

THE IRON PORT

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ESCANABA, MICH., SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 28, 1894.

NUMBER THIRTY.

REPUBLICANS CONVENE.

Delta County Republicans Stand By Party Precedent.

The Delegation to the State Convention instructed to support Rich for Governor and Wilkinson for Treasurer.

At two o'clock p. m. on Monday last Chairman Mead called the county convention to order and read the call.

Emil Glaser was chosen temporary chairman and Richard E. McLean temporary secretary and the chair appointed Hon. O. B. Fuller, E. M. St. Jacques and Clayton Voorhis committee on credentials.

The committee on credentials reported Emil Glaser and George Englab of the 1st ward of Escanaba, Albert H. Rolph of the 2d ward, J. T. Wilson and P. M. Peterson of the 3d, E. M. St. Jacques of the 4th, E. Olson of the 5th, P. Van Valkenburg of the 6th, D. N. Harvey of the 7th, Clayton Voorhis (with proxy of John M. Beatty) of Gladstone, R. E. McLean of Wells, O. B. Fuller of Ford River and H. Wiede of Baldwin entitled to seats in the convention.

The report of the committee was accepted and approved.

On motion the temporary organization of the convention was made permanent.

A. H. Rolph thereupon presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted by the convention without a dissenting voice.

WHEREAS, during the past two years the affairs of these United States have been under the absolute control of the democratic party for the first time in over thirty years; and

WHEREAS, under such democratic control and as we believe, the direct result of the application of the vicious policy, doctrines and practices of the democratic party, and the corrupt, inefficient, ungodly, incapable and criminally dilatory democratic congress, this country is now suffering the greatest commercial demoralization and financial distress ever known in its history; and such general disquiet and dissatisfaction prevails among the tolling millions who refuse to adapt themselves to democratic conditions as to threaten our most cherished institutions and even the integrity of the union itself; and

WHEREAS, the republican party always has been the best friend of labor, and of all the best interests of the whole people as witnessed by the unparalleled prosperity and advancement of the country under the many years of republican rule; and

WHEREAS, the Hon. John T. Rich, as governor of this great state, has given us an able, clean and straightforward administration of public affairs, and strictly in accord with the principles, doctrines and traditions of the republican party; therefore be it

RESOLVED, by the republicans of Delta county in convention assembled, that the administration of Governor Rich be hereby heartily endorsed, and that his re-nomination be recommended; and be it further

RESOLVED, that the delegation from Delta county at the State Convention be requested to use all honorable means to secure the re-nomination of Governor Rich; and that the republicans of Delta county, and all others who desire to unite with them, be urged to work vigorously to secure the election of the whole republican ticket at the coming election in November next.

It was then moved and seconded that, after presentation of names the convention vote for delegates to the state convention, the six having the highest number of votes to be chosen.

The result of the ballot was the choice of Richard E. McLean, Clayton Voorhis, O. B. Fuller, W. A. Cotton, A. E. Northup and Ole Erickson to represent the county in the state convention.

A motion that the delegation support James M. Wilkinson, of Marquette, for the nomination for state treasurer, was passed by the vote of all present.

The inequality of the representation in conventions of the republican party—185 republicans in Ford River having no more weight than six in the fourth ward of Gladstone—was referred to but action was deferred until the county convention to nominate a county ticket.

No further business appearing the convention then adjourned.

We Have a Dumping Ground.

The city has provided a dumping ground where all garbage should be deposited, and not within the city limits as has been done within the past few weeks. Complaints are made that barrel after barrel of garbage has been dumped into Portage Creek and other equally as offensive places. The efforts of Mr. Wain to prevent such action prove unavailing, but if the parties who make a practice of depositing filth within the corporate limits are detected they will be made to feel the strong arm of the law.

The Outlook Not Flattering. At no time during the present season has the outlook for the shipment of iron ore been so gloomy. The docks at Lake Erie ports are overflowing with ore, and the furnaces are not taking it away. On Monday last nineteen ore trains were running, but it was found necessary to reduce the number considerably, and the prospects for any immediate improvement are not in the least flattering.

Getting Ready For November.

A grocer of our acquaintance avers that he has a hundred dozen eggs put away to ripen against the time when political speakers begin to harangue the voters. He proposes to put up as many more, two hundred dozen in all, and says that they are placed where they will do the most good when the time comes, with an even distribution to the speakers of each of the old parties; so it looks as

ESCANABA STILL ON TOP.

The Home Team Take a Game Easily From Oconto on Sunday.

A Trip Across the Lake Arranged For Next Week—Lshping at the Park This Afternoon and To-Morrow—Baseball Notes.

An aggregation of alleged baseball artists from Oconto tried conclusions with the Escanabans last Sunday, and were defeated by a score of 22 to 9, the game being altogether too one-sided for the third inning to make it of interest to even the most enthusiastic baseball fan.

The only feature of the game as put up by the visitors from Oconto was the manner in which they made Manager Buchholz's men hug the bases, their base throwing being excellent. Oconto went to bat and got two runs, Escanaba following with a like number; in the next the visitors took one and failed to score again until the sixth, making two in that and two in the seventh, and one each in the eighth and ninth. In the second Escanaba was retired without a run, but in the next took one, and in the fourth ten. The fifth scored four, the sixth one, the seventh and eighth two each, a total of twenty-two.

Battery for Escanaba Stack and Godin; Oconto, Walsh, Baldwin and Dinan. Base hits, Escanaba 16, Oconto 6. Bases on balls off Stack 5, off Walsh 10. Struck out by Stack 20, by Walsh 6. Hit by pitched ball, Stack 2. Two base hits, Power, Black. Umpire Joerges. Arrangements have been completed for a match of two games between the Escanaba base ball club and the Traverse City club. The first game will be played at Traverse City on Wednesday, August 1, and the return game on the grounds near the South Park on Sunday following. The Traverse City team has a good record and our boys must do their very best to win, but their best is very good and same necessity confronts the Traverse City men, so the probability is that the games will be close and interesting. While on the other side our boys may also get a game with the Elk Rapids club, an antagonist not to be despised though not so strong as the Traverse City team.

To-day and to-morrow the Escanabans will again meet the Ishping boys, to whom they lost a game awhile ago (the only one they have lost this season) and who will probably give them all they want to do now.

If the Baraga baseballists "take exception to the claim of championship made by the Escanabans" they can easily determine the point by arranging a game with Manager Buchholz's men.

The Fats now propose to again try conclusions with the Leans, and have great faith in their ability to defeat them.

Chas. Clark will pitch for Rapid River against Marinette to-morrow.

Attention, Pharmacists.

The State Board of Pharmacy will hold session at the Douglas house, Houghton, on Monday and Tuesday next, for the purpose of examining applicants for registration as pharmacists. From a circular sent us we clip the following: All applicants for examination as Registered Pharmacists must have had at least three years' actual experience compounding drugs in a retail drug store under the supervision of a Registered Pharmacist; and all applicants for examination as Registered Assistant Pharmacists must have had at least two years' actual experience compounding drugs in a retail drug store under the supervision of a Registered Pharmacist; but one month's study in a College of Pharmacy will be accepted as a substitute for two months' experience as above provided, that every applicant must have had at least four months' actual experience compounding drugs in a retail drug store under the supervision of a Registered Pharmacist.

Officers of The New Hive.

Mrs. Annie J. Johnson was in town Monday completing the organization of the new hive of L. O. T. M., which starts out with a membership of thirteen and is known as Escanaba Hive. The officers elected are as follows:

P. C., Mrs. Mary Jordan; L. C., Miss Nellie L. Bray; R. K., Mrs. Eva Lelebor; F. K., Mrs. E. Vassaw; C., Mrs. E. Stocker; S., Mrs. K. Mathis; M. at A., Mrs. Oella Kih; S. Mrs. Augusta A. Martins; P., Mrs. Angeline Humes.

Mrs. Johnson has organized thirteen hives in the upper peninsula since April 11th.

Lot Owners, Beware.

The supreme court of Michigan has decided that either statute or common law gives persons injured on a defective sidewalk claim against the lot owners in front of which said walk is laid. Lot owners in such cases may be held liable to the city, but only when due notice to repair has been given by the city officials.

Arrested For Tearing Down Fence.

Geo. McCarty arrested a couple of Swedes on Monday, he having caught them tearing down the Northwestern company fence at North Escanaba. They appeared to be honest fellows. They said they simply tore down the fence to get drift-wood through from the lake, and were allowed to go free.

A Big Land Deal On.

Peter Mathews, W. L. Marble and F. J. Merriam are negotiating with the Cleveland (Ohio) Iron company for the sale of 9,000 acres of timber lands in this and Alger counties, the wood thereon to be burned into charcoal for use at the Gladstone furnace.

The Sale Postponed.

John P. McCall, administrator of the McClellan estate, offered stock and farming implements belonging to the estate for sale on the 23d and 24th inst., but there were only two would-be buyers at

AMONG THE RED-SKINS.

Dr. C. J. Finnegan Writes From the Tongue River Agency.

How He Got There—What He Saw En Route—"Hell With the Fire Out." Coyotes, Prairie Dogs and Painted Indians.

From a letter to a Wisconsin friend (which we find in the Brown County Democrat) written by Dr. C. J. Finnegan, we clip the following. The doctor's location is the Tongue River Agency for the Northern Cheyennes, the postoffice name being Lane Deer.

Throughout Minnesota and the eastern part of Dakota we passed through beautiful farming country and apparently thriving cities; but after passing Bismark a marked change begins to be apparent in the country. At first it is a gently rolling prairie, then perfectly level plains with a chain of hills looming up in the distance. This chain of hills, which looks like a miniature mountain range, continues all through the west half of Dakota, and as far as I have gone in Montana; all that one can see in the way of vegetation is the prairie grass and sage brush; the plains are dotted here and there with the huts of the cattlemen, and the prairie and hills are covered with cattle and sheep; once in a while we would see a stock yard near the railroad for use in shipping stock, and at these places, we saw large flocks of sheep undergoing the process of shearing. Very soon we apparently begin to approach the "bad lands" and we pass through miles and miles of the most dismal looking country I ever saw. I asked a fellow traveler what the bad lands looked like and he said it looked although it had originally been hell and that Col. Ingross or some other good man had blown the fire out, and all you could see was the ruins; but it did not look quite as bad as usual on account of recent rains. As we came into Montana the country seemed to improve a little and we would see a flower occasionally, but when we came to the Yellowstone river there was a very decided improvement; there were cottonwood and willow trees to be seen all along the river and flowers became gradually more numerous. Near Terry we were delayed about two hours, a bridge had been burned out, and there was a gang of about fifty Italians there, fixing up a temporary bridge for our train to cross on. If we had seen the bridge in time not one in the train would have stayed aboard, while crossing, but we never saw it until we were on it and then it was too late. There was a very steep grade on each side of it and the work train engine coupled on to our train to help us over, and to see the way the ties sunk, and the posts swayed under us, was really terrifying. Every face in our car looked ghastly pale, but we got across without any accident. About two hours after this I arrived at Rosebud, there I found another young physician booked for the same place I was going out to relieve the post physician at this agency. It was lucky he was there, as otherwise I should have been very lonely, and I had to spend a day and two nights there. The agency team came down the next day, my self to bring the agency doctor, i. e. myself, and the son of the agent, who was expected from Minneapolis where he is attending a medical college; this was fortunate again as the regular stage is really only a baggage wagon with one seat so we would have had to sit on our trunks and besides that it takes them two days to make the trip while with the agency team it only took one. We started Friday morning for here. It rained all the first but soon cleared up and we had a beautiful day. The country along here is delightful; for miles and miles you see along the road a bed of rose bushes in full bloom and the air is fragrant with their perfume. The road passes along the valley of the Rosebud river and on each side, you see that same interminable chain of hills that we followed through western Dakota. The hills here begin to become slightly wooded with small pine. Along the river are cotton, plum and cherry trees. I also saw some berry bushes, raspberries, straw-berries, etc.

We saw here millions of prairie dogs sitting on the tops of their mounds, some of them would dodge into their holes as we approached but most of them would sit there and chirp while we were passing; two or three times we saw a coyote trot leisurely across the road, and sneak in among the hills beyond. We also saw lots of ducks, grouse, prairie chicken, etc. A little before 7 p. m. we drew near the agency and the sight that met our view is the most picturesque and beautiful I have ever seen. I have read descriptions and seen pictures of such scenes but never before witnessed the reality; the valley is dotted here and there, with the tents of what is conceded to be the wildest tribe of Indians in the country today. On the extreme peak of the highest hill in the vicinity we would occasionally see an Indian on horse-back, perfectly motionless, surveying the country, and apparently imagining he was doing picket duty; others were galloping around on ponies and still others were seated around their tents, all enveloped in blankets and with their faces painted most hideously. It was "issue day" when we arrived—on Friday. Every two weeks the government issues beef to the Indians, each man, woman and child in the agency receiving one and one quarter pound of beef per day. The Indians were all consequently in the agency and they were going through their "fox dance" when we arrived. I did not see the dance but could hear their singing with a "tom-tom" accompaniment just as you hear them with the Kickapoo Company. Next nation day I will go and

TERSE TOWN TOPICS.

Many Minor Municipal Matters Briefly Mentioned.

Paragraphs Especially Designed to Interest The Iron Port's Multitude of Readers.—The Subjects Are Also Given Attention.

A man may use a warrant on the back of his neck for a collar button, stop his watch nights to save the wear and tear, leave his "it" without a dot to save ink, pasture his mother-in-law's grave to save corn, but he is a gentleman compared to the fellow who will take The Iron Port for two or three years and then refuse to pay for it. There are a few such.

There is a meat market in this city that smells like the tomb of Rameses XIII, which when opened by the enterprising Egyptologists, had not been aired for thirty-seven hundred years. The health officer should attend to it before it causes a decrease in our population.

I. Kratze bought of the mortgagor the stock of the "Model" clothing house and has removed it to No. 1010 Ludington street, where he inaugurates a "money saving sale." See his advertisement.

Mike Stern and Wm. Lynam, charged with keeping their saloons open on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, gave bail for their appearance before the circuit court.

George Young had on exhibition on Monday two beautiful blossoms of the "golden banded Japan lily." Finer or more fragrant lilies were never shown in this city.

J. E. Sullivan has just added a handsome hack to his livery outfit. John has also invested in a horse, and now makes a specialty of funeral turnouts.

The Water Works company is pumping 750,000 gallons of water per day against 1,000,000 gallons per day one year ago.

Last week's Iron Port received much favorable comment from people who know a good thing when they see it.

Mr. Kratze is putting the Katz Brothers, stock of clothing in shape, and will open the assignee's sale in a few days.

Notwithstanding the hard times a large quantity of paint is being spread over residences in this city.

Unoccupied houses are quite plentiful, and as a result rents have quite materially decreased.

The Presbyterian ladies' prayer meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Kiehl Tuesday afternoon.

The revenue cutter Andrew Johnson was in this port last Monday.

The Liquor Dealers association held a meeting Saturday afternoon.

There is much need of repairing many sidewalks about town.

Work on John McKann's new house is progressing rapidly.

The merchants look forward to an improved fall trade.

The Shipman was laid up for repairs on Wednesday.

Last Sunday was not "dry" in Escanaba.

Populations. The populations of the villages in Houghton county are as follows: Crystal Lake, 55; Kitchi, 75; Kenton, 113; Withey 184; Sidaw, 344; Atlantic Mine, 1,675; Calumet, 2,192; Red Jacket, 3,242; Quincy, 1,490; Chassel, 354; Hancock, 1,662; Oskar, 171; Tremoreville, 320; Lake Linden, 2,443; Tamarack, and North Tamarack, 1,402; Oseola, 1,514; Mills Station, 794; Quincy Mills, 151; Perkinsville, 520; Houghton, 2,178.

Houghton county has the largest population of the counties of the upper peninsula—44,204.

Ontonagon county shows up 6,758 inhabitants by the state census.

Mackinac county's population is 7,311. St. Ignace having 2,081.

This Hat and Tether. One lot of ladies' Dongola kid shoes, common sense and opera toes, patent tip, reduced from \$1.75 to \$1.20, during the special sale at Sterling & Williams.

Oxfords for \$1.00, Dongola and Russet at Sterling & Williams, reduced from \$1.50.

Where are you buying your shoes? Better take your money and go to Sterling & Williams' special sale. It will go the furthest there and buy you the best value.

