

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1893.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

Professional Cards.

F. A. BANKS, D. D. N. DENTAL OFFICE.

DR. D. H. ROWELLS, DENTIST.

REYNOLDS & COTTON, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

W. W. WALKER, M. D. SURGEON, EYE AND EAR.

O. E. YOUNG, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

F. L. PHILLIPS, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

C. L. SCHMIDT, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

JOHN POWERS, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

CHAS. F. MANN, COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

EMIL GLASER, NOTARY PUBLIC.

DR. C. J. BROOKS, Physician, Surgeon, Pharmacist.

FRED. F. HARRIS, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

JOHN G. ZANI, Civil Engineer and Surveyor.

WM. GODLEY, Ticket Office.

S. H. TALBOT, Railroad and Steamship.

TICKET OFFICE, 304 Ludington Street.

WORLD'S FAIR ROOMS, The Lakeside European Hotel.

Charles M. Smith, Less than two blocks from the starting point.

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS

BITS OF INTERESTING INFORMATION BY OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Gleanings from Rapid River, Gladstone and Elsewhere Briefly and Concisely Related.

IN writing of Jobb Jerome your correspondent was slightly in error in stating that his chief trouble was a derangement of the liver due to morphine.

Rapid River is the manifesting point for all the shipping from Masonville to Isabella, which has become so enormous that notwithstanding the double side track it has become so much crowded with cars as to greatly interrupt and delay shipping operations here.

The people in this quarter of the county are very much interested in the editor's spirited efforts in the direction of a Soo junction at four city and fail to understand the underlying business principles that have so long prevented this seemingly indispensable improvement.

We are credibly informed that the March article explaining how the unlawful practice of collecting letters and mailing them on the train robbed the postmasters of much of their just receipts resulted in every agent on the Soo line receiving a printed notice not to meddle with mail matter.

Few people outside of this village are aware of the immense mercantile business that can be done here on a single line when experienced men are at the head.

The drives have lain still a few days on account of excessively high water. Owing to lack of boom if the drive on the Rapid were brought down the entire village would be inundated, and the White is already so block full that logs are scattering into the woods for many miles up the stream.

Mrs. Will Hannigan of Manistique is the guest of Mrs. Will Barlow. About twenty Nahmaites Sunday at Garden Bay. Mrs. Joseph Forest is visiting at Escanaba.

Walter Stratton and family are now established in the hotel, prepared to observe the public in first class style. The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Will Powers is very ill with La Grippe. Mrs. Joel Lucia has returned from a short visit at Oconto and Escanaba.

Death: Joseph Moreaux, 67 years old and a resident of Green Bay thirty years.

Christian Crasman, 65 years old, of asthma. Mrs. S. Johnson, 74 years old. At Chicago, Mrs. Jane H. Green, formerly of Green Bay. Charlie Johnson, the "armless" cigar maker, at 35 years of age.

From last Saturday's Delta, which is enlarged to a six-column quarto and given a new, business-like head, we gather that Mr. Marble can not make the "cruisers" axe" as rapidly as they are called for.

The musicale at the residence of F. D. Mead yesterday evening was an exceedingly pleasant affair and resulted satisfactorily from the point of view of the beneficiary, St. Stephen's church.

Those who remember the old, barn-like People's won't know where they are when they get into the new Peterson opera house. The Pioneer furnace went out of blast last Wednesday and there is little probability that its fires will ever again be lighted.

Mr. E. P. Coffin visited Mrs. Coffin's mother, Mrs. Selden, on Thursday. Dr. Long gives his horse a lay-off occasionally and uses a wheel instead. Fred. and Miss Clara Arnold will soon return to their home at Muskegon.

Joseph Kammer, a Switzer, visited the classic shades of the seventh ward on Thursday evening at the invitation of and in company with one Michael Wolf. Now, Joseph had, and Michael knew it, four hundred and fifty dollars in lawful money of the United States upon his person.

On the Felch branch of the Northwestern railway fires are also raging, and many thousands of ties have been burned. Just as we go to press we hear of a fire among a quantity of cedar stored on the railway near one dock number five.

Two electric cars for use on the extension south of the street railway were received to-day. The iron is down for two blocks and the work goes on rapidly.

CITY NEWS IN BRIEF

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 Etc.

It was an awful break that Senator Morgan made when he told the arbitrators that the United States would not abide by the result of the arbitration if it was adverse to their claim.

Those who remember the old, barn-like People's won't know where they are when they get into the new Peterson opera house. The Pioneer furnace went out of blast last Wednesday and there is little probability that its fires will ever again be lighted.

Mr. Cooper's horse ran away on Ludington street yesterday, damaging the buggy quite badly. James Blake, Gus Benbrisch and Fred Bechtel are at Trout Lake to see if the fish will bite 'em.

John Miller and Will McNaughtan have so far recovered as to be able to sit up. Mr. E. P. Coffin visited Mrs. Coffin's mother, Mrs. Selden, on Thursday.

Dr. Long gives his horse a lay-off occasionally and uses a wheel instead. Fred. and Miss Clara Arnold will soon return to their home at Muskegon.

Mrs. Cram is visiting at Champion and may visit the copper country. Another Australian bank, the Royal of Queensland, has gone up.

The editor of the Mirror is laid by with the grip. Miss Dolly Peterson is visiting here this week.

Got the Lick, But Saved His Cash. Joseph Kammer, a Switzer, visited the classic shades of the seventh ward on Thursday evening at the invitation of and in company with one Michael Wolf.

On the Felch branch of the Northwestern railway fires are also raging, and many thousands of ties have been burned. Just as we go to press we hear of a fire among a quantity of cedar stored on the railway near one dock number five.

Two electric cars for use on the extension south of the street railway were received to-day. The iron is down for two blocks and the work goes on rapidly.

MINERAL CURIOSITIES.

Some Unique Exhibits Which Will Be Seen at the World's Fair.



One of the most unique exhibits in the department of mines and mining is contributed by the state of Kentucky. It is a sort of pavilion which is certain to attract the attention of visitors.

Ohio will build her pavilion entirely of the minerals found within her borders, and it will be a splendid illustration of her resources in that respect.

Among the numerous spectacular exhibits will be a silver shaft 80 feet high from New South Wales, a shaft of anthracite coal 62 feet high from Pennsylvania, a granite pillar 18 feet high from the richest quarry in New York.

Philadelphia has again consented to lend her precious relic, the famous old Liberty bell, and it will be transported to Chicago on an open platform car with four trusty policemen to guard it.

One of the most curious rock formations in the world is to be seen in Arizona. It is a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle.

This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about 60 feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they strangely are in the proper places to form features.

The rock is really a solid piece rising from the ground, but the effect of light is produced by a clump of dark colored brush that grows beside the stone.

The bureau of public comfort of the World's fair in its plans has assumed that nearly all visitors will prefer to take their meals from day to day wherever it may be convenient.

A Duquesne mob pelted the Cherry sisters with stale eggs. Brave boys and they.

CYCLONE AT MENOMINEE

WIRES DOWN AND NO PARTICULARS ATTAINABLE.

Street Full of Rumors Which Can Not Be Traced to Any Reliable Source. Henry Southwester Blow-ing Here.

At noon to-day we hear a report that Menominee has been visited by a tornado and that warning was sent this way before the telegraph lines went down.

The weather here is warm and hazy, and a southwest gale is blowing, strong enough to fill the air with dust and smoke, but not of sufficient violence to do any damage nor to deter Capt. Henry Hart from leaving with the Fannie C. Hart when his time was up.

The "bright young man" must be set down as being as full of resources as his much quoted sister, the "bright young woman."

One of the former escorted one of the latter the other evening to a theater. He is a young law student with more brains than money at the present writing, and he frequently counts pennies in making an estimate of expenses.

Everybody was satisfied. The agent had a good knife for a trifling sum, the future barrister had escaped a mortification, and the young woman remained blissfully ignorant of the whole transaction, as it was desirable she should.

A correspondent who signs himself "Duffy" asks, "Will you please inform me if there is a medical school in New York in which the lectures for the first year are given in the evening or any time after 3 p. m.?"

