

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew in the early morn,
What we know in the close of day,
If we only knew of the battles fier,
That we must wage, by the way,
If we only knew,
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, ere day begun,
That many victories might be won.

AS FROM THE DEAD.

A Late Millionaire Tries to Circumvent His Widow.

Scene—Retired corner in the reading-room of an aristocratic up-town club. Two elegantly dressed gentlemen are discussing wines, cigars and other local topics.
Mr. Charley Knickerbocker (a rising young lawyer)—Where do you keep yourself after dark, nowadays? I never see you at the theaters or in the club-rooms.
Mr. Frank Courtland (a society man)—Between ourselves, in the strictest confidence, I devote five evenings of the week in calling on a lady whom I hope to lead to the altar one of these fine days.
Charley (with the air of a man who has been there many a time)—You don't tell me so? Ain't you rather overdoing the courting business? Now, I am paying addresses to Miss Bondelipper, and, being in society, I understand what's in good form, but it never occurs to me to call more than twice a week. I really think that's as often as she cares to see me.
Frank (earnestly)—That's often enough when you are courting a young girl, but the object of my aspirations is a widow. When it comes to courting a widow, like advertising, you can't overdo it. I know what I am doing.
Charley—So she is a widow? If it is not a leading question I should like to ask what is the name of the disconsolate female whose bereavement you are trying to mitigate.
Frank—The lady in the case is Mrs. Van Slyek, on Fifth avenue.
Charley (very much surprised)—I don't wonder at the frequency of your visits. Old Van Slyek must have left her over half a million. She is a charming lady, and deserves a good husband after all she went through with that old graven image. I always heard she was badgered into marrying him by her mother, who was after his money.
Frank—Were you acquainted with my late predecessor—that is, if the widow does not change her mind?
Charley—I knew him only by sight, but my old chum, Tommy Vanderclain, knew the family very well, and he told me all about their marriage. Old Van Slyek was more than double his wife's age, and as ugly as a crazy quill. He had a falsetto voice and a false set of teeth, no hair on his head and was how legged besides. He was insanely and absurdly jealous of his handsome young wife, and made her miserable. During the last few months of his wretched life he became morbid and morose, shut himself up in his study and refused to allow anybody except his English valet, Thomas, to come near him. If his widow was glad when he died and wants to marry again nobody can blame her. Has the happy day been fixed?
Frank (with a deep sigh)—No, it has not, and that is what worries me. Carrie loves me dearly and has consented to become my wife, but whenever I ask her to fix the date she hedges for some mysterious reason that I cannot quite comprehend. She seems to have some secret trouble on her mind.
Charley—Haven't you got any idea what it is?
Frank—I have a vague idea that she is superstitious and that she imagines that her late husband visits the premises. He threatened to haunt the house if she ever married again. Do you believe in spirits?
Charley (sipping his wine)—Yes, if they are old and of the right brand; but, putting jesting aside, the fact that ghosts never show themselves except by a dim light and only to one person at a time completely gives them away. What shape does old Van Slyek take?
Frank—I can't find out. Carrie—that is, Mrs. Van Slyek—does not care to talk much about it. All I know is that the dread of being haunted by old Van Slyek's ghost prevents her fixing the date for our marriage. Perhaps she is preparing to fire me out of her affections.
Charley—I don't think you need entertain any apprehensions. She is probably enjoying the sport of playing her fish before she lands him. Some day she will rope you in as the widow Chadizah did Mohammed. The victim may struggle against fate, but all at once he sinks into the matrimonial sea with a bubbling groan and all is over.
Frank (fervently)—I hope so.
Charley—If I were in your place I'd investigate any spiritualistic manifestations that materialize. Some rival of yours may be putting up a little game on you. Put Inspector Byrnes on his track. Well, I have an engagement. (Exit Mr. Charles Knickerbocker.)
Scene II (interior of the parlor of the Van Slyek mansion)—Mr. Frank Courtland and Mrs. Van Slyek are seen in earnest conversation.
Frank (despairingly)—Will you not tell me, Carrie, why you treat me so

cruselly? Why did you encourage me, as you have done, when now you tell me we must part forever?
Carrie (tearfully but firmly)—I cannot marry you, Mr. Courtland. A voice from the tomb forbids it.
Frank—A voice, did you say?
Carrie—Not precisely a voice, but a letter. I receive letters continually from my late husband.
Frank (laughing grimly)—I suppose they come from the dead letter office. So he writes you letters and you are correspondingly unhappy. What wretched nonsense! Why trifle with me in this way?
Carrie—I am not trifling, Frank. Here is a letter in his handwriting posted yesterday from the spirit world. I have received them regularly ever since you began visiting here. I have had them examined by the best experts in handwriting and compared with letters of my late husband, and they say these ghostly letters are written by the same hand. Besides, in some of the letters are secrets known only by my late husband and myself.
Frank takes the letter and reads: "I write these lines from the spirit world to let you know, faithless woman, that everything you do, say or think is known to me. You want to marry again. If you do something dreadful will happen. Beware! Your late husband."
"Prize VAS SLYEK."
Carrie—So you see I dare not marry again. There is no mistake about the letter. There is the envelope with the New York postmark, station D. I dare say he is in the room right now.
Frank (with clinched teeth)—I wish he was. I'd make him wish he was not. Carrie, is this the only obstacle to our union?
Carrie (blushing, with averted face)—Yes.
Frank—Then I'll clear this mystery up in short order. Just let me have that letter and envelope. And now farewell. (Exit Frank, after prolonged osculation.)
Scene III (private office of Inspector Byrnes)—There are present the inspector, Frank Courtland and an English-looking servant in liveries with mutton chop whiskers. The latter is on his knees and weeps bitterly.
Inspector Byrnes (fixing his eagle eyes on the wretched culprit)—Now make a clean breast of it or it will be the worse for you.
Mutton Chops (wringing his hands)—Indeed, sir, I'm innocent as a babe unborn. I never saw old Shakespeare at all. I am no Frenchy No. 3 but an Englishman. I never butchered anybody.
Inspector (sternly)—I've learned enough about that. Nobody accuses you of murder, but you had better tell all about this letter from your late master, Mr. Van Slyek, which was put in the letter box by yourself. Did you write it yourself?
Mutton Chops—Mr. Van Slyek wrote those letter himself, sir—indeed he did. Inspector (still more sternly)—When? Mutton Chops—Before he died, sir.
Inspector—Ah! I suspected as much.
Inspector (soothingly)—Come, now, just tell us all about it.
Mutton Chops (in a confidential whisper)—Well, sir, for a month before he died, Mr. Van Slyek did nothing but write letters to his wife, threatening her if she married again. He said to me that he believed his widdy would try to marry some young fool, who is after her money. (Frank squirms.) Says he to me, if you see any of them long eared doods 'ere courtin' my widdy hafter I am dead and gone, just you keep hon postin' these letters till she gets hafter and tells 'im to stay away. As soon as this young gentleman came to the 'ouse I began postin' the letters. I was afraid if my mistress married this young gent—and I seed for myself she was hawfully gone on 'im—I might be discharged and lose my place. I've got 'arf a bushel more of the hold gentleman's letters in a box, sir.
(Frank becomes delirious with joy, shakes the inspector's hand and even embraces Mutton Chops, after which he dashes out of the office and is lost to sight.)
The following item has since appeared in the society column of a leading New York paper:
"The rumor that the beautiful and wealthy Mrs. Van Slyek has broken her engagement with that dashing society man, Mr. Frank Courtland, is now authoritatively denied. In fact, it is generally understood that the wedding will take place within a short time, and will be one of the most magnificent affairs of the kind New York has ever witnessed. The newly-married couple will spend their honeymoon in Europe."
—Alex E. Sweet, in N. Y. Herald.

CRUELTY.

Continual Source of Income.
A curious story is told of the manner in which the Rothschilds aided Carafa, the composer. The latter was very poor. His principal income was derived from a snuff box and this was the way of it: The snuff-box was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edimbourg" about thirty years ago by Baron James de Rothschild as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later for seventy-five napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition to the great satisfaction of Carafa.—Jewelers' Circular.

THE WILLING PATIENT.

Mudge (who has sworn off)—Doctor, I stepped on a banana peel and received a pretty hard fall. I am afraid I have broken my wrist.
Dr. Bowless—Let me see. No, there is nothing broken. Just bathe your wrist in whisky four or five times a day and you will be all right.
Mudge—Er—doctor, hadn't I better be carefully examined for internal injuries, too?—Indianapolis Journal.

TOO MUCH ACTIVITY.

Real Estate Dealer—So you've been in Guatemala, have you? Is there any activity in real estate down there?
Returned Traveler—You bet there is. The day before I sailed there was an earthquake that made the whole country skip around.—Munsey's Weekly.

MERITORIOUS VERSE.

