

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is a curious little fact, and one worth remembering, that on the same day, April 20, 1816, that William Shakespeare died in England, Miguel Cervantes, the celebrated Spanish author of "Don Quixote," died in Spain.

—A genius with a taste for statistics has calculated that the average newspaper writer makes 4,000,000 strokes with his pen each year, or a line 500 miles long. A rapid penman draws his pen through 16½ feet every minute. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong.

—Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston, the widow of the publisher, is said to possess one of the largest private literary collections in the world. In the library are quantities of valuable original MSS. and autograph letters, and in the garden in the rear of the house grow trees that were planted by many famous authors and public men.

—James Whitecomb Riley and Ella Wheeler Wilcox were more than friends years ago, it is said. Both were poor, however, and neither had attained a national reputation at that time. Whether or not Mrs. Wilcox ever intended to marry the Hoosier poet, Riley himself was nearly heartbroken when their cordial relations were sundered.

—Edwin Booth was recently offered twenty-five thousand dollars by a leading New York publisher if he would write the story of his life and theatrical experiences. Mr. Booth refused in emphatic language. "Five times that sum would not induce me to write a line. I shall never write a book. I detest writing. Sometimes I think I don't even like to act."

—Wilder, the western humorist, says that in appreciating good jokes a crowd of newsboys is the quickest and most intelligent he ever met. No point, gesture or shade of inflection escapes these alert little nomads, while on the other hand many fashionable assemblages are chilly and unresponsive until you break the crust of reserve or indifference as if with a sledge hammer.

—Two of the German emperor's favorite dogs recently ran away from the stables at Potsdam without leave and without their muzzles, which is a necessary article of a dog's attire in Berlin and its neighborhood. "Fix" and "Schmurchen," after a day's enjoyment, were taken up by the police, but were eventually restored to the royal stables after payment of a fine of three marks for each by the emperor.

—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland made her first appearance in public life recently by going through a number of functions in Amsterdam, which, to a thirteen-year-old sovereign, must have been perfectly bewildering. In the simplest of white frocks, with a broad black sash, she moved about so composedly that one would have imagined she had been doing nothing else but take part in court ceremonials from her cradle.

—Queen Margaret's visits to the hospitals among the sufferers from the explosion are looked forward to with great delight, especially by the children. "And now tell me if there is anything you would like, and I will see if I can get it for you," she said, as she stooped over a little cot where two battered and bruised little victims were lying. "Signora," lisped the younger, "I should like a dolly." "You shall each have a doll, a perfect beauty," and before another day a magnificent doll lay in each little cot tenderly nursed by very pale-faced and bruised little mothers. —N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS.

—As Usual.—Wiggly.—"How are things, old man?" Blind Beggar—"Out of sight."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Epaminondas.—You have been misinformed. A pepper factory is not a pepper mint.—Drake's Magazine.

—"What's a good thing to put money into nowadays, Bronson?" asked the investor. "Beefsteak and pie," replied the broker.—Harper's Bazar.

—Bowing by Proxy.—Brown—"Say, Jones, you do not know Miss Armour; why did you raise your hat to her?" Jones—"I didn't. It's my brother's hat; he knows her."—King's Jester.

—Doctor.—"So you are suffering from insomnia, are you?" Pat Rattigan (the patient)—"Thots not it, sorr. Sure the only thing that troubles me is of can't shlape the noight."—Harper's Bazar.

—"What ever became of that greyhound you had?" "Killed himself." "Really?" "Yes; tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."—Brooklyn Life.

—A Blundering Athlete.—"Jimmie is a very unfortunate boy," said Mrs. Simpson. "He joined an athletic club, and the first time he went there he broke one of the best records they had."—Exchange.

—"I saw Backus last night. He'd been drinking as usual. I can't see how Carrie came to marry such a man." "Well, I don't know. The last time I saw Backus I was convinced there was a good deal in him."—Boston Transcript.

—An Insuperable Objection.—Enterprising Sister—"See how pretty she looks against that olive curtain! Now's your chance, Frank; go in and speak to her, she is alone." Timid Brother—"Y-es; but if I go in there she won't be alone."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—A Prescription Suggested.—Coupons—"You're not looking very well, Moneybags. What's the matter?" Moneybags—"Well, the fact is, my son's behavior has made me positively ill. I don't know what I ought to do about it." Coupons—"Why not try a change of air?"—Saturday Evening Herald.

—One of our very sweetest young men made a call on a young lady at her home in a suburban town recently. The girl who opened the door was green—very. Our exquisite proffered her card. "I wish to see Miss L—," he said. The girl caught him by the coat sleeve and dragged him in with a jerk. "Go right in!" she exclaimed. "We don't need no tickets. Go right in!"—Boston Record.

CATTLE IN TERRA DEL FUEGO.

The Latest Explorers Think Ranches Will Soon Cover Much of the Island.

The notions of Terra del Fuego, which prevailed ten years ago, have been completely upset by recent explorations. The latest travelers there are Messrs. Rousson and Willems, who have just returned to France from their scientific mission in Terra del Fuego. These explorers believe the northern part of the island can be turned to good account, and that the day is not far distant when large herds and flocks will be raised upon ranches established all along the river valley. A large district north of the Straits of Magellan, in Patagonia, which was wholly unoccupied twelve years ago, is now full of little farms devoted to raising sheep and cattle. The owners have prospered so well that the territory they occupy has become too crowded. It is impossible to extend this business further north, and the farmers will therefore be compelled to turn to Terra del Fuego, which will receive the overflow from Patagonia. On Dawson island, near the northwest coast of Terra del Fuego, Jesuit fathers are now engaged in stock raising, and for two years or so a fine ranch has been established on the northern coast of Terra del Fuego, where there are to-day about twenty thousand sheep and six thousand cattle. The English have been the first to establish themselves in this territory. Stock raisers are now reaping a profit of fifty per cent. per annum. The explorers say the availability of the island for stock raising has been amply proven, and there is now no doubt that a prosperous future is before it.

Rousson and Willems explored the northern part of the island between 53 deg. 30 min. and 53 deg. 30 min. south latitude, traveling all along the north coast and across the island, about sixty miles south of the Straits of Magellan. They mapped all the little rivers, and found that the Cullen river, which empties into the Atlantic ocean, is quite an important stream. The valley of this river is a fine country, and the rich herbage afforded abundant nourishment for the horses upon which the party rode. They met the Ona Indians all through their journey. Quite a number of them were six-and-a-half feet high and very muscular. They are nearly naked, wearing only over their shoulders ill-made capes of guanaco skin. The only ornament which they possess consists of a bracelet or a collar of shells. These Indians inhabit about two-thirds of the island. The men occupy themselves wholly with procuring food. Their bows and arrows are always with them, and they use flint arrow heads. Much of their time is given to making weapons of the chase and war. They are continually in trouble with the Indians west and south of them, from whom they differ greatly.

The women carry the burdens while on the march, prepare the camps, keep the fires going and take care of the children. In preparing their habitations they dig circular excavations about six feet in diameter and a foot and a half in depth, usually on the side of a hill. Around the excavation they stick poles, upon which they place the tent, made of the skins of animals. Over the floor they scatter dried grass. The upper part of the tent is wholly open. Each of these little habitations shelters a family of three or four persons, who nestle together on the floor like a litter of puppies. The people are a nomad race. They are frequently on the move, leaving one place as soon as the game there becomes scarce. For this reason the country is marked by the sites of old tents. The people are very much afraid of white men, if they come in considerable force, but if their numbers greatly exceed the whites who visit them they are very impudent and are likely to be hostile. They are not anthropophagists, as has been asserted. The fact that they are in the habit of burning the bones of the animals they eat probably gave rise to the report that they indulge in human flesh.

CATCHING AN ENGINE.

The Unaccountable Conduct of a Railway Locomotive.

