

THE WEEKLY IRON PORT.

VOLUME XXIII, NO. 19.

ESCANABA, MICH., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1892.

NEW SERIES VOL. I, NO. 92

A BADLY DAMAGED STOCK

BURNS' DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY STOCK SOAKED WITH WATER.

Fire on the Second Floor Damages the Adler Building to the Extent of \$800—Burns' Loss will Probably not Exceed \$7,000.

Shortly after 11 o'clock Monday forenoon fire was discovered on the second floor of the Adler building, corner of Ludington and Dousman streets, occupied by M. A. Burns, dry goods and millinery. The department responded promptly to the call, and the firemen were soon struggling with their enemy. Four streams were put into the building, compelling a surrender of the flames which, but a few moments before had issued in dense volumes from the window and promised a healthy conflagration. Goods were carried from the second floor until those who lent their aid were driven back by smoke. Several show cases and some of the most expensive dress goods were removed from the first floor and taken to adjoining buildings, but the greater portion of the stock remained undisturbed, and received a thorough drenching. A considerable amount will, however, be saved.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but as nearly as can be learned a defective flue was the cause, as the fire was first detected in the ceiling. The loss on stock, it is thought, will not exceed \$7,000, and was insured for \$10,000 in Northrup & Northrup's agency, being equally divided, among ten companies. The building received damages of about \$800, and was insured for \$8,000 in F. J. Merriam & Co's agency.

Economical Government.
It is right and proper for every citizen to discuss the various candidates now in the field for municipal positions. If in some instances there is evidence that direct individual interests are the incentives that lead certain gentlemen to work for an election, the public should prepare to place a stamp of disapproval on such covetousness. Evil results will certainly follow the election of men to office who have entered the canvass for the purpose of keeping municipal affairs in the power of a clique or faction. It is also dangerous to repose public trust in those whose chief ambition is to make the position they acquire support them or any of their followers in comparative idleness. Economical government can only be secured by the selection of officials who are interested in the general welfare of the whole people.

Homesteaders Want a Postoffice.
Some sixteen miles north of Isabella, in the extreme northern part of this county, are quite a number of homesteaders, and these pioneers have a movement under way for the establishment of a postoffice in their midst, to be called Dickinson in honor of one of their number. At present their mail goes to Nahma and is sent into the woods a distance of about thirty miles by tote teams, which means is decidedly uncertain, inasmuch as the trips are very irregular. A petition asking for the establishment of a postoffice has been signed by the homesteaders and will be forwarded to the proper authorities soon. They want the mail delivered to that section from Munising. While the prospect for the office is not very bright, it would certainly prove a great convenience to the homesteaders.

Warren B. Brown for Alderman.
The name of Warren B. Brown has been substituted for that of John P. McCall, for alderman from the second ward on the tax-reform ticket, the latter being unable to accept the nomination on account of business engagements. Mr. Brown is too well known to the electors of his ward to need any introduction or word of recommendation from The Iron Port, and his neighbors should see that he is elected by a rousing majority—and we believe they will.

New Spring Goods.
P. M. Peterson, Escanaba's enterprising trafficker in furniture and house furnishings, has a conspicuous announcement in The Iron Port today, to which the reader's attention is directed. Mr. Peterson has just received a large invoice of new and novel things in his line, besides all the staples known to the trade. If you contemplate purchasing this spring do not fail to interview P. M.

The Chicago Store Back.
The Chicago Store has returned to Escanaba and located in its old quarters, the Finnegan block, and will have a large stock of goods open for inspection early next week. Julius, of course, will be in charge, and his old friends and customers will find him "just the same as in days of yore."

Experience Club Supper.
The Experience Club of the Presbyterian ladies will give a supper at the rink Thursday evening, April 7th. Supper will be served from six to eight, after which ice cream and cake will be on sale, and a social time will follow, and the experiences of the ladies of the club will be related.

Some of them will undoubtedly be very laughable when it is remembered that the three dollars produced by each lady has been earned by her own individual effort in an entirely new and original way. She has not been allowed to take it from her pin money, nor from the family fund, neither must she abstract it surreptitiously from her husband's pants pocket while he is blissfully slumbering in the loving embrace of Morpheus, but she must go to work with her two hands and earn it by the sweat of her brow, outside of house work and home duties. The experiences that some have gained have been worth many times the money to them, and the fun in it has been worth as much more. The proceeds of the supper are to go toward the organ fund and the repairing of the church. Let everybody turn out and get a fine supper and have a good time all for the sum of twenty-five cents.

RELIABLE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

John G. Zane's Lists Large and Complete—Insurance in Connection.

Notwithstanding the general impression that real estate deals will be comparatively few this spring and summer, the dealers themselves take an altogether different view of the situation, and opine to the contrary, and to substantiate their belief, report several sales already consummated and others of no mean proportions in prospect for the not very distant future. In conversation with an Iron Port representative Mr. John G. Zane, who conducts one of the most progressive real estate agencies in the city, and who successfully handled several plats and innumerable lots the last two seasons, predicted that the aggregate sales of 1892, from the present outlook, would equal those of one year ago. That Mr. Zane is well informed on the subject goes without saying. He came to Escanaba with the beginning of its new era, this city being his headquarters while he was engaged in building bridges on forty miles of the new "Soo" road. In 1887 he located here permanently, and was employed as assistant city engineer, Mr. Merriam occupying the position of engineer at that time. He was afterwards chosen engineer and has creditably filled that responsible office for two terms, during which time much important work has come under his supervision. He constructed the sewerage system, and planned the pavement. While in the discharge of his official duties, he became familiar with property in all parts of the city, and adjacent territory, and consequently his opinion regarding realty is of value. Conclusive evidence of this statement is shown by the confidence reposed in his judgment by people who are desirous of purchasing or disposing of property, which makes his "lists" the largest of any firm in Escanaba, and comprises city lots, improved and unimproved, in all parts of the city, acreage property within the city limits, farm and timber lands. He has sold property on easier terms than any other agent in this peninsula.

Persons contemplating the purchase of property of any description will find it to their interest to see the lists of Mr. Zane, or if owners wish to sell, they will find it to their advantage to list with him, as he is always on the alert for business, and will find a buyer if a buyer is to be found.

In connection with his real estate business Mr. Zane conducts a reliable fire insurance agency, representing old and time-tried companies. He also collects rents, pays taxes, and cares for the property of non-resident owners. He is known as a careful and prudent man, and any business intrusted to him will receive proper attention.

Voters, Remember This.
If an elector desires to vote a straight ticket, all that is necessary for him to do is to put a X in the square under his party name. A X in the square under the party name indicates that the elector votes for every man whose name is not erased on the ticket. But if an elector wants to vote a split ticket, after he puts a X under his party name, then he must put a X opposite each candidate's name he desires to vote for on the other tickets, and cross off the names of those he does not desire to vote for on his own ticket, otherwise the placing of a X before the name of the opposite candidate will be treated as voting for two men for the same office and neither will be counted.

A Lively Runaway.
The Steam laundry team got scared, on Thursday last, by a street car and struck out without a driver. It was a rather funny sight to see the covered sleigh sweeping up Ludington street on its broad side. The Colonel, who was near the postoffice when the team passed, said all right, he calculated to have one smash up every week—it paid. No package of laundry were lost, no one hurt, and very little damage was done.

A Suit Against the Journal.
The American Building & Loan Association, of Minneapolis, a company which transacted considerable business in Escanaba a few years since to the loss of many who were induced to take stock, has sued the Minneapolis Journal for libel. The Journal is gathering some evidence in this city.

Vote for Solomon Greenhoo for mayor.

ORE TRADE STILL DULL.

REVIEW OF THE PRESENT SITUATION AT CLEVELAND.

Vessel Owners Consider the Game a Waiting One—Nothing to Establish a Basis of Quotations—Over Production.

On nothing are the ore men so completely one as on the utter hopelessness of any attempt to sell ore just now, says the Cleveland Iron Ore Trade Review. The vessel interest, on its side, appreciates that the game must still be a waiting one, so that discussion of rates is not in order when nobody is in shape to take charters. There is no calculation on a particularly early opening.

While a certain movement of ore from the docks goes on in fulfillment of engagements, there is absolutely nothing going on that would establish a basis of quotations. There was but one story told in the interviews referred to above. Every man talked with said that the present plight of the iron trade was the result of over-production. Yet not one of them all was ready to say he had enough; nor was there any proposition for concerted stoppage to curtail the output. Every man had some reason for thinking that he was particularly well situated to stand the pressure, while conceding that he had a weaker neighbor who would soon have to succumb. There is evidently no lack of appreciation of the fact that a crisis has been reached, but after the crisis the wonder is that there is so general a disposition to go ahead as though no interregnum point stood in the way.

Insurance Adjusters Investigating.
The Sutherland Shoe company is experiencing some difficulty in securing a settlement with the insurance companies, the adjusters being desirous of making a careful investigation before paying over the \$3,500 which the shoe company's policies call for. The adjusters do not make any accusations, but consider the condition of affairs rather out of the usual order of doing business.

The Sutherland Shoe company has about twenty branch stores in different parts of the country, and the invoices of the La Crosse, Milwaukee and Escanaba stocks were, it is claimed, burned in the fire here on the 20th, while the insurance policies covering the latter stock were secure in a hotel safe in this city.

Arrested and Jailed for Theft.

Last Friday night Steve Malloy, a lumberman who had just arrived from camp, entered the Fayette house, and took from a room occupied by Mrs. E. Trumbley, of St. Jacques, clothing valued at \$33, which she had bought that day. The rustling of paper in which the goods were wrapped awoke Mrs. Trumbley in time to see Malloy disappearing through the doorway with the parcel, and she hastily dressed and gave the alarm. A policeman caught the thief, recovered the goods, but failed to take the criminal into custody. A warrant was, however, issued the following day, and Sheriff McCarthy apprehended Malloy, who was arraigned before Justice Stonhouse and held to the circuit court.

Temperance Matters.
A W. C. T. U. committee has requested pastors of the different churches in the city to deliver a sermon on either the first or second Sunday in April, taking for their theme, "Sabbath observance, and the duty of closing the Columbian Exposition on the Lord's day."

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. it was decided to hold a musical and literary entertainment at the People's opera house in about a fortnight.

The Union met with Mrs. Robt. McCourt yesterday afternoon.

Shipping Wants a Similar Dose.
Lars Gunderson, an enterprising provision dealer in Escanaba, has received 500 sacks—how large is not stated—of flour for distribution from Grand Forks, N. D. The instructions are to give this flour away to those calling for it, and is an advertising scheme of some originality. The people of Ishpeming all stand ready for another such dose from Dakota should more advertising be needed.—Ishpeming Democrat.

Republican County Convention.
A republican county convention for the purpose of electing nine delegates to the congressional district convention at Iron Mountain one week from to-day, will be held at Royce's hall Saturday afternoon next at 2 o'clock. Caucuses will be held in the several wards to-morrow evening to elect delegates to this county convention.

W. R. C. Entertainment.
The Woman's Relief Corps will give a concert and literary entertainment at G. A. R. hall to-morrow evening. Quite extensive preparations have been made, and a delightful time is anticipated.

No Truth in the Rumor.
The Ishpeming Press says "there is a rumor afloat that there will be a general change in the C. & N. W. railway offices at Escanaba. Superintendent W. B.

Linsley, is to be made general manager of the Lake Shore & Western. Assistant Superintendent G. M. West is to take his place. J. M. Rooney, chief train dispatcher is to take the assistant superintendent's place and C. E. West, at present assistant train dispatcher, is to be made chief.

There is no foundation for the rumor. In an interview with an Iron Port reporter Supt. Linsley said: "There is not the slightest truth in the rumor. The M., L. S. & W. have a good organization and I don't anticipate any changes."

Our Ticket Needs No Defending.

To the abusive language and nonsensical utterances of our "esteemed contemporary" of democratic faith, The Iron Port is mute. We are in sympathy with the tax-reform movement, believing that municipal affairs have not been as economically managed as they ought to have been, notwithstanding the very elaborate array of figures presented by the aforesaid "e. c." The Iron Port believes a majority of the tax-payers are dissatisfied with the present democratic administration and will, by their ballots on Monday, invite the party to take a walk. The ticket nominated by the tax-reform convention is a good one, at its head being one of the most successful business men in Escanaba. Mr. Greenhoo is an old citizen; he has witnessed the place grow from a mere hamlet to its present proportions, and consequently is familiar with its needs. He has held public positions, and has the confidence of the entire community. E. M. St. Jacques, for treasurer, is likewise a successful business man, and if elected will make a splendid custodian of the city's funds. He is trustworthy, and our citizens regardless of party will do well if they ratify the nomination of the tax-reform convention. Henry Wilke will make a good clerk—he is possessed of all the necessary qualifications. Messrs. Glaser and Gunderson, like the foregoing, are business men, and that's what we want, a business men's administration.

Charges Preferred Against E. A. U. Officers.

At the last meeting of the Equitable Aid Union charges were preferred against two of the lodge's officers, Messrs. A. S. Warn and John G. Walters, both of whom were charter members of the institution. They were charged with being instrumental in the grand success attained by the organization, and further accused them of being faithful to the society in "word, deed and thought," and the penalty for conduct so becoming persons of their high official position was a liberal dose from small pill boxes presented them by the reader of the offenses. Each box contained a bright yellow coin of the 5-dollar denomination, which will be long preserved by the gentlemen.

Improved Mail Service.

The postal run formerly ending at Menominee has been continued to this city, a mail car being attached to the morning southbound train at this place. Our up country neighbors rejoice with us, inasmuch as a pouch is made up at Marquette and Negaunee and brought hither and delivered to the postal clerk by the baggage man. The Marquette Mining Journal arrives here under the new order of things earlier than any other daily.

The Norwegian Girls' Social.

There will be a basket social at Grenier's hall Saturday evening next, under the auspices of the Norwegian girls, and from present indications the same will be liberally patronized. Every lady who attends is requested to take a basket of "good things." These will be auctioned off to the highest bidder, and the lady who owns the basket will take supper with the purchaser. There will be musical and literary features.

A Second Pittsburg.

In speaking of the English capitalists, who recently visited this city with a view of establishing iron works, the Ishpeming Democrat says: "The big iron port ought to be able to deliver ore, the basis of all iron, cheaper to these iron manufacturers than almost any other town on the great lakes. And nothing seems to be in the way for it to advance to one of the 'second Pittsburgs' of the world."

A School of Instruction.

A mass meeting was held at the People's opera house, Saturday evening, at which time the Hon. John Power instructed voters in the new election law. He also took occasion to speak in favorable terms of the present city administration, not forgetting to solicit votes for the democratic ticket at the approaching election.

The Use of Slips.

Attorney General Ellis has given the following information on the use of slips at elections: "Should a candidate's name appear on the ballot, the system of King must prevail; but should a man wish to run as an independent, where the name is not printed on the ticket, the slip can be utilized."

Mortgages Must be Filed.

Mortgages must be filed and taxed as realty. Any agreement between mortgagor and mortgagee that the former shall pay the tax is valid and non-usurious. Such is Justice Montgomery's opinion sustaining the mortgage tax features of the general tax law.

Vote for Henry Wilke for clerk.

TO OPEN NEW TERRITORY.

THE MANISTIQUE & NORTHERN R. R. WILL BENEFIT OUR COUNTY.

Positive Assurance That the Road Will be Built and in Operation by November—Magnificent Hardwood Country Opened.

The building of the Manistique & Northern railway is hailed with delight by homesteaders in the extreme northern part of this county, and although the road will not run within from two to five miles of their homesteads it will afford the pioneers of the forest comparatively easy communication with the outside world. The new road, the building of which is now positively assured, will extend from Manistique to Negaunee, and that it will accomplish much in the way of opening up new and valuable timbered territory is already being demonstrated. Negaunee parties are preparing for the erection of extensive charcoal kilns, while capitalists who have long had an eye on the hardwood timber in the northern part of Delta county are already contracting for large amounts at a figure that causes a smile of complacency to illuminate the countenance of the sturdy homesteader. Mr. Fred Card, who has a homestead in Nahma township about two miles from the surveyed line of the M. & N., was in Escanaba over Sunday. He told an Iron Port reporter that he would have a portable saw-mill in operation as soon as practicable, sawing hardwood timber for furniture manufacturing concerns, provided a "spur" could be procured. In his immediate vicinity are Messrs. O. H. Curtis, McChesney, Dickinson, Cannon, and four or five other homesteaders who are possessors of valuable hardwood.

S. H. Beardslee, chief engineer for the above road, says work will be inaugurated as soon as possible after the snow melts; that Negaunee may expect to hear the whistles of its engines in the month of November.

Do Not Want Tax-Reformers.

The democrats of the seventh ward were not pleased with their nomination of Frank Foster for alderman because he is a tax-reformer, and on Monday evening last held another caucus. Mr. Foster again received the nomination by a rousing majority, but Mr. John Power, who was present, explained the situation to those present, and Mike O'Donnell was chosen. It was a lively affair. The democracy is on the run.

Lake Signals Resumed.

As directed by the Chief of the Weather Bureau, the display of wind signals on the lakes will be resumed this season on dates as follows: Lakes Michigan and Ontario, April 1st. Lakes Pepin, St. Claire, Huron, and Erie, and at Sant de Ste Marie, April 15th. Lake Superior May 1st. The ten display stations on Lake Michigan from Kenosha northward to Escanaba, Mich., receive orders from the Milwaukee office.

He Neglected to Tell Some Things.

John Power neglected to tell his hearers at the opera house the other night, that Menominee has over 12,000 inhabitants, while Escanaba has but 8,000; he also forgot to state that Menominee has nearly twice the number of hydrants as Escanaba; he also forgot about Menominee having one of the very best fire departments in the state. It was a fairly good bluff, though.

Mr. Greenhoo and the Lighting Co.

The hog-wash about Solomon Greenhoo and Electric Lighting company is altogether too silly to need attention. Mr. Greenhoo's honesty and integrity is well known to our people, and voters will not be duped by such malicious misrepresentations. Mr. Greenhoo does not need defending; his character is simply above reproach.

Dr. Reynolds Expected Today.

Dr. H. B. Reynolds, who left Escanaba about two years ago in poor health, and who for some time thereafter struggled with the Grim Reaper, is expected here today to resume his practice, and will be associated with Dr. W. A. Cotton. Dr. Reynolds has a large circle of warm friends here, all of whom give him a hearty welcome.

Hart's Appointments.

The Hart's have made the following appointments for the coming season: Steamers Fannie C. Hart, Capt. H. W. Hart, Engineer Jule Schran; Eugene C. Hart, Capt. C. B. Hart, Engineer John Valier; C. W. Moore, Capt. Wm. Baptist, Engineer James Dunlap; Welcome, Capt. P. S. Roulette, Engineer George Coulter.

Shepp's Photographs of the World.

Mrs. E. J. Gorbett is agent in our city for the above-named work, which is in part described by its title, and which she will submit for the inspection of the public and take orders, the more the better. 19-2

Rapid River Ripples.

Tax-reform is still troubling the tax-payers in this township, and many are asking how it can be done. We don't

know of a better way than for the voters of the county to turn out to a man and vote for those men who do not represent a ring in their townships or county, and elect supervisors who will try, at least, to work for the best interests of all.

The people of our village were treated to a fine display of lung power, and the usual tirade that frequently happens at the opening of a new saloon last Friday night. It lasted until about two o'clock in the morning.

The Peacock estate was sold last week to parties from Wausau, Wis. Only a portion of the machinery was move away. The mill will be fixed up during the summer for next season's work.

H. Collette is getting out material for a barge which will be built this season. Anson Caswell was at Keweenaw last week, and brought back a fine span of driving horses.

Julius Rheepepper and Louis Collette arrived from Deper Wisconsin to get H. Collette's mill ready for the coming season's work.

Mrs. Jas. Blake is visiting her sister Mrs. Alfred Moore.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Something Concerning the Movements of our Own and Other People.

A letter from Ed. Erickson, who has been in the eastern markets the past three weeks, states that he will be at home the latter part of this week. He will have something of interest to say to Iron Port readers next Thursday.

Will Hubbard Kernan, late of Escanaba, Gladstone, Crystal Falls, Alpena, and several Iowa towns, has gone to Yazoo, Miss., to do editorial work.

W. J. Bell returned from the eastern markets Saturday, and a large stock of seasonable goods have been arriving during the present week.

Geo. Shipman has been in Manitowish the past few days, attending to business in connection with his new tug.

Geo. Farnsworth, of Nahma, was in town Sunday.

Chas. R. Kirby, a Crystal Falls cigar manufacturer, transacted business in Escanaba Saturday.

Mrs. L. A. Clapp, of Crystal Falls, visited her mother, Mrs. John Stonhouse, this week.

Mr. Van Winkle, of Van's Harbor, was in Escanaba yesterday. Mr. Louis Van Winkle was also in town, and left for the south in the evening.

Josh Zweifel, of Bessemer, has accepted a position in Mr. Lokke's photography gallery.

Mrs. Ed. Erickson and Mrs. Anthony are at Nashville, Tenn. They will return to Escanaba the latter part of April.

Dr. Walker, of Manistique, will remove to this city.

Walter J. Ellis, of Nahma, passed through Escanaba Sunday, enroute to the Hot Springs in search of health.

John Semer is expected home about April 15th.

Miss Effie Northrup returned, Saturday, from a five weeks visit to Chicago.

O. B. Fuller left last evening for Milwaukee.

Col. J. C. Van Duzer has been "a pretty sick man," to use the language of the attending physician, but is now greatly improved, and will probably be on duty next week.

J. R. Clark, of St. Joe, United States marshal for the western district of Michigan, is in the city on business.

O. H. Curtis spent several days in town last week. He is a homesteader in Garden township.

Peter Nelson, of Barkville, was in Escanaba Saturday, and, of course, called on the Iron Port.

Jos. Fish, of Rapid River, was an Escanaba visitor Thursday last.

