

THE WEEKLY IRON PORT.

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ESCANABA, MICH., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1892.

NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 109.

NEW PASSENGER HOUSE

GROUND BROKEN FOR IT LAST WEEK AND WORK IN PROGRESS.

It is to be Located West of Stephenson Avenue Crossing and Approachable From the City Side Without Crossing a Track.

After long delay the C. & N. W. railway management has ordered the erection of a passenger station worthy the city and work of preparation of the ground is in progress. The location for the new building is the land acquired by the company last year on the south side of its track, west of Stephenson avenue and opposite the C. R. M. building, entirely clear of the yard. The building will be 180 by 35 feet; that is, that area will be covered by the roof. At the west end will be the waiting rooms and ticket and telegraph offices, in a building 96 by 24 feet—the ladies room at the west, the offices in the center, and the men's room at the east. The rooms are fourteen feet high and the building, to the ridge of the roof, 32.6. The baggage room, at the east end, is 34 by 24 feet, and between it and the passenger house is an unenclosed space (under roof) forty feet long, for the handling of baggage and express stuff. Entrance to the passenger rooms from the south is by separate doors and from the north by one, into a vestibule. The platform about the building and in the unenclosed space will be of concrete, the buildings of Duck Creek stone, rock-faced, from the foundation to the sills of the windows and above that of pressed brick, and the roof of shingle. We hear no date fixed for the completion of the station but it will be ready for winter traffic without doubt. When done and the business transferred to it, it will be but a step from the terminus of the street railway, and so easily, safely and cheaply accessible. The local management had a task to bring the general management (which takes slight cognizance of anything but the ore trade here) to the point of consent to the expenditure, but it got there, finally, and we shall see the progress of the work with pleasure and take comfort in the decent rooms when all is done.

We are a Charitable Folk.

The citizens of Escanaba are not people of large means—our "wealthy people" can be told on one's fingers—but they are not stingy nor callous to the sorrows of others; they give of their small incomes as liberally as any; but they do not hunt for beneficiaries; to get their attention and touch their sympathies and pockets one must apply to them separately. Such being the case the call of the Mayor for a meeting at the People's on Monday evening to make up a purse in aid of the sufferers by the fire at Bay City was ineffective—nobody was there, or so few that there might as well have been none, and other means well necessarily be adopted if anything is done. As we write, on Tuesday, no other step has been taken; if any shall be, notice will be found elsewhere.

Excursion to Traverse City.

The Business Men's Association of Traverse City (we have none) has extended to the business men of our city an invitation to visit Traverse City and become acquainted, and the City of Grand Rapids will leave here this, Thursday, evening taking passengers for the round trip at one fare—\$3.50. It will be a pleasant trip—a night's sail on a summer sea and a day in one of the finest villages in Michigan—and we doubt not that many of our people will accept the invitation. There should be closer relations with the towns on the opposite shore—they are not, in any sense, our rivals and only good, to both towns, can come from better acquaintance and business exchanges.

The "Gold Cure" Fails.

What the Harris "cure" for the drink habit might do for a man who desired to be and remain sober is still an open question; the case of one who has no such desire, of one who has dropped out of active life and is without occupation, is exemplified by the case of Frank Dunn which has been mentioned from time to time while he was undergoing the treatment. He was no sooner out of their hands than on the 27th, he was in the old condition, was run in by the police, the old charge preferred against him and sustained, and the court gave him a year in the pen at Marquette. It is the only safe refuge for him.

Women's Relief Corps.

The Ladies of the W. R. C. will give a social on the Tilden House grounds Aug. 11th afternoon and evening. A special meeting is called at Mrs. Rolph's August 4th at 7 o'clock, p. m. All members of the corps are requested to be present.

A Necessary Correction.

The Iron Port can hold no controversy with one whose grief seems to have clouded his perception and overthrown his reason, but it is incumbent upon it to

point out an error in the article published in the Mirror of last Saturday, attacking it. In the account of the finding of the body of Maggie Erickson it was not "broadly asserted"—it was not even intimated—that she "had entered upon a life of shame," having said which we drop the subject. A reading of the article in question is all that is necessary to substantiate our words.

Chesness is not Economy.

"Saving at the spigot" in the matter of investment, is almost sure to prove "wasting at the bung-hole" in the matter of running expenses of any enterprise. Of the fact the evidence is forced upon our attention daily. Just now, when scores of yards (at the close of day) is a mile to us, as the fat knight, Falstaff said it was to him; when, if ever, the street cars ought to be doing a paying business, they are idle because of the neglect to provide against the damage done by a lightning stroke by having a duplicate "armature" on hand; the saving in the investment proves a waste in loss of business and of public confidence.

Not is the railway company alone in this particular. The Lighting Company has suffered and still suffers for the same reason; its shareholders have been called upon for assessments instead of receiving dividends because the outfit was inadequate at the start. Both companies see the error, now, and are moving to correct it, and we call attention to their cases not so much to criticize their management as to prevent, if we can, such errors, by others in the future.

The Cleveland Ore Market.

We clip the following from the Iron Trade Review of the 28th: "There is no week without its quota of sales, both of Bessemers and non-Bessemers, and the transactions of the past week are a fair average volume. The price for standard soft Bessemer ores is held close to \$4.25, while \$3.50 is about the figure for standard non-Bessemer hematites. Grades that are not of approved record, are, of course, sold at lower prices—how low, the anxiety of the mining company to cover accumulating running expenses, generally determines. Buying has gone on briskly enough to make one thing clear, namely, that the season's output of low phosphorus soft Bessemers is today quite well sold up. Furnace men are discovering that prices on this grade are not as flexible as in some other departments of the ore market. The rush of shipments keeps up, and Escanaba, Ashland and Two Harbors have had a fortnight of activity almost without parallel."

They must have our ores; the only question is at how low a rate the producers can be made to furnish it.

The Berger-Dainty Concert. The ladies of the W. C. T. U. offer us a musical and elocutionary treat, to come off on Saturday evening next—a concert, of which Miss Berger's cornet-playing is the feature, and readings by Laura Dainty. Merely as a high-grade entertainment the offer should fill the People's and the union cash-box, but there is still another reason for the purchase of tickets—the ladies need money to pay for their building, and ought to get it, and every dollar left after necessary expenses of the concert are paid goes to the building fund. Take a ticket, whether you care for the music and oratory or not, to help the plucky ladies who have undertaken the big job; they deserve it.

Need Not Go to Dwight.

Delta county dipomaniacs can be cured at home. Certain of our citizens have acquired the right to use the "Hagy" cure for the alcohol, opium and tobacco diseases, and have opened an "Institute," under the charge of Dr. O. E. Youngquist, in the Walsh block (second floor) and this week announce the fact in our columns. Step up, boys, and take your "shots," just as a matter of economy if for no other reason. You do not acknowledge yourselves "drunkards" by taking the treatment, nor does the institute propose to publish its work, if you were. Shut off your beer and build yourselves homes with the price of it.

Once More the Maryland.

Capt. Yax may reach the carrying capacity of his ship if he keeps on; he evidently intends to. On Monday last he took out 3,653 gross tons (4,091 net tons and 720 pounds), on a draught of seventeen feet four inches—by far the heaviest load ever carried by any lake craft. She could carry still more but the depth of water at South Chicago limits her, and only at that port could she deliver the loads she has carried.

The Caledonian Society.

The program of the second annual picnic of the Caledonian Society at Menominee (with complimentary tickets) is received. The affair comes off on the Menominee fair grounds on August 4, and there will be athletic sports and games and dancing, for good prizes, and dancing in the evening. The railway makes special rates of fare for the occasion.

McClellan Wins.

R. W. McClellan won his case against the Jackson Iron Co., the jury giving him \$3,082. We hear that the case will be taken to the supreme court on appeal.

THE GOVERNOR CALLS.

THE SQUAWBUCKS MUST GATHER AT LANSING TO-MORROW.

They Can Not Again Gerrymander the State, but Dan. Campau Says They Must Try, So Winans Calls.

Representative Northup was notified, by telegraph, last Monday evening that a special session of the body to which he (in its lifetime) belonged was called for to-morrow, Friday, and requesting him to be on hand to-day, Thursday. He went, of course.

The special haste of the governor is due to the fact that unless a new gerrymander can be passed before the 8th none can be. Only a majority is sufficient to pass one, but to give it immediate effect a two-third vote is necessary and the democrats, while they expect to be able by the aid of third party senators to maintain their majority, know that a two-third vote is beyond their power. If they can rush the new work through in two days the ninety day limit will bring it into action previous to election.

All this, however, subject to another contingency—an official notice from the supreme court that there is no legislature, that the decision which destroyed the act of '85 destroyed it as well. An election under the law of '81 would be mighty inconvenient but it would be better than any more squawbuck work.

Another "hitch" is suggested in a Lansing dispatch which we copy: "Even admitting the violent supposition that should the legislature convene on Aug. 4 and the democrats succeed in capturing a majority of the senate so as to pass the reapportionment acts within the ninety days' limit to be true, there is a strong probability that they would be regaling themselves on "grapes of thorns and figs of thistles," for inasmuch as the acts would not take effect until ninety days after their passage there is at least a grave suspicion that it would hardly be valid for the secretary of state to send out notices of election in September in accordance with the provision of acts which would be without the slightest force or effect until November. It looks very much as though the squawbuck democrats will be compelled to make terms with the republicans if they desire to pass any appointment acts in this year of grace."

Taking it by and large our democratic friends are in a hote, without remedy.

Death of Mrs. Winegar.

Ald. B. D. and F. L. Winegar were called to Green Bay last week by the death of their mother. We clip from the Gazette, of that city, the following obituary notice: "Mrs. Mary Hogarty Winegar whose death occurred in this city Monday evening, July 25, 1892, was born in DePere, November 15, 1829. She was married to Byron Winegar, who survives her, in November 1847. The cause of her death was an attack of the grip which was followed by rheumatism; it was doubtless hastened by the shock of the death of her son John, who was killed by a locomotive a few weeks ago. The deceased was gentle and kindly in disposition and sympathetic by nature which especially qualified her for kindly services in the sick room especially so with little children. As a neighbor and friend she was found ever to be kind and affectionate and remained through years a devout and consistent member of the Episcopal church in which faith she died."

Couldn't Stand the Pressure.

Will Stoddard had a little cannon, such as Columbus Provo used to wake us up with on 4th of July mornings, which he had for years put to the same and kindred uses, but he has none now. His democratic friends at Prentice borrowed it to use upon the occasion of their ratification of the Chicago nomination, and the gun could not stand the indignity and burst at the first shot. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Died at the Hospital.

Ed. Spellman, a deck hand on the M. H. Boyce, fell into the hold of that vessel on Wednesday of last week and suffered such injuries (a fracture of the spine and wound of the head) that he died in hospital on Friday. He was from New York.

Jos. Pische, of Bark River, died in hospital on Thursday of last week, of typhoid fever. He was about twenty-five years of age.

No Board of Review in This Case.

John O'Donnell, before Justice Glaser for assault and battery on Neil Gallagher last Friday, was assessed \$25 and costs. He kicked, saying that the regular price was but \$5, but there is no "board of review" connected with the police court, and the assessment stands.

Obsequies of Charlie West.

It being desired by the family that Charlie's body should be interred in the family lot at Brandon, Wis., funeral service was held at the house on Friday morning last, conducted by the Rev. Mr.

Greene, of St. Stephen's church, after which the casket was taken, escorted by the several societies of railway employes and accompanied by a concourse of friends, to the railway station and placed on a special train for transportation to that place. Besides the family quite a number of Charlie's associates and of the more intimate friends of the family accompanied it to its final resting-place at Brandon.

"It is an Ill Wind," Etc.

The increasing difficulty with which the iron ores of this region are marketed, resulting as it already has in the closing of many of the smaller and of some of the larger mines, suggests to others the plan so long and persistently advocated by this paper, the smelting of at least a portion of those ores by stacks situated on the margin of our waters, using coke for fuel, the coal for the making of the coke to be brought hither by the ore fleet, which now makes its up trip light. The closing of the Champion mine calls out the following which we clip from the Ishpeming Press:

"It would seem as if now was the proper time for the introduction of coke furnaces into this district. Many of the mines have their own vessels, and these, often coming up light, could bring coal for coking at normal figures. The pig thus made would be necessarily for the northwestern trade, but with Chicago and Milwaukee successfully making iron and steel, there is no good reason why Ishpeming, Negaunee, Marquette and Escanaba cannot also engage in the manufacture of coke iron at a profit. The sooner something is done in this line in the upper peninsula, the better for the mine owners."

If the sharp competition of the southern furnaces on the one hand and of the Minnesota mines on the other shall drive the mine owners into the course suggested, it will not have been altogether "an ill wind," for the mine owners will be able so to utilize their properties and we, of Escanaba and other favorable points, will reap prosperity from the new industries and the population they will bring.

Grand Scene Effects.

The grand scene effect in "Yon Yonson," the new American comedy-drama which comes to Escanaba Saturday evening, August 13, is the breaking of the log jam at the climax of the second act. To those who have never seen an actual log jam the scene is one of intense interest, because it depicts something entirely new and novel. To the small fraction of the public to whom the real thing is familiar, the realism of the scene is startling in the extreme. Through an open clearing in the woods one catches a panoramic view of the frozen river, with its narrow channel of running water; the gaunt fir trees, burdened with snow and encrusted with ice; the saw-mill perched on the hill-side among the trees; the cold, blue-gray horizon forming a background to the scene of busy winter life; and finally the jam, with its thousands of logs, seemingly inextricably jammed. The effect is inexpressibly beautiful, because while the picture in itself is strikingly effective, the mise-en-scene is enhanced by the skilful use of lights. The company, owned by Jacob Litt, carries its own scenery, and the local management has been notified that all scenery in the opera house must be removed.

An Enterprising Firm.

Sterling & Williams, boot and shoe dealers, have a conspicuous announcement in the Iron Port to-day, calling attention to their special sale. Mr. Williams the resident member of the firm is an energetic business man and deserves the success with which he is meeting in the shoe traffic. Drop in and note the bargains offered during August.

The Case of the Baldwin.

The owners of the Baldwin had much better have paid Booth's bill and said nothing about it. Capt. Bartley's and Arthur Leighton's evidence makes it clear that the Captain had scuttled the schooner to get the insurance on her, and his talk makes it equally certain that his owners were in the plot, and the underwriters will be sure to give them all the trouble they can.

Still Operating.

The "Mafia" still operates it seems, Judge Marr, of the criminal court of New Orleans, has been missing since April and was supposed to be drowned, but a day or two since the chief of police received the following letter: "Sir—We have in our possession Judge Marr. Will deliver him in your hands for \$500 or will liberate him for \$100. We will send you his old clothes, etc., such as we found on his person, but bear in mind, for one bad break unauthorized by you his body will be riddled with shot, then sent you for a present. This money must reach us before twenty days, unless you will have his right ear for further information."

Lawn Social.

The Ladies of the "Aid Society" of the Presbyterian church will give a Lawn Social to-morrow evening, Friday, August 5, in the grounds at the residence of Mrs. F. H. Brotherton, at the east end of Wells avenue. The public is cordially invited to be present.

TALES OF THE TOWN

MANY MINOR MATTERS PERTAINING TO CITY AND SURROUNDINGS.

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

"Birdie" Sanford, on trial on charge of keeping a bawdy house at Rapid River, was acquitted because the evidence sustained her assertion that she was coerced to that course by her husband, whereupon the court ordered the arrest of the man, and when he is tried a different result may be looked for. He deserves, if her tale be true, all that the court can give him.

The register of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti for the school year of 1891-2 is received. It shows a total enrolment of 1,318 and that the school is admirably performing the work for which it was created. The register is at the service of any one who may wish to consult it.

John G. Zane has handed us a beautiful specimen of lithography and printing the "Portfolio, World's Columbian Exposition"—and the fact that it advertises for an insurance company which Mr. Zane represents here does not detract from its attractiveness.

The North Star Society's building will be completed by the close of this month or early in the next. The backing out of the contractor for the brickwork delayed it somewhat but that is past, and the society is pushing the veneering itself, by day's work.

A little daughter of Mr. Hoskins, running across Ludington street one day last week stumbled and fell and, her forehead striking the kerbstone, got a wound that five stitches were needed to close. She is all right now.

It is going to be difficult, we fear, to get a proper party to accept the office of sheriff since the decision that forbids the supervisors to pay that officer a salary. The fees and mileage will hardly pay a man's expenses.

Don't neglect the opportunity to spend a pleasant hour with the ladies of the Presbyterian church on the lawn at Mrs. Brotherton's residence to-morrow, Friday, evening. You'll miss a good thing if you do.

Read the announcement of the Escanaba Steam Laundry, Col. Parker is a hustler for business, and should have the hearty support of our people. The colonel's trade mark is: "No money sent to China."

The little steamer Truscott was sold at Marshal's sale Monday and purchased by a cedar buyer, who will repair her and use her in his business—beach-combing for ties and posts.

On Thursday last the temperature fell twenty degrees in an hour and every one went shivering home for thicker clothing. Of such changes come catarrhs and pneumonias.

Judge Stone last week called the attention of the sheriff to the flagrant disregard of law in his bailiwick. Better be very careful, boys; the judge is a bad man to tackle.

The Nellie took a jolly party up the bay on Tuesday, to picnic at Maywood and visit the other landings—Gladstone, Masonville and Whitefish. They "made a day of it."