"Duffy" you and dozens of other "would be doctors" think you can study medicine in the happy go lucky way the law pills study law—lectures in the afternoon; office work in the morning.

One of the most curious rock formations in the world is to be seen in Arizona. It is a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle.

This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about 60 feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they strangely are in the proper places to form features.

The rock is really a solid piece rising from the ground, but the effect of light is produced by a clump of dark colored brush that grows beside the stone.

The Iron Port.

Published weekly by
IRON PORT CO.

ESCANABA, MICH.

PROFESSOR DOLBEAR says a powerful search light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

THERE is something hopeful in the sentiment which sends tens of thousands to the railroad depot, to see an old, cracked, voiceless bell, and cheer it as they would the most eloquent of orators. It declared a nation's freedom when it had a voice and now it is a precious relic and an inspiration.

CARBONIC acid gas has been successfully experimented with in New York as a motive power for street cars. It has long been known that this substance as developed in over-ripe eggs would move large crowds with great celerity when the hen fruit was employed as a hand grenade. Whether it will chase a street car up hill at the rate of fifteen miles an hour is another story.

WHEN the people of Peru do not like a newspaper they are not content with saying so caustically on a postal card and stopping their subscription. They visit the office, pluck the type, and chase obnoxious editorial genius over the back fence with their own shears. So public opinion molds the journals of Peru, a circumstance demonstrating anew that a good rule will work both ways.

THE Indian government has concluded to depose the khan of Kelat, who has, during his reign, killed 3,000 of his subjects. His favorite amusement consists in torturing one or another of his wives, and when life becomes too monotonous he relieves the ennui by burning a spouse alive. It is for exercising such inalienable rights as these that the khan is to be deprived of his crown.

CYCLONES have now taken their places in mortality records as regularly as pneumonia or measles. The monster is as sure of havoc every year in America as is yellow jack in Cuba or cholera in India. Last year his total harvest in this country amounted to sixty-two souls. This year, with but four months of it done, and with the cyclone season but scarcely begun the harvest is nearly double the entire amount of 1892.

MAESTRO THEODORE THOMAS' defense of Paderewski's claim to use a certain piano was based upon his argument that an "artist should be in touch with his instrument." Thomas' boycotting of the harps of a Chicago firm in favor of the one sold by the manufacturers of "Paddy's" piano induces the belief that the tinged director also holds to the argument that a concert master should be "in touch" with the manufacturer.

THE brother and sister who met after long separation and became married to each other only to discover their real relationship later, and go into mutual and proper melancholia have again appeared, this time in Ohio. They are four months ahead of time. All students of current fiction know that the brother and sister yarn is due only twice a year, and it was on duty less than two months ago. Such violation of precedent is very near vandalism.

In a murder trial at Los Angeles the defendant was found guilty of murder in the first degree. "The verdict caused great surprise," says a chronicler of the event, "although the general opinion is that it is just." It is painful of course to surprise people, yet if a simple case of justice is sufficient to accomplish this, they ought to patiently endure the discomfort. There are long intervals not marked by surprises of this kind during which they have opportunity to recuperate.

It is all right for anybody to tip a waiter if he wants to. Good service at the table is an essential feature of a good dinner, and a token of appreciation in the shape of a tip to the waiter is something that nobody can object to. But when it appears that the tip really goes to the landlord instead of to the waiter, inasmuch as the expected tip is reckoned as a part of the waiter's wages; it puts a different face on the business, and the waiters are perfectly right in objecting to it.

The eclipse of the sun, which occurred on April 10, was, according to the British Chronological and Astronomical association, a recurrence, after a long cycle of eclipses, one of which took place in 800 B. C. On that ancient occasion there was a tumult in Nineveh because of the sun's face being darkened, and Shalmaneser II took possession of the throne, the people believing the gods were displeased with its then occupant. The story is told on an obelisk in the British museum.

It is a theory of the rain-makers that heavy cannonading is followed by a heavy downpour of rain, but in the New York naval parade the heavy downpour of rain was followed by heavy cannonading. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways, it seems.

THE Garcia ghost seems to have flitted over to Cuba, having long deserted its old haunts along the Rio Grande. It is useless to hunt this ghost with guns. The only practical plan is to bait a scabbie with a good medium, and coax the wraith to cover

A RECONCILIATION.

I do not know
If I were wrong or you;
It grieves me so
To think I gave you pain
That I my gift must run,
And take it back again.

I do not know
If you or I were right;
Your tears have caused me woe,
And if you weep again
I shall row more contrite,
And covet all your pain.

I do not know
Nor care which one was right;
For when your dear eyes flow
I cannot speak for pain,
And tear mists blind my sight
Until you smile again.

So let it go—
We may have both been wrong,
Or both be right;
But still, a purged by pain,
And royal souls are strong
To wound and heal again.
—Ella Diets Clymer in Harper's Bazar.

DORA.

The night after his stepfather, Squire Halsted, whipped Harold Robling for a thing he had not done, Harold ran away. No one knew of it but I, and I was nobody. But I thought as much of Harold as ever a human being could think of another. And I knew that he was wronged and I felt that Mrs. Robling had done a dreadful thing when she took Squire Halsted for her second husband and let him rule her, take possession of her money and ill-use her handsome boy.

I had my share of it, too, for while Mr. Robling lived and while she was a widow I was like a daughter of the house. But no sooner had she come back from her honeymoon than all that was altered. The squire looked at me coldly and I heard him ask Mrs. Halsted who I was.

"Her mother died when she was born," Mrs. Halsted said, "and I took the baby to my own nursery, where Harold lay in the cradle."

"More fool you, my dear," said the squire.

"The father went away," said Mrs. Halsted, "and was lost at sea—so they said—and I kept the little girl."

"You must remember that she will need to earn her own bread," said the squire. "She is not a lady. Let the servants keep her in her part of the house and teach her her duties as waitress."

"Oh, Mr. Halsted!" cried the bride, "I cannot do that."

"My dear," said Mr. Halsted, "I am master here."

The poor lady was helpless. She had no longer any control of her own money. I was six years old, Harold the same age, and a terrible life we had of it. I was very well used in the kitchen, but I felt cast down and degraded. I wore big crash aprons that covered me from head to foot, instead of my pretty muslin and silk dresses. I was delicate and waiting is hard work when your wrists are slender.

Mrs. Halsted did all she could for me. I used to hear her pleading with the squire to let her send me to a boarding-school to learn to be a teacher, but he called her "a little goose," and she fancied him very wise.

But for Harold I should never have known anything, as after school he used to come to me and teach me what he had learned himself.

Cook would whisper:
"That's right, Master Harold. It's a good deed you are doing. God spare you. I was never taught to trade myself on account of an evil-minded stepfather in me own that put me to service before I could get schoolin', and I know the loss."

And not a servant but would have waited in my place, for they said I was too small to carry dishes; but the cruel squire would have me come in to make sure that he was obeyed. Mrs. Halsted really felt bad about it, I know. But two little girls came soon and then a little boy, and soon she cared nothing for her own splendid boy, and why should she care for me?

But I am wandering away from the morning when Harold Robling, just eighteen that day, walked down the garden path in the gray morning light and I with him, choking down my sobs. For now the one being I loved was going away from me, perhaps forever.

It was only five o'clock and no one was up. The grass was wet with dew and there were only a few pink streaks in the sky to tell that day was coming. We did not dare to speak until we got out of hearing of the house, but then I said:

"Oh, Harold! what will you do with no money and no friends—alone in the world?"

"Many a young fellow has done the same sort of thing," Harold said. "No man with limbs and senses need to starve, and I mean to make my fortune. But I'd rather work in the trenches for my daily bread than to live in Squire Halsted's house, and with a mother he has bewitched into doing what he wishes, whatever it may be. It was a crime to make a servant of you, little sister. But remember, the moment I have power in my hands all that shall be altered. I will write you, and you shall know just how I get on."

But now he had got to the wharf where he was to take a little market boat to New York, and I was obliged to leave him, for he did not want the squire to find out what he had done until he was fairly out of reach, and then he put his arms about my waist and kissed me.

"Good-by, little sister," he said, good-by Dora, my pet. Keep up a good heart and never forget to answer my letters." And he was off, and I went home weeping as though my heart would break.

