

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Spain has had twenty-nine military revolutions in this century.

A careful examination of the ruins in Ischia shows that the great destruction was due in part to the flimsy manner in which the houses were constructed.

A recent police return states that there are not less than 300,000 "vagrants" strolling through Germany and begging for alms. They are chiefly men in their prime.

In Bishopgate, London, is a cellar where no customer can be served with two successive drinks at one sitting. If he wants a second glass he must go through the form of leaving the place and returning. This rule has been enforced for fifty years.

The special trains employed by Her Majesty Victoria during the past nineteen years have cost \$40,000. The British public imagined that also paid for these herself, but is shocked to learn that the Government has footed the bills.

In a London court a youth was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty shillings or to labor for ten days for kissing a young woman against her will. The plaintiff's satisfaction over her victory was turned to bitterness when the youth volunteered an apology, saying: "Of course I was under the influence of liquor, or I should not have dreamed of kissing her."

Paris dandies are never without their umbrellas, rain or shine, and some of them are very costly. One of the present Duke de Morny's collection is said to have cost 1,000 francs, and the Prince de R. carries one, when it does not rain, the handle of which is surmounted with a genuine Louis Quinze bonbonniere, which is estimated at 150 louis.

From a report of certain proceedings at Oldham, Eng., the following remarkable statement is taken: "It appeared that the woman wanted to sell her children, and a large crowd collected. She was successful in selling one child to a woman, and this woman, having purchased the child for 6d., made off with her prize in a cab. The mother wanted to dispose of the other child, and at first asked 2d., but ultimately brought down the demand to 1d., without finding a purchaser."

Arthur Orton, the notorious Tichborne claimant, drags out a rather monotonous existence in Portsea convict prison. He is perfectly well, and in good flesh and spirits. Recently, in conversation with prisoners, he declared he would rather remain the balance of his days in prison than be liberated as Arthur Orton. He has earned a first-class certificate by exemplary conduct, and after November he will be entitled to have friends visit him every two months. At present he is employed in the carpenter-shop of the prison.

The accumulation of great wealth by no means necessarily implies the capacity to enjoy it—often, indeed, quite the contrary. A story is told of Lord Cavendish, who in 1810 was the largest stockholder in London, and who hated the very name of money. Upon one occasion his bankers, finding that his account amounted to a deposit of £20,000, called upon him and asked what he wished to have done with it. "Anything you choose," was the reply, "but don't bother me about it. I won't be plagued. If it's any trouble I'll take it out of your hands." This is a trait entirely distinct from avarice or miserliness.

Wall Street Rumors.

Rumors rise in Wall street as miasmata from a Southern marsh. They infect the air and carry contagion into every branch of business.

So thick are these rumors that the newspaper reporter who "covers" Wall street finds that his main business is to run them down and ascertain their truth or falsity. All the columns of newspapers could be filled with contradictions and details of rumors circulated on Wall street.

Some rumors, of course, foreshadow an actual event. They are exaggerations, but there is something behind them. But most rumors are actually manufactured to suit some purpose of the inventor. The greatest ingenuity is exhibited in originating them, and the most elaborate machinery employed to put them in circulation.

It is not, however, ordinarily very difficult to start a rumor afloat. Let a member enter the Stock Exchange and say he has just heard "so-and-so," and with lightning rapidity "so-and-so" is in everybody's mouth. The messenger boys who crowd around the entrance of the exchange are sometimes employed to float a rumor on the market. The boy, while waiting for a message, repeats to the member employing him the report outside. If it seems plausible the member is sure to repeat it to someone else, and thus the rumor is sent on its rounds.

One of the most persistent of rumors is the report of Vanderbilt's death or fatal illness. It is sure to turn up every two or three months. In some instances it may have legitimate origin, as for instance, the great cap tassel may actually be indisposed, and this fact, after many repetitions, grows into a report of his death. But there is no reason to doubt that the rumor generally is started by someone who wishes to depress prices and is willing to resort to this device to effect his purpose.

One of the anecdotes of the street is of an operator on his last legs who made a desperate effort to recover himself. He hired a man to stand on the corner of Nassau and Fulton streets and quietly announce that Commodore Vanderbilt was reported dead. That was when the Commodore was living. In an incredible short space of time the rumor reached Wall street. Prices declined in consequence, but in the evening the Commodore in person vigorously denounced the originator of the report.

A well-concocted lie will often effect a decided change in the price of a security. The originator of a rumor this is to be effective must make it plausible, and so mix truth and fiction together that even the most acute dealers will be deceived. Hence the art of making rumors has in fact reached a high state of perfection.

A prominent broker last week, speak-

ing of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and the efforts of the directors to find a suitable man for President to succeed Gen. Palmer, said that it spoke pretty well for Wall street morals when Gen. Palmer had declined a position worth \$75,000 a year—\$25,000 in salary and \$50,000 in "perquisites."

"Perquisites?" repeated the reporter.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I mean that the President of the Denver and Rio Grande can, by virtue of his position, make \$50,000 in addition to his salary. And he can do this by methods that are considered legitimate. At any rate there are very few men who would not employ them. Of course the \$50,000 is made by dealing in the stock of the road. The President is in a position to do this safely. Like the keeper of a faro bank all the chances are in his favor. He has the advantage of knowing the exact condition of the road and of what changes are to be made in its management. Suppose, for instance, he sees a large block of 'short.' All he has to do is to casually remark to some friend who would be likely to repeat it, that the company might be compelled shortly to make a new issue of bonds. In a few hours this information is in the possession of the entire street, and the stock declines several points when the President covers at a handsome profit. About this time a newspaper man calls on the President and inquires concerning the reported new issue of bonds. The President denies that any such issue is contemplated, and indignantly attributes the rumor to some stock-jobber who desires to raid the stock of this company. Half the rumor's on the street are started in some such way as this. Don't you believe it? Well, I tell you it is true. It is this opportunity for gain which makes the Presidency of a road whose securities are actively dealt in so much coveted. This has been done so much by the officials of certain roads as to bring the stock into disrepute."

"Something should be done by the Stock Exchange as well as by the State Legislatures to in some measure remedy this evil. It cannot be prevented, but the framers of the corporation can be so restricted as to largely abridge the opportunities of its officers to carry on this sort of thing. I tell you it is not the free listing of securities to our exchanges that operates against American stocks on the London market; it is the very evil I have been speaking of that does the mischief. The London speculators fear the power of the American railroad kings to operate stocks to their own advantage."

The're are two other classes of people on Wall street who are engaged in making rumors. First there are men called "pointers," pitiable fellows generally. They are men, perhaps, once brokers or speculators, but now reduced in circumstances and compelled to live by the sharp exercise of their wits. They coin a rumor, generally, and then endeavor to sell it as a "point." They claim to have got their information from an inside source, and they magnify its importance. Then there are sharpers in the pay of unscrupulous operators, whose business it is to whisper rumors into the ears of the "lamb" to induce them to buy what the operators are secretly anxious to get rid of.—N. Y. World.

Bachelors in History.

In antiquity it was considered unpatriotic to remain unmarried. Hence bachelors were subject to peculiar disabilities in the Spartan and Roman code. They were obliged to pay extra taxes, and under Augustus they were barred from the inheritance of real estate except from their nearest relatives. Only one of our national presidents was a bachelor. Bachelors, generally speaking, are not as successful in life as married men. It is said that not one of Washington's associate leaders in the revolutionary struggle was a celibate. All had the influence of marriage and social life. Hence that tendency against wedlock which marks the present day is among its worst features.

Speaking of marriage, it should be a complete union of affection and intellectual powers. It may be added that a man's wife should be to a certain degree his business partner. She should know something of his rights and financial difficulties, and in this way the burden of life is often divided. Walter Scott, concealed from his wife his connection with the Banatyne which caused his ruin. This was a great mistake. On the other hand, one of the most successful business men in the city has always made his wife a confidant in his schemes, and found her advice advantageous. To return to our rich celibates, it may be said that the Chemical Bank was once considered a sort of bachelor's hall, since its stockholders, directors and president included a rare sort of opulent celibates. Peter Goelz was one of its directors; James Lenox and Alexander Stuart were leading stockholders, while its President, John Q. Jones, was also a bachelor. The latter was the best looking of the whole number, and to a noble form added an open and attractive countenance. He was an admirable business man, and left an estate estimated at \$2,000,000. It was certainly a remarkable feature in the Chemical that it should contain so large a number of bachelors, but such is no longer the case, since each of these has passed from earthly scenes. Some families have a peculiar tendency towards celibacy, as for instance the Alexanders of Princeton, William the eldest brother, who became President of the Equitable Life Insurance Company died a bachelor of three score and ten. Addison Alexander, the Princeton Professor, followed the same example, and so did a younger brother. Only two, indeed, of Archibald Alexander's five children married. Celibacy is an occasional feature in journalism since William H. Hurbutt, formerly of the World, and James Gordon Bennett of the Herald, remain in this condition. How much happier and more useful both would be were they married men, and in this respect Whiteis Reid sets them a good though late example.—Or. Ulea (N. Y.) Herald.

A young lady of Cincinnati, member of the Woman's Exchange, realizes from twenty-five to thirty dollars per week by the sale of her own make of cookies.—Cincinnati Times

The Plague at Sea.

In the gray light of a July morning we made a sail dead ahead, close upon the outskirts of retreating night. In twenty minutes we heard the report of firearms from her deck and saw that her flag was at half-mast in token of distress. A murmur of excited sympathy ran through the great throng upon the deck of the—*is*. There was another of disappointment, when the pursor told us it was a Spanish brig. It was as if we had wasted our compassion—an impulse natural to the Saxon breast, born of the fierce blood of those who peered through the stormy passes of the Alps into the Elysian fields of Latin foes.

The steady thronging of the screws slackened and ceased as we closed upon the quarter of the helpless brig. In a light western air, she lay with topsails backed and her jibs and spanker idly swaying to and fro. Four men were on her deck, and as we approached lowered a boat astern, hauled it slowly alongside, and entering it left the ship. She was apparently deserted. They roved painfully toward our steamer, and we gathered on the port side, where the rope ladder had been hung, to catch the first glimpse of their faces. This we could not do; the four wore wide somberos and bent to their oars feebly but persistently, never looking up. Our Captain hailed them impatiently—they only waved their hands between the dippings of the oars. They were now alongside, and the bowsmanman clutched the ladder and began to climb to the deck. Two others followed him, all three hanging like spiders on the narrow way, resting at every round. The most intense excitement was visible in every face that watched them from the—*is*'s deck. Our Captain hailed them from the bridge, and as before each man waved a hand in a mechanical way. Then the Captain came to the ladder, awaiting their coming. The fourth man sat still in the boat, but those who noticed saw him bending forward as he sat until the broad brim of his hat touched the gunwale, and the black locks of his hair showed from behind. He seemed helpless or asleep, but attracted little attention as the others climbed closer to the deck.

At last the uppermost had his hand upon the steamer's rail; a few more steps and he would be on deck. A hundred hands were ready to aid him in what seemed a task beyond his power. But the captain thrust them all away, and reaching forward lifted his hat from his head. A general exclamation of horror broke from our eager group. There, and not two feet from the rail, looked upward the visage of Death—a yellow, shriveled face, and eyes that burned with the weak and cruel fire of wasting life. Long and matted hair and moustache sweeping down made the picture beyond fault. It was the look of the baser man, after the divine and human elements of his nature die away in hunger, thirst, or bodily distress, leaving in his useless frame the reptile only, from whose depths the strict Darwinian claim assent. An impulse of terrible dread seized all who looked into the sallow face, askant in all the fear of sudden death.

The captain motioned back the man. He trembled like a leaf and spoke for the first time: "Piedad, Cielos!" "Que quiere V.?" And the answer came in concert almost from the three. "We are dying, señor." "Of what?" "We do not know."

But the captain knew, and we shrank as if from flame at the words: "They are dying of yellow fever." If we had doubted this, the next moment would have proved his judgment right. The man remaining in the boat rose suddenly from his seat with a quick, sharp cry, "Santo Dios!" and fell upon his back, dead.

The captain ordered the others back, promising aid on board their brig. They swore they never would return, and began climbing with the haste of desperation. Never will I forget the struggle that ensued. The leading Spaniard, clinging with both hands to the rail, held back by the broad hands of the captain, seemed the active personification of the plague, doing battle with the lives of all on board. He was like one mad; he cursed and snapped his teeth, filling the air with bitter oaths, drawing his feet under him to the highest round he could reach, and throwing all his strength into a final effort. He made it, and was thrust down again by the same strong hands. But his feet had been drawn so close to his body that they slipped from beneath him—and for a single instant he hung above the others. Then he fell, striking the next man and the third, and carrying them with him into the sea. They sank like plumbets; in a moment more there were but three broad hats floating upon the place of their descent.

The captain consulted with his first officer, a well-thrown pig of iron crashed through the bottom of the boat, and the bell rang out "Full speed ahead."