Low Rates to St. Paul. On account of the Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to St. Paul, Minn., and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip; tickets on sale July 30th and 31st, good for return passage until August 6th, 1894, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Santo Convicted. The first case tried by the circuit court this week was that of young Santo, for burglary at Barkville. He was found guilty and the evidence in the case brought out the fact that Derouin (whose premises were broken into) had sold him liquor on Sunday and Derouin must stand trial for that offense against the statutes of Michigan. It will cost him more than Santo's burglary did.

Foot Play Suspected. Charles I. Martin, a prominent business man of Menominee, is missing and foul play is feared as he was in the habit of carrying large sums of money upon his person. He was last seen at Milwaukee.

Advertisements For Bids. The Board of Education advertises for bids for the erection of a new school building, and also for heating the same. Read the notices in another column.

A Blue Outlook. What with the grasshopper and the army worm, our farmers have but a blue outlook for crops.

ESCANABA TOWNSHIP.

Andrew Brennan while raking hay one day last week with a horse rake met with an accident that might have proved serious. The horse ran away, Mr. Brennan was thrown forward into the thills and only for his wonderful presence of mind might have been killed. The rake is a total wreck and our friend, while not a wreck, feels like one and does not care to have the experience repeated.

Said a friend to the writer, the other day: "Once and only once in my life have I voted the democratic ticket, and I hope the Lord will have mercy on my soul if I ever vote that ticket again." There are others in the township who think the same way, and the indications are that the democratic vote in this township will be small next fall.

There was a lively run-away on our street last Tuesday. Mort Hitchcock's team of blacks left him at Durancon's and ran a distance of over two miles before they were captured. The horses were uninjured but the buggy was considerably the worse for the rapid transit over the road.

If this weather continues much longer the grasshoppers will harvest the crops for the farmers. They have commenced at a lively rate already. They are assisted by the army worm, and between the two they make trouble enough for the farmers.

If the farmers are not supplied with fruit trees it is not the fault of the tree agents, who seem to be quite numerous hereabouts.

Peter Carney of Marinette, manager of Fence River Lumber company's farm was here last Saturday visiting with the Carroll family.

Haying is over, the yield is not as large as expected. The weather was fine for curing it and the quality is good.

Mrs. Geo. Penne, Mrs. Williamson, and Miss Young of Gladstone, visited this week with Mrs. M. E. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson of Escanaba visited with John Barron last Sunday.

Joseph Durand returned to Detroit this week, resuming the study of medicine.

Will Firth of Rapid River, was over to see his friends last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Billings of Escanaba is visiting relatives here this week.

Jefferson Howard visited at Maywood last Sunday.

Mr. D. Carroll went to Marquette last Saturday.

News From Beaver Island. St. James, Mich., July 23. On Wednesday July 18th, a wrestling match was held Charles McNeil of Gould City Mich., and James Seaman of Detroit, two falls out of three, catch as catch can. McNeil won 1st, and 3d, Seaman took 2d fall though it was not allowed by Edward Pratt referee. \$100 a side and the gate receipts which amounted to about \$35.

Time keeper John C. O'Donnell, Dan McNeil second for Charles McNeil, John Carmondy second for Seaman; time forty-eight minutes. Light weight wrestling match between John Duley Jr., of St. James and Ira Robinson of Charlevoix. Each got a fall. It was called a tie. Some sparring between the McNeil brothers also.

The Hart boat came in last Saturday with an excursion party and a band. Yesterday the tugs Margaret McCann and Clara A. Elliott went on an excursion to the head of the Island. Price of fish gone up, crops in good shape, red raspberries ripe.

Cordner Threatens. Mr. Cordner, the evangelist who "waked the boys up" in our city a month or so since, has just secured a failure at Beloit. At the close of his last meeting there he said that he had never had such an experience as at Beloit in not seeing conversions. "What's the matter with Beloit?" he asked. "Most all the other places of the country have had their revivals, but nothing has moved you here. I tremble for you and believe God will visit you in judgment if you do not accept the opportunities offered of turning to the Lord."

Green Bay News. Philip Klaus died Monday at sixty-two years of age. Fort Howard has granted a franchise for a street railway to D. McCarty. The St. Paul railway shops at Fort Howard have resumed work after being closed three weeks. The temperature reached 94° plus last Thursday. S. Burke was killed at the Eldred mills last Monday—caught between a derrick car and the platform and cut in two. The "Turners" owned the town three days but did not carry it away. Their "fest" was a blooming success.—Advocate.

To Gladstone on the Lotus. The brethren of Escanaba Lodge, I. O. O. F. visited the brethren of Gladstone lodge on the evening of Wednesday last and assisted at the installation of its officers. They did not make a "stag party" of it either; "Rebekah" was invited and was on hand, and all went and came on the Lotus, which was chartered for the occasion. Refreshments were served on board and the evening was pleasantly spent.

It Was a Bear. What Louis Lippold expected to find, out by the dumping ground last Wednesday, upon which to bring to bear his gun, is not said; what he did see was a bear, a big one, and the result was mourning in the Bruin family, bear steak for the Lippolds and a big, black skin for Company. Next nation day I will go and

UNCALLED FOR LETTERS.

Following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for at the Escanaba, Mich., post office, for the week ending July 21st, 1894: Anna Anderson, August Astrom, C. Birke, Eugene Goubon, H. Hall, Gedson, Honle 2, J. Landis, J. Lanarsh, A. Clarence Marshall, F. Martin, John Macdon, C. McClellan, S. McClellan, Mrs. Gertrude Myers, H. Marquist, L. Olson, N. Olson, Ole Peterson, Mrs. Ellen Peterson, G. Rinewood, M. Strom, C. Wester, Al White, P. Whitty.

Saloon Keepers Must Retire. John Schmidt, commander of U. P. Tent, No. 4, K. O. T. M., has received notification from the Great Camp that all saloonkeepers must be dropped from the rolls of the tent forthwith, and the names of such forward to headquarters of the order. The saloonkeepers, to the number of about ten, have been paying their money into the tent and also assessments when a "death call" has been made, and they threaten to sue the tent for damages.

GLADSTONE CLEANING.

The strike is still on but it causes the railway company only a little inconvenience. J. Bishop broke out of the city jail and got clear away. Throop got a verdict for \$14,400 against the city in the United States court. That settles the "bond case" unless an appeal is taken.—Delta.

A CHANGE OF TIME.

The steamer Warden, plying between Escanaba and Gladstone, changed time on Thursday last. The boat now leaves this city at 8 a. m. instead of 10:15 a. m., and returning leaves Gladstone at 2:30 p. m. instead of 6 p. m. as heretofore.

FULL FORCE AGAIN.

All the men who were laid off by the Northwestern last week, except two (who were left out for special reasons) have been restored to their places and the shops now work not only full time but full force.

SCARLET FEVER.

Elsie Stonehouse, daughter of Sam Stonehouse, and a child of John Wolf are down with scarlet fever. Both houses have been placarded. Scarlet fever is also in the homes of Messrs. Winegar and Corey.

DANCE AT BARKVILLE.

Two weeks from this evening, that is on the evening of Saturday, Aug. 11, the lads and lassies of Barkville and vicinity will dance at Frechette's hall, and that they will enjoy themselves goes without saying.

LE MAY IS ACQUITTED.

Jos. LeMay, tried before the United States court at Marquette on charge of illegal liquor selling, was acquitted.

NEWSPAPER LAWS. Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, who is directed to his name or address by a subscription or order, is responsible for the payment. The owner has no liability for the payment of the paper, unless he is directed to his name or address by a subscription or order, or unless he is directed to his name or address by a subscription or order, or unless he is directed to his name or address by a subscription or order.

WITH THEE ON LAND OR SEA.

With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more. With thee on land or sea, I ask no more.

The Old Beau's Story.



I have hinted to you that I believed if ever the Old Beau told me his own story it would be the story of a man, through all his acquaintance with him, which had impressed me with the feeling that his whole life had been one long tragedy. Yet, there was no more genial, companionable man in all the club. He was replete with anecdote, with gentle humor, with the quality that is known as "the talk of human kindness," as you may have gathered from some of those tales that I have told you. Yet, there was a certain grave under-current in the man that had often caused me to wonder at his reason. While I desired his story, with all the keen avidity that a newspaper man is capable of, I had firmly made up my mind that I would never suggest this desire to him—for I was confident the tale would come of his own accord some day. And it did.

In the lighted street in front of the club, I was approached one night by a miserable vagrant who asked me for alms. Not from charity, but because it was the easiest way, I put my hand in my pocket and gave him a coin. As I handed it to him, the Old Beau came down the steps. He paused as though turned to stone when he saw the beggar, and grew all white, like one who is suddenly struck with death. And the beggar, seeing him, stayed the hand that had been stretched forth for the coin, and leered at him and called him jeeringly by name. I stood looking from one to the other, knowing that I was witnessing the culminating scene of a great drama, yet powerless to comprehend its meaning. After a pause that was, doubtless, not more than a moment, but that had spun out infinitely in my imagination, my friend came down the steps slowly, and placed his hand on my shoulder. His voice was quiet, but vibrated with a strange, deep tremor as he spoke to me.

"Do me this favor," he said; "go with this man, find him shelter and food, and whatever else he may need. Do for him all that he asks, for I owe him a great debt. I will wait for you here."

He turned, and went slowly up the steps again, while I gave my attention to the fellow before me. I do not need to tell you much of him. He seemed the worst of his class. Dressed in rags, filthy and palmed with drink, he was loathsome in the extreme. He mumbled now, in a maudlin way, and staggered from sheer weakness. I soon saw that his mind was half gone, and that he was ill and miserable. Want had done almost its worst upon him. He easily submitted to being led, and I took him, first, to a place where he was bathed, and cleanly dressed, and fed. Then, I saw more clearly how little strength was in him, and so we went forth to a hospital, and I procured a bed for him there. After the physician had examined him, he told me that the spark of life hung

only by a thread. It might be a matter of a few hours; at the most, but a few days, before the end would come. It was far past midnight when I left him, and returned to the club. The Old Beau was alone in an upper room. A dim light burned on the table, a low fire in the grate. The usual accessories, tobacco and liquor, were notable for their absence. He looked up when I entered, and I saw that he was still very white. I thought I could detect the signs of a severe mental struggle—a struggle for self-control. A sad smile flitted about his gentle mouth—a sad smile, yet one that was not utterly without joy. He mentioned me to a chair near the grate, and I sat down and waited for him to speak. This he did after a time, looking dreamily into the fire.

AND GAVE HIM A COIN. I was her slave from the moment that I saw her. I could have fallen down at her feet and worshipped her when she led to me. "He must love you, or he would not have trusted you with this message. Tell him that I wait for his coming." Shall I tell you the rest? No, I think I will not. But I may say to you that I think my friend has found the Fountain of Youth; for his step is lighter, his eye brighter, his smile more joyful, his voice merrier and his heart more full than it was before. Yet his gain is my loss, for there are no more cozy hours in the club alone, and no more stories of the Old Beau.

eddy of a man—was the friend of my early days. We loved the same woman, quarreled for her, and fought. It was in the south, and in the time when hot blood carried men to the dueling ground. We fought beneath the arching live-oaks in the Old Parish road below the city where so many of the foolish youths of New Orleans have met. I ran him through with my sword, and left him for dead upon the field. I was forced to fly with my second. The physician was a stranger to me, a friend of his. He sent me a paper later, marked with an account of the duel, and the death of my opponent. I went abroad. Before leaving I tried to see her—the woman we had fought for. I knew that she loved me, and not him.

He paused—and was silent so long that I thought he had forgotten me. I made a little movement to attract his attention. He looked up at me and smiled again. "I have been back in the long ago," he said. "There are pleasant memories there, as well as sad ones. It is much to know that you were once loved by a pure woman. I know that, for she told me so in a little note that I have always kept. Nothing can take that knowledge from me. But she said that she could never marry a man who had the blood of another on his hands and on his soul."

Again he paused and seemed to dream, and I respected and did not break the silence. "I have seen her many times since," he began again, presently, "as one sees the stars away off in the unreachably heavens. But never to touch her hand—her garments, even not even to speak with her, except as we have met and passed in the street. She has never married, and I know that she has grown old, still loving me, as I have grown old, loving her."

After this he asked me to tell him what I had done, and I did this as briefly as I could. "You say he has not long to live? Will you come with me?" He started up eagerly, drawing on his coat. We went out together, and I led the way to the hospital, where I had left the other.

The touch of human sympathy that we had given him had melted the poor, outcast, and silenced his fears. The meeting between the two men was affecting. The long years seemed blotted out, and their hands clasped, as they had done in their youth. The stranger had grown weaker since I left him. "I am dying, Willis," he said brokenly; "it may be but a matter of a few hours. I have wronged you, and I want your forgiveness. I know what I have made your life. I have been wretched, and weak, and miserable as any dog that walks the earth. But I accept it all as the just reward for what I did. I provoked you beyond

human endurance, compelled you to fight, because I hoped to kill you. When I fall, it would be kill you. Right if I had died. But I lived, saved through the exertions of my physician, and then together we made up that lie, and sent it to you. I knew what that would do. Then, when I was well again, I drank and gambled until poverty and the devil claimed me, wholly, until I became the ruin you now see. I did not think ever to cross your path again, but I am glad that it has happened so. I can die easier for having said this."

The Old Beau put his arms about the dying man, and his face down close beside him, and I heard him whisper: "My dear Edgar, let the dead past bury its dead." We remained with him through the rest of that night, and through the following day, and through the next night. He grew gradually weaker, and his life went out just as the sun of a new day had risen. When it was all over, we went back to the club and there my friend wrote a brief note. "Will you take it to this address," he asked me; "but wait," he added; "you should have the right to read this."

He unfolded the paper and laid it before me, and I looked and saw these words: "The hand of God has turned back the leaves of the book of the past. I have just come from the deathbed of Edgar Freeman. We were friends again, at the last; and my hands and my soul are free from his blood. May I come to you?"

When I had read this I saw already the dawning of a new and glorious day for the Old Beau, as I trust one had already dawned for the poor outcast. I went with a light heart, with speeding feet. "I had thought to find an old woman—a woman grown old before her time. But I found her in the sweet and full maturity of womanhood. I will not try and tell you of her. She was worthy to have been served for seven times the seven years that Jacob served for Rachel. I was her slave from the moment that I saw her. I could have fallen down at her feet and worshipped her when she led to me. "He must love you, or he would not have trusted you with this message. Tell him that I wait for his coming." Shall I tell you the rest? No, I think I will not. But I may say to you that I think my friend has found the Fountain of Youth; for his step is lighter, his eye brighter, his smile more joyful, his voice merrier and his heart more full than it was before. Yet his gain is my loss, for there are no more cozy hours in the club alone, and no more stories of the Old Beau.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A good many enthusiastic Britainers who enlist to serve their country seem to find the conditions of service unsatisfactory, for nearly \$30,000 was paid last year by recruits to purchase their discharge before they had been in the army three months.

—The capitalized wealth of Great Britain was estimated by the statisticians of the board of trade to amount in 1885 to £10,037,498,000, or about \$50,187,180,000. There is no official estimate of the wealth of this country, but a recent unofficial estimate places it at about \$60,000,000,000.

—By irrigation 25,000,000 acres are made fruitful in India alone. In Egypt there are about 6,000,000 acres, and in Europe about 5,000,000 acres. The United States has just begun the work of improving waste area, and has already about 4,000,000 acres of irrigated land.—Chicago Standard.

—It is said that of all the races in South Africa the Zulus possess the strongest characteristics. They are of fine physique and remarkable mental endowments. Their language is characterized by extreme refinement, and in its precision of grammatical forms and facility for making compound words it is scarcely inferior to the Greek.

—It is proposed in London to organize an insurance company to guard house owners and the tenants from entering upon or acquiring unsanitary property. The association would exclude from its books houses in bad condition, while all property receiving a certificate of good condition, for the guidance of investors and householders, would be subject to periodical inspection.

—Hitherto in France Joan of Arc has been almost the only woman to mount upon a marble pedestal, but the privilege is being extended. At Vitres a statue is being raised to Mme. de Sevigne, and at Valenciennes a similar honor is in store for Mlle. Buchenot. Apropos of these facts, a French writer observes: "Woman being, even in marble, so much more decorative than ourselves, one can only rejoice over the advent of feminine statues."