There was a terrible time at the house when they found out he had gone, and the squire swore he would never enter his doors again. But the squire's daughters, who hated Harold

as their father did, though he was their own mother's child, said they were glad he was gone. And only I remembered him. I think, very long. A weak woman was Mrs. Halsted, and her husband had got her under his power. The way he managed her has always made me think that there must be something in magnetism or hypnotism. She seemed to have lost her senses or to have grown mentally blind, and he led her where he would.

Just about time I fell very ill and when I grew better the squire, knowing I was good at my needle, made a seamstress of me. I was ashamed to say why, but it was because I looked rather stylish and was called pretty and so many questions were asked about me by guests. As a seamstress I could stay in my upper room and work. I was so thankful for the change. Now I could read a little and be more to myself. I made the linen for the young ladies of the family and no one troubled me.

Once, indeed, a rich old gentleman, having somehow got my story from good old cook, sought me out and made me a proposition of marriage, saying that it was a shame that such an elegant woman should live as I did. But I thanked him and declined his offer. I was not unhappy now, except that I pined for news of Harold, for in all these years no word had come from him—none of those letters he had promised.

I felt sure he was not dead and it was very natural that he should forget to write, but my heart had no rest. He was 26 years old by this time and in all that time much might have happened.

My pillow was often wet with tears from thoughts of him—fancies of what he had suffered and longed to meet him, or only see him from afar but once again.

At last news came. Mrs. Halsted came running to my room wild with joy.

"News of my boy?" she said, holding a letter toward me.

"I thought you had forgotten all about him, madame," I said.

I was sorry the next moment, for she burst into tears and faltered through her sobs:

"You don't know what it is to be the wife of a man who dominates your will! I have never forgotten or ceased to regret other things." Then she wiped her eyes and said: "But, as far as Harold goes, it is all over. He has written to me. He is rich—really rich. He has made a fortune in California, and he is coming home to see me. He is in New York and will be here to-morrow. The squire is pleased; the girls are wild to see him; his little brother is delighted."

She ran out of the room again, looking young and happy, and I sat down to my machine, swallowing a great lump that had risen in my throat.

He had not written to me. Well, I was only a servant, and he was a rich man now. They were rejoicing in his coming for that reason—the squire and his children. He was a very different person from the poor Harold Robling who went away.

"I expect he will give us lots of presents," I heard one of the girls say. "An older brother who is rich is a great thing to have. We must get him and make him good-natured."

"Oh, yes," said the other. "When girls have as stung a father as we have a generous elder brother is a godsend."

And I—oh! if he returned in rags, begging his bread, I should have welcomed him. I cared for him, not for his money. And if he had returned poor it was I to whom he would have written. I knew well. But I tried to put the selfish thoughts away and rejoice for his sake that he had prospered, even if he had forgotten his little sister Dora.

The morrow came. As I sat at my machine I heard the sounds below that told he had arrived. I heard his mother cry out and the squire say heartily, "Welcome home, my boy!" and his sisters squeal and giggle after a way they had. Then the great drawing room doors were closed shutting me out.

I, who loved him so dearly, went back to my room alone, uncared for, wretched! I felt as though my heart would break. I could no longer keep back my tears. Half an hour passed; then some one came to the door—a servant—who told me that I was wanted in the parlor.

Trembling, quivering, feeling as I had never felt before, I obeyed the summons. I opened the drawing-room door.

The squire stood before the fire, important as usual, one hand in the breast of his coat, the other waving toward me as he uttered these words:

"Dora, I have sent for you because Master Harold has returned and wishes to meet a faithful servant of the family."

But before the words were out of his mouth Harold, handsomer and larger, but the same for all that—the very Harold that I knew—rushed forward and took both my hands and bent down and kissed me.

"I told you, sir," he said, "that I wanted to see Dora—the dearest being alive to me! Such words as you utter I cannot permit you to speak as though they were mine. You have never received any of my letters, Dora, but I have guessed why."

"I never have received a letter, Harold," I answered.

"So I thought," said he. "We will not ask who kept them from you. I have no wish to quarrel with anyone; but you were my only friend years ago when I went out into the world homeless and penniless, and I have come now to ask you to share with me the home that I can now offer you."

"Share your home, Harold?" cried the squire. "The girl is not your sister. It can't be done. It would be improper!"

"I am glad, sir, that the girl is not my sister," replied Harold, "for she is the girl I want for my wife; and here, before you all, I ask her for her heart and hand, and proud shall I be if she will give them to me."

I could not answer, but he saw all I felt in my face, and led me away with him.

There was no quarreling. People like the squire and his family never offend rich people, and I am the happiest woman living.—Fleeside Companion.

THE INHERITANCE TAX.

It is Imposed in Nearly Every Civilized Country.

Nearly every civilized country in the world has an inheritance tax as part of its fiscal system, and in many countries Mr. Gould's estate would have paid much more than \$700,000, says the Review of Reviews. In France or Italy the share of the state would have been about \$1,000,000; in England nearly \$3,000,000; in Ontario or Victoria more than \$3,500,000. In most of the American commonwealths, on the other hand, there would have been no tax whatever, though in a few states the comparatively small bequests to the brother and sister would have been taxable, and if Mr. Gould had lived in Chicago his estate would have paid some \$62,000 toward the support of the Cook county probate court.

If he had died two years ago his estate would have paid no tax in New York, for it was only in 1891 that the legislature imposed the one per cent tax on direct inheritances of personal property in the case of estates exceeding \$10,000 in value. Yet the estates of two or three other rich New Yorkers, who died after the introduction of the five per cent collateral inheritance tax in 1885, have contributed very respectable amounts to the state treasury. The estate of Mrs. A. T. Stewart has paid more than \$300,000, and that of Henrietta A. Lenox more than \$200,000, while the collateral bequests of William H. Vanderbilt have yielded \$81,000. The Gould estate will certainly pay much more than any of these, though the amount cannot accurately be stated until the property has been appraised. The heirs will probably take advantage of the five per cent discount for the payment of the tax within six months, and something like \$10,000 will be retained by the comptroller of New York city as his compensation for representing the state in the appraisal and for collecting the tax.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

A Wounded Elephant Is Nursed by a Buffalo Cow.

Wild elephants sometimes make devoted friends of other animals. A party of hunters in Central Africa once wounded a large bull elephant, which traveled scores of miles into the jungle after receiving the heavy bullet in his shoulder. The chase was abandoned for the time. A fortnight later the hunters came upon the same beast. He was lying on his injured side near a stream in a dense forest.

A buffalo cow was standing over the fallen monarch, gently licking the blood from the wound. Frequently she would leave him and go to the stream, and, by pawing at its edge, toss a lot of water upon the rank grass within reach of the elephant's trunk. It was probably in this way that refreshing moisture had been conveyed to the fevered and suffering giant, keeping him alive.

The hunters were divided as to whether the elephant should be put out of his misery, says the Million. It was finally decided to give him a chance for his life under the nursing cow.

Several weeks later, when the party were making their way back toward the coast, they came across a lame elephant attended by a buffalo cow. The pair were not molested.

Damaged by Wind.

One of the Chicago insurance companies, says the Inter Ocean, doing a tornado business, some time ago received notice of a loss of a horse, for which the assured demanded immediate payment. While going through the customary formula regarding the death of the animal, and wondering that a windstorm did no damage but kill one horse, the company inquired in what manner the killing occurred. The assured at once wrote back that his horse had died of wind-colic, and that he wanted his pay at once to buy another. This peculiar state of affairs leads to a suggestion to companies doing a tornado and wind-storm business that it might be well to insert a clause similar to those applied to electric plants (in such cases referring to electricity, of course), reading as follows: "It is hereby understood that this company is not liable for wind generated in the property of the insured."

At the Museum.

"I'm afraid I'll be murdered some day," said the tattooed man, sadly.

"Why?" asked the giant.

"Because I'm a marked man," said the tattooed man.

And then the skeleton dude laughed so he got fat and lost his position.—Judge.

He Had Traveled in the West.

Tommy—Say, paw! Did you know that pigeons have been found with grain to their stomachs that they'd eat 600 miles away?

Mr. Figg—Pho! That's nothing. I've had that experience myself with railroad sandwiches.

