

THE POLITICAL ARENA.

Richard Mason Named to Succeed Mr. Fleishman as State Senator.

Representative Fuller Again Out for Delegates—Call for the Congressional Convention.—The Kaufman Bubble Burst.—Notes.

The legislature to be elected next November will choose two senators. That Senator McMillan will be chosen to succeed himself is probably doubtful only upon the supposition that the legislature will be democratic—a contingency not to be apprehended. As to the choice of a senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Stokbridge the case is different. There are already four candidates for that position from the various parts of the state below the straits and the antagonism between them is sharply defined and, in some cases irreconcilable. In that fact lies our chance. If the senators and representatives from this district shall agree upon a candidate, present his name at the proper time, and stand by him first, last, and all the time, his chance for success in the outcome will be better, for reasons which will be apparent to any one, than that of either of the candidates from the lower peninsula, leaving out of sight the justice of our claim to recognition.

That the delegation from this peninsula will adopt that course is our hope. The candidate could (and should) be settled upon in caucus of the upper peninsula members, and the course indicated should be followed. The fact that now is our time to get a senator should be kept in mind in making representative and senatorial (state) nominations.

The Tribune understands that Mr. J. Fleishman, of Menominee, declines to be re-nominated for state senator.

In that case Gladstone presents the name of our mayor, Richard Mason, Sr. Mr. Mason is one of the early pioneers. He is interested in developing the country and is an extensive lumber dealer and mill owner. He gives employment to a great many men who are contented and happy. He is popular among the people as shown by the office he now holds and has held on previous occasions. His republicanism has never been doubted. Above all, he is capable, a skillful lawyer and a successful business man. If nominated, he will receive the hearty support of Delta county.—Tribune.

The Iron Port is also informed that Senator Fleishman does not desire a re-nomination (in fact his second term has expired) and in fact against his desire, and it will heartily support the candidacy of Mr. Mason.

The Mining Journal of Monday announces the failure of the "boom" for Mayor Kaufman in these words: "Mr. Kaufman has not at any time gone farther than to consent to allow his name to be discussed in connection with the nomination, and has neither made nor authorized anybody to make for him, an active canvass to secure it. He has had the good sense to insist that it should be left for him, after ascertaining what he could, quietly, as to the situation in the district, to say whether he would permit his name to go before the convention or not. His decision is that it shall not be presented." The decision is creditable to Mr. Kaufman's discretion, to say the least, and leaves him in a better position for future campaigns than would an unsuccessful fight for the nomination at this time. As for the further remarks of the Mining Journal, they are merely ill-natured, as is natural, and can be overlooked and disregarded.

A republican convention for the Twelfth Congressional District of Michigan, is hereby called to meet in Peterson's Opera House, in the city of Escanaba, on Friday, the 25th of September, 1894, at 10 o'clock, a. m., to nominate a candidate for representative in congress.

The several counties in the district will be entitled to representation as follows, being one delegate for every 50,000 votes, or majority thereof, as set for governor at the election in 1892, viz: Alger, 1; Baraga, 2; Chippewa, 5; Delta, 7; Dickinson, 6; Gogebic, 8; Houghton, 15; Iron, 3; Keweenaw, 1; Lake, 1; Mackinac, 2; Marquette, 15; Menominee, 8; Ontonagon, 3; Schoolcraft, 3. By order of Congressional Committee. GAD SMITH, Chairman.

Dated Aug. 21st, 1894.

If Judge Hubbell desires to be considered a candidate for the United States senate, and would have the support of the republicans in this peninsula, he should call off the Mining Journal, at once. Its support would be fatal to a stronger man than Judge H. Clevelandism and mungwumpery are not winners in this district. In another column we have spoken of "Our Chance" for a senatorship, and that applies to Judge Hubbell, as to any other man who can command the united support of the upper peninsula delegation in the legislature; but no man who has the support of the Mining Journal can hope for such "united support" in the legislature. Call it off—repudiate it—Judge; it is not republican, and its friendship is poisonous.

The Marquette correspondent of the Chicago Herald has a double title of "boonmyer." He is a liar, which is bad, and a fool, which is worse. His attempt, in the first place, to push the boom of Mayor Kaufman was a specimen of his ability as a liar, and his attempt to hedge in Tuesday's paper was evidence of his idiocy. The Iron Port has no knowledge of his identity—wants none—and cares only to say what it has already said, and add that Stevens, who used to do some tall lying from Ishpeming, isn't in with the Marquette fakir.

The republicans of Gladstone ask that the convention to nominate a candidate for senator for the 30th district be held in their city and the Iron Port endorses their application. No other point is as easily accessible to the delegates from the eastern counties, and as Gladstone people are to have a candidate for the nomination, they propose to entertain the delegates at their own expense and make it pleasant for them. The committee will do well to accept their offer.

The "Pollition" of the Detroit Tribune has announced O. B. Fuller of Ford River as a candidate for re-nomination to the legislature in the Delta district and is receiving assurances of support from the republican papers of Alger, Delta and Schoolcraft counties. It is true, too, O. B. Fuller is out for delegates and is extremely likely to get them.

The paper which launched the twin boom—Kaufman for congress and Hubbell for the senate—only to mourn its early demise, has a right to growl and snarl, and use that right. It is rather interesting, too, shows how earnest the paper was and how disappointed it is, and hurts no one.

An Error, Not Ours.

The dates at which shooting might begin, published last week, contained, as Capt. Stratton informs us, one error; the partridge season does not open until October 1, instead of September 7, as we had it, copying from another publication authorized by the state game warden.

Green Bay News.

Wednesday of last week, the 15th, was the Catholic feast of Assumption, observed

ed all over the world among the followers of that faith. Here among many the observance takes a peculiar form. A very large number usually make a pilgrimage to Robinsonville, a few miles from this city, and pay their devotion at a shrine and chapel erected there in perpetuation of the memory of a miracle alleged to have been wrought at that point many years ago in the appearance of the Virgin Mary to a devout follower. The number of visitors this year is said to have been larger than usual.—Advocate.

Oh, No; He Wasn't Seared.

The Calumet Conglomerate had this story in its last issue:

A gentleman who is in business in Red Jacket, has a bed room in the rear of his store on Main St., and uses the rooms above for storage purposes. A few nights since he retired at his usual hour, but was awakened about 2 o'clock a. m. by a loud pounding on the floor over his head. What happened is best told as he gave it to a Conglomerate reporter yesterday: "I heard the pounding, and listened, I wasn't scared, but I knew there oughtn't to be any one upstairs, and I listened again and heard bang! bang! on the floor. Then I heard a whir-r-r-r! and then bang, thump on the floor. I thought a good deal, but I wasn't scared; then I thought I would not go upstairs as it was dark there and I sat up in bed, but I wasn't scared a bit, so then I heard boom! boom! whir-r-r-r! and I thought the Devil must be up there, but I wasn't scared a bit, but I thought I'd wait it out a few minutes more, and it commenced to be light and I got one foot out of bed and was going to put my shoes on, when whatever it was went bang! whir-r-r-r! again and I pulled my foot back into bed and waited for it to get lighter, but I wasn't scared a bit. The row went on every little while, and by and by it stopped and I dressed quickly and ran upstairs, and what do you think I saw? A great big cat with his head stuck in a lobster can and he had been pounding in on the floor to get his head out, and he had been yelling in the can and rolling it along the floor, which made the whir-r-r-r sound. I pulled the can off his head and nearly pulled his ears off in doing it. When he got the can off, he ran to the window and looked out, gave a long sniff of the air, a blood curdling yell, and with a whoop went sailing out into the yard, but the strangest part was that I wasn't scared one bit all the time."