When the sun came up the Spanish brig stood for an instant against its disk and disappeared in the dazzling radiance of its later rays.—C. F. Allen, in the N. Y. Graphic.

Snakes.

"Everyone," said Mr. Boyer, "will make war on every species of snake, be it ever so harmless. Even the innocuous grass snake, entirely free of venom, is subject to attack. I believe it is the old Scriptural idea of bruising the serpent's head."

"All snakes, then, are not dangerous?"

"By no means. To suspect every snake of being poisonous is entirely ridiculous. If every child were taught at school which are harmless and which are venomous there would be a very different state of affairs. The distinction is entirely neglected in the schools, and it seems to me most remarkable that such should be the case. Nothing can be more important than the knowledge of such differences. It is the general impression, for instance, that the snake stings with its tongue. If the slightest attention were paid to the construction of the animal this folly would be at once discarded. The tongue, so popularly believed to be an instrument of terror, serves simply as a guide. The tongue is composed of two hair-like parts, ending in a great nervous composition.

"The fact that not every snake is poisonous is known to almost everybody, but in a dangerous case the poison is seated and originated in glands behind the eyes, whence it is led through a channel to another smaller gland seated between the root of the fang, or hollow tooth, and a small movable bone attached to the maxillary bone. One or two fangs are in action, but as soon as one should break the next one of the same construction—there are no other teeth but poison-fangs found in the upper jaw—takes its place. The pressure of the fang against the bone causes the gland to secrete a drop of poison, which runs freely through the tooth into the wound, paralyzing the bitten part after some time.

"A good deal has been said about the charming power with which snakes are said to be endowed, and which is said to have its seat in the eyes of the reptile.

"The eye of a snake, especially of a poisonous one, has certainly something fascinating if accurate attention is given only to that organ. But that it has the power of charming can not be true, because it is much too small to be immediately observed to such an extent. The word 'charm' in this case signifies nothing but the state of terror into which man or creature is thrown through the unexpected sight of the reptile, as I once had good opportunity to experience in the forest of Central America. My dog disturbed an armadillo (*despina*) and chased it into a hole, but in the same moment a large snake (*trigonocephalus atrox*) rushed out of it and prepared to strike. I was almost paralyzed from terror and astonishment, and not able to move until my dog seized the snake, unfortunately to its own destruction. The bushmaster, as the snake is frequently called, bit the poor dog twice, the effects of the poison killing it in less than half an hour.

"The snake having done the mischief, tried to get away, but I had by this time recovered myself, and a well-directed shot made him harmless forever. He measured six feet six inches in length, and seven inches in circumference. The entire affair did not last longer than about two minutes, but the eyes of the snake I never noticed. I only saw the tremendous reptile throwing back the broad and triangular head and playing out the tongue with lightning-like rapidity. Another time I observed one of the splendid grass green zoas (*ziphosoma canina*) as he was hidden between the leaves of a bread-nut tree (*brassium alicastrum*), trying to catch a bird.

"The little fellow could apparently see nothing but the tongue of the snake as it was moved worm-like about to attract the attention of the bird. A few moments later the latter came close enough and was seized immediately by the snake, which, carrying off its prey, disappeared between the thick foliage of the tree.

"The manner in which most of the poisonous snakes capture their food is to await—well hidden—a passing animal or bird, and, if close enough, to strike it. The snake does not even try to hold the prey, but, knowing the terrible effects of the bite, lets it run and then creeps up to the dead or dying creature to swallow it. The latter process consumes considerable time, as the teeth of the reptile are not constructed to masticate and the prey consequently must be swallowed entire.

"Non-poisonous snakes either await their prey also or chase it into some crevice, where it is caught and swallowed, either alive or after being killed through the powerful encircling of the snake.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Toadstool Robbed of its Terrors.

The mushroom is a favorite but suspected article of food. The choice varieties are artificially propagated for the city market, and the danger to which consumers are exposed of being supplied with the poisonous varieties is very small. But in the country, where, after a winter rain, every family can gather its own supply of mushrooms, the failure to distinguish the edible varieties from the poisonous ones—commonly called toadstools—is the cause of quite a mortality, inasmuch as many people entertain a deep-seated but unjust prejudice against the whole mushroom tribe. It is not a labor of much difficulty to learn to tell the edible mushroom from the noxious toadstool, but too many neglect to learn and rue the consequences. Indeed, there is a familiar joke, of which the point is that the only way to tell the difference between a mushroom and a toadstool is to eat it, when if you die it is a toadstool, and if you live, a mushroom. There would have been no occasion for this wit if it had been known to everybody that toadstools can be prepared in such a way as to be as wholesome as other kinds of mushrooms. This secret is said to have been known to the ancients in the time of Pliny, but was afterward lost sight of. In fact, for 1,800 years the eating of toadstools was one of the lost arts, but twenty or thirty years ago it was re-discovered, and a famous Frenchman, to prove that "crumpets is wholesome," ate 175 pounds of the most poisonous mushrooms he could find—not all in one meal, but in the course of a month. He also fed his family upon them, and administered large doses to a committee of investigation appointed by the authorities of the city of Paris. None of these persons died from the effects, and hence it must be admitted that the rule already mentioned for distinguishing between toadstools and mushrooms is not infallible. But how is the toadstool prepared so as to be robbed of its poisonous qualities? The process is very simple. The suspected fungi are to be soaked two hours in either acidulated or salt water; if in the former, there must be two or three spoonfuls of vinegar to the quart of water; if in the latter, two spoonfuls of gray salt; and a quart of water is enough for a pound of sliced mushrooms. After this soaking they are well washed in fresh water and thrown into cold water, which is raised to the boiling point, and after remaining half an hour are taken out and again washed. It is to be noticed that this preparation does not so much destroy the poison as transfer it to the water, and care must be taken not to use the latter for any other purpose.—San Francisco Alta.

Our Young Folks.

CITY OR COUNTRY.

When I'm a little city girl,
Each day I'll be a city girl,
I'll dress myself in my best—
My big white hat and feather.

My pretty Mother-Hubbard cloak,
And boots and gloves all neat,
And w. s. my silken parasol
Go walking down the street.

I fold my hands together, so,
And turn my toes quite out;
Mamma says little girls should not
Be gazing all about.

And if I run or jump, you know,
My hair gets out of curl;
So quietly I take my walk,
When I'm a city girl.

When I'm a little country girl,
Up almost with the sun,
I take my old straw hat, and out
Into the grass I run.

No gloves, no parasol, no hat
(It comes right off, you know,
And no one near to see how fast
Across the fields I go.

No need to think about my dress,
Or care for crimp or curl;
I run and play the live-long day
When I'm a country girl.

Oh, yes, the city suits mamma,
And sister and the rest,
But tell me, tell me truly, which
You think I like the best.

—Youth's Companion.

SOAP-BUBBLE SECRETS.

Probably there is not a reader of *Young People* who has not at some time amused himself with a pipe and a bowl of soap-suds. Few, however, know all that a bubble can afford in the way of amusement at a slight outlay. Does my reader know how to make a giant bubble? Has he learned how to employ soap-bubbles as magic-lantern slides? Did he ever see them used as parlor ornaments? or is a soap-bubble in harness an every-day thing with him? If not, he will find these uses of the bubble described in the present article, and I will add that the experiments will prove interesting and beautiful to old as well as young.

We must first learn how to make the giant bubble. This is the king of bubbles, the largest, the longest-lived, and the most beautiful. If you can imagine a bubble two or even three feet in diameter, with an existence, measured by hours instead of seconds, glowing with colors five times as gorgeous as those of the ordinary bubble, you have just such a one in your mind's eye as you can make for yourself by carefully following directions.

Procure two ounces of palm-oil or Castile soap; the former is preferable. Cut it in pieces the size of a pea, and place them in a bottle of clear glass with a pint of rain-water. Shake violently until the water has taken up as much soap as it will hold. You have now what is called a saturated solution of soap. Place it aside, and leave it from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, until it has settled, either perfectly clear or of a very light pearl-color. If, after thirty-six hours, the solution still remains clouded, pour off a little of the water and add more. This time it will scarcely fail to settle as desired. Carefully pour off, straining through flannel, add half a pint of pure glycerine, and when the two have had time to mingle thoroughly, you are ready to blow a giant bubble.

To blow the very largest bubbles it is necessary to have a larger pipe than the clay pipe commonly used, though such a pipe will produce large bubbles. A glass funnel, two or three inches in diameter, fitted with a piece of rubber tubing, produces enormous bubbles. There is a very ingenious apparatus used, which admits of putting the finger within the pipe itself. By this means fresh-soap solution may be smeared within the pipe, affording renewed nourishment to the bubble, and enabling the experimenter to blow it to an incredible size.

These bubbles are distinguished not only for their size but for their beauty and durability. I have known bubbles made by this method to last two or three hours in the open air, and from twenty-four to thirty-six under glass, precaution being taken that the air of the room be pure, and that no rough touch destroy their fragile lives. But now let us find out how we may examine the bubble with the greatest ease and to the best advantage.

Procure a piece of pine board about three inches square. In the middle of this fix a piece of iron wire, free from rust, twenty inches in length. At about six inches' distance from the board bend the wire into a circle, the plane of which is parallel with that of the board, and with a diameter of five inches. Blow a bubble of six or seven inches diameter, and gently place it in the ring; it will not break, and by tilting the pipe you may free it from the bubble. Thus placed the bubble shows off the colors to great advantage; for, as has been said, the glycerine bubble will last for hours, unlike the ordinary one, as fragile as it is lovely. Three or four bubbles of various sizes, placed under glass on such standards, form a beautiful object for a drawing-room, especially if their colors are seen against a background of some black material.

Next as to employing soap-bubbles, or, more correctly, soap films, as magic-lantern slides. Those who do not possess a magic lantern may try the experiment, though to less advantage, in the following way: Dip the mouth of a tumbler lightly in the soap solution, raise it gently, and a soap film will remain stretched across the mouth. Hold the tumbler horizontally, and the same beautiful effects of color may be seen on the film as are thrown on the wall when the magic lantern is used. For a magic lantern, go to work as follows:

Take a slip of card-board, the same size of one of your slides, and in it cut a circular hole, proportional in diameter to the width of the slide. Pour some of the solution into a shallow dish, and dip the slide into it. Raise it gently, and a film will be left in the hole. Slip the slide with care into the lantern, and await results. For a moment, the circle of light on the wall remains clear, but soon, as the bottom, a faint tinge of color appears, growing stronger and stronger, and moving upward. It settles into a band of color at last, still moving steadily upward, and succeeded by another band of another tint, which follows it, and so on, until the great circle on the wall is gorgeous with the same beautiful hues as appear on the bubble, but not stirring uneasily together as these seem.

but in regular bands ever moving upward. Now jar the slide gently, and presto—the bands break and whirl together in an astonishing maze of color, wonderful in beauty. This is really one of the most beautiful experiments imaginable, and will never fail to call forth hearty admiration.

Now for an exceedingly amusing experiment—the harness soap-bubble. Take a piece of the thinnest writing-paper you can find, and from it cut a circular piece a little less than a dime in size. To one end of this attach a thread by the aid of a tiny drop of sealing-wax—the less the better. Blow the bubble to an ordinary size, and then touch the round piece to it gently. The bubble will adhere to it, and by gently tipping the pipe you may leave the bubble suspended by the string.

A bubble blown from the mouth sinks, but if the pipe is attached by a piece of rubber tubing to a gas fixture, the bubble then blown being filled with a gas lighter than air will be carried upward as far as the string will allow. Thus you have a veritable balloon, and if just sufficient string is allowed to keep it balanced midway between floor and ceiling, it will perform very curious antics. Those currents of air which exist in every room, unfoiled by the inmates, are strong draughts to the fragile and delicate bubble. It will follow these currents, now visiting the ceiling, now running along the floor, and escaping as if by a miracle the obstacles in its path. If there is a lamp or gas jet in the room it will be gradually attracted toward it, and, carried by the upward current of hot air, will dash toward the ceiling, as if bent on committing suicide. But bounding on the cushion of dead air, which always lies on the surface of every solid object, it bends at right angles, and darts off, escaping as if by some inward power the fate into which it was apparently plunging headlong, and again circles round the room, till drawn a second time into the current of hot air.

The ingenious reader will be able to work up the hints above given into a variety of amusing and beautiful experiments. The last described will perhaps afford most amusement in various ways, which will readily occur to his mind while using the novel toy. The true secret of success in these experiments, as in everything, is carefulness. If the soap solution is prepared with care, there is no reason why the reader should not be entirely successful in the experiments that follow.

Bubbles are most curious and lovely things. There is neither time nor space to go into their connection with science, and the deep natural truths which they are used to prove. The reader can at least admire their gorgeous coloring and airy grace, and find a moral in their short but lovely lives.—Rev. C. G. Child, in Harper's Young People.

Good Advice to Young Men.

President Porter, of Yale, recently gave this sound and wholesome advice to the students: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes; rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner: 'Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice. Keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart and go over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and the jealous, fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry till you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the paper. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country, and obey all its laws."