Supt. Moran got his street cars moving again Sunday morning, after losing six days business. He won't be caught in the same fix by any subsequent lightning shot.

John Erven is accused of providing for his family (to the extent of seven barrels of flour) at the expense of the Soo Railway Co., and is held for trial.

Eugene Sanford was arrested and on Monday held for trial on charge of keeping a house of ill-fame. It looks, at the time we write, as though he was safe for a long term in the pen.

Those who bought lots at North Escanaba are just now called on for a payment and wondering when they will see their money again.

There is no busier place in town than the steam laundry and everybody is invited to call an inspect the work and the workings.

Mr. West took the body of his son to Brandon, Wis., to sleep among the Wests already resting there "after life's fitful fever."

Kajanka, in spite of gaudy "paper" and "puffing" no end, drew only a light house—barely paid its way.

H. M. Stephenson has bought Mead's jewelry stock and now runs that corner of the store on his own account.

The carriers were but few, comparatively, last week and the output of ore small. "Prickly heat," just like Texas, last week. Uncomfortable, but not fatal.

Born in this city on the 26th, to Louis N. and Mrs. Schemmel, a daughter.

Lawn Social at Mrs. Brotherton's to-morrow, Friday, evening.

Gunderson's houses are covered in and will soon be ready for tenants. L. J. Perry, formerly of Ironwood,

sends us a clipping from the Washington Star of July 16—a letter in which he gives what he has found out, delving among confederate records, of the quarrel between Jeff. Davis and Jo. Johnston. It is matter for the historian, but not of much interest to the newspaper reader of to-day. All the same we thank L. J. for having remembered us.

Policeman Campbell, of the 7th ward, having been compelled to arrest a man for disorderly conduct (which arrest was justified by the conviction of the party and the infliction of a fine) was himself arrested on complaint of the man arrested, who charged assault and battery. He was acquitted, of course—the warrant should not have been issued.

We are authorized to say that Stephenson avenue will have attention and will receive the needed repairs as soon as possible, which means as soon as a contractor begins to deliver gravel; the street commissioner has his instructions now.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Something Concerning the Movements of our Own and Other People.

Mr. Sterneberg, who has lately established the "Menominee Stained Glass works" and has already made them self-sustaining, was in town yesterday making himself and his establishment and goods known to our people. If we had need of anything in his line he would get the order rather than a house further from home, other things being equal.

Representative Northup obeyed the call of the governor by starting for Lansing on Tuesday evening, going via Traverse City, on the City of Grand Rapids. He can be depended upon to fight any squawbuck attempt to gerrymander the state as long as he has a leg to stand on.

Neil Gallagher, of St. James, arrived in town Tuesday evening and will be here for a day or two.

Judge B. J. Brown, of Menominee, was in town on Saturday last, on business before the court.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen visited Misses Owen and Wheeler on the steamer Ohio Monday evening.

Mr. Hibbard, Gen. Pass's agent of the South Shore and Soo lines, was in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. H. W. Royce left, to join H. W. in Detroit, last week.

S. Kahquadiuh, who had been at Nahma running boundary lines for the Indians of that locality, called on us yesterday.

Orson Hill was in town on Thursday of last week.

C. C. Royce arrived, for a cooling off from Detroit heat, on Thursday last.

A. J. Foster, of Foster City, visited and transacted business here on Thursday last.

Mrs. Godfrey Arnold, of Ludington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hoyer.

Thos. Dolan and wife and Jos. Laviolette departed for Milwaukee on Friday last.

Mrs. Melzer, of Chicago, has visited Mrs. L. Schram since our last.

Miss Carrie Free is the guest of her cousins, Lily and Bella Schram.

A. Bestman, long a resident of Fayette but now of Manistique, was here last week, earning witness fees and mileage.

Miss Lizzie Stephenson departed last Thursday for a visit at Marinette and Menominee.

Mrs. Jas. Scott visited at Marquette at the end of last week.

Miss Hattie Hubbell, of Chicago, is the guest for a month of Mrs. C. M. Thatcher.

Miss Tena Mallman returned last Friday from a visit at Chicago.

Miss Elsie Wylie, of Antrim county, is visiting relatives and friends in this city.

Mrs. McGillis and Miss Kitty will go soon, to visit at Wausau and Parrish, Wisconsin.

Hon. F. O. Clark was in town on Monday and Tuesday, on business before the court.

A. J. Hughtitt and wife arrived, from their home in British Columbia, on Tuesday.

Mr. James Lillie arrived, to look after his interests here, on Tuesday.

Mr. E. M. Van Cleave, of Minneapolis, has visited here this week.

John Telling was in town Tuesday and yesterday.

Mr. Parrish, of Kankakee, is visiting here, having arrived on Tuesday last.

Mr. John Sexton, of Garden, in town on duty, called on us on Tuesday, after his work was done.

John Loose has been here for a couple of days. He looks as though the climate of Manistique agrees with him.

The Germania Picnic.

Germania turned out in great shape Monday morning, with the E. F. C. band leading, and marched through Ludington and Charlotte streets en route to the South Park. There they spent the day, and a perfect day it was for a picnic—bright sun and cool breeze—as Germania always does, with wives and children, in jolly companionship and innocent amusement.

The Finns in Politics.

The Marquette county Finns want political recognition, as well as the Scandinavian and German, and present the name of Adam Kangas for the office of county treasurer.

THE AGE OF PAPER.

The Time is Coming When Paper Will Be the Only Useful Thing.

The world has seen its iron age and its brazen age, but this is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made.

We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing, and sit on paper cushions in paper cars rolling on paper wheels. If we lived in Bergen, Norway, we could go on Sundays to a paper church.

We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins.

We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theaters where paper actors play to paper audiences.

As the age develops the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing of his paper bed and put on his paper dressing gown and his paper slippers.

He will walk over paper carpets, down paper stairs, and seating himself in a paper chair will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table.

He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat, and then taking his paper stick (he has the choice of two descriptions already), he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits.

He will sail the ocean on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke a paper cigar or paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket.

He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and the preacher will preach in a paper pulpit. He will lie in a paper coffin; he has a chance of doing so already if he is a paper—we mean pauper. He will be wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument.—Paper Record.

About What to Eat.

If asked what I would place of highest importance in family diet I would answer without hesitation abundance of fruit. The apple is far more invaluable than we have yet estimated. It should be eaten before meals, and not after. Not a member of my family, myself included, but eats one, two or more before breakfast so long as they are obtainable, and as many before dinner—about half an hour before the meal. As soon as the fruit is begun we stop all study or work, and spend the half hour in sport or walking or conversation.

After meals we rest in the same manner for one hour. No child is allowed to study during this time. Nothing is lost for the head is thus kept out of conflict with the stomach. Cereals, next to fruit, are of prime importance. I recommend highly such preparations as parched farinae—any food where the cooking is done before the grinding. Gofa and granules are of this sort. As for meat, it must be at each one's option. To be sure, but let us be sparing in our carnivorous tastes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fraudulent Jewels.

Since solutions of aniline dyes possess the property of imparting to genuine jewels as well as glass paste a deep, rich color if left long enough immersed in them, and since they possess also the property of imparting precisely the characteristic color of a genuine jewel, the swindler has it not only in his power to dye cut glass paste, but also inferior cut gems, of the color of a ruby, an emerald or a sapphire, since fuchsine is the handsomest ruby red shade, while bleu de Paris imitates absolutely that of the sapphire, and aniline green that of the emerald.

Such a fraud, however, can be made still more complicated by using genuine off colored rubies, sapphires or emeralds and dyeing them with the correspondingly aniline dyes, thereby raising their value tenfold. It is exceedingly difficult to recognize this fraud, because the color of such a well corroded jewel can no longer be washed off, even with hot water. Only the bleaching power of sunlight might after a time assist in revealing the swindle.—Jewelers' Circular.

How Wade Hampton Used Cigars.

Wade Hampton never smoked cigars in a rational way like the rest of mankind. Instead, he took the cigars as he bought them and crushed them to powder between the palms of his hands and made use of the fragments as the old regime use snuff. The coarse bits were thrown away, and in the military committee room, of which he was so long an occupant, there was always a pile of cigar shavings on the floor beside his chair. The finest cigars in the market were none too good to be treated this way, and more than one genuine cigar smoker has been moved to expostulation as he has seen Hampton dispose of a fine weed in such an unceremonious way.—Kate Field's Washington.

The rapid progress of photography in the discovery on the one hand of new wonders in the heavens, and the revelation on the other hand of many hitherto hidden facts concerning familiar objects upon the earth, is one of the most notable phenomena of this distinctively scientific age.

Walled Cities in India and China.

The first glimpse we get of an eastern walled city unfolds at once memories of our childhood days, which have perhaps never been awakened since, and the pictures of our childish books, which impressed themselves so vividly upon our minds, are reproduced in the bright colors of old, when we are brought face to face with the quaint battlements and the dark gateways, with the accessories of bright, burning sunshine and turbaned figures and processions of camels and the listless calm of the tropical land. Such old cities are still to be seen in India, still walled in the old fashion and still peopled by the figures of the Biblical picture book.

Closely akin to them are those walled towns standing on the canals of mid-China, passing through which, say at the close of day, when every tower and every roof stands out clearly cut against the brilliant western sky and we are challenged by a grotesque figure, armed with a spear and probably wearing armor, the illusion is complete, and for the moment we find it hard to realize that we are traveling at the end of the Nineteenth century.

Even in much changed Japan there are old cities which still retain their walls of the age of feudalism, and in the very heart of the capital the imperial palace is surrounded by the same quaint fortifications which in old troublous times made it an imperium in imperio, although the walls are crumbling and the gates are never shut, and the moats have been abandoned to the lotus and to carp of monstrous size and fabulous age.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

The Azores.

In 1580 the Azores came under the power of Spain, and in the history of the next twenty years their name is frequent as the favorite battleground of the English and Spanish fleets. The partiality was, indeed, mainly on the side of the former, and for a good reason. These islands lay right in the track of all vessels sailing to and from that enchanted region known then to all men as the Spanish Main. On the highest peak of Terceira, whence in clear weather the sea could be scanned for leagues around, were raised two columns, and by them a man watched night and day. When he saw any sails approaching from the west he set a flag upon the western column, one for each sail; if they came from the east a similar sign was set up on the eastern column.

Hither in those days came up out of the mysterious western seas the great argosies laden with gold and silver and jewels, with silks and spices and rare woods, wrung at the cost of thousands of harmless lives and cruelties unspeakable from the fair lands which lie between the waters of the Caribbean sea and the giant wall of the Andes. And hither, when England too began to turn her eyes to El Dorado, came the great war galleons of Spain and Portugal to meet these precious cargoes and convey them safe into Lisbon or Cadiz before those terrible English sea wolves could get scent of the prize.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Important Advice.

A gentleman who believed that to an important extent clothes made the man, even when the man is a royal personage, visited the Comte de Chambord at Fronsard a few years ago. The Comte de Chambord was the grandson of Charles X, the last Bourbon king of France, and the French Royalists called him Henri V, and hoped, until his death, in 1883, to restore him to the throne. The marquis, of whom this story is told, was a Parisian, a man of fashion and an ardent Royalist. The Comte de Chambord was glad of an opportunity to talk over political affairs with a man who must know what was going on in Paris; so after a few minutes' chat he said: "Marquis, it is not often that I have a chance to talk with any one so well informed on the signs of the times in Paris as yourself. Now in case I return to Paris, what would you advise me to do?"

He waited for a bit of profound political philosophy. The marquis looked at "Henri the Fifth" and hesitated. Should he venture on a great liberty? But his advice had been asked; as a loyal subject he would give it frankly. "Sire—monseigneur," he stammered, "I think you had better give up your German tailor and have your trousers made in Paris." "My trousers?" "Yes, sire; pardon me, but your trousers are out of fashion."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Strange Effects of Extreme Cold.

Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875-7, among many other things, tells of the strange effects of the extreme cold upon the candles they burned.—The temperature was from 35 to 50 degs. below zero, and the doctor says he was considerably discouraged when upon looking at his candle he discovered that the flame "had all it could do to keep warm." It was so cold that the flame could not melt all of the tallow of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down, leaving a sort of skeleton candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt odd shaped holes in the thin walls of tallow, the result being a beautiful lacelike cylinder of white with a narrow tongue of yellow flame burning on the inside and sending out many streaks of light into the darkness.—St. Louis Republic.

An Unlucky Number.

"I should think Pope Leo XIII would be a very unhappy man," said Judge Pennybaker. "I should think he would be troubled with dreadful forebodings?" "Why so?" asked Colonel Yerger. "Because he can never sit down to the table without being the thirteenth—Leo XIII," replied Judge Pennybaker.—Texas Siftings.

Materials for Glass.

For making the best mirrors the necessary silica is obtained from ordinary white quartz, while common window panes are produced from a sand to a large extent.—Washington Star.

How Sullivan Was to Freeze the Cream.

"Have you heard how Sullivan is going to freeze the cream?" asked a J. T. & K. W. man.

Now everybody knows John Sullivan. He's an engineer, and the most phenomenally lucky man that ever grasped a throttle. Whenever there's an accident or a train robbery John has some other man on his run. He's not only lucky, but he is an expert engineer and an ingenious mechanic.

"Well, how is John going to freeze the cream?" asked the reporter.

"The cream I'm alluding to," replied the railroader, "is that which the 3,000 people on the big picnic to De Leon springs are going to consume. Right in front of the engine will be placed a flat car, strapped to the floor of which will be twelve immense freezers. These freezers are to be connected by rods with cogs working with similar wheels on the freezers. These small wheels will be turned by a larger one on the side of the car. This larger wheel will be operated by a rod connecting with one of the big drivers of the engine. Understand?"

"Yes." "Now you know how John Sullivan is going to freeze the cream. If the train stops—all of a sudden you will know that the cream is as hard as a vitrified brick."—Florida Times-Union.

A Monster Trout.

Mr. John Williamson, who is in the employ of F. M. Warren in the salmon canning business at the Cascades, brought from there on Saturday a trout measuring three feet in length and weighing twelve pounds. It was caught in one of the fish wheels there. Mr. Williamson, who has been in the fish business for over twenty years, having been for a number of years in the trout hatching business in California, says he has never seen or heard of a trout of this size and weight. It was a very pretty one, being covered with large red spots on both sides.

This is doubtless what is known here as the Dolly Varden trout. Once in a while a lot of these trout come to this market from some stream over near St. Helen's, and a few lots have come from the upper country, near d'Alene or Pen d'Oreille. At least the marketmen said the fish came from these places. But fishermen sometimes do not tell where they catch their trout. Many Dolly Varden trout have been seen here weighing from six to eight pounds, but the one caught by Mr. Williamson beats all previous records.—Portland Oregonian.

The Black Brunswickers.

The Black Brunswickers, so well known for their uniform, will henceforth appear in Prussian uniform only. Until the last day of April they had continued to wear the black braided tunic—as simple and effective a uniform as a soldier might wish to see. They had been officered for years by Prussian officers in Prussian uniform, and this gave them a peculiar appearance on parade. During the campaign of 1870-1 they were often taken, both by Germans and French, to be French. Sometimes the mistake only caused a good deal of merriment, as, for instance, when a French staff officer came up to within a couple of hundred yards where the regiment was in hiding as a reserve. Not a shot was fired at him, because that would have betrayed the regiment. By and by the Frenchman rode off, none the worse and none the wiser. But to be fired at by friends is unpleasant, and that has happened to the Black Brunswickers; so that it is perhaps well for them that they will not be mistaken in the future.—Vanity Fair.

Death in an Iron Post.

Twelve-year-old Dan Clewell was a victim of a boy's jumping game. The lad stood only six inches higher than the iron post which he endeavored to jump and which cost him his life. Wednesday, while romping the streets with a lot of boys, he proposed the game. The post isn't much thicker than a gas pipe and has a pointed top and an iron ring to tie horses to. Dan took the lead and in the first jump landed heavily with his stomach on the sharply pointed post. He cried out with pain and his companions were frightened. Several passing pedestrians inquired the cause, but the boys wouldn't tell. The lad kept his accident a secret until forced by his agony to tell his mother. It was too late for the doctors to save him. He died from peritonitis.—South Bethlehem Star.

The Trouble with Many Inventions.

We are not quite perfect yet, at least we are still capable of improvements. There were more applications for patents in England last year than during any of the seven preceding years. Now, I've invented lots of things myself independently of any suggestion whatever, but I have never made anything out of it. It has always happened that the things have been patented before by some one else. The other day I thought of an arrangement for keeping books from falling over in a shelf that is only half filled. I find out now that the very same arrangement is in quite common use.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

Looking for Fruit.

A couple of months ago a Philadelphia woman bought a rustic table made of the boughs of some trees from which the bark had not been removed. About two weeks ago the table began to throw out green sprouts, and now the whole table is in full bloom. The owner hopes it will turn out to be a fruit tree.—Free Baptist.

The highest viaduct in the world has just been erected in Bolivia, over the river Lea, 9,833 feet above the sea level and 4,008 feet above the river.

There seems to be something in a name in the case of the twenty-two-year-old mayor of Alliance, O. His name is Excell.

It is estimated that all the money paid in Philadelphia for July interest and dividends will exceed \$10,000,000.

Advertisement for Kirk's Dusky Diamond Tar Soap. Text: "Kirk's DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP. Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing. Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff. AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP. Best for General Household Use."