What Pained Her Most.
The Boston maiden heaved a sigh,
As very well she might,
For she was far away from home;
Oh! miserable plight!
"Alas, alas," she sadly said,
"Oh! what a coming down!
When I must pass four dreary weeks
Outside of Boston town."
"The people here mean well enough,
But they distress one so;
Unlike ourselves, there is so much
They do not seem to know."
"Tis very hard when one would speak
The riches of her mind,
To be, with such a wealth of tongue,
To English speech confined."
"So few can good Chrysothom quote;
So few are up on Keats;
And one can talk theosophy
With very few old meets."
"They're all so light and trivial,
So vacuous of worth,
And all their intellections cling
To hollow things of earth."
"But what inflicts the deepest pain
Amid these sorry scenes
Is the bald and bungling brutal way
They have of browning beans."
—Boston Courier.
He's Loaded.
Dear friend, don't hunt the editor
With pistol or with gun;
And ask him if he said it, or
Expect that he will run.
His threadbare linen duster
May still his patches hide,
But his muscles are developed
And the Lord is on his side!
—Atlanta Constitution.
My Tender Conscience.
I have a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three,
Whose slight reproach is worth whole tomes
Of cold divinity.
Who leads me by "a still small voice,"
And, with a loving glance,
Reminds me while the lamp holds out
This sinner has a chance.
Whose form is ever by my side,
And at the dog of sin
Thrusts out a white and rounded arm
And bars the way within.
No man can ever go astray.
Who pauses to reflect
That he must meet those modest eyes
And keep his self-respect.
So with a firm, unshaken front,
I bid old Satan flee—
For I've a tender conscience,
That measures five feet three.
—Harry Romaine, in Ladies' Home Journal.
L'Envol.
"Go, pretty rose, and to her tell
All I would say, could I but see
The slender form I know so well,
The roguish eyes that laughed at me.
"And when your fragrance fills the room,
Tell her of all I hope and fear,
While every breath of sweet perfume
Whispers my greeting in her ear."
"But, roses, stay, there is one thing
You must not mention. Don't forget!
(For it might be embarrassing)
And that is—you're not paid for yet!"
—Yale Record.
Tommy's Wishes.
No fairly laid I care to know,
This world is good enough for me.
I like it very much, although
Some changes I would like to see.
I wish that study were like play,
And school a circus of delight,
And that 'twas summer every day,
And all the rain would fall at night.
A wish that luscious as ice cream
Were castor oil and ipecac,
And that the dentist's chair would seem
To me my frisky pony's back.
I wish that whippings made me gay
And happy, and would not even hurt,
And that I had ten meals a day,
And each one nothing but dessert.
—Harper's Young People.
Two Heroes.
"To make my fortune I have a plan—
I'll conquer the world," said the timorous man.
He started forth, but a lion ran
Into his path; said the timorous man:
"The lion will kill me; if I can
I'll turn back now, I'm a timorous man."
And having tried it once in vain
He never tackled the world again.
Then came that way the valorous man,
Who there his battle of life began.
He saw the lion; it roared and ran,
Intent to devour the valorous man,
Who drew his sword and said: "I can
Kill the lion!" The valorous man,
The flag of victory then unfurled,
And marched on, conqueror of the world!
—Mrs. M. L. Bayne, in Detroit Free Press.
Nothing to Wear.
"Nothing to wear, my darling, nothing at all to wear!"
This is the song she sings to him and fills him with despair.
When he goes out to toil each day and earn their daily bread,
She hangs around his weary neck until these words are said.
And when he comes home late at night she sits upon the stair,
And warbles out: "You know, dear Charles, I haven't a thing to wear.
The polonaise I had last year, I tell you is a sight;
My old black grenadine is worse; it makes me look a fright;
My black silk is so shiny, and I feel so mortified;
And then, for summer, I must have something in white beads."
And so she sings her little song throughout the living day—
"Nothing to wear, my darling, nothing to wear, I say."
And Charles is at the office, and his face is blanched with fear,
Because he cannot pay for all the things she got last year.
—Tom Mason, in Creak Review.
The Woman and the Hose.
Again has come the merry laughing spring,
And now again the grass needs watering;
And we're not timid, everybody knows—
We think we have a fair amount of hose,
And once were even in a dang'rous place;
But we'd rather, we declare,
Walk around the biggest square,
Than try to pass the woman who manipulates the hose.
—Buffalo Courier.
A Listening Bird.
A little bird sat on an apple tree,
And he was as hoarse as hoarse could be;
He preened and he prinked, and he ruffled his throat,
But from it there floated no silvery note.
"Not a song can I sing," sighed he, sighed he,
"Not a song can I sing," sighed he.
In tremulous showers the apple tree shed
Its pink and white blossoms on his head;
The gay sun shone, and, like jubilant words,
He heard the gay song of a thousand birds.
"All the others can sing," he dolefully said—
"All the others can sing," he said.
So he sat and he drooped. But as far and wide
The music was borne on the air's warm tide,
A sudden thought came to the sad little bird,
And he lifted his head as within him it stirred.
"If I cannot sing, I can listen!" he cried:
"If I cannot sing, I can listen!" he cried.
"Ho! ho! I can listen!" he cried.
—Julia C. R. Dorr, in Harper's Young People.

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A SONG OF REST.

Oh! sing me a song of evening,
A song of peace and rest,
When, weary with useless flying,
The wild birds seek the nest;

more could they do, having given him
up to God?

After all, it was not a very joyous
departure that Monday morning in the
September glory.

The boy could not quite exult as he
had anticipated. The mother, with her
last few tokens of love that can never
cease to care for its own; tokens
wrought with clumsy, eager fingers,
and homely with the style of the hill
country, and the last trembling em-
brace. The father silent as they jogged
to the village station, as if his great
heart halted midway between his love
and indignation. For it was a fool's
errand, was it not? A headstrong in-
clination to desert a good home and its
duties for a whim. But his boy had
not run away at least, and he would
speed him to short folly and to quick
and sure return. Even the dog protest-
ed; and believe us, it touched the boy's
heart most of all, as with frantic scurry
he bayed the train away.

Well, well, the great town opened its
arms and took the young man in, as
the myriad lamps of night laughed and
winked at his conceit, twinkled and
winked and joined hands down the
long boulevards of darkness, till they
seemed to change to fiery serpents with
many a coil hissing. "Here comes an-
other. What shall we do with him?"
And now the dull roar of the streets
gave answer: "We know what to do
with him." To all of which the boy re-
plied: "Have I not read all about it? I
shall know what to do with myself. I
come to prey, not to be preyed upon."
But it must be confessed again that
one is not quite so confident, standing
in the actual presence of the vast me-
tropolis, as among the mountain paths,
looking thitherward. The city opened
its jaws and took him in.

It is not for us to tell all that the city
did with the aimless and pitiful fool.
He was not without a welcome. Many
welcomed him. He was strong, and
could give much strength away. His
veins were full, and it took many
moons to suck them dry. He was
mountain fed, and his fat wasted slow-
ly. But the vampires were many, the
fires were kept burning, and God's laws
were enforced.

We saw the end this summer. It was
in this wise. We were riding down
from the Tip-top house as the sun went
down, and sat beside the loquacious
driver. As we stopped to untrig the
wheels in a farmhouse yard, an old
man sat by the wall, his white hair
roseate in the day's farewell, and un-
utterable sadness in his fine old face.
A few neighbors loitered about the
tidy gateway, and a cheap crape knot
fluttered at the door beneath the porch.
"A death here, driver?"
"Just the same as elsewhere, sir."
And we were silently attentive at his
reply, while he went on to explain.
"You see, sir, the city had him about
a year. He had a good time; too good.
The doctors wrote from the hospital.
His father went after him. They
thought the mountain air would revive
him. But the fool hath said in his
heart there is no God, and—"

"And driver, the city ground him up
and spit him out."
"Yes, sir. They have the tools to
grind men with down there, I reckon."
We rattled on down the same stony
highway traversed by the New Eng-
land boy one little year before; and we
burned to whisper his story, as a warn-
ing, to a youth whom we know of in a
happy country home. Heaven bless
him as he reads—Harkley Harker, in
N. Y. Weekly.

CONVIVIAL ANIMALS.

A Squirrel That Imbibed Too Much Strong
Liquor.

"Having read recently a very inter-
esting article about 'Four-footed Fun-
makers,'" said a gentleman, "I won-
der whether any naturalist has ever
made a special study of the number of
quadrupeds and birds that will freely
imbibe alcoholic liquors. I have fre-
quently seen it stated that enormous
doses of whiskey are administered to
elephants afflicted with lung troubles,
and I infer that the huge creatures
rather like that kind of medicine.

"Crows are said to become grotesque-
ly intoxicated when whisky-soaked
grain is scattered for their benefit by
farmers who desire to wring their
necks. I occasionally read of saloons
in which a dog, goat or some other
animal (besides the human) is exhib-
ited as a confirmed tippler. Indeed, un-
less the goat is grossly libelled, he is a
depraved and chronic toper.

"I want to spin you an authentic
yarn about a pet squirrel that I owned
some years ago, and that acquired a
voluntary jag on one occasion, but
never again. Benny had the freedom
of the house most of the time, and a
big, fat, prankish fellow he grew to be.
A favorite position of his was to crouch
in the outer breast pocket of my
own or my brother's coat, and peer
over the edge at a party of us playing
whist or cribbage in the dining-room.
his roguish black eyes sparkling as if
he understood it all.

"One Saturday evening, just as some
nice new ale was served, Master Benny
must have been extremely thirsty, for
out he frisked upon the table and calm-
ly proceeded to drink from the nearest
glass until he was satisfied. For a
youth of his size he drank pretty cop-
iously, too. Shortly afterward he was
put into his cage for the night.

"Next morning when I approached
his cage he did not jump up nimbly as
usual to greet me, but lay lazily in a
corner and yawned, yawned, yawned,
once and again rubbing his ears with
his paws. It was as plain a case of
'head' and remorse as I ever exper-
-I mean, witnessed. About noon time
he began to brighten up, and was soon
as frisky as ever, but thenceforth until
he died the very odor of alcoholic
beverage would send him skipping
away. One dose cured Benny."—N. Y.
Telegram.

Differed in Opinions.

"I don't meet you at Miss Svelte's
any more."
"No; she and I have had a difference
of opinion."
"Nothing serious, I hope?"
"Oh, no; only I thought I was the
man she ought to marry and she
thought I wasn't."—Life.

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JOHN G. ZANE,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor.
Dealer in City Property, Farming and Tim-
ber Lands.
Township Diagrams, City Plats and Gen-
eral Map Work promptly executed.
Office 2d story Hessel's Building, 507 Lu-
dington St., Escanaba, Michigan.

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY,
APPLETON, WIS.
Full Preparatory and Collegiate Courses;
Ancient Classical, Scientific, Modern
Classical. Courses in Music, Business
and Painting.

LADIES' HALL.
Under the supervision of lady teachers
and provided with the latest improve-
ments and conveniences, including steam
heat and gas.

NEW OBSERVATORY.
With complete outfit for practical work in
the science of Astronomy.
Fall term begins Wednesday, Sept. 16. Exam-
inations for entrance and registration, Tuesday
Sept. 15. For further information address the
president, REV. C. W. GALLAGHER.

LIME, PLASTER, ETC.
Jas. Drush & Co.,
Wholesale and Retailers In—

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair,
BRICK, TILE, ETC.
Dousman St. near the Engine house, Escanaba

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair,
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ERICKSON & BISSSELL.

Erickson & Bissell
—DEALERS IN—

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

Canned Goods

And everything usu-
ally found in a first-
class grocery.

—AND—

FINE LINE OF

CIGARS

—AND—

Smoker's Articles.

—AND—

The Old Corner Grocery

Charles O. Collins,
GENERAL

Collection - Agency!

Accounts of Merchants and
Others Solicited.

Prompt Attention
Given to all Business.

OFFICE Corner Ludington and Dou-
man Streets—With Glebel.

MUSICAL GOODS.
PIANOS AND ORGANS

BICE & BICE

Offer some extra good bargains in Instru-
ments of leading makes, including the
number being the Weber.