Artesian Wells in the Far West.

The people of Montana are fully alive to the value of artesian wells. They have great tracts of land that can be made to "blossom as the rose" if artesian water can be obtained. From the configuration of the country, they feel quite confident that artesian wells will prove successful in nearly all the places where there is now a lack of water on the surface of the ground. They have set about boring test wells. These experiments are being made by companies. If they prove successful they will be a safe guide for individuals and small communities of men of limited means. At Billings is the Montana Artesian Well Company, and at Helena the Helena Artesian-Well Company.

In regard to this last-named company the *Helena Herald* says: "They have received their engine, steam-power tools and rigging, and have them on the ground ready for operation. The place selected for the Helena well is on East Broadway, near the reservoir, beyond Dry Gulch, where the derrick will soon be raised and the machinery put to work. The company has secured the services of two experienced drillers from Bradford, Pa., and one of them, Mr. Clarke, has full charge. It has been claimed that anywhere upon the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, flowing water would be found at a depth of less than 500 feet. From the many successful wells lately constructed in Colorado, we have no doubt that a Helena well will prove the truth of our expectations. The location is perhaps as good as could be found within the city limits, and we will soon have the satisfaction of seeing flowing water from the top of the first artesian well in Helena, very much to the joy of our neighbors on East Broadway and throughout the city."

In Nevada an experiment of the same kind is being made at White Plains, and it is likely to prove successful. The White Plains well is being sunk in a salt field. The first water found was quite salt, and was tubed out, but at the depth of over 1,500 feet pure fresh water has been found. As yet it does not rise to the surface, but the boring will be continued, and no doubt a flowing well will finally be obtained. Where this well is sunk is probably as unfavorable ground as could be found in the State.—Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Gold Thieves in Siberia.

Gold stealing is perhaps the most prosperous business in Siberia. It can hardly be called mere stealing, for it is conducted on such a large scale, so many men are engaged in it, it is so well organized and pays so well, that it truly deserves the name of an industry.

With the beginning of summer, when the work in the gold mines becomes lively, secret agents appear in the woods all around the mines. They get up their camps and open their business, which lasts till the end of the gold season.

Now, is such a transaction a secret one? Far from it. The guards were aware of it, but they remained silent, for they had their position of the vodka and their share of the golden booty.

The gold miners can not resist the temptation to steal gold. Their wages are ridiculously small. They get from \$25 to \$100 for a season, which lasts nearly half a year. They are kept in wretched barracks, destitute of every sort of comfort.

The number of secret gold agents is legion, and they are excellently organized. There are the militant agents, armed to the teeth, who deal directly with the miners.

When the gold season opens the militant gold agents assist out in the woods with a large amount of provisions, as if going on legitimate business.

The Siberian gold brokers are to all appearances perfect gentlemen. They are not armed, and they do not tremble for their lives or for their gold which they keep in piles on their counters.

The authorities are on the best of terms with them. The transportation of the gold collected by the brokers is attended with danger.

How much gold is stolen from the bowels of Siberia? Parties interested in the business of it annually there is disposed in this way gold worth at least 10,000,000 roubles.

The old manse still stands at Concord, Mass., as when Hawthorne wrote thirty years ago. It is old, gray and unpainted. Inside it is snug, cozy, and attractive.

A New York man has invented an ear trumpet which is concealed in the head of a cane, so that a sensitive deaf man can hold it to his ear without attracting attention.

HORN AND FARM.

Keep chickens on clean runs and away from manure heaps if you want them to be free from gapes.—Detroit Post.

When forked trees threaten to split twine and the twigs from opposite limbs together. They will unite.—N. Y. Herald.

Southern Industries gives this good advice to farmers: "Stock your farm to the fullest extent with horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs; raise all the feed possible, and you have put your coarse grain, fodder, and straw to the best use possible in increasing the profits of the farm."

To take out dents or bruises in furniture, wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flatiron until the moisture is evaporated.

The amount of the crop of strawberries next year, says the Country Gentleman, will depend much on the treatment of the bed this year. A strong growth late in summer and during the first half of the autumn will give a good crop next year.

Baby's Pie. The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Drawer by a grandfater, proud of his grandchild of three years who is visiting him.

A correspondent of The Household says the way to make a husk bed is to put the husks into plenty of water and spread them on the grass to dry, first spreading sheets on the grass to keep away the insects, etc., if possible.

Wheat After Corn. Many farmers in the Northern States would be glad to grow winter wheat if, without too much risk, they could make it follow corn.

What's Saved is Gained. Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors.

It is very unlucky to have thirteen at a table—particularly when there is only enough to satisfy the appetite of ten.—Chicago Tribune.

A dull clergyman once said to some boys in the gallery: "Don't make so much noise up there, or you will awake your parents below."—The Household.

A lady's bonhair is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

The English needn't spare us any more English sparrows. If this sparrowgraph meets the eye of the English they will please govern themselves accordingly.—Boston Transcript.

Why, Smith, what a dreadful state of intoxication you are in! This is a dreadful state, "intoxication!" Just content seem to be made the same length as at present.—N. Y. Independent.

When Neptune wants to flirt with Mother Earth he gently waves the sea across her bosom.—Whitell's Times.—N. Y. News.

The Romance of a Millionaire.

There were three romances in the life of the late Joshua Sears, the millionaire grocer of Boston. The first was when he was a poor young man. He started a flirtation with a wealthy beauty on a railroad train, called on her afterwards, and finally found that his suit was in vain, because he was poor and she was rich.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, has recently added to his already large and remarkable collection of clocks one that used to be owned by the first Napoleon, and for which he paid \$1,000.

An Indianapolis baby was bitten, in teasing a pet Maltese kitten, before a day ended, St. Jacobs Oil mended, and with it mothers are smitten.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer. Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer.

ERIK has a colored post-office clerk. Of course, then, he's a black-maller.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

ONLY TWO BOTTLES.—Messrs. Johnston, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona.

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THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Affecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with an uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conventionalism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth.

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter but I feel that I can not be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and in so doing all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and the general descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing.

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use.

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis, [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of the forms of chronic indigestion in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable.

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes in no one school of medicine, that knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

"Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; Editor of Medical Tribune; Author of Gun's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc."

"No more reflections, please," said the looking-glass after it had tumbled down stairs.—N. Y. Journal.

I have known and watched the use of Swit's Specific (S. S. S.) for over fifty years, and never have known or heard of its failure to cure any case of Blood Poison when properly taken.

ALL recommend Wise's Axle Grease.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain! RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, BRUISES, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, AND all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in German and English. The Charles A. Vander Co. (Incorporated in U.S.A.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

WISER IS A PASSION WHICH MAY BE FED IN THE FACE.—Burlington Free Press.

Young middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISSEMINATED MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SHERIFF cobbler will never mend your old shoes.—N. Y. Independent.

Tax only scientific Iron Medicines that does not produce headache, &c., but gives to the system all the benefits of iron without its bad effects, is Brown's Iron Bitters.

A lost girl a Maid of the Mist?—N. Y. Graphic.

FRONT ROYAL, VA.—Dr. G. H. Hill says: "Brown's Iron Bitters seems to give general satisfaction. I recommend it strongly."

THE women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

OTAWA, ILL.—Dr. T. A. Smart says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give entire satisfaction."

BILLIARD playing is a sort of green baize ball game.—N. O. Picayune.

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

A MISER is often surprised at close quarters.—N. Y. News.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Is used by ladies who possess the bluest complexion. Hill's Hair Dye, black or brown, 50c.

After a bill is settled you can enjoy the rest that follows payin'.—N. Y. Journal.

Wise's Axle Grease never gums.

POSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. In chronic dyspepsia and heart complaint, and in chronic constipation and other chronic diseases Postetter's Stomach Bitters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken. As a means of restoring the strength and vital energy of persons who are suffering under the debilitating effects of painful disorders, this Bitter, which is a vegetable and mineral compound, is confessedly unsurpassed. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM. When applied by the finger into the nostrils, it will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membrane of the nose, and agrees from additionally colds, completely heals the sores and restores the action of the nose to its normal state. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Orange, N.Y.

DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION, ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD. Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Old Mexico offer the narrowest and best land for farming, stock raising, capitalists, merchants, miners and mechanics of all trades. For information, maps, etc., send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE MINISTER WHO FAILS TO interest his congregation and build up his church is generally accused of being a poor preacher, or of not studying hard enough. That is not always where the trouble comes from. Dyspepsia and liver disorders are responsible for many a dull sermon and many a vacant pulpit.

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

If you are Interested In the Inquiry—Which is the best Liniment for Man and Beast!—this is the answer, attested by two generations: the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The reason is simple. It penetrates every sore, wound, or lameness, to the very bone, and drives out all inflammatory and morbid matter. It "goes to the root" of the trouble, and never fails to cure in double quick time.

A YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

My E. S. Bishop, Jr., of No. 101 Park street, Lowell, Mass., writes the following personal narrative, May 21, 1888: "About fifteen months ago I had a severe attack of typhoid fever. My fever lasted, and continued to rise for five days, and when it finally left me I was in a very debilitated condition. My back and limbs seemed to have no strength, and I had no vitality or appetite. I tried various kinds of medicine recommended by my friends, but found they did not improve my condition. I was induced to try Dr. H. B. Brown's, which has been used with such success here in Lowell, that it has a very excellent reputation of being a most reliable medicine. I purchased one bottle, and on the 10th my improved health from the time I commenced using it, and my progress continued very rapidly. I gained in strength, and experienced less pain in my back, my appetite improved, and after using three or four bottles my health was all gone, and my health entirely restored, and I can now heartily recommend Dr. H. B. Brown's to any who may need a true remedy for debility, kidney or urinary troubles."

A GOOD MECHANIC.

Mr. L. J. Jones, of No. 30 Charles street, Portland, Me., writes us these convincing facts, May 11, 1888: "I have for several years been troubled with liver complaint and indigestion, and have suffered a most terrible distress, and have tried many different cures, so called, that have been recommended from time to time. I one day noticed in one of our papers the testimonial of a person that had used Dr. H. B. Brown's and was cured of diseases similar to mine. I purchased a bottle of one of our drug stores in Portland, and before I had used the first bottle found that it was improving beyond my expectation; it was used in six bottles, and I have no trouble from indigestion, no distress or pain in my back, and I have been cured of my liver complaint, and I have been cured by using it for kidney trouble, and it has cured him. We can testify that Dr. H. B. Brown's is a blessing to any who are afflicted with kidney or liver diseases, or indigestion. We gladly recommend it to our friends, or to any sufferers from liver or kidney diseases, and you can see the letter as you may choose for the best interest of suffering humanity."

SHOPPING BY MAIL. IN A PLEASURE when done through our MAGAZINE OF FASHION, "THE FOUR SEASONS," issued quarterly. The best Family Magazine and most complete Dry Goods Catalogue ever published. SPECIAL BARGAINS will be found in all our departments. An unusually large line of FASHIONABLE HATS, and a complete line of Fall and Winter number new ready. Price \$3 per year. Sample copy sent FREE. Apply in writing to: SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON, Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, NEW YORK.

Sawing Made Easy. Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine! Best of 20 Years' Labor Saving of Test Trial. A Great Saving of Labor & Money. A boy 15 years old can now saw FAST and EASY. This is the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE. I sawed of a 10-inch log in 10 minutes. It saws all sizes of logs, and is the most perfect and reliable. Illustrated Catalogue, Free. Write for it. MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO., 169 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO SCALE CO. 212 W. WABASH ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 200 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$45. 500 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$60. 1,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$75. 2,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$100. 5,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$150. 10,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$200. 20,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$300. 30,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$400. 40,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$500. 50,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$600. 60,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$700. 70,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$800. 80,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$900. 90,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$1,000. 100,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$1,100. 150,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$1,500. 200,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$2,000. 300,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$3,000. 400,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$4,000. 500,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$5,000. 600,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$6,000. 700,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$7,000. 800,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$8,000. 900,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$9,000. 1,000,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$10,000. 1,500,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$15,000. 2,000,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$20,000. 3,000,000 LBS. BEAM SCALE, \$30,000. 4,000,000 LBS. 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THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, OCT. 6, 1883.

THE WEATHER.

The following is the meteorological report for the week ending Oct. 3, at Escanaba:

Date	Mean Bar.	Mean Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Sept. 27	30.27	43.5	NW	Fresh
" 28	30.35	39.8	W	Fair
" 29	30.04	41.1	NW	Fresh
" 30	30.06	44.7	SE	Fair
Oct. 1	29.89	41.6	SW	"
" 2	29.77	41.7	N	Clear
" 3	29.77	39.3	NW	Clear

Weekly mean barometer 30.08
 Weekly mean thermometer 41.6
 Maximum temperature during the week 51.7
 Minimum temperature during the week 30.0
 No. inches rainfall during the week 0.03

G. HEATHCOTE, P.V. Sig. Corps, U.S.A.

SEAMEN'S wages have been advanced from \$2.50 to \$3. The advance took effect on Wednesday last.