An engine wiper with little experience was engaged by one of the Chicago roads not long since, of whom a good story is told. An engineer coming in from a run turned his engine over to the new man, who proceeded with it to the roundhouse. When he reached the building he attempted to stop the engine, but reversed the lever without shutting off the steam, and was much surprised to see it start in a backward direction. After it had retreated some distance he threw the lever forward, and again the start was made for the roundhouse. But his success was no better this time than the first, for when he again attempted to bring the monster to a stop in its stall it deliberately changed its course and again backed down the track. The new hostler was by this time becoming considerably exasperated and not a little excited, but his excitement grew to alarm when the operation was repeated half a dozen times. Back and forth, in and out the building, the great iron monster surged, and all that the helpless hostler could do was to throw the lever first one way and then the other. Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him as he was making the sixth or seventh "return trip," and he called out to an acquaintance among the amused spectators: "Say, Mike, watch her now, and when I get her in agin, shut the door, quick!"—Railway Age.

Frankly Deceptive. Dicky—It was awfully deceptive of her, I think. She laughed at me behind my back. Geawdige—Well, how did you know it then? Dicky—Oh, she told me of it herself. —Sunsey's Weekly.

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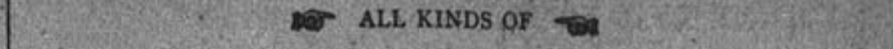
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LOOKS ARE DECEIVING.

How a Young Society Girl Had Her Eyes Opened. It is not needful to look for illustrations of the old saying that things are not what they seem, since new instances present themselves at every turn.

At the hotel where she was staying with a party of friends appeared a young man who was of the romantic sort of beauty which is especially dear to the heart of sentimentally disposed young women.

No one whom she knew was acquainted with the stranger, but she was determined to secure his acquaintance, and one evening when there was a hop at the hotel she laid a plan for accomplishing her object.

On the arm of her dearest friend, to whom she confided her project, she sauntered toward the spot where the poetical young man stood, his dark, dreamy eyes fixed upon the face of a young lady to whom he was talking.

As she came near the stranger, she said to her friend, sentimentally: "Oh, do let us wait and hear what he is saying. It is something beautiful and poetical, I can see by the lovely and speaking expression of his eyes."

Her friend stopped with her, and the pair pretended to be engaged in examining a stand of plants, while they listened, and this is what they heard.

"And so you have charge of arranging the windows of the store?" said the young lady to whom the romantic-looking youth was talking.

"Yes," he answered, with the air of one who communicates the weightiest secrets of esthetics; "of course we never put our best goods into the windows, though, for they get faded and dusty; but they let me have anything else in the store to work with."

The romantic young woman clutched her fan firmly with one hand, and the arm of her friend with the other, as she hurried away from the spot.

Not very poetical, was it? "If you ever tell what a goose I've been," she said in a tragic whisper, "I'll never speak to you again!"

But in the end she told of the incident herself, having learned a lesson cheaply, and being able to laugh at her own folly.—Youth's Companion.

A PRAIRIE GRAVE.

Sad Thoughts Called Up By the Sight of a Lonely Mound.

A Dakota farm. A heaving emerald sea that merges, at its edge, into a blue ocean of sky. A range of low hills fringes the plain at the northwest and at no other point of the compass is there an object to relieve the eye.

The traveler sees the same dreary stretch of grass-though which he has passed for miles; he feels the same hot wind upon his tired cheek; he hears the wild geese cry shrilly overhead and the ducks splash in the wild rice of some marsh or slough—everything is a repetition of sights and sounds that have made themselves distasteful by familiarity. Monotony and Solitude are the twin deities that reign supreme.

The central object of a scene like this—an object that broke upon my eyes after a long day's journey and filled me with a sudden solemn awe—was a grave, a prairie grave. A rude fence was built around it and some wild roses broke into blossom and peeped from the rank grass that covered the mound. There was no headboard—no word had been left to identify the dead—the dead that now lay in a solitary waste where the silence was so terrible as almost to speak of itself—the dead that had once been the living and had moved in spheres of life.

Perhaps the dweller of that lonely tomb was a man who had loved and been loved. Death had parted him from his idol and now, when his loyal heart was low, he had been interred in an isolated wild where never a loved one could bend over his mound and drop the mourner's tear. Perhaps some one was grieving, in an eastern home, for one who had left it, never to return. Perhaps fair faces were aging while fond hearts hoped against hope that a lover, a son or a brother would return. And this forsaken grave, if they could but see it and know its occupant, would tell them all!

I shuddered and turned away. But then, I mused in after thought, what cares the dead how lie his wasting bones? And those he leaves—may they not hope and hope and only awake to the truth when they meet the lost one face to face in "that country from whose bourne no traveler returns?"

A human heart is nothing, if not hopeful, and what can be more satisfying and sweet than a divine fulfillment of hopes we cherish here?—Detroit Free Press.

Interesting.

"What did you think of the sermon this morning?" "I was very much interested. I never supposed that so simple a text was so hard to elucidate."—Puck.

The meanest man on record lives in Union county, Mo. He sold his son-in-law one-half of a cow and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half. The son-in-law was also required to provide the feed the cow consumed and compelled to carry water to her three times a day. Recently the cow hooked the old man and now he is suing his son-in-law for damages.—Exchange.

—She Wished For Greater Security.—John—"A Boston jeweler has invented a clasp that no accident can loosen." Marie (startled by an approaching foot-fall)—"O, John! Don't I wish we had one?"—Jeweler's Weekly.

—She—"Why didn't you congratulate him just now? He's going to be married." He—"Well, you see, I couldn't conscientiously congratulate Haines on marrying any girl that would have him."—Mercury.

TREATMENT OF COLDS.

Just Two Things Requisite—Rest and the Inducement of Perspiration.

It is wonderful how the doctors manage to keep their peace of mind at all, knowing as much as they do about the ailments that are possible to mankind. A doctor told The Woman About Town the other day that there were twenty-one different kinds of sore throat. And he was as composed about it as if he were talking about the different kinds of soda water straws. And then again another doctor told The Woman in an easy, off-hand way that he didn't doubt that half the mortal illnesses in the world came from taking cold. And when she demanded indignantly why, if that were true, the doctors didn't go about button-holing people on the streets and telling them so he only shrugged his shoulders and said he was curing diseases, not preventing them, and it wouldn't help matters a bit, anyway.

But it would. The trouble with people is either that they don't know how to take care of a cold or they don't understand the necessity of it. There are just two things that underlie all treatment for colds—rest and inducing perspiration. The first thing to do when you find yourself acquiring an elaborate and symmetrical cold is to stay in the house and rest. If you can trust yourself to take medicine—that is, if you have sense enough not to overdose—take aconite.

Drop accurately ten drops of tincture of aconite into a glass containing twelve teaspoonfuls of water and take a teaspoonful once an hour. Remember that aconite is one of the most deadly poisons in the world and take it with care.

Then get yourself into a profuse perspiration by taking a hot mustard foot-bath. To do this the clothing must be removed and a heavy blanket wrapped about the body. Then immerse the feet in a vessel of water as hot as can be borne and into which a big tablespoonful of mustard has been stirred. After five minutes of this treatment remove one foot at a time and give it a brisk rubbing. Then cover yourself up closely in bed and go to sleep. If your body treats you as well as you have treated it you will wake up with half your load of cold taken from you. The philosophy of the hot foot-bath is that it restores the circulation to the surface of the body, and so relieves the congested membranes within.

