# SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT.

VOLUME XXII, NO. 33.

Mo . the . Public

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.

GOOD -:- GOODS

\*LOW PRICES

Call and see us as we have the most complete and largest stock ever dis-

played 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 331-3 to 50 Per ent.

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.

I.N. MEAD.

J. N. MEAD 6

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

NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 36.

### BLECTRICIAN -- DECORATOR. 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 accidentaly 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., 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 truin on which he wasemployed, 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

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. Britzius, of Chicago, will day. 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 Unions will march through Ludington and Charlotte streets to Eden Park and will there pic nic all day. Mr. Britzius 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 cer

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 sat-

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 gasholder and its connections is to be housed in and a portion of the plant (the"scrubbers") is but temporary and is to be re placed 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, Sur- in the races. veying, 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 more than the fun was worth.

G. Stadt could have got off with the usual \$5 and costs, having been just d ganized and instituted "Phoebe Lodge" and d, but he insisted on the full schedule of the Rebekah order, initiated 29 candi--attorney to defend and jury to tryand had to pay for it, the jury said so.

Lights for Thomas Street.
The council has ordered and the Lightng Co. is now putting in five are 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,

Garden Gleanings. Senator H. M. Youmans is visiting his son Elmer and friends at Van's Harbor. hood last Monday. From the priests of The senator was once a partner in the his diocese he received an outfit of vestlumber business with Mr. L. Van Winkle. ments and from the laity a purse contain-John St. John, who had been suffering ing \$4,000.

with cancer on the lower lip died the 28th GENERAL CITY JOTTINGS 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

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 Wednes-

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

Dr. Long visited at Menominee on Sun-

Miss Thompson arrived from her trip to Lake Erie last Sunday. Mrs. Yockey went to Chicago yester-

Miss Laura McHugh will have charge

of Mrs. Jockey's millinery rooms. Rey. D. W. Hurlburt, 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

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

tending conference, Nick. Riley attended the Green Bay

races this week. Mrs. L. S. Franklin attended the wed-

ding of her brother, W. W. Stoddard, at Appleton, Thursday.

Dick Mc Lean was in town Tuesday

The Gertrude lay at the Hart line dock over night from Tuesday to 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 even-

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 Tues day 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 yester-

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

John Christie is at Green Bay, taking Miss Golden and Misses Anniè and Maggie Killian have returned from their

trip around the lakes. Tony Erickson has gone to Milwaukee, a trout. Ed. and Mrs. Krickson went to Chicago

Wednesday evening. O Rebekah Lodge Installed.

Messrs. Heineman and Jackson, of Ne gaunee, with a delegation of Rebekahs O'Brien, was fined. Fine, costs and at- from that city, arrived here on Wednestorney's fee must have cost him \$50; day morning, were received and entertained during the day by resident Odd Fellows and ladies, and in the evening ordates and installed the officers of the new lodge, who are: W. J. Hatton; 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 neces sarily mortal nor, taking Myer's goodcondition and reserve of strength info account, likely to prove so. Heis progressng favorably as a man with his thigh-

> bone smashed can. A Handsome Gift. Bishop Vertin celebrated the 25th anniversary of his entrance into the priest-

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

REPORTERS.

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 so 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 sentaway with the taste of trout in their mouths. 'Old Man Young" furnished the fisheighteen 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 cemetrey.

The gas works will be completed with-

in 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 Mon-

Remember the Sunday school services. Rev. Mr. Whitney is out of town at- next Sunday, at the Presbyterian church. Van Valkenburg has sold his dairy and Oysters in all styles. milk route to Norman Eddy. He advertised it in Iron Port and found a customer

> Jacob Jepson has just completed a building 26x80, two stories, at 517 Jennie street, and will commence the manufacture of "soft drinks" therein in a few

> John Jordan is building a new pop fac-

Read B. C. Lindley's new advertisement in todays, paper.

M. A. Asher is no longer numbered among Escanaba's business men, having the first of the week.

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

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", in quire 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 Ask Capt. Charlie Burns how he hap-

pened 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 White-

fish and arrived at home Tuesday, having "fished every hole in the river, from not come. The Sunday Times, from its head to its mouth," and caught many | which the daily was to grow, says:

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

That Oshkosh police is "too fly"-to ters tends to stand off visitors from the

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

Half a dozen cases of typhoid at the ospital; some from the woods but some,

also, from town. Frank Winegar and wife lost their little e-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.

at the want column: house, Del. Winegar in charge, at 517 who placed it on the roof, but the fact Ludington street.

Opening Entertainment.

The opening of the Skandinavian Reading Rooms last Friday evening was an

entertainment well worth remark. The opening number was a song by Hedin's choir, given in a manuer which reflected credit on both teacher (or leader) and members. Hedin's choir will be a been writing to the newspapers.

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 GLEANED BY IRON PORT in Swedish by Miss Ella Steverson was fine, was also a dialogue (the Irish love letter) given by Misses Hilma Peterson, Mary Bolin and Garda Strom. Garfield's Ride, by Gunderson, and the Darkey Sermon by J. A. Stromberg were the cosing numbers and were well done. The assolation is on its feet already.

A levermite Cartridge 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 blastingeight or ten inches long and an inch or over in diameter. It had lain upon the roof for some time, as the paper envelopehad 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 estab-

lish 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 Kaullmann is serving oysters on half shell. Also all other styles.

A great lay-out at Kauffmanu's saloon.

Oysters at Kauffmann's.

Wait for Schram.

Port List. Arrived since Aug. 30., Tom Adams, New Orleans, Roman, Norman, White Star, Johet, Ed. Smith, Marvin, Merrimac, Metacomet, Red White and Blue, Bacon, Street, Farwell, Sheldon, Burt, 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, Metacomet, Wesley, Massachusetts, Maryremoved his stock of clothing to Marinette land, B. Barnes-Chicago. White Star-Elk Rapids. Street-Fruitport. Marvin, Ed. Smith-Cleveland. Farwell, Sheldon, Bacon, Burt, I. H. Owen, Corona, Pueblo

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 perior 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

"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, nick up yachtsmen as suspicious charac- 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 Mr. Spoor's residence is for sale. Look that the finding of the dynamite should be kept quiet in order that a still Booth has opened a fish and oyster hunt might be carried on for the person had got abroad before it reached them, even, and there was nothing to be guin-ed by keeping silent in the newspaper while the "buzz" went up and down the

> The New York Life Insurance Co. has bouncedits cashier, T. M. Banta, He had

## FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATS. AN ELEGANT LINE OF PANTINGS!

## -NEVER WAS IN BETTER SWAPE TO DO-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.

Abe Gluckstein,

MERCHART . TAILOR

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS

LUDINGTON ST., ESCANABA.

NOW ARRIVING.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

You are Invited to Inspect my Line Before Leaving your Measure Elsewhere:

So when life's morning rises from the void, Flushed with the promise of a mo

buoyed, Goes forth unheeding all life's elder story,

With faith and hope through years, alas! how

The youth by rosy pathways hastens, humming
A gay refrain, whose chorus, ever new,
CRings with the spell-words: "Coming!"—always "Coming!"

But when, through many a change of sea and

The sun hath slowly risen and fast de-

Till, from the horizon, with regretful eye, .

He sinks through angry clouds, and day is

The storm-tossed flowers of weary earth re-And many a bud that gave at morn fair

Of noontide bloom, is but a withered rose-Its fragrance gone, its every promise broken,

So when the day of life, through storm and Hath struggled fitfully beyond its zenith,

What wonder if, regretful, down the past The heart should look and question what life

No more beguiled by hope through flowery The path has long been rude and thorny

growing; And in the chant the heart shall henceforth

The choral word is "Going" ever "Going!"

—C. Gardner, in N. Y. Ledger.

### 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. Good wife Van Buren reclined against the opposite side of the door, glad to get a mouthful of the cool breeze, for the day had been sultry. Jacobus passed to and fro, between the bar and the trees, with tankards of frothy brown ale; taking good heed not to tread on the toes of his master and mistress; potboy's positions were not going a-begging in Flatbush town in the year of grace seventeen hundred and eighty-

The inn-keeper was in the act of shaping another ring, when a loud burst of laughter from the trees caused him to turn his head so suddenly that the smoke was ejected in a shapeless cloud.

"The Cross Keys," said he, "has never known livelier company." "That fat pirate," replied the wife,

"would make a Quaker laugh!". "Ay, it's a merry rascal, and right welcome to all the liquor it can gulp. But remember, my dear, it is the dumb host that draws the most ale. Let the congress and the king fight out their own battles."

"Folk say," remarked his helpmeet, "Howe has written to King George that we Long Islanders are ready to take the oath of allegiance. I ain't ready to take such an oath, Joris."

"Bah! you're not a Long Islander; you're a woman. As for me, I am too old to fight on either side, so I'll live in peace, with my customer for my king."

"This English major certainly do bring us plenty of business, Joris." "Oh, Shelton knows on which side his toast is buttered; he quarters the American prisoners in this neighbor-

hood, and boards at the Cross Keys himself free of charge."