Leon. Ephraim, of Manistique, spent a portion of last week in this city.

Dick Jorgers will play ball with the Hancock club the coming season, and has gone thither.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Stoik of Bella Plaine, Ia., are visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns arrived home from the east yesterday. They received intelligence of the fire on their arrival at Chicago.

Dennis Glavin was out on the branch Wednesday.

Mr. Merrill illuminated our sanctuaries with one of those pleasant Rapid River smiles yesterday.

Mrs. James Rogers is visiting Bacine friends.

I. Kratz entertained his nephew, D. Kratz, of Milwaukee, last Sunday.

A Cream a la Glasse.

The Methodist ladies will give a Cream a la Glasse at the home of Mrs. Robt. McCourt next Wednesday evening, on which occasion the annexed program will be followed by ice cream.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
Solo, guitar accompaniment. E. Van Valkenburg Song "Life's dream is over". Mr. & Mrs. Turner Recitation..... Mrs. Lew. A. Cates Song—Selected..... Mrs. Williams, Cornet Duet..... Harry Broad and Miss Rice Song Call..... John Van Valkenburg Quagette Piano & Guitar..... Mrs. Ramsdell and Valentine Guitar Solo..... Geo. Finch Recitation—The Last Hymns..... Mrs. Pillsbury.

Elect J. N. Mead for Supervisor.

Do the citizens of the fourth ward think Mr. Rogers' brilliant career in the board of supervisors entitles him to another term? J. N. Mead, if elected, will not be the tool of any clique or faction, and the tax-payers will do well to see that he is elected.

AROUND THE PENINSULA.

THE LIBERAL SCISSORING OF EXCHANGES FOR PORT READERS.

The Exchange Editor Profits From a Careful Perusal of the Newspapers Published in this Peninsula. Latest Intelligence.

A successful trial has been made at the Hamilton mine of the new gear for hoisting the water from the flooded mine. It hoists 2,000 gallons (ten tons) of water every 45 seconds and at that rate will lower the water 450 feet in one day of 10 hours. The management has strong hopes of freeing the mine of water and resuming work in a few weeks.

Nelligan & Flannigan banked 150,000-000 feet of logs near Metropolitan and on the Sturgeon and French rivers. The Menominee Democrat says this firm will erect a shingle mill at Metropolitan this summer.

The Lake Superior Democrat claims that J. C. Brown, of Ishpeming, is the most extensive lumber contractor in the United States, his output for the past season reaching the enormous quantity of 52,000,000 feet.

Daniel Stephenson and Louis Nelson, Swedes, were burned to death and found unrecognizable yesterday in the ruins of their cabin, near Briar Hill mine near Crystal Falls. A stove is responsible.

Instead of going to church on Sunday the Ishpeming police raid resorts of unsavory reputation. Two were pulled last Sunday and the keepers may view the interior of the Marquette prison walls.

A Marquette dispatch says Sheriff Cox, of Alger county, has not been arrested on a charge of adultery, nor has any complaint been made against him.

It is refreshing to learn, through the Menominee Democrat, that the democratic city officials of that city have "proved honest and capable servants."

Commissioner White has appointed Frank Scudder to succeed Dr. Bond as chairman of the Iron county World's Fair committee.

Bishop Vertin has forbidden priests holding any intercourse with Father Otis until his innocence shall have been established.

Menominee Norwegians surprised their pastor and left a substantial token of their esteem in the shape of a well filled purse.

Houghton citizens will raise \$5,000 in addition to the state's \$3,000 for a copper exhibition at the World's Fair.

More ice is visible along the Lake Superior shore in the vicinity of Marquette than has been seen for years.

Crystal Falls will furnish a site for a hotel, and if a hardware store comes their way it will be made welcome.

The Menominee and Marinette harbors get \$20,500 for improvements under the appropriation bill recently passed.

All the mines near Ishpeming paid off last week, the aggregate reaching about \$200,000.

Menominee Range mines will soon commence shipping ore here to fill the dock pockets.

The upper story of the Norton block at Baraga was gutted by fire Sunday. Loss, \$2,000.

Three Negaunee saloons was burglarized Sunday. The police got the guilty parties.

John F. Mack has been nominated on the citizen's city ticket for mayor of Marquette.

The Marquette Daily Times is in the hands of the sheriff on an attachment for \$183.

Eleven hours constitute a day's work in Manistique, according to the Star.

Party lines have disappeared in Marquette municipal affairs this spring.

The Catholics of Iron Mountain will build a \$30,000 church.

Iron Mountain has an energetic business men's association.

Lou. Clapp has been elected poundmaster at Crystal Falls.

Newberry will cultivate 600,000 cery plants this season.

C. Y. Osburn died worth \$75,000, \$40,000 in cold cash.

August Lockner was killed at Negaunee by a fall of ore.

Booth's boats are ready for the fishing season to open.

The freight and passenger depots at Michiganame were burned last week. Loss \$2,000.

Deaths from measles are occurring at Negaunee.

Escañaba a Decade Ago.

It is interesting to glance back over the past decade and note the advancement made by our city during that period. The following extract is taken from a book of reference published by the J. B. Lippincott company:

tion of the township in 1880, 3,860; of the village, 3,926. Here are two iron docks, erected at a cost of \$400,000.

Vote for Solomon Greenhoot for mayor.

The Atlantic Monthly. Mr. William Henry Bishop begins his series of papers on "An American at Home in Europe" in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly. His first chapter is on "House-Hunting and House-Keeping in Brittany, Paris, and the Suburbs of Paris." The paper is most interesting, written in a lively style, and with all the thousand "points" which a person who lives abroad can give to those who do not live there but who wish to do so. Antoinette Ogden's paper, "A Drive through the Black Hills" is worth a careful reading. This may be said with still greater emphasis about a paper of a widely different type, namely, "The Federal Taxation of Lotteries," by Hon. T. M. Cooley, late Chief Justice of Michigan. A cleverly composed "trilogy" on naval subjects will delight the lover of things nautical. "Admiral Farragut," by Edward Kirk Rawson. "American Sea Songs," by Alfred S. Williams, and "The Limit in Battle Ships," by John M. Elliott. For the fiction of the number we find some chapters of Crawford's "Don Orsino," and a clever, baffling story by Henry James, called "The Private Life." An interesting study of the impressionist school of painters is furnished by Cecilia Waern, under the modest title of "Some Notes on French Impressions." It is impartial, and the writer understands her subjects thoroughly. "Legal Disfranchisement" is another of those unsigned papers which readers of the Atlantic have of late begun to speculate about. Some other papers which we have not space to do justice to, and the reviews of new books close the number.

Vote for Emmanuel M. St. Jacques for treasurer.

HE HAS CONFESSED.

Butcher Deeming Acknowledges He Is Jack the Ripper—Killed His Wife and Other Women.

Murderer Deeming has acknowledged that he killed his wife and four children at Dunham Villa, at Rain Hill, near Liverpool, and that he murdered and mutilated the last two women whose bodies were found in the purlieus of Whitechapel. Although he has confessed that these two Whitechapel women fell victims to his mania of murder, he, while not denying, does not admit that he killed the other Whitechapel women whose murders at the time attracted the attention of the whole world.

In his confession Deeming makes no mention of his object of mutilating the bodies of his Whitechapel victims and removing certain of the organs, but there is scarcely a doubt that the man is afflicted with a disease similar in some respects to nymphomania.

The Latest Slot Machine.

The newsboy is in danger of being run out. A slot machine has been invented at Seattle, says an exchange, that does the work of the newsboy or newspaper carrier. It has apartments and slots labeled with the name of the paper, and as you drop the price in the slot the paper comes out without any fooling. If there is no paper there the slot closes up. The three daily papers of Seattle are sold at the same time. It can be set to any coin, and if you want a quarter changed it will hand you out four nickels on a card with the paper. It can be adjusted to sell books, magazines and many things. It is said that the only draw back is that it may be fooled with counterfeit coins.

Vote for Henry Wilke for clerk.

Michigan's Lumber Output.

The lumber output of Michigan during 1891 was 3,599,531,668 feet of lumber and 1,826,874,250 shingles. Besides the above there were millions of pickets and lath manufactured, says an exchange. The Saginaw district leads all others by a cut of 759,610,548 feet of lumber and nearly 225,000,000 shingles. The lake Huron shore cuts over 461,000,000 while Green Bay district comes in with 460,655,569 feet of lumber and 131,241,760 shingles. On the first of January the lumber in stock within the state is estimated to be 1,218,683,167 feet of lumber and nearly 200,000,000 shingles.

A Comparison of Freight Rates.

In his report to Congress Major Brock demonstrates the advantages of improved lake transportation by comparison with the fall in freight rates during a series of years. Concerning the rates on iron ore he says: "In 1867 it cost an average of \$1.25 per ton to carry iron ore from Escanaba to Lake Erie. In 1870 the same service cost \$2.50, in 1889 \$1.13, and in 1891, 92 cents. During the season of 1891 the rate from Escanaba to Lake Erie was at times as low as 55 cents per ton."

Gladstone Gleanings.

The Catholic ladies netted \$449 from an entertainment last week. A voting contest was the principal feature. The Methodist ladies will give a "musical and literary feast" at McWilliams opera house this evening. An effort is being made to reorganize the defunct A. O. U. W.

Vote for Lars Gunderson, for justice of the peace.

Have Their Nerve With Them.

Citizens of Maryland ask Congress to secure compensation for the slaves taken by the general government or emancipated by state convention at the instance and desire of the general government.

VARIOUS NOMINATIONS.

GLADSTONE HAS TWO TICKETS IN THE FIELD, AS USUAL.

Bark River Township has Three Tickets—The Nominations in Other Townships so far as Learned up to Wednesday Noon.

GLADSTONE.

The following is the result of the republican convention, held Monday evening: Mayor, Richard Mason; clerk, Joseph H. LeClaire; treasurer, Wm. A. Foss, justice of the peace, full term, Aaron Miller; to fill vacancy, W. P. Derry, board of education, Hugh B. Laine, Alfred P. Smith, Josiah N. Collins; constables, Andrew Olson, J. D. Seury, Ferguson Cooper, Milton J. Call.

The Citizens' convention nominated E. V. White for mayor, James A. Stewart for clerk, and William A. Foss for treasurer. The nominations for supervisors from the several wards are: Charles Nebel, Fred Huber and J. N. Collins.

BARK RIVER.

From present indications there will be a hotly contested election in the township of Bark River, three tickets, as follows, being in the field:

Republican ticket: Supervisor, Peter Nelson; treasurer, George Douglas; clerk, Ole Rood, school director for two years, Charles Johnson, justice of the peace, four years, John Harris, Sr.; highway commissioner, Gustaf A. Carlson; constable, Joseph Rihom; board of review, Gustaf Olson and John Gunderson.

People's ticket: Supervisor, John Harris, Jr.; treasurer, George W. Douglas; clerk, Erick Olson; school inspector, Charles Johnson; justice of the peace, John Harris, Sr.; highway commissioner, Gustaf A. Carlson; constables, Louis Loppot, John Westlund, Eugene Daigneau; board of review, Gustaf Olson and Seraphin Belanger.

Township ticket: Supervisor, Charles D. Hakes; treasurer, George W. Douglas, clerk, Erick Olson; school inspector, William Loeffler, justice of the peace, Erastus D. Hakes; highway commissioner, John Gasman; constables, Louis Loppot, Erick Falk, Emil Noblet, Henry Martin; board of review, Gustaf Olson and Seraphin Belanger.

MAPLE RIDGE TOWNSHIP.

Two tickets have been nominated in this township, the township and people's. The former is as follows: Supervisor, Basilio Lenzi; treasurer, Joseph Lezardi; clerk, Thos. LaBranch; school inspector, T. Cullman; justices of the peace, John Mayoe, (4 years), James Mayoe, (1 year); board of review, T. Cullman, one year, Owen Curran, two years; overseer of highways, Peter Britz, district No. 1; Louis Tostalo, district No. 2; constables, Nick Britz, Louis Tostalo, Henry Degarlias, David Lavolette.

The People's ticket is: For supervisor, John B. Kleiber; clerk, Axel Lathrop; treasurer, Herman Johnson; commissioner of highways, John Britz; school inspector, Chancy Haskell; justices of the peace, Basilio Lenzi, Andrew Kleiber, Owen Curran, 1, 2 and 4 years respectively; board of review, two years, Axel Lathrop; overseer of highways, district No. 1, Louis Trombley; district No. 2, Peter Britz, constables, Matthew Britz, James McFarland, Michael Kirby, Joseph Lezardi.

FORD RIVER TOWNSHIP.

But one ticket is in the field in this township. It is as follows: Supervisor, T. V. Ward; treasurer, Geo. W. Sessions; clerk, H. C. Ellis; justice of the peace, full term, O. B. Fuller; highway commissioner, J. M. Alger; school inspector, Robert Barclay; members of the board of review, Ole E. Nelson, Henry Daniels; overseer of highways, Michael Baker, John Posenko, Chas. Bauden, poundmasters, Peter Baker, August Porath; constables, Alexander Campbell, Nels. Sendenquist, Frank Porath, John Rough.

GARDEN.

Township ticket: For supervisor, John Healy; treasurer, James H. Driscoll; clerk, Pristide Thibault; highway commissioner, Jacob Roberts; justice of the peace, full term, Wm. Kauthier; school inspector, two years, Peter R. Legg; member board of review, two years, Daniel Kelly; constables, Levi Olmsted, William Kimber, Alexander Truckey, John Loehr; overseers of highway, George Kellan, district No. 1; Nelson Thibault, district No. 2; Herman Hass, district No. 3; Nelson Hall, district No. 4; pound-keeper, Levi Olmsted.

TOWNSHIP OF BAY DE NOC.

Peoples ticket: For supervisor Charles J. Stratton; Ole Erickson, clerk; Nelson Cook, treasurer; Peter Jensen, commissioner of highways; Christian Christenson, drain commissioner; James B. Stratton, school inspector; George Lorenson, justice of the peace for four years; George Williams, justice of the peace to fill vacancy; Nelson Cook, board of review for two years; John Champ, board of review for one year; John Nystrom, overseer of highways district No. 1; George Bonefeld, overseer of highways district No. 2; Isaac Papineau, overseer highways district 3; Atmon Stoner, overseer highways district No. 4; constables Nelo G. Strom, Sames Miller, George Segeton, August Grenowski.

NARMA TOWNSHIP.

People's ticket: Supervisor, Geo. J. Farasworth, treasurer, W. J. Ellis; clerk, Ed. Bellew; highway commissioner,

Andrew Johnson; school inspector, A. J. Scott; justice of the peace, B. W. McCallan; constables, John Pierson, Archie Johnson, Joseph Heldman; road overseers, F. W. Good, Peter Jordan, Louis Oleson.

RAPID RIVER.

The following are the candidates nominated to represent the Peoples ticket: Supervisor, George Grandschramp; clerk, Percival Cadby; treasurer, Joseph Fish; commissioner of highways, Dethrek Peters; members of board of review, Terry G. Hibbard, for two years, Wm. B. Young, for one year; school inspector, James C. Brooks; justice of the peace, for four years, Eli Grandschramp; constables, Russell G. Baker, William Rabine, James Condie, Calvin Ackley.

Township ticket: For supervisor, Geo. E. Merrill; Byron B. Baker, clerk; Dexter C. Dillabanch, treasurer; Anson Caswell, commissioner of highways; member of the board of review, Harrison Askley 2 years, James C. Brooks 1 year; Frank M. Forman, school inspector; Percival Cadby, justice of the peace 4 years; constables, James Condie, George Sammonds, William Rabine, Joseph Schisco.

A THRIFTY COLONY.

The History of a Bohemian Settlement on Long Island.

It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that there are some four hundred and forty-seven thousand acres of waste lands in Suffolk county, Long Island. They are now covered with stunted pines, scrub-oak and underbrush. If tillable, these barren acres are advantageously situated for the experiment of colonization. The question as to their possible fertility has been answered both ways; and it is rapidly appearing, if not already demonstrated, that those who denied their productiveness under proper cultivation have been in error. Years ago Gov. John A. Dix called the attention of the New York State Agricultural society to these lands. He said: "A most extraordinary delusion has prevailed in regard to the productiveness of the central portion of this district (Long Island)—a delusion natural enough to those who know it only by description, for one of the historians of the island pronounced it a 'vast, barren plain,' with a soil 'so thin and gravelly that it cannot be cultivated by any known process.' And yet the surface soil of the whole region, with some inconsiderable exceptions, consists of a rich loam from twenty to thirty inches in depth, easily cultivated and made highly productive without immoderate manuring."

Since Gov. Dix wrote, many successful experiments in cultivation of these lands have confirmed his judgment. None of these can have more interest for the sociologists than that of the Bohemian colony, situated midway between Ronkonkoma and Sayville, in what is now a fertile garden spot that bursts unexpectedly on the view—an oasis in a dense and dreary wilderness of dwarfed oaks and prolific underbrush. This community was formed a score of years ago under circumstances the most unpromising. Near the picturesque little lake called Ronkonkoma, so deep that local legend pronounces it unfathomable, and whose outlet has never been discovered, lies Lakeland, a hitherto wild track of scrub and furze, on which it was proposed to establish a colony. Among those who were induced to purchase land there, in the days when romantically worded advertisements described it as an Eden, were three Bohemian families who had arrived in this country but a short time before. The heads of these families were John Kertochvil, Joshua Wavra and Joseph Houla. They were honest, credulous folk, unfamiliar with the wiles of the "boomer," and they purchased their land unseen, on his representations. But when, in the waning autumn, they and their wives and little ones beheld Lakeland, its only harvest frost-tinted, sun-dried, crinkling leaves, their hopes sickened, and they would have returned to New York if they could. But they were without means to support themselves in the city. Hence, indifferent where it might be found, they sought more promising territory toward the south, and after wandering a distance of three miles, they knelt in the woods to implore divine direction. By common consent they were moved to choose the spot where they thus knelt as the center of their settlement. The men plodded back to Lakeland, and thence laboriously brought their personal effects, the more important of which were a canvas tent and a cooking stove. When shelter was thus secured, and an attempt made to kindle a fire, it was sorrowfully discovered that there was not a match in the colony; and all Bohemia laughs to this day when the story is told of John Kertochvil seizing his musket and firing the charge into the fire, while running the risk of blowing the precious stove to pieces.

The men found work on the Great South bay near by, on the farms of the southside gentry; and before long each family dwelt in its private hut, and men and women untidily labored to clear the land and prepare it for a crop. The narrative of their struggle would be monotonous. Enough that it was successful. Gradually their numbers were reinforced by other families of their countrymen, until there are now fifty-two houses and two hundred and fifty settlers in the colony. Pretty little dwellings they are, too, surrounded by trim gardens and patches of land yielding crops of corn, potatoes, and other vegetables as bountiful as can be found anywhere. The area of Bohemaville is thirteen hundred acres, three hundred of which are under cultivation. A commodious school building and a public hall evidence the progressive spirit of the villagers, some of whom are Old Catholics and others Hussites. Both sects have neat chapels, the Hussite element espousing the forms of episcopacy under the superintendence of Rev. John H. Prescott, rector of St. Ann's Episcopal church, Sayville. Although English is alone taught in their schools, they cling to the customs of fatherland, while all ardently cherish the memory of John Huss, a statue of whom they are about to erect in the center of the village.—Harper's Weekly.

NEW SPRING GOODS

Always in the Lead! We Never Follow!

FURNITURE!

Every Nook and Corner Crowded for the Spring Trade.

FURNITURE!

Many New Things never before shown now on exhibition.

Curtains and Draperies in great variety. Do not buy until you have seen this complete line.

P. M. PETERSON.

WALL PAPER! WALL PAPER!

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The Finest Goods on the Market are shown in great variety.

We have everything in Decorations and invite your inspection.

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MOUNTAIN BEER

Ginger Ale, Iron and Sarasparilla Birch Beer, Lemon Soda, Cream Beer, Strawberry, Cherry Juice, Orange Cider Etc., Wild Cherry, Stoughton, And Other Bitters. When you ask for "Mountain Beer," see that you get the original, made only by JACOB JEPSON, Escanaba, Mich. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Goods guaranteed to give satisfaction.

3--GRAND PRIZES--3

Every customer of the Escanaba Steam Laundry who has 25 cents worth of laundry gets a ticket for the presentation of Three Grand Prizes, namely: First Prize, \$15.00 Second Prize, \$10.00 Third Prize, a Coupon for \$5.00 Worth of Laundry. Every customer will receive a ticket with every bundle of 25c. A 50c bundle, 3 tickets; a 75c bundle 3 tickets. The prizes will be given as soon as 3,000 tickets are distributed. All work must be paid for before the distribution of prizes. ROUGH DRY WORK. Single dozen 40c, two dozen 65c, three dozen 85c, four dozen \$1.00. Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Overall Suits, Quilts, Counterpanes and Blankets are not included in the above, but will be charged list prices. Assorted Flat Work will, hereafter, be 50c per dozen. Less than one dozen will charged list price. Don't forget Prizes—\$15, \$10 and a coupon for \$5 worth of laundry work. ESCANABA STEAM LAUNDRY, N. G. PARKER, Proprietor.

LATEST IMPORTANT NEWS

GLEANINGS FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THIS GLOBULAR WAD.

The Most Readable News of the Week
Eriety Chronicled.—The Countries
Across the Big Pond Con-
tribute Their Share.

Twenty-two thousand barrels of flour go from Minneapolis to Russian sufferers. The cars drawn in one section, pulled by eight locomotives, will go into Philadelphia, which city pays the bill, gaily decorated.

Twenty-four thousand young brook trout and 280,000 German trout are being placed in Michigan waters.

A deficiency of \$350,000 has been discovered in the accounts of the Pittsburg, Pa., city officials.

The Great Northern railway is to issue \$15,000,000 new 4 per cent. bonds.