The Fate of the Chapin.

Attorney R. C. Flannigan, of Norway, Michigan, has been trustee for the bondholders of the Chapin Mining Co., brought suit, Aug. 14, for the sale of the company's property under foreclosure. It is expected that a decree will be entered by Sept. 4 and that the sale will take place Oct. 15. M. A. Hanna & Co., who have been making advances for the operation of the property the past few months, arranged to do so only through the present season. The marketing of upwards of 100,000 tons thus far made, has been possible by the waiving of the forty cent royalty by C. A. Chapin, owner of the fee of the mine. On Sept. 3, a meeting of the stockholders of the Chapin Mining Co., will be held at Milwaukee to take action in view of the proceedings brought by the bondholders' trustee. Most of the stock is in the hands of Milwaukee banks as collateral on Schlesinger loans. Of the \$1,038,000 of bonds issued last August, \$200,000 were of the first issue, and of these about \$15,000 worth were sold, and freights and labor claims paid with the proceeds. In a statement to the stockholders, the trustee says that the proceeds of the sale of Oct. 15th will probably not be sufficient to satisfy anything beyond the mortgage bonds of the first class. By action taken last week, the office of the Chapin Mining Company was transferred from Milwaukee to Cleveland. The fee-owners and members of the firm of M. A. Hanna & Co. will be prominent in the new company.—Iron Trade Review.

"Business Will Pick Up."

That there will be an increase in the volume of business, now that business men know the conditions under which their business must be done, is a matter of course. The shop and the factory will be reopened and the forges lighted up. But the laborer in shop and factory, in forge or furnace, must be content with lower wages. On the laborer falls the burden inflicted on the country by the "tariff reformers" who have promised him cheaper living as the offset to his reduced wages. He does not get it, though. These same "tariff reformers" add to the cost of his labor, for one thing, and in nothing make his burden lighter. Oh, yes; "business will pick up," but the wage-earner will have less on his table and less (if anything) to put away "for a rainy day" or against the inevitable day when he can no longer earn wages. The "tariff reform" policy means European wages while the laborer can work and pauperism when he can not, but "business will pick up."

Sewer Stench.

A lady whose home is at the east end of the 2d ward complains of the stench arising from the sewer with which her residence is connected, which at times defies the "traps" of the plumbing and invades the rooms to an extent that renders them almost uninhabitable. From the manholes of the sewers in the same vicinity, at times, comes also a stench of the same sort. The attention of the health officer has been called to the matter and he has, no doubt, given notice to the proper authority, but these words may serve to reinforce him, and stir up the committee on sewers to action. It can not be too prompt nor too thorough, there's poison in such emanations.

The Injunction Dissolved.

After hearing the argument, on Monday last, Judge Stone dissolved the injunction which temporarily restrained the school board from acting under its resolution to build a new school house in the 6th ward. The work will not, however, be proceeded with this year; it is too late to do so economically or to save the expense of renting rooms for the overflow. Next year, if the new board shall so decide, preparation can be made to build during the "long vacation," and that will probably be done.

The Market Place.

The action of the council in setting apart a block of North Charlotte street as a market place will have no effect whatever unless supplemented by further action. To say that it is a market place does not make it such if peddling from house to house is permitted, nor unless the days and hours of "market" are specified.

The work of the council is all right, so far, but it is only preliminary. Go ahead, and finish your job, gentlemen.

Bring It Here.

The Gogebic mines are rushing ore into Ashland faster than the lake tonnage can take it away. Why not send it, or a portion of it, this way? It could be taken care of without trouble. By the way, a dispatch to the Wisconsin gives the shipments from Ashland, for the season, at 9,941,506 tons, which is only eight millions of tons too much.

A Change of Time.

The Douglas will leave here Sunday evening, Sept. 9, instead of the preceding evening, to accommodate visitors to the session of the great camp of the K. O. T. M., at Lansing. It is the most direct and the cheapest route.

Green Bay News.

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OUR WHITE ELEPHANT.

Mr. Neuford Can No Longer Swing the Big "Coohrane" Plant.

The Magnificent Property Belongs to the City and Will Be Disposed of By the Trustees.—A Splendid Opportunity for Capital.

All the available property of the Chicago Furniture and Lumber Company in this city has been turned over by the company to Geo. Gallup to secure the payment of the persons lately employed in its works and other Escanaba creditors. The act amounts to an assignment (though Mr. Gallup does not so call it) and the discharge of the duty devolving on Mr. Gallup winds up the operations of the company. It has found itself unable to enlist capital in the enterprise or to make sale of the goods already manufactured, of which it has quite a quantity.

The property will revert to the city (Mayor Erickson and City Attorney Northrup being the trustees) and an attempt will be made to dispose of it in the manner originally intended—by falling to some party who will use and occupy it. Failure of success in that endeavor the property will be advertised and sold at public sale and the money received be placed to the credit of the public schools of the city.

The "Coohrane" property will soon be (if it is not already) in the hands of the trustees for the city to be disposed of and its final disposition, other methods failing, is to be a sale at auction; so one of the trustees informs us. It will be a grievous outcome if that shall be the result. The school fund will be lucky to get one half the sum which the tax-payers of the city will be called on to pay when the bonds issued for the purchase of a park fall due—one-fourth of the sum of principal and interest.

Every citizen should do what he can to aid the trustee in carrying out the original idea, to induce the establishment of such employing industry therein. There will be no more "Business Men's Association" meetings; no resolving, and counting of noses; the trustee will manage the affair; but any citizen who has knowledge of an industry which is worth dealing with can aid them by bringing the manager of such industry into correspondence with them, and we hope they will do so. It would be the best thing, if it could be done, to organize a home company with a sufficient capital to undertake some line of manufacture and occupy the property, on such terms as would enable the company to earn the property; but to do so, the practicality of such a plan we hold no opinion. Our prayer to the trustees is, do not be in a hurry; take time; get the very best out of our White Elephant; possible; use your power for the city as you would for yourselves; and sacrifice the property at auction only when you must and can do nothing else.

That's What All Us.

The Chevalier Cadillac, in the Detroit Tribune, says, truly, "We work too hard, and begin with, We dedicate our days and nights, not to pleasure, like the Frenchman, but to meditation or beer-drinking, like the German, but to downright, earnest, brain-boggling, nerve-killing labor—for money, for glory, for honor." It matters not about the object, that lesson of work has been born in the flesh and bred in the bone. There are drosses in Michigan and elsewhere, equally among the rich and the poor, but they are, and ever will be, in the minority. Maybe they represent one in fifty people. The other forty-nine are giving twelve, fourteen, sixteen and even twenty hours a day toward the accomplishment of some absorbing purpose. The country is so new, the field is so wide, so much remains to be performed, there are so many prizes, all within grasp, and labor is the key that unlocks every door—that is what is bred in the bone, and born in the flesh, and that is why we are the most progressive people in the world."