"And you allow him per cent. on the prisoners' ale, don't you, Joris?" "Mrs. Van Buren," replied her lord,

curtly, 'that's a state secret!" In the modern warfare of "civilized" nations the parole, as it existed in the time of our revolution, finds scant recognition; it has gone out with the slow match and the boarding pike. It was customary then for large numbers of prisoners of war to be given the freedom of a certain district, their word of honor being accepted that they would not attempt to rejoin their friends until given permission to do so by the terms of a mutual "exchange." Generally these prisoners were attended by a single officer; and in the pregnant period of the revolution the life of a prisoner of war (with the certain shameful exceptions blotting the pages of Britain's history) was by no

means devoid of pleasurable incident. Much has been written regarding the whaleboat privateersmen of those days, and, perhaps, considerably more to their disparagement than circumstances justify. They were but the natural offspring of unnatural conditions. Of these rangers none achieved a wider reputation than Capt. Marriner. An old record tells us "he was a man of eccentric character, witty and ingenious, and abounding in anecdotes." A careful perusal of such of his remarkable adventures as are preserved in the chronicles of his time enables us to form a good idea of his personality. He was as short as a Dutch skipper; so fat that the ransacking of stolen clothes chests formed no part of his piratical amusements, and his face might be likened to a copper-colored moon in a state of general volcanic eruption. The hollow tone of his voice led to the pleasantry that "the captain had swallowed a northeaster and was peddling it out in cupfuls."

It was indeed a jovial party that sat at the long table beneath the maple

"Silence, gentlemen!" cried one.
"Capt Marriper, for a song."

A score of tankards beat a tattoo on the board as the captain arose and bowed, first to the major (who sat, moodily, a few paces from the head of the table), then to his audience. Tak-ing the average and speaking relative-ly, Capt. Marriner was not "half seas ver," although certain premonitory rinks conferred upon his opposites as a rose "to oblige" were given with a lim that ill consorted with perfect so-ciety. In a voice husby with porter remotion be announced "The Yankes

Sword," and proceeded to sing the following, to the air of an old sea song:

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee sword! In Heaven it was made:
It flashes bright in Freedom's light;
Hurrah for the patriot blade!
The tyrant from his castle sees

Its glimmering afar,
And toddles about,
And toddles about,
And toddles about with shaking knees; For the Yankee sword-hurrah!

"I forbid you to finish that tuneless dogg'rel!" exclaimed Maj. Shelton, with as much dignity as though he were

King George himself. "Egad, sir!" replied the captain, "the beauty of my song is that each verse is complete in itself-"

"I will have no more of the treasonable stuff!"

"Shame!" cried a dozen voices. "Perhaps," laughed the captain, "our British jailer would prefer the ballad of 'The Cock-a-Hoop and the Caged

Eagle? Shelton's eyes blazed with anger at this mock allusion to their relative positions; walking quickly to the back of the captain, he dealt him such a blow in the face that the sea dog was

knocked into his neighbor's lap. With loud cries of "villain!" and "coward!" a dozen men sprang to avenge this unsoldierlike act. But Marriner was not the man to require assistance in such matters.

"Pray return to your seats, gentlemen," he said; then, in a tone of mock reproof, he added: "What! attack with your hands a poor fellow who has nought but sword and pistols wherewith to defend himself! For shame,

boys!" Turning to Shelton, who stood with his hand on the hilt of his saber, he said, in an undertone: "For a prisoner of war to lay finger on his guard is, as you well know, to incur the penalty of death; besides, you are armed and I am not; but I shall repay you before many

days!" "I shall not avoid you-when you are entitled to wear a sword!" retorted the major, contemptuously; then, as the company broke up, in disorder, he stepped into the inn, to pen a line to the British general, asking for a few troops "to prevent a certain unscrupulous rebel, one Marriner, from breaking his parole.'

The captain, however, had no such intention. Lazily lolling over the now deserted table, he lit his pipe, and appeared to be lost in peaceful musings. But he was never so wide-awake as when he appeared abstracted. A foxy glance or two at the hostlery showed a state of bustle therein; presently, upon the blind of the tap-room, he saw the shadow of the major and the innkeeper in earnest conversation. Soon the shadows disappeared, and Shelton sauntered out for his evening walk. As soon as the wood screened him from view, the captain rapped sharply with his mug, which brought Mrs. Van Bu-

ren to the table. "The old man has gone to the English lines," said Marriner.

"Lord's mercy, captain, and what

makes you think so?" "The horse has boofs, and we are to lew'rd. I don't want to know his business; what I desire to ask you is-are you a daughter of liberty?"

"Why, really, captain, the master hasn't decided"-

"But you have," interrupted the cap-tain, "and you wish the English were at the bottom of the sea! You saw that

brig try to shoot away my topm'st?" "It were a dirty trick, sir, if it's the blow you mean.'

The captain tore a leaf from his pocketbook and wrote a few lines upon "Mrs. Van Buren," he said, "can you

ride a horse?" "Indeed, few better, sir; my own horse, Black Ned, in the stable there"-

"Gen. Putnam is in Brooklyn; this slip of paper must be put into his hands

"Lord's mercy!" cried the hostess. "And are we going to have another

"I will read it:-"My Dear General—Can you have me ex-changed, and at once? MARRINER."

The captain bestowed a significant glance upon the lady, who took the bit of paper and thrust it in her bosom. Then, running into the house, she returned with a pint of the captain's particular porter, which he swallowed gratefully, bade her good night and set out for the cottage at which he was lodged. On his return, instead of retiring, as he should have done under the circumstances, Maj. Shelton repaired to the bar, reclined on one of the settees, and to the infinite annoyance of his hostess commenced to discuss what he was pleased to term "the pitiful folly of these provinces in hearkening to such sordid wretches as Henry,

Jefferson, Washington and Paine." The rumbling of distant thunder now added to the worthy lady's disgust. This delay would oblige her to take the shorter britle path through the woods, and she had a pardonable dislike to the proximity of tall pine trees in a thunder storm. So communicative was the major that the anxious woman feared lest he should conclude to sit up for her husband's return; but a tremendous thunder crash right over the inn seemed to bring him to a sense of the proprieties, for he leaped to his feet, looked at the brass timepiece on the mantel (which was on the stroke of midnight) and hurried upstairs.

Without the loss of a moment the woman assumed her good man's corduroy coat and, taking a lantern to the stable, aroused and saddled Black Ned. The rain was falling in torrents as she rose to the saddle and cautiously directed the horse across the turf to the opening in the woods. Then, tying the reins to the saddle, she "shone" the lantern over the animal's head and urged him to a gentle canter in the di-

rection of Brooklyn. The sun was up when Van Buren (who had prudently passed the night in the British camp) returned to the de-camp of the British general. On leading the horses to the stable he was intensely surprised to find Black Ned stretched upon the straw, his appearance indicating that he had been ridden to the stable he was intensely surprised to find Black Ned stretched upon the straw, his appearance indicating that he had been ridden to the straw.

(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 se-

The officer was discussing a broiled steak when Shelton entered the bar. On the table lay an official note, the contents of which gave the major a little surprise. It ran as follows:

"We have acceded to the terms of a proposed exchange of prisoners, just at hand, and you will at once release from custody Jeremiah Marriner. CLINTON, commanding." Ere the captain quitted the precincts of Flatbush he contrived to deliver his

thanks to his fair messenger. "It was a terrible ride," she said, "but I had a companion coming back. And now tell me, captain, why you are so anxious to leave us."

"Ah, madam," whispered the privateer, "your porter is excellent, but so is my song of 'The Yankee Sword'and I've sworn to make the major sing

One dark night, shortly after the events described, as the buxom landlady of the Cross Keys was industriously biting the edge of a suspicious sixpence preparatory to placing it with the rest of her honest day's "takings," she was startled by a gentle rap at the

"Who's there?" she asked. "The thirsty crew of the pirate ship Falcon, hailing from New Brunswick," replied a guttural voice.

"Why, if it ain't Capt. Marriner!" exclaimed the hostess, flinging open the

"Hush, my lass!" grunted the captain. "Old man in his bunk?" "Yes."

"Him. too?" "Yes."

"Chairs and tables under the trees?" "Oh, yes."

"Here, boys, each of you fill a mug and go out there to the table. No noise,

The men did as directed and Capt. Marriner, after a few whispered words with Mrs. Van Buren (which seemed to afford the lady immense pleasure) picked up a lantern and went upstairs. When, after the lapse of a few minutes, he reappeared, he was accompanied by a tall gentleman, clad only in his night robe, who carried a boot in one hand and a wig in the other.

"This way, major," said the captain, pushing him out doors.

"Maj. Shelton on the table for a song!" came in unison from the trees, which were now illuminated by the rays of a rising moon.

"Now, my dear captain-ha! ha! ha! Good! Very good!" said the shivering soldfer. "But I don't sing at all, you know; really I don't!"

"I'm afraid." whispered the captain, "these men are desperate dogs, so you'd better mount the table without more ado, and give them 'The Yankee Sword."

Here the major's eyes fell on Mrs. Van Buren, who had all she could do to control her risibilities.