Advertisement for Milwaukee & Northern Railroad. Text: "MILWAUKEE & NORTHERN. MAP OF Milwaukee & Northern R'y. SHORTEST ROUTE TO Chicago and Milwaukee. SOLID TRAINS! FAST TIME! Pullman Buffet Sleepers! W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. Best in the World. E. HOFMAN. Medicinal. THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO. REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. PURIFY THE BLOOD. A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO. 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY."

Advertisement for W. L. Douglas shoes. Text: "W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. Best in the World. E. HOFMAN. Medicinal. THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO. REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. PURIFY THE BLOOD. A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO. 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY. Patent FEE OR NO PAY. W. T. FITZ GERALD, Att'y-at-Law. 5th and 1st Sts. Wash., D. C."

Large advertisement for The Iron Port Co. Text: "THE IRON PORT CO. Is Better Prepared than ever before to do Fine Printing Of Every Description. OUR EQUIPMENT Is Superior to anything in this peninsula, being new Throughout, and of the very best. It includes NEW TYPE. NEW BORDERS. Unique Combinations for Ornamental Printing, Latest Styles of Presses, Etc., Etc. Large Poster Work! In Colors a Specialty. Orders by Mail Will Receive Prompt Attention, and we Guarantee Prices to be Right. Estimates Furnished. Address: IRON PORT CO., ESCANABA, Printing. WE DO Printing. Groceries. A HANDSOME Crayon Portrait! Will be given to every one purchasing \$10 Worth of Groceries. At O. V. Linden's. This is no humbug, but a great offer to my customers. These Crayons are first-class in every respect, and I am offering them to advertise my business. CALL AND SEE THEM O. V. LINDEN. Footwear. PHELPS DODGE & PALMER CO., Boots and Shoes. CHICAGO. Largest Manufacturers in the West. 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, 100 N. Wabash St. Chicago, Ill."

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Had Evening Primrose, with your silken stole
Hung delicately upward, what a soul
Looks from your patient eye! How frail and
pale
You stand among the flowers! and your bow
Shows like a vanishing phantom of the grass.
Young buds that point a finger to the blue
Crowd on your stem, and youth and hope are
new.
While the sap runs; yet scarcely has the sun
Warmed twice upon your petals ere their hue
Falls into pallidness of death begun.
And strewn about the grass the blossoms hide
The poor discolored fragments of their pride,
Or hang disconsolate with dragged vest,
And clinging, sodden cerements, to abide
The gradual workings of the Alkhest.
Was it for this you struggled into light?
That one brief day should crown a tedious
night?
Was it for this you felt your way along
The paths of natural growth, that from their
height
Shrill death should echo in your triumph
song?
It may be so. There are who say the bliss
Requites the pain; yet could it be for this
(God knows) you opened your sweet, patient
eyes
To see the sun's face once and die in his kiss?
For me—you bloom again in Paradise.
—Nina Layard in Longman's Magazine.

Names and Businesses.
There is at times a peculiar coincidence as regards the name of a man and his business. Such an appropriateness of name to calling is frequently quite accidental. "Sexton Brothers, Undertakers and Upholsters," is the wording of a sign at Long Branch, and a dressmaker on Clinton street, New York, bears the name of N. Nadel (the German for needle). To those who understand German, Schneider will seem an equally appropriate name for a dressmaker, and there are plenty of butchers in town named Metzger, while at least one barber glories in the name of Scheerer. But it seems odd that a Baecker should deal in meat, or that even an Avenue A. Barber should sell beer.
However, when we hear of "Taylor & Cutter," a firm of clothiers, or find that "Stickwell & Co." are maulage makers, there is a strong suspicion of an intentional manufacture of appropriate firm names. And that story about the broker firm of "U. Ketcham & L. Cheatham" has been told so often that one hardly knows whether to credit it or not.—New York Times.

Centralization of Government.
The history of the federal government is one of growing strength and influence. The difference between the intention of the founders of the system and of the existing fact is nearly as great as that between the opinions of Jefferson and moderate Federalists. From the first organization of the government to the present time there has been almost a steady advance toward centralization. This advance has been both aided and retarded by the supreme court; but in the legislative branch of the government and in the popular mind the proportions of the federal government have constantly grown larger. It has not been the tendency of the people of the republic to strengthen the local government at the expense of the general government. On the contrary, the general government has grown at the cost of the states.—Henry L. Nelson in Harper's.

The Nepalese "Kora."
The Nepalese "kukri," or heavy curved knife, with the edge on the inner side, is familiar by name to readers of the accounts of our "little wars," in which the Ghoorka infantry have taken part. But there is another Nepalese weapon, the "kora," the most strangely shaped sword ever used, which, starting from the hilt about an inch and a half wide, when near the end turns at right angles and expands to six inches. The late Jung Bahadur, a noted expert at all eastern arms and exercises, was able to decapitate a bullock with one blow of the kora.—Chamber's Journal.

Carvings on Easter Island.
The hard volcanic rock of Easter island is covered with carvings intended to represent human faces, birds, fishes and mythical animals. Fishes and turtles appear common among these sculptures, but the most common figure is a mythical animal, half human in form, with bowed back and long, clawlike legs and arms. According to the natives this symbol was intended to represent the god "Meke-Meke," the great spirit of the sea.—Philadelphia Ledger.

They All Dodged.
A quaint minister once said, "Now, brethren, I propose to throw this hymn book at the man who has been thinking of something other than the sermon."
He made the necessary gesture, as though he would hurl the book, and, curiously enough, every man in the congregation ducked his head.—London Tit-Bits.

How One Knows.
A wedding came off at Tyrone at the unusual hour of 6:45 in the morning. It is unnecessary to add that this was the wedding of a railroad man. Any other kind of a man selecting the same time would have been married at a quarter of 7 o'clock.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

First Wheat in America.
The first wheat raised in the New World was sown on the Island of Isabella in January, 1494, and on March 30 the ears were gathered.—St. Louis Republic.

When you send your check out of the city to pay bills, write the name and residence of your payee thus: "Pay to John Smith & Co., of Boston." This will put your bank on its guard if presented at the counter.

It is calculated that it would take a person over 300 years to read all the standard works that are published, and yet we seldom come across a man who will acknowledge that he has not read every one.

Cyrus Thompson claims to have discovered the key which will unlock the mystery of the Maya codices and probably of the Central American inscriptions.

The Polite Swimmer.

Directly the bathing season comes on a prominent feature of it appears in the person of the polite and gentlemanly swimmer who is of no earthly consequence on land, yet whose nautical accomplishments render him, in his own eyes at least, absolutely bewitching in the water.

He is so polite, is this essentially summer production. His hand is always outstretched to guide into the briny-the timid, shrinking bather of the feminine persuasion. So good is his heart he needs no introduction. He is above the mere petty trifles of mundane propriety, and in a spirit of genuine philanthropy comes to the rescue of the fair in a promiscuous manner delightful to behold. His attentions are extremely numerous, yet he does discriminate in a measure, as his gentle offices are usually performed for the prettier and younger novices at the shrine of Neptune.

Simply in a spirit of kindness and with a desire to overcome their excessive timidity he guides them far out where the water is deep and the waves are high, and then smiles rapturously when they cling to him in abject terror. He does not realize that they would embrace a rope or spar with the same fervor, but considers it a compliment to his own personality, which, in all probability, has made no impression whatever on the terrified female.

When not playing knight to beauty in distress he splashes, floats and swims for the edification of the people assembled on the beach and seems to consider himself the star attraction of the resort. He is indigent to this season and this land. No other clime could produce so rare and perfect a specimen of officious masculine vanity as does our own delightful one.—Philadelphia Times.

Loomis Genealogy.

The late Professor Elias Loomis became interested in the subject of genealogy in early life, and for nearly forty years before his first publication he collected from time to time materials for a list of the descendants of his ancestor, Joseph Loomis, who came from Braintree, England, and settled in Windsor, Conn., in 1639. In 1870 he published a list containing 4,340 descendants of Joseph Loomis bearing the Loomis name. After five years of research he published the second edition of the "Loomis Genealogy," in which are given 8,686 names which bore the Loomis name, descendants of Joseph Loomis in the male branches.

Five years later, in 1880, he printed, in two additional volumes, a provisional list of 19,000 descendants of Joseph Loomis in the female branches. At the time of his death he left in manuscript many corrections and additions that will be of use to the future Loomis genealogist.—Newton's Memoria of Elias Loomis.

He Never Drinks Water.

Jack Irvin, of the Glover's Mill country, bears the distinction of being probably the only living man in the United States who has not swallowed a drop of water for thirty-six years. Mr. Irvin is now in his eighties, and for more than an average lifetime has rigorously abstained from the use of the liquor that fills but does not inebriate. Neither does he drink intoxicating liquors. At his meals Mr. Irvin drinks coffee or tea or milk, as the notion takes him. Between meals when Mr. Irvin feels his thirst growing he gets out his pipe and smokes it. While Mr. Irvin is in pretty fair health, his neighbors say that his looks would indicate that he is pretty well dried up.—Glasgow Times.

Canada's Biggest Man.

Leonard Whitton, of Brighton, brother of the cheese inspector, James Whitton, of Belleville, has continued to gain in flesh, and is now classed as the biggest man in Canada. He weighs 469 pounds. His measurement is as follows: Around the shoulders, 5 feet 6 inches; chest, 5 feet 2 inches; hips, 6 feet 2 inches; neck, 1 foot 11 inches; arm at shoulder, 1 foot 2 inches; arm below elbow, 1 foot 5 inches; thigh, 3 feet 9 inches; calf, 2 feet. His head measurement around the temples is 23 inches. Ten years ago he did not weigh more than 150 pounds. He is under forty years of age.—Brighton Ensign.

Few Accidents on English Railways.

The Englishman who, following Charles Francis Adams, declared that the safest place in which to spend an hour or two is an express train on one of the main railways, has had his idea confirmed by the fact that last year only five passengers were killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom, whereas in the streets of the metropolis alone 147 deaths and 5,784 personal injuries resulted from accidental circumstances connected with the vehicular traffic.—Boston Transcript.

Paleface Grooms Wanted.

In the Indian camp on the Grand Ronde river are seventeen marriageable Indian girls, some of whom want white men for husbands and shun the idea of marrying one of their own race. The father of one of these girls offers an inducement of 200 head of good horses to some young white man who will marry his daughter. The old Indian states he must be a young man of good character and address and able to provide his wife a good home.—Asotin (Wash.) Sentinel.

Too Hot to Think.

A Brooklyn housewife took her cook to task the other day for carelessness and forgetfulness. "Why is it, Maggie," said she, "that you keep on making the same mistakes over and over again? Why do you not try and remember what I tell you?"
"Sure, mum," was the frank reply, "I can't be after aggravatin me mind this hot weather."—New York Times.

A Columbus Relic.

It is claimed that the anchor lost by one of Columbus' ships on the night of Aug. 3, 1498, off the island of Trinidad, has been recently unearthed on that island.—Boston Globe.

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FRANK H. ATKINS & CO.
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Of All Descriptions, in Every variety of Marble and Granite

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If your walls and ceilings need renovating, but attend to them at once.

If Your'e Green

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We want it distinctly understood that we are not here for our health but to do a grocery and crockery business with the people.

We have the stock, complete in every minor detail, and our prices rule low, comparing favorably with large city retail concerns.

Consider well these Important Pointers, and when buying call on

P. M. PETERSON.

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

DULL TIMES PRICES.

The Weekly Iron Port.

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REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President of the United States BENJAMIN HARRISON. For Vice-President of the United States WHITELAW REID.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor JOHN T. RICH. For Lieutenant Governor J. WIGHT GIDDINGS. For Secretary of State JOHN W. JOCHIM. For Treasurer JOSEPH F. HAMBITZER. For Auditor-General STANLEY W. TURNER. For Attorney-General GERRIT J. DIEKEMA. For Supt. Public Instruction H. R. PATTEGILL. For Member Board of Education E. A. WILSON.

Everybody in the Fire Department knew Father Cohen, the oldest reporter in New York, and everybody liked him. The news of his death last week especially grieved Battalion Chief McGill, who had known the venerable reporter for years. When he heard that Supt. Byrnes, the Police Commissioner, and others of the police force were going to send a floral piece to be laid on Cohen's coffin, he determined that there should also be something from the Fire Department. He collected nearly \$50 among the firemen. The exactions of department business prevented him from looking after the matter himself the next day, and he handed the subscription money to a fireman and sent him to a florist with an order for a design. "Mr. Cohen was a great friend of the firemen of New York," the fireman said to the florist, "and the chief wants something appropriate to Mr. Cohen's profession." "Mr. Cohen was a reporter, wasn't he?" the florist said. "All right; I have an idea that will exactly suit. Leave that to me." Politicians, policemen, firemen, and newspaper men had just begun to gather at the old reporter's home in Harlem on the day of the funeral when the bell rang and a messenger from the florist delivered a huge floral piece and said it was sent by the firemen of New York. It was a superb bed of roses, and in the center was a fac-simile in white immortelles of the reporters fire badge issued to Father Cohen by Mr. Richard Croker when he was fire commissioner. Worked in red flowers was the inscription:

ADMIT ONLY WITHIN FIRE LINES. BY ORDER OF FIRE COMMISSIONERS.

It was a handsome piece of work, but it was set in a corner with its face turned towards the wall, and other flowers took its place on the coffin—Sun N. Y.

This is the "high binders" oath. Nice fellows, they: about as valuable as the "Molly Maguires";

"I, —, enter the Bang Kong Tong and promise to regard each member as a brother and the closest relative I know. If called upon by our society for necessary business I will not inquire whether it is concerning any relative of mine or whether he is of my family name, or whether he be my brother, but I promise to go out into the street and fight and fire pistols. I will obey all signs or signals of the high men in our society, and come up to help whenever called on to fight, no matter if the enemy is of my family name. I will never betray our society nor tell our signs, and if anyone does so I will kill him secretly, in the street or in some outside place. I will work for our society so we will make plenty of money and go to China, the land of our ancestors. I know that if I refuse to fight when ordered the great God Shing will punish me; and I am afraid of being punished by him."

Our democratic friends will know how it is, themselves, when their state convention meets. They've a fight in prospect beside which the strife between republican candidates will be as milk to aquafortis. There is a strong move on foot to turn down Gov. Winans, but he has strong friends, notably I. M. Weston and others of the same rank in the party, who will do what they may to induce the convention to sit down on the kickers rather than the governor, and they're mighty likely to have their way. It has been stated that the governor was willing to take a back seat, and it may be true, provided the man selected in his place was pure bred bourbon, but for half-breeds like Ellis—not if he knows it. The convention is to be a hot one, sure.

Calhoun county farmers and their wives, members of the "grange," are level-headed. They resolve "that we consider the practice of merchants in advertising on our fences and shade trees an unmitigated nuisance and we believe that dealers who practice this are too penurious to merit our support." Now it is in order for the press associations to formally recognize and commend the good sense of the farmers.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's poem, entitled "Ariel. In memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley: born on the 4th of August, 1792," occupies the first three pages of the August number of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Stedman has done honor

to himself as well as to Shelley in this beautiful poem, so abounding in musical cadences, and has performed his difficult task well.

The editor of the Atlantic, having observed the interest with which Miss Larcum's A New England Girlhood was received, asked Dr. Edward Everett Hale if he would bring together some of his memories of the same period in a series of papers on a New England boyhood, with special reference to the conditions of life in Boston in the early part of the second quarter of this century. The first article of this series is presented to the reader in this number of the magazine. The paper is delightfully reminiscent, and will be widely read. The two chapters here given are entitled, "The Seventy Years Since" and "School Life." Another chapter, the Rev. William Elliot Griffiths, has an interesting paper on "Townsend Harris, First American Minister in Japan." Mr. Crawford's striking serial, "Don Orsino," is continued, and Ellen Olney Kirk gives us the second part of her clever story, "A Florentine Episode." William Cranston Lawton's account of and translations from "The Persians" of Eschylus, Professor W. S. Stillman's scribble on "The Revival of Art," with Miss Vida D. Scudder's second paper on "The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley," furnish the more weighty matter of the number. A Swiss travel-sketch, by an anonymous writer, a paper by Bradford Torrey, and various reviews of new books, English and foreign, complete a very valuable number of the ever-valuable Atlantic. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The supreme court, upon the petition of the Houghton county supervisors, knocked out the gerrymander and our coming election must be held under a previous act, that of 1881, the act of 1885 being held void for the same reasons as that of '91. The governor might call an extra session, and would doubtless do so but for the fact that death and resignation have bereft the democratic party of its fraudulently acquired majority in the senate and no new gerrymander could be passed. It would seem the shortest and best way for the court to declare all work of the squawback legislature null and void—the decision would be a righteous one—and so save itself the labor of going over its work bit by bit and knocking it out piecemeal, as it seems likely it would have to do.

Under the law of 1881 we are included with all the counties east of us in the representative district and with Marquette and Menominee in a senatorial district.

The Homestead affair has no political significance whatever—that is, none as between the two great political parties; none except as between law and anarchy. The Iron Trade Review says: "There should be no attempt to begot the issue. It has been made quite plain by this time, we take it, even to the uninitiated, that the Homestead strikers have not been making a bread and butter fight, and that there is no question of starvation wages about it. Nearly three-fourths of the professional men of the country are earning less per year than the average wage of the 325 men whom the change in the Homestead scale would effect. The issue is purely one of control, by capital, of the business which it has built up."

Grover repels the insinuation that he is lazy. He says: "The newspapers give the impression that I am spending my entire time with a fish line in my hands while other Democrats are working like beavers for the success of their principles. I want it understood that I never worked harder in my life than I am working now, not even when I was president. I devote more time to my desk at Gray Gables than I do usually in my office in New York."

