

BOOMING STOCK.

He Had Pork For Sale and Wanted to Unload It. A long, lean, solemn looking man went into a Dearborn street eating house and took a seat at one of the tables. "Have you any pork soap?" he asked the waiter. "Pork soap?" echoed the white-aproned young man. "No, sir. I never heard of pork soap. We have some excellent consommé, some very fine vegetable soup, and some first-class bouillon."

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

The Only Genuine Belle of the Immortal Bard of Avon. A man may take pen and ink and write of a place as he will, and the page will, likely enough, be a pretty honest index to his own temperament. But never will it do for another man's reliance. So let it be confessed that for a day we searched Stratford streets and found nothing of the Shakespeare that we sought. Neither in the famous birthplace in Henley street—restored "out of all whooping," crammed with worthless mementos and pencilled over with lesser names; nor in the fussy, inept Memorial theater; nor in the New Place, where certain holes, protected with wire grating, mark what may have been the foundations of Shakespeare's house; in none of these could we find him. His name echoed in the market place, on the lips of guide and sight-seer, and shone on monuments, shops, inns and banking houses. His effigies were everywhere—in photographs, in statues, in paintings, in the quiet falling of the day. Barely enough, and never but in the while between sunset and twilight, may a man hear the sky and earth breathing together, and drawing his own small breath ambitiously in tune with them, "feel that he is greater than he knows."

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Jack H. Benner, a Scotch dog belonging to Henry Benner, of Macon, has been all along noted for his prowess at rat killing, but he surpassed all former records recently. He killed just twenty-one rats in fifteen minutes, and fainted away as soon as he had disposed of the last one. The rats were monstrous ones, some being almost as large as an ordinary squirrel. —An Albany butcher upon arrival at his shop the other morning missed his favorite cat. While looking for it he glanced into a corner when he saw a huge rat snake and about half the cat. The other half occupied a portion of the snake. The reptile was killed by the police and measured eight feet. In a few moments more it would have succeeded in getting outside the cat without much difficulty. —Sarcology, or the science of telling the character of a man by the wear of the soles of his boots, has been attentively studied by a Swiss doctor of the name of Galli. Speaking briefly, wear at the back of the heels invariably indicates conceit, pride and vanity. Soles worn toward the toes demonstrate deceit, and even criminality, while a sole that shows an equal amount of wear on every part of the surface denotes a frank, upright and fearless character. —N. Y. Sun. —The first account we have of an armored ship is in 1530. It was one of the fleet of the Knights of St. John, entirely sheathed with lead, and said to have successfully resisted all the shot of that day. At the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, the French and Spaniards employed light iron bomb-proofing over their decks. The first practical use of wrought iron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean war. In 1855, to be used against the Russian forts in the Baltic. —Mr. Singlerly has made an interesting experiment as to the time required to print his Philadelphia Record upon paper direct from the tree. This is the record: Chopping one and a half cords of poplar wood, stripping and loading on boat, 3 hours; time consumed in manufacture of wood pulp, 12 hours; manufacturing the wood pulp into paper, 5 hours; transporting to Record office, 1 hour; and 30 minutes; wetting paper preparatory to printing, 30 minutes; printing 10,000 Records, 10 minutes. Total time from tree to paper, 22 hours. —Energetic American travelers are the surprise of Europeans each tourist season. A correspondent tells of a Denver man who stayed in London four hours. "Say, young fellow, said he to the clerk, "I've been to the mint, the Bank of England, the Tower of London and the British Museum, and I've seen 'em all! Anything else here?" The clerk looked at him tranquilly for a moment and replied: "No, sir! You've seen our greatest sights! Better go to Paris! A man who can do London in three hours is wasting time when he stays here hovever a day!" —One of the interesting features of the exhibit which will be made by the interior department of the government at the world's fair will be that relating to the American Indians. One of the officials of that department, in speaking of the matter, said: "We will have Sioux and Pueblos on the ground in their peculiar wigmans, making all the articles of merchandise that they now make. The Zunis, who are classed with the Pueblos, will make blankets, stone bottles and a peculiar kind of pottery, while the Navajoes will weave blankets so firm that they will hold water. The peculiar huts of the Pueblos, which are entered from the roof, will also be shown."

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, ETC., ETC.

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MATRIMONIAL ANGLING. A Few Suggestions For Susceptible Young Men. A good deal of this sort of angling is done in fashionable society, and it may be justly characterized as a heartless, unladylike sport. Some women pride themselves on the number of offers they have rejected, recalling them with as much complacency as the "noble savage" exhibits when counting the notches in the handle of his tomahawk, each of which indicates the taking of a scalp. When one of these heart-slayers meets her fate from Cupid's crossbow, and is left to pine unceasing for the object of her worship, it is impossible to pity her. The event is in accord with poetic justice, and the victims of her vanity and caprice are most righteously avenged. It is not difficult for a fascinating woman to lure a man into a declaration of love. She has a thousand little arts at her command, which she can practice unseen by the general eye upon a suitor; and then insist, quite plausibly, that she has "given him no encouragement." It is inevitably mortifying to a sensitive man to be treated in this way; and no generous woman is ever guilty of such a dishonorable piece of strategy. The coquette's victims have this consolation: they know, or ought to know, that their fair beguilers do not possess the qualities which are most desirable in a wife. This reflection should be a sufficient salve for their wounded pride. More than a century ago, an anonymous writer, who had probably been entrapped into making an offer by some soulless coquette, proposed that love making should be governed by fixed laws, to be recognized and subscribed to by both sexes. Among the points which he wished to have determined as a basis for a "Code of Courtship" were these: How great the contraction of the fingers must be before it amounts to a squeeze of the hand. What can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow. What advances a lover may presume to make after having received a pat upon the shoulder from his mistress's fan. What constellation a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing. These questions are as pertinent (perhaps the ladies will say as impertinent) now as they were a hundred years ago, and there are many more equally to the purpose, which will suggest themselves to the reader in this connection.—N. Y. Ledger. —It Came Out.—"Did you suffer much during your illness, Mr. Sapsom?" asked a young woman. "No, but theah was one peculiar thing, don't you know. My mustache came out." "Indeed! I wasn't aware that you had any." "Well, don't you know," said Sapsom, rather embarrassed, "that's what I mean. It grew, don't you know?"—Washington Post. —Young Closefit—"Oh, Miss Mabel, I am so extravagantly fond of you." Mabel—"Yes, I remember the glass of lemonade you once bought me."—Boston Courier.

Ready For Any Emergency. A colored laborer was standing with his pickax uplifted, still as any statue, the other evening. A passer-by watched him for a few seconds and then asked: "What are you standing that way for, John?" "Does you know what time 'tis?" asked the colored man. "No, not exactly." "Well, I done jes sent er boy to fin' out. I's hol'en de pick disher way foh convenience. Ef de report comes back dat it's 'befoh six er 'clock, I kin drap it in de groun', and if it comes back 'atter six er 'clock, I can drap it on ma shoulder."—Washington Post. The Value of Cash in Hand. The value of cash in hand has been very forcibly illustrated over and over again during periods of pecuniary embarrassment. The richest men are sometimes short of it; many of them have been quite destitute of money that they could put their hand on any day. Now we wish to give a word of advice on this subject. It is this: Lay up ten per cent of your income—no matter what your income is—and keep it where you can put your hand on it at any time, for the remainder of your life.—N. Y. Ledger. —The Medical Record calls attention to a new morbid habit which of late years has become enormously prevalent. It is the inhalation of tobacco-smoke—quite akin to the opium habit. "The old cigarette smoker," says the Record, "would not exchange a few deep whiffs of his cheap cigarette for the finest Havana that could be bought with gold." It should be borne in mind that this habit, once established, becomes, according to the testimony of physicians, practically incurable.—N. Y. Herald. —Ex-Gov. Ames, of Massachusetts, was once asked to pay a physician one thousand dollars for services, which the wealthy patient did not consider worth that much. But as his medical adviser would not reduce the bill one cent, two checks for five hundred dollars each were sent in payment, one distinctly stating that it was for professional attendance and the other "for extortion." The doctor framed the latter check, and has it in view in his office to-day.

A JOKE FOR TWO. How a Celebrated Wit Paid For the Use of an Umbrella. Romieu, the famous Parisian wit, was one day caught in a shower and forced to seek refuge in a doorway of the opera house. It was six o'clock already, and he had an engagement at the Cafe de Paris for that very hour. The rain fell in torrents. There was no carriage to be had. He had no umbrella. "What was to be done? While he was lamenting his bad luck a gentleman with a large umbrella passed by. Romieu was seized with a sudden inspiration. He rushed out and grasped the stranger by the arm and gravely installed himself under the protecting umbrella. "I am overjoyed to see you," he immediately began. "I have been looking for you for two weeks. I wanted to tell you about Clementine." Without giving the stranger time to express his surprise, Romieu rattled away with gossip and anecdote until he had led the unknown companion to the door of the Cafe de Paris. Then he glanced at him with a face of well-forged astonishment. "Pardon, monsieur," he cried. "It seems I am mistaken." "I believe so," said the stranger. "Good gracious!" added Romieu. "Be discreet; don't repeat what I have told you." "I promise you." "A thousand pardons!" Romieu hastened within the cafe, and amid great laughter, told the adventure to his friends. Suddenly one of them said: "Your cravat is rumpled." Romieu put his hand to his neck and turned pale. His cravat—a valuable sapphire—was gone. On further examination his purse and watch were found to be gone. The man with the umbrella was a pickpocket.—Tit Bits.

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

An Instance of an Unappreciated Ministering Angel. Ninety-nine women out of every hundred who stand before the marriage altar and promise to love and honor and cleave to the husbands of their choice...

The morning of the day I refer to had been mild and sunny, but it had become very raw and cold and a drizzling rain was falling. Her angelical husband's office is near my own and when I met her she said: "I have been to my husband's office, but he is out and the doors locked, and I want him to have his overcoat..."

Now that woman had ridden over two miles in a damp and muddy and crowded horse car to bring that sort of a man his overcoat. When I gave it to him I casually remarked that she was a jewel, but I don't think that he gave any thought to her touching evidence of affection for him. He will come day, in this world or in another.—Detroit Free Press.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

"There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth," no matter whether he has any money in the bank or not.—Ram's Horn.

—Asia, the cradle of the human race, has 103 Young Men's Christian associations. "Darkest Africa" has 13, and Oceania, comprising the islands of the sea, has 16.

—God is the only being who has time enough, but a prudent man, who knows how to seize occasion, can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs.—Lowell.

—The University of Upsala, in Sweden, during the present term has an attendance of 1,638. Of these 354 are in the theological department, 740 in the philosophical, 443 in the law, and 221 in the medical.

—If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers when they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated.—Dr. Arnold.

—Before Christianity entered India, lepers were treated with shocking humanity. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers in India.