AFTER Jay-Eye-See had beaten St. Julien, Mr. Case was offered \$50,000 for him, but refused to part with him.

DAWSON Rock, a dangerous shoal in Georgian bay, lake Huron, has been marked with a red-and black spar-buoy.

THE Exposition buildings at Pittsburg were burned on Wednesday morning. Lost unknown but estimated at \$2,500,000.

THE Typo was pulled off Amherst island, pretty badly used up but worth repairing. All but about two thousand bushels of her cargo was saved.

THE Sumatra, ashore at Marquette for a month past, was pulled off on Thursday last. She was unfit to take in a cargo, and was towed to dry dock light.

THE opposition match factory at Oshkosh has been compelled by the recent cut in prices to suspend operations, so the big monopoly, the Diamond Match company, wins its fight.

THE insurance pool at Chicago paid the loss on the steamer Potomac, but bounced the agent, E. K. Bruce, who took the risk. The loss was \$25,000, so the old Potomac was "well sold."

THE story of the death of Lt. Greely and Dr. Pavy is again repeated, coming from the Eskimo of Cape York through those attached to the Nordenskiold expedition. It may be true, but requires confirmation to command implicit belief.

LANSING gossip is to the effect that the big man of the big village, Col. Stockbridge, of Kalamazoo, does not want the governorship but the next senatorship, and favors the candidacy for governor of Harry Conant, now secretary of state.

FRED DOUGLASS, having succeeded in forcing political recognition for himself, now wants it for his race. The race will have to do just as Mr. Douglass has done, compel it by its character—it can not be secured by act of congress or resolution in convention.

By those who have never visited Milwaukee, she is thought of chiefly as a place on the map representing a hole whence flows a perennial stream of beer.—Wisconsin.

And by those who have visited her a puzzle—the question being how, with her enormous home consumption, she manages to have any beer for export.

LT. GARLINGTON, who commanded the expedition sent out to relieve Lt. Greely and his party, arrived at New York Sept. 26. He says "my orders were all published before I left the U. S. I don't know what is meant by the 'supplemental orders.'" This puts the responsibility for the failure of the expedition where it belongs, upon Gen. Hazen.

Low wages mean coarse and scanty living, defective education, narrow thought and cramped life. Beautiful virtue and spiritual grace sometimes lights up the homes of the poor, but large populations standing on the verge of want are not the nurseries of the best manhood and womanhood. On the broad scale hard work at pauper pay makes human life dull and sickly, or breeds passion and crime. Inevitably, too, such a condition creates a jealous hatred toward those who win wealth from ill paid toil. The noblest aspirations and hopes are crushed, and there comes a weight of dumb despair or a mood of bitter endurance. Such wages as give possibility for comfort and taste, for accumulation, education, and the hope of a larger life, tend to good feeling and to harmony and equality of rights and condition. The fairly paid artisan or laborer feels less a slave and more a co-operative helper of the employer, with common hopes and interests. He is a man and not a human machine. Our protective policy is of more value to the workman than to the capitalist,—is indeed largely a matter of wages. Our duties on imports are no more than equivalents for the larger pay of the American workman. With labor as cheap as in England we could produce cheaper here than there. Such reduction of wages in this country, fortunately, is not possible, certainly is far from desirable, and is not wished for by a large majority of employers. They know and feel that the conditions of trade and production which enable them to pay our present rates are better for all. The free-trade sentiment is thus voiced by one of its advocates, a Kentuckian, who said:

"The laborer in this country is getting too smart and independent. Unless he is brought down a peg pretty soon he will rule us all. He gets too much by ball. You explain against foreign competition, because it will reduce the price of labor. I favor it for exactly the same reason. I want to see those ignorant millions, who know nothing except to work with their dirty hands, brought down to their proper level. We will never prosper in this country until it is done."

Ore Shipments.

Statement of iron ore, pig iron and quartz shipments from the opening of navigation to Wednesday, October 3:

PORT OF ESCANABA.		Total
Marquette mines—		7000
Angelina hematite		1500
Barrens		3857
Bay State		651
Beaumont		1175
Cambridge		3025
Conostogoon		4777
Cleveland		3237
Cleveland hematite		2056
Foster		2105
Jackson		4217
Jackson South		538
McCumber		2043
Michigan		1040
National		5612
Palmer		14518
Quartz		188
Shahary		956
St. Lawrence		5611
Superior		12009
Superior hematite		845
Swampy		11401
Wishnup		7086
Detroit		30000
Total		101154

Menominee mines—		Total
Brier Hill		438
Chapin		2220
Cohasset		825
Commonwealth		1143
Curry		262
Cyclops		1822
Eagle		2857
Fairbank		455
Florence		3121
Great Western		11008
Hewitt		6729
Indiana		4779
Iron River		6004
Keel Ridge		3033
Ludington		8479
Lowell		1280
Mason		5747
Metropolitan		2484
Nasaimo		2023
Norway		10020
Northwestern		4779
Palmer River		602
Perkins		5058
Quinn		1949
Quinn		238
Volcan		6024
Youngstown		2025
Delphic		619
Total		81154

Grand total from Escanaba 119866

PORT OF MARQUETTE.		Total
McCumber		4479
Rolling Mill		1005
Pendell		845
Cleveland		8273
Lake Superior		11250
Lowthian		1850
National		871
Pittsburg & Lake Angeline		12700
Washnup		8425
Saginaw		530
Humboldt		11610
West Republic		2924
Republic		8425
Champion		11250
Boston		12700
Stirling		2535
Dalbys		1267
Argyle		6023
New Burt		4047
East Champion		3055
Erie		2409
Dexter		288
Total from Marquette		54946

PORT OF L'ANSE.		Total
Taylor		346
Michigan		148
Spurr		858
Beaufort		13701
Titan		20547
Total from L'Anse		53001

PIG IRON.		Total
Pioneer furnace		5139
Quartz Lake furnace		1785
Quartz		921
Total pig iron		6915

Total ore, pig iron and quartz 60750

Shipments of ore from St. Ignace to August 30.		Total
Jackson		394
Cleveland		2935
Lake Superior		1670
Detroit		1850
Wishnup		4741
Erie		1034
Argyle		1348
East Champion		199
Total from St. Ignace		15476

Grand total 175904

JAY-EYE-SEE beat St. Julien easily. Best time 2.18 1/2.

THE society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its 16th annual reunion at Cleveland, O. on the 17th and 18th.

WATERMEET is the name of the station and town-site at the point where the Rhinelander road strikes the Ontonagon river.

THE Grover Cleveland democracy had its own way in the convention at Buffalo. Tammany hall had to take a back seat.

THE Boston nine wins the league pennant, and everybody hopes they will hide it. "The national game" is getting to be a bore.

"OLEAN, Pa.," the Free Press has it. When we used to know something of the locality named, some twenty-five years ago, it was on the New York side of the line, in Cattaraugus county.

THE state of New York has won a suit against the tricky Western Union telegraph company for back taxes, which takes over six hundred thousand dollars out of the treasury of the company. Next.

McCLELLAN has opened his mouth again, to say that "republicanism means centralization." For "republicanism" substitute growth, increase in population and wealth, and the general is correct.

THE coal-miners demanded 3 1/2 cents a ton—the mine owners offered 3 1/4 cents and a strike was predicted, but a sensible referee, one McCane, split the difference—made the rate 3 1/2, and everything is serene.

THOMAS STRIFE, a maimed soldier, who has been for nineteen years keeper of the light at Ontonagon, has been "Civil Serviced" out of his place, and the Herald kicks. Hit 'em again, Charley, you can't help going for "the under dog."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Pittsburg, than whom no man in America is better qualified to form a correct opinion, anticipates no improvement in the iron trade before next spring, and looks for a still greater depression meanwhile. He says, however, that "nothing like a panic is possible."

A COPY of the "Detroit Art Loan Catalogue" is received for which our acknowledgments are tendered to Mrs. Mose Stewart, one of the managers. Two thousand five hundred and eighty-three articles are catalogued, embracing specimens of every line of art, from painting to needlework, and the show will remain open during the remainder of this month.

SHERMAN will turn over his command to Sheridan on the first prox. Pope succeeds Sheridan and will come to Chicago unless he should prefer to make St. Louis his headquarters, which is possible.

ALPHONSO, the young Bourbon who plays at kingship in Spain, not only visited Kaiser Wilhelm at Berlin, but accepted the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlans, so when he passed through Paris on his return the Frenchmen hissed and groaned at him. Fools, all.

AN Inter-Ocean interviewer attempted, the other day, to get Gen. Logan to report to the Inter-Ocean, before reporting to Congress the work of a committee of which he is a member. The General declined to be drawn out in that way, and the I. O. seems to feel aggrieved.

THE New York newspapers, Herald, Times and Tribune, have reduced their prices to two cents, and the Sun, which has hitherto had the two cent field all to itself and made money, has the ground cut from under it. If it should die no one would mourn, except Dana and his associates.

THE cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that exercises every muscle and bone in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitted tightly in a wooden frame, and after being greased both sides with bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of hard wood laid lengthwise on a saw-buck.—Ontonagon Miner.

"ALL roads lead to Rome" was an ancient saying when Rome was mistress of the world; so now in America all railroads go to Gould or Vanderbilt. The mushroom railway king, Villard, is at the end of his tether and goes to Gould for money. He'll get it, probably, and Gould will get control of the road.

BENBUTLER has been renominated for governor by both the democrats and greenbackers of Massachusetts and is tolerably certain of re-election. Should that be the case his "boom" for the democratic presidential nomination will assume proportions alarming to such standing candidates as Tilden, Hendricks, Pendleton, et. als.

MCDONALD'S goose is cooked. He puts himself squarely upon the free-trade platform, having said, at Hamilton, Ohio, "free trade between nations, as between individuals, is undeniably the foundation upon which commerce should rest," which shuts him out of the list of possible candidates. He might have held that opinion and still have been available, but to express it, publicly, was suicidal. Good bye, Joe.

A CHICAGO paper forecasting the growth, at the west end of lake Superior, of a rival of Chicago, says "Duluth or Superior—they are one so far as Chicago is concerned," which may be true, but Duluth property-holders hardly regard Superior City as "one" with—rather as "one" against Duluth and its interests. Superior City is the "little cloud, no larger than a man's hand" that is to over-spread the sky of Duluth's greatness.

PETER YOUNG was found dead upon the railroad track at St. Ignace, and the first impression was that he had been killed by the train. Sufficient evidence came before the coroner's jury to shake that belief, however, and though the verdict of the jury was "death from causes unknown," the prevalent public belief is that he was murdered and placed upon the track to hide the crime. The man who was missed on Mackinac island in July last is still missing and no inquiry is made.

THE Rev. La Du, who for the last three years has occupied a chair in the house of representatives of the legislature of the state and has seemed to regard the functions of that body as beginning and ending in the regulation or suppression of the liquor traffic, has again undertaken the work of the ministry, having been appointed to the charge of the Methodist missions among the Indians of this peninsula. Mr. LaDu is a worker—active, earnest and persistent, if narrow; and will do good service among the red men.

IT is so seldom that we see published any sound sense on the question of "temperance reform" (the outgivings of the professional "temperance reformers" being, to us, neither temperate nor sensible) that we are moved to reproduce in the PORT the substance of an article upon "The Temperance Outlook" which we find in "Topics of the Time" in the September Century. Recognizing and admitting the evils that flow from the inordinate use of spirits, the writer regards the attempts at reform in the matter by the Neal Dows and St. Johns as failures, and points out the errors that have made them such. The primary error is the attempt to put prohibitory laws into the state and national constitutions, concerning which the writer says:

The prime objection to a constitutional amendment on the subject of temperance is that it is wholly unnecessary. Law, as enacted by a legislature, would be just as efficacious. A people will obey a statute just as soon as an article in the fundamental law. Again, a constitution is not the place for such specific applications of principle, but for the general principle itself. If the constitution says that the legislature shall have power to make all laws, necessary to the peace and welfare of the community, and then lays down certain principles which limit this grant of power, it has done all a constitution should do. Anything further destroys its character as a constitution. If one detailed law is to be inserted, why not a thousand? If a law against the sale of ardent spirits, why not a law against an equal evil, the prostitution of women? Why not a law against gambling, which slays its thousands annually? Making the constitution a statute-book is to mar its character and influence and to confound things that differ. Such an action must have a reaction. The people will sometime see what an error they have made, and when these laws have been wiped off the constitution, their prestige will suffer. That which has influence must never be apparently degraded. If so, the influence is gone, or at least modified. To exalt, therefore, a law and put it into the constitution, when afterwards it must be removed from its false position, is really to degrade that law. This degradation of the prohibitory law we shall inevitably see in those states which now so eagerly lift it into the constitution. Such a righteous restoration of the law to its own place will be claimed (falsely, and yet effectively) by the rum interest as a victory for them.