"Uneasy lies the head," etc., though the crown be yet "to get." Mr. Cleveland can take it easy after the first of November; after that no office-seeker will bother him with correspondence, no newspaper take note of his labors or amusements.

The American Manufacturer of July 29th says: "Since our last issue there has been a decided change in Homestead affairs, and the indications now are that the end is not far off. When we say that the end is not far off we do not mean that the strike necessarily will be declared off by the strikers, but that the mill will be in operation in spite of the strike."

As we write something over 800 men are at work in the mill. We cannot help believing that there are signs of weakening, and one of the most notable of these is that certain old employes are asking, what of the future?"

Why should Gov. Winans call the legislature together? The act of '85, under which the members were elected, having been knocked out by the supreme court they are not members—they assumed to represent constituencies which had no legal existence, and it seems to us that we have no legislature and must elect one under the act of '81 before we can "turn a wheel." Our law editor is off for his summer vacation, so we can't be certain, but that's the way it looks, don't it?

Another eminently satisfactory appointment by the President is that of Hon. Andrew D. White, of New York, late president of Cornell university, to be minister to Russia.

"Our Sam" has introduced a bill to double the duty on iron ore. There is no present prospect of its passage, but one can't most always tell; Sam gets there when he starts, generally.

PENINSULA PARAGRAPHS

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.

The Pioneer furnace, the oldest furnace in this part of the country, stopped working yesterday at noon. Fred Dishnoe, Sr., died suddenly yesterday while working in the field on his farm near Champion. A deal was closed yesterday morning with the management of the Fire Center gold mine, situated thirteen miles north of Ishpeming, and the Boughton Foundry Co., of Chicago, for a Crawford gold mill and a rock crusher. John W. Jochim has sold an interest in his hardware business to one of his employes and the firm will be known hereafter as "The Jochim Hardware Company." [Getting in shape to attend to his duty as secretary of state.]—M. J., 28th.

The last cast that will ever be made at the Pioneer furnace in this city was made at 12 o'clock Tuesday night, at which time the fires were drawn and the ponderous machinery that has for years driven the furnaces, silenced. Fortunately forty years it has been the prominent manufacturing industry of the place—older than the town itself—and the nucleus about which the city has grown and prospered, very largely from its stimulating influence. A rough estimate places the entire product at 1,000,000 tons of pig iron which at a probable average value has been sold for \$25,000,000. The record of the old industry will always stand as a credit to the company, those who have done the work, and the town as well.—Herald, Negaunee.

Ishpeming firemen will be uniformed. The department petitioned the council for \$600 to be used for this purpose, but on recommendation of the fire committee this request was refused. The firemen then set to work to raise the desired amount by popular subscription from property owners, business men and citizens generally who appreciate the services of the volunteer department, and as a result they have raised double the amount they originally asked of the council. The balance of the funds necessary to the purchase of new uniforms is now in the treasury of the department and the new suits will be ordered at once.—Press, 1st.

Four prisoners escaped from the jail at the Soo yesterday. The Peninsula copper mine will suspend work; can't make any money at the current price of copper.—Press, 28th.

The many friends of J. F. Foley in this city will be pleased to learn that he is in luck in having struck a rich blue hematite in two pits on a forty of the Mesaba Range upon which he has an option. That it will pan out big is the hope of every body here.—Herald, Negaunee.

Here too; Jim's friends are not all in Negaunee. The Chapin mine management has made a cut of three to five per cent in the wages of a portion of its men. The Aragon has a ready shipped 100,000 tons. At the Pewabic, a few days since, there was hoisted 78 cars an hour for three hours, a speed never surpassed in the U. P. The hoist is 500 feet and the cage-way a double one. The mine has sent out 56,000 tons already, has 6,000 tons in stock and is hoisting over 4,000 a day.—Current, Norway.

The "Sons of St. George" were here in force on Saturday. The special trains on the M. & N. railroad brought 1,300 people to this city last Saturday and the specials on the C. & N. W. brought 750 from Ishpeming and Negaunee, 250 from Ironwood, 450 from Crystal Falls, and 150 from Norway.—Range, Iron Mountain.

Bohlman's body was recovered yesterday. The Harlow farm house and barn across the railroad track from the brewery, burned at 1 o'clock this morning. The contents of the barn were all lost but the tenant of the farm house saved his furniture and most of his effects except his watch.—M. J., 29th.

The Program of the Lawn Social. The program of the Lawn Social at Mrs. Brotherton's will embrace the following numbers and others which we can not now announce. Overture—Piano duo, "Rosamond; Schubert; by Mrs. Talbot and Miss Munson. Vocal solo by Miss Kitchen. Piano solo, "Rigolette," Liszt, by Miss Randall. Vocal solo by Mrs. Root. If the evening should be rainy the social will be postponed until Saturday evening.

"Hay-Ride." Something out of the way of ordinary entertainments was a "Hay ride," given last evening by the Misses McHale in honor of Miss Sallie Williams. It was a ride, as their grandmothers may be supposed to have ridden—of necessity, when the country was new and carriages scarce—upon hay wagons to Ford River, and an entertainment there—dancing and refreshments.

Golden Specific. Drunkenness, or the Liqueur Habit, Promptly Cured by administering Dr. Walker's Golden Specific. It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the medicinal elements an after-improvement for the liquor appetite is extant. Cures guaranteed. 50 page book of particulars free. Address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 150 North-Camp Street.

ONE CENT A WORD.

Notice inserted under this head will be published at ONE CENT per word. No notice less than 15 cents. Parties wanting to sell; parties wanting to buy; families wanting domestic help; domestic waiting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port reaches a larger number of people than any one paper published in this county. Try it.

WANTED—A young man to represent a Chicago firm in this city. Good salary, apply to H. A. Clafin Sherman House from 5 to 8 p. m.

STRAYED—A red cow, four years old, wide horns, heavy with calf. Been gone ten days or more. Send word to O. V. Linden if found and receive suitable reward.

ESTRAY—Two horses, one a black the other a bay, the bay with one white hind foot and white spot on chest, about 7 and 8 years respectively, came into my enclosure on the 8th day of July 1892. Owner will call and claim property, pay charges and take same away. J. P. DANFORTH.

A GOOD GIRL WANTED—house convenient—good wages paid to a competent girl. Inquire 1 N. O. 410 Charlotte street.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE—On Ludington street. Inquire four doors east of New Ludington House.

Professional Cards.

F. A. BANKS, D. D. S. DENTAL OFFICE. Corner Ludington street and Tilden avenue. Established 1877. Office hours 9 to 4.

D. R. H. HOWELLS, DENTIST. Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgery. Office over Pinagast's Drug Store. Attention given to Crown and Bridge work.

REYNOLDS & COTTON, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Homeopaths. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m., Masonic block, Escanaba.

W. W. WALKER, M. D. SURGEON, EYE AND EAR. MASONIC BLOCK, ESCANABA, MICH.

F. I. PHILLIPS, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence, corner Ludington and Mary Streets, second floor. Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4, 7 to 8 p. m.

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

JOHN POWER, 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.

T. B. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, oney to Loan on Real Estate Security. Office in Daley block, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

EMIL GLAZER, 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 U. S. Buys and sells real estate and loans money on real estate security. Office Tilden avenue, Escanaba.

CHAS. E. MASON, COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office in The Delta Building corner Delta avenue and Seventh street, 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 Geden avenue. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

JOSEPH HESS, BUILDER. Will contract for the erection of buildings of any description—for stone, brick or wood work, etc.—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 Land. Township Diagrams, City Plans and General Map Work promptly executed. Office second story Hessel's building, 367 Ludington St. ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Laundry.

25,000 White Shirts have been laundried by the Escanaba Steam Laundry

Since its establishment, with facilities for doing

50,000 Annually.

WANTED! One Thousand OVERALL SUITS To wash for the month of August.

PRICE: 20c A SUIT. All Work Guaranteed.

N. G. PARKER.

Dry Goods.

Seek No Further!

All that one can desire and at prices far below all Competition can be found at

W. J. BELL'S.

We guarantee Satisfaction. Positively warrant to give Full Value of the Money and treat our patrons with every courtesy possible.

Everybody Well Informed

Will testify to the fact that we handle the CHEAPEST and BEST GOODS in the city. This fact conceded leaves only the question of price.

The Only way to Settle the Price Question

is by personal investigation. Make it then at Once. Make it among our

- DRESS GOODS, SILKS, CHALLIES, WHITE GOODS, GINGHAMS, OUTINGS, UNDERWEAR, PARASOLS, GLOVES, MITTS, ETC., ETC.

OUR 25, 35, 50 AND 75 "BURLINGTON FAST BLACK HOSIERY"

For Purity of Dye and Wearing Qualities have No Equal.

W. J. BELL.

Groceries.

LARGEST, CHOICEST AND MOST COMPLETE

STOCK OF

GROCERIES

IN THE CITY.

Consisting of Choice Teas, Coffees, Pure Spices, Burnett's Flavoring Extracts (full line), Cocoas, Chocolates and a Complete line of Bottled and Canned Goods, Fruits, Vegetables, and Provisions.

Domestic and Key West Cigars, and Tobaccos

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

A. H. ROLPH,

509 Ludington Street, Escanaba, Michigan.

Clothing.

Gentlemen!

Be good to your feet; you cannot change them. You can buy shoes by the dozen, but you can't substitute a new foot for the old one. If they have anything to complain about, you will know it, but you will find no kick coming if you wear our shoes.

Headquarters for Clothing and Furnishings.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT ON SUMMER GOODS.

ERICKSON BROTHERS & BLANCHET.

GROWING OLD.

It does, indeed, to me seem strange, Since in myself I feel no change, That in the friends whose love I hold I see a something day by day...

THE WISE DOCTOR.

The Shah of Persia (1500 A. D.) was a widower and he had a son, a handsome gentlemanly prince, eighteen years of age. This good Shah had also a grand vizier a haughty and ambitious person; and a doctor, who was a very clever man.

phant," said the Shah, gayly. "she is charming, and I understand my son's love." "I, too," sadly murmured the doctor. "Let us settle the matter," said the Shah. "Your wife being indispensable to the happiness of my son, you will give her to him..."

SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

ON EXHIBITION IN THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

A Big Check Which Was Given by Vanderbilt—The Money Paid for the Depredations of the Alabama—Shipplasters.

In the daily performance of his official duties as register of the United States treasury can always be found W. S. Rosecrans, who is now about the last survivor of all the leading and most prominent generals of the Union army, says the Washington correspondent of the Rochester Post-Express.

that one of their number had got there ahead of them. He had fallen prostrate upon the barn door, entirely out of breath. The foreman asked him why he had run himself to death.

A MONTANA TROUT BROOK.

The Fisherman Who Met More Game Than He Expected.

Private Sampson was more than fond of trout fishing, observes the New York Sun. It was his first summer in Montana, and as the command was out repairing the bridges on a road that led through the wildest part of the Rocky mountains he had ample opportunity to fish as often and as long as he chose.

SHE CONSENTED.

Willie found the "Open Sesame" to Ma's Favor. "Ma, kin I stay home from school this afternoon?" "Willie, no."

ODDS AND ENDS.

On the eastern shore of Maryland biliousness is treated by boring three holes in a carefully selected tree and walking three times around it, saying, "Go away, bilious."

SO MUCH FOR HIS LOOKS.

His Resemblance to Daniel Webster Caused a Man to Pay a Bill.

He wouldn't pay his bills and he imagined he resembled the lamented Daniel Webster. The former was a fault, the latter an eccentricity and a decidedly weak point with the man of whom I write.

SAFETY ON THE OCEAN.

Largely Depends on the Choice of Distinct Routes by Steamships.

Safety of ships at sea is a matter of the first importance to passengers and more especially to the many who travel in those marvelous specimens of man's handiwork that cross the North Atlantic Ocean between the old world and the new, with the precision of express trains.

STRICT.

If wives are bound to be obedient, husbands are certainly bound to be reasonable. But as some one truly said, "All men have not faith."

Wanted More Room.

Bingley—I see that you have doubled your salesrooms. Manager—Yes. Our traveling men got so numerous that we had to Cloak Review.

Not to Blame.

"Tommy," said his mother, "did you bring all this mud in the house?" "I didn't bring it," was the answer; "it just stuck to my shoes and came itself."—Harper's Young People.

HABITS OF CRAW-FISH.

How They Kill Their Prey—Raising Them For Market in Europe.

"There is nothing so fatal to crawfish as a thunder storm," said a fish dealer to a Washington Star writer. "When I make a shipment of them to any place at a distance, I always make sure that the weather promises well. On more than one occasion I have had entire consignments killed on a journey by a small electrical disturbance."

A ROMAN VILLA.

The Pet Extravagance of the Augustan Age.

While the Roman of the Augustan age had often a cultivated and even a critical taste in matters of art, says a writer in the Atlantic his enjoyment of the beauties of nature was much more limited. Those grander scenes and phenomena of the outer world which are so thrilling to the modern mind, were for the most part uncomprehensible and repugnant to him.

Do You Chew Your Pudding.

Our little Edith is five years old. She has golden curls and those far-gazing hazel eyes that seem sometimes to see visions. The other day at dinner her face was lighted with unusual beauty, and her dark eyes had a dreamy look which called to her fond mother's mind the line: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Monkeys in Captivity.

Of all menagerie stock the monkey tribe is the most precarious. The comparative comfort of a roof tree does not compensate for the activity of their natural life, and, considering that they feed on fresh fruits in their primeval forests, it is not amazing that after a time an unlimited dietary of hazel nuts and stale buns is apt to disagree with the quadrumanal digestion.

What We All Are After.

Judge—What induced you to break into that bank? Burglar—The money there was in it. What yer 'posse? Think I did it for glory? Ain't money what we are after? Ain't that what you get for trying these cases?—Times Herald.

FAITH.

There comes no voice from Thee, O Lord, Across the mid-sea of the night!

There comes no voice; I hear no word! But in my soul dawns something bright;

There is no sea, no foe to fight! Thy heart and mine beat one accord,

I need no voice from Thee, O Lord, Across the mid-sea of the night.

—George McDonald.

THE PONDALÉ ROBBERY.

The peace and tranquillity that had long distinguished the Pondalé society was disturbed and ruffled.

Brown, the postmaster, was first to discover that something was wrong with Jaynes Bruce, the wealthy insurance agent who instead of buying the Rampant Republican, as he had every evening for the past twenty years, got hold of the Defiant Democrat and did not discover his mistake till Brown called his attention to it.

This and other circumstances gave evidence of abstraction. After careful consideration the gossips decided, without a dissenting voice, that Bruce had something on his mind.

Now if Jaynes Bruce was troubled about anything it was agreed that there must be a serious hitch in the business or social mechanism of the place, for he was president of the local board of trade and a trustee of the fashionable church.

The result of this conclusion immediately manifested itself in a slight business depression, first felt by Crana, the butcher, who failed to obtain discount on a note until rigid inspection had been made as to its security.

Had Pondalé known the truth, its social structure would have trembled to its foundations.

Briefly, the cause of Bruce's anxiety was this: On three different occasions within as many weeks he had missed from his safe sums of money ranging from fifty dollars to three times that amount.

He was being robbed, and here came the sting: The thief was some one in his own employ.

Mr. Bruce was one of those men who pride themselves upon their executive ability. His business was performed in the grooves of a cast-iron system. His clerks were machines, and he had taken care to construct all those machines himself.

Once however, he had departed from his system to oblige a relative taking into his employ young Tom Hyde, the smartest clerk in his establishment, but whose utility Bruce was never ready to acknowledge on account of his having obtained his business training elsewhere.

As soon as Bruce discovered that he was being robbed he at once suspected Hyde, and for no reason except that he knew his antecedents only through report, which was no reason at all.

Mr. Bruce was a widower, whose house was kept by his only child, a very pretty girl, who naturally had many admirers upon all of whom her father had looked with suspicion until he had discovered that danger lurked in an unlooked for quarter, and he concentrated it upon Tom Hyde.

Jaynes Bruce had good sense enough not to proceed in the ordinary way. He did not call Miss Edith and command her to repel the advances of his presumptuous clerk. She was of age, had a neat little fortune in her own right and had also inherited a good share of what her father called "strength of will," and some malicious people (what great man has no enemies?) termed obstinacy.

Now that he suspected him, he determined to wait until he had convincing proof in his hands and then to show her that Hyde was a villain of the deepest dye.

But as he sat reading his paper before the open fire in the cozy sitting-room, his daughter crocheting with nimble fingers on the opposite side of the center table, he could not forbear to drop a hint that would tell her in a delicate way that he did not look upon young Hyde with approval.

"My dear," said he, with attempted calmness, which proved an utter failure, "my dear, don't you think that—that young Hyde's conduct toward you is rather—er, forward and presuming for one in his position?"

She dropped her long lashes to conceal a mischievous twinkle and bent more closely over her work.

"Well?" said she, interrogatively. Bruce was embarrassed. He wished he had not spoken. He fidgeted nervously in his chair and took refuge behind his newspaper.

"If I were you," he managed to articulate, "I wouldn't allow it."

"In what way do you consider his conduct presuming?"

"Well," said her father, racking his brains for a case in point—"well, at Mrs. Smith's lawn party the other night you allowed him—ahem—to encircle your waist with his arm."

A peal of laughter was the only answer vouchsafed by his incorrigible daughter to this grave charge.