—The total property valuation of the Catholic church in the United States in 1850 was \$9,256,728; in 1860 it was \$20,774,119; in 1870 it was \$60,285,565. That is to say, the aggregate wealth of the Catholic church increased about 18 per cent from 1850 to 1860, and about 128 per cent from 1860 to 1870.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

—Mrs. Gen. Custer is one of the few semi-professional women in New York who can hold the interest of a school full of boys. In her talks on frontier life to these restless audiences, who must be interested before they will consent to be instructed, she begins with some true Indian stories, bristling with tomahawks feathers and scalp, and presently has the listeners spellbound.

—As science can not determine origin, so it can not determine destiny; as it presents a sectional view of creation, so it gives only a sectional view of everything in creation. It is not only a sectional view in time, but in scope and reach. Everything rises out of its domain, and disappears from its view in that larger world which is about it; a crystal and a man are equally inexplicable within its necessarily limited range of vision.—Rev. T. Munger, D. D.

—The baccalaureate degree was conferred by President Taylor recently at Poughkeepsie, upon thirty-six young women who graduated at Vassar; and the second degree in art on Louise S. Fagan, Myra Reynolds, and Ellen C. Semple. The baccalaureate degree in music was conferred on one person, a diploma in the school of painting was given to one person, and the diploma of the school of music to three persons. After the conferring of the degrees President Taylor announced the receipt of the John Guy Vassar bequest; also that the board of trustees had accepted the offer of Mr. Frederick F. Thompson to build a library at his own expense and present it to the college.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The university of the city of New York has just added a school of the science of education to itself, and hereafter will confer the degrees of master and doctor of pedagogy.

—The Church Missionary society had a very successful year financially last year. Its receipts amounted to \$1,335,000. The number of new missionaries sent out was seventy-nine.

—Six denominations are now operating missions in Alaska—Presbyterians, Methodists, Friends, Moravian, Episcopal and Swedish. There are a total of eighteen Protestant mission stations.

—The numerical strength of Calvinistic Methodism in Wales may be conjectured from the statement that out of a population of 51,416 in Anglesey, 31,466 are said to belong, as members or adherents, to that church.

—Bishop Tucker writes that the native Christians of Uganda are so eager to get a copy of the New Testament in the Swahili language that a man will work for three months to obtain it. Only a limited edition of the completed volume has as yet reached the country.—Living Church.

—A unique carpet is being made for the church of Le Cœur de Jesus, Montmartre, in Paris, by some Parisian ladies. It will cost \$4,000, and the names of the workers are to be embroidered around the border. The center represents Montmartre, and above are to be the arms of the city of Paris.

—The university of the state of New York includes 410 institutions—97 academies, 244 high schools and 79 degree-conferring institutions, including 18 colleges of arts and science for men, 9 for women, 4 for men and women, 5 law schools, 16 medical schools, 4 schools of pharmacy, 12 theological schools, 3 polytechnic and 11 special institutions.

—School studies should be condensed and deepened rather than extended and shallowed. When this is done, education worthy of the name may be obtained, and the youth of the nation better prepared to meet the struggle for existence which ever increases in intensity and in its demands upon the reserves of mental force.—Spokane Review.

—The American Congregational Union organized in 1853 has aided in erecting 2,044 houses of worship and 270 parsonages in 48 states and territories. From loans and grants on parsonages \$236,454.82 have been paid back to the union, and the insurance and sales of churches have increased the amount to \$309,507.03, which has been relocated to other new church organizations.

—Recent legislation in connection with education lays the railroads of Kentucky under tribute for the benefit of her schools; provides that the schools of Louisiana shall profit by the proceeds of the sale of freight left unclaimed in the hands of common carriers, and exempts from taxation all associations in New York state which provide libraries, night-schools, lecture courses, etc.

A REAL RULER.

Ismahil Pasha, the Former Khedive of Egypt. The extravagance of Ismahil Pasha, the former khedive of Egypt, provoked English and French holders of Egyptian bonds to ask him to abdicate. Their governments pressed the request, and the khedive, deposed in 1879 by the sultan, left Egypt and now lives in exile. But although Ismahil's faults were very great, he was a real ruler.

While M. de Lesseps was building the Suez canal, the public opinion of Europe was against the enterprise, and money was hard to get. The khedive sent for Mr. Hawkshaw, an eminent English engineer, and said to him:

"Examine the ground, study the plans and report to me confidentially. If you report the work to be impracticable, the works will be brought to an end."

Mr. Hawkshaw reported not only that the canal was practicable, but that it could be made and maintained at a reasonable expense. He was among the guests invited by the khedive to attend the opening of the canal. On his landing at Port Said, M. Lesseps presented him to the engineers about him, saying: "This is the gentleman to whom I owe the canal."

The khedive was anxious that the Aigle, the steamer on which was the empress of France, should have a free course through the canal. But the Latiff, which he sent to clear the way, stuck, and blocked the canal. Word was brought to the khedive at Port Said between eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

He got into his own vessel, took three hundred men with him, and by six o'clock in the morning had got the Latiff off, and saw her shunted at one of the stations, and went on through the canal in his own yacht, so as to have the course clear for the Aigle, which was to start at seven in the morning.

"It," said he, "I had not got the Latiff off, I should have blown her up, so that the Aigle might have gone on clear."—Youth's Companion.

HUBBY WAS A BRUTE.

And That is Why His Aggrieved Wife Dropped the Conversation. "Charles," said a Broad street woman the other night after church, "I think we ought to have a coachman. We're away behind the style."

"Might as well be behind the style as behind a red-nosed coachman," was the reply.

"Why, Charles, the English people, you know—"

"Are the worst duffers and plugs imaginable," said the unreasonable man. "I think a coachman with a beaver-teen suit, tall, silk hat and white pearl buttons adds so to the style of a turnout."

"Why not dress him in red, white and blue, to represent Uncle Sam?" "Oh, Charles! Why, the prince of Wales turnout—"

"Oh, yes—pin a mortgage to your coachman's coat and call him the prince of Wales." "No use to talk to a brute!" snapped the wife, and closed the discussion.—Columbus Post.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—About the poorest occupation you can find is to sit down and admire yourself.—Ram's Horn.

—Baggins says it's the man who pays summer hotel bills for a large family who knows what it is to be sea sick.—Washington Post.

—"Everything is mild and sweet in the spring," said Migglet. "That's a fact," returned Boggles. "Even landlords."—Harper's Bazar.

—Youthful Prodigies.—"Have you heard the eight years old violin virtuoso?" "Oh, yes, twelve years ago, in Vienna."—Blatter und Bluthen.

—When It Is Convenient—Tom—"When shall I pay this money back to you?" Jack—"O, whenever it is convenient." Tom—"Thanks for the gift, Jack."—Yankee Blade.

—One Sure Sign.—"Wibble—They may talk about their corn-husks, musk-rats, and all that sort of thing, but there's one sign of a cold winter I new saw fail yet. Wabble—What's that? Wibble—The thermometer.—Demorest's Monthly.

—It was Charged.—Teacher—"So you can not remember the names of the great lakes. Can't you keep them in your head? Johnny—No, mum, if I was to keep them in my head I might get water on the brain.—Albany Telegram.

—She—You're getting too proud to recognize your friends. I bowed to you yesterday and you didn't deign to return it. He—Return it! Of course not. I think too much of anything coming from you to return it.—Boston Transcript.

—Supreme Gall.—"You remember Vickers and his wife were divorced about a year ago?" "Yes." "They are going to remarry. I have just received an invitation to the wedding." "So have I. I wonder if they have the nerve to expect a second batch of presents."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Dismal Outlook.—Tommy Blinge—"There's another fellow in the next room with sister. Featherstone (waiting for audience)—Do you know who he is? Tommy—No, I don't know who he is, but just before he came she had the big arm chair moved in there.

—Removing the Cause.—"Doctor," said young Goslin to his medical adviser, "I am suffering from insomnia." "Do you hang up those trousers in your sleeping chamber?" asked the physician, nodding his head at the pair Goslin was wearing. "Yahs." "Put them in the hall when you retire. Five dollars, please."—Epoch.

—They were talking confidentially of the present and the future with that sublime happiness which only love at 20 knows. "What is wealth or station," he remarked, trying to bring in some poetical quotation on the subject, "the idea that to be happy one must be born with a silver spoon in his mouth!" "Any metal would suit me, Robert," she whispered approvingly, "so long as we had ice-cream to eat with it."—Philadelphia Times.

Bearded the Lion. Mr. Suburb—It just makes me mad to see the way you New Yorkers pack yourselves away in city flats. Such a life is enough to take all the manhood out of you.

Mr. De Flatte—Hub! There isn't a braver man living than Skihigh, and he resides in a flat. Brave? He's as brave as a lion. Why, the other day he caught the janitor helping himself to the tenants' milk, and meat, and vegetables. Well, sir, that man Skihigh, instead of pretending not to notice it, just stood right up before that janitor and jawed him.—Good News.

Lavender and White. Light colors are chosen for tennis gowns this season—pale blue, lavender or white—brightened by a contrasting color or varied with stripes or accessories of some darker shade. The fabrics are the summer homespuns of sheer quality, serges and flannels. Blouses and shirt waists are made of the washable silks. For yachting, navy blue serge is almost the only wear, with a few gowns of white serge, darkened by a bodice or vest, or perhaps sleeves of navy blue.—Chicago Times.

Not a Rapid Counter. Farmer—Pat, did you count all the pigs when you drove them into the yard?

Pat—Yis, sor. Oi did, all but wan, an' he run so fast that Oi couldn't count him, sor.—Texas Sittings.

The Bangor Commercial prints a story of an Auburn girl who is likely to make an excellent newspaper reporter in the natural course of events. She came home from the grammar school and asked her mother to help her with a composition upon a certain assigned topic. She sat down to write and her mother began to dictate the composition word for word. "Oh, that's not what I want at all!" exclaimed the girl. "You just give me the facts and I will embellish them."

—It is said that the British post-laustrate runs a "milk route" in the west side, Isle of Wight, where bright, newly painted milk carts, bearing the name "Alfred. Lord Tennyson," may be seen daily. The teller of this tale adds: "Lovers of poetry are possibly shocked by this apparent unfitnes of things, but the babies will not care so long as the milk is sweet."

—Shoemaker—"I want a sign for my new store. Just say that I sell shoes and repair them." Sign Painter—"Oh, that's so old! Why not have something original?" Shoemaker—"What would you suggest?" Sign Painter—"Shoes sold and half-soled."

—Strange Changes.—Sayso—"What a wonderfully versatile fellow Tipman is! He used to be a dry goods dealer; then he turned into a lawyer and then into a banker." Smiley—"Yes, and yesterday I saw him turn into a bar-room."—Saturday Evening Herald.

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BRICK, TILE, ETC.

BRICK, TILE, ETC.

MONEY TO LOAN. LARS GUNDERSON. —IS PUSHING THE BUSINESS OF THE—

Security Savings & Loan Ass'n, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Authorized Capital, \$10,000,000. Subscribed Capital, \$7,000,000. Paid Up Capital, \$500,000.