MUSICAL - MERCHANDISE

OF ALL KINDS.

The Only Complete Line in Escanaba.

706 Ludington Street.

MONEY TO LOAN.

LARS GUNDERSON
—IS PUSHING THE BUSINESS OF THE—

Security Savings & Loan Ass'n,
OF MINNEAPOLIS.

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

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

LUMBER

THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY

GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

LUMBER

Lath and Shingles,
Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc., Etc

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

TAILORING.

OLSON & PETERSON,
MERCHANT - TAILORS

NEW AND STYLISH SUITINGS.
LARGE LINE OF PIECE GOODS.

WHICH YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPEC

We do Our Own Cutting

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

A Nice Line of Gent's Furnishings.

LUDINGTON STREET, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

GROCERY

NOTICE!

To those who have accounts with us over 30 days' stand-
ing are requested to call and settle at once. All such ac-
counts which are not paid by Sept. 1, will be placed in our
lawyer's hands for collection. After this all goods will be
sold on a strictly cash basis, and those to whom we give credit
must positively settle their accounts every 30 days or further
credit will be refused and accounts collected.

BITTNER & SCHEMEL.

PAINTING.

SIGN WRITER and PAPER HANGER

C. G. SWAN

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

SHOP CORNER SECOND AND CHARLOTTE STREETS. LOCK BOX 948.

ST. JACQUES, the Grocer, carries a large and complete
line of goods and solicits a liberal share
of your patronage. Everything is fresh and crisp. He has

CHOICE BUTTER and FRESH EGGS.

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

THE IRON PORT.

The Iron Port Company.

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

China is on the brink of a rebellion permeating every corner of the Empire. The dynasty is in great danger. The central authority is paralyzed. Peking is in a panic. Foreign volunteers are drilling assiduously at Shanghai. Not only the ignorant masses but the mandarins, the literati, and the highest officials of the Empire are concerned in this rebellion.

It seems certain that Europe and the United States are confronted with a repetition of the stirring days of the T'ai-ping rebellion a quarter of a century ago. Already the United States gunboat Palos and the French cruiser Le Villiers have rendered protection to the families of the missionaries murdered in the riots at Woo-sung. Ten French and American missionary establishments have been burned to the ground and all foreign trade has ceased.

As yet the French and American ministers at Peking are the only two members of the diplomatic corps who have taken any proper steps to force the central government to protect foreigners. The English colony in Shanghai is severe in its condemnation of the attitude taken by the British minister, and the unaccountable absence of the British fleet from the scene of the massacre causes severe comment. Can it be possible that England is in this instance playing a double game and working in secret intelligence with the leaders of the rebellion? The present uprising, which already assumes the proportions of a civil war, is directed against the ruling dynasty. Can it be that the famous Li Hung Chang, surmised the "Bismarck of China," is at the bottom of all this, and by his own strong arm, adroitly abetted by England's connivance, he is about to usurp the throne of the tartar dynasty, which for nearly three centuries has ruled over China as a conquered nation, and found one of his own?

Let the outcome be what it may, it is absolutely imperative that the United States, in concert with European powers having interests at stake, should act promptly and vigorously. This Koloa rebellion is of graver consequences to the foreign powers than even the T'ai-ping rebellion of 1863; and upon that occasion, as well as in 1840, England, by her energetic diplomacy, conducted by such men as Lord Elgin and Sir Frederick Bruce, acquired the lion's share of influence in the far east.

Things have changed nowadays, but should we wake up some day and find that Li Hung Chang, with the assent of England, had been crowned Emperor of China, and that special treaties had been duly signed with the court of St. James in consideration therefore, the United States and the continental powers of Europe would feel—to use an American expression—that they had "got left."

The foregoing is from the N. Y. Herald, and may or may not be veracious; but what pretence of right can the U. S. put forward to justify its interference in Chinese affairs?

Colonization of the negroes in Africa was the scheme in the first half of the century, of those who saw the danger and admitted the wrong of slavery but had not courage to demand the only remedy for the danger, the abolition of the system and the application of the law to all men alike. It is still the fad of some good men who, rejoicing in what has been done, the destruction of slavery, still shrink from the rest of the task—the placing of the freedmen upon a perfect political equality. But the fad is as impracticable now as in 1830 and has less to recommend it. B. K. Bruce, one of the foremost men of the colored Americans, says:

"There is nothing new nor startling in this movement. It is the fifth distinct effort that has been made since the war to induce the colored people to cast their fortunes with the denizens of Liberia, but I predict that its failure will be quite as dismal as was the failure of the four preceding ones. The black race in this country is not African except in color. In all the elements of civilized manhood they are American and there is no more reason why they should abandon the land of their birth and go to the Dark Continent because their forefathers lived there than that the German or any other class of our heterogeneous population should return to the old world because their forefathers lived there. If the progress made by the colored people of the South since their emancipation were less satisfactory the colonizationists might find some ground upon which to stand. There are one and a third of a million colored pupils in the public schools. There are, in addition to this, 37,000 pupils in private schools, and about 8,000 in parochial schools, making a total, in round numbers, of 1,378,000. There are over seventy institutions for superior education of the negro, and over seven thousand colored students in training for teachers, while hundreds are studying theology, law, and medicine. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they labor they own more than \$15,000,000 worth of property in the state of Virginia, as shown by the eleventh census, and had the assessments in the states of Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi, and some others been kept separate as was done in Virginia, a far better showing would have been made. The negro is coming, only give him a chance."

The foolish and inexperienced advertiser buys so much space in a newspaper and fills it to the very edge with extrava-

gant puffs of his wares, written in superlatives, and printed in almost microscopic type. Few read his advertisement, and nobody believes it, and so nobody buys his goods. Then he is angry and cries out in his blind wrath that advertising does not pay, or other things to that effect. But the wise and experienced advertiser buying the same amount of space, devotes the larger portion of it to a clearly written, cleanly printed, modest, and reasonable statement of the merits of his goods—such a statement as he is willing to stand by. For that man, advertising pays. One of the cleverest advertisements we ever saw was the announcement on the part of a firm of clothiers that a certain lot of overcoats, which the house had been selling for some months had turned out to be inferior in wearing qualities to the standard guaranteed by the manufacturers. So every buyer was notified that if he would bring back his coat, he could have his money back with out reduction on account of his use of the garment. Do you not suppose that that advertisement was worth columns on, columns of foolish praise of the marvellous Meltons and original Oxfords and charming Chinchillas which that firm may have had to sell?—Puck.

Clarkson, who comes to the front this year as chief of staff if not commander in the field of the republican forces, does not fear "the farmer" who farms land. He said, the other day:

"By many signs the American farmer is going into winter quarters next fall the most comfortable man in America. Providence has blessed him with abundant crops, and the food demand of the world will bring him high prices for it all. Thus the American farm is a treasure. It always will be. Eighty acres of rich soil nurtured and coaxed and petted as they do it in France and on the Rhine would support not merely one, but half a dozen families. So that, judged by the needs of human existence and self-preservation, every American farm is not only one, but half a dozen treasures."

Farm land is more desirable property today than railroad stocks. It is a better investment than town or city property. The next wave of wealth, bringing thousands of millions of profit to those who invest it by investment, will be over the farms. The farmer is going to be the citizen of prosperity and consequence, and he is going to rule in public affairs. He is honest and generous, and will seek for the truth and find it. He will very soon take his place in one of the old parties and give a majority to one party or the other. His rule will be patriotic, and, after full and faithful investigation, intelligent. He is as safe a citizen as the banker, the merchant, the baker, or the candle stick maker."

Of the Peppers and all such, who assume to farm farmers, he says nothing.

Michigan has been ruled for eight months by the democrats because timid republicans were frightened last November by assertions that the operation of the McKinley tariff would bring about a universal increase of prices. Have these assertions been verified? Sugar, certainly, is not dearer on account of the tariff. It is cheaper because of it. Nearly every kind of sheetings, shirtings, prints, and calicoes are wholesaling at reduced rates. The price of clothing has not advanced in retail stores. Even tinware has undergone no advance to the small purchaser. Most articles of hardware are cheaper. Binding twine is greatly lower in price. Window-glass is lower. In short, if there be a single manufactured article of general use that has suffered increase of price "on account of the tariff" democrats have not yet discovered it. But certain unmanufactured articles are selling for more in 1891 than in 1890, and they are the very ones for which the democrats predicted a ruinous decrease. They are wheat, corn, oats, and farm produce in general. The democrats were false prophets, then, and we were "rattled" by their lies. Will it occur again during this generation?

The American farmer is "on top" this year, sure. The Russian government prohibits the export of rye, and the result is an enhancement of the demand for our wheat and of its price, as well. English reports say:

"The general feeling is that although great Britain will not be affected to such an extent as Germany and Austria, she will inevitably suffer to a great degree from the prohibition."

"The farmers of America are masters of the situation, and it is to be hoped that they will use their strength mercifully. The making of corners in the necessities of life is never laudable, and in the present juncture it would be little short of fiendish."

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says: "Such an extreme measure as the prohibition of the exportation of rye has not been adopted in Russia since the Crimean war. The Novosti says the measure will affect only Austria and Germany, and not England and France, which import only white wheat; therefore the friends of Russia will not suffer."

Senator Call must write "ex" before his title after all. He managed to get what he thought was a re-election—the legislature having been all winter about it—but Gov. Fleming finds a flaw in the proceedings and refuses him the certificate of election. Democratic legislatures will hardly do to bet on, in Florida or in Michigan.

"Do you know," said a well-known ex-confederate officer, "that the confederate government was the only government in the world that really enforced prohibi-

tion? During the war the government prohibited the manufacture of liquor in Virginia. It was here that the army was and the same prohibition extended to the other southern states. This law was made because the government wanted all the grain to feed the people. The further result was that the confederate army was the soberest army that the world ever had. The little liquor that could be had was only obtained upon the prescription of a surgeon. The first three barrels of liquor for medicinal purposes were sent under guard through West Virginia and consigned to a leading surgeon. They were carted over the mountains and several days were occupied in the trip. At their destination the barrels were found to be empty. At first this was a mystery, but an examination showed that a gimlet hole had been bored in each cask, the liquor drawn out and the hole neatly plugged. The whole battalion sent along as guards for this liquor had in this way swallowed it all gradually, and, though a big row was raised, it was impossible to fix the offense on anyone."—New York Sun.

