

WOMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mrs. ROBERT GOSLET, of New York, has an income of \$500 a day.

Mrs. HARRISON has a spoon to show for nearly every town and city she visited in the silver states.

The princess of Wales is exhibiting a number of her creditable productions in photography at the exhibition in Vienna.

The queen of Denmark is an expert dressmaker and a good pastry cook. Her daughters also are all clever needlewomen, and so is the czarina of Russia.

Mrs. ROSCOE CONELING, after a long period of retirement, is occasionally seen upon the streets of New York again clad in simple black. Mrs. Conelings is about sixty years of age.

The Archduchess Maria Theresa of Austria is a clever goldsmith, and her intimate and favored friends and members of her family are the happy recipients of gold brooches designed and executed by the noble lady.

COUNTESS AYMEY DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD is said to be the most beautiful woman of this century. Her profile is strikingly like that of Marie Antoinette, and her hair is of the real shade possessed by the martyr queen.

The Countess de Merenberg, who was recently married to a member of the imperial house of Russia, has negro blood in her veins. She is a daughter of the poet Pushkin, who was a descendant of a negro favorite of Peter the Great.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE'S rooms at the Gerlach flats in New York are charming. The walls of the drawing-room are finished in terra cotta and the ceilings are pearl color, with gold. The floors are polished and strewn with rugs. There are quaint art bits and dainty bric-a-brac.

POINTED REMARKS.

The laziest boy in school is seen closest to the head of the procession when the circus is in town.

It is remarkable, but the unfair umpire was never yet known to decide for our side.—Indianapolis Journal.

There are times when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, but never when you are bothering somebody else.—Somerville Journal.

SO MANY people have the look on their faces as if they had been allowed one last strike at something and missed it.—Atchison Globe.

THE good die young. The others become oldest inhabitants and lie about the weather, their ages and everything else.—N. Y. Herald.

It is said to be a Chinese myth that the soul of a poet passes into the body of a grasshopper at death, from the fact of the latter singing until it starves.

MAKING a fool of oneself is a disease that attacks all times and years. There is no hope of outgrowing it, or, by experiencing it once, escaping it a second time.

EVEN the most conceited of men may be pardoned his good opinion of himself if he remembers what his mother and the neighbors said about him when he was a baby.—Somerville Journal.

THE tongue is a tell-tale member. Doctors look at it to see if the patient's stomach is out of order, and the general public frequently learns from it that the owner's mind is out of order.—St. Joseph News.

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATS.

LORD SALISBURY'S ancestors were members of the English cabinet three hundred years ago.

THE duke of Edinburgh, at a recent "smoking concert" in London, was present wearing a gold bracelet.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, shawl-bearer-in-chief to his mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, is now known as Prince Beatrice.

THE late duke of Bedford's income, apart from his personal estate or from his enormous property in London, appears to have been seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

THE earl of Derby succeeds Lord Granville as chancellor of London university. He is one of the most numerous appointed men in England, and like the marquis of Hartington fills as many presidential chairs as would furnish a decent-sized room.

LORD SALISBURY, stout and indolent as he may now seem, has been a hard worker, and in 1852, when he was Robert Cecil, visited the Bendigo and Ballarat gold fields, where he joined the diggers, lived in a tent, did his own washing and ironing and dug and gathered nuggets.

THE duke of Fife has about a dozen suits in constant use, and he never wears the same clothes twice the same week. His trousers are on shelves, marked Monday, Tuesday and so on to the end of the week, and they are carefully pressed by his valet before being put on, so as to get rid of the creases.

FEMINE REPARTEE.

AFTER THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.—May—"Yes, I spent the winter in Florida." Blanche—"But, like Senor de Leon, you were unsuccessful."—N. Y. Herald.

CLARA (just engaged).—"Ah, Emma, if I only knew how to make Edward happy!" Emma (a student of human nature).—"I'll tell you, my dear. Don't marry him."—Fliegende Blatter.

MAUD—"Oh, I'm invited to the Way-ups' ball; but I don't know what in the world to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion?" Millicent—"A thick veil."—Boston Courier.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.—Ella—"I believe in making the most of little things." Effie—"I have noticed that you are always careful of your good looks."—Saturday Evening Herald.

AWFULLY GONE.—Ethel—"Is Clara so very much in love?" Maud—"I should say she is. I saw her writing a letter to him the other day and she put 'Dear Jack' on the envelope."—N. Y. Herald.

AS INMA.—Clara—"My physician has advised me to go to Germany for my complexion, and I don't want to go a bit. I was there only last year." Maud—"Why don't you have it sent over?"—N. Y. Sun.

EUROPEAN MILITARY AFFAIRS.

The German cruiser Falke was launched at Kiel on April 4. It has engines of 2,800 horse power, a tonnage of 1,550, and runs 17 sea miles an hour.

There is much talk of establishing a German naval station in South American waters, in order that the men-of-war may be always at hand to protect the interests of Germans in revolutionary times.

Swiss soldiers are hereafter to be provided with a pocketknife with four blades, which, besides rendering ordinary service, is to do occasional duty as a ramrod to the new rifle, and as an opener to tinned provisions.

GERMANY'S squadron of evolution will be sent out in two divisions of three battleships, a despatch boat, and seven torpedo boats each. They will be manned by 250 officers and 5,000 seamen. The commander of all will be Vice Admiral Deinhard.

SOME interesting figures showing the cost of some of the guns used in the British land and sea service are furnished by a recent parliamentary return. From this it appears that nine 12 1/2-inch guns have been issued to the navy at an average cost of \$55,505. The 10-inch guns cost \$28,480 each, and the 5-inch \$3,840.

EXPERIMENTS recently conducted by Russian military officers are said to prove that snow can be used to great advantage as defensive walls. Field artillery, at a distance of 600 yards, penetrated only eighteen feet, and infantry fire, at a distance of 100 steps, entered to a depth of but nine feet in the banks constructed for the purpose.

ECCENTRIC FEMALES.

AN Effingham, Kan., woman avoids the expense of keeping a nurse girl by bribing her children out, after the manner of cattle.

A NEWAYGO (Mich.) lover gave his sweetheart sixteen dollars with which to purchase a wedding trousseau. She took the money and married another fellow.

A SNORING woman was recently expelled from a church in Racine, Wis. She had not a pleasant countenance while asleep in her pew, and the clergyman thought she was making faces at him.

A BENEVOLENT Atchison (Kan.) woman keeps a bar of soap on a board near a creek that runs through the town for the use of tramps, and a number of them may be seen at that place every day washing themselves.

AN extraordinary tenant is Mrs. Anna Fuchs, of Vienna, who lived in the same tenement for forty years and never quarreled with her landlord. She took possession at eighteen, and lives there now as a woman of fifty-eight years.

FOUR spinsters of O'Fallon, Mo., have become famous by the new paint on their joint residence. They could not agree on the colors, so they decided that each should have her favorite color on a portion of the house, and then they drew lots for the portions. The house is an artistic revelation.

FOOLISH MEN AND MAIDENS.

AN Expensive Luxury.—"Do you expect to go away next summer?" "Great Scott, no! Can't afford it—been engaged for three months."—Epoch.

LITTLE MUGLEY—"Do you admire handsome men, Miss Amy?" Amy—"Indeed I do, Mr. Mugley." Little Mugley—"Oh, thank you!"—Harper's Bazar.

"I LIKE your cheek!" exclaimed the girl when the young man kissed her. "So do I like yours, but I greatly prefer your lips," was the audacious reply.—Somerville Journal.

RADIANT Beauty.—Sumway—"Is this Miss Scadds you speak of beautiful?" Hunker—"Is she beautiful! Why, sir, I never saw a car so crowded that she couldn't get a seat in it."—N. Y. Sun.

WILLIE—"You'll have to wait some time yet. Sister has only got on her bonnet." Featherstone (who has invited her to go to the play and is nervously waiting).—"Why, what else has she got to do?" Willie—"She's got to look in the glass."—Cloak Review.

POULTRY SCRAPS.

PUT turpentine in the drinking water to prevent gapes.

SOME recommend soaking corn in kerosene for cholera.

GENERALLY on the farm there is no necessity for buying extra foods.

POULTRY will readily digest bones if they are broken fine enough for them to eat.

WHEN hawks bother the chickens a few brush piles will afford a good protection.

CURD is a good feed for young poultry of all kinds and can be fed to the laying hens to a good advantage.

A PINT of whole wheat to a dozen hens makes a very fair ration. Now give it just before they go to roost.

WITH poultry, as with everything else on the farm, there is always an opportunity to sell at good prices fowls or eggs that are of little better quality than others are offering.

NATURE'S FREAKS.

FORT WORTH, Tex., claims a carnivorous cow that eats cats, rats and mice.

A GEORGIA man has an egg which has the exact shape of a young chicken.

A COW BELONGING to a farmer near Marshalltown, Ia., is the proud mother of triplet calves.

A FORTY-YEAR-OLD peacock struts proudly on the farm of Adam Bohn in Penn township, Berks county, Pa.

THREE live frogs bounded from the interior of a sound log which a farmer in Carrollton, Ga., was cutting the other day. There was no knot or opening near the place of lodgment by which the frogs could have entered.

THE smallest cow on record is reported from South Clarksville, Tenn., less than three feet in height. She had a calf three weeks old, and is giving over a gallon of milk per day. When they go to milk her they have to dig a hole in the ground to set the bucket in.

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MY ROMANCE.

Who the Ghost at the Old Home Really Was.

Into every life comes a great sorrow, sooner or later, and when I was twenty-two my parents died, almost at the same time.

In the first agony of my grief I closed my ancestral home, just as it was, dismissing the old servants and intrusting the keys to a valued friend of my late father. My bereavement gave me a gloomy turn of mind, and study was my only solace.

Five years at the bar, without any home ties or outside pleasures, began to prey upon my health; and in the summer of 188—my physician peremptorily ordered me to rest.

Most of my classmates were married, but, as yet, I had never seen a woman I cared to spend an hour with since my fair mother died.

Realizing that my physician's advice was such as I ought to follow, my thoughts turned to the long-deserted house in Fairleigh, but two days' journey from Boston.

I arrived at dusk on a warm summer evening, and, taking my gripsack in hand, sought my old friend for the key of the silent house.

He greeted me with delight, and urged me to remain with his family. Years had silvered his hair, but had not cooled his regard for my father's only child.

