SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT.

VOLUME XXII, NO. 33.

ESCANABA, MICH., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1891.

NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 21.

INSURANCE.

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F. J. MERRIAM & CO.

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LIFE,

PLATE GLASS, ACCIDENT.

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E. OLSON & CO.,

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LIGHT AND HEAVY HAR

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AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED



Complete Line Of

Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils

We handle Coit and Cos Mixed Paints.

All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Work given Prompt Attention.

FRED CARLSON ACCIDENT-ALLY KILLED.

Joseph Champau Injured in Naugle's Mill. Cornelius Elward Hit on the Head by the Crank of an Ore Chute and Badly Injured.

On Friday Joseph Champeau, employed in Naugle's cedar mill,, was hit on the head by a paving block thrown from the saw, and was picked up unconscious and apparently dead. The injury was not fatal, however, and under Doctor Eames' care he regained consciousness on the following day and has a good chance to re-

At 5 a. m. on Saturday, an employe of the railway company on the ore docks named Cornelius Elward, while attempting to lower one of the ore spouts unaided, in some way not explained lost his hold and was hit on the head by the handle of the crank and knocked senseless. At the hospital, whither he was taken, it was found that his skull was fractured, but he will pull through.

Just after noon of Saturday, as Conductor McCourt's caboose was thrown down the grade to its place in the yard and just as it passed through the viaduct under the dock tracks, three or four men on their way from work to dinner appeared in front of it. McCourt shouted at them and all but one stopped for the caboose to run past (it was impossible to stop it in time to avoid them), but one, Fred Carlson, an old hand, attempted to cross the track, was hit, knocked down, run over, and taken to the hospital. Both his legs had been crushed, and probably other injuries received, and he died within an hour or so. His death is chargeable to his own reck-

Coke Furnaces for Low Grade Ores-In his report, just issued, Prof. C. D. Lawton, commissioner of mineral statistics, calls attention to the waste of ores of iron which are too low in metal to bear the cost of transportation to distant smelters, and suggests the smelting of such ores at such points as Escanaba. Our readers will remember that the Iron Port has urged the same facts upon their attention and suggested the same course for an hour or two on Sunday. of action. We clip from the report:

district and in the Menominee as well. There is so

little profit in mining and shipping them that it does not generally pay to work

The only uncertain factor in the problem s the coke, whether that can be procured in quantity cheaply enough.

Only provide for furnishing the coke cheaply and the Lake Superior region will have added great iron smelting and manufacturing industries to its already imperial interests. It s probable that the vessels which carry the ore to Lake Erie ports can return laden with coal which can becoked where the coke is to be used. This is already done to some extent at Superior City, at the end of the lake, and it bertainly can be done on a large scale at Marquette or at Escanaba."

There is more money in such an enterprise than in opening more mines and putting more low grade ore on a market already gorged and our wonder is that men with money to invest do not see it.

Port List. Arrived since July 10. With coal: Nellie Redington; 1,550

Light: Corona, Veronica, Saxon, Manhattan, Cambria, Metacomet, Briton, Street, Gogebic, Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Flint, Manchester, White Star, Minnesota, Hallaran, Pueblo, Senator, Beals, B. Barnes, Maryland, Corsica, Massachusetts, Wade, Hurlburt, Boyce, Boody, McGregor, Montcalm, Marengo, Louisiana, Neshoto, Vance, K. Winslow, Pickands, Columbia, Williams, Powers, Mott, Northerner, Melvina, Austin, Morey, John Duncan, Worthington.

Sailed since July 10. With ore: Veronica, Flint, Boyce, Mc-Gregor, Marengo, Neshoto, Vance, K. Winslow, Pickands, Columbia-Buffalo. Corona, Saxon, Cambria, Briton, Gogebic, Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Hallaran, Corsica, Boody, Montealm-Ashtabula. Manhattan, Metacomet, Manchester, Minnesota, Maryland, Massachusetts, B. Barnes, Powers, Melvina, Austin, Worthington-Chicago. Louisiana, Williams, Wade-Cleveland. Pueblo, Senator-Erie. Morey, Northerner, Mott-Tonawanda. White Star-Elk Rapids. Street -Fruitport.

Half Rates To Minneapelis, Minn.

The third Musical Festival of the United Scandinavian singers of America will take place at Minneapolis, Minn., July 16th to 21st, and for this occasion the Chicago & North-Western R'y Co, will sell excursion tickets to Minneapolis and return at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip. For further information concerning rates, dates of sale, etc., apply to agents C, & N. W. R'y.

Here's History, as Taught by the Mirror. Hanibal Hamlin, one of the most not-ed figures in American history, is dead. Hanibal Hamlin, one of the most noted figures in American history, is dead.
He was actively engaged in politics from 1836 to 1881, and was vice-president of the United States at the time of the as-

CAUSALITIES OF THE WEEK sassination of Abraham Lincoln.-Mirror, 11th.

Those who were in America at the time and those who could read the English language at the time, or who having since learned to do so have read the record, know that Andrew Johnson was vicepresident at the date referred to and succeeded to the presidency. That the editor of the Mirror did not know it is not a matter for surprise, but it is a little to be wondered at that he should so publicly parade his ignorance and misinforma-

It is however at par with the rest of his work. On another page of his paper of the same issue he uses a column in denial of the charge brought by his associate (not by us, we're not in it) that he was at fault for the flasco of the fourth; a wasted labor, nobody believes a word of

it. What he don't know and what he falsely asserts are about equal quantities-PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS The Comings and Goings of People as Told

By Iron Port Reporters. M. H. Egan dropped in on us Friday morning last, as welcome as flowers in

C. E. Menamin, from Barnhart, B. & S. type foundry, called on us on Friday last. Misses Jones and Root, friends of Miss Emma Tudor, were guests of the steamer Robert Wallace on her trip hitherfrom Cleveland last week.

Rev. Owen Jones has attended the convention of the "Society for Christian Endeavor" since our last. Frank Atkins returned from Chicago

Monday morning. T. J. Tracy was called to Marquette Monday, to serve on jury in U. S. court.

Mr. C. C. Royce went south on Friday last to be absent a week or more. It is preliminary to the removal of his residence, to what place is not definitely settled as yet, but probably to Chicago. C. A. Cram went to Chicago for a day last week.

E. Glaser was at Milwaukee on Saturday last.

John D. Ross, formerly our city, visited here on Friday and Saturday last.

T. J. Streeter (whom we see too seldom town yesterday on business in the probate court.

Miss Flint, of Fond du Lac, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Pierce. Billy Rowe, of Fayette, was in town

L. A. Jennings and family of "There is an almost inexhaustible Dr. Newton Hawley, of Milwaukee, and

mount of low grade ore in the Marquette Rev. H. W. Bolton and family, were guests of the Oliver on Sunday last. C. E. Ballard is the new manager for

the Western Union. He comes here from J. N. Porter, long and favorably known

to such of our people as are interested in iron, has resigned the superintendency of the Iron River and Florence mines and goes to Montana.

Mr. Power is at Lansing. The case against the justices goes before the governor to-day.

Fred Merriam went to Marinette last Saturday to attend a farewell banquet to J. W. P. Lombard.

A. O. Blackwell was in town ye sterday.

HEAVY LOSS BY FIRE.

Metropolitan Lumber Co's Mill, Warehouse, Coarding House and Lumber.

On Friday last the forest fire swept down upon the location of the Metropolitan Lumber Co. near Sec. 21, on the Metropolitan branch, and wiped it off the ground, completely. Mill, all the buildings about and connected with it, the stock of sawed lumber, even the logs (down to the water) were burned. The loss is estimated at \$150,000 and we hear of insurance to the extent of half that

Besides this, Fred Skog and Andy Blomquist lost their camps and outfit for getting out cedar and a quanity of poles, ties and posts; in all not less than \$2,-000, on which they had no insurance. Where the fire crossed the track of the railway it took out two bridges-one of fifty and one of 150 feet in length-section houses and tool houses, and damaged the track by burning the ties.

No loss of life is reported, but it was a close thing for many. At the lumber company's location there was no time to save, no chance to fight; the only thing was to get out of the range of the fire, and prompt work was necessary to that. It is not probable that the mill will be

Barges Ashore.

The St. Louis towing two barges, comng partly laden from Menominee to complete her cargo at Ford River, gotinside Lutz island in the smoky weather One of her tows-the Potomac-was on so hard that it was necessary to pitch overboard some fifty thousand feet before she would budge. The lumber came ashore Friday, at Ford River, and was picked up and reloaded. The Chenango and her tows got into the same place but did not eatch on so hard, and got away without help.

Moonlight Excursion.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church will (D. V.) give an excursion upon the bay in the steamer Lotus on Friday evening next, leaving the merchants' wharf at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents, children half price, to be had of any of the

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

News Nuggets From All Parts of the Globs Condensed For Easy Reading and Worthy of Your Perusal

There was murder done at Cedar River on the 5th. In a drunken row John Granberg cracked John Hall's head with a bar of iron.

Simon Bolivar Buckner, who almost succeeded in carrying Kentucky into the confederacy and has lived to be glad that he failed, is summering at Mackinac.

The Commercial hotel at Romeo burned on the 7th. Loss \$10,000; insurance \$3,000. Incendiarism.

A train dispatcher on an Ohio railroad neglected his "safety order" and two trains met on a single track. Couple of

trainmen will die. Mitchell Bro's lumber yard, at Jennings, Missaukee Co., Mich., burned on the night of the 8th. Loss \$200,000; in-

surance \$14000. Warehouse of the Railway Co. at Grand Haven burned on the night of the 8th,

and 30 box cars therewith. Dan Soper wanted to edit "Michigan and its Resources" and circulate 20,000 copies, but Gov. Winans said no. The governor's "no" was the correct word,

Fenville: It is claimed that the crop of peaches in this vicinity this season will reach 4,000,000 bushels, the largest crop known to the locality for years.

Adrian: Henry Judd, the aged scissors grinder who yearly traveled through Michigan on his trips between Erie, Pa.. and Michigan City, Ind., has just died

worth \$21,000. Lansing: Reports to the state board of health show that during the week endsince he retired from public life) was in twenty-six places, scarlet fever at thirtyfive, typhoid fever at fourteen and meas-

les at twenty places. The insurance companies having paid their losses, Tim Nester has set Charlton at work on plans for a four-story block

Three highwaymen went through everybody at Whitedale station, among whom was our friend Neveaux, formerly of Fairbanks, who gave up \$150 at the objects of the Christian Endeavor movemuzzle of the gun Considine, one of the men who robbed

the Calumet postoffice two years ago and escaped, has been arrested at Detroit and returned to Marquette for trial.

Negaunee has good gas at a reasonable figure, and will not bother with dynamos and wires.

The overflow from the Colorado river into Death valley has ceased and the lake will soon dry up.

A bit of gold-bearing quartz picked up near Martinsdale, Indiana, has started a gold craze.

Rev. G. W. Comer, of Plainfield, N. J., has eloped with the wife of a parishoner, one Tappen. Comer is an Englishman and has two wives living.

James A. Brock, of Griffin, Texas, is appy. His cousin and partner, Frank Woolsey, disappearred in 1877 and Brock narrowly escayed hanging as his murderer. Last week Woolsey turned up at Benton, Arkansas. Says he was sunstruck and lost his memory.

Kansas democrats propose fusion to the People's party, but the alliance was not to be had on such terms. If the dem's choose to drop their own organization and vote the alliance ticket they will be permitted to do so, but that's the best terms they can get.

Train, Geo. F., on his trip around the world with the sun, arrived at Chicago on the 9th. He was two days behind his schedule time. He tells of meeting an Englishman in the orient and of the following conversation:

"'Mistaw Twain, aw, glad to meet you-Knew aw gentleman of your name. thirty yeaws ago in England-making tramways-died in London-splendid fewnewal from Custom Squeah."

"I'm the corpse."

The Santiago de Cuba papers comment upon the wonderful results which have been attained there in combating yellow fever by means of the "Camera Polar" (polar chamber). This method of fighting the disease was invented by a physician of the locality in which such successful experiments have been made. Up to ties. If the convention has accomplished of Thursday night and found the bottom. date the Santiago papers say all persons no more, it would have surely accomwho have been treated by this method plished a mighty work. have recovered, even to those who had reached an advanced stage of the disease. The sheriff of Schoolcraft county got

the three men who robbed our friend Nevlong term at Marquette. The board of managers of the soldier's

Walker and Surgeon Spalding, The quartermaster is a load that the commandant whoever he is must carry.

The people of Detroit got up in their wrath and unhorsed the boss. At the same time they knocked out the street railway company and will put things in

Perry, the ex-treasurer of Grand Rapids,

is found to be short some \$17,000 but his friends make up the amount and keep him out of jail.

Don Henderson wrote a paper for the editors' meeting at Kalamazoo, and read it, too; nobody else could.

The W. C. T. U. will run a temperance hotel for old soldiers at the reunion and encampment. They won't need a big

John H. Peterbaugh, his wife and four children, found dead in the house, near Ellis, Nebraska. Peterbaugh did it himself, probably,

Steamer Ira Chaffee burned to. water's edge at the Sault on Friday. Same day seven steamers went aground in the river. Smoke so thick pilots could not see land-

Grand Rapids police is getting an overhauling and lots of 'em getting the g. b. for boodling.

Sewell, of New Jersey, to- be secretary of war and Proctor to succeed Edmunds in the senate. So says "semi-official" Washington rumor.

Supt. Gower, of the reform school has resigned. The act of the legislature cutting down his pay and making the governor a member of the board of control

is his reason. The board of managers of the soldiers' home seems to have trouble to find the right man for a commandant in Michigan and Dr. Shank says, "the board proposes to scour the whole United States until they find a competent man, and no appointment will be made until they are satisfied they have such a man."

THE Y. P. S. C. E.

Christian Endeavor Convention at Minneapolis Communicated by the Rev. Owen Jones. [Published by request.]

The great event of last week was this Convention. It was probably one of the greatest assemblages of the Christian workers since the Day of Pentecost. There were about 15,000 delegates. And these came from all parts of the United States, and from Canada, and from the Sandwich Islands, and from Liberia in Africa. To be in this Convention, and to hear the representatives of distant cities and ing July 4, diphtheria was reported at continents report the progress of the work of Christ was thrilling and inspiring. We began to feel that the world was fully in the arms of the Christian Church, and that it will not be very long

before it shall be won for Christ. One of the principles emphasized by on the foundation of the one that was this convention was the loyalty of every Society to the home church. It owes no allegiance to, nor appeals to any authority but the authorities of the church in which it happens to be. One of the prime ment is to help and support the individual church. And it was the unanimous experience of the convention that the Societies were doing good work in every direction. It was found that the Christian Endeavor Society was of the greatest help to the Pastor in the Prayer Meetings, Sunday School and the Sunday

> There are now 16,274 Societies, of Christian Endeavor, England has 120 societies, India 30, China 7. The total membership is over one million. The greatest proportional increase last year was in Oklahome, and they had the banner; the greatest increase was in Pennsylvania, and they took the second ban-

> The good done by the convention is incalculable. What is the use of such a large expenditure, some will say, of those who would with pleasure contribute towards international rifle matches, etc. from which no real good to the human race can come. The good will be seen in the formation of new societies over the land for the coming year, more energetic Christian work at home; and in the building up of thousands of churches, and individual christians. The enthusiasm, the unction, and the inspiration of the Minneapolis convention will never cease to energize in the world:

> Saturday morning the Rev. A. A. Fulton, of Canton, China, addressed the convention. He said he wanted a million dollars for mission work in China. He asked the Indiana and Ohio delegations to say they would have every member of their societies to give 2 cents a week for that purpose. They rose up and said they would. Then he asked the whole convention to rise and say the same thing. The matter was settled. All the money is to be paid to the mission board of the church into which each society may be connected. Thus there is about one tenth of the whole sum that is collected for missions, not in America, but throughout the whole world, promised and assured by the Christian Endeavor socie-

Wisely Decided.