"Mount the table-like this! I cannot -I will not do such a thing!" Click! went the locks of a dozen pis-

tols, and a dozen voices shouted, as before: "Maj. Shelton on the table for a "Splendid shots, those fellows," whis-

pered the captain.

"Oh, this is dreadful! And such a barbarous high wind, too! Supposing I run up stairs and get my small clothes," whined the victim. "I'm afraid you haven't forgiven me for"-

"Oh, they'll excuse your appearance; up with you!" and up the major scrambled, frightened out of his wits, almost, amid the roars of the privateers-

"But I don't know the song," he snivelled.

"You shall sing it after me, line for line," replied Marriner, "and don't you back water at the last line, which is three cheers for General Washington, or there'll be plenty of crows in this neighborhood to-morrow!"

Quaking in every limb the major, his knees bent and his fingers convulsively clutching the hem of his scanty robe, sang the six verses of the song in the manner directed, and he certainly gave the three cheers with a vim, whatever may have been his thoughts.

"And now," said the captain, when the applause had ceased, "one of you run upstairs and get his breeches and the mate to this boot and we'll be off." The poor major looked at his perse-

cutor in horror at this remark. "You see," volunteered that worthy, 'we're afraid the boys would quiz you too much if we left you here, so we're just going to run you over to New York -a prisoner of war!"

That was how Capt. Marriner repaid a blow.-Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Her-

Hard to Swallow.

The familiar stories about swallowing silver dollars, sets of false teeth, and so forth, had been related, when Dr. Longbow began to speak.

"Two years ago," he said, "I was called in great haste to attend a carpenter in my town, though the message said that the man was beyond doubt already dead, for he had, while holding a large gimlet in his mouth at his work, suddenly been taken with a fit of hiccoughs and swallowed the gimlet.

"But when I arrived at the man's house I found him very comfortable. The gimlet, gentlemen, gave him no trouble at all to digest.'

There was silence for a moment. Presently one of the other doctors re-"With you for his physician, Long-

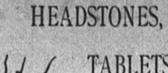
bow, the man was lucky that it was only a gimlet that he undertook to awallow." "What do you mean?"
"Why, if he had tried to swallow one

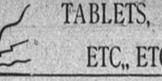
of your stories it would have choked him to death."-Youth's Companion. -Modern Chivalry .- Maude (excited-

iy)—"Did you hear the news? Tom Barry and Jack Dashing are going to fight a duel about you." Amanda— "Isn't it delightful! Tell me the par-ticulars." Maude—"Each one accused the other of being in love with you."-

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THE ECONOMY OF PAIN. False Notions of Self-Sacrifice Entertained

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 misinterpeted the Bible as to believe that pure religion and undefiled 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 fol-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 dreariness 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

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

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 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 Dis-

gusts 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 oldtime 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 spreading about with such a prodigal mouth were all directed at the

"What's the matter?" asked a young

man who was passing. "Wat'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 'f 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 drops. 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 fer two days. I quithim cold, der yer mind, dead cold. No sich gibberin' idiots kin travel wid me, an' don't yer ferget 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 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 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 rimply ridden with an old-established physicianridden 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 pharmacopœia. 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 fullskirted 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 muffetees. Full kneebreeches dressed his shapely legs, while fine silk stockings and buckled shoes displayed his well-turned calves and ankles. But in muddy 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—ties, 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 horsehair 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 droned 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 valance of the bed; the doctor stood scorched and bareheaded, 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 terrifled 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, ad-

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

visability and best convenience of

having one of the new lightning-rods

rigged upon his medical back, and run-

ning thence up through his wig, thus

warding off further alarming accident Ere this was done the mystery of the

explosion was solved. When the doc-

tor's new wig arrived from Boston, he

ordered his Indian servant to powder it

well it was worn. He was horrified to

see Noantum 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 diabol-

ical, thaumaturgical or meteorological

influences -Alice M. Earle, in At-

-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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lves in Branch county and is a trader, dty idea that the best of everything comes from over the water. But the Branch Bre epicions es to the policy of gobus abroad after what can be got at bome as well as concerning the veracity of ini-

Shehwood, August 15, 1891. A Shempton & Sone, New York City.

and give America, the land that blesses

him, the benefit.

As to Protection to American institutions, you say the duty on your imports is 30 per cent. I say the duty is not high mongh, or you would not have imported 6,000 cases of pins to America, as you the importers entirely. They are a curse to America. You say the biggest houses in America buy English pins and are compelled to, because they can't get the best Also that on or about September 15, in America. That is just what lying importers and their allies have been telling in this country for more than one hundred years. A shame on any American citizen who could be so low, base and mean! You say, "Should you change your mind at any time and want a first class line of goods." No, no native land to stand by, loster and pro-

tect, then I'll succomb to Johnnie Bull. Yours for protection to American labor and capital, honor and truth S. SPURLOCK

In the cotton tie trade is clearly seen Tunstall, Staffordshire, it seems that the | out authority. He has throttled free works in England exclusively engaged in nalists. the production of cotton ties turned out Ezeta, president of Salvador, attempt-15,000 tons annually. One ton of such ed to take certain passengers from the ties, valued at the mill at an average of Pacific mail steamer City of Panama, but 27 or \$34.06, being dutiable at the rate found a different sort of a commander of 35 per cent., would pay a duty of \$11.92 under the old tariff, while under the McKinley tariff, at the specific rate of 1.3 cents per pound, the same ton would his crew to quarters and made ready for Saturday. have to pay a duty of \$29.12, or an increase of \$17.20 per ton. This, at the present price of cotton ties in the United States, and there being no other market but its United States, and there being no other market but its United States. but the United States for its product, has compelled the company to close its works. -Am. Manufacturer.

the \$17.20 per ton and keep right along with his business. That he did not, and that American manufacturers are supplying the demand at the old price, suggests a doubt as to the truth of the free-trade dogma. It looks as though the result. on the price of the article, of the new tariff had been inappreciable but that it. had resulted in transferring the industry, from England to the United States, That result even the free-traders can not complain of, and this is only one of a score of industries similarly affected by the Me-Kinley tariff.

Senator Sherman, at Paulding, Ohio, on the 27th last, stated the ground of contest between the great parties thus:

Upon two great measures of public policy the Republican and Democratic the people of Ohio in November, and -nobody need starve, mon public opinion throughout the Inited States. One is whether the holder of allver bullion may deposit it in the Treasury of the United States and deand and receive for it one dollar of coinmuch silver bullion is now ubout 77 cents, when she ran the rapids, but was trimmed varying, how ever, from day to day like to her lightest draft. imes less. The other question is bether the policy of taxing imported gods by the government of the United states embodied in our existing tariff awknown as the McKinley tariff, is a

dge of plas, himself, and some very posi-

The Iron Trade Review says of the traiporters and free-traders. So he writes fic in iron ore that "the cold fact remains that the transportation lines, notably those rail carriers that ship the ore from the mines to the lake ports, with those it was Nicolay, not Hay, with whom be Gentlemen—I received yours of the 13th that forward it to interior points, in couland had his little tilt.

Inst. A manufacturer of plus in America function with the coke producers, have not only skimmed the fat off this season's.

The Maccabees in the United States; that you import no profit in the iron ore and pig iron buspins, only needles. I am buying as good | iness, but have taken the milk also, leavas the samples you send me, which are ing the trade very much the worse off all made in Ohio, 40 per cent. less than your around for the little business that was quotations. False representations don't transacted." Perhaps the gentlemen of count with me. If a man is enjoying the state board of equalization will take American blessing, privileges and institut this met into consideration, with whattions he ought to be honorable and hon- ever else they may have learned by perest enough to sail under American colors sonal inspection, when they consider the question of taxation of mining properties. The Review is a disinterested witness.

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 which picked him up a sea. It is rather say you did. I say put the duty at 60 order to a fixed red light of the fourth to be regretted-other fools will try it, or 100 per cent., or enough to knock out order. The light should be visible in clear now. weather from the deck of a vessel ten feet above the level of the lake eleven and three-quarters statute miles.

1891, the light at Porte 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. The order of the light will not be

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 beyondthe period for which he was elected, that he bas suppressed all public meetings and all newspapers antagonistic to the workings of the new tarifflaw. From him and his policy. He has collected the report of the United States consul at taxes and disbursed public money withexports of cotton ties to the United speech and free press in Mexico, and has States have virtually stopped. The only | put to death half a score of Mexican jour-

> found a different sort of a commander from the one who gave up Barrunda to the Guntenalans. Capt. White ordered

The story of the death of the crown prince of Austria, the Baroness Velzera, in an inoffensive practical joke than and the Count Waldstein, is now told. It As, according to our tariff reformers, is a foul tale, a horrible one, not fit to the duty is always added to the cost and tell. Euough to say is that the woman paid by the consumer, it is not plain why was murdered by the prince-the prince the English manufacturer did not clapon slain by Waldstein, to whom the woman tain occasion he entered a prominent was betrothed-and Waldstein slain by the men of the party; the whole lot being crazy drunk.