A Question For Financiers.

A friend calls the attention of The Iron Port to a dispatch from Iron Mountain announcing the prospective sale of the Chapin mine property, and especially to the concluding paragraph of the dispatch which we give in:

"In a statement to the stockholders the trustee says that the proceeds of the sale of Oct. 15 will probably not be sufficient to satisfy anything beyond the mortgage bonds of the first class. It is thought that the property will be bid in at sale by M. A. Hanna & Co., of Cleveland, and C. A. Chapin, of Niles, Mich., who will thus secure a clear title to the mine, as considered by experts to be the best paying iron mine in Michigan."

And he asks, merely for information, how a concern which has sunk its capital and can only pay half its debts—over two millions "in the hole"—can be considered the "best paying iron mine in Michigan," and he (being something of an expert, himself) would like to know what "experts" so consider it.

That Haunted House.

A house in the 7th ward has for some months been "haunted"; strange noises have driven out tenants or prevented those who would have become such from occupying it. Finally, last week, Officer Campbell decided to investigate the matter and identify and exorcise the ghost, and to that end he spent a night (or so much of a night as he found necessary) in the house. He was successful. He traced the noises to the cellar, wherein he found "a skunk, as big as a trapped rabbit, removed it, and the ghost was laid, the house no longer "haunted."

W. C. T. U. Items.

A special meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. J. T. Wilson next Thursday afternoon, Aug. 30th.

The W. C. T. U. will give an afternoon luncheon in the lecture in the lecture room of the M. E. church Thursday afternoon, Sept. 6.

We are glad to say that Mrs. E. N. Law, who has been seriously and violently ill, has recovered and is now able to resume the many duties devolving upon her as president of the 12th District Michigan W. C. T. U.

There May Be Fun.

We overheard a portion of a conversation between a couple of the "conspirators" of the city which gave suggestion of fun at the next session of council. "It may be all right, but it don't look so," said one, and "that's how it looks to me," said the other. They're good fighters, both, and our present intention is to be then when next Mayor Erickson calls his congress to order and have our share of the fun if any is going.

K. of P. Conclave at Washington.

For the above occasion the North western Line will sell excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., and return at the exceedingly low rate of one fare for the round trip; good for return until Sept. 15th, 1894. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Fish Come to Be Fed.

The cook on the steamer Moore has a practice of throwing slops and refuse from the table overboard at exactly nine o'clock in the evening, as the boat is on its way from Sargoon Bay to Green Bay, and the boat is so regular in its trips and so exact in its movements that it is exactly at the same place each

evening at the hour mentioned. The fish in the bay have recognized the practice and the water is alive with them at the right place waiting to be fed by their unconsenting benefactor. The fish dart about, crowding upon each other, and often indulge in a sanguinary fight on account of the crowding. All kinds of fish are there from dory up to sturgeon, and the captain of the Moore has fitted up a system of reflectors to throw the light of a powerful lamp into the water so that the passengers on his boat can see the exciting fan.—Two Rivers Chronicle.

In Police Circles.

There was a commotion of monstrous proportions in police circles one night last week, from the effects of which two blue coated sentinels of the peace who participated in the excitement of the occasion have not as yet fully recovered. While treading their lonely beats "in the dead watches of the night" a tremendous crash resembling the sound produced by a steam boiler, and heard and both by a staid spellbound, each gazing into the other's blanched face. Notwithstanding the sound was sudden and unexpected, the policemen almost immediately recovered from the shock and started in the direction from which it emanated. Cautiously proceeding northward along the south side of Ludington street with gun in hand, they crossed that thoroughfare at the corner of Wolcott and went west, expecting every moment to run against something that would completely break them up. But as they proceeded they broke into a cocked hat as they thought of that safe blowing. When in the presence of Johnson's jewelry store Halran discovered the cause, and Raymond faintly noticed. Johnson's regulator, after having done business on the tick system had taken a tumble to itself, and in the tumble went through the front window, smashing the glass into smithereens.

Miss Kittie Gray caused the arrest of Hugh Tolan on Wednesday, alleging that he threatened her life in the following language: "That matter has got to be settled," and "I will smash you if it is the last thing I do on earth." Tolan was arraigned before Justice Moore on the same day, but owing to the absence of important witnesses the case was postponed until this morning at nine o'clock. J. T. McLean, accused of assault and battery upon Conrad Sheets, went to trial Thursday morning and got away clear—the jury said he was not guilty.

Cooley on Algeid.

Judge Cooley, in a paper read before the American Bar Association, holding its 17th annual session at Saratoga this week, thus refers to the position taken by Gov. Algeid, of Illinois with reference to President Cleveland's action at the time of the Debs rebellion at Chicago: "There were national duties to be performed in Illinois, national officers, agents and courts to whom, in part, the performance was entrusted, and disorderly parties were interfering and rendering performance difficult, oftentimes impossible. But the position of the governor was that the maintenance of peace and the repression of dishonor was a state duty and the president was guilty of usurpation when he thus, without request, moved troops into the state for the purpose."

The Escanaba Invited the DePere team to come hither and try its luck again to-morrow, but the invitation was not accepted.

Stack will leave for school in a couple of weeks and Escanaba will have to do without its whittling pitcher.

Smith was disabled in Sunday's game, and Stack went into the box and finished the game.

The Green Bays made two phenomenal catches in the field in Saturday's game.

McGinnis will probably catch in next Tuesday's game.

Roach puts up a pretty game behind the willow.

Republican County Convention.

A convention of the republican electors of the county of Delta, and all others who may desire to unite with them in upholding the principles of the republican party, will be held at the court house in the city of Escanaba, on the 29th day of August, 1894, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing six delegates to attend the congressional convention for the Twelfth Congressional District, yet to be called; also for the purpose of electing six delegates to attend the representative convention to nominate a candidate for the state senate in the Thirtieth Senatorial District, yet to be called, and also for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it.

The basis of representation is one delegate for each 200 votes or moiety thereof in excess of such 200 votes cast at the last previous election for governor, each township and ward being entitled to at least one delegate, as follows: Bark River, 1; Baldwin, 1; Bay De Noc, 1; Escanaba, 1; Ford River, 1; Garden, 1; Maple Ridge, 1; Masonville, 1; Nahma, 1; Sack Bay, 1; Wauville, 1. Escanaba city: First ward, 2; second ward, 1; third ward, 2; fourth ward, 1; fifth ward, 1; sixth ward, 1; seventh ward, 1. Gladstone city: First ward, 1; second ward, 1; third ward, 1; fourth ward, 1.

FRANK D. MEAD, Chairman County Committee. Dated Aug. 15th, 1894.

A Deathbed Marriage.