The Most Favorable Terms to Investors. Loans Made on Short Notice.

TAILORING. OLSON & PETERSON.

MERCHANT - TAILORS.

NEW AND STYLISH SUITINGS.

LARGE LINE OF PIECE GOODS. WHICH YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPECT.

We do Our Own Cutting.

THEREBY SAVING A HEAVY EXPENSE, AND WE GIVE OUR PATRONS THE BENEFIT.

A Nice Line of Gent's Furnishings. LUDINGTON STREET, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

J. N. MEAD.

FINE WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRS.

THAN AT THE PRESENT.

All work entrusted to his care will be done in a workmanlike manner and on time and fully warranted.

Bring it in and see for yourselves. We want your work and will do all that any live man can to please.

YOURS TRULY, J. N. MEAD, Escanaba, Mich.

FOOTWEAR. SUMMER FOOTWEAR!

Ladies and Gentlemen.

ARE INVITED TO CALL UPON— G. F. PETERSON.

And inspect his Complete Line of SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC. A handsome line of Walking Shoes at the lowest prices. Remember we are headquarters for footwear of every description.

GROCERY. Groceries Lower than Ever.

BITTNER & SCHEMMEL.

FULL STOCK FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Daily.

THE IRON PORT.

The Iron Port Company.

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

John James Ingalls is out of office because Kansas farmers did not know when they were well off as to representation in the senate of the U. S., and he is out of favor with many who were his friends because of a bad break or two he made in his endeavor to maintain himself; but if any one thinks that John James is "out of politics" that one may as well revise his opinion at once. The Ex-Senator spoke to 10,000 people on the 30th ult. at Lake Monona, and his words had the old ring. We clip paragraphs, not having room for the whole speech:

"I am to speak to you, fellow citizens, upon 'the Progress of Our Second Century,' and I want to say at the outset that all public and political leaders are cowards. Let me seem to be invidious in that observation, or to be partial in my statement, I desire to say that when I was in public station, I was myself in that same category."

"I said that all public men are cowards, in the sense of being afraid of expressing their honest convictions about public matters and on public questions. None of us dare say what we really believe, and men who are the leaders of political parties hold their breath for fear of arousing opposition."

But being "downed" and so not afraid of being downed at the next election, he says, concerning immigration:

"I read the other day that there were about 15,000,000 foreign-born citizens now in America. The most of them are desirable additions to our citizenship. They are welcome to break bread and take salt with us at the banquet of liberty."

But there is a very large element among them that would make very good strangers in my opinion, good strangers—men who are here without capacity to understand American institutions, men who are here without the purpose of carrying forward our great system of civilization, men who are here not for conservative, but for destructive purposes, and it is one of the problems of our second century to determine what we are going to do about it."

And concerning prohibition (and he remembered that he was speaking to a prohibitionist assembly), that it is a flat failure in Iowa and Kansas, and that a pressing question is how to deal with the liquor traffic, and then he let "the eagle scream," thus:

"I suppose that the 40,000 Englishmen that came to this country between 1620 and 1650 were the most potential, the most formidable colonization that has ever occurred since this world was made. They were Anglo-Saxons. They belonged to the conquering and the unconquerable race on this planet; that race through which alone man has taken possession of the spiritual, the physical and the intellectual world."

They were the most arrogant and rapacious race that ever has appeared on this planet. They came here, as they have gone every where else on this planet, for a purpose. They knew exactly what they wanted."

Their name is Eli, and, compared with them, the name of all the other races on this planet is Dennis, for they have got left. This Anglo-Saxon race fellow citizens, has believed in the motto of "an equal chance for every man in the race of life, a fair field for all and the devil take the hindmost." To use the vernacular of the period it has gone upon the principle of "Root, hog, or die," and so far as experience is concerned, so far as we are able to read the chapter of history, so far as we are able to examine into the great problem of our civilization, that Anglo-Saxon experiment, after 275 years, has been practically successful."

We are the richest nation on the face of the earth and the greater part of our accumulation has been piled up in the last thirty years. The accumulated wealth of the country has increased more than \$260,000 for every hour of time, day and night, Sunday not excepted, since 1860. It exceeds the dreams of Arabian fiction."

And he concludes that the wild schemes of the Alliance can't get away from the common sense of the mass of the people—that "root, hog, or die," is to be as it has been, the law for all."

Peffer, of Kansas, and Powers, of Indiana, were at Sulphur Springs, Texas, last week attending an encampment of Knights of Labor and Farmers' Alliance, and "things got hot." One Texan predicted a revolution in the event that the Alliance fails to accomplish its purposes peacefully, saying "John Brown succeeded Garrison." Powers said he had "looked across a gun-barrel at the south," meaning to give these Texans an idea that he was a man of blood but he didn't fool them—the men who meant business looked along gun-barrels, not across them, and nobody knew that better than Hood's old Texans. All the same, Powers ought to be castrated for talking that way: some fellow who doesn't know any better might put his recommendations into practice and get himself into trouble. All the monopolists and plutocrats in the world can do less harm than one earnest fellow who proposes appeal from the ballot to the bullet; that way lies all the evil that anarchists plan.

Do not shoot the governor. He has done the best he knows how. This applies to the appointments—or rather the

disappointments—to the World's Fair commission. Mr. Weston, who is named as chairman of Michigan's state delegation, is a literary gentleman of Grand Rapids, who has enriched literature by a humorous book of solemn speeches delivered while he was in office. Mr. Burt, second on the list, is an ex-republican who once thought he was running for governor of Michigan. Mr. Flynn is an estimable citizen of Detroit, who has achieved some success as a collector of funds for democratic campaign uses. Mr. Belden is a political scarecrow. Mrs. Valentine is the wife of a so-called minister who dragged the name of religion through the political mire; and verily he has his reward. Mrs. Pond is said by Secretary of State Soper to be a beauty. Secretary Stevens is a lobby king.

These appointments are the democrats' funeral; and the members of that party are not backward in coming forward as mourners. Knowing Governor Winans as we do, the Tribune is not surprised at the character of the list. The one satisfaction is that they are limited in their squanderings to \$100,000. That is something to be thankful for. And as Michigan was sure to be misrepresented by Governor Winans' choice, he could not have made selections which would more completely accomplish the result.—Tribune, Detroit.

Why the opening petition—"do not shoot." Nobody who would be moved by the Tribune's prayer—no republican that is—wants to shoot and if the democracy is so exasperated that the governor is in danger from that quarter why should the Tribune interfere? The persons who have a right to kick (if not to shoot) are the democrats of this peninsula, Doyle, and Munthe, and Tim Nester, and our own P. J., and neither of them would hold his hand because of the petition of the Tribune if it came to his notice, which is unlikely. The Tribune wastes its clemency.

The Detroit Journal's idea is that the selection of the World's Fair commission by the governor is "just his size." We copy its article:

"Gov. Winans is at least consistent. He has a happy faculty of adjusting everything he does to the scale of his own mind. He never undertakes more than he can perform. Unable to comprehend a great thing or a great man, he never tries. He was opposed to permitting Michigan to make an adequate display at the Chicago exposition, had the appropriation cut down to picaresque dimensions and lined up the state alongside of Arkansas, Georgia and other southern, democratic last century communities."

When he came to appoint the commissioners to expend the state funds he selected a set that nicely corresponded with his ideas and his notions of what one of the richest and most distinguished of the union sisterhood ought to do in exhibiting its resources and greatness."

They consist of an ex-chairman of the state democratic committee; the treasurer of the state democratic committee; a disgruntled republican once run for governor by the democratic party in the forlorn hope of electing a candidate; the wife of a Methodist parson who pretended he was doing a disinterested service to the public and his conscience last fall by accusing the republican candidate for governor of misconduct in office; the democratic side show industrial candidate for governor last fall; a famous Lansing democrat lobbyist, and another woman unknown."

These are the very best representatives the democratic governor of Michigan can pick out among at least half a million of Michigan citizens, hundreds of whom are by capacity, training, knowledge and acquirements fitted to honor the state and spend even Winans' pittance in a tasteful and practical manner."

The commission chosen by Winans is a burlesque; fit for a comic opera, or Sancho Panza's little kingdom. Like most of his appointments, its chief usefulness is to size up the narrow-minded old democratic partisan who was small enough to slip through the little hole the republicans unfortunately left in their fences last fall."

What is the use of calling Gov. Winans hard names for his vetoes of the G. A. R. and World's Fair bills? Don't we all know that by this means he makes the finest brands of campaign powder for '92?

What is the use of blaming the legislature for bringing out bribery, bigamy and trick-work? Don't we all know it is the strongest kind of dynamite for campaign uses in 1892?

What is the use of calling men pet names for trifles when they are doing such excellent service to the cause we advocate—no more free passes—by killing the anti-free pass law? Don't we all know that they only help our cause when they render their own cause more odious?

Don't we all know that it takes a few hotel fires to teach men to put up fire escapes? It took a few steamboat accidents to pass a boiler inspection bill. It needs a few desperate deeds to arouse the people. The Mafia of New Orleans; the Haymarket murders; the Tweed ring and all such little matters tend to stir up public sentiment. If the enemy always behaved himself he would be a hard man to battle with about election day."

One John Thomas, who resided at Webb City, Mo., and who seems to have had some knowledge of anatomy and of the effect of electric shock upon the nerves, contended that the men, who conducted the executions at Sing Sing did not know their business. His theory was to place one electrode directly over the pit of the stomach, and the other at the back, thus passing the current through the great pneumogastric nerve. This, he claimed, would cause instantaneous paralysis of

the heart and lungs. Finally, last week he proved the correctness of his theory by applying it to himself. With insulated wires he made the connections to an arrangement of steel rods at his bed, which were so arranged that when he laid down one electrode was between his shoulders, and he could then place the other over the pit of his stomach. In each electrode was a sponge which had evidently been moistened. He had made a peculiar switch-board which worked in such a manner that the light wire could be cut out and the current deflected to the apparatus at the bed. This was accomplished by pulling a cord which hung at the side of the bed. When the cord was released the spring would force the switch back, turning the current back into the light.

Thomas had made all his preparations and then deliberately laid himself upon the bed, adjusted the electrodes and pulled the cord. Death came in an instant and he died without a struggle. Not a muscle had twitched to disarrange the body. The cord had been released by the dead hand upon the instant of the shock and a second contact was not necessary. The strength of the current was about 1,200 volts, showing that the current through the pneumogastric nerve requires neither so heavy nor so prolonged a shock as through the brain and spinal cord. Not a mark nor blister was seen on the body to indicate burning."