The council was not of one mind with regard to the extension of the improvement of Ludington street to Stephenson eaux. They are Steve Sprague and George avenue. The question of ability to pay and John Beam, and they are safe for a for it came in and, though the advisability of the extension was admitted and three-fourths of the property affected nome having ordered the reinstatement asked for it, some members were inclined of Quartermaster Shank, Commandant to hold back. After discussion, and when Manly resigns and with him go Adjutant the disposition of property owners to pay ther special taxes promptly had been manifested; and after Contractors Wells and Moran had agreed to wait until January next for such portion of the additional expense as the city should be un-able to meet according to the terms of their contracts, without any interest charge, the extension was decided on and ordered.

I was ramble to through a quaint, prooked is treet in ad New York the other da and I found a quaint, queer old place to match the street. It was a little old building of wood, battered and time-worn-a relie of the last century. It was crowded full of such goods as the poor and lowly have to part with when the blood chills for want of feel and weakness comes for want of food There were poor and ragged clothing, old boots and shoes, quaint old hats and caps, bedding, tinware, hardware, window curtains, rugs, tools—a vertable museum of relics, and each and every article having its tale of want and discouragement, of woe and misery. Ave! even as I elbowed about, seeking I know not what, a forlornlooking woman came in with a worn and faded shawl and sold it for money to buy bread.

And by and by, as I rummaged about, I found something to take away with me-a baby's shoe! Do you smile? Well, God made us to go each his own way, and each and every one to work out his own mission. It was a red morocco shoe, old and worn and fadeda shoe which had covered the chubby foot of somebody's baby as he crept about the floor or stood on his feet beside a chair. Not some rich mother's baby, but the offspring of a mother whose days and nights were terrified by the presence of cold and hunger. That wee shoe told me a story of a garret room-of hope and despair, of misery long drawn out-of a mother's love and a mother's broken heart. I wanted it to lay away among my relics, so that I might look at it now and then when men told me that the world no longer had a heart At the door, as I went out, I stumbled against an old woman half helpless from drink-a woman whose red and bloated face and scandalous tongue would have shamed the lowest vagabond of New York's lowest dive.

She struck and kicked at me. She dared me to fight. She showered oaths and sneers and jibes at me until I was too astonished to move away. I had that baby shoe in my hand as she railed at me. Her eyes were red and inflamed and I thought her half blind. All at once she ceased her vituperations, bent forward for a closer look, and asked in a woman's soft voice:

"Is it a baby's shoe you have there?" "Yes."

"And you found it?" "In the store here."

"Give it to me! Please give it to me! I'm sorry for what I said. I did'nt mean a word of it. Please do a poor old body a kindness!"

"And do you really want this little shoe?" I asked.

"I do! Please, sir, but I'm old and poor! It's a bit of a wee, red shoe, and it's worn at the toe, and-and please give it to me!"

I handed it to her and she sat down on the step and hugged it in both hands and rocked her body to and fro and wept and erooned and talked to it as a mother might to a living child. Curious, wasn't it, and yet it was not curious. Men may tell you that human nature can be degraded until every sentiment worthy of humanity is burned out of the heart. It is not true. You have only to touch the right chord and the heart will open and the tears come, and the evil passions are slow in taking root

again. Old-sinful-degraded-and yet, as I listened to her crooning and saw her tears fall I wondered who of us dared judge her-who dared to even blame her for being what she was. Away back in the darkness of the past she heard the pit-a-pat of baby's shoes as he learned to walk. There may have been the curse of drink-the stings of poverty-the midnight of despair. God alone knows how much she suffered and what she endured. The world thought her a vicious old hag, steeped in vice and wickedness, and men and women stopped and looked on in wonder as the little red shoe touched the chord so long silent and opened the heart of a wife and mother. And so, while I have not added to my store of relics, it may be that the angel of record has turned the leaves of his book and given humanity another credit-mark to count at the last day.-M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

WIFE-BEATING IN ENGLAND.

It Used to Be a Husband's Right to Chastise His Better-Half.

The Court Journal says a good-humored discussion has been roused in England by the declaration of the lord chief justice in the Jackson conjugal case (where the husband abducted his own wife) that at one time it was the right of an English husband to chastise his wife, provided he did not use a stick more than an inch thick. This statement has been received with incredulity by a good many persons. But the lord chief justice was quite correct, both in his law and in his fact. From the whole Anglo-Saxon period onward the law recognized the right of a husband to beat his wife, and in some cases allowed him considerable latitude. According to Blackstone it was not till the reign of Charles IL that this power of correction began to be doubted, but among the lower classes it survived for a long time after that reign. A "moderate castigation" was permitted, but the authorities differed a great deal in their definition. A Welsh law, for instance, fixed as a proper allowance "three blows with a broomstick on any part of the person except the head." Another law fixes the size of the stick at the length of the husband's arm and the thickness of his middle finger; a third defined the lawful instrument of correction as a stick no thicker than the husband's thumb; while in a later period custom restricted the size of the rod to the thickness of the little finger. But while the thickness of the stick was limited, it was generally held that the husband might please himself as to the punishment he inflicted with a switch or his fist hand.—San Francisco

-Almost a Proposal.-Amy-"Don't you think that I am a self-possessed girl?" Jack-"Yes; but why not be possessed by someone clse?"-Saturday

STORIES OF MOLTKE.

His First Love-A Game of Chess-His Modesty-A Great Joke. Moltke's first love was not the wife at whose tomb he passed the summer nights of his last twenty years at Creisan. His first love was the beautiful daughter of Gen. van Bulow, commandant of the fortress of Custrin in the days of Moltke's lieutenancy. Her name was Hippolyta. She returned Moltke's love, and they were together as frequently as German propriety and Papa von Bulow would permit. For her sake Moltke took up dancing, an amusement for which he had neither taste nor talent, and which, after leaving her, he gave up in his endeavor to put aside all associations of his crushing disappointment. The parting of the young lovers was due to the interference of the father, who was convinced by Moltke's personal appearance that he was consumptive and doomed to an early death. Moltke left, and only after twelve years' wandering in foreign lands sought the society of other women. Hippolyta married a Pomeranian lord, and died tifteen years before the man the years of whose life

had been numbered by her father. In the last years of his life Moltke passed several days of every fall with a Silesian count whose children were futored by an exceptionally clever young Gottingen graduate. Moltke was extravagantly fond of whist and chess, which, he often said, required the same strategical and tactical abilities as generalship. He played both games as an opponent of the young tutor, with varying fortune. On one of his last afternoons at the count's place he lost several games of chess to the young man, and in the evening he was equally unsuccessful at the whist-table. As he rose to retire at the end of the evening he asked the tutor.

"Have you been in the army?" "No, your excellency."

"Too bad, too bad," commented Moltke, as he strummed on the piano the notes of a "double quick." "You would have been a fine officer of the general staff. In tactics you are already far superior to me."

The relationship among Emperor William's three mighty men of valor, Moltke, Bismarck and Roon, was often strained. Roon disliked Bismarck intensely, as has been shown recently in the published correspondence of Prussia's great war minister. Between Bismarck and Moltke there was a deep gulf but no hostility. "There was never a symptom of friendship," says a political writer in Berlin. "The passionless repose of the one and the boiling temperament of the other were entirely inharmonious. Moitke was cool and reticent, Bismarck lordly and blunt. They moved proudly side by side with mutual respect, and never interfered with each other's business while they together served their country. Neither of them placed obstacles in the other's way. The great strategist always was

a very cautious man, and so he made his march forward to heaven just at the time when in this world he was about to be forced to a choice botween fighting in the reichstag on the emperor's side against Bismarck and fighting on Bismarck's side against the em-

Moltke's modesty was so perfect that it was unique. There is not a case on record in which he claimed the smallest MEALS AT ALL HOURS credit for any of his great deeds. In his account of the battle of Sadowa, won by him and him alone, the word "I" can be found but once or twice. He suspected all compliments. In his last years he sat for a sculptor who had an order to make his bust for the emperor. The sculptor remarked one day that he had never before seen such big ears as his excellency's. "There is a proof," quickly added Moltke, "of how subservient all a man's acquaintances are. Till now no one has reproached me with this great offense against the laws of beauty."

Moltke was simple and austere in his habits of life as few soldiers before him. Of the rollicking good-fellowship of Bismarck's student days he had experienced nothing. He had neither the stomach nor the taste for the masterpieces of drinking which contributed not a little to the iron chancellor's fame and success as a diplomatist. Prof. Jolst illustrates this characteristic of Moltke with an anecdote:

"We were speaking of Peters, whose death had just been announced. Moltke asked: What do you think of Peters? I gave my opinion and added: 'I told Peters he would be killed, and even bet twelve bottles of fizz on it with him.'

"Bet what?' inquired the old field marshal, with his hand to his ear.

"'Fizz-twelve bottles of fizz.'

"Well, what is fizz?" "Fizz is champagne, your excel-

"Moltke laughed loudly and said: Well, that is one on me. Who will pay the debt if Peters is dead?

'Your excellency, Peters has ranged all that in his will." "The field marshal sat down on hearing this and laughed for five minutes,

ejaculating 'Na-na-na-na.'" - Chicago Times. The Matter Explained.

Young Hankinson (making a call)-You have had that parrot a long time, Miss Laura? Miss Laura-Yes, we have had him

several years. "Quite intelligent, is he not?" "Very. He can imitate almost any-

"They have a remarkably clever parrot over at the Casterlins', Miss Laura. It can imitate the sound of a kiss to perfection. Is that among the accom-plishments of our feathered friend here in the corner?"

(Indignantly)-"No, sir. He does not attempt an imitation of a sound he is not accustomed to hear, Mr. Hankin-

The Parrot-"Wait, George, dear, till-I take this bird out of the room."-Chi-

-Teacher-"Now each of you boys give a sentence and turn it into the im-perative form." Michael-"The horse draws the cart." Teacher-"There, out that in the imperative." Michael-



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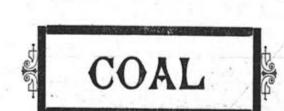
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both on the hoof and after slaughter, and

Ounce Warranted.

My predecessors have made a good reputation and acquired a large trade and I propose to retain the one and increase the other.

Q. R. HESSEL

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

As Necessary to Some Natures as Air and Sunlight.

A philanthropic individual, during a round of visiting among the poor of a large city, came across a widow with a large family of children. The woman had been raised in the country, and felt cramped and confined in her narrow quarters. She did wish she had more

At a good deal of trouble and expense, the visitor found a pretty little place on the outskirts of a country town and succeeded in getting the woman and her children comfortably settled there. They seemed happy and contented, and she gave no further concern about them, as the woman was sober and industrious and at once found plenty of work in the neighborhood.

Some months afterward, during another round of visiting, she came across the identical woman and children in a tenement precisely similar to that from which she had taken them. The woman was a trifle sullen and unwilling to answer questions at first, but finally, as a reason for leaving the cottage, declared that she had made up her mind that "folks was a heap better 'n stumps."

Among the uneducated masses the desire for companionship, the gregarious instinct, so to speak, seems to be the insurmountable obstacle in the way of breaking up the practice of herding in tenement-houses. Upon this class of persons the eloquence of persuasion of philanthropic persons is utterly lost. They rush into crowded tenements and seem terrified or dazed by room and space. They are lonesome and wretched until they are surrounded by their kind. Such people find no pleasure in suburban homes. They must have some one to talk to, to complain to, to weep with, to laugh with. They are won by friendliness and sympathy, and grow angry and sulien at coolness or indifference.

I remember once asking one of these women why she was so fond of a certain neighbor of hers.

"Oh, I always liked her from the first, she is so sympathetic." This womanwhether from natural instinct or policy, I could never make out-was a genuine sympathizer. She went about bearing ever with her fresh fountains of joy and grief which were always on tap, and from them her chosen friends could take their fill.

I remember one little woman who had met with several losses, her husband, a child and a sister of whom she was very fond. . She was left with a very large income, which she managed to use up quite rapidly.

It went through various channels, but largely to a niece who knew her weak spot and always catered to it. Many of her requests were made by letter, and I could always tell when one of these epistles had been received, for madam had tear-stains on her cheek and dark rims around her eyes and the faintest suspicion of a red nose. If questioned, she yould say: "Dear Ade has written me again; she understands me so well." And invariably letter and pocket handkerchief would come out of her pocket together, and tears and words would flow in a soft musical rhythm, "like the rain down the roof lead-pipes," a small, unsympathetic brother used to say.

And those letters. "I know the sensitiveness of your gentle nature, darling;" or, "Dearest May, how can you bear the contact and jostling of the rough world? It really hurts me to know that your susceptible soul must be wrung by such rudeness;" or, "Oh, sweet and susceptible soul, will you ever be so situated that common and harsh things cannot touch you? Will you ever have a strong right arm to replace the lost one? Ever be transported to a realm where only bright and loving and gentle things will surround you?"

These are actual samples of the expressions contained in the letters which this poor simple soul read over and over. And there were pages and pages of it! and oh, how she did cry every time she read them! And how she loved her niece-at least she thought she did-and how the money went to

It went in big checks, little checks, bills done up in thick paper, postal notes, money orders, and, indeed, in all sorts of ways. No other friend or cause met with such a free and full response, and all because the girl knew the weak point in her character, and lost no opportunity of catering to that weakness

And it is often the case that a few tears, a well-directed bit of flattery or a compliment will accomplish what the claims of right, justice or humanity could never reach.

Weak people need sympathetic flattery and a great amount of coddling, and want some one to be perpetually sorry for them and pity them.

Strong natures often crave sympathy, but pity is to them an insult. Sympathy must not be too outspoken or evident, but unobtrusive and as silent as possible. But untrained, weak, dependent people gather in groups and grieve and mourn over each other, or cry over each other's misfortunes, pains or afflictions; and in these many of them find their greatest consolation.-N. Y. Ledger.

JOE LAMON'S VOW.

How an Old Pioneer Revenged Himself on the Slayers of His Famly.

An old man, whose hair had been whitened with the snows of nearly eighty winters, died recently near San-ta Fe, N. M. The man was Joe Lamon, one of the early pioneers of Colorado, and who enjoyed the distinction of having killed the last Indian in the great Land creek battle, in southeastern Colorado, in 1864, when four hundred or five hundred Arapahoes and Apaches were killed by the Colorado troops. Many old-timers in the west

will recall Lamon. Just before the war he removed from Illinois and settled down in the Arkansas valley. He had a large family and sas valley. He had a large family and they took up several claims adjacent to the homestead. In those days but little attention was paid to farming, as cattle raising was then very profitable. When the band of Indians went on the warpath they terrorized the settlers along the Platte and Arkansas rivers

for months, and finally in the fall they

began their fiendish massacre.

They would sweep down on the set-tlements, murder all the inhabitants, whose scalps dangled at the belts of some of the reds when they left the scene of their butchery, after burning all their houses and barns. The horrible depredations were continued for months, and hundreds of whites were cruelly murdered. The savages managed to outwit the troops all through the year, and, as winter approached, they suddenly became very peaceable and started for Fort Lyons, intending to go into winter quarters near that

Their proffers for peace were made for no other purpose than to secure blankets and provisions from the fort. Before they reached their destination Col. Chivington, who was in command of the Colorado troops, learned of the whereabouts of the bloodthirsty gang. In twelve hours the First and Second regiments were in the saddle, and several hundred men, under a brave leader, all armed to the teeth, were soon on their way to the Arkansas valley to avenge the wholesale slaughter of the

Chivington knew every foot of the country where the depredations had been committed, and knew the course the Indians would follow on their march. In order to intercept them he took the troops across the divide and headed right for that section of country in which the town of Chivington is now located. The troops marched day and night, the settlers along the trail furnishing them with fresh horses and pro-

The wily redskins had learned by some means that they were being pursued, and kept se uts in the rear on the trail in order to warn them of the approach of the soldiers hoping to reach Fort Lyons before being overtaken, and once there they would make a treaty of peace. For once the red butchers were caught in their own trap. Col. Chivington made no attempt to follow the trail of the Indians but cut directly across the valley, and consequently while the scouts were keeping a sharp lookout the troops swept down to Land creek, where the Indians were camping.