Of the marriage of Joseph Mars, whose death is elsewhere noted, the Menominee Enterprise has this story: "He was to have been married on Tuesday of this week—the very day his death occurred—to Miss Lucy Hoffman, of Marinette. Last Sunday night he was entertained by his recovery, and the young lady, soon to become a bride, was so informed. The result was a deathbed marriage ceremony. Sunday afternoon Rev. Father Faust, of this city, joined the couple in wedding in the sick chamber at the hospital."

Advertised Letters.

Following is a list of letters remaining un-called for in the Escanaba post-office for the week ending August 18th, 1894: A. H. Anderson, James B. Buckley, Peter Gautier (2), Mrs. Nellie Johnson, Daniel Logan, Ralph Manry, J. G. Perry, Willie Rowe, John B. Warden, Box 105. Marine letters: W. H. Brown, Barge Wm. Young, Wm. McEachern, Schooner Julia Larson, John W. Pocock, Steamer Maryland. Two letters are held for defective addresses: George H. Campbell, Centreville, Car, Co. and E. J. Burns, Grand View Hotel, Wis.

Getting Them In.

Finch's telephone exchange is getting into shape. He has twenty-five phones in place and connected and there is any complaint as to service it has not come to our ears. Other orders for service are in hand and will be attended to as promptly as possible.

Married.

Allen Bull, of this city, and Katie Bouck, of West Branch, Ogemaw county, Mich., were married, at the home of the bride, on Wednesday, August 15th, and are now residing at the Sherman house.

On Wednesday, Aug. 22, to David Wright and wife, a daughter, eleven pounds weight.

On Wednesday, Aug. 22, to Joseph Dupuy and wife, a daughter.

A bright young native of Japan, who is in business in this city, came into the Express

LOCAL BASE BALL NEWS.

Escanaba Takes Two Games From the Green Bay Club.

A Great Game in Anticipation For Tuesday Next, Being Traverser City vs. Escanaba—Base Ball Notes in the Local Field.

The first game between the Escanabas and the Green Bay team last Saturday, was not creditable to either, the score at the close stood 9 to 8 in favor of the home team, but that of Sunday made amends; it was fought for from first to last and the Green Bay boys came within an ace of winning it, gaining the lead early and holding it until the ninth inning. In that the Escanabas "got down to business" in earnest and passed the visitors, winning by a score of seven to six. It was a good game, on both sides. The following are the official scores:

Saturday's game:
Escanaba..... 9 2 0 0 8 8 7 7 9-19
Green Bay..... 8 1 1 1 1 1 0 6 8-19

Sunday's game:
Escanaba..... 2 0 1 0 0 1 0 2 7-13
Green Bay..... 3 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 6-4

The "Rivals," the Marquette club, accept the challenge of Manager Buchholz and Union park, Ishpeming as the "neutral ground" for the game. They make a stipulation, however, which may prevent the play—that "exactly the same persons are to play" as played in the last game at Marquette—and there have been changes in the Escanaba team which make that condition impracticable if not impossible. It is to be hoped that an agreement can be arrived at and the games played, but it is doubtful.

The return game between the Escanaba and Traverser City teams will be played upon the home grounds at South Park on Tuesday next and there is good reason to expect a reversal of the result of the first meeting at Traverser City—not a shut out unless Traverser City has a stormy passage across the lake and suffer as our boys did—but a good game and the long end to the home team. It may be that more than one game will be arranged for, but everybody wants to see that on Tuesday for Thursday there will be no others.

The Crystal Falls team was to have played here to-day and to-morrow, but canceled the dates on account of the alleged illness of the pitcher, catcher, short stop, first baseman, left fielder, second baseman, center fielder, third baseman, right fielder and manager. It is stated that Manager Corcoran failed to secure a league battery, and in consequence "trabbed out" the date.

Smith, the change pitcher of the Escanabas, in taking a fly ball Sunday suffered a painful wound. The top joint of the third finger of his left hand was turned backwards and dislocated, so that the bone was exposed. It will not prevent his pitching in Tuesday's game, if he is wanted.

The Diamond Drill evidently delights in roasting the Escanaba ball team. If it derives a little bit of comfort from its weekly trouncing it should continue them—it's a case of the dog barking at the moon, any way.

The Escanabas invited the DePere team to come hither and try its luck again to-morrow, but the invitation was not accepted.

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A bright young native of Japan, who is in business in this city, came into the Express

office the other evening to learn the latest news about the war between his country and China. He speaks English with but a slight accent, and his only difficulty in expressing himself seems to be rather in a limited vocabulary than in inability to pronounce the words. He has the utmost confidence in Japan's ultimate victory, and when it was remarked to him that China had a great advantage in point for numbers, he said, "It's just like this. You have one hundred cents—that's one dollar. I have one dollar-bill. That's only one. My one is as good as your hundred."

This Japanese has evidently a full appreciation of the advantages of civilization. His smile was a good one, and pretty nearly describes the situation.—Albany Express.

Escanaba Township.

Miss Anna Carroll went to Marinette last Saturday evening. She will visit for a day or two with her sister, Mrs. Fred Carter, and then go to Oshkosh where she will remain some time visiting friends in that locality.

Noel Bissonette and Mrs. Bissonette of Pleasant Grove visited with Mr. and Mrs. John Barron last Saturday and Sunday.

The I. Stephenson Co. is building a new school house at Flat Rock. It is a large and comfortable structure and will be a credit to the place.

Dan Carroll was home for a day last week. T. B. Banks has turned his attention to farming, a line of business that he has found more profitable than the brick industry. This summer he has cleared considerable new land and removed all the stumps from a ten-acre field, besides making several other valuable improvements about his place.

D. A. Oliver visited with Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence this week. Mrs. Lawrence's health continues poor.

Mrs. Job Owerly has been visiting friends in this town for several days this week.

Mrs. Peter Reno, who has been visiting with her parents at Shaffer for a week or two past, has returned home.

Benjamin Billings has accepted a position as manager of a set of kilns at St. Jacques and moved with his family to that place this week.

There was a slight frost Wednesday night of last week. Potatoes on the low lands were seriously injured. The frost and drought will have the effect to make the potato crop the smallest ever grown in this township.

Sam Stonehouse transacted business in the township last week.

Miss Cora Porterfield spent a portion of last week visiting friends in the city of Escanaba.

George Blichman and wife, of Wells township visited with Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence last Sunday.

David Samore of Escanaba, purchased forty acres of land of J. Berckman last week.

Misses Cora Porterfield and Anna Lawrence were in attendance at the Crebo-McFall wedding last week.

While returning to Escanaba from a dance at Duranceau's early one morning lately a bus containing a number of people run off the road and capsized into a deep ditch. Save a few scratches the party came out all right. It is a wonder, though, how it could have happened without serious injury to some one. The place was the most dangerous one on the road.

Miss Agnes Lavigne's school closed Wednesday last week and the occasion was celebrated by a picnic in the woods. The attendance was large and all report a splendid time.

At the school meeting last Monday Frank Pease was appointed to take the school census.