"I don't like it at all, Frank," he said, as I took my departure. "You will have the hypo's in that house. It hasn't been aired, is damp; really, you must not go."

His earnestness was so impressive that I asked:

"Why? You must have some more potent reason, Mr. Lee."

With evident embarrassment, he answered:

"I hear, unpleasant as it may be to you, the house is said to be haunted; lights are often seen, gleaming from the windows, and—"

"Nonsense! I don't believe in ghosts. There is plenty of fuel in the shed—or was—I have matches. Heat will conquer the dampness, and a revolver will dispel all the ghosts I believe in. Come over in the morning and you will find me all right. Good night."

I stood at the gate and looked up at the great, rambling structure. All was dark and still, not even a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the large honeysuckle that climbed at its own sweet will over one wing. The air was heavy with its rich perfume.

The key turned rustily in the lock and the door creaked on its hinges. I stood for a moment like a guilty creature ere I entered, and almost doubted the propriety of spending a night in a dwelling that had not been occupied for nine years.

The air was close but not as damp and musty as I anticipated, and lighting a small lantern, with which I had provided myself, I went in.

I examined the hanging-lamp in the hall, but found it destitute of oil, as I expected.

One in the parlor was full and, to my surprise, wick nor oil seemed candied. Its light illuminated the room and lent a homelike glow to its appointments.

I sought the library and soon had a glowing fire in the grate. Little shivers ran down my back and I began to feel uncanny fears which I resolutely shook off.

I busied myself airing some bedding by the fire and improvising me a couch on the lounge. Although a sultry summer's night, the fire was not uncomfortable.

Reclining in the very easy chair where I used to nestle as a child, with my feet on the tarnished brass fender and a cigar between my lips I tried to feel at home.

A slight noise in the room above aroused me, and I took my lantern and explored the chambers.

"Rats," I said, as I was about to descend, when I again heard it; this time I knew it was in the attic. I could hear footsteps, distinctly.

Secretly myself beneath the stairs I turned my lantern down and waited.

I am no coward, but it was no pleasant sensation to wait for those soft foot-falls to reach the lower stair. The stairway was closed up in the old style with a door.

A hand was on the latch, I grasped my revolver. The door opened, softly and slowly, and I turned on the full light of my lantern at the same time pointing my pistol at—what?

"Stand or I fire," I cried in a voice that echoed through the long, dark hall.

A feminine shriek answered me, and a form crouched down in the stairway.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded, sternly.

"No harm, sir," returned a musical voice and the form rose, revealing a slight girl of some eighteen years with great startled eyes as soft and velvety as a fawn's, looking out from a delicate, wild-rose face framed in masses of golden hair.

"Explain yourself," I said, pointing at the traveling-bag she carried. "Are there any others?"

"No," with a defiant gleam in those wonderful eyes.

"Come downstairs then and tell me how you come to be here."

She obeyed, and was soon quietly seated before my fire.

"You wonder, sir, how I came here in your house," questioningly. I bowed assent. "Very well, I will tell you. I am a poor working girl, and this summer I was out of employment. The temptations of the city are great to a poor girl like me, and I came out here in the country. No one would hire me." My eye sought her hands, so soft and white. "I never did do housework, but I could, I work in a printing office. Some one told me about this house, and I rambled through the grounds one day. It was all so cool and restful I longed to stay. I got into the house, and, while I wandered

through the rooms, a terrible tempest came up.

"I had to stay, indeed I did, sir; and slept sweetly in a room in the upper story."

"It must have been my evil genius that prompted me to stay. I thought it could do you no harm, and me, oh! so much good to spend a few quiet months in this great empty house."

"I took my food with a spirit-lamp. I have not taken anything, truly, sir; but I know it was very wrong. I keep a light burning all night, and people say the house is haunted. It is—by me. Then I only go out at dusk, and always in white. If I need groceries I start before daybreak and walk to A—, coming home after dark."

"But I will go at once, sir," nervously clasping and unclasping those tiny hands.

A great pity welled up in my heart for the childish creature. Were the spells of a woman beginning to cast their glamors over me, Frank Linwood, sober-minded lawyer that I was?

My father never turned a dog away from his door hungry and cold. Mine was not a charitable heart, but I knew the law of kindness.

"You must not go to-night," I said, and we kept our strange vigil through all the long summer night, for one of those sharp, fierce tempests that so often follow a sultry day was rising. Blinding flashes of lightning made the girl cover her eyes with her hands, and the heavy thunder shook the house.

A heavy clap of thunder and a sharp flash brought us both to our feet. Ellen Blaine, as she told me her name, began to sob with terror, and I soothed her like a child. The touch of her hand stirred my sluggish blood, and I felt the silky feel of her fine hair for hours after its silken braids brushed my cheek. My plans were quickly made.

"Have you no friend or elderly relative who can come here and stay with you? If so I will pay you a monthly sum to keep the house open and to put it in such order as would please my mother if she were alive."

"Do you mean it?" with a sharp look on the childish face, a suspicious look, I thought.

"Certainly; it is not proper you should stay here alone. I shall board at a friend's during my visit, but I would like to keep the house open while I stay."

A hot flush burned on her cheeks. I feared I had wounded her pride.

"You will do me a favor, Miss Blaine."

"You are very kind. I will stay if an old aunt of mine will come out to chaperone me," archly.

I wonder now that I did such a quixotic thing. I must have been fascinated by her beauty, and the influence of my surroundings made me soft-hearted.

I breakfasted at Mr. Lee's and bore his rallery very well when I told him I had leased the house to a middle-aged lady and her niece for the season.

In due time Mrs. and Miss Blaine took possession and neighbors began to call on them. It was very pleasant to have the house occupied. I was a frequent caller, and on one occasion surprised Ellen, or Nellie, as I learned to call her, seated at the piano.

"Do you play?" I asked in some surprise.

A brilliant movement, followed by a soft accompaniment and a bird-like song, was her response. She enjoyed my astonishment; music was my mother's passion. I almost disliked to have anyone use her instrument but conquered the feeling and sent to the city for a piano tuner. It was really a fine instrument and Nellie quite a performer, so I spent many evenings, with Mrs. Blaine nodding in her chair, listening to her simple songs or gay fantasies.

She was mistress of the violin and showed an almost childish joy when I brought one, that had been mine, from some hidden recess. I have heard many masters handle the bow but never one who could draw such touching and thrilling strains from the instrument.

Mrs. Blaine's small eyes would open, for she spent the most of her time sleeping, when Nellie struck the first chords. There was something about the woman that always repelled me, and the way she looked at me from her half-closed eyes really made me nervous. She wore a wig of that peculiar faded, reddish brown which wig-wearing ladies so much affect, and her manners were rather coarse.

As deeply as I was in love with her niece, I recoiled from becoming connected with that lady by marriage.

The grounds at the rear of the house sloped down to a river, flowing broad and free, and I soon had a gay little boat for my use on long afternoons or sweet, still evenings. With Nellie opposite me, it was my delight to row for hours, or resting on my oars in some shady cove, to idle the hours away feasting my eyes on that lovely face and gazing into the depths of those dark, bewildering eyes.

Although slightly hoydenish, Miss Nellie was always dressed in exquisite taste. Soft, flowing robes of white, or fluffy ruffled gowns as delicately pink as the heart of a rose. I vaguely wondered at the variety of costume which her slender means allowed her. Once I hinted as much to her. It was a cool, rainy evening for the season of the year, and I went over to the house to spend an hour or two.

It was seldom that I found Nellie alone at that hour, for the young people of Fairleigh had formed the pleasant habit of running in to see her at that hour for a little musicale or a game of cards.

She came to meet me, looking as fair as a dream in a shimmering robe of silver-gray silk. A bunch of some tiny, sweet-scented flowers nestled in her corsage, and her golden hair was confined in a ribbon of pale blue. Its silky meshes fell to her waist in waves of brightness.

Something in the hue of the dress and the fair odor of violets that clung to its folds reminded me of my mother.

My greeting was rather cool. Should I place this, perhaps low-born girl, in my honored mother's home as its mistress?

As if divining my thoughts, she took a seat at some distance from me, and taking up a book, asked softly:

"Shall I read to you? My father used to enjoy having me, and it has been the dream of my life to become a fine elocutionist. Papa was so fond of Tennyson; but oh! how I did dread reading Shakespeare to him."

Her father, then, was an educated man of refined tastes. I was glad to learn it. I requested her to make her own selection.

"I feel rather sober to-night and shall enjoy it," I added more kindly.

Her selection was "Morte d'Arthur;" and, as she read, every word fell clear and pure like the soft chime of silver bells.

A long silence fell on us as the last words of the poem fell from her lips; not broken until she arose and glided across the room with her peculiar, undulating motion, to adjust "auntie's" cap. Auntie, who, as usual, was asleep in her armchair, as she bent over her the coarseness of the elder lady's dress contrasted sharply with Nellie's silken robe.

She came back and sank down on a low divan near me.

I passed my hand over her bright head, the nearest approach to a lover's caress that I had ever made.

"Tell me, Nellie, how is it that you can wear such—tollies? This," feeling the stuff, "is like one my mother used to wear."

A passionate burst of tears was her answer. I could not check her.

"You know it is your mother's. I thought to show you how well such costly robes become me, a poor girl! I know you despise me; you always did. It is no use for me to try to please—you—I wish—I had never—seen—you."

Sob, sob, sob.

What could I do but dry those dark eyes with my own hands and silence her words with kisses, she was such a foolish child, because through petulance she disclosed a strong desire to please me.

Man's heart is wicked, deceitful, but desperately fond of adoration. Yet I did not speak of my love, some unseen power held me back.

I was shocked at her for wearing my dead mother's garments, so sacred to me.

I must have been in love or bereft of my senses, for I was seriously meditating offering my heart and hand to this girl of whom I knew positively nothing, when an unforeseen meeting prevented this lifelong mistake.

It always took me a long time to make up my mind to do anything of importance, but when I once decided I was quick to act.

One hazy evening I started to go over to see Nellie and decide my fate.

Mr. Lee had just returned from A— with the startling news that the bank had been operated on by burglars and they had got off safely with their spoils.

The only store in Fairleigh was broken into the previous night and some money—besides many articles of value—were taken.

I took my revolver in my pocket and was calculating the propriety of Nellie and her aunt's remaining in that house alone nights any longer, fool that I was!

I went across the fields intending to go into the ground by a little gateway, at the end of a path running up from the river. This path was now hidden by a tangle of bushes; and, as I approached, I saw a woman leaning on the gate. It was Nellie.