Gov. Winans is modest. He says, with reference to Michigan's place and exhibit at the great fair, that the state "does not desire to rival New York, Illinois, and the other great states." Now however modesty may become Mr. Winans (and we can but admit that it would become him well), it does not become the governor of Michigan. Nor is the governor strictly truthful we fear. He said Michigan does not desire, etc. but so far as Michigan had an opportunity to express her desire that expression was for a large appropriation and a rank in the show equal to any; it was Governor Winans who did not desire, and who used his power to reduce the rank and standing of the state. He should have said, to be strictly accurate, "the accidental governor of the state of Michigan does not desire," etc. Michigan could have made an exhibit easily one of the first in extent and interest, and, because of her proximity to the location of the fair and of the character of her material for the exhibit could have done it at a less cost than any other of equal magnitude. This the legislature and people "desired," but the picaune governor notified the legislature of the amount he would permit it to spend and threatened any act appropriating more with his veto. If Michigan "takes a back seat" it is the governor who is responsible.

President Harrison will not "scramble" for re-nomination; no one ever supposed he would. If the party is satisfied with his administration, and if it shall appear that his re-nomination will be likely to conduce to the success of the party he will be the candidate in '92, but his course in the year that will elapse before the convention meets will be in no wise affected by consideration of that question, nor shaped with a view to affecting the choice of the candidate. One who is close to the president in both official and social relations, said, a day or two ago:

"President Harrison is not, nor has he been at any time a personal candidate for re-nomination."

"When I say that the president is not a personal candidate," the speaker continued, "I mean emphatically that he is doing nothing himself to promote his own prospects as against those of any other prospective candidate, nor will any of his friends with his knowledge open up a Harrison campaign."

"There is going to be no Harrison party, no Harrison clique, no moving of heaven and earth on the part of the president to retain the reins of power. There can be no partial endorsement of his administration by the next national convention. It must be unanimous or not at all."

George Jones, who with Henry J. Raymond founded the New York Times and was the financier of the concern, died on the morning of the 12th, at his summer residence, Poland Springs, Vermont. Less widely known than his associate he was no less remarkable a man. In his boyhood an associate of Horace Greely, he entered journalism in the office of the Tribune where he became acquainted with Raymond, and thence the two graduated to establish the Times. To have carried such an enterprise to success stamp him a man of great ability and to have, as he did, attacked, broken up and punished a ring of such scoundrels as that headed by Tweed, entrenched in the city government and backed by Tammany, proves him a man of steady purpose, undaunted courage and untiring energy, while his rejection of Tweed's offer of five millions for a property then worth barely one million shows the purity of his character. A good man and a man great in certain directions has gone, but he had lived to the age of four score years and had made his mark.

A "Catalogue of the Lake Linden Public Schools" as comprehensive and complete as any college catalogue, comes to our desk. It is a good thing and one that can not fail to make every teacher and every pupil in the school more earnest about their work. The school board that authorized the work consisted of Messrs. Henry Fisher, D. W. Sutter, Allan McIntyre, Laurent Jacques and T. D. Roberts, and the town is fortunate in having such a board. Brother Wilson, of the Times, did the printing and did it well.

The New York Sun is democratic; but it is not dirty nor ghoulish. It does not worship Grover C. nor does it believe James G. the embodiment of all that is wicked. Of the attempt by the World

and the Mugwump to kill Mr. Blaine (politically) by asserting that he is almost dead physically it says:

"We do not know whether this hideous campaign has been conducted with the knowledge and approval of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the World, now absent in Europe on account of his health. If he knew of this performance by those to whom he has intrusted the management of his newspaper, if he approves their course in endeavoring to persuade the public and Mr. Blaine himself that Mr. Blaine is a doomed victim of Bright's disease of the kidneys, there are peculiar reasons for regarding the present affair as without a parallel in the history of the enterprises of reckless malice."

On the other hand, if Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is innocent of any participation in the hideous business, what must be his sensation when he follows, paragraph, after paragraph, and column by column, the progress of these systematic operations, ostensibly aimed at the peace of mind and even at the life of another invalid?"

The act of the Russian government, in prohibiting the export of rye, is a blow at Germany as direct as an armed invasion and is even more difficult to meet. Its effect, or one of its effects, is likely to be the over throw of the Caprivi ministry and the return of Bismark to power. A dispatch from Berlin dated 13th says that "the rehabilitation of the ex-chancellor is confidently spoken of," and that "Relying upon able assistants, in whose assurances he had absolute confidence, General von Caprivi declared that he entertained no apprehension that Russia would not be able to supply Germany's demand for rye to the full, and in an alarming short time his predictions have been proven to be false, while at the same time he has the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that the French Russian alliance was a thing which was much talked of, but never became a practical fact while Bismark was in office. Both these points are telling severely against Caprivi in the present irritated condition of the Kaiser's mind and the popular feeling."

It appears that the Kaiser is a pretty sick man. He can not be moved from his yacht for the present and his doctor says his condition is much more grave than has been admitted, for not only does he suffer from his knee joint and his ear trouble; but terrible severe rheumatic pains absolutely nail him down to his chair and will compel him to remain utterly inactive for at least a fortnight without the least prospect of stirring. They add that if he continues to refuse to submit himself to the treatment prescribed the rheumatism must soon assume a more serious aspect and attack the heart.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Negaunee & Ishpeming Electric Street Railway company held Tuesday afternoon A. Matland was chosen president, Fred Braastad vice president and John B. Maas secretary and treasurer. The capital stock of \$8100,000 has been subscribed in full \$59,000 of the amount having been taken in this city. The survey has been made and the right of way practically secured. It is the intention to commence the work of construction within a few days and push it to early completion.—Herald, Negaunee.

The Detroit Journal insists that at 11 30 p. m., on the occasion of the G. A. R. banquet, there was one old boy from Tennessee who was "full." Likely enough. You see, those Tennesseans are not accustomed to "fizz," and it got into his head." If it had been Dick Cheatham's "Robertson county" beverage, or the sort they make at the heads of the hollows in Sevier or Blount he'd have carried it all right.

The "National Capitol Savings Building and Loan" concern which was closed out last week by the postal authorities of Chicago, was just another "fund W" affair—take all, give back only enough to stimulate the flow of cash inward. The rogues had the thing well started to win a million but the drop came when they had got only a tenth of that sum. We don't hear that any Escanabans bit, as some did at the other swindle.

At a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture held August 11, the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Justice Morse, of the Supreme court, and Assistant Secretary of agriculture, Edwin Willis; master of agriculture upon Hon John T. Rich of Elba, and master of horticulture upon T. T. Lyon, of South Haven.

A Minnesotan who had been to Bar Harbor and had seen Mr. Blaine, says he looks like a man on the brink of the grave, but adds that the "grave" is that of the coming democratic candidate for the presidency. That's better.

The Michigan Mining Co. has struck another "pocket" of rich rock—very rich, easily worth \$20,000 a ton—but the mill test of the run of its vein stuff did not pan out—the rock was not worth working.

How's this? The W. C. T. U. says there was little or no drunkenness among the veterans at Detroit. The ladies did not see that Tennesseean the Journal mourns over, then.

The state Board of Education will hold an examination of applicants for state certificate to the mining school in Houghton, from the 25th to the 28th of August.

Governor Winans can thank his stars he is a farmer these days. He needs all the spare cash to help out the combined family salaries.—Tribune.

Mequimsee has got money for its bonds—\$95,000—and will pay

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 R A T Z E ' S ,

608--610 Ludington Street.

J. N. MEAD.

J. N. MEAD

NEVER WAS IN BETTER SHAPE TO DO

FINE WATCH and JEWELRY REPAIRS

THAN AT THE PRESENT.

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

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

YOURS TRULY,

J. N. MEAD, Escanaba, Mich.

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.

One day last week during a slight shower several persons in the neighborhood of the Atlantic mine were startled by appearances like balls of fire, at the same time experiencing strange sensations and in some instances slight electric shocks. Strange to say, fire balls were seen at the same time in the depths of the mine as low as the 18th level, in the road, in the Atlantic store and in dwelling houses, also near the telephone in the office of the Atlantic company. One gentleman was very much alarmed when driving, by what appeared to be a fire ball dropping suddenly between his horses. A lady also in the dwelling of the mine superintendent was frightened by a similar appearance on the floor of her room. Almost every one in the neighborhood seems to have been affected in some way strangely by the electric fluid. The wonderful fact is that no one received any injury.—Gazette, Houghton.

The following is the roster of the state tent of the W. C. S., just elected: Great Commander, M. A. S. Linton, Saginaw; Lieutenant Commander, L. N. Case, Detroit; Record Keeper, N. S. Boynton, Port Huron; Finance Keeper, R. J. Whaley, Flint; Medical Examiner, Dr. C. P. Tibbals, Port Huron; Prelate, P. B. Wachtel, Petoskey; Sergeant, W. H. Clark, Marquette; Master-at-arms, A. F. Stewart, Jackson; First M. of G., Thomas Watson, Roscommon; Second M. of G., W. B. Cathcart, Muskegon; Sentinel, Levi Archambault, Adrian; Picket, Robert Ellsworth, Alpena.

J. O. Wynne, business agent of the Georgia State Alliance Exchange, is between \$35,000 and \$40,000 short in his accounts. The directors appointed W. A. Broughton, treasurer of the exchange, to examine the books and the shortage was discovered. Mr. Wynne is under \$50,000 bond.

Gov. Northend has signed the bill to prohibit the sale of liquor within three miles of any church or school except in incorporated cities. This means prohibition in Georgia, as either schools or churches exist almost every three miles and where they do not exist cheap structures will be erected at once.

The United States cruiser Charleston has been ordered to Yokohama and will leave for there Aug. 18.

Bad Axe John Andrews, ex-sergeant-at-arms of the senate, delivered a lecture at Brown City the other day from the subject, "No Particular Party, but Principle." No particular party of people cared to hear John, and the receipts did not cover expenses.

The Manistee hoop company's works at Copenish, valued at \$20,000, went up in smoke. The loss, including \$5,000 worth of manufactured stock on hand, is covered by \$14,000 insurance. Cause of fire unknown.

Dick Meservey, one of the convicts who lately escaped from the Marquette prison, was recaptured at Marengo, Iowa.

A drill hole in the heart of Leadville has just cut a thick vein of ore which yields over two thousand ounces of silver to the ton.

Mrs. Polk, widow of the ex-president of that name, is at the point of death. She is eighty-eight years of age.