The Indians were discovered just after night-fall on a clear winter evening, and preparations were at once made for the battle. The Indians went through their usual war dance, as they had murdered two families just a few days before, and the fresh scalps of their victims hung before the tepee of one of the chiefs. The wretches little dreamed that the troops were intently watching their performance, and before another sun arose they would all be sent to the happy hunting grounds. One of the families that had last been butchered was that of Joe Lamon, and he had joined the troops only the day before the battle, swearing he would never rest until the last Indian was dead. Lamon kept his word.

The Indians could not have selected more propitious spot for camping, so far as the soldiers were concerned. Their tepees were pitched in a basin in the bed of the creek, and on all sides of them were high banks. Just before' daylight the soldiers surrounded the camp and quietly waited. Just as dawn was breaking and the Indians began'to stir about, the critical moment had arrived. They had given no warning to the settlers and shown no mercy, and why should the soldiers give them the slightest advantage?

At a signal from Col. Chivington a hundred muskets belched forth a volley of leaden missiles right into the tepees of the Indians. The frightened savages who were not killed by the first fire endeavored to escape, but each succeeding volley mowed them down, and finally all were The rest is known. The braves, their squaws and children had been killed and the murder of the innocent whites in the Arkansas and Platte valleys had been avenged with a ven-

geance. Now comes the story of how old Joe Lamon kept his word. In searching through the tepees the soldiers found two young Indian girls who had miracuously escaped the fusilade. They were taken in charge by Col. Chivington, and that night he had them placed in atent adjoining his own, for fear that some of the enraged settlers would kill them and make the score fully even.

As an extra precaution he placed two of his most trusted men on guard in front of his tent. During the night the rear end of the tent where the two girls were sleeping was split open, and in the twinkling of an eye the girls were dead. A long, keen knife flashed in the air and all was over.

The following morning when Col. Chivington ordered the girls brought to his tent the horrible discovery was made that they were dead. Their heads had been severed from their bodies, just as Joe Lamon found his wife and daughter when he returned to his ruined home after the savages had killed five

members of his family. The old settler had kept his word; the last of the bloodthirsty band had been wiped out. He never returned to his former home, but soon joined a party who were emigrating to New Mexico. He settled down near Santa Fe, where he lived until his death.-National

Labor Tribune. -An Unfortunate Admission .- "Mr. Glanders," said that gentleman's wife, rather severely, "I want you to give that typewriter of yours the sack." "It is very thoughtful of you," replied Glanders, "but I gave her a sealskin two weeks ago." "What!" "0—er— that—is—yes, I'll discharge her to-mor-

-Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the British channel the subject of a purposed lecture. The subject, as stated by him, was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was published in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity."

-He Doubtless Got & Commission -Tambeau—Better buy your shoes at Crawmeyer's, Mr. Middleman. They take something off there." Middleman -"That so? What?" Tambeau-"Your old shoes."-Drake's Magazine

A CURIOUS COMBAT. Two Huge Elks Kill Each Other in a Hunt-

"I saw a curious combat the other day," said Col. Simpson, a well known hunter, recently to a friend. "Curious, as well as terrible and splendid. It was a battle to the death between two male elks, supurb creatures, with great herns and a desperate courage and vindictiveness which made me fancy there must have been a feud of long standing between them. It (the fight, I mean) took place out here in the Black Rock valley, through which the stream tributary to the White river flows. I had been following the trail of a small herdof elks when I reached a sudden turn of the little valley, where the sides narrowed down to scarcely fifty feet apart, and where I saw just ahead of me the game I had been trailing. It was a band of about six dozen and two bucks, one scarcely grown, and the other as fine a specimen as I ever had the good fortune to behold. Unconscious of my approach they had paused to crop the young grass, and were quietly feeding when the young buck, who happened to be slightly in advance, raised his head with a sudden snort of alarm. The others were alert in a moment, their heads thrown back and their delicate, sensitive nostrils quivering with scent. As yet I had heard nothing, seen nothing to

cause this excitement, but as the beautiful creatures before me stood snuffing the air, I felt the earth shake with the rush of hoofs, and the next moment another band of elks swept around the little herd. They numbered nearly twenty, and were led by a big buck. At the sight of the others, they stopped abruptly, and the two males, the one which had the smaller band, and the one which headed the advancing party, faced each other definatly. With heads erect and blazing eyes they advanced slightly with all the dignity of two rival monarchs, while the herds mingling drew to one side. To distinguish the antagonists, I'll call one Big Horn and the other Antlers. Big Horns bellowed forth a challenge that made the rocks ring-ever hear an elk bellow? Well, I never did before, but I can tell you he can do it, and it isn't to be laughed to scorn either, for it means desperate fighting. When Big Horns gave the challenge Antlers took it up with another quite as loud and augry, and then fairly tearing up the ground with their formidable heads, the two closed together. Talk of gladiatorial combats! I don't want to see anything grander than that fight. For the first second or two you could not have said which was which, so closely had they mingled; then came lunge after lunge forward with the terrible horns, which drew blood every time, wheel and counter wheel, round and round till they seem like whirling demons, and they grew bewildered. At intervals, by mutual consent it appeared, both drew back several paces, paused for a brief second to breathe, and then would come the rush forward and the locking of horns.

"Blood began to flow freely, and I could see that the wounds of both were many and cruel, but still the maddened, determined beasts fought on, neither making the slightest movement toward flight. Once Antlers, fell. upon his knees after a sudden blow from his antagonist, but as Big Horns rushed upon him he dealt him a terrible thrust right in the breast, piercing also the belly with one long prong. The other reeled with the blood bursting in a red, thick jet from the wound, but started once more for Antlers, who was trying to regain his footing. Before reaching him, however, he staggered blindly to one side and the next instant fell over dead, almost under the other. Antlers struggles to get up proving unavailing, began to suspect that he was worse wounded than I had imagined, but he struck again and again at his foe's prostrate body, as if in wanton desecration of it. He was evidently growing weaker, though, and the blood continuing to pour from his side, which had been badly ripped open for nearly a foot, he finally lay perfectly quiet, gasping for breath and rolling his magnificent eyes in agony and entreaty at the rest of the herd, which seemed huddled together in frozen terror at this death struggle of the chiefs of the clans. But somehow I could not bear the sight of this poor creature's sufferings, and saying to myself that his gallant fight deserved a soldier's death, I raised my gun and fired. The elk raised his head for one brief moment, and I began to fear I had only wounded him further.

when he dropped it with a heavy thud and a long shiver that shook his entire body told me he was dead. The rest of the herd, bewildered by the scene and unexpected shot, started into life, broke up the valley toward where I stood, and, without even an indication that they saw me, swept past me, disappearing in less time almost than it takes to tell it. I really believe, such was their fright, that they would have gone straight over me had I not stepped aside, and I actually let them go without firing a shot, so amazed was I at that dash. I examined the dead gladiators well, and found that I could not lay a finger on either breast or forequarters without touching some wound. so mangled and torn were the carcasses. I would have liked to secure the horns as mementoes of the fight, but the antiers of both were badly broken in several places, but I don't know that I need any such keepsakes, for I can never forget the scene as long

as I live."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Journalistic Item. A young man of ability, but not of much means, was talking about start-

ing a new paper, and was telling a friend about it. "You can borrow fifty dollars and start a new paper," said the friend en-

eouragingly,
"You darned fool!" replied the wouldbe journalist; "if I could borrow fifty dollars what would I want to start a paper for? I want to start a paper so.I can borrow fifty dollars."-Texas Sift-

-Some of the bicycle girls are anxious to know why they shouldn't be counted in as "daughters of the revolu-tion."—Washington Post.

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All work entrusted to his care will be done in a workmanlike

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THE IRON PORT

The Iron Port Company.

J. C. VAN DUZER, . . EDITOR LEW. A. CATES. . . . MANAGER.

Col. A. K. McClure, when he attempted to "walk on" John G. Nicolay, in the matter of the attitude of President Linoln toward Mr. Hamlin, waked up the wrong passenger. Ma Nicolay comes back at him with an open letter in which he shows not only that McClure is wrong in the matter at issue, but that McClure's own fidelity to the president was questioned, and that in the convention Mc-Clure played a small part, so small as to be insignificant. He closes the letter with this paragraph:

"Dare you venture the assertion that Lincoln was deceiving Cameron, deceiving Cook, carrying on a secret intrigue against Hamlin and another secret intrigue against Holt, and that on top of the whole he was writing a deliberate lie to us? . That may be your conception of Abraham Lincoln, but it is not mine. That may be your system of politics, but it was not his.

Again the city has run out of funds. Money has been squandered by the gang in cutting out swamps and doing other useless work, and paying high salaries to cheap officials until there is nothing left in the cash box. The city attorney, clerk and the gang have to be cared for, and now an attempt will be made to float some more bonds-\$2,000 worth. It is doubtful whether the smooth talking clique now in possession of the city's affairs will succeed in finding anyone so foolish as to take a Gladstone bond issued for such purpose, but as "there is a sucker born every minute" they may be successful. The tax-payers of the city are long suffering and the gang knows it but there must be an end to the criminal squandering of the people's money. When that time is to come is for the tax payers to decide.-Delta.

If we read the Iron Port understandingly, there was a leaven of politics in the Fourth of July celebration (or attempt at celebration) in Escanaba. A compunity is in a serious way when its component parts cannot forget their political and religious differences on the Fourth of July, and unite in heartily and loyally honoring the anniversary of the nation's birthday -- Mining Journal.

Wrong: There was no politics in it or it would have been better handled. There was stupidity and a suspicion of boodle: that's all; there was thunder in the index and weakness in the performance; there was great promise and no attempt to keep the promise. The Iron Port voiced the disgust of democrats as well as republicans; of people of every shade of religious belief and unbelief.

Prohibitionists are queer ducks, anyhow. In Massachusetts they have got hold of the proper idea-that drunkenness, not the selling of liquor-is a crime. and have passed a law punishing it. So far they were on the right track but they were not clear of their old idea, that the drunkard must be petted, so they allow one arrested to make oath that he has not been twice previously arrested for drunkenness during the year, and go free; the third arrest sending him to quod-no getting off by paying fine. So, in the Bay state it is only a crime to be the third time arrested-drunkenness is no crime as long as one can keep out of arrest; is no crime if arrested but twice in the year, but "three times is out" of society and into the pen.

"With Sherman dead who will be the living idol at the "Silver Encampment?" asks the Free Press. There won't be any. The men who carried the muskets in 1861-4 had no "idols" nor have the survivors any now. They "sized up" the various commanders very closely and valued them at their true worth, but Cullom, they worshipped no one. If Gen. W. S. Rosecrans shall be present at Detroit the western men, who fought under his command in West Virginia, in west and middle Tennessee and Georgia; who remember Iuka, and Corinth, and Stone River, and Chickamauga, will be very apt to give him the place of honor.

The makers of tin plate in Wales have shut their doors and sent a committee of their number to America to see how the land lies here. The London Times says:

"Should the delegates report favorably upon the prospects for tin-plate workers in the United States, it is not unlikely that there will be so large an exodus to America as to lead to a great portion of the trade hitherto monopolized by Wales being transferred to America."

Say it now: "Owing to the McKinley bill."

We have no quarrel with the "contract labor law;" it is intended to protect American labor against foreign labor imported under contract-to prevent "peonage"-and the intent is laudable; but when applied as it was the other day in Chicago, to send home the two Japs who were brought over with their "jinrikishas," it is wrested from its true purpose and made a laughing stock.

"There is a belief prevalent in India that if a man be sleeping, no matter where, and a Shesh Nag come and sit beside him, with a hood spread over the sleeper's face, the latter is sure to be a

Now we understand about the first ward supervisor-it's a case of "Shesh

Fred H. Bathey, who represented the log-like most ludicrous thing of the season.

The most ludicrous thing of the season.

islature—a democrat—is accused by his democratic constituents, speaking by the mouth of Mayor Langell—democrat—of St. Clair City, of betraying them; of working in secret for the defeat of a bill in which they were interested and which he made them believe he would support. They caught him at it, and now they call him everything except an honest man; say he's a "dead match" to Fridlender (all but the squaw), and that he could not be elected pathmaster, now. They don't say he was boodled, but the inference is fair from what they do say.

To-day the Gazette enters on its 83d year. It was established in July, 1859, by J. R. Devercaux as editor and proprietor, in whose hands it continued with an interval of 10 years, until Nov. 12, 1885, when it went into the hands of Mr. F. C. Whittier, who retained it two years. The present editor assumed charge in 1887 and the proprietorship in 1890,-Gazette, Houghton.

Ably handled it has been always, but never more so than by its present proprietor and editor, Brainard T. Judkins; and that it it may prosper for another third of a century under his control, and yield to him a recompense equal to his merit the Iron Port earnestly hopes. If it does, his children (if he has any) will be provided for.

Once in a great while a democrat tells the truth. Watterson, of Kentucky, in an address to the students of the university of Virginia last week, said:

"Our country is not getting worse; it s getting better, and we are masters of the greatest country on the globe. We have the most perfect system of government. We have nothing from without to fear, and within we have but two great dangers-the taste for money and the devil of party spirit."

As to the latter danger, he and his like are chiefly responsible. His "party spirit" leads him to resurrect, as a presidential possibility that irreconcilable bourbon and musty political cadaver, Wm. R

The conservative Dublin Express says that the English will learn from Carlow that "the Irish tenant farmer, when not actuated by insane land hunger, is a puppet in the hands of Roman Catholic priests and as unfit to be an elector as if he were an infant or a lunatic."

The Freeman's Journal says that there is now no more chance of getting home rule for Ireland than there is of getting the moon. "The electors," the Journal adds, "have abandoned their indepen dence for the British party yoke."

"Whoever," says the Times, becomes the nominal leader of the Irish party will be merely the puppet of the Irish hierarchy.

The visit of the Kaiser to England and his reception there is accepted by Russia and France as a practical adherence by England to the "dreibund" and those powers now plan a movement to touch John Bull'spocket. Their project is nothing less than the occupation of Constantinople by Russia, and the erection of a Turkish empire embracing Asia Minor, Arabia and Egypt, to be sustained by Russia and France against England. Such an empire, so backed, and holding the Isthmus of Suez and both coasts of the Red sea, would cut the British em-

The congressional party now visiting Lake Superior consists of Senators Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, F. B. Stockbridge of Michigan, and Representatives Thomas J. Henderson of Illinois, chairman of the river and harbor committee; Charles B. Clark of Wisconsin, Charles G. Townsend of Pennsylvania, Newton C. Blanchard of Louisiana, Charles H. Gibson of Maryland, Charles P. Wickham of Ohio, John Lind of Minnesota, S. M. Stephenson, of Michigan. and Woodbury Pulsifer and M. H. Blumenberg, who represent, respectively, Senators Frye and

Ishpeming and Negaunee will have that electric street railway, now. They've got through fooling with outside parties and each city has conferred a franchise upon Sam. Mitchell, Fred Braastad, Alex. Maitland and John Jones, and those four names are enough-the road will be built and worked.