She saw me before I could speak. "Slim Jim, is it you?" she asked.

"Yes," my voice was husky with emotion, the lie rose almost unconsciously to my lips.

I drew near to be certain it was my darling speaking, and she threw her soft arms round my neck, pressing warm kisses on my cheek.

"I heard you cracked the crib last night, and got away with the bootie, but I've been so worried all day for fear the nibs would get you."

I thanked God, in that brief moment, that I resembled Slim Jim as much in a foggy, moonless night as anyone else, and vaulted lightly over the gate.

"Tell me about yourself, my daisy," I said with an encouraging pat on her plump cheek, "for I can't stay only a moment."

"Can't I'll hide you where no one can find you. Pop is here; he broke into a store the other night. I helped him. Where are the rest of the boys?"

"All safe. Tal ta!" and I retreated at a breakneck speed. I heard her exclaim:

"I believe Jim's been drinking too much, or the cops are after him."

Now that I knew that Nellie Blaine belonged to a gang of burglars, I longed to arrest them, although dreading the publicity. If Slim Jim was expected, I would be there to receive him with a warrant.

At midnight the officers of the law, accompanied by myself, entered my house, and soon had Slim Jim and "Pop," who was no less a personage than Mrs. Blaine, in irons. That lady was a bald-headed, smooth-faced man of fifty, who had masqueraded in woman's attire all summer for my benefit.

Nellie, aroused by the uproar, came out on the landing of the first flight in her night-robes, looking like a little angel, but fighting like a young tigress.

"I could choke you, you dumb-headed old villain," was one of her most complimentary remarks to me. "I've made a nice fool of you, Sir Timber-toes, anyhow."

Her allusion to my feet cut me to the quick for I am sensitive about them. But I kept silent, feeling sure that her punishment would come by other hands than mine.

She and the pseudo Mrs. Blaine were handcuffed together and taken away. "Pop" swore furiously, while Nellie shook her fist at me.

"Of all the idiots I ever met," she cried out, "you are the biggest."

I rather thought so myself, and it was some time before I could think of the affair without confirming her dual opinion of me.—Sarah P. E. Hawthorne, in Yankee Blade.

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J. B. Dufort, Prop'r.

Furnished Rooms, with or without board, at reasonable rates.

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THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

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Lath and Shingles,

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc., Etc

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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Does all kinds of work in this line at reasonable prices. Fine decorations of public and private buildings a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed.

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CHOICE BUTTER and FRESH EGGS.

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CROCKERY,

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His goods are Fresh and of the Finest Quality. Prices Away Down.

INSURE WITH

JOHN A. JOHNSON

REAL ESTATE

Fire Insurance

AGENT.

615 LUDINGTON ST., SECOND STORY.

THE IRON PORT.

The Iron Port Company.

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

Farmers and wage workers constitute the two great wings of the industrial army. They bear the relation of producers and consumers to each other. Between them they create all there is of actual wealth. Every article of necessity, comfort and luxury is the product of labor. These two great productive forces, farmers and wage workers, constitute the great mass of the consumers of the wealth that they create, and as such pay, not only all the cost of production and distribution, but all the profits that are made out of the varied activities connected with the exchange. The farmer as a producer depends upon the wage worker as a consumer, and the wage workers' power to consume depends upon the wages he receives, and these wages must be derived from what the farmer pays for the products of wage labor. To reduce wages is to cripple the farmers' market for his products, while to reduce the price which the farmers receive for their products is to cripple the market for the products of wage labor. Each of these great wings of the industrial army depends upon the other for a market. The prosperity of one is the foundation for the prosperity of the other, and a loss to one must in the end entail loss upon the other.

We find the foregoing in a free trade, "Alliance" organ, but it is such a solid protectionist doctrine that we reproduce it. How the free-trader happened to overlook the bearing of his argument we don't know nor care; the fact is what we want every American to understand—that the interest of one American laborer is the interest of all; and when it is so understood the free-trade speaker and writer will have "lost his job."

Don M. Dickinson does not usually let his tongue run away with him, but he seems to have done so, at New York lately, when he answered the question "what does the Northwest want?" The subject under consideration was the water ways and the question had reference to the desires of the northwest as to the improvements thereof, but Don, in his reply, went beyond that and said:

"We want reciprocity with England and with other European countries vastly more than we do with the little South American republics, which at best will trade with us only in small lots. We want something that will actually allow us to dispose of a bushel of wheat or a barrel of pork instead of a lot of talk about our trade relations with South America, which is to a large extent 'copperhead' and barren of results. We want such legislation as will enable us to trade commodity for commodity in Europe."

Now, Don knows better than that; he's no fool. He knows that unrestricted reciprocity with Europe would operate against his own state and against the very people of whom he seeks to be considered the champion; the farmers. He knows that Europe will take only raw material of us—food products almost exclusively—and of those only what it must have, and that so much it will take and pay cash for, perforce. He knows that whatever Europe sends us must be in great measure what we can produce for ourselves and what will therefore, if brought here, displace our own product and make American labor cheaper, and he does not desire that result. He just let his mouth get away from him.

Gen. Morgan, Indian Commissioner, is all right and the fact is now acknowledged. He has continued the grants to Catholic schools, and even has increased them as the growing work demanded. He has had occasion to dismiss both Catholic and Protestant officials and teachers, but always for good reasons, independent entirely of any sectarian considerations. But, while taking the system as he found it, inaugurating no radical changes, and treating all religious bodies impartially, he has made no secret of his belief that the ideal which should be kept in view is the entire severance of the work of government education of the Indians from all the denominational influences of any kind whatever. For the expression of this theory he has been criticised in some Protestant as well as Catholic quarters, but it will be conceded that it is a theory which is more consistent with our institutions than the existing practice. The grants of the government to the denominational schools could not be abruptly withdrawn without injury, but it will be well if in the course of time we reach the point where government aid to Indian schools will be limited to secular schools of its own, and all religious bodies will have the utmost freedom to supplement this education with such religious instruction as they please.

Survivors of the 7th Michigan in reunion at Detroit, branded "Hendershot," the drummer boy of the Rappahannock with his true title—Fraud. This was the regiment to which he claims to have been attached. Now let the posts boycott him; he has imposed on them and the public long enough.

Captain John Palmer, the new Commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was born on Staten Island, March 22, 1842, and has a splendid war record. He enlisted in the Ninety-first Volunteers, Sept. 10, 1861, and was constantly with that regiment until it was mustered out July 8,

1865, taking part in all its engagements. He was seriously injured at the battle of Five Forks in the combined charge of cavalry and infantry. Since the war he has been engaged in the fresco painting and decorating business at Albany, N. Y., and had the contract for the decorating on the new State Capitol. As a member of the Grand Army of the Republic he was for several terms commander of the Lew Benedict Post No. 5, was elected commander of the New York Department, and in 1879 was elected Senior Vice-Commander-in-chief, all of which important positions he filled with credit. He is said to be a forcible speaker, a model presiding officer at department and national conventions, and has frequently been placed at the head of important committees by both state and national encampments.

We never heard of "Prof. Ray, of Ashland, Va.," until now, but if he is not trying to beat Mulhatten we may hear from him again. He tells the Atlanta Constitution that he was watching the moon a while ago and saw her "cutting up" just awful, "evidencing tremendous energy over her whole surface. I saw that what have been considered great gray plains, are in reality great seas, or else a molten mass, as I saw immense sheets, seemingly of water, thrown through the lunar atmosphere and finding a resting place at least a thousand miles from where they formerly were. I saw several great mountains sink—the whole moon swayed to and fro, and everything in the lunar heavens was in the wildest confusion." He says she dropped towards us a matter of 20,000 miles or so, but seems to have caught on again and struck her regular gait; but he is afraid she may let go again, and that she "will finally come directly to the earth, and terrible will be the crash." He's been eating china berries.

The legislature of Texas created a "railroad commission" with large powers and made John H. Regan, ex-senator of the U. S. and ex-postmaster-general of the confederacy, chairman thereof. Of its work a railway manager lately said: "We should not have been more surprised if the commission had suggested that we all go into bankruptcy, for that is what the new reform means. The commission intends to cut down commodity rates from a third to one-half on all important products, such as cotton, lumber, flour, grain, and salt. They have not got to class rates yet, but I am told that they intend making the same sweeping reductions in that line also. The worst of it is that rates will have to be reduced correspondingly to all intermediate stations. In other words, it is a slaughter of from 40 to 50 per cent."

The peculiarity of the G. A. R. Encampment and reunion at Detroit last week was that it was without "an idol." The men whom former occasions have especially honored—the men whom the army won battles for and put into rank and power and emoluments, have "gone over" and the army itself was the feature of the "Silver Encampment." There were eminent men present, but the most eminent of them marched with the posts to which they belonged, not as generals but as "Comrades." It was especially the encampment of the men who did the marching and the fighting—the thirteen-dollar-a-month men—who thrashed Lee in spite of bad handling and ate up Bragg, at Mission Ridge, while Grant, from Orchard Knob looked on and saw his plan of battle improved on.

The St. Paul road is building two engines at the Merrill Park shops, Milwaukee, which promise to revolutionize locomotive building. The new engines consume their own smoke, and have no smoke-stack. They are fitted up with an electric head-light, which is placed on a stand immediately in front of the boiler, thus giving the engineer an unobstructed view of the line ahead. The drive-wheels are larger than the ordinary locomotive, and intended for greater speed. The new engines are particularly designed to furnish power for lighting passenger trains with electricity and for furnishing steam heat. These engines will be used on the track between Milwaukee and Chicago and it is intended to reduce the best time now made by one hour.

Senator Stockbridge said that it was unfortunate the governor of the state was absent. The senator got that far but groans and jeers showing the intense feeling against Governor Winans, prevented his proceeding for some minutes. So says a report of the proceedings at Detroit last week. "Frank" did an unwise act when he referred to the governor and gave an opportunity for "groans and jeers." It was impolitic and uncalled for and we regret the occurrence, not that we love Winans but because we do love the G. A. R., and the G. O. P., and it reflects on both and will be used against both.

Our Brother Fifield passed the 50th mile post of life's journey on Friday of last week and made note of the fact in his Herald. He started in on the paragraph with references to the "down grade" and "evening gloom" but could not hold that gait—the top of his head shows the only lick that time has made at him, he is full of days' works and the dev, as he was at twenty-five—and winds up his paragraph with the consoling reflection that our craftsman Ben Franklin got in his best work after he was fifty. That Henry may do the same thing we hope.