IS LADY CADOGAN NOW

THE FATE OF PRETTY CORNELIA BRADLEY MARTIN.

Who Recently Surrendered the Title of An American Girl for That of a Countess—May Prove a Happy Alliance, However.



THE OLD ADAGE about being sent to Coventry will not hold good in the case of Miss Cornelia Martin, for when, as Countess of Craven, she takes up her residence at Coombe Abbey, near that place, not only will she be of British society, but she will be pleased to talk to her, but even our own dear exclusives will detect increased euphony in the magic words, "my lady."

What Miss Martin's dowry will be has not been officially made known. It will probably be at least a million dollars.

Of course American society smiles on this approaching marriage, but let it not be thought for a single moment that it considers it a favor that a peer of the united kingdom select a wife from its aristocracy. Perish such a thought! It is very nice, to be sure, to marry an Earl, says society, but not every Earl can marry such a nice girl as Cornelia Martin.

So much has been said about the wedding, which took place in New York city the other day, that a sketch of the high contracting parties will undoubtedly be of interest.

Miss Martin is nice. She is quite English in looks and manners, and perfectly unaffected. Few ever here know her, and those few but little, for the reason that Miss Martin is very young, only a little over 18 years, and has not had a long acquaintance with

who has already, during the short time he has been in this country, made hosts of friends. In appearance he is not the typical Englishman, not the Earl of the novel, the tall, merry-eyed, ruddy-complexioned fellow. He is stuffy rather a Frenchman, a charming and cultured one. He is dark and not very tall. "Ceov," as his brother, the Hon. Rupert Cecil Craven was called at Eton, answers the first description. There is another brother, the Hon. Charles Earl, and a sister, Lady Helen Emily.

On his mother's side the Earl's lineage is Norman. She was Evelyn Laura, second daughter of Viscount Barrington. He is the patron of eight livings, and his seats are Coombe Abbey, Coventry, Hamsted-Marshall and Ashdown Park, Lambourn, Berks. His lordship's town house is No. 16 Charles

street, Berkeley square, W., and he belongs to two clubs, White's and Brook's. The Craven motto is, "Virtus in Actione Consistit," which, rendered into English, is, "Virtue consists in action."

Aside from the prominence attendant with the title of Countess, the social aspirations of the Earl of Craven's lady, if they exist, will have valuable assistance in their realization in the Countess of Coventry and the Countess

LADY CADOGAN.



of Cadogan, the Earl's aunts, two of the most influential and distinguished women in British society. Under their guidance the young Countess will surely make a great social hit.

While they will take precedence of her, Lady Craven will come before the wives of younger sons of Dukes, even of royalty, only the highest and most worshipped order of the peerage—the ducal—and marquisat ranking before that of her noble spouse.

If her gracious Britannic Majesty fancies "my lady," as she doubtless will, the Countess of Craven will probably be appointed a lady in waiting to the Queen, and in that honorable capacity will have the opportunity of wearing a small jeweled coronet.

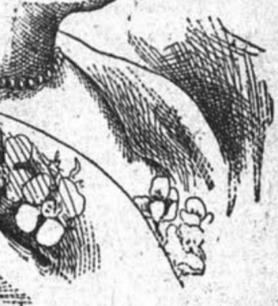
A FAMOUS BEAUTY.

Miss Amy Bend of New York Caught in Cupid's Web.

Miss Amy Bend, the famous New York society beauty, who, since her debut a few years ago, has been one of the most admired young women in the fashionable world, announces her engagement. The fortunate man who has won her heart is Mr. A. Lanfer Norrie, a popular young man of much social prominence and business ability, having made some judicious investments in valuable mining property in Michigan in his early youth and which now yields him a handsome income. Miss Bend is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Bend, the latter formerly Miss Lizzie Townsend. Mr. Bend is a beau of a generation ago, and was at one time a great cotillion leader.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale.

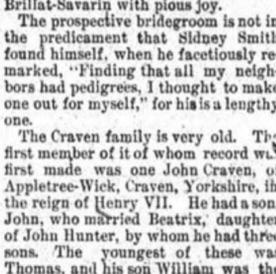
The Marchioness of Tweeddale, who is one of the loveliest and most charming ladies in the English aristocracy, is of Italian birth. She is the daughter of Signor Vincenzo Bartolucci of Canteano in Italy, and possesses the soft manners and graceful ways of the ladies of her native land. Her husband has served with success in India, and has been a prominent member of Parliament. They have a handsome country seat in Hadlingtonshire.



MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN.

EARL OF CRAVEN.

The Craven family is very old. The first member of it of whom record was first made was one John Craven, of Appletree-Wick, Craven, Yorkshire, in the reign of Henry VII. He had a son, John, who married Beatrice, daughter of John Hunter, by whom he had three sons. The youngest of these was Thomas, and his son William was the



first Lord Craven, having been knighted in 1623 and elevated to the peerage as Baron Craven of Hamsted-Marshall, County Berks.

The Earldom of Craven dates from 1801, when the seventh Baron Craven was created Viscount Uffington and Earl of Craven.

The Bradley-Martins' Earl is William George Robert Craven, seventh Earl of Craven, County York, Viscount Uffington in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and Baron Craven of Hamsted-Marshall, County Berks, in the Peerage of England.

Notwithstanding his numerous titles, he is a very democratic sort of a man,

At the Museum.

"I'm afraid I'll be murdered some day," said the tattooed man, sadly.

"Why?" asked the giant.

"Because I'm a marked man," said the tattooed man.

And then the skeleton dude laughed so he got fat and lost his position.—Judge.

He Had Traveled in the West.

Tommy—Say, paw! Did you know that pigeons have been found with grain to their stomachs that they'd eat 600 miles away?

Mr. Figg—Pho! That's nothing. I've had that experience myself with railroad sandwiches.

SOME TYPES OF HANDS

A PRETTY HAND IS AN OBJECT OF ENVY.

Have You a Beautiful Palm?—If You Have It Is Well That You Should Care for It—English and American Styles.



DO YOU KNOW what type of hand you have? And have you a pretty hand, anyway? If you have a pretty hand and do not know to what type it properly belongs, there is a great danger of making a mistake in its treatment. Unless you care for your type properly, you will transform it into the beginning of another type and then your hand will lose a great deal of the beauty which it originally had, because you have not trained it to the height of beauty in its natural shape.

To begin with, you must know that there are six distinct types of hands. There is, first, the helpless type, or, as it is known among hand scientists, the aesthetic type. Then there are the Southern or American type, the artistic type, the sensitive type, the sensual type and the vital type.

The prettiest hands in the world belong to the helpless or aesthetic class. They are usually English hands and



The Aristic Type.



The Sensitive Type.

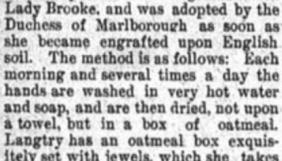
are very large, perfect in shape and very white. Langtry and Mrs. Kendall have these hands in their perfection. And neither will conform to the style of wearing either long sleeves or loose sleeves, because these detract from the size and beauty of the hand.

The aesthetic hand, to be properly shown off, must have a very small, tight sleeve. This makes the hand appear large, and there must be no wrist trimmings or bracelets. The nails on such a hand must be cut very long and quite pointed to lengthen the fingers, and a ring may be worn on the first, the middle and the little fingers to make the hand appear broader, says the New York Recorder. Ada Rehan has these aesthetic hands. In fact, she wears a 7-1-2 glove, and even larger sometimes. And when the Montana statue was cast in plaster it was she who suggested that the hands be made a little larger, so as to show how perfect they are in shape.

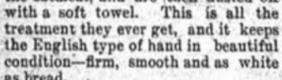
The method of taking care of these hands is peculiar. It originated with Lady Brooke, and was adopted by the Duchess of Marlborough as soon as she became engrafted upon English soil. The method is as follows: Each morning and several times a day the hands are washed in very hot water and soap, and are then dried, not upon a towel, but in a box of oatmeal. Langtry has an oatmeal box exquisitely set with jewels, which she takes with her wherever she goes. After washing, the hands are rubbed dry in the oatmeal, and are then dusted off with a soft towel. This is all the treatment they ever get, and it keeps the English type of hand in beautiful condition—firm, smooth and as white as bread.