> late occasion, when the garter had been perhaps less a characteristic of the conferred, she was unable to perform her part in the installation ceremonies, and when the French fleet was lately in the Solent she requested the admiral in command not to salute. Alberrt Edward will probably come to the throne before many years-possibly before many days.

Great Britain must buy 152,000,000 bushels of wheat, France 96,000,000, Germany 48,000,000, and other countries 88,000,000. To meet this demand the United States has 200,000,000 bushels to spare, the countries of Eastern parties have made a formal and distinct | Europe 96,000,000, and India and other sue, and these are to be submitted to countries enough to make up the supply

The voyage of the Wetmore (whaleback) continues to be misrepresented. The Iron Trade Review, which knows better, certainly, says she went down the St. Lawrence rapids "carrying in her ca-I money for every 371 grains of fine sil- pucious maw of steel 72,000 bushels of leposited. The market value of so wheat." She had not a bushel aboard

The democracy hangs its only hope of success in Ohio on dissension among republican leaders, and so talks about (and perhaps believes in) a conspiracy by the president, the secretary of the

With McKinley showing up the workngs of the tariff and John Sherman makposition with regard to silver, the campaign in Ohlo is going on as it should. The democracy is beaten already and is holding out imploring hands to the "alliance."

tells us that Sir Edwin Arnold is a "non-entity."—Free Press.

oo; 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

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.-Journal, Indianap-

Both the fools who started across the Atlantic in 14-foot "dories" got there, one in his dory and the other on a steamer

The dispatches from Chili confirm the earlier ones-the Balmacedists are out and Balmaceda is missing. If he is captured he will only have time for brief

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 eashore.-Exchange.

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

Chapleau, Cauadian secretary of state, 'must go." He has been boodling, like Langevin and all the others. The postmaster-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.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial poetphilosopher, passed his 82d birthday last

comedian that he would rather indulge keep faith with his manager. Numerous instances of his breach of the one and adherence to the other are extant.

An incident in the latter line that he confessed to himself was that on a cerhardware store when nobody was in attendance but a young clerk. This individual on his entrance treated him with that distant and flippant condescen-The British Queen is breaking. On a sion, which, although it exists there, is Parisian counter-jumper than his kind

> 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 ne was very deaf. "It doesn't matter whether bound in calf or morocco."

"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

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

The clerk choked another effort to either burst a blood vessel or make some impression on the other's tym-panum, but at that moment the proprietor entered. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Chysel," he

cried, excitedly, rushing toward him, "hurry up. There's a crazy man in here, and I can't make him understand

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. It is marvelons that a mother who is usually most careful in guarding her child's affect about allow the little one to incur the risks attendant upon riding (which are great enough for a person endowed with strength, judgment and decision) without thought of the dangers she is exposed to at the time or what may be the evil effects in the future.

Surely parents do not realize what

Surely parents do not realize what the results may be, or they would never trust a girl of eight years or there-abouts to the mercy of a horse, and at his mercy she is bound to be No child Col. McClure having demolished John Hay now seeks worlds to conquer and tells us that Sir Edwin Arnold is a "non-entity."—Free Press.

But he has not demolished John Hay," it was Nicolay, not Hay, with whom be had his little tilt.

The Maccabees must "play soldiefs" his mercy she is bound to be No child of that age or several years older has strength sufficient even to manage an unruly pony, which, having once discovered his power, is pretty sure to take ad antage of it at every opportunity. Even if no accidents occur, the knowledge of her helplessness may so frighten the child that she will never recover from her timidity. It is non-sense to say she will outgrow it; early sense to say she will outgrow it; early impressions are never entirely eradicated, and should she in after life appear to regain her courage, at a critical moment it will desert her and early recollections reassert themselves.— Harper's Bazar.

More Than a Bluff.

A young man in a down town whole sale house early yesterday morning alipped into the law office of a friend of his and wanted to borrow ten dol-

"What's that for?" inquired the law-yer. "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

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer as the

plot was revealed.
"That's it. Pot full of money on the table; I had aces up; other fellow had a pair of deuces. I got rattled; he got

"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."
—Detroit Free Press.

-The duke of Edinburgh has no consideration for those around him. Of this Eugene d'Albert, the brilliant this Eugene d'Albert, the brilliant planist, 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. The duke, however, did not apparently consider the young artist as worthy of a seat either at his own table or even at that of his equerries and gentlemen-in-waiting, for d'Albert was forced to take his meals alone in his bedroom, whence he was alone in his bedroom, whence he was only summoned after dinner to accom-pany on the piano the duke's fiddle.

-"And when does the wedding take ingly. "Why, you don't think-" she blushed and hesitated. "Ah, fraulein, when young ladies buy a hundred sheets of paper and only twenty-five envelopes, I know there's always something behind it."—Christian at Work.

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-Little Willie-papa's razor-Nails were in the kindling wood-Frantic yells-a bran new horse whip-For two whole days he'll be good. -Minneapolis Times.

-"Why are not our girls strong?" asks Lydia Holly. But they are strong. Many a one of 'em has been known to sit on a great, strapping man and hold him down a whole evening—Detroit

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

—Saturday Evening Herald.

-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."—

Saturday Evening Herald.

—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 mar-

feet wet." She—"And yet before marriage you said you'd go through fire for me." He—"But I honestly leave it to you. Did I ever say anything about water?"—Philadelphia Times.
—"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 em-Lost," and the editor thereupon em-braced him to his throbbing bosom with a wild, hysteric laugh -Washing-

ton Star.
-Not So Silent-A drummer in a Grand Rapids merchant's store was making some inquiries about the busi-"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."—Detroit

-"I'm afraid, uncle," said offe of the derks in a real estate office to the jan-

we known as the McKinley tariff, is a vise public policy or whether it should be unperseded by what is called a tariff or revenue only as embodied in what is called a tariff or revenue only as embodied in what is mown as the Mills bill, which pessed the country again. I work in here, and I can't make him understand me." Mr. Chysel approached the comedian and inquired binadly:

"Can I do anything for you, sir."

"Cartainly you can. I want a file—a common five-inch rat-tall file, if you please. You have them."

"Gov. Wisuas appointed James B, Gooper, of Houghton country, to fill the wants of 1892. It is well fast the attenues aboving at the fair, Now and for the country at Jarge and no non nive could state if coper, as he may have opportunity, to make the exhibit one worthy our region.

Mr. Harvington, of Streburgh, has also as alloy of copper, its sine and that that "The poens of Will H. Kerman at the rather of matterness brown, that that "The poens of Will H. Kerman and the transfer of the country in the published in book form, Bichard on Young America for aport with supremental that that "The poens of Will H. Kerman as the statement barys in screen had have been that that "The poens of Will H. Kerman as the statement was alloy of copper, the sine and that that "The poens of Will H. Kerman as the statement was alloy of copper, the sine and that that "The poens of Will H. Kerman as the statement was the statement was the statement of the country of the country and the country at Jarge and for the resignation of the country at Jarge and for the resignation of the country at Jarge and for the resignation of the state of most of the country and it is to make the country at Jarge and for the resignation of the state of the building, "that you have them." "Certainly you can. I want as file—a country to fill the want to fill the want to fill the proper that the country at Jarge and for the clerks in a real estate office out troom the clerks in a real estate office of the clerks in a real estate office of the clerks in

# Northup & Northup,

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

## Great Bargains in City Realty.

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

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

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

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Including Carpenters' Tools of the Latest Makes.

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## Glass, Putty, Paints and Oils

We handle Coit and Co's Mixed Paints.

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Is now east buying a large stock of

## Fall \* and \* Winter \* Goods

And asks you to wait until they arrive before making purchases, promising to save you money.

Everything will be new, fresh, crisp and sparkling.

Louis Schram.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE BRIEFLY CHRONICLED.

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

Jones, who "pays the freight," is to run for governor of New York on the 3d party ticket. His candidacy will hurt the democratic as much as the republican ticket and so he of no effect.

James R. Garfield, son of the martyrpresident, was candidate for the republi can nominadon for state senator but was beaten by Lampson, of Ashtabula

county.

Diphtheria broke out two weeks ago in the Catholic Orphan asylum at Grand Rapids. There have been forty cases. four fatal.

The Georgia legislature refuses to accept and run a home for confederate veterans which had been built by private parties.

Charles and Clarence Foss, and Frank York, of Middle Village, are supposed to have been lost in the storm of Saturday night somewhere between Petoskey and Cross Village. Theye started for Petoskey with a small boatloaded with berries, but nothing has been heard from them

Gen. Byron M. Cutcheon has taken up his permanent residence in Washington. This means that there will be new Richmonds in the field for congress from the ninth district, and that the senatorial situation in 1893 will be somewhat clari-

NEW YORK, Aug. 31,-The exhibition trial of the engines of the armored cruiser Maine was given to-day on the East River, Secretary Tracy and Chief Eugineers Melville, Baker, Marley and Kuffer of the navy department were present. The engines of the Maine are the largest of their kind ever built in this country. The trial was eminently successful.

Canto, the general who commanded the army of Congress in the battles about Valparaiso, did splendid work and the Chilenos seem to recognize the fact. -His force was less than that opposed to him, but it was better handled, as the result shows. Canto is "on top" in Chili.