Miss Matilda Michea of Escanaba, visited relatives here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Odette of West Gladstone, were among our visitors last Monday.

William Dausay moved into his new house last Tuesday.

The ball game between the Gladstone and Flat Rock boys last Sunday resulted in a victory for the former.

Gladstone Gleamings.

Frank B. Preston, the well known banker of Detroit, Mich., spent Sunday and Monday in the city, with the possible expectation of starting a bank. Mr. Preston is a brother of William D. Preston, cashier of the Metropolitan National Bank of Chicago and a director of the Gladstone Co. Mr. Preston stated that he was most favorably impressed with Gladstone and was prepared to return a favorable report to the Chicago gentlemen whom he represents, and the Tribune trusts that Mr. Preston and his associates will decide to start a strong bank with ample capital. Sunday evening while a party of six returning to Gladstone from Gladstone in a sail boat, a sudden puff of wind or some mismanagement overturned the boat and two of the occupants were drowned. The other four were rescued and taken to McMullen's Island where they were transported to life. Captain Rich, chief engineer, and Superintendent Pennington, of the Soo Line arrived in the city Saturday and made a careful examination of the approaches to the Cleveland-Cliffs Furnace. The siding will leave the main track a few hundred feet north of the city limits and thence directly east with an easy curve from the main line.

Not Booming? What Then?

The following is from a dispatch dated at Gladstone, August 22: "A party of engineers commenced work this morning surveying a line for the Northwestern to enable that road to come into this city. The first work will be from a point near the Cleveland-Cliffs Furnace site, northwest to Brampton, where it will intersect the main line. After this is done a line will be run out of the city in a southerly direction and alongside of the 'Soo' tracks to a point on the main line, near Flat Rock, four miles north of Escanaba. It will require about eleven miles of road to make this loop, which will give Gladstone two railroads."

We are constantly assured by the Gladstone papers that there is no "boom" what, then, is this dispatch? Inquiry at the offices of the C. & N. W. company here elicits a plump denial of any work, in the direction or for the purpose indicated by the dispatch, being under way or even contemplated. It looks like "booming" of the rankest kind, and if it is not, the purpose of such a deviation from the truth is a question for our Gladstone contemporaries to answer.

Her Side of the Story.

There having been published in the Iron Port of the 11th instant a charge that the mails had been tampered with at the Hyde postoffice; the charge being made on (as we believe) good authority; the person involved, "Nellie Bida, postmistress of Hyde," writes us entering a general denial. Her language is such as we can not admit to the columns of the paper, nor does she adduce any evidence to controvert the accusation—merely says that our informant is a liar—and the case rests there. The courts are open to the lady if she thinks she has a grievance—which will bear investigation thereon.

The End of the World.

Prophecy are coming to the front again with declarations that the things foretold by John, in the book of Revelations, are now coming to pass and the destruction of the earth by fire is imminent. Let's see; there's another year of the 53d congress and almost three of Grover, turn on the blast.

No Meeting This Year.

The September meeting of the Lake Superior Mining Institute will not be held. A circular from its secretary advises us of the fact. Times too hard.

TERSE TOWN TOPICS.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper... from the publisher, whether directed to do so or not...

A Peculiar Will Case.



HE rise of James McCurdy, a young attorney in New York city, was attended with a number of peculiar circumstances...

Of course I don't care myself that your money is gone, Edith, he said, for I have enough for both of us...

"You shall do nothing of the kind," he retorted, hotly. "You will marry me and have everything you want."

"I don't want to marry you, Jim, and bring you nothing." "You will bring yourself. That is sufficient. Still, if you will put this case in my hands, I will see that you get your just dues."

"I mean just that. Contest the will." "Never! I could never contest the will of my father."

"What Jim?" "I think it a forgery." "The upshot of the matter was that the will was contested. McCurdy found it uphill work collecting evidence."

"I don't want to marry you, Jim." "I don't want to marry you, Jim." "I don't want to marry you, Jim."

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have been present when the will was drawn. "You must point out Woodruff to me."

"Very well." "As they left the club, a tall, well-dressed fellow passed."

"That is the man," said Jim. "I won't forget him. Tell me where he usually is found."

"The lawyer named several fashionable resorts and the other left him, saying at parting: 'I will look around in about a week and report.'"

"The week passed and Jack was as good as his word. He appeared in evidence."

"It's all right, Jim." "Then the two conspirators went out and had a bottle at Delmonico's and further devised ways and means."

"The best that he showed was that Edith's father was always kind to her, loved her and had no reason for disinheriting her."

"The principal witness was Woodruff, who testified that he had once heard the deceased say that he would disinherit Edith."

"Take the witness," said the attorney for the young man. "I mean just that. Contest the will."

"Never! I could never contest the will of my father." "I don't believe it was his will."

"What Jim?" "I think it a forgery." "The upshot of the matter was that the will was contested."

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BOY GENERALS.

The Little King of Spain and His Boy Regiment.

Little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is a Colonel-Numerous Crown Princes Under Ten Years Old Who Have High Military Rank.

(Copyright, 1894.)

Among the numerous titles borne by the eight-year-old monarch of Spain, which comprises, by the by, the shadowy dignity of king of Jerusalem, is that of major general, and his most Catholic majesty has a military uniform adorned with the gold lace and insignia of that rank, which is very fond of wearing.



THE BOY KING AT SAN SEBASTIAN.

out by the royal small arms factory at Eibar. The band consists of fifty pieces and, notwithstanding the inexperience of the musicians, manages to play inspiring marches and pasos dobles.

Every schoolboy knows which is the smallest and which the largest state in the union, but how many know which is the lowest and which the highest? According to the recently announced results of measurements and calculations made by the United States geological survey, Delaware is the lowest state, its elevation above sea level averaging only sixty feet.

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A RESULT OF WEAKNESS.

Loss of Faith and Endurance Are Attending Civilization with Self-Slaughter.

In our opinion the rapid increase of suicide must be due not merely to the dwindling religious faith of the day, but to that horror of trouble and grief which indicates a dwindling power of endurance and an almost extinct sense of hope.

In spite of the great extension of the average age of life, there is a falling off, we believe, in that eager wish for experience, that instinct for living, even under a heavy load of difficulties, which there used to be in the old times before all the exhausting interests of the present day.

Where the eagerness for new experience, for new gain, used to predominate greatly over any dread of new pain, new loss—the imagination of modern man and woman is far more influenced than it was by fear and far less influenced by hope.

The encouragement thus given to the taste for soldiering is not without leaving its impression on the minds of the royal children. When the Spanish troops were leaving Madrid last year for the purpose of carrying war into

the dominions of the emperor of Morocco, little King Alfonso spoke and dreamt of nothing else save of killing Moors, while the little crown prince of Germany not only gives a military flavor to his amusements and games, but likewise gives promise of developing later into a strict disciplinarian and a martinet.

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THE BOY AT HOME.

There is Here Where He Should Receive His Preparation for Business Life.

It is in the home life that a boy must have formed for him the habits that will win him success in the outer world, and here everything depends upon the parents, and, as I said before, particularly upon the mother.