Charles D. Lawton never wrote of iron ore carrying "twenty-five per cent. and upwards in phosphorus" but the state printers make it so in his report. Such an ore, did it exist, would not only contain "lime enough to flux it" but phos. enough to smelt it.

"Hod" Taylor thinks Mr. Blaine may be the next president, or Mr. Harrison, but he knows that his North Carolina gold mine is in bonanza. A quartz' that is worth \$100 a pound is good enough for him.

The dry weather has caused such a shrinkage of the streams of Keweenaw point that the Allouez mine and stamp mill, which were dependent on them for power, have suspended work, throwing 200 men out of employ

The democratic paper at Crystal Falls has at last fallen into hands that may make something of it. H. F. Anderson, a printer and a sober, energetic young man, has bought and will conduct it.

The fatal accident at Marinette on the fourth was of the same kind as the one that occurred here-the irregular discharge of a "flight of rockets."

There's a hint that the Kaiser contemplates a visit to the U.S. Do him good: hope he'll come.

is the suggestion, by the "farmer" chaps who are kicking about monopolies, trusts, etc., that the wheat growers refuse to put their crop upon the market at market rates, but hold it and starve the millions who depend upon them for bread until they will pay two prices for the crop. That the "combine" is utterly impracticable does not detract from the impudence of the jaw-farmers who make the suggestion.

Fire at South Lake Linden, on the 9th, destroyed Robert's store and warehouse and Frank Guibord's residence, and gutted Conway's and Relstone's. Loss \$40, 000, nearly covered by insurance.

The New York public is not satisfied with the law as to executions; principally because of its provisions as to secrecy, and it will probably be modified at the next session of the legislature.

SHE TOOK IT ALL DOWN. Experience of a Disgusted Individual Who

Married His Typewriter. He was in the midst of a dissertation on the woes of man and the indifference and thoughtlessness of woman when he noticed that his wife was using

a pencil industriously.
"Mary!" he exclaimed, "what are you

"Shorthanding your remarks, John," she said, quietly. Then, as he glared at her, she continued:

"You talk a great deal about being consistent, John, and say you never find fault except under the greatest provocation. I should like to read you a few extracts from my notebook. This is a verbatim report of a brief conversation that took place night before last: "'Mary, where in thunder are my

"Just where you left them, my

"'Where I left 'em, eh? Well, you're a fine wife. Too busy running around millinery shops to put 'em by my easy chair, where I can reach 'em, I suppose. Where did I leave 'em? Come, trot 'em out, and be quick about it. The idea of making me go chasing all over this measly house after slippers when I'm all tired out. Don't you care anything for me at all?"

"And this, John, I took down last night:

"'What's the matter, John?" "'Matter! Matter, Mrs. Blinkins! Some inspired idiot has put my slippers right in the middle of the floor for me to stumble over. Started to look for 'em and pretty nearly fell on the top of my head. Some people haven't got sense enough to last a canary bird over night.'

"'Why, John, you said-" "'O, of course. I said to put 'em right where I could step on 'em and roll over and break my neck. That's just like me, but if you'll just leave 'em in the same place every night I'll get 'em without crippling myself for life.'

"To-night, John, you started in like

"'Mary, I suppose you've put those slippers of mine in the cellar, or under the kitchen range, or somewhere. You can find more blamed fool hiding places for 'em than any one I know. Here I've been hunting for 'em for fifteen minutes. You couldn't find 'em with a search warrant. If you've got brains enough to grasp one single solitary idea I wish you'd-

"And then, John, you noticed I was taking notes and stopped. If you will go on-

But John slammed the evening paper into a corner, kicked over a chair, and exclaimed in disgust: "Well, that's the last time I'll marry

my typewriter." And now he's trying to explain his last remark .- Chicago Tribune.

How to Remove Blackheads. If the girl with the disfiguring blackheads in her face would steam her face once a week over boiling hot water. and extract the blackheads in the usual way, bathing the face afterward with tepid water softened with milk or made healing with glycerine to prevent inflammation, she would lessen the number of these objectionable little blemishes. Every night after bathing the face with warm water and pure soap, and every morning after the morning ablution, and after carefully drying it with a soft towel or silk handkerchief, the flesh should be carefully but thoroughly rubbed with the finger tipsnothing else is delicate enough in texture. The friction causes circulation of the blood as well as elasticity of the skin, both enemies to the blackhead squatter.-N. Y. Sun.

Gausy Fabrics in Millinery. Shirred hats and bonnets of tulle and other gauzy fabrics are constantly gaining in favor. Even the sturdy matter-of-fact little sailor hats are being made of point d'esprit net in black, white, gray and tan color. These hats have the first row of gold wire placed so near the edge of the brim as to leave no ruffle, such as is always seen on the edge of garden party hats; thus they preserve the stiff and straight appear ance of the brim of the regulation sailor hat. A very pretty model of this sort is of delicate cream white silk net figured in small white dots, shirred on gold wire. About the very low square crown is a roll of green velvet ribbon and at the back are high standing willow sprays, heliotrope blossoms and many loops of green velvet ribbon --Chicago Post

-At the Lincoln race-meeting, not long ago, an extremely boisterous book-maker addressed Lord Randolph Churchill as follows: "Pleased to see you again, my lord; my name is Hop-kins, but I bet you don't remember me." "You've won your bet," replied his lordship, as he walked away in the opposite direction.

-Getting Around It-Dashaway-"While I was tying my Ascot tie the other evening who should come in but Travers and wanted to borrow \$5."
Clevertov—"Did you give it to him?"
Dashaway—"Well, not exactly. I told him to wait until I got through."-

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL

—It is reported of Mr. Spurgeon that while preaching in a large hall the air became oppressive, and stopping in the midst of his sermon he said: "If those persons sitting near the windows will take their canes and umbrellas and knock out sufficient glass to let in some fresh eir I will pay all the damages as soon as I am done preaching."

-Emperor William has offended the aoble army of deadheads. He has given orders that no person shall be per-mitted to ride free on the government railways unless actual y engaged in the service of the government, and that officials allowing any violation of that rule shall be dismissed. This order af-fects a great many of the nobility who have been getting free ri.les.

-Chinese Minister Tsui said to Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., upon being introduced to him: "You are the son of the great Gallant and your place is in China, where the government would do everything for you, because they loved your father." The Chinese word for the name Grant, it seems, is one that is pronounced "Gallant," which is singularly appropriate in this instance.

-Dr. Livingstone's faithful black servant, Susi, died recently in Zanzibar. With a companion he carried the famous explorer's body 1,500 miles, from the interior of Africa to the coast, suffering many privations and risking dangers in hostile territory, in order that he might save his master from an unknown grave. Pa liament thanked Susi for his performance, and even the queen took notice of his courage and fidelity.

-The great falling off in the consumption of chewing tobacco is mainly owing to the growth of refinement in cities, and therefore it is the tin-foil and fine-cut trade that has suffered most. In the country at large the amount of chewing tobacco consumed is still enormous, but countrymen are fondest of plug tobacco, either sweet plug or the dry kind that can be used both to chew and to smoke in pipes.

-Bouquets are very original this year in London society, but are not more admirable on that account. Triangular and pointed ferns are concealed under a heavy mass of flowers and are more potent as weapons than as additional charms. A bouquet worn at court by Lady Caledon recently to match her gown was of exquisite pink roses with their own foliage, tipped with brown and tied with pale pink and silver ribbons.

-Savs a florist: "Were I restricted in my gardening operations to the use of four species of plants, then, without hesitation, I should choose hardy roses, lilies, rhododendrons and clematis. Lilies I should give a second place in importance, roses the first; but if I consider results in proportion to labor and expense, then lilies should have the first place. And in every garden these four plants should predominate and should be relied upon for grand ef-

-Rosa Bonheur, writes S. C. Hall, don. Among the guests was a Chinese of high rank, who volunteered to entertain the company with a song. It was so excessively odd that there was no restraining a burst of laughter. After a vain attempt to stop herself by thrusting her handkerchief into her mouth, Mlle. Bonheur led off. The Chinese gentleman did not seem at all put out, but informed us through his interpreter that what we laughed at was of a tragic nature, which, had we understood it, would have moved us all to

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-An "ad." lately appeared in a Con-necticut paper headed; "Iron bedsteads and bedding." Quite likely the linen was of sheet iron.-Drake's Magazine. -Rubbing It In.-Clerk (assigning rooms to party just off the Etruria, af-

ter a very rough passage)-"Front! Show these gentlemen up to C., 6."-Puck. -A Plausible Explanation.-Miss

Calumet (from Chicago)-"Why is it that you New York men always crease your trousers?" Cleverton-"They offer less resistance to the wind, and we can get around faster."-Clothier and Furnisher. -"Why, Fido, Fido," called the

young lady of an uncertain youth to her pug, who was growling at an acquaintance who had just accosted her, "to think that you would bark at Mr. Greneum, who is rich. young and unmarried."-Philadelphia Times.

-Mr. Noo Makes a Mistake.-"You have a brother, I believe, Miss Harkins?" remarked the new admirer. "Yes. Why?" "I have brought him a box of gum drops." "Better keep them and offer him a box of cigars, Mr. Noo. Hf is over forty years old."-N. Y. Sun. -Young Lady (out yachting)-"What

is the matter, Capt. Quarterdeck?" Captain—"The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder." Young Lady-"I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water anyhow, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it."-Exchange.

-Made Some Difference .- "Yes," she murmured, "I loved him. He was not worthy of me, but I feit I could not give him up, so my parents took me across the ocean." "Did that make any difference in your feelings?" "Yes, the second day out I felt as if I could give up everything." And she changed the subject.—N. Y. Recorder.

-Their Own Idea - Dashaway-"Well, old man, I see you are back from your western tour. What part did you take?" Billboard-"The heavy villain. You see this ring around my neck? That shows what part I took in a hanging scene." Dashaway-"Heavens! who suggested such a realistic thing?" Billboard (sadiy)-"The audience."-N. Y.

-Husband and wife, recently married, have a spat, during which he tells her to go to the devil. After a five hours' absence the wife returns, pouting, but seemingly willing to "make up." "Where have you been?" he asks. "To my mother's." (Two tears chase each other down the wife's nose.) "My dear, you take things too literally. You know I didn't mean it "-N. Y. H raid.

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ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS

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BABY CARRIAGES

A big Stock of Various Makes and Styles, going at the Lowest Bed Rock Prices in order to close. See them.

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IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE US.

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CAPACITY --- 10,000 .. PIECES .. PER .. DAY.

The Latest and Most Improved Machinery for Washing, Drying, Starching, Ironing and Polishing.

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Largest, Choicest and most Complete stock of Groceries in the city, consisting of Choice Teas, Coffees, Pure Spices, Burnetts' Flavoring Extracts-full line, Cocoas, Chocolates, and a complete line of Bottled and Canned Goods. Fruits, Vegetables and Provisions. Finest line of Domestic and Key West cigars. Tobaccos, wholesale and Retail. Mail orders given prompt attention.

A. H. ROLPH.

509 LUDINGTON STREET.

MANY MINOR MATTERS IN A NUT SHELL.

The Iron Port News Gleaners Find rable Number of Interesting Local News Items In Their Wanderings.

Mrs. H. M. Noble took passage on the Steam barge Britton Friday night to visit her mother and relatives in Cleve-

Royce & Waite are, since the middle of last week, in their own house, next door east of Harris & Meuer's stable. The superintendents of the poor take the room in the courthouse which R. & W. vacated and Sheriff McCarthy has his office to himself, and none too much room

Clarence Holt gave our folks a surprise -a bit of genuine histrionic ability, in standard drama. We don't often get it.

The Clarence Holt Co., good as it was (and it was a good company) went away "broke." The "legitimate drama" does not get the crowd in our city or vicinity and its representatives, missing the popular taste, miss the dollar mark, too.

Rain, a thunder shower, Friday night. Not nearly enough to put the fires out and save the potatoes, but enough to be thankful for and to give hope of more.

Merriam post, No. 8, G. A. R., of Meriden, Conn., will visit visit Grand Rapids August 7. Fred will have to be there, no matter at what cost. The post was named for his father.

The paving contractors, Wells & Son. completed their contract with three days to spare. They say they have made nothing on the job.

Water lilies are "in" now and lucky is the lass who has a friend where they

One Lemke, whose place was a mile or so from Fayette, was cleaned out by a forest fire on Friday last. It took every-

Barn belonging to Rivers, at Cook's station on the Soo road, struck by lightning on Friday last, fired, and consumed. Ed. and Ole Erickson are trustees of a

fund for the relief of the farmers of Bay de Noc township who have been cleaned out by the woods fires. The object is a worthy one and they are well qualified to apply the fund so that it shall do the most good; chip in, everybody.

It was cool, here, on the nights of the 6th and 7th, but on the high land west there were heavy frosts and potato patches and gardens suffered.

Mr. Nursey "slings the vernacular." In his prospectus for his book on the Menominee range he says it "may righteously be regarded as the richest region of ferrilerous deposit in the known world." What can he say when he tackles the Gogebic?

Those boys who are trying to introduce baccarat may as well give it up; "two calls five" lays over "the prince's game," easy.

Twilight Club meets at its hall this evening.

Marriage license is issued for Vital Belanger of Ford River and Georgiana Rouille of Bark River.

John Sherman to the Farmers.

When John Sherman speaks or writes concerning matters of finance there is something worth hearing or reading offered to those whom he addresses. A letter dated July 1, contains the following sound sense, and is good reading not only for the Ohio farmers to whom it was ad-

dressed, but for every one: "I can appreciate the earnest demand of the producers of silver bullion that the United States should pay \$1.20 an ounce for silver bullion, which in the markets of the world has been for a series of years worth only about \$1 an ounce. sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. But I cannot appreciate why any farmer or other producer should desire that the government should pay for any article more than its market value. It would be much better that the government should pay \$1 a bushel for wheat when it is worth less, but no sensible farmer would desire the government to embark in such an enterprise. The government should purchase the articles it needs like all other purchasers, at the market price. The distinction sought to be made in favor of silver is without foundation. The government now buys in the open market more than the domestic production of silver bullion because it needs it for coinage, and as the basis of treasury notes. I gladly contributed my full share to this measure and would do anything in my power to advance the market valne of silver to its legal ratio to gold. But this can only be done in concert with other commercial nations. The attempt to do it by the United States alone would only demonstrate our weakness. To the extent that the enormous demand made by the existing law advances the price of silver, the producers derive the benefit, and today the production of silver is probably the most profitable in the United States. To ask more seems to unreasonable and if yielded to will bring all our money to the single silver standard alone demonetize gold and detach the United States from the standing of the great commercial nations of the world.

The unreasonable demand for the free coinage of silver has nothing to do with the reasonable demand for the increase of the volume of money required by the increase of business and population of of the United States. We have provided by existing law for the increase of business and population, but even if more money is required, there are many ways of providing it without cheapening the of providing it without cheapening the purchasing power of our money or mak- teacher, you know.—Good News.

ing a wide difference between the kind of money in circulation based on silver and gold. More than 92 per cent of all payments are now made in checks, drafts and other commercial devices. All kinds of circulating notes are now equal to each other and are kept at gold standard by redemption and exchange. Our money and our credit is now equal to or better than those of the most civilized nations of the world. Our productions of every kind are increasing, and it seems to me almost a wild lunacy for us to disturb this happy condition by changing the standard of all contracts. inducing special contracts payable in gold and again paying gold to the capitalists, and silver at an exaggerated price, to the farmer, laborer and pensioner. I would not be true to my conviction of what is best for the good of my constituents if I did not frankly and firmly stand by my convictions, whatever may be the effect upon me personally. My greatest obligations have been to the farmers of Ohio, and I would be unworthy of their trust and confidence if I did not beseech them to stand by the financial policy which will secure them the best results for their labor and productions and the comfort and prosperity of all classes alike.