—A new rust-resisting variety of wheat is reported by the South Australian Register. It was observed by a farmer, several years ago, while reaping a badly rusted field of wheat, that among it were some heads wholly unaffected. He picked and carefully saved them, sowing the grain the next year. It yielded well and showed no sign of rust. From that beginning the stock has increased until twenty acres were raised last year, the crop of which was taken at a good price.

—Russia has a well-appointed system of veterinary service. The general direction is committed to a special commission of competent officials appointed by the minister of the interior, one member from each of the administrative departments, with the president of the sanitary council at the head. (1) The duties of the commission comprise the maintenance of the veterinary service and eradication of contagious animal diseases. (2) The diffusion of intelligence concerning the management and care of live stock. (3) Imparting of necessary instruction to local veterinary authorities. (4) Examination of new discoveries in veterinary and sanitary science. (5) Authorizing the sale of approved medicines. (6) Regulating the transportation of live stock. (7) Establishing veterinary stations along the lines of live stock movements. (8) Providing such stations with facilities for the isolation of infected or exposed animals.

—The London newspapers used to make a distinction between a simple notice of a death, for which they charged five shillings, and a brief obituary, for which they demanded seven and sixpence. One day Dr. Thomas Hume called at the office of a morning journal and silently placed upon the counter the announcement of the death of a friend, together with five shillings. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it one side, and said, gruffly: "Seven and six." "I have frequently," answered Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never been charged more than five shillings." "Simple," repeated the clerk, "without looking up, 'there an added line, 'unusually beloved and deeply regretted' isn't there? Seven and six." Hume produced the additional half-crown and laid it deliberately by the others, observing in his most solemn tone, "Congratulations, sir, this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

A Stretch of Water Wherein Are Mingled Frenzied Things of Day and Night. About Sorrento also there is something of a Neapolitan flavor in the air. The Neapolitan small boy is half monkey, half comedian and all thief, and here as elsewhere the boy is father to the man. In Sorrento there is the municipal band, more inexorable in Italy than death itself; there are little companies of men and women who dance the tarantella in costume on the terraces of the hotels, and sing vulgar songs, which the foreigner takes for national airs.

There are not, indeed, so many baggers as in Naples itself and its neighborhood, but the perpetual attempt to extract small coin from the visitor occupies the sole and undivided attention of at least one portion of the population. Here, as in Naples, the guide guides not, but chatters, butchering what he supposes to be the foreigner's language in order to make himself a holiday. Here, as elsewhere, the lively donkey boy twists the patient ass' tail, ultimately requests you to dismount at the steep places, and gets on himself. Here, as in southern Italy, the small deceptions of a very poor and not very clever people bring a smile to the keen but often good-natured northerner's face.

All this I might describe at endless length had it not been done so often, and in one or two instances so well. There it is, more or less lovely as to its surroundings, more or less civilized by the people that move upon the scene. And below it, and before it, and facing it, stretches the sea, the eternal, ever-changing, ever-abiding sea. The splashes of human-wrought color, and the deeper tones of man-planted orange-gardens, and olive-groves, and vines, are forever contrasted with God's own palette, with that broad water wherein are mingled the precious things of day and night, the maiden-rose-mallow of dawn, and the gorgeous purple of imperial evening, the gold of the sun and silver of the stars, all blending at last in the depths of the great liquid sapphire of that sea which wise men of old believed to be the source of all living things.—Marion Crawford, in Century.

HUNTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

The Sportsman Who Longs for This Delicate Bird Must Shoot Early. As the western prairies grow green and warm in the sunny days of June the prairie chicken becomes an object of solicitude to the sportsman. In addition it usually proves an almost irresistible temptation to law-breaking. The number of unscrupulous hunters who disregard the game laws entirely and begin the slaughter long before the legitimate season is of such magnitude that the law-abiding sportsman who awaits the opening of the season is liable to find the stubbles bare of young birds and his dogs flushing up battered old veterans that he disdain to shoot.

Pot hunters who kill the birds for market begin operations while the hens are nesting. They drive slowly through the sections which the birds are known to frequent, a speeding and wide-ranging dog quartering the territory before them. As the hens start up the dog is called off and the place marked for use when the brood shall be old enough to shoot.

In the eastern haunts of the prairie chicken this sacrifice does not assume such serious proportions, as the laws governing their sale out of season are generally enforced, but west of the Missouri, although there is abundant protest from the more honorable class of hunters, the work of the poacher begins by the last of June.

It must be acknowledged that a very young prairie chicken is a delicious morsel. Bob White himself is not superior in delicacy of flavor. In these early, undisciplined days it is also very early to shoot. During the months of July and August, before No. 8 shot has taught the little bird its mission in this world, it is very confiding. It keeps close to the ground, and when flushed alights again within a few yards of the hunter. A poor shot, if he has the assistance of a bright dog, can bag a creditable number. But when the gunners have been at a brood a half dozen times the remnant grows wary, and steady nerve and fine shooting are required to bring them down.—N. Y. Advertiser.

SOCIAL INSECTS.

Co-Operation Among Tree Ants in Building Their Leafy Homes. The nests of an extraordinary tree ant, Geophylla smaragdina, are cunningly wrought with leaves, united together with web (see Fig. 1). One was observed in New South Wales in this expedition under Capt. Cook. The leaves utilized were as broad as one's hand, and were bent and glued to each other at their tips. How the insects manage to bring the leaves into the required position was never ascertained, but thousands were seen uniting their strength to hold them down, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying the gluten that was to prevent them returning back. The observers, to satisfy themselves that the foliage was indeed incrimated and held in this form by the efforts of the ants, disturbed the builders at their work, and as soon as they were driven away the leaves sprang up, with a force much greater than if they had been deemed possible for such laborers to overcome by any compact and elegant dwelling of Ge. vireoscomis is made of leaves, cut and masticated until they become a coarse pulp. Its diameter is about six inches; it is suspended among thickest foliage, and sustained not only by the branches on which it hangs, but by the leaves, which are worked into the composition, and in many parts project from its outer wall.—L. N. Badenoch, in Popular Science Monthly.

A Tramp of Titled Birth. A good text for a sermon on the vicissitudes of life would be found in a recent examination of a tramp before M. Duranton, the Paris commissary of police. The tramp, it seems, had endeavored to pawn a diamond bracelet he had picked up near the opera house and had been arrested. He turned out to be Edmond Viscount de la Morte, the head of an ancient noble family of Lyons. Under the second empire he was chamberlain at court, and he had ample private fortune, but now at the age of sixty-seven he is found wandering about almost without visible means of subsistence. And thereby hangs another tale, for, on being asked how he lived, he opened a bag he was carrying and showed a quantity of orange peel. "I go about picking up the peel," he explained, "and I sell it to a manufacturer of liquors for making bitters and curacao."—London Daily News.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CAT HATER CURED.

How Dash Learned to Take Care of His Mistress' Puss. Dash was a Gordon setter who had enjoyed the full confidence of all the members of a large household for half a lifetime—that is to say, half a dog's lifetime. From puppyhood he had been petted and treated as a person of importance.

He had many pleasures, but the greatest was being sent scampering down the long garden in pursuit of cats ignorant that this particular piece of ground belonged to a dog. Dash's master doted on cats almost as much as the dog, and as these animals made havoc with his flowers, breaking down his favorite rose trees and lying in the midst of his Canterbury bells, perhaps his dislike was no more to be condemned than the dog's. However that may be, the moment a cat's nose or tail appeared at any corner of the garden wall Dash was summoned to give chase. Cats and the legs of the loeman were two morsels that Dash longed to taste. The man had accidentally hit the dog with a piece of ice which he was throwing away, and on another occasion he had shaken his tongue at him.

One day Dash bounded into the sitting-room in answer to a call from his mistress and found her petting a little ball of black fur, which on being set down on the floor in front of him humped up his back and hissed at him like a snake. A cat! Dash could not believe his eyes. How kind of the mistress to give him such a treat. He pricked up his ears and wagged his tail and then pounced toward the kitten, but before he could seize it he was struck a sharp blow by little Rob and called "bad dog" by Rob's mother.

Worse even than that, his mistress picked up the kitten and stroked it, while she stamped her foot at him and

WHAT NAMES MEAN.

Derivation of Some of the Popular Personal Designations Now in Use. Isabella, one of the few names which came to us from the Latin through the Spanish, means the Fair Eliza. William, the German name, signifies Defending Many. It has always been a favorite name in royal families. Arthur, a Celtic name, signifies The Strong Man. It has kept pace with Alfred in the favor of the English. Ceclil was originally from the Latin, meaning the Dim-Sighted One. It was originally used as a nickname.

John was an extremely popular Hebrew name, signifying the Grace of God or the Gracious Gift of God. Magdalene is a Hebrew or Syrian name, meaning magnificent. Magdala was the name of a city in Palestine. Charles is German, meaning Noble-spirited One. Over a hundred European kings have been named Charles. Julius, a Latin name, signifies Soft-haired. The Julian family was one of the most famous in the history of Rome.

Bernard is German, meaning Bear's Heart. German soldiers often wore the skin of a bear's head as a helmet. Adolphus is Saxon, meaning happiness. This name has been borne by no less than seventeen reigning kings. Benjamin is from the Hebrew, signifying Son of the Right Hand. It was considered one of the luckiest of names.—N. Y. Advertiser.

FASHIONS IN NAMES.

Return from "Fancy" Names to "Anne," "Jane" and "Martha." People are growing tired of the "fancy" names which have for some time been popular, and are reverting to "old-fashioned" ones such as Anne, Jane, Martha, etc. It is a very great pity to have any fashion in names, of which we can not have too much variety; and to describe any in particular as "fancy names" is absurd, since many of the prettiest are of really more ancient origin than the homely ones quoted; and far from circumscribing our choice, the increase of population makes it most desirable to revive or invent more.

When a large family circle of brothers and sisters and cousins marry, it often happens that several of the new members have the same name, and it is most tiresome having to explain every time we allude to them, whether we mean this or that Edith or Ethel. With a little thought names of pleasant sounding words might be found which would serve admirably for appellations and tend to lessen the existing confusion.—Lady's Pictorial.

No Wonder. Paperhanger—To fit up these rooms in the style you want will cost two hundred and fifty dollars. I have figured it down to the lowest notch. Homeholder—When? My wife and daughter will have to give up their European trip this summer—that's certain. Paperhanger—That's too bad. My wife, by the way, is going to start to Europe in about two weeks herself. As to this border, now; how would it do to make it a little narrower? You see, etc.—Chicago Tribune.

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Worse even than that, his mistress picked up the kitten and stroked it, while she stamped her foot at him and



DASH AND HIS CHANGE.

drove him out. Dash went and lay down in the garden to think about it. Surely his master would set things right—he would never allow cats in the garden, much less in the house. But when Rob took the kitten to his father he, too, stroked it until it purred. The cook was told to give the little beast milk regularly, and let it curl up by the stove whenever it was pleased to visit the kitchen.

If the dog had been in a cage he might have strangled himself or beaten his brains out, as I have known birds to do. As it was, after trying several times to kill the intruder he sat down and gazed so madly at the sight of his mistress becoming unsteady, lest he should bite some one of the family. It was little Rob who suggested a cunning plan. The cat should be kept in the kitchen, and it should be Dash who should keep her there. In short, Dash should be made the cat's guardian.

The plan worked to a charm. Dash soon grew proud of his duty of looking after Tipple. When she became a thief, as her good mousser do, he would chase her off of mischief. When he saw her on the table he would reach up, catch her in his mouth and set her down on the floor. He did this several times, but as she did not seem to mind it, one day he shook her before letting go. That made her understand. She soon grew fond of Dash, and would run to meet him every morning, jumping up and catching his nose between her forepaws and sometimes throwing them round his neck, as if she were hugging him. He would play with her by turning her over on her back, holding her down with his paw and then pretending to bite her, but he never hurt her.

Nor would he let others punish her if he thought she did not deserve it. One day her mistress, who spoiled them both, grew tired of the cat's mewling when she was not hungry, and was only asking for food because she smelled it, and to teach her better attempted to put her out into the snow. Dash ran to the rescue. He snatched Tipple out of the lady's arms and carried her over to the corner where she slept. Then he ran back to his mistress wagging his tail, as much as to say: "She won't bother you any more, take my word for it."

So they lived until Tipple, the cat, and Dash, the cat hater, died of old age. And all this came about because a little boy understood the strong points of a dog's nature.—Margaret Compton, in St. Louis Republic.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

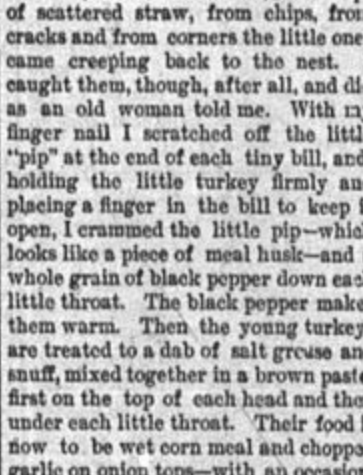
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HIS HIGHNESS, THE GOBBLER.

that; you and she will be friends some day. Once I made a turkey sit in a henhouse where there was many a hole. She had been on the eggs for weeks when little turkey voices were heard beneath her and little turkey heads peeped out from among her breast feathers. When I took her by both wings such plucking and picking and scratching as she did! I looked, and behold! not a turkey chick was there. The little things just out of the shell, obeying the wild instinct of their nature, had "scooted" in the twinkling of an eye, leaving a nest of empty shells. I hunted all over the henhouse, but no sight or sound of them could be heard, but as I turned away, I heard the old hen calling softly; then, more softly still, came the answers, and from ratholes, from wisps of scattered straw, from chips, from cracks and from corners the little ones came creeping back to the nest. I caught them, though, after all, and did as an old woman told me. With my finger nail I scratched off the little "pip" at the end of each tiny bill, and, holding the little turkey firmly and placing a finger in the bill to keep it open, I crammed the little pip—which looks like a piece of meal husk—and a whole grain of black pepper down each little throat. The black pepper makes them warm. Then the young turkeys are treated to a dab of salt grease and snuff, mixed together in a brown paste, first on the top of each head and then under each little throat. Their food is now to be wet corn meal and chopped garlic on onion tops with an occasional seasoning of black pepper on damp days. How those little turkeys like onion tops! They actually squeal with delight when they smell them. What tussling when two or three are hanging on to the same piece! What funny little things they are!—so weak in their legs, so easily upset, yet so strong in their bills. You can lift a little turkey off the ground with an onion top if he once gets a firm hold.—Mary R. Cox, in St. Nicholas.

The Boys That Are Wanted. A young man with practical knowledge in his head, skill in his hands, and health in his body, is his own letter of recommendation, diploma and reference. Mix him up with sixty thousand other people, and you can find him again, he will have the habit of being on top. Throw him naked on a desert island, and he will be at the head of something. He does not go winning up and down the land blaming fortune and saying he has no chance, but goes out and does something, and goes out again and does it again better. Boys and men that do something definite, either with head or hands, are the boys and men that are wanted, and the demand is as great here and now as it has been any time since the beginning.

Pussy's Uncomfortable Trip. The steamer from Newport to Providence, R. I., had a passenger the other day which escaped the notice of the purser and paid no fare. On the arrival of the steamer a peculiar noise was heard in the paddle box, and investigation revealed the presence of a very disconsolate and much-bedraggled cat, and its appearance gave conclusive evidence that it had made a very unpleasent trip. Its own mother would probably not have recognized it, but after it had been taken out and dried it was found to be the feline pet of the Newport agent of the line. It was sent back on the next trip to its master in much more comfortable quarters, and the purser says it purrrel all the way.

An Awful Scream. Mrs. New Wed (in tears)—Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come. You must go for the doctor at once. I'm sure something serious is the matter with baby. Mr. New Wed—Why? what makes you think so? Has he symptoms of croup, whooping cough, measles? Mrs. New Wed—Oh, no; something more serious, I'm sure. He hasn't cried to-day.—Brooklyn Life.

German Discipline. There was to be a grand review and inspection of the troops of a German garrison town. A corporal gave the following order to the soldiers: "Now, men, if the major asks you how you like your grub, you say 'Good.' If a colonel asks you, you must reply 'Very good.' If a general asks you, you must speak up and say: 'It couldn't be better.'"

In Reverse Ratio. Mr. Dr. Koltay (as his wife makes her appearance dressed for the ball)—You are the most inconsistent woman I ever knew. Mrs. Dr. Koltay—What is the matter now? Mr. Dr. Koltay—The less you put on the longer it takes you to do it.—N. Y. World.