The South Carolina "farmers" are as prompt to appeal to force as ever. A few days since a debate was held between the president of the alliance and Senator Butler, in which the Alliance man got the worst of it. Suddenly a pistol shot was heard in the woods near by, as though there was a signal agreed upon. Immediately on hearing the report a gang of five men surrounded Policeman J. Hunter who was standing near Senator Butler. Hunter kept them off; but seeing their intentions to be to attack him he put on a pair of brass knuckles, grasped his club, and the scrimmage began. Though the combat was unequal, five to one, Hunter fell his assailants right and left, and had the best of it until one struck him with a leaded cane, cutting a gash to the skull. Policeman Hunter then drew his pistol, placed it against the head of his nearest assailant, and pulled the trigger, but though the hammer snapped twice the pistol failed to fire. By this time Hunter was the center of a grand free fight. Flashing knives took the place of clenched fists. Before a posse could get to the spot and quell the disturbance five men were badly cut and Hunter had been well nigh killed. One man received a gash which reached from brow to chin; another neck was half circled with the gory track of the knife, and three others were somewhat notched. Hunter is seriously injured, and two of his assailants are fatally hurt."

Among the reforms undertaken by the squawbucks in their excess of zeal to do something for the benefit of the Standard Oil Company was the reduction of the oil test. Ex-State Oil Inspector Platt in his final report, calls attention to the fact that Wisconsin, alarmed at the number of casualties in that state due to cheap and inferior oils, has adopted the old Michigan test, which the squawbucks reduced to the old Wisconsin standard. No better evidence could he had of the utter disregard of public interests manifested by the squawbucks in this legislature for the benefit of the oil monopoly. They have exposed the people of Michigan to the very danger from which the legislature of Wisconsin has relieved the people of that state."

It would be interesting to know whose pockets were lined by this reckless piece of business. Somebody has sacrificed the public safety to private purposes.—Tribune, Detroit.

"There was a large attendance, both of the murdered man's family and also of friends from Seney and Trout Lake. Members of the family from out of the city who were present were: Thomas G. Dunn of Romeo, Patrick Dunn, of New York, and Michael Dunn of Ashley, Wis., all brothers of the deceased; Thomas Doyle and wife of Chicago, Mrs. Frank Palethorp of Greenville, Luke Dunn, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bert Long of Seney. The handsome casket containing the corpse was profusely surrounded by flowers and beautiful floral designs."

We clip from the Detroit Tribune. The corpse was that of Dan Dunn, of whom the Tribune said "he was one of the most notorious and hardened reprobates that ever disgraced the state." The funeral was at Detroit.

The Cunarder Gallia had a very narrow escape on her last trip. It was very foggy at the time, and the passengers were about on deck as usual, when a big steamer loomed up seventy-five feet away. The passengers were thrown into consternation, but their fears were alleviated by the prompt work of the officers of the Gallia, who quickly got the big Cunarder out of harm's way. It was another illustration of "Cunard-luck." Of course the officers promptly deny that there was any such danger, but that is a way of floors have."

Jim Harcourt's well-aimed bullets cut one of The Lake Superior Democrat's subscribers off the list at Trout Creek this week. Dan Dunn has not notified this office of his change of address and will probably continue to neglect it, but his present whereabouts are known and his copy of The Democrat will be printed on asbestos and forwarded to his address without extra charge.—Democrat, Ishpeming.

Oh, we'll have peaches. A telegram from Allegan says, early peaches are

being brought here in considerable quantity and purchased by local dealers for shipment. An average of 100 bushels a day has been shipped this week. When the later and better peaches begin to ripen, in from three to four weeks, the shipments from here bid fair to be the largest ever made from this point, but these are a mere bagatelle when compared with the enormous quantities that will be shipped from the western portion of our county, where the shipments already average 6,000 baskets per day. A million dollars is a conservative estimate of the money that will be brought into Allegan county by its peach crop this fall."

The "Amalgamated Societies of Iron and Steel Workers" have for years had their own way as to wages, and might have continued to control in that matter; but unfortunately the societies undertook too much and the employers resisted. Strikes ensued, and every one a failure. The last was at Steelton, near Harrisburg, and it collapsed last week. The works opened yesterday with men not governed by the societies. The wage scale is the same, the hours of labor was the point at issue.

The big steamer E. C. Pope is now on the way from Escanaba to Cleveland with 3,607 net tons of iron ore, the largest cargo ever taken down the Detroit river," says the Chicago Times. The item is all right except that the Pope took her load from Gladstone's dock.—Delta.

All the same; all Escanaba; may as well get used to it; 8th ward in a year or so; good job, too. Save one set of duds.

The shipments of Bilbao ore during the first half of the year have been less by 600,000 tons than those of the previous half year. Prices, however, have been well maintained, but the cost of production has recently increased to some extent.—Am. Manufacturer.

It will be seen that the reduction is general, not local. The world made more iron than it needed last year; that's all.

Reports to the state board of health show diarrhoea, rheumatism, neuralgia bronchitis, in the order named, causing most sickness in Michigan during the week ending July 25. Diphtheria is reported at twenty-two places, scarlet fever at twenty-seven, and typhoid fever at twenty-two.

The Soo News wants the wreck of the old Independence raised and sent to the world's fair. They can't send the unfinished w. p. c. s, perhaps the Independence would answer as well as anything for the Soo exhibit.

Land all around Allegan is being leased by oil well companies and two of these companies announce that they will each put down two wells at different points, thus making a pretty thorough test of the oil field.

COLLECTION AGENCY

Charles O. Collins,

GENERAL

Collection - Agency!

Accounts of Merchants and Others Solicited.

Prompt Attention

Given to all Business.

OFFICE Corner Ludington and Donnan Streets—With Globe.

LIVERY.

NEW LIVERY FIRM

Bergeon & Kraus,

(Successors to Jo Bergeon.)

PROPRIETORS OF

THE WEST END LIVERY.

Having just added largely to our stock of horses and buggies, we are prepared to serve the public as well as any concern in Escanaba.

Everything -- First-Class!

ORDER BY TELEPHONE.

HARDWARE.

NEW

HARDWARE STORE!

Now Ready for Business.

E. OLSON & CO.,

Wish to announce that they have opened a Hardware Store at No. 1103 Ludington Street and have a complete line of

LIGHT AND HEAVY HARDWARE

Including Carpenters' Tools of the Latest Makes.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED



Complete Line Of

Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils

We handle Coit and Co's Mixed Paints.

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

E. OLSON & CO.

TAILORING.

COTA & FORVILLY,

Fashionable Tailors,

517 Ludington St., Opposite Steam Laundry.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

AT LOWEST PRICES.

A Good Fit in the Latest Style Guaranteed. A Trial Order is Solicited.

MEAT MARKET.

Q. R. HESSEL,

Successor to Hessel & Hentschel,

—DEALER IN—

Meats of All Kinds!

Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and

RIGIDLY INSPECTED.

both on the hoof and after slaughter, and

Every 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.

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE BRIEFLY CHRONICLED.

The Iron Port "Scissors and Pencil Editor" Gathers in a Goodly Harvest of Interesting Matters Concerning Many Things.

The "Fascinator Co." which has been running a "word contest" at Montreal, turns out a swindle, of course. The purpose of the whole business was to pull a \$5 note from as many "suckers" as would shell out upon receipt of a notice that a big prize awaited them and the V was wanted to pay the duty on it.

Two Benton Harbor girls went boating at evening with two Chicago boys, since which nothing has been seen of the girls. The boys are in arrest but declare that they left the girls safe at the landing and know nothing of their whereabouts.

Alfred Tredo, a tramp, assaulted criminally a seven-year-old girl named Minnie Brown, on the Gratiot road, a few miles south of Mt. Clemens. He took her across a cornfield to a barn and was there surrounded and captured, but was not hanged, as he should have been.

Nellie Ledger and Grace Belden, the two young St. Joseph women who have been missing from home since Sunday night, were heard of at Berrien Springs Thursday and returned later in the day. They are mum regarding their experiences.

The Minnesota legislature has just passed a bill compelling manufacturers of any baking powder which contains ammonia to state that fact, in bold letters, on every package. It is said to be a blow at the "Royal" article.

Another of the boarders at Warden Malmberg's state hotel at Marquette took French leave last week. A sentence of confinement in that pen goes with a proviso—"unless you skip sooner."

The Spanish reciprocity treaty is published. It is as favorable to the U. S. as has at any time been represented. So many robberies have occurred at Neenah that a "vigilance committee" is proposed.

The Huron Bay railroad will soon be ready to carry ore and the rate will be 40 cents a ton. That will compel a cut by both the South shore and North-western roads.

The company that builds whale backs at Superior has just doubled its capital and laid the keels of two more boats, bigger than any previously built.

At Cleveland, on the 29th, the pacer Hal Pointer did three mile heats in 2:10, 2:10 1/2 and 2:10 1/4, the fastest three heats ever made by trotter or pacer.

John Dillon and Wm. O'Brien are out of jail, none the worse for their confinement, and will take up the work at the point where they laid it down.

Reed, the wrecker, has contracted to raise the Pontiac and deliver her at Cleveland for one-fourth of the value of ship and cargo.

An unfinished building at Pittsburgh collapsed on the 30th nit, and three men were killed and three others badly hurt.

H. W. Yates, a clerk for Stafford, Marquette, has been caught "hoodling," squeezed, and let go.

The strike of the Milwaukee ship carpenters is beaten; the yards are at work with non-union men.

One freight jumped to 90 cents from here and \$1.10 from Marquette at the close of last week.

Albert Elshop was arrested at Grand Rapids on a charge of rape and is in jail, awaiting an examination. His victim is but 12 years old.

Captain C. H. Mauly turned over the command of the Soldiers Home to Manager Sprague last Saturday.

The following named persons have been appointed cadets at the Annapolis Naval Academy from Michigan, and are to report for examination September. Ray King, ninth district; James Halsey, tenth; R. W. V. Whitney, alternate; B. E. Elder, third; Benjamin Williams, alternate; M. J. Y. Cornick, eleventh.

Henry Friscoe was saved from hanging by the Marshal of Herber Springs, who kept the mob off with a six-shooter. Friscoe had debated his niece, a girl of only 14. Pity and his niece, a go-a-fishing that day.

The Ahnapec & Western railroad asks it gets it, it will cost \$60,000 for which it will send its line to Sturgeon Bay.

The Minnesota Iron Co. has absorbed all the producing iron properties on the line of its road.

The shiner mill at Ewen burned on Friday last. Loss \$10,000.

Kirby, the washer who wrecked the City National bank of Marshall, has been captured in Missouri and brought home for trial.

Prof. Joseph Hipp offers his services as teacher of piano, violin or Organ. He may be seen (or orders left) at Bie's music store.

Of Adamant the Scientific American says "It is destined to revolutionize the business of house plastering." For Sale by A. H. Butts.

All persons indebted to M. A. Asher are requested to call and settle before Sept 1st, as he will leave the city on that date.

Call at Cleary's and see the new pianos. Adamant, "you put in the water, we do the rest." For particulars see A. H. Butts.

For the best pianos in the world go to P. F. Cleary's.

Table listing various topics and their page numbers, including Literature of the Republic, Topical Analysis of Selections, and various genres like Anecdotes, Biography, etc.

EGYPT'S DUMMY-MUMMIES.