A. W. Wilcox, of Otsego county, Mich., slew his grand-daughter, who was his housekeeper, and himself, on the 13th. The stove molders at Quincy, Illinois, are on strike. It is partial as yet but is likely to become general and lay a thousand men idle.

The new board of control of the Girls' Industrial Home recently appointed by Governor Winans, has resolved on a change of management. The slate issued to be Miss Herrick, the present assistant, in place of Miss Scott, of Grand Rapids, Matron, and Mrs. L. C. Carey, for some years secretary of the Adrian School Board, as assistant.

Wrecker Falcon has succeeded in sinking twenty-one of the 150 casks required to raise the steamer Kasota, now at the bottom of Detroit River. The barrels will be pumped out and the big boat is expected to float about Sept. 15.

The abductors of Joseph Perrien have been discovered and arrested. They were John and Billy Considine, Frank Grit, Edith, James McDoel and Tom Kennedy. It will be remembered that Mr. Perrien was captured and held for ransom forty-eight hours, but turned loose when ransom was refused, the gang not being quite up to the Italian method.

Capt. A. W. Harvey, commander of Merriam Post, G. A. R., of Meriden, Conn., fell sick while the post was at Grand Rapids and died last Wednesday.

Two men escaped from the Luce county jail by assaulting and over-powering the jailer.

Mrs. Polk, widow of the tenth president of the U. S., died on the morning of the 14th.

Jay Gould is said to be alarmingly ill. He is at Soda Springs, Wyoming.

France must buy eight millions bushels of wheat and America must furnish it.

Editorial Comment.
John Lewis, a Welch tin-plate maker, is in America to see for himself what is best to be done. He wants to find out, if he can, whether there is any prospect of the repeal of the duty on tin plate, as

if there is such a prospect he can wait a while; if there is not he must go out of the business or move his plant to America. He may as well get ready to move—the law will stand.

Ore freights have fallen again. The Marine Review says that the rate from this port stood at 90 cents on the 13th, with prospect of a further drop of five cents. The rate from Lake Superior ports was affected by the same circumstances and fell back to \$1.10, that being the rate from Two Harbors to Chicago as well as from Marquette and Ashland to Lake Erie ports. Fact is, the trade can't stand higher rates.

There has been a falling out among the democrats of the tenth congressional district owing to Wendock's apparent power with the governor and the fact that the faithful, who secured his election, are left out in the cold. Those left are sharpening their knives to have fun with T. A. Wendock the next time he comes up for election.

Mr. Schlessenger's docks for handling ore at Ashtabula, or rather the docks there which he planned and contracted for, are now nearly completed and will be in use by the first of September. They went with the mine on the ships to the Cleveland capitalists and the management of M. A. Hanna. The outfit makes Ashtabula the most capacious port for the purpose on lake Erie.

L'Anse will have a water supply. Fall Creek will furnish it and, as a reservoir can be located at a point two hundred feet higher than the village, they won't have any pumps to buy nor any fuel bills to pay, and the water could be utilized to supply power as well. L'Anse has plenty of natural advantages and is waking up.

READ AND REMEMBER.

To RENDER cloth or any fabric fire-proof dip it into a weak solution of chloride of zinc, ten cents worth to one quart of water.

To SUPPRESS a sneeze, a thing very often desirable, press the finger hard against the upper lip. It will always prevent a sneeze.

To TAKE iron rust out of a bowl, hold the part that is rusted over a line filled with boiling water, rub it out with lemon juice and salt, or with a solution of oxalic acid. When the spot disappears rub out the place in hot water.

A SURE indication of death is obtained by the injection beneath the skin of a drop of strong spirits of ammonia. Should a red spot appear, the patient is in a comatose state; should no such effect follow, death has taken place.

To REMOVE obstinate stoppers from glass bottles, dip a piece of woolen cloth into boiling hot water and wrap it tightly around the neck of the bottle. In a few minutes the stopper can be removed, as this method has never been known to fail.

To KEEP steel ornaments from rusting when not in use, sift powdered starch through fine muslin, place in a paste-board box and plunge the articles of steel into the starch, quite covering them. When wished for use simply brush off all the starch. Keep from damp.

NOTED IN ART CIRCLES.

DUBOIS, the French sculptor, piqued that his statue was badly placed in the Paris salon, smashed it into atoms, instead of smashing the committee.

Mrs. MACKAY's portrait by Meissonier, which was supposed to have been destroyed, now forms part of the gallery at Mrs. Mackay's new house in London.

PROF. PFUHL, of the Berlin university, has received a year's leave of absence for the purpose of assisting his father-in-law, Prof. Koch, in the preparation of his works for publication.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT, the French author, is a man of forty, a cynic and a hypochondriac. In manner he is eccentric and brusque even toward women. In his literary work he is a prodigy of industry.

M. M. POMEROY, familiarly known as "Brick," is about sixty years old, bald, and wears a chin beard. He remembers a country Methodist parson. Humorous writing consumes only a portion of his time as he is engaged in mining operations near Denver.

JOHN J. BOYLE, of Philadelphia, will model the figure of an Indian, six feet six inches high, to stand on the battlefield of Gettysburg in honor of the Forty-second New York. The figure will stand before a tent holding a spear. The bronze work is to be finished by Bureau Bros., Philadelphia.

TRANSPIRING OF LATE.

A CITIZEN of Cordele, Ga., caught a rabbit the other day that had a gold chain about his neck.

A WOMAN in Slater, Mo., pricked her finger while handling insect powder, and suffered severely for some months.

THE people of Starlight, Grundy county, Mo., complain that the man who carries the mail to that town puts young pigs, etc., in the pouch along with the love letters, etc.

A RESIDENT of Searsport, Me., lately discovered a peculiar phenomenon on the beach. Large quantities of clams had been forced out of the sands and were lying in piles in the clefts of the rocks on Mosman's ledge. He hauled away more than seventy-five bushels.

T. H. PULLEN, of Milford, Ga., placed a note in a bale of cotton which he made, requesting the purchaser to inform him where it was bought. He recently received a letter from a manufacturer in Moscow, Russia, stating that the cotton had been sold there and purchased by him.

At a pigeon shoot near Newark, N. J., recently, a pointer dog owned by a resident of Harrisburg, Pa., caught a wounded bird by springing into the air after it. The bird was six feet above the ground when the dog's jaws closed on it, and the old trap shooters entered in the sweepstakes shoots said that it was the finest catch ever seen.

Bed treatment is running into extreme styles. A few years ago, when brass bedsteads first came into use, many people adopted them, principally for their cleanliness—they had no hiding nooks and crannies and crevices for the deprecatory moth or the annihilative bug. Indeed, brass was deemed repellent to the bug world at large. Little by little, though, the brass bedstead has been decked with canopies and flowing mantles in deference to the growing fashion for upholstered beds. Two hundred years ago beds and chiffoniers were profusely hung with fabrics, and to-day the fashion is returning with startling force, and bed valances, testers, canopies and paneled sides are now much in vogue. They are made to "match" the window curtains and importers have for some time past supplied a demand for sets, shams, spreads, chiffonier covers and window draperies. And the present system of draping a bed does not possess the quality of usefulness which applies to the mosquito canopy, but is essentially ornamental.—The Upholsterer.

News Nuggets.

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.

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.

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; domestic waiting 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—Very cheap. House and lot on Ogden avenue near Smith Court. G. M. West.

LOST—Bunch of keys on heart shaped ring. Finder please leave at this office or hand to Wm. Bacon. One key was postoffice—861. 31-11

FOR SALE—For sale at a bargain one 10 1/2 ft x 4 1/2 inch box boiler. Apply at the Iron Port office 31-11

FOR SALE—\$50, half cash balance in thirty or sixty days, will buy a fire and burglar proof safe. Apply at Iron Port.

FOR RENT—A centrally located hotel, with or without furniture, accommodations for 30 to 35. Lease for five years if wanted. Apply to L. A. Cates, Iron Port. 31-11

FOR SALE—A great bargain on a bicycle. Apply at this job office.

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 fooling, either. BITTNER, WICKERT & Co Escanaba, June 13, 1891. 13-51

A BUSINESS CHANCE—A good mill—with fine receiving and shipping facilities and situated where it can be worn out before the available timber can be used up, is for sale low, the proprietors being about to change location. For further particulars call on or address this office. 11

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.

RESTAURANT.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

—AT—

D. BEAUVAIS' RESTAURANT.

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, NUTS, TOBACCO and CIGARS

CHARGES REASONABLE.

No 700 Ludington Street.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

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,

—AND—

Smith & Barnes Pianos, and Clough & Warren Organs.

Which can be Bought at the Lowest Prices on the

INSTALLMENT PLAN!

Or a Liberal Discount will be Allowed on Cash Transactions.

ONE FACT we wish to make prominent, viz: We will not be undersold, and fully guarantee every instrument sent out by us to be exactly as represented. We are not here to-day and away to-morrow; if our instruments fail to fulfill the guarantee we are here to make it right at a moment's notice.

P. M. PETERSON.

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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.

A YOUNG MAN SAVED.

What Started Julius May on a Successful Career.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—If spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Tappan's offices could produce the arranged-for result.

Music and the drama libraries bound in Russia, instead of calf, fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth Avenue boarding-houses—these, and many other splendid things, had become very agreeable to the newly-fledged exquisite.

What must he do? He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—"Marry!"

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among all the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair.

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and who was perfect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast. She was no tenderly nurtured heiress, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world.

So Bessie won the decision, and he determined, if his new suit came home the next day, to offer Miss Bell the handsome person which it adorned.

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie watching the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes.

After dinner Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church's charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them.

Do they ever say what they intended? Do they remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did; for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence—Bessie laid her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Prof. Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal party—he is just gone to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying for; why, all our set know about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky mountains and California.

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all winter." "Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that? In all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances, is there matrimonial speculation? That would, indeed, be dreadful."

She loved her professor too truly; she had been simply pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all other gentleman friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little aviary and began cooing to her birds.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora; he must see her to-night; to-morrow Bessie would give her own version of his conduct, and then—well, he could not acknowledge that that would make any difference in Nora's liking for him.

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening. "Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."

"Going to do so, Nora?" "Yes, dear, I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me."

God grant that in the larger liberty to which woman aspires, she may consider how vast a power is her influence, and use it only for gracious ends—Amelia L. Barr in N. Y. Ledger.

had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, though whether he should offer himself to her or not was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. In a little while he managed to make the conversation drift toward Bessie.

"Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe?" "Oh, dear, no; not till she is twenty-one."

"Is it not rather a mesalliance?" Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright. "Certainly not. Prof. Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist—a man of world-wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul."

"Will you be glad when she marries?" "Very."

"Yet you will lose your friend?" "By no means. She will remain at home, and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl."

"Indeed! Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell."

"I may do so. I have no specific against doing such a thing eventually; but I am quite sure I shall not do so immediately."

"Why not?" "Because I cannot afford it. I am just one of those women who would be likely to make a mesalliance—in money matters—and I repeat, I cannot afford it just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband."

"I should like to know what it is." "A long European tour, with, perhaps, a peep at the Pyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem."

"Oh! dear!" said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. "I should have no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation?"

"None at all," she said, positively; and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober earnest she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it.

"Not so, sir; but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore," she said, with a bright, imperative face, "go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit."

"You have made a new man of me, Miss St. Clair," said Julius, enthusiastically. "When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?"

He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands—"Then you may come again." Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance before he offered himself again.

Next evening Bessie and Nora sat in the firelight, sipping their after-dinner coffee; it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly: "Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly, but said nothing. "That is, he wanted to marry my money; everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you, Nora."

"He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I saw he was in trouble, so I raved him something to do. Nothing like that old, old gospel of work when you're in trouble. When he had done it, I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of."

"All men need women to care for them; else why were women made? But I think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet-knights sometimes don armor and take the world by surprise."

"Not much," laughed Bessie. "Remember how England's 'curled darlings' stormed the Malakoff and battered down Sebastopol. I am going to trust Julius May for a year or two; I think he'll do."

"We shall see. Time proves all things." Time proved in this case what has often been asserted: "That every woman influences every man she comes in contact with, either for good or bad."

SUNG BY THE POETS.

In a box at the opera they sullenly sat, And the vilest type could see That they were enjoying a terrible spat, And were miserable as they could be.

At length he forgot as he looked at the stage, And exclaimed, in a tone of delight: "The villain is faded and fruitless his rage; But I don't understand the girl's fright."

In a tone that was chill as a December blast, The maiden made haste to reply: "She has just seen your face"—then the box was so cold That the frost cracked the glass in his eye. —Texas Hittings.

Youth and Age, When all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green, And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen; Then, hey for boot and horse, lad, and ride the world away; Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, and all the trees are brown, And all the sport is stale, lad, and all the wheels run down; Creep home and take thy place there, thy early friends among; God grant you find one face there you lov'd when all was young. —Sydney Bulletin.

The Summers O' Long Ago, When the summers cum crawlin' up Sycamore creek, 'N the shadders begun to fall short, When the birds war in tune, 'n my life was in June, 'N livin' was nobthin' but sport; Then as free as the winds o' the valley I was, 'N with barefooted feet I 'ud go Up 'n down th' green lanes, 'n the hillside 'n plains. Of the summers o' long ago.

I was red headed then, though my hair is now white, Except in th' place whar it's gone 'N my ole straw hat though it lacked a crown 'Was ez good ez a king might own; 'N nothin' don't make me feel half so big, Ez older 'n older I grow, Ez the music thet cums from th' buzzin' 'n hums Of th' summers o' long ago.

Et I sot on the fence when I went to hoe corn 'Twaz to figger how long it 'ud take, 'Nd if I was takin' a nap in th' shade 'Twaz to see 'n the 'ole 'n the rake; 'Nd Sycamore creek at the foot o' th' hill Hed musle 'n mirth in its flow, 'Nd th' katydids sizzed, 'n th' locusts buzzed In th' summers o' long ago.

But yer granddaddy hasn't a tooth to his name, 'N he don't seem at all like the boy Who waitized up 'n down thar on Sycamore creek With a whole wagon bed full o' joy; When the chipmunks 'ud squeak, 'n th' grass-hoppers zipped, 'N the tree toads was nobthin' quite slow— 'N yer granddaddy dreams o' the soun' 'n the streams Of the summers o' long ago. —A. W. Bellaw, in Light.

A Mystery, Our baby boy one day Folded his violet eyes, And from the waxen clay His white soul flew away To far-off Paradise.

His little hands so fair, We crossed upon his breast, And standing by him there We gave him to the care Of One who doeth best.

And when to final sleep We laid him out so low, We could not help but heap Upon him lilies deep And roses pure as snow.

And then, with courage great, His mother faced the years; But oft, when it was late, Among his toys she sat And fondled them with tears.

But now another child With wondrous violet eyes Rests on her bosom mild, And smiles as he had smiled To-day in Paradise.

And something seems to say To her, so sad before: "The soul that flew away Is back again to-day; Sweet mother weep no more!" —George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

The Old Front Gate, We swung last night on the old front gate, Did Mary, my love, and I; The hinges creaked as the hours grew late, And the stars made love in the sky.

The evening breeze brought the rose perfume On its dainty finger tips; No jealous pang in my heart found room When it kissed my Mary's lips.

We whispered long, and the far-off sky Was silent to hear us speak; And the bushes came with a tender, shy Sweetheart touch on her cheek.

We swung last night on the old front gate, Did Mary, my love, and I; The hinges creaked as the hours grew late, And the stars made love in the sky. —W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

How Did She Tell? (A True Story.) In little Daisy's dimpled hand two bright, new pennisies shone; One was for Rob (at school just then), the other Daisy's own.

While waiting Rob's return she rolled both treasures round the floor, When suddenly they disappeared, and one was seen no more.

"Poor Daisy! Is your penny lost?" was asked in accents kind. "Why, no! See 'ere!" she quickly said. "It's Rob's! I cannot find." —Caroline Evans, in St. Nicholas.

Economy, "We must economize, my dear," His wife said very sweetly, Her face took on an earnest look Which was his heart completely. "I think," she said, "that flannel shirts Would suit you very nicely, For summer time is coming and They are the thing precisely. Your laundry bill, you know, is large For shirts and cuffs and collars, 'Twould save, you see—and for my hat I need just twenty dollars." —Judge.

Faith and Science, They dwell apart, that radiant pair; In different garbs appear; And when the news of man they share, Have separate altars here.

A golden lamp the one displays, Of light still clear and keen; The other walks 'neath starry rays, With sometimes clouds between.

The voice of one enjoins the wise To mete, and weigh, and prove; The other lifts expectant eyes And only murmurs: "Love!"

Both teachers of celestial birth, To each be credence given; To Science that interprets Earth, To Faith the seat of Heaven. —Spectator.

USE DR. CRAIG'S ORIGINAL KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Crown Plasters and Pills. They are the only safe Remedies to use for those afflicted with Bright's Disease, Liver-Complaint and Urinary Affections. Only those prepared in the DRY FORM are the Original and the only Kidney and Liver Cure that will restore you to perfect health.

All Ladies Use C. B. R. A. Sold by all Druggists.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE. BUTTER, EGGS

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To canvass for a quick selling, reliable, household article for daily use. Experience not necessary.

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The Escanaba Man'g Co. OFFICE and BAR ROOM

FURNITURE!

Screen Doors and Windows, Odd-Sized Sash and Doors, and Window Frames, Etc.

Special Furniture to Order.

DOCTOR HACKER'S PURE PINK PILLS.

These Celebrated ENGLISH PILLS are a Positive Cure for Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Small Pleasants and a Favorite with the Ladies. Sold in England for 12 1/2d., in America for 25c. Get them from your Druggists, or send to W. H. HACKER & CO., 48 West Broadway, New York.

SWART DETACHABLE LINK BELTING. The Best. Now the Cheapest.

REDUCED PRICE LIST of 1750 belts & other specialties for Farmers, Contractors, Machinery for handling any material in bulk or package. LIKE BURT BARKER CO., 2011 Stewart Ave., Chicago.

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Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg

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AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO.

Office on Merchant's Dock. ESCANABA, MICH.

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. FLOUR AND FEED.

Flour, Feed, Hay AND Grain

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Choice Brands of Flour.

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SOFT DRINKS. J. JEPSON,

MANUFACTURER OF Aromatic Stomach, Wild Cherry and Stoughton Bitters, and Aereated Waters and all "Soft Drinks. Also agen for the celebrated Allouez Mineral Water from the Springs at Green Bay, Wis.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN

FOR SALE. Hart's Line Time Table.

STEAMER WELCOME

Leaves Garden at 6:00 a.m. " Nahma " Fayette " Arrives Escanaba " 11:00 a.m. Leaves " Fayette " 1:00 p.m. " Nahma " 3:00 p.m. Arrives Garden " 6:00 p.m.

STEAMERS FANNIE C. HART—EUGENE C. HART FOR MACKINAC STRAITS

Leaves Escanaba at 1:00 p.m. Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. FOR GREEN BAY At 2:00 p.m. Sunday & 7:00 a.m. Wednesday, and 2:00 p.m. Friday.

JOHN A. McNAUGHTAN, Agent.

For Sale Cheap! A desirable residence lot, 82x140, at the corner of Tweedie and Fannie streets.

Apply to Louis Jepson or at this office. 30-9

NOT SUITED TO THE PURPOSE.

"This pencil is too strong for me"—Lewis Carroll.

The editor struggled in vain with his pen, in only one way would it willingly move; He made a beginning again and again, And then said abruptly: "I must be in love!"

Yes; this must be why one fair face of all faces Between him and his "copy" continually crept, Presented itself in the smallest of spaces, And smiled at him out of the clouds when he slept.

"The remedy's surely before me—I'll write!" He muttered, and seized his recalcitrant pen.

"If I speak, I may possibly illustrate fright, And girls, as a rule, adore courage in men." Now this editor had a clear title to use The letters "B. A." as attached to his name, And why should so simple a matter confuse A mind so long trained to directness of aim?

The printers were calling for copy—no time Was his to debate, he must do it at once. "Perhaps she would fancy it more done in rhyme," He murmured: "Oh, why do I feel like a dunce?"

"Well, simple directness, it may be, is best; It might be ornate should I call her 'divine!'"

If she loves me, her own heart will furnish the rest."

"I love you," he wrote; "dearest, will you be mine?"

"I have analyzed carefully that which I feel, And I give it substantially in the above; Reply by the messenger to my appeal, And state, if you can, a return of my love."

He mused, and then dreamily added: "P. B. Write plainly on one side of paper, and give— It need not be published—your name and address. It is merely a form, for I know where you live."

The answer came swiftly; he read it between Two paragraphs of a discourse upon banks; And he stole to the shade of a Japanese screen.