But there is another error in this movement, which so greatly involves principle—that con-

science must speak out. The movement makes no discrimination between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts the one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealings. There is a broad and deep common sense throughout the community, which, without conscious reasoning, rejects all this and will render all attempts of the kind futile in the end. It may be quiet for a time while a wild, panic-like fury impels the reformers, but it will assert itself as surely as water will seek and find its level. Men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing, any more than they will believe that a cup of coffee at the dinner-table and a whiff of opium at Ah-Ching's are the same thing. Men will not believe that a glass of wine is the beginning of drunkenness, although they have heard it asserted ad nauseam all their lives. Men will not believe that the fermented juice of the grape of nature's own process is to be classed with the results of manufacture through man's alembics. Men will not believe that the universal praise of wine by every people in all ages, including the writers of the Holy Scripture, is an error and a sin. One of the chief reasons of the ill success of the temperance movements of past years is this failure to discriminate, and by carrying this plan into the present effort the temperance leaders are showing that they learn nothing from the past. The improvement among educated people in the drinking customs of society is due, not to any of these extreme total abstinence movements, but to the general growth of sensible temperance; and yet these fanatical people claim it all as their triumph, and so go on in their most mistaken policy. The total abstinence movement has always been a hindrance to true temperance reform, by setting sensible people against all proper effort to help reform on account of the of the absurd complexion the reform has assumed. The vast numbers in the United States who would have fought as splendid soldiers for temperance have remained comparatively idle all these years, through fear of being identified with the extremists who had usurped the title of temperance men. All this loss is rightfully laid at the door of the total abstinence propaganda. The only end of this enormity will be in the union of the majority, and this can never be effected by extreme measures or fanatical pronouncements. Discrimination between liquors that are harmful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful; discrimination between modes of drinking, as treating and drinking at meals; discrimination between places for drinking only and places for lunch or dinner; discrimination between drinking on the premises where the liquor is sold and drinking it at home; discrimination between day and night in the sale,—these and other like discriminations are to be made in place of the sweeping demands of the ultra men if a union of temperance forces is to be consummated. Without this union the evil must go on propagating itself daily, and on the so-called temperance leaders must rest the blame. They have constituted an unreasonable shibboleth. When they abandon that the enemy will be conquered, unless meanwhile the enemy shall have conquered all the ground and made our land a moral desert. Admirable laws, exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest, have been introduced into the New York legislature, and would have been enacted but for the solid vote of the so-called temperance members, directed by their "Temperance" constituency at home.

Our Neighbors.

[Marquette Eagle.]
—A boy of 18, employed by Loughhead, the jeweler, went through his employer for some \$700 dollars in goods and cash, but was caught and jailed. The occurrence made the Judge "almost sick of journalism."

[Marquette Mining Journal.]
—Burglars are working the town and shot-guns are recommended. Krect.
—Preparations for logging, during the coming winter, are on a wider scale than ever.
—Bears are plenty in the Wisconsin woods, and the boys get one now and then.

[Marquette Mining Journal.]
—Snow, just a flurry, at Marquette on Friday.
—Jesse Goodwin's residence, on Bluff street was damaged by fire to the extent of \$500 on Sunday evening.
—The agricultural fair was a success—the show creditable and the attendance large.

[Marquette Mining Journal.]
—The owners of the Ropes gold and silver mine are assured of a good thing—the clean up settled that question.
—Dr. Johnson, deputy collector of internal revenue "must go" and O. D. Jones, H. E. Pearse and Jake Dolf would, each of them, like to step into his shoes.
—The Italian navvies imported to work on the D. M. & M. extension near Ishpeming, are rather a bad lot, turbulent and quarrelsome.

[Manistique Pioneer.]
—Silas Garrison has not yet been heard from and the search goes on. He is probably drowned.
—Wages, for work in the woods, will be lower this winter than last.
—The Major is branching out. He contracts to build a schoolhouse in district number four.
—The jail is empty.
—When a Schoolcraft boy gets mashed he "has it so hard" that it takes his appetite away.

[Manistique North Star.]
—No. 2 paper mill started up on Thursday. "Everything works like a charm."
—Amos Holgate's apple-trees are in bloom for the second time this season.
—A new company, the "Arming Lumber company" will cut logs on the upper waters of the Sturgeon river. It owns 100,000,000.
—The boy that robbed Loughhead, the jeweler, was Bert Wright. He had been reading dime novels.
—John McCoshan, whose absence was noted last week, was found drowned in the slough, among the saw-logs.

[Menominee Herald.]
—Menominee is to have a system of water-works. Work thereon is to be commenced this fall.
—The Northwestern is pushing the work on its new line.
—Henry C. Collins & Co's store was entered by burglars on Wednesday night of last week, the safe blown open and \$65 taken. The job hardly paid.

[Green Bay Advocate.]
—Geo. Sanders' boat, the O. C. Williams, is getting a new boiler and an overhauling at Fort Howard.
—A telephone line now extends from Green Bay to Ashnape and Sturgeon Bay.
—The Green Bay b. b. c. insists that it did not get fair-play at the hands of the Brown county H. & A. society, at the late fair.

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

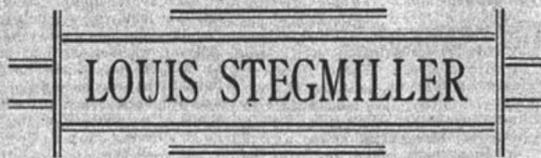
Shelf and Heavy Hardware

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.

JEWELRY.



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. Repairing promptly attended to and prices down 1-0-0.

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.

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. 2

MERCHANT TAILORING.

KIRSTINE & REINWAND,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Having, in the six months since they bought out John Peck, succeeded in establishing a reputation for good work and prompt service, take occasion to refer to the fact, and to say that their stock of goods for suits or single garments is unexcelled by any in the city; that their styles are the latest, and that perfect fit and the best of work is guaranteed on every order, large or small. Returning thanks for past favors they solicit further orders.

LUMBER.

N. LUDINGTON CO.,

—ARE PREPARED TO FURNISH—

WHITE PINE LUMBER

Either at wholesale or retail, at the lowest prices. 2

LUMBER YARD IN THE REAR OF "THE IRON PORT" OFFICE.

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. 2

THE IRON PORT.

ESCAWABA, MICHIGAN.

A WARMED-UP MEMORY.

It was that time when the summer sun shined bright in heaven, remembrance brings me back.

To other summer days, when Love was young and I was young in love—just on the brink.

I tried to do that when I had spent a long vacation on my uncle's farm. And found, on leaving, that I had left my heart a victim to a cousin's charge.

And this I know not till about 1900. I believed with my heart that I had been deceived. When all at once my heart went throbbing, my eyes were opened, and I saw it true.

I got into her eyes with meaning, but that could not speak, however hard I try. I took one little hand—and would had both, but that the other held a piece of pie.

I felt believe I would have kissed her, but her lips were of the ripest, rosiest dye. Inviting, tempting—and I know I could not resist her mouth, but full of that same pie.

And so we parted. I went back to town. Soon to forget my love, but till I die I'll never forget how quickly love cools down. When "trousers" by stronger love of pie.

FRANCIS HALLIDAY.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves and is none of my business. A man good enough for Elizabeth and Janet, and all such ornaments to their sex, to lay his heart at my foolish little feet! I own that for a day or two the honor almost turned my head.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one else said a kind word to me. The case stood thus: I was an orphan, left in the care of an uncle and aunt remarkable for that kind of propriety that wins our admiration and awakens our hearty desire to get away from it. I had a fortune of \$25,000—that is, I was to have it if I remained unmarried until I was thirty-five, or if I married previously with my uncle's approval.

Now uncle did not approve of Norman—in fact uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question. Stephen was the great man and the good man of our small town. To have insulted that Stephen was not worthy of a saint, a beauty and an heiress united, would have been a heresy seriously affecting my uncle's social and commercial standing. Stephen Barker's offer was therefore accepted, and the next Sunday we walked to church together.

After this public avowal of our intentions the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me. I must do myself the justice to state that I never regarded my engagement with Stephen seriously; it was a part of a plan to secure my happiness and rights. And as Stephen fully coincided in it, I do not expect censure from any one else.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to me that I frankly told him that I thought I ought not to marry him. He asked me why, and I said: "All my life long, Stephen, I have been such a crushed, unhappy girl; I have been afraid to speak, or laugh or sing, and no one but Norman Strong ever said a kind word to me until you came."

"And you love Norman?" he asked, bluntly.

"So I answered: 'Yes, I love him, and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank he wanted to marry me, but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my \$25,000.'

"So you have \$25,000?"

"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it up to me. He will never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: "You are a good girl to be honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up your little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change, apparently, between Stephen and I. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave. He sent me presents from his hot-houses, and he made me presents of pretty jewelry. He spent the evenings at Uncle Miles' house, and sometimes we were left alone together, and sometimes we went out for a walk. Norman came to see us occasionally on a Sunday night, and my aunt said he had really behaved with more good sense than she expected. I think she thought if I married the banker it might not be a bad thing for my cousin Malvina, who was very plain, to marry the banker's cashier.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing. Never before in our little town had there been such dozens of elegantly-trimmed undergarments, such lingerie, such hosiery, such morning dresses and evening costumes, such wonderful boots and slippers and jewelry. We held little receptions every afternoon a month before the wedding, and my wardrobe was laid out in the best bedroom for comment and inspection.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to uncle: "I understand Francis has \$25,000. I wish to have it so settled on herself, and for her absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add \$10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate. It is only three miles from here, the house is a very fine one, the land excellent, and, then, whatever changes come, it secures her a competency, for as soon as the railway is finished it will be worth double. What do you say?"

"I think your offer extremely generous, Mr. Barker, and of course, for such a purpose, I am willing to hand over to you at once Francis' fortune. The interest has been applied to her own use

always. Will you look at the account?"

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Miles?" So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicably effected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever. I must state here that I opposed, as strongly as I thought right, Stephen's gift of \$10,000, and his subsequent outlay of \$1,000 on furniture, but both uncle and aunt said that the settlement was small enough for a man of his means, and that it would be satisfaction to oppose it. And really Stephen managed the whole affair with such fatherly kindness and thoughtfulness that I could not bear to oppose it.

At length the wedding-day drew near. It had been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. This showed in me a very Christian spirit, seeing that he once looked on me and my \$25,000 with affection, and I had not appreciated the honor. However, he forgave me at this interesting epoch, and came benignly to bless my venture. He brought me as a present a black onyx seal ring, on which was set a cross in seal pearls. He had offered me one once before, with his affection and his mane, and I had then refused it. I took it this time.

It helped to swell the list of my presents, and they certainly made a goodly show. First, there was the Stamford estate from my father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for \$1,000 worth of new furniture, which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable. Uncle gave me a set of silver and aunt some fine china, both of which gifts I took care to send to Stamford before my wedding day. My cousins and aunts and friends gave me all sorts of jewelry and pretty personal knickknacks, and these I carefully packed in the half-dozen trunks which were already corded and directed two days before the marriage day.

For Stephen had proposed to send off my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival. I opposed this plan at first, but aunt said it was eminently proper and thoughtful. "So all my wardrobe except my wedding dress and traveling suit arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the last day of my maiden life."

Norman Strong called that night and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavior charming—so unselfish—and I was also very satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about eight o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, as I had her good-night. "The hair-dresser comes at 8:30."

"I said, 'Very well, aunt,' and went to my room. The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small a compass as possible, and then put on my traveling costume. This done, I sat down in the dark. About one o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly down stairs, unlocked the back door and went out. Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds. There a buggy waited, and we drove rapidly to the main line about three miles off. Here we caught the two o'clock express, and were safe in New York, and very respectably married at ten o'clock. My trunks, which had arrived the day before, were then redirected to Washington, and after a delicious little wedding breakfast—all by ourselves—we left for this city."

In the meantime there was trouble in Milford. Our flight was not discovered until nearly eight o'clock, and then Uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker. My aunt and cousin's chagrin and disappointment were very great. In fact, when I considered the amount of confidence and gossip they would have to endure, I felt that for all the alights and scorns of my unloved girlhood I could cry quite. And I had got my fortune also, and Norman and I were so completely happy! We had not a care, for Stephen had given him a \$500 bill and a month's holiday, and told us to get all the pleasure we could out of it. We obeyed him implicitly.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it. We returned very quietly after dark one night, very much like children who have played truant all day and creep home at nightfall, with as little ostentation as possible.

But at Stamford Hall everything had been prepared for my comfort—the fires blazing, the gas lighted, and an excellent supper waiting. The next morning Norman went back to his desk, and Stephen took no more notice of his return than if he had never left it. People who had been speculating about his losing that position knew in five minutes that there would be no change. And everyone took his tone from Stephen. I was treated very much like two children who had been forgiven, and whose fault was not to be thrown up to them.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them all credit for the very kindest of motives, I made them all welcome. I told them about my wedding trip, and showed them my new things, and I dare say the men talked over everything with them afterward.