The American type is quite different from the English, but it is just as pretty in its way. It is a short, thick hand, with chubby fingers and almost no wrist. Mrs. "Willie" K. Vanderbilt has a hand of this type, and she is so proud of it that she has had it done again and again in plaster, marble and bronze. It is the aim of this hand to appear small, just as English hands make the most of their largeness. To make the American hand appear smaller very long sleeves are worn, and they point in a V, which almost covers the knuckles, so that the chubby fingers peep forth, as if the hand were only half the size that it is.

An American hand, properly dressed, appears no larger than a pigeon wing, and the care which is put upon it is all in the direction of making it still



The Esthetic Type.



The American Type.

is a hand which is meant to command. It tapers a little, it is rather broad, and is quite long, and neither very red or very white. Thus, it combines all the characteristics of the other types. It is a well-balanced hand, and you would not expect its owner to be of a nervous temperament nor to indulge in hysteria or melancholia or any kindred nervous ills.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has a hand of the vital type. She wears a great deal of jewelry, and her hands are considered beautiful. Mrs. Cleveland's hands are also of this type, and so are Queen Victoria's.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. Such a hand is a man's hand, modified in shape and texture. It is plainly a strong hand, and its owner is always so proud of it that she brings it into prominence by rings and jeweled bracelets.

Beauty experts differ in deciding which is the most beautiful hand of the six different types. "Squire" Abington admired the Langtry type. Lord Byron favored the Southern type, while Oscar Wilde is an enthusiastic admirer of the somewhat bony angular, artistic type.

Taste of Electricity. Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and, although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

smaller. Miss Georgia Cayvan has a hand of the American type, and, true to her artistic instincts, she wears the long, close, wrinkled sleeves recommended, and does not show the upper and fleshy part of the hand. Marie Tempest has such hands also, and it is said that by the flourish of her tiny palms alone, the Casino was brought from a lethargy into its present popularity.

The proper way of caring for the American hand is this: It must be carefully and brilliantly manicured. The nails should be cut rounding, so as not to make the fingers appear any longer; then the palms must be slightly tinged with rouge until they are just the shade of the rosy nails. The

hands must then be held very tight to gether for a few minutes while the palms are moist, so that there will be that wrinkled, crinkly appearance peculiar to the palms of babies' hands.

Lord Byron was a special admirer of this American or Southern type of hand. He said that it always made him think of a rose, with its delicate pink tints, and that the fingers to be perfect must be like rose leaves, with a half moon upon them.

The artistic type of hand, you would think, ought to be a very pretty hand. But, on the contrary, it is not pretty at all. It is decidedly ugly. It is a thin hand, and shows the bones and muscles and sinews and even the veins themselves. Owners of these hands should be very proud of them, because their possession indicates much talent in special lines. But they must be careful, or their hands will never be admired. The artistic hand must be kept extremely clean and smooth. This can only be done by much cold creaming, many washings with almond soap and sleeping in gloves. The nails of such a hand should not be polished, because they are rarely of good shape, and a glittering polish would only call attention to their imperfections. They should be cut round, just even with the ends of the fingers, and no rings of any kind should be worn.

Sarah Bernhardt has aristocratic hands, and she well knows that the compliments which are showered upon her on account of her delicate hands are earned only by hours of work which she puts upon them to make them soft and smooth. And because she leaves them ringless. Whenever she can she wears gloves—as tight as possible. These make the hand look round and almost graceful. When Sarah has her picture taken she always wears gloves because every one knows that hands, even the prettiest hands, are apt to "take" badly.

One of the loveliest types of hands is the sensitive type. The lamented Mrs. Whitney had such hands as this. They show a disposition which can sympathize with nearly everything. The owners of such hands are great appreciators of the artistic in painting, music and all kinds of art. They are rarely very skillful themselves, but they show a keen appreciation and a moderate degree of talent. Such hands are beautiful in their own peculiar way. They are thick and rather heavy. The fingers are thick down to the end, but are then so square rounded that they are symmetrical. The wrists are full and the thumb does not taper at all.

The owners of such hands must apply a hand bleach every now and then and all the "whiteners" they can find for, unfortunately, the sensitive hand is very sensitive to weather. It chaps easily, roughens with the wind and gets red when its owner blushes. By a great deal of care this type of hand can be made handsome. But not other wise.

hands must then be held very tight to gether for a few minutes while the palms are moist, so that there will be that wrinkled, crinkly appearance peculiar to the palms of babies' hands.

Lord Byron was a special admirer of this American or Southern type of hand. He said that it always made him think of a rose, with its delicate pink tints, and that the fingers to be perfect must be like rose leaves, with a half moon upon them.

The artistic type of hand, you would think, ought to be a very pretty hand. But, on the contrary, it is not pretty at all. It is decidedly ugly. It is a thin hand, and shows the bones and muscles and sinews and even the veins themselves. Owners of these hands should be very proud of them, because their possession indicates much talent in special lines. But they must be careful, or their hands will never be admired. The artistic hand must be kept extremely clean and smooth. This can only be done by much cold creaming, many washings with almond soap and sleeping in gloves. The nails of such a hand should not be polished, because they are rarely of good shape, and a glittering polish would only call attention to their imperfections. They should be cut round, just even with the ends of the fingers, and no rings of any kind should be worn.

Sarah Bernhardt has aristocratic hands, and she well knows that the compliments which are showered upon her on account of her delicate hands are earned only by hours of work which she puts upon them to make them soft and smooth. And because she leaves them ringless. Whenever she can she wears gloves—as tight as possible. These make the hand look round and almost graceful. When Sarah has her picture taken she always wears gloves because every one knows that hands, even the prettiest hands, are apt to "take" badly.

One of the loveliest types of hands is the sensitive type. The lamented Mrs. Whitney had such hands as this. They show a disposition which can sympathize with nearly everything. The owners of such hands are great appreciators of the artistic in painting, music and all kinds of art. They are rarely very skillful themselves, but they show a keen appreciation and a moderate degree of talent. Such hands are beautiful in their own peculiar way. They are thick and rather heavy. The fingers are thick down to the end, but are then so square rounded that they are symmetrical. The wrists are full and the thumb does not taper at all.

The owners of such hands must apply a hand bleach every now and then and all the "whiteners" they can find for, unfortunately, the sensitive hand is very sensitive to weather. It chaps easily, roughens with the wind and gets red when its owner blushes. By a great deal of care this type of hand can be made handsome. But not other wise.

The sensual type of hand usually belongs to "funny" people—humorists—very stout people and people who enjoy living. Ex-Queen Lilloukalan has such hands in the perfection of the type. They are almost as broad as they are long and the nails are short and stubby. People who are fond of eating generally have hands like this and also very good-natured people. Such hands are apt to have a greasy look, and the owner must struggle with soaps to produce the genteel dullness and paleness required for the civilized idea of a beautiful skin.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. It is a man's hand, and the broadness of the fingers shows that it

is a hand which is meant to command. It tapers a little, it is rather broad, and is quite long, and neither very red or very white. Thus, it combines all the characteristics of the other types. It is a well-balanced hand, and you would not expect its owner to be of a nervous temperament nor to indulge in hysteria or melancholia or any kindred nervous ills.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has a hand of the vital type. She wears a great deal of jewelry, and her hands are considered beautiful. Mrs. Cleveland's hands are also of this type, and so are Queen Victoria's.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. Such a hand is a man's hand, modified in shape and texture. It is plainly a strong hand, and its owner is always so proud of it that she brings it into prominence by rings and jeweled bracelets.

Beauty experts differ in deciding which is the most beautiful hand of the six different types. "Squire" Abington admired the Langtry type. Lord Byron favored the Southern type, while Oscar Wilde is an enthusiastic admirer of the somewhat bony angular, artistic type.

Taste of Electricity. Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and, although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

smaller. Miss Georgia Cayvan has a hand of the American type, and, true to her artistic instincts, she wears the long, close, wrinkled sleeves recommended, and does not show the upper and fleshy part of the hand. Marie Tempest has such hands also, and it is said that by the flourish of her tiny palms alone, the Casino was brought from a lethargy into its present popularity.

