

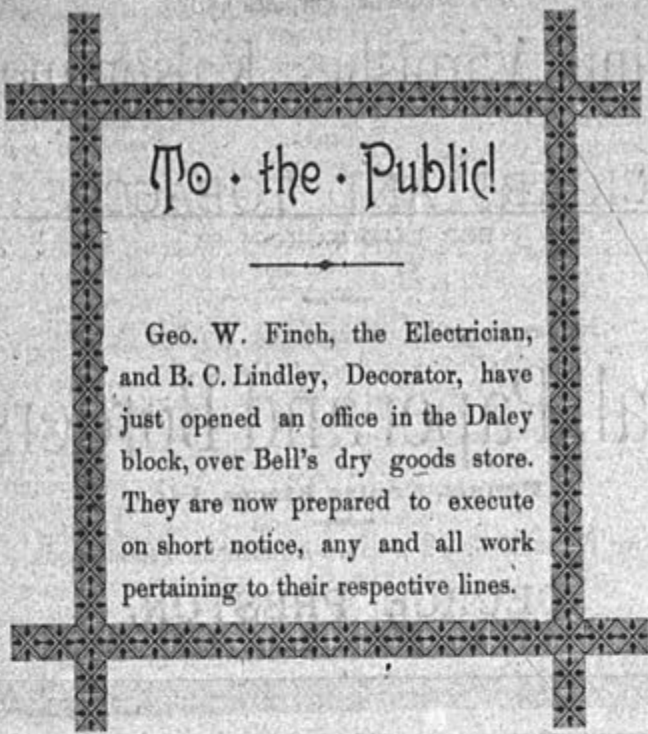
# SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT.

VOLUME XXII, NO. 33.

ESCANABA, MICH., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 4, 1891.

NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 36.

ELECTRICIAN-DECORATOR



Geo. W. Finch, the Electrician, and B. C. Lindley, Decorator, have just opened an office in the Daley block, over Bell's dry goods store. They are now prepared to execute on short notice, any and all work pertaining to their respective lines.

CLOTHING-DRY GOODS.

FOR

## GOOD-GOODS

AND

### LOW PRICES

Call and see us as we have the most complete and largest stock ever displayed in the city. People wishing to buy.

## Men's and Boys' Clothing

Should call and see us before buying elsewhere as we can

### Save You from 33-1-3 to 50 Per cent.

—AL O UR—

## DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Was never so complete as at the present time.

We have purchased so heavily that we are compelled to sell cheaper than any other store in the town to make room for the goods that are arriving daily. Call and convince yourself at

## Kratze's : Double : Store.

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 live man can to please.

YOURS TRULY,

J. N. MEAD, Escanaba, Mich.

TAILORING.

## Abe Gluckstein, MERCHANT TAILOR

LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA.

## NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

NOW ARRIVING.

### SPECIAL BARGAINS

## FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS.

### AN ELEGANT LINE OF PANTINGS!

You are invited to inspect my Line Before Leaving your Measure Elsewhere.

## THREE FATAL ACCIDENTS.

### LIST OF UNFORTUNATES HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

One Campbell Falls Through an Open Hatch on the Baldwin—Jos. Kelly Killed—Kennedy Falls Between the Cars.

A letter from Harbor, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, gives information that Joseph Kelly, supposed to be a resident of this city or vicinity was accidentally killed at that place last Saturday and that his remains will be kept in the receiving vault for a few days, in order that his friends may be notified. Communications may be addressed to A. J. Beckwith, township trustee, Harbor, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

A young seaman named Campbell fell through an open hatch on the schooner Baldwin on Monday and was taken to hospital where he lingered until Wednesday morning and died. His father, a Port Huron physician, was communicated with and arrived here yesterday to take charge of the body of his son.

One Kennedy, a brakeman, fell between the cars of the train which he was employed, at Iron Mountain, last Saturday, and was killed. The brotherhood of brakemen here took charge of his body and forwarded it to his home, Pittsburgh, to the care of the brotherhood there.

#### Labor Day Observances.

Tomorrow evening, at Opera Grand, will begin the observance of "Labor Day," though the day itself is Monday next. The orator, Mr. Britz, of Chicago, will address the public upon the question which beyond all others interests it now—the rights and wrongs of labor. Turn out and hear him. On Monday the Labor Union will march through Ludington and Charlotte streets to Eden Park and will there picnic all day. Mr. Britz will address them there, and there will be games and amusements; hard-handed labor will have a day of its own and will put it in as shall seem fit and desirable. That the occasion will be enjoyable there is no question (except that of weather) and that it will be enjoyed is equally certain.

#### The U. P. Appointments.

Gov. Winans, at Detroit on Monday night en route from this peninsula to Lansing, said of Mr. James B. Cooper, for world's fair commissioner, "I have not yet made the appointment, but will do so as soon as I reach Lansing. I had a long conference with him and my mind is made up to appoint him and he will accept." And as to the officers for Dickinson county he said: "I picked out the men whom I shall appoint, but I am not going to make them public until just before the law goes into effect, and that is October 3. I had a complete set to fill, from sheriff to court commissioner. It was quite a task, but I have selected the best men, and I believe they will give satisfaction."

#### Gas Turned on Wednesday.

The Lighting Co. made gas on Tuesday and turned it into the mains, to displace the air in them and in the holder, on Wednesday. It was pretty good work to do it, from the start, in thirty days. There is still work to be done; the gas-holder and its connections is to be housed in and a portion of the plant (the "scrubbers") is but temporary and is to be replaced by a larger and better, but as it is the plant can furnish gas, all that it has orders for, and the work at that end will keep pace with the demand at the other.

#### Michigan Mining School.

A State School of Mining Engineering, giving practical instruction in Drawing, Physics, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Shop-practice, Chemistry, Assaying, Ore Dressing, Metallurgy, Surveying, Mining, Mineralogy, Petrography, Geology, etc. Has summer schools in Surveying, Shop-practice and Field Geology. Laboratories, Shops and Stamp Mill well equipped. Tuition free. For catalogue apply to the Director, Houghton, Michigan. 35 18

#### Police Court Echoes.

O'Donnell, for the black eye he gave O'Brien, was fined. Fine, costs and attorney's fee must have cost him \$50; more than the fun was worth.

G. Stadt could have got off with the usual \$5 and costs, having been just d and d, but he insisted on the full schedule—attorney to defend and jury to try—and had to pay for it, the jury said so.

#### Lights for Thomas Street.

The council has ordered and the Lighting Co. is now putting in five arc lights on Thomas street, in front of the railway offices, one at Wolcott, one at Campbell, one at Gerogia, and one at Mary Streets. They were needed.

#### Three Lives Lost.

The G. W. Morley ran into and sunk the E. H. Jenks in the Detroit river Monday night. Three lives were lost—the captain's wife, the second engineer and a fireman—all of whom were below, asleep.

#### Garden Cleanings.

Senator H. M. Youmans is visiting his son Elmer and friends at Van's Harbor. The senator was once a partner in the lumber business with Mr. L. Van Winkle. John St. John, who had been suffering

with cancer on the lower lip died the 28th instant, at 9 p. m., from the effects. He sent for a notary public to make his will about six hours before he died, leaving all his effects to his wife.

Ulysses Van Winkle and wife contemplate a visit to New York during the month of September.

Farmers are busy harvesting. Wheat, oats and barley will turn out a fair crop in spite of the very dry season. Late potatoes are doing well.

The Jackson Iron Co. have sold their stock of goods to Messrs. Perkins & Son, who will dispose of what they can and move the remainder to Negaunee.

We are having plenty of rain now, which is bad for harvesting.

Van Winkle & Montague have just completed another dam on the upper Fish dam.

#### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Comings and Goings of People as Told by Iron Port Reporters.

Misses Netta McLaughlin and Adelaide and Elizabeth Van Duzer, who have been a fortnight guests of Mrs. Longley and "the Colonel," departed for Cleveland yesterday by the I. H. Owen.

Miss Rosie Greenhoot returned to her home in Chicago on Wednesday, after a visit here of some two weeks duration.

Mrs. W. N. Van Duzer went, by the Hart line on Wednesday, to visit at Green Bay for a fortnight.

Messrs. Nugent and Hart, guests of Jas. Blake returned to their homes yesterday. Supt. Healy of the telephone service went to the races at Green Bay Wednesday.

Mrs. M. E. McLaughlin, who had visited Mrs. Longley, departed on Wednesday evening for her home at Fort Scott, Kansas.

Dr. Long visited at Menominee on Sunday.

Miss Thompson arrived from her trip to Lake Erie last Sunday.

Mrs. Yockey went to Chicago yesterday.

Miss Laura McHugh will have charge of Mrs. Jockey's millinery rooms.

Rev. D. W. Hurlbert, who has been visiting J. N. Mead, returned to Milwaukee on yesterday. Miss Lulu Mead accompanied him to visit there.

Mrs. J. Peebles went to Chicago last Monday.

Mort Hitchcock, Ed. Donovan, George Rowe, and others have been at Green Bay for the races.

Rev. Mr. Whitney is out of town attending conference.

Nick. Riley attended the Green Bay races this week.

Mrs. L. S. Franklin attended the wedding of her brother, W. W. Stoddard, at Appleton, Thursday.

Dick McLean was in town Tuesday evening.

The Gertrude lay at the Hart line dock over night from Tuesday Wednesday. On board were Supt. Geo. Farnsworth and Messrs. J. Scherrer and F. Good, of the Bay de Noquet Co., Nahma.

J. A. Burns and wife and Miss Sarah McHale went to Chicago Tuesday evening.

Ed. Erickson did not get away, as expected, on Sunday, but on Wednesday.

George Barclay has gone to Manistique, where he may tarry over winter.

Capt. John Coffey, in town on Monday, said there was an awful sea running Saturday and Sunday.

John Glaser, who has visited his brother Emil for some days, returned to his home at Cleveland yesterday.

Julius Greenhoot departed for Chicago, to buy goods, on Wednesday.

License to marry was issued on Tuesday to James C. Marshall and Lucy Collins, both of Escanaba.

John Gross has been at Green Bay, at the fair, this week.

John Zittler went to Appleton yesterday.

M. Lee, from Storm Lake, Iowa, is clerk at the New Ludington.

John Christie is at Green Bay, taking in the races.

Miss Golden and Misses Annie and Maggie Killian have returned from their trip around the lakes.

Tony Erickson has gone to Milwaukee. Ed. and Mrs. Erickson went to Chicago Wednesday evening.

Rebekah Lodge Installed.

Messrs. Heineman and Jackson, of Negaunee, with a delegation of Rebekahs from that city, arrived here on Wednesday morning, were received and entertained during the day by resident Odd Fellows and ladies, and in the evening organized and instituted "Phoebe Lodge" of the Rebekah order, initiated 29 candidates and installed the officers of the new lodge, who are: W. J. Hutton; N. G. Mrs. A. L. Paul, V. G., Mrs. Gluckstein, sec., Mrs. Brown, treasurer, and B. Rich, district deputy. The new lodge starts off with good prospects.

Myers Likely to Live.

It turns out that the wound inflicted by Armstrong upon Myers is not as severe as was at first stated; is not necessarily mortal nor, taking Myers' good condition and reserve of strength into account, likely to prove so. He is progressing favorably as a man with his thigh-bone smashed can.

A Handsome Gift.

Bishop Vertin celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood last Monday. From the priests of his diocese he received an outfit of vestments and from the laity a purse containing \$4,000.

## GENERAL CITY JOTTINGS

### CLEANED BY IRON PORT REPORTERS.

In Their Wanderings about the Municipality, and Condensed for Easy Reading—Many Other Notes Briefly Chronicled.

Geo. Barclay visited the Ropes mine Wednesday and was allowed to handle the "chunk" of gold and silver just turned out—a mass "as big as your hat," says George—worth, say, \$2,500. All the same, Ropes stock can be had for about one in ten of its face value. He saw the Michigan, too, but we don't think he bought any shares.