There are 127 K. P. lodges in Michigan, with a total membership of 8,309. Membership increased 1,300 last year.

While cleaning a carpet with gasoline, Mrs. Henry Lord's clothing, and also that of her little son and daughter, caught fire, at Adrian. Boy burned to death; other two will probably die.

A dispatch from Hyeres, France, announces the death of Louis Cartigny, aged 101 years. He was the last French survivor of the memorable naval battle in the Bay of Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, in which the British fleet defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain, and the great British hero, Admiral Nelson, was killed.

The trading clerk and book-keeper of Jameson & Co. gambled in wheat in the name of the house. For a while they won, pocketed the cash, spent it in riotous living, and "had a gay time." Then they lost, heavily, and skipped, leaving the house to settle.

Roger Q. Mills was elected senator by the Texas legislature on the 22d.

The grand jury continues to indict Chicago boodle aldermen.

The Maverick bank wreckers are on trial at Boston.

Walt Whitman, the poet, died on the 26th. He was a unique figure in literature.

Don. M. Dickinson believes Hill has relinquished his hold on the presidency, and that Grover is the man.

C. P. Doerr & Co., Chicago, have failed. An umbrella trust has been formed.

Notice to Mariners.

The following additions to, and changes in, the buoyage of the 9th Light House District will be made on the opening of navigation, 1892.

Straits of Mackinac: The iron buoys near Simmon's Reef, White Shoal and Gray's Reef will not be replaced. A spar buoy painted red and black will be placed at the southwest end of White Shoal. Light Ship No. 56 marks the northeast end. Waugoshance 18-foot shoal will be marked by a second class nun buoy painted red and black. Vienna Shoal will be marked by a second class nun buoy painted red and black.

Channel North of Beaver Island: The 18-foot shoal north of Garder Island will be marked by a spar buoy painted red and black. A second class nun buoy painted black will be placed in 21 feet of water off the north end of Squaw Island Shoal. There is a shoal patch near the buoy to the southward.

Green Bay: Peninsular Point buoy will be moved a short distance to the south as the low water makes it hazardous to go near this buoy as at present located, especially with a sea running. The Horse Shoe Shoal Buoy will be placed half a mile east of its former position and painted red instead of black. A spar buoy painted red will be placed one mile north-east of Eagle Bluff Light House to mark the northeastern edge of Strawberry Shoal. A spar buoy painted red will be placed one mile and a quarter south-west by south from Eagle Bluff Light House to mark the southeast end of Strawberry shoal. The channel is here quite narrow and the buoy must be left close to on the starboard hand when bound south.

ANDY JOHNSON WORN OUT.

The House Favors a New Revenue Cutter on Lake Michigan.

The House committee on commerce has reported the senate bill appropriating \$275,000 for the purchase of two revenue cutters for the lakes, with the amendment cutting the appropriation to \$150,000, and the construction of one cutter to take the place of the Andy Johnson, instead of two new cutters. The committee, says in its report that after full investigation the Andy Johnson is worn out after twenty-five years of service. That there is a necessity for a vessel to take its place, says the committee, is evinced by the fact that in the last six and one half years the Andy Johnson has cruised 52,553 miles, boarded 8,105 vessels, seized 453 vessels which paid penalties aggregating \$107,143, rescued vessels having cargoes valued at \$385,755 with 496 persons on board.

The Board of Review.

The following, we do not think, is generally understood in the several townships: "At the usual township meeting, held on the first Monday of April in the year eighteen hundred, and ninety-two, there shall be elected by ballot, on the regular township ticket, two suitable electors of the township to serve as members of the

board of review, one of whom shall be elected for one year, and one for two years, and annually thereafter one member shall be elected for two years, who shall take the constitutional oath of office as other township officers."

MAKING BABY'S OUTFIT.

Plain, Easily Laundered Garments Are Best and Cheapest.

We are glad to know that much more sensible views as to the dress of babies are more prevalent now than formerly. For those who make their own outfits, we offer a few suggestions. Many of us older mothers remember the elaborately made dresses of only a few years ago, when deep borders of insertions and edgings, with a wealth of tucks, were considered essential in every little dress. These involved no small amount of expense and work in their preparation, and much labor in the laundrying. We are indeed gratified with the simple styles now allowable among all classes without anyone's having to be "out of fashion."

Dresses are made of mull, nainsook, lawns, linen, cambric, etc., with full, straight skirts, from 1 1/2 to 2 yards wide, and one yard long from the shoulder down. The skirts are finished with a hem 3 to 4 inches wide, hem-stitched or hemmed by hand. The yokes are made of insertion, tucks and drawn work, open in the back and closed with four buttonholes. The sleeves are full and straight, finished with a cuff of insertion and an edge full on. The neck has a tiny binding with narrow turned-down edging. The cambric undershirts are of the same length as the dress, and are also hemmed by hand or trimmed with edging. Both cotton and woolen skirts have bindings at the top just deep enough to allow buttonholes for fastening them to the little flannel under-waist, which is a sleeveless garment, open in front and bound or buttonholed at the neck and armholes, and supplied with two sets of buttons for attaching the skirts. A knit woolen undershirt, either home-made or bought, is worn underneath the waist. Flannel skirts can be bought finished with worn embroidery at the bottom, or home-made with scallops worked with white linen floss or white embroidery silk, or hemmed with a row of feather stitching. The pinner, or foot blanket, should be a full yard wide, and nearly as long as the skirt. Its fullness should be mainly in the back, and the band provided with buttonholes the same as the skirt.

The night dresses are much more comfortable made of flannel. At least three of these are needed. Cotton diaper for napkins is preferable to linen for various obvious reasons. It is, however, liable to shrink in washing more than linen, for which due allowance should be made in cutting. A wrapper or two of soft flannel, to be thrown on in the morning before baby is ready for a bath, and three or four pairs of little socks, complete the necessary items in the "outfit," unless we include the baby basket or baby table. The latter is for many reasons preferable to the basket. Any plain table with a shelf underneath can be used. Paint it white and have a simple muslin cover lined with baby blue or pink, and finished with a ruffle of the same or frill of lace. This will hold all the necessities of the toilet, and besides have a shelf underneath for garments taken off.—Orange Judd Farmer.

GOOD THING TO HAVE.

How to Make a Traveling Case for Collars and Cuffs.

Cut a piece of brown linen, such as is used for traveling dusters, 24 by 7 inches, a piece of cherry colored India silk of the same dimensions, and a yard of cherry ribbon. Across one side of the linen, outline in cherry silk the words "Collars and Cuffs." Lay the silk upon the wrong side of the linen and shape one end as shown in the illustration, leaving the other straight. Turn in the



COLLAR AND CUFF CASE.

edges all around and stitch down with three rows of cherry colored sewing silk, stitching across the straight end but once. For the pocket turn up the straight edge 3 inches and over-hand the sides together. Fold the ribbon in the middle, and overhand to the point at the top of the case so that when it and its contents are rolled up the ribbon will pass around and tie in a pretty bow on top. By using dark brown silk in contrast with the lighter shade of the linen a pretty effect may also be produced.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Trimming Without Hate.

A shrewd milliner in New York has put forward the first bit of real helpfulness to women who must do their own hat trimming, but are, nevertheless, not desirous of having that fact proclaimed to the world. In his showcases he has for sale knots of ribbons and velvets of all hues made up with the very newest twist and twist, securely stitched and ready to be fastened on the hat or bonnet. Some of them are designed for the only decoration and some need feathers or other ornaments to complete them.

Brass Kettles Cleaned.

A brass kettle can be cleaned, if discolored by cooking in it, by scouring it well with soap and ashes first, then put in half a pint of vinegar and a handful of salt and let them boil on the stove a short time; then wash and rinse it out in hot water.

THE PUZZLED SHARPER.

A Trickster Who Was Beaten at His Own Game.

After awhile the young man with the white hat and red necktie observed that a friend of his in Chicago had posted him on a new trick, and he took from his pocket the shell of an English walnut which had been cut in two to make two small cups. He also took from his vest pocket a common field pea, and explained:

"I don't say that I can do the trick successfully, but after a little more practice I hope to catch on."

Half a dozen of us exchanged winks and spotted him at once for a sharper, but there was a middle-aged man from Indianapolis who appeared innocently interested. He was not a green-looking man by any means—but he had a confiding, childish look which would have authorized any stranger to ask him for a match or the time of day.

"What is the trick?" he asked, as he laid aside his paper.

"Why, it's to manipulate this pea in this way—so and so—and this way, until you can't tell which cup it's under," explained the other.

"That's a new idea."

"Yes, perfectly new."

"Say! I'd like to learn that myself," continued the Hoosier. "The boys down our way are full of tricks, and I'd like to get something to astonish 'em. It all depends on the twist of the wrist doesn't it?"

"Partly that, and partly optical illusion. As I told you before I can't work it yet, because I haven't practiced sufficiently, but do you think you could tell which cup the pea is under now?"

"I think I could," replied Hoosier.

"And could you now?" asked the young man after further manipulations.

"I'm sure of it."

"How sure?"

"Well, as I want to learn the trick, and as I am always willing to back my own eyes, I'll bet \$10 I can."

We winked and shook our heads at him, but his smile only grew more child-like.

"Don't want to make it \$20, do you?" asked the sharper.

"I'd just as soon say \$30."

"Thirty it is. Just hold the cups firmly down on my knees while I get out my sugar."

It took his last dollar, and when it was up he asked:

"Which cup is it under?"

"This one."

The cup was raised, and there, sure enough, was the pea, it having failed to stick to the substance inside and be lifted with the shell. The look which came into that young man's face was something queer to see, and he kept swallowing as if he had tacks in his throat. He gave up the stakes without a word, but sat for a long time like one in a dream. I thought he needed sympathy, and after a while I found opportunity to inquire:

"How did it happen that way?"

"That's what I want to find out," he absently replied. "Say, you child-like Hoosier, take these things and see what you can do with 'em."

"Certainly, to oblige."

He took the cups and the pea, and the manner in which he performed was enough to show everybody in ten seconds that he was an old professional.

"Anybody wish to bet?" he smilingly asked, as the pea went hopping about.

Nobody did—not even the young man. He sat and stared and stared, and watched and watched, and when the outfit was returned to him all he could say was:

"Well, by gum!"—Detroit Free Press.

ROYAL RELICS.

A Reminiscence of Joseph Bonaparte's Residence in America.

The death of the old Scotch gardener of Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown the other day serves to recall the imperial glories of the Bonaparte residence on the outskirts of that little city. The place now is divided up into smaller tracts for the purposes of an age of progress and business, but hardly more than twenty years ago it was replete with the memories and peculiarities of its royal founder. It was in 1815 that Joseph Bonaparte arrived here, a fugitive from the allied powers of Europe. He came as the Count de Surville, and was accompanied by Prince Lucien Murat M. Mallard, who acted as his secretary, and one or two other gentlemen of his regal staff. He was then dominated with the idea that there was no place so secret as to be safe for him. He expected at any time that allied men-of-war might sail up the Hudson or the Delaware and seize him. He was essentially timid, and he declined any but the most modest receptions tendered him by New York city, which felt fully the honor of a royal presence in her precincts. It was guided by this timidly largely that he made for himself this home at Bordentown. The tract of land he bought there contained 1,500 acres, and he laid it out in parks, rambles, rustic bridges, lakes, drives, gravelled walks, thickly foliaged arbors, and miniature cascades turning miniature water-wheels. He embellished it also with statuary, but the strangest part of the park consisted in his devices for safety from the always possible coming of his allied foe. He built a high tower on one of his highest knolls, in the midst of the thickest foliage, and from the upper niche of this tower he was wont daily to scan the silvery sweep of the Delaware for many miles toward the sea, and the highways running to Bordentown, to Trenton and northward toward New York city, for any appearance either of a man-of-war or a messenger who might convey the tidings that he daily feared. But his greatest precautions consisted of an elaborate series of secret underground passages through his park, the entrances secured by heavy iron trapdoors inside the dwelling, and opening in various places in dark recesses of a distant wood and upon the river bank. The remains of these passages were visible, a few years ago, iron doorways fallen to pieces, apertures partly filled, and in some cases the upper earth having caved in. Joseph built himself a fine house for that day, the ruins of which are still visible. It was in excellent preservation some years ago. It

was of brick, covered with white plaster, with a slanting roof, dormer windows, heavy wooden winter-shutters and broad doorways with wooden columns on each side. There were grand staircases, reception-rooms, large fireplaces with sculpture work of fine character, bed chambers, the walls of which were hidden by rare tapestry and magnificent old paintings. Many of these remain. It was in this palace that Joseph passed about eighteen years of his life. Here he received a delegation of Mexicans in 1829 to offer him the imperial crown of Mexico, which he declined on the ground that his experience with two crowns—those of Naples and Spain—had left him a pronounced republican. Here also he received a visit from Lafayette in 1824, and was induced by that great patriot to open negotiations to seat Napoleon's young son, the duke of Reichstadt, on his father's throne. From here, when his own safety was more assured, he opened a voluminous correspondence with European agents looking to this purpose, and in 1833 he departed for Europe to attend the young heir's funeral. Joseph greatly resembled his greater brother in appearance, and even to the last he had a vague hope that this personal resemblance might pave his own way to the French throne, but Europe paid little attention to him, and except that France interdicted his entrance on her territory, he was allowed to die peacefully a few years later.

Joseph was a great favorite with the Bordentown people of his time. The New Jersey legislature passed a special act allowing him to acquire the property referred to, and in return he made many valuable gifts to Bordentown. He gave handsome pictures to a small village academy of design, and laid out the highway which runs between the Bonaparte place and the village. He also gave many balls and receptions, at which Prince Lucien Murat and the ex-king's two daughters, Zenaide and Charlotte, were great attractions. Lucien was returned to the French assembly in 1848, at the time of the smaller Napoleon's entree into French politics, but he never made any great hit. He was chiefly notable in Bordentown for his wild tricks, his excessive girth in waist and a smartness in horse trading that secured the popular sympathy. He had a separate residence, near the palace, but it was a few years ago devoted to tenement purposes only. The palace was called St. Helena by the exiled king. It fell into the hands of a Philadelphia broker named Becket, after Joseph's death.

The old gardener, McLean, who has just died, was in the employ of the king when he was a boy, and must have been eighty years old or more at the time of his death. He had known the king well, and in an interview published some time ago, he is reported to have spoken thus of him:

"Up at the palace they always called him 'your Majesty' and 'Sire,' but my father was a full-blood Scotchman (he was gardener for him), and he always called him Maister Buypart or 'your Honor.' Time and again I ha' seen him w' knee breeches and laced coats, looking ad-like and abstracted to'd the sea, as if he would sar-h for St. Helena, and w' his head down and his hands under his coat-tails you would hav' tuk him for the image o' his brother."—N. Y. Tribune.

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GOODS BELOW COST!

In order to close out my winter stock before 1st, I offer all goods at

BELOW COST

This is not mere idle talk but facts that can be substantiated at

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General Produce, Commission Merchants
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TO ALL SHIPPERS OF PRODUCE:

WANTED—Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Potatoes, Apples, Onions, Beans, Cabbage, Dried Fruits, Poultry, Game, Veal, Lamb, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Furs, Hides, Pelts, Tallow, Honey, Beeswax, Broom Corn, Ginseng Root, Cider, Feathers, Vinegar, Flour Buckwheat, etc. Send for our Daily Bulletin. 1-30-6m.

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TAX-REFORM CITY TICKET. For Mayor—SOLOMON GREENHOOT. For Clerk—HENRY WILKE. For Treasurer—EMANUEL M. ST. JACQUES. For Justice of the Peace, full term—EMIL GLASER.

WARD NOMINATIONS. FIRST WARD. Supervisor—Gustave E. Baehrish. Alderman—William Moersch. School Inspector—James C. Morrell. Constable—John G. Walters. SECOND WARD. Supervisor—George Gallup. Alderman—John P. McCall. School Inspector—Albert H. Rolph. Constable—Henry McFall. THIRD WARD. Supervisor—Regis Beauchamp. Alderman—Louis Jenson. School Inspector full term—Joseph T. Wilson. School Inspector one year—Peter Olson. Constable—Alexander Roberts. FOURTH WARD. Supervisor—Justin N. Mead. Alderman—A. M. Branshaw. School Inspector—Samuel Atkins. Constable—George Hovers. FIFTH WARD. Supervisor—James McPherson. Alderman—Alfred V. Lindquist. School Inspector—A. D. McArthur. Constable—Ernest Bedard. SIXTH WARD. Supervisor—Peter Van Valkenburg. Alderman—Antoine Gamache. School Inspector—Hubert P. Young. Constable—D. La Plante. SEVENTH WARD. Supervisor—John M. Wright. Alderman—Frank Foster. School Inspector—Alexander Pariseau. Constable—Alex. Campbell.

What we buy from European nations does not enter into or affect their purchases from us, from the fact that they buy what we have to sell simply because they cannot get the same things for less money anywhere else. From official figures it is learned that our exports of merchandise for November were \$21,115,573 greater than for the same month of the preceding year, while the exports of England for November were \$11,250,000 less than for the same month in 1890. Moreover, the exports from this country for eleven months have increased over \$80,000,000, while the British exports covering the same period have decreased more than \$72,000,000. On the other hand, until the recent consummation of our reciprocity agreements, we have been buying from Brazil, the West Indies and a number of the Central and South American countries many times more in value of their exports than than European nations, while European nations have been selling them many times more in value of their imports than the United States.

Great Britain purchases more from us than we buy from her in return; but what she buys from us she must have and cannot get to better advantage anywhere else. Free trade would not increase our grain exports, as is claimed, from the fact that no European nation will take any more of our agricultural products than it absolutely requires, and what it requires it will buy, irrespective of our tariff regulations. On the other hand, destroy our present system of protection for home industries, and the inevitable consequence would be to immediately decrease, and finally destroy, our export trade of manufactured products, and at the same time so reduce the home demand, under the heavy pressure of a heavy importation of cheap-made foreign goods, as would result in the closing of our factories, and reducing the hosts of American labor to a condition even worse than the waiting and withering poverty of European labor.

To create such a reaction and reversal would not only be the essence of bad faith with the millions of wage earners whom we have encouraged to come to these shores of fabulous prosperity, but it would be the most criminal form of national suicide.

Holman gets in his work, though the river and harbor bill was not handled by his committee. The deep channel appropriation went through, but the harbor appropriations were slashed "to the bone." Charlevoix was cut from \$47,000 to \$10,000, Frankfort from \$32,000 to \$10,000, Grand Haven from \$125,000 to \$40,000, Grand Marais from \$100,000 to \$30,000, Manistee got only \$50,000—half the estimate, Black Lake \$5,000 instead of \$45,000, Monroe \$5,000 instead of \$26,000. Muskegon only half the engineer's estimate, Ontonagon less than half, Pentwater only one-eighth, Portage Lake harbor of refuge, estimate \$125,000, was stricken out entirely, Sand Beach \$80,000 less, South Haven gets less than one-fourth what was recommended, White River less than one-eighth, Marquette is cut down to \$8,000, Ludington to \$5,000, Petoskey to \$20,000, and the whole list suffered in the same way. These fiddling appropriations

are but money thrown away, but such is Holman (and democratic) economy. Blessed are they who expect nothing, they suffer no disappointments. And this is not the end; the bill is not passed yet, only reported, and the economists have a whack at it yet, in committee of the whole and its final passage.

The Chinese minister has some ideas not peculiar to his race—ideas that would seem to be common to gentlemen, everywhere. Asked if China would expel Americans in case Chinese immigration was further restricted, he said:

"It seems to me that Americans should consider the situation and withdraw from China of their own free will. I will answer your question by asking you one. Let us suppose that the American minister in London should say to the American-Chinese minister, 'You keep away from the American legation house. I don't want you here.' Do you think the Chinese minister would visit the American legation any more? And do you think the American minister would expect much of a welcome at the Chinese legation? You may draw your own inferences. Again, suppose that one Washington bank should say to another, 'We won't have anything more to do with you; we will not handle your paper.' Say the next week that same bank should ask the other for a loan of \$100,000 or so, do you think it would be accommodated? The American people are talking a great deal about reciprocity just now. They should remember that reciprocity works two ways."

Several bills have been introduced into the democratic house providing for reduction of the pensions now paid soldiers of the late war. The one introduced by Congressman Dickerson is the most sweeping, providing as it does that any soldier of the late war who is now, or may hereafter be placed on the pension rolls, who did not engage in any battle, nor incur any disability while in service, and who served less than three years, shall receive not more than three-quarters of the amount now fixed by law. Any soldier who served less than two years shall receive not more than one-half of the pension fixed by law, and any soldier who served less than one year shall receive not more than one-quarter of the pension. This bill of course is intended only as a feeble beginning. What is wanted now is to establish a precedent in the way of reducing the rate of pension paid veterans of the late war. When they get the necessary precedents and the democratic party is thoroughly warmed up to the labor of pension cutting, the Bourbons will do some work that will make people open their eyes.

Butler always alleged it and now it is stated by the friends of Senator Quay, as of evidence not to be controverted, that Cleveland's presidency rested upon a fraud perpetrated in the city of New York. They say: "Chairman Quay had not been long in harness before he discovered that Blaine had carried the state in 1888; that the democratic managers knew this early in the evening and that changes of the ballots were necessary to elect Cleveland. Ben Butler was running that year on a third ticket and he polled several thousand labor votes in New York city. It was the easiest thing in the world for the ballot thieves to turn the Butler ballots over to Cleveland. This was actually done. Quay unearthed this fact before he had long been in command, and his discovery has received the endorsement of General Butler himself."

The Cleveland men howl about "the theft of the delegation" by Hill, but how much fairer is their own reputation? It is not suggested that Mr. Cleveland knew of the crime by which he was given the vote of New York in 1888, but his friends have no right to point a finger at David B.

Vote for Lars Gunderson, for justice of the peace.