"It's concluded," he said; "she's declined me—with thanks!"

—Margaret Vandegriff, in Century.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

He Got Not Only the Broken Slipper, But a Wife.

Peggy Hildreth was the belle of the village. No one ever questioned that fact. There were many girls as pretty as Peggy, but none as bright and saucy. Certainly no young girl of eighteen had had more suitors or knew better how to refuse them and still keep them at her feet.

Now, Peggy had a stepmother and no father, and like the traditional stepmother, this one was hard to live with. Perhaps Peggy was a little to blame herself, for she strongly objected being dictated to, even when, as Mrs. Hildreth would inform her, "it was only for her own good"; but as it was only the week before she had been heard to say she "should be glad when that witch was well married and out of the house," we can hardly blame Peggy for not having unquestioned faith in Mrs. Hildreth's desire for her good.

One afternoon, when these two had had a few words of anything but an amiable nature, the servant announced a caller for Miss Peggy, Mr. Jack Leslie, of the Seventh regiment, it appeared from the card, and Peggy hastened to meet him, looking, with her sparkling blue eyes and golden curls, gowned in a short-waisted white muslin tied up under the arms with a broad sash, like an animated Kate Greenaway picture.

"Oh, Jack, I am so glad you've come! Mrs. H. and I have been having it again, although I came out ahead," with a laugh.

"As usual, I see. But what were you quarreling over this time?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I called that young Bliss a fool or an idiot. I don't remember which, and as he is distantly related to Mrs. H., she naturally objected. We argued the matter to some length, and then she told me to prove my statement or take it back. I said I could, and that she would agree with me if she had only heard him propose the other night.

"It was done in this way," and Peggy stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees and toyed with an imaginary eyeglass: "Weally, Miss Hildreth, you weally must do me the au—extreme kindness of accepting my name and—au—estates, doncher know," and then after that she gave in," and Peggy took two waltz turns and sank into an easy chair and said:

"Now, Jack, let's have it. I know you've brought some good news by the disagreeable way the lines in your forehead run."

"Well, you've guessed aright, so just catch your breath while I relate all I know. The Seventh, intending giving a ball on the third of next month, and I've come over to invite you early so there can be no mistake about your going with me."

"Really, honor bright; cut your throat. Oh, how lovely! How nice of you to come over and tell me before the other girls knew anything about it!"

"Well, as long as you don't throw me over at the last minute for Overalle or any of the Wainwright boys, I shall feel repaid."

Peggy actually colored, for Howarth Overalle was one of the few men whom she could not bring to her feet. Not a very handsome man, but tall and distinguished looking, bearing himself like the true, honest soldier that he was. He had often watched Peggy Hildreth from afar, and contrasted her with the pale, tired, invalid sister he had at home in far-away Montana. Jack Leslie had purposely mentioned Overalle just to tease Peggy. He had always known her, and as she pestered him when it suited her mood, he once in awhile retaliated.

It was war to the knife between the two until Jack left, and then Peggy went upstairs to pull over some old trunks of her own mother's to see what she could find suitable to wear to the ball. She came across a beautiful white brocade with tiny pink rosebuds embroidered over it.

"Now," she soliloquized, "this would just suit me made up with a little of this brocade lace. Mrs. Hildreth will faint

will, but at the idea, and say I'll look like my own grandmother. Then perhaps somebody will fall in love with my own grandmother. Now, I'll put it on and dance the minuet with somebody's grandfather. I wished the somebody's grandfather looked like Howarth Overalle, the hateful old thing. I'd like the fun of refusing him. Now, Peggy, wait a moment. If Mr. Overalle should ask you to accompany him to Montana and spend a dull existence with an invalid sister and an old mother, would you, after all, refuse? Oh, bother, it's too warm to get into discussions with one's self."

And doing the sweet, old-fashioned gown up into a bundle, Peggy sauntered down to the village dressmaker, and, after leaving there, decided she'd just run in and see if Willow Tucker's boy was recovering from slow fever.

It was a poor little cottage into which Peggy wended her way, and the widow herself looked half-fed.

"I don't believe you've had any dinner to-day," thought Peggy, "and as you're too proud to ask for it, I'll have to plan."

"Why don't you take a walk while I sit by Jamie and tell him stories?" she said, aloud. "And, by the way, if you're going by my house just stop in and get my cape and tell Hannah to give you your dinner. It will save you cooking here."

The widow gladly went, and Peggy amused herself and Jamie inventing stories.

While in the middle of one she glanced up and beheld Howarth Overalle standing in the doorway with a look of rapt admiration on his face.

"Do you come here often?" was his first remark.

"Never," she replied, while Jamie's eyes dilated to such an extent one would know she was not telling the truth.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"My laundry," was the brief reply.

He saw her home through the twilight, and Peggy after that took more interest than ever in her gown for the "Third."

The evening came and with it Jack Leslie for Peggy, and when he saw her he exclaimed:

"Why, Peggy Hildreth, you lovely little picture! I'm almost tempted to carry you off by main force, you look so beautiful."

"Well, you needn't," serenely remarked Peggy, as she gathered her opera cloak around her and let him put her into the carriage.

Words of admiration could be heard from all sides as she entered the hall with her escort. And she did look lovely. The golden curls were gathered on to the top of her head, and the beautiful brocade was modernized. Slippers had been made to match the gown, and although Peggy took only a three boot, she had squeezed her foot into a two, the result being before the evening was half over in one giving way when she was dancing with Capt. Van Leaten.

"Now," said Peggy, philosophically, "I am finished for dancing. All I can do is to flirt."

"No such thing," said the captain. "I shall send for more slippers," and he was as good as his word.

When they came Peggy was surrounded by admirers, and holding up the pretty broken slipper, she said:

"Now what do you bid for it?"

"A box of gloves," said Jack Leslie.

"Two boxes," said Capt. Van Leaten.

"I'll go you one better and offer three boxes and a five-pound box of candy," exclaimed an ardent admirer.

Peggy saw Mrs. Hildreth gazing at her in horror, and with her eyes dancing with merriment she said:

"Come quickly! Bid away! I'll marry the highest bidder!"

"A diamond bracelet!"

"Diamond pin!"

"Two tickets for Patti!"

And so the bids rattled on and Peggy found herself the center of a large and admiring circle and she began to wish she was well out of it all.

At that moment Mr. Overalle appeared, and stepping forward quickly, said:

"I offer over-all." And Peggy laughingly called: "Gone!" and started waltzing with the highest bidder.

The circle disbanded, murmuring: "Tricked," "Puns not allowed," and similar remarks, but Peggy was happy, and when half an hour later she met the possessor of her slipper in the conservatory, and he asked her if she would confirm her remark and marry the highest bidder, she only said in a half laughing manner, but with a serious look in the blue eyes for once: "I always keep my word."—Boston Globe.

CONFIDENTIAL BORES.

A Species of Nuisance That Makes One Long for a Sandbag.

Of the class Bore—and, alas! what a comprehensive class it is!—few specimens are so annoying as the individual who insists on being confidential with one on a short acquaintance. Of course, reader, you have met with him in society. An hour after you have been introduced to him he has made you his father-confessor. His likes and dislikes, his prospects, weaknesses, grievances, opinions, are all very much at your service. Every time he meets you he will treat you to a new installment of his experiences.

A more uninteresting creature than the confidential bore does not live, and yet it is his misfortune (and yours) to think that he interests everybody. He usually has some personal merit or defect which he makes his special hobby, and rides over you roughshod with it. The laws of good breeding forbid one to insult the nuisances, but the unregenerate man longs to insert his fingers into their neckcloths and stop the flow of drivel with an impromptu tourniquet.

Perhaps these creatures ought to be pitied for their weakness—but the man who can pity one of them while being subjected to his persecutions is capable of weeping over the death of a mad dog or of saying to a hornet that has just stung him in the eye: "Go thy way; the world is large enough for thee and me." Of all bores, preserve us from the confidential species.—N. Y. Ledger.

HOW MIRRORS ARE MADE.

The Best Are Now Backed With Plates of Pure Silver.

Probably few of those who find the mirror so essential an article in the home know that its manufacture is one of the most closely guarded secrets in the industrial world. It is asserted on high authority that, simple as would seem the few processes required, even those who have worked for years on one portion of the production, know nothing of the other branches. There are but few manufactories in the country; in fact, in all the great manufacturing region lying between New York and Chicago but one firm produces plate glass mirrors.

So closely is the secret of fine mirror-making kept, it is said, that many of the most valuable processes are not even covered by patent, the procuring of which would be attended with more or less publicity, even in those cases where patent might legally be claimed, and the knowledge lives close locked in the breasts of but few people in the whole country. The plate glass which is used for mirrors must of course be of the choicest description, as the slightest flaw would be fatal. It is taken in the unfinished form to the factory, where it is cut, beveled, polished and silvered. The time required in the manufacture has been greatly shortened by the recent developments of the art of working, so that what only a few years ago required nearly a month in the accomplishment may now be completed within a single day.

The bevels are cut, first by the action of sand and water, followed by the emery wheel, which is the last stage open to public inspection till the polishing, through several additional processes, has been completed. But it is the silvering that the most delicate and important steps are taken, as the most carefully prepared glass is valueless if the silvering be anywhere defective. Formerly the back of the glass was coated with mercury, or quicksilver, from which the name of the process was derived; but the name is now even more true, since the backs of fine mirrors are generally coated with sheets of pure silver—or it would be more proper to say that they are backed with a plate of silver. This is a great improvement in many ways, to say nothing of the economy in the use of quicksilver. Not a few good housewives will recall how provoking it has been to find that a patch of the coating had peeled from the mirror in the "spare room," the loss not being discovered till a valued and perhaps slightly critical guest was expected as an occupant for that very room, and when there was no time, and perhaps not the means, to replace the now worthless looking-glass. This can not happen, of course, when the backing is a solid sheet of metal. Another advantage is in the greater reflective powers of the pure silver as now prepared. Formerly a reflection of two-thirds the light received was a very flattering result, and as low as sixty per cent. was very satisfactory; now at least ninety-five per cent. of the light is reflected from first-class glasses.—Newton Norton, in Jury.

Pimples, Headaches, Loss of Sleep, a Weary Feeling, Pains in Body or Limbs, Want of Appetite, Eruptions. If you suffer from any of these symptoms, take

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DOMESTIC WARE.

A GRADUATING ESSAY.