Bruce retired, discomfited, consoling himself with the thought that he would soon have ample revenge.

Since the discovery of the first theft, luckily made by himself, he had made a point of being first at his place of business every morning, and so no one but himself and the guilty person knew aught of the matter.

The morning following the conversation just recorded, he arrived at his office before the groceryman across the way had taken down his shutters.

His office boy, however, finding himself preceded every morning for the last few weeks by his employer, had, with the aid of an alarm clock managed to get there a few minutes ahead of Mr. Bruce and was sprinkling the floor when he arrived.

Bruce walked straight to the safe and opened it.

A package of marked bills was missing.

The thief had walked into the trap. Bruce had made a thorough search of the premises in order that no possible clew might escape him.

As his eyes fell on the desk he stepped back a pace, with cheeks that paled suddenly, and then with a hasty stride he snatched a paper from it.

It was an envelope in which he had received a circular the day before. Written right across it in a bold hand he read:

"HYDE IS THE THIEF."

If there had been any doubts in his mind as to the identity of the thief before his discovery of this mysterious accusation, they were at once dispelled.

All that remained to be done was to trace the marked bills. He went out and hunted up the constable, whom he took into his confidence.

This worthy notified all parties with whom the thief would be at all likely to have any dealings to be on the lookout for the marked bank notes.

Now, a new servant had been recently added to the establishment of Mr. Bruce. This was Nora McCormick, who had not been forty-eight hours on the place before two things had happened to her. First, she had made captive the heart of a strapping young countryman of her own who did odd jobs about the neighborhood, and who rejoiced in the name of Grattan Flynn.

When a new servant was hired, Bruce read the unfortunate a lecture on what was expected of her, which resulted in the servant leaving the house at once in a rage, or taking refuge in tears and hysterics.

In either case Bruce was an object of terror ever afterward. This was the second thing worthy of note that had happened to Nora.

It was Nora's night out, and consequently late when she was escorted home by the gallant and attentive Flynn. They sat down on the rustic bench beneath the maple tree.

They had sat there but a few minutes when the chill air caused Nora "to go inside for a wrap."

She stepped into the woodshed. Scarcely had she disappeared when Flynn espied some one coming toward the tree across lots.

A moment later the moonlight revealed the features of Jaynes Bruce. Grattan had a wholesome dread of Bruce's anger, inspired by the latter when Flynn was doing work for him.

Running from behind the tree, which had hitherto sheltered him from observation, Flynn came to the edge of the long-neglected well, now neatly filled in with broken glass, old boots and odds and ends of rubbish, for which it had long formed a convenient repository.

Into this he slipped. Above the thumping of his heart he heard the footsteps draw nearer.

Presently that organ stood still, for a face appeared over the verge and peered vacantly into the darkness.

The owner of the face raised his hand as if to launch some missile down upon the terrified Flynn.

"Hold on! I'll come out!" howled Flynn, and the next moment he bounded from his hiding place, nearly knocking Bruce over.

A dazed look came into the eyes of the latter.

"Where am I?" he asked. Grattan looked at him sharply, and muttered:

"Drunk begorra!" Then aloud he said:

"You are at the old well!" Bruce sat down and held his head in his hands, while Grattan Flynn nodded and winked to an imaginary crowd.

Suddenly Bruce exclaimed:

"I have it! I've been walking in my sleep! I haven't done it before since I was a boy, and I thought I'd outgrown the habit."

A ray of light entered his brain. He turned pale, gasped, seized Flynn by the arm, and thrusting a dollar into his hand, exclaimed:

"Not a word of this. You understand?"

"Niver a word," said the mystified Flynn, winking knowingly and walking away.

Bruce went quietly into the house and procured a lantern, with which he returned to the old well.

Nora McCormick had managed to slip upstairs, and was congratulating herself upon her escape, for she had seen the great man approaching.

A minute later Bruce learned that the proverb: "Truth is a jewel hidden at the bottom of a well," was in his case literally true. There, in the old well, lay the missing money, marked bills, and all!

Some vagrant fancy had caused the somnambulist to rob himself and fling the booty where he discovered it. The mysterious writing was doubtless his own work, the fruit of his unfounded suspicions of Tom Hyde.

When in deep and it is to be hoped, improving reflection, he returned to the house, he found Miss Edith awaiting him.

Her window commanded a view of her father's nocturnal exploit, and she had seen him with the lantern. Of course he was forced to explain what he would much rather have kept to himself, and so received his daughter's announcement of her engagement to Tom Hyde without a word.

Furthermore, in order to bribe her into refraining from unpleasant allusions, he advanced Hyde to a business interest.—F. C. Stone, in Boston Globe.

ODDITIES OF ANIMALS.

CURIOUS WAYS OF VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF FAUNA.

How the Woodcock Induces Worms to Come to the Surface.—The Muskrat's Mode of Securing Second Wind.—Br'er Lizard.

"What curious ways animals and birds, insects and reptiles have! What strange, what startling ways!" exclaimed the professor to a New York Sun man.

"Thus the woodcock feeding, puncturing with his drill-like bill the moist margins of swampy places and the soft soil of bottom lands, prospecting for the plump and juicy worms that the bird's infallible instinct tells it are in hiding there beneath the surface. Does the woodcock, finding the worm, seize it in his bill and drag it from its nest? How could he? The hole he drills is cut the size of his bill. Can he possibly open it within that snug-fitting puncture to seize the worm? Then, perhaps, he impales the worm upon his pointed beak, as you might spear an eel. Quite impossible also, for even the point of his beak is frequently larger than the worm he covets; and suppose he should impale the worm? What would hold it on the beak as the woodcock drew it toward the surface? If the woodcock's bill was intended as a spear to impale his prey it would be barbed like the woodpecker's long and flexible tongue, which he thrusts into the tree he has tapped and transfixes the grub he has overtaken. No, the woodcock neither seizes his prey with his bill nor spears it. He lures it forth by the exercise of strategy almost incredible. Worms that live in the ground come to the surface when it rains, and all observation proves that they hear the raindrops beating on their earthy roofs when they first begin to fall, and that is the signal for them to come forth. Why they come forth to drag themselves along the muddy soil, leaving that familiar network of tortuous trails upon the ground one sees after every summer rain I am not prepared to say. But come forth they do as soon as they hear the rain pattering above them. No naturalist knows this better than the woodcock. Therefore the wise bird bores hole after hole in his feeding ground. Having done this he dances about them and taps the ground with his wings, imitating the sound of rain falling upon it. Presently up comes the worm out of the holes placed so conveniently for their exit, and before they have time to see what a fine day it is and wonder what can have fooled them so they find themselves entombed in the woodcock's stomach, from whose depths sound of rain, either real or simulated, may call them no more. Odd? I think so. And yet there are people who don't believe this."

"You know the muskrat—which, by the way, isn't a rat at all any more than a beaver is. Everybody knows the muskrat, but in all my experience I have found but one man who knew the most curious thing of all the curious things the muskrat is capable of. This is his capacity for getting his second wind while swimming under the ice, and not only his second wind, but his third, and his fourth, and his one hundred and fiftieth if necessary. A duck isn't a better swimmer than a muskrat is, but a duck can stay under the water almost as long as the muskrat can, for the muskrat's wind is only good for a swim of 200 feet beneath the surface at the most. Now, this busy animal has to do a great deal of swimming when the pond or stream at the side of which he lives is frozen over for miles and perfectly air tight, and if it wasn't for the way he has of utilizing over and over again the supply of breath he started in with the muskrat could be only a summer animal. His feeding grounds are frequently very long distances away from his abiding place, and can be reached only by swimming. In his winter excursions the muskrat takes in breath at starting and remains under water as long as he can. Then he rises up to the ice, slowly exhales his devitalized breath, forming a big air bubble against the lower side of the ice. Keeping his nose at the base of the bubble the muskrat waits until the air in it has been recharged with oxygen from the water and the ice, and then inhales it again. This operation is performed as often as is necessary, and if the muskrat had to go 1,000 miles under the ice he could make the journey, as far as breath is concerned, with the same supply of air he began it with."

"You have seen the woodpecker, many a time, climbing the stem of the old tree, going up it with the facility of the squirrel, tapping it with his bill and turning his head aside and listening with his ear close to the tree to hear the expected movement beneath the surface that will betray the presence of the grub he would dine upon. But did you know that if the woodpecker, after having climbed the old tree's trunk should happen by some possibility to be robbed of the use of its wings, he could never get off that tree unless he tumbled like a stone to the ground? Whether you know it or not it is so. The woodpecker can work his way up a tree trunk with ease, but he can't climb down, as the saying is. If he couldn't fly away he would have to stay there until he starved to death or fell down and perhaps broke his neck."

"It would go hard with the harmless and defenseless little brown lizard of the Sierra foot-hills, hunted persistently as it is by its deadly foe, the tarantula, if it wasn't for the extraordinary talent it has in the way of taking on and putting off its tail. The big, venomous spider is especially fond of this lizard, but it is seldom that he ever gets more than his tail to

lunch on. The lizard is ever on the watch for its foe and flies at sight of the hideous animal. The tarantula immediately gives chase, and quick as the lizard is the tarantula is quicker and readily overtakes the terrified reptile, and invariably seizes it by the tail. The lizard gives itself a sudden hump and a shaka, snaps its tail off, and escapes. Although that thing is occurring to the tarantula constantly, it is a fact that it never seems to fail to cause him the most profound amazement, for he will stand stock still, with the lizard's tail in his mouth; and gaze after the fleeing reptile with his eyes actually bulging, until the lizard has disappeared. Then the big spider will place the tail on the ground, examine it from end to end, give another surprised look in the direction of the detached lizard took, and then make the best of his disappointment by eating the tail. The most curious part of the whole thing is that the lizard begins to sprout a new tail at once, and in the course of two or three days comes out as good as new."

NOT INVALIDATED.

An Inquisitive Lawyer Who Was Reduced to Pulp.

A case was on trial in a Kentucky courtroom. An old man of somewhat disreputable appearance had just given important testimony, and the lawyer whose cause suffered by his statements, strove in every way to confuse and trip him, but in vain.

The witness stuck to his story, says Youth's Companion, and did not lose his temper in spite of the irritating manner in which the cross-examination was conducted.

Finally, in the hope of breaking down the credibility of the witness, the lawyer at a venture asked:

"Have you ever been in prison?" "I have," replied the witness.

"Ah," exclaimed the attorney, with a triumphant glance at the jury. "I thought as much. May I enquire how long you were there?"

"Two years and three months," answered the witness quietly, with a manner that was interpreted by the lawyer as indicating chagrin at an unexpected exposure.

"Indeed," said the delighted lawyer, feeling his case already won. "That was a heavy sentence. I trust the jury will note the significance of the fact. Now, sir, tell the jury where you were confined."

"In Andersonville," replied the old man, drawing himself up proudly.

There was a moment of silence, the jurors looked at each other, and then the court-room rang with cheers which the court officers were powerless to check, and in which some of the jury joined.

The too-inquisitive lawyer hardly waited to hear the verdict against him.

A FOREIGN VIEW OF IT.

An Australian in Perfect Good Faith Describes American Institutions.

Americans are exceedingly sensitive to any criticism, says a writer in Greater Britain, but much as they think of their institutions the majority of those whom I met condemned the state of their politics most strongly.

They put very little faith in their state legislature, nearly all of which are allowed to sit every alternate year. In California the members are paid more in accordance with the Queensland system than with that adopted in the other colonies.

The members of the lower house receive \$8, or 42s. 4d, and the members of the upper house \$10, or 41s. 8d a day, for sixty days. The parliament is not allowed to sit more than ninety days, and if the ninety days be exceeded the members have to sit at their own expense during the extra time.

Better Than Won.

He (seriously)—We must devise some means of obtaining your father's consent.

She—Well, let's put our heads together, and—(but after that he did not care whether they had papa's consent or not).—Puck.

Whole Regiments of Infantry.

Kicksaw, (meeting Dimmick)—Anything on foot to-day?

Dimmick—Yes, everybody who can't afford to ride.—Jester.

IN LIFE'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

A new preservative for animal specimens in museums has been discovered whereby the most delicate and fugitive notes can be retained.

A papyrus containing a problem in chess said to have been solved in the time of Rameses the Great has been offered to the British museum.

In Knoxville, Tenn., is a man who bases a claim for distinction upon the fact that he possesses a pair of shoes made from the skin of a calf once owned by George Washington.

A circular of the anti-anarchist league of Paris now conducting a well organized vendetta, declares that it is the intention of the league to compass the murder of some well known anarchist for every future anarchist outrage by means of the knife, poison or vitriol.

One enterprising firm in New York is planning a glass awning—a permanent affair which shall protect the long stretch of sidewalk—affording shoppers an opportunity to stare in at the windows and trip across the pavement with the same ease on a wet day as in fine weather.

A peculiar sequel to a tragedy occurred a few days ago in a Philadelphia newspaper composing room. One of the compositors, a young woman, while working at her case, suddenly fainted and had to be carried home. Another compositor finished setting the type the young woman was working on when taken ill; it was an account of the suicide of a young man in another city. Later it was discovered that the young man was the affianced lover of the young woman who started to set

THE GALLOWES.

When the First Hanging Occurred in Washington City.

The adage that "history repeats itself" finds verification in the Schneider tragedy. The doom that has been pronounced on Schneider is the dismal echo of the first execution in Washington, away back in the infancy of the nation's capital, where the criminal paid the death penalty for a crime similar in many ways to Schneider's—the crime of wife murder.

In those early days, about 1803, when Washington was a city in name only, crime was of a milder character than now; so it was with feelings of profoundest horror that the inhabitants learned that McGirk's wife was dead, and by her husband's hand.

McGirk was a respectable bricklayer, save when "in his cups." Living with his young wife on F, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, northwest. Returning home one night he seized his wife, who was in no condition to bear such treatment, and in a drunken frenzy beat her brutally. Soon after Mrs. McGirk died, and McGirk was committed to jail on the charge of the murder of his wife and child, and after a jury trial was condemned to be hanged.

At the foot of Capitol Hill, between Pennsylvania and Maryland avenue, a rude gallows was erected in full sight of the populace, so that the fate of the murderer might be a warning to any one disposed to follow the example of crime. On the day appointed for the execution of the sentence the prisoner, accompanied by Father Young, was placed in an open cart and surrounded by a strong guard, and followed by a mob of screaming, hooting men, women and children, conveyed to the place of punishment.

Staring on the platform, just under the noose, which was soon to end his earthly career, McGirk intimated that he wished to speak. Permission being given, with one look at the throng of eager, angry faces stretching away on either side he exclaimed:

"When a man's character is gone his life is gone." Before any one could guess his purpose he sprang up toward the noose and succeeded in pulling it over his head. Without waiting for "Jack Ketch" to affix the cap McGirk sprang off the platform. Father Young shouted: "Don't take your own life, McGirk!"

Jack Ketch tried to pull the man back upon the scaffold, and succeeded so far as his feet were concerned, but with a violent twist the desperate man again jumped off. Some one below had presence of mind enough to cut the string which held the drop and it fell. With one last convulsive gasp McGirk's soul took its flight.

AT LAST.

A New Use Has Been Discovered for the Demijohn.

There are uses and uses for articles, but one of the most novel and characteristic ideas was recently put in practice by a bright young housekeeper. Living in a suburban town where city water was not supplied, it was, of course, necessary to fill the water pitchers in the sleeping rooms. It was very dry, dusty weather, and there was more or less complaint that a film of fine dust settled on the top of the water. So annoying did this become that it was necessary to keep the pitchers covered.

One day, in rummaging about the store room, she found a number of empty demijohns which seemed to have no legitimate use. They, with various other articles, went to what she called the repair shop in the garret. Here they were treated to a coat of enamel paint with bands of gilding, and after the next shower, were filled with soft water, caught for that purpose in a clean vessel placed under the spout at the side of the house.

With fresh corks which were always replaced after using, the water was kept as clean and free from dirt as when it fell.

There are always accumulations of such articles about a house, the New York Ledger asserts, and frequently one is at a loss to know what to do with them. This is about the best use one could possibly make of this ordinarily useless bit of household rubbish.

Catching a Man.

Miss Grabben—Mr. Riechapp remarked last night that he liked a woman who showed consideration for the feelings of neighbors.

Mrs. Grabben—You must do something to show him that you are that kind of a woman.

Miss Grabben—Yes, I know—but what?

Little Brother—When he asks you to hug, close the windows.

Understood His Business.

Druggist—I am getting up a new patent medicine, and I want some signs painted.

Seenary Decorator—How many words?

"Not many. Just say 'Take Dr. Squill's Syrup for that Tired Feeling.'"

"All right. I'll put it on every steep hill I can find."

Suburban Life.

Mrs. Meadow—I hate to tell you, Mrs. Suburb, but, really, you ought to know it. Every time I run into the city lately I've met your husband on the return train; and every time he was paying marked attentions to some woman by his side, and every time it was a different woman. I've seen him with a dozen of 'em."

Mrs. Suburb (quietly)—We have been trying to get a servant girl who would stay.

Science to the Rescue.

Housekeeper—Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?

Great Scientist—Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, hang them on a line, and beat them with a heavy stick.

"Will that kill the insects?"

"Yes, madam, if you hit them."

An Earnest Student.

City Instructor—If you have such a delightful home in the suburbs, why do you wish extra studies which will keep you in the school-room after

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

The County Police Question—Great Buildings for Special Professions—New Street Transportation Facilities.

JULY 16, 1892.