If you were to catch your cold while away from home or where treatment of this kind is not possible a good way to help yourself would be to walk it off—which means simply this, walking yourself into a perspiration, which acts as the hot foot-bath does. Put on your wraps, taking special pains to protect your throat. Walk just as rapidly as you can until you start a perspiration. Then walk just a little harder until you reach home. Then throw an extra covering over your wraps, without loosening them, and sit down, taking care to keep out of draughts. Sit still until you are quite cool. Then remove your clothing, sponge yourself rapidly with alcohol, and put on fresh dry garments throughout. If you do this carefully you will not be likely to have to call in the doctor to look wise and tell you you've got the grip.—N. Y. Sun.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

English Nobleman's Comparison With the British System. In a country like America, where interests are so diverse and the laws of various states differ in many respects, it is impossible, writes the duke of Marlborough, to expect that a rigid control by congress can be kept, as in Europe or England over large public properties such as railways. No one who has been to America can fail to be struck by the vastness of the railway interest in that country. It represents the life and lungs of trade, and at the same time it is the predominant factor in preserving political unity of interests between states separated by thousands of miles of intervening plains, rivers and mountains. The management as well as the mismanagement of these vast systems is one of the marvels of that great continent. As a very observing acquaintance said to me the other day, when we were returning together on board an ocean steamer, having been over with the Iron and Steel Institute: "I went to America this autumn with my son, and we traveled over more than twelve thousand miles of railway all over the continent, and we never had a hitch or failed to make a connection throughout all the journey."

It is not a flattering thing, perhaps, to our national pride, but if the truth is told our English railways are toy systems and our rolling stock are toy freight carriers compared to the trains that are run all over America. The immense haulage of American lines done on single pairs of rails is marvelous, and these systems must continue to grow to meet the wants of increasing population and the large centers of permanent industries and manufacture that exist everywhere. It must be noted, however, that the great main arteries of these systems are now permanently marked out. It will be practically impossible to make new main routes, except at fabulous cost with approaches to the coast. The strategic positions are seized and occupied, and whoever can possess himself to-day of a controlling interest in a main through route and allied feeders across the great central basin of the northern states cannot be deprived of a gigantic monopoly, in the present and in the future.—Fortnightly Review.

Reassuring.

Osgood—When last heard from poor Cholly Van Duder was traveling for his health in South Dakota, and it is feared that he may have been killed by the hostile Indians.

Sumgood—Oh, there's no danger of that. Indians never molest an imbecile person, you know.—Munsey's Weekly.

It Depends.

Tenderfoot (who has just purchased a horse)—Is it the custom here in the west to throw in a halter when a man takes a horse?

Old Resident—Well, it depends on how he takes him.—Life.

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HARNESS. F. D. CLARK, DEALER IN— SADDLERY, BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES. Corner Ludington and Dousman Streets, ESCANABA, MICH.

THE BEST — IS THE — CHEAPEST! BUY ELLSWORTH'S STICKEY FLY-PAPER! Remember that we are headquarters for Drugs, Medicines, Perfumes, Druggists' Sundries, Etc.

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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, THE MERCHANT - TAILORS

NEW AND STYLISH SUITINGS. LARGE LINE OF PIECE GOODS. WHICH YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPE

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. NEVER WAS IN BETTER SHAPE TO DO—

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 — AT —

BITTNER & SCHEMME FULL STOCK FIRST-CLASS GOODS Fresh Fruits and Vegetables Daily.

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.

Bishop Flaseh died Monday morning. His funeral will be celebrated next Tuesday, Archbishop Katzer officiating. The diocese of Green Bay being vacant by the promotion of Bishop Katzer, Bishop Verin, of Marquette, is the only bishop in the province of Milwaukee.

A stick of stove wood "loaded" by somebody, exploded in Mrs. Marshall's stove, at Oshkosh, and Mrs. Marshall lost an eye and was badly burned.

Josie Lindsay, accused of poisoning a child (for which accusation there was no foundation), drowned herself in the bay at Superior, Wis.

The big dry goods house of Sigel, Cooper & Co., corner of State and Adams streets, Chicago, was burned Monday. Other concerns, to right and left, suffered partial losses, and the total loss is not less than a million, of which three-fourths falls upon the underwriters.

An attempt at revolution at Barcelona, Spain, on Monday, was a failure. There was some fighting and bloodshed but the revolutionists were overcome and captured.

The Cowles company now offers aluminum in ton lots at 50 cents a pound, at which price it is as cheap as copper.

P. D. Armour is the largest individual commercial operator in the world. His transactions last year reached the enormous aggregate of \$93,000,000.

Chicago has 1,463 hotels, with a total capacity of 185,000 guests, not to speak of the room made by the vast number of her citizens who sleep in the station houses every now and then.

Mrs. Leavitt, who has been upon a temperance crusade around the globe, tells the women of Chicago that the daily routine in India is: A soda with a dash of whisky after arising; a like drink before and after each meal, and whisky with soda before retiring. This system is known as "pegging away."

"Oh, yes we are engaged, but I fear she has not the utter confidence in me that comes with perfect love."

"Why, so?" "Well, when a fellow looks back—as a fellow in love naturally will, you know—and sees her testing the diamond in her engagement ring on the window pane, don't you think he has good cause to feel a little dubious?"

Ethnologists do not know how to classify those thousands of skeletons that have been unearthed at Sinaloa, Mex. They cannot say whether they belonged to a highly developed family of apes or to a primitive species of men. Indeed, the only thing that all seem willing to agree upon is that if these creatures had lived until to-day they probably would have migrated to Kansas and joined the "People's party."

A Boston firm is constructing a photographic telescope for Harvard University which will probably be the largest and finest instrument of the kind ever designed. The lens is to be like that used by photographers rather than that of an astronomical telescope and will consist of two achromatic lenses. Its aperture will be twenty-four inches and its focal length eleven feet. A telescope of this form, but one-third its size, is now in use at Harvard.

Wm. E. Hansen, of Oshkosh, died Tuesday night.

Abraham Backer, New York, dry goods, failed Monday for four millions.

Eiffel, the Parisian, offers to put up a tower at Chicago.

R. B. Hayes, some time president of the U. S., marched on foot, with his post of the G. A. R., in the parade at Detroit last Tuesday. In no other country in the world could such an incident occur.

Marquette has a new directory and from it figures out a population of over eleven thousand.

Bush Fires are again threatening Dollar Bay.

Negaunee is to add 6,000 feet of mains to its water plant.

Ishpeming is to have electric light; the work is begun and the plant is to be in operation in sixty days, and a new railway depot is called for.

A collision between ore trains near Watersmeet last Tuesday, cost two lives and made one cripple.

The pension bureau has paid out over nine millions in this month.

A fight between cattle thieves and ranchmen in Texas cost 9 lives and sixteen men are wounded, and is not fought out yet.

The Bank of Van Diemen Land, at Hobarttown failed, for a million. It has existed since 1823.

W. J. Spry, a well known mining man, is missing from Hurley and supposed to be lost in the woods.

The White Star steamer Majestic has again cut down the ocean record by making the run from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 5 days, 18 hours and 8 minutes—57 minutes quicker than any previous run.

Ambrose Phelps, of Norway, was found dead on the road Tuesday, having fallen from his horse. The heat and heart failure is the alleged cause.

Examination of teachers has been in progress at the high school building Wednesday and Thursday. The attendance was not large.

Ashtand ore shipments to August 5 were 608,000 tons. Last year at even date they were 1,151,923 tons.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Lord Randolph Churchill is to receive ten thousand dollars from the London Graphic for a series of twenty letters about his tour in Mashonaland. This is for serial publication only, and when collected in a volume they ought to bring the author as much more.

—Bismarck is quoted by a Berlin correspondent to the effect that he will publish his memoirs during his life, so that he can defend them if they are attacked. He says it would make him "jump in his coffin" if some persons he could think of were to have an opportunity of lying about him unanswered.

—Dr. Edward Everett Hale declares that the secret of the power of Browning over the great masses of men is that he talks as if he were talking to archangels, and even if he does not understand, we are uplifted. Doubtless, yet the most valuable and lasting impulse is not that received from something that is vaguely comprehended and blindly admired.