JOHN SHERMAN." JOHN W. BOOKWALTER'S IDEA.

He Intends to Have Farmers Live in Commu

John W. Bookwalter owns 60,000 acres of land in Nebraska. He proposes to work a revolution among the farmers

"Up to the time I was 23 years of age," said he, "I spent all my days on a farm. Although I had been born to it and never knew anything else, still the dreariness of farm life was something awful to me. I couldn't bolt from my father's home and go to a big city, because I didn't know where to go or what to do. The whole secret of a farmer's discontent and drudgery is the isolation-the living apart from all the rest of the world and civilization itself. The most intelligent, clearbrained class on earth is the American farmer. If he has a little library of 25 books he will read and re-read them time and again till he can almost repeat them line by line.

"Now, my idea is to collect them together in a small area, not in villages, but in little groups, so to speak. Let the houses be arranged regardless of streets or sidewalks, just so they are near each other. Then have the farms all about, encircling the homes; They need not be more than one-third of a mile distant, but don't have the farm land and the homestead together. I propose to do this in Pawnee county, Neb. I have already started the idea, and a little settletlement hardly as large as the smallest village, has been named for me. I am going to build a town hall and establish a free circulating library This scheme is in vogue among the farmers of France, Spain, Italy and Switzerland, and is a great success. I have talked with the rustics of each of these countries and told them of the American farmer's way of living, and they held up their hands in horror at such a thought."

Mr. Bookwalter will also build homes in this little settlement for every farmer who will agree to his scheme and promise to work for its advancement. The rent of the house will be a merely nominal sum, one that the poorest farmer can pay, and if at the end of a certain num-ber of years he has occupied it and im-proved his opportunities he can buy the home at a small price. Mr. Bookwalter proposes to spend between \$75,000 and \$100,000 on his project, as it is already an assured success

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL. My lord rides through his palace gate, My lady sweeps along in state, The eage thinks long on many a thing, And the malden muses on marrying; The minetrel harpeth merrily, The eailor ploughs the foaming sea, The huntsman kills the good red deer. And the soldier wars without a fear. But falls to each whate'er befall,

The farmer he must feed them all. Smith hammereth cheerily the sword, Priest preacheth pure and holy word, Dame Alice worketh broidery well, Clerk Richard tales of love can tell, The tap-wife sells her foaming beer, Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere, And Courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,

While pages bring the Gascon, wine . But fall to each whate'er befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high, What ever river runneth by, Great cities rise in every land, Great churches show the builder's hand, Fair palaces and pleasing bowers, Strong castles with their many Towers: Great work is done be't here and there, And well man worketh every where; But work or rest what'er befall,

The farmer he must keep them all. CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Tes and Digestion. Experiments which have been recently made with tea show that it distinctly hinders the digestion of albuminoids; in other words, it interferes with stomach digestion. It is doubtless on this account that tea is so frequently a cause of sick headache, nervous headache, and other nervous symptoms which depend directly upon some disorder of the stomach. The writer has cured many cases of chronic nervous headache and sick headache by simply insisting that the patient di-continue the use of tea or coffee. -Good Health.

Proof of Acquaintanceshin. Office Boy-Stranger at says he's a newspaper man. you, and wants to borrow some money

Great Editor-Pretty story! Some fraud, of course. How much does he want to borrow?

"Ten cents." "Oh! He does know me, I guess. Give him this dime.".—Good News.
No Progress.
Prof. Von Tone—You haf make no

progress in musick. Your leetle neighpor she play from Liezt at zee concert last evening. You can play nodding

THE TALE OF A COPPER CENT. An Affecting incident of Life in the Great City of Chicago.

There are restaurants in Chicago conducted on the London coffee house plan where each article is priced separately in odd figures on the bill of fare. For example, a man orders a dinner as follows: Soup, 5 cents; roast beef, 15 cents; potatoes, 3 cents; coffee, 3 cents; bread. 1 cent; butter, 1 cent, and he pays the cashier 28 cents.

I was lunching in one of those places one day, three years ago, said a well known clubman, when a man came in and, seating himself opposite me at the same table, ordered a plate of graham bread, which was listed on the bill of fare at one cent.

He was a tall man of about thirtyfive years of age, intelligent-looking and wore fairly good clothes, but had a hungry, tired, despondent-look in his

big gray eyes.

I naturally thought it strange that a man in his apparent condition should be reduced to a one-cent meal, and I hesitated before risking insulting him by offering to pay for a better meal,

but my interests were aroused. The waiter brought the bread, and the man laid down one of those large old fashioned coppers to pay for it.

"You will pay at the cashier's desk," said the waiter, as with a perceptible sneer, he gave the man a one cent check and moved away.

On the instant I conceived a plan to give the man a proper meal. "Do you know those old coppers are worth a premium?" I asked. "Allow

me to look at it?" He passed the coin over to me. "Eighteen hundred and fifty-two," said I, reading the date. "That is

worth a quarter. I will give you that amount for it?" His eyes g'eamed with a thankfulness that he could not express. After ordering a dinner, which he sadly need-

"I never thought to spend that copper, and I wish you would keep it for me and allow me to redeem it when I am in better circumstances.

"In 1860 it belonged to a baby girl who was my playmate," he continued. "She wore it as a charm about her neck. In 1880 she became my wife."

He stopped for a moment to brush away the tears that were gathering in

"Two years later the old copper coin was hung about the neck of baby Nell, but death soon claimed her, and after ward the coin became the plaything of May and Flossie, who had come to take the place in our hearts that sweet Nellie had held for two short years. Two years ago I lost them all. The fever destroyed my little family and left me alone with that old copper coin, and the sacred memories that it calls up."

He continued: "I had been in business, but my misfortune, which caused despondency, unfitted me for its management, and there came a financial crash. I worked then for others, and became a mere laboring machine, earning barely enough to provide the necessaries of life, and three months ago I found myself out of employment and almost out of money.

"Since then I have tramped the streets of this big city. from morning until night, and answered a thousand advertisements but luck has been against me and save for a few short jobs I have found no means of earning

"Three days ago my last dollar was exhausted, and nothing short of absolute starvation staring me in the face could have induced me to part with that old copper cent."

I returned him the copper coin and a dollar with it, and by a few sympathetic words inspired him to new efforts. A week later he returned both the dollar and the quarter. He had secured a position to which he was well adapted. From that moment good luck traveled with him and from that moment he prospered.

The other day I sat at a table at Kinsley's looking over an evening paper while waiting for my dinner. As I glanced up from the paper my eyes met face opposite me that looked familiar. For a moment I failed to recognize him, but he reached over quickly and grasped my hand. It was the man whom I had befriended three years before.

The expression of those sad gray eyes had changed to a look of satisfied contentment. Time and industry had wrought a mighty change. The erstwhile pauper had developed into a solid business man, and to-day he owns a good chunk of stock in one of the leading business houses of Chicago.-Chicago Journal

MORAL BACKBONE.

A Necessary Adjunct to a Successful Course in Life.

Without a stiff moral backbone a sound condition of the mental organization is impossible. Yet this essential element of mental stability is rather rare. Weakness of the moral spine is in fact much more common than disease of the material vertebre. It is a sad disability and works an infinity of mischief. Those who are afflicted by it not only wrong themselves through its influence, but also inflict serious evils upon society. They lend money which in some cases they can ill spare, to persons whom it does not benefit; become security for people they do not know, and are mulcted in the amount of the guarantee; recommend as worthy of confidence of others men in whom they have no confidence themselves, and are dishonored by the conduct of their proteges; bestow places on individuals they do not esteem; live in a manner which neither their conscience nor their taste approves, and all this because they have not strength enough in their moral spines to bear up against the pressure of importunity and temptation.

Where there is a natural tendency to this kind of weakness it should be checked in early life, for it rapidly grows worse by indulgence. "He has had an ill education," said the elder Brutus, "who has not been taught to deny." A peremptory negative at the right time has saved many multitudes from perdition. A weak assent at the wrong time has been the ruin of millions.—N. Y. News Nuggets

Mr. J. W. Patterson is in the city in the interest of the Banker Mercantile Agency of Chicago. The Agency is looked upon with favor by business men as it comes recommended by the best business men of the country and should receive a generous support from men in all classes of

If you want fruits for canning purposes do not fail to call at Atkins & Co's.

Persons who contemplate building should call on A. H. Butts for figures on lumber, brick, lime, building paper, cement, or in fact anything in the line of building material.

Fresh vegetables at Atkins & Co's. If you want anything in the grocery line you will find that at Peterson's you can buy more for a dollar cash than elsewhere in town.

Vegetables fresh every day at Atkins

For brick, lime, plaster, cement, building paper, etc., see Butts; office near C.& N. W. passenger depot.

For groceries, crockery, glassware, etc., go to Atkins & Co's.

Those who want building paper will do well to see Butts.

Complete new line of crockery at Peterson's hill grocery. Cherries by the bushel at Atkins & Co's. For fresh and crisp groceries go to

Peterson's. Fruits of all kinds at Atkins & Co's. Groceries at Peterson's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

One Cent a Word

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sors of the capital were genad prefessors of the capital, monopolined to a great extent all the learn ssions with the exception of the Some of these Greeks were of servile extraction; others had come over to Rome for the sake of profit and fame. Some were even actually alaves, whose fees and payments belonged de jure to their master, though they were often allowed to retain part of them as peculium. This, to some extent, lowered the estimation of the learned prossions, and deterred citizens of good families from entering them-one of the unhappy consequences of slavery. The bar was, as we have said, the chief exception. The profession of advocate was one of the chief roads to success open to the aspiring young Roman. His education had been largely directed to the art of rhetoric, and the fame of the orator was the most common object of ambition in his class. As a rule, he did not trouble himself much with the intricacies of the law, but gave his whole attention to public speaking. It often, happened that an advocate had no special knowledge of the legal question at issue, but trusted entirely to his elo-quence to win him his case. We shall be less surprised at this when we remember the great latitude allowed to pleaders in ancient times, and the prominence in all the extant speeches of invective and declamation as compared with legal argument and evidence. It was customary, however, for the orator to retain the services of a pragmaticus-a lawyer of lower grade in estimation-who was prepared to give advice on legal questions.

The best days of Roman oratory were

passed when Augustus made himself master of the empire. Rome never produced a second Cicero, or even a second Hortensius. This falling off was partly due to the loss of liberty that attended the end of the republic, but partly, also, to the increased difficulty with which a poor and unknown man could make his way to the front. Juvenal declares indignantly that in his day even Cicero would not earn ten dollars at the bar un ess he wore a large and conspicuous gold ring. The man who wishes to succeed, he says, must be seen in the streets, borne in a litter by a number of young Medes, making purchases of plate and "murra" vases and beautiful slaves; he must wear a brilliant robe of purple, and live in a splendid house with an equestrian statue of himself in the vestibule. Such a man may demand the highest price allowed by law for his pleading; but eloquence is rarely found, he says, with a threadbare cost. While an Æmilius, with his noble name and his wealth, can ask ten thousand sesterces for a single pleading, the poor and obscure orator can only get one aureus for four, and even that is reduced by the attorney's fees. A jockey at the circus could make more than a hundred pleaders. We can hardly be surprised if some of these ill-paid ers were led to take up ques tionable cases and to endeavor to make a name by quackery. It does not appear that the first ever gaused much scruple to a Roman lawyer, nor should we condemn, in the circumstances, the deception of wearing a hired ring to give the appearance of wealth, nor the custom of employing claqueurs to applaud thh good points of a speech. If success as a pleader was once achieved the orator's prospects were very brilliant. Some of the most prominent "new men," both in our century and that which preceded it, owed their elevation to this cause. The name of the famous advocate was on every one's lips; his house was besieged by friends and clients, and he might make a large fortune by his practice.

In fact, the legal profession was generally looked upon as a lucrative one. Martial was advised by a friend to plead instead of writing poetry, in order to make his fortune. The poet gives the same advice to Valerius Flaccus. These statements are not all incompatible with the lugubrious account of Juvenal. The successful pleaders were few, the "briefless barristers" were many. For these last it might be the best chance to follow the poet's advice, and, leaving the ungrateful capital, seek an opening in Gaul or Africa, or even among the Britons, who were learning eloquence from the ready-tongued Gauls. The other al-ternative was to stay at home and eke out the profits of pleading by giving lectures. Those who were less successful as pleaders sometimes made a reputation as teachers of rhetoric, and we hear of distinguished advocates giving instructions in oratory after ceasing to practice. We shall probably come to the conclusion that, except for the greater importance attached at Rome to the study of eloquence, the conditions of the legal profession bore a close resemblance to the state of things at the present day .- Once a Week

The best receipt ever given for a lade's dress may be found in the works of Tertullian. He says: "Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermillion; dress your eyebrows with modesty and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head; submission to your husband your best ornaments. Employ your hands in housewifely duties, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity and the purple of

-Some one asked Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, among others, as to whether there was such a thing as genius in art without a hard apprenticeship. Sir Frederick's letter was this: "In answer to your letter I write to say that nothing considerable has yet been done in this world without the bestowal of infinite paina." Sir John wrote: "I have no belief in what is called genius as generally underis called genius as generally understood. Natural aptitude I do believe in but it is absolutely worthless without intense study and continuous la-

"Is she beautiful?" "Most girls my not." "Then she must be."

THE CLIMATE OF AFRICA. A Land That is Unsuited For Permanent

Despite its greater mean altitude, Africa is the hottest of the continents. Nevertheless, the hottest parts are not those lving on or about the equator, but those extensive tracts that are farthest removed from the infinence of the surrounding seas, and are at the same time destitute of lofty mountain ranges. Such are the arid waterless plains of the Sahara and its eastern extensions, the Libyan and Nubian deserts. But owing to the dryness of the atmosphere these regions are far more healthy than the cooler but moister fluvial valleys the low-lying coast lands, the Mauritanian "shots" and other swampy tracts where malarious fevers are epidemic. In the stony and sandy wastes sultry days are followed by cool nights, caused by the rapid radiation of the solar heat, and in the northern parts of the ahara snow falls. occasionally, and stagnant waters are covered with a film of ice. Yet the glass rises in this region to 120 deg. Fahr, in the shade, while the normal temperature is not more than 70 deg. Fahr, at the northern and southern extremities of the continent Speaking generally, these two extra-tropical regions comprising the Mediterranean seaboard and cape lands, together with parts of the Masai and Abyssinian uplands and of the equatorial lake districts, are thoroughly salubrious and adapted for European colonization. The white race has already been acclimatized without difficulty in the extreme north and south, but elsewhere probably not more than one-tenth of the land is suitable for permanent settlement. In the northern zone dry trade winds prevail throughout the year, interrupted in Mauritania by winter rains, and here also have their origin the pestilential simooms or hot winds, accompanied by fierce sand storms, which are known as the harmattan in the west and khamsin in the east, and which, crossing the Mediterranean, reappear under the name of the sirocco in Italy and as the fohn in the Alpine valleys. In the inter-tropical region the moisture-bearing clouds follow the course of the sun, which in combination with the oceanic monsoons gives rise to a double rainy season on the east and west seaboards, and to permanent rains on and about the equator.-Interior.

CIGAR CRANKS.

Most Men Buy Their Smokers By the

"You'll see more cranks over a cigar case," said the Fifth avenue man, "than you can shake a stick at. A gentleman stepped up this morning and, glancing into the case, said he wanted a good, medium twenty-cent cigar. He laid down a quarter. I picked out a cigar, but after looking it over and smelling it and squeezing it, he passed it back and said he preferred a certain other brand in the case, plainly marked twenty-five cents. I gave it to him and chucked the quarter in the drawer. When he had lighted his cigar he re marked, haughtily:

"'I gave you a quarter.' "'And I gave you cigar,' said I. "But I asked you for a twenty-cent cigar,' he retorted in a passion-'and I want five cents.'