The proper way of caring for the American hand is this: It must be carefully and brilliantly manicured. The nails should be cut rounding, so as not to make the fingers appear any longer; then the palms must be slightly tinged with rouge until they are just the shade of the rosy nails. The

hands must then be held very tight to gether for a few minutes while the palms are moist, so that there will be that wrinkled, crinkly appearance peculiar to the palms of babies' hands.

Lord Byron was a special admirer of this American or Southern type of hand. He said that it always made him think of a rose, with its delicate pink tints, and that the fingers to be perfect must be like rose leaves, with a half moon upon them.

The artistic type of hand, you would think, ought to be a very pretty hand. But, on the contrary, it is not pretty at all. It is decidedly ugly. It is a thin hand, and shows the bones and muscles and sinews and even the veins themselves. Owners of these hands should be very proud of them, because their possession indicates much talent in special lines. But they must be careful, or their hands will never be admired. The artistic hand must be kept extremely clean and smooth. This can only be done by much cold creaming, many washings with almond soap and sleeping in gloves. The nails of such a hand should not be polished, because they are rarely of good shape, and a glittering polish would only call attention to their imperfections. They should be cut round, just even with the ends of the fingers, and no rings of any kind should be worn.

Sarah Bernhardt has aristocratic hands, and she well knows that the compliments which are showered upon her on account of her delicate hands are earned only by hours of work which she puts upon them to make them soft and smooth. And because she leaves them ringless. Whenever she can she wears gloves—as tight as possible. These make the hand look round and almost graceful. When Sarah has her picture taken she always wears gloves because every one knows that hands, even the prettiest hands, are apt to "take" badly.

One of the loveliest types of hands is the sensitive type. The lamented Mrs. Whitney had such hands as this. They show a disposition which can sympathize with nearly everything. The owners of such hands are great appreciators of the artistic in painting, music and all kinds of art. They are rarely very skillful themselves, but they show a keen appreciation and a moderate degree of talent. Such hands are beautiful in their own peculiar way. They are thick and rather heavy. The fingers are thick down to the end, but are then so square rounded that they are symmetrical. The wrists are full and the thumb does not taper at all.

The owners of such hands must apply a hand bleach every now and then and all the "whiteners" they can find for, unfortunately, the sensitive hand is very sensitive to weather. It chaps easily, roughens with the wind and gets red when its owner blushes. By a great deal of care this type of hand can be made handsome. But not other wise.

The sensual type of hand usually belongs to "funny" people—humorists—very stout people and people who enjoy living. Ex-Queen Lilloukalan has such hands in the perfection of the type. They are almost as broad as they are long and the nails are short and stubby. People who are fond of eating generally have hands like this and also very good-natured people. Such hands are apt to have a greasy look, and the owner must struggle with soaps to produce the genteel dullness and paleness required for the civilized idea of a beautiful skin.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. It is a man's hand, and the broadness of the fingers shows that it

is a hand which is meant to command. It tapers a little, it is rather broad, and is quite long, and neither very red or very white. Thus, it combines all the characteristics of the other types. It is a well-balanced hand, and you would not expect its owner to be of a nervous temperament nor to indulge in hysteria or melancholia or any kindred nervous ills.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has a hand of the vital type. She wears a great deal of jewelry, and her hands are considered beautiful. Mrs. Cleveland's hands are also of this type, and so are Queen Victoria's.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. Such a hand is a man's hand, modified in shape and texture. It is plainly a strong hand, and its owner is always so proud of it that she brings it into prominence by rings and jeweled bracelets.

Beauty experts differ in deciding which is the most beautiful hand of the six different types. "Squire" Abington admired the Langtry type. Lord Byron favored the Southern type, while Oscar Wilde is an enthusiastic admirer of the somewhat bony angular, artistic type.

Taste of Electricity. Physicians explain in an interesting fashion that the electric current when applied to the tongue seems to taste sour. The gustatory or tasting nerves, according to the doctors, are industrious and well-meaning little things, and, although it is not their business to take cognizance of any impression made by touch, they do their best to look after anything that happens to come in their way. Thus, when subjected to the electric current, they telegraph the fact in their own language to the brain, and as their language is exclusively that of taste they inform the brain that an electric current is sour. The ordinary unscientific citizen, having confidence in the stories told by his gustatory nerves, really believes that the electric current has an acid taste.

smaller. Miss Georgia Cayvan has a hand of the American type, and, true to her artistic instincts, she wears the long, close, wrinkled sleeves recommended, and does not show the upper and fleshy part of the hand. Marie Tempest has such hands also, and it is said that by the flourish of her tiny palms alone, the Casino was brought from a lethargy into its present popularity.

The proper way of caring for the American hand is this: It must be carefully and brilliantly manicured. The nails should be cut rounding, so as not to make the fingers appear any longer; then the palms must be slightly tinged with rouge until they are just the shade of the rosy nails. The

hands must then be held very tight to gether for a few minutes while the palms are moist, so that there will be that wrinkled, crinkly appearance peculiar to the palms of babies' hands.

Lord Byron was a special admirer of this American or Southern type of hand. He said that it always made him think of a rose, with its delicate pink tints, and that the fingers to be perfect must be like rose leaves, with a half moon upon them.

The artistic type of hand, you would think, ought to be a very pretty hand. But, on the contrary, it is not pretty at all. It is decidedly ugly. It is a thin hand, and shows the bones and muscles and sinews and even the veins themselves. Owners of these hands should be very proud of them, because their possession indicates much talent in special lines. But they must be careful, or their hands will never be admired. The artistic hand must be kept extremely clean and smooth. This can only be done by much cold creaming, many washings with almond soap and sleeping in gloves. The nails of such a hand should not be polished, because they are rarely of good shape, and a glittering polish would only call attention to their imperfections. They should be cut round, just even with the ends of the fingers, and no rings of any kind should be worn.

Sarah Bernhardt has aristocratic hands, and she well knows that the compliments which are showered upon her on account of her delicate hands are earned only by hours of work which she puts upon them to make them soft and smooth. And because she leaves them ringless. Whenever she can she wears gloves—as tight as possible. These make the hand look round and almost graceful. When Sarah has her picture taken she always wears gloves because every one knows that hands, even the prettiest hands, are apt to "take" badly.

One of the loveliest types of hands is the sensitive type. The lamented Mrs. Whitney had such hands as this. They show a disposition which can sympathize with nearly everything. The owners of such hands are great appreciators of the artistic in painting, music and all kinds of art. They are rarely very skillful themselves, but they show a keen appreciation and a moderate degree of talent. Such hands are beautiful in their own peculiar way. They are thick and rather heavy. The fingers are thick down to the end, but are then so square rounded that they are symmetrical. The wrists are full and the thumb does not taper at all.

The owners of such hands must apply a hand bleach every now and then and all the "whiteners" they can find for, unfortunately, the sensitive hand is very sensitive to weather. It chaps easily, roughens with the wind and gets red when its owner blushes. By a great deal of care this type of hand can be made handsome. But not other wise.

The sensual type of hand usually belongs to "funny" people—humorists—very stout people and people who enjoy living. Ex-Queen Lilloukalan has such hands in the perfection of the type. They are almost as broad as they are long and the nails are short and stubby. People who are fond of eating generally have hands like this and also very good-natured people. Such hands are apt to have a greasy look, and the owner must struggle with soaps to produce the genteel dullness and paleness required for the civilized idea of a beautiful skin.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. It is a man's hand, and the broadness of the fingers shows that it

is a hand which is meant to command. It tapers a little, it is rather broad, and is quite long, and neither very red or very white. Thus, it combines all the characteristics of the other types. It is a well-balanced hand, and you would not expect its owner to be of a nervous temperament nor to indulge in hysteria or melancholia or any kindred nervous ills.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has a hand of the vital type. She wears a great deal of jewelry, and her hands are considered beautiful. Mrs. Cleveland's hands are also of this type, and so are Queen Victoria's.

The vital type of hand is a peculiar one. Such a hand is a man's hand, modified in shape and texture. It is plainly a strong hand, and its owner is always so proud of it that she brings it into prominence by rings and jeweled bracelets.