The city council says that the existing ordinances are sufficient—that nothing is needed, if the wheels are run upon the sidewalks but to enter complaint against any who shall offend; so look out, boys; nobody wants to curtail your pleasures, but people who have only legs and feet have the right to the sidewalks as against the wheels.

The guests of the editor were sent away with the taste of trout in their mouths. "Old Man Young" furnished the fish—eighteen inches long and as pretty as a rainbow—out of Lake Superior water, and therefore fat and heavy. But we'll have the flavor no more for a year; the season is over and the fish safe from all honorable fishermen.

R. C. Hathway Chapter, No. 49, O. E. S. will elect officers for the ensuing year Tuesday evening, Aug. 8th.

A new picket fence materially improves Lake View cemetery.

The gas works will be completed within a fortnight.

Bring your job printing to the Iron Port. Good work; low prices.

The track of the street railway will be completed this week, but the wiring will occupy another and we can hardly look for car service before the 15th.

The fair in the opera house is a success from every point of view. Only two days remain; if you have not yet visited it do so now.

The public schools will open next Monday.

Remember the Sunday school services next Sunday, at the Presbyterian church.

Van Valkenburg has sold his dairy and milk route to Norman Eddy. He advertised it in Iron Port and found a customer of course.

John Jordan is building a new pop factory.

Read B. C. Lindley's new advertisement in today's paper.

M. A. Asher is no longer numbered among Escanaba's business men, having removed his stock of clothing to Marinette the first of the week.

On Saturday, Aug. 29, Justice Stonehouse joined Joseph Perry and Emma Wendt in marriage. Both are of our city.

Work of "wiring" for the electric road was begun last Monday.

Rathfon Bro's have a new ad in this number of Iron Port. "Knox Hats" are mentioned; look it up.

A business house to let, a good location "on the hill", inquire at this office.

O. V. Linden rejoices in a son, born a week since.

W. W. Oliver was the first to introduce the gas. His store was lighted with it Wednesday evening. Corcoran, Hoyler and others are ready or will be in a day or so.

Ask Capt. Charlie Burns how he happened to capsize. If he won't tell try Jim Blake, they were both in it—all over.

The fishing party—Tracy, Blake and Burns—finished the season on the Whitefish and arrived at home Tuesday, having "fished every hole in the river, from its head to its mouth," and caught many a trout.

The alarm of fire Tuesday night was caused by a burning charcoal car in the railway yard.

That Oshkosh police is "too fly"—to pick up yachtsmen as suspicious characters tends to stand off visitors from the town.

Two cars for our street railway arrived on Wednesday morning. They are from the Pullman works.

Half a dozen cases of typhoid at the hospital; some from the woods but some, also, from town.

Frank Winegar and wife lost their little one—Mary Magdalen—on Wednesday.

Paul Giebel has taken the agency for the "Apollo" cigars and will supply this peninsula with that brand of goods.

Don't (but you can't) overlook Schram's new advertisement. Louis "buys close," and can therefore sell low.

Mr. Spoor's residence is for sale. Look at the want column.

Booth has opened a fish and oyster house, Del. Winegar in charge, at 517 Ludington street.

Opening Entertainment.

The opening of the Scandinavian Reading Rooms last Friday evening was an entertainment well worth remark.

The opening number was a song by Hedin's choir, given in a manner which reflected credit on both teacher (or leader) and members. Hedin's choir will be a

drawing card hereafter. A piano duet by Misses Melby and Thompson was deservedly encored as was a humorous solo by Miss Melby, following. A recitation in Swedish by Miss Ella Stevenson was fine. There was also a dialogue (the Irish love letter) given by Misses Hilma Peterson, Mary Bolla and Garda Strom. Gardfield's Ride, by Gunderson, and the Durbey Sermon by J. A. Stronberg were the closing numbers and were well done. The association is on its feet already.

A Dynamite Carriage Found.

A carpenter at work last Monday upon the roof of the little dwelling next west of the People's opera house, saw upon the roof of the opera house an object which excited his curiosity and called the attention of the men employed in the opera house by the Escanaba Manufacturing company to it. Examination developed the fact that it was a dynamite cartridge, of the usual size for blasting—eight or ten inches long and an inch or over in diameter. It had lain upon the roof for some time, as the paper envelope had been soaked and broken by the rains and the substance of the cartridge itself in some degree softened.

There was no fuse attached, nor any exploder, a fact which suggests that the person who placed it where it was found was ignorant of the use of the stuff, and it may be that to his ignorance we owe it that the cartridge lay there, doing no harm, until Monday; that we escaped a "haymarket" business during the first week in August.

We need not indulge in any remarks; a bare statement of the fact is all that is necessary; and we leave it so.

Late City News Notes.

Louis Schram, now in the east buying goods, writes that he is taking advantage of some bargains, and advises people to await the arrival of his purchases.

Tennessee legislature proposes to establish the whipping post, to relieve the penitentiary. Good scheme.

Wait for the arrival of Schram's new fall and winter stock.

Schram will offer some genuine bargains in fall and winter goods soon.

Louis Kauffmann has oysters in all styles—shell or can—See him.

A reciprocity treaty with Mexico is under consideration.

Fresh lobsters, salmon, and oysters at Kauffmann's.

Louis Kauffmann is serving oysters on half shell. Also all other styles.

A great lay-out at Kauffmann's saloon, Oysters in all styles.

Oysters at Kauffmann's.

Wait for Schram.

Port List.

Arrived since Aug. 30. Tom Adams, New Orleans, Roman, Norman, White Star, Joliet, Ed. Smith, Marvin, Merrimac, Metacom, Red White and Blue, Bacon, Street, Farwell, Sheldon, Bart, Massachusetts, Maryland, B. Barnes, Ira H. Owen, Corona, Pueblo.

Sailed since Aug. 30. Wall, Kent, New Orleans, Joliet, New Orleans, Tom Adams—Buffalo, Narragansett, Merrimac, Metacom, Wesley, Massachusetts, Maryland, B. Barnes—Chicago. White Star—Elk Rapids. Street—Fruitport, Marvin, Ed. Smith—Cleveland. Farwell, Sheldon, Bacon, Bart, I. H. Owen, Corona, Pueblo Ashtabula.

The Swedish Church Fair.

The attendance upon the Swedish church fair has exceeded four hundred every evening, so far, and the receipts have been all that was hoped for. Two events remain to be decided—who of the five candidates shall have the cane, the five being J. N. Mead, G. T. Burns, E. C. Wickert, Ed. Nelson and George Rowe; and who shall have the parlor suite, that to be decided by lot on Saturday evening. There will be chances for sale up to the time of drawing the lots. Nothing succeeds like success, and we expect the latter half of the week to be more remunerative than that which has passed.

Does Not Materialize.

The new democratic daily which was to appear this week at Marquette does not come. The Sunday Times, from which the daily was to grow, says:

"As to the date of issuing the daily edition it is not definitely fixed. There are certain requirements to be met, certain arrangements to complete which we regard as too essential to be disregarded. There is no occasion for undue haste. The public is not in distress for news."

Expensive Amusement.

Some of the lads who amuse themselves by boxing and wrestling in and in front of the postoffice at mail time, paid for their fun yesterday. On the previous evening, in their horse-play, they managed to smash one of the big panes of glass.

If the expenditure teaches them that the postoffice lobby is not a proper gymnasium we shall feel like "chipping in" with them. But we want to be sure they have the lesson, first.

Wanted a Still Hunt.

The mayor and the sheriff were anxious that the finding of the dynamite should be kept quiet in order that a still hunt might be carried on for the person who placed it on the roof, but the fact had got abroad before it reached them, even, and there was nothing to be gained by keeping silent in the newspaper while the "buzz" went up and down the streets.

Bounced the Cashier.

The New York Life Insurance Co. has bounced its cashier, T. M. Banta. He had been writing to the newspapers.

COMING AND GOING.

As the dewy dink of April slides, With day's bright crown his regal brows adorning...

AT THE CROSS KEYS.

An Interesting Story of the Revolutionary War Times.

Innkeeper Van Buren, aproned to the chin, leaned against the framework of the open door, and lazily launched a ring of tobacco smoke on the balmy air of the September evening.

Sword," and proceeded to sing the following, to the air of an old sea song: Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee sword!

(who was already hustling about her work) for an explanation of this phenomenon, the good lady folded her arms and replied: "Mr. Van Buren, that's a state secret!"

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, TABLETS, ETC., ETC. ESCANABA Marble Granite Company.

NEW LIVERY FIRM Bergeon & Kraus, (Successors to Jo Bergeon.)

Everything - First-Class! ORDER BY TELEPHONE.

SULPHUR BITTERS The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

Escanaba Oyster House AND Family Resort Restaurant, J. B. Dufort, Prop'r.

DRUGGIST. GEORGE PRESTON, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Pure Old Liquors...

EPHRAIM & MORRELL. M. EPHRAIM. ROBERT E. MORRELL. Ephraim & Morrell, Merchant Tailors & Furnishers.

HEATERS! TOOLS! WALLACE'S 301 Ludington St. 301 Ludington St.

MINERAL LANDS AND MINING OPTIONS. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN. HAVE YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE IRON PORT.

**THE ECONOMY OF PAIN.**

**False Notions of Self-Sacrifice Entertained by Some People.**  
Mr. Howells says "we are all blinded, we are all weakened, by a false ideal of self-sacrifice." Even a cursory glance at ourselves and those about us confirms the truth of this statement. In some way we have so misinterpreted the Bible as to believe that pure religion and unadorned consists in ignoring common-sense. We do not dare trust our own judgment in the crisis of sorrow and disaster, and imagine that the most painful course, by reason of its very pain, is the one we ought to follow. Many of our funeral customs, through a false idea of what is due the dead, become barbarous inflictions upon the living. We are wanting in feeling for those whom God has taken, we believe, if we do not torture ourselves by every sight and sound calculated to increase our suffering. It is a remnant, perhaps, of the savage idea that a grave must be heaped with sacrifices.

There is such a thing as a luxury of woe amounting to dissipation. It is quite as selfish as any avoidance of pain and more injurious to others. Children are dressed in mourning garments, the significance of which they cannot understand, and depressed by darkened windows and hysterical outbursts of grief. Sometimes they grow to hate the very name of the dead, whom in their ignorance they hold accountable for the drariness of their lives.

Often entire families have been sacrificed through a mistaken conception of the rights of one member. Blood is thicker than water, the adage runs, and hence to the black sheep are offered up all the fatlings of the flock. Sentiment says we have no right to deny the shelter of the home to the prodigal, no matter how vile and impenitent he may be. We forget to ask where the gain lies in allowing the son who has wasted his substance in riotous living to squander the inheritance of his brother.

The young girl insists upon giving up the man she loves and who loves her, in order that he may marry some one he does not care for. Three lives are thus ruined instead of a possible one.

The altars of philanthropy are wet with the blood of women who have both gratified and sacrificed themselves in excessive zeal in behalf of orphanages and reformatories. Their own children are left motherless just at the time when they need careful training most.

In cases of illness there appears to be an idea that it is quite praiseworthy for those caring for the invalid to wantonly overtax their strength, and so expose themselves, that the logical consequence is an increase of suffering all around.

The question where does our duty to ourselves end, and that to others begin, is so subtle that it divides the joint and marrow. To quote Mr. Howells again: "It is the economy of pain that naturally suggests itself, and which would insist upon itself if we were not all perverted by traditions which are the figments of the shallowest sentimentality."—Helen Jay, in Harper's Bazar.

**QUIT HIM COLD.**

**The Improvident Conduct of a Tramp Disgusts His Frugal Partner.**

He was dirty and disreputable, and as he sat on an ash barrel up on Monroe avenue one evening just about dusk, it was easy to see that he was mad. His hands clutched at an imagined foe and his lips muttered all the swear words which are in the vocabulary of the old-time tramp.

