveland, Mass., with his wife, is the guest of his nephew, Dr. F. A. Banks.

—Counselor Finch and family departed, for St. Paul via his former home in Wisconsin, on Tuesday.

—G. W. Robinson, of Mt. Clemens, grand lecturer of the Masonic fraternity of Michigan, visited Delta lodge last week.

—Mrs. Mary C. McLaughlin, of Paola, Kansas, and her daughter, Miss Netta, have visited our Mrs. Longley during the week.

—Miss Alice Langdon, of Chicago, who has been the guest of Mrs. Dinn, departed for Elk Rapids, by the Leland, on Wednesday.

—Mrs. Farrell leaves this week Thursday, for Hiron, Dakota, where she expects to visit her brothers, and also be benefitted in health.

—Capt. Zack Sargison's wife and family were guests of the Barnes on her last week's trip from Chicago to Flat Rock and return.

—Bishop Harris, of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, visited the faithful of Escanaba and discharged his episcopal functions on Sunday last.

—Miss Carrie A. Fay, who has been the guest of Mrs. Theodore Farrell for the last six weeks, returned to her home in Fond du Lac on Monday last.

—Capt. I. H. Owen, of Chicago, owner of the steamers Argonaut, Inter Ocean and Escanaba, with his wife, was here on Wednesday and Thursday.

—Messrs Davis and Clark, of Chicago, with Richard Mason of our city, their kinsman and host, went up the bay on Tuesday with intent to capture, absorb and assimilate brook trout and venison, ad satisfaciendum—or more.

—D. E. Murphy, who last year represented the Northwestern life in this peninsula and took from that company the golden broom, for "a clean sweep," was in town on Monday and Tuesday, leaving for the copper country on the latter day. Mr. Murphy is still in charge of the business of the Northwestern, hereabouts, but has also half of Wisconsin, and now makes Milwaukee his headquarters.

Range Items.

—President Stackhouse, of the Penn company was at Norway last week, looking over the company's properties in that vicinity. The old mischief-maker, whiskey, had something to do with the accident of last week, by which Patterson and Nee lost their lives. John McKenna has a promising undeveloped property on 32, 40-30, n 1/4 of s 1/4. The Quinnesse b. b. club became demoralized after the game with the Green Bay nine and has been reorganized: Ans. Wright, manager; John Stiles, Captain and catcher.—Norway Chronicle.

—A small cyclone (big enough for the purpose though) destroyed the new hotel at Stambaugh on Monday last. As we get the story, the house (which was the joint property of the town and mining company) was quite large, as large as any hotel on the range, was enclosed and roofed, and the men at work lathing. When the storm took it it was lifted bodily, and then dropped, falling into splinters with the shock. Some two or three thousand dollars had been expended upon it, which is lost, of course. One man was hurt, not seriously. The house will be rebuilt at once.

—The Mountain company has a pump in position and resumed work on its shaft. The cheap water system don't work and the town is without adequate protection against fire. Wanted "a few public-spirited citizens, with means at command," to push divers enterprises and make Iron Mountain "a good town to tie to." In a playful scuffle P. W. Geraghty had a leg broken. Trades Unions, as a counterbalance to monopolies, won't answer—the ballot must be the remedy. The Emmet company is feeling for the Chapin ore-body on the sw 1/4 30, 40-30 with a churn drill. The ore will scarcely be reached at a less depth than 1,500 feet. The Cook company is using a diamond drill on 17, 40-30. The U. S. must take the telegraph.—Menominee Range.

Additional Local.

—Ammunition, for all guns, by Conolly & Moran.

—Geo. H. Cook offers a complete assortment of pocket cutlery, razors, etc.

—At Gagnon's another watchmaker and working jeweler has been engaged. Bring in your work.

—Fresh, Ripe Tomatoes, by weight or case, and all table delicacies by Atkins & McNaughtan.

—As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; Peerless flour is in truth peerless and Ed. Donovan provides it.

—I will take charge of pianos by the year and do whatever needs to be done each month for \$6 or \$7 per year, according to size.
E. L. HAILLEY.

—Nick Barth, manufacturer, offers at retail and wholesale. Cigars which can be recommended, and which those who use or sell will recommend for him. Prices, to dealers, such as to command the trade. Give him a call.

—Builders' hardware at Cook's.

—Those White-wire clothes-lines with the wire clothes-pins to match, make a complete outfit. Cook sells them.

—Besides the Peerless flour, Ed. Donovan furnishes upon application, every variety of breadstuffs, feed, hay and seeds.

—Cooking Stoves; eleven varieties, each desirable and all at moderate prices, at Cook's new hardware store.

—Conolly & Moran solicit orders for all work of plumbing or steam-fitting. Every job warranted and charges low.

—Gagnon is closing out his Marinette concern and will hereafter devote his entire time, energy and capital to his Escanaba trade.

—Acorn Cook Stoves, sizes to suit every customer (and no better line of stoves is or can be made) at greatly reduced prices by Conolly & Moran.

—A comfortable residence in the best quarter of the town, is for sale. Inquire of or address 181st Geo. SAWYER.

—A Raymond watch in a dust and water-proof case, is as near a perfect time-piece as can be made to carry in the pocket. Call at Gagnon's if you want one.