Beauty experts differ in deciding which is the most beautiful hand of the six different types. "Squire" Abington admired the Langtry type. Lord Byron favored the Southern type, while Oscar Wilde is an enthusiastic admirer of the somewhat bony angular, artistic type.

FROM THE ANTIPODES

AUSTRALIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A People Who Look at America as a Nation Slightly Behind Their Own Country—Their Splendid Showing at Chicago.

(Chicago Correspondence.)



THE AMERICAN people esteem themselves as the most progressive of the human family. "Westward the star of empire takes its way" is an old saying and a true one, but some people are of the opinion that America is no longer the magnet that attracts the star. These people came, as might be supposed, but from Australia. They are in Chicago in goodly numbers. They look at us as effete and old, just one notch ahead of Europe, two ahead of Asia, etc. Australia, they say, is the most progressive country under the sun. This, being a World's Fair, we must listen with becoming patience to this talk of our antipodean guests. Anyway, Australia is a great country and is making a great showing at Chicago. The country is divided into five colonies, all settled by English, Irish, Scotch and Welchmen. The province of New South Wales alone appropriated the sum of \$300,000 for the World's Fair. This is the only province officially represented.

The New South Welshmen—this term is correct—will make a brave display. Most of their goods have arrived, and the whole affair is in the charge of bright young men with English side whiskers and English accent and American manners. Their exhibit ought to interest those who want to know about the uttermost parts of the world.

One is apt to think of Australia as on the bottom side of the earth. And, in fact, many things there are upside down according to American and European notions. The trees shed their bark, the foliage turns down instead of up, as with us, and some of the birds and animals seem to have been made when nature felt in a peculiarly freakish humor.

"Melancholy," says Marcus Clarke, an Australian writer, "is the dominant note of Australian scenery." Well, the Australians are proud of the weirdness and melancholy that mark the typical Australian landscape, and

Salutes the 'Empress of the Southern Wave.' And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very interesting for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS.

A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn. Correspondence.)

Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Waterbury,

they have many square yards of pictures here illustrating these characteristics. This is one of the features of the New South Wales exhibit. It contains hundreds of these large pictures depicting Australian scenes from busy street corners in busy Sydney to the lonely ravines of the Blue Mountains or a solitary sheep herder in the "back country."

There is in this exhibit a very large collection of the strange animals and birds of New South Wales. Of course everybody is familiar with the kangaroo, or at least with its picture. Consequently the stuffed specimens exhibited will be no novelty, though some of them will be very large. But the most unique creatures of all will be the platypus, a strange kind of an animal about the size of a raccoon, which has a kind of horn pouch on its nose, and lays eggs and hatches its young like a bird. Zoologists have agreed that the platypus is the oldest of all animals, and inquisitive Americans may study him here—in a stuffed state, of course.

Besides these there are stuffed specimens of emu, cassowary, wallaby, lyre bird, laughing jackass and all the other queer animals and birds that were never heard of until Australia was discovered.

New South Wales will also show some sections of big trees. It has been believed heretofore that the largest trees in the world were found in California and the Australian colony of Victoria. But New South Wales asserts that she can surpass either. Those in charge of the exhibit here say that the highest tree so far known in the world—480 feet—has been discovered in New South Wales, and others are there over 400 feet high. Sections of the gigantic fig trees are shown. These



KOALA, OR NATIVE BEAR.

grow in the northern part of the colony, and a section of one that was 137 feet in circumference is shown here. Of course they do not bear figs like those that are received from Turkey and other parts of the Orient.

The mineral exhibit will be very extensive. Chief among these will be specimens from the Broken Hill silver mine in the southwestern corner of New South Wales. This is the mine which is just now giving students of finance

more trouble than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the Australian mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, warmer, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froide says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil



SECTION OF GIANTIC FIG TREE.

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World's Fair correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town; and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australasia," which runs like this:

"Proud Queen of Isle! Thine sitest, vast, alone,
A host of vassals bending around thy throne;
Like some fair swan that skims the silver tide,
Her silken cygnets strowed on every side,
So floatest thou, thy Polynesian brood,
Dispers'd around thee on thy Ocean flood,
While every surge that doth thy bosom lave
Salutes thee 'Empress of the Southern Wave.'"

And so on, for many hundreds of lines. William Charles Wentworth is the author. There may be some doubt about the poetic merit, but there is none about the resplendent patriotism of this composition.

But aside from these questions and for itself alone the exhibit from New South Wales will be well worth seeing. The other Australian colonies will be represented by private exhibits, and it is very interesting for so young a country to send goods such a vast distance. The Australians, who are in a certain sense Uncle Sam's younger brothers, have a right to be proud.

SCHOOL FOR TRAMPS.

A Queer Nest Discovered by a Connecticut Missionary.

(Norwich, Conn. Correspondence.)

Among the varied experiences of City Missionary George W. Swan, none is more remarkable than a recent trip to a rendezvous of tramps at Waterbury,

they have many square yards of pictures here illustrating these characteristics. This is one of the features of the New South Wales exhibit. It contains hundreds of these large pictures depicting Australian scenes from busy street corners in busy Sydney to the lonely ravines of the Blue Mountains or a solitary sheep herder in the "back country."

There is in this exhibit a very large collection of the strange animals and birds of New South Wales. Of course everybody is familiar with the kangaroo, or at least with its picture. Consequently the stuffed specimens exhibited will be no novelty, though some of them will be very large. But the most unique creatures of all will be the platypus, a strange kind of an animal about the size of a raccoon, which has a kind of horn pouch on its nose, and lays eggs and hatches its young like a bird. Zoologists have agreed that the platypus is the oldest of all animals, and inquisitive Americans may study him here—in a stuffed state, of course.

Besides these there are stuffed specimens of emu, cassowary, wallaby, lyre bird, laughing jackass and all the other queer animals and birds that were never heard of until Australia was discovered.

New South Wales will also show some sections of big trees. It has been believed heretofore that the largest trees in the world were found in California and the Australian colony of Victoria. But New South Wales asserts that she can surpass either. Those in charge of the exhibit here say that the highest tree so far known in the world—480 feet—has been discovered in New South Wales, and others are there over 400 feet high. Sections of the gigantic fig trees are shown. These

grow in the northern part of the colony, and a section of one that was 137 feet in circumference is shown here. Of course they do not bear figs like those that are received from Turkey and other parts of the Orient.

The mineral exhibit will be very extensive. Chief among these will be specimens from the Broken Hill silver mine in the southwestern corner of New South Wales. This is the mine which is just now giving students of finance

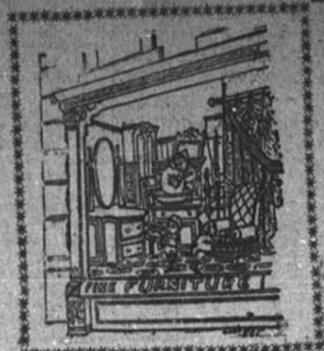
more trouble than any other, for it is pouring out silver so fast that it and the Australian mines together overshadow the gold product, and thus disturb the desired ratio of the two metals. The Broken Hill mine is producing now more silver than any other in the world, and rivals in riches the celebrated Comstock lode when that was at its best. In fact, the New South Wales people here say that it will soon lead all the silver mines of the world, past or present, Potosi and Comstock included.

But the Australians here will be a more interesting exhibit than any of their products, at least to the student of races, types, manners and human development. They are English, as has been said, in accent and dress, but are more American in manner. They are taller and slenderer than the English people, more vivacious, warmer, perhaps, the effects of a warmer climate. Froide says that the English race can be reproduced with exactness only in the South Island of New Zealand, where he has the same soil

and moist climate that he finds at home. The appearance of the Australian certainly indicates a divergence from the English type on that continent.

These Australians affect not to be impressed by anything they see in America. One of them informed the World's Fair correspondent that he did not care for Chicago after Sidney. They have as much confidence in the future of Australia as Chicagoans have in their own town; and do not think that the United States is ahead of them at all. They have a national epic called "Australasia," which runs like this:</

Furniture.



New Spring Goods

Our stock of Furniture as never more complete than now, and we cordially invite contemplating buyers to give it a thorough and careful inspection. It will bear the closest scrutiny of all.