But what most puzzled everybody was that Stephen Barker came so often to see us, and was so friendly with Norman. Some thought it very mean-spirited in him, and others remembered that when he was very young he had loved my mother dearly. Even those who spoke kindly of him did not give him credit for half the noble nobleness he had shown; for he would not let me tell any one that it was he himself who had planned everything about my property and my wedding.

"Just let them say you liked me, Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until Uncle Miles comes around."

Aunt and uncle both came around sooner than was expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much

of his time with us, Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought familiarly in contact with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and give me the kiss of reconciliation.

But as far as catching Stephen's heart "in the rebound" was concerned, she was just a little too late. Norman's sister, who was a teacher in one of the public schools of New York, came to spend her vacation with us, and Stephen fell in love with her in a way which convinced me that his love for Frances Halliday had only been the shadow of the love he had for the mother. Why, Norman himself never behaved more foolishly about me than Stephen about this little, plain Ruth, for she is plain—everyone must allow that.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself. Dear me! I think love must often laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do, indeed.

The Baby That Was Not.

There was a tired-looking woman came into the Michigan Central depot the other day and sat down to wait for a train. Two small children clung to her skirts and in her arms she carried an infant, closely wrapped up, and with an old veil tied in a double fold across its small face. The mother had a satchel and some boxes, which she managed to carry at the same time, and she settled the children on each side of her and prepared for a long sitting, for the train was late.

The children were quiet little things, and amused themselves; the mother sat and held the baby in a tight clasp and looked far off with eyes that seemed to be watching over a grave. Tears fell softly now and then, sometimes on one of the bright-haired children, again on the dress of the baby in her arms, and these little ones would brush softly away. It was evident that they had seen their mother weep often.

But the other passengers who waited got nervous over it. A good woman with a kind face offered seat-cake to the children, but they shrunk from her. People came and went, and something in the woman's face made them stop and look at her, but she did not stop them. A white, drawn, quivering mouth and tearful eyes attested some deep sorrow.

At last a little fussy man, who had been jumping up and down and rubbing his hands and crying: "Bless me!" under his breath, went up to the stricken woman and executed a sort of war dance in front of her.

"Bless me, ma'am," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands till they were ablaze with the friction; "but you'll smother that baby."

The woman looked at him as if she didn't comprehend what he meant.

"It can't possibly breathe, ma'am, with a double veil over its face; I say, y-o-u-n'-t'-ll smother that ch-ild."

He thought her either deaf or crazed and the rest of the passengers had the same fears. The woman laid her limp burden in her lap and began with trembling hands to undo the veil. "My baby is dead," she said, in a low voice, but which all heard.

"Good gracious, ma'am," began the little man.

"These are her clothes," she continued, in a broken voice; "I carried her in my arms and next to my heart for two years, and now my heart and my arms are both empty; but I don't miss her so much when I have these, and the children forget she is dead and buried away from us all."

She picked up her senseless burden and rocked herself to and fro, but kind hands led her away and kind voices whispered words of hope to her, and at last the poor half-crazed mother consented to lay aside the empty garments and take instead to her arms and heart the little ones she had well-nigh forgotten.

Who called these strong as Love, oh, death, stronger than war and art."

Detroit Post and Tribune.

What a Good Havana Was Sacrificed To.

There were two of them in the car. They sat together. One of them, a young man, carried in his lap about five pounds of live snappers with the hair on in the shape of a sick poodle. On the front platform near the open door was a gentleman who, in violation of the company's rules, was puffing a good cigar, the smoke of which now and then rolled around the ladies just mentioned. Said the one with the dog to the other, who was dogless: "Oh, how I hate vile tobacco smoke. I wouldn't marry a man who used tobacco in any form if he was as rich as Jay Gould and as handsome as Oscar Wilde. I would rather die an old maid (she looked to be about fifty). I can't see how a man can use it and be received in society as respectable; but dear me the world is so strange. Mr. Conductor," she continued, "will you please request that man to stop smoking, or close that door? It is an outrage to permit such conduct on a car. It is very disagreeable to me and hurts my dog's eyes." The conductor did as he was requested, and the gentleman, throwing away his cigar, came inside, and this is what he heard and what he saw. Said the girlish thing, whose lover was a dog, addressing the poodle whose eyes were red with epizoot and whose nose was in need of a plumber: "Did you dit dat nasty old basky moke in ou dear fust bity eyes? Let on Missy yub him out for ou," and with this loving language she fished up a clean looking handkerchief and mopped the darling's ocular machinery. He acknowledged the kindness by kissing her two or three times on her tasteless lips, then frisking around, marking her white dress with dirty feet, quilled up in her arms, and blinked at the gentleman across the way who had sacrificed a good Havana that a worthless dog might not be annoyed.—Washington Capital.

The Fishless Hudson.

We do not know of a river of its kind in the United States which contains so few non-migratory fish as the Hudson. Its only commercial fisheries of any value are those of the shad and striped bass. The former has been sustained by the Fish Commission, or it would have been as extinct as the sturgeon fisheries, and the large bass are taken under the ice in brackish water, where they go to winter, and are only transient lodgers, not permanent residents. In boyhood days we had what we then considered good fishing about Albany in the river and in the small streams emptying in it. That is, we could obtain strings of fish weighing from ten to thirty pounds in a day's fishing with hook and line. The fish were perch, cels, sunfish, rock bass and bullheads, as a species of catfish is there called. Thirty years ago we have seen boats anchored in the channel all the way from Albany to Van Wle's Point, fishing for small striped bass of from half a pound to two pounds weight, using sturgeon spawn for bait, and taking fair numbers.

In those days a walk down the Greenbush bank to the well-known Red House would usually give a view of leaping sturgeon, and we have seen as many as twenty leaps in an evening. Sturgeon was then so common that it was despised by many, and it was known along the river, even as far down as New York City, as "Albany beef." Now it is a rarity and a luxury. After the Erie Canal was opened the black bass straggled down or up into it, and a few were taken in the river; but they have never increased to any extent, and the perch are nearly extinct, while the striped bass about Albany have entirely disappeared. We have seen school-boys take great strings of fish in the Wynantskill, below Albany, and also in that bayon below Down's Point called the Island Creek.

Further down the river the striped bass fisheries of the Hudson were very good thirty years ago. We have just seen some extracts from papers about that time. The Sullivan County *Wag* of May 17, 1851, said: "On Thursday morning laid nearly two tons of bass, of all sizes, varying from one to sixty pounds, were taken near Denning's Point, opposite Newburgh, in a seine owned by Van Nort and Knevels. Most of them were sent to Albany for a market." The Albany *Register*, May, 1854, contained the following: "The annual fishery on the Hudson, below the Highlands, has opened. Nine hundred pounds of bass were sent to New York from Croton banks by the cars on Saturday evening; four hundred pounds, with a respectable sprinkling of shad, the next evening, and the weather being favorable now, the probability is that much larger consignments will be sent off every evening for the greater part of a month. The shad are of a good size, and some of the bass taken reach twenty and twenty-five pounds each."

We have no theory to advance as to the cause of the falling off of the fisheries of this river; we merely state the facts. It would seem as if a river of this size should furnish some fishing, but while the black bass have been in the river for twenty or thirty years, no one would now think of catching one there unless by accident. The Hudson is said by Colonel McDonald, who gathered the fishery statistics of our coast rivers for the census of 1880, to exceed all others, even the famed Chesapeake, in its yield of shad; but its stock of anglers' fishes has gone, and the "noble Hudson," dwindled to the dimensions of a creek in dry weather above Castleton, is now only inhabited by the despised sucker and a stray perch or two which wanders about seeking food in the places which once supported thousands of its kindred. Truly it may be called the fishless Hudson.—*Forest and Stream*.

His First Cod.

The first cod I caught was a haddock, the next was a hake, and the third was a pollock. My companions all told me they were cod; they could tell by the way they pulled. Every fish a man loses is a big one; this is singular, but it is one of the great moral truths that pervades this planet. Finally I did get a cod. The skipper told me to "pull steady." I bent over and pulled. As my hands slipped along the line the water flew toward me and landed on my trousers. It put me in mind of the first time I ever tried to grind an ax. I got a boy to turn for me. He got the stone revolving about 10,000 times a minute, and, stooping over, I placed the ax on the stone. I forgot now whether it was two quarts or a gallon of dirty water that struck me in the face, but I am positive that I chopped my wood with a dull ax, and that I told the boy he need not turn any more.

With a dozen friends encouraging me I could not well help pulling. Now the fish would pull himself side to and pull back, so it seemed like hauling up a stone drag. The line would out through my hands, but I would struggle and keep pulling. Then the fish would suddenly take a start upward, and the sudden slack on the line would set me down on the deck with the thud of a paving maul, and before I recovered he would be sailing down again and the line would be slipping through my hands, cutting away more skin.

My strength was nearly gone. I was about giving up when a pair of blue eyes looked at me out of the top of the waves, and a mouth not made to kiss, opened and a huge cod was landed on the deck and a dozen hands slapped me on the back and eleven mouths said I was a "bully boy." I send this to you C. O. D.—*Cor. Hartford Times*.

A few days ago a Philadelphia physician signed his name to a paper certifying that a man was insane, and on the certificate thus prepared the man was sent to an insane asylum at Norristown. It now appears that the man is sane, and the physician mentioned excuses himself on the ground that he signed it against his own judgment to oblige an older and more experienced doctor.—*Philadelphia Press*.

—Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married pray three times.

Religious.

"GO WORK TO-DAY."

"Go work to-day!" the Master saith, Waste not thy time repining! Fill every hour with earnest deeds, While bright the sun is shining! What though ye do not see the fruit, Yet still continue sowing; For night and day—sleep, awake—The grain is ever growing.

To-morrow's work may not be yours, Nor yours the joy of reaping; Go work to-day, and leave the seed Safe in the Master's keeping.

That seed shall in the harvest come, Though you in death are sleeping; Others shall reap what you have sown, Work on, and cease thy weeping! —*J. H. Hodson, in N. Y. Independent.*

GOD'S LOVE FOR MAN.

The power of the Gospel is in its revelation of God's love for man. Only as we understand this can we really understand the Gospel. Only as we believe and appreciate this can we appreciate or believe the glad tidings ourselves, or explain them to the minds and hearts of others. And yet there is widely prevalent a half unconscious skepticism in regard to what the Bible seems to teach concerning God's love for man. Not that the fact of such love is questioned. Every one sees that with no appropriate measure whatever could God be called our Father if He did not bear some measure of parental love toward His human children. But when the depth and strength and tenderness of His affection for us are portrayed; when Gethsemane and Calvary are interpreted and shown to have been the fruit and expression of a love toward us which no conception of ours can grasp, then, though there be no expressed unbelief, yet too often is the language deemed more or less exaggerated and untrue. It seems almost incredible that such an infinite being as God should really cherish toward such puny and unworthy creatures as we such feelings of personal interest and personal affection. This globe on which we live, that seems to us so vast, is but the merest atom in the universe of suns and systems. And can it be that that Infinite One who upholds immensity as in the hollow of His hand—can it be that He feels such a tender interest, such a fathomless love, such a personal sympathy for the human animalcules that inhabit this terraqueous drop that we call our globe?

This has long been one of the most plausible arguments of infidelity against the whole system of Christianity. Daniel Webster said that this objection did more than all others to shake his faith in the Gospel. That Gospel, we are told, assigns to man a most preposterous importance. It represents him as receiving from the Most High a degree of attention and regard which his actual insignificance in the universe pronounces absurdly incredible.

Now there are different ways of meeting such pernicious unbelief in regard to God's love for man. We may direct the doubter's attention to the familiar fact that love is not wont to determine its amount or expression by the merit of its object. Does a mother love her child only because it deserves her love? Does she give it only so much regard and affection as its evident importance in the universe justly claims for it? Or are the fact and the strength of her love determined by her own maternal heart? We all know that it is not her child, but herself, that gives to her love its depth and fervor; not the babe's deserts or importance, but the affectionateness of the mother's own nature. The love of the human parent is the shadow and type of that which our Heavenly Father bears toward His children. He loves us as He does not, because we are worthy of His love, but because He himself is so infinitely loving; not according to our importance in the universe, but according to the infinite tenderness and affectionateness of His own parental nature.

Or we may point the doubter to what God himself has told us concerning His love for man. These wonderful facts and declarations of Scripture in which this love is revealed may indeed seem almost or to the skeptic, even absolutely incredible. But it is only because we have such a low and inadequate conception of the real character of God. "O righteous Father," said the Savior, "the world hath not known Thee!" It was sadly true then, and it is sadly true still. Even God's own forgiven and loyal children have but little comprehension of His real character. If we did know Him; if we could see what God really is in the infinite glory and beauty of His character, we should see nothing incredible, nothing even at all wonderful, in what are now the most startling revelations of Scripture concerning His love for man. They would seem perfectly natural, perfectly appropriate. We should recognize them at once as just what ought to be, just what might reasonably have been expected of such a being as God is. Yes, it is one of the grandest facts with which Christianity has enriched our race that just in proportion as we come to know God's real character just in the same proportion will all incredulity and even all the wonderfulness of the Incarnation and crucifixion disappear, for we shall see that it is just like God, just what might have been expected of Him, that He should thus come to suffer and die in shame and agony for the eternal welfare and bliss of His enemies.