He was mad clean through. A short distance from him, on another ash barrel, sat another tramp, even more dirty and disreputable than the first, if that were a possibility. He was munching something from out of a paper bag that he held in his hand and was seemingly at peace with himself and all the world. The first tramp shot evil glances at him out of his bleary eyes, and to the person who cared to listen it was soon evident that the curses he was speaking about with such a prodigal mouth were all directed at the second.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man who was passing.

"What's de matter? Well, dere's plenty nuff de matter, see? Me an' dat stiff over dere's bin pards for ten years, an' we've tramped it all over dis here country, see? We struck dis bloody town two days ago an' from dat time to dis we ain't had nothin' ter eat. A little while ago dat former pard er mine—he ain't no pard er mine now, fer I quit him cold from dis out, see?—dat former pard o' mine he hit er man fer ten cents an' he got it. Dere we were both 't us starvin' wid hunger, an' I told him ter go ter a bake shop and get all he cud fer de dime. Wen he cum back wat der yer tink dat de sweat had gone and bought?"

"Can't imagine," said the young man. "Well," said the tramp as his tone became one of intense disgust. "Well, an' me an' him both starvin', ther dod gasted fool went an' bought ten cents' worth of chocolate dough. He's eatin' 'em now. Said dat when he saw 'em his mouth watered for 'em. Wat der yer tink er dat? An' both of us not tastin' food for two days. I quit him cold, der yer mind, dead cold. No sich gibberin' idiots kin travel wid me, an' don't yer forget it."—Rochester Democrat.

**The Character of a Gentleman.**  
Politeness and the pretension to the character of a gentleman have reference almost entirely to the reciprocal manifestation of good will and good opinion toward each other in casual society. The character of a gentleman may be explained thus: A blackguard is a fellow who does not care whom he offends; a clown or boor is a blockhead who does not know when he offends; a gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts in return from them.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Not a Bed of Ease.—Old Batch—"I am surprised that children sleep so soundly in their cradles."—Mother—"O, I never thought it strange." Old Batch—"I suppose it is because they don't mind it; but it is a very rocky bed to lie on."—Detroit Free Press.

**NEW ENGLAND DOCTORS.**

**The Old-Time Country Sawbones and His Belongings.**

This country doctor had not studied deeply in college and in hospital; nor had he taken any long courses of instruction in foreign schools and universities. When he had decided to become a doctor, he had simply ridden with an old-established physician—ridden literally—in a half-menial, half-medical capacity. He had cared for the doctor's horse, swept the doctor's office, run the doctor's errands, pounded drugs, gathered herbs and mixed plasters until he was fitted to "ride" for himself. Then he had applied to the court and received a license to practice—that was all. I doubt not that this book of mine and a few Latin treatises that he could hardly decipher formed his entire pharmacopoeia. As he had chanced to inherit a small fortune from a relative, he became quite a physician; for in colonial days wealth and position were as essential as were learning and experience to enable one to become a good doctor.

I like to think of the rich and pompous old doctor a-riding out to see his patients, clad in his suit of sober brown or claret color with great shining buttons made of silver coins. The full-skirted coat had great pockets and flaps, as did the long waistcoat that reached well over the hips. Rather short were the sleeves of the coat, to show the white ruffles and frills at the wrist; but the forearm was well protected in cold weather by the long gauntlets of his riding-gloves and by his muffed feet. Full kneebreeches dressed his shapely legs, while fine silk stockings and buckled shoes displayed his well-turned calves and ankles. But in muggy weather high leather boots took the place of the fine hose and shoes, and his handsome breeches were covered with long tow overalls, or "tongs," as they were called. On his head the doctor wore a cocked hat and wig. He owned and wore in turn wigs of different sizes and dignity—tles, bags, periwigs and bobs. His portrait was painted in a full-bottomed wig that rivaled the lord chancellor's in size; but his every-day riding-wig was a rather commonplace horse-hair affair with a stiff eelskin cue. One wig he lost by a mysterious accident, one day while he was attending a patient who was lying ill of a fever, of which the crisis seemed at hand. The doctor decided to remain all night, and sat down beside a table in the sick man's room. The hours passed slowly away. Physician and nurse and goodwife talked and dined on; the sick man moaned and tossed in his bed, and begged fruitlessly for water. At last the room grew silent; the tired watchers dozed in their chairs; the doctor nodded and nodded, bringing his eelskin cue dangerously near the flame of the candle that stood on the table. Suddenly there was heard a violent explosion, a hiss a sizzle; and when the smoke cleared, and the terrified occupants of the room collected their senses, the nurse and wife were discovered under the valance of the bed; the doctor stood scorched and bare-headed, looking for his wig; while the sick man, who had jumped out of bed, in the confusion, and captured a pitcher of water, drunk half the contents and thrown the remainder over the doctor's head, was lying behind the bed-curtains laughing hysterically at the ridiculous appearance of the man of medicine.

Instant death was predicted for the invalid, who, strange to say, either from the laughter or the water, began to recover from that moment. The terrified physician was uncertain whether he ought to attribute the explosion and conflagration of his wig to a violent demonstration of the devil in his effort to obtain possession of the sick man's soul, or to the powerful influence of some conjunction of the planets, or to the new-fangled power of electricity which Dr. Franklin had just discovered, and was making so much talk about, and was so recklessly tinkering with in Philadelphia at that very time. The doctor had strongly disapproved of Franklin's reprehensible and meddlesome boldness, but he felt that it was best, nevertheless, to write and obtain the philosopher's advice as to the feasibility, advisability and best convenience of having one of the new lightning-rods rigged upon his medical back, and running thence up through his wig, thus warding off further alarming accident.

Ere this was done the mystery of the explosion was solved. When the doctor's new wig arrived from Boston, he ordered his Indian servant to powder it well it was worn. He was horrified to see Naontum give the wig a liberal sprinkling of gunpowder from the powder-horn, instead of starch from the dredging-box. So the explosion of the old wig was no longer assigned to diabolical, thaumaturgical or meteorological influences.—Alice M. Earle, in Atlantic.

**A Generous Horse.**

I would like to tell you what I saw from my window on Huntington avenue to-day. A handsome team of horses stopped near our door, where the grass looked temptingly green. The near horse munched the grass contentedly, which the off horse tried in vain to reach. Suddenly, to my astonishment, the near horse raised his head with his mouth full of grass and held it near his companion's mouth. The off horse accepted the apparent invitation to eat and took the grass from the other one's mouth. After turning and eating awhile on his own account he repeated the maneuver, and I then called in the other members of my family to watch them. There could be no mistake about it; the horse who could reach the grass fed his companion at short intervals as long as they stood before the door.—Our Dumb Animals.

—Mrs. Lucian Mayberry, of Little Rock, Ark., is the happy mother of ten boys, all born within a married life of thirty-nine months. There are two sets of triplets and two pairs of twins. They are all well formed, bright and healthy in body and mind. Mr. Mayberry is a prosperous merchant, and says he feels like the head of an infant asylum. Mrs. Mayberry is a pretty blonde, plump and hearty, of barely 24 years of age.

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**F. A. BANKS,**  
Surgeon Dentist.  
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Sign of the Golden Tooth.

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Physician and Surgeon.  
Office at Residence. Office hours, 8 a. m., 1 and 7 p. m.

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Physicians and Surgeons.  
Homeopathic school of practice. Office over Mead's Drug Store.

**F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D.,**  
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**C. H. LONG, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Room 6 Semer building, corner Ludington and Harrison streets.

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Rapid River, Delta Co., Michigan

**JOHN POWER,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
Office over Goodell's new store, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state and federal. Collections, payment of taxes, &c., promptly attended to.

**A. R. NORTHUP,** LAWYER.  
Practices in all Courts, Attends promptly to Collections, &c. Office on Harrison Avenue, east side, between Ludington and Thomas streets.

**T. B. WHITE,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office 2d Floor No. 511 Ludington St., ESCANABA, MICH.

**ROYCE & WAITE,**  
Attorneys.  
ESCANABA, MICH.

**C. D. McEWEN,**  
Attorney-at-Law.  
Office 615 Ludington St. Second Floor.

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Prepares documents in either the English or German languages, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire & accident insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of western Europe to any part of the U. S., buys and sells real estate, and loans money on real estate security. Office, Tilden ave., Escanaba.

**CHAS. E. MASON,**  
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Work of all kinds promptly executed. Plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds. Office at residence on Ouellet avenue.  
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**JOSEPH HESS,**  
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Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—for stone, brick or wood work. Or will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed in time and according to agreement.  
Residence and shop on May St.

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Under the supervision of lady teachers and provided with the latest improvements 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. Examinations for entrance and registration, Tuesday, Sept. 15. For further information address the president,  
REV. C. W. GALLAGHER.

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**Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair,**  
BRICK, TILE, ETC.  
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**REWARD DETACHABLE LINK BELTING.**  
The Best. Now the Cheapest.  
Read for  
**REDUCED PRICE LIST**  
of drive belts & other specialties for Elevators, Conveyors, Machinery for handling any material. 1/2, 3/4, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

**ERICKSON & BISSELL,**  
Erickson & Bissell  
—DEALERS—

**GROCERIES**

**PROVISIONS**

**Canned Goods**

And everything usually found in a first-class grocery.

**FINE LINE OF**

**CIGARS**

**Smoker's Articles.**

**The Old Corner Grocery**

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GENERAL

**Collection - Agency!**

Accounts of Merchants and Others Solicited.

**Prompt Attention**  
Given to all Business.

**OFFICE** Corner Ludington and Douman Streets—With Giebel.

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**Professor Joseph Hipp,**  
TEACHER OF

Vocal and Instrumental  
**MUSIC!**  
Also, Piano, Organ, Violin. PIPE ORGAN a specialty. Graduate of Stuttgart college of Music, Germany.

Leave orders at Bice's music store.  
**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.

**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.]

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GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

**LUMBER**

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

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

**OLSON & PETERSON,**  
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**NEW AND STYLISH SUITINGS.**  
LARGE LINE OF PIECE GOODS.  
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**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

**NOTICE!**  
To those who have accounts with us over 30 days' standing are requested to call and settle at once. All such accounts 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 & SCHEMMEL**  
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 245.  
S. ST. JACQUES.  
**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.

Say now, we rather like this Wolverine... He lives in Branch county and is a trader...

Sawwood, August 15, 1891. A SHREVEPORT & SONS, New York City.

Gentlemen—I received yours of the 13th inst. A manufacturer of pins in America tells me your pins are all manufactured in the United States...

As to Protection to American institutions, you say the duty on your imports is 30 per cent. I say the duty is not high enough...

Notice has been given that on or about September 10, 1891, the light at Menominee Pierhead, Green Bay, Mich., will be changed from a fixed red light of the fifth order to a fixed red light of the fourth order...

Also that on or about September 15, 1891, the light at Point des Morts, Pilot Island light station, entrance to Green Bay, Wis., will be changed from a flashing red light every minute to a fixed red light...

There is a discontent in Mexico and probability of insurrection. The opponents of the president, Porfirio Diaz, allege that he is planning to hold power beyond the period for which he was elected...

Chapman, Canadian secretary of state, "must go." He has been boodling, like Langerin and all the others. The post-master-general is in the soup, too.

Hon. W. L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., is very ill and has been taken to Newport "as a last resort," accompanied by his family and physicians.

A party is digging for "Kidd's money" on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, which is an evidence of the fool-killer's neglect of duty.

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The Harmless Practical Joke Played by a Comedian. It is related of a certain French comedian that he would rather indulge in an inoffensive practical joke than keep faith with his manager...

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The actor took in the youth's mental proportions at a glance and said: "I would like, if you please, a nice copy of Hugo's complete works."

"We don't sell books here. This ain't no book shop. You're in a hardware store."

"Oh, well, I'm not very particular," continued the player, pretending with an excellent imitation of nature, that he was very deaf...

placed it in a leading publishing house in the east. The alliance of Ohio demands, among other impracticable things, that the U. S. government shall assume charge of the trade in alcohol and alcoholic beverages...