TEMPERANCE CORNER Conducted by the Ladles of the W. C. T. U of Escanaba.

The regular weekly meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be beld on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 8th, at Mrs. Frank Smith's on Jennie street.

We would say to all who may have old papers or magazines which they do not | plains, and already has more people than care to preserve, that they can aid us in our work by sending anything in the line of good reading matter to Mrs. Eva B. Pillsbury, who will see that it is properlydistributed.

Walking down Ludington street the other day we made a mental list of the business houses for a distance of a block and a half, and this is about the way it ran: Saloon, dry goods, drug store, saloon, saloon, cigars and tobacco, saloon, bakery, shoe store, saloon, hardware and stoves, grocery, saloon, laundry, saloon, saloon, saloon.

Brothers and sisters, friends of the temperance cause, how does it !ook? Is it not time we went to work? Let us work for foreign missions if we can, or leave our native country to labor among other nations if we feel that we must; but there is no nobler work or any more necessary, than the saving of souls at home "In Darkest Escanaba."

The liquor traffic is not a friend to the working man even as far as employment goes. It gives occupation to fewer men than any other business in proportion to its capital. For example, a brewery with | per cent. an annual output estimated at \$5,000,-000 employs but 660 men, while iron or works of the same capital requires about 4,000 laborers.

A new paper, called "The Michigan Union," which is to be the organ of the state W. C. T. U., has just been started in Lansing.

Many a W. C. T. U. woman now ends her sentences with an interrogation point where she used to end them with a period. Our fathers, husbands and brothers have been much disturbed by these questions and have found them difficult to answer, but they have answered some as we desired and this shows a grand advance since 1875.

the statute books then.

1. The scientific temperance law. The law forbidding the sale or gift of tobacco to minors.

charge of women, detained or arrested in large cities. Enion Signal.

Half Bates to Milwankee. During State Fair week, September 14th to 18th, inclusive, the Chicago & North-Western Railway Co. will sell excursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-cursion tickets to Milwaukee and return is practically the upper limit of popu-lation. The area between 2,000 and at one fare for the round trip, with 50 cents added for admission to the Fair, or 25 cents for admission to the Exposition. For tickets and further information apply to agents C. & N. W. Ry.

W. A. THRALL, 36 84 G. P. & T. Agt. The Best is Not too Good,

And the very best of accommodations

are run through from Champion, Iron | becomes quite sparse.—Chicago Tri-Mountain, Republic and Pembins to Mil. | buns.

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS waskee and Chicago, and meals are served on train while en route, thus making the Milwaukee & Northern B. R. the favorite route from the copper country and Northern Michigan generally, for bus-iness men and their families. Try it and

> For further information, tickets and Sleeping Car reservations, apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address W.E. Tyler, Commercial Agent, Republe, Mich. Geo. H. Heavford, 36 ff Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Chicago, Ills.

### OUR COUNTRY.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Popula-tion of the United States. It is possible, to the light of the cen-sus of 1800, to gain ar idea of the way in which the population of the great United States of the future, which is certain to be the most populous and powerful nation in the world, is to be distributed over the vast area which it includes The distribution is not yet complete, but the population of the out in a general way. We may judge approximately where the great masses of population are to be, and see what sort of a country, physically speaking, the people flock to. The geographers in the service of the government have divided the country into twenty-one different sections according to topo-graphic or surface features—that is, according to the "lay of the land," and not at all with regard to state lines, means of communication or other artificial features

The first slice of country which the geographers set off by itself is made up of the coast awamps of the Atlantic.

Almost two million people live in this region, but they are mainly colored people, the country being unhealthy for the white race in general. Its population is in the country being unhealthy for the white race in general. ulation is increasing at a good rate.

Then comes the great Atlantic plain, with almost nine millions of people, now the most densely populated region, to the square mile, in the country; and then the delightful Piedmont or footof-the-mountains region, which goes from Maine to Alabama, and is second

in density of population.

The New England hills—the Adiron-dacks of New York being included with them—are a section by themselves. The population is an important one, for though it is increasing at a slower rate than that of any other topographic division of the country, it has been a fruitful nursery for many sections more highly favored by nature.

Passing the long Appalachian mountain region, and the richly forested and mineral region of the Cumberland-Allegheny plateau, we come to a very populous district called the in-terior timbered region, along the center of which flows the Onio river. There are more than eleven million people in this region, and it will always be well settled.

The imperial region of all adjoins this. It is called simply the prairie region; it sweeps from western Indiana, to the indefinite line of the great any other topographic division of the country-more than thirteen millions

The section is salubrious, highly productive and has very little waste land; and it must always, it would seem, remain the most populous region of the country.

With less than one-third as many people to the square mile as the Atlantic plain possesses, the prairie region already has one-half more people. What the relative importance of the two sections may be, when the prairies are as well populated as the Atlantic plain, would make an interesting computation.

The alluvial region of the Mississippi, lying below the mouth of the Ohio, is like the Atlantic coast swamps in two important respects. Its climate is un-healthy for most white people, and by far the larger proportion of its inhabit-ants are of the colored race. Its soil is the richest in the world.

The great plains, extending along the base of the Rocky mountains to the Rio Grande, gained in population, between the years 1880 and 1890, more rapidly than any other part of the country— namely, two hundred and thirty-two

Though this section and other dry regions to the westward still have a small and sparse population, no one section of them as yet rising to a million of inhabitants, the very rapid pro-portion of increase, due to the irrigation of a rich soil, points to a future dense population.

There are, west of the great plains, all these geographical divisions: The north Rocky mountains, the south Rocky mountains, the plateau region, the basin region, the Columbian mesas, the Sierra Nevada, the Pacific valley, the Cascade range and the coast range.

All these districts are as yet sparsely settled, but capable, with a system of irrigation, and in two or three of the nce 1875.

We have four laws which were not ou great population,—Youth's Companion.

According to Altitude. How the population of the United States is distributed according to altitude is indicated by a census bulletin The law for the protection of girls. just issued. Below 500 feet line are the 4. The law placing police matrons in people engaged in manufacturing, foreign commerce, and most of those engaged in the cultivation of cotton, rice, and sugar. The prairie states and the grain producing states of the northwest are located on the interval between 500 and 1,500 feet. East of the ninety-eighth meridian, 1,500 feet 8,000 feet constitutes almost everywhere the debatable ground between the arid region of the Cordilleran plateau and the humid region of the Mississippi valley. In the altitude of 2,000 feet irrigation is necessary for agricultural operations. The occupation of the population living above 6,000 feet is mining. The movement of population is toward the higher altitude. are lurnished on the fast express trains of the Milwaukee & Northern R. R. for Green Boy, Milwaukee, Chicago and the coast and south.

Pullman's Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars

population is toward the higher altitudes, and is most marked between 1,000 and 0,000 feet. The greatest density is on the sea board, and decreases uniformly until the altitude of 2,000 feet is reached. At this point it

### MILITARY ACTIV. ILS.

Numerious desertions from the army are alarming the Italian government.

The causes are arrears in pay and poor

Tun French urmy has 131,000 horses, 15,000 of which are substitutes. The ropriation for them this year is \$400,000 more than it was hist year.

BESIDE the warships for which the minister of war has contracted in foreign countries, all the Russian ship-yards, as Novoye Vremya reports, are busy building war vessels of various

A NEW steel cuirass, impenetrable to the bullets of a rifle and covering the breast only, will be introduced in the Austrian army, and perhaps throughout the armies of the triple alliance. It can be folded up and packed in an ordinary knapsack.

Russia has been experimenting with a movable pigeon loft, from which dispatches are sent by pigeons to various parts of an army camp. Army officers are also training falcons to catch pigeons, so that in case of war the former can capture the enemy's messenger

The largest steel cannon ever made in this country has arrived at Sandy Hook from the Watervliet arsenal. Troy, where it was forged. It is 440 inches long, weighs 53 tons, and has a bore of 12 inches. It throws a projectile weighing 1,000 pounds, and each charge will cost \$260.

### GENIUS IN THE WORKSHOP.

PAPER weights with a tiny clock inserted in the top are new.

A NOVELTY in men's hats is a fac simile of the "stove pipe" made of straw. A Swedish cavalry officer has invented a horseshoe on which the calks and clips are changeable.

A CLEVELAND (O.) man has taken out a patent on a glass top for roll top desks to enable the owner to see if he has forgotten anything without having to open the desk.

A TOLLET brush is made of two halves which are hinged and are detachable, one half being the brush and the other half the mirror, while in the space between is a comb, a tooth-brush and a

A MAN in Muskegon, Mich., has gone to making cuspidors of his own inven-tion, which can be sold two for five cents, or thirty cents a dozen—so cheap that people will throw them away, instead of cleaning them, after use.

A BATTLE CREEK (Mich.) man has patented a typewriter for musical composers. The copy which it makes can be photographed and a plate reproduced for printing which is said to be much better than plates made in the ordinary way.