But whether or not we can see the appropriateness of the Scripture revelations concerning God's love for man, those revelations are here. They shine down upon us like stars in the spiritual firmament. They are golden tints of the infinite brightness and glory of our eternal future. Reason as well as Scripture commands us to accept them with grateful joy; to feast upon them as upon "angel's food," to make them serve as a spiritual staircase, by which, with ever-increasing confidence and love, we may rise to a truer and richer acquaintance with our Father in Heaven.—*Chicago Advance*.

Have Sympathy.

The man who would accomplish most in this world must have sympathy with his fellow-men. He must be quick to feel another's woes. He must make men feel that his sympathy in them and for them is real and deep. If he succeeds here, the avenues of the heart

open to him, and through it he can mightily affect the intellect.

The successful teacher takes a real vital interest in his pupils. And as they come to see that that interest is not affected they give him their confidence and regard. He has now a key to the heart and the life. The workings of young minds are fully disclosed and many a knotty problem solved. Hidden forces and tendencies in character, habits and life come to light, and upon these the skillful teacher may play as the musician upon the keys of a piano. It now lies in the teacher's power to develop this tendency and repress that; to change habits still in the gristic and mould character. In this way many an aimless life receives a mighty purpose, many a dullard passes up into a life of intense activity and high scholarship, and many an ill-balanced, misdirected life is set right.

The lawyer with this gift takes a deeper interest in his client, and makes court and jury feel that the latter's cause is his own. He finds his way to the heart till the waves of sympathy run mountain-high, and his case is won. So, too, the good physician, when he enters the sick room, brings life and hope. He gains his patient's sympathy and inspires fresh courage. He does not carry a cold, sour visage, or curt words for anxious friends. He does not take advantage of his position. But with cheering words and looks and tones uplifts the whole household. There is as much tonic in his presence as in his medicines.

So the orator feels the pulse of his audience and acts accordingly. He places himself in full sympathy with the people that later he may lead them whithersoever he will. And, yielding to his influence and sympathy, they applaud, perchance, the very sentiments they have most loudly condemned. In this way reforms are inaugurated, great measures of State policy carried, patriotism incited or political heresies exploded. Without sympathy and the power to excite sympathy how seldom would the orator succeed in his most important efforts.

And right here the power of not a few successful clergymen appears. It is not that they are more spiritually minded or more learned, but they have this faculty—a faculty which all may cultivate to a degree—of entering into the hearts of their hearers. After listening to a discourse which fails to bind the preacher to his audience, how pleasant to listen to another in which the warm throbbing heart of the speaker touches responsive chords in the hearts of all his hearers. Such sympathy opens their hearts to the reception of truth. It rouses them to action. They forget themselves. The burning truth has set their souls on fire. They have been fed. And now they are ready to do something for Christ. When this is the spirit manifest in a church it will begin to grow. Christians will receive a new baptism. Souls will be born into the Kingdom. And a glorious day that will be for any church. Do you wish for such a revival in your church? Then let the pastor preach out of a full heart, full of love to God and sympathy for his brethren. And let every hearer hold up his pastor's hands and help him.—*Golden Rule*.

Waiting.

"They also serve," says Milton, "who stand and wait." We would add, they only can serve who have been taught to stand and wait. There must be a readiness to receive the teaching of God in all matters before we can become fitted to do anything acceptable to Him. We know that waiting is often regarded as an insignificant action, and yet some of the results are of great value in the eyes of most men. What is it that enables a sensitive soul to bear affliction, to lie on a bed of sickness for months, and to raise up the weary head in gratitude to God? Waiting! What is it that teaches any man to say, as Job said, even when his heart was breaking: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord?" It is not what men call patience. It is not the stoical determination to endure inevitable pain. It is nothing but nearness to God's presence; nothing but waiting upon God, and knowing that He can make all things work together for good. We can not wait upon God without faith; for what is this waiting but steadfast trust in God, resulting from the knowledge received of Him at the cross? We can not build this waiting upon any other foundation than that of faith; but faith flowers into patience naturally, and thus we are enabled to abide in God's presence continually.—*Word and Work*.

Choice Extracts.

—The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.—*of the true of the stars*

—Divine love is a sacred flower, which in its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is Heaven.—*Hervey*

—If the way of Heaven be narrow, it is not long, and if the gate be straight it opens into endless life.—*Bishop Beber,idge*

—Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go the more we have to come back.—*Barrow*

—Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, grateful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Curlye*

—Waking or sleeping, God is true to His promises. It is not simply throwing off your troubles, but throwing them on Him, that lightens the burdens and opens the heart. God's shoulder is always under a good man's burden, and His hand is ready for a dead lift all the way.—*N. Y. Observer*

—More negative preaching does not feed the soul. To find fault with one doctrine and make vague, misty statements respecting another, is like telling hungry people that bread of fine flour will give them dyspepsia, that oatmeal cakes are not suitable food for men, and yet offer them nothing to satisfy their wants. The soul needs truth to nourish it. It is not what men doubt, but what they positively love, that builds up character, that fortifies them against temptation and makes them strong to endure in maintaining what is right.—*Christian Secretary*

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANADA, MICHIGAN

THE THREE ROBES.

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gathered in her hand,
A little robe of puffs and lace,
With an embroidered band,
And a low, sweet lullaby,
And a low, sweet lullaby,
And a low, sweet lullaby,
And a low, sweet lullaby.

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gathered in her hand,
A little robe of puffs and lace,
With an embroidered band,
And a low, sweet lullaby,
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person in the telegraph office, thrusting her head through the window to inspect him.

"Ho!" cried the small boys, with juvenile instinct of enthusiasm and derision blended.

Mr. Mulooly removed the pipe from his lips, and unable to recognize any reason why a cat may not look at a king, ejaculated, with Celtic humor, a single word—"Bodad!"

The train rushed on once more, the phanton disappeared along the village street, and Gordonville resumed its usual avocations.

Cowper had returned home after his second European tour. That was the note rung through many changes on this eventful day; every day the pony's hoofs, trotting soberly forward, were in unison with the cadence humming in the ears of his young mistress.

Cowper had been intensely English on the first occasion, while a few moments in his company now revealed a fine flavor of the Boulevards, the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne.

The month was June, the meadows were green, and the warm breeze was perfumed by the wild flowers of the hill-side, while the twin rows of elm trees shading the main street, pride of Gordonville, wore a first delicate foliage of early summer.

Iris awaited recognition of familiar objects, but none came.

"You girls," said Cowper, in his languid accents, "Why do you turn to the right instead of to the left? The English always turn the left, while the Continental races choose the right. Now we are of English descent."

Iris laughed, but her gray eyes grew dim beneath their long and silky lashes.

"Have you forgotten the factory, Cowper?" she inquired, with a certain sharpness in her tone, indicating a long building with her whip.

"As if we could ever forget it!" retorted Cowper, peevishly, and with undeniable ingratitude, since all the money in his purse had been gleaned from this ignoble source.

He again fitted the glass in his eye, and surveyed the building with the cool and studied disapproval which was his usual expression, especially in his native land.

He belonged to the class of young men which is the fine flower of this century, and may be designated as without nationality, cultivating *envers* as a mood vacuity as an expression, and a general uselessness in existing at all as a profession.

Irascible elders are wont to classify this golden youth as "snips," when not resorting to stronger terms of comparison.

"Much obliged, old fellow. I should hate to be kissed—by a man."

"Sly dog!" laughed Cowper. "Besides, I have not traveled," added John, with a touch of irony in his tone.

"Why do you not travel?" "I have not the time, and would rather save the money," said John, curtly.

Cowper shrugged his shoulders and entered the house. He had studied the gesture before the glass.

"You always were an incomprehensible fellow, John."

"Commonplace is the term," echoed John, steadily.

Greetings of welcome were over at last. Mrs. Bemrose, Iris Gordon, Cowper Debenham and John Cleaver had dwelt beneath the same roof in harmony for many years, linked together by circumstances, while claiming no mutual relationship.

Their history was not devoid of interest, at least to Gordonville and the surrounding country.

Each now-remembered it speedily. The fathers of Iris and Cowper respectively had met on an emigrant ship outward-bound from Liverpool—two shabby young men, with a few shillings in their pockets, and heads full of intelligence.

Chance had thrown them together, and mutual sympathy cemented a life-long friendship, taking the form of partnership.

Gordonville, the noisy factory, the large house built of wood, with a wide piazza in front, were the results of their industry.

Henry Gordon and Thomas Debenham had not lifted their eyes above axes and ploughs in their day, and glad enough they were to be able to fashion them.

Cowper wore Poole coats and Paris boots in his time, while Iris had a phetion, a grand piano, and had learned French at a fashionable boarding school.

The wheel of fortune had turned a trifle for these young people in the muscular grasp of their seniors.

Both parents had married and lost their wives. When the cashier, Mrs. Bemrose's husband, was crushed in the fall of machinery, the widow had become an inmate of the Gordon house, and was given an interest in the manufactory which had so cruelly despoiled her.

"Foreign fashions are always interesting," murmured Mrs. Bemrose.

"Yes," assented Cowper. "Only you must not put on a hat wrong side foremost just because it comes from Paris. I have taken the liberty of ordering a costume for Iris on the Rue de la Paix."

"The toilet of a true Parisienne, quiet and elegant, or an eccentric dress adapted for exportation?" inquired Iris, mockingly.

"Why not make a Venetian, a fashionable lady of Berlin, an Italian of me?"

"Impossible. There is a finish about those women which you have not yet attained," drawled Cowper, piqued by banter.

Iris went to the piano, and soon her sweet voice was heard singing the old ballad.

"Do you know the truth as in Heaven, Douglas, tender and true?"

John Cleaver stood in the window listening. The moon was full, and made long shadows on the grass.

"The last time I heard 'Douglas,' it was sung by the famous Lady Scrammore—amateur concert for charity at the Albert Hall, and all that," said Cowper.

Iris left the piano abruptly; her fingers had struck discords.

"I have news for you, Iris. The railroad is completed, and another territory opened to the world. My friend Hampton proposes to give a town on the line my name, and I have decided to christen the infant city in the wilderness Gordonville." John was speaking in the window.

Iris was interested. Cowper was now exhorting admiring Mrs. Bemrose on accent and idioms, and the means whereby one may disguise American individuality as much as possible.

"I intend to go out there, Iris. Why not? I do not wish to remain here—always."

"Going away to live, John?" Iris swayed forward, and a cloud seemed to pass before her eyes.

John's arm caught and drew her to him. Suddenly the magic moonlight which rendered the girl so fair and the young man so noble in his profound emotion, their faces touched.

"When shall we learn to call a parlor a drawing-room?" said Cowper, in the background.

"The parlor is a room back of a shop, or the place where nuns receive visitors in a convent."

An hour later the house was silent. Cowper yawned in his chamber and so-fortified.

"How dull life is here! Of course I am and of Iris, but I wish she had the style of Lydia Welch. Heigh-ho!"

Then he slept the sleep of a bored man who is comfortable while rendering others unhappy.

Iris sat at her own window for hours, lost in thought. John Cleaver plunged into the woods, and rambled about until sunrise.

A month elapsed, during which Cowper made the family uncomfortable by comparisons, criticisms and innovations.

Iris, belle of Gordonville, was forced to tread the red-hot plowshares of perpetual suggestions in manner, dress and use of speech.

Cowper found John's coat of rustic cut, and John in turn was hurt by Cowper's change of bearing.

Like George Eliot's hero, Cowper's mind "was furnished as hotels are, with everything for occasional use," and a European tour had excluded not only Gordonville, but the whole American continent.

"Shall we ever cease to deluge ourselves with ice water?" he mused at the breakfast table one morning.

"I wish you would not eat hot cakes, Iris. I fancy your complexion suffers."

The girl's eyes flashed. She went to the bookcase and took down a volume. Cowper laughed softly. One would have inferred that he enjoyed irritating and such was his own discontent.

"What book have you there?" he drawled.

"Edmond About's Maitre Pierre."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Fresno County, Cal., is making a canal one hundred feet wide from King's River to irrigate 30,000 acres of dry and worthless desert.

A Richmond (Va.) paper claims that no city in the United States has made greater progress in manufacturing enterprises in the past ten or twelve years than that city.

The canning of whales is a new industry in Norway. As the creatures are not put up in flat boxes, heads to tails, it is not anticipated that the business will interfere with Maine's sardine industry.