The great parade of the Grand Army of the Republic was a striking illustration

of the democracy of the American people. As in the pursuits of peace, so in the harsh concourse of war it falls to many to serve in the ranks, and to but few to attain to higher station. This is the natural order, but in the parade of Tuesday this order was reversed. There were in the ranks civilians—that is the title our soldiers are proud to wear after war's work is done—civilians, we say, embracing every gradation and every distinction of political, social, business and industrial life. An ex-President of the United States marched with the artisan and the day laborer. Generals mingled with subalterns, the staff officers walked side by side with privates. They were equal heroes to the crowd that looked on. In the fraternity of memories there is no distinction of rank. The glories of that conflict which is now commemorated shine with splendor alike upon the humble soldier and the brilliant commander of armies. The indissoluble union, which is the product of their valor, is of no greater worth to the ex-President than to the poor toiler for wages. The blessing of a reunited country falls with similar uncton upon the heads of general and private. Nowhere but in America could so democratic a parade as that of Tuesday have been witnessed. Nowhere are men so close in touch, and when there is the inspiration of a common purpose and a common memory they become brothers.—Detroit Tribune.

"California is a land of big things," said Congressman elect Bowers, of San Diego, "but the biggest thing of all is the development of our tin mines. This is going to be in the course of a little while the greatest industry we've ever started, and I am keeping in the bounds of truth when I state that the Temescal mines in San Bernardino County alone contain enough ore to supply this whole country with tin. The property is owned by Englishmen, and the experts whom they sent over to inspect it made such flattering reports that their principals at first refused to credit them; but when they found out for themselves that the California ore ran from 12 to 40 per cent. of tin, while the famous Cornwall mines averaged only about 2 1/2 per cent, they made haste to buy up some 43,000 acres of land."

One of the newest of the innumerable devices to promote safety of railway operation is a clock that indicates upon a dial beside the track the exact time of passing of the last preceding train.

The mechanism of a clock within the station imparts motion to the hands on a corresponding dial placed beside the tracks where it can be seen by the engineer of a passing train. A spring placed under one of the rails is depressed by the passing of a train, and an electric circuit thus completed sends the hands on the signal dial at the exact moment of passing. The hands remain in this position, but the clockwork continues in operation, and when the next train passes the hands fly ahead to the proper hour, there to remain until the next train comes along.

Twelve miles north of Norwich, Conn., is one of the most wonderful lily ponds in America. It is a lake one mile in diameter, so closely grown with lilies that getting a glimpse of the water. When the wind is strong and the lilies are open the perfume of them is perceptible a quarter of a mile from the brink of the pond. So thick are the lilies and in such tangled masses that it is almost impossible to propel a boat in the pond, and the lily gatherers have to wade for them in hip rubber boots. Not only are the lilies extraordinarily plentiful, but the blossoms are more regal, perfect, lustrous, and of deeper hue than in other ponds.

Alden B. Stockwell, at one time a leader in Wall street, president of Pacific Mail, Panama railroad, Howe Sewing Machine and other companies and a multi-millionaire, was closed out of the stock exchange on Tuesday last on a deal amounting to only \$400. He epitomizes his own career on the street in this wise: "When I began they called me just 'Stockwell'; when I got into Pacific Mail it was 'Captain' and when I was made president it became 'Admiral Stockwell'; and now that Hank Smith has downed me they say 'that red-headed son-of-a-gun from Painesville.'"

The members of Michigan state board of managers of the world's fair and Secretary M. W. Stevens, of Flint, met last Wednesday at the Russell house. I. M. Weston, of Grand Rapids, was elected president; Eugene Belden, of Horton, vice president, and J. W. Flynn, of Detroit, treasurer. A letter from Indiana suggesting that Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana and Michigan erect a joint building for the world's fair, was laid over for consideration at a meeting of state managers to be held at Chicago on August 11.

Washington gets the next grand encampment of the G. A. R., which is all right, but for the sake of the old boys, who are not as tough as they were in '64, don't let it be called in August. The writer has spent an August in the capital and has spent one along the Rio Grande between Fort Brown and Fort Clark, and if he had to choose between the two, now, he'd take the Rio Grande valley. The encampment should not be held, in Washington, until October.

Concerning lake freights the Marine Review of August 6 says: As a result of the boom in grain, the ore freight market has been very much unsettled, though strong enough, and it

has been shown; notwithstanding a tendency to a settlement at lower rates, that the ore shippers mean to bring down all the ore that it is possible to move. Rates Thursday were \$1 from Escanaba and \$1.20 from Marquette, with no settlement on the Ashland figure, as shippers from the head of Lake Superior had managed to pull through the grain excitement with their contract tonnage, and had not paid more than \$1.15, although they got no wild boats, while Escanaba and Marquette dealers were bidding for the cargo space. The best rates paid were \$1.10 from Escanaba and \$1.25 from Marquette. A dozen to fifteen boats were put in at these figures while the market was pushed for tonnage. The situation is still strong and it is not probable that the basis of \$1 from Escanaba will be materially reduced, as the heavy movement of ore that is certain to continue to the close of navigation will crowd Chicago grain shippers, even on a tendency toward reduction in the amount of grain going forward. Conservative vessel owners will not lose sight of the fact, however, that ore has been sold at very low prices and shippers will not only avoid bringing down unsold ore but must use every effort to ward off high freights on the ore that has been sold at prices that cannot well stand present carrying charges.

General Abner Doubleday, who aimed the first gun fired in defense of Fort Sumter, in 1861, has been ill for weeks, at Mendham, Morris County, N. J. Recently the fourth of a series of abscesses has been opened, and he is much exhausted by the attendant fever, though signs of improvement are discernible. His continued illness, however, causes his friends in Washington much anxiety. As yet he is too feeble to read, write, or leave his bed.

A New York bartender touched an electric motor in his saloon and fell dead. The electric light people say electricity didn't do it, and a coroner, who knows no more about medicine than a pig knows of Greek, says its a clear case of heart disease. That settles it, so the man may have died of croup, or dyspepsia, or home-sickness, for all these diseases are of course quickly engendered by laying your hand on a live motor and bringing your head in contact with the other pole in some unexpected fashion.—Inter Ocean.

Think of a quart bottle full of sapphires. Yet that is what Mr. Hirschfeld has to show at the Merchants' National Bank. All these precious stones, which, when cut, are almost as beautiful as the finest diamonds, have been found quite recently on the Missouri River, only a short distance from Helena. The demand for them is increasing quite rapidly, but the fields have not been even partially developed.—Helena Journal.

There is one place in the world, namely, the peninsula of Athos, in the Egean Sea, in European Turkey, where women are unknown, and, therefore, where there are no girls born, because there are no births of any kind. The population is about 6,000, all monks, forming a kind of monastic republic, consisting of twenty large monasteries, beside numerous hermitages and chapels. The whole community is governed by an administrative body of four presidents, one styled "First Man of Athos," and a representative body called the Holy Synod, consisting of twenty members, one from each monastery. They enjoy complete autonomy, subject to paying the Turkish Government an annual tribute of about \$3,500. The monks follow the rule of St. Basil and lead an ascetic life, restricting their diet to herbs, fruit, and fish. They are employed in agriculture, gardening, the care of bees, and the manufacture of amulets, images, crucifixes, and wooden articles of furniture, which they sell; while they also reap profits from the numerous visits of pilgrims. No female, even of the lower animals, is permitted to enter the peninsula.—Catholic News.

The following, which we find in a Cleveland exchange, has more information as to the Huron Bay road than we have ever seen in the papers of Marquette county:

"The railroad and ore and merchandise dock enterprises, of which J. M. Turner has general supervision, are progressing very favorably, and three town sites are being laid out. J. M. Longyear of Marquette, P. D. Armour of Chicago, and J. F. Joy and C. F. Buhl of Detroit are said to be interested in the railroad and docks. The ore docks are to be similar to Marquette's new docks. The railroad from Champion is about 35 miles long and work has begun on extensions from Champion to Michigamme, Republic, Ishpeming and Negaunee, thus tapping all the mines of the Marquette iron range. It is thought that Mr. Longyear's plan is to continue the road to Bessemer on the Gogebic range, where he is largely interested.

W. L. Scott, railroad manager, mining operator and boss democrat of Erie, Pa., is very sick. Erie will miss him if his illness proves fatal, as it is feared it will.

GENERAL STORE.
Spilk, Sachs & Co.
—DEALER IN—
SECOND-HAND GOODS
OF ALL KINDS.
Clothing, Furniture, Etc.
—ALSO—
RINGS, OLD IRON, COPPER,
And in Short Anything that can be made Useful.
817 Hale St., corner Geauga.

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.

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

K RATZ E'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.

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 main reason why the Ashland concern is so extraordinarily profitable is because it is situated so close to the Gogebic range and the management is enabled to buy iron at very low figures. There are large quantities of ore taken out of all the mines down there which is so low in iron as to make it unprofitable to ship it to Cleveland. The Ashland company buys this iron at its own price, which is often less than it costs to mine it, and consequently has what may be known as a "snap." Of course the same conditions prevail here. All the mines on the Vermillion and Masaba ranges have on hand and are constantly mining large quantities of this iron, which is considered as so much waste. A furnace in Duluth could use such ore and make big money out of it.—Duluth News.

Escanaba is as well situated for smelting cheap ores as Ashland, better situated than Duluth, but we have no stack while Ashland has a big one using charcoal and Duluth a big one using coke for fuel. Will our day ever dawn? or has it already waned, into the night?

Invitations for the reception which Mr. and Mrs. Hooker gave Wednesday in Hartford were worded in a characteristic way: "John and Isabella Beecher Hooker cordially invite their friends to call on them (without presents) at No. 23d Pearl street, Hartford, Conn., from 3 to 9 o'clock, Wednesday, Aug. 5—the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage." Mrs. Hooker is a half-sister, not an own sister, of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe. Her mother was the second wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

Several United States geologists have just come in from Huron mountains and quietly took the cars in a hurried manner for Washington to make their report. They were loaded down with various specimens of quartz and rock, but were taciturn as a bear, silent as the great sphinx, and reserved as a genuine duke from Britain.—L'Anse Sentinel.

A fast passenger train on the West Shore road, of New York, ran into a freight three miles west of Port Byron on the 6th and the engineer and fireman and a dozen Italian laborers, who were in the smoker, were killed and a score more wounded.