When the free-trader is abroad declaring that the McKinley tariff came to complete the ruin of New England's iron and steel industries, it is gratifying to be able to report that owing to the increased protection afforded by that law, the Wilmot & Hobbs manufacturing company of Bridgeport, Conn., which was hard pressed by foreign competition in recent years, has enlarged its facilities for making cold-rolled sheets, and is going to still further add to its productive capacity, says the American Economist. A member of the company is authority for the statement that the cold-rolled steel business of New England is far from being ruined, and that business with his firm has been growing more and more prosperous since the new law took effect.

Michigan democrats who follow the fortunes of D. B. H. have got their orders. The story is that their leader says to them, "I am not a candidate for the presidency. I am ambitious to attain that high honor, but I am fully aware that while I might secure the nomination I should be inevitably defeated at the polls." Stunned by this fraudulent declaration, which seemed to leave them "in the cold" utterly, they could but ask "What, then, are we to do?" This was their answer: "Send an unstructured delegation that will vote with New York. New York has always named the winner and it will do it this time." Michigan cannot afford to be elsewhere than in the camp of the victor." But that is out of their power. Don M. will have a Cleveland delegation at Chicago.

Every Irishman in this country knows that if it was not for his vote and that of

his compatriots the democratic party would be without hope of success. All do know that the democratic majority in congress, a majority elected by Irish votes, propose to build but one war ship.

The two questions that most interest them are: What power is held, placated or in any way pleased by this reduction of work to be given to mechanics and this cessation in our preparation for a defensive as well as offensive war except England? And what are you going to do about it? Keep on voting for men who serve England, and not either this country or Ireland?

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt was a protectionist when he could get big prices for his iron, and the American Economist points out the fact that sent him over to the free-traders.

"As John C. Calhoun was a very good protectionist until he saw that protection would surely build up a manufacturing north many times richer and more populous than the agricultural south, so Mr. Hewitt did not 'rat' into the free-trade camp until he saw that a continuance of protection would inevitably lead to pig iron selling at less than \$20 per ton. Since that there has been an intensified call on his part for free-trade."

Vote for Solomon Greenhoot for mayor.

We have heard all sorts of tales about the whalebacks—one pilot excused his bad steering around a wreck by saying that the "pig" smelled the sour corn in the wreck and could not be kept away from it—but here's a new one, from Port Gardner, where the Wetmore was benched. A Port Gardner man avers that while she lay there "she was laying eggs in the sand like a turtle, and that when the warm sun came out in June the young whalebacks would hatch out of the dozen, which would beat the steel barge-works all hollow."

People who so vigorously oppose a second term for a president would make the office not worth having, for first-class men. Men to whom the salary is an object should not have it. Men who desire the office for the good they can do and the name they can make in it should be kept in it two terms at least. No business man discharges his foreman and takes on a new one every year, no corporation lets its first servant go once in four years to put in his place an untried successor; why should the nation be governed by such an unbusinesslike rule?

Vote for Henry Wilke for clerk.

"This smelling taste of jingoism that has swept over the country since Lord Salisbury's decision is unnecessary and absurd."—Press, Ishpeming.

If Stevens is tried for killing his proof-reader, and if there is an editor on the jury, a verdict of justifiable homicide must be expected. But there may be mitigating circumstances, come to think; what a manuscript he must write when the compositor makes "smelling taste" out of "swelling wave."

Republican: "Our exports for last year foot up a total of \$967,339,905, an increase over the previous year of \$411,340,102; don't you call that a good sign?"

Democrat: "No, I don't." Republican: "Why not?" Democrat: "What's the percentage of increase?" Republican: "Thirteen per cent." Democrat (triumphantly): "Well, ain't 13 an unkey number?"

Under free-trade, or the "Walker Tariff" approximation to it, our pig iron production fell from 800,000 tons in 1946 to as low as 509,000, and in 1860 it reached 821,223 tons. For all that time our pig iron production did not average over 700,000 tons per annum. Under protection it reached 9,202,903 tons in 1890. As it takes about two tons of ore to make a ton of pig iron any one can see where our iron miners come in.—American Economist.

Vote for Emil Glaser, for justice of the peace.

The struggle recently concluded in Quebec has its lesson for men in public positions. Mercer became Premier five years ago; his popularity was almost unlimited. He might have remained supreme had he remained honest, but he abused his power to enrich himself and his friends. It is an episode that popular leaders,—great or small,—without stringent principles will do well to study.

There is no reason for supposing that the present complications with Great Britain regarding the seal fisheries will not be amicably adjusted. If Great Britain does not renew the modus vivendi she will probably not resist the efforts of the United States to preserve the seals pending the arbitration.

Vote for Emmanuel M. St. Jacques for treasurer.

Senator Stockbridge seems to be confident that "Cleveland could carry Canada without a struggle." Quite natural. Canada and other subjects of Queen Victoria know full well who their friends are in the United States.

Congressman McMillan, by his speech in support of Springer's free-wool measure, has shown himself a speaker "who draws upon his imagination for his facts and upon his memory for his jokes."

Free trade and free silver coinage, in their inevitable results, mean the reduction of home wages and employment and the payment of all remaining wages and

employment in dollars worth seventy cents, or less. Isn't that a dainty dish to set before King Labor?

"It should not be forgotten by the voters of Michigan that every republican representative from this state voted against free silver," says the Grand Rapids Press. Well, what were they elected for if not to work in the interests of the people?

Vote for Solomon Greenhoot for mayor.

A Denver man wanted to get rid of his wife and accomplished his end. He indulged in perjury to such a degree in divorce proceedings he instituted that the judge gave him fourteen years in the penitentiary.

A muzzle was kept on Senator Hill's free-trade talk when he spoke in coal and iron towns of the south.

The Hill boom is shrieking. Cleveland is gaining strength.

THE SPRING TIME IS COMING.

And the Enterprising Merchant Once More Comes to the Front.

Ladies are invited to call and examine Greenhoot Brothers' specialties in new style dress goods—Shantung Pongee, Crepe Japan, Swiss Zephyr, Edinboro and Bedford cords, and French and Scotch gingham. The assortment is fine.

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventive.

Dometta suitings (a new favorite), French and English flannellettes, satens and Highland zephyrettes are a few of the novelties comprised in Greenhoot Brothers' spring stock now on exhibition, to which they invite the attention of the ladies.

St. Louis Budweiser Beer for sale only by Peter Semer.

Mr. Hill places himself on record as being opposed to monopolies. How about the Hill monopoly?

Vote for Emil Glaser, for justice of the peace.

"For a long time I suffered with stomach and liver troubles, and could find no relief until I began to use Ayer's Pills. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."—D. W. Baine, New Berne, N. C.

Ladies' underwear at Greenhoot Brothers—ribbed Jersey vests, ribbed silk vests, waists of all kinds—in short, anything that a lady needs or fancies in this line.

Peter Semer has the exclusive sale of Budweiser Beer. It is the finest beverage on the market.

Lace curtains—"Toile du Nord"—embroideries and laces, in bewildering profusion, can be seen at Greenhoot Brothers'.

For carpets, from ingrain to Aubusson, call at Greenhoots'. Their stock is new and carefully selected for this market.

If you want a refreshing drink indulge your appetite in that delicious drink, Budweiser Beer, for sale only by Peter Semer. Northup & Northup have improved and unimproved property in all parts of the city for sale at low prices.

If you want to buy or sell real estate see Northup & Northup.

Greenhoot Brothers' spring stock is now on the shelves and is more varied and more extensive than ever before.

Northup & Northup sell real estate. There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from loathsome scrofulous sores and glandular swellings, when such a pleasant, effective and economical medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

Republican Twelfth Congressional District Convention.

A republican convention for the Twelfth Congressional district of Michigan will be held at Iron Mountain on Thursday, the 7th day of April, 1892, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing two delegates, and two alternate delegates to the Republican National Convention, to be held at Minneapolis, Minnesota, Tuesday, June 7th, 1892.

As matters of importance to the republicans of the district will be discussed the committee hopes each county will be represented by a full delegation. By order of the committee, B. S. Waite, Acting Chairman.

The following is the apportionment of delegates to which the various counties are entitled on the basis of the total vote for governor November 4, 1890, one for each 300 or fraction thereof of 300 or more:

Table with columns: COUNTY, VOTE, NO. DELEGATES. Lists counties like Alger, Baraga, Chippewa, Dickinson, Delta, Geographic, Houghton, Iron, Keweenaw, Leelanau, Mackinac, Marquette, Menominee, Ontonagon, Schoolcraft with their respective votes and number of delegates.

Total number of delegates..... 95

Republican County Convention.

A Republican convention for the county of Delta will be held at Royce's hall in the city of Escanaba, on Saturday, the 13th day of April, 1892, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing nine (9) delegates to represent the county in the Congressional District Convention, to be held at Iron Mountain on the 7th day of April, 1892, and to elect five (5) delegates to attend the state convention to be held at the city of Detroit on the 14th day of April, 1892, and transact such other business as may properly come before it.

The basis of representation is one delegate for each twenty vote cast at the last previous election for governor, each township and ward being entitled at least to one delegate. Lists delegates for each ward and township.

F. D. Mean, Chairman Co. Com.

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F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

DR. L. A. CHARLEBOIS, Graduate of Laval University, Montreal, as M. B., M. D., C. M. Office 118 Georgia street, Escanaba, Mich. Dr. Charlebois received special courses at Montreal Universities (Victoria and Laval) on Surgery, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; also on the Diseases of Women.

DR. C. J. BROOKS, Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist. RAPID RIVER, DELTA CO., MICH.

JOHN POWELL, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in Masonic block, Ludington St. Will practice in all courts, state or federal. Collections, payment of taxes, etc., promptly attended to.

A. R. NORTUP, Lawyer, Practices in all courts, attends promptly to collections, etc. Office on Harrison Ave., east side, between Ludington and Thomas streets.

T. B. WHITE, Attorney at Law, Money to Loan on Real Estate Security. Office in Daley block, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

EMIL GLASER, Notary Public, Prepares documents in either the English or German Languages, takes risks for responsible Life, Fire or Accident Insurance companies. Sells tickets from any part of Western Europe to any part of the U. S. Buys and sells real estate and loans money on real estate security. Office Tilden avenue, Escanaba.

CHAS. E. MASON, Counselor at Law, Offices in the Delta Building corner Delta avenue and Seventh street, GLADSTONE, MICHIGAN.

CITY CARDS.

FRED. E. HARRIS, Contractor and Builder. Work of all kinds promptly executed. Plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds. Office at residence on Ogden avenue. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOSEPH HESS, Builder, Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—for stone, brick or wood work. Or will move buildings. Terms easy and work performed on time and according to agreement. Residence and Shop on Mary street.

JOHN G. ZANE, Civil Engineer and Surveyor, Dealer in City Property, Farming and Timber Lands. Township Diagrams, City Plans and General Map Work promptly executed. Office second story Hessel's building, 107 Ludington St. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

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Escanaba Marble & Granite COMPANY

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NEW LIVERY, NEW LIVERY STABLE

Having opened a new livery on the corner of Charlotte and Hale streets I solicit your patronage.

Everything at the Charlotte Street Livery!

IS NEW. New horses, new hacks, new carriages, new buggies, new cutters.

Special Attention to Funerals. GIVE ME A CALL.

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SCROLL WORK TURNING Contracting & Building

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Fancy Groceries

EVERYBODY

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WEST LUDINGTON ST. Nice Line of Toys for the Little Ones.

Come and See Them. TAILORING.

EPHRAIM & MORRELL

HAVE JUST RECEIVED—New Spring Suitings

Latest Styles

Largest Variety IN TOWN.

Call early to get the pick of the stock and the benefit of

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SPECTRES OF THE SEA.

GHOSTLY TRAVELERS ON THE MIGHTY DEEP.

The Story of the Flying Dutchman—The Spectre-Ship Which Carried Off a Maiden—German Legends of Death-Ships.

This is how the story of the "Flying Dutchman" is told. An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn (not Good Hope) against a head-gale. He swore he would do it; and when the storm increased laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe and drank his beer, even throwing overboard some of the men who tried to make him put the ship about. The Holy Ghost descended on the deck; but he fired a pistol at it whereupon his arm became paralyzed. Then he cursed God; and was immediately condemned by the apparition to navigate always without putting into port, always on the watch, and with nothing but gall to drink and red-hot iron to eat.

He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, and to carry warning of ill-fortune to the luckless mariner. It is he who sends the white squalls and sudden tempests. If he visits a ship all the wine and beer turns sour and all the food becomes beans, which sailors hate.

Nothing must be taken from his hand for the person who touches anything he has touched is lost. His ship is manned by all the old sinners of the sea, thieves, murderers, pirates, and cowards who eternally toil and suffer and have little to eat or drink. Thus the phantom-ship is the purgatory of the wicked mariner.

A phantom-ship is known to Baltic sailors as the "Carmilhan," and the captain of her is called Klabotermann. This ship also is always trying without success to double the cape; and when sailors see her, with Klabotermann sitting on the bowsprit, dressed in yellow, wearing a night cap and smoking a short pipe, they know that their vessel is doomed.

It is curious that almost all the spectral heroes of these legends—at least of the most popular of them—are Dutchmen. But the fact seems to be that the legend is German in its origin, says the Saturday Evening Post, and has become attached in sailor-yarns to Dutchmen either because to Jack a Dutchman and a Deutscher are the same thing, or because the Dutch were the most famous and daring of navigators.

The German story is given by different authorities with variations; but, briefly, it is this. A baron called Falkenburg murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passionate jealousy, and went forth from his home with the curse thundering in his ears, that he should for evermore wander towards the North. At the sea-shore he found a boat awaiting him, with one man in it, who simply said, "Expectantum te." Falkenburg entered the boat, and was conveyed to a spectral bark lying in the harbor. He boarded her, and she sailed away with him against the wind.

On board that ship he still ploughs the Northern seas, for ever playing dice with the spectral crew for his soul. The ship is painted gray, has colored sails, a white flag and flames issue from her masthead at night—so that she is easily identified by any vessel that may happen to "speak" her! For six hundred years this spectral bark has roamed the German ocean, and is still, it is said in the German story, to be seen always heading northward, without helm or helm-lane.

There is strong probability that the German legend had a Scandinavian origin, for the old Vikings seem to have founded most of our sea-lore, and flavored all our sea superstitions. There is a saga of one Stote, who stole a ring from the gods; and when they sought him to take vengeance, he was found clothed in a sheet of fire, seated on the mainmast of a black spectral bark.

The story of the ring again reappears in a curious way in an old Venetian legend. Once, during a storm in the Adriatic, a fisherman was called upon to row three men out to sea. A huge spectral galley bore down upon them, with frightful demons on board; but the fisherman's bark ran it down; and the boatman was then presented by his three passengers with a ring. By that token he knew them to be St. Nicholas—the medieval patron saint of sailors and fishermen—St. Mark and St. George; and it was because the city was thus miraculously saved from destruction that the Doges of Venice went annually through the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic with a ring.

An English version of the phantom ship concerns a man of war. The crew had mutinied, and rigged her out to resemble the spectre ship of which they had often heard and repeated yarns. Their object was to terrify the vessels they pursued, for they meant to be regular sea rovers. Unfortunately they encountered the real spectre ship, and were so terrified that they put into port and gave themselves up to justice. If this story is not true it ought to be, for it is a proper example of the would-be biter bit.

There are a great many more spectre-ships roaming the seas than those known to us in the familiar legends. Thus the Schleswig-Holsteiners know of one that suddenly appeared and carried off a maiden who was sitting on the shore, weeping for her absent sailor-lover. He was supposed to have been on board the strange bark, for he never returned. And on some of the German lakes and rivers spectre fishing-boats and nets are common.

The death-ship is also of German origin. She sails about with death's heads grinning out of all the ports

holes and with cross-bones decorating the sails. A skeleton stands on the poop with an hour-glass in his hand; and the crew are the ghosts of sinners who have each to serve one hundred years in each grade on ship board before they take their turns as captain. Then is another death-ship which, perhaps may be the same under another name, only she is called the Navire Libera Nos. She is commanded by Captain Requiem, and must sail the seas until she is boarded by a Christian crew who will say mass for the souls of the wanderers.

IN A CHICAGO HOTEL.

It Was Full of Magnificent Dances; It Bother Country Guests.

He was from a country town and stopped at the Grand Pacific hotel and was assigned to a commodious inside room in the northwest corner of the house, near La Salle street, according to the Chicago Post. He was not satisfied. The noise and rattle and tumult of the streets reached him and made him yearn to lock out on the busy scene whence they came. The strokes of the big board of trade clock resounded through the corridors and this young man desired to gaze on the tower where the clanging bell hangs. So he went to the office, sought Sam Parker and spoke thus:

"Say, mister, I don't like that room you gave me. I can't see anything but the walls of a big building and some sort of a place with a glass floor." He meant the court in the centre of the hotel.

"Why, cert'nly," said the obliging, accommodating Parker. "What kind of a room would you like?"

"Oh, I'm not particular. Anything where I can see something out-doors."

"Want a bath with it?"

"Well, I dunno; I had a good wash just before leaving St. Louis and—"

"I mean do you wish a room with a bath room attached?"

"Oh, I don't care if it's next to a bath room. I won't kick about that so's there don't too many people have to go through my room to the bathroom."

"How would a nice room round here on the Clark street front suit you?"

"First rate."

"Front, change the gentleman from 203 to 276."

"How far apart are these rooms?" queried the St. Louis man somewhat anxiously.

"About two dollars and a half," replied Sam.

"I mean how far in distance. How far will I have to carry my valise?"

"Just about two blocks," said Sam, making a mental survey and topographical plat of the second floor of the Grand Pacific.

"Great gosh all homelock! I want to stay in the hotel," protested the man from the bridge.

"Oh, you can walk two blocks without getting out of this house," said Mr. Parker. "If you get lost tell your troubles to a policeman."

The Usual Period of Grace.

"Your proposal is so unexpected, Mr. Spoonamora," said the young woman, blushing, "that I hardly know what to say. You must give me time to think it over."

"Certainly, Miss Jaggors," said the young man, accommodatingly.

"That's the way I've—er—always been in the habit of doing in cases like this."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Versed in Rings.

Gwendolin—Have you the ring?
Harold—Yes, but I'm afraid it's too large for your dainty finger.

Gwendolin—Never fear. That's what Billy Knowles and Horace Fasset said.—Jewelers' Circular.

THINGS HARD TO MATCH.

A Maine hunter claims to have a cat that will stalk grouse.

The tallest trees in the world are the gum trees of Victoria, Australia. In some districts they average 300 feet high. The longest prostrated one measured 470 feet and 81 feet in girth near the roots.

A woman's real estate association has been organized in Indianapolis and incorporated with \$5,000 capital stock. Its purpose is to deal in real estate, both as agents and speculators. The members are women of standing.

Forty peaks of the Himalayas are more than 20,000 feet in height. One of these, Dhaulageri, White mountain, has an altitude of 26,623 feet and till the height of Mt. Everest was computed, was believed to be the highest mountain peak in the world.

Since 1876 Mrs. William H. Crane has been the treasurer of her husband's theatrical company. She handles from \$40,000 to \$60,000 per month during the season, and attends personally to such details as collecting and paying bills, banking, paying salaries, and all similar business.

A story is told of a now celebrated attorney who, when he first appeared before the United States supreme court to argue a case, started in to make a speech such as he had been in the habit of inflicting on juries. He was at once stopped with the remark: "Counsel will please confine himself to the law in the case; we have no time to listen to eloquence."

John Jordan brought a large white swan to Pendleton, Ore., recently and tells a queer story as to how he got it. While near his house on East Birch creek he saw some eagles chasing the swan in the air above him. The unfortunate bird, in its anxiety to escape, flew directly over the young man's head and, with a quick spring, he managed to seize and bring it down, the disappointed eagles flying away.

John Bright had an interesting experience in catching his first salmon on the Beaubey. He was told to cast over a spot not more than three yards from him, and, thinking to steady the line, he turned it around his forefinger. The result was that when Mr. Bright hooked his fish he gave an agonized yell and forthwith tumbled into the river. The line had cut his finger nearly to the bone, and he threw the rod away to free himself. Lord Lovat quietly slipped a gaff into Mr. Bright's nether garments and held him until he could be pulled out by some friends who were near.

JUVENILE DANCING.

SOME NEW MOVEMENTS THAT ARE ENTRANCING.

The Light Fantastic as Done by the Coming Rulers of America—Dances that Will Become Popular With the Little Ones.

There are a lot of new dances out, this time for the children. Dancing masters have come bravely forward with movements founded on the Delsartian principles, and with new figures bor-



THE BIRD DANCE.

rowed from the divas of the ballet and the quaint dances of foreign lands.

Some of the prettiest figures are here given, as they were danced at a juvenile party in Brooklyn a short time ago.

The first of the pictures typifies the American nation. Uncle Sam and Martha Washington slowly and with stately courtesy walk through the mazes of the minuet. No one who has not tried the dance can understand what training and control of every muscle are required. It is a series of statuesque poses and bows—an epitome of the courtly days of '76, when Uncle Sam was young.

A long leap, and we are over the

water to the Highlands of Scotland. With a jump and a run the Scotch lad and lassie come forward, dancing opposite each other to the merry sibel of the pipes. The short skirts and tartan flaut in the air. A pose to the right, a turn to the left, round about, and the partners meet as in the picture.

A flash of sioe-black eyes, the glint of raven hair, and a light and supple personage bounds before us. The hills of sunny Andalusia supply her dance and costume.

And here's the dance of France and Italy. The little dancer enters perched on the points of toes trained to artificial strength and rigidity. Her salute is



UNDER THE SUN AND EAST.

one of studied grace as she stands before you. Halloo! hola! she seems to cry. Ah, what's that? An incoherent step betrays—her agitation. Halloo, hola! She bends and listens. A toss of the head and another series of stilted postures on tiptoes, and she glides into a dance full of Southern grace and poetry.

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plished what England declared impossible, that England should come in and take possession.