### FOR FAIR READERS.

THE average age that women marry t is twenty-two, men twenty-six. In early times the Greek ladies, when called upon to take oath, would swear by some male god whose name was fre-

A NURSE in San Francisco, who is a poor widow with three children, has been compelled to sell forty-five square inches of her skin to surgeons for one hundred dollars. There is heroism for

A Young girl of fourteen has died at Dusseldorf from excessive joy. She had been promised one of the most delightful of Rhine excursions, and the prospect filled her with such overpowering joy as to produce a strain upon the heart's action, and she fell to the floor and died.

A CINCINNATI lady has a rat's nest valued at \$525. The nest was composed of bank bills to that amount, which the rodents had torn into small fragments. She was advised to make an affidavit to the fact and forward it, together with her very valuable rat domittle, to the treasury department at Washington.

### THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD.

DANBURY, Conn., made over six million hats last year.

In European Russia there are two hundred and twenty-three beet sugar factories.

Stary thousand tons of Corks are used for bottled beer consumed annual-

ly in England. A COMPANY has been organized in Kansas City to furnish cold fresh air during the summer and hot air in the

winter. THE daily consumption of coal in Pittsburgh even now, with the large amount of natural gas that is used, is over six thousand tons.

The statistics of the trade show that there are nearly four hundred air guns made daily in this country. Michigan works supply a large proportion.

One nail factory at Holliston, Mass. has for twenty years turned out sixty tons of nails per month, and sold its entire production for New England consumption.

### QUEER AND QUAINT.

AT St. Helen, Cal., there is a book agent who is ninety-two years old and who was never shot at, thrown through a window or worried by a dog in all his long experience. 'They must be a very patient people out there.

A FOLDING bed closed with a snap the other night in Washington, and for ten minutes securely held its occupant in a tight embrace, standing on his head. When his screams brought assistance he was almost unconscious.

A MAINE farmer recently sent a tencent stamp to a man who advertised to send for that amount the way to run a farm without being troubled with po-tato bugs. The answer received was as follows: "Plant fruit trees instead

Is a town in central Vermont the au-thorities take so much care of the only strip of concrete sidewalk in the village that on very hot days it is roped off and pedestrians are compelled to walk in the street lest their boot heels dig holes

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

First publication Aug. 7, 1891. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT MANQUETTE, MICH. Notice is hereby given that the following named euler has filed notice of his intention to make final roof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the judge or the clerk of he circuit court of Menominee country, at Menominee, Mich., on September 10, 1841 vir.

Isanc R. Bastain, Hd. Application No 3335, for the 16 of n w 14 and e 16 of s w 16, sec. 32, 19 35 m; 16 to m.

5 w. He names the following witnesses to prove his con nuous residence upon and cultivation of said land

Sharles D. Snyder, Dan. Mahoney, Christopher Istian, and Burnette Augustine, all of Nadesu GEO. A. ROYCE, Register.

First publication September 4, 1891.
THE CIRCUIT COURT for the county of Delta. THE CIRCUIT COURT for the county of Dolta.

In Chancery,
Sarah Hocks, vs. Perry G. Hibbard, Johanah Hibbard, Perry G. Wright, Henry W. King, Simeon Farwell, Henry S. Farwell and Stephen Lasky.

In pursuance of a decree of the circuit court for the county of Dolta, in chancery, made in the above entitled cause on the 13th day of January, 1851, there will be sold, ander the direction of the subscriber at public auction to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, on the 13th day of October pext, at 10 o'clock in the foremon, all those certain premises described as follows, to wit: Lots seven, (7) eight, (8) nine, (9) ten, (10) eleven, (11) and twelve, (12) of block one, (1) according to the recorded plat of Rapid River, Mason ville township, Delta county, Michigan.

Dated August 2th, 1851.

ALFRED P. SMITH,
Circuit Court Commissioner,
MEAD & JENKINGS,
33 7t Complainants' Solicitors.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE MICH.,

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his integrion to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Menominee Co. in Menominee. Mich on September 16, 1891, 1912.

Theodor Durkman, Hd., application No. 3381, for the w ½ of n e ¼ and n ½ of s e ¼ sec. 36, tp 38, n r so w.

r so w. He names the following witnesses to prove his optimious residence upon and cultivation of said

William Cory, Phillip Arnold, of Powers, Mich. Thomas Kittleson and Antone Webber, of English, Mich. GEO. A. ROYCE, Register, NOTICE OF ATTACHMENT

The I. Stephenson Company, vs. Spooner R. Howell, in attachment.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of July A. D. 1891, a writ of aftachment was duly issued out of the Circuit Court for the County of Delta at the suit of the 1. Stephenson Company the above named plaintiff against the lands, tenements, goods, ad character more and effects of Sponger R. Howell, the county of the country of the cou at dehattels, moneys and effects of Spooner R. How ell, the de endant above named, for the sam of seven hundred and thirty seven dollars, and fifteen cents which said were was returnable on the 4th day of

which said with August A. D. 1801. Dated this 24th day of August 1801. ROYCE & WAITE, Attorneys for plaintiff,

First publication Aug. 7, 1891. DROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, SS.

County of Delta, SS.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate court for the county of Delta, made on the side day of Angust, A. D. 189t, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of William Furlong, late of said county, osceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate court, at the Probate office, in the city of Estanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the ad day of February bext, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the ad day of November, and on Monday, the 8th day of February max, at ten o clock in the forement of each of those days.

Dated, Escamba, Michigan, August 2d, A. D.

cach of those days.

Dated, Escanaba, Michigan, August ed, A. D.

Estil Glascie, Jucge of Probate.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.

LE TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE, 22



L. DOUGLAS

S3 SHOE CENTLEMEN
THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MOREY
It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread
to hurt the feet; made of the best line calf, stylish
and easy, and because we make more shoes of this
pring than any other managing there, it equals handsewed shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00.

\$5. shoe ever offered for \$5.00; equals French
imported shoes which cost from \$5.00 to \$1.20.

\$4. stylish, comfortable and durable. The best
shoe ever offered it this price; same grade as cuttom-made shoes costing from \$5.00 to \$2.00.

\$3. So Police Shoe; Farmers, Raliroad Men
\$3. and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf,
seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

\$2. 50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at
this price; one trial will convince those
who want a shoe for constort and service.

\$2.5 and \$2.00 Workingman's shoes
who want a shoe for constort and service.

\$2.5 and \$2.00 Workingman's shoes
who want a shoe for constort and service.

\$2.5 and \$2.00 Workingman's shoes
who want a shoe for constort and service.

\$2.5 and \$2.00 Handsewed shoe, best
On their merita, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies \$3.00 Handsewed shoe, best
Made and the state of the shoe of the state of the
Misses are the best fine bongola, very stylish equals French
imported shoes costing from \$4.01 to \$5.00.

Ladies \$5.6, \$9.00 and \$1.75 shoe for
Misses are the best fine bongola, very stylish equals french
imported shoes costing from \$4.01 to \$5.00.

Ladies \$2.50, \$9.00 and \$1.75 shoe for
Misses are the best fine bongola, Stylish and durable.
Caution.—\$5.00 that More of each shoe.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

-SOLD BY--E. HOFMAN

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Raby was sick, we gave her Cantoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, the clung to Casteria, When she had Children, she gave them Ossovia.

A. R. NORTHUP, Attorney for Mortgagee,

ORDER OF HEARING.

COUNTY OF DELTA | 25.

COUNTY OF DELTA | 25.

At a vession of the Probate Court for said County held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 1-t day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

Present Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate In the matter of the estate of William Furlong, deceased.

Ta the matter of the estate of William Furlong, deceased.

On Reading and filing the petition, doly verified, of Ole Langstad, praying, amongst other things, for reasons therein set forth, that the administratorix of said estate may be authorized and required to convey certain real estate in said petition described to Ole Langstad, in pursuance of a certain land contract alleged to have been made by said deceased in his life time.

Thereupon is sordered, that Monday, the 14th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holder at the Probate office in the city of Escansho and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And if is further ordered, that said petitioner give

there be, way the prayer the granted:
And if is further ordered, that said petitioner give actice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Semi-Weekly Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said counts for four successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

(A true copy.)

EMIL GLASER,

[Mars of Probate.

First publication, August 7, 1891.

Probate of Michigan, and State of Probate County of Delta | 58

Probate Court for said County.

At a session of the probate court for the said county, of Delta, holden at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba on Monday the ard of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Jeannette Dineen, deceased.

In the matter of the estate of featmette Dineen, deceased.

On reading and filing the final report and account of Edwin M. Dineen the administrator of the estate of the said deceased Jeanette Dineen.

Thereupon it is ordered that Saturday the 19th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forencom, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and a lother persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden in the prolute office, in the city of Escanaba and show cluss. If any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted:

And it is Further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the 1800 Powr a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.) WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of

Witheres, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage, dated the grd. day of fully, 1650, executed by Alexander Gratton to Emil Pillon, which said mortgage, was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Delta, in Liber "G" of mortgages, on page 314, on the 16th, day of December, 1801, at 10-25 of clock, A.M. And where as the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of \$210, po of principal and interest, and which with the statutory costs of foreclosure is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the ueby now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the anid power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public anciton, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in said county of Delta, on the right of that day; which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: All of that certain piece or parcel of land stitute in the south west side of C. & N. W. R. R. at Shaffer, said lot being fifty feet by One shundred feet, and on which stands a log house, all being in the South Exist quarter of the North West quarter of section swenty four (24) West.