The county of St. Louis is rich and productive, but it hasn't the police protection the farmers want. The police system of the city is a very efficient one and, knowing that, the people of the county are moving to have their villages guarded by a detachment of the force here. The State law establishing the metropolitan police force in St. Louis provides for the distribution of patrolmen in the county, and it will not be long before they get the twenty coppers they have asked for out there.

Some odd and original ideas have been carried into effect in putting up new buildings in St. Louis lately. There is no other city in the country probably, that has a large building devoted entirely to the use of physicians and in no way connected with a medical college. There is one of that kind here, on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Locust street. It was erected for the sole purpose of giving the doctors the kind of offices they need and there is nobody else in it except the janitor. There is another building here which is given up to the studies of artists. It is on the corner of Beaumont street and Locust. Both buildings were put up by men who were doubtful, at first, of the success of their projects, but each has proved the owner a man of foresight, by becoming a profitable investment from the first.

Fred M. Crunden, the manager of the Public Library, showed himself at man of advanced ideas when, in arranging the plans of the new building on Locust street, he provided for a large room to be used exclusively by women studying or reading. In Europe that is done, but there is no library on this side of the water where it is considered necessary to pay this attention to the woman students. All women who have to go much to libraries say that they cannot work at ease while they are stared at by the men who come in, and many of them complain that they are often annoyed by people who walk up behind them and look over their shoulder.

There are two big camp-meetings that every year attract large numbers of people from St. Louis. One is the camping at Piasa Bluffs, and the other is Camp Marvin. The bluffs are a score of miles away, and are reached by boats. Hundreds of men from here take their families up there, and leave them in the cottages while the camp-meeting lasts, running up from the city every day or so to see them. The Marvin camp-ground is only a short distance away from the city, and is reached by vehicles. There are no houses on the grounds, and those who go out there live in tents till the meeting is over. The grounds, with their lines of tents, and their religious services under pine-topped sheds are a unique sight, and the road between here and the busy city is covered every day with buggies and carriages full of people going out to look on. Camp Marvin is to be opened about the last of this month, and the meeting at Piasa Bluffs will begin as soon as the Marvin meeting ends.

One million passengers have to ride on a street-car before the company takes in \$50,000, perhaps more, for some of the people ride on passes, and some of them are children and pay only half fare. Yet, some of the lines here have not only received that much money in the past year, but have increased their receipts by that much, since they gave up their horse power and adopted electricity to propel the cars. It is no wonder that when the reports of the City register show such results from the change to electricity that all the lines are grasping at the trolley. So many have given up the cable and the horses that the electrical magazines say St. Louis is ahead of every city in the United States on its fast transit mileage. Only four of the twenty-five lines in the city are now using horses. Two of these have already bought their material for putting up the overhead wires, and by the time the crowds begin to pour into the city to see the fall festivities only two slow lines will be left. These are short, and the visitors will be more interested in them as a curiosity than inconvenient.

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HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest!

IN A HOLE.

I had been away from the ranch since daybreak on a solitary hunting expedition for small game and now with night coming on I was endeavoring to find my way back.

Where and how far I was from camp I knew not but with a general idea of its direction I plodded over the wild plain expecting every moment to strike the trail and get home without either trouble or danger.

The thoughts of the good supper and glad greeting I would have from my jolly "cowboy" companions spurred me on while the setting sun warned me that I had no time to lose.

In spite of my woodcraft and scouting skill and fearlessness in traveling the wilderness alone I began to feel apprehensive that I was lost. At first I only laughed at myself for thinking so, but when mile after mile in the deepening dusk brought no sign of the anxiously looked for trail, I began to realize that the smartest ranchman sometimes can blunder in his reckonings.

Still I wouldn't admit yet I was wrong and, fighting back the dismal feeling of loneliness and peril that oppressed me, I continued to push on as fast as my tired legs would let me.

On I went through the prairie grass straining my eyes in the dusky gloom striving to find the trail—suddenly down, down I tumbled straight to the bottom of what seemed to be a deep well.

Stunned by my fall, luckily broken by the heap of soft rubbish I landed on, I must have lain for a while unconscious.

When I recovered my senses all was pitch blackness about me and looking upwards I could see a few stars faintly glimmering from the sky.

After placing and examining my body and thankfully finding that all my bones were intact I struggled to my feet and groped around to discover if possible what sort of a place I had gotten into.

The hole seemed circular and apparently five or six feet in diameter, the sides felt like hard clay, and the bottom was dry and thickly covered with a long accumulation of leaves and grasses.

How deep I was down in the earth I could not tell, but I rightly guessed the distance was some twenty feet.

How the hole ever got there I couldn't imagine. Maybe years ago it was dug in the hope of striking water for the cattle which belonged to the discarded ranch.

At any rate the hole was there and I was in it. The thing that puzzled me the most was how to get out.

As nothing could be done in that line till daylight, and perhaps not then I laid me down and went to sleep.

When I awoke after a refreshing slumber the round spot of bright, blue sky above me seemed higher than I ever knew it before.

As a needful preparation to escape from my more than likely grave I made a little fire with some dry stuff and managed to cook one of the three birds I had shot the day before. On that with a few drops from my water flask I breakfasted.

Then I started my wits to work out a plan of deliverance.

I had with me my gun and plenty of cartridges, pipe and tobacco (invaluable in such a position), a small hatchet, matches, hunting knife, revolver, two birds and a pint of water, also a few yards of rope.

In the almost vain attempt of being heard I determined to frequently fire my gun and shout though I knew the sound would be deadened.

After shooting and hallowing several times with no answer, of course, I examined the texture of the sides of my tomb. It was a very red clay and firm enough to cut without crumbling. If I had some strong sticks—which I hadn't, though I searched through the heap of rubbish for them—I might drive pegs in the side of my prison and maybe climb up on them. Perhaps I could chop spaces there to answer the same purpose.

Taking the hatchet I commenced to do it and for awhile it appeared to succeed, but after rising a few feet in that way I gave it up.

Had the well been narrow so I could trace myself by using my gun against the opposite side I think I should have accomplished the feat.

Then I attempted shooting with a light charge of powder a bullet from my pistol to which I attached my watch chain fastened to an end of the rope, thinking it might somehow catch on a bush outside and bear my weight while I climbed on stepping places I should dig.

But that plan proved a failure, too. By this time it was high noon and the hot sun was shining for a few moments straight to the bottom of my awful tomb.

Like a caged beast I was becoming furious in my vain efforts to gain liberty and the harder I tried the more difficult grew the task.

I kept firing my gun and calling for help for now it seemed that that was my only chance for life.

The afternoon passed slowly away and night appeared again, and despairing, but not giving up hope, I ate my last bird, drank nearly my last drop of water, and managed to fall asleep.

It came morning at last. I had my gun pulled to fire a signal when I

detected a something alive peering from the ground above me into the hole.

Could it be a human being? Even an Indian in his war paint and certain to scalp me I should have hailed with joy.

The object showed itself again plainly. It was the head of a wolf. Taking a quick aim I fired and hit it squarely. With a howl of pain the wounded brute plunged forward and into the hole, landing on my shoulders.

In a moment it recovered from its surprise and before I could draw my pistol it was crouching to leap upon me. Hatchet in hand I met its oncoming. As it jumped with bleeding, open mouth I ducked my head and before it could turn a lucky blow buried the blade in its skull and finished it.

Now with its flesh to eat and its blood to drink I could exist for a week, at least, and if help came in the meantime I wouldn't perish.

For three long, weary days and nights I lived on my providential supply of wolf meat, firing my gun and yelling till my voice gave out, but all for naught.

On the fourth day I completely despaired of assistance from outside and resolved to make a last struggle to get out of my horrible living tomb.

While I frantically chopped with my hatchet at the sides of the hole trying to heap up dirt enough to rise on even though I undermined and brought the earth to bury me, I remembered a picture of the tower of Babel that I had seen in the big family Bible at home.

It had a spiral road running around its outside on which the workers ascended as the tower was growing.

Why couldn't I cut out a similar path on the inside of my underground, turned-over tower?

With a glad shout of joy and wondering why the idea hadn't come before, I commenced at once the cork-screw road. Starting as high as I could conveniently work I cut into the hard, clay wall of the well until I had dug out a space big enough to hold me. By shoving the roof of the excavation and curving it to the back part of its eighteen inch wide floor I prevented the earth from caving.

I laid out this open, half tunnel to ascend on a rather steep grade so its winding road-bed would be sufficiently supported, and after some hours' hard and careful work, I finished the first circle and found that my engineering calculations promised to be successful—providing the earth as it neared the surface would keep from crumbling.

Not daring to continue digging as evening and darkness came, I lightly crawled back to the bottom of my prison, ate some more wolf meat and went to sleep with hope renewed and comparatively happy.

Bright and early in the welcome morning I began my toil for deliverance. The higher I dug my way the more hazardous it became. I almost feared to go ahead for I knew that a break now would be fatal to my only chance of escape from a horrible death. When night once more caused me to stop, I was within about six feet of the end of my agony—or alas—I might be only at its beginning.

The awful uncertainty of being so near and yet so far from life and the glorious beautiful world kept me wakeful. By the following noon I should know my fate.

At daylight I tremblingly crawled up my circular stairway and recommenced operations. The earth that had been removed lay in a big pile on the bottom, but of course not high enough to help me in case a cave-in occurred.

Carefully I started on the last circuit, and as I expected, found that the dry earth there was much less firm than below.

Still I could make headway, although once or twice I thought I was doomed to failure when the ground broke over and under me.

Now I reached the place to dig straight up and holding my breath, I attempted it. Slowly I scraped my shaft's ceiling, little by little, then as the sods above loosened I tore them away and—after a week of living death—I once more stood on the earth's solid surface.

I soon found the camp, and my friends, who after searching in vain, were mourning my supposed death.—Chicago Sun.

His Method.

A good teacher never begins his work by impressing his pupils with a discouraging sense of his own knowledge, as compared with their ignorance. He knows a better way than that.

"How do you take 't' new teacher ye've got down 't' Number 9, Billy?" inquired Mr. Eben Hobbs of his fourteen-year-old nephew, not long after the commencement of the "fall term."

"Pooty fair 't' middlin' schooler, I guess he is," replied Billy, diplomatically.

"Why, in course, I callate he'd hev 't' be 't' hold sech a p'sition as he does," responded Mr. Hobbs. "But what I mean is, haow much be ye goin' 't' learn fr'm the chap?"

"Why, Uncle Eb," said the boy, with a shrewd smile on his freckled face. "It don't appear 't' be no special 'cousnt what we boys an' gals git 't' know, s' fur 't' I ken see. The main p'int is fer us 't' git where we'll jest be baowed down 't' lizin' what a heap he knows. An' when he's learnt us that much, I guess he'll quit Number 9, an' light out for 'nother school!"

—Youth's Companion.

An Outrage.

Mr. Hayseed—What's this extra charge for? Hotel Clerk—We charge extra for gas burned all night.

Mr. Hayseed—Why, consarn y'e picture, you've got a sign there plain as kin be "Don't blow out the gas."

—New York Weekly.

VICTIMS OF A BAD HABIT.

Men Whose Absent-Mindedness Leads Them Into Stormy Paths.

The absent-minded men are hopeless cases. One of them played one of his old tricks the other day. He was walking down Fifth Avenue states the New York Tribune, when he saw some one coming toward him whose face seemed to be familiar. His own story best explains the situation.

"I was conscious," he said, "that I knew the man very well, but I was thinking of something and his approach did not make a clearly defined impression on my brain. I was also conscious that when he saw me he gave a start and took a step toward me with his hand outstretched. And yet all that did not recall me sufficiently from my thoughts to enable me to realize clearly just what was happening. I said, in an absent way, 'How do you do?' and walked on as if I were in the habit of seeing him every day or as if I were only slightly acquainted with him. Even in that minute I was aware, to the fact that there was a queer light in his face and that he returned my bow very stiffly."

"It was not until I had gone a couple of squares down the avenue that it flashed into my mind that the man was one of my oldest and most intimate friends, whom I had not seen in several years and that when he had started to greet me cordially I had worse than cut him by giving him a cold bow. I then, as a man will do, turned to hurry back after him, but of course, he was gone."

Here is another extreme case which seems improbable, but for the truth of which the writer can vouch. A New Yorker who made a trip to California was met at the pier in Oakland by a man, who rushed up to him and wrung his hand heartily.

"How do you do, Will?" cried the stranger with delight. "I heard you were coming and I thought you would like to have me meet you."

The New Yorker looked at the other man in blank astonishment. "I'm afraid," he said, "that there is some mistake. I do not seem to know you."

"Well," said the other with a laugh, "you are a cool fellow to joke in that way. But how long are you going to stay out here? I want you to come to our house."

"But my dear sir," declared the New Yorker earnestly, "I don't know you. I never saw you before. I can't imagine what you can mean."

"Oh, if that's the case," was the reply in tones of indignation. "I will not trouble you. But just to refresh your very remarkable memory I propose to tell you that I know you. I am your cousin, George. We were boys together, we went to school together, and you haven't changed in appearance, and I do not think that I have. Good day, sir," and he started to walk away in disgust, but the New Yorker ran after him, offering a thousand apologies. He is a man who cannot remember even faces.

STORY OF A MAD DOG'S BITE.

How a Young Woman Occasioned a Great Deal of Excitement.

"The girl had been bitten by a mad dog," said the business woman, "and had neglected to have the wound cauterized, although it was much inflamed, and the marks of the animal's teeth showed plainly. Her grandmother tried the old-fashioned remedies; they put milk poultices and things on it, and the girl came to the office regularly and went on with her work."

"One day, about two weeks after the accident she came to my desk. Her eyes were glittering with fever, her face burning, and her features seemed swollen. She threw herself against me with a cry of despair."

"I'm sick," she gasped, "I must give up, I'm burning up with fever, and my throat—I—I—can't swallow."

"I looked at her, and my heart stood still. She read my thoughts. 'I know,' she said, 'I know, but help me to be calm until I get home. I am holding myself together by a supreme effort. Help me and don't be frightened. I've felt this coming on for three days.'

"The hand she laid upon my shoulder trembled visibly; she spoke with an evident effort."

"I went down stairs and called for a cab, wrapped her up, put her in and followed. It was a long ride up town and she huddled together over in one corner as if she could not endure to be touched. I tried to talk a little, and to treat the matter lightly, but I assure you that this ride was the most terrible experience of my life. Every moment I expected that she would reach her teeth in me."

"We reached her home, she was put to bed and a lot of doctors summoned."

"She had (and recovered from), not hydrophobia, but a very severe case of diphtheria."

There was an audible silence and then a general sigh of relief.

A Setback.

Doctor (rubbing his hands cheerfully)—And how is our patient this morning? Nurse—Your medicine has done its work.

Doctor (delightedly)—Didn't I tell you so? How is he? Nurse—Dead.

A Hival of the Press.

Gilholly—And you say you don't read the newspapers? Gus De Smith—I do not; I haven't time.

"Good gracious! How do you keep posted on current events?" "I am shaved by a barber every morning."—Texas Sittings.

How He Looked at It.

She—What is love, darling? He—It is sacrificing all my bachelor blessings dear, for your sake.—Detroit Free Press.

VERY INTERESTING.

A Machine Agent Who Got His Work In Under All Circumstances.

The most active and persistent man in the mountain regions of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee is the sewing-machine agent, and he is to be found every-where. One day I rode up to a house before which a machine wagon was standing, and yelled: "Hello!" A woman came to the door.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Is this Thornton Jackson's house?" "No," she snapped, "it's mine."

"But he lives here, doesn't he?" I suggested affably.

"Yes."

"Are you his wife?" "He's my husband," she replied. I laughed and her face softened somewhat.

"Can I see him?" I proceeded.

"Not right now. You can light and wait if you want to. You ought to be here before the other one come."

"Which other one?" I inquired in surprise.

"The other agent."

"I'm no agent," I said, emphatically.

"Oh, ain't you? You kinder look it. You ought to a seen the fun, anyhow."

"What was it?" "Sewin'-machine agent wanted to sell Thornt's machine," she said in an odd, jerky sort of a way. "Thornt didn't want it. They had words and the agent called Thornt a liar, and Thornt got down his gun."

"What for?" I inquired, as she stopped a moment in doubt.

"What any man 'round here gets his gun down for when another man calls him a liar. Didn't think he got it down to trade for a machine, did you?"

I said I had not so thought.

"Well, he didn't," she asserted with a vigor that dispelled any and all doubt.

"Did he get the agent?" "No, the agent got out. Got him spang through the call of the lair."

"Did the agent skip and leave his wagon out there?" "Nary time," she said with a smile.

"What became of him?" I asked, this time really concerned for the safety of the traveler from civilization.

"He's in thar talkin' sewing machine to Thornt harder'n a mule kin kick, an' I reckon I'll have a machine before he gets Thornt's lair tied up an' fixed comfortable."

About twenty minutes afterward the agent came out of the room and asked me to help him carry the machine in the wagon into the house.

STUCK IN A QUAGMIRE.

A Dog Brings Aid to His Master Just in Time to Save Him.

Recently Mrs. Mattie Fenner, whose husband owns a small farm near Leitch's swamp, was attracted by the continued barking of a strange dog. Upon the approach of Mrs. Fenner it crouched at her feet, as though having something to communicate. The lady tried to take the dog to the house, but it refused to stir in any path except a narrow, muddy one that led directly to the swamp. Mrs. Fenner got her husband's boots and struck out on the dog's trail. After going about a mile she was suddenly brought to a halt by the sight of a man's head and shoulders protruding from the black, slimy mud.