With McKinley showing up the workings of the tariff and John Sherman making plain the correctness of the republican position with regard to silver...

Col. McClure having demolished John Hay now seeks worlds to conquer and tells us that Sir Edwin Arnold is a "non-entity."

The Macabees must "play soldiers" too; at the late session of the great camp a "Uniform Rank" was authorized and provided for...

The Argentine Republic has a money circulation of \$100 per capita, based on the faith and credit of the nation, and yet no people on the American continent are so poor and needy.

Both the fools who started across the Atlantic in 14-foot "dories" got there, one in his dory and the other on a steamer which picked him up at sea.

The dispatches from Chili confirm the earlier ones—the Balmacedists are out and Balmaceda is missing.

The men who are howling for "more money" are mostly men who haven't got any, and wouldn't have any if dollars were plenty as the grains of sand on the seashore.

"A Campaign of Education" was what the democracy said it wanted, so John Sherman and Wm. McKinley are furnishing them with a first rate article.

Leza, president of Salvador, attempted to take certain passengers from the Pacific mail steamer City of Panama, but found a different sort of a commander from the one who gave up Barruda to the Guantemenans.

The story of the death of the crown prince of Austria, the Baroness Yelzera, and the Count Waldstein, is now told. It is a foul tale, a horrible one, not fit to tell.

The British Queen is breaking. On a late occasion, when the garb had been conferred, she was unable to perform her part in the installation ceremonies...

Great Britain must buy 152,000,000 bushels of wheat, France 96,000,000, Germany 48,000,000, and other countries 88,000,000.

The voyage of the Wetmore (whale-back) continues to be misrepresented. The Iron Trade Review, which knows better, certainly, says she went down the St. Lawrence rapids...

The democracy hangs its only hope of success in Ohio on disension among republican leaders, and so talks about (and perhaps believes in) a conspiracy by the president, the secretary of the treasury and Jo. Foraker to down both McKinley and John Sherman.

Gov. Winans appointed James B. Cooper, of Houghton county, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Burk...

From a marked copy of the Liberty Bell, published at Sioux City, we learn that "The poems of Will H. Kernan are in a published in book form."

We can look upon the declaration of Young America for sport with supreme satisfaction, as it accrues well for the

generally to come, but we cannot see the least sign of the fact that his benefits may be more than counterbalanced by injudiciously forcing these tastes. That there is danger of this is shown by the tendency to put girls on horseback at an age much too tender to have other than harmful results.

Surely parents do not realize what the results may be, or they would never trust a girl of eight years or thereabouts to the mercy of a horse, and at his mercy she is bound to be.

A young man in a down town wholesale house early yesterday morning alighted in the law office of a friend of his and wanted to borrow ten dollars.

"What's that for?" inquired the lawyer. "You had fifty dollars in your pocket last evening at 7 o'clock."

"But I haven't got it now," groaned the visitor. "Where is it?" "Sat in a game last night from 10 to 1."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer as the plot was revealed. "That's it. Pot full of money on the table; I had access up; other fellow had a pair of deuces. I got rattled; he got the pot."

"It was a bluff, then?" "Bluff nothing. It was a precipice, and I fell over it. Gimme the ten dollars and let me get back to the office."

The duke of Edinburgh has no consideration for those around him. Of this Eugene d'Albert, the brilliant pianist, could give a striking illustration.

He was invited down to the duke's country place in Kent to spend three days—not as a paid performer but as a guest.

He did not apparently consider the young artist as worthy of a seat either at his own table or even at that of his equestrian and gentlemen-in-waiting.

"And when does the wedding take place?" inquired the old stationer, jestingly. "Why, you don't think—" she blushed and hesitated.

"A Disappointment.—Maudie—"Miss Scribe, the novelist, is engaged." Marie—"What that wrinkled old maid? You don't say so! Who is she—" Maudie—Yes, she is engaged upon a new book."

An Unreasonable Patient.—Victim (after five minutes of torture)—"You said you would have that tooth out in a second!" Dentist—"So I will, so I will (giving another wrench)—just as soon as I get it loosened from the gum."

She—"Darling, go and get that beautiful bit of sea-weed for me, won't you?" He—"My dearest, I'd get my feet wet." She—"And yet before marriage you said you'd go through fire for me."

Where are those parodies I handed you the other day?" he inquired of the editor. "There," responded the editor, pointing to the waste basket.

"Ah," he smiled, "I didn't know before that I was the author of 'Parodies Lost,'" and the editor thereupon embraced him to his throbbing bosom with a wild, hysterical laugh.

Not So Silent.—A drummer in a Grand Rapids merchant's store was making some inquiries about the business.

"You run the establishment alone, I notice," he began. "Yep." "Anybody in with you?" "Yep." "His name doesn't appear on your sign?" "Nope." "Ah! A silent partner?" "Not much! It's my wife."

I'm afraid, uncle, said one of the clerks in a real estate office to the janitor of the building, "that you have been dallying with poultry again."

Many years ago a rich, wicked and parsimonious Dutchman lived in one of the towns in the Mohawk valley. A subscription was started to procure a lightning-rod for the village church, and the Dutchman was visited by the committee.

With McKinley showing up the workings of the tariff and John Sherman making plain the correctness of the republican position with regard to silver, the campaign in Ohio is going on as it should. The democracy is beaten already and is holding out imploring hands to the "alliance."

Col. McClure having demolished John Hay now seeks worlds to conquer and tells us that Sir Edwin Arnold is a "non-entity."

The Macabees must "play soldiers" too; at the late session of the great camp a "Uniform Rank" was authorized and provided for, of which the first grand encampment is to be held October 7, at Owosso.

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The actor took in the youth's mental proportions at a glance and said: "I would like, if you please, a nice copy of Hugo's complete works."

"We don't sell books here. This ain't no book shop. You're in a hardware store."

"Oh, well, I'm not very particular," continued the player, pretending with an excellent imitation of nature, that he was very deaf...

"But this is no book store," shrieked the attendant, getting red in the face. "Just so, just so," went on the comedian. "Pack it up in your nicest shape. But I would like to write my name in it."

The young man gasped and fell back against the counter. Then, with a voice that made the very nails in the floor rattle, he yelled:

"This ain't no book-store!" "Oh, very well; then I'll wait, of course," and the actor quietly took a chair.

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

Great Bargains in City Realty. We are offering real estate 20 per cent. cheaper than in the past...

Installment Plan--Easy Monthly Payments. If taken soon. Buy a home and stop paying rent; Escanaba dirt is continually enhancing in value.

The Selden S. H. Selden Addition. Still have a few unsold lots. We are the exclusive agents for this property.

ARE YOU INSURED? Have you a store building, dwelling, barn, shop or household goods uninsured?

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

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...

Complete Line of LIGHT AND HEAVY HARDWARE. Including Carpenters' Tools of the Latest Makes.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED ACORN STOVES. 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.

LOUIS SCHRAM

Is now east buying a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods. And asks you to wait until they arrive before making purchases...

Everything will be new, fresh, crisp and sparkling. Louis Schram.



A PLANT FOR BABY'S GRAVE.

It will blossom through the summer,  
Above her quiet little heart;  
Yes, its lovely bloom and fragrance  
Soon will seem of her a part.

There the warm bright sun will kiss it,  
And the breeze its leaden waves;  
We will place it there in memory—  
Just a plant for baby's grave.

Eight long years she has been sleeping  
"Nestle the dew, velvet sod,  
And her happy, stainless spirit  
Is, I know, in Heaven with God,  
Back again we would not wish her,  
With life's trials but begun;  
They who leave us in the morning  
Never see the set of sun."

Just a year she fondly lingered,  
One brief year of hope and love—  
Laughing little blue-eyed Laura,  
Whom the angels bore above.  
On our hearts her face is pictured—  
I can see her every day.  
With her sunny smiles and gold locks—  
Looks that never will grow gray!

She will ever be our baby!  
All our boys will soon be men,  
Fighting hard in life's great battle  
For some victory, one "against tea."  
But our baby! She'll be waiting,  
Always young, and sweet, and fair;  
Never to grow old age, or wrinkles,  
Sorrow, pain, or black despair.

Sometimes still I feel her nestling,  
As of old, upon my breast;  
But I like to think her lying  
In her tiny grave—at rest!  
Often have I bent above it,  
Low and lower without sigh,  
For again I hope to clasp her—  
My own baby, by and by.

Soon this flower will softly whisper  
All a mother's love could say;  
It will tell her how we missed her,  
After she had gone away.  
Just a green transplanted toben,  
For each summer rain to lave;  
Just a little home remembrance,  
Just a plant for baby's grave.  
—Mrs. Findley Braden, in N. Y. Observer.

HER ADVENTURER.

Despite the Gossips He Was  
Worthy of His Bride.

Perhaps it was because Edward Slocomb was in love with Carrie Tracy that he disliked Jack Mourdant so much.

On the morning after Mrs. Aspinwall Jones' dance Slocomb was leisurely dressing in his room at the hotel. There was a knock at his door and a telegram was handed in.

"Come at once," he read. He glanced at the signature—simply "Grace." Slocomb read the telegram again and ran his fingers through his hair in perplexity.

"Who the dickens is Grace?" he muttered.

Then he looked at the telegram again. There was a mistake. Slocomb rushed out into the hall. The messenger boy was just going downstairs. He shouted to the boy, but he continued on his way. Slocomb threw a slipper he held in his hand and struck the boy between the shoulder blades.

"Can't you hear?" he said, angrily. "Come back. This telegram is not for me; it is for Mr. Mourdant. His room is 13, mine is 18."

The boy took the telegram off and Slocomb went on dressing. When he found himself trying to shave himself with a clasp knife instead of a razor, he looked intently into the glass and cried:

"What's up? What's the man going to do? By Jove, he shan't marry Carrie if I can help it."

After this very euphatic speech Slocomb went down to breakfast.

His perplexity and anger were not out of place, however. If you ever happened into a conservatory and found a man kissing the girl you love you know how Slocomb felt.

This is exactly what took place at the dance the night before. Slocomb was very much surprised at Carrie. He thought she knew better than that.

She danced with Mourdant altogether too much, and she ran off with him into the conservatory altogether too many times. It looked odd, indeed. People noticed it, and commented on it without mercy.

"If they are engaged, all right," said they. "Otherwise—" and shoulders were shrugged and eyebrows elevated.

Jack Mourdant was a social success at Lenox, and that for a man means a good deal. No one cared to know where he came from; no one cared to know about his family. He was handsome in his dark Spanish way, a good dancer—dancing men are so very scarce—and he always said the right thing in the right place.

But Slocomb was not at all satisfied with him. He could not take him as the rest of the people did. A man who danced with his cousin, Carrie Tracy, must be something more than a four weeks' wonder.

Carrie was Slocomb's cousin in a distant sort of a way, and a half engagement existed between them. Slocomb had not spoken, however. He was Carrie's constant companion, and, with Mrs. Tracy as chaperone, they were out a great deal together.

It was the mother's place to put a stop to this Mourdant business, but she was quite as much fascinated with the man as her charming daughter. Therefore it fell on Slocomb's shoulders to see that nothing came of the rapidly growing intimacy. He had done his best, but he came into the conservatory just too late.

Carrie Tracy was annoyed at his appearance. Mourdant excused himself hurriedly. Slocomb took occasion to lecture Carrie in a cousinly way. She was very sulky, however, and snubbed him without mercy.

Why Slocomb distrusted Mourdant was on account of a very odd episode that had occurred a week before. There had been a tennis party at one of the cottages, and going home Slocomb had stumbled on Mourdant in a bypath, talking earnestly with a strange woman. It was very embarrassing. Slocomb begged pardon, was awfully sorry and withdrew as quickly as possible. He said nothing to the man about it, however, until the dance. Mourdant's attention to Carrie was so noticeable that something ought to be done.