Those Which the Crafty Egyptians Palm Off Upon Credulous Americans. They tell us the art of embalming has been lost even by the Egyptians. They are getting on to it again. It took three or four thousand years for old Egypt to make some of these ancient mummies, but we live in a fast age; fast everywhere; fast in Egypt, and the Egypt of the nineteenth century can make any antique on short notice.

They manufacture articles, scarabaeas, statues, images, gods, and goddesses of any age, just to suit the customer. Indeed, on my way to the tombs of the kings, a little girl ran a mile by the side of my donkey, holding in her hand for sale (for baobeech) a little tawny live puppy not three days old (its eyes were not open, but the child's were). It was offered among other Egyptian relics as an antique.

But back to the dummy mummy. They make mummies; mummies of the sacred cat, hawk, and even of the human. They will roll them up very skillfully in old decayed cloth with pitch and gum and resin; bury them, soil them, make them "age" as fast as possible, about one hundred years for each day or week, and when the Arab thinks his mummy ripe he digs him up.

A young New Yorker bought one. He paid fifty dollars for it before it was unrolled. This was the condition: It was heads I lose, tails you win. If it happened to be a king (a Rameses or a Pharaoh) with gems or jewels in its winding sheet, if it should contain papyrus inscriptions, which would make the world wise, and unfold the hidden mysteries of Egypt; whatever it contained, whoever the mummy might be—all were to go for fifty dollars. It was a fair bargain, and the gold pieces were handed over to the Arab.

The mummy was unrolled, and to the surprise of the American, the mummy wasn't a king nor any body that anyone had ever heard of, and had no jewels or papyrus. Sold!

Indeed, I think the mummy was a little ashamed of itself. It was not a very good one. When he is sold and unrolled the next time I trust he will do better.—Ca' to Ca' Hartford Times.

The Century Magazine War Book of Battles and Leaders. 3,000 pages. 1,700 illustrations. 1,000 maps. 300 steel plates. 400 portraits of famous men on both sides. A historical portrait gallery of 100,000 were spent in the illustrations.

\$1,000 reward to any one discovering a misprint or misplaced letter in the entire work—paid by the publishers. The four volumes contain more than 3,000 pages. Over 150 contributors—Federal and Confederate.

\$1.65 on delivery of the entire set to the subscriber. \$2.00 per month until paid for.

This work is written by the men who made the facts. It is written by the men on both sides. It is written over twenty years after the close of the war, when the heat and animosity excited by combat has died out.

As a consequence, we have the standard history of the most momentous four years the world ever saw.

It gives all the statistics relating to every battle of the civil war, whether by sea or land; the roster of every regiment, brigade, and division, with the colonel or general in command, and the losses in killed, wounded and missing in both the Union and Confederate armies.

News Nuggets. The Ladies Aid society of the M. E. church has engaged the "Blind Boone Concert company" for a concert on Saturday evening, August 22, of which further notice will be found in our columns later on. The company is a fine one.

Prof. Joseph Hipp offers his services as teacher of piano, violin or Organ. He may be seen (or orders left) at Bie's music store.

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For the best pianos in the world go to P. F. Cleary's.

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 \$500 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 it every year."

Most of the lands offered for sale by the Illinois Central Railroad Company can be made to produce the same results. They lie along the line of this railroad at a distance of from 3 to 15 miles, and the country is traversed by many other railroads, thus affording every facility for transportation of early fruits and vegetables to any market that may be selected, fruit express trains being run daily to Chicago, St. Louis, and other points.

Sheep raising is as profitable on the hill lands as in any place in Ohio. Address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner, I. C. R. R. Co. 78 Michigan Av., Chicago.

Ridpath's History of the World. It treats of every nation of the ancient world: Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Israel, Media, Babylon, Persia, Parthia, Greece, Macedonia, Rome. Every tribe and event of the Mediaeval world: The Barbarian Ascendency, The Mohammedan Ascendency, The Age of Charlemagne, the Feudal Ascendency, The Crusades, The People and the Kings, The New World, The Reformation. The great movements of modern times: The English Revolution, The Age of Frederick the Great, The Age of Revolution, The Nineteenth Century.

Four massive imperial octavo volumes, twenty-eight imperial octavo books, 1515 illustrations, thirty-two colored maps, 3180 double-column pages, thirty-three genealogical diagrams, nine-colored charts.

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. Notices inserted under this head will be published at one cent per word. No notice less than 10 cents. Parties wanting to sell; parties wanting to buy; parties wanting domestic help; domestic waiting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employment; employers wanting men, etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port teaches a large number of people twice each week.

Lost—The Subscriber lost while going from Stratton's to Isaac Papinian's, by the old state road, on Thursday of last week, a red morocco memorandum book with elastic band, which contained a draft for \$300 by the Prairie River Lumber Co.; a note for \$200, payable to order by Ambrose Clewett and John Rousseau and a ticket over the 300 road between Rheolacoda and Escanaba. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to the office of this paper.

HORSES FOR SALE—A span of mares, in good working order. Apply at 213 Ludington street or to Peter Canton, anywhere.

WANTED—A couple of girls for general housework at the Commercial hotel.

DANCE—At Depon's Hall, by a Ladies' club, on Saturday evening, August 1. Fruit baskets with a lady's name. Very cheap and lots of fun.

HORSE, harness, buggy, robes, etc. and a cow for sale by Dr. Thomas.

DR. THOMAS requests all who have bills against him to present them, and all who owe him to pay up at once. Office at Geo. Young's residence.

TEAM FOR SALE—A pair of draft horses. Inquire of Wm. Young, Rapid River, or of B. S. Brown, Escanaba.

NOTICE—In hereby given that all bills overdue to the undersigned firm must be settled or satisfactorily arranged by the first day of July next or they will be placed in the hands of a lawyer for collection, and no footing, either.

BRYNER, WICKERT & Co. Escanaba, June 13, 1891.

A BUSINESS CHANCE—A good mill with fine receiving and shipping facilities and situated where it can be worn out before the available timber can be used up, for sale low, the proprietors being about to change location. For further particulars call on or address this office.

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REAL ESTATE AND Fire Insurance AGENT.

615 LUDINGTON ST., SECOND STORY.

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It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet, made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

\$5.00 Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from \$6.00 to \$12.00.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt Shoes, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from \$5.00 to \$6.00.

\$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three sole, extra-stitch edge. One pair will wear a year.

\$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

\$2.50 and \$3.00 Workingmen's shoes. Are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$1.75 shoe for \$1.00 are the best fine Douglas, stylish and durable. (Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.)

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Of every description for young men middle aged men and old men. In this line we can satisfy you.

For Anything in the Above Line Call on OSCAR V. LINDEN, 1001 LUDINGTON STREET, LUDINGTON STREET.

HIS KIND OF A DOG.

The Regular Prize For It, But a Special Prize Was Freely Given.

There was a bench show of dogs in the Central rink, and all the pugs, and terriers, and mastiffs, and St. Bernards, and bulldogs, and all the other high-bred dogs who were sure to what class they belonged and whose owner could prove their right to be so classed were there.

Over on another street of the same city was quite a different scene. In a narrow court near the river lay a shivering, white-faced little shaver, whose clothes dripped water. Over him bent another boy with a quart of steaming hot liquid in his hand.

"Drink this here hot coffee, Jim," he said. "Bill's gone for to hunt up some dry duds, and maybe we can get yer inter that engine room ter dry. Don't ye go gettin' faint nor nothin' now. Want yer head raised a bit?"

But the boy raised himself on his elbow and looked around him. He took a drink of the coffee, and seeming to get strength, said:

"Where's Buster?"

"O, he's around somewhere. Buster's all right. There comes the boys with the duds, and we'll have you all right too, in a minute. Don't feel dizzy or nothin' do yer?"

"I'm beginning to feel first rate again. Where's Buster? Some of you whistle. I ain't got the wind."

But at that moment a bob-tailed brindle dog came around the corner, closely pursued by a couple of boys.

"Let Buster alone! What are you chasing Buster for?" demanded the prostrate boy.

"Why, yer see," explained the others, still keeping up the chase, "there was a man said if we could get him around to the dog show, they'd give him a prize for pulling you out of the river, and he won't let us catch him."

"Wot sort of a prize is it?" demanded the wet boy.

"Money, you wooden head, you. They're all swells down there; and he said there's a prize for the best dog that saves a feller's life."

This was enough to satisfy the inquiries of the smaller boy, and to excite the best efforts of the others to capture the dog, but for some reason he eluded them. Perhaps he had good reasons for being suspicious of boys who were too friendly. Anyway, he dodged and kept out of their way, almost causing one of them to be crushed under the wheels of a cable car, when the wet boy gave a low whistle and ordered the dog to "come 'ere."

The animal obeyed without a whine.

"Now lay down!" The dog got down and put his nose between his paws. "You've got to go and get that there prize, and I'm going too."

It was doubtful at first if the boy would be able to keep his word, but by the help of the others, who had taken off his wet clothing and wrapped him up in something drier, he managed to go.

When he saw his master going the dog followed, and they soon stood before the bulletin board in front of the rink, announcing the bench show and the terms of admittance.

There was some consultation, and then while four of them stayed with the boy who had been in the water, one of the largest took the dog by the strap around his neck, and, paying the admittance fee with the combined wealth of the company, undertook to drag the dog in with him.

"Here! leave that dog outside," commanded the doorkeeper. "You can't take that dog in with you, I say."

"What's the reason? Ain't I taking him in to get the prize?"

"What prize? There is no prize for such curs as that. Turn him out, I tell you."

"Yes, there is a prize. Wot are you givin' us? Didn't a man tell me so? He ain't goin' to eat up none of your fine-haired pups, but he's goin' to get that prize."

There might have been a fracas and an arrest, for the boy who had paid his money was positive and determined, but just then a gentleman chanced to step to the door and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, he's got some fool notion about a prize for brindle pups," exclaimed the gatekeeper, "and is making a fuss about his dog going in."

"There isn't such a prize offered, I am positive," said the man. "I am one of the judges."

"What sort of a show is this here, then?"

"A dog show, of course."

"And no prize for the best dog?"

"It is for a certain kind of dogs—those that cost a great deal of money."

"And not for a certain kind that jumps into the ice and drags a boy outen the river?"

"Did your dog do that?"

"Yes, and that there's the boy he did it to."

The gentleman looked incredulous, but just then a newspaper reporter who had been watching the boys from the street stepped up and corroborated the statement.

"Wait here a minute," said the gentleman, and he disappeared within and went briskly to where a group of his friends were talking. In a minute he came back with something in his hand, and followed by several others.

"We have decided," he said, "that there ought to be a prize for that kind of a dog, and here is a \$5 gold piece for the owner of the dog," and at the same time he stepped forward and tied a knot of blue ribbon to the strap around the dog's neck.

A promiser lot of boys were never seen than those street waifs as they led the dog away.—Our Dumb Animals.

The Bride.

The worst looking woman at the average wedding is the bride. Brides always look pale and wan from over-work and over-worry, and we never saw a bride whose clothes fit her, although she has done nothing but worry about them for months. It tells ever look well on brides, we have never seen a bride who used one to good advantage.—Abraham Globe.