Ismael was always borrowing, and Goschen and his patriotic friends let him have cash at 30 to 40 per cent. It is asserted that owing to the systematic robberies managed by Goschen the Khedive did not, in fact, handle \$25,000,000, the rest going to cormorants. Ismael was at last unable to put up any more collateral, and then John Bull put pressure on him to resign and let liquidation proceed in a leisurely way. The French stockholders were on the warpath. If the English were preparing to take possession of the canal the French creditors prepared to get their money from the Khedive. In defiance of Lord Palmerston's warning to keep England out of the Egyptian muddle, Lord Beaconsfield bought the Khedive's shares in the canal in 1875 for \$20,000,000. Most of the money went directly to English and French speculators and bondholders. The Khedive had voluntarily alienated all dividends on these shares up to 1894, so that the profit on them, amounting to 71 per cent of the earnings of the canal, after the 5 per cent on the original shares, goes also to English and French pockets. The managing directors get 2 per cent, and 15 per cent goes to the Government of Egypt.

Little by little England intrigued at Constantinople against Ismael until he was at last forced to resign in 1879, and his son, Tewfik Pasha, mounted the throne. Then English diplomacy, directed by the Irishman, the late Sir William White, made sure of Egypt and the canal. Turkey's share annually was doubled on conditions that the sovereignty of Egypt should be independent of Turkey in all things else, which means that England should de-

velop the Egyptians through Tewfik, indebted to England for his unexpected prerogatives and his novel dignity, supported on the allowance of \$500,000 a year.

A FRANKFORT (PA.) FREAK.
Baby Born in a Pennsylvania Town With Four Feet and No Hands.

Frankfort, Pa., has produced another freak. This time it is a baby boy, born with four feet and without hands, and, although it has pretty blue eyes, it is totally blind. This interesting little babe was two months old on the 18th ultimo, and, excepting its odd deformity, is otherwise a fine-looking, healthy child. The mother, Mrs. Eliza Dewhurst, resides in a two-story frame house on Deal street, north of Kensington avenue, says a Philadelphia paper.

The father is a weaver and works in Rodman's mills, Leiper and Unity streets. The child has been totally blind since birth, but Dr. Ring, of the Episcopal Hospital, has hopes of restoring its sight. At birth it had the rudiments of a thumb on each of the upper feet, which are placed on the extremity of its arms in the place of hands. About one month ago Dr. Boyd of the Episcopal hospital cut the two thumbs off, as they only hung by a mere thread of skin, and the mother was afraid she might pull them off while giving the baby its bath. Harry's little flaxen-haired two-and-a-half-year-old sister Mamie uses the bottled thumbs in place of a baby's rattle, and seems delighted with so unique a plaything. Each of the child's feet is larger than the entire arm to which it is attached, but are curled upward and will be allowed to grow that way, as the opinion of all the physicians who have seen it is that to straighten them would only increase the deformity.

A NOTABLE ARTIST.
Mrs. C. M. Heresford, President of the Ladies' Art Society.

Mrs. C. M. Heresford is a notable English artist, who, with Mrs. Marra, president of the Society of Lady Artists, has on exhibition a charming collection of water colors which treat exclusively of the Engadine and its approaches. Mrs. Heresford first studied in France and then went to Italy, spending some time making copies from the old masters in the galleries at Florence, and also working under various artists in Rome. At the beginning of her professional work she painted chiefly in oils, but having always had a decided preference for water colors she soon decided to confine her efforts to this field of art. For some years she has been a member of the Dudley Gallery Art society and the Society of Lady Artists, exhibiting mainly at these two galleries, but showing her work also from time to time in other London, provincial and foreign exhibitions. This artist has been twice lately to the United States, where she has held several "one woman shows" with great success. Last year

she was in Jamaica, with the result that some of her work was shown at the Jamaica exhibition, and gained a diploma of honor, the highest award in the fine art section.

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STRONG AS A GIANT.

CONNECTICUT HAS A MAN OF GIANTIC MUSCLE.

His Name Is Elias Gandri and He Resides at Pigeon Hill—His Fondness for Rum—How He Cured a "Balky" Horse.

There lives on Pigeon Hill, Conn., a man who in his prime would have made Sandow, the German giant, and Cyr, the Canadian Hercules, ashamed of their boasted strength if they could have seen his muscles put to their greatest test.

The man's name is Selno Gandri, or as he is familiarly called Bob. In the early fifties he was brought from the West Indies by a merchant vessel laden with rum and molasses, and set adrift in Middletown, on the Connecticut river. Gandri was of an exceedingly powerful build. He stood six feet and seven inches in his skin and the upper half of his body was as massive and as firm as a structure of iron. He was always very fond of rum and would work harder and longer when the wages to be earned were so many quarts of rum than when the compensation was to be dollars and cents. Notwithstanding the man's liking for liquor, he never became a drunkard, and he was always industrious. One day Bob was going to the village of Palmertown. On the way he came across an acquaintance who was laboring with a balky horse at the foot of a steep hill. The man was taking a load of potatoes to market, and as it was late in the fall and quite cool he was anxious to get into town with them before they should freeze.

"What's the use'n poundin' 'im?" said Bob quietly. "I k'n make 'im pull."

"If you'll make him draw this load of potatoes to town I'll give you half they fetch me," said the desperate owner of the horse.

Bob said he could. The village was two miles distant. Bob went to a farm house near by and got a long, stout rope. Two ends of this he tied around the neck of the stubborn horse, and across his shoulders and under his arms he passed the bight at the other end of the rope.

He started up the hill about twenty feet ahead of the horse. The animal planted its four feet and braced against the man, but it might as well have tried to kick a hole through the side of an ironclad ship. Bob bent himself to his work and slowly pulled horse, wagon and potatoes to the top of the hill. From the brow of the hill to the village the road was level, and the man drew the entire outfit into the town. When the villagers heard of Bob's wonderful feat they requested the owner of the team to put the potatoes up for sale at auction. He did so, and they

sold at an exceedingly high price, and Bob got well paid for his work. This example of a willingness to pull had no effect upon the horse, whose neck was nearly unjointed. It balked as badly as ever.

Cunning of Gulls.
An example of the cunning of gulls was observed at Tacoma when several alighted on a bunch of logs that had been in the water for a long time, with the submerged sides thick with barnacles. One was a big, gray fellow, who seemed to be the captain. He walked to a particular log, stood on one side of it close to the water, and then uttered peculiar cries. The other gulls came and perched on the same side of the log, which, under their combined weight, rolled over several inches. The gulls, step by step, kept the log rolling until the barnacles showed above the water. The birds picked eagerly at this food, and the log was not abandoned until every barnacle had been picked.

Tore Down the Loud Show Bills.
The Woman's Christian Temperance union, offended at the gaudy printing of a theatrical troupe, requested the management to take it down. It did not immediately comply and the

Is it sensible? Is it reasonable? Is it economy... to suffer yourself and worry others with a headache when Headgrip will relieve you in fifteen minutes! It costs only fifty cents a bottle.

A mountain of onyx is reported to have been discovered in Mexico, not far from El Paso.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the best seller I ever handled—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

"A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills"

Thousands of women have been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's advice, and cured by her remedies after all other treatment had failed. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been more successful in curing Female Complaints than any remedy the world has ever known, including Leucorrhoea, the various Womb and Uterus Troubles, Backache, and is invaluable to the Change of Life.



For Kidney Complaints the compound is unequalled. All Druggists sell it, or send by mail, in boxes of 10 or 25, or in bottles of \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$10.00. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LOWELL, MASS.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

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THE FARM AND GARDEN.

CHOICE TIT-BITS OF INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER.

Some Early Garden Crops—Early Potatoes—A Quart of Cream—How to Catch a Runaway Horse—Practical Hints.

Some Early Garden Crops.

Lettuce is one of the first and most generally planted of the garden crops. Early curled Silesia is one of the best of the very early varieties. Have the soil thoroughly firmed and rich, as a quick growth is necessary to make crisp, tender lettuce. If manure is used, have it well-fined and thoroughly incorporated with the soil. Sow the seed in drills, one foot apart, and cover very lightly. Too deep covering will often cause the seed to rot. If planted very early a light mulch of clean wheat straw will help protect it and aid in making an early growth; it can be removed as soon as the weather becomes warmer. Use seed enough for a good stand, and then if necessary thin out after the plants come up well.

Radishes are hardy and will stand considerable cold without injury. Instead of using much animal manure get a supply of well-rotted chip manure, and after preparing the soil apply it as a top dressing and work into the soil with a good steel rake. Mark out the drills about a foot apart and about an inch deep; sow the seed evenly in the drills and cover carefully. Unless the soil is unusually dry, with the early planting, it is not generally best to firm the soil after sowing the seed. With both radish and lettuce it is a good plan to drop two or three seeds of some early variety of cabbage, either early Jersey, Wakefield or early Winningstadt every two feet in every other row. By the time the cabbage plants will need the room the other crops can be harvested, and, as no transplanting is needed, the cabbage will mature a little earlier.

The turnip varieties, either white or red, will be ready to use first, and can nearly always be planted for the earliest crop. The half long, like French breakfast, or olive-shaped, come next. Spinach, dandelion or chicory for greens can also be planted very early. Asparagus chicory is highly recommended for greens, and as any of these are easily grown it will pay to sow a few rows as soon as the soil can be worked into a good tilth. With onions that are to be grown from seed and beets that it is desired to have come in early, a good plan is to sow the seed in a hot-bed early, and then when the plants make a fair start to grow, transplant in the open ground. With both of these in many cases a good application of wood ashes given as a top dressing just before the plants are set out will be found beneficial.

Any of these can be sown at any time now when the soil can be properly prepared. While earliness is quite an item there is no advantage in sowing or planting when the soil is so wet that it will not work readily, and while all of these vegetables will withstand considerable cold, still a quick, vigorous growth is necessary to the best results.

Early Potatoes. With nearly everyone that grows potatoes, more especially for home use, it is quite an item to have at least a few that will come in very early. New potatoes and peas make an appetizing dish, and if the potatoes are ready to use by the time the peas can be grown a little extra care will need to be given. One of the most important things is good seed of some of the best of the early varieties. Almost every year there are more or less new varieties brought out that are claimed to be very much earlier than anything ever introduced before; but in a majority of cases after a trial a large proportion of these prove of no especial value. One of the best of the early varieties is the early sunrise, it being a few days earlier under the same conditions of growth than the early rose or the beauty of Hebron. A warm, sandy loam that is stirred deep and is well drained and reasonably rich is the best soil in which to grow early potatoes. If manure is used it should be thoroughly rotted and firmed, and then be well incorporated with the soil. Run out the furrows reasonably deep, using a good single shovel plough. It will save labor to take pains to run out good-sized furrows. With a wheel-barrow or hand-cart bring a quantity of fresh manure from the horse stable and put a good forkful into the bottom of the furrow where the hill of potatoes is to be planted; put it into a compact little pile, as the object in using it is to secure a small amount of heat and also a thorough drainage. Over this put at least an inch of fine rich soil, and then plant the potato on this, and cover at least 4 inches deep. If the seed is handled carefully it will help a little if the seed is sprouted before planting; but if this is done, very careful handling must be given in order not to bruise or injure the sprouts or more injury will be done than benefit derived. Good drainage on each side of the hill must be given in order to induce a good germination and a vigorous start to grow.

Thorough cultivation from the start must be given, keeping the soil clear of weeds and in a loose, mellow condition. A few hills planted in this way, if given good care, will be ready for the table in not over ten weeks from the time the seed is planted, but every advantage must be taken to give a favorable condition for growth as possible.

Profit in Small Flocks of Sheep. A practical sheep raiser thinks there is more money in sheep than formerly. Writing for the Southern Farm he says: Where farmers have gone intelligently into the handling of small flocks of sheep they have usually procured such results that it has been an object lesson to their neighbors and induced them to do likewise. This is why so many small flocks now are to be seen all over the country than was the case a few years ago. To carry a small flock in connection with the diversified industries of the farm, and in order to still further diversify them, is a wise policy, and we hope to see it more generally adopted. No branch of the live stock business can be made more profitable in a small way, nor will return more for the capital and labor invested. One reason for this is that there are so many channels through which the revenue comes. There is the rapid natural increase of the flock; the annual proceeds from the sale of wool; the food value; the enrichment of the land; and their services in clearing land, which is always worth considering, because they are the best weed exterminators in the world. Another reason why sheep are more profitable than they were in the past is because the average weight of the fleece produced in the United States now is double what it was 34 years ago, and along with this gain in the fleece has been almost a proportionate increase in the size of the carcass and the quality of the meat. It is these high-class features that have made the business more profitable and more attractive than it was in the past, and development along the same lines will do as much for any branch of agriculture.

A Quart of Cream. "How much butter will a quart of cream make?" is asked. Just as many different amounts of butter as there are quarts of cream. It all depends, first upon the cow that gave the milk, the kind of machine, or plan of setting, the temperature in which the milk is set, whether in a water or air-bath, and how long it sets. In a test report, it was found that in twenty samples submitted from as many sources, that the water contents of the cream varied all the way from fifty up to seventy-one per cent., no two being exactly alike. This would give the first sample forty-three per cent. butter-fat, and the last nineteen per cent. The dairyman who sold the seventy-one per cent. kind of cream based on butter value, needed over twice as much as his cream was worth as compared with the other. Of course the cream, if mixed, would show so much butter, and the two milks divided would make each cream equally valuable by the balance of errors.

This "guessing" with test-tubes and methods of testing, will not do justice. The churn is what we must fall back upon for butter. The acid test will point out our shortcomings and the faults of the churn, but until it is churned, the quart of cream is an unknown quantity of butter.

How to Catch a Runaway Horse. Most persons, when trying to stop a runaway horse merely add to the panic which has caused the beast to take to his heels. Don't stand in the middle of the road, and throw up your hands and shout. No one ever saw a real runaway stopped by such tactics. Don't stand on the side of the road and yell to the horse to stop. That will merely cause him to be more frightened than before. As you see the horse coming, start to run as fast as you can in the same direction the horse is taking; when he catches up with you, and before he passes—horses don't go with the rapidity of a bullet from a gun, even when running away—jump for his bridle-rein, and hold to it running along all the while as fast possible. The check thus given by the pull on the bit will almost always stop a runaway. If you are on horseback you can do this with ease and very little danger; for, in this instance, your horse is running, and you have all your strength to give to the runaway.

Practical Hints. A long-handled shovel, which can be used without stooping, saves the back of the man who uses it. Any hour when no other work is pressing can be put into advantage in forking over the manure heap. If not already done cover over your strawberry bed with straw to remain and protect the fruit from the ground. Set out your new currant plantation as soon as the condition of the ground will permit. Economy is the proper term for good farming. Save the little all around. Chips will make as good fire while they last as big cord wood.

Put your sawdust around your currant and gooseberry bushes. They need good manure also and will pay for it. In setting out trees, shrubs, berry plants, berry bushes or flowers, be sure you leave no open interstices under the roots; make sure that the soil touches the roots at every point. Cultivating the ground for flowers and delicate early vegetables can be better accomplished by a four-tined spading fork than with a spade.

Visit a nursery and see how spades may be kept bright. The digging up of trees needs the very best kind of a tool. Few farmers have a good spade, and a less number keep it bright and sharp.

The winter winds often pile up the leaves of the woods so that they may be easily gathered and used for bedding down live stock when straw is scarce.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 2-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPH, or SAMPLES FREE.

A Biddeford, Me., fisherman caught a lobster that weighed twenty-eight pounds. He sent it to New York.

THE TRUE LAXATIVE PRINCIPLE. Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well-informed, you will use the true remedy only Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A cat recently killed a five-foot alligator in Florida. It jumped on the reptile and bit through the tender hide of the neck until it reached the vital part.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Pike-ton, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

It is said that the sale of the average novel does not exceed 1,000 copies, and publishers regard themselves as unusually fortunate when called on for a second edition.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It takes an expenditure of nearly \$30,000 to carry a vessel like the Majestic across the Atlantic.

BRECHAM'S PILLS will cure constipation, keep the blood cool and the liver in good working order, price 25 cents a box.

A floor painted in various colors in gesso has been unearthed at Teles Armarna, in the palace of Amenophis IV., the king of Egypt.

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MRS. LETTIE HUNTLEY. Is the sister of Mr. W. S. Huntley, of Cortland, N. Y., a well known carpenter and builder. Her frank statement below gives only the truth concerning her illness and marvelous recovery by the aid of Hood's Sarsaparilla: "Two years ago I began to have hemorrhages and four years ago became so low that the physicians told me:

"There was No Hope and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were napkins continually reddened with blood from my mouth. I could eat nothing and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the cause was sliver in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make one more trial, and asked if I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told her I would be glad to try it.

"A Waste of Money but finding it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the bloating began to subside. I seemed to feel a little stronger, but thought it only fancy. I was so weak I could only take ten drops of Sarsaparilla at first. In two weeks I was able to sit up a few minutes every day. In a month I could walk across the room. One day I asked what they were to have for dinner, and said I wanted something hearty. My mother was so happy she cried. It was then:

"First Time I had Felt Hungry for Two Years I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and in six months was as well as ever in my life. It is now four years since I recovered, and I have not had a day's sickness since, nor any hemorrhage. If ever a human being thanked the good Lord on benedict knees it was I. I know that:

Hood's Sarsaparilla and that alone, unquestionably saved my life." HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills.

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The list below comprises some of the best business houses in Chicago, and they receive correspondence from out-of-town buyers. Bank references furnished upon request.

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PENSION Claims—Ada C. Sweet, 175 Dearborn. REAL ESTATE AND LOANS—Foster & Ziegler, Room 25, 92 Ja Salle Street.

THE HONDURAS COMPANY—FRUIT LANDS, Chestnut and West. Write for maps and prices. 215 Dearborn street, Chicago.

I FIT CLASSES. European Hotel, 153-155 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Heart of city. All modern conveniences. Rates 75c and upwards.

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CATARRH CURED FOR \$5 or money refunded. Send Stamp for particulars. E. C. CLAY & CO., 29 State St., Chicago.

DR. HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC. Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, restore LIVER disorder, build strength, renew appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, indigestion, thinness, feebleness, nervousness, etc., receive new force. Blood brightens, brain power increases, muscular activity to their rest, using it, find a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom on cheeks, hastens complexion. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent" brand and cent stamp for 25-page pamphlet.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo. NEW PAPER, CORER AND SLICER. THE LATEST OUT! Every housekeeper wants them for fruits and vegetables. Only perfect paper knife made. Cannot turn or throw the peels into the fire. Saves time, saves money. Samples free. Down the one gross \$4.00. Every box contains a full set of instructions. Has a reinforced steel point, thus insuring strength and durability. Write now. 13103 KENT ST., Box 234, New York City.

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GALENA MEDICINE CO. 1419 Broadway, New York City. RHEUMATISM. We can in one DAY alleviate and quickly CURE Rheumatism sufficient for one week's treatment sent on receipt of 25c. money or stamps. Address: GALENA MEDICINE CO., 1419 Broadway, New York City.

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PILES. Remedy Free. Instant Relief. First cure in 10 days. Secret remedy. No surgery no pain; no suppuration. A victim tried in vain every remedy, has discovered a simple cure which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address: A. H. BERRY, Box 2300, New York City, N. Y.

PILES. "Hosmer's Cure" is the only one in the cure of Hemorrhoids, Piles and all kinds of hemorrhoidal diseases. All druggists. A. H. BERRY, New York, N. Y.

CANCER. Tumor cured without knife, blister or caustic. Write for Pamphlet. Drs. A. M. & C. H. MASON, Chatham, N. Y.

INCUBATORS ONLY \$12.00. A. Williams, Bristol, Conn.

IF YOU WISH TO see, send your address with 10c. to Kravens of Comfort, 10 Murray St., New York. (If afflicted with sore eyes, use) Thompson's Eye Water.

W. N. C., CHICAGO, ILL., Vol. VII., No. 13.

HALL'S City of Toledo, Lucas Co., S. S. State of Ohio.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1889. A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS TAKEN INTERNALLY, and acts directly upon the Blood and mucous surfaces.

TESTIMONIALS: E. B. WALTHALL & CO. Druggists, Horse Care, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." J. C. SIMPSON, Marquette, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is Sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines. PRICE 75 CENTS A BOTTLE.

THE ONLY GENUINE HALL'S CATARRH CURE IS MANUFACTURED BY F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO, O.

Testimonials sent free on application. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE 50c. It Has Cured Him! Dr. P. Hall, Erie, Pa., Toledo, O., Dec. 12, '91. Dear Sir—I have used your Catarrh Remedy and it gave me good results—in fact I can truly say that it has cured me. GEO. S. REYNOLDS, 606 Oliver St., Toledo, O. Pleasant, Convenient, Harmless. Send for FREE Sample. Address: F. J. HALL, Erie, Pa. Always specify ERIE. Takes no other.

SEEDS. NO. 1. EARLY GROWN BEST. 100,000. FOR ALL CLIMATES. ROSES & PLANTS. JOHN A. SALZER, YOU ARE A LADY.

THE GAME.

The hand that rocks the cradle,
As the years go speeding by,
Is the hand that spans the baby
And that makes the baby cry.

—Puck.

AN ADVENTURE
WITH A WINDMILL.

BY FRANK H. COLEBURN.



Y father died when I was quite a young man. It was found after his death that the fortune of which he was supposed to be possessed was no great fortune at all. He had become involved in unwise speculations, and when his clamoring creditors had been paid off in full there was but a few hundred dollars left.

Being thus suddenly thrown upon our own resources I, who had been reared in luxury, was at a loss to know what to do for a living. I had a fair academic education; but without ability to make use of it it could be of small service.

I searched San Francisco over for employment without avail. I found several openings, but in every case either the wages were not sufficient or I did not consider the work congenial. I had yet to learn that beggars must not be choosers.