—Two weeks before Moltke's death the account of the celebration of his birthday last October 26 was published in book form. In it congratulatory dispatches from princes, statesmen and generals occupy seven hundred and eighty pages; from societies and meetings, fifteen hundred pages; from students and schools, one hundred and seventy four pages.

—Whistler and Oscar Wilde are great friends. The story goes that on one occasion Whistler told a very funny story, and after the applause had ceased Wilde drew out one somewhat peevishly: "Egad, Whistler, I wish I'd said that." Thereupon Whistler retorted, amiably and soothingly: "Ah, never mind, Oscar, but have patience, for you will say it, indeed you will."

—In 1878 Mr. Anthony Rich made a will leaving something of his property to Charles Darwin. "to whose transcendent genius and subtle investigation, extending over a long period of years, the discovery and practical proofs of the law of evolution is due." When Darwin died Mr. Rich made a codicil declaring that this gift should take effect as if he had died before Darwin, and that the property should be subject to Darwin's will. Mr. Rich has just died, and two relatives of Darwin are appointed executors.

—The gallant Gen. Franz Sigel may be seen on Broadway, New York, at times, but he does not look as vigorous as in other years, and it is evident that the hard experiences of life have told upon him. He is but sixty years of age, yet it is half a century since he was a student of the military school at Karlsruhe in Germany, forty-three years since he held command in the Baden revolution, forty years since he came to America, and thirty years since he entered upon service in the war for the American union. He has had a life of activity and many experiences as a soldier, politician and writer.

—The young Chinese emperor has celebrated the completion of his twentieth year by picking out a new wife. Precedent allows a man of his rank seven of these companions, and this acquisition is only the second. His mother examined the many candidates for the honor, and selected ten therefrom, out of which number Hwangti made the final choice. This maiden is the daughter of a mandarin of the yellow button, and is said to have the smallest foot in Pekin. To be an emperor's wife in China is not considered a very enviable lot, as after marriage she is never permitted to see any of her old friends again.

HUMOROUS.

—The diplomat who said that tale-bearers could not occupy high places never saw a monkey go for a cocoanut-tree.—Elmira Gazette.

—No Obstacles There.—She—"You will ask papa, will you not, or must I?" He—"Oh, I have seen him. Fact is, he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Watts—"Do you really think old Deacon Podberry has such great faith in prayer as he pretends to?" Potts—"Yes. Haven't you noticed that he never prays for his enemies?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—First Passenger—"They say that everybody is more or less superstitious. How is it with you? Do you believe in signs?" Second Passenger—"Believe in signs? You bet your life I do! I make my living painting them."—Somerville Journal.

—She—"Did you enjoy your life at college?" He—"Not altogether." She—"Why not?" He—"One of my professors used to have a habit of making jokes and we were all of us afraid of being suspended if we didn't laugh."—Somerville Journal.

—The Improved Sportsman (after the hunt)—"Well, forester, did the baron have good luck?" "Remarkably good luck." "What did he score?" "Nothing." "And you call that luck, do you?" "I do, indeed. Whenever he has hit anything before it has turned out to be a huntsman."—Fleegende Blaetter.

—A Slip of the Tongue.—"Just imagine, my dear fellow! I was at the hunt for the wild boar—suddenly I stepped out from behind a bush, when—" "Come now, you told me all that story day before yesterday." "Impossible! Why, I—I only heard the story myself two hours ago!"—Fleegende Blaetter.

—A Fully Near a Bad Break.—"Good evening," exclaimed the young man as he approached the front stoop where his girl was sitting. "Is it warm enough for—" "Sir," she interrupted in forbidding tones. "For ice cream?" he went on, in the most tranquil manner imaginable, and the girl on the front step looked silly.—Washington Post.

—The Truthful Editor.—Veritas—"I didn't see my last communication." Editor—"It was in, I am sure, for I put it in myself." Editor (after Veritas has gone)—"There! I shouldn't wonder if he thought I meant the paper; while the idea I meant to convey was that I put it in the waste basket. Well, well, if people will misconstrue one's meaning one can not be held responsible."—Boston Transcript.

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.

Half Rates to Minneapolis. For the Annual Encampment of the Sons of Veterans of the United States, to be held at Minneapolis, Minn., August 24th to 29th, the Chicago & North-Western R'y Co. will sell excursion tickets to Minneapolis and return at one-half rates—one fare for the round trip. For dates of sale, limits of tickets, etc., apply to agents of the C. & N. W.

Dissolution of Partnership. The firm of Gilmore & Parker is this day dissolved. Those indebted to the firm will make payment at the office of the laundry. The business will be continued by the subscriber, who has been sole manager since April 1.

N. G. PARKER Escanaba, August 4, 1891. 28 3t.

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.

DOCTOR ACKER'S ENGLISH BLOOD ELIXIR. Pimples, Headaches, Loss of Sleep, a Weary Feeling, Pains in Body or Limbs, Want of Appetite, Eruptions. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, take 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 of Doctor Ackers' 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., 46 West Broadway, New York.

One Cent a Word

Notices inserted under this head will be published at one cent per word. No notice less than 15 cents. Parties wanting to sell; parties wanting to buy; families wanting domestic help; domestic wanting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; news wanting employment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port reaches a large number of people twice each week.

WANTED—Girl to do general housework at Young's. Good wages. 28 1

LOST—The Subscriber lost while going from Stratton's to Isaac Papilian's, by the old state road, on Thursday of last week, a red morocco memorandum book with elastic band, which contained a draft for \$200 by the Prairie River Lumber Co. A note for \$200, past due, drawn by Ambrose Clement and John Rousseau and a ticket over the Soo road between Rhinelander 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 Carlson, anywhere.

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

DANCE—At Dupont'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. 27-2

TEAM FOR SALE—A pair of draft horses. Inquire of Wm. Young, Rapid River, or of B. B. Brown, Escanaba. 24

NOTICE—Is 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 fooling, either.

13-3t BRYKES, WICKRETT & 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, is for sale low, the proprietors being about to change location. For further particulars call on or address this office. 11.

CLOTHING-DRY GOODS. Midsummer : Sacrifice : Sale! We are the People That Quote Low Prices. Down--Go Prices--Down! Cost Not Considered, we Have Only One Thought and that is to SELL! SELL! SELL!!! Don't Wait Longer. Buy This Week. We Never Before Made Such FEARFUL CUTS IN PRICES! The cost or value will not be considered—sell the goods is what we must do, the knife is at work cutting down the prices everywhere in our store. Come and see how we are giving goods away at KRATZE'S, 608--610 Ludington Street.

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.

Patronize Home Institutions! Hard Times Demands that Every Dollar Earned in Escanaba be left at Home. Outsiders can do no better buy you than Home merchants, therefore do not buy a PIANO OR ORGAN Before this Fact has been Proven to You by Calling Upon P. M. PETERSON, He Handles the Leading Makes of these Instruments Including the Woodward & Brown, Clough & Warren, Crown, Smith & Barnes Pianos, and Clough & Warren Organs. Which can be Bought at the Lowest Prices on the INSTALLMENT PLAN! Or a Liberal Discount will be Allowed on Cash Transactions. ONE FACT we wish to make prominent, viz: We will not be undersold, and fully guarantee every instrument sent out by us to be exactly as represented. We are not here to-day and away to-morrow; if our instruments fail to fulfill the guarantee we are here to make it right at a moment's notice. P. M. PETERSON.

RIDING A BRONCO.

You Can't Always Tell What May Happen on Such an Occasion.

"I can ride him." Of course he could. He had taken a thorough course at a riding academy in the eastern metropolis he hailed from; no Montana bronco could get away with him. The boys around the corral winked at each other and did their best to get the tenderfoot on that buckskin bronco's back. The majority of them had dealt with such men before and they knew there was more fun to be extracted from a smart Aleek and a wild bronco than any other combination under the sun.

"You're a rider," said Joe Collins, enthusiastically. "I can see it stickin' right out of you."