"'You asked for a twenty-cent cigar at first,' I explained, 'and it didn't suit you. Then you named this one, which was plainly marked twenty-five cents. I had no option but to give you what you asked for.'

"'You know I wanted a twenty-cent

"'I'm no mind-reader. I gave you what you specified, and it is twenty-five cents straight.

"Now, that fellow went away jawing and fuming and calling me all sorts of names. Of course, I can't come out from behind the counter and lick a man like that, but I'd like to. As a rule, our custom here is for high-priced cigars. We sell a good many twenty-five and thirty-cent eigars, though the next grade in most demand is, curiously enough, two-for-a-quarter. Some men never know what they want-most buy simply by the piece. When a man affects to know all about cigars and is extremely finicky, he rarely fares as well as the one who trusts the dealer." -Detroit Journal

Serving Early Writs.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to bring malefactors to justice in the early administration of the law in Virginia, as the following returns, made to executions, will illustrate. The extract is from the "History of Augusta County."

"In the case of Johnson vs. Brown (1751), 'Not executed by reason there is no road to the place where he (Brown) lives.""

Again: "Not executed by reason of excess of weather."

"Nov., 1752 - Not executed by reason of an ax' (the ax being in the hands of defendant, uplifted, no doubt, to cleave the officer's skull).

"Not executed because the defendant's horse was faster than mine." "Not executed, by reason of a gun."
"Emlen vs. Miller.—'Kept off from

Miller with a club, etc.; Miller not found by Humphrey Marshall."
"Not executed, because the defend-

ant got into deep water-out of my "Nov., 1754 .- 'Executed on the within, John Warwick, and he is not the

"August, 1755.—Forty-nine executions returned "'not executed, by reason of the disturbance of the Indiana."—

Youth's Companion. -She Had Several:-Mrs. Wickwire -"Mary Ann, if I hear of you flirting from the window with that policeman again we will have to part." Mary Ann -"Which one, ma'am? The day officer or the night officer?"-Indianapolis

-Fashionable women who go to the fashionable balls are more afraid of what the rep rters will not say about them than of what they might say. -N.

-"Papa, what does c-o-l-o-n-e-I spell?"
"Kernel, my son." "And does c-a-l-om-e-1 spell camel?"-Harper's Bazar.

MUSICAL LEGENDS.

A Collection o Curious Gid-Time Tradi-

The Chinese claim to have obtained heir musical scale from a miraculous bird. There are also traditions regarding the invention of musical instruments. The most popular ones of the Chinese are assigned to a period when China was under the sway of "heavenly spirits" about B. C., 3,000.

Confucius, the great Celestial philosopher, on one occasion happening to hear some divine music, is reported to have been so enraptured as n t to have tasted food for three months. It is a Japanese tradition that the sun goddess, in resentment of the violence of a brother, retired into a cave, leaving the universe in darkness. The gods, in their concern for the welfare of mankind, devised music to draw her from her retreat and were successful.

An old Swedish tradition tells of a harper who made his instrument out of the bones of a young girl killed by a wicked woman. Her tingers were the tuning screws and her golden hair the strings. The harper played and the murderess was killed.

The Hindoos tell of days long gone when the gods forbade mortals to sing a certain song on pain of being burned to death. A cruel emperor once commanded a celebrated musician to sing that song. In vain the unnappy man attempted to excuse himself. The emperor was firm. The musician, after bidding his family an affectionate farewell, placed himself in the waters of the Jumna until they renched his neck. After he had sung a strain or two the water became hot and began to boil. In terrible agony the musician pleaded again to be excused, but the inex rable monarch commanded that the song be finished. The musician continued his singing, and, although immersed in water, flames burst from his body and it was reduced to ashes.

The legendary fairies are proverbially fond of music and are described as a "numerous, marry people, always sing-ing like crickets." Among the many stories told about them is the following: "A New Zealand chief had gone out with his dogs to hunt. When night came on he found himself on the top of a high hill. Then it was that the fairies approached and almost frightened him to death. He lighted a fire and that scared them a little. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly off went the fairies and hid themselves, and when it burned low back they came close to it, singing and dancing merrily. The terrified chief suddenly bethought him of his jasper neck ornament and his earring made from the tooth of a shark. Hastily tearing them from his person, he placed them on a stick driven into the ground. The fairies approaching looked at the jewels and finally took the shadow from them and departed, leaving the trinkets on

Then, too, there is the characteristic Irish story of Maurice Connor, a celebrated bagpiper. One day, as he was playing on the seashore, a beautiful lady, with green hair, came up from the sea, dancing and singing most charmingly. When she invited him to go with her and marry her he could not resist. Thus Maurice Connor became the husband of the beautiful sea nymph. And the union was happy, too, for, say the people of Kerry, on a still night the seands off a bagpipe off the coast are heard, and they are quite sure that it is Connor's music which they hear.

The story is told of a famous Arab musician, named Al-Farabi, who appeared in disguise before the court of the caliph of Bagdad, while that monarch was enjoying his daily concert. Al-Farabi was permitted to exhibit his skill. He began to sing in a peculiar way and accompanied himself on the lute. All the courtiers and even the caliph himself began to laugh uproariously. Suddenly the musician changed his tune, and his audience were moved to tears. Again he sang and played. This time with such effect that the courtiers became furious and would have fought each other had not the musician appeased them. Al-Farabi concluded his entertainment by soothing his auditors to sleep.—Chicago

FOR SALE.

Railroad Lands in Southern Illinois, The Illinois Central Railroad Company is

offering lands at so low a price that it seems absurd to tell what they are capable of producing, yet it is a fact that the crops from apple orchards are yielding from \$300 to \$500 per acre. There are many farmers, fruit growers, who are realizing each year from \$150 to \$900 per acre for their fruit and early vegetables, and some who are realizing \$1000 per acre. These of course are successful men of business, who study how to do it Do you want the same chance to make money? You can have it by going into this country and buying some of the same lands from the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and by applying the ability you have in a business manner to their improvement and cultivation, you can have in a short time as valuable land as that of a successful fruit grower, on the line of this railroad, who said the other day, "I have brought my land to such a high state of cultivation that no one can buy it from me for \$500 per acre, as I can net \$100 per acre off

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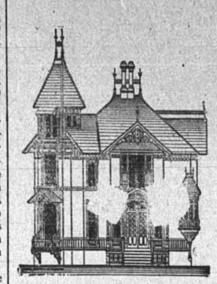
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HE WAS TRUTHFUL

On That Account He Got What He Asked

A citizen was having his shoes shined on the street, when a gaunt and hungry-looking fellow came up and said:
"I was thinking this morning that if I could go down into the count " for a few days I should feel better."

"Yes?" replied the citizen, in an ab-

stracted sort of way.
"Thought that if I could get some home-made ples and some stewed pumpkin I might considerably increase my interest in life," the fellow went on.

The citizen again said "yes?"
"Thought that I'd like to ride the horses to water as I used to do years ago, and I didn't know but that I might turn the grindstone when the men wanted to sharpen their axes. Ever turn a grindstone?"

"Well, you just bet I have," the citizer answered. "When I was a boy out here in Lake county I used to turn the grindstone for the hired men when they sharpened their seythes, and right then and there I vowed that I would come to the city and starve rather than have to turn that stone, and I did come to town and hanged if I didn't come mighty nigh starving for some time, but I caught on after awhile."

"You are pretty well fixed now, I reckon?" the fellow ventured to sug-

gest. "Well, I am not complaining very

"Glad to hear it, but I am forced to say that I am complaining a good bit,

"Yes?" said the citizen abstractedly. "Ah, ha, and I thought that if I could get down into the country for a few days and get my appetite back, and then get something to satisfy it with, I should feel first-class, and then I might cease complaining." "Yes?"

"That's what I said. Say," he added, as the bootblack began to brush the citizen's trousers, "if I could go down in the country I'd like it mightily."
"Well, then, why don't you go?"

The truth is, I am somewhat strained financially, but if you would advance me a small loan I would go down there and not complain any more. Wait a moment, please." The citizen had begun to move off. "Just wait and listen to me, for I am in earnest about going down into the country."

"I can't help you any. I can't afford to lend money to every fellow that comes along."

"But I'm not every feller that comes along. I'm simply one feller that wants to go down into the country and turn the grindstone and eat farm vituals. If you will let me have five dollars I will

"I am sorry, but I can't accommodate

"Now if I thought you were really sorry that you couldn't accommodate me I should feel rather flattered, but how I am inclined to think that you could let me have the money but that you won't do it for fear that you'd never get it again. Isn't that about the size of it?"

"Well, yes, I must say that it is." "And you don't believe I would ever pay you, eh?"

"I certainly do not?" "Well, now, do you know what I

think of you?" "I don't care to hear any of your

abuse." "Oh, I wasn't goin' to abuse you. I

was simply going to say that I am forced to own that you are about right. I never repay borrowed money." A gleam of sudden interest shown in

the citizen's eye. "Do you mean to say that you never repay borrowed money? "That's what I did say."

"You may be a thief," said the citizen, "but I'll swear you are truthful; and in this age of lying, truth stands at a premium. Here's a five dollar note. Take it, go down into the country, eat stewed pumpkin and turn the grindstone."-Arkansaw Traveler.

Barrels by Post.

We had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the post office, where we at once went. The bag which we wished to post to Zermatt seemed to us very heavy, but scythes and barrels and bundles of old iron, labeled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away without giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us. We need not have worried, for the Swiss post office takes anything and everything that the express companies at home would carry, and if one does not bother about his baggage it is as certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England if one ven-tured to let it take care of itself. -J. Pennell, in Century.

A Doubting Thomas. Teacher-With the exception of the

animals Noah took with him into the ark, every living creature perished in Doubtful Tommy-The fishes, too?-

Texas Siftings.

A Funeral Subject.

"The editor of the Kazoo has requested me to undertake some humorous work for his paper."

"Made you an undertaker, has he? That's quite an appropriate word to use in connection with your humor."—Life. Tempora Matantur.

Mr. Oldgrad (class of '60)—Ah, this is our class picture. Ah, old boy, we were younger then than we are now.

Mr. DeGree—Yes, and knew a great deal more.—Jury.

-The civil war is considered as be-ginning July 0, 1881, when the Star of the West, bearing the United States flag, was fired upon from Norris island, S. C., and terminating August 18, 1866, the date of the president's final procla-mation that all hostilities had ceased.

-The man who knows the least German naturally sirs it oftenest, just to make sure that it is there.—Somerville

WORTHY DISCONTENT.

Dissatisfaction with Past Efforts Leads to Higher Attainments.

There is definite satisfaction in well-

done work. And throughout the whole process there is not a moment which equals the first thrill of the knowledge that the labor finished was well done. The faithful workman, after concen trating all his abilities, and striving with unwearled pains to leave no part incomplete, experiences a glow of de-light in perceiving that the result is good. He knows that others will concede its merit, and that praise and recognition for talent and skill await him. He regards his work proudly. He feels a profound contempt for whatever he did before. It was as barren as the dry branches, but this—this is the flower of perfection, the blossoming of

all his hopes.

Well it is for the workman, and for the value of his future productions, the value of his future productions. that these moments of vanity are brief. And in minds the most earnest, whose ideals are highest, the spasms of selfcontempt which follow are as great as was the self-confidence.

How small and weak now looks the performance! How vast the presumption which thought it on a level with the work of this master-hand or that cunning craftsman! How far it falls beneath the thought he first conceived! How far below the beauty he planned to create! Worst of all, how miserably unlike the ideal he is aiming to reach! Well, the work of to-day is finished.

It has been worth to him the lessons it has taught. He looks not behind, but forward. It is by to-morrow's efforts that he will at last accomplish something of worth. And after he has thus judged himself, the approval or condemnation of others affects him as little as the wind which blows by. He surely knows how much he has done, and how much more he has failed to do.

It is good for the workman and his work that he should be thus forever discontented. A thousand times-yes. For the soul that can rest satisfied with past attainments, no true progress is possible. It lies buried in his own conceit.—Harper's Bazar.

SCOURING WOOL.

How the Filthy Firece Is Converted Into

The wool comes into the mill dirty, greasy, burry, sometimes washed by the farmer, but generally just as it is sheared from the sheep, a filthy and unwholesome thing, giving little sign of the beautiful white and flossy substance into which it is soon converted. It must first be sorted each fleece containing from six to eight qualities of sorts, which the careful manufacturer separates, devoting each quality to the purpose for which it is best suited. No skill in carding, spinning, weaving or finishing can possibly produce a soft or fine piece of goods from a coarse, hard fiber. When a woolen thread is to be spun to the length of fifteen thousand three hundred and sixty yards to a pound, or in a case of worsted thread to twice that number of yards to a pound, everything depends upon care in the selection of the fleece and in the sorting. These sorts are impregnated with a greasy substance called the yolk or suint, caused by the animal secretions and the perspiration of the skin, a compound of potash and animal fat, which must be completely eradicated. The elimination of the yolk, dirt, and foreign substances, common to all wools, results in a shrinkage of from fifty to

seventy per cent. Our ancestors scoured their wool in tubs, much as our wives and daughters scour our clothes to-day. In the handwashing of wool, a tub was filled with the suds, in which one or two men with long poles stirred the wool until clean, when they lifted it upon a traveling apron, which carried it between a pair of rollers which squeezed out the water. The same principle is applied in the autotomatic scouring now in vogue. Great forks or rakes seize the wool as it is carried by rollers from a feeding apron into the iron tanks, and by alternating motions of their teeth give it a thor-ough scouring. Thus cleansed, the wool is delivered by rollers to the drying machines, where hot air and great fans are now utilized to extract all the moisture without tearing the fiber.-S.

N.D. North, in Popular Science Monthly. CLOSET COURTSHIP.

How the Doctor Played It on His House-keeper's weetheart.

The late Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, one night sitting later than usual sunk in the profundities of a great folio tone, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse; so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed.

ing at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the

"Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet."

knock, and a similar request in order

go back to your bed." Another half hour and another knock and entreaty for the key, as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned all night in the coal closet, where, Pyramia and Thisbe-like, they had breathed their love to each other through the key-hole,

The Shadow of Coming Events. The Collar—The Sun gave me an aw-

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"Ye're late up to-night, Mary." "I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun

"That's right. Mary; I like timeous

On his way back to the study he passed the coal-closet, and, turning the key, he took it with him. Next mornkey to light the fire.

Half an hour later there was another

to prepare the breakfast.
"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary;

"Go and let the man out." Mary's sweetheart had, as the doctor

Miss Lucy Peterson has just returned from Chi-cago where she spent some time in sequaint-ing herself with the Styles, and can please the ladies as regards the latest.

ful reasting to-day?

The Cuff—And what did you do.

"Oh—I wilted."—Life.