Capt. John Palmer, of New York, was elected commander in chief of the G. A. R. and Col. A. M. Duffield, of Detroit, second in command.

Hugh Franney and Harry Long, champion solo cloggers, with Vreeland's Minstrels, Thursday, August 13.

Prohibition is a dead issue in Kansas. The republican party will no longer attempt to carry the load.

The attempt to "put the niggers in a coop by themselves" was a flat failure. The G. A. R. ain't built that way.

Wm. Papin claims a quarter of 33, 54, 32 and shows that he built a good house on it in 1866, has lived on it since and raised twelve children. If he does not hold the land what would get it for him—what would be "continuous occupation and cultivation" if twenty-five years and that crop isn't?

Arthur Deming, America's greatest eccentric comedian, with Vreeland's Minstrels, Escanaba, August 13.

The United States is in possession of the Portage Lake canals at last.

A veteran named Goulet was run over by a street car at Detroit and so hurt that he died.

Seventeen insane criminals overpowered their keeper and escaped from the state prison at Auburn, N. Y., on the 6th.

James W. Hine, of Detroit, has been made consul at Amherstburg.

The one finale of the show at Detroit was the display of fireworks.

At Oscoda on the 5th, a boy of twelve killed a child of three years by hitting it on the head with a bowlder.

The fish dealers of Chicago boycott the Northwestern road.

Balmaceda will fight Bolivia, too, because it recognizes the insurgents as belligerents.

Marquette was without water from 2 a. m. until 10 p. m. of Wednesday because of a bursted main only 300 feet from the pump.

Ishpeming will vote on a proposition to borrow \$60,000 and spend the money for sewers on the 20th.

The thunder storm of Wednesday stopped the Marquette street cars—the "wild lightning" was too much for the domesticated sort and drove it off the wires.

A gang of Dago laborers at South Manistique got drunk and used their knives. One is dead and another laid by for big cuts to heal, and five are in jail.

A train on the G. R. & I. railroad was purposely dived at a point three miles north of Kalamazoo on the 5th. Twelve passengers were hurt more or less severely but none killed.

The national encampment of the G. A. R. chose Washington as the place for the next annual encampment.

The Ishpeming base ball organization was disbanded last Friday evening, having accumulated a debt of \$1,500 and thinking that plenty. It is probably the beginning of the end of base ball by paid teams in the U. S.

Pulcher is after the "free portrait" swindlers. High time, too.

A child was born at Calumet a week ago to-day of which the mother was an

unmarried girl of sixteen years, and the father one Otis, a Catholic priest lately stationed there. The story is told in the Calumet News of last Friday. It had been referred to before, but the News states the case plainly and positively.

John Newman was found dead in an alley at Iron Mountain last Sunday afternoon.

The burglars have their own way, pretty nearly, at Neeah although the whole town is on the watch. They raided the Wisconsin Central station Saturday morning.

The Masonic Savings bank, Louisville, Ky., failed last Saturday.

The mercury in the streets of Chicago was up to 100 Sunday. It was up to 91 in the signal station at the top of the Auditorium tower.

Jo. Thomas, the Ewen murderer, has become hopelessly insane and was sent to the Iowa asylum on Sunday.

The region near the head of the Gulf of California is shaken with earthquakes, its air poisoned by the vapor from volcanoes, and its low lands swept by tidal waves from the gulf. Much property and many lives were lost.

By the capsizing of a sailboat on Pe-waukee lake last Sunday a young man and three girls from Milwaukee were drowned.

MINIATURES ON IVORY.

The Women Are Having Their Pictures Painted Inside of Watch Covers.

The ladies of Gotham are very good to the gentlemen of this place. They are presenting them with miniatures of themselves exquisitely painted on ivory. Time was when a simple photo card size was good enough for anybody's best fellow. Then a cabinet must be bought for him, or a panel nearly as large as life and as natural as the camera could make it. Now it costs twenty-five dollars to give one's likeness to one's divinity, for it must be upon the finest of polished ivory and so beautifully tinted that none but a real artist can do the work.

The most approved ivory likenesses are no larger than the pictures of George Washington upon our postage stamps. And they are designed to be fitted within a locket which is to be worn upon the watch-chain. Twenty-five dollars is the very cheapest sum for which the ivory likeness can be obtained. They used to cost fifty dollars, but an artist recently imported who makes a specialty of them says: "They cost no more than twenty-five in Lun-nun." And so one must pay no more than that in this country.

Another dainty personal gift is a likeness of one's self painted upon a coffee-cup which is to adorn the bachelor's quarters of one's best love. If painted by an artist who understands china painting, the colors do not change in the firing and the effect is as lovely as could be desired.

Still another way of giving one's likeness to one's best boy is by having it painted upon the inside of the case of his watch. This method possesses one advantage over those previously mentioned, namely, that of endurance. Seasons may wax and wane. Time may come and time may go, but as long as the ticking of that particular watch goes on, just so long will the dainty, smiling features look out from the inside of the golden cover. Nothing can erase it and nothing can cover it up save another picture painted over it. And shame be upon the artist who could be prevailed upon to do so ruthless a deed.—N. Y. World.

News Suggests.

Witness the mammoth songs and dances, a great silence and fun act, a roaring after piece, with Vreeland's Minstrels, at Escanaba Thursday, Aug. 13.

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

Adamant, "you put in the water, we do the rest." For particulars see A. H. Butts.

Edwin Warren, vocalist and comedian, with Vreeland's Minstrels, Thursday, Aug. 13.

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.

One "Scared" Man. An insurance agent gave notice of the cancellation of some risks which he had taken on property in the vicinity of the opera house, last Thursday. He'll never get a cent of premium from those customers, after that break; and serve him right, too.

Pimples, Headaches, Loss of Sleep, a Woary 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. 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.**, 42 West Broadway, New York.

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.

Harvest Excursion. On August 25th and September 29th the Chicago & North-Western R'y Co. will sell Harvest Excursion tickets at very low rates to points in northwestern Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Montana. For full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions apply to agents C. & N. W. R'y.

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.

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; domestics wanting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port reaches a large number of people twice each week.

FOR SALE—Barn. Call on Dr. Thomas, at George Young's.

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

LOST—The Subscriber lost while going from Straton's to Isaac Papinlan's, by the old state road, on Thursday of last week, a red morocco memorandum book with elastic band, which contained a draft for \$20 by the Prairie River Lumber Co., a note for \$20, past due, drawn by Ambrose Clement and John Houssean and a ticket over the "oo" road between Rhineland 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.

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 footing, either before or after, will be given. BRYAN, WICKERT & CO. Escanaba, June 18, 1891. 13-3t

A BUSINESS CHANGE—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

FOR - SALE!

One-half interest in a Lumber Yard in one of the best towns on the Menominee Range. Doing a Good Business; good reasons for selling. Address "Lumber Yard," this office.

FRESH FRUITS

FRESH FRUITS
 EVERY DAY
 GAGNON'S.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

Northup & Northup, REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE

LOAN BROKERS.

Office: One Door North of the Postoffice, Escanaba, Michigan.

Great Bargains in City Realty.

We are offering real estate 20 per cent. cheaper than in the past, and have desirable property in all parts of town on easy terms. We also offer some desirable residence property on the

Installment Plan--Easy Monthly Payments,

If taken soon. Buy a home and stop paying rent; Escanaba dirt is continually enhancing in value. See us now.

The Selden & S. H. Selden Addition

Still have a few unsold lots. We are the exclusive agents for this property. These are the most available cheap lots.

ARE YOU INSURED?

Have you a store building, dwelling, barn, shop or household goods uninsured? If so, do not delay another moment, but hasten to our office, where 46 leading companies are represented. We pay losses.

Remember, we draw up all kinds of papers, execute deeds and mortgages, do conveyancing, and look after property for non residents. Yours for Business.

NORTHUP & NORTHUP.

Patronize Home Institutions!

Hard Times Demands that Every Dollar Earned in Escanaba be left at Home. Outsiders can do no better by 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

INSTALEMENT 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.

"DON'T FRET."

"Oh, I am so tired," a good wife said, "With washing dishes and mending bread, And sweeping floors and mending clothes, From ragged jackets to ragged hose! There's Tommy has torn his coat to-day, And Nellie's best frock begins to fray, And Jennie's stockings are out at the toes— Dear, dear! my trials there's no one knows."

A DRAWN BET.

Why the Promised New Hat Was Never Bought.

The note ran thus: "BACHELOR HALL. MY DEAR BOY—Yesterday I received a letter from my cousin and dearest friend of my youth, Helen Powers. 'It informed me that she would be in this part of the state perhaps by to-morrow, and would do herself the honor to spend a few days with me, for the sake of 'old lang syne,' and also to show me what a lovely daughter she has reared. 'Now, my dear boy, picture me here at Bachelor hall with two beautiful women on my hands—Helen was one of the fairest among my kinswomen, as I presume the daughter has followed dutifully in her footsteps. 'My old bachelor self, in the face of this threatened intrusion, has been swallowed up and forgotten in the great problem of what to do with them, and now to entertain them so that their visit may be a pleasant one. 'The bright idea has struck me that if I can secure your valuable assistance in entertaining the lovely daughter, I can manage to render Helen's life endurable for a few days in talking over old times. 'I beseech you, therefore, to cast aside the quill and buckle on your most attractive manners—you see that I regard them as something quite apart and aloof from your usual self—and hasten to the rescue. 'Entre nous, is there any disinfectant that will conquer tobacco smoke? If so, purchase a liberal supply for me, and bring along with you. 'If you would also kindly lend me a picture or two I might hang them up somewhere, and give the house a sort of civilized look. 'Yours in distress, 'GEORGE MERRIWETHER. 'P. S.—I expect you might as well select my hat and bring it out with you. A broad-brimmed one will best suit my peculiar style of beauty. 'G. M.' The 'hat' was in reference to a wager we had made on New Year's day that the first who should succumb to the tender influences of the fair sex must forfeit the best hat to be found in the town. I smiled at this postscript, and decided that no new hat should be worn at my expense. On reaching Bachelor hall I found my friend, usually so placid, wearing a look of genuine perplexity on his genial countenance. 'Thrice welcome!' he cried, pleasantly, as I alighted. 'You are like the physician in case of illness—an agreeable object to look upon, even before prescribing for the malady.' 'What an intrusive word is that small 'if,' mine host remarked, dolefully, as we began a tour of inspection through the house a little later. 'Now here is the parlor, a room quite nice enough in its way, if it were only furnished.' 'Its appointments are simply perfect,' I hastened to remark as I ran my eyes over the room. It was again carpet, sofa curtains, sofa furniture, except a dozen massive chairs and a table, which had been purchased many months before at an auction, under the slender belief that they might prove serviceable some day. These were huddled together in one corner, as if they had quite gotten out of their native element and had grown hopeless of ever getting into it again. A pyramid of canned goods, some potatoes, flour, various articles of horse-gear festooning the bay-window, a new plow, and a few garden implements lent change to the scene. 'It would seem,' I added, noting my friend's desire to have me speak, 'that you have not devoted this room exclusively to society. As this erratic body has of late years been zealously striving at the strange and peculiar in interior decoration, however, your unique collection of bric-a-brac will doubtless give entire satisfaction.' 'I suppose this is the room to give up to my cousins, as it is the only well-furnished one in the house,' he said as we reached his den across the hall. 'The furnishing is sufficiently good,' I answered, 'and with the expenditure of some extra energy, combined with a good broom, soap and water, and the removal of a few superfluous boot-jacks, cigar-stubs, decant pipes, together with a general and extensive airing, I do not think your fair visitors will have occasion for complaint.