MEAD & IRNNINGS,

EMIL PILLON,

Attoricys.

Estit publication August 7, 1891.

ORDER FOR HEARING.

County of Delta,

At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office, in the city of Escamba, on the 3d day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one.

Present, ston. Emit Glaser, judge of probate.
In the matter of the estate of Sarah Jane Beach, decreased.

Present, som, name of the state of Sarah Jane Beach, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, dally verified of Charles E. Brotherton, the Administrator of the estate of said Sarah Jane Beach, deceased, praying for the assignment of the residue of said seatar to Eliza A. Beach, the mother and only surviving parent of said deceased, she being the sole heir at law of said Sarah Jane Beach, deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Mooday, the 7th day of September next, at ten o' clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and the legated and heirstal aw of said deceased and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court then to be holden at the probuse office, in the city of Escanba, and show cause if any there he, why the prayer of the patitioner should not he granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the legates and persons interestee in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing theroof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

EMIL GLASER, Judge of Prebate:

(A true copy.)

(A true copy.)

ORDER OF HEARING.

State of Michigan, I so.
County of Delta,
At a session of the Prohate Court for said county held at the Prohate effice, in the city of Escanaba on the arts day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and nicety and.
Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Prohite
In the matter of the estate of Richard Malone, de-

beirs at the of said deceased and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a assessed of said Court, it en to be believe in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba and show cause deep chees be, who, the prayer of the persons interested in said partitioner give make to the pursuant interested that said partitioner give make to the pursuant interested in said estate, of the peedency of said pecition and the hearing thereof, by causting a copy of this section to the published in the iron Fort, a new separative death of circulated in said County, four successive weeks previous to raid day of hearing.

(A true copy) Judge of Probate

HATS!

KNOX HATS

CORRECT

FALL

SHAPES

Open This Day

C-AT-0

GROCERIES

D'AT O

The Scandia Supply Co's.

Commencing September 1st we entered upon the cash system, and in order to make it convenient for customers] we issue \$5, \$10 and \$20 cash coupon books, which may be had at our store, to be paid for

when taken.

Eight long years she has been sleeping 'Neath the dewy, relvet sod,
And her happy, sinless 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
Nover 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—
Locks 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 vict'ry, one 'gainst ten.
But our baby! She'll be waiting,
Always young, and sweet, and fair;
Ne'er to know old age, or wrinkles,
Sorrow, pain, or black despair.

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 token,
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

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 per-

"Who the dickens is Grace?" he mut-

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 found himself trying to shave himself with a clasp knife instead of a razor, he looked intently into the glass and

"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 emphatic speech Slo-

comb 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 hand-some 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

Carrie Tracy was annoyed at his appearance. Mourdant excused himself hurriedly. Slocomb took occasion to ecture 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 that had occurred a week before. There had been a tennis party at one of the cottages, and going home Slocomb had atombled on Mourdant in a bypath, alking carnestly with a strange woman. It was very embarrassing. Slocomb begged pardon, was awfully corry and withdrew as quickly as possible. He said nothing to the man about 1, however, until the dance. Mourtant's attention to Carrie was so noticeable that something ought to be done. "This thing must be stopped," said locomb, awagely, to Mourdant, later a the evening."

"What thing?" asked the young felany, with a frank seille.

"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 na ration.

"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

Carrie Tracy only leaned back in her chair and looked at her cousin with quest on marks in both of her pretty

"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 raillery. 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 paugent 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 throb 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 pacing 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 quick-ly. She listened eagerly to every word. The two on the piazza had seated them-

"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 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 Mour dant. 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 awful-

ly 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

"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 Al-bany 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?—manalaughtee?

Advertisements.

USE DR. CRAIG'S

Percy's former associates had agreed to make the case so black that Percy would be convicted of murder after all. ORIGINAL KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE It was a serious matter. Percy must not stand trial. What should he do?

here, I am to have so much of your property when you die. I don't care to All Ladies Use the money. May I have my inheritance now?' Fancy that. His father was quite taken aback. He asked a few

C. B. R. A. Sold by all Druggists.

the money. It was a large sum, run-The Craig Medicine Co. "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 some-FURNISHINGS.

thing 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 trom the

"Jack did some elever detective work then. He discovered that some of

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

wait. There is an immediate use for

questions and let his erratic son have

ning far up into the thousands.

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 quite 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 Aspin-wall-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

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 subdued 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 the woman got up to him he was in a pas-

"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.-

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. Silverton?

Mr. Junglove (who dares to be hon-est)—I presume I am worth less, but— Mr. Sayage (a rival)—Just what I al-ways thought.—Judge.

Crown Plasters and Pills.

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

PASSAIC, N. J.

Prices Go Down

HOUSE

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Now is the time to Buy."

Remember we exchange New Goods for Second-Hand Furniture.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

BUTTER, EGGS

-AND -

Farm # Produce

WEST LUDINGTON ST.

RECEIVED DAILY.

Your Patronage is Solicited.

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**⇒EVERY DAY** 

GAGNON'S.

OFFICE and BAR ROOM

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

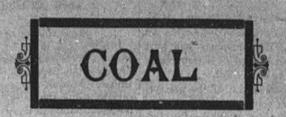
Special Furniture to Order.

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### WHO IS THAT OLD JAY?

A Chicago gentleman of wealth and position as walking upon one of the ultre-fashionable croughfares arm in arm with an old man who thoroughfares arm in arm with an ord man who wore clothes that can only be purchased at a country store. He was one of those hand faced and vigorous old men, and the atmosphere around him suggested the secret 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 manuer asked: "Who is that old jay?" The following is the answer he received:

It won't take very long to tell. Did I get him out of a grab-bag? No; I made his acquaistance 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

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 costacy to pull the string; And then we'd sit by the big wood fire. And he told me of David and Goliah; 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 could 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 swell; 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. Oh! don't 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

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

"I haven't changed my mind," she retorted, with much asperity. "I won't marry Jason Smallweed, nor nobuddy else. I'll stay right nere 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 Garget, an' she said

she'd have me." The cat was out of the bag now, and Timothy mopped his face with his handkerchief and breathed a sigh of re-

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 to 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 yerstayin' right along, same as ever, only Nancy, she—"
"You couldn't here 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 chang-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 as-

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

ink-black tresses before the squareframed looking grass in the best room.

"He had a right to please himself," rejoined Miss Ferobia, composedly.
"But what are you going to do?" pertisted the bride. "As I told Timothy before I promised to have him, the house wa'n't big enough fur has fam'les, an' you couldn't expect to stay af-

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

ne paid me for it," retorted Miss Fero-

bia, emphatically.

"Oh, you're mighty independent," smiffed Nancy, tossing her head. "I suppose you're a-calculatin' to 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 dishrag. But I s'pose he's Hobson's choice

The truth one that she was afraid her sister-in-law might still manage to retain a place in the household by hook or by erook, and she was determined to provoke an alterestion 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' everybuddy 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

"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, ruthle saly. 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 "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 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

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 hoed and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freekled and her cheeks tanned. But gardening is hard work, at best, and though Miss Ferobia labored with a will, the grass and weeds scould 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 cucum-

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 "tussie" be-tween herself and the weeds.

While she was hoeing her cabbages and kohl robies 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 interiopers, and finally succeeded in accomplishing her task. When lot one unlucky night Farmer Nubbin's pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence,

and played havoe among the growing

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

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.

shoulder to her efforts.

But for some reason from that time

on the fates seemed to turn a cold

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

er Nubbins' corn field. This was the last straw, and, like the mythical camel, Miss Ferobia broke down under it.

to her mistress by daily raids on Farm-

"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

"Evenin', ? iss Feroby," interrupted a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sunbrowned 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 your-

self," he observed. "Gittin' along first rate, I opine. You must show me your "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, skeercely."

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

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 "T'll sell the cow," she declared,

soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can cook if I can't make gar-"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

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 concested many is afficied by maiarial disease, and arter 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 delirirum tremens.—N. T. Times.

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Eight long years she has been sleeping
'Neath the dewy, velvet sod,
And her happy, siniess 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-cyed 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— Locks 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 viet'ry, one 'gainst ten, But our baby! She'll be waiting. Always young, and sweet, and fair; Ne'er to know 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 token,
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

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 per-

plexity. "Who the dickens is Grace?" he mut-

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 "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 emphatic 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 arce—and he always said the right

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 mriedly. Slocomb took occasion to lecture Carrie in a cousinly way. She was very sulky, however, and snubbed him without mercy.

Why Slocomb distrusted Mourdant

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 atembled on Mourdant in a bypath, talking earnestly with a strange woman. It was very embarrassing. Hocomb 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 notice-

that something ought to be done, This thing must be stopped," said mab, savagely, to Mourdant, later

at thing?" asked the young fel-

"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 na ration. "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 ques-What are you going to do about

Carrie Tracy only leaned back in her chair and looked at her cousin with quest 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 raillery. 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 throb 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 pacing 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 quick-

ly. 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

"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 sway. And to make the matter worse, everybody in Albany was talking about

"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 Al-bany to help him out. Jack couldn't come, but I believe he arranged for Grace to send word when she needed

"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? Advertisements.