"I flatter myself I can ride a little," said the tenderfoot, with a gratified smile. "If you can get a saddle and bridle on that bronco, I'll show you a few tricks at horse-breaking."

The bronco was scarcely larger than a good-sized colt, and he stood by the corral with his head down and his little body hunched up, as though he anticipated some attempt at riding him.

He looked very meek—that buckskin bronco—but his meekness was gone in a moment when he saw Joe Collins lugging toward him a big "greaser" saddle with a double cinch and a horsehair bridle.

It took four men to saddle and bridle that little piece of lightning, but at last it was done and Joe Collins told the tenderfoot the bronco was ready.

"Observe, gentlemen, said Smith (I'll call him Smith, but that wasn't his name), "that science wins the day against brute force every time."

Then he went up to the bronco just like he was leading off some new figure in a German. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" Mr. Bronco wheeled around and shot out with his hind feet in such a way as to give Smith a love-pat that floored him. "Science" got a black eye that time and it took Smith ten minutes to recover.

"Got enough?" asked Joe Collins. "No, sir," said Smith, rather feebly, though; "he took me unawares, but I'll look out for that kind of a movement this time."

"That's the kind of a bird a bronco is," said Collins; "can't tell what they're going to do. They're just like Indians—deceitful."

Smith went at it a little differently next time and succeeded in getting into the saddle, but the horse wouldn't budge. That's a regular bronco trick. They'll stand stock still sometimes, like a piece of stone, and then of a sudden away they'll go like a flash.

Then Smith said: "You see, gentlemen, the horse is paralyzed into obedience. He knows, by instinct, that his master is in the saddle, and he is endeavoring to recover his horse-sense. We will help him recover it. Mr. Collins, may I trouble you to get a pitchfork and tickle him in the flank?"

"Anythin', anythin', Mr. Smith," said Joe, and he got a pitchfork with a very long handle, and proceeded to "touch up" the bronco.

Well, he moved and I can get an affidavit from every one present that he moved so quick that he splintered out into a whole herd of broncos and the heavens were full of Smith. Smith fell at least fifteen feet from where the horse threw him and Mr. Bronco disappeared in the horizon at the cardinal point that lay nearest his old Montana home.

Smith was unconscious when we picked him up and he remained so for several days—out of his head all the time. He had an idea that he had been riding a cyclone, that an earthquake had shaken him off and that he had fallen two or three miles and struck earth on the Rock of Gibraltar.

He got his senses back in time, but I have always thought the description of riding a wild bronco, which he gave when a trifle "flighty," was about as near the mark as words could put it. No one can realize what a feeling it is until he goes through the experience himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Notes on Children's Dress.

The favorite colors for dresses made up in Scotch zephyrs and ordinary checked gingham, for girls of from two to ten years, are blue and pink. They are all made with plain skirts, sometimes hem-stitched, with embroidery of white on the goods above the hem-stitching, and have either plain waists trimmed with V's of Hamburg insertion, or box-plaited waists and short over-jackets edged with white embroidery; or they are made with baby waists having yokes of white embroidery, over which fall pretty odd-shaped jackets, pointed, rounded or square, according to fancy. The sleeves are full, and simply gathered at the wrists with bands of embroidery. The hems are usually put in the skirts about five inches deep, and the skirts reach to the floor for two years; for three years to the ankle; for four years to the shoe-top; for six years they are a trifle shorter yet; and so on to ten years of age, when skirts begin to lengthen again, until at sixteen they are made the length of a lady's short walking dress.—Demorest.

Nearly.

Countess—Just think of it, my lord; how remarkable! My sister Emma was born on the 28th of July, I was born on the 1st of August and my sister Clara was born on the 8th of August.

My Lord—Wonderful! Why, they were nearly triplets.—Jury.

—What Our Artist (the Newly-Married One) Has to Put Up With.—Our Artist—"Just look, darling! I was short of canvases, so I've stretched a clean pocket-handkerchief! See how splendid it takes the paint!" His Prudent Little Wife—"Oh, John dear, how extravagant of you! It'll never come out!"—Punch.

—Mrs. Youngwife (to pretty applicant)—"No, I don't think you will do." Applicant—"But I am able to cook in the best style." Mrs. Youngwife—"I guess I know my business; I advertised for a plain cook."—Harper's Bazar.

—Bitters began his life as a school teacher. "Really? What a preocious baby he must have been."—N. Y. Sun.

OLIVES AND THEIR OIL.

Where They Grow and How the Oil is Obtained For Table Use.

The olive is an evergreen tree with leaves resembling those of the willow, lanceolate, entire, of a dull, dark green color above and scaly and whitish gray underneath. The flowers, which appear in June, July and August, are small and white, growing short, dense racemes, with four cleft corolla, four toothed calyx, two stamens and a two cleft stigma. The fruit is a drupe, or stone fruit, of a greenish, whitish, violet or even black color, never larger than a pigeon's egg, generally oval, sometimes globular, obovate or approximate.

In southern France, where the famed virgin oil of Aix is made, the harvest of the berries for oil takes place in November and December, when the berries are about two-thirds ripe. They are spread out for a short time to dry off any moisture from the surface, and are then crushed in an edge wheel mill of stone, driven by animal power generally, care being taken not to crush the stones, which contain a bitter principle and a poor oil. The virgin oil is dipped out of the mill after the fruit is reduced to a pulp, and is seldom sold in commerce separately, bearing the highest price, but is used either by the proprietors of estates or for enriching the poorer sorts. After removing the virgin oil the pulp is put into straw baskets, which are then put into a screw press and squeezed, and the oil trickling down is collected by a circular gutter and runs into a tank. This gives the best market oil, and it is called premiere quality. The pomace is subjected to repeated pressure, sometimes aided at last by pouring warm water on the mass, a poorer quality of oil being obtained by each repetition of the process. Even the purest virgin oil is turbid when first expressed. It clears itself by simply standing in the tanks, which on large estates are masonry cisterns underground, where the oil is kept at an even temperature for a long time, all air being excluded. The color of the oil of Aix and Tuscany, which is said to be the best, is greenish. The kind known as oil of Lucca is also of superior quality. The mean produce of a tree in France is about ten pounds of oil, and in Italy fifteen pounds, but single trees have been known, in fruitful seasons, to produce 500 pounds of oil.

Olive oil is adulterated chiefly by the addition of cotton seed oil, rape seed oil, colza seed oil, sesame seed oil—known as oil of benne or gingiline oil, and which is, in some respects, better than olive oil—and above all, the oil of the groundnut (American peanut), which is grown extensively on the African coast expressly for its oil. Much of the "huile d'olive" that we get put up in long-necked bottles with foreign labels is put up in this country, and consists of nothing but cotton seed oil, oil of benne or groundnut oil. While these oils are bland and wholesome, they do not possess the peculiar nutty flavor of the "sweet oil" of olives, which is not to be mistaken.

The French imitate olive oil by a chemical preparation of American lard, which is exported to the United States under the name of "oil of Lucca," or "Provence."

For the table the berries are gathered when fully grown but still quite green. They are steeped for twenty-four hours in a weak lye of wood ashes or lime water; then in cold water, renewed daily, until they have lost their bitter flavor and the water runs off clear and tasteless. They are now salted or pickled in brine, in which they are kept for use in close vessels. For luxury the stones are sometimes removed and the fruit stuffed with capers, truffles, minced sardines and closed, air-tight, in bottles of the finest oil. Olives are a well-known restorative of the palate, and are said to promote digestion.—Popular Science.

A PORTENT OF THE FUTURE.

Conclusion of Popular Novel—The Coming Style.

"And you have no regrets, Penelope?"

"None, Reginald!"

"The sorrows and hardships we have suffered, Penelope—have they left no enduring burden of melancholy—no deep and lasting impress on the brave soul that has dared so much, struggled so much and borne the heavy griefs of so many long, weary years?"