We Show the Largest Stock

Our Stock Includes all the Novelties

FURNITURE

FURNITURE

EVER EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTY.

WHICH WE SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

This is an Indisputable Fact.

And Guarantee Every Article Sold.



THIS IS THE MAN WHO SELLS THE GOODS

Parlor Suits from \$25 to \$150. Chamber Suits from \$16 to \$100. And so on through the long list. We have the Finest and Best line of Baby Carriages manufactured. Prices range from \$5 to \$25. Bargains in Carpets TO CLOSE.

Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines.

P. M. PETERSON,

NUMBER 710 LUDINGTON STREET, ESCANABA, MICHIGAN.



Electrical Appliances.

A HOME MISSIONARY.



HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT.

AN OLD MAN

WITH PROGRESSIVE IDEAS AND HIS DESIRE TO ENLIGHTEN THE PUBLIC.

The winter of 1894-95 was my first experience with rheumatism. I was traveling as a home missionary, and with great difficulty and suffering I reached my appointments. It was located in my hips and back. From that time to this year of grace, 1891, I have suffered more or less under the grip of that disease. About three years later, liver complaint, and the calomel taken to cure it, fastened upon the walls and organs of my chest, a rheumatic affection from which I was never wholly free, and at times even a breath was a cruelty. Yet, in a general way, my health has been as good, perhaps better than the average of men.

During the last days of the late year, I bought of Dr. Owen two of the Owen Electric Belts. One I have worn, the other a daughter has worn. In either case the remedial has been satisfactory. The rheumatism of my chest and hips I can no longer find. A limited case of varicocoele, of more than thirty years standing, after two weeks' use of the Belt, has diminished to a mere lump, and a few days later could not be found. A nasal catarrh of years had so affected the substance of the nose that a friend in jest twitted me of brandy. My nose is itself again, and other symptoms of nasal and throat catarrh are fast disappearing, carrying my deafness of seven years with them.

I have studied electricity in its bearings upon mental and physico mental phenomena for fifty years, and have seen its wonders in these directions, and, thus prepared, my attention was easily turned to its efficiency in controlling the nerves, muscles and motions of the living, as galvanism does those of the recent dead.

I have no wish to undervalue any appliance which carries a real electric current from a genuine battery to human nerves with a gentle, a genial force; but I do wish to do my utmost to disarm public fears as to the well-ordered Electric Belts.

JOSEPH ADDISON HALLOCK (Octogenarian),
Cummings P. O., Chicago, Ill.

Persons making inquiries from writers of testimonials are requested to enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a prompt reply.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Containing full information regarding the cure of Acute, Chronic and Nervous Diseases, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, list of diseases, etc., in English, Swedish, German and Norwegian, will be mailed to any address upon receipt of six cents postage.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE CO.,
MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY,
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING,
201-211 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
The Largest Electric Belt Establishment in the World.
MENTION THIS PAPER. (9002-B.)

The Iron Port.

The Iron Port Is For Sale Saturday Evening

By SOURWINE & HARTNETT and WM. GODLEY.

TALES FROM HAWAII.

A NAVY OFFICER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TALKS.

King Kamehameha III and His Dislike of an American Lieutenant—Cultivating the Good Nature of the Hawaiian People—Yarns About Other Kings.

An officer of the navy who recently returned from a cruise of the Pacific squadron, and who spent many months cruising among the Sandwich Islands, relates an interesting story in connection with the convivial habits of some of the monarchs of that kingdom. He says that the navy department, at the request of the state department, has been specific in its instructions since the civil war that commanding officers and other officers of the navy should as far as possible cultivate the most friendly acquaintance with the Hawaiian people. He went on to say:

"There was a time when it was apparent that the people of those islands had not any desire to have friendly intercourse with American navy officers. That was when Lieutenant (later Rear Admiral) William Reynolds was naval storekeeper at Honolulu in 1857 and staid there two or three years. He had a manner that made him many friends and also many enemies, and King Kamehameha III was especially offensive toward the lieutenant. The king sought every opportunity to show his dislike of Lieutenant Reynolds.

"At that time the latter was on the 'reserved list' of the navy, and the king concluded that he was not obliged to show him the same amount of courtesy that would be due to him if he were on the active list. But in 1861 Lieutenant Reynolds was, upon his own application, put back on the active list, and after the close of the war, in 1866, he was sent to Honolulu in command of the sloop-of-war Lackawanna.

"The Lackawanna remained in Honolulu harbor for more than a year, and her long stay there excited the distrust of King Kamehameha, and he employed a person detailed on the Lackawanna to do a shrewd piece of detective work—to secure copies of the dispatches of Captain Reynolds to the navy department at Washington. The person employed for this clandestine work was enamored of one of the Hawaiian women of noble birth and considerable wealth, and Bill Ragsdale, a Kanaka and one of the smartest politicians in the kingdom and a man of great power and influence in the royal family, encouraged the lover in his desire to marry the young woman and promised him ultimate success if he should secure copies of the confidential correspondence between Captain Reynolds and the navy department.

"The correspondence was secured and given to Ragsdale, who then informed upon the young man who had played false to his commander, and instead of marrying the girl he was court martialled and sentenced to imprisonment on the notorious Dry Tortugas. Ragsdale after-

ward had to be sent to the island of Mokolai, where all lepers are exiled and where he died a few years ago.

"The Lackawanna was succeeded by the sloop-of-war Mohongo, of which the late Rear Admiral Edward Simpson was commander, and the latter, by his diplomatic tact and keen judgment, soon won King Kamehameha over, and the officers of the Mohongo became very popular at court and received every attention and courtesy during the dozen months that the vessel was in Honolulu harbor. King Kamehameha was succeeded on the Hawaiian throne by his brother Lunailo, popularly known as Whiskers Billy, because of his fondness for his beard, which was of luxurious growth. Lunailo also had a fondness for that which would inebriate, but as there was a no license law—that is, so far as selling liquor to a native Hawaiian was concerned—he made it a practice to visit friendly warships to satisfy his appetite.

"Lunailo lived only a short time. Kalakaua took Lunailo's place on the throne, and he was a fair successor and succeeded pretty well in sustaining the reputation of his predecessor as an anti-prohibitionist. He also was fond of a good game of poker, and when simply Prince David he engaged in many an interesting game. Billy Emerson, the negro minstrel, had as one of his 'gags' on the stage in San Francisco that he once sat in a poker game with five kings. 'How's that?' said the middle man. 'Why, I held four and Dave was the other,' said Billy. This was a game in which it is said the minstrel held Kalakaua for a 'pot' amounting to \$2,500.

"In 1874 Kalakaua visited this country, coming to San Francisco on the war vessel Benicia. Upon the arrival of the vessel at San Francisco, Lieutenant Commander W. H. Whiting, recently on duty at the navy yard, and who has been ordered to command the Alliance, now at Honolulu, was detailed to take charge of the royal party and escort it to San Francisco. A good round sum was provided for its entertainment by the state department, and the king and his party had a right royal time.

"You will no doubt recall the joke which the officers have had on Lieutenant William S. Cowles, who is now naval attache at the London legation, ever since the visit of the Queen Dowager Kapiolani to this country a few years ago. He had command of the junketing boat Dispatch when the queen was taken on a trip down the Potomac, and in his address of welcome on board he paid this extravagant eulogy to her, 'Most noble and beautiful queen, I ask your majesty's gracious permission to address you.' Inasmuch as Queen Kapiolani was the color of chocolate, the other officers who heard it thought it a little strong, but then the speech was entirely impromptu."

Portuguese Olives.

Why are not Portuguese olives more extensively imported into our country? Unlike the queen olives of France, Spain and Italy the Portuguese olives are pickled when they are wholly ripe and are therefore much more palatable and nutritious.—New York Press.

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.

Horse Goods.

F. SHEEDLO & SON

Wish to announce that they have received their large stock of

Phaetons
BUGGIES
Road Wagons



Carriages
CARTS!
Light Wagons

Of All Grades.

In All Styles.

And invite all who contemplate buying such to call, feeling assured that they can please all as regards quality and price.

★ They Must be Sold ★

Call and see us. Remember, we make Harness of all grades, and do repairing in a workmanlike manner. 819 Ludington Street.