While I was doing nothing my money dwindled away and with most surprising rapidity. At length I was reduced to a few dollars. I felt discouraged and half desperate. Imagine my delight, therefore, on receiving an invitation from an old friend of my father's to come and spend a few weeks with him on his vineyard in Fresno County, Southern California. I accepted without the least delay or consideration, and purchased a ticket to Fresno with my last cent.

I enjoyed my visit exceedingly. Mr. Eller was a genial, pleasant man. Fresno itself was a dirty little town with few merits, but the country surrounding was delightful in climate and marvelously productive. I had arrived at the most favorable season of the year—autumn—and the wine-making was in full progress.

I never tired of hanging about the winery, watching the heavy teams come in, each with a full ton of grapes to the load. The pretty, inviting fruit was emptied, a box at a time, into the sticky elevator; this conveyed it to the crusher, from the cruel fangs of which it came forth an ugly pulp. This pulp was placed in a press and every particle of juice squeezed from it. The juice, after it has fermented and attained the proper age, becomes wine.

It surprised me to see how little real waste there is about wine-making. The grape in its prime is used for the wine; the pulp, juiceless, is led to the hogs; the stems make an excellent roadway; and those grapes that have decayed can be utilized for brandy.

In a burst of confidence I informed Mr. Eller of my penniless condition. He sympathized with me. "I might give you employment in the vineyard," he observed, "but of course you would not wish to associate with those rough day laborers, all so inferior to you intellectually."

"I don't know," I returned; "my ideas upon that subject have changed materially within the last few weeks. No man need be ashamed of an honest occupation by which he makes a living. I really believe, Mr. Eller, that I will ask you to give me employment here—for a time, at any rate."

"You will find the word hard." "I expect that," he answered. I am ready for hard work. I need manual labor, and think I can obtain it here.

"I think you can," returned Mr. Eller, dryly. I went to work next morning. My position was "feeder." I had to receive the teams as they arrived and empty the boxes into the elevator. I arose at 5 o'clock; at half-past 5 the gong sounded for breakfast. The men filed into the great dining-room and took their individual seats at two long tables. I dined at a separate table with Mr. Eller. This arrangement suited me very well.

I can vouch for it that I was tired that first night. Handling fifty-pound boxes of grapes eleven hours a day is likely to prove pretty fatiguing even to one who is used to working, and that I certainly was not. But I went to bed early, had a sound night's rest and awoke the next morning much refreshed.

Things went on this way for some weeks. My work grew very monotonous, but I stuck to it from necessity, not choice. My muscles began to develop, and I felt in splendid health. One day the big windmill which supplied the whole winery with water, fell out of order and refused to pump. Mr. Eller examined it carefully, but was unable to learn wherein the difficulty lay. He came down from the tank much disturbed, for water was a great necessity in that hot country.

"Harry," he said to me, "you're something of a mechanic, aren't you?" "I did pay a little attention to the study at one time," I answered modestly. "Well, I wish you would try what you can do in the way of fixing that windmill."

I promised that I would, and Mr. Eller left me. After supper that night I secured a hammer and chisel and started for the mill. I had need to make haste if

I expected to accomplish anything, for the days were shortening, and already the darkness had begun to fall. The windmill stood some two or three hundred yards from the house, directly behind the wine cellar. It was about twenty-five feet high from the base to the top of the wheel, but in that deceptive twilight it looked like some giant finger reaching the sky.

I stuck my tools in my coat pocket and began to climb the long ladder which stretched to the top of the tank. From there it would be easy to reach and manipulate the wheel.

I made the ascent in safety, and after a little reached the top of the rough boards with which the tank was covered. For some time I stood there, admiring the splendid view, and wondering at the extent of country that came under my gaze, until warned by the ever-increasing gloom that I was out on business not pleasure.

I forgot just what was the matter with the wheel, some simple disarrangement of the machinery which took me but little time to remedy. Feeling certain that the mill would perform its duty as well as before, I turned to retrace my steps. In doing so I stepped upon a half concealed trap-door, intended to be used as a means of ingress into the tank in case of repairs being needed. The door was old and rotten; its hinges were broken, and it rested very insecurely upon its foundation. Consequently it could not retain my weight, and tilted suddenly. I fell with a prodigious splash into the water beneath.

There were about two feet of water in the tank. I gurgled and spluttered and struggled as though there were twenty. However, I quickly regained my feet, dripping and shivering from my sudden immersion, but uninjured. But I was a prisoner.

The tank was about ten feet in height. The sides were perfectly smooth and afforded no foothold. There was no ladder or other means by which I could clamber out. I vowed that if ever I built a tank I would provide for such a contingency as the present.

About three and a half feet above my head was the supply pipe. If I could only manage to reach that I might possibly pull myself up and escape. I knew very well I could not do this, but hope, like love, is blind to all obstacles, and I jumped desperately for the pipe. I failed, of course. I did not come within a foot of it. However, after I had continued my efforts for some time I felt a comfortable warmth creeping over that portion of my body which was above water; therefore, in lieu of anything better to do, I kept on jumping.

By and by my teeth stopped chattering and I stopped leaping. "Here's a pretty mess!" I said to myself. "I wonder how long I'm to be penned up in this place? My legs are tired enough already without having to stand on them all night, and I can't very well sit down in two feet of water."

It suddenly occurred to me that I possessed a voice of tolerable strength and clearness, and that I might make good use of it upon the present occasion. Accordingly, I gave utterance to a few of the most startling yells that probably ever assailed the ears of a mortal. But they were unsuccessful so far as escape was concerned.

After I had shouted myself hoarse I waited with patience for the arrival of a relief party—with ropes and other paraphernalia with which to remove me from my unpleasant predicament. At the end of five minutes it hadn't come; at the end of half an hour I did not believe it would come. "Surely," I thought, "they must have heard those war-whoops at the house. At any rate, it's about time Eller started out to hunt me up. He certainly doesn't think its going to take me forever to mend his confounded windmill. What can he be about?"

I was becoming troubled. The prospect of having to remain cooped up in my present narrow quarters all night was by no means pleasant. The expectation of having to stand for the next ten hours in two feet of cold water was—literally and figuratively—a chilly one. It might have done for one of those old time monks who were always imposing penances upon themselves for sins committed, but it was not suited to a person of my tastes. Most cheerfully would I have resigned my position to any one expressing a wish for it.

It was now pitch dark in the tank. The only light I obtained was the feeble glow of the stars shining through the trap-door. I stood under this, gazing wistfully into the heavens so high above me. After a time my eyes grew heavy, my head fell forward on my breast, and, strange as it may appear, I dropped into a gentle doze.

I was awakened by a slight breeze fanning my cheeks. I opened my eyes dreamily. Overhead I could hear a deep, rumbling, grating sound; something was going up and down, up and down, like a monstrous churn in motion.

"What can that be?" was my ejaculation. I was not long in suspense. A perfect deluge of the coldest kind of water came pouring down, drenching me to the skin, giving me a regular shower bath.

The stream continued without abatement, and I soon recovered sufficiently from my momentary confusion and astonishment to move out of the way. No one should say that I did not know enough to come in when it rained.

As yet I was hardly awake. I stood stupidly staring at the supply pipe, which was pouring forth the water at a great rate. Then the solution of the problem flashed through my brain—the windmill was pumping.

I was too startled at first to realize my peril; but quickly it dawned upon me that the water was rising fast, and that if I did not escape or relief did not come in a few hours at the most I should be drowned like a rat in a trap. I thrust my hand into my trousers pocket and pulled out my knife. The large blade was open in a second, and I was at work with all my might trying to dig a hole through the side of

the tank. I quietly saw that my task was hopeless. The wood was soft, but the planks were thick, and it would be hours before I could produce the smallest opening.

I must have something to occupy my attention, else I should go wild. So I dug on until I broke my blade off short. I dropped the useless knife into the tank; it sank with a dull splash. I felt the water slowly creeping upward. I calculated that I had about an hour and a half of life left me.

The water reached my waist. I threw myself against the walls of my prison and shouted for help, but none came. The sound of my voice echoed again and again in my ears—it reached no others. I thought the reverberations would never cease. It seemed to me that the whole world must have heard that despairing cry.

I listened, every nerve strained to catch some echoing shout. But the only sounds that broke the stillness were the splash, splash, splash of falling water, and the heavy noise of that great pump working overhead.

My past life came up before me as in a dream. I could see my mother—my good mother—as plainly with my mind's eye as I had ever seen her with the flush of life upon her cheek. Should we soon meet in heaven?

The water was up to my neck. Ugh! how icy cold it was! In another moment it would be at my mouth. I turned and furiously beat upon my prison walls. What madness! My hands fell nerveless to my sides. They struck upon something hard in either pocket of my coat. I thrust them in almost unconsciously and drew forth the hammer and chisel!

I uttered a cry of delight and began to chisel away for dear life under water. In no time I had hacked from the soft wood two rude steps. I formed another just above the surface of the water, another still higher, and another as high as I could reach. I dropped my tools and, by the aid of nails and hands managed to draw myself up, step by step, until I could grasp the edge of the trap-door. Thus much accomplished it was an easy matter to lift myself out. I fell, panting and trembling in every limb, upon the rough board covering of the tank.

Mr. Eller had not heard any shouts for the simple reason that he had been called by business into Fresno. The men slept in a house too far distant from the windmill for my cries to reach them. I had a pretty thorough scare, it must be confessed; so thorough, indeed, that I have ceased forever to emulate Don Quixote in any more adventures with a windmill.

FRENCH THEATERS.

Plays in Paris Usually Last Four Hours.

Plays in Paris usually begin at 8 o'clock and never finish until about midnight. The orchestra never plays between the acts, so there is no inducement to remain in the hot, garlick-scented air during that time.

It is a matter of some formality to get into a French theater. Don't think, says the Boston Herald, that you can do as in free America, throw down a few silver car wheels, with an ugly Goddess of Liberty on one side and a loudly screaming American eagle on the other, and enter the theater and take your seat.

If you wish a good place you must go to the theater from four to ten days in advance if the play is a popular one, politely take off your hat to the ugly and cross old female in the box office and humbly ask for the seat you wish. When she has finished discussing the latest styles from Russia with her assistant she will gruffly exclaim: "Comment!" You must not reply, as a friend of mine did who was not well up in French, "Come on yourself," but say your polite sentence all over again.

Then you get a written ticket and have to pay two cents for a revenue stamp to put on it. On the evening of the performance you purchase a programme at the door and walk up to the desk where three Frenchmen in full dress preside. These "judges" act as ticket takers. One of them examines the green or red documents that you procured with so much trouble to see that it is not a forgery and that the date, etc., is all right, and then passes it to one of his associate judges in the supreme court of united French red tape, who looks it over and tears off one corner and cries in a loud voice, "Deux personnes a gauche," or words to that effect. Then you are ready to witness the finest acting in the world.

Fallibility.

The necessity which teachers are under of being perfectly sure of their statements, or else of being not too positive in making them, was illustrated recently by an incident of actual occurrence in a public high school. A pupil was reading, during a recitation in English literature, while the teacher, with no book in his hands, and with folded arms, walked up and down the recitation-room.

"Hypocrisy," says La Rochefoucauld, is the homage which vice pays to virtue," the pupil read. "That is very true," said the teacher, "but don't say homage; say 'omage,' the h is not sounded."

"Omage," said the pupil, obediently. "Read on, now." "Sir," said the pupil, "may I please read the note at the foot of the page?" "You may do so."

The pupil read: "Homage: In pronouncing this word, the h is frequently omitted by uneducated persons. It should always be sounded."

In some cases there is absolutely nothing to be said, and on this occasion the teacher said it.

NO A MELICAN DOCKER.

THE ARTICLE NOT TOLERATED IN CHINATOWN.

Against Chinese Ethics to Dissect a Corpse—The Chinese Doctors Work Mostly by Guess—Finger Nails as Scoops.

Chinatown had had an unusually large number of visitors on a recent night, and the opium and gambling dens were jammed, when an undersized Chinaman was thrown out of a doorway into the gutter of Pell street. He had been in a fight, evidently, and in the parlance of the English-speaking element had been "done up." A policeman took John to the police station in Elizabeth street. He was in danger of a collapse, and the sergeant sent for an ambulance. He had been cut in the face and on the head, and his clothes were soaked with blood.

In the washroom water was applied to his wounds until the ambulance arrived. The surgeon ascertained that none of the wounds were serious, but that the Chinaman was suffering most from the effect of the opium. He started to dress the cuts, but as soon as John saw the bandages he set up a vigorous howling.

"What in thunder is the matter with you?" the sergeant demanded. "Shut up that howling or I'll turn the hose down your throat."

"Me no want Melican docker. Me want Chinese docker." He kicked and yelled so that the surgeon picked up his bandages and went away.

"The bloody pigtail thinks somebody will eat him," a policeman remarked.

"I suppose he thinks we ain't got anything to do but wait on him," another added.

But presently the condition of the Chinaman changed. His breathing became labored, his eyeballs rolled horribly, his legs and arms twitched convulsively, and his yellow skin took on more ghastly hues.

"I believe the chink is going to kliek," a policeman said.

"Run down to Mott street and see if you can get one of the Chinese doctors," the sergeant ordered. "Hurry, for I'm afraid he'll die on our hands."

Wet towels were applied to his head and he revived partly. Nearly half an hour elapsed before the policeman returned, accompanied by a tall, fat, and solemn Chinaman, who was dressed in the Chinese costume. He paid no attention to the sergeant or the other policeman, but went to the patient, looked in his face, tore off the wet towels and examined the cuts.

His long loose sleeves fell back and disclosed a pair of skinny, wrinkled hands, with bony fingers and long finger nails. It seemed strange that such hands should belong to so fat a body. The patient watched him without uttering a word, and after the doctor had completed his examination he turned to the sergeant and said: "He much sicker; too much hit pipe. Me make him well."

Then the doctor began to talk to the patient in Chinese, and the sergeant had a shrewd suspicion that the doctor was satisfying himself that his fee would be forthcoming. Evidently the patient's replies were satisfactory to him for he began bandaging the wounds in much the same way that any surgeon would, only the bandages were of some curious Chinese material and were tied in a manner that would bring discredit upon the youngest medical student. Then he took from some receptacle, hidden in the pockets of some inside jacket, several odd packages on which were Chinese characters. They contained drugs, evidently, for he took a little from each, using his nails as scoops, and spoke to the patient. The latter stuck out his tongue and the doctor dropped the drugs on it. The doctor then gave him a swallow of water and sat down beside him. The patient seemed to have every confidence in the treatment and began to look better. After a short wait the doctor spoke to him again, whereupon he arose and the two went away together.

According to the experiences of the police of the Elizabeth street station, in whose precinct all Chinatown is included, only Christianized Chinamen will ever submit to treatment by white physicians. Whenever a sick Chinaman is brought to the station, a Chinese doctor has to be sent for. Strangely enough, these doctors are unknown to the police, and on each occasion they have to rely upon information furnished by Chinamen in the streets or stores to find one.

The New York Sun reporter met equal difficulties in seeking one. After calling at half a dozen stores in Chinatown and asking a score of Chinamen in Mott, Pell and Doyers streets without result he sought for Wong Chia Foo, who directed him to Khl Leon, who runs a Chinese drug store at 19 Mott street. Khl Leon, who is very big and pompous, was measuring out opium so daintily that it was a pleasure to watch him. Several assistants were busy doing up packages of strange-looking roots. Khl Leon is one of the tallest Chinamen in New York. He has a round, smooth face, and he wears a dark silk costume, including a black skull cap. His pig tail is exceedingly long, and his nails are long and yellow. He was very suspicious when spoken to, thinking, apparently, that some trap was being laid for him.

"Are you a doctor?" "What for you want to know?" "I want to learn something about the way you practice."

"I no can tell nothink. I no talk well. Velly busy. Got no time. Call again, yes?" He disappeared behind a screen, and all efforts to bring him back proved futile. In the street the reporter met a very intelligent Chinaman, just from San Francisco.

"Chinese doctor in New York no good," he said. "They what you call quack. Good Chinese doctor San Francisco plenty."

A Chinese missionary said: "Chinese doctors have no knowledge of the human system, and usually work by guess. It is against the Chinese ethics to dissect a body, and the Chinaman has a horror of anybody who uses a knife on a corpse. Nevertheless, the Chinese doctors manage to work a great many cures."

It is strange that Chinese doctors are allowed to practise in New York, where the law strictly prohibits a person from acting as a physician unless he has a medical certificate and a license from the county clerk; but the law were enforced, it is doubtful whether the Chinese would call in our physicians.

HINDOO JUGGLER TRICKS.

Americans Try to Fathom Them by Means of a Kodak.

"I have a good story that involves two Chicago tourists, who at one time were given to traveling in the Orient and taking kodak pictures of objects of interest," remarked John Wrightwood at the Palmer house to a Chicago Post reporter. Mr. Wrightwood is salesman for an English house.

"The story was told by a victim in a hotel in Calcutta. It seems that they wanted to take some views of the tricks performed by the Hindoo conjurer, and had gone to a small village famed for its first-class crop of fakirs. A conjurer of great renown was obtained to sit for views." He remarked that for twenty rupees he would take the amateur photographers to the center of a clearing and give exhibitions of his art. They could take all of the pictures they wanted to.

"Accordingly, they repaired to the lawn and Mr. Hindoo took a ball of twine from his robe, and with an exclamation in his native tongue he hurried the ball upward, high, high up. In fact, the two Chicago men thought they saw it disappear in the clouds. The end of the string remained on the ground. 'Now,' cried the fakir, 'watch carefully. I'll give you something to make pictures of.' And picking up his blanket that he had previously thrown upon the grass he exposed a chubby baby boy, who laughed and clapped his hands. Flash went the kodaks. Then the conjurer caught up the child and placed him upon the string. The baby clutched the fine rope and began to ascend. Again the kodaks.

Up the sprite went, looking like a Philadelphia cupid. In the course of a few minutes the boy slid down until he reached a point about five feet from the ground. Again the kodak. With a dexterous swing of his arm the fakir hurled the baby beneath the blanket, drew down the heavenly ladder, laughed, and all was over. Picking up his blanket, he waved it in the breeze and, folding it up, asked the party to return to the town.

What a mine of wealth these men thought they had in these negatives. Neither cared to compare notes on their astonishment.

"But when they came to develop those negatives they were surprised to find that no trace of the rope, baby or blanket showed up.

"Thunderation! Why didn't we catch a negative?" one of the men cried. "It must have been a supernatural arrangement," ventured the other.

"No amount of 'developing' could make a picture of the strange scene they had seen. Then they agreed that the fakir had hypnotized them and had cleverly mulcted them out of twenty rupees. However, I'll warrant you they are still cudgeling their brains over the way the fakir had so successfully deceived them."

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Prof. Lodge Says Ideas Pass Without Speech Between Minds.

A great deal of interest has been awakened by some remarks made at the last meeting of the British association for the advancement of science by Prof. Oliver J. Lodge. Prof. Lodge holds a high rank among men of science in England. Whatever he says is therefore, entitled to respectful consideration.

Speaking of the limitations of man's knowledge of nature, he referred to the phenomenon known as "thought transference," and, after recalling the fact, which of course every body knows, that a thought can be transferred from one mind to another either by the agency of sight, as in writing or of sound, as in speaking, he uttered these remarkable words:

"Is it possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not grown accustomed to and know practically nothing about? In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact."

Professor Lodge, who has devoted particular attention to this subject for a number of years, suggests that the ether which pervades space and conveys the waves of light, electricity, and so forth, may serve as a medium of communication between mind and mind. In this way many mysterious and apparently miraculous phenomena could be explained without resorting to supernatural agencies.—Youth's Companion.

He Was Right.

"I want to take the next train to Toledo," said a lady to the ticket young man at the Michigan Central station. "You can't do it, madam," he replied with a subtle smile.

"Why not," she asked in quick surprise. "Because, madam," and the young man looked solemn, "because we have an engineer and a conductor to do that, and we don't feel disposed to fill their places with an entire stranger."

—Detroit Free Press.

FRANKS OF A SPIDER.

Fall Nightly Visits to a Gathering at the Study Table.

We named him Belshazzar on the occasion of his first visit to us, though I have forgotten what suggested the name. He was a big black spider, with a shiny, fat body, suggestive of an abundance of flies, but for all this appreciation of the good things of life he was of a scholarly turn of mind.

We were all seated around the study table preparing next day's lessons and tasks, when Minnie gave a scream that made me jump, and even the boy looked up startled. There was a big black spider calmly seated on a Latin dictionary regarding us intently. I flipped a paper at him, but he only drew in his legs with a slightly contemptuous air and did not stir.

"Let him alone, sister," said Tom. "I've been studying about spiders, and here is a good opportunity for observing their habits."

As if encouraged by this championship, Belshazzar descended from the dictionary and crawled slowly over the open page of an algebra, as if trying to make out what it was. From this he went over all the books, inspecting them all with the same critical air, and at last settled on a physical geography as most worthy of his attention. Every now and then he would refresh himself with a drink out of Aleck's ink bottle.

All at once we missed him, relates a writer in the Philadelphia Times, and as he had last been seen drinking from the edge of the bottle suspicion immediately arose that he had fallen in. He had, and was floundering about in the black pool.

He was rescued and placed on a scrap of waste paper, with injunctions to remain there until dry, but this he had no intention of doing. On the contrary, he showed a fixed determination to walk over Tom's neatly written Latin exercise.

"You shan't, sir," said Tom gently, holding him with the feathered end of a quill pen on to his scrap of paper.

And then for the next few minutes we forgot all about him, till Tom's cry of dismay called attention to his exercise. It was lined and relined and lined again with Belshazzar's tracks. He had not left an inch unmarked, and was even looking very complacently over his nice black tracings when our exclamations of sorrow and anger seemed to arouse him to a sense of shame, and he scrambled down the table and was gone in the twinkling of an eye.

We thought we had seen the last of him, but the next night he came again and the next, until we looked for him as a regular visitor, and placed the physical geography open to him for his fancy, for it seemed to last.