Had Experience. Teacher—Johnnie, what is a man's name? Bright Pupil—Something they use in a laundry to to tear clothes with.—Arkansas Traveler.

No Words to Waste. Mother—Mrs. Blank has given you some cake, and you haven't even said "Thank you." Small Son—It's baked.—Good News.

On to Her Own Curve. Miss Sweeney—I think your arms and shoulders are just beautiful! Miss Plumbech (modestly)—That's where we differ.—Puck.

THE OTHER SIDE.

(Copyright, 1894.)

One who drew aside the curtain and looked through. "But my dear fellow, I am as confident of what I assert as I am that my name is what it is," said James Benyon...

taken from beneath his wretched dog-cart, and brought to his home a silent corpse; then a tender look takes the place of the sadness as a girlish face smiles into his own...

"Till He Come." With a face from which every vestige of color has vanished, he unscrews the massive lid, and then turns...



TOM ADMINISTERED A CORDIAL.

away, his face working pitifully, and his hands clasping each other in a frenzied manner.

Then once more he turns to his work. If he had expected to see the ravages of death had worked upon the loved form before him, he is mistaken.

Calmly resting, apparently in quiet repose, lies the friend who so recently fell on sleep. The handsome face is composed, and wears a smile, the heavy silken mustache covers the smiling lips...

Tom Wrayton looks at the well-reverent. Then he takes from his traveling case a battery and appliances, with several tiny bottles, and placing them in an evidently prearranged manner...

"Gwen, if you can tell me you will be happier as you are, I will utter no other word; but not if—"

"Of course I shall be happy," she answered quickly, "or, at least as happy as I could be without James. Oh, Tom, I do wish you could see what I mean, I feel somehow that it cannot be right to do as you wish me. I ought never to have promised such a thing. Oh, forgive me, for—give—me—and forget—"

"It is easy to talk of forgetting," he replied suddenly, almost fiercely. "Oh, dear, I can never forget you. You have my whole heart, and oh, I thought you did love me. Did you not all but promise to be my wife? You were surely not playing with me?"

"No, no, no, I did mean it, oh, I did, but then I began to think of my poor—poor—James, in his cold grave—and oh, Tom, have pity, have pity."

"Darling," passionately seizing her hands, and holding them in a close tight grip. "Be true. I would die for you if it would bring you happiness, and I know you would grieve and mope if you are left to yourself."

"Tom, hush," she cried, pleadingly. "Don't make the loss harder to bear. Oh, don't say any more, but take me back to the ballroom."

"Gwen," he whispered, in a voice choked and hoarse with emotion, "my darling, must it be so, must I leave you, be nothing to you, I who love you so?"

Again the slow dreamy waltz melody floated towards them; whilst a mutual friend approaching Gwendoline mentioned that their dance came next on the programme.

She rose and put her hand on the newcomer's arm, and as they turned to leave the conservatory, with an imploring look Tom Wrayton said: "Good-by, Miss Howard. I may not see you again, so allow me to wish you every possible happiness."

Then he left the conservatory by another door—firm resolve written plainly on his handsome, kindly face, and a softer, more tender light shining from his eyes—without so much as a backward glance; and Gwen entered the ball-room, with difficulty restraining the tears that were perilously near the surface.

SHE HAD TRAVELED.

The Kind-Hearted Woman Who Knows All About the Train.

At 4 o'clock the other afternoon a middle-aged woman carrying a muddled valise in her hand, entered the Third street depot. She knew exactly what she had come for. She had come in from Jackson a week before, had a visit with her sister, and was now to return home on the 4:55 train.

She was going to Jackson, Mich. She had inquired about fifty times as to the 4:55 train. She was dead-sure it went at 4:55, and that there was no change of cars. She entered the waiting room, sat down with great complacency and for two minutes her mind was at ease.

Then a double, back-acting doubt suddenly bobbed up. Was this the right depot? The doubt was speedily followed by a bullet-proof suspicion that she was wrong about the time table and if wrong in that she might bring up in Cleveland or Toledo instead of Jackson. She began to get nervous, and in a couple of minutes more appeared to the woman sitting beside her with:

"Excuse me, please, but perhaps I've made a mistake. Do I go to Jackson from this depot?" "I will soon tell you, ma'am," replied the other. "I know just how you feel about it. I was that way myself at first."

"Then you have traveled?" "All over the country, and I never miss a train. Let me get a folder." She walked over to the rack, pulled out a folder and sitting down again she maternally queried:

"Now, then, you want to go to Jackson? Let me see. The train leaves New Orleans daily at 8:20 p. m." "But I don't want to go to New Orleans!" "Of course not, but the train leaves New Orleans just the same, doesn't it? Let me see? It arrives at St. James at 10:30 the same evening."

"But I'm sure there's no St. James on the road to Jackson, protested the seeker after information." "It's probably a milk station and you don't remember it. You reach Baton Rouge at 11:35 the same night. You must remember Baton Rouge?" "No, I never heard of it."

"Well, that's probably another milk station. Very few women ever remember the stations, you know. Do you go as far as Alexandria, which seems to be quite a place?" "I don't know. I remember Ypsilanti, and Ann Arbor, but I don't remember Alexandria."

"Perhaps it is a misprint for Ann Arbor," calmly continued the lady who had traveled. "Never mind, though—we are sure to find what we want. Do you remember hearing them call out Pine Bluff?" "Mercy, no! Seems to me Pine Bluff is way off somewhere."

"That's because you are scared and nervous. Used to seem that way to me at first. Don't worry, however—we'll get you to Jackson all right. Are you sure you don't change change cars at Little Rock?" "Little Rock? I'm sure that can't be on the road. Isn't Little Rock the capital of Arkansas?"

"Of course it is, but that has nothing to do with your going to Jackson. You arrive at St. Louis at 7:25 the next morning." "But why do I arrive at St. Louis?" "Because you want to go to Jackson."

"But I didn't come through St. Louis!" protested the Jackson lady with trembling lips. "Oh, yes you did, but it's probably another milk station and they didn't stop. I was just that way when I first began to travel. You'll get to Jackson all right."

"But I didn't travel all night." "You think you didn't, but you did," smiled the other. "You were so nervous that you didn't notice anything. Your husband will surely be at the depot in St. Louis to meet you."

"I just don't believe I'll ever get there," gasped the amateur traveler. "I know I didn't leave New Orleans nor arrive at St. Louis. I just left Jackson and arrived in Detroit, and it didn't take only about two hours. Are you very, very sure about the train?"

"Why, my dear woman, right here is the time-table. I don't find Jackson among the stations, but they often leave out lots of the towns to save money on the printing, you know. If it is beyond St. Louis then you must arrive in St. Louis. If it isn't as far as St. Louis then you won't arrive there. Have you got your sleeper?"

"Why, no! If it didn't take but two hours to come out it can't take but two hours to go back. I don't want no sleeper. Perhaps I'd better ask someone else."

"Just as you mind. I was that way when I first began to travel. You asked me and I have told you all about it, but if you are not perfectly satisfied you should make other inquiries."

The Jackson lady hunted up the train announcer and timidly inquired: "Do I leave on the New Orleans train for Jackson, Mich.?" "Not if I can help it," he replied. "Do I pass through Baton Rouge and arrive at St. Louis?" "Who said you did?" "That lady over there."

"Where did she get her information?" "From a railroad folder." The man took a walk around and got a glance at the folder and returned with a grin on his face to ask: "Madam, do you know what road you take to go to Jackson?" "The Michigan Central, sir."

A MIRACLE IN MISSOURI.

The Achievements of Medical Science Far More Wonderful Than the Magic of the East.

The Remarkable Experience of Post Master Woodson, of Panama, Mo.—For Ten Years a Cripple—To-Day A Well and Hearty Man.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

The people of Rich Hill, Mo., and vicinity, have recently been startled by a seeming miracle of healing. For years one of the best known men in Bates and Vernon counties has been Mark M. Woodson, now postmaster at Panama, and brother of ex-Senate Inspector of Mines C. C. Woodson, of this city.

The people of Rich Hill, where he formerly resided, and of his present home, remember well the bent form, misshapen almost from the semblance of man, which has painfully bowed his head half to earth and labored, snail-like across the walks of his home, and when one day last month it straightened to its full height, threw away the heavy butt of cane which for years had been its only support from total helplessness, and walked erect, firmly, unhesitatingly about the two cities, people looked and wondered.

The story of the remarkable cure has become the marvel of the two counties. Exactly as Mr. Woodson told it to a Times reporter, it is here published: "For ten years I have suffered the tortures of the damned and have been a useless invalid; to-day I am a well and hearty man free from almost every touch of pain. I don't think I ever suffered more acute and constant agony than I have since 1884.

The rheumatism started then in my right knee, and after weeks of suffering in bed I was at last relieved sufficiently to arise, but it was only to get about on crutches for five years, the ailment having settled in the joint. Despite constant treatment of the most eminent physicians the rheumatism grew worse, and for the last four years I have been compelled to get about bent half toward the ground. In the winter of 1891, after the rheumatism had settled into its most chronic form, I went to Kansas City upon advice of my brother, and for six weeks I was treated in one of the largest and best known dispensaries of that city, but without the slightest improvement.

Before I came home I secured a strong galvanic battery, this I used for months with the same result. In August, 1892, I went to St. Louis, and there conferred with the widely known Dr. Mudd of hospital practice, and Dr. Kale of the city hospital. None of them would take my case with any hope of affording me more than temporary relief, and so I came home, weak, doubled with pain, helpless and despondent.

About this time my attention was called to the account of a remarkable cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, of locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and paralysis. I ordered some of the pills as an experiment. When I began to take them, the rheumatism had developed into a phase of paralysis; my leg from the thigh down was cold all the time and could not be kept warm. In a short time the pills were gone, and so was the case. I was able to attend to the duties of my office, to get about as well and strong man. I was free from pain and I could enjoy a sound and restful night's sleep, something I had not known for ten years. To-day am practically, and, I firmly believe, permanently cured of my terrible and agonizing ailment. No magician of the Far East ever wrought the miracle which was wrought by that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

To verify the story beyond all question of doubt Mr. Woodson made the following affidavit: STATE OF MISSOURI, ss. C. O. of said State, I, M. M. Woodson, being duly sworn on my oath state that the following statements are true and correct as I verily believe. M. M. Woodson. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1894.

JOHN D. MOORE, Notary Public. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box and six boxes for \$2.50. Beware of cheap imitations. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

An Accommodating Prescription. An old fellow from the back lots came into a Piscataquis county drug store not long ago bearing a big old-fashioned bottle which he wanted filled with sulphur and rum. He was very talkative, and before the proprietor could get a word in edgewise he went on to explain: "This is allers the way I have it fixed. I have sulphur up to thar"—indicating with his finger a small space at the bottom of the bottle—"and the rest I have all rum. An this is the way I use it. When I want a dose 'I sulphur, why I jes' shaker 'up afore I drink; an' when I don't wan' no sulphur, w'y I don't shaker. See?"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

No Pleasing These Men. "Men are so unreasonable," said Mrs. Torkins. "Indeed they are," replied her caller. "Charley is usually very rational, but since the hard times he's perfectly absurd. We were talking about going away for the summer and Charley said he didn't enjoy it a bit; that there was no enjoyment in a fussy hotel."

"That's just like a man." "Isn't it! So I got a paper and showed him an advertisement which said: 'All the comforts of home.'"

"Did he have anything to say then?" "Of course he did. He remarked that he didn't see what use there was in traveling several hundred miles to get what we already enjoyed. He is getting to be just brutal for anything!"—Washington Star.

Steb Ends of Thought. Get as much advice as you can, and use as little as you can. If love were what the poets make it, the provision dealers would go into bankruptcy.

Old age is youth magnified. Nature never refuses her hand to those who would take it. We can never give the flowers what they give us.

No child would love its mother if its mother treated it as badly as it often treats its mother. When a man puts on a new suit of clothes he thinks the whole world takes notice of it.

A woman loves a man because she loves him, and that is reason enough in her mind.—Detroit Free Press.

Took the Hint and His Leave. Following Directions.—It was raining pretty hard when the old man came into the parlor. In fact, the rain was rattling on the tin porch so loudly that there could be no doubt about the weather.

"Eh—how is the weather out?" asked the young man who was calling on the daughter of the house. He asked in repitiation, because he knew he was not any too welcome. The old man looked at him for a moment and said: "Clear." And the young man cleared.—Indianapolis Journal.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

Cucumber Salad.—Cut off the pointed end of the cucumber and pare, slice thin, sprinkle with salt and let stand ten minutes, drain and then pour over the dressing.—Ohio Farmer.

Hard Sauce.—Stir a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a quarter of a cupful of warm (not melted) butter to a cream; flavor as preferred with lemon, vanilla or nutmeg, and set in a cool place until required.—Country Gentleman.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup each of molasses, sugar and butter, three cups of flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful each of ginger, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of cream or milk and added the last thing.—Boston Budget.

Dutch Lettuce.—Prepare two heads of lettuce and cover with cold water. Cut one-fourth pound of ham into small pieces and fry brown; while hot, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat one egg very light, add two tablespoonfuls of sour cream and stir into the ham until it thickens. Pour, while boiling hot, over the lettuce, mix carefully with a fork, and serve at once.—Housekeeper.

A pretty table center is of yellow pongee, the decoration being a graceful group of daisies worked in blue-pink heliotrope and yellow floeselles. The petals are given with long loops of the floeselle, sewed down to the ground. This is a favorite way to work flowers, because it is easy, rapid and effective. The centers of the flowers are done with French knots of brown, yellow and green silks.

One should not sleep with either arm raised above the head. It is a pretty gesture as watched in the slumbers of a child, but it is better, if not so pretty, that the arms should lie by the sides than stretched upward. One knows, when one stops to consider how fatiguing the attitude is, if perspired in for a few moments, of reaching up into a closet, or arranging his draperies at a window. What, then, must be the effect when kept up throughout a whole night?

Tomato Toast.—Run a quart of stewed tomatoes through a colander; place in a stew-pan; season with butter, salt and pepper, and sugar if liked (many do not like tomatoes sweetened); cut slices of bread thin, brown on both sides; butter and lay on a platter, and just as the bell rings for tea or breakfast, add a pint of good, rich, sweet cream to the tomatoes and pour them over the toast. Vegetables of all kinds are better if butter is added last, and not allowed to boil any more.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Gooseberry Trifle.—one quart green gooseberries; one and a half cups granulated sugar; two cups milk; three eggs; one pint whipped cream. Cook the gooseberries in a double boiler until they are soft enough to rub through a colander, and add one cup sugar, or more if they are very sour. While they are stewing make a boiled custard of the milk, eggs, and half a cup of sugar. When the pulped gooseberries are cool, pour them into a glass dish, cover them with the cold custard, and heap the whipped cream on top.—Harper's Bazar.

FASHION NOTES.

An Ideal Summer Dress—Bodice and skirt—Hats and Bonnets. The ideal summer dress of black wool is made of Priestley Henrietta cloth. For seaside and general utility there is nothing in the market that gives such complete satisfaction. Storm, shine or any ordinary hard usage that would ruin other materials has scarcely a perceptible effect on this queen of fabrics.

Bodices are shown in extreme styles, some of them so severely plain that they would be almost painful except for artistic effects in trimming. Others are so loaded with frills and fixings that the distinctive character of a waist seems to be almost a secondary consideration.

Wide-brimmed hats are gotten up in extremely picturesque style. They are trimmed a good deal, but the trimmings are so carefully arranged and artistically adjusted that, while there is any quantity of them, they do not suggest any overdone effect.

Sleeves are said to be growing larger. In a dress recently ordered, seven yards of material were put into the sleeves. Of course, it takes a great deal to make the sleeve itself, but there are ruffles and puffs and crimpings world without end.

Poke bonnets of shirred material are popular. They have inside trimming arranged after the old fashions, a wreath of flowers sometimes being visible above the crimped and waved front tresses.

THE TEA GOWN.

A Triumph of Nineteenth Century Art.—The prettier this Year Than Ever. The tea gown, especially the summer tea gown, should not be entirely disregarded in the midst of the varied array of outing costumes and dressy gowns, for it has exclusive elements of comfort about it, and a delightful elegance which is all its own. Tea gowns and blouse waists are products of the nineteenth century which reflect credit on the ingenuity of the designers, and combine beauty and perfect ease in one garment.