"This thing must be stopped," said Slocomb, severely, to Mourdant, later in the evening.

"What's this?" asked the young fellow, with a frank smile.

"This kissing my cousin, for one thing, and secret meetings with a woman for another," said Slocomb in his blunt way.

Mourdant grew angry. Slocomb had no right to talk that way.

"I'll not explain about that affair after the tennis party," he said, hotly. "I'll not betray a woman's secret. She came to the hotel to see me; it was necessary she should see me at once. They sent her to the cottage. Our meeting was accidental."

Mourdant stalked off and deigned no further explanation.

Some time later Slocomb found himself in Albany and he saw Mourdant and "Grace" again. Mourdant was just coming in on the train from Lenox. "Grace" met him at the station. It was the day after Slocomb got the telegram by mistake. The thing did not look well at all. Slocomb hurried back to Lenox. He resolved to tell Carrie. Tracy the whole miserable story.

"And what are you going to do about it?" she asked, coolly, when Slocomb finished the narration.

"What am I going to do about it?" he echoed in amazement. He did not know what to make of Carrie's utter nonchalance. "That's not the question. What are you going to do about it?"

Carrie Tracy only leaned back in her chair and looked at her cousin with a question on marks in both of her pretty blue eyes.

"Really it seems to me that you are awfully cut up about this."

"But I am," declared Slocomb earnestly—"awfully. Good heavens, Carrie, can you see a man carry on a double game before your eyes and not say a word or lift a finger?"

"What can I do?" She said this wearily, and then Slocomb saw what was beneath her mask of cold rillery. She had put on a bold front and tried to pass over it lightly. It was no use, however. Slocomb prided himself on his knowledge of human nature. He felt that he was not at fault in one fact—Carrie Tracy loved Mourdant.

They went to a dance that evening, and everyone noticed that Carrie Tracy was more beautiful than ever. Yet there was a pungent flavor to her wit, a sharp edge on her talk. Some ill-natured belles, who were becoming passe, said that she was becoming spoiled at last. Callow youths were placed in the seventh heaven by her unwonted sweetness to them. But every throbb of the music, every waltz she heard brought back the memory of a pair of dark eyes, a low, tender voice and a dream that would come no more.

And so matters went on, and the wane of the season came. The story of Jack Mourdant came out, of course, with various modifications. Society shrugged its shoulders again, and pitied poor Carrie Tracy.

"Too bad!" everybody said. "She should know better than to fall in love with a handsome adventurer. He was an awfully nice fellow, though, but frightfully wild!"

And so Carrie Tracy had to stand by and hear all this, and accept the condolence of her friends. It was gall and wormwood to her, but it only made the triumph that came in October all the sweeter.

"You don't believe there is a man in the world you may trust?" she heard one girl say to another. She was sitting by a window in the hotel which opened upon a piazza. The two girls were peering up and down outside.

"I know it sounds awfully silly, but I don't believe in trusting people."

"I wish you would let me tell you a little story; it's only an every-day sort of a story. It's from real life. I'll tell you the story of Jack Mourdant."

At this Carrie Tracy looked up quickly. She listened eagerly to every word. The two on the piazza had seated themselves near her.

"The family is an Albany one; there were four brothers, and he was the youngest. One of the brothers is now in Albany, the other abroad, the third is—well, was near Albany—in jail. It was his own fault that he got there; he was the black sheep of the family—Percy Mourdant. When a very young boy he was always stealing trifles from his schoolmates. There was no excuse for it. His family was rich and he had every advantage. Percy was an awfully wild boy."

"Jack had always been Percy's bosom friend. Again and again he had helped him out of scrapes. Percy was a quiet fellow to all appearances. He wore eye-glasses, and was meek as Moses. But he had the very devil in him. Jack seemed more like the rascal, with his dark, Spanish beauty. Percy was light and had sandy hair. He appeared quite harmless."

"After they got out of college Percy behaved himself, but not for long. He got to gambling and drinking and all sorts of horrid things. The family was proud and extremely sensitive. They feared he would do something that would disgrace them forever; something that the sensational newspapers would make a hue and cry over as 'Another swell gone wrong!' you know what I mean."

"At last he did. He made an unfortunate marriage. A very good sort of a woman was Grace Morris, but quite below him. He did not stop here, but forged a large check on his father's name. The matter was partly hushed up. Old Col. Mourdant sent Percy away. And to make the matter worse, everybody in Albany was talking about it."

"Jack was the only one of the family who stuck to the unfortunate Percy. This summer Percy got into more and serious trouble. Grace came here to see Jack and get him to come to Albany to help him out. Jack couldn't come, but I believe he arranged for Grace to send word when she needed him."

"Jack went to Albany soon after; met his brother's wife at the station; arranged with her to help Percy out. His brother was in a serious fix this time. It was not a question of hushing up. It was a question of life and death. There had been a row in a low gambling resort. A man had been killed. Percy was not wholly to blame, but he had been held for—what do you call it?—manslaughter?"

"How Much Was He Worth. Ethel (to a persistent admirer)—Mr. Junglove, would you mind telling me whether you are worth more or less than Mr. Silvertown?"

Mr. Junglove (who dares to be honest)—I presume I am worth less, but—Mr. Savage (a rival)—Just what I always thought—Judge.

"Jack did some clever detective work then. He discovered that some of Percy's former associates had agreed to make the case so black that Percy would be convicted of murder after all. It was a serious matter. Percy must not stand trial. What should he do? He made one last appeal to Col. Mourdant, but it was of no use. Then what do you suppose Jack did? You will not believe it, perhaps, but it is true."

"He went to his father and said: 'See here, I am to have so much of your property when you die. I don't care to wait. There is an immediate use for the money. May I have my inheritance now?' Fancy that. His father was quite taken aback. He asked a few questions and let his erratic son have the money. It was a large sum, running far up into the thousands."

"This money—think of it—every cent he had in the world he used to get his brother off. I don't know how he did it. It was bailing him out or something of that sort. Percy and his wife sailed from San Francisco not long ago for Australia. An odd tale, is it not?"

Carrie Tracy didn't think so. She sat with shining eyes for some moments after, and then went downstairs. It was just then that the bus from the station came up to the door.

A man jumped out, and he never forgot the picture that she made as she came out on the piazza. The sun was low in the west, and the light played on her expressive face, on her hair, and lit up her eyes. When he saw her he stood quiet still. He bared his head with a gesture reverential and devout, as if she were a being from another world. It was but an instant that they stood there. Then Carrie Tracy gave him her hand, and he looked into her eyes and saw that he was welcome.

Society was shocked at the reappearance of "her adventurer." Everybody wondered how he managed to get an invitation to the dance that evening, which happened to be at the Aspinwall-Joneses. But the true story got out, and Jack Mourdant became more and more popular. Even Edward Slocomb had to acknowledge that he was a good fellow. And he took the trouble of shaking hands with him and telling a pious fib that he was very glad to see him again. And when Carrie Tracy went into the conservatory again with Mourdant he did not care to follow.

A shower had come up shortly after sunset and an hour after had cleared away. The moon had risen, making the raindrops on the bushes and trees sparkle like diamonds. The lawn seemed covered with jewels, and drops of moisture still clung to the window panes, making them gleam. The clouds were moving rapidly about, now and then shading the moon. Some of them were dark, while others were so fleecy that it seemed as if one could crush them in one's hand. Presently the clouds blew away and the sky was one delicate mass of sublimated azure, except where the moon glowed.

In the music room they were playing a waltz, "Only To-Night." Then, in some unexplainable manner, Mourdant's head came very near hers, her gray-blue eyes intoxicated him, her full red lips were so tempting—and he had kissed her again.

This time Edward Slocomb did not come and claim a dance; this time he did not lecture anyone; but a half hour after he shook hands with Mourdant and heartily congratulated him.

"And why don't I make love to a girl?" he remarked, sagely, to young Aspinwall-Jones when his cousin's engagement was announced, "and get married? Bah! It's an awful bore."

—W. E. Baldwin, in Boston Globe.

HE HAD A HEART.

As Was Manifested by His Kindness to a Poor Mother.

He was a grumpy, choleric old man, and as he stumped down lower Broadway the little urchins ran out of his way for fear he would hit them with his big, thick cane as he passed. Not far from the battery his eyes alighted on a little pale-faced woman who was walking towards him from an opposite direction.

There was a baby, or rather a girl, for the little one was easily five years of age, in her arms, and she staggered along under her heavy load with a weary expression on her face.

The day was hot, and the perspiration streamed off her, while her slight figure contrasted strangely with the size of the weight she bore, though the child, too, looked wan and had a pinched look about the face that poverty and privation alone could not bring. He noted these facts as he walked along, and by the time she woman got up to him he was in a passion.

"What do you mean, madam," he said, "by carrying about a big girl like that and killing yourself by it? Let her walk by herself. Women are far too sacrificing for their children."

The woman halted as though shot, and staggered to a nearby railing for support. Then she sat down on a stoop, while the old man prepared to continue his tirade.

She put up her hand beseechingly. "Don't," she said. "Don't, sir. I can't stand it, indeed I can't. My poor little one's a cripple."

The transition from anger to pity in the old man's face was wonderful to behold. He passed the back of his hand across his eyes and then, in haste, he besought the woman's pardon.

Four or five little fellows of the street gazed wonderingly as they saw the well-dressed man talk for almost a half hour with the poor woman and her crippled child, but they did not see the shining coin he left in the woman's hand, nor hear the promise of future help that came before he went away.—N. Y. World.

How Much Was He Worth.

Ethel (to a persistent admirer)—Mr. Junglove, would you mind telling me whether you are worth more or less than Mr. Silvertown?

Mr. Junglove (who dares to be honest)—I presume I am worth less, but—Mr. Savage (a rival)—Just what I always thought—Judge.

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WHO IS THAT OLD JAY?

A Chicago gentleman of wealth and position was walking upon one of the ultra-fashionable thoroughfares in arm with an old man who wore clothes that can only be purchased at a country store. He was one of those kind faced and vigorous old men, and the atmosphere around him suggested the scent of clover fields. In the vulgar parlance he was a "jay." An acquaintance of the Chicago man, seeing him in company with this suburban individual, in a facetious manner asked: "Who is that old jay?" The following is the answer he received:

FEROBIA'S FAILURE.

It Was One of the Successful Kind, Anyhow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light, Feroby." Timothy Filbert shook his head solemnly as he spoke. He was a large man, with small, light blue eyes, and a chronic stoop in the shoulders, suggestive of a too steady application to the plow. "You're a stannin' in yer own light," he repeated, impressively. "Mebbe you're right, Timothy," admitted his sister, meekly. She was not naturally of a meek disposition, but there are times when the most spirited person feels crushed by circumstances, and such a moment had come to Miss Ferobia. Timothy felt somewhat placated by the unexpected admission. "Tain't too late yet," he suggested, briskly, taking his seat at the breakfast table, where his sister was already pouring the coffee. "You just say the word, Feroby, an' I'll give Jason Smallweed a hint that you've changed yer mind." His pale blue eyes glanced inquiringly at his sister, but Miss Ferobia's momentary meekness seemed to have vanished as unaccountably as it had appeared. "I haven't changed my mind," she retorted, with much asperity. "I won't marry Jason Smallweed, nor nobody else. I'll stay right here an' keep house for you the balance of my days."

he paid me for it," retorted Miss Ferobia, emphatically. "Oh, you're mighty independent," sniffed Nancy, tossing her head. "I suppose you're a-calculatin' 'o' take up with Jason Smallweed. You wouldn't ketch me marryin' a widderer," she added, maliciously. "If I couldn't be the tablecloth I wouldn't be the dish-rag. But I s'pose he's Hobson's choice with you."