The accident of his fall into the ink bottle was repeated several times, for he would drink the ink, and once for some minutes we feared that he was drowned, but he gradually revived, and beyond appearing rather subdued was little the worse for the adventure.

But whenever he has been in the ink after that first night nothing could induce him to stir off the paper on which he was placed to dry, though he would run over that and seemed to take pride in the designs with which he ornamented it.

What became of our quoser pet we never knew, but one night he failed to make his appearance, and we were surprised to find how much we missed him. We hoped, however, that he would come the next evening, but he never did, and somehow the study hour after that seemed longer and duller, and not to be looked forward to.

Hooked at Last.

"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he had been courting for several years.

"Why so?" "Because I was reading to-day and came across a line which said, 'Mary is the sweetest name that woman ever bore.'"

"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to my mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?" "I believe so."

"But I have also heard my father say that there was even a sweeter name than Mary."

"I think he must have been mistaken," said the lover as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

"No, I do not think he was mistaken."

"What was the other name?"

A beautiful blush suffused the charming maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an Aeolian harp, she murmured:—"Wife." The cards are out.—Saturday Evening Post.

A French Officer's Rise.

There has died at Versailles recently the Vicomte Toussaint, formerly a Colonel in the French army and Mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of the Terrible Year, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy, while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussian?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.—London Telegraph.

Wire Rope.

The wife of a New York banker has invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent of which she has sold to a San Francisco firm for ten thousand pounds cash and a royalty. The way she came to hit upon this was from a device she used to twist her worsted.

ESCANABA AND VICINITY.

MANY MINOR MATTERS PERTAINING TO CITY AND SURROUNDINGS.

The Iron Port Reporter Staff Finds a Goodly Bunch of Interesting Items in Their Wanderings About the City—Short Bits.

Although considerably stiffened in their political joints nearly all the older acrobats of the democratic combination are still in the ring, exhibiting a willingness to perform almost any contortion that will gain patronage for the entertainment of April 4th.

Julian Ralph, a writer in the Harper's Monthly, credits Marquette with having "the largest ore dock in the world."

There is perhaps no class of reading matter—outside of local news—that is so universally appreciated as miscellany, and the publishers of The Iron Port, recognizing this fact, present to their readers weekly a high class of selected matter designed to please its patrons.

Under the new law, recently passed, regarding postoffices, an office with \$9,000 receipts per year can have a government building in which to handle the mails.

Mr. Aspinall says he never attended but one meeting of the A. P. A., that being the night of his initiation. Couldn't Mr. Aspinall enlighten us on the remarks made by Father Kelly, who lectured before the A. P. A? He was there.

Grummond's passenger steamer "Atlantic" will run from Cleveland to Green Bay and intermediate points this season.

Peter Semer has a beautiful meerschaum pipe on exhibition at his "wet grocery," which will be raffled June 4th.

The Methodist ladies will give an entertainment, consisting of literary and musical numbers, at Mrs. Robt. McCourt's next Wednesday evening.

Persons who contemplate collecting the two-cent maple sugar bounty from the government should remember that the sugar must be weighed by a regularly appointed deputy collector of internal revenue.

The democratic city committee has substituted the name of Victor Fish for that of A. M. Branshaw, a candidate for alderman from the fourth ward.

Bert. Ellsworth has an advertisement in The Iron Port which you cannot fail to see. Now is the time to purify your blood, and Ellsworth is the man who can supply you with the purifier.

The Experience Club, organized by the Presbyterian ladies some months ago, will give a supper at the Peoples' opera house April 7th, on which occasion a bountiful repast will be served.

Mr. Aspinall, the democratic nominee for mayor, admits that he was initiated into the A. P. A., but says he is not now a member.

Delta county needs a new and adequate jail, therefore vote for the proposition to borrow \$20,000 at five per cent., to be paid twenty, twenty-five and thirty years hence.

The Iron Port has just received an elegant assortment of illuminated society cards, and invites members of various lodges to call and inspect the same.

Andrew Thorsen, who returned to his native country, about a year since, died a few weeks ago. He was a brother of Theodore Thorsen of this city.

Remember the Norwegian girls social at Greiner's hall next Saturday evening. Arrangements for a pleasant time have been consummated.

Fireman H. A. Breitenbach cut quite a severe gash in his right leg by kicking in a window at the Iron Port, Monday forenoon.

The local tent of Knights of the Macabees is growing, new members being initiated at almost every session.

The person who borrowed the G. A. R. flag last winter will please leave the same with A. H. Rolph. It is needed.

Barnes & Fleunhing have fitted up tidy tonorial parlors and bath rooms in the Coan building.

The contract for the building will soon be awarded.

The Ishpeming Press tells of a fellow called "Scraps," whose home is in this city, absconding from that place with funds belonging to his employer.

As will be seen by reference to another column, Richard Mason is the republican nominee for mayor of Gladstone.

On Saturday last a woodsman complained to police officers that he had lost over \$100 in an up town clothing store, but an investigation availed nothing.

Rev. Edquist, of Los Angeles, Cal., has declined a call from the Swedish Lutherans of this city.

J. Enstrom, of Ishpeming, contemplates the establishment of a Swedish newspaper in this city.

Regardless of the fact that there will be no old-time electioneering at the polls next Monday, the election will not be the most quiet on record.

Mrs. E. D. Beeson has been elected president of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Robt. McCourt secretary, and Mrs. Eva B. Pillsbury, treasurer.

The democrats will hold another mass meeting at the People's opera house Saturday evening.

Organize a republican club and establish headquarters. There is work to be done, and now is the time to commence.

The Ontonogagon Herald says The Iron Port is greatly improved. Our less than 5,000 subscribers agree with the gentleman.

The democratic county convention will be held at Dupont's hall this afternoon.

The Bristol horse show, which drew crowded houses here a few years since, will re-visit this peninsula this summer.

Marine underwriters will no longer pay for grounding in still waters where no risks of navigation are incurred.

Hart's Boston Comedy company held the boards at the People's Tuesday evening, and drew a good house.

Escanaba's mercantile establishments are making a fine showing this spring as regards size of stocks carried.

Geo. Jubaine is nursing his right hand, having badly scalded two fingers and a thumb about a week since.

Pupils of the public schools are enjoying a week's vacation. Many a mother will be happy next Monday.

The Western Union will string another telegraph wire from Negaunee to Milwaukee early this spring.

The Manistique Pioneer says Mr. Greenhoop will most likely be elected. Major has "called the turn."

From present indications about the same amount of coal will be handled here this season as last.

An Uncle Tom's Cabin company is headed this way, and will probably appear here early in April.

The Appleton electric street cars carry a barrel of salt with which to annoint the icy rails.

The E. A. U. has a membership of eighty. Eleven candidates were initiated last week.

Ed. Shears and Tom Lee have been arrested for burglarizing three saloons at Ishpeming.

We present, on the second page, township nominations, so far as we have learned.

There has been over-production and the price can not advance until the surplus is used, nor then unless the producers watch the market and suits production to demand.

A. J. Valentine has bought the Hill property on the marsh.

The W. C. T. U. cleared \$30 from the supper last week.

Vote for Emmanuel M. St. Jacques for treasurer. Vote for Solomon Greenhoop for mayor. Vote the straight Tax-Reform ticket.

The Latest. Representative McKenna has tendered his resignation to the House.

Jeremiah Cotte was electrocuted according to program Tuesday. The body was badly burned.

The arbitration treaty goes. This is better than fighting—it isn't so dangerous, you know.

Bland will not attempt to force his silver coinage bill to a vote. He has given up the fight.

Justice Lamar, of the U. S. supreme court, is seriously ill in Washington.

Railway Officials Called. The officials of the Chicago & North-western Railway company have been cited to appear before the Michigan railroad crossing board and show by what authority it makes a statement to the auditor general's department of its earnings for 1891 upon its entire system instead of upon its Michigan line.

Our Miscellany Today. We desire to call the readers' attention to the miscellaneous matters published today, including a splendid story by Frank H. Coleburn, entitled, "An Adventure with a Wind-mill," and an interesting tale on Chinese doctors, besides an unusually large amount of interesting and amusing reading, which Iron Port readers cannot fail to appreciate.

Pneumatic Tubes for Mail. Senator Sawyer has reported favorably on the scheme which contemplates a system of pneumatic tubes for the rapid transit of mail in large cities from one station to another, from depots to convenient territory.

Low Rates to Hot Springs, Arkansas. On April 7th and 8th the Chicago & North-Western R'y Co. will sell excursion tickets to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip; tickets good for return passage until May 9th.

Will Operate Three Mills. The Metropolitan Lumber company will operate three mills this season—two at Beechwood and one at Metropolitan—with a daily capacity of 220,000 feet.

Wants a Whaleback to Cross the Pond. Senator McMillan wants Michigan to send a whaleback steamer to the Russia laden with grain for the famine-stricken peasants of that country.

Thugs and Robbers at Negaunee. Andrew Yanka, a prominent temperance worker at Negaunee, was struck on the head with a club and robbed at that place Monday night. He cannot recover.

A Suicide at Menominee. Frank Hunt, a well known cedar inspector, stabbed himself to the heart at Menominee Tuesday. He leaves a wife and four children. No cause assigned.

Vote the straight Tax-Reform ticket.

One Cent a Word. Notices inserted under this head will be published at ONE CENT per word. No notice less than 15 cents.

WANTED—To hire at the Steam Laundry two good capable girls to do general Laundry work.

WANTED—To rent a four or five room house within ten minutes walk to the postoffice. Apply at this office.

Wanted—a wet nurse, apply to Dr. C. H. Long, corner block.

FOR SALE—A house and lot on Sarah street for \$1,800, worth \$2,000. Northrup & Northrup.

FOR SALE—A house and lot on Fannie street, dirt cheap at \$1,300. Northrup & Northrup.

FOR SALE—A lot on the corner of First and Mary streets, southeast corner front, very desirable for a dwelling, only \$800. Northrup & Northrup.

LEGAL.

ORDER FOR HEARING WILL ADMITTED TO PROBATE IN ANOTHER STATE. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

At a session of the Probate court for the county of Delta, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the 15th day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Hull, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Henry Hull, alleging that duly authenticated copies of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and of the Probate thereof have been filed in said Court showing that said Will has been duly admitted to probate in the Probate Court of Cook county, and state of Illinois, and praying that a time and place for hearing said petition be fixed, and due notice thereof given to all persons interested in said estate, and that the said Will be admitted to probate in said court, and that Letters Testamentary be granted to Henry Hull, the executor named in said Will.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 15th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and 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 held in the probate office in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, 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 Iron Port a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

ORDER OF HEARING, for General Purposes. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

At a session of the probate court for said county held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the 15th day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Joseph Lavigne, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of John Rousseau guardian of Theodore Lavigne and his children, of said deceased, setting forth that said deceased left a last will and testament which was duly admitted to probate by said court on the second day of September A. D. 1878, but made no provision for his said child Alfred Lavigne either in his lifetime or in his said last will and testament and praying that a day be fixed for hearing this petition and due notice thereof given to all parties interested in said estate, and that the court make a decree giving to said child Alfred Lavigne some share or portion of the estate of said deceased as if he had died intestate to be assigned to said Alfred Lavigne as provided by law in the case of intestate estates.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 14th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of court, then to be held in the probate office in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, 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 Iron Port a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

ORDER OF HEARING, for assignment of residue of estate. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba on the 15th day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Alfred Hull, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Henry Hull, administrator of said estate, with the will annexed, praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the legatees named in the last will and testament of said deceased.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 15th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and 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 held in the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.

And it is further ordered, that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta for three successive weeks, and also by causing the same to be personally served at least 14 days previous to said day of hearing upon Julia Peterson Noland, if she be found in said county.

PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING FINAL ACCOUNT. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

At a session of the Probate court for the county of Delta, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Monday, the 7th day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Christ Peterson, deceased.

On reading and filing the final report and account of Peter M. Peterson, executor of said estate, and the hearing thereof, it is ordered, that Monday, the 4th day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that the legatees and 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 held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the said report and account should not be confirmed.

And it is further ordered, that said executor give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said report and account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta for three successive weeks, and also by causing the same to be personally served at least 14 days previous to said day of hearing upon Morgan Rivers, Lansing F. Rivers, and Sophia Campbell, if they be found in said county.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the 15th day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

LEGAL.

ORDER OF HEARING, for general purposes and for guardians account. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, on the twenty-first day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Rosie Greenhoop, Lulu Greenhoop and Inez Greenhoop, minors.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Bertha Greenhoop, guardian of said minors, praying that the first annual account of said guardian now on file in said court, may be examined and allowed by said court and that a day be appointed for the examination and allowance thereof.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the eleventh day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, and show cause, 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 Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, two successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at Marquette, Mich., Feb. 26, 1892.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention 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., at Menominee Mich., on March 19, 1892, viz: Timothy Desmond, Hd. Application No. 3781, for the sw. 1/4 of sec. 12, T. 38 N. R. 25 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Maurice Flynn, Michael Kane, Con Desmond, and Michael Harris, all of DeLoughry Mich.

Geo. A. ROTCH, Register.

ORDER OF HEARING FOR CLAIMS BEFORE COURT. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the probate court for the county of Delta, made on the twenty-seventh (27) day of February A. D. 1892, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of John Riel, late of said county, deceased, 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 Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-seventh day of August next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the second (2d) day of May, and on Monday the fifth (5th) day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, Escanaba, Mich. Feb. 27th, A. D. 1892. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

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ORDER OF HEARING FOR CLAIMS BEFORE COURT. STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA.

A COURTING RHYME.

Stand ye young Mr. Sappy
In shirt sleeves and happy
In front of the glass;
In haste he's perfecting
His toilet, expecting
To call on his lass.

Little Miss Etticoat
In a white petticoat
Stands by the glass;
Her toilet she's making,
Which grand undertaking
Pleases the lass.

A BAD SCARE.

The Mutual Mistake of Two Be-nighted Travelers.

"How far am I from the inn?"
"Three miles, sir."
The toll-gate keeper looked anxiously
in my face as he held up his lantern,
athwart which the gusts of rain dashed
furiously.

"A lunatic!" I exclaimed. I felt the
blood ebb away from my cheeks as I
remembered the white face among the
cedar thickets of the wilderness.
"What time did he escape?" I asked.
"About seven o'clock, sir," he replied.
And I had seen the apparition at a
little after nine. Then it was no optical
illusion—no specter of a disordered
imagination.

THE RESURRECTION BONE.
A Mythical Belonging That Anatomists
Could Not Find.
Throughout the middle ages it was
believed that there exists in man a
bone imponderable, incorruptible, in-
combustible, the necessary nucleus of
the resurrection body. Belief in a
resurrection of the physical body, despite
St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians,
had been incorporated into the formula
made centuries after his time and
called the apostles' creed, and was held
throughout Christendom, "always
everywhere, and by all."

The Man Who Picks Locks.

In the lowest spheres of life the
force of inventive faculty may be de-
tected. The burglar himself as a me-
chanical genius may be a rival of na-
ture. An honest genius of an inven-
tive kind invents a lock; straightway
another inventive genius of a dishonest
kind picks that lock. A man, not a
burglar, but a professed lock picker,
picked a subtle lock of a bureau for me
because I had lost the key. The science
the man showed, the resource, the
ingenuity, formed a study, and his
efforts were soon crowned with suc-
cess. I was struck by the skill the
man displayed, but still more by the
philosophy. "They call the man who
invented that there lock, sir, a gentle-
man, and they say he's made a tremen-
dous fortune by it, but they gives no
credit to them as has learned to
pick it; not a bit of it! not they! and
some of them as can pick it they call
burglars and gives 'em years of hard
labor, though they was just as clever as
the lucky un, who set the thing a-
going."—Longman's Magazine.

visible, branching off from the one
upon which I stood and losing itself in
the thick woods beyond.
My heart leaped up with a sensation
of freedom and lightness that per-
vaded every pulse. The summer sun-
shine on the moss seemed brightened
with a new glow; the wild roses nod-
ding round my feet seemed sweeter,
and the song of the birds bore new
meaning to my ears. Free! free at
last! And I hastened my footsteps
toward Arch hall with a feeling that I
was hurrying to some city of refuge.
The square chimneys came in sight
at last and I hailed the solid old
structure with delight, springing over
the light wire fence that divided the
grounds from the glen, and, striding
up the walk with cheery footsteps, I
pulled the bell. A servant came to the
door.

THE MAN WHO PICKS LOCKS.
In the lowest spheres of life the
force of inventive faculty may be de-
tected. The burglar himself as a me-
chanical genius may be a rival of na-
ture. An honest genius of an inven-
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burglars and gives 'em years of hard
labor, though they was just as clever as
the lucky un, who set the thing a-
going."—Longman's Magazine.

The Man Who Picks Locks.

—Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood is
the daughter of an Illinois physician,
and was early left an orphan. She is
described as an erect, healthy, well-
dressed young woman, with brown hair
and eyes, a pleasant voice and a man-
ner "entirely devoid of the literary
pose," whatever that may mean. She
lives in Hoopston, Ill., with her hus-
band and little daughter.

KIRK'S
AMERICAN FAMILY
SOAP
A LAUNDRY SOAP, PURE AND SANITARY.
BEST FOR
General Household Use.

Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway
Direct Route from Negaunee to the East and South;
east, also to all points West and the great
Northwest. On and After SUN-
DAY, DECEMBER 20, '91.
Trains Leave Negaunee as Follows:
(Subject to Change without Notice.)
8:00 a. m. HOUGHTON PASSENGER—daily
except Sunday, for Ishpeming, Ham-
bold, Champion, Michigan and
Houghton, connecting at Houghton
with Mineral Range R. R. for Han-
cock, Calumet, Red Jacket and Lake
Linden.
11:35 a. m. LOCAL PASSENGER, daily except
Sunday, for Ishpeming, Republic and
intermediate stations.
12:05 p. m. SUNDAY PASSENGER (Sundays
only) for Ishpeming and
intermediate stations.
2:55 p. m. LAKE SUPERIOR LIMITED,
daily for Ishpeming, Republic, Cham-
pion, Michigan, Houghton, Sax-
on, Mason, Superior, and Duluth,
connecting at Houghton with Min-
eral Range railroad for Hancock, Cal-
umet, Red Jacket and Lake Linden,
and at Mason with C. St. P. M. & O.
Ry. for St. Paul, St. Louis, Minn-
neapolis, and other points.
6:55 p. m. FAST EXPRESS daily for Ishpeming,
Republic, Champion, Michi-
gan, Nestora, Superior, West Su-
perior, Duluth and intermediate
stations, connecting at Duluth for all
points west and southwest. Wagner
Palace buffet sleeping cars through to
Duluth without change.
6:27 a. m. FAST EXPRESS daily, for Sault
Ste. Marie, connecting with the Can-
adian Pacific express at Sault Ste.
Marie for Ottawa, Montreal, Boston
and all New England points and New
York. Wagner buffet sleeping cars to
Sault Ste. Marie without change.
10:00 a. m. LOCAL PASSENGER daily for
Marquette and intermediate stations.
1:00 p. m. LOCAL PASSENGER daily for Mar-
quette and intermediate stations.
4:18 p. m. LAKE SUPERIOR LIMITED, daily
for St. Ignace and intermediate
stations connecting at Mackinac City
with the Mich. Central for Bay City,
Detroit, all points in lower Michigan
and the east and southeast. Wagner
Palace buffet sleeping cars through
from Duluth to Detroit without
change.

MILWAUKEE & NORTHERN.
MAP OF
Milwaukee & Northern R'y
SHORTEST ROUTE TO
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ETC.
SOLID TRAINS FAST TIME
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.
All coupon agents on the Northern Peninsula
sell tickets via the Milwaukee & Northern R. R.
W. E. TYLER, Commercial Agt.,
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GEO. H. HEAFFORD,
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MEDICINAL
BIG TRADE MARK
CURE YOURSELF!
Ask your Druggist for a
bottle of Big G. The only
non-poisonous remedy for all
the mucous disorders and
private diseases of men and the
debilitating weakness peculiar
to women. It cures in a few
days without the aid or
publicity of a doctor.
The International American Cure
Manufactured by
The Franz Chemical Co.
CINCINNATI, O.
U. S. A.

The Masonic Block Grocery.
ERICKSON & BISSELL
Having removed to the Masonic Block, are better prepared
than ever before to serve their customers. A
Large and Complete Line of
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
CANNED GOODS, ETC.
Give them a Call in their New Quarters.

THE I. STEPHENSON COMPANY
GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.
LUMBER
Lath and Shingles,
Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc., Etc.
ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.
CLOTHING-DRY GOODS.

Prosperity Comes to All
Who Trade with Us.
We are overcrowded in Men's, Boys'
and Youths' Spring Suits. Hats and Caps
of All the Latest Designs. Shoes in end-
less varieties, which must be sold at prices
that will rush them out. We shall sell our
immense stock of Merchandise in every de-
partment on, small margins and at prices to
favor the most economical buyer.
Our store is crowded with the newest of
new styles and you will find this the right
place to get the right goods at right prices.
Call and inspect before buying, at
I. KRATZ'S.
608-610 Ludington Street.

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

FORT GARRY'S GATEWAY.

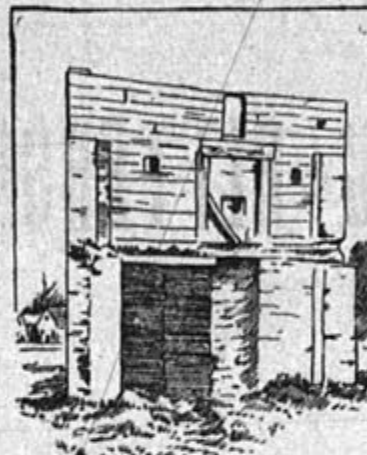
Sole Relic of an Historic Structure in the Northwest.