To be sure, they grow more elaborate every season, and are affected by the craze for gauzy stuffs and handsome lace, but this only adds to the charm without destroying the comfort. A pretty model may be carried out in striped pink silk crepon. The front is of cream white, accordion-plated chiffon over pink silk, and tied at the waist with pink ribbon. Cream lace is caught under each side of the front and forms a collar around the back. The gown is cut princess shape, with fullness at the waist in the back, which adds to the full skirt which flows out in the prevailing fashion.

Soft wool crepons, India silks, and foulards make pretty gowns, while thin muslin and batiste are especially adapted to the season. If you want to be extravagant, there is no end to the lace which one of these affairs will absorb. Cashmere is used for dressing gowns, which to be elegant must harmonize with the coloring of the room. These can be made simply with a turn-over collar, edged with a lace frill, which extends down each side of the front to the belt. The empire style of gown is still worn for negligee, and very elegant ones are made of white net over colored silk.—N. Y. Sun.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure. All others contain alum or ammonia.

Along the Beach. Last night a storm was on the sea. The wreckage drifts ashore; Come walk along the beach with me, And hear the breakers roar.

What soul their sorrow understands? What eye can trace their path? They fling themselves upon the sands, And foam with fear or wrath.

The shore receives them, patient, dumb, Nor trembles at their shocks, But lifts to meet them as they come, Its great, incessant rocks.

They calm me with their awful strength, So small my life appears, So less than nothing in their length, Are all my days and years.

I look across the restless sea, And seem an atom, lost To wandering winds, and what to me Is joy, if kept or lost?

And what if worried on the way, I fall and faint and die, Would any miss it? Judgment day, So small a thing is life!

—Ellen M. H. Gates, in Youth's Companion.

Fair Rider to Cholly, who has just "taken a header" from his horse in trying to jump the fence—"I hope you're not much hurt, Mr. Gosling?" Cholly (bravely)—"Not at all; pardon my haste in alighting to open this gate for you!"—Harper's Bazar.

"Don't you consider Miss Bonny rather dull?" said one society man. "Well," replied the other, "after the manner in which she cut you this morning I can't say that I do."—Washington Star and Bazar.

"An American Heroine" will be continued at McKivier's Theater, Chicago, for two or three weeks, when Augustus Thomas' play of "New Blood" will be given its first presentation on any stage. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. Seats by mail.

Good natural rivalry in business is all right, but it is carrying things a trifle too far when an undertaker starts in with the avowed intention of laying his competitors out.—Buffalo Courier.

In a vain man the smallest spark may kindle into the greatest flame because the materials are always ready for it.—Hume.

Highest Windmill in the World. A windmill of somewhat remarkable proportions, and placed upon a tower which is said to be the highest ever erected for that purpose, has been put up by A. J. Corcoran upon the property of Prescott Hall Butler, at St. James, L. I. Several windmills of equal power had been previously erected by Mr. Corcoran, but upon towers not exceeding 125 feet high, while the present tower is 190 feet high. This was done because the spring from which it was desired to pump water was upon the beach and at times covered by the tide, the ground rising rapidly from this point, so that it was necessary to raise the water to a very considerable height in order that it might be above all obstructions within 1,000 feet of it.

Twenty barrels of concrete, forty barrels of cement, 20,000 bricks, 42,000 feet of Georgia pine and more than six tons of bolts, washers and iron plates were used in its construction. The mill that surmounts this tower is 22 1/2 feet in diameter and pumps water through 6,000 feet of pipe to a height of 223 feet. It delivers water to a reservoir of a capacity for 65,000 gallons, which it has filled in two days.

Mainly Money. An old lawyer used to say a man's requirements for going to law were ten in number, at he summed them up as follows: Firstly, plenty of money; secondly, plenty of patience; thirdly, a good case; fourthly, a good solicitor; fifthly, plenty of money; sixthly, a good counsel; seventhly, a good witness; eighthly, a good jury; ninthly, a good judge; tenthly, plenty of money.

Wire—"What a singular man you are, to be sure. Whenever we have company I have to do all the talking. You have absolutely nothing to say." Husband—"You are mistaken, my dear. I have plenty to say, but I never get a chance to say it."—Washington Star.

No One Mourns the Loss Of the treacherous, long abiding, deceptive symptoms of kidney complaint. But the return of regularity is hailed when, within the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the wise discipline of common sense who uses it perceives a return of regularity. Use the Bitters in malarial, kidney, dyspepsia, trouble, disorder of the bowels, nervousness or debility.

A KANSAS man who lost five hundred chickens that were aboard one of the steam trains has entered suit in the United States courts for the value of them. He wants to recoup, so to speak.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Ladies. The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which Ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

"I SHALL celebrate my twenty-second birthday day next week," said Miss Gladley to her dearest friend. "I suppose you forgot it when it came around eight or nine years ago," was Miss Pippy's reply.—Harper's Bazar.

"That's too bad! My wife has gone and put my handkerchief in the wash, and I am positive that I had tied a knot in it to remind me of something!"—Fingering Bissetter.

Cholly—"I've got an awful cold in my head. What'll I do, Dawson?" Dawson—"Oh, let it alone. It'll die of itself."—Harper's Bazar.

Ducky—"Do you mean to say that cigarettes are offensive to you?" Mabel—"No, it's only the people who smoke them."—Littell's Living Age.

May—"Do you read after going to bed?" Madge—"Yes. I love to read poetry on my back." May—"Bless me! You must be a confectionist!"—Town Topics.

Three years' undisturbed possession of a setter dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—Texas Siftings.

In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take away with him.—Carlyle.

The best evening ties are those that keep a man at home after dark.—Boston Commercial.

It is positively hurtful to use ointment for skin diseases. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, etc.

It never cools a man off when the street sprinkler throws water on him.

McKIN the sweet girl graduate doesn't make her less dangerous.—Lowell Courier.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

A howling swell—an ulcerated tooth.—Texas Siftings.

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT, Consumption comes. A slight cold, with your system in the scrupulous condition that is caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. Consumption is Lung-Scrofula. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, For Scrofula, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs. France guarantees a CURE.

Before taking the "Discovery" I would have four or five bad coughs every day and would cough up mouthfuls of solid white phlegm, and before I took one bottle it stopped. I could not breathe the room with the pain in my back and sides, but soon the pain was all gone, and I could sleep well at night. My general health is much better since taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" although I have been obliged to work hard on a farm. Mrs. JOHN LINCOLN, Glen Amon, Huron Co., Ont.

LIFE IS SHORT BE WISE AND ECONOMIZE YOUR TIME, HUSBAND YOUR STRENGTH & INCREASE YOUR PLEASURE BY USING SANTA CLAUS SOAP. BEST PUREST AND MOST ECONOMICAL. Sold everywhere THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY Chicago. THE POT INSULATED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED SAPOLIO. GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

Remember the name: The De Long Pat. Hook AND EYE. Also notice on face and back of every card the words: See that hump? FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, O. Board of Trustees, \$2 per week. Catalogue free. Send for THE PATENT every day you wish.

CIRCUIT COURT DOINGS.

The Cases Thus Far Disposed of at the July Term.

Santo Convicted of Burglary—The Boyles Go Free—The Case Against LeMay Discontinued—Magnuson Guilty of Bastardy.

The Iron Port "missed it" with regard to the Boyles; it said that their counsel would get his fee and they would get their punishment; the fact is that they were discharged when their cases were called and their counsel assures us that he has not got his fee. Perhaps the court—but that is not matter for us, whatever was done by the court was the correct thing, of course. All the same the boys did use bad language, as charged.

The case against LeMay for violation of liquor law was discontinued.

The People vs. James Powers—the sick cow case—was continued—counsel called away.

The People vs. William Cardinal, larceny, was discontinued.

The People vs. Ann J. Wright, keeping a house of ill fame, goes over. The defendant forfeited her bail.

K. Gilbert, keeping saloon opened on Sunday, was acquitted.

Ole Magnusson was found guilty of bastardy.

John S. Peterson was acquitted of bigamy, and that ended the criminal calendar.

Of issues of fact, trial by jury, Kruger vs. Christie was settled out of court; Perkins vs. The Metropolitan Lumber Co. was continued, as was also Wells vs. Bittner, the Weston Furnace Co. vs. the Gladstone Co., McJellan vs. McColl, administrator, Greenwood vs. Davis & Mason, Degreve vs. Selva, Forest vs. Cooper and Schaeble vs. Nangle, Martina vs. Davis & Mason, no cause of action; three causes are not reached as we write. Of issues of fact to be tried by the court.

Beaudry vs. Harvey, Vincent vs. Contin, Wolfe Co. vs. Chicago Lumber Co., and Skang vs. Hangan and others were continued and Marks vs. Chicago Lumber Co. was settled out of court.

Farrall vs. De Mars was tried, resulting in a judgment for \$30 for the defendant. The term will last until the middle of the coming week, doubtless.

Santo, burglary, pleaded guilty and was given nine months at Marquette.

The Missing Men Drowned.

In the upper peninsula column reference is made to the fact that C. I. Martin, of Menominee, is missing. It was stated that he had been seen at Milwaukee, but it is since ascertained that he started for Sturgeon Bay in a Mackinac boat manned by Ole Erickson and Charles Messing and Captain Walker, of the tug Mosher, tells the following story of their probable fate: Coming across from Sturgeon Bay on the day of their departure, when near Green Island, he saw a boat answering the description of the one in which they left Menominee, which seemed to be "making bad weather" of it, rolling heavily. He watched it for some time and suddenly lost sight of it, and ran towards where it had been without finding it.

Erickson's boat was heavily ballasted with stone and the opinion at Menominee is that she shipped a heavy sea or two and went down "like a shot," drowning all three of the men.

Another, later, story is that a boat with two men in it made the Door county shore at the Clay Banks, the men saying that they had come from Canada and were looking for work, but acted so suspiciously that word was sent the sheriff to come and arrest them, but it is not said that any arrest was made.

Gov. Rich Gets There.

The nomination for governor by the republicans of Michigan is practically made, now. Gov. Rich has 545 votes, safe, and of the delegates yet to be chosen he will get two-thirds. Even Ingham county, in spite of "Jim" Turner's earnest and untiring effort, sends twenty rich men to Grand Rapids, and Kent, in spite of Wesselius, instructs its 53 delegates for the governor. The republicans of Michigan are not to be "rattled" by the "one term" fad, but adhere to party precedent; "the machine" goes, as it ought; there is nothing better.

School Board's Work.

Otto Loeffler was re-engaged as janitor, as were also Isaac Lockwood and Frank McKilliam. Lockwood's salary was raised \$5 per month. Water closets were ordered for the central building. Misses Rigby, Perry, Barr, Flower and Buckingham were engaged as teachers at \$50 per month. A new schoolhouse for the 6th ward was ordered and a copy of "Zagg's Geographical Portfolio," and the board adjourned. The calls for bids for the new house and its heating apparatus will be found in another column.

Our Boys Did Not Join.

The Escanaba friends did not join the Fremmen's association organized on the 10th and 11th inst., principally because the city did not authorize Chief Tolan to take any action in the matter. The object of the association is to hold annual tournaments for the advancement of the fire laddies by an exchange of ideas and also by practical work. It is understood that the organization will present a bill in the legislature taxing outside insurance companies two per cent.

They Come to Delta.

Manitou county has fewer people, as shown by the census just taken, than in '90. The census of '84 showed a population of 1,198, that of '90 a population of only 860, and the last one only 741, a shrinkage in ten years of 457. A large proportion of the population lost by Manitou has been gained by Delta, in fact by this city.

"Off His Head."

Walter Lindquist, son of Capt. A. V. Lindquist, who is mentally unbalanced, became so violent last Monday evening that it was necessary to restrain him by force. It was no easy task for he was, while the fit was on, as strong as a horse. He'll do himself or somebody else harm if he is not cured for.

The Ironwood Strike.

The presence of the state troops at Ironwood seems to have driven the mischief-makers across the river, into Wisconsin. A dispatch from Hurley dated the 25th, said: "The striking miners in

this vicinity are becoming very uneasy and unless the difficulty is settled at once there may be serious trouble. The men have been making threats and it would require little urging to precipitate a riot. Serious trouble was averted at the Iron Belt mine by Sheriff Sullivan putting in a number of deputies to guard the property. The men tried every means to prevent the repairing of the shaft, which was burned about ten days ago. Trouble also broke out at the Montreal mine, and deputies are there with Winchester. An attempt was made to destroy Rock Cut bridge, about three miles south of Hurley on the North-Western road, but the deputies drove the would-be wreckers off."

PENINSULA NEWS NOTES.

The Most Interesting Occurrences of the Week Briefly Chronicled.

The report of the Calumet & Hecla Aid Fund was handed to the men at the last pay day. It shows that the employees received the following benefits: Sickness, 2,952 cases, \$25,279; injury, 816 cases, \$9,315; total injury, twenty-one cases, \$10,500; partial disability, five cases, \$553; printing, clerks' labor, etc., \$1,455; total, \$47,104. The funds received consisted of a donation of \$20,770 from the Calumet & Hecla Co.; an equal amount made up by each employe contributing fifty cents per month, and \$5,730 in dividends from Calumet & Hecla shares.

The postoffice at Menominee has just been moved and the people are not suited. One party said it would have been just as convenient to the general public had the postoffice been located at the dog farm.

From present indications Ontonagon county will have the largest potato crop this year it has ever had in its history, providing the potato bugs do not get the start of the parais green.

The Watersmeet column of the Iron County Reporter says that Ed. Conley had declared his intention to commit suicide, and one naturally wonders why he was not restrained.

Sarah Bickel committed suicide at Marquette on the 24th, by saturating her clothing with kerosene and setting it on fire. A disappointment in a love affair had crazed her.

Chippewa county voted—534 to 71—in favor of the county road system. The state census shows a population of 15,373, an increase since 1890 of twenty-seven per cent.

It is proposed to build residences for the keepers near the Marquette prison and the legislature will be asked to make a sufficient appropriation for the purpose.

A child of two one-half years, son of Stephen Donathorne, is lost in the woods near Swanzy and given up for dead. It has been lost since Saturday.

A Neganuee hunter, in a tree scaffold, waiting for bear, saw one and was so rattled that he dropped his gun. Brain laughed at him and so do his friends.

Menominee county republicans in convention on the 21st endorsed Gov. Rich and sent a delegation to Grand Rapids to support him for re-nomination.

A company has been organized to manufacture staves, heading and hoops at Iron River. It will employ (provided the deal goes) eighty men.

Clifford Praelan, another employe of the dredgers, Dunbar & Sullivan, ran into the canal at the Sault, on his bicycle, and was drowned on the 20th.

The Menominee Journal is dead—want of proper nutrition—and there is talk of taking the plant to Stephenson and combining with the Gazette.

A St. Ignace grocer publishes the names of fifty-seven delinquent debtors, with the amount of each debt, and asks them to trade somewhere else.

The L'Anse-au-Loup says: "Hot weather—flies numerous—grasshoppers eating up everything—mice cows drying up—no rain—lots of sickness."

Ed. Brown, sawed out of the jail at the Sault and made his escape. He is a shrewd secondhand and has "done time" in several prisons.

Iron River folks want Iron county divided so they can have a courthouse and the "pickings" of a county organization.

Menominee county republicans support Rich for re-nomination and send eight good men to say so at Grand Rapids.

Joseph Carbis, for fifty years a resident of the upper peninsula and for thirty years of Neganuee, died last Saturday.

The dynamo of the commercial is light circuit at Ishpeming burned out Saturday evening and left the stores dark.

J. H. Wilson, of the Times, was candidate for the place of postmaster of Lake Linden, but one Guek got it.

The Houghton county delegation to the state convention is anti-Rich but Pingree has no strength in it.

The skeleton of John Spry, missing for three years, was found in the woods near Ironwood on the 24th.

A single accident, that of the Red Jack mine where ten men were killed, took \$10,000 out of the fund.

Marquette county's delegation to the republican state convention is "solid for Rich" and Wilkinson.

Ontonagon got a premium of \$340 on its bonds for \$30,000 and will have a water system soon.

The blueberry harvest has begun and the plains near Sands are occupied by camps of pickers.

The steam shovel used at the Aragon mine broke down last week and no ore is going forward.

Houghton county sends an anti-Rich delegation to the republican county convention.