Not a line of sorrow furrowed the fair brow upturned so trustingly, and not the shadow of a headache dimmed the brightness or mirrored itself in the depths of the soft brown eyes that looked fearlessly but calmly into his.

"No, Reginald," she said. "In the happiness that has come upon us all else is forgotten, and my heart is at rest. The troubles of the past are as if they had never been. Believe me, I look with unflinching trust to the future, Reginald, and the sun of hope glids the coming years with a halo whose brightness fills me with measureless joy and content."

The young man took her by the hand and led her to the window.

"See, dearest," he exclaimed, in a voice whose pathos thrilled her whole being. He pointed to an object in the background of the lovely landscape before them on which the mellow rays of the setting sun were still shining. She looked in the direction indicated, and her wondering gaze rested on the high, peaked roof of an old mill, upon which in letters of flaming red was inscribed: "True happiness is found only in the household where Wigger's Pure Soap is used for all kinds of washing and scrubbing. Price, twenty-five cents. Beware of imitations."—Chicago Tribune.

—Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, is a typical German savant and investigator. He was a student in Göttingen from 1863 to 1866, after which he practiced as an ordinary physician in the village of Radevitz in Saxony. In 1883 he went to India and Egypt as the head of the scientific committee sent there to investigate the cause and character of cholera. Since his return he has been in Berlin. His bacillus investigations were recognized by the government through a donation made to him of 100,000 marks.

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LAMPS AS STOVES.

Kerosene Gives More Heat Than Coal, but It Has Drawbacks.

We often hear people say: "That kerosene lamp is almost as good as a stove," or something to that effect; but the statement is generally considered an exaggeration, and the speakers themselves would probably be surprised if told that their words were literally true, says a writer. Let us see if they are so. The burning of a pound of kerosene or other mineral oil produces about 21,000 units of heat—that is, an amount of heat sufficient to raise the temperature of 21,000 pounds of water 1 degree Fahrenheit. The unit of heat used in all such calculations is the quantity of heat which is required in order to raise the temperature of a pound of water 1 degree.

Air is more easily heated than water. One unit of heat will raise the temperature of about four pounds of air one degree. Therefore, the heat produced by burning a pound of kerosene will heat 84,000 pounds of air one degree, or 84 pounds of air is equivalent to rather more than 1,100 cubic feet, or about half the air contained in a room 15 feet square and 10 feet high.

This quantity of air can, therefore, be heated about 500 degrees by the combustion of a single pound, or a little more than a pint, of kerosene, a quantity which is consumed in about three hours in one of the powerful tubular lamps now so much in use. As a matter of fact, the air of our rooms never attains any such startling temperature, for several reasons.

In the first place, unless the ventilation is very bad, the air of the room is renewed several times in the course of three hours, so that several roomfuls of air are warmed by the lamp. Again, a large part of the heat of the lamp is radiated directly to the walls, which absorb it if they are cold, and in any case conduct a great deal of it to the outside air. The heat of the warmed air of the room also escapes by conduction to and through the walls to some extent.

The little calculation which has been given, however, shows that an ordinary lamp is by no means contemptible as a source of heat.

A coal stove suitable for the room we have been considering would burn, perhaps, four or five pounds of coal in the three hours of which the lamp consumes a pound of kerosene; but it must be remembered that a pound of coal produces only about two-thirds as much heat as a pound of kerosene, and also that a large proportion of the heat of the best stoves goes up the chimney and is wasted.

There is not so much waste in the case of the lamp, the hot gases from which are mixed directly with the air and heat very rapidly. The air is heated much less rapidly and directly by the stove, by means of contact with its hot surface and with the walls of the room, which have been warmed by direct radiation from the stove. It is plain, therefore, that so far as the air of a room is concerned the heating effect of a single large lamp is not much less than that of an ordinary stove.

The heating effect of a gas jet is also very great, for similar reasons, and hence gas and oil stoves are quite commonly used for warming the air of rooms.

No such apparatus should ever be employed in a bed-room or sitting-room unless the ventilation is exceedingly good. The hot gas which their chimneys discharge directly into the air of the room consists chiefly of air whose oxygen has been partly or wholly replaced by carbonic acid and the vapor of water.

If the oil stove is used for a long time in a close room it will reduce the oxygen and increase the carbonic acid of the air so greatly as to render it unfit for breathing. Furthermore, such stoves usually produce small quantities of other and poisonous gases, which soon give rise to unpleasant and dangerous symptoms. Of course, the oil and gas stove may be connected with a chimney, but its use is then much less economical, as the greater part of the heat escapes up the chimney.—Youth's Companion.

FIRST LESSON IN ENGLISH.

Which Proves That a Little Knowledge Is a Dangerous Thing.

An American recently returned from Europe tells the following incident of his experience on board the Etruria: "It was my custom on sunshiny days to go down on the deck where the emigrants were, in order that I might study the manners and customs of these aliens."

"Many of the emigrants had no knowledge of the English language, and this lack they tried to supply by studying from text books. A very pretty young Swedish woman was seated on a hatchway while we were off the banks of Newfoundland. I seated myself beside her, and in a few minutes I taught her the sentence 'Kiss me' in very fair English."

"As the lesson was completed, a sturdy young Irishman sauntered in the direction of the hatchway. By means of signs I made the girl understand that she was to try her English sentence on him. With an ingenious smile on her face she approached him and uttered the musical sentence. The appeal startled the Irishman for a moment."

"Then his quick wit grasped the humor of the situation, and throwing his arms like a great, rough bear around the maiden, he saluted her with two hearty smacks upon her rosy cheeks. With a quick movement she tore herself from his embrace and ran to hide her blushes in the steerage."—N. Y. Recorder.

Very Striking.
"You spent five years in New York, Lord Noodleby?"
"Ya-as."

"And what struck you most forcibly in our country?"
"My creditahs."—Judge.

Accounted For.
"Are you boarding or do you keep house?"
"Both."
"Both?"
"Yes. I'm a carpenter."—Juror.

RARE OLD VIOLINS.

Instruments Made By the Celebrated Masters of Old.

That there have been great masters in the art of making violins is as true as that there have been great masters in the art of writing music to be played on violins.

Before the time of these great masters the violin was a poor tool, comparatively speaking, of great ambitions one might say, of very romantic associations, and of long descent, but of very limited capacity. All at once some Italians began to improve it, and then the Amati, Stradivarius, the Guarnerius family and the Stainers put their genius to work and it leaped suddenly into perfection; and no one has been able to make a violin since that could approach its excellence at that time.

Something of the same sort is true in many other phases of the growth of art—light springing all at once out of comparative darkness—excellence touching perfection once for all. It was so in Greek art; it was so in Italian art; it was so in Elizabethan literature; it was so in the building of the violin. People acquainted with the subject can tell who made this or that violin, as people can tell who wrote a letter by the handwriting; a long curve or a short one, a deep groove or a shallow one, a bold scroll or a timid one, a high table or a flat one, a purple varnish or a golden one, the shape and slope of the long sound holes—all these tell whose hand it was that shaped the special instrument until to look at it was almost to hear music.

The great violin-makers, all of whom lived within the compass of a hundred and fifty years, were, in the first place, particular about the wood they used. That was rare which exactly suited them. They chose it from the few great timbers felled in the South Tyrol, and floated down in rafts—pine and maple, sycamore and pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing. They learned to tell the density of the pieces of wood by touching; they weighed them; they struck them, and listened to judge how fast or how slow or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings. Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft; some of close fiber. Just the right beam was hard to find; when it was found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master, and after his death in those of his pupils.

The piece of wood when to their mind was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven, one being soaked through and through with sunshine there. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly and penetrated far into the wood, and the varnishes became a part of the wood itself. They used to save every particle of the wood, when they had found at last what they liked, to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins usually, that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that once they knew. It was doubtless owing to this fact that when the people could not account for Paganini's wonderful playing, they declared that he had a human soul imprisoned in his violin, for his violin sang and whispered even when all the strings were off.