The head was bent back, eyes closed, and the face black. His right arm was extended grasping a low tussock, and the other in the mud. The brave woman struggled into the mud to ascertain if the man was living, but it refused to stir in any path except a narrow, muddy one that led directly to the swamp. Mrs. Fenner got her husband's boots and struck out on the dog's trail. After going about a mile she was suddenly brought to a halt by the sight of a man's head and shoulders protruding from the black, slimy mud.

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THE PRIDE OF MAN.

A Short Chapter Concerning the Mustaches of the Time.

Mustaches like the expression of those who wear them, range from Grave to gay, From lively to severe.

There is much that is unhappy in the history of mustaches. They were originally grown and used as ornaments by which slaves were driven from market to market by their masters. Beards were generally popular before mustaches were common. Only 50 years ago in many parts of this country the latter were thought to be real curiosities, and the men who first wore them did not by so doing lighten themselves in the good opinions of the people.

Try to imagine, if you can, George Washington or John Adams or Thomas Jefferson wearing a mustache. A picture of George Washington showing him in the act of curling his waxed mustache would instantly tumble him from his lofty pedestal whereon a loving people has enshrined him.

The nice, trim, and well-behaved mustache signifies that its owner has no striking traits of character. He is neither any better nor any worse than anyone else. The smooth manner in which the hairs of even length lie alongside of each other signify an even temperament and an average disposition. Such a man will not love or hate desperately. He is in life what the middle 'C' is in music. He will be fairly successful in all he undertakes, but he will never undertake anything extraordinary.

The scant, retiring mustache that timidly lingers half way between down and real hair, has something in its favor. Its owner is not murderous nor evilly disposed, although he may smoke cigarettes. This style of mustache was originally designed for clerks in dry-goods stores, but it has since been affected by many others until now it has no field exclusively its own.

The long, drooping mustache, that looks as if it had lost its sustaining force, suggests a withered flower that is bowed down because of drought. Such a mustache appears always to be thirsty, and the chances are that it is. Of course there are other varieties of mustaches, but we cannot do better than leave the whole subject with the girls.

Store Teeth.

"Be you the dentist-man?" "Yes sir. What can I do for you?" "Waal, I want tew git a pair o'teeth. They're all the style out our way."

"Sit down, sir, and I'll take the impression of your mouth." "Oh, you needn't bother measurin'. Just pick out a pretty good sized pair. They hain't for me, anyhow; they're fer mother."—N. Y. Judge.

A PATENT FISHERMAN.

A Hint Which the Lazy Will Do Well to Consider.

One of the oddities of the Columbia river is the "Williams' patent fishing wheel," an automatic disciple of Walton, which stands on the Oregon side of the river about a mile below the famous cascade. The whole device consists of a jetty of rocks built out from the shore with an outside sluiceway in which the gigantic "fishing wheel" constantly revolves. It is an undershot wheel and, having been built at a time when the river was remarkably low, can be raised or lowered according to the stage of water. The persons who built this large piscatorial device understood the habits and instinct of the salmon, the finny beauty for whose capture it was speedily erected, it being well known that in making their "runs" they follow the shore line instead of taking to the center of the stream. A sluiceway to the blackwater caused by the jetty has been built, and the salmon in attempting to go through this are caught in the net buckets that are fastened to the arms of the fishing wheel and safely deposited in a trough. This trough or gutter communicates with the "round-up" pen on shore, where the "catch" is canned and shipped to all parts of the world. Besides several hundred young fish unfit for canning, from 1,500 to 3,000 adult salmon are caught every day in this fishing novelty, and it is safe to say that there is not a more curious machine in the world to-day.

Santa's Work-Shop.

Nuremberg, the great toy-making center, has had a banquet to celebrate the completion of the 300,000th model steam engine by a certain well-known maker. The same factory has turned out more than 325,000 magic lanterns.

A Little Sarcastic.

Laura Lonely—This drinking cup was made for me when I was a baby. Rosa Roaster—How beautiful! Aren't the productions of the ancient metal workers charming?—Jewellers Weekly.

THE PLAY OF FANCY.

Soppy (to the kid after a long wait)—"Does your sister know I'm here, Fannie?" Fannie—"Oh, yes, Mr. Soppy; that's why she's taking her time about coming down."

Election Inspector (severely)—"Sir, have you ever read the constitution of the United States?" Naturalized Citizen—"No. Have you?" Election Inspector—"N-o."

Rev. D. W. Drew, pastor of the Stock Yard church, Chicago, merely remarked that he would "rather raise hogs than preach to them," and he never sausage a fuss as they have raised about it.

He was an old merchant who devotes much time to advertising. "John," said his wife, "what do you want put on your tombstone?" "Oh," he answered, "it isn't important what the text is so long as it gets good space and is well displayed."

Mr. Isaacstein of New York returned home very late one night and Mrs. Isaacstein asked: "Shakey, where you got all dot tobacco stain on your shirt front?" "Blaying draw boker mit three shentlemans from New England, Rachel." "Vell, couldn't you turned your head to one side ven you spit?" "Not mit dose fellers."

"Madam," said the attorney for the defendant in the \$50,000 breach of promise case, "I have come to you to say that my client has been unfortunate in business. Recent speculations have turned out badly, and at the present moment he is not worth \$1,000 in the world." "Them," she replied, with a steely glitter in her eyes, "I shall marry him!"

Jock M.F. had long been given to tipping, but eventually had been won over by the temperance party, who, to keep him in tow, made him doorkeeper of their hall. Some of his old acquaintances were in the habit of chaffing him, and one night while on duty two old acquaintances turned up with: "Hey, man, Jock, I hear ye can dae miracles in there noo." Jock—"Nae, we canna dae miracles in there, but if ye are no' at the bottom of that stair in two meenits, I'll show ye how we cast out devils."

Feeding Distillery Slops.

It has been found that cattle fed on dist

The Rat as a Disease Distributor. Nowhere is it possible for the ubiquitous rat, if diseased, to do more certain harm as a disease transmitter than in the farmyard and the barn.

The seeds of consumption are sown broadcast. The scientist discovers that the cow has distributed them, but the question "How came the cow by the germs of this terrible disease?" is never answered except conjecturally.

There is no excuse law to check or in any way regulate the spread of the disease germs, and the unlicensed dealers keep on peddling their poison till the last one dies or until in obedience to some mysterious mandate the whole colony emigrate.

The Right Use of Language. A language belongs to those who know best how to use it, how to bring out all its resources, how to make it search its coffers around for the pithy or canorous phrase that suits the need, and they who can do this have been always in a pitiful minority.

Good taste may not be necessary to salvation or success in life, but it is one of the most powerful factors of civilization. As a people we have a larger share of it and more widely distributed than at least have found elsewhere.

Words That Raise Tons of Sand. Mr. C. Davidson has examined the sands between Holyland and the east of Northumbria-land, a large flat stretch of beach familiar to most persons who travel by the east coast route to Scotland.

If all the sand thus passed through the bodies of those animals in the course of twelve months were spread out it would give an average thickness of not less than thirteen inches. How many and various are the changes produced in the sand by the wonderful activity of these industrious worms it is impossible to say.

Japanese in America. There is a strong desire on the part of young Japanese to come to the United States to acquire or perfect themselves in the English language and complete their education.

Two Indian Swords. The swordstick, or "gupti," is of Indian origin. There is one form of it which is peculiar to chiefs and men of rank. The hilt of the sword, forming the handle of the stick, is crutch shaped, and the owner, when lying on his divan, would have his arm resting upon this, so as never to be taken quite unarmed.

A Seasonable Discussion. First Boarder—I wonder what makes this strawberry shortcake so heavy. Second Boarder—Don't know, but it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow.—New York Weekly.

A Wonderful Carpet. There will be on view in the afternoons of the next few days what may probably without any exaggeration be called the finest Persian carpet in the world.

The dimensions of the carpet are 34 feet 6 inches by 17 feet 6 inches. The ground of the body of the fabric is of a rich blue, covered with a floral tracery of exquisite delicacy and freedom of treatment.

Now 942 of the Hegira is 1335 of our era; so that the carpet was actually in existence, in the mosque of the sacred city of the Saffavian dynasty, at the time when Queen Elizabeth sent Anthony Jenkinson on an embassy to Shah Tamasp.

The Largest Aerolite. What is believed to be the largest aerolite ever known to have fallen is lying in the Caspian sea, a short distance from the peninsula of Apshepon. The aerolite made a terrific noise as it rushed through the air with incredible speed, and the white hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea about for a great distance.

So enormous is the aerolite that it projects twelve feet above the water, and save for its fused black crust, which gives it the appearance of having been varnished, it has every appearance of being one of the usual rocky formations met with along the coast.

Decorating Snowdon. A correspondent, who apparently is an enthusiastic Londoner, keenly alive to the possibility of improving our metropolitan monuments, and is at present on a tour in North Wales, writes that not only has a great flagstaff been erected on the highest peak of Snowdon, but a flag of extraordinary size has been hoisted upon it.

An American traveler in Egypt once remarked that the pyramids were very good in their way, but would show off the desert better if they had a coat of paint. Snowdon has been decorated at much less trouble and expense, and may now be congratulated on having an important omission in its original design thus satisfactorily rectified.

The Mice Pest in Scotland. The report comes from Scotland that the hill grazings and rough pastures of six whole counties are overrun by mice—rats of a smaller growth. In two counties alone they have virtually taken possession of 90,000 acres, and it has been proposed that the affected ground be burned, lest the vermin move upon the planted fields and destroy the seed corn.

A Dog's False Teeth. A faithful old house dog owned by Melchior Brown, of Reading, is more than a dozen years old. He lost all his teeth a long time ago and had great trouble in eating. Mr. Brown recently took the dog to a well known local dentist and had a full set of false teeth made for the animal, which he now uses with as much skill as any person could.

Death from a Horsefly's Bite. The sad death of Mr. F. J. Woods, Mrs. Balfour's private secretary, from erysipelas supervening on the bite of a gadfly, is announced. The bite of gadflies is not usually considered poisonous, and it is supposed that the one who attacked Mr. Woods had been on a diseased animal.

First Boarder—I wonder what makes this strawberry shortcake so heavy. Second Boarder—Don't know, but it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow.—New York Weekly.

Notice to Grading Contractors. City of ESCANABA, Mich., July 11, 1892. Sealed proposals for grading the following described streets, to wit:—Grading of Stephenson avenue from Ludington street to Norris street North Escanaba.

Each proposal shall be signed by the bidder or bidders, and give their place of residence, and be accompanied by a bond of two hundred dollars conditioned for the execution of the contract within the time specified in this notice in case the bid be accepted.

The person or persons to whom the contract may be awarded will be required to attend at the office of the city attorney with the sureties offered by him or them and execute the contract within four days from date of the award, and in case of failure or neglect to do so he or they will be considered to have abandoned it, and as in default to the City of Escanaba.

Refreshing Retreats. Summer days are fast approaching and now is the time that excursionists, pleasure-seekers and sportsmen should figure on a route for their summer vacation. In doing so, the delightfully cool summer and fishing resorts located along the Wisconsin Central Lines come vividly to view, among which are Fox Lake, Ill., Lake Villa, Ill., Mukwonago, Waukesha, Cedar Lake, Neenah, Waupaca, Field, Butterant and Ashland, Wis.

For pamphlets containing valuable information, etc., apply to J. N. Robinson, G. P. A. Milwaukee Wis., or Jas. C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed.

The Great Conclave at Denver. The Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar will be held at Denver, Colorado, in August, and for this occasion the Chicago & North-Western R'y Co. will sell excursion tickets to Denver and return at very low rates for the round trip.

Mr. John Carpenter, of Goodland, Ind., says: "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, for diarrhoea and severe cramps and pains in the stomach and bowels with the best results. In the worst cases I never had to give more than the third dose to effect a cure. In most cases one dose will do. Besides its other good qualities it is pleasant to take." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Bert Ellsworth.

We Want Your Biz. And Once Getting it Can Keep It. M. L. MERRILL, WEST LUDINGTON ST.

Groceries. Provisions. Fresh Eggs and Choice Butter Constantly in Stock. GIVE US A CHANCE.

THE FACT. That AYER'S Sarsaparilla cures OTHERS of Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Eczema, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and Catarrh should be convincing that the same course of treatment WILL CURE YOU.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla during the past 50 years, truthfully applies to-day. It is, in every sense, The Superior Medicine. Its curative properties, strength, effect, and flavor are always the same; and for whatever blood diseases AYER'S Sarsaparilla is taken, they yield to this treatment.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla don't be induced to purchase any of the worthless substitutes, which are mostly mixtures of the cheapest ingredients, contain no sarsaparilla, have no uniform standard of appearance, flavor, or effect, are blood-purifiers in name only, and are offered to you because there is more profit in selling them. Take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Cures others, will cure you.

SHORT LINE TO THE EAST. THE STEAMER City of Grand Rapids. Will run during the season between Traverse City and Gladstone Escanaba and Northport.

LEAVING ESCANABA. at 7:00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday and arriving at Traverse City, at 6:00 a. m., connecting with Chicago & Northern Mich., Chicago & West Michigan, Grand Rapids & Indiana and Manistee & Northern Michigan lines of steamers, giving close connections for all points in Michigan and the East and with Chicago and Milwaukee and all points south. This is the

SHORT LINE TO THE EAST. Saving 140 miles travel, seven dollars and twelve hours' time between here and Grand Rapids. For further information apply to HANNAH, LAY & CO., Managers, Or GEO. GANE, Gen. Pass. & Frt. Agt., Traverse City, Mich.

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, JUNE 20, 1892.

Trains Leave Negaunee as Follows: (Subject to Change without Notice.) GOING WEST: 7:55 a. m. HOUGHTON PASSENGER—daily except Sunday, for Ishpeming, Humboldt, Champion, Michigamme and Houghton, connecting at Houghton with Mineral Range R. R. for Hancock, Calumet, Red Jacket and Lake Linden.

6:50 p. m. FAST EXPRESS daily for Ishpeming, Michigamme, Negaunee, Superior, West Superior, Duluth and intermediate stations, connecting at Duluth for all points west and southwest. Wagoner Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars through to Duluth without change.

Walter A. Wood's Harvesters Mowers and Self-Dump Rakes. AT W. J. WALLACE'S. THE FINEST LINE OF

POCKET CUTLERY. Shears, Razors and Butcher Knives. ON THE PENINSULA. General Hardware. WAGONS, ETC. NEAR THE MERCHANT DOCK. Erickson & Bissell's.

Masonic Block Grocery. ERICKSON & BISSELL, Carry a Complete Line of

Groceries and Provisions. CANNED GOODS, Fruits, Vegetables, Spices, Etc. We would like to have you call. Mining Lands. LOUIS STEGMILLER, Mineral Lands and Mining Options. Operates on all the ranges. Marquette, Menominee, Gogebic and Vermilion; has choice properties now in hand to which attention is invited. Escanaba, Mich.

Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries. Which I wish to keep on the move and my prices will do it. Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts. E. M. St. JACQUES.

JAS. DRUSH & CO., Wholesale and Retailers in Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair, Brick, Tile, Etc. Dousman St., Near the Engine House. ESCANABA, MICH.

Escanaba Oyster House and Family Resort Restaurant. Furnished Rooms, with or without board, at reasonable rates. Sample Room connected. J. B. DUFORT, Proprietor.

A WOMAN.

Ah, she is of our thought and time. And we are vaguely loath to trace Through nights of variant age and clime Her birthright to a servile race.

Bathing Suits Are Shorter.

Bathing suits will be worn shorter this year. This may appear startling to the fair sex, but as it is intended solely for the man of fashion, with whom I believe myself on "speaking terms," the shock in the first sentence must be forgiven, as it was altogether unintentional.

Tuberculosis is fatal.

For seven years I have been making almost daily experiments upon the internal organs of dead animals in order to increase my knowledge of comparative pathology. The postmortem examinations were made for the most part at the Lamparter Club works, in the suburbs of Lancaster, Pa.

Bi-Chloride of Gold.

ESCANABA

Bi-Chloride of Gold Institute

A perfect and permanent cure for the

Liquor, Morphine, Cocaine and Tobacco Habit

Rooms Second Floor Walsh Block, Ludington Street.

Legal Notices.

First Publication July 28, 1892. 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 27th day of July, 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 Greenhoot, late of Escanaba, Michigan, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Bertha Greenhoot, guardian of said minors, praying among other things, and for reasons therein set forth, that the guardian of said minors, may be authorized and required to convey certain real estate in said petition described to Peter C. Peterson, Carl E. Mathison and William A. Cotton, in pursuance of certain land contracts alleged to have been made by said Greenhoot, deceased, in his life time.

It is further ordered, that Monday, the 29th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden in the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

First publication July 14, 1892. ORDER OF HEARING for appointment of administrator.

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 fifth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

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

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Nellie Peterson, praying that an administrator may be appointed on the estate of said deceased, thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 10th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, 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 said petition, and of the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

First publication July 14th 1892. PRIVATE ORDER FOR HEARING AND SETTLEMENT OF AN ESTATE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF DELTA. Probate Court for said County.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate court for the county of Delta, in the city of Escanaba, on Tuesday, the fifth day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Charles Lapiere, an incompetent insane.

On reading and filing the annual report and account of Annie McLaughlin, guardian of said incompetent insane person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 8th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said report and account, and that all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden 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 guardian give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the said report and account, and of the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Delta for two successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

First publication July 14, 1892. PROBATE ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.