Dr. Haensel, a German savant, has succeeded in photographing several lightning flashes, and with such success as to enable the length of the course of the electric current to be computed, and also the locality where the lightning struck to be estimated with accuracy. Valuable results are expected from further experiments.

Fine sawdust, highly compressed, has been successfully used to make up centre frames of carriage wheels. It is said to be so solid that it will bear a pressure equal to twenty-three tons per square inch. As sawdust has also been used for partitions and bricks, its application to the production of complex carvings and moldings does not seem to be far off.—Chicago Herald.

A Jacksonville (Fla.) merchant has just shipped North two hundred boxes of lemons grown in Florida. They are said to be as fine lemons as can be grown anywhere, their color being perfect, while they are finely flavored, and as juicy as the best Messinas. Mr. Behn, the shipper of the lot, says the fruit-growers throughout Florida are paying very much more attention to growing lemons since a successful experiment was made in curing them last season, and are setting out or budding a large number of trees.

A party that made a visit recently to the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, a mile and a half from Geneva, found eleven hundred varieties of seed growing—of corn, 140, and of the tomato, 68. There is an experiment to ascertain the quantity of water absorbed on three plots of land—one being sward, one naked soil uncultivated, and one cultivated. The farm, which has 125 acres of rather stiff clay soil, cost the State \$25,000 in 1882. Dr. Sturtevant, the director, says that the station has already become profitable.—Buffalo Courier.

Just how the pitching and rolling of a ship acts on the human frame so as to produce the physical and mental prostration of seasickness is a matter of dispute. A theory recently started by Dr. Irwin, an English physician, attributes it to disturbance of the fluids in the semi-circular canals of the ear. It is generally recognized that irritation of any kind in these passages produces nausea and vomiting. Dr. Chapman, on the other hand, sees the main proximate cause of this disorder in the presence of an undue amount of blood in the spinal nervous centers, which renders the nerves proceeding from them active, with the result of disturbing the action of the organs—especially the stomach—whose movements are regular.—Chicago Times.

PITH AND POINT.

Passengers from Havana pack cigars in their clothing—to keep out the moths, and avoid the duty.—Lowell Courier.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," provided he don't get it left to him or stumble onto a sinecure.—The Judge.

A New England paper is talking about husking bees. It is a bold man, certainly, who will undertake to husk a bee.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The men who make sport of other men in this rockaway world are generally found to be the men who are supported by other men's money.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An exchange says that 80,000 Americans annually visit Europe; but when we come to think that 51,820,000 stay at home we don't feel so awfully lonesome as we might.—Chicago Tribune.

The Philadelphia Chronicle says the grammar used in the Mormon schools don't recognize the "first person singular," which would upset their religion. But all the same the first person must feel pretty singular when her husband accumulates a dozen more wives.—Norristown Herald.

Will be temperate.—Billy Jones of Thompson's corps, Eaters through the barroom corps; Drank till he could drink no more; Fell down on the barroom floor; Fell and made his head quite sore; Fell till he could fall no longer; Says he will do so no more; But will join the temperance corps.—Old City Derrick.

All New Orleans is boiling over, and many a man who thinks he has only a job's comforter is thrown into high fever by being assured by the physicians that he is simply troubled with a sebacophlegmy, or an erythematous inflammatory action, located in the innermost recesses of the sebaceous follicles.—Boston Transcript.

A colored man living on Wilkins street was ordered by the sanitary police some time since to abate a bad-smelling nuisance at his back door. The other day the officer who served the notice met the man on the street and asked: "Well, what did you do?" "Oh, I 'bated dat smell de werry nex' day." "Use chloride of lime?" "No, sah. I went to de woods an' got some skunk's cabbage to bile up on de stove an' de water had'n' skeroaked got hot befo' de ole smell turned a handspinning an' went sootin'!"—Detroit Free Press.

When the United States flagship Richmond, was at Shanghai, China, the great Chinese leader, Li Hung Chang, visited the ship and was received with all the honors, and an exhibition drill was given for his entertainment. He was very much delighted with the whole affair, and in return the next day sent a slight token of his appreciation. The "slight token" aggregated as follows: Twelve live sheep, two bullocks, 200 fowls, 1,000 pounds of bananas, 1,000 pounds of fruit, eight cases of English beer in pints (eight dozen each case), eight cases of English beer in quarts (four dozen each case), and eight cases of claret (one dozen quarts in each case).—Chicago Herald.

THE IRON PORT.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN, OCT. 6, 1883.

Personals.

—Wm. Olmsted, of Garden, was in town on Thursday.
 —Johnny Hamacher, is just out again after a sharp attack of pleurisy.
 —Mr. and Mrs. English arrived on Sunday last, from a visit at Ionia.
 —P. Buckholz arrived, on Saturday last, from his visit to the fatherland.
 —F. C. Harris, late of the Sherman house, Chicago, is in charge at Hanley's.
 —Mrs. Rogers and family returned on Sunday from an extended visit in Wisconsin.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sembla, of Stephenson, were visiting in the city this week.
 —Miss Delia Coan returned from Cleveland on Friday last, where she has been visiting.
 —Mrs. George Bartley, and daughter, accompanied Mr. Bartley to Chicago on Monday last.
 —A welcome visitor, on Thursday, was John B. Kitchen, lately of Fayette, now residing in Chicago.
 —A. W. Graves, the one-armed sign and scene painter from Iron Mountain, was in town on Wednesday.
 —Dr. Kelly departed on Sunday last to visit his mother in Ireland. He intends to return in March next.

Range Items.

—There is no probability that the opera house will be rebuilt this fall. O'Callaghan Bro's would rebuild it if they could be sure of tenants for the lower floor, but the tenants are not to be had. Bids for the tanks (for fire protection) were too high, and the township board has the matter still in hand. Charles Halleux entrusted all his wealth, \$400, to his wife who lost it on the train between Norway and Quintessac. As it was in gold and not easily identified he stands a poor show of ever recovering it. A hard blue hematite has been struck by the Iron Hill company. The Penn company is putting down a new shaft at the East Vulcan, to tap the new find which shows better and better as it is followed. They are again hoisting ore at the Indiana.—Norway Iron Chronicle.
 —The Emmett company's "Hamilton" shaft, near the Ludington, is down 100 feet. The shaft which Jones is sinking between the Norway and Cyclops mines is in ore. The drill which the Penn company is using on the Quinnesec property cut three and a half feet of good ore, on Monday, and came into limestone again. The Hewitt is improving in appearance. John McKenna, the original owner, will again explore and work the Keel Ridge property, not having lost faith in it though the Emmett company has. N. W. Cramer (who was supposed to be fatally wounded) still lives and is in a fair way to recover. Almost tired of talking about water-works to "the sleepy-head property holders."
 —Menominee Range.

Additional Local.

—If you want fruit or vegetables or cider that is cider, in any quantity up to a car-load, call on Peterson.
 —Findon Haddock, Sea Bass, Brook trout and other fish in handy, air-tight packages, by Atkins & McNaughton.
 —Butter and Eggs, warranted fresh, in any required quantity, by C. H. Soper, Ludington street hill—Olson's old place.
 —Slates, and pencils, copy-books school-books of the standard and accepted sorts, and all school paraphernalia, at Mead's.
 —Preserve your teeth by using Arnica Tooth-soap, a dentrifice at the same time pleasant and effective. Get it at Godley's.
 —Erickson is just now receiving, direct from the manufacturers (thus saving to his customers the middle-man's profit) the finest line of ladies' Shoes ever offered in Escanaba.
 —Dress Goods, staple and stylish, worth 25 cents a yard in any market, are now offered by Hutchinson & Goodell at 18 cents only. They are bought and paid for and must be sold.
 —All the latest style of dress Buttons, for ladies' use, at prices very largely reduced, at Greenhoot's. Some of the finest have the effect of jewelry, they are so rich in form and color.
 —It will pay any body who lives within forty miles of town to make a trip hither to lay in winter clothing. Greenhoot is selling clothing for men or children, any size and every quality, lower than clothing was ever sold before in Delta county.
 —The "Broadhead" Dress Goods, a well-known and highly-valued line of goods, having few equals and no superiors, is carried in Escanaba by Ed. Erickson only. Ladies would do well to examine these goods, as they are really worth more money than they cost.
 —The PORT has not space to spare to enumerate all the articles of Greenhoot's stock, but mention must be made of those ladies' Cloaks and Dolmans, Silk, Satin, Plush, Velvet and Beaver, and a hint that they are cheap—so cheap that only by buying can an idea be got.
 —Our Cloaks and Dolmans are all of the latest styles and materials and of the very best workmanship, and the prices are very low. Six dollars buys a good garment—ten to twenty a fine, and twenty-five to thirty-five an elegant one. The whole line is 25 per cent. lower than ever before.
 HUTCHINSON & GOODSELL.
 —The increasing business of the Ludington house requiring the personal attention of an experienced hand and body, the latter of which we do not possess conceit sufficient to think of procuring, we transfer our trade and good will to a Mr. Hook of Marquette, who is a successful hotel man. Thanking all for kindness shown and patronage, we would recommend an extension of name to our successor.
 JEFFREY & OLIVER.
 Escanaba, Oct. 2, 1883.

—A peculiar virtue in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is that while it cleanses and purges the blood from all corruptions and impurities, and thereby roots out disease, it builds up and invigorates the whole system, and makes one young again.

—"Daisy" and "Good Stock" are favorite brands of Cigars both with dealers and consumers; with the first because of the moderate price at which they are furnished and with the latter on account of their uniform excellence. Call on or address the manufacturers, Jager & Loell, corner Thomas and Wolcott streets, Escanaba.

—Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

Second-hand Heaters.
 Two large wood heating stoves, in good order, can be had upon application at this office.

Horses For 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. 231f

Dancing!
 C. F. Bouton will open Dancing Classes, at Waverly Hall (over Gross' store) on Thursday evening, October 4, and continue them through the winter.
 Private Lessons at the same place on Tuesdays, from 2 to 4 p. m. 1f

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. LANSIGNE,
 Barkville, Mich. 351f

Take Notice
 That my wife, Sophia Lanscigne, having left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid any one to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no bills of her contracting, and shall proceed at once to institute a suit for divorce.
 GEORGE LANSIGNE,
 Bark River, Sept. 15, 1883. 45

WANTS-FOR SALE-TO RENT.
HOUSES TO RENT.
 Inquire of the subscriber at his office in the Semer building.
 P. 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. 351f

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

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

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. 3f

BUSINESS CARDS.

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

JAMES R. HARRIS,
ARCHITECT.
 Plans drawn and Specifications written. Contracts furnished for any style of building, public or private. Ventilation and heating of buildings a specialty. Superintendence of erection of buildings promptly and practically attended to.
 Terms liberal. A call solicited. Office and residence at P. E. Harris', on OGDEN AVENUE.

Fresh & Salt Fish
 For home consumption. CAPT. GEO. A. DRISCOLL will sell and deliver from his wagon all kinds of Fresh Fish in their season, and Salt Fish put up especially 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. 341f

Marinette Marble Works
JOS. SPEVACHEK, Prop.,
 Decorator of Graves with
Marble, Granite, Coping,
 &c., &c.,
 Building Stone Furnished to Order.
 HALL AVENUE, 1/2 MARINETTE, WIS.

FEED STORE.
ED. DONOVAN,
 (Successor to Pat. Fogarty.)
 At his old stand, corner of Ludington and Wolcott streets offers

FLOUR & FEED,
GRAIN & SEEDS,
HAY & STRAW
 In any required quantity and at the lowest market rates. Special attention to orders by mail.

PAINTING.
PATRICK COLLINS,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTING
 GRADING, STAINING,
Paper-Hanging
 & Kalsomining
 With dispatch and on the most favorable terms.
 Residence Wells Avenue, west of Wolcott St. Post-office box 437.
 ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

CLOTHING.

A new lot of Fine Clothing just received by RATHFON BROS. Call and see the latest styles. Richards block.

INSURANCE.

The Washington Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

ASSETS \$7,000,000.

DR. S. L. FULLER, **A. H. HAWES,**
 General Agent for Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois, Detroit, Michigan. 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.

NEW STORE.

Derouin & Lonsdorf

Invite the attention of the people of Escanaba and vicinity to their

Fall and Winter Stock,

Just received and for sale at prices as low as the lowest. It comprises Clothing (for everybody), German Socks, Pacs (shoe or boot), Boots and Shoes, Fancy Goods of every description, Mackinaw Clothing (the heaviest and best ever offered here), Hats and Caps, Trunks and Satchels, Underwear, Shirts (of every kind), and "Odds and Ends" which cannot be enumerated. All to go at the lowest prices for spot cash. 31

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. 2

MEAT MARKET.

HESSEL & 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

FURNITURE.

D. A. OLIVER,

(Successor to John Braithwaite.)

Dealer in Furniture, Moulding, Frames, Brackets

Etc., all of the Latest Styles and at the lowest prices. 2

SEWING MACHINES, COFFINS and TRIMMINGS. Ludington St.

HARNESS.

F. D. CLARK,

(Agent)

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