The truth was that she was afraid her sister-in-law might still manage to retain a place in the household by hook or by crook, and she was determined to provoke an altercation in order to prevent such a sequel. But Miss Ferobia was not to be drawn into a quarrel. "He may be Hobson's choice, but he is not mine," she returned, coolly. Nancy, however, was as persistent as a grout or a gadfly. "I don't doubt but what you'd rather have Felix Byefield," she suggested, slyly, "but you needn't to count on gittin' him, for he's a-keepin' comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' every-buddy says they're a-goin' to marry after harvest." It was a random shot on Nancy's part, but her black eyes sparkled with malicious triumph as she saw by her sister-in-law's burning cheeks that the poisoned arrow had struck home. Miss Ferobia deigned no reply, however, but went coolly about preparations for her own departure. She had rented a small cottage and a few acres of ground a mile or two from the old homestead, and Timothy could do no less than get out the spring wagon and drive her to the new home. It was yet early in the springtime and the wild plum trees were white with bloom. The tall maples and elms by the roadside swung their light tassels in the soft breeze and myriads of buttercups and purple-hued pansies dotted the grass-grown lanes. "I dunno what you wanted of so much ground 'round your house," remarked Timothy, reflectively, as the wagon rolled easily along. "Half an acre would of been enough, I should say."

"No, it wouldn't," maintained his sister, stoutly. "I'm a-goin' into the gardenin' business, to raise truck for the markets."

Timothy whistled. "You'll make a failure of it, sure as guns," he declared, ruthlessly.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be discouraged.

"There's plenty of men make a livin' at it, an' why not me?" she asked. "I've got a little money laid by to start on. An' I've got a stout pair of arms, an' never was sick a day in my life; so why should I make a failure of it?"

But Timothy only shook his head and remarked, vaguely, that it was "un-practicable, and she would find out," and declined to commit himself further. And the conference was cut short by their arrival at the cottage.

It was a lonely place, but Miss Ferobia was blessed with strong nerves and solitude had no terrors for her.

She had accumulated a few odds and ends of furniture from time to time, the gifts of various friends and relatives, which went a good way toward furnishing her diminutive dwelling.

And when they were arranged to her satisfaction and a square of bright rug carpet tacked down in the center of the room Miss Ferobia felt as happy as a king.

She was too tired after her day's work to do more than take a cup of tea and retire to rest. But a comfortable night's sleep on the old-fashioned, square-posted bedstead restored her energies, and for the next few days she was as busy as a nailer over her preparations.

Lem Dodson was hired to plow the "truck patch," a cow with a young calf was bargained for and a few fowls of the Plymouth Rock and Dorking species were purchased and were soon cackling vigorously around their new quarters.

After a little more help from neighbor Dodson and a vigorous use of the hoe on Miss Ferobia's part the ground was in readiness for planting and the ambitious market gardener sat up till long past her usual bedtime looking over her stock of seeds and selecting those requisite for immediate use.

There might still be late frosts, she reflected, and such tender plants as beans and cucumbers, summer squashes and nutmeg melons, would be better out of the ground than in it for a few days to come.

But beets and lettuce, spinach and marrowfat peas and rutabagas would stand anything short of a regular freeze, and might be safely planted at once.

And, late though she sat up, the first pink flush of early dawn did not find Miss Ferobia napping the next morning, nor for many mornings to come.

She was up with the birds, and after a hasty breakfast out she sallied, and hood and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freckled and her cheeks tanned. But gardening is hard work, at best, and though Miss Ferobia labored with a will, the grass and weeds would creep in here and there in spite of her vigilance. The purslane—"pusly" she called it—and horse-nettles grew faster than her butter-head lettuce or white spine cucumbers.

Then the weather was not always propitious, and her first planting of sugar-corn and early rose potatoes rotted in the ground.

But Miss Ferobia, nothing daunted, replanted the vacant rows with later varieties, and in due time the seed sprouted and gave every promise of a luxuriant crop.

But from that time on it was, as the little woman declared, a "tussle" between herself and the weeds.

While she was hoeing her cabbages and kohi robes and weeding her silver-skin onions, the coolie burrs and wild morning glories were flourishing among her sweet corn and potatoes.

She worked early and late, however, to eradicate the tenacious interlopers, and finally succeeded in accomplishing her task. When let one unlucky night Farmer Nubbin's pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence,

and played havoc among the growing crops. Small wonder, indeed, if our heroine lost her temper at last and pelted those pigs with clods, or whatever came handiest, and even whacked one of them across the snout with the hoe-handle.

But with all her efforts it was late in the day when the last one of the marauders was disposed of, and the fence patched up after a fashion.

Miss Ferobia's workmanship, if not exactly artistic, was sufficiently ingenious to prevent further inroads in that direction.

But for some reason from that time on the fates seemed to turn a cold shoulder to her efforts.

The rabbits feasted on her early York cabbages and marrowfat peas, the striped bugs worked destruction on her cucumbers and Cassava melons, the Colorado beetle devastated her potatoes, and the squash-bugs ate up her Boston marrows and patty-pan squashes. The foxes, minks, owls and hawks, to say nothing of opossums and weasels thinned the ranks of her young Dorkings and Plymouth Rocks; and, to make matters worse, her cow turned out to be a "jumper" and brought disgrace on herself and trouble to her mistress by daily raids on Farmer Nubbin's corn field.

This was the last straw, and, like the mythical camel, Miss Ferobia broke down under it.

"There ain't no use a-tryin', as I see," she lamented, dolefully, as she set out her one cup and saucer in readiness for her tea. "A lone woman don't have no chance at all."

"An' here I've spent all my money an' my garden ain't wuth shucks. And Timothy, he'll say he told me how 'twould be, and that I'd better o' married Jason Smallweed. And I almost b'lieve—I would—No, I wouldn't, either. I won't take up with a crooked stick, if I be nearly through the woods—"

"Evenin', Miss Feroby," interrupted a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sun-browned face.

Miss Ferobia shook hands with her visitor, and drew forth a chair for him, with a secret fluttering at her heart as she remembered her sister-in-law's insinuation.

But Felix was evidently bent on making himself agreeable.

"An' so you've struck out for yourself," he observed. "Gittin' along first rate, I opine. You must show me your garden."

"I haven't got any garden, and you sha'n't see it," declared Miss Ferobia, inconsistently. "It's all choked up with weeds—I couldn't keep them out. An' what with the bugs, an' the rabbits an' pigs, I ain't got a cabbage-head left, skeereely."

"Sho', now, you don't say! Why, if that ain't too bad," responded Felix, sympathetically.

"An' the varmints has took all my young chickens," continued Miss Ferobia. "An' Farmer Nubbin's is a-goin' to shoot my cow, an' an'—"

The thought of her woes was too much for her, and she began to sob hysterically.

"Don't cry, Miss Feroby; please don't," urged Felix. "He sha'n't shoot your cow, I promise you."

But Miss Ferobia shook her head, and dried her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"I'll sell the cow," she declared, soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can cook if I can't make garden."

"No need to hire out," put in Felix, eagerly. "I—I want somebody to cook for me. Say you'll marry me, Feroby!"

But Miss Ferobia in her surprise stared at him, then hung her head, blushing like a girl.

"It's so—sudden," she whispered. "What's the odds?" asked Felix, boldly. "I wanted you long ago, only I couldn't somehow git the courage to ask you. Say yes, won't you, Feroby?"

And after a little more urging Miss Ferobia did say yes, and felt very well contented with her future prospects, in spite of her weedy garden.

"Timothy will say the truck business was a failure after all," she reflected, as she washed up her supper dishes at night, with a very light heart, "but he can't say it wasn't a successful failure, anyhow."—Helen W. Clark, in Leslie's Newspaper.

WHEN MEN SEE SNAKES. The Appearance of the Reptiles is Due to Congestion of the Eye-Veins. The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to the imagination. In fact the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous.

The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such size as to become visible, and when this happens the effect generally is to appear as if there were an object of considerable size at a distance from the eye.

Of course, this vein is generally long, thin and sinuous like a serpent, and the figure seen is frequently startlingly like a snake. That they seem to live is due to the fact that they are often not in perfect line with the direct front of sight. They are either to the side, up or down from the focus; therefore, when discovered, the victim naturally turns his eyes toward the effect, and the effect, of course, moves away.

The eye follows, and thus a continuous and realistic motion is got. Now, if the eye be returned to the front again quickly it will see another snake, which, if watched, will glide away in the same manner. The writer of this is afflicted by malarial disease, and after his eyes are thus congested many strange shapes and clouds pass within his vision, which, if he were in a state of nervous collapse, might easily be all that are seen by those suffering from delirium tremens.—N. Y. Times.

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A PLANT FOR BABY'S GRAVE.

It will bloom through the summer,
Beneath the quiet little heart;

Eight long years she has been sleeping
'Neath the dewy, velvet sod,

Just a year she fondly lingered,
One brief year of hope and love-

She will ever be our baby!
All our boys will soon be men,

Sometimes still I feel her nestling,
As of old, upon my breast;

Soon this flower will softly whisper
All a mother's love could say;

HER ADVENTURER.

Despite the Gossips He Was
Worthy of His Bride.

Perhaps it was because Edward Slocomb
was in love with Carrie Tracy

On the morning after Mrs. Aspinwall Jones'
dance Slocomb was leisurely

"Come at once," he read. He glanced
at the signature—simply "Grace."

"Who the dickens is Grace?" he muttered.
Then he looked at the telegram

"Can't you hear?" he said, angrily.
"Come back. This telegram is not for

The boy took the telegram off and
Slocomb went on dressing. When he

"What's up? What's the man going
to do? By Jove, he shan't marry Carrie

After this very emphatic speech Slocomb
went down to breakfast.

His perplexity and anger were not
out of place, however. If you ever

This is exactly what took place at
the dance the night before. Slocomb

She danced with Mourdant altogether
too much, and she ran off with

"If they are engaged, all right," said
they. "Otherwise—" and shoulders

Jack Mourdant was a social success
at Lenox; and that for a man means

But Slocomb was not at all satisfied
with him. He could not take him as

Carrie was Slocomb's cousin in a
distant sort of a way, and a half engage-

It was the mother's place to put a
stop to this Mourdant business, but she

Carrie Tracy was annoyed at his
appearance. Mourdant excused himself

Why Slocomb distrusted Mourdant
was on account of a very odd episode

"This thing must be stopped," said
Slocomb, severely, to Mourdant later

"What thing?" asked the young fellow,
with a frank smile.

"This kissing my cousin, for one
thing, and secret meetings with a

"I'll not explain about that affair
after the tennis party," he said, hotly.

"I'll not betray a woman's secret.
She came to the hotel to see me; it was

Some time later Slocomb found him-
self in Albany and he saw Mourdant

"And what are you going to do about
it?" she asked, coolly, when Slocomb

"What am I going to do about it?"
he echoed in amazement. He did not

Carrie Tracy only leaned back in her
chair and looked at her cousin with

"Really it seems to me that you are
awfully cut up about this."

"But I am," declared Slocomb earnestly—
"awfully. Good heavens, Carrie,

"What can I do?" She said this
wearily, and then Slocomb saw what

They went to a dance that evening,
and everyone noticed that Carrie Tracy

There was a pungent flavor to her wit,
a sharp edge on her talk. Some ill-

"Too bad!" everybody said. "She
should know better than to fall in love

And so Carrie Tracy had to stand by
and hear all this, and accept the con-

"You don't believe there is a man in
the world you may trust?" she heard

"I know it sounds awfully silly, but
I don't believe in trusting people."

"I wish you would let me tell you a
little story; it's only an every-day sort

At this Carrie Tracy looked up quick-
ly. She listened eagerly to every word.

"The family is an Albany one; there
were four brothers, and he was the

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Jack did some clever detective work
then. He discovered that some of

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Nahma 7:00 a.m.
Fayette 8:00 a.m.
Arrives Escanaba 11:00 a.m.
Leaves 1:00 p.m.
Fayette 4:00 p.m.
Nahma 5:00 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.
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At 6:00 p.m. Sunday; 7:00 a.m. Wednesday, and 2:00 p.m. Friday.
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WHO IS THAT OLD JAY?