"DONE AGAIN."

An Over-Confident Man Buys a Little Experience.

An awkward-looking man walked somewhat timidly up to the clerk and asked if Armand Withersbee was in his room.

"Armand Withersbee?" replied the hotel clerk. "Don't know him."

"Hasn't he a room here?" asked the man.

"No."

"Not Parlor D, on the second floor?" he gasped, as he mopped his face with a handkerchief, and produced a check payable to "Armand Withersbee," drawn on the Fourth National bank.

"Did he tell you he lived here?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," answered the man, "and he promised to be here at seven p. m. sharp, to repay me the forty dollars he borrowed from me!"

"Been lending him money, eh?"

"Why, yes, but he gave me good security. I wouldn't lend money to a man I had only known for a few hours without good security. He gave me this check for one hundred dollars."

"How much did you lend him on it?"

"Forty dollars."

"The bank was closed and he had to get the money somewhere at once, to meet a pressing claim, eh?"

"Why, yes, that was it exactly. How did you know it?"

"Hear of them every day," replied the clerk, "and see their victims."

"Victims?"

"Yes, victims. You're one of them."

"How's that?"

"You've been swindled."

"Me swindled?"

"Yes, you. You ought to know better than to lend money to casual acquaintances you may make in this great city. You must learn to keep your eyes open and read the newspapers. It's a pretty rank greenhorn that would be taken in by that old dodge."

"I'll thank you not to call me a greenhorn, sir," replied the man in an angry tone; "I'm no fool, I can tell you. I can read character in the face. This Mr. Withersbee struck me as an honest man and I'm sure he'll come here to redeem his check."

"But you he doesn't," said the clerk.

"I'm not a betting man," replied the other, "but I'm going to sit here awhile and wait for Mr. Withersbee."

"All right," answered the clerk. Sit down."

The man sat down and kept his eyes steadily on the door for about half an hour.

"Still think he's going to come, eh?" sneered the clerk.

"Yes; I ain't going to abandon my faith in human nature yet. He'll come."

"Bet you ten dollars he don't," said the clerk, tantalizingly.

"Well, I'll risk it," replied the man. Who'll hold the stakes?"

"The elevator boy," said the clerk.

The ten dollar bills were put up and the man sat down to wait again. Before ten minutes had elapsed a man burst in, went straight up to the clerk and threw down a card, on which was engraved, "Armand Withersbee."

"Has anybody been asking for me?" he said. Then without waiting for an answer he turned about and let his eye fall on the man who had the check.

With an exclamation of pleasure he saluted him, excused his lateness, produced forty dollars in crisp bills, handed them over, procured his check for one hundred dollars and invited the lender to drink.

The clerk looked on in amazement, while the awkward man reached for the elevator boy, got the twenty dollars, declined to drink, took the arm of Mr. Withersbee and marched out with him triumphantly.

As they passed out they had an indescribable, but unmistakable, air of comradeship about them that made the clerk kick himself and exclaim angrily: "Done again, by jiminy! Pals of course! I might have known it!"—N. Y. Tribune.

Knew His Customer.

A man without a hair on his bald head came into the barber's shop and sat down on a chair.

"Shave or hair cut, sir?" said the attendant.

"A shave, please," was the answer.

When the shave was finished and the bald-headed man left the customer who was getting his hair cut in the next chair said to the barber:

"Why did you ask that man if he would have his hair cut? Did you mean to insult him?"

"Oh, not at all, sir," was the answer. "You see, it's like this: A bald-headed man is rather sensitive on that point. I treat this gentleman just as I do every customer who comes and sits down on the chair. He knows that he has no hair to be cut, and I know that he has no hair to be cut, and he knows that I know he has no hair to be cut. Nevertheless he likes to be treated as if he had a head of hair, and he comes regularly."—Detroit Free Press.

A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. Now it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children became mixed, and how were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants? "But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the physician. "Are you sure of it?" "Perfectly." "Well, if that's the case, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

To keep ice from melting, it is necessary that it be kept dry and cool. Wool and paper are both excellent non-conductors, and if a piece of ice is wrapped first in a blanket and then in newspapers, it will keep a long time, but it should rest on slate or something that will keep it from touching the bottom of the ice-box. No matter how well the piece is wrapped, if it lies soaking in the water it will melt faster.

A JOCKEY'S TRAINING.

The Famous McLaughlin Tells How He Gets Down to Weight.

How do famous jockeys live while training? What do they do to reduce their weight in riding? How are the various hours of each day employed? These and many like questions are frequently asked by a large class of racegoers, but never have been answered rightly. The public generally believes that when it is necessary to take off some of the surplus flesh the jockey resorts to a heavy dose of medicine or sleeps for an evening or two under a ton of blankets. Hence the following account of how McLaughlin, the noted knight of the pigskin, reduces down to one hundred and fifteen pounds will be found interesting to all, but instructive to those holding erroneous notions on the subject.

"At 5 o'clock in the morning," as the old song has it, McLaughlin is called by his valet and begins the day. A cold water bath is the first thing in order, and this is followed by a vigorous and thorough rubbing down. Thence he goes to the track and spends about two hours on horseback and walking exercise. The morning he has horses to work he will devote all his time to them, but on the off days he takes to pedestrianism. Not till 8 o'clock does he have breakfast, and then it is a modest repast, consisting of two lean chops, dry toast and tea without sugar. On this foundation for the physical man he does his sweaters. These weigh no less than twenty pounds complete. In them he runs and walks a distance of seven miles. Dripping with perspiration, which runs down him in streams, and ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, he returns to his rooms more dead than alive. After being stripped as quickly as possible he is rubbed down with all the latest appliances known for that purpose.

But this is by no means the end of his ordeal. Upon being rubbed down he is put into the blankets, and, when cooled off, is taken out of them and given another bath. He then gets another rubbing. When entirely dry he is again subjected to one more thorough rubbing, this time with a body dressing. By this time he wishes he never was born, and, as he is coolly contemplating speedy suicide, he is allowed to assume his ordinary attire and saunter around for a good part of the remainder of the day. Frequently, however, he exercises for a good portion of this leisure time with the boxing-gloves, foils, dumbbells, Indian clubs and other sporting paraphernalia, with which his rooms are adorned. He is very fond of these implements, and manages to derive much amusement from exercising with them, as well as knocking off an occasional pound of flesh by the zest with which he enters into the several pastimes represented by them. His dinner, if the slight meal he takes at 1 o'clock can be dignified with such a name, is not quite as liberal in character and amount as breakfast even, while his supper is lighter than either. Sugar, butter, potatoes, soup, fats of all kinds, and, in fact, every article of food that has any tendency to increase one's bulk, is sedulously eschewed. Though fond of coffee he drinks tea, because it has been advised as conducive to attain his object of making himself thinner. What solid stuff he does eat is such that will give the most strength for the quantity partaken of.

When supper is over there is no sitting around until midnight in ill-ventilated rooms, playing cards, smoking and drinking, or any similar way of passing an evening. Instead, a walk in the open air is taken, be the weather propitious or not, and at 10 o'clock McLaughlin is once more in his bed, enjoying a good, sound sleep after his day's hard work. From the above it will be seen that, while the days of fashionable jockeys bathing in the stable bucket are over, the life of such, even nowadays, is not always the sinecure and one long round of pleasure that many imagine. Like everything else, America is advancing in the treatment of jockeys, both by their employers and themselves. But the successful ones find that to continue to be successful they must keep up, of their own accord, even a stricter discipline than that enforced upon them in other times. For all that, these are the days of luxury for jockeys, like every one else.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Ideas For Skirts.

One of the prettiest trappings for a skirt front is a ruche on the lower edge of the material, silk or ribbon. If of the dress material, or silk cut the strips bias, pink both edges and lay in triple plaits, which require five times the length of the space to be covered, stitching them in the center. This trims the foot of the front and sides, and gives the graceful full look desired at the foot of the plainest skirts. If the ruche is made of ribbon, two or three widths are taken, each half an inch narrower than the bottom one, laid on each other and gathered along the center to form the frill or ruche. When the ribbons are of the different shades of the dress the effect is charming. The outside material for skirts is now out but three yards wide, one half of this forming the flat front and sides, which are slightly "broken" by a few plaits at the belt on either side of the center front, which are laid to slant downwards. The remainder forms the faulx-plaited back, which is stylishly confined in a narrow space. Plaid and striped skirts are made in this style, the front half cut on the bias to the plaid diamond-shaped and the stripes diagonal.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Don't Fall to Pieces.

De Smartie—Why do you persist in buying your clothes at installment houses?

De Sharpe—They always try to give me stuff that will last until the installments are paid.—N. Y. Weekly.

"That's the boom, isn't it?" asked a callow swell on board a yacht which was scudding along. Just then the sail swung around, and, as the youth clawed the lee scupper with one hand and his broken head with the other, the skipper replied: "You guessed it."—N. Y. Morning Journal.

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DOCTOR ACKER'S ENGLISH BLOOD ELIXIR

WHY? Because Your Blood is Impure! Have you ever used mercury? If so, did you give yourself the needed attention at the time? Don't you know that as long as the mercury is in the system, you will feel the effects of it? We need not tell you that you require a blood medicine to ensure freedom from the after effects. Doctor Acker's English Blood Elixir is the only known medicine that will thoroughly eradicate the poison from the system. Get it from your druggist, or write to W. H. HOOKER & CO., 48 West Broadway, New York.

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CUBA AND ITS RESOURCES.

The Importance of Its Commercial Relations With the United States. The beautiful island of Cuba, lying off our Florida coast and resting under the stern dominion of Spain, has been an object of deep interest to the United States for many years. One reason for this lies in the fact of its proximity to our continent, and its distance from the power which rules it. Another is to be found in the extraordinary richness and variety of the natural resources of the island.

For Cuba has been well named "the garden of the West Indies." Its soil and climate are capable of yielding an almost unlimited range of agricultural products.

Not only does it grow the best tobacco in the world; a yet more valuable product is the Cuban sugar. Coffee, corn, rice and cotton can be profitably raised from it. The forests of Cuba are rich in mahogany, rosewood, ebony and cedar.

The fruits which are grown on the island are as various and luscious as those yielded by the fertile plains of southern California. They include oranges and lemons, pineapples and bananas, figs and bread-fruit, pomegranates, coconuts, mangoes and guava, and others less familiar to us.

Within the past ten years, moreover, an important iron-mining industry has developed near Santiago, as a result of which it is stated that iron ore to the value of a million and a half of dollars will be exported thence to the United States in 1891. In return the Cubans will receive American coal.

But this island, so bountifully gifted by nature, has never yielded to the world the amount of products which it is capable of giving. It is the least developed country in our hemisphere, Brazil alone excepted. It has now fifteen hundred sugar plantations, but is capable of providing ten times that number, and the same may be said of the possible increase of tobacco, coffee and cotton plantations.