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MR. PLUMROD'S JOLLY PICNIC.

It Might Have Been a Jolly Affair But for One Thing.

Ever since the opening of the hot season Mr. Plumrod had urged the several members of his family to consider what a vast amount of joy there was to be obtained in a picnic.

As the day drew near Mr. Plumrod's enthusiasm gathered great strength, and he skipped about like a boy, thrusting his head into the kitchen and sniffing the air; going into corners and rubbing his hands gleefully together; throwing queries as to the coming feast at the girls, and altogether making himself somewhat of a bother.

They had agreed to start at eight o'clock in the morning, and at that hour they were drawn up on the front porch, waiting for the team. The minutes flew into hours, and it came not just as the clock struck nine Mr. Plumrod, with his face almost bristling with vexation, rushed to the telephone and called for the livery.

"Hello, there," he shouted, "where's that team?" "This is Plumrod." "What's that—didn't order one? Well, send one now."

"Hey—not a team in town?" "E-r-r-r-r-r-r!" When he returned to the porch his face bore a look like that of a man crushed in battle. He was meek beyond expression.

"I thought I was forgetting something," he remarked, "and now I know what it was. I guess we'll have to postpone the picnic."

And it has not come off yet.—David K. Talmadge, in Detroit Free Press.

STRAPERS ARE NOT NERVOUS. Strange Muscular Power that Assists Them in Fascinating Their Victims.

The power of continuing motionless, with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time, is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is one of the highest importance to the animal, both when mimicking its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as, for instance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant; here it is only referred to on account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as enhancing the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinking eyes fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curious and uncanny.

Ernest Glanville, a South African writer, thus describes his own experience. When a boy he frequently went out into the bush in quest of game, and on one of these solitary excursions he sat down to rest in the shade of a willow on the bank of a shallow stream; sitting there with cheek resting on his hand he fell into a boyish reverie. After some time he became aware in a vague way that on the white, sandy bottom of the stream there was stretched a long, black line, which had not been there at first. He continued for some time regarding it without recognizing what it was, but all at once, with an inward shock, became fully conscious that he was looking at a large snake.

Presently, without apparent motion, so softly and silently as it done, the snake reared its head above the surface and held it there, erect and still, with gleaming eyes fixed on me in question of what I was. It flashed upon me then that it would be a good opportunity to test the power of the human eye as a snake, and I set myself the task of looking it down. It was a foolish effort. The bronze head and sinewy neck, about which the water flowed through a ripple, were as if carved in stone, and the cruel, unwinking eyes, with the light coming and going in them, appeared to glow the brighter the longer I looked. Gradually there came over me a sensation of sickening fear, which, if I had yielded to it, would have left me powerless to move, but with a cry I leaped up, and, seizing a fallen willow branch, attacked the reptile with a species of fury. Probably the idea of the locust originated in a similar experience of some native.

The locust, it must be explained, is a powerful and malignant being that takes the form of a great serpent and lies at night in some deep, dark pool, and should a man incautiously approach and look down into the water he would be held there by the power of the great gleaming eyes, and finally drawn down against his will, powerless and speechless, to disappear forever in the black depths.—Fortnightly Review.

AN Easy Position. Dick—Hello, Jim. Where do you work now? Jim—Work? What yer givin' me? I don't work. I'm a plumber's helper, I am.—Boston Transcript.

Were You Ever North in Summer?

It is no longer in Tennessee, Alabama, or Georgia than here, and it is positively delightful on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi and West Florida. If you are looking for a location in the South to go to, see for yourself. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad and connections will sell tickets to all points South for trains of August 24th and 25th. Write to C. P. Almon, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Be careful how you go abroad in raiment that is new. Because a sudden little shower may get the drop on you.—Truth.

Lively as a Trout. Is the individual who after a long sleep finds himself liberated from the close blockade of the money, constipation. Many persons of a bilious habit are troubled with constipation of the bowels. They always find relief, and that speedily, without griping or trouble of any sort, from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a remedy also for malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism or kidney affections.

Matches are made in heaven, let us hope some of our rogues will get them there soon. They seem unable to make them here.—Puck.

Pure and Wholesome Quality. Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system. It promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. THE GREAT KIDNEY LIVER AND BLADDER.

La Grippe. Cures the bad after effects of this trying epidemic and restores lost vigor and vitality.

Impure Blood. Eczema, scrofula, malaria, pimples, blotches. General Weakness. Constitution all run down, low of ambition and appetite, nervousness, tired and gloomy. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size. "Swamp Root" is Health.—Consultation Free. DR. KILMER & CO., BIRMINGHAM, N. Y.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age. KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY. DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bile. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. IS THE BEST. NO OTHER. \$5. CORDOVAN. FRENCH SWELLED CALF. \$4.50 FINEST LEATHER. \$3.50 POLISH. \$3.00 EXTRA FINE. \$2.50 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. \$3.50 \$2.50 \$1.50.

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\$1000. IN MONEY also other valuable. HARE HALL, Eastchester, N. Y. FOR HOME AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE. Price \$1.00. All Newsletters or 10 East 11th St., New York. RETURNED MAILS NOT RECEIVED.

PISOS' CURE FOR Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma. It is the best cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured anyone. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 80c. CONSUMPTION.

FIELDING IS ENVIIOUS.

He Would Rather Have Wales' Luck Than His Job.

Thoughts Suggested by the Yacht Race—Expert Opinion Upon Some Eminent British Lads Who Have Vied Their Shores.

(Copyright, 1894.)

The same excellent judgment which enabled Albert Edward to be born prince of Wales has been displayed by him in the recent remarkable series of yacht races between the Britannia and the Vigilant.



BACCARAT AND CONGRATULATIONS.

On the other hand, if this is only luck, I don't wonder that the prince likes baccarat, but I am surprised that he can get anybody to play with him.

Seriously, I am of the opinion that there never was anything like that series of races. I spent a large part of my early life in the vicinity of Boston, and have often gone out in a linen duster and come home with my pockets full of snowballs.

And the better a person's memory, the more amazing these occurrences are to him.

The language of the English yachtsmen who, from time to time, have come over here for the American cup, and have won second money with a license to try it again, is still ringing in my ears.

Having never been to England, and being by nature of a trustful disposition, I accepted their descriptions of yachting conditions over there with the most childlike confidence.

I had myself, and had frequently seen decks awash and the first mate holding the captain's hair on, but if titled gentlemen from England were willing to swear that our sailing was boy's play, why it must be so, said I.

I well remember those occasions when the rackets went down the bay and did not find wind enough to carry them over the course.

The papers next morning were always full of the remarks of our visitors about the superiority of England over us in these matters.

I did not then perceive how deeply belabored with wisdom the remarks were. It now appears that they always do have a little wind over there for one of the boats, and I can see how deeply disgusted these gentlemen must have been at the sight of one of our impatient calms.

It is certainly much better to manage it as they do over there, and if there is only little wind to get it all

to one boat, so that the spectators may not lose interest in the contest.