—Raw and improved lands, city property, coal lands, sheep and stock farms for sale and rent by Rundell & Walsler, Lamar, Barton Co. Mo. Correspondence solicited. 41

—Conolly & Moran have on hand and offer at the lowest possible prices, Winchester, Marlin, and Kennedy magazine rifles (octagon or round barrels) and cheaper guns for those who want them.

—Our Mr. Goodell is in New York, buying. To make room for his purchases we will sell rny and every article of our present stock at from 10 to 33 per cent off.
HUTCHINSON & GOODELL.

—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 & Walsler, Real Estate Agents, Lamar, Mo. 41

WANTS FOR SALE TO RENT.

HOUSES TO RENT.
Inquire of the subscriber at his office in the Semer building. 351st F. D. MEAD, A't'y.

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. 251st

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

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.
A one-story house 16x23, near the corner of Wells Avenue and Charlotte st. Price \$500 cash. New fence around the premises. NEIL PORTLANDER, Escanaba, Mich. 39 Box 245.

WOOD FOR SALE.
Good, well-seasoned body-maple Wood for sale, delivered at any place in the village, by 251st WINEGAR & BURNS.

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. G. T. BURNS, Agent.

RESIDENCE PROPERTY FOR SALE.
A very desirable property can be bought for a reasonable price. Splendid locality and excellent water. Buildings new and every convenience. Will be sold at a good bargain to the right party. Apply to JOSEPH RAYSON, Campbell Street near Ogden Ave.

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 15% per cent. from their regular price will be made for cash. For all information apply to or address F. H. VAN CLEVE, Land Agent, Escanaba, Mich.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. S. PINCHIN,
DEALER IN
Cigars, Stationery and Albums.
Temperance Beverages of all Kinds.
AT THE POST OFFICE.
FAYETTE, MICHIGAN

J. BUCKHOLTZ,
Wholesale Liquor Dealer.
IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Tobacco of every kind and Smoking Articles. The F. Miller Milwaukee Beer, in wood and glass at brewery prices.

HENRY W. COLE,
Offers his services as a guide for
Hunting and Fishing Parties.
He is thoroughly acquainted with the woods and waters of Delta, Schoolcraft, Marquette and Menominee counties. Terms made known on application at the Shooting Gallery, Escanaba. 351st

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

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Plans drawn and Specifications written. Contracts furnished for any style of buildings, public or private. Ventilation and heating of buildings a specialty. Supervision of erection of buildings promptly and practically attended to.
Terms liberal. A call solicited. Office and residence at F. E. Harris', on Ogden avenue.

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Contractor and Builder.
Shop on corner of Hale and Georgia Streets.
Plans prepared and contracts undertaken in city or county for any and all work in his line and satisfaction guaranteed.

Towing and Lightering.
The Tug Brower
With a large lighters in tow at the service of the public for any work of Towing, Lightering or Wrecking at REASONABLE RATES.
Apply on board or to the master through the post office.
ED. E. NAPIER, Master,
Escanaba, Mich., May 1, 1883. 251st

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	Bumham & 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
" " Green,	12 1/2	Raspberries, 2 lbs,	12 1/2
" " "	15	Fine 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		

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RATHFON
BROS.

The one-price Clothiers, carry a complete line of Gent's Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks, and Valises.
Richards Block, Ludington Street, West.

NAME YOUR PRICE!
AND
TAKE THE GOODS!
IS THE WAY
STERN CLOSES OUT.
THERE'S ONLY
A FEW MORE DAYS!

SEWING MACHINES.
F. W. LINDQUIST
Deals in Sewing Machines, Timepieces, Jewelry, etc.
The "Royal St. John"
Is, of all Sewing Machines, the simplest, strongest, most durable and best. It challenges comparison, distances competition and surpasses expectation. It is the **ONLY MACHINE** in the world that turns either backward or forward and continues to sew in the same direction. Its praises can be told only in poetry:
THE "ROYAL ST. JOHN."
—\$—
1—A Saint I come to every home, and by my presence cheery,
I banish care, and burdens bear, of women worn and weary.
CHORUS:—I seam, I hem, I fell, I bind, I ruffle, tuck and gather;
And all machines I leave behind, while I sew on forever.
2—I run so light and look so bright, the ladies dote upon me,
No noise I make, no threads I break, though back and forth you run me.
3—Through every kind of goods I go, silk, muslin, cloth or leather,
Though all machines refuse to sew, yet I sew on forever.
4—No heads I pain, no eyes I strain, to find the way to thread me;
No holes have I, save needle's eye, to make a cause to dread me.
5—I'm cheap and good, and if you should but for a moment doubt me,
Be sure and try, and then you'll buy, and never be without me.
Lindquist will furnish the music as well as the machine, and guarantees both—especially the machine. Call at his place, Ludington street, north side, between Wolcott and Campbell.

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TAKE:
NOTICE!

KRATZE offers a complete line of Furnishing Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps as cheap and cheaper than
Any Man
In town as he has now his complete fall stock. Call on him and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.

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F. J. DRAPER,
DEALER IN
BOOTS & SHOES
ESCANABA, MICH.
RICHARDS BLOCK,
LUDINGTON ST., WEST.

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The Cheapest Fuel for Mines!
Coal! Coal!
OHIO CENTRAL RAILROAD and COAL CO.
TOLEDO, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, DULUTH and ESCANABA,
Mine Owners and Direct Shippers of the
—CELEBRATED—
Ohio HOCKING Coal
—HAVE APPOINTED—
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NO MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT.
Mines Get Lowest Figures
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