There have been experiments made with all sorts of wood by the various makers. An earl of Pembroke had one made of the wood of the cedars of Lebanon, but the wood was so dense as to deaden vibration, and it proved disappointing.

Antonio Stradivarius was the king of all the violin-makers. He worked till he was 92 years old, and only after he was 50 did he make his best, the grand ones whose price is almost fabulous. He sold each of his violins for four pieces of gold, and as his needs were very few, he spent but little, and the people used to say "as rich as Stradivarius." He was called Antonio the Lute-maker—a tall, thin, brown man, with eyes that listened, wearing always a white leather apron and a white cotton cap. The violins of his master, Nicolas Amati, command a great price still, but nothing like that which people are glad to pay for a Stradivarius; and those, and some made by Joseph Guarnerius, the grandson of Andrea, who worked at the same bench with him when he was an apprentice, are the only rivals of the great maker's work.

These Guarnerius violins are of high finish, fine temper, and great strength, and it has been said that their "fourth string is often as rich as a trumpet." They are all marked with an I. H. S., and the maker is often known as Giuseppe del Jesu than as Joseph Guarnerius. Some instruments that he made in person from refuse wood furnished him by the jaller's daughter have allowed a great many poor instruments to be forged and accredited to him. His best will sell for a thousand dollars and upward easily; but the best of Stradivarius will sell for five thousand dollars, and have even brought more. A Mr. Neville, an alde-de-camp to Gen. Lafayette in our revolution, once gave fifteen hundred acres of land for a Stradivarius; it is perhaps the greatest price ever paid for a fiddle, for the city of Pittsburgh now stands, it is said, upon those acres.—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.

—After a dinner given by Stephen Price, of Drury Lane theater, all the guests but Theodore Hook and Rev. Edward Cannon retired. Price was suffering from gout, but as they disregarded his hints to retire, he stole off and left them in high talk. On the following morning he inquired of his servant: "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?" "Go, sir?" replied John; "they're not gone, sir; they have just rung for coffee."

—Baking Powder.—Three ounces tartaric acid, four ounces baking soda, nine ounces flour. Mix and sift five times. This makes one pound of baking powder.—Housekeeper.

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and deals them out on the corner of Hale and Georgia streets.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unsatisfactory discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. **A. STURGEON, M.D.**, Escanaba, Mich. Sold by Druggists. PRICE \$1.00.

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IT BEATS THEM ALL.

A Mobile Register. The fish was a shark.

The doctor, with Messrs. W. H. Barney, E. Q. Zadek and W. C. Gellibrand, was the guest of Capt. J. W. Black, manager of the Sullivan Timber Co., on an excursion down the bay recently.

The party reached Fort Morgan early in the morning, and spent the day in fishing, enjoying excellent sport. Mr. Barney brought two shark lines and cast them early in the day, but not until afternoon, when the party was at dinner, did he get a bite.

Some time after it was suggested that Dr. Goode open the sharks and recover whatever gold watches, finger-rings, etc., their stomachs should be found to contain. The doctor opened the seven-footer, and then piled the knife on the smaller shark. The story as he tells it is as follows:

"I made a straight incision and opened the body of the shark. I took out the stomach, the alimentary canal, and the intestines, and, having examined the stomach, threw those organs over into the water. Having a curiosity to see how large a heart such a fish has I cut into the diaphragm and extracted the heart. The organ, I found, was about the size of an egg, rather small, I thought, for so large a fish. The curious thing about it was that it continued to pulsate after I had taken it from the fish. It beat regularly for a minute or more, lying there in my hand. When it stopped beating I pricked it with the knife and it again pulsated for a short time. It was perfectly empty of blood."

"Meantime the pilot and others plucked the seven-foot shark off the wharf, and it sank to the bottom. We could see it plainly through the clear water. They then took the smaller shark, all of whose internal organs I had removed and whose heart I held in my hand, and threw it into the water. You can judge of our surprise to see that shark swim its tall around and flap its fins from side to side, and then swim briskly away until it disappeared."

"It went with the current?" "Yes, but it was swimming. We all saw it as plain as could be. The other shark sank like a shot; this one swam straight away, as naturally as any fish."

"Was the fish apparently dead when you cut it up?"

"Yes. It did not make a single move all the time I was cutting it. The way that dissected fish did, beats anything I ever heard of or ever imagined. We could see it for twenty or thirty yards as it swam away. It made the pilots down there open their eyes, I assure you."

Mr. Zadek, who was present when the doctor described this curious happening, said, when referred to, that it was a "true bill"—the most wonderful thing he ever saw.—Mobile Register.

GOT EVEN WITH HER.

He Saw She Didn't Like Him and So He Turned the Tables.

He had finished his introductory remarks and was about to propose, when he discovered that his proposal would be treated with contempt.

"Go on, Mr. Sprigger," she said, impatiently tapping her foot on the carpet as he paused in his remarks.

"I was about to say, Miss Hilder," he continued, "that I am aware that the human heart, especially a woman's, is a delicate thing, and I come to-night to correct a wrong impression which you have been under for some time, I think. To be plain, Miss Hilder, because I do not wish to cause you future suffering, let me state that I have never cared enough for you to ask you to link your lot with mine, therefore do not think that I can return the love you bear for me. My attentions to you have been prompted purely by a friendly feeling, nothing more. But I trust this will not mar our friendly relations," he said, taking his hat to go, "for remember, you will ever have in me a true friend. Be assured I will be always a nephew to you."

And she was so dumb with surprise and anger that she didn't say good-by to him when he bowed himself out.—Boston Herald.

The Negro's Teeth.

The old-time African was noted for the brilliant whiteness of his teeth, a quality which is not inherited by his descendants of the present day, for the teeth of the colored people now do not seem so good as those of the average white man. The reason is to be found in the change of food. The slaves had plenty to eat, but the food given them was of the simplest kind. Pork, meal, potatoes, and such vegetables as they raised for themselves, formed their bill of fare. Now they eat all sorts of indigestible trash, just like the white people, and especially display immoderate fondness for candy. The consequence is that in a single generation the ivory teeth of the slave have given place to the half-decayed fangs of the freedman.—N. Y. World.

—At the close of the forenoon session of a ministerial conference held here, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon session, I stated that Elder A— would present a paper on "The Devil," and without intending any joke, or thinking of the ludicrousness of the thing, I added, "please be prompt in attendance, for Brother B— has a carefully prepared paper and is full of his subject." Imagine my chagrin when an uproar of laughter reminded me of the unhappy witticism I had blundered into. I never could make Brother B— believe it was unintentional, but it was.—Homiletic Review.

—It is a curious thing that while very few people really die of love an infinite number are always dead in love.—Chicago Light.

HISTORY OF THE DUTCH.

The First Settlers of "Good Meadow" Island in the Rhine.

The first who held possession of Dutch soil—not the first who ever had lived upon it, but the first who had persistently enjoyed the climate and busied themselves with the dykes—were a branch of the great German race. Driven by circumstances from their old home, they had settled upon an empty island in the river Rhine, which, you know, after leaving its pleasant southern country, straggles through Holland in a bewildered search for the sea. This island they called Betauw, or "Great Meadow," and so, in time, themselves came to be called Batavii, or Batavians.

Other portions of the country were held by various tribes living upon and beyond a great tract of land which afterward, in true Holland style, was turned into a sea. Most of these tribes were sturdy and brave, but the Batavii were braver than any. Fierce, staunch, and defiant, they taught even their little children only the law of might; and their children grew up to be mightier than they. The blessed Teacher had not yet brought the world His lesson of mercy and love. "Conquer one another" had stronger claims to their consideration than "Love one another."