Illustration of the value of this method I quote from a report of one of the recent races, as follows:

"The wind is now blowing hard from the north. The Vigilant has got the weather berth and is drawing ahead."

"The wind has shifted to the south. The Vigilant is now being blanketed and the English boat is gaining."

"They passed Mutton Chop point with the Britannia two minutes in the lead. The Britannia now has the wind from the west and is scudding before it. The Vigilant follows close hauled in a light air from the east."

"Both yachts have a good breeze from the north. The Yankee boat is forging ahead, and has overcome a lead of seven minutes. They rounded Guffins Light with the Vigilant nine seconds ahead."

"The Vigilant now leads by about two miles. They are headed for the Roosters. This is a run of one mile with seventeen turns."

"The American has run into a calm streak. The Britannia has a three-foot breeze over the starboard quarter, and is closing up the gap at a great rate. The Britannia leads. The weather is now variable. Lookout on the end of the Vigilant's bowsprit in a thick fog. The sun is so hot amidships that the pitch is running out of the seams."

"It is now blowing on the man at the wheel. The lookout on the bowsprit

has been sunstruck and has fallen overboard.

"Capt. Waff has been overcome with dizziness on account of turning so many corners and the port watch is turning him around the other way in order to straighten him out. A heavy thunder shower has come up and the Vigilant has set her lightning rod, which seems to be drawing well, though everything else is becalmed."

"The Britannia at the Mutton Chop point, on the second round, had a lead of three-quarters of an hour."

"A steady breeze has sprung up and the Vigilant is now leading."

"The Yankee boat passed Guffins Light at 2:10:32, and then drifted back again stern first at 2:19:13. The Britannia has passed her with the wind from the east. The Vigilant has it straight up and down."

"They are now running for the Roosters on the last round. The Vigilant has taken a long hitch out into the bay and has got becalmed again, just as everybody conceded her a sure winner."

"Wales' boat hugged the shore at a spot where there has not been any wind before in nine years, and struck a good breeze which increased her lead by five minutes."

"On the home stretch the Vigilant made splendid effort and gained eighteen minutes in a run of two miles, but she could not overcome her rival's lead, and the Britannia finished two seconds ahead at 4:11:44."

Now that is what they call a race over on the other side. Perhaps it is just as well. I have meditated on it for nearly two weeks and don't know what to call it."

But I can readily perceive that persons brought up on that sort of thing should see something grossly unfair in a boat of twenty miles to windward in the open ocean and a run back again."

Congratulatory telegrams were sent to the prince of Wales after the race, whose salient features I have briefly described."

He was playing baccarat at the house of Sir John Southwick, and was greatly delighted at the news which was read aloud to the company. Sir John then bought another stack of red chips and remarked that he did not see how anything belonging to his royal highness could lose."

The result of these races set the prince right with his American cousins. We have understood over here that his luck was not first rate. We have been told that every time he got a good hand parliament had to vote him an extra pension because somebody was sure to hold just over him."

But we don't believe these stories any more. As for me, I'd rather have his luck than his job, and it isn't a bad job at that. HOWARD FIELDING.

A COUNTRY FIRE DEPARTMENT. Its Only Engine Goes on a Burst Rather Than to Do Menial Duty.

An engine in a town doesn't have the soft snap that one of the pet city machines does. When the fire business is dull the pump is let out by contract. It can pump out cellars, turn a lathe in the pottery, run a wringing machine or furnish power for a thrashing machine."

It so happened that of late there have been but few calls on the engine, and as it was lying idle and a source of expense to the townfolk, the selectmen thought that it might be let out about town and do chores enough to earn its board. One of the Somersetians had a cistern, the water in which had become somewhat congealed by an irregular deposit of dead cats and old rubber boots and he thought it "bout time to dreen her out."

So the engine was let out to him at a nominal sum, and he to furnish fuel and labor, etc., and Saturday afternoon the engine was stationed near the cistern to pump it out. The fire was started and in a short time old boots and kitten skeletons were spouting forth from the surcharged vault. Suddenly there was a loud report, and the pride of the Somerset boys was cowering in sections through the air. The boiler had burst.

The lessee of the apparatus had forgotten to spill a little water into the machine, and she was as dry as toast two minutes after firing up. The remains were raked together and carried back to the engine house in a hack, where it was put in splints and made as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances."

The cistern was bailed out with buckets and the townfolk all requested to abstain from fires as much as possible until the engine gets on its feet again.—Fall River Herald.

Mr. Harrison's Strategic Neighbor. One of the legends of Seaport: A man named Harrison was much bothered by bears that invaded his planted fields. Meeting a neighbor one day he applied to him for advice as to what could be done to keep them out. The neighbor replied: "Bears are fond of molasses. You just make a trough and fill it with molasses and rum, and put it where they come into your yard, and they will drink it for the sake of the molasses, and the rum will make them drunk, so you can go in the morning and knock them on the head." Mr. Harrison followed this advice and went to the field the next morning. There he found, not a bear, but his neighbor drunk.—Seaport News.

Diabreting. "This is a cold, cool world," said Meandering Mike. "Folks ain't satisfied with turnin' a man down; they goes an' does it disagreeable."

"What's the matter?" "I jes' made a call at the farmhouse. 'Madam,' says I, 'I'm hungry, I am.' 'An' what did she do?' 'She jes' looked at me, significant like, an' says: 'So's my dog.'—Sunday Mercury.

What She Didn't Mind. "Oh, will he bite?" exclaimed one of Liverpool's sweetest girls, with a look of alarm, when she saw one of the dancing bears in the street the other day. "No," said her escort, "he cannot bite, he is muzzled. But he can hug."

"Oh," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."—London Telegraph.

In the Same Boat. "Mamma," said Willie after he had come from school, "I saw a poor little boy on my way home who had never heard of ice-cream."

A UNIQUE WAR.

A Score of Leading American Universities in a Battle Royal.

Is Professor Ely Lawless?—Serious Charges Made Against Him, But He is Upheld by Universities That Are Styled Methods of Anarchy.

(Copyright, 1894.)

One by one the universities of the land, from Harvard to Johns Hopkins, have been drawn into a controversy which has become so warm and bitter that men of national reputation may be described as at daggers drawn.

Richard T. Ely, famed not only in his native land, but all over the world as a student of sociological and economic questions, may be said to have originated the combat, or rather to be the means of its inception. He is at present professor of political science and history and director of the school of economics in the University of Wisconsin, and some years ago was of the faculty of Johns Hopkins. Such foreign seats of learning as Oxford, Bonn, Barcelona, Heidelberg and others have conferred degrees upon him, and

indeed, that the university of Wisconsin was becoming a hotbed of socialism and though its professor of economics was contemplating the seats of learning from Chicago to San Francisco. (This is a hit at the university of California.) Director Wells declared that Prof. Ely believes in strikes and boycotts, justifying and encouraging the one while practicing the other. He instanced numerous cases and examples in support of his charge. He is even accused of forming a secret organization of university professors for the spread of "lawless" theories. "In conversation with a capitalist," declares Director Wells, "Prof. Ely asserted that where a skillful workman was needed a dirty, dissipated, unmarried, unreliable and unskilled tramp, if a union man, should be employed in preference to an industrious, skillful, trustworthy, nonunion man who is the head of a family."