"Should they murmur it will be an unparalleled case of ingratitude," I added, encouragingly. Aunt Chloe, assisted by her granddaughter, one of the farmhands, and the general utility boy, at once formed a powerful combination for the suppression of dirt and disorder, and so fierce an attack did they make that by nightfall a great and flattering improvement manifested itself throughout the establishment. After an early breakfast, Merriwether drove off to the station to meet his expected visitors. I found that my friend's recollections of his cousin were in no wise overdrawn. She was a captivating little woman, vivacious and clever, and pretty even yet. A great and overwhelming pang of contrition beset me on my introduction to the daughter, when I recalled the impression I had conceived of a gushing, sentimental young creature, who was to fall to my special care. Annabel Powers was petite and graceful with laughing eyes and roguish dimples, and possessed a disposition at once amiable and lovable—charmingly blending the gentle dignity of womanhood with the exquisite freshness of youth. Both mother and daughter had traveled much, had read with discrimination and judgment, and, spending most winters in a northern metropolis, had profited largely in the advantages of opera, lecture and art; so that we, who were less favored in these matters, found their conversation as instructive as it was entertaining. On the day after their arrival, while my friend and his elder kinswoman talked over the pleasant past, the daughter and I took a long canter down the shady country lanes. She proved a better horsewoman than I expected. Her father, though not a Kentuckian, was a devout worshiper of the horse, and she had learned to ride at an early age that she might accompany him in his "constitutional" through the park at home. The week drew rapidly to an end—all too rapidly for me, who awoke one morning with the painful thought besieging my brain that this was the last day our fair visitors would be with us. They were to leave on the following morning. 'I have already prolonged my visit a day or two longer than I expected to do,' replied Mrs. Powers to Merriwether's protest that the visit should not end so soon. 'I fear that when I return home, and give the glowing account of Bachelor hall it so richly deserves, and Aunt Chloe's unstinted Kentucky hospitality, Mr. Powers will not rest satisfied until he has experienced a practical illustration on the grass widower plan.' Merriwether had arranged to spend the day on the cliffs of the Kentucky river, as the ladies expressed a wish to see some of the romantic scenery for which the locality was noted. In the fresh morning a horse and buggy and two saddled horses were brought to the front porch by the general utility boy, who was to follow in the springwagon with Aunt Chloe and the lunch. I was considerably astonished, even vexed, when, on preparing to start, my friend Merriwether assisted his lovely young cousin to her saddle and then coolly and deliberately vaulted into the other, advising my companion to keep a watchful eye on me and see that I did not deposit vehicle and occupants into some of the ravines along the way. The mother was not less agreeable than usual, but for once I failed to be entertained by her conversational talent, and felt a certain sense of relief when the cliffs were reached. Whether from this slight incident or the fact of the near departure of the guests, some important element in the day's pleasure seemed wanting. The fair Annabel herself appeared rather quiet and constrained, I thought, and even Merriwether had seemingly undergone a change. Could it be that his fair companion had been disappointed in her cavalier of the morning? Presumptive though the thought was, it afforded me a keen sense of delight, and I refused to relinquish it. There was certainly nothing in the weather nor in the surroundings to oppress one, for the sky was divinely blue, and the cliffs a lovely and vast mosaic of tender green foliage and brilliant cliff flowers. The covetousness of the ladies for cliff flora was gratified until Mrs. Powers at last besought us to cease our irresistible offerings, lest her fate should be as untimely and tragic as that of the hapless Helen of ancient history. 'Suppose we reverse the order of things somewhat,' said Merriwether, as we prepared to return. 'I will drive Helen back in the buggy, and you younger people can return together. I am a little too corpulent for extended horseback exercise,' he added, apologetically. Annabel Powers gave him a little grateful glance that went to my heart with the swiftness of an electric current, and sent the glad blood tingling throughout my veins. My conjectures of the morning were verifying themselves. As we rode homeward I felt that my conversation was a little at random, for my brain was busied with many thoughts, chiefest among them being that in a few brief hours this lovely girl, now at my side, would be far from me. 'I dislike to think that my pleasant visit is so near an end,' my fair companion said as we rode along. The thought of the near-to-morrow and the rapidly lessening opportunity of speaking alone with her emboldened me to utter the words that arose precipitously to my lips. Riding close to her side I took her gloved hand within my own. 'Annabel, become my wife and let me keep you with me always,' I cried. She looked up quickly with a startled look on her face and drew back from me. 'Please say no more,' she said, hastily. 'I had no thought of this, and it

is only painful to me to hear you say it.' 'But you must hear me,' I cried, hotly. 'It is true that we have known each other but a brief while, but even in this short time you have completely won my heart. I love you.' 'Believe me,' she said, gently, 'I had no wish nor thought to win this declaration from you. If I have in any way encouraged it I most humbly beg your pardon. Any gentleman who so loyally pleads his cause pays a compliment most high to the lady he thus honors. I can only thank you sincerely, and frankly say that in the early autumn I am to marry a young lawyer for whom I have a sincere affection. I am sure that you are generous enough to wish me much happiness,' she added, with her beautiful eyes shyly lifted to mine. During the remainder of the ride the silence was scarcely broken. The world had suddenly become a very dreary waste to me. I bore up manfully until after the departure of the ladies on the following morning, and then Bachelor hall suddenly grew obnoxious to my sight. As soon as Merriwether returned from the station I asked to be taken to town. 'For what?' he growled. 'To work,' I answered savagely. 'You have had enough of idling, then?' 'Entirely too much for my own peace of mind. It has been profitable to you, at least,' I added, sharply. 'I will send out your hat by the boy.' He looked at me a moment, then burst out laughing. 'Look here, my fine young fellow, perhaps it would be better for you to select one to fit your own pate and have it charged to me.' 'Why to you?' I asked. 'It was I that lost my head and heart.' He gave a low chuckle. 'When?' he asked. 'As we returned from the cliffs yesterday afternoon.' 'The hat is yours,' he said, simply. 'How so?' 'Because she refused me on the way there.' 'What?' I cried, incredulously. 'The simple truth.' 'Old boy, let us call it a drawn bet,' I said, impulsively. 'Agreed.' We shook hands. 'But she was a lovely woman!' I sighed, meditatively. Our hands met in a tighter clasp than ever.—Henry C. Wood, in Leslie's Newspaper. THE ORIGIN OF SNUFF. Invented by the Irish Before Shakespeare's Time. As far as can be ascertained what is known in modern times as snuff was used by fashionable gentlemen in Shakespeare's time. Tobacco was in use in England years before Shakespeare made Hotspur ridicule a pop for taking snuff in an affected manner. From the native Virginians came the practice of smoking (taken up by the English in 1560), but a tract in the British museum on "The Natural History of Tobacco" says: "The Irishmen do most commonly powder their tobacco, and snuff it up their nostrils." This makes the Irish the probable inventors of snuff. In some remote and primitive parts of Ireland at a dead man's wake a plate of snuff is placed on the body of the deceased, and the etiquette is for all those who are invited to attend the funeral to take a pinch on entering the house of mourning. In the "Life of Columbus" it is stated that the great voyager had noticed smoking and snuff taking in Hispaniola. Las Casas, writing in 1520, also mentions it, with much minuteness of detail. Frequent mention is made in the Spectator (Addison & Steele's well-known weekly, begun in 1711), of female snuff-takers in the reign of Queen Anne. Fashionable ladies, it is said, of all ages freely indulged in it, even offering their boxes to their friends as they sat in the church-pews during divine worship. Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. and grandmother of Queen Victoria, was a perpetual snuff-taker during the whole time of her residence in England, from her arrival and marriage in 1761 to her death in 1818. She had a great partiality for accepting presents of snuff, particularly when it was given in gold snuff boxes. The emity exhibited by Queen Charlotte against Caroline of Brunswick, the unfortunate wife of him who finally became George IV., has been attributed to the fact that in an intercepted letter from Caroline to her mother the queen was ridiculed as "snuffy old Charlotte." Snuff has very much fallen into disuse. In our time the fair sex do not patronize snuff. The readers of "Martin Chuzzlewit" must sympathize with Betsy Prig's remarkable objections to Mrs. Gamp's untidy ways with her snuff, when she had to entreat that admirable harridan not to "go-a-dropping none of it" into the dish of sliced cucumber, prepared in vinegar, which they were to have for supper. "In gruel, barley water, apple tea, mutton broth and that, it don't signify," Mrs. Prig added, "and it stimulates a patient, but I don't relish it myself."—Troy Times. The Policeman's Club. An old and famous policeman insists that a police club is a clumsy instrument only in the hands of clumsy men. Artistic clubbers, he says, find that to handle a club well is to learn a deep and nice science. The perfect master of a club can hit a blow that will crack a crown, or he can deliver a thump that will stun a man, and yet raise no lump or sign of a bruise; better yet, a true adept can hit a man so as to make a clean, fine cut as with a knife blade. While the policeman told what could be done with the club his hearer thought of the advice of a distinguished New Yorker uttered some years ago: "Don't ever let a policeman hit you with a club. No matter how brave you are, run before you're hit. A blow with a lucet may develop insanity or paralysis ten years afterward."—N. Y. Sun

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COAL J. F. OLIVER, ALL KINDS OF Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO. Office on Merchant's Dock. ESCANABA, MICH.