A Chicago gentleman of wealth and position was walking upon one of the ultra-fashionable thoroughfares in arm with an old man who wore clothes that can only be purchased at a country store. He was one of those hard faced and vigorous old men, and the atmosphere around him suggested the scent of clover fields. In the vulgar parlance he was a "jay." An acquaintance of the Chicago man, seeing him in company with this suburban individual, in a facetious manner asked: "Who is that old jay?" The following is the answer he received:

Who is that old jay? Well, it won't take very long to tell. Did I get him out of a grab-bag? No! I made his acquaintance years ago. It was over there in the Buckeye state that he and I became intimate; by Jove! It's thirty-five years to-day since I was introduced to that old jay.

Yes, his whiskers are cut a little queer. His clothes look rather awkward here. There is a contrast between his and mine. Well, style never was much in his line; yet somehow, I'm kind of fond of him. Yes, I know he's a farmer, while I'm in the "swim."

I'm showing him all the sights to-day, and having fun with that old jay. The first I remember of him, way back, he whittled for me a jumping jack. I thought it the funniest kind of thing, it was ecstasy to pull the string; and then we'd sit by the big wood fire. And he told me of David and Goliath; I've spent many happy hours that way. Being entertained by that old jay.

Then I've often leaned on his good wife's knee, and been told of him from Galilee. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," said He. The gates of Heaven were opened wide, and Jesus beckoned her to His side. I shed many, many scalding tears that day, as I stood at her coffin with that old jay.

Time flew fast and years rolled on. A birthday came, I was twenty-one. I thought life on the farm too slow, so I determined that I would go to some great city and be a well-to-do. The neighbors said I was going to—well, of course the neighbors would have their say, but one had faith; it was that old jay.

I left with his blessing and dollars, too. That blessing was luck and the dollars grew heap upon heap until my fortune was made; I owe it to him and the wise things he said. I know he looks sort of awkward and queer, but if it wasn't for him I wouldn't be here. Let me introduce you. Can't I hurry away, He is my father, is that dear old jay.

—Chicago Herald.

FEROBIA'S FAILURE.

It Was One of the Successful Kind, Anyhow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light, Feroby."

Timothy Filbert shook his head solemnly as he spoke. He was a large man, with small, light blue eyes, and a chronic stoop in the shoulders, suggestive of a too steady application to the plow.

"You're a stannin' in yer own light," he repeated, impressively.

"Mebbe you're right, Timothy," admitted his sister, meekly. She was not naturally of a meek disposition, but there are times when the most spirited person feels crushed by circumstances, and such a moment had come to Miss Ferobia. Timothy felt somewhat placated by the unexpected admission.

"Tain't too late yet," he suggested, briskly, taking his seat at the breakfast table, where his sister was already pouring the coffee. "You just say the word, Feroby, an' I'll give Jason Smallweed a hint that you've changed yer mind."

His pale blue eyes glanced inquiringly at his sister, but Miss Ferobia's momentary meekness seemed to have vanished as unaccountably as it had appeared.

"I haven't changed my mind," she retorted, with much asperity. "I won't marry Jason Smallweed, nor nobody else. I'll stay right here an' keep house for you the balance of my days."

Timothy wriggled uneasily. He had his own reasons for not appreciating the generous offer. To fortify himself for the disclosure which must be made he swallowed half his coffee at a gulp. "I—I—the truth is, Feroby," he stammered, with a crimson countenance, "I felt so sartin' I was a-goin' to lose you, I—I asked Nancy Garret, an' she said she'd leave me."

The cat was out of the bag now, and Timothy mopped his face with his handkerchief and breathed a sigh of relief.

But Miss Ferobia, like a sensible woman, bore the shock bravely.

"And how soon am I to give up my situation?" she asked.

Timothy grew uncomfortable again. "Hey! Oh!—why—you needn't be in a hurry. It won't come off fur a week yet," he hastened to explain.

"An', of course, you know I wouldn't hev nothin' agin yer stayin' right along, same as ever, only Nancy, she—"

"You couldn't live me to stay," was the reassuring answer, and Timothy congratulated himself on having the matter so easily settled.

"It puzzled me consider'ble to know why Timothy was so sot on me changin' in my mind," reflected Miss Ferobia, as she washed up the breakfast dishes and polished the knives and forks. "But it's plain as a pikestaff now. I might o' knowed he was sayin' one word fur me an' two fur hisself."

Miss Ferobia was as unlike her brother in appearance as she was in disposition.

While he was stoop-shouldered she was straight as an arrow. And though, as she admitted, she was "getting along" in years, her bright eyes and fresh complexion contradicted the assertion.

At her brother's request she remained at her post until the wedding was over and the bride installed in her new home.

There was very little congeniality between the two women, and Mrs. Timothy Filbert was disposed to triumph over her sister-in-law.

"I s'pose you wasn't a-countin' on your brother marryin'," she remarked, disagreeably, as she combed out her blue-black tresses before the square-framed looking glass in the best room.

"He had a right to please himself," rejoined Miss Ferobia, composedly.

"But what are you going to do?" persisted the bride. "As I told Timothy before I promised to have him, the house wa'n't big enough fur his fam'ly, an' you couldn't expect to stay af-ter I come."

"An' as I told him, I wouldn't stay if

he paid me for it," retorted Miss Ferobia, emphatically.

"Oh, you're mighty independent," sniffed Nancy, tossing her head. "I suppose you're a-calculatin' to take up with Jason Smallweed. You wouldn't ketch me marryin' a widdener," she added, maliciously. "If I couldn't be the tablecloth I wouldn't be the dish-rag. But I s'pose he's Hobson's choice with you."

The truth was that she was afraid her sister-in-law might still manage to retain a place in the household by hook or by crook, and she was determined to provoke an altercation in order to prevent such a sequence.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be drawn into a quarrel.

"He may be Hobson's choice, but he is not mine," she returned, coolly.

Nancy, however, was as persistent as a gnat or a gadfly.

"I don't doubt but what you'd rather have Felix Byefield," she suggested, slyly, "but you needn't to count on gittin' him, fur he's a-keepin' comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' every-buddy says they're a-goin' to marry after harvest."

It was a random shot on Nancy's part, but her black eyes sparkled with malicious triumph as she saw by her sister-in-law's burning cheeks that the poisoned arrow had struck home.

Miss Ferobia dignified no reply, however, but went coolly about preparations for her own departure.

She had rented a small cottage and a few acres of ground a mile or two from the old homestead, and Timothy could do no less than get out the spring wagon and drive her to the new home.

It was yet early in the springtime and the wild plum trees were white with bloom. The tall maples and elms by the roadside swung their light tassels in the soft breeze and myriads of buttercups and purple-hued pansies dotted the grass-grown lanes.

"I dunno what you wanted of so much ground 'round your house," remarked Timothy, reflectively, as the wagon rolled easily along. "Half an acre would of been enough, I should say."

"No, it wouldn't," maintained his sister, stoutly. "I'm a-goin' into the gardenin' business, to raise truck for the markets."

Timothy whistled.

"You'll make a failure of it, sure as guns," he declared, ruthlessly.

But Miss Ferobia was not to be discouraged.

"There's plenty of 'em make a livin' at it, an' why not me?" she asked. "I've got a little money laid by to start on. An' I've got a stout pair of arms, an' never was sick a day in my life; so why should I make a failure of it?"

But Timothy only shook his head and remarked, vaguely, that it was "on-practicable, and she would find out," and declined to commit himself further. And the conference was cut short by their arrival at the cottage.

It was a lonely place but Miss Ferobia was blessed with strong nerves and solitude had no terrors for her.

She had accumulated a few odds and ends of furniture from time to time, the gifts of various friends and relatives, which went a good way toward furnishing her diminutive dwelling.

And when they were arranged to her satisfaction and a square of bright rag carpet tacked down in the center of the room Miss Ferobia felt as happy as a king.

She was too tired after her day's work to do more than take a cup of tea and retire to rest. But a comfortable night's sleep on the old-fashioned, square-posted bedstead restored her energies, and for the next few days she was as busy as a miller over her preparations.

Lem Dodson was hired to plow the "truck patch," a cow with a young calf was bargained for and a few fowls of the Plymouth Rock and Dorking species were purchased and were soon cackling vigorously around their new quarters.

After a little more help from neighbor Dodson and a vigorous use of the hoe on Miss Ferobia's part the ground was in readiness for planting and the ambitious market gardener sat up till long past her usual bedtime looking over her stock of seeds and selecting those requisite for immediate use.

There might still be late frosts, she reflected, and such tender plants as beans and cucumbers, summer squashes and nutmeg melons, would be better out of the ground than in it for a few days to come.

But beets and lettuce, spinach and marrowfat peas and rutabagas would stand anything short of a regular freeze, and might be safely planted at once.

And, late though she sat up, the first pink flush of early dawn did not find Miss Ferobia napping the next morning, nor for many mornings to come.

She was up with the birds, and after a hasty breakfast she sallied, and hoed and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freckled and her cheeks tanned. But gardening is hard work, at best, and though Miss Ferobia labored with a will, the grass and weeds would creep in here and there in spite of her vigilance.

The purslane—"pusly" she called it—and horse-nettles grew faster than her butter-head lettuce or white spine cucumbers.

Then the weather was not always propitious, and her first planting of sugar-corn and early rose potatoes rotted in the ground.

But Miss Ferobia, nothing daunted, replanted the vacant rows with later varieties, and in due time the seed sprouted and gave every promise of a luxuriant crop.

But from that time on it was, as the little woman declared, a "tussle" between herself and the weeds.

While she was hoeing her cabbages and kohi robes and weeding her silver-skin onions, the cockle burrs and wild morning glories were flourishing among her sweet corn and potatoes.

She worked early and late, however, to eradicate the tenacious interlopers, and finally succeeded in accomplishing her task. When lo! one unlucky night Farmer Nubbins' pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence,

and played havoc among the growing crops.

Small wonder, indeed, if our heroine lost her temper at last and pelted those pigs with clods, or whatever came handiest, and even whacked one of them across the snout with the hoe-handle.

But with all her efforts it was late in the day when the last one of the marauders was disposed of, and the fence patched up after a fashion.

Miss Ferobia's workmanship, if not exactly artistic, was sufficiently ingenious to prevent further inroads in that direction.

But for some reason from that time on the fates seemed to turn a cold shoulder to her efforts.

The rabbits feasted on her early York cabbages and marrowfat pease, the striped bugs worked destruction on her cucumbers and Cassava melons, the Colorado beetle devastated her potatoes, and the squash-bugs ate up her Boston marrows and patty-pan squashes. The foxes, minks, owls and hawks, to say nothing of opossums and weasels thinned the ranks of her young Dorkings and Plymouth Rocks; and, to make matters worse, her cow turned out to be a "jumper" and brought disgrace on herself and trouble to her mistress by daily raids on Farmer Nubbins' corn field.

This was the last straw, and, like the mythical camel, Miss Ferobia broke down under it.

"There ain't no use a-tryin', as I see," she lamented, dolefully, as she set out her one cup and saucer in readiness for her tea. "A lone woman don't have no chance at all."

"An' here I've spent all my money on my garden ain't wuth shucks. And Timothy, he'll say he told me how 'twould be, and that I'd better o' married Jason Smallweed. And I almost b'lieve—I would—No, I wouldn't, either. I won't take up with a crooked stick, if I be nearly through the woods."

"Evenin', Miss Feroby," interrupted a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sun-browned face.

Miss Ferobia shook hands with her visitor, and drew forth a chair for him, with a secret fluttering at her heart as she remembered her sister-in-law's insinuation.

But Felix was evidently bent on making himself agreeable.

"An' so you've struck out for yourself," he observed. "Gittin' along first rate, I opine. You must show me your garden."