While the working people, white, negro and Chinese, are generally peaceable and fairly industrious, it remains true that Cuba is not cultivated to anything like the extent that is possible.

The selfishness of Spanish domination, and the consequent bad economic condition of the island, are the main causes why Cuba remains to so large a degree undeveloped. The sugar planters are stated to be poor, unable to make their product valuable and equally unable to secure skilled labor.

Cuba is politically subject to Spain; but its geographical and commercial interests lie with the United States. Cuba needs the machinery and supplies which the United States could give it; but the economic relations between the island and the continent have hitherto prevented Cuba from receiving them.

These relations are to some degree shown by the value of the exchange of products which take place between the two countries. The reports show that in 1889, while we received from Cuba articles to the value of fifty-two millions of dollars, we only sent to Cuba articles to the value of about eleven and a half millions.

On the other hand, in 1888, Great Britain received from Cuba and Porto Rico goods only valued at a million and a half dollars, while of her manufactures and other goods she sent to them articles reaching a value of about twelve millions.

Negotiations have lately taken place between the United States and Spain, which have resulted in a treaty which is expected to result in a much freer interchange of products than has been made heretofore. A secondary result of the treaty will probably be to introduce American capital and enterprise into the island.—Youth's Companion.

FUNNY TOYS OF JAPAN.

Queer Devices For Entertaining and Instructing the Young.

There are no people so fond of toys as the Japanese. About one day out of three is a holiday in their country and even their pilgrimages to temples of worship are performed in gala costume, with dancing and sport by the wayside. Play is, from their point of view, the object of existence, work being the means to the end, because it is necessary to earn pleasure in order to find it enjoyable. Americans, of course, know better than this, having ascertained that the purpose of life is labor and that fun in any shape is waste of time.

The Japanese have the most perfect kindergarten system in the world. In fact, they originated this method of instructing by entertainment instead of by punishment inflicted. Their play apparatus for such purpose is elaborate, but all of it is adapted to the infant mind, which it is designed at once to amuse and to inform. The little ones of that nation even become somewhat interested in mathematics by seeing and feeling what a pretty thing a cone, a sphere or a cylinder is when cut out of wood with a lathe. They make outlines of solid figures out of straws, with green pease dried to hold the joints together, and for the instruction of the blind flat blocks are provided, with the Japanese characters raised upon them.

Even the toys of Japan give instruction to those who play with them. One sort of playing cards has printed upon them 100 scraps of classical poetry by which the rudiments of the art of versification are expected to be inculcated. Another set embodies a collection of old Japanese parables, by which the syllabary of the language and moral maxims at the same time are to be taught. Another set is of natural history cards, to give instruction in the names and forms of animals, and still another set, especially intended for girls, affords examples of women who have been celebrated for their virtue and noble qualities.

All these things can be seen in the museum of the bureau of education at Eighth and G. streets, of the existence of which few people in Washington are aware. In the collection there, which includes all the educational appliances of civilized countries, is a most interesting assemblage of Japanese toys. Many of them are types of playthings which the youth of western civilization has adopted from the east. For ex-

ample there are kites, but no Yankee boy can fly such kites, in the shape of birds and monsters, as can the ur-bird of Japan. There are tops also, but the American school boy has never got farther in this play art than "peg-in-a-ring," whereas his Japanese contemporary is acquainted with the science of spinning many tops together, of whistling tops, and so on. So far as both tops and kites are concerned the young Caucasian is an ignoramus compared with his oriental rival.

Among the babies' toys from Japan at the museum is a mouse that feeds from a bowl when a little bamboo spring is touched, lowering his head and long tail in quite a life-like manner. Another is a small cylinder, into which one blows through two smaller reed tubes, three balls of pith being kept bobbing in a bit of a cage over the cylinder by the breath, while a cut in one of the tubes produces a shrill whistle. Another is a little man that is made to jump up a long stick by a bamboo spring, and still another is a wooden gentleman who rides along between two wheels, being attached to the axle with a heavy base. A toy jinricksha is one of the more expensive playthings, showing a foreigner being drawn in a hand-buggy by a native between the shafts. Further devices for toy purposes are kaleidoscopes, boxes with glass tops filled, like cupboards, with various household utensils in miniature, and bags filled with shot for tossing.—Washington Star.

THE WICKEDEST MAN.

An Instance of How Misleading Appearances Sometimes Are.

I went out the other day to find the wickedest man, and down in Roosevelt street, and without extended search, I ran across him. I recognized him on sight. He was a burly ruffian who could have picked up the average man and dashed him to the earth as the earth as the child does a toy. He was frowzy, unkempt, red-faced and full of swag, and his blood-shot eyes had the look of a wild beast as he surveyed me and growled:

"What ar' ye lookin' at? Go on, or I'll do ye."

He sat down on the step of a rum-hole, and I stood a little way off and watched him. A girl seven or eight years old came along with an empty "growler," and he kicked it out of her hand and sent it flying, and then tried to kick her. A Chinaman, docile and good natured, came from the other direction with a bundle under his arm, and he received a kick which propelled him almost to the other curb. Two strong men, passing down the street on the other side, stopped to look, and my wickedest man uttered a growl which sent them off in a hurry.

What a husband and father! What love could he feel for wife or child—what pity for the sorrowing—what mercy for one who had angered him! Ah! my fine chap, there's a gloomy prison waiting for you in Center street—a judge wearing the black cap—a death chair over which men shudder and turn pale as they remember Kemmler. You'll do murder yet, and you'll die the death of a murderer. You feel your degraded, brutal condition, and you hate honest, respectable humanity all the more for it. Cast in the same mold as your fellow men, given a soul, a heart, a brain, how you might, with that vigor and muscle and brawn, hew a path for yourself through the ranks of the more timid and less vigorous! Instead of fame you seek degradation. Instead of honor you curse all that is noble and good.

Then two things happened at once. A hawker came up the street crying his flowers, and a hearse drove up to the very door at which I stood. A moment later a man brought out a coffin in his arms—a baby's coffin—and placed it in the hearse. Then a carriage drove up, and a weeping mother and two children came out and got in. There was the bitterness of grief and the sting of poverty combined. I was looking from one scene to the other when my wickedest man arose, halted the flower-seller, and what do think he did? Struck him down? Cursed him? No! He bought all the flowers he had, bunched them together to make a big bouquet, and coming forward to the hearse he opened the door with his own hand and laid the bouquet on the little coffin! Aye, more! When he had done so he lifted his hat to the weeping mother and said:

"For the poor child that's dead, ma'am, and I'm sorry for you!"

And so, my wickedest man—my flinty hearted, murderously-inclined ruffian, vanished from sight, and in his place I found a man more thoughtful than the rest of us—doing what we should have done, speaking words which so touched the heart of the stricken mother that she asked Heaven to bless him forever!

"Verily, judge not, lest ye be also judged!"—M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

—Her Dog Was an Expectorator.—Miss Manhattan—"What a pretty dog you have." Miss Browning (of Boston)

"Yes, he is an exceedingly pretty canine for one of the expectorator breeds." Miss Manhattan—"Never heard of that kind." Miss Browning—"I suppose that in New York you would designate him as a spitz."—Berkshire News.

—A Busy Season.—Mrs. Ebony—"I spects youse very busy now, Mrs. Black?" Mrs. Black—"Deed I am wit be big revival of religion goin' on in de church and de visitin' clergymen to do for. Keeps me cookin' half de day, an' my husband he has to be out half de night gettin' chickens."—Demorest's Monthly.

—Mrs. Bellows—"Your socks are all fixed for you, my dear." Old Bellows (coldly)—"Well, I couldn't find a darned one when I looked for 'em this morning."—N. Y. Herald.

—A Modern Eve.—Pansy Ann (aged 10)—"Hey! Jimsey, your mudder's gone out and left the pantry door open. Yer wouldn't hook an apple, would yer?"—N. Y. Recorder.

—The railroad on the Brooklyn bridge was opened on September 24, 1883, anniversary of the battle of Monterey.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Charles Fechter left the jewelry worn by him as Hamlet to Lester Wallack. Wallack left it to Mme. Polish, and she in turn has given it to Frederick Paulding.

—Brigham Young's grave is covered by a plain and inconspicuous slab of granite. It lies in an inclosed city lot in Salt Lake city, surrounded by a low iron fence. A few of the prophet's wives are buried near.

—The privilege of examining the tongues and feeling the pulse of the royal family of Siam has been assigned to Dr. W. R. Lee, a young physician from this country, who was sent out by the Presbyterian board of foreign missions.

—Mr. Grover Cleveland is perhaps less of a club man than almost any other New Yorker of equal prominence. He is a member of the Manhattan, Democratic and Reform clubs, to be sure, but rarely visits any of them except on the occasion of a dinner party to which he has been invited.

—A new safety match has been patented in England by a Belgian, who places on different parts of the same match two compositions, which, in ordinary safety matches, are generally placed respectively on the box and on the end of the match. In obtaining a light the match is broken across the middle and the ends rubbed together.

—The queen of Spain's reason for retarding the completion of the palace which is being built at San Sebastian has at last been divulged. The palace is built privately by the queen, and it is in order to prevent overdrawing her banking account that she has determined to have the building finished only in the course of next year, when she is able to pay the architects.

—"When I was a lad," says Mr. Labouchere, "women took for a time to wearing short, red petticoats, with a skirt over them, which they could by means of a string draw up above the petticoat, and they wore balmoral boots coming half way up the calf. This was the most becoming and practical dress that I have seen worn during my sojourn on this globe."

—Mrs. William Kissam Vanderbilt is undeniably handsome. Her height is a little above medium, and she has a full-rounded figure with perfectly molded arms and shoulders. Her eyes are large, dark gray, and the white lids a trifle heavy. Her nose is short and straight, and her complexion a creamy white, while her hair is dark brown. She always dresses in the best taste.

—This word of encouragement is offered by some kind-hearted woman to girls who lament their bright looks: "The Catharines who made Russia great had red hair; so had Maria Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; so had Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; so had Elizabeth of England and Catherine Borgia, as well as Marie Antoinette, whose blonde tresses had in them a glint of gold." Mary Stuart, queen of Scots, might be added to the list.

—The influence or example of women is making itself felt in a new way among the actors. They are having themselves made to appear as young as possible in their lithographs and posters. Stuart Robson's portrait is that of a lad of eighteen, and De Wolf Hopper looks even younger in his newest pictures—a mere boy, in fact. The women of the stage learned this stroke of business years ago, and had themselves portrayed at never less than ten years under their actual age; but until a year ago the men of the profession were pictured as they really looked.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Jake Simpson—"You are the apple of my eye, dear." Cora Bellows—"And you are the peach of mine." "Why the peach?" "You are such a perpetual failure."—N. Y. Herald.

—Things One Would Rather, etc.—He—"No; my music isn't good enough to publish." She—"But they publish a good deal of wretched trash, you know."—Harvard Lampoon.

—An Important Reservation.—A man will cheerfully row all day, scoring both tan and blister, To ride with a girl on river or bay, (Provided she's not his sister).