HARDWARE Builders' : Hardware, LIME AND HAIR Sash, - Doors - and - Blinds, Garden and Farm Tools, -And all articles of- Heavy and Shelf Hardware at Low Prices, By W. W. OLIVER, Carroll Block, 408 LUDINGTON STREET, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

FOR SALE. POOL'S GARDEN FOR SALE! -IF ANY MAN CAN UNDERSTAND- THIS GREAT BARGAIN -AND HAS- THE CASH TO PAY -LET HIM CALL AT ONCE AT- POOL'S GARDEN.

JEWELRY C. J. CARLSON, DEALER IN JEWELRY Watches, Clocks, SILVER AND PLATED WARE. Spectacles of All Kinds. YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPECT. 704 Ludington Street Escanaba, Mich.

FLOUR AND FEED. Flour, Feed, Hay AND Grain. AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Choice Brands of Flour. Mail orders Given Attention. ED. DONOVAN, ESCANABA, SOFT DRINKS. J. JEPSON, MANUFACTURER OF Aromatic Stomach, Wild Cherry and Stoughton Bitters, and Aerated Waters and all "Soft Drinks. Also agent for the celebrated Allouez Mineral Water from the Springs at Green Bay, Wis. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

YOUNG BUT NOTED.

GLASSBORO, N. J., has a two-year-old roller skater. A boy was arrested in Philadelphia recently for stealing his sister's wedding ring the day before the ceremony.

A SIX-WEEKS-OLD baby has been sentenced to thirty days imprisonment at Boston because its mother was intoxicated.

A GEORGIA groom of eighteen who wedded a bride of forty paid the officiating clergyman a fee of four silver dimes. He couldn't rake together a larger sum.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy carries the mail from Tucson to La Pas, Ariz. The distance is seventy-five miles and the trail is through one of the wildest portions of the territory.

JOHN GIBB, aged twelve, who has been loitering around Mitchell, Ind., and living off a hard-working mother, "was given a severe whipping a few days ago by a mob of masked boys of his own age."

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD youngster at Robinson, Me., went to the woods four weeks ago with his ax and felled a rock maple and made a violin out of it. The other day for a caller he executed a reel, while his father, sixty-six years old, danced to the music in a manner that would test the powers of a young fellow of twenty years.

CAN BE RELIED ON.

THE world's contribution to the Conemaugh sufferers was \$4,116,801.58.

THE thinnest and at the same time one of the toughest leathers tanned is a frog skin.

THE Japanese word for farewell means "If it must be so;" and the Chinese say: "Go away slowly."

ALL the letters of the alphabet appear in the following sentence: "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog."

A BILLION is, according to the French and American method of numeration, a thousand millions, 1,000,000,000,000; according to the English method, a million millions, or 1,000,000,000,000.

PEARLS get sick, and, like men and women, require a change of climate when their health is bad, or else they will crumble and die. When ill they lose their luster and become chalk-like, but rapidly improve if given a change of air.

THERE are 14,054,750 horses in the United States, 2,399,342 mules, 16,019,891 milch cows, 36,575,648 oxen and other cattle, 43,491,136 sheep and 50,625,106 hogs—and all these animals are on the farms of the country, not counting those in the cities, towns and villages.

NEW MECHANICAL DEVICES.

A BILL-STICKING machine, which sticks without ladder or paste-pot, has made its appearance in the streets of Paris, and does its work well.

A COTTON stalk puller has a pulling wheel journaled near the ground on the lower end of a short vertical axle and operated by gearing from the main horizontal axle.

THE nickel-in-the-slot apparatus has been adopted by the post office department of Britain, the postmaster general having given permission for the erection throughout London of pillar boxes for the automatic supply of stamps to the public.

A NEW appliance weighing only a few pounds enables cloth dealers and others to measure fabrics while rolling or blocking them. The cloth passes over and under a set of four rollers, the last of which actuates a counter, which tells the number of yards paid out.

THE greatest novelty in dolls has now been invented in Nuremberg, the great German town for dolls and playthings. A machine in the doll causes it to move its hand and write neat little letters on a slate or on paper. Whole sentences can be written to the great amusement of children.

BOOKS AND LIBRARIES.

THE largest library is the Imperial, of Paris, which contains over 2,000,000 volumes.

A St. Louis headline writer has invented the word "pulpititeer," to be used instead of preacher or minister.

IN the text of the Encyclopedia Britannica there are 10,000 words which have never been formerly entered and defined in any dictionary.

THE word "preface," used in the beginning of books, was originally a word of welcome to a meal, and was equivalent to "Much good may it do you."

ALTHOUGH women are insatiable readers, only three have left libraries worthy the name—Catherine de Medicis, Diana of Poitiers and Mme. de Pompadour.

ADOLPH SUTRO, the California millionaire, has transferred his library of nearly 40,000 volumes to the great hall in the Montgomery block, formerly occupied by the San Francisco law library. It is Mr. Sutro's intention to throw this splendid collection open to the public free of charge, and a force of librarians will be employed to manage it.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

PENNSYLVANIA contains four castor-oil mills.

IT is no unusual thing for a vessel plying between Japan and San Francisco to bring 1,000,000 fans as a single item of its cargo.

SOME Georgia capitalists have undertaken to manufacture paper from cotton stalks and bolls which are now practically useless to planters.

A DECATUR county (Kan.) man planted 30,000 horseradish roots this spring. He intends to bottle and ship the product, for which he says there is a good demand.

A LIMOGES (France) firm of porcelain makers has substituted petroleum for wood in firing their wares, and not only find that it produces better results but cheapens the cost.

THE steel works at Hoerde, Germany, have introduced a new process for desulphurizing pig iron, and it is said that many of the large works are applying for licenses to use the process.

ABOUT OTHER NATIONS.

SALVADOR is called the "Dove's Nest of the Sierras."

THERE are over one hundred miles of streets paved with wood in London.

IN the national printing office, St. Petersburg, Russia, documents can be printed in every known language. It is the most complete office of its kind in the world.

THE three cities of Hankow, Wuchang and Hangang, at the head of large steamer navigation on the Yangtze river, China, are said to be as near to each other as New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, and contain about the same population.

THE island of Hawaii, the largest in the Sandwich group, is constantly increasing in size, owing to the ever-flowing streams of lava, which run out to the sea and flow over and make the shores of the island overhang the main stem of the formation.

RICH layers of lapis lazuli have been discovered in Samarkand, near the source of the river Zervashan by the village of Sabok. The sample presented to the governor of Samarkand weighs about one pound (forty pounds) and is of rare beauty and purity of color.

A VARIETY of coffee which is said to be pleasant in taste, though rather bitter, is grown in the neighborhood of Ascholtshausen, Bavaria, in sandy soil. It is sown in spring, and the sky-blue blossoms appear in July. The fruit is gathered in August and is pale yellow, resembling Bourbon Island coffee.

FOR VARIOUS REASONS.

DURING the past year there were over five million pieces of matter withdrawn from the mails because of incorrect or insufficient addresses.

THE citizens of Athens, Ga., beseech their council to pass an ordinance for the muzzling of cats, because the animals are too noisy at night.

THE strange sight of two complete buildings racing down street was seen in Auburn, Me., recently. Rival contractors in a hurry to occupy a certain lot were the cause of the exhibition.

A CASS COUNTY farmer brought eight live wolves to the county clerk at Plattsburgh, Neb., and demanded the bounty, but the officials refused to pay until the animals were slain and their scalps taken.

THE government's money is still printed on hand presses—rather clumsy pieces of machinery with long levers that move to and fro at every impression. The work of steam presses is not considered satisfactory for the delicate process of printing the nation's promises to pay.

NO wild fowl will pass under the Mississippi river bridge. A wounded goose floated down the stream the other day until it came to the bridge, but would go no further. It stemmed the tide till completely exhausted, and then swam to the shore, permitting a boy to capture it.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

THE flute is the oldest of musical instruments.

Mrs. JEANNETTE THURBER has two daughters who are very skillful musicians.

THE real name of the conductor of the Marine band is Giovanni Phillipso, but when he entered the government service he added U. S. A. to his cognomen, and now he is called John Phillip Sousa for short.

ANNIE LOUISE CAREY, at one time considered among the greatest contraltos, is a large blonde woman in whose handsome countenance beams the benevolence of her heart. Domestic affairs and charity work now engage the greater share of her daily time and attention.

TCHALKOWSKY, the Russian composer, who is at work on a new opera which he hardly expects to complete inside of two years, says: "The labor of composing is slow, and I never attempt to do anything in a short time. I am sometimes a month doing what most modern composers accomplish in ten minutes. I cannot work rapidly or at any time except when in the mood."

WORTH A TRIAL.

IT is said that sciatica may be cured by applying a coating of flowers of sulphur to the affected limb.

A CUP of tea made from the roots of freshly dug dandelions will work wonders for the nerves. Take three times a day.

PAINT the crack in your lip with colloidion night and morning until the sides are joined together. To prevent chapping, rub with cold cream each night on retiring.—Drake's Magazine.

IT is stated that dyspeptic insomnia may be overcome by placing on the pit of the stomach a towel, wet with tepid water and covered with a dry cloth. It is a remedy easily tested by a sufferer from that distressing malady.

FOR tender feet, take two quarts of cold water and add one tablespoonful of bay rum and two tablespoonfuls of ammonia. The feet should be soaked in this for ten minutes, throwing the water upward to the knees. Rub dry with a crash towel, and the tired feeling will be gone.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

MAKE water furrows from the low places in your fields.

By sharpening the hoe and keeping a keen edge on it fifty per cent. of the labor may be saved.

EVERY wire fence ought to have a top board or some other signal besides the posts, especially where horses run.

ANYTHING you can do to improve your farm improves yourself and helps to roll on the wheels of progress generally.

TREES planted along the fences and also along the roads take but little room compared to placing them in an orchard, and in some sections the apple answers well for the purpose.

PROF. WHISTON says agriculture is a born science. It is full of botany, zoology, geology and entomology. It is full of chemistry, from the soil to the growing plant, the ripening seed and the animal life which is the outcome.

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THE MICROSCOPE IN CRIME.

Strange Discovery of a Murderer Through Its Agency.