E. A. Lacombe is missing from Marquette, but as he drew all his cash, no fear of his life is felt.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Matters Pertaining to Escanabans and Their Movements.

The Iron Port's Society Reporters Gather in a Goodly Grist of News Items Concerning People Whom We All Know. Social.

C. A. Jeggstrom, so long editor of the Medborgaren, has been engaged by the founder of that paper, Mr. Eastrom, to assume the same position on the Porposten, a Swedish paper published by Mr. Eastrom at Marquette, and will go thither to-day or to-morrow.

The Oconto baseball club that played here Sunday was composed of the following gentlemen: H. Hansen, R. W. Runkel, C. Block, Wm. Dnan, John Walsh, A. Arnold, H. Klass, W. R. Hall, E. Baldwin and Jas. Stickeny.

Rev. Dr. Todd returned from Cleveland on Saturday last and left the same evening for Milwaukee, where he filled the pulpit of Calvary Presbyterian church both morning and evening.

Mrs. Johnson, state organizer of the L. O. T. M., spent a portion of the week in Escanaba. She went to Barkville Wednesday to organize a Hive there.

J. W. O'Brien, of Grand Haven, and M. H. N. Raymond, of Grand Rapids, both insurance men, transacted business with Northrup & Denton this week.

Mrs. J. T. Wixon left on Tuesday evening for Bay View, Mich., where she will remain until September. She was accompanied by Mrs. Barker.

J. S. Cary and wife, Mary J. Coffin and F. W. Parmenter, of Chicago, were in town the first of the week. They camped a d fisher near Manistique.

The new teachers employed by the school board at its last meeting are Miss Barr, Miss Perry, Miss Flewer and Miss Buckingham.

H. S. Talbot has been awarded the contract for carrying the mails between the postoffice and the Northwestern and Soo depots.

Edward Nesbitt, who was stationed here by the Shipping Masters Association, a couple of years ago, has been in town this week.

Genio Longley and his guests, Glenn Collins and Ennis Raggles, have finished their summer outing and returned to Chicago.

Mrs. Robt. McCourt is attending the Monona Lake assembly at Madison, Wis., having gone thither yesterday morning.

Capt. A. V. Lindquist, who sailed the tug Owen for a number of seasons past, is the first mate on the Emery this year.

Ed. Gibbs, who was injured in a railway accident a few weeks ago, loses two fingers and a thumb on his right hand.

Mrs. J. Sainner, who has been the guest of Mrs. Jas. Tolan, returned to her home in Manston, Wis., on Thursday.

Miss Emma Heminger and Jennie Babcock departed on Wednesday evening last for a few weeks' visit at Chicago.

Little Twesie Wybrow gave a birthday party Tuesday afternoon, entertaining a large party of her young friends.

Rev. Father William went to Milwaukee on Wednesday. He was accompanied by Father Luke, of Kentucky.

Henry Coburn, of Shafter, was in town Saturday and said the coal kilns at that place were again smoking.

Miss Stevenson, who had been the guest of Mrs. M. N. Jones, departed for her home at Joliet yesterday.

James Perry, who has taken a course of study at the Industrial school, is again at home, at Gladstone.

Frank Blair and wife and Miss Christie visited Traverse City, Sunday going and coming on the Douglas.

W. J. Wallace was kicked by a horse last Friday and laid up for several days in consequence thereof.

Frank Long, who had visited his brother, Dr. C. H. Long, returned to Chicago and his studies yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kay, of Streator, Ill., are the guests for a month of Mrs. H. Hillier of our city.

Mrs. Bradbury visited in Green Bay the past week, and attended the Methodist camp meeting.

John B. Geron and Louise Beauchamp, both of Perkins, were married in this city on Monday last.

Misses Nona and Jo McGillan, of Appleton, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Hugh Robertson.

Geo. W. Hibbard, of the "Soo Line" was in town Thursday in the interest of his road.

Mort Hitecock has not given up going to Cripple Creek and says he will go soon.

Clayton Vorhis came down on Monday to attend the republican county convention.

Miss Mamie Lins has severed her connection with The Iron Port office temporarily.

noon, in the grounds of the Oliver residence in honor of Miss Bertha Sears.

Mr. F. B. Laughlin, postoffice inspector, was here yesterday, for what purpose we do not learn.

Miss Maud Atkins returned to her home at Fond du Lac yesterday.

T. B. Catlin, sheriff of Dickinson county, was in town Tuesday.

Miss Cora Porterfield, of Marinette, is visiting friends here.

"Doc" Drake is happy—its a girl and arrived Wednesday.

Mr. Van Cleave made a flying trip to Gladstone Tuesday.

Mrs. Nellie West is visiting at Highland Park, Illinois.

Mrs. Jas. Todd visited La Crosse, Wis., friends this week.

Mrs. John Lawrence, of Escanaba township, is sick.

Miss Loreta Stack is home from her visit at Chicago.

Charlie Doton and wife have gone to Mackinac Island.

Jos. Fish, of Rapid River, was in town Monday.

Miss Mary Cleary is visiting Milwaukee friends.

John McAvoy has visited here this week.

W. J. Bell was a recent visitor to the Soo.

Charlie Strom was at home over Sunday.

Mrs. Kratze was a recent Neganuee visitor.

John Finnegan is now at Butte, Mont.

Municipal Short Talk.

There will be no preaching at the Presbyterian church to-morrow, but the Sunday school and the Christian Endeavor meeting will be held at the usual hours.

All religiously inclined young men are invited to attend the Young Men's meeting at Rev. Dr. Todd's next Tuesday evening.

Ida Otto swallowed a big dose of laudanum at Marquette, with suicidal intent, but the doctors saved her.

Better shoes, at less price than you are accustomed to pay for them, at Sterling & Williams' special sale.

Sixteen loads of hay had come into town from Flat Rock way before eleven o'clock last Saturday.

The state sends 100,000 young brook trout to be planted in Menominee county streams.

Every shoe receives a low mark at Sterling & Williams 4th annual clearing sale.

Marquette people are moving to induce the Northwestern to build to that city.

All Hannan shoes reduced to \$5.00 during Sterling & Williams' special sale.

The saw mills at Manistique have taken off their night gangs.

All \$2.00 Oxfords reduced to \$1.40 at Sterling & Williams' special sale.

The rate on ore from Ashland to Lake Erie has dropped to 60 cents.

Take your watches to C. S. Johnson.

Necessary Caution.

The health officer desires to impress upon the members of families in which there are cases of communicable diseases, such as measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, the obligation they are under to aid him in the protection of the public against the spread of such diseases by remaining within their premises and by permitting no visits except those of the physician in charge of the cases. It is of little use to placard the houses where such cases exist if the members of the families continue to mix freely with their neighbors (as some of them have lately done), and the health officer must, if the practice is not voluntarily abandoned, exercise his authority to prevent it.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCES.

The Most Important General News of the Week Condensed For Easy Reading.

Wesselius, of Grand Rapids, who contracted to deliver the vote of Kent county to Pingree, could not carry his own ward and now he cries "boodle."

Port Huron school bonds, to run twenty years at five per cent. interest, brought a premium of four per cent. and yet the populists say "more money."

The house and the president say "the Wilson bill or nothing"—the Senate says "our bill or nothing." Nothing would seem a sure winner.

Dr. Ransom, who organized the round-the-world trip in the schooner Wrenn, is missing and the Wrenn is tied up at Detroit.

Chenoa, Ill., suffered by fire, on the 24th to the extent of \$600,000, the business portion of the town being swept away.

Between Simerott's raid on its treasury and Debs' attack on its membership, the Switchmen's organization is in a bad way.

Gas broke loose near Coffeyville, Kan., and shook the country like an earthquake. The escape of gas spoiled the gas wells.

The jury said that the Benzonia man, Thacker, did poison his wife and the court said Jackson prison for life.

Frank Notton, the pestiferous "labor leader" who organized the Ironwood strike, is in jail at Bessemer.

Holzhay has recovered his senses and has been returned from the insane asylum to the Marquette prison.

Ex-President Harrison will be at Grand Rapids next Tuesday as the guest of the republicans of the state.

J. W. Burns, a wealthy hotel keeper from McKeesport, Pa., wound up a big spree by suicide at Detroit.

The Japs have fought a battle at the Korean capital and made the King of Korea prisoner.

Alabama striking miners killed three deputy sheriffs and wounded a fourth last Tuesday.

Of the 470 votes needed to nominate, Rich has already 350 booked and 150 more in sight.

Seven were killed and as many wounded in a collision on the Texas Pacific road on the 23d.

Tuesday was the warmest day of the season in Chicago.

Proposals Wanted.

Sealed proposals will be received by the clerk of the Board of Education of the city of Escanaba, until noon of August 3d, 1894, for furnishing and heating a school building with two No. 36 Boynton Hot Water Heaters, manufactured by the Boynton Furnace Company, of No. 195 and 197 Lake street, Chicago. All bids must be accompanied by a written guarantee to heat the building at all times to a temperature of 70 degrees. Bids must be accompanied by a bond of \$1,500 with not less than two sureties for the faithful performance of the contract. The Board of Education reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Plans are on file with Joe. Lehr, 428 Georgia street, Escanaba, Mich., July 27th, 1894.

H. H. ALLEN, Secretary Board of Education.

Sealed proposals will be received by the clerk of the Board of Education of the city of Escanaba, until noon of August 3d, 1894, for the building of a two story frame school building according to plans and specifications now on file with John Lehr, No. 428 Georgia street. All bids must be accompanied by a bond equal to the amount of the bid signed by at least two sureties guaranteeing the building to be built according to the plans and specifications. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Escanaba, Mich., July 26th, 1894.

H. H. ALLEN, Secretary Board of Education.

Garbage Master's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that people are prohibited from dumping garbage within the city limits. The city has provided a dumping ground on the new road leading west from the county hospital, where all persons must dump their garbage. The grounds are about 2 1/2 miles from the city, immediately east of a big hill, and on the right side of the road. Persons found dumping garbage within the city limits will be prosecuted as provided by law.

A. S. WAIN, Garbage Master.

Caught But Not Killed.

John Ridgway, attempting to board a moving train last Wednesday, missed his footing and was dragged and pounded, but finally rolled clear instead of going under the wheels and so was not maimed or killed. He was badly bruised but Dr. Kelly, in whose care he is, says that no bones were broken and that he will be all right in a couple of weeks.

Teacher's Examination.

GLADSTONE, MICH., July 21st, 1894—Notice is hereby given that the regular public examination for the purpose of examining all persons who may offer themselves as teachers for the public schools of Delta county, will be held at the high school building on Thursday, the second day of August next, commencing at 8:30 o'clock in the forenoon.

A. P. SMITH, County Commissioner of Schools.

Major Upham Nominated.

The republicans of Wisconsin in convention at Milwaukee, on the 7th inst., nominated Wm. H. Upham, of Marshfield, as their candidate for governor. He's "as good as" governor now.

Health Officer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons, firms and corporations to clean up their respective premises forthwith, under penalty of ordinance No. 9, which reads as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to suffer any filth or stagnant water, or any dead animal, or any putrid or unwholesome materials, or any decayed fruits or vegetables, or any foul or offensive drain, sink, or privy, or any other unwholesome filthy or offensive substance or thing to remain on his lot or premises, or in his house, barn or other building, or in any street or alley adjoining his lot or premises, from the line of street or alley abutting upon such lot or premises to the middle thereof, within the city of Escanaba. Whoever shall violate the provisions of this section shall upon conviction thereof be fined in the sum of ten dollars for each offense." All back yards, cellars, cess pools, privy vaults, alleys, etc., must be given immediate attention.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, who is directed to his name or who is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the payment of the same.

A PICTURE.

The camera's lens was open; A vision quickly passed In through the lifted shutter.

So here it is before me, Perfuming all my room, Among sweet apple blossoms Which never cease to bloom.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Herbert's Opportunity to Repay a Brave and Generous Deed.

More than twenty years ago several passengers stood upon the platform of a railway station. Among them was a woman of perhaps sixty years, who seemed interested in watching a young mother with a little fellow in kiltie scarcely more than three years old.

The boy scrambled up, looking both bewildered and angry that anyone should put a stop to his pleasure, while the old lady was carefully picked up and set to rights, with questions and exclamations of wonder and admiration at her heroic and timely action.

"I'm especially glad to go now," said the first, "as my daughter has just written me of the birth of a little girl. It is her first child, though they have been married eight years, and I'm so fond of children; but come, get all our things, for here's our train!"

The girl looked about helplessly, then she again stopped and said with some authority: "Grandma, you're making people look at you. They don't think you're acting nice at all. You must get right up, and come home."

"But the light hand was shaken off, and the querulous voice said: 'I shan't go'—to the delight of the children. Again the young woman looked up and down as if despairingly searching for aid."

"Papa don't think so," was the unexpected response, as the face turned with confiding sweetness to young Orvell. Orvell flushed a little, but he returned quietly, though hardly knowing what to say: "No, you couldn't help it, could you?"

She turned her head at the sitting-room door and saw him coming. She paused and looked at him, at first in wonder, and then a thought seemed to flit across her face, suffusing it with a glint of tears in her eyes as she said, when he laid his hand on the sofa: "You are very kind. I cannot find words to thank you, Mr. —"

I knew your heart, and knew my own. Let us understand each other, and I have known that it would not be just to you. If you are a Christian, Herbert, and I believe you are, you can understand how I look upon this thing."

"Very well, Mabel; I will try to respect your feeling, but you must not expect me to leave you. I shall come just the same, and some day you may change your mind."

The young man looked at the picture, passed on and turned back again to study the face, saying, with thoughtful wrinkles in his forehead: "That face, and indeed the whole card, is very familiar to me. I'm sure I must have seen it before."

"The matter dropped, but somehow Herbert Orvell was surprised to find the small picture recur to his mind again and again, with the feeling that he had certainly known, and known intimately, that face."

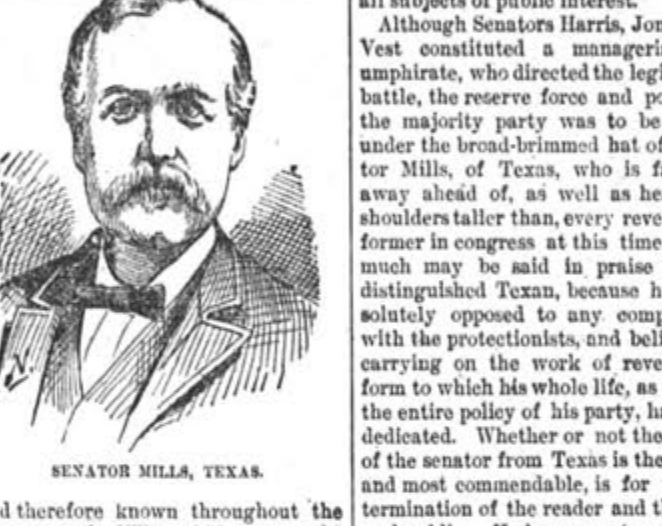


FRANKLIN MACVEAGH.

THE TARIFF DEBATE.

Senators Who Led the Opposing Forces in the Contest.

Way Voorhees Placed the Democratic Forces Under the Command of Harris, Jones and Vest—Leaders on the Protection Side.



SENATOR MILLS, TEXAS.

and therefore known throughout the country as the Wilson bill, was passed last January by the house of representatives and immediately transmitted to the senate. The bill was considered by the senate committee on finance for six weeks and was then laid before the senate for discussion and consideration.

EXPLAINING A CARICATURE.

The Diplomat Let the Emperor Down Easily. "Emperor Alexander II. had a favorite dog called Milford, which never left him. We were dining at the palace, and it being a small party (there were only the imperial family and court attendants), we retired after dinner to the emperor's private apartments. I suddenly heard the emperor calling 'Milford' and supposed he was calling for me; but it was his dog that was wanted, to receive the biscuits which his majesty was in the daily habit of bestowing on his favorite."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Senators Sherman and Hoar and ex-Secretary Evans are all related. The latter two are double cousins, both on their fathers' and on their mothers' side, and when Mr. Evans was a youth Senator Hoar's father was his guardian.

—The wife of a Scotch minister, who was a cipher in his own house, once remarked with a tinker, who had a craze for collecting buttons: "Well, men," was the reply, "like an anvil has their craze, an' mine's for buttons an' yours for brooks!"