—Binghamton Republican.—Mr. Summerboard—"I was startled by the dishonesty of these people last night." Mr. Crittaller—"Indeed." Mr. Summerboard—"Yes. I saw them watering the cows before they milked them."—N. Y. Herald.

—A Pressing Suitor.—"Will you be my wife?" the impassioned lover asked, as he clasped his arm tight around her willing waist. And gaspingly the maiden replied: "Since you press me so, I will."—Somerville Journal.

—The Man in the Moon.—(9 p. m.)—He—"Let's go to walk in the moonlight." She—"All right." (9:15 p. m.)—He—"Let's go into the summer house. The confounded moon does not shine there, at any rate." She—"All right."—Puck.

—Jenkins (examining the pedigree which Snobson has just manufactured)—"So this is your family tree, is it? And what is that big gap in the middle?" Snobson—"That er,—well, er—oh, that is the flood!"—Rochester Tallyman.

—First Girl—"Don't you ever cry when you go to the theater?" Second Girl—"No; I'm not so easily affected as that." First Girl—"I'm afraid you are hard hearted." Second Girl—"No; it isn't that. But I could never cry and chew gum at the same time."—Galveston News.

—"What kind of pie have you?" asked a thoughtful-looking woman in a restaurant where she had stopped for a midday lunch. "Mince, apple, pumpkin, cranberry—" began the waiter mechanically, saying the names as she would tell her beads. "Then bring me some fried oysters," said the thoughtful-looking woman. "That's the way most ladies order their lunch," said the waiter to me, catching my involuntary smile. "Not one in ten asks the first time for what she really wants." Yet I cannot get a single woman of my acquaintance to admit that this is evidence of the inconsistent workings of the feminine mind.—Kate Field's Washington.

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MONEY FOR NEGLECTED WIVES.

Irregular Methods of Compelling Husbands to Pay Through Police Court Clerks.

Thousands of dollars are received and paid out every year by the clerks of police courts, and no record is kept and no official report is made of the amount. This is not the money received for fines, which amount to nearly \$100,000 a year, of which accurate records are kept and full returns made to the comptroller, and regularly verified by the commissioner of accounts, but large sums of money received and paid out by the clerks, acting under direction of the court without direct authority of law, but under a custom which has been for some years in vogue in all the police courts and appears to have arisen out of a desire to mitigate the hardships of the law. The custom has grown out of the function of the court to compel husbands to pay something out of their earnings for the support of their families. This power is confined to cases in which wives or children are likely to be burdens on the county for support. The justices have the power to inquire into a husband's pecuniary resources and then to order the husband to pay to his wife for her support a specified sum, and to give a bond to pay that sum in weekly payments for one year. In default of the payment of the money in a lump sum or the furnishing of a bond to pay it, the law reads that the court shall have the power to impose a sentence of six months' imprisonment in the county jail. This penalty is often inflicted on lazy, idle, drunken brutes who have made no efforts to provide for their wives and children. Besides neglecting their families, they often compel their wives and children to support them and to furnish them with liquor.

But in some cases the law works with hardship. The man may, for instance, be merely a little shiftless or indolent, or he may not have looked for work diligently, and the display of the powers of the law may have brought him to contrition. But he has no friend who is willing to go on his bond and agree that he will pay the money himself in case the husband neglects the duty. The wife is in a dilemma. She knows that if her husband is locked up she cannot get anything from him, because he cannot earn anything. She is asked: "Are you willing to take his word without a bond?" In many cases the answer is: "No; I cannot take his word. I have been outraged by him long enough. He can find money to support himself in idleness and rum drinking; let him find it for his family. I want the full power of the law brought to bear on him, and let his friends give bonds." In other cases the woman replies: "I do not want him locked up. I only want him to do what he can to support his family. If he will do that I will trust him on his promise." Then the magistrate says to the husband: "As your wife is willing to trust you, I will not lock you up; but you must pay her the money every week." Then comes the locating of the place where the money shall be paid. Sometimes the husband agrees to leave it at his wife's home. Sometimes she agrees to call for it at his place of business on pay day. Generally, however, the wife does not care to have the man near her anywhere, and the result of the investigation is that the magistrate says to the husband: "You come to the court every week and leave this money with the clerk for your wife. You, madam, come to the court every week and get this money, and if your husband does not pay it let me know and I will send an officer after him and lock him up."

It is under these circumstances that many men pay their wives a weekly allowance through the clerks of the police courts, who are thus the custodians of the money without any specific provision of law, and the custom is to keep no record of it, to give no receipts and to make no official report. Sometimes husbands pay in this way for years. Sometimes they pay a few weeks, then stop and run away. Sometimes they are rearrested. Often a poor wife is deluded into accepting the promise of a worthless fellow, who ought to be locked up but promises only as a means of getting a chance to escape. Many times the poor wives repent too late for their clemency, and are laughed at by their worthless husbands, who escape to adjoining states, where it is difficult to recapture them. Only the clerks of the courts know how much money is received and paid out in that way. Only the clerks know whether any money is ever received which is not called for. As no record is kept there is no way of finding out. As there is no system of giving and taking receipts there is no possibility of tracing it. Occasionally a poor woman complains that her husband has not paid according to promise and the husband insists that he has paid, but there is sold in much trouble about it. In a case in Jefferson market court not long ago a hackman who had agreed to pay money to a clerk for his wife was rearrested for non-payment. He insisted that he had paid, and, as there was no receipt taken and no account kept, there was no way of verifying his statement, but the money had been mislaid and was found by the clerk. It appears to be an unbusiness-like way of handling money.

When husbands give bonds to pay the money the payment is made to Mr. Blake, the superintendent of out door poor, and the wives go to him to get it. His accounts are matters of record, and receipts are given in a business-like way. Thus far the police magistrates have been very fortunate in having the business transacted without receipts or records, and without suspicion that everything is not right. The fact that the receipt and payment of money through the clerk is not exactly authorized by law seems to be taken as a reason why no records of it should be kept. It would seem, however, that for the reason that it is irregular there ought to be some documentary evidence that it is all right.—N. Y. Sun.

—Mother—"Johnny, don't talk so loud." Johnny—"Why?" Mother—"You mustn't let the people in the next flat hear all your ignorance and all you don't know."

THE CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Valuable Suggestions Concerning the Food Question.

It becomes mothers, from the moment that their children begin to eat solid food, to see that they have meat and vegetables and milk, eggs, fruit, bread and porridges of the unbolled grains, and as little pastry, fine-flour bread, and confectionery as possible, in order that they may at once begin secreting the material for sound second teeth—which come under any circumstances, to be sure, but which under hostile circumstances go without long waiting on the order of their going. It is equally necessary to see that the food agrees with the child; for if it is not of a kind easily digested, then the gases of its fermentation will rise and injure the teeth, and the heated blood occasioned by indigestion will make diseases of the gums, also hurtful to the teeth, and create more sensibility in the nerves to pain and to heat and cold. Alternations of heat and cold, by-the-way, are quite as bad for the teeth as indigestible food, the delicate enamel being obedient, as every other substance is, to the laws of contraction and expansion, crushing and splitting under the process, and affording opportunity for the beginning of decay by lodgment of food, or even by the entrance of the common air. Thus it is hardly a matter of doubt whether ice-water and ice-cream are not of great detriment to the teeth, whether good or bad for the stomach, and if hot tea and coffee, or even plain hot water, are not equally potent for harm.

Nor must the mother, if it can be helped, allow the first teeth to be drawn. Real pain that can not be allayed—for there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently, says Leonata—is the only thing that should make her yield on this point; as it is right that the fangs of the first milk-teeth should be absorbed in their place, and not extracted, after which absorption the little crowns will drop away of themselves.

Food abounding with lime, phosphorus, and other bone-making material, and care to take it always at the same temperature, and that a moderate one, together with complete cleanliness and effort to leave no obstruction of any sort in the interstices—clear water with a little soap being as good, a dentifrice as any—can not but make and preserve perfect teeth, and cause professional dentistry to be almost unneeded, whether of the pristine sort, where clamps and wires of gold, for centuries before our own era, secured false teeth in the place of those that were gone, or of that vigorous sort in use when John Gerard carved an entire set out of ivory for the Father of his Country, or of that which to-day defies the gossip and the Paul Pry, and makes and sets pearls so that nature, that beauty-lover, seems to be their sole sponsor.

Yet dentistry has its place, and that even when the teeth come and remain strong and sound. For there is a possibility of their crowding and slanting, whose slightest symptom no mother can allow herself to overlook, and at the first sign of which the art of dentistry is to be invoked, and little clasps and bands of metal are set at once to hold the growing tooth in the right position, and hold it there till all is secure and shapely. There is no beauty superior to that of a mouthful of clean, white, well-made, and well-set teeth; they give an idea of health and wholesomeness, of sweet breath, and even of sweet temper, since they are usually accompanied by the red lips of good digestion, the parent of sweet temper; and they are quite as attractive as rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes and ambrosial locks. And whatever may be said of their beauty, their comfort is something not easily to be exaggerated, hardly, indeed, to be felt, till the want of it brings about such discomfort as occasions the necessity of making not two, but twenty bites at a cherry, and causes us to recognize the blessing we have, only, like most other blessings, after we have lost it.—Harper's Bazar.

IRONING IN SUMMER.

Hints to the Housewife for Making the Work Cool and Pleasant.

Ironing at best is hard work and hot work, and yet, with the exercise of a little judicious planning and purpose to make it as easy as possible, even this work can be done with a degree of comfort undreamed of by many a house-mother who gets blind and faint over her ironing table. There is an oil stove whose crucial top has places for three irons at once. It costs two dollars and a half and burns half a gallon of oil in ten hours.

It takes up only about a square foot of space and can be set on a bare table without danger of fire. It is wise, though, to put a bit of tin or sheet iron under it. Establish your table in the nicest place possible; between door and window of a hall room if you can. Set the little stove just outside, where the heat will not strike you. Put a thick rug or carpet under your feet and wear loose, low shoes—not slippers.

It is not necessary to stand throughout the ironing, though. You may sit on a high stool and do the small pieces without the least trouble. Have the clothes-basket within reach of your right hand, the clothes-horse on your left, and you need not move, save to change irons.

Keep three or four holders, and as one gets hot lay it aside and take a fresh one. And do not persuade yourself that good housewifery will be outraged if you iron plain towels, sheets, napkins and so on in double fold. If they are clean and sweet and decently smooth, the utmost letter of summer law is fulfilled.

Trifles all, no doubt, but it is the sum of unconsidered trifles that makes the weariness of living.—N. Y. Sun.

—A Dainty Meal.—Dude (at the railroad restaurant)—Waiter! got any green peas? Waiter—Yes, sir; have some? Dude—Yaas; bring me three. Waiter—Anything else, sir? Dude—Yes; a strawberry cut in thin slices. Waiter—All right, boss; anything else? Dude—Ah, gwacions! what do you take me for, a perfect hog, eh?—Express Gazette.

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