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 5th day of July A. D. 1892, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Walter J. Ellis, 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, Michigan, on or before the 15th day of January next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the 30th day of October and on Tuesday, the 15th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated Escanaba, Michigan, July 15th A. D. 1892. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

First publication July 14, 1892. ORDER FOR HEARING CLAIMS.

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 11th day of July A. D. 1892, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Ann Murphy 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, Michigan, on or before the 15th day of January next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the 30th day of October and on Tuesday, the 15th day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated Escanaba, Michigan, July 15th A. D. 1892. EMIL GLASER, Judge of Probate.

Treatment of the Czar's Consumptive Son.

The Grand Duke George, the czar's second son, who ever since his enforced return through illness from his Indian tour has been under medical treatment for pulmonary disease, has been passing the winter at Abbas-Tuman in the Caucasus. A private letter from that place states that his imperial highness is undergoing a most remarkable course of treatment. The walls in his apartments are bare and unpapered, the furniture is of plain wood or cane without upholstery or stuff covering of any kind, and his bed consists only of the thinnest of mattresses. Throughout the winter only a very moderate fire has been kept up, while the windows of the grand duke's rooms have been continuously open.

A New Way to Catch Fish.

Mr. David Pickle, of the Cuba district, Blakely, Ga., has a new mode of catching fish. The plan is this: The fish are baited for some days with a mixture of flour and magnetized steel filings made into stiff paste or dough. When they begin to take the bait a magnetized iron or steel rod, coated with the same kind of paste, is let down to them. They soon attempt to suck the paste from it, and in doing so stick hard and fast.

An Equine Ostrich.

D. F. Barrett has a horse that is both herbivorous and carnivorous. That is to say, it not only eats corn, oats, hay and other things that equines should, but it devours rats, nails, scrap iron, barb wire, etc., with a relish. Friday its queer stomach hankered after meat, and Dave had a hen and chickens running in the yard, and that horse gulped down seven of the little chickens quicker than a wink and snacked his lips for more. The horse is in good condition, is sound as a dollar, was raised in the far off state of Washington, and, aside from its strange appetite and peculiar gastronomic stomach, is all right.—Ladonia (Mo.) Herald.

Having False Teeth Pulled.

Going twelve miles to have a set of false teeth pulled and being obliged to take gas in order to undergo the operation is something new in the dental line, but it was the experience of a Kennebec county woman the other day. The teeth were new and were such a snug fit that she couldn't get them out. After enduring the discomfort for two days she went to Augusta for relief, and by the time she reached there her mouth was so sore as to make the taking of gas necessary.—Lewiston Journal.

A Marvel in Book Publishing.

A curious book, in which the text is neither written nor printed, but woven, has lately been published in Lyons. It is made of silk, and was published in twenty-five parts. Each part consists of two leaves, so that the entire volume contains only fifty leaves, inscribed with the service of the mass and several prayers. Both the letters and the border are in black silk on a white background.—Boston Globe.

Journey of a Balloon.

A Harrisburg boy sent up in a balloon on the Fourth of July last year a bottle with his name and address in it, requesting the finder to return it to him. About ten days ago the bottle was picked up by a gentleman on the shore of Lake Superior, near Duluth, who immediately forwarded it to the lad.

Every year sees diminution in the importance of the walled city as a military obstacle.

Nuremberg is to lose her walls so that the modern idea of defense by separate fortresses can be carried out.

A bill is to be introduced into the next session of the Pennsylvania legislature for the creation of forest reservations at the headwaters of principal rivers.

Changes in an English School.

In 1824 Mr. Milnes Gaskell writes from Eton that an upper boy "got spurs and rode some of us (lower boys) over a leap positively impossible to be leaped over with a person on your back, and every time (which is every time) we cannot accomplish it he spurs us violently, and my thigh is quite sore with the inroads made by those dreadful spurs; my new coat is completely ruined." In the next year Ashley minor, a son of Lord Shaftesbury, died in consequence of a fight which lasted two hours and a quarter on the same evening. The quarrel originated about a seat in the upper school.

How His Heart Was Won.

When Colonel Van Wyck was running for congress many years ago in the Fifteenth New York district, there was a certain Irishman who steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The colonel was greatly surprised, therefore, when Pat informed him on election day that he had concluded to support him.

Natural Paint.

Twenty miles from Newcastle, Northumberland county, New Brunswick, a deposit of natural paint (96 per cent. oxide of iron) has been discovered, and so pure that it does not require refining or even manufacture, since it is ready for mixing with oil in the proportion of two pounds of paint to a gallon of oil.—Exchange.

Perfecting His Italian.

Mrs. McLaughlin—Is your son going to school now, Mrs. McGooghan? Mrs. McGooghan—No, sure, he's 'rowid the English branches. He's perfectin his Italian now.

Helpin dig a sewer down on the road byant.

"Where?" "Helpin dig a sewer down on the road byant."—New York Weekly.

A Showed Investment.

The investment of £4,000,000 made by the British government in the Suez canal shares will in a year or two, according to Mr. Goschen, be worth £19,600,000, which proves it to have been an excellent stroke of business as well as of diplomacy.—New York Times.

Saving a Stamp.

Mamma—Why did you put two stamps on this letter? One would have been plenty.

Little Tommy.

One of the stamps was torn, and I didn't want to waste it.—Good News.

The Earliest Lighthouses.

Fire towers at the entrances to ports were established in the earliest historic times. Bonfires were built on top of them at night.—Washington Star.

Doctored Its Own Tail.

A small boy gave a lesson in natural history the other day. He brought into the office a species of lizard popularly known as the "swift." Holding the little reptile above his head he let it fall to the floor, with the result that a section of its tail was broken off. Noticing that it was minus a part of its prehensile organ, the swift, after discovering the piece of tail lost, backed slowly up to it, and placing the stub against the piece, held it in contact for a few seconds, and then ran swiftly away with his tail glued together, apparently as sound as ever.

A New Element in a Mineral.

It is reported that a new element has been recognized in a mineral found in Egypt by Johnson Pasha in 1890. This mineral, first called "John onite," but afterward masrite, consist mainly of aluminum, manganese, cobalt and iron, in combination with sulphuric acid. It dissolves in water and yields on treatment with sulphuric hydrogen in an acetic acid solution a white precipitate, from which a pure hydroxide was prepared.—New York Journal.

She Did and She Didn't.

When you save a lady from being killed in a runaway and she says "Thanks," she really means, "The next time you do anything of that sort please don't mess the lace on my dress." If she really felt any sense of gratitude she would exclaim, "Call around and I'll introduce you to my youngest sister."—Detroit Tribune.

It Did Seem Strange.

Excited Lady (on the beach)—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you— Coast Guard (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum.

Excited Lady.

Good gracious! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?—New York Observer.

If the Earth Was Frozen.

If this globe were cooled down to 200 degs. below the zero of centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquefied gas thirty-five feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.—London Spectator.

The box and its allies are entirely confined to America, Australia and the tropical Pacific islands.

The pythons, on the other hand, are mostly from the Old World.

In Persia the umbrella was of ancient royal distinction. In Hindostan the title of "chattrapati" signifies "lord of the umbrella, or shade of state."

There are about 55,000 tons of soot recovered from the chimneys of London every year, which yield an annual revenue of nearly \$25,000.

There was snow in many parts of Iowa and Illinois on May 11, 1878, and again as late as May 23, 1882.

Prices Talk Loudly!

THESE DULL TIMES.

MONEY TALKS LOUDER!

WE CAN GIVE YOU THE FORMER AND HOPE TO GET THE LATTER.

FURNITURE!

Must Go, My stock is Altogether too Large, and in order to reduce it I am offering Big Inducements in every department.

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE

IN THIS PENINSULA

P. M. Peterson.

Soft Drinks.

JACOB JEPSON,

Mountain Beer

Grand Ale, Iron and Sarsaparilla, Beer, Lemon Soda, Cream Beer, Strawberry, Cherry Juice, Orange Juice.

Seltzers

Made from the absolutely pure waters of the artesian well on the brewery property, and put up in siphon bottles.

Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.

Flour and Feed.

FLOUR! FEED! HAY! GRAIN!

ED. DONOVAN

Wholesaler and Retailer of

CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR!

Full Orders Given our Very Best Attention.

Corner Ludington and Wolcott Sts.

Escanaba, Michigan.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

GLEANINGS FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THIS GLOBULAR WAD.

The Most Readable News of the Week Briefly Chronicled.—The Countries Across the Big Pond Contribute Their Share.

A crazy Irish woman killed her three children by holding their heads in a pot of boiling water and thrust her own head in afterwards, making a complete job.

Wm. Cowles, drunk and making a row, was thrown out of the Wilbur house, Tekonsha, and his neck broken, but he is trying to live and may manage it, though it is hardly worth while.

Bergman's friend and possible accomplice, one Mollick, was arrested at New York. He will not talk.

A seven-fingered baby was born at Marinette last week but did not live. Dr. Thomas vouches for the fingers.

An Allegan pioneer named Kronmeyer died last week at 81 years of age.

There are not enough democrats in Gratiot county to support a paper, so the Herald hauls down the colors and will hereafter be independent and protective.

VanBaren county voted "dry" but there were irregularities and the "wet" side will test the thing in the courts.

The Park house, at Lapeer, burned last week. It was an old rattletrap, anyhow.

The gas in the largest sewer in St. Louis exploded on the 28th, destroying the sewer for a distance of over a thousand feet and wrecking a big wholesale liquor house. Three persons were killed and three others severely injured.

Fresh immigrants are quarantined as a measure of precaution against the introduction of cholera. The order was issued on the 28th.

The town of Dane, Wis., was pretty much wiped out by a fire on the 27th.

The sun and sultry weather killed a hundred or more at Chicago last week.

Washington Nathan, who was suspected of, and arrested and tried for the murder of his father, in New York, in 1870, died last week at Boulogne, France.

The Columbian exposition gets its ten million half-dollars. It was a hard fight against Holman and his sort, but the bill went through, finally.

The City of Paris, of the Inman line, made the passage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook last week in five days, fifteen hours and fifty-eight minutes—the quickest passage ever made, by thirty-three minutes.

The hotel Unger and four other buildings were burned at Belding on the 26th.

The commerce destroyer heretofore called the Pirate was launched from Cramps' yard last week and named "Columbia."

Bergman, the assassin, worked at New Haven, Conn., under the name "Orlewitz" and called himself "count."

Mr. Carnegie refuses to talk about the Homestead affair further than to say that Mr. Frick is authorized and competent to conduct his side of it.

Hugh O'Donnell wants to stop the row and go back to work. No wonder.

The order of the "Iron Hall" is in trouble about its cash and the officers must show up.

Troops were sent to Duquesne on Friday last to prevent the mob of strikers from lynching a watchman.

North Dakota has established a quarantine against Manitoba to prevent the introduction of small pox, which is epidemic in the province.

Mr. Gladstone is sick—worn out with the labors of the campaign—and his friends are worried.

Congressman Watson, of Georgia, has the house of representatives on his neck, because he says that members get drunk down stairs and show up in their seats. A committee has been appointed to investigate the matter and Mr. W. proposes to back his charge by evidence.

The president vetoed the bill sending the McGarrahan claim to the court of claims on the ground that it is so framed as to give full protection to the new Idrin Mining Company to the full extent of its largest claim, while throwing upon the United States a responsibility which that company should bear if the title of Mr. McGarrahan is established.

Victoria does not like Gladstone, and lately sent for the Duke of Devonshire to know if there was no way by which she could avoid offering him the premiership. "Only one," said his grace, "by abdication." The old lady will not abdicate.

Captain William Cogswell, who organized Cogswell Battery and was afterward made Chief of Artillery of the Western Army, has been missing for a week. He drew his pension, \$150, in Chicago on Monday, since which time all trace of him has been lost.

Bergman could not get bondsmen good for \$25,000, so he must lie in jail until his trial.

Alice Mitchell, who cut the throat of Freda Ward, is adjudged insane and ordered into confinement as a dangerous lunatic.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, was overcome by the heat at Washington on the 30th and is in a critical condition. He is sixty-eight years old.

Edward Hope attempted to drop from his balloon at St. Paul. He dropped,

sure enough, but his parachute did not open and when he reached the earth he went into the soft ground twelve feet.

The Carnegie company has evicted sixty families from their houses at Homestead. There was no resistance.

Mr. Frick is out of danger and his recovery will be rapid.

Cholera has broken out in Austria and Europe is much alarmed.

Canadians propose to cut a channel from Georgian bay to lake Ontario, and so drain lakes Erie and St. Clair. Bosh.

Harvest hands are wanted in Dakota to gather the wheat crop.

By a collision in the union depot at Milwaukee on Sunday a dozen persons were wounded, one of whom has died.

The Berger-Dainty Entertainment.

The Anna Teresa Berger Company and Laura Dainty will give an entertainment at the People's opera house Thursday, August 6. The concerts by this company are highly spoken of by the press. Miss Teresa Berger as a cornet player has no equal. Miss Laura Dainty has a world-wide reputation as a reader and elocutionist, and Master Leon Marx, the boy violinist, is said to display wonderful talent. Miss Donahue, says an exchange, "charmed her audience. Her voice is of remarkable range and great power." The entertainment will be given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., and the proceeds will be added to the building fund. Seats are now on sale at the usual places.

Knights of Pythias Encampment.

For the Supreme Lodge and Biennial Encampment Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, to be held at Kansas City, Mo., August 23rd, 1892, excursion tickets will be sold at fare one way for the round trip. August 20th to 23rd, inclusive, return enoponsgood until September 15.

G. H. HEAFFORD, G. P. A.

A soft, fair skin is the result of pure blood and a healthy liver, to secure which, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine. Ladies who rely upon cosmetics to beautify their complexions, should make a note of this, bearing in mind that they can't improve upon nature.

Assignee's Sale.

THE

Assignee's

SALE

AT THE

CHICAGO STORE

WILL close on the 20th of August. Only a few days left for you to secure

Great Bargains

Come and take the goods at your own price. We have been selling them at cut prices, now we are almost giving them away

Call and convince yourself.

JULIUS RICH,

Assignee.

Photo Artist.

OSCAR LOKKE

PHOTO ARTIST,

707 Ludington St., Wixson's Old Stand.

First-Class Work by Experienced Artists at Reasonable Prices. A Specialty of Large Work.

Picture Frames of Every Description.

THREE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

Half Rates via the Illinois Central—Aug. 30th, Sept. 27th and Oct. 25th, 1892.

The Central Route will sell Excursion tickets to the Agricultural Regions of the West, Southwest and South, at one fare for the Round Trip, from stations on its lines north of Cairo, on August 30, and September 27th. A third excursion will be run to the South and Southwest on October 25th. Your Local Ticket Agent will give you full particulars in regard to these Harvest Excursions; arrangements can also be made in this connection to visit the desirable Railroad Lands for sale by the Illinois Central in Southern Illinois on obtaining special permission to do so by addressing the Company's Land Commissioner at Chicago, Mr. E. P. Skene. In addition, a few weeks before the first Excursion date, your Local Ticket Agent will be able to furnish you with a special Folder, issued by the Illinois Central, which will give you particulars of these Harvest Excursions in such form as will enable you to plan your journey at home. Should you not be within call of a railroad ticket agent, address A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Illinois Central R. R., Chicago, Ill. 113

S. O. V. Encampment.

For the Annual Encampment Sons of Veterans, U. S. A., to be held at Helena, Mont., August 8th to 13th, a rate of one lowest, limited first-class fare will be in effect from stations on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. Tickets will be sold August 1 to August 6, both days included, and will be good to return until October 10.

G. H. HEAFFORD, G. P. A.

Knights Templars' Excursion.

For the Knights Templars' Excursion to Helena, Mont., a rate of the lowest, limited first-class fare will be in effect from stations on the lines of the C. M. & St. Paul railway. Tickets will be on sale from August 3d to 7th, inclusive, with final limit of October 10. Transit limit; in each direction, will be 10 days.

G. H. HEAFFORD, G. P. A.

Lovers of fine Cigars should ask for Geo. Moebis & Co.'s Ben-Hur (10c. or 3 for 25c.);

Dry Goods—Millinery.

THE PRICE DOES IT!

The public may be trusted to take a good thing when one is offered, and our people are taking advantage of the opportunities offered by our closing sale of

All Summer Goods!

These goods are going rapidly, and the era of Low Prices continues—come and investigate for yourselves.

We Must Have Space

For our large Fall Stock and this is our only means of getting it. Our Clearing Sale continues another week from to day, during which time there will be some extraordinary bargains offered.

ED. ERICKSON.

Special Sale.

WE MISSED IT!

WE heard a great many people say last season, after our SPECIAL SALE was all over that They Missed It by not taking advantage of the PRICES we were making.

We Know You Missed It

AND you will Miss It again this year if you do not buy during our Special Sale, which will begin AUG. 1st, and end Sept. 1st. Every pair of shoes in our store must be sold if a fearful cut in prices will do it.

HANAN SHOES Will go at \$5.75.

LADIES' Fine Kid Shoes Will all sell at Cut Price.

Special Attention

Will be paid to making the Price Low on Ladies' Slippers

Do Not Ask for Credit during the SPECIAL SALE, nor the same goods at the cut prices after the sale is over, as they cannot be sold. This will be a Special Sale and Special Bargains which can only be found by trading with the

Busy Bargain Shoe Hustlers

STERLING & WILLIAMS MASONIC BLOCK