—Prince Ito, the Japanese premier, is called by his countrymen the "Bismarck of Japan." Ito, who is a man of physical physique, compared to Bismarck, saw and talked with the latter during a visit to Europe, and has since been copying his character and methods.

—Thirty years ago, Horace Greeley said to Susan B. Anthony: "The ballot and the bullet go together. You women say you want to vote; are you ready to fight, too?" "Yes, Mr. Greeley," said Miss Anthony, "we are ready to fight at the point of the goose-quill, the way you always have."

—Denys Puech, whose marble figure of the Seine is the best piece of sculpture exhibited in Paris this year and who is regarded as the "hope of the young art" of France, is the son of one of the poorest peasants of the republic—a farm hand who has struggled against poverty with one cow, half a dozen sheep and a tiny bit of land in the south of France. The son began to mold figures in clay when a small boy, and passed years in the direct poverty until he worked his way to Paris.

—"What's that?" asked his manager. "That's my black boy; he always makes that noise when he is cleaning my boots." "All right," said the manager. "You divide to-night's lecture in half, and at the end of first part have your black boy on to make that noise." The experiment was a triumphant success, such a success that the audience would not hear of his leaving off for Mr. Stanley to resume.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Like Oliver Twist—She—"Jack kissed Mabel last night and she cried." He—"Why did she cry?" She—"For more, I suppose."

—"I ain't had nothin' to eat for a week, sir," said the tramp. "Can't yer do anything for me?" "Certainly," said the pedestrian. "Fast for two months, and I'll get you a place in a dime museum."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Do you believe in the novel with a purpose?" asked Squidly to an author friend. "Certainly," the latter replied. "All the novels I ever wrote have the same purpose." "What is it?" "To improve my bank account."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"Why do you use such peculiar terms?" asked a lawyer's wife of her husband, who had returned home worn out by his day's labor. "I don't see how you could have been working all day like a horse." "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been driving a conveyance all day."—Tit-Bits.

—"Oh, Mr. de Cromo! I had such a time finding your painting at the exhibition to-day! It was hung away in an obscure corner." "Yes, I am disappointed. I shall quit art and start a laundry." "Mr. de Cromo!" "Yes. Then my work will always be hung on the line."—Browning, King & Co's Monthly.

—"Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who know him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf. The doctor was called in and, after investigation, informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman. 'Actinomycosis,' said she. 'Actinomycosis,' replied the doctor. 'Him?' cried Mrs. Mike. 'Ah, doctor, how can you say that? A little man, like Mike, couldn't build the mine of us, much less the disease that goes wid us!'—Harper's Drawer.

One Fare Excursion South Via C. & N.E.R. Round trip tickets will be sold from all stations on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R. on July 31st, August 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, Nov. 6th and Dec. 4th, 1894, at one fare to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida. Tickets good to return forty days from date of sale. Stopover allowed on going or returning journey. For further particulars apply to any C. & N. E. R. agent or C. & N. E. R. Bureau, northern passenger agent, 170 E. Third street, St. Paul, Chicago, or ticket office 220 Clark street, or to CHARLES L. STROCK, G. Y. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Bears the world—the impetuous tramp—Texas Billings.

A Good Appetite is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fall. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of the eye.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes one feel hungry. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. B.A.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT THE GREAT KIDNEY LIVER AND BLADDER BILIOUSNESS Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation. Poor Digestion Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, etc. Loss of Appetite A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Kilmer's Guide to Health" Free-Consultation Free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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HOME, SWEET HOME.

Mr. Worthington Tells How Payne Was Brought Home at Last.

The Ceremonies Attending the Removal of the Body from Tunis to America—His Life in the Algerian Capital.

I chanced upon Mr. John Worthington the other day, just after his return from Malta, where he has been United States consul since his appointment to that position by President Arthur in 1882.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Mourfully remembered his connection with the removal of John Howard Payne's remains to this country from Tunis, at the instance of Mr. Corcoran, of Washington.

Mr. Worthington said that one of the earliest and most interesting duties he had to perform as consul was to go to Tunis and exhume the body of John Howard Payne.

"When I arrived at Tunis," Mr. Worthington continued, "it was noon—the exhumation was to take place about one o'clock.

"There was nothing whatever left of the body except the skeleton, and in removing this skeleton from the grave to a coffin, we had to put some of the earth in with it, as the coffin in which the body had been buried had crumbled away, the earth and bones becoming mixed.

"In stooping over the grave I noticed that the root of a tree—a pepper tree—had just begun to creep over the forehead. This I pulled away, and in so doing exposed a piece of bone as white as ivory, which, together with a branch



EMPTY GRAVE OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AT TUNIS.

of the pepper tree, I sent to Mr. Corcoran at Washington. I also obtained five or six brass buttons from the uniform in which Payne had been buried, one of which I sent to Mr. Corcoran, one to the secretary of state—in fact I gave them all away, not keeping even one for myself.

"The body was then taken to the little English Protestant church at Tunis, where, the coffin having been covered with an American flag, we placed it on a table at the foot of the chancel and directly under a window which had been erected to Payne's memory by English and American residents and on which was inscribed:

"This was just about sunset. The ceremony which took place was of a simple nature. An English naval officer (a captain) played the air of 'Home, Sweet Home' on a little American melodion which stood there, and, after considerable urging, I induced my wife to sing the words. This she at last consented to do, and, standing there in the beautiful twilight singing, helped to make one of the most pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed.

"How does it happen that the sunsets in the west?" asked the teacher. "It does it occasionally," replied Denby Blythe, who was kept in half an hour after school for his smartness.

church. Arabs, foreigners and all were wiping away the tears; it was simply overwhelming.

"There we left the body all night. The next day at noon we again assembled, when the coffin containing all that was left of Payne, was carried to the Marina, whence it was put aboard the French ship bound for Marseilles. It was then transferred to a ship coming direct to the United States, finally arriving in America, where it was taken to Washington and buried.

"Over the grave in Washington Mr. Corcoran dedicated a handsome monument with appropriate ceremonies.

"The people of Tunis, as I learned afterwards, felt aggrieved that even the grave for thirty odd years had covered the grave for thirty odd years had taken away to America. This was done by a mistake, Mr. Corcoran wrote me, and when he was informed of their feeling, he at once authorized me to have a monument put up over the empty grave in Tunis. This I did, duplicating the one in Washington except, instead of putting a bust, as on the Washington monument, I had a little group of symbols cut for the top, one a ribbon on which were carved the first few notes of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the inscription (from Mrs. May Riley Smith's poem 'Sometime') 'They be content, poor heart, and the others a lute and a book.'

"I suppose, Mr. Worthington, you obtained considerable information regarding Payne's life in Tunis?" "Yes, I did; particularly from a Mr. Alfred Chappillie, the present United States vice consul in Tunis, he having been appointed to that office within the past three months. He knew Payne very well and was very kind to him. It was through Mr. Chappillie, largely that Payne was enabled to receive the assistance which made his last days comfortable, without Payne knowing that it was charity. He was proud; he fancied, and his friends led him to believe, that the money he was living on was his own; whereas, as a matter of fact, his friends were helping him. He supposed it was money which had been saved for him out of his own income.

"Payne lived in a fine large house in Tunis, which he had succeeded in getting the boy to let him occupy in his capacity as a servant of the United States. As he began to fail, he stayed in the house a great deal, sitting in a large chair, well wrapped up, with a hot fire burning—this, too, in the hot climate to be found there—contenting himself with brandy and soda. He finally died of exhaustion from inability

to eat or retain anything, and lived on branly altogether during the last few days of his life.

"I remember Mr. Chappillie's telling me once that Payne had described to him how he came to write 'Home, Sweet Home.' Mr. Chappillie's version was that that Payne said he was one day in Paris, walking in one of the streets, and as dawn was breaking, he began to feel a sense of homesickness and fancied neglect. Not that he ever was neglected. That is a wrong idea, for Mr. Payne was never neglected by his friends, and the prevailing impression that Payne was an exile, or even considered himself one, I think is incorrect. But this day, in Paris, when he was feeling lowspirited, there came the idea of this little ballad of his, and he unconsciously set it to an old Sicilian air, I think it was, or some air he knew very well—he did not compose the music, you know. It was afterwards embodied in his opera, 'Clari, the Maid of Milan.'

"After Payne's death his books in a corner in boxes and baskets, where they became mildewed and more or less useless through neglect, and Mr. Chappillie told me that within the last few years they had disappeared, no body knowing where they were to this day.

"Payne was very lovable, Chappillie said, his character being a sweet one. He was very exacting, however, that his official status should be recognized, and by those who came in contact with him officially he was, perhaps, thought too rigid; but personally, in his own house or when dining with friends, he was the soul of charming comradeship. He was most witty; quoted from poems beautifully and with great feeling, seeming to be fond of the pathetic rather than the heroic."

Several Mesures, Indeed. "Mrs. Chairwoman," said the lady in the club-woman's convention, "in view of an obvious tendency toward frivolous amusements on the part of some of the members, I move to enforce a severe disciplinary measure."

"State your motion," said the chairwoman. "I move you, Mrs. President," said the lady in a voice that clearly fore-shadowed trouble for somebody. "I move that all the looking-glasses and mirrors be removed from the cloakroom for six consecutive sessions."

Guarding Against Intrusion. "Dashaway—Where did you get that necktie, old man?" "Cleveland—My best girl made it to wear at the seaside when I spend my vacation with her."

"Dashaway—I see. She wants to be alone with you.—Clothing and Furnisher."

His Only Weak Spot. "Chappie and Wilks had a dispute at the club the other night, and Chappie got so excited he lost his head."

"Death, how fortunate! Chappie's head was his only weak spot!"—Harper's Bazar.

Two Smart. "How does it happen that the sunsets in the west?" asked the teacher. "It does it occasionally," replied Denby Blythe, who was kept in half an hour after school for his smartness.



EUGENE V. DEBS, PRESIDENT AMERICAN RAILWAY UNION.

The director of the great boycott against the railways of America is a young man. He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1865. He began his career in 1885 as a railroad fireman, afterward rising to the position of foreman. Later he became grand secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and editor of the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine. In 1884 he was elected to the Indiana state legislature by the Democrats. In 1879 he was city clerk of Terre Haute. In 1880 he organized the American Railway union, of which he has since been president.

NEW YEAR IN PERSIA.

Revolting Sights Seen by a Traveler at Teheran.

Religious Fanaticism Carried to a Point Almost Beyond Belief—History of the Festival and the Great Oriental Passion Play.

(Special Letter.)

In Persia, as well as in the other Mohammedan countries, the calendar year begins with the month of Moharrem. Each falls, however, in different seasons, that year other than in the preceding one. The first ten days of Moharrem are kept sacred, and among the Sheelites, the sect to which the Persians belong, the tenth day is the greatest holiday of all. For on that day, according to Islam, Allah drove Adam and Eve out of paradise, Noah left his ark, and the slaughter of Kerbelah took place. The last-mentioned event, at least, really occurred on that day in the year 61 of the Moslem era, and during it Hussein, the son of Ali, whom the Sheelites regard as the rightful caliph and successor of Mohammed, was cruelly murdered and mutilated, his head being subsequently taken to Cairo, where it is even to-day enshrined in one of the columns of the Mosque of Hussein and Hassan, the chief temple of the Sheelites in Africa. As the whole schism within the Moslem church dates from the death of that young man, and since the Sheelites look upon Hussein as a holy martyr and upon his father, Ali, as the founder of their religion, the tenth day of Moharrem is what Good Friday is to the Christians. Everywhere throughout that part of the world where Sheelites exist in large numbers, the tenth of Moharrem is, therefore, kept with strange ceremonies. In Persia there are theatrical representations of the martyrdom of Hussein and Hassan on that day, as well as weird and awful street processions. I witnessed the performance in the Royal theater in Teheran—in reality, though, not a theater, but an amphitheater, resembling somewhat the ancient Roman circus.

These performances are even more realistic and impressive than the Oberaugu Passion play, to which, in some respects, they bear a striking resemblance. The few female parts are taken by young, smooth-faced boys, who are attired in feminine apparel and all of the actors are volunteers, it being held a great honor to participate. Audiences of from ten thousand to thirty thousand are not seldom on such occasions, and as the play, when performed in its entirety, lasts several days, it is not an unalloyed pleasure, in view of a broiling sun overhead and the lack of comfortable accommodations, to witness it. The costumes used throughout are historically correct and of the costliest kind. That is also true of the weapons, armor, etc., even unto the magnificent horses that play a part in the drama which is slowly unfolding and which ends in the slaying of Hussein and the wild and desperate walling over his death.

As this performance is the only kind of theatrical entertainment in vogue among the Mohammedans, it is interesting to note some of its peculiarities. The story of the play is told, either in a singsong tone by a single narrator who employs poetic diction in his task, or else its burden is further elaborated and carried on at times by a chorus of from twenty to fifty. Thus the childhood, the joys and adventures of the two brothers Hassan and Hussein, with incidental mention of their father, the Caliph Ali, are poetically presented, often in words of great beauty and tenderness.

When it comes to the point where Hassan is killed at the behest of the usurping caliph and Hussein flees with a handful of faithful followers to the Syrian desert and at last is overtaken by a large force of Arabs sent out by the caliph, and the final struggle takes place, during which Hussein is stabbed to death on his horse, but later on crawls on his hands and knees to a shady spot under a palm tree, suffering the pangs of thirst and the blood running from his frightful wounds, the intensity of feeling among the audience always waxing to a dangerous point. Their religious fanaticism, much stronger than with the less excitable Turks, who are Sunnites, often reaches the point of frenzy. The actor representing Hussein invariably stabs and mutilates himself, so that all may see the blood spurting forth from his wounds, and many in the audience emulate his example, while during the fierce melee which is supposed to mean the massacre of Kerbelah, deaths and severe injuries due to the too realistic use of the curved sabers and Khandjars (large daggers) occur invariably at the larger performances in the important towns. To all this is added the piercing wail of the veiled women in the audience, and the weeping and sobbing of the multitude, who cry out, in a veritable access of sorrow said by:

"All ye Allah! Poor Hussein! Poor Hassan! Could I but help thee! All the black murdering infidels! Al, al, al!" It was not safe for non-Moslems to attend those performances up to recently, and it is not safe for a Turk or any other Sunnite to be present at them even to-day, for there was no telling whether the fanatical frenzy of this throng, wrought up to the highest pitch, might not break out at any time against the descendants of the men who had slain their idol, Hussein, and it must be remembered that Ali is held by the Persians as great a prophet, or greater, than Mohammed himself.

The street processions on the tenth of Moharrem are even more awful and repellent, and these are held not in Persia alone, but in all other countries and cities where Persians and other Sheelites are numerically strong, in Constantinople, in Cairo, in Alexandria, in Damascus, in Tiflis, in Baku, in Candahar, Cabul and elsewhere. They have a uniform character. They usually start from a mosque which bears the name of the two martyrs or in which some relic attributed to them is preserved. In the procession are blue and white robed monks, dervishes and hadjies (pilgrims), and these intone all the length of the way a sorrowful hymn in praise of the martyrs, bearing torches all the while, for the procession always occurs at night. Then follow guardians of the mosque, fanatics of some fraternity or another, and police and soldiers on horseback who take care the way is kept open by slashing right and left with clubs or sabers.

HE'S A PATRIOT.

On This Particular Occasion He Met the Wrong Man, However.

"Sir," he began to one of the clerks in the water office, as he waved a notice in his hand, "there is a notice that if I don't pay my water-tax before the day is out the water will be shut off at the house."

"Yes, sir." "I call it an arbitrary notice, sir; it smacks of tyranny, sir; I don't propose to allow no corporation to bulldoze me!" "No, sir," replied the clerk, as he kept on writing.

"It isn't American, sir. The czar of Russia sends around such notices, but the czar of Russia doesn't run Detroit. The idea of hopping on to an American citizen in any such way!" "Yes, sir," humbly replied the clerk. "It has aroused me and I won't pay—no, sir, won't pay if you shut the water off from the whole town! More than that, sir, and I want to give you notice right now, that the hyena who comes up to shut that water off will never live to do it! I'll slay him, sir—slay him in cold blood!"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet response. "If you had sent a man to notify me that the tax was past due I should have given him the cash at once, but when this water board resorts to bulldozing tactics with me, you have struck the wrong man! Yes, sir—the wrong man!" "Yes, sir."