Their votes in council were given by the clashing of arms; and often their wives and mothers stood by with shouts and cries of encouragement wherever the fight was thickest. "Others go to battle," said the historian Tacitus, "these go to war."

Soon the all-conquering Romans, who, with Julius Caesar, at their head, had trampled surrounding nations into subjection, discovered that the Batavii were not to be vanquished—that their friendship was worth far more than the wretched country they inhabited. An alliance was soon formed, and the Batavii were declared exempt from the annual tax or tribute which all others were forced to pay to the Romans. Caesar himself was not ashamed to extol their skill in arms, nor to send their already famous warriors to fight his battles and strike terror to the hearts of his foes.

The Batavian cavalry could swim across wide and deep rivers without breaking their ranks, and the infantry were excelled by none in drill, in archery and wonderful powers of endurance. They had fought too long with the elements in holding their "Good Meadow" to be dismayed in battle by any amount of danger and fatigue.

The Romans called them "friends," but the Batavians soon discovered that they were being used merely as a cat's-paw. After awhile, as cat's-paws will, they turned and scratched. A contest, stubborn and tedious, between the Romans and Batavians followed. At length both parties were glad to make terms of peace, which prevailed, with few interruptions, until the decline of the Roman empire.—Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

ART IN WASHINGTON.

The Figures on the Lafayette Pedestal Give a Toper a Terrible Fright.

"I say, mister," said a man who was passing along the north side of Lafayette square. "I want you to take me home quick."

"Why, you're all right," replied the policeman whom he was addressing.

"I thought so, too," he said, with a pathetic quiver in his voice. "It's the first drop I've touched in months. And to think that it's done me up in this way!"

The gaslighter came along and the flickering light that mingled with the gathering dusk intensified the expression of dismay on his countenance.

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, this is the first time I've took this route in some time. As I was coming around the corner down there I saw a lot of people standing on the edge of a white platform. The first thing then I noticed was a woman with a sword in her hand, sticking to the side of a marble slab just as well as any fly could have done it. Her foot projected into the air and she was making for two men who were standing on a little bit of a ledge around the corner. They didn't dare to move for fear of falling off, but you could tell by their attitudes that they were going to stand by each other, no matter what the woman might take it into her head to do. I went around to the opposite side and there were two other men just as much scared as the first pair. Well, I thought it was funny, but none of them said a word and I didn't think it was my place to interfere. So I started up the path. But there, looking out into the park, were two bulgy-headed brownies sitting on the same narrow ledge, with the most malevolent countenances you ever beheld. I wasn't sure, but the brownies settled it. There's no use of denying it, stranger, I'm clean backslid."

"Nonsense," said the policeman; "that's the new statue."

"Do you mean they're there yet?"

"Certainly. Come around and I'll show you."

He looked at the group for awhile and asked:

"Can you see 'em too, stranger?"

"Certainly."

"Well, well! I reckon that the Lafayette up on the top of the concern, ain't it? I shouldn't wonder 'n what it was a pretty good likeness of him, too."—Washington Post.

In the Woods.

A very little care and discrimination will save people from being poisoned by either sumach or ivy when wandering through the woods at a picnic. If one remembers that the three-leaved ivy is dangerous, while the five-leaved is harmless; that the sumach with the white berries is poisonous, and the red-berried sumach not at all so—indeed, the red berries have an acid often enjoyed by the writer, who knows them to be harmless and even wholesome—one need never suffer poison. Both the poison ivy and the sumach, although dissimilar in appearance of foliage, have white berries growing in small slender clusters from the axils of the leaves, and it is of these the wanderer in the woods should beware.—Detroit Free Press.

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BETRAYED BY A BUTTON.

Some Noted Criminal Cases in Which the Button Has Played a Conspicuous Part.

The ordinary button of commerce plays a very active part in the drama of life. Not only in comedy does the insignificant button play an important role. The thread of human life has been severed time and again when this perverted inanimate thing broke from its moorings and rolled away to fall into the hands of the police.

There is now a young man in Mazas, says a French paper, who was undone by a button; that is, the button was undone that was the cause of his undoing.

A few days ago a bazar was broken into at night. The thief, or thieves, who evidently knew the plan of the shop perfectly, left no traces behind, that is, the police who first arrived on the scene could find none. It looked very much as if the crime would always remain undiscovered.

A detective examined the premises thoroughly. He was old in the business. He sifted all the dirt on the floor, studied the scratches on the wall, pored over the burnt scraps of paper in the grate. The reward of his researches was a button—an ordinary, homely, little black button that did not look as if it could harm anybody. It was enough, however, for the vigilant disciple of M. Goron. On the back of the button was stamped "Aux Phares de la Bastille." That was the name of a famous bazar where cheap clothing was sold, much frequented by workmen and petty employes.

Our detective had a list of the names of all the employes, past and present, of the store that had been robbed. He visited the bazar and found a suit of clothes had been sold to a young man who was on the criminal list. There was a suit like the one he had bought on exhibition in the window. The detective compared his button with those on the coat; they were identical. He had the young man's name and address. He found him; he also found that a button was missing from his jacket. "I came to restore you your missing button," said the detective, politely.

The bracelets clicked on his wrists. The carriage rolled away to Mazas. The little button, the little accused button, had betrayed him.

But there are buttons and buttons. It is not always the vulgar little button of the workman and the cheap clerk that plays an important part in the drama of crime. The gold button, the diamond button of the rich, has been guilty of jeopardizing many a proud neck, of sending its wearer into a forced seclusion, where the government pays all the board bills.

During the past ten years some forty odd demi-mondaines have been assassinated after the manner of Prado and Franzini. Seventeen of these crimes have never been punished. The murderers are probably now in America or Canada running saloons or working for the government. There came near being an eighteenth but he was caught in time. A button did it.

One day all Paris was startled by the murder of a young girl in the neighborhood of Notre Dame de Lorette. The police worked hard to find out who did the deed. They spent many weeks in searching; they arrested many people, and they gained nothing. Yes, they found a button—a gold button—in the dead girl's room. That was all.

A detective who had been prominent in the search was one night detailed to attend in evening dress a reception at a very swell house. He was to look after

the diamonds and see that the gentlemen guests did not walk off with each other's mufflers and gloves by mistake. He idled here and there, scrutinizing the people, shadowing the hostess, who was resplendent with the family gems that night, moving here and there in an unconcerned way, but keeping his eyes open. He was about to enter the conservatory, when he suddenly came upon a couple standing under the colored lights that crowned an artificial palm tree. He was passing on after a hasty glance, when the gleam of something on the lace above the lady's corsage attracted his attention.

He went behind the tree and drew as near as he could to the lady. The fall light of the lamps fell upon her bosom; on a gold button that held the fragile lace in its place.

Why was he so excited at this discovery? He hardly knew himself for a moment. Then he remembered that this button gleaming before him was the exact duplicate of the one that had been found in the room of the poor little dead Lorette—a button that could not be matched in any of the jewelry stores in Paris. The strange similarity in the jewels set the detective thinking, and it also set him working when the young woman went home that night after the ball with the same young man she had spoken with so long in the conservatory. A shadow followed them; it was the detective.

He found out her name, her antecedents, and those of her companion. He learned that they were in love with each other, that they were to be married in a few weeks. But sentiment did not prevent him from doing his duty. In a few days he had pieced together the whole story. The young man had led a gay life; he had become entangled with the girl who had been murdered. He was the possessor of a pair of Etruscan cuff buttons of curious design. They had been admired by his fiancée. He offered to get a pair made for her just like them. This was done. The lady on the night of the reception had used one to button together the mysterious garment of lace which most women are addicted to wearing.

The detective learned that the young man had wished to rid himself of his vulgar liaison in order to make the rich marriage, and finding that threats and promises did not satisfy the girl, he had murdered her. So what was to have ended with orange blossoms, and a father's blessing ended for one in transportation to New Caledonia for life. And the button, the deadly button, was the cause of it all!

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