Dear Friends! My essay is to-night
On Woman's Future Sphere—
(I wonder how I look in white;
My sash tints rather queer).
Of late years only woman threw
Her shackles off and roared—
(Oh, dear! I never had a shoe
So pinch and hurt my toes).
No longer a slave to selfish man
She will new heights explore—
(Suppose they recognize my fan
I borrowed from next door).
Her brain, once dulled, is active now;
Her tongue, once stilled, can speak—
(Before the glass I learned my bow;
It took me just one week).
Armed with her knowledge and its strength
She will the world overcome—
(My gloves have quite a stylish length,
One's bursted on the thumb).
Man will, yes, must acknowledge that
We women lead in all—
(I'm thinking if a bigger hat
Will be the thing next fall).
Dear Friends, Adieu! Our future sphere
I know will be immense—
(Just look at my bouquets—I fear
Fell growl at the expense).
—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

JIMMIE AND PETE.

A Pathetic Story of an Outcast Boy and His Dog.

No more disreputable-looking couple could be found than they. The boy wore a soft hat that was pulled far down over a pair of sharp, shrewdly twinkling eyes. His coat was short, ragged at the elbows and ends of the sleeves, and was buttoned closely up to his chin. The trousers he wore were faded, and had evidently belonged to some one larger than he, for they were rolled up at the bottoms, just enough to keep them from resting on a pair of shoes that were cracked and run down and covered with dry mud.

His hands were thrust deep in his trousers' pockets, and he leaned forward as he shuffled over the pavement and up to the fountain in Paradise park. Looking at his face, one would judge him to be anywhere between ten and twenty years of age. In stature, he did not appear to be more than twelve.

The boy's companion was a dog—a long-legged, thin-bodied dog, about the size of a bull terrier.

Where there was hair on its body—it had been torn off in many places—the animal was black. Its jaw was long and deep, and when the skin was drawn back from the teeth, the dog seemed to be grinning. The animal's eyes heightened such an effect, for they were of a kind that rolled in an expressive manner.

They were Jimmie and Pete. As Jimmie, the boy had always been known about the locality. An old policeman, who had looked him up once for stealing some money from a drunken sailor, had told the boy that he had been born on Blackwell's island at a time when his mother was serving a term for disorderly conduct.

From the same source he learned that his father had been killed while indulging in burglary, and Jimmie felt prouder after that. He could not remember either of his parents, and often wondered who had looked after him until he got big enough to make his own living by stealing.

But he remembered distinctly the night that he and Pete had joined fortunes. It was a night when the wind whistled around the corners with a cruel sharpness and found its way through every rent in his tattered garments. Jimmie had often told how he had crawled into the ice-cart that night for shelter and heard the growling of a black object in one corner as he crept toward the forward end.

He remembered distinctly that the growling had startled him at first, and that five minutes later he and the dog had curled up in the corner together. When he awoke in the morning Pete was still there and greeted his waking with a vigorous whacking of his tail against the bottom of the cart. From that night they had never been separated for a moment. The outcasts had wandered about the streets together, slept on the docks in summer, in wagons and alleys in winter, and shared each other's joys and fortunes.

Jimmie would steal for Pete, and the dog would steal anyhow. No butcher dared leave his front door open when Pete was in the neighborhood.

As Jimmie leaned against the edge of the fountain he regarded Pete with a contemptible air. He was thinking of that nice little girl, with the long yellow hair, who lived in an uptown street. He and Pete had been wandering aimlessly along the street, he remembered, the first time he had seen her.

She was playing with some other little girls, and had a big ball of popcorn in her hand. Pete saw that she was eating something, and went over to investigate. When he tried to snatch the popcorn from her hand, she turned, patted him on the head and said: "Poor doggie." Pete had leaped high into the air, wagged his tail in a perfectly frantic fashion, and leered at the little girl in a manner that made her laugh. Then she gave Pete a big piece of popcorn, which was immediately carried to his master.

When she saw Jimmie, the little girl, who was somehow very different from the little girls around Paradise park, came over to him and began to talk. Jimmie remembered that he was almost afraid to say anything to her, she seemed so nice. She asked him about his mother and father, to which he replied with a grin and a hoarse chuckle. Then she asked him if he ever went to Sunday-school. He grinned harder than ever and croaked: "Holy cheel Sunday-school!"

Jimmie wondered why the little girl looked so sorry when he told her that he and Pete slept in the streets.

"And haven't you any home at all?" she asked him.

"Naw," he replied; "what do we want a home fur? Me'n Pete's all right, ain't we, Pete?" Pete had grinned for reply.

Jimmie chuckled as he thought of the fat, red-cheeked boy who had come up at this juncture and told the nice little

girl not to talk to such a dirty boy but to come and play with him.

Jimmie didn't say anything at the time, but he laughed and the little girl smiled when Pete gave a yelp and dashed between the fat boy's legs in a mad chase after a cat, which action of Pete's had thrown the fat boy off his feet.

After his first encounter with the little girl, Jimmie and Pete had often gone through the street when the little girl was playing there. She always spoke to Jimmie. Sometimes he stood on the corner and watched her until she went into the big, fine house where all the servants were.

At this point Jimmie's meditations were interrupted by a short, thick-set man with an evil face, who came over to him and said:

"Hello, Jimmie. Doin' anything to-night?"

"Nope," was the reply. "Got a job for yer," said the other, laconically; "meet me'n Bill at the old place; same time's usual."

"All right, Kid," said Jimmie, and the man went away.

Shortly after twelve had struck that night two men, a boy and a dog emerged from a Baxter street alley and proceeded up town. When they had gone a considerable distance Jimmie, for he was of the party, asked:

"Where's the crib?"

"It's old Johnson's, the banker's house," the Kid replied.

Up town they went until they came to the street where the nice little girl with the yellow hair lived. Then they turned, went half way down the block and stopped in the shadow of a stoop opposite where she lived. Jimmie's heart began to beat rapidly, and mechanically he placed one hand on the dog's head. Pete looked up into his face and then pressed close against him.

"Now, Jimmie," whispered the Kid, "we'll put you through the transom. You open the door for us."

"I don't want to go in there," the boy said, beginning to edge away.

Quick as a flash the Kid seized him by the throat. One hand the Kid put in his pocket, and when he brought it out there was a long, cruel-looking knife in it.

"See here," he said, ominously; "do yer see that knife? Well, you'll git it if you come any funny business. We ain't got no time to fool with you. Now, go ahead."

Jimmie and the Kid crossed the street and glided up the stoop. Bill and the dog remained behind. Pete had been on such expeditions before and knew just what to do.

In a moment Jimmie was through the transom and had opened the front door. The hall was dark and Jimmie was glad, because he didn't want the other to see his face; but he was afraid the Kid would hear his heart beat.

When the door was opened Bill came over. The latch on the front door was fastened back and both men entered. "You watch out for the cops," was the Kid's injunction to Jimmie.

The boy slipped to the other side of the street and crouched in the shadow of a stoop, with Pete beside him. On the second floor of the house he had come from a faint light was burning. He remembered that he had seen the little girl at one of the windows there.

Suppose she should wake up and cry, and the Kid should get her by the throat? He rose quickly to his feet, glanced hastily up and down the street, and started on a run toward the avenue, the dog beside him. Looking eagerly up and down the avenue, he ran down for a block and into the arms of a policeman.

Several minutes later half-a-dozen policemen ran swiftly up to the banker's house, with Jimmie and Pete in the lead. One of the blue-coats whispered to the boy. He went up the stoop to the door, opened it, and, as he did so, a man bounded out and cleared the stoop at a leap. Jimmie saw a pair of hand-cuffs flash as a powerful hand seized his coat-collar and drew him into the dark hallway. He heard the latch click as the front door was shut. Then he heard the voice of the Kid, which muttered: "Damn yer, ye'll never go back on anybody else, if I swing for it."

Jimmie thought of the big, bright knife he had seen that night, and wriggled out of his coat. He put his hand against the wall and tried to follow it. When he had taken three steps he was seized by the neck. Then he felt a pain in his side, and cried "Pete!" before he sunk to the floor.

The glass in the hall door was smashed into fragments as a long, black object shot through it. Before the Kid could withdraw the knife something had gripped him by the throat. He tried to shake it off, but it only clung the tighter.

He began to choke and tried to find the knife that was sticking in the boy's body, but could not. Then he clutched the dog and tried with what strength was left him to tear it from his neck, but with each effort the animal's teeth only sank deeper. For but a moment longer the struggle in the darkness went on, and then the Kid lost consciousness.

When they lit the gas in the hall they found the carpets and walls sprinkled with blood that had come from a dozen deep gashes in the dog.

"We'll have to get a couple of stretchers for the bodies," said one of the policemen; "we can throw the dog out in the street." Then he added: "I wonder who the boy was?"—N. Y. Sun.

—A worthy schoolmaster of a parish school economized time by flogging all the bad boys on Saturday. On one occasion an urchin insisted on knowing what he was whipped for. Because his name was on the list was the only reason given; but, upon investigation, the master of the rod discovered that he had picked up the wrong list, and flogged all the good boys of the confirmation class.—Presbyterian.

—"See here, my friend," said a farmer to a tramp, "you've been lyin' in the shade of that fence fer over thirteen hours. Ain't it 'bout time to move on?" "If you say so," replied the tramp, struggling to his feet, "I s'pose it is. I'm only tryin' to make my shoes last as long as possible."

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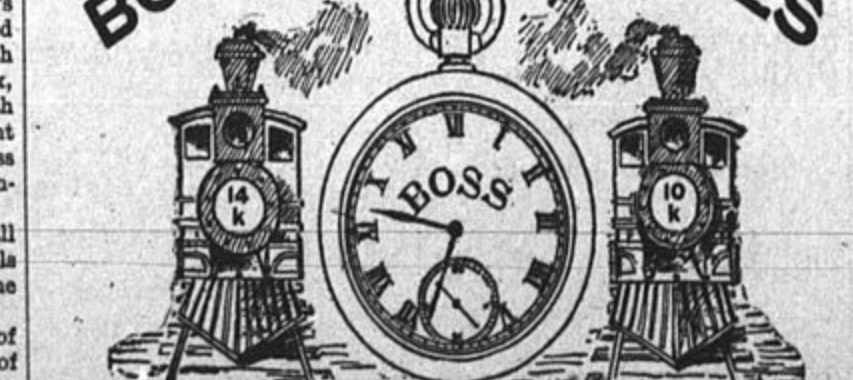


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