"We talk about the freedom of the American people!" continued the man, as he paced up and down, "but where is it? This is a sample of it—this arbitrary notice! I must put up or shut up! Here we are living between two great lakes, and a river pouring millions of gallons of water past our doors every day in the year, and yet I must pay for water! Not only that, but I must be threatened and bulldozed and walked on!"

"But I'll never do it—never! I'll die in the last ditch! I'll show this water board that the spirit of American liberty still lives, and that there is one man in this town who can't be walked on!" "Yes, sir."

The American patriot paced to the door and back. No one looked at him. Business continued right along as usual. He waited fully five minutes for some awful calamity to occur, and then walked up to the same window, and the same clerk, laid down the notice and a ten-dollar bill, and very quietly said:

"Meant to come in yesterday, but forgot it. Take her out." "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, as he handed over the receipt and the change. "Hot weather, this?" "Yes, very hot—good-by!"—Detroit Free Press.

BOROUGH TOWNS. The Extraordinary Powers Formerly Possessed by Them in England. Borough towns in England had formerly extraordinary powers. Each had its system of home rule, and was a little imperium in imperio. It controlled its trades, manufactures and professional occupations, the numbers to be employed, and fixed the price of wages and commodities. It determined what were offenses against the order, morals and well-being of the borough, and its codes assigned the punishments. Its by-laws were a tyranny, and its mayor was frequently a little despot, as real as any cadd of the east.

MADE HIM A CRIMINAL.

An Operation That Had an Unfortunate Effect.

"Do you think criminality is a disease?" remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk.

"Course not," said the clerk; "it is an acquired habit, and there wouldn't be any criminals if children were trained right."

"That's what you think, but sit down there where you will be comfortable, and I'll tell you something."

It was after midnight, and as the clerk hadn't anything to do, he accepted the invitation and sat down.

"Not a great while ago," went on the drummer, "I was in an eastern city, and it happened that I had a package of samples stolen by a boy on the street. I caught him in the act, and a policeman being on the spot, for a wonder, I turned the thief over to him, and agreed to appear against the boy, just to teach him a lesson. The next morning I was in the police court on time, and there I was met by a physician, who told me something which led me to leave the case to him. When the boy was called the physician appeared with him and desired to make a statement to the court. It was granted, and he said:

"May it please the court, I want to assume responsibility for this offense, and for a number of others of a similar character, which I understand the accused has committed within the past year."

"Naturally the judge was surprised, and, of course, he wanted an explanation, and the physician was ready and willing to furnish it.

"Your honor," he said, "until something more than a year ago, this boy was as correct a boy as any I ever knew. Of good parentage and excellent training, there is no reason why he should not have been so. Two years ago he sustained a severe accident by being thrown from a bicycle in which his skull was fractured directly on that spot which phrenologists have designated as the bump of acquisitiveness. I was called in to treat the case, and upon examination discovered that the only thing to be done was to remove a part of the skull and expose the fracture. This I did, trephining a considerable area of the brain. The trephining, however, was quite successful, and I had the pleasure in a few weeks of seeing my patient once more on his feet, and as to all intents and purposes as well as ever, or very likely to be very soon. At this time, and until several months later, nothing unusual was noticed about the boy, but after several months it was observed that he began to purloin small things about the house. He was not suspected at first, but one day his mother caught him in the act, and he was punished. I may add that at this time he was perhaps thirteen years old. His parents were greatly grieved over this discovery, and afterward kept a close watch on him. The habit, however, seemed to be growing on him, and all their efforts to check it were in vain. They even went so far as to have their pastor talk to him, but that did no good. One day they were painfully shocked by his arrest for a theft of trifling character. The matter was settled as quietly as possible, and it was hoped that this would be a lesson to him. It made absolutely no difference, and the boy went from bad to worse. What he has stolen no one can tell, for he is as cunning as a fox in his work, as a rule, nor is it known what he does with his stealings unless he has hidden them away somewhere. Ten days ago the case came directly to my notice by a theft from my own house. I had heard, of course, of what the boy had been doing, but it did not occur to me to think I had anything to do with it. The parents came to me when the theft occurred at my house, and in the talk about their boy the suggestion struck me that perhaps I could offer an explanation. I said nothing to them, but sent for the boy and made an examination of the trephined fracture, and discovered that while I had saved the boy's life, I had also given him bump of acquisitiveness an opportunity to develop abnormally, and that it was growing greater every day. I did not reach this conclusion definitely until a day or two ago, and this is the first opportunity I have had to make an explanation of what, to those who knew the boy previously, is a remarkable case of moral retrogression. Having made this explanation, I wish to assume the responsibility for the boy's acts, and as the prosecuting witness is willing not to appear against my patient, I would ask to have him discharged. His parents have agreed to let me perform another operation on him, and I feel assured that I can render him a service which will make an honest man of him. As he now is, he will continue to grow worse, and there is nothing before him except a prison, for steal he must and steal he will, until his offense becomes such that he will go to the penitentiary, where his opportunities may be minimized, but his desire to steal will continue to grow."

"Well," concluded the drummer, "this sort of thing knocked out the court and everybody else, but the prisoner was turned over to the physician as his patient, and he took him away with him to a hospital, where he said the operation was to be performed at once. That was a year ago. To-day I met the physician on the street here, and the first thing I asked him about was the boy. He smiled all over and told me that ever since the operation the boy had been steadily improving, and for two months past he had stolen nothing, although the temptation was constantly put in his way by his orders."

"I think," he said as we parted, "that the boy is entirely cured, and hereafter, when I have any trephining to do, I shall keep an eye on the bumps and not make a patient either better or worse than nature intended."—Detroit Free Press.

Fishes in Greek Waters. It takes a warmer sea and a more genial climate than ours to develop the sort of sponge sought by the merchant. The Greeks are considered the principal sponge fishers, and it takes much experience, skill and hardihood to qualify a man for a first-class place among sponge divers. Many of the most valuable specimens are found at a depth varying from ten to thirty-five fathoms.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Frogs are mainly juke. If they try to make more than a short journey away from moisture they will perish for want of water, and then their bodies will dry away. The frog's bones are so soft that they scarcely leave any skeleton.

Better Than Calomel. Better than calomel for biliousness, and more efficient than the various cathartic waters sold, is, according to a physician, a glass of lemonade, with-out sugar, glass of lemonade, without sugar, before going to bed, and another perhaps a half hour before breakfast the next morning. This treatment needs possibly two or three repetitions, at intervals of two or three days, to form an efficacious course.—Boston Globe.

DEMONSTRATIONS. Gooseberry Jam: Six pounds ripe gooseberries, four pounds sugar. Steam and top the gooseberries, and boil one hour in a preserving kettle, watching closely that the fruit does not scorch. Stir often. If the juice increases very rapidly dip out some of it. When the fruit has boiled an hour add the sugar and cook an hour longer. Put the jam boiling hot into glass tumblers or small jars and seal.—Harper's Bazar.

Fruit Tapioca: Cover one cup of pearl tapioca with a pint of water. Soak until the water is absorbed. Open a pint can of cherries; drain off the liquor and add it to the tapioca; cook slowly over a moderate fire until the tapioca is tender; then stir in the cherries. Turn this into a glass dish and serve cold with powdered sugar and cream. The unfermented grape juice may be used here in place of cherries. Half a pint or a pint stirred into this quantity makes a delightful and wholesome dessert.—Housekeeper.

Chili Sauce: Twelve large tomatoes, four ripe or three green peppers, two large onions, two tablespoons salt, one-half cup brown sugar, one tablespoon cinnamon, three cups strong vinegar; peel tomatoes and onion, chop (separately) very fine, add the peppers (chopped) with other ingredients, and boil one and one-half hours, stirring constantly. Bottle and it will keep a long time. Stone jars are better than glass cans, as the light can not fade it. This chili sauce is excellent, and is more digestible and palatable than catsup.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Summer Bread: When the bread supply grows short some hot day, and it seems as if going without would be better than heating the oven to bake biscuits, try this way of making a substitute: "To three cups of sweet milk add flour enough to make a stiff batter, first putting a spoonful of baking powder and a little salt into the flour. Have a spider very hot with plenty of drippings (or a mixture of lard and butter) on the bottom; drop in parts of the batter; cover with brown on the bottom, then turn. These pasts will puff up and be as light as the best biscuit, and are not greasy.—Ohio Farmer.

Delicious Beefsteak: Trim your steak neatly. Nothing is lost by this, as the ragged pieces make excellent stock for soup. Have your pan hot, put in a piece of butter (half a table-spoonful Worcester sauce, the juice of a lemon. Curry powder will do as well as the sauce. Butter the steak on the upper side, season with pepper and salt, lay in the pan with the sauce and cover closely, turning over about three times while cooking. Ten minutes is an average time. Tomato sauce, or a cup of cold stewed tomatoes, seasoned well, can be used with the butter instead of the above.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

ECHOES OF FASHION. Facts and Fancies in Dress-Making and Millinery. A novelty in lace is made with a ground of three different materials—guipure, net and gauze. Another variety is in two shades of color, cream and butter, or cream and coffee. The newest cut in skirts is made in a style fashionable many years ago, with the back breadths lined with stiffening and gathered in long gathers, so that they stand out stiffly from the waist. This is a very difficult design to copy, and yet very few of these models are to be seen. The silk gingham, muslins and all such soft wash fabrics need a great deal of ribbon, and it adds immensely to such gowns to have two sets of color, viz., with a yellow gingham to have yellow ribbon for sash and collar, and bows on the yoke if bows be used, and the same quantity of heliotrope to be used when one does not care to be all in one color. Strings are often applied to hats, and black flowers are much worn. The waved brims are becoming to young faces, and Indian corn now figures in the mill of many fashions and feathers. The sailor hat has undergone such a transformation that it is unrecognizable. The brim has been pinched upwards and trimmed with black violets, wings and a black bow at the back. For young girls some coarse straw hats, trimmed with oats, roses and green chiffon. A white fancy chip with a turn-down brim is a novel idea. It is trimmed with wired lace, with several roses resting in the hair. A green bonnet with pink crown has been arranged with heliotrope velvet and wisteria, and a Dutch gold bonnet with a gathered bow at the back, and with some green jetted mignonette in the front, is attractive. Hats for Screens. The quickest return is made from the common Virginia creeper, and our native grapevines. Slower, but more beautiful in its results, is the Japanese creeper, Ampelopsis vitifolia. This is a true creeper, which the Virginia is not—sometimes clinging and sometimes not—and does better on a wall or close fence. Hall's Japan honeysuckle is a fine climber, but not perfectly hardy in severe winters. Among those which die down and come up in the spring, the various kinds of clematis, especially the jackmanii, are very fine. For an annual grower from seed we were much pleased last season with a climber which came to us as "Dolicho labell," "Egyptian bean." It is a strong grower, with fine, clean foliage, rapidly covers a high fence or frame, has beautiful pinkish-purple flowers and pods. Light frosts do not seem to injure it.—Country Gentleman.

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DEALER IN

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Deans of

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

ONLY 612 Main Street

MEMONINEE MICHIGAN.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Postmaster Leonard, of Boise, Idaho, is \$7,000 short and has skipped.

Two millions in gold went abroad last Saturday and the treasury lost it.

The great Desplains camp meeting has been in progress all the week.

The proposed "oil trust of the world" don't go. The Russian concern would not come in and now it and the "Standard" fight for the European market.

The enormous amount of wheat in sight knocked the price down three cents a bushel last week.

Poor Carlotta, the widow of Maximilian, is dying. She has been insane since the failure of the scheme to place her husband on an imperial throne in Mexico.

Debs' friends notify the president that Debs is all right and that the United States judges, marshals and jurors are a pack of rascals.

Moses Strong, a pioneer of Wisconsin, died at Mineral Point on the 20th. He was eighty-four years old and had resided in Wisconsin since 1836.

Jeffries' Coxeyite army was shipped to Lake Erie on a schooner the destination of which was kept secret.

John B. Godfrey, the last chief of the Miamis, died at Fort Wayne, Ind., last Saturday.

China and Japan will fight over Korea.

The A. T. & S. F. railway is in trouble. Secret rebates bring down its earnings seven millions below the amount shown by its books.

Niagara county, N. Y., suffered to the extent of a million by a hail storm last Saturday.

The Lexington Masonic lodge has kicked out Breckinridge.

The geysers in the Yellowstone park are just now very active.

At Muncie, Indiana, a man drank two gallons of water without stopping and died of course.

The Debs rebellion in California was suppressed on the 21st.

Bishop Watterson bars liquor dealers from membership in Catholic societies and Satolli sustains him.

General Booth, of the Salvation army, is coming to America next month.

A Baltimore man sent Debs a check for \$1,000, but his account was not good for it.

The Hotel Metropole, at Chicago, does not pay and is in a receiver's hands.

The yankee yacht, Vigilant, got weather, finally, and outtailed the Britania.

A Brooklyn negress is turning white and the doctors don't know what to make of the case.

The managers of the street railway of Richmond Ind., are accused of beating shareholders and creditors alike. They are said to have pocketed a quarter of a million.

Capt. John Crangle shot his wife and then himself at Racine last Saturday.

Morita Arka was burned to death while endeavoring to save the lives of some children at Chicago last Monday.

George Powell, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., attempted to cut the throat of his wife, but she got a club and mashed his skull.

Wheat sold at fifty cents a bushel at Milwaukee on Monday—the lowest price ever known in that market.

The officers of the defunct American Loan & Trust Co., of Duluth, must stand trial for embezzlement.

Extensive forest fires are raging in northern Wisconsin.

Gompers' appeal for funds for Debs brought in \$525, of which \$500 was given by his "Federation of Labor."

Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, was "turned down" by the aldermen. He vetoed a nasty gas franchise but they passed it over his veto. There's boodle in the deal.

The new stamp mill at Rainy Lake City "cleaned up" for the first time last Monday. The yield of gold was \$33 to the ton of vein stuff.

Sovereign is still rampant. He not only wants Pullman boycotted, but also every man who travels in a Pullman car.

Cardinal Gibbons was sixty years old last Monday.

The treasury gold is down to sixty millions and the drain for export still goes on.

At an Indiana village a saloon keeper was taken from his place and whipped. He had opened his saloon against the wishes of the "best citizens."

A girl of fourteen years died of consumption at Fort Wayne, she was seven feet and three inches tall.

A statue of John A. Logan was unveiled at Dakota Hot Springs, on Monday.

Physician.

DR. WALKER,

Will visit any part of the country when called, either for

Surgical Operation

OR

CONSULTATION,

Telephone 30,

Marinette, Wisconsin

Merchant Tailor.

L. O. KIRSTINE

Has returned to Escanaba and located at 704 Ludington St., where he is prepared to do

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In the Latest Styles.

WE ARE SHOWING

Many handsome things in suitings, pantings, and in fact everything in our line—Low prices rule.

Good Fits and Best Workmanship

Railway.

Soo Line Time Card

IN EFFECT JUNE 17, '94.

GOING EAST.

BOSTON EXPRESS leaves North Escanaba 5:30 a. m. daily for Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Boston, and all points east. Solid vestibuled train to Montreal with dining car attached, and through sleeper to Boston without change. Connection made daily at Trout Lake with South Shore train for Mackinaw City, connecting with the Grand Rapids and Indiana R'y, train for Grand Rapids and the South.

Local passenger trains leave North Escanaba at 8:35 a. m. daily except Sunday for Sault Ste. Marie and intermediate stations arriving at Sault Ste. Marie at 1:45 p. m. making connection at Trout Lake with South Shore express for Detroit via Michigan Central R'y.

GOING WEST.

ST. PAUL EXPRESS with through sleeper and dining car, leaves North Escanaba 7:30 p. m. daily, arriving at Minneapolis 12:00 a. m. and St. Paul 8:30 a. m., connection with day trains for the west, north-west and south-west.

Local Passenger train leaves North Escanaba 7:37 p. m. daily except Sunday arriving Pembina 7:30 p. m. making connection with Milwaukee and Northern R'y, with through sleepers for Milwaukee and Chicago.

THROUGH TICKETS (including bus, Escanaba to North Escanaba) on sale at the Soo Line City Ticket Office, 104 Ludington street.

150 pounds of baggage checked through and carried from Escanaba to destination WITHOUT CHARGE.

PASSENGERS and their baggage called for by The Company's buses, that run in connection with all Soo Line trains.

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Building Materials.

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Wholesale and Retailers in

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair, Brick, Tile, Etc.

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Groceries.

I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE

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.