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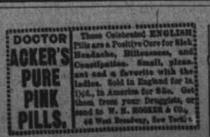
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ROME UNDER THE LASARS:

rally Greeks, who, in fact, monopo-med to a great extent all the learned professions with the exception of the par, Some of these Greeks were of servile extraction; others had come ervile extraction; others had come over to Rome for the sake of profit and fame. Some were even actually alaves, whose fees and payments belonged de-jure to their master, though they were often allowed to retain part of them as cultum. This, to some extent, low-ed the estimation of the learned pro-ssions, and deterred citizens of good families from entering them-one of es of slavery The bar was, as we have said, the chief exception. The profession of advocate was one of the chief roads to success open to the aspiring young Roman. His education had been largely directed to the art of rhetoric, and the fame of the orator was the most common object of ambition in his class. As a rule, he did not trouble himself much with the incies of the law, but gave his whole attention to public speaking. It often happened that an advocate had no special knowledge of the legal question at issue, but trusted entirely to his eloquence to win him his case. We shall be less surprised at this when we remember the great latitude allowed to pleaders in ancient times, and the prominence in all the extant speeches of invective and declamation as compared with legal argument and evidence. It was customary, however, for the orator to retain the services of a pragmaticus—a lawyer of lower grade in estimation—wko was prepared to give advice on legal questions. The best days of Roman oratory were

passed when Augustus made himself master of the empire. Rome never produced a second Cicero, or even a second Hortensius. This falling off was partly due to the loss of liberty that attended the end of the republic, but partly, also, to the increased difficulty with which a poor and unknown man could make his way to the front. Juvenal declares indignantly that in his day even Cicero would not earn ten dollars at the bar un ess he wore a large and conspicuous gold ring. The man who wishes to succeed, he says, must be seen in the streets, borne in a litter by a number of young Medes, making purchases of plate and "murra" vases and beautiful slaves; he must wear a brilliant robe of purple, and live in a splendid house with an equestrian statue of himself in the vestibule. Such a man may demand the highest price allowed by law for his pleading; but eloquence is rarely found, he says, with a threadbare coat. While an Æmilius, with his noble name and his wealth, can ask ten thousand sesterces for a single pleading, the poor and obscure orator can only get one aureus for four, and even that is reduced by the attorney's fees. A jockey at the circus could make more than a hundred pleaders. We can hardly be surprised if some of these ill-paid barristers were led to take up questionable cases and to endeavor to make a name by quackery. It does not appear that the first ever caused much scruple to a Roman lawyer, nor should we condemn, in the circumstances, the deception of wearing a hired ring to give the appearance of wealth, nor the custom of employing claqueurs to applaud thh good points of a speech. If success as a pleader was once achieved the orator's prospects were very brilliant. Some of the most prominent "new men," both in our century and that which preceded it, owed their elevation to this cause. The name of the famous advocate was on every one's lips; his house was besieged by friends and cli-ents, and he might make a large fortune by his practice.

In fact, the legal profession was generally looked upon as a lucrative one. Martial was advised by a friend to plead instead of writing poetry, in or-der to make his fortune. The poet gives the same advice to Valerius Flaccus. These statements are not all in-compatible with the lugubrious account of Juvenal. The successful pleaders were few, the "briefless barristers" were many. For these last it might be the best chance to follow the poet's advice, and, leaving the ungrateful capital, seek an opening in Gaul or Africa, or even among the Britons, who were learning eloquence from the ready-tongued Gauls. The other alternative was to stay at home and eke out the profits of pleading by giving lectures. Those who were less successful as pleaders sometimes made a reputation as teachers of rhetoric, and we hear of distinguished advocates giving instructions in oratory after ceasing to practice. We shall probably come to the conclusion that, except for the greater importance attached at Rome to the study of eloquence, the conditions of the legal profession bore a close resemblance to the state of things at the present day.—Once a Week.

-The best receipt ever given for a lady's dress may be found in the works of Tertullian. He says: "Let simplicity be your white, chastity your pilcity be your white, chastity your vermillion; dress your eyebrows with modesty and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head; submission to your husband your best ornaments. Employ your hands in housewifely duties, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity and the purple of chastity."

me one asked Sir Frederick on and Sir John Millals, among Leighton and Sir John Millals, among others, as to whether there was such a thing as genius in art without a hard apprenticeship. Sir Frederick's letter was this: 'An answer to your letter I write to say that nothing considerable has yet been dope in this world without the bestpwal of infinite pains." Sir John wrote: "I have no belief in what

is she beautiful?" "Most girls

THE CLIMATE OF AFRICA.

A Land That is Unsuited For Permanent Despite its greater mean altitude, frica is the hottest of the continents Nevertheless, the hottest parts are not those lving on or about the equator, but those extensive tracts that are farthest removed from the influence of the surrounding seas, and are at the same time destitute of lofty mountain ranges. Such are the arid waterless plains of the Sahara and its eastern extensions, the Libyan and Nubian deserts. But owing to the dryness of the phere these regions are far more healthy than the cooler but moister fluvial vallevs, the low-lying coast lands, the Mauritanian "shots" and other swampy tracts where mala: tous fevers are epidemic. In the stony and sandy wastes sultry days are followed by cool nights, caused by the rapid radiation of the solar heat, and in the northern parts of the hahara snow falls occasionally, and stagnant waters are covered with a film of ice. Yet the glass rises in this region to 120 deg. Fahr. in the shade, while the normal temperature is not more than 70 deg. Fahr, at the northern and southern extremities of the continent Speaking generally, these two extra-tropical regions, comprising the Mediterranean seaboard and cape lands, together with parts of the Masai and Abyssinian uplands and of the equatorial lake districts, are thoroughly salubrious and adapted for European colonization. The white race has already been acclimatized without difficulty in the extreme north and south, but elsewhere probably not more than one-tenth of the land is suitable for permanent settlement. In the northern zone dry trade winds prevail throughout the year, interrupted in Mauritania by winter rains, and here also have their origin the pestilential simooms or hot winds, accompanied by fierce sand storms, which are known as the harmattan in the west and khamsin in the east, and which, crossing the Mediterranean, reappear under the name of the sirocco in Italy and as the fohn in the Alpine valleys In the inter-trop-

CIGAR CRANKS.

equator.-Interior.

Most Men Buy Their Smokers By the Plece.

ical region the moisture-bearing clouds

follow the course of the sun, which in

combination with the oceanic monsoons

gives rise to a double rainy season on

the east and west seaboards, and to

permanent rains on and about the

"You'll see more cranks over a cigar case," said the Fifth avenue man, "than you can shake a stick at. A gentleman stepped up this morning and, glancing into the case, said he wanted a good, medium twenty-cent cigar. He laid down a quarter. I picked out a cigar, but after looking it over and smelling it and squeezing it, he passed it back and said he preferred a certain other brand in the case, plainly marked twenty-five cents. I gave it to him and chucked the quarter in the drawer. When he had lighted his cigar he remarked, haughtily:

"'I gave you a quarter.' "'And I gave you cigar,' said I. "But I asked you for a twenty-cent cigar,' he retorted in a passion-'and I want five cents.'

"'You asked for a twenty-cent cigar at first,' I explained, 'and it didn't suit you. Then you named this one, which was plainly marked twenty-five cents. I had no option but to give you what you asked for.'

"'You know I wanted a twenty-cent

"'I'm no mind-reader. I gave you what you specified, and it is twenty-five cents straight.'

"Now, that fellow went away jawing and fuming and calling me all sorts of names. Of course, I can't come out from behind the counter and lick a man like that, but I'd like to. As a rule, our custom here is for high-priced cigars. We sell a good many twenty-five and thirty-cent cigars, though the next grade in most demand is, curiously enough, two-for-a-quarter. Some men never know what they want-most buy simply by the piece. When a man affects to know all about cigars and is extremely finicky, he rarely fares as well as the one who trusts the dealer." -Detroit Journal

Serving Early Write.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to bring malefactors to justice in the early administration of the law in Virginia, as the following returns, made to executions, will illustrate. The extract is from the "History of Augusta County."

"In the case of Johnson vs. Brown (1751), 'Not executed by reason there s no road to the place where he (Brown) lives."

Again: "Not executed by reason of excess of weather."

"Nov., 1752 - Not executed by reason of an ax' (the ax being in the hands of defendant, uplifted, no doubt, to cleave the officer's skull).

ant's horse was faster than mine." "Not executed, by reason of a gun." "Emlen vs. Miller .- 'Kept off from Miller with a club, etc.; Miller not

"Not executed because the defend-

found by Humphrey Marshall."
"Not executed, because the defendant got into deep water-out of my

"Nov., 1754.-'Executed on the within, John Warwick, and he is not the

"August, 1755. - Forty-nine executions returned "'not executed, by reason of the disturbance of the Indiana." Youth's Companion.

-She Had Several -- Mrs. Wickwire —She Had Several.—Mrs. Wickwire
—'Mary Ann, if I hear of you flirting
from the window with that policeman
again we will have to part." Mary Ann
—'Which one, ma'am? The day officer
or the night officer?'—Indianapolis
Journal.

-Fashionable women who go to the fashionable balls are more afraid of what the reporters will not say about them than of what they might say.—N.

MUSICAL LEGENDS.

A Collection o Cuemus U.d-Time Tradi-

The Chinese claim to have obtained heir musical scale from a miraculou bird. There are also traditions regarding the invention of musical instruments. The most popular ones of the Chinese are assigned to a period when China was under the sway of "heavenly spirits" about B. C. 3,00).

Confucius, the great Celestial philosopher, on one occasion happening to near some divine music is reported to have been so enrap ured as n t to have tasted food for three months. It is a Japanese tradition that the sun goddess, in resentment of the violence of a brother, retired into a cave, leaving the universe in darkness. The gods, in their concern for the welfare of man-kind, devised music to draw her from her retreat and were successful.

An old Swedish tradition tells of a harper who made his instrument out of the bones of a young girl killed by a wicked woman. Her fingers were the tuning screws and her golden hair the strings. The harper played and the murderess was itilled.

The Hindeos test of days long gone when the gods forbade mortals to sing a certain song on pain of being burned to death. A cruel emperor once commanded a celebrated musician to sing that song. In vain the unnappy man attempted to excuse himself. emperor was firm. The musician, after bidding his family an affectionate farewell, placed himself in the waters of the Jumna until they reached his neck. After he had sung a strain or two the water became hot and began to boil. In terrible agony the musician pleaded again to be excused, but the inex rable monarch commanded that the song be finished. The musician continued his singing, and, although immersed in water, flames burst from his body and it was reduced to ashes.

The legendary fairies are proverbially fond of music and are described as a 'numerous, merry people, always singing like crickets." Among the many stories told about them is the following: "A New Zealand chief had gone out with his dogs to hunt. When night came on he found himself on the top of a high hill. Then it was that the fairles approached and almost frightened him to death. He lighted a fire and that scared them a little. Whenever the fire blazed up brightly off went the fairies and hid themselves, and when it burned low back they came close to it, singing and dancing merrily. The terrified chief suddenly bethought him of his jasper neck ornament and his earring made from the tooth of a shark. Hastily tearing them from his person, he placed them on a stick driven into the ground. The fairles approaching looked at the jewels and finally took the shadow from them and departed, leaving the trinkets on

Then, too, there is the characteristic Irish story of Maurice Connor, a celebrated bagpiper. One day, as he was playing on the seashore, a beautiful dy, with green hair, o the sea, dancing and singing most charmingly. When she invited him to go with her and marry her he could not resist. Thus Maurice Connor became the husband of the beautiful sea nymph. And the union was happy, too, for, say the people of Kerry, on a still night the sounds off a bagpipe off the coast are heard, and they are quite sure that it is Connor's music which they hear.

The story is told of a famous Arab musician, named Al-Farabi, who appeared in disguise before the court of the caliph of Bagdad, while that mon-arch was enjoying his daily concert. Al-Farabi was permitted to exhibit his skill. He began to sing in a peculiar way and accompanied himself on the lute. All the courtiers and even the caliph himself began to laugh uproariously. Suddenly the musician changed his tune, and his audience were moved to tears. Again he sang and played. This time with such effect that the courtiers became furious and would have fought each other had not the musician appeased them. Al-Farabi concluded his entertainment by soothing his auditors to sleep.—Chicago Mail.

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\$500 per acre, as I can net \$100 per acre off it every year.

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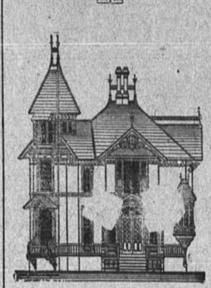
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HE WAS TRUTHFUL.

On That Account He Got What He Asked

A citizen was having his shoes shined on the street, when a gaunt and hungry-looking fellow came up and said:
"I was thinking this morning that if I could go down into the count - for a few days I should feel better."

"Yes?" replied the citizen, in an abstracted sort of way.
"Thought that if I could get some

home-made pies and some stewed pumpkin I might considerably increase my interest in life," the fellow went on.

The citizen again said "yes?"
"Thought that I'd like to ride the horses to water as I used to do years ago, and I didn't know but that I might turn the grindstone when the men wanted to sharpen their axes. Ever turn a grindstone?"

"Well, you just bet I have," the citizen answered. "When I was a boy out here in Lake county I used to turn the grindstone for the hired men when they sharpened their seythes, and right then and there I vowed that I would come to the city and starve rather than have to turn that stone, and I did come to town and hanged if I didn't come mighty nigh starving for some time, but I caught on after awhile."

"You are pretty well fixed now, I reckon?" the fellow ventured to sug-

"Well, I am not complaining very "Glad to hear it, but I am forced to say that I am complaining a good bit,

"Yes?" "That's what I said. Say," he added, as the bootblack began to brush the cit-izen's trousers, "if I could go down in the country I'd like it mightily."

"Well, then, why don't you go?" The truth is, I am somewhat strained financially, but if you would advance me a small loan I would go down there and not complain any more. Wait a moment, please." The citizen had begun to move off. "Just wait and listen to me, for I am in earnest about going down into the country."

"I can't help you any. I can't afford to lend money to every fellow that comes along.'

"But I'm not every feller that comes along. I'm simply one feller that wants to go down into the country and turn the grindstone and eat farm vituals. If you will let me have five dollars I will

go,"
"I am sorry, but I can't accommodate

"Now if I thought you were really you could let me have the money but never get it again. Isn't that about the

"Well, yes, I must say that it is." "And you don't believe I would ever pay you, eh?"
"I certainly do not?"

"Well, now, do you know what I think of you?"

"I don't care to hear any of your abuse." "Oh, I wasn't goin' to abuse you. I

was simply going to say that I am forced to own that you are about right. I never repay borrowed money."

A gleam of sudden interest shown in the citizen's eye. "Do you mean to say that you never repay borrowed money?" "That's what I did say."

"You may be a thief," said the citizen, "but I'll swear you are truthful; and in this age of lying, truth stands at a premium. Here's a five dollar note. Take it, go down into the country, eat stewed pumpkin and turn the grindstone."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Barrels by Post.

We had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the post office, where we at once went. The bag which we wished to post to Zermatt seemed to us very heavy, but seythes and barrels and bundles of old iron, labeled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away without giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us. We need not have worried, for the Swiss post office takes anything and everything that the express companies at home would carry, and if one does not bother about his baggage it is as certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England if one ven-tured to let it take care of itself. —J. Pennell, in Century.

A Doubting Thomas. Teacher-With the exception of the animals Noah took with him into the ark, every living creature perished in

the flood. Doubtful Tommy-The fishes, too?-Texas Siftings.

A Funeral Subject. "The editor of the Kazoo has request-

ed me to undertake some humorous work for his paper." "Made you an undertaker, has he?

That's quite an appropriate word to use in connection with your humor."—Life.

Tempora Matantur.

Mr. Oldgrad (class of '60)—Ah, this is our class picture. Ah, old boy, we were younger then then we are now.

Mr. Detiree—Yes, and knew a great deal more .- Jury.

-The civil war is considered as be-ginning July 9, 1881, when the Star of the West, bearing the United States flag, was fired upon from Norris island, S. C., and terminating August 18, 1888, the date of the president's final procla-mation that all hostilities had ceased.

-The man who knows the least German naturally airs it oftenest, just to make sure that it is there.—Somerville Journal.

WORTHY DISCONTENT.