"I haven't got any garden, and you sha'n't see it," declared Miss Ferobia, inconsistently. "It's all choked up with weeds—I couldn't keep them out. An' what with the bugs, an' the rabbits an' pigs, I ain't got a cabbage-head left, skeercreely."

"Sho', now, you don't say! Why, if that ain't too bad," responded Felix, sympathetically.

"An' the varmints has took all my young chickens," continued Miss Ferobia. "An' Farmer Nubbins is a-goin' to shoot my cow, an' an'—"

The thought of her woes was too much for her, and she began to sob hysterically.

"Don't cry, Miss Feroby; please don't," urged Felix. "He sha'n't shoot your cow. I promise you."

But Miss Ferobia shook her head, and dried her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"I'll sell the cow," she declared, soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can cook if I can't make garden."

"No need to hire out," put in Felix, eagerly. "I—I want somebody to cook for me. Say you'll marry me, Feroby!"

But Miss Ferobia in her surprise stared at him, then hung her head, blushing like a girl.

"It's so—sudden," she whispered.

"What's the odds?" asked Felix, boldly. "I wanted you long ago, only I couldn't somehow git the courage to ask you. Say yes, won't you, Feroby?"

And after a little more urging Miss Ferobia did say yes, and felt very well contented with her future prospects, in spite of her weedy garden.

"Timothy will say the truck business was a failure after all," she reflected, as she washed up her supper dishes at night, with a very light heart, "but he can't say it wasn't a successful failure, anyhow."—Helen W. Clark, in Leslie's Newspaper.

WHEN MEN SEE SNAKES.

The Appearance of the Reptiles Is Due to Congestion of the Eye-Veins.

The cause of persons whose nerves are excited by protracted and excessive use of stimulants seeing the shapes of animals passing before them is not due wholly to the imagination. In fact the fancy only operates to induce a belief that what is seen is alive and hideous.

The eyeball is covered by a network of veins, ordinarily so small that they do not intrude themselves visibly in the path of the light that enters the sight, but in the course of some diseases these veins are frequently congested and swollen to such size as to become visible, and when this happens, the effect generally is to appear as if there were an object of considerable size at a distance from the eye.

Of course, this vein is generally long, thin and sinuous like a serpent, and the figure seen is frequently startlingly like a snake. That they seem to live is due to the fact that they are often not in perfect line with the direct front of sight. They are either to the side, up or down from the focus; therefore, when discovered, the victim naturally turns his eyes toward the effect, and the effect, of course, moves away.

The eye follows, and thus a continuous and realistic motion is got. Now, if the eye be returned to the front again quickly it will see another snake, which, if watched, will glide away in the same manner. The writer of this is afflicted by malarial disease, and after his eyes are thus congested many strange shapes and clouds pass within his vision, which, if he were in a state of nervous collapse, might easily be all that are seen by those suffering from delirium tremens.—N. Y. Times.

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HUMAN NATURE.

How it Manifests Itself at Summer Resorts.

It was a favorite adage of Napoleon's that "human nature is always and everywhere the same." It is certainly pretty much the same, year after year, at the different places of summer resort. There is your invalid, for example, to whom no topic is interesting that does not treat of the condition of his tongue and stomach, sitting on the sunny side of the piazza, buttoned up to his chin, in a chair that rests, like his constitution, on its hind legs. He pounces on unhappy listeners, and bores them, always and everywhere the same, with minute descriptions of his ailments. Then, there is your country clergyman, who came to be jolly, and would fain be so; but, before he can make make up his mind to it, must settle the important questions whether rolling ten-pins would be considered a social act by Deacon Grim of his parish, and whether he ought to countenance, by his presence in the ladies' parlor, any song but "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound."

There is the bachelor, who knows the flirtation ropes; and though he has no objection to carry a young lady's shawl or parasol, also carries a rhinoceros hide over his heart, from which her little arrows glance harmless, though ever so skillfully aimed from ribbon, slipper or curl. There is your widow—cultivated, refined, intelligent, self-respecting; yet fettered in every word and action by the knowledge that every person in the house imagines that her earliest and latest thoughts are employed in the construction of adroit man-traps. There is grandma—dear, saintly grandma—who, in her best cap and gown, sits hour after hour on the same rocking chair in the ladies' parlor, watching the tide of life as it ebbs and flows past her, well pleased to be spared the petty strife for place and power, and smiling benignly on young and old, as if to say: "Some day, you like me, will be glad to rest; meantime, my dears, get all you can out of it!"

And here is our belle—blonde or brunette, it matters not—with her wondrous changes of rainbow raiment, languishing or lively, as best suits her style, angling for admiration, with hook and line skillfully concealed, but none the less effective; beautiful as a dream, and like a dream, very unsatisfactory to the wide-awake; numbering her victims by the thousand, and knowing nothing more earnest in life than a perfect toilet and an intoxicated adorer. From the tip of her wicked little slipper to her pearl of an ear, she is but a mockery and a snare.

Then there is the wife who has waited weary weeks for the arrival of her husband, and now he's coming! She is a plain little woman, judging her face is quite beautiful with the illumination of love. She has a natural flower in her hair, and her little girl has on her best dress; and all the guests feel a personal interest in that stranger husband's arrival, and listen anxiously, like herself, for the coming of the train, as she paces up and down the piazza, too restless to sit still. Now, if he should not come after all! Wouldn't he deserve lynching? That is the universal verdict. But he has come! "Papa! Papa!—John! John!" It is dark at the station, but that kiss was heard; and all went their separate ways satisfied, now justice had been done. Human love, imperfect as it is, is a beautiful thing. Husband! wife! child! These ties, after all, are life.—N. Y. Ledger.

A REMARKABLE RODENT.

The Widespread Destruction Caused by its Periodic Migrations.

The lemming is a very remarkable rodent which inhabits northern Europe, and on some occasions makes itself unpleasantly conspicuous.

At uncertain intervals, such as ten or fifteen years, the lemmings suddenly swarm literally in millions, and begin to march southward. Devouring everything eatable, they press straight onward, allowing nothing but a perpendicular wall to stop them. Even fire has but little effect upon them, the leading lemmings being forced into it by those behind until the fire is quenched by their numbers, and the dead bodies of the slain serve as bridges over which their comrades pass.

Not only do they eat all the herbage, but the people say that cattle refuse to feed on spots on which the lemmings have trod. Sometimes they come to a river and enter it with the same stolid indifference which characterize all their proceedings. As long as the water is quite smooth, they can swim fairly and will succeed in crossing. But the least ripple is said to be fatal to them.

Predaceous beasts, such as wolves, foxes, wildcats and stoats, accompany them and feed luxuriously on them. So do predaceous birds, eagles, hawks and owls; and even the larger fish are their enemies, snapping them up as they are endeavoring to cross the rivers.

Fear is utterly unknown to them, probably by reason of their want of intellect, and although they will not go out of their way to attack any one, they entirely decline to make way for even man himself.

They move in two vast columns, one passing through Norway and the other through Sweden. The end of them is always the same, and supposing that they have escaped the beasts, birds and fishes, and have surmounted the perils of fire and water, they are forced into the sea and perish there. Those which take the route through Norway are forced into the Skagerack and Kattegat, while those who pass through Sweden lose their lives in the gulf of Bothnia and the Baltic. Then the country is freed from them and the inhabitants may be tolerably sure that at least ten years must elapse before the lemmings can increase sufficiently to make up for the terrible losses which their migration has cost them.

There is one little set-off against the damage which is done by the lemmings. They are very good to eat, and lemmings soaked like quail and served on toast is considered to be quite a delicacy. They are very small to do so much damage, being scarcely six inches in length.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The Pickwick club, Louisville, Ky., is reported to be the "swellest" organization of colored men in the country. It is literary as well as social and its leaders set the fashion for the colored jeunesse doree of the town.

—The city of Jacksonville, Fla., protects catfish in the river as scavengers. It is a five-dollar fine to catch one of them, and the fish seem to know it. The river is full of them, and they vary in size from a baby to a two-hundred-pound man.

—A New York youth wrote a letter to his fiancée recently and while on the way to mail it lost it in an elevated railroad car. When the train was returning the fiancée boarded it and was surprised to find a letter on the seat addressed to her. She quickly recognized the handwriting, however, and was quietly reading it while the youth was writing the same thing over again.

—The most ingenious of the nickel-in-the-slot machines now plays poker on receipt of two-half dimes—or four if as many choose to play the game. It is pharisaically called a tell-your-fortune machine, but the poker that it plays is of the genuine kind, which will bankrupt any man who sticks to it during that distressing period which players speak of as "not my day for playing."

—Mrs. Cunningham, of Belfast, is the mother of triplets—bright babies now two years old. When they were younger these triplets were a source of unmixed joy, but now they are getting to be something of a nuisance to the mother, for every time she goes down town the babies are bound to go, too, and admiring crowds follow them from shop to shop as though they were part of a circus parade.

—Undertakers say that it is a common thing with the families of the poor in New York to send for them as soon as a member of the household is pronounced to be dying. On a recent occasion an assistant in a west side funeral establishment waited four hours in the outer hall for the last breath to be drawn, and then ventured a mild suggestion to the family that they should wait in turn and send for him in the morning.

—Some water meters recently purchased by the New York City authorities, at \$70 each, have been condemned because they registered three times as much water as passed through them. They had evidently been constructed by a mechanic who had won distinction as a maker of industrious gas-meters which never fail to tick out a big record. If the gas companies know his address, he will not long rust in idleness.

—Rats are very selfish. A Brooklyn lady has discovered this fact, and acting upon it, placed a piece of looking-glass in the side of a trap opposite the entrance. The rat, seeing the reflection of an animal of its kind about to enter, hastens its movements, and of course gets in first. The lady who thought of this trick has been quite successful in catching rats, and in the very trap which before they had studiously shunned.

—An Atchison man had a "nightmare" after eating a lunch of cheese, mustard and dried beef, and had a disagreeable dream that his son was in great danger instead of being unable to run from ghosts, as is usually the case in nightmares, he was unable to get ready to go to the rescue of his son. Finally he awoke, and was so impressed with the dream that he went into his son's room. He found him out of bed and on the roof of the house, where he had climbed in his sleep.

—One evening W. T. Reeves, manager of the Postal Telegraph Co. in Madison, Fla., found that his wires did not work between that point and Greensboro. In the morning Mr. Reeves started out on an investigating tour. When within six miles of Greensboro he found two mammoth snakes hanging across the wires in such a manner as to connect the currents of each. The snakes had been killed, tied together and hung out to bring rain, the work being done by darters in the neighborhood.

—A prominent cable car line official in Pittsburgh said recently: "The ropes on cable roads are, as a rule, sold as soon as they are put in. The rope upon which we are traveling was sold several weeks ago. The old ropes are sold for inclines, elevators, etc. They are better for that purpose than if they were new. They have become so thoroughly soaked with oil and tar, and so stretched that they are seasoned. They will never wear out on inclines or elevators because there is no strain on them compared with that of a cable road, and they have been tested so that they may be relied on. After they have been in use a short time on the cable roads, and before they show any signs of wear, they are replaced by new ones."

EATING IN RUSSIA.

Three Meals a Day Not Enough in the Czar's Domain.

The Russian eats on an average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodka and tea. Vodka is the Russian whisky, made from potatoes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, and is generally flavored with some extract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold perhaps half a gill. Vodka and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the czar.

Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is the rule. When you go to the house of a Russian, be he a friend or a stranger, you are at once invited to a side-table, where salted meats, pickled eels, salted cucumbers and many other spicy and appetizing viands are urged upon you with an impressiveness that knows no refusal. This repast is washed down with frequent cups of vodka. That over, and when the visitor feels as if he had eaten enough for twenty-four hours, the host says: "And now to dinner." At the dinner-table the meal is served in courses, with wines grown in the Crimea and in Bessarabia, where excellent claret and Burgundies are made and sold for from a shilling to half a crown the bottle.—N. Y. Ledger.

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