Once Upon a Time the Fort Was the Chief Post of the Hudson Bay Company—Early History of the City of Winnipeg.

At the upper end of the main street of Winnipeg is an interesting relic of the early days of the Canadian northwest. It is, according to the New York Sun, the gateway of old Fort Garry, known far and wide before St. Paul and Minneapolis were ever heard of.

Through that old gate in 1869 Riel marched his Scotch and English prisoners when he incited the French half-breeds to rebel and ordered the governor, whom Canada had appointed over her new territory, to betake himself back to Ontario.

The illustration gives an interior view of the entrance to Fort Garry as it



THE OLD GATEWAY AT FORT GARRY. Photographed from the interior.

appeared last summer. Not a foundation stone of the rest of the wall remains. The city extends beyond the fort, and the value of the land has led to the destruction of the interesting relic of early days in the Red river country.

Through the old gate have rumbled thousands of specimens of that peculiar invention, the Red River cart, some of which may still be seen in Winnipeg. Hundreds of them carried from St. Paul stores and supplies to Fort Garry.

Where the bustling city of 40,000 inhabitants now stands the prairie, almost as level as a floor, was the grazing ground of great herds of buffaloes, which formed the staple article of food for the Indians. Their skins were brought by thousands into Fort Garry.

A most extraordinary guard takes up its quarters inside the bank of England every evening at seven o'clock all the year round, remaining there until seven o'clock the next morning. It is an officer's guard, and consists of a drummer, two sergeants and thirty men, all well armed.

In rooms of poor hearing qualities Dr. Ephraim Cutter says: Every hall or church has its keynote, and the audience will hear better if the speaker's voice is pitched and held to the keynote of the room.

A new beverage called coffee-tea is announced. It is an infusion of leaves from the coffee plant exactly as tea is made from the leaf of the tea plant.

CATARINO GARZA.

A Texas Journal's Estimate of That Mexican Freebooter. Catarino Garza is yet a young man, says the San Antonio Express. He is a native of Mexico, but was reared in Brownsville, Tex., where in his boyhood he received a fair education.



CATARINO GARZA.

he served until an act of insubordination caused him to fly to the Texas side of the Rio Grande.

He came to San Antonio and became editor of La Mutualista, the organ of the Mexican society of that name here. It was professedly a society paper, but really a political organ.

Garza first came to public notice at Rio Grande City, where in a political altercation he shot a man named Sebree, and, it is said, killed two customs inspectors. He himself was seriously wounded in the affray.

Garza is a man of splendid physique, six feet three in height, of fine military carriage, and eyes which snap in anger or melt into dreamy tenderness.

A HEN MONUMENT.

Its Erection Would Certainly Not Be Out of Order.

We are soon to begin a great glorification of Columbus, and among other features will be the erection of statues to his memory.

This is all right in itself, but, says Harper's Young People, let us not forget attendant obligations. When we all-hail to Columbus, let us ask if there was not another agency in the discovery which should also receive our acclaim.

Grant this, and the case is clear. If we erect a statue to Columbus, we are



THE HEN MONUMENT.

likewise bound to similarly honor the hen that laid that egg. She may have been the humblest sister of her flock; merely, if you will, a lay member. She may never have done anything more important than to scratch up Isabella's garden.

Foreign service papers of the last mail declare that no time is being lost by Germany in fortifying Heligoland. In the naval budget for 1892-3 a sum of 1,395,000 marks is asked for as the first demand on a total of 8,805,000 marks.

England's Charities. The grand total of charitable bequests in England during the past year, excluding Baron Hirsch's \$10,000,000 for Jewish emigration, was \$16,000,000 as against \$11,500,000 in 1890.

THE DIVINE SARAH.

How Bernhardt, the Famous French Actress, Lives.

She Eats Sparingly, Sleeps But a Few Hours and Is a Great Believer in the Use of Water—Some Toilet Secrets.

"Food? Ah, yes; that should come first," said Bernhardt recently to a New York Sun representative. "You all know that in France we breakfast 'a-lait.' Now, my coffee and rolls come to my bedside early—when I wake, you understand. Sometimes an egg—I am fond of eggs—I eat them frequently.

"How long does madame sleep?" "Five hours generally, in a cool room, without light. The very first thing I do after returning at night from the theater is to take my bath.

"Before visits, before eating, before anything, at that hour, I bathe. The maid has it in preparation, all. First goes, as a covering over the tub, a large white sheet; into that blood-warm water is poured. Small sachets containing finely grated soap in small quantities of bran or fine meal, perfumed with a little orris root, are used in place of a sponge.

of crash toweeling. This is heated, and the body enveloped in it to get up a friction of skin.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

"My finger nails—ah! There is a little woman in the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who manufactures nail pomade to soften and whiten them, who has her own invention of files. This red pomade comes in tiny olive wood boxes, and is put on at night, taking care to cover the nail with a thin coating of this pomade.

"Too much water for the hands, without other ingredients, is injurious. Most skins take well to oils or unguents. A good thing for the hands is equal parts of lemon, glycerine, a small quantity of borax and triple extracts of violet, to sweeten the whole.

A stony, waterless region of France has evolved a race of animals that do not drink. The sheep feeding upon the fragrant herbs have altogether unlearned the habit of drinking and the cows drink very little.

Intelligent Suffrage. Only citizens who can read and write are allowed to vote in Bolivia.

MEDICINES.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Has no equal for the prompt relief and speedy cure of Colds, Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Preacher's Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe, and other derangements of the throat and lungs.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

taken for consumption, in its early stages, checks further progress of the disease, and even in the later stages, it eases the distressing cough and promotes refreshing sleep.

"Having used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, I can confidently recommend it for all the complaints it is claimed to cure.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Prompt to act, sure to cure

LIME, PLASTER, ETC.

Jas. Drush & Co.

Wholesale and Retailers In—

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair,

BRICK, TILE, ETC.

Douglas St. near the Exchange, Escanaba.

DUPORT.

Escanaba Oyster House

Family Resort Restaurant,

J. B. DUFORT, Prop'r.

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

Sample Room in connection.

SHOES.



W. L. DOUGLAS

WHY IS THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY? It is a seamless shoe, with no laces or wax thread to hurt the feet, made of the best fine calf, English and easy, and because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer. It equals hand-sewed shoes costing from \$10.00 to \$15.00.

NORTHUP & NORTHUP.

(ESTABLISHED 1880.)

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE

ESCANABA, MICH.

JOB PRINTING.

THE WEEKLY IRON PORT,

WITH A CIRCULATION OF—

OVER 1,000.

Making it the best advertising medium in the upper peninsula. Containing, as it does, all the local news and well assorted stories and miscellaneous matter, it is a most readable family journal.

JOB PRINTING

In this Department Nothing is Wanting.

The management has spared neither pains nor expense in keeping this department equipped with

All the Latest Faces in Type

And our presses are of the best makes, enabling us to turn out as good work as can be had anywhere. In our Stock Rooms may be found the most complete line of printers' stationery this side of Milwaukee; such as

- BILL HEADS, all sizes, STATEMENTS, LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, ENVELOPES, SHIPPING TAGS, FLAT PAPERS, CARDBOARDS, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Programmes and Invitations

For Balls, Parties and Weddings, in any style desirable, with prices to suit everybody from the humblest to the most elaborate.

Iron Port Company.

Business Office Over Northup & Northup's, One Door North of P.O.

SPRING MEDICINE

MY HUSBAND'S COUSIN.

A Branch of Years That Was Finally Healed.

I led the gayest and happiest of lives until I was twenty. Then my father died suddenly, and was found, like so many men who are supposed to be rich during life, to have left almost nothing. My mother did not survive his death very long, and I was left alone in the world, so far as near relatives were concerned.

I sent at once for Cousin Rachel Armstrong, the resource of all her kindred when they were in trouble, and she promptly responded to my call, as she did to all demands on her good nature. It was at this juncture that Mr. Laurence, my father's lawyer and most intimate friend, very unexpectedly asked me to marry him. At first, I was too much astonished to reply; but, as I grew more accustomed to the idea, it lost its strangeness, and even appealed to me.

I said yes after some hesitation, and we were quietly married within two months of my mother's death. When I first told her of my decision, Cousin Rachel looked grave, and said:

"Are you sure you do not care for Charlie Morris, Helen?"

Charles Morris was a scapegrace cousin of mine, who was studying medicine in Berlin. As soon as he heard of my parents' death he did ask me to marry him; but I would as soon have thought of marrying my pet canary as Charlie—he would have been about as well fitted for the position. We had had many flirtations in the past, but that was a different thing. I answered Charlie's letter telling him of my intentions, and he sent me in return several epistles in which he indulged in histrionics.

Mr. Laurence was very, very kind to me during our year of wedded life, and I was genuinely sorry when, at the expiration of that time, he died, after a brief illness of pneumonia.

When the will was read, everybody's sympathy with me was turned to anger against Mr. Laurence. I was astonished at its contents myself, though I was less angry with my husband than my relatives and friends were. It was a strange will, and not at all the sort I would have expected Mr. Laurence to make. He left me his property, but not unconditionally; in fact, there were two very positive and annoying provisions attached to my enjoyment of his wealth; I must agree to live at Greystone, the old Laurence homestead, for five years after my husband's death, or forfeit two-thirds of the estate, which would in that case go to a distant cousin of his. I must also remain a widow for the same period of time; for, in the event of my remarrying within the five years, I would lose all of the money, which was in that case to revert to the same relative.

I was indignant at the latter clause; for I had fully meant to remain faithful to my husband's memory, and resented the imputation that I might not.

They wanted me to break the will; but this I indignantly refused, although they said I could easily do it. I owed Mr. Laurence a good deal more than he owed me, and I was better off than I had been a year ago. No, I would take my choice of money or independence. I did choose, after some hesitation, and so great was my horror at the thought of poverty that I chose the first, and made my preparations to go to Greystone. Rachel offered to accompany me to my new residence and remain with me there. I was delighted at the prospect of her company, but hesitated to accept what I could not but regard as a sacrifice on her part. She smiled when I put it in this way to her.

"All places are alike to me, my dear Helen; I can be contented anywhere," she answered. "I am twenty-eight years old and have ceased to care for gayeties; it is different with you."

It was spring when we first went to Greystone, and the country was at its loveliest. Solitude in such a beautiful spot seemed very pleasant, and summer was upon us before we realized it. I had two or three intimate friends to visit me, and the season passed quickly and agreeably enough. Then autumn came with its own peculiar charm, and we enjoyed exploring the country under its new aspect. Even the long, quiet winter did not prove unendurable, though I at least drew a little breath of relief when it ended. Rachel did not mind the stillness, and loneliness; in fact, I think she rather preferred them. She seemed to have found a peace which stood her in stead of happiness and was not a contemptible substitute for it. I sometimes envied her.

Our life went on so quietly that any unusual incident which served to break its monotony awoke our interest to a degree disproportionate to the magnitude of the event. Perhaps that was why I speculated a great deal over an adventure which befell me in January. I was taking my daily walk alone, Rachel, who always accompanied me, being detained indoors by a bad attack of neuralgia. I had done all I could to make her comfortable and she had dropped into a doze before I started. I have said I was alone; but I should not have used that expression, for I had a companion whose society was a great comfort to me. I forgot to mention one very agreeable adjunct of the establishment at Greystone which I had found there on my arrival: it was a beautiful greyhound, Jupiter by name. He had been the pet dog of Mr. Laurence's cousin, who had made his home with my husband's mother until her death, five years previously. This young man, Wayne Godwin by name, had been abroad ever since, so I had never seen him. He had sent me a letter of condolence when informed by the lawyer of my husband's death and the will making him a possible legatee.

On this particular morning, warmly wrapped up in furs, I walked along, Jupiter bounding at my side, until we reached a wood, whose tall trees, their topmost branches swaying in the wind, looked like giant skeletons waving aloft their skinny arms. As we passed,

I noticed the animal gave a start as if alarmed. I laid my hand tenderly on his long nose, while I looked down at him reassuringly. Then I glanced about to see whether I could detect any reason for his fright, and I noticed a stranger coming toward us. He was a good-looking man, well dressed, and newcomers were not an every-day occurrence in our vicinity; but I should probably not have given him a second thought, had it not been for Jupiter's strange conduct. The animal gazed at the approaching figure a few moments, long and earnestly; then made two or three leaps forward, and, before I could recover from my astonishment, was licking his hand, barking, and in canine fashion expressing unmistakable pleasure at the meeting.

I was completely puzzled; for the stranger, after returning Jupiter's affectionate greeting with interest, gave me a rapid glance, lifted his hat and went on his way without a word of explanation. With some difficulty, I restrained the dog from following him, and, burning with indignation at the man's behavior, which seemed to me as peculiar as the four-footed creature's, I continued my walk. I cut my promenade short, however, as soon as I thought it was compatible with my dignity to do so, and hastened to see Rachel. I found her much improved, so I poured out my curious narrative without pause. When I had finished, she merely smiled and made no comment. Almost the only irritating thing about Rachel was her lack of curiosity.

Curiosity, like all emotions of the human mind, dies from lack of food; so, hearing nothing more of the object of Jupiter's interest, I soon ceased to think about him.

Two or three weeks after my encounter, Rachel and I took a walk together. We went in the direction of the village, as my cousin had an errand there, and, on our way, we passed the graveyard on a hill back of the church, where all Mr. Laurence's family were buried. Before we reached our destination, I grew tired, for I was not feeling very well, and Rachel insisted upon my turning back, declaring that she did not mind walking the remainder of the distance alone. I obeyed her, though rather reluctantly, and tent my steps in the direction of home.

It was a dull gray day early in February. The sky was overspread with clouds and the air was full of unshed moisture, making it chill and heavy. I felt cheerless enough, and, when I found myself near the graveyard again, my feet turned toward it almost instinctively. On this particular day, the place, with its silence and gloom and the white stones marking all that was left of many generations once young and gay, like myself, seemed in consonance with my mood. I climbed the hill, entered the churchyard, and picked my way among the graves, until I reached the spot in which all the dead and gone Laurences for more than a century had been buried. A tall marble shaft marked my husband's last resting-place, and, as I stood by it, a sudden sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life came over me. Was there never to be any of that fullness of joy of which I had dreamed, but only the calm resignation that my Cousin Rachel assured me was the best thing in this world? With the restlessness of youth, I rebelled, and two hot tears fell on my husband's grave—tears of selfish repining far more than of real grief. Glancing up at this moment I saw a man approaching. I had been standing in the shadow of a yew tree, and he evidently had not noticed me until that moment, for he started perceptibly as our eyes met. I started, too, for the stranger was no other than the person to whom Jupiter had shown such friendly recognition. There was a moment's pause of embarrassment, then the gentleman lifted his hat and apologized for his appearance.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said. "I had no intention of intruding, but I did not see that anyone was here until this instant."

"No apologies are necessary," I answered, hastily. "I did not mean to remain here, at any rate." And before he could say anything to prevent me I bowed and walked rapidly away.

As I went I heard him uttering more apologies and disclaimers at my going away, but I paid no heed. I could not help wondering who he was, though, and had curiosity enough to look back when I reached the foot of the hill. He was standing exactly where I had left him, holding his hat in his hand, as if he had bared his head in reverence. Was it possible—the idea had flashed into my head for the first time—could he be my husband's cousin?

I hurried home, hoping Rachel might already have reached there; but she had not, though she appeared soon afterward. In some excitement, I told her about my second meeting with Jupiter's friend, and my conjecture as to his identity. She did not seem so much interested as I thought she ought to be, but busied herself hunting for a book while she listened to me.

"Very likely you may be right," she said, when I expressed my opinion that it must be Wayne Godwin.

"I should like to know my husband's cousin," I remarked, "though Mr. Laurence never said much about him."

"But he may not want to make your acquaintance; he may regard you as an enemy—an interloper."

"Nonsense!" I said; but I concluded to let Mr. Godwin make the first overtures.

Some days later business called me to Philadelphia, and while there I took it into my head to remain some time. I wrote to Rachel of my intention, begging her not to let the fact of my absence be generally known. I began to fear that my husband's cousin was staying in the neighborhood to spy on my actions. Rachel promised to do the best she could, so I finished my visit and returned to Greystone with some friends.

My cousin took this opportunity to go away, knowing I would not be lonely in her absence; and, though I missed her, I was glad she was going to have a change. Hardly had she gone when I received a call. It was from Wayne Godwin. I went down to

see him, and, sure enough, he was the stranger whom I had met in my walks. He rose when I entered, and held out his hand.

"May I claim relationship?" he said, cordially. "I ventured to call on that ground, though I had never met you in the regular way, and you had not expressed any desire to see me."

"Oh, yes, I had," I answered, laughing, for all my suspicions had vanished at his tone; and then I told him of my previously spoken wish.

That broke the ice at once, and we became very good friends before his call ended. He came again in a day or two, and we were soon on excellent terms. My house party broke up, but Mr. Godwin still remained in the village. We laughed a good deal over the peculiar terms of my husband's will, though he was kind enough to express some disapproval thereof. He indignantly disclaimed any intention of profiting by its provisions.

"But you couldn't help it," I said. "It depends on me."

"Yes, it depends on you," he answered, thoughtfully.

I told him of my absent cousin and praised her good qualities until he declared, laughingly, that I was insane on the subject. He never had much to say on those occasions, but that was natural, for he did not know my relative, and therefore could not be aware of her perfections.

At last I received a letter from Rachel setting a day for her departure and telling me the train on which she would return, so that I might drive to the station for her. I did not mention to Mr. Godwin that she was coming; I thought it would be pleasant to have them meet unexpectedly—I don't know why, except that I was young and foolish enough to like surprises. The coachman drove me over at the right time, but my cousin did not arrive. There would be another train along in a little while, though not an express, so I let the carriage wait for it, while I walked home. The day was raw and windy and the waiting-room not very comfortable, so I preferred this to remaining. On the way I met Mr. Godwin and we sauntered leisurely on, talking of all sorts of things except Rachel Armstrong's return. I merely explained that I had been to the village.

When we reached the house I went upstairs to remove my wraps and change my dress, leaving my visitor to make himself comfortable in the library. I knew he was perfectly at home there, so I did not hurry over my toilet; in fact, I must have dawdled unconsciously, for when I descended the stairs I saw Rachel had arrived. She did not see me, however, for she was in the library face to face with Wayne Godwin. He had his overcoat on, his hat in one hand, while with the other he grasped a chair as if for support. As for my cousin, she looked a different creature from what I had ever seen her appear. She was pale, too, deathly so, but she stood proudly erect, grasping her umbrella tightly in her gloved fingers, perhaps to steady them. Neither of the two noticed me, and before I could remind them of my presence—if, indeed, I had not been too astonished to do it—Rachel had asked, in a strangely haughty tone:

"May I ask what you are doing here?"

"I beg your pardon," was the almost humble answer. "I did not know you were coming back."

By this time I was in the doorway, and Mr. Godwin came toward me, saying:

"Good-by, Mrs. Laurence. I am going away."

"Going away? And without a word of explanation? I think, as a friend, I have a right to ask—" I began.

"I will write to you and explain, if you will allow me," Mr. Godwin said.

"You may explain here and now, if you wish," interjected Rachel.

My cousin's voice sounded hard and cold, and her face was like a stone.

"Thank you," answered Mr. Godwin, gravely, and then he turned to me and spoke:

"We were lovers once—seven years ago, it was; but I—well, I behaved very ill. I did—what you would call flirting, I suppose. A man can't always explain how he is tempted, without throwing the blame on a woman; and no one likes to do that. So we quarreled, and I went away. There is no use in my saying now that I bitterly repented—that I never shall do anything else but repent. There are women so good their very goodness makes them hard. She forgives everybody else, but I suppose she will never forgive me."

All this time he never looked at Rachel, but, when he had ended, turned as if to go. I was watching her, however, and I saw the changes in her face behind its stony mask. I must speak, at all costs.

"She forgives you now," I cried. "You have spoiled each other's life long enough. Don't go on doing so any longer."

Wayne Godwin looked at Rachel then, and something in her face must have awakened hope; for he took a step toward her.

"Is there any possibility of forgiveness, Rachel? If long repentance could avail—"

But my proud, calm cousin was sobbing quietly in a chair, and I thought it was time for me to go. When I came back, the breach of years was healed, and I found my husband's cousin ready to be claimed as my own. They were married very soon—they had waited long enough, Wayne said—and we all made our home together. The happy pair would not leave me, for they declared they owed their happiness to me; so we staid at Greystone.

Charlie Morris has come back from Germany. He is much improved and is getting a good practice. Perhaps when the five years are ended—but, in any case, there is no danger of my losing my money through "My Husband's Cousin."—Anna M. Dwight, in Boston Budget.

"We picked up a captain's chest at sea, last trip," said the mate. "Were his lungs in it?" asked Wagg.

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CLEANSE YOUR BLOOD

Take Dixon's Sarsaparilla for the Blood.

Do you feel bad and don't know the reason? We can tell you. Your system needs toning up.

USE DIXON'S IRON TONIC BITTERS!

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New Spring Goods!

NOW ARRIVING.

ED. ERICKSON'S

Do not fail to see our Beautiful Outing Flannels; all Shades and Patterns.

WHITE GOODS AND EMBROIDERIES IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

Ladies of Escanaba and vicinity are invited to call and inspect.

DRESSMAKING. FOOTWEAR.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING

PHELPS DODGE & PALMER CO., Boots and Shoes. CHICAGO. Largest Manufacturers in the West.

Mrs. Ella Hewson

Has removed her parlors to rooms over Finnegan's Pharmacy, where she will be pleased to receive her friends.

Anyone contemplating putting in new stock, or merchants wishing to see our line of samples can do so by writing to our general salesman.

E. H. OLDS, Headquarters, APPLETON, WIS.

PATENT OR NO FEE!

A 48-page book free. Address W. T. FITZGERALD, Attorney-at-Law, Cor. 5th and F. Sts., Washington, D. C.

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