"Jack did some elever 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. ORIGINAL KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE It was a serious matter. Percy must not stand trial. What should be 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 All Ladies Use the money. May I have my inheritance now?' Fancy that. His father was

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 builing 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

quite taken aback. He asked a few questions and let his erratic son have

station came up to the door. A man jumped out, and he never for-got 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 quite 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

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 subdued 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 1

He was a grumpy, choleric old man, and as he stumped down lower Broad-way 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

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 perspira-tion 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 the woman got up to him he was in a pas-

"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 shiping coin he left in the woman's hand, nor hear the promise of future help that came before he went away.— N. Y. World.

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Mr. Junglove (who dares to be honest)—I presume I am worth less, but—
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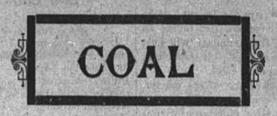
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### WHO IS THAT OLD JAY?

A Chicago gentleman of wealth and position was walking upon one of the ultra-fashionable thoroughfares arm in arm with an old man who thoroughfares arm in arm with all 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:

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

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 costacy to pull the string; And then we'd sit by the big wood fire. And he told me of David and Goliah; 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 comin 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 swell; 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. Oh! don't 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 nobuddy else. I'll stay right nere 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-1 asked Nancy Garget, an' she said she'd have me."

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

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 to 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 here 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' 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 as-

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'," sbe remarked, disagreeably, as she combed out her ink-black tresses before the squareframed looking giass in the best room. "He had a right to please himself,"

rejoined Miss Ferobia, composedly,
"But what are you going to do?" percisted the bride. "As I told Timothy before I promised to have him, the house wa'n't big enough fur two fam'ies, an' you couldn't expect to stay af-

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

ne paid me for it," retorted Miss Fero-

bia. 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 widderer," she added, maliciously. "If I couldn't be the tablecloth I wouldn't be the dishrag. But I s'pose he's Hobson's choice

The truth ones 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 altereation 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 gnuffly.

"I don't doubt but what you'd rather have Felix Byefield," she suggested, "but you needn't to count on gittin' him, fur he's a-keepin' comp'ny with the Widder Cheeseman, an' everybuddy 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

"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, ruthle saly.

But Miss Ferobin 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 "onpracticable, 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 an

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 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

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 hoed and raked, weeded and transplanted, till her back ached and her fingers grew sore and her nose freekled 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 cucum-

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 kohl robies and weeding her silverskin 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 Nubbin's pigs forced their way through a broken panel of the fence,

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

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 ne' 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

"Evenin', ? iss Feroby," interrupt-ed a cheery voice, and there, framed in the doorway, stood Felix Byefield, a smile brightening his honest, sunbrowned 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

"I haven't got any garden, and you sha'n't see it," declared Miss Ferobia, inconsistently. "It's all choked up with weeds-1 couldn't keep them out. An' what with the bugs, an' the rabbits an' pigs, I ain't got a cabbage head left, skeercely."

"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 "I'll sell the cow," she declared,

soberly. "An' I'll go an' hire out somewhere. I can cook if I can't make gar-"No need to hire out," put in Felix,

eagerly. "I-I want somebody to cook for ma. 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, hnyhow."-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 continu-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 afis 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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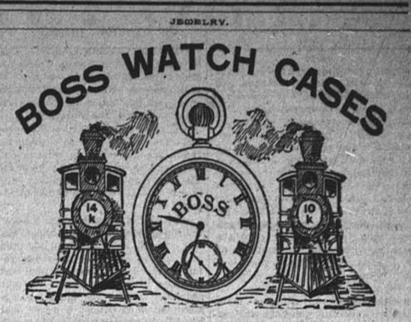
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## SUMMER : FOOTWEAR!

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-ARE INVITED TO CALL UPON-

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And Inspect his Complete Line of SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC. A hand some line of Walking Shoes at the lowest prices. Remember we are head-quarters for footwear of every description.

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 tople 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 aliments. 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 saccrdotal 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 mbs 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 hus-band, and now he's coming! She is a plain little woman, judging her artis-tically; and yet to-night 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! "Papal Papal—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 awarm literally in millions, and begin to march southward. Devouring everything eatable, they press straight on-ward, allowing nothing but a perpen-dicular 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

Predaceous beats, such as wolves, foxes, wildcats and stoats, accompany them and feed inxuriously on them. So do predaceous birds, eagles, hawks and owis; 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 in-tellect, and although they will not go out of their way to attack any one, they entirely decline to make way for even nan 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 labes, 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 Skager-rack and Kattegat, while those who pass through Sweden lose their lives in the gulf of Bothmia and the Baltie. Then the couny is freed from them and the inhabit-nts may be tolerably sure that at least an years must elapse before the lem-sings can increase sufficiently to make a for the terrible losses which their

for the terrible losses which their retion has cost them.
here is one little set-off against the mage which is done by the lemmings by are very good to eat, and lemings cocked like quall and served on at is considered to be quite a dainty.

The part very small to do so much dame ay supply of a inches in length,

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

-The Pickwickelub, Louisville, Ky., is reported to be the "swellest" organiz-ation of colored men in the country. It is literary as well as social and its leaders set the fashion for the colored jounesse doree of the town

-A New York youth wrote a letter to his fiancee recently and while on the way to mail it lost it in an elevated railroad car. When the train was re-turning the fiancee 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-

nne machine, but the poker that it plays is of the genuine kind, which will bankrupt any man who sticks to it dur-ing that distressing period which play-ers speak of as "not my day for win-

two years old. When they were younger these triplets were a source of un-mixed 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.

ties, at \$70 each, have been condemped 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 idle-

-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 reflec-tion 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 studi-

-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 darkies in the neighborhood.

-A prominent cable car line official in Pittsburgh said recently: "The ropes on cable roads are, as a rule, sold several weeks ago. The old ropes are sold for inclines, elevators, etc. They road, and they have been tested so that they may be relied on. After they have

EATING IN RUSSIA.

Three Meals a Day Not Enough in the

The Russian eats on on average once every two hours. The climate and custom require such frequent meals, the and is generally flavored with some ex-

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 encumbers and many other spicy and encumbers 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 vodki. 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

-The city of Jacksonville, Fla, pro-tects 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-

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-fort-

-Mrs. Cunningham, of Belfast, is the mother of triplets-bright babies now

-Some water meters recently pur-chased by the New York City authori-

ously shunned.

as soon as they are put in. The rope upon which we are traveling was sold 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 been in use a short time on the cable roads, and before they show any signs of wear, they are replaced by new

digestion of which is aided by frequent draughts of vodki and tea. Vodki is the Russian whisky, made from pota-toes and rye. It is fiery and colorless, tract like vanilla or orange. It is drunk from small cups that hold per-haps half a gill. Vodki and tea are the inseparable accompaniments of friendly as well as of business intercourse in the country of the ezar.

Russia and Sweden are the only countries in which the double dinner is

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable, Price 50c, at Druggists or by mall. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

HEAD.

Try the Cure

and Hearing.

For the Industrial Exposition to be held at Milwaukee, Sept. 2 to Oct. 17, special excursion tickets will be sold, by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Milwaukee & Northern R'ys.

On Sept. 1st, and on all Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays during the Exposition, at one fare and one-third for the round trip, 25 cents being added for

Sept. 14th to 19th, inclusive, Oct. 2nd and 16th, fare one way for round trip. Coupons good until the Monday following date of sale.

One Cent a Word

Notices inserted under this head will be pub-lished at ONE CENT per word. No notice less than 15 cents. Parties wanting to sell; parties wanting to buy; families wanting domestic help; domest-ics wanting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employ-ment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port reaches a large number of people twice each week.

LORAL DESIGNS and cut flowers for all occa sions. Theodore Nochle, Green Bay. Leave orders with Mrs. George English. 34 8t

WANTED AT ONCE—Any person who has a house and lot to sell at a reasonable figure, part cash, balance on short time, will do well to call at this office.

\$25.00 REWARD—Will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the parties who are destroying the windows in the Norwegian Danish church on corner of Norris St. and Wells avenue. Parents are requested to keep an eye after their boys. All information entrusted to me will be held in strict confidence.

Lars Gundensox.

COR SALE—Household goods, cheap. Apply at 707 Ludington etreet.

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

FOR RENT—A centrally located hotel, with or without furniture, accommodations for 30 to 35. Lease for five years if wanted. Apply to L. A. Cates, Iron Port. 31 3t

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

FOR SALE—my residence, seven rooms, closets etc., ontbuildings. Nicely situated and in per-fect order. Call or address me at Gladstone. KIRK SPOOR.

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Taken Up. Came into my enclosure a month since one small dark bay horse, over ten years old. Owner is required to prove property and take it away or it will be disposed of according to law. ALBERT SIEMAN.
Ford River Switch Ang. 29, 1891. 35-3.

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