Disantisfaction with Past Efforts Leads to Higher Attalaments. There is definite satisfaction in well-done work. And throughout the whole

process there is not a moment which equals the first thrill of the knowledge that the labor finished was well done. The faithful workman, after concentrating all his abilities, and striving with unwearied pains to leave no part incomplete, experiences a glow of de-light in perceiving that the result is good. He knows that others will concede its merit, and that praise and rec-ognition for talent and skill await him. He regards his work proudly. He feels a profound contempt for whatever he did before. It was as barren as the dry branches, but this—this is the flower of perfection, the blossoming of all his hopes.
Well it is for the workman, and for

the value of his future productions, that these moments of vanity are brief. And in minds the most earnest, whose ideals are highest, the spasms of selfcontempt which follow are as great as was the self-confidence.

How small and weak now looks the performance! How vast the presumption which thought it on a level with the work of this master-hand or that cunning craftsman! How far it falls beneath the thought he first conceived! How far below the beauty he planned to create! Worst of all, how miserably unlike the ideal he is aiming to reach! Well, the work of to-day is finished. It has been worth to him the lessons it

has taught. He looks not behind, but forward. It is by to-morrow's efforts "Yes?" said the citizen abstractedly.

"Ah, ha, and I thought that if I could thing of worth. And after he has thus judged himself, the approval or condemnation of others affects him as litting of which blows by. He get down into the country for a few days and get my appetite back, and then get something to satisfy it with, I should feel first-class, and then I might cease complaining."

judged himself, the approval or condemnation of others affects him as little as the wind which blows by. He surely knows how much be has done, and how much more he has failed to do.

and how much more he has failed to do.

It is good for the workman and his work that he should be thus forever discontented. A thousand times—yes. For the soul that can rest satisfied with past attainments, no true progress is possible. It lies buried in his own conceit.—Harper's Bazar.

SCOURING WOOL.

How the Filthy Fleece Is Converted Into

a snowy Mass. The wool comes into the mill dirty, greasy, burry, sometimes washed by the farmer, but generally just as it is sheared from the sheep, a filthy and un-wholesome thing, giving little sign of the beautiful white and flossy substance into which it is soon converted. It must first be sorted each fleece containing from six to eight qualities of sorts, which the careful manufacturer separates, devoting each quality to the purpose for which it is best suited. No skill in carding, spinning, weaving or finishing can possibly produce a soft or fine piece of goods from a coarse, hard sorry that you couldn't accommodate me I should feel rather flattered, but hundred and sixty yards to a pound, or fiber. When a woolen thread is to be spun in a case of worsted thread to twice that number of yards to a pound, everythat you won't do it for fear that you'd thing depends upon care in the selection of the fleece and in the sorting. These sorts are impregnated with a greasy substance called the yolk or suint, caused by the animal secretions and the perspiration of the skin, a compound of potash and animal fat, which must be completely eradicated. The elimination of the yolk, dirt, and foreign substances, common to all wools, results in a shrinkage of from fifty to seventy per cent.

Our ancestors scoured their wool in tubs, much as our wives and daughters scour our clothes to-day. In the handwashing of wool, a tub was filled with the suds, in which one or two men with long poles stirred the wool until clean, when they lifted it upon a traveling apron, which carried it between a pair of rollers which squeezed out the water. The same principle is applied in the autotomatic scouring now in vogue. Great forks or rakes seize the wool as it is carried by rollers from a feeding apron into the iron tanks, and by alternating motions of their teeth give it a thorough scouring. Thus cleansed, the wool is delivered by rollers to the drying machines, where hot air and great fans are now utilized to extract all the moisture without tearing the fiber .- S. N.D. North, in Popular Science Monthly.

CLOSET COURTSHIP.

How the Doctor Played It on His House-keeper's weetheart.

The late Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, one night sitting later than usual, sunk in the profundities of a great folio tone, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the quietude and security of a manse; so, taking his candle, he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the lobby the housekeeper began with all earnestness to cover the fire, as if preparing for bed.

"Ye're late up to-night, Mary." "I'm just rakin" the fire, sir, and gaun

"That's right. Mary; I like timeous

hours. On his way back to the study he passed the coal-closet, and, turning the key, he took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the

key to light the fire. "Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet."

Half an hour later there was another knock, and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.
"I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary;

go back to your bed."

Another half hour and another knock and entreaty for the key, as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

"Go and let the man out." Mary's sweetheart had, as the doctor shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned all night in the coal closet, where, Pyramis and Thisbe-like, they had breathed their love to each other through the key-hole.

The Shadow of Coming Events.
The Collar—The Sun gave me an aw-

ful roasting to-day?
The Cuff—And what did you do.
"Oh—I wilted."—Life.

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GLIMPSES OF BACTERIA.

Germs Which Produce \$81,500,000,000 Living Beings in Two Days. Far down in the scale of plant life is

Far down in the scale of plant life is a certain great group whose individuals are spoken of in a general way as micro-organisms, or microbes or germs. One great family of the group of micro-organisms is called "yeasts." The commercial value of the single yeast plant may be estimated from the fact that the cake of yeast costing the consumer one cent contains many million

When these yeast plants, well dis-tributed through the dough, are set in a warm place, they begin to grow, and in order to grow they must consume food. Now the flour and selt and water in the dough are very choice viands for these little plants; they assimilate some elements, and set free, among other things, carbonic acid gas. This occupies much more space than the car-bon and oxygen occupied in the flour, and the gas as it expands "rises" the dough, rendering it light and porous.

At the right moment off goes the whole mass to the oven, where the lives of the myriad budding plants are soon extinguished; and when we eat the bread, we eat the yeast cells along with the fragments of the cells of the wheat or rye of the f Another ... niliar group of micro-

organisms are the molds; and still another group of lowiest, tinest plants, closely allied to the fungi, are the bacteria-elemental organisms so simple in structure as to be almost completely represented by lines and dots, but en-dowed with such limitless powers of reproduction as almost to shame the multiplication table. Under the most powerful lenses they are seen to consist of a minute mass of graular protoplasm, surrounded by a tain structureless

When we put them under favorable conditions of growth and give them food enough, they may be seen to di-vide across the middle, each portion soon becoming larger, and again dividing, so that it has been calculated that a single germ, under favorable conditions, might, at the end of two days, have added to the world's living beings 281,500,000,000 new individual bacteria. Indeed, if this sort of thing were to go on for a few weeks unhindered, pretty much all the oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen available for life purposes would be used up, there would be a corner in life stuff, and even the master, man, would be forced to the wall. But numerous causes arrest their spread, and the bacteria, in the long run, are held closely within bounds the world over.

Indeed, life goes hard with many forms, and but for a curious provision for their preservation under adverse circumstances it is likely that many species would soon die out.

It is found that, when the conditions become too unfavorable for the continuance of life in some bacteria, a portion of the protoplasm sequesters itself in one end of the germ and surrounds itself with a dense resistant envelope. This is called a spore. The old shell falls away, and this spore is now capa ble of resisting vicissitudes of temperature such as would have destoyed it in its other form. Restore the spore, however, to favorable surroundings and it bursts its protecting shell, and emerges a thin-skinned and vulnerable, but an active and perhaps a triumphant germ.

All of the bacteria, so far as we know, have the power, in nourishing themselves, of tearing asunder other forms of matter, assimilating a part of it in new combinations in their own bodies and setting free the rest. These chemical substances which are set free by living, growing bacteria, are of the most diverse characters. They may be acid or alkaline, aromatic or bad-smelling, harmless or very injurious to man.

The soil forms the great living and lurking place of the more common forms, and from this they are spread far and wide, into the air as part of the dust, or are washed off into the surface and other waters.

The life history of many of these species of bacteria is well known to us, while whole, groups are almost wholly unstudied. This much has been well established, that there are some species which are quite indispensable to the higher forms of life in this world, because it is they which tear dead organic matter to piec s. and fit it to be taken up by plants and worked over into food for men and animals. A piece of meat or any other organic matter, would remain unchanged indefinitely if shut up so that no living bacteria could come in contact with it. Under ordinary conditions, however, the bacteria do gain access to all dead organic matter, and then ensue putrefaction, and finally a total destruction—that is, a total change into other forms of matter. The bacteria are thus the great scavengers of the earth.

Others are injurious to man. It has been learned within the past few years that several of the most serious diseases known are caused by particular species of bacteria. Among the forms which thus originate are tuberculosis, Asiatic cholera, erysipelas and some forms of blood poisoning, tetanus or lockjaw, some forms of pneumonia, typhoid fever and diphtheria. We know the germs which are concerned in the causation of these diseases, and can grow them in tubes in the labora-

tory and work out their life history.

Vast numbers of bacteria are taken into our system with a great variety of uncooked foods, and with water and milk; and of those which multiply in our bodies the great majority are inmous, but a small proportion of m produce substances which act like sons. These substances are called

ptomaines.

It is difficult to conceive that all these curious doings, all these far-reaching accomplishments, should be carried on by seganisms so small that one thousand of them mustered abreast could pass through the hole pierced in paper by a fine sewing needle and never touch the sides; yet so it is.—Harper's Monthly.

The man who never played poker in life may be counted upon to laugh louises at the poker joke.—Boston

ECONOMY AS A VICE. The Mistaken Ideas of Some Women Con-cerning Saving.

Economy is woman's pet vice. Hav-ng made that statement, now let us begin to qualify. Economy isn't always prudence. Prudence is widely far-sighted, and makes account of the end in the means, while economy deals with the frugal possibilities of the present alone. omy is saving dollars for the sake of the dollars; prudence may be the spending of dollars for the sake of something that is better worth one's

while than money.

Once in a while it happens that some straight-brained woman finds out the real nature of economy, and gives it its rightful place, but most women persist in regarding it as the riost shining jewel in their crown of virtues. And the mischief of it is that this happens offen to the women who has most need often to the woman who has most need of the broader ontlock; namely, the working-woman. To illustrate: A working-woman starts out in her busi-ness life with a capital represented by three things: her special competence in her work, her health and all the time there is. The first is likely to be in-creased by every day's achievement; she is careful of the second, because she understands its value; of the necessity of making the third count as an investment she usually has not the faintest conception. Let us calculate a little. Eight hours a day are spent in her work, eight more are given to sleep. Suppose she spends four more at meals and in social enjoyment, there are still four hours left in each twenty-four, amounting to just two months out of the twelve.

It is precisely in her disposition of this that she shows her lack of economic foresight. If she is not serious in her work, and determined in her purpose to keep it constantly increasing in worth and dignity, she wastes this time in idle chattering, in reading worthless books, in dawdling and dreaming. If she is serious, unless she is wisely prudent and foresighted, she does a thing that in its effect upon her business future is no less certainly harmful than the other. She practices a mischievous and petty economy. She begins to save her dollars by doing for herself the things that she would have to pay dollars to somebody else for doing for her. In order that she may have finer clothes or m re of them without increase of expense, or perhaps in single-hearted and unselfish economy, she makes her plain gown in her spare hours, and trims her hats, and embroiders her handkerchiefs, and makes dainty adornments for her her neck. And all the while she does these things she hugs to her dear foolish heart the delusion that she is doing a praiseworthy deed. As if there were no prudence except the prudence of going without! And yet about her lie the wide fields of culture and the limitless opportunities that come with a higher competence. The hours she spends in the course of a year in saving a few dollars would, if invested in reading helpful books, in studying along the lines of her chosen work, bring a competence that would enable her to earn five times the paltry saving.

A few weeks ago a young woman, who was employed at an unusually good salary by a great daily newspaper as stenographer to the editorial staff, showed the writer, with much joy, an under-petticoat which she had just finished for herself. It was of pale blue flannel, handsomely embroidered about the edges, and an elaborate flower pattern ran half-way up the band.

"I did it all myself evenings," she explained, gleefully, "so it didn't cost me a cent, except for the materials."

Two weeks later the poor girl was dismissed because she was not widely enough informed on the topics of the day to enable her to take the dictation of editorial writers rapidly and accurately. It was a gorgeous flannel petticoat, to be sure, but it wasn't worth her position, was it?

Not long ago two working-women earning nearly the same salaries were discussing questions of common inter-

Said the older: "I make my own gowns, because I can't afford to put them out."

"Ah," said the younger one, "I put mine out, because I can't afford to make

All this discusses the matter from the standpoint of worldly wisdom, of dollar prudence, and still leaves out of account the higher prudence that begets the love of knowledge and of mental strength for their own sakes rather than for what they will bring in open market. And that is the real standpoint, to be sure. But it is the purpose of this article simply to present the business aspect of the matter, to show, if possible, the economic mistake of the working-woman who invests her time in the poor economy of saving a few dollars instead of putting it to the higher service of getting the wider knowledge that will command a better

What women really need to-day is not opportunity but competency. The world and its wealth belong to those who can take, women as well as men.

—Helen Watterson, in Harper's Bazar.

Electric Light and the Eyesight. It is quite the fashion for doctors to discuss the evil effects of the electric light on the eyesight, and all sorts of paragraphs are going the rounds of the daily press describing the injuries to their sight that people have suffered from the use of the incandescent lamp.

There would be very little of this talk if people would only use a little com-mon sense in the matter. Many think that because an incandescent lamp does not give out much heat and will not singe their whiskers or their hair they singe their whiskers or their hair they must have the lamps right under their nose or half a foot away from their eyes and directly level with them. This sort of thing would be injurious even with a glow-worm lamp, if there were such things. Incandescent lamps need to be properly placed and sinaded so as not to cast their rays directly on the eyes, and if these very simple precautions were carried out there would be no need for the silly talk about the injurious effect of the electric light in the eyes light.—Electrical Review.

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THE BATRACHIAN BROOCH.

A Queer Romance Connected With an Article of Jewelry. It used to be believed that a perfect pearl was concealed in the head of every toad and that whoever obtained possession of the jewel was endowed with supernatural strength against the nowadays has its romance, ar one must attach itself to the batrachian

Long ago, in Florence, two lovers were walking in the garden as the sun was setting. They were ta king of the eternity of love, ann uncing that they were the first people who ever really loved, when, passing a bush that smelt of spices, the cava ier took a leaf, and without thought rubbed it over his lips. He talked on gayly for a little while, and then feel dead at the feet of the lady fair. The judge was called and the wretched girl was accused of poisoning her lover. To prove her innocence she told the story of their walk and, taking a leaf from the bush near by, rubbed it over her lips as the gallant gentleman had done. In a few minutes she was still and cold in death. The shrub was familiar to them all; no one ever thought it was poisonous, so the judge ordered it to be dug up and examined, and behold! at its roots was a toad; with its jewel shining, whose venomous breath had poisoned the beautiful flower.

Now, there's a love story to tell about the little toad that clasps your bodice at the throat.-N. Y. Sun.

He Was a Real Boy.

Lady (who is about to move, to neighbor's little boy)—And what will you do when I go away, Sammy, and leave no one in the house? Sammy-Break all the windows .-

-The celebrated Scotch preacher, in his subversive sermon on the ark, mentioned the taunts of boys as amongst the severest trials of the patriarch Noah, when engaged on a ship-building enterprise for which there seemed no immediate occasion. "My brethren, there's naething sae evil as a human boy. If ye have a sair place in your heart, he'll just put his finger on it. And so, when Noah was leaving his bit yairdie in the evening, the boys would just look over the paling and cry, 'Noah, ma'man, hoo's the airk getting on and whan's the flood?""-London Daily News.

-One by one the charming patriotic stories of our childhood are proven to be myths. It is now asserted that Frederick the Great did not send Washington a sword inscribed: "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest," or, in fact, any sword; and, further, that there isn't the slightest evidence for believing that Frederick was at all impressed with Washington's

-After boiling a ham, leave it in the water until cold. This, it is said, will prevent it from getting dry and scrappy.

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