"If the microscope will only reveal the smallest particles in a link of evidence, and you are certain of its position, the chances are that by vigilant labor you can forge the whole chain," said a well known detective recently.

"As a young lady in a small town near Chicago was retiring one night, she heard the noise of a scuffle, mingled with sharp cries, coming from the sitting-room downstairs. Of a sudden a strange voice shouted something, there came a report of a pistol and all was still. As soon as Miss Morton recovered from her fright she flung open the window and aroused the neighborhood. When friends arrived they found her father stretched out on the sitting-room floor, shot through the heart.

"The most careful search failed to produce any clue except a bit of candle about an inch long. This lay on the floor a few feet from the body. Bonds and notes lay untouched on the open secretary. Pinkerton's agency was given the bit of candle to work on, and kept its men sedulously at work on the job for a year, and then turned the whole matter over to Chief of Police Whipple, of Chicago.

"Whipple and I were talking over mysterious murders one day, when he mentioned this one, and asked me to join him in it.

"This bit of candle," he said, producing it, "is the only tangible clue there is in the case. Can you make anything out of it?"

"I scrutinized it closely. It was a piece that had been cut off an ordinary molded candle. I put it under a pocket microscope and saw that it had been cut with a knife in such a manner that the wick had been pressed down a trifle by the edge of the instrument before the threads were severed. These shifted fibers partially covered a minute air hole in the tallow. These air holes are quite common in ordinary molded candles. I scrutinized every particle of surface on that candle with the utmost care, and that air hole was the only distinctive mark it had.

"There's your only clue," I said to Whipple. "If you can get the other piece of candle from which this was cut you have a very good link in the chain!"

"I'll try it," he declared, and he started for the town where the murder occurred. He visited every store in the place, but in only one was he successful in finding ordinary candles for sale.

"Have you sold any lately?" he asked the proprietor.

"Not for some time past," was the reply.

"Ever sold them in pieces?"

"No," replied the dealer, laughing. "They are too cheap to sell in sections."

"But don't you ever cut them for your customers?" insisted the officer.

"Never cut one in my life," declared the storekeeper, emphatically. "Oh, hold on a minute, though," he added. "Yes, I did, too. I cut one for a little girl about a year ago. She bought some things here and asked me for a little piece of candle to put in her Chinese lantern. It was a pretty toy. I remember she showed it to me."

"See if you can find the piece you cut it from."

"The storekeeper searched his candle box. 'Yes,' he said, 'here it is. It is an odd, short piece so I had no call to sell it.'

"Whipple brought this find to me and we had no trouble in matching the pieces. The air hole in the fibers joined exactly.

"How did it end? Why, the little girl proved to be the niece of the man who committed the murder. He was stopping at her house, and on the night of the attempted robbery he had taken that bit of candle from her lantern to help him in his work. It happened that Morton was working on his books in the sitting-room that night and had taken the lamp to go upstairs in search of something. When he returned he discovered the robber."—San Francisco Examiner.

BETTER THAN HOLDERS.

An Article of Usefulness About the Kitchen.

For use about a parlor stove or grate, and for use in ironing, a holder seems a necessity. If the latter has a couple of thicknesses of manilla paper, or what is better yet, a piece of soft leather cut from the top of an old boot or shoe instead between the interlinings and fastened securely, it will withstand the heat far better, and be more convenient than when made bungling with cotton batting, quilting or numerous thicknesses of cloth. Colored Canton flannel, the rough side out, is suitable for covering such holders. For a parlor stove some style of fancy holder is desirable. The cockle shell design is pretty, and a square, round or oval one can be quickly ornamented in any simple design in outline stitch with the edges either scalloped, pinked or bound. A block in crazy-patch work, or in log-cabin design when made of small pieces and bright colors is pretty.

But let your holder-making stop here. For use about a kitchen range a square of cotton cloth is far more convenient. Heavy domestic gingham and colored skirting are the best materials to make them of. A yard and a half is sufficient for two, and this number will last a year. The ends only require hemming. They can be easily washed out and kept clean. They are pliable and allow one to get a firm hold of any hot dish, and to use both hands if necessary. A clean, new holder fastened by a tape to the belt of the kitchen dignitary is not a disagreeable appendage; but any housewife knows that the days of a holder that is used in baling are "few and full of trouble," certainly the days when it is clean. Wash it and try this substitute, and you will have far less trouble with servants using the dish towels and other unsuitable articles.—American Agriculturist.

"The Little Philosopher.—Hans (who has torn his clothes badly getting over a fence)—"Oh, dear, what will mamma say now? If I had only cut my head open she would only say: 'Just like you, you careless boy.'"

—Yale Record.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—In 1844, when Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was a student at the University of the City of New York, his physicians assured him that he would not live a year, as one of his lungs was destroyed. He outlived the physicians who told him so, and survived the prediction nearly forty-seven years.

—Charles Dudley Warner's wife is a fine musician, and one of the pleasantest rooms in their charming house at Hartford is the music room, with its grand piano and many curios picked up in foreign lands. Yet for all his pleasant surroundings in Hartford it is said Mr. Warner would prefer to live in southern California. Climate enforces its claims on sensitive natures.

—Lightning recently performed two unusual feats at a house on Bean Hill, Norwich, Conn. It cut half an inch off the rim of an inverted goblet on a table and left the goblet sitting as it found it. The work is said to have been done as neatly as if it had been done with a diamond. The electricity also set the hands on on the dial of the clock four hours in advance of the true time without stopping the clock.

—P. T. Barnum's family motto was "Love God and be Merry." A short time before his death he said: "Besides being temperate and trying to love God and be merry, I have also tried in my humble way to make others happy. That is a wonderful promoter of health and longevity. He who is trying to alleviate life's ills for those around him has no time to become morbid by thinking of those with which he himself is afflicted."

—The body of Boron Drais, who is supposed by some to have invented the bicycle, and who died over thirty years ago, has been removed from an obscure resting-place, and given burial among the tombs of illustrious Germans at Karlsruhe. A funeral cortege of about four hundred persons of both sexes, mounted on bicycles of all classes, and wearing the uniform of the respective clubs, followed the body to the grave.

—One of the most frequent complaints among canaries is asthma. This disease is easily cured if taken hold of at once. The bird-dealers sell a powder that is mixed in the water the birds are given to drink, and there is also a bird tonic which is good for all the ills that bird flesh is heir to. When a bird has the asthma the symptoms are a heaviness of breathing at night. Canaries with this complaint have been known to breathe like human beings.

—A statistical inquiry undertaken by Dr. Beddoe has brought out the curious fact that in England a brunette has ten chances of being wedded to nine chances if she is a blonde, and the English women are gradually losing their fairness of skin and hair in darker types, simply because men persist in selecting the darker-haired women for wives. The same thing is happening in Germany, France and Switzerland, and it would seem that the reign of the fair-haired belle is doomed.

—The Spanish sculptor Querol is at present engaged in modeling a bust of the young king of Spain. He had great difficulty in getting a pose which was to his taste. While studying the little sovereign one day, however, the troops passed by the studio. At the sound of the music his "little" majesty pushed to the window, crying: "The flag, the flag! Salute the flag." Suiting his action to the word the boy king held his hand to his forehead until the last soldier had passed the window. Querol found the pose for the king.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The Owner of an Umbrella.—Tom—"Will you be kind enough to lend me my umbrella, Jack?" Jack—"Your umbrella?" Tom—"Yes, you know, the one you borrowed from Harry."—Yankee Blade.

—Miss Urgent—"Do you know, pa, that I have about made up mind to set my affections on Mr. Lordly?" Pa—"Have, eh? Well, I have made up my mind that as sure as you do that I will set 'Towler' on him."—Boston Courier.

—"You see it was this way. The india-rubber man struck the ossified man and broke him." "What did he strike him for?" "Five dollars. When the manager found it out the india-rubber man was bounced."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Conductor—"Step forward there, please."irate Passenger—"I'm forward as far as I can go. There's no room forward." Wag—"You are wrong, sir. There's about six miles of space just ahead of the horses."—Harper's Bazar.

—At the Dentist's.—"Acht my dear sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled out." "I am very sorry," said the careless operator, "but as you had only three teeth when I commenced, I am sure to get hold of the right one next time."—Wiener Wespener.

—Herole Charley.—"Now, Charley," said young Mrs. Tucker, "one of two things must happen. Either you will have to quit smoking or you must let me buy your cigars myself. You men know so little about bargains." "I'll give up smoking," said Charley without hesitation.—Washington Post.

—Too Great a Risk.—Passenger—"Conductor, one of the buttons on the dress of that lady in front of me has fallen off. Here it is, and I think you had better tell her about it." Conductor (gruffly)—"Why don't you tell her yourself?" Passenger—"Not much. I'm her husband."—Cloak Review.

—"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me and I want to scare him away."—Rochester Talisman.

—The Tomato-can.—A small goat ate a tomato-can and then eight pounds of nails. He finished his meal, by way of dessert, by consuming four large fence rails. He said to himself, with a jovial smile, as off to his home he ran: "I'm sure the nails can't disturb me. But I think the tomato can."

—Yale Record.

Special Corset Sale! Special Handkerchief Sale THIS WEEK. A \$1.50 corset goes for 49 cents. A 45 cent corset for 25 cents and so on. ED. ERICKSON

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An Intelligent Oyster. Oysters frequently reach a great old age. The ridges or water lines on the shell indicate the number of years until they get beyond forty; then the lines are wider and indicate a period of ten years. I once saw an oyster eighty-six years old. It was caught in Delaware bay four years ago. That oyster had intelligence. I put it in a tank of salt water and it opened and shut itself up, as if enjoying a bath. One day I put the oyster on a plank by itself in order to study its shell with a microscope. It lay there dead and dumb like. I stepped aside to wait on a customer who wanted Blue Points. The tom-cat walked up to the oyster and began to turn it over with its paws. Suddenly the bivalve opened its shell and caught the cat's tail. The cat bounded off like a rocket, bumping the oyster against the pavement. The octogenarian clung to the cat's tail. I never saw the cat or the oyster again.—N. Y. Weekly.

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY? 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 Gleaner Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for \$5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from \$5.00 to \$12.00. \$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt shoe, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year. \$3.50 Police shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension 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. \$2.00 and \$2.50 Workingman's shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show. Boys' \$2.00 and \$1.75 School shoes are made by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show. Ladies' \$3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best English, very stylish, equals French imported shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00. Ladies' \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoe for misses are the best fine English, very stylish and durable. Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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