Prof. Ely's teachings further declares the advocate of the anti-Flyites in conducting the quarrel on behalf of the protesting universities reveal other lawless and demoralizing doctrines, "but masked by glittering generalities and mystical and metaphysical statements susceptible of various interpretations." Prof. Ely, in short, is deemed "pernicious." His doctrines "would furnish a seeming moral justification of attacks upon life and property such as the country has already become too familiar with."

Prof. Ely declares that he is ready to stand by everything he has taught and said and the universities which support him say the same thing. But Prof. Ely wishes it understood that a distinction must be drawn "between the things he has said and the things he is said to have said."

The more noted university presidents, Charles Kendall Adams, Seth Low, President Harper and President Eliot are loth to commit themselves. The attitude is rather one of neutrality than of opposition to either side.

The attempts made to have Ely suspended in the school of economics at Wisconsin have so far been dismal failures. A man of his eminence naturally has offers from the newer and struggling universities and Ely has been accused of taking advantage of his prestige to force certain views of his "down the throats" of an entire faculty naturally distrustful of their own knowledge in a branch of learning which is proving more difficult day by day.

At all events, however, the controversy is settled, the seats of learning of the republic have now on their hands one of the most unique quarrels that has ever distracted the teachers of mankind.

Merchant—I am sorry to lose Miss Pinkie's services, but what must be must. May I ask how it is that a wealthy young man like you should have chosen a shop-girl to share your fortune?

De Rich—Three or four of my family made unhappy marriages, and I vowed that I'd never wed a woman who wasn't a born angel, and I know Miss Pinkie is. I have heard three different shopping ladies speak well of her.—N. Y. Weekly.

Willie's Reason. "Say, pa," said Willie, "I wish you'd buy Aunt Sarah a nice comfortable armchair."

"Why, I thought you didn't like your aunt Sarah, Willie."

"I don't. That's why I want her to have a nice comfortable armchair. She'll use it instead of sitting on me all the time."—Harper's Young People.

Took an Interest in His Business. Fair Purchaser—Now, is this chair strong enough to hold two?

Accommodating Clerk—Well, madam, we might try it together.—Truth.

Explained. A stolen kiss is best because it puts one's conscience on the rack, and makes the thief feel trying, pause, to put it back.

—Harper's Bazar

A FRENCH JONAH.

Everything He Put His Money on Was Sure to Fall Dead.

It is no wonder that men who "follow the races" believe in "hoodoos" and "jonahs." There are people who, when about to make a bet will turn away from a bookmaker's stand when they see a "hoodoo" in front of it. Intending to bet on a certain horse they change their plans instantly, and would not touch that horse with a ten-foot pole when they learn that a "jonah" has made a bet on him. They condemn their luck when they meet the "hoodoo," and they shiver when they see him making a bet for fear it should be on their horse.

Now the writer does not believe in "hoodoos," but he does know a man who has an astonishing faculty for always "being on the wrong thing." He is well known to the public as an opera singer. Born where the sun shines with warmth, his heart glows with enthusiasm. His friends like him for his excess of elation when he is cheerful, and for his deep, mournful, enshrouding despair when he is gloomy. They like him because he is so warmly attached to his friends, and so satanically opposed to his enemies. They admire his enthusiasm, they are proud of his loyalty, they delight in his singing, and they applaud his faith in the impossible. But they weep when he tries to pick a winner.

A man who does not often go to the racetrack meets him early in the season. He stands against a supporting post of the grandstand. A melancholy light plays on his dark face, and a deep fire burns in his eye. There is a sad, reminiscent expression around his pliant mouth.

"How are you, signor; what luck?" says his friend.

"I sue them," he answers, briefly. "Sue them? Sue whom?"

"It sees robbaire," he answers, casting his dark glance longingly in the direction of Sing Sing.

"What is?"

"Yes," he said, with a deep sigh, "I bet on Faithless. After I get my ticket they scr-r-ratch him! Yes, I get not even any money for my run. Ah, ha, I sue them!"

Making another trip to the track, the friend finds the signor pacing the walk after the first race. His eyes are gleaming savagely. Now and then he catches his breath quickly. His dark face is almost pale.

"Ah, ha!" he cries, dramatically, catching sight of his friend, "have you seen him?"

"Seen him?"

"Yes, my horse. He sees a sure weener, and he has been leave at the post! That star-r-ratch! Ah, ha! He can not star-r-ratch horse-rars!"

Yet another time, and the signor's face has changed. A bright light flashes from his eye, his mouth is wreathed with smiles, and his white teeth show brilliantly as his lips part in ecstasy.

"Ah, signor, you have won a bet?"

"Yes, I have won. He sees a sure thing. I know it well. I have a ticket in the mutuel."

Two minutes later a black cloud obscures his brow. His eyes have a steely glitter.

"Ah, ha! Have you seen it?" he cries. "Seen what?"

"That mutuel ticket," he says, grinding his teeth. "He pay me thirty-five cents! All the world buy him!"

Yet another day and another track find the undaunted signor, faithful to his passion, at the track.

"Ah, ha!" he cries, with a burning glance, have you seen it?"

"I just got here, signor. Haven't seen anything."

"Atropine! Have you seen him? He hurt his leg in the race, and I have bet on him!"

Still another time the signor and his friend meet. This time it is not at the racetrack, but in Broadway. He is striding along with an impatient step. His arm swings rapidly, his lips are closed tightly, the fire in his eye is deep.

"Ah, ha!" he cries, spying his friend, and clutching his arm in a fierce grip, "have you seen it?"

"Haven't seen a thing to-day, signor. Too busy to see anything. What is it?"

"I have the teeth-ache," he says grimly. "I can not go to the track. And, here—have you seen it? Ah, ha! These banknote when at feety to one, feety to one!"

"Well, I know, signor, but—"

"Ah, ha! but eef I have gone I have ten dollars on him. He was dade sure, dade sure! My teeth ache have cost me five hund-r-red dollar!"

"Poor signor," as his friends have said, "we love him for the bets he has lost!"

But with undaunted courage, unwavering faith and a hope that shines eternal he goes and goes and—[N. Y. Tribune.

A Desperate Case. A traveler in the backwoods had lost his way, when he encountered a wild-eyed, haggard man who crawled out of a hollow log at his approach.

"I will pay you liberally to guide me to the cross-roads store, my friend," said the traveler.

"Stranger," answered the haggard man, "I wish you might well, but I wouldn't do it for eight hundred dollars."

"What? Are you a fugitive from justice?"

"Yep!"

"A horse-thief?"

"Worse than that."

"Good heavens! Are you a murderer?"

"Worse than that; at least, in the estimation of the community."

"What can be worse?"

"Well, you see, I thought I knew how to repair clocks, and gathered up all the timepieces in the neighborhood, expecting to make a small fortune regulating 'em. I got the whole twenty-eight apart, and then to save my life couldn't get 'em together again. And now I've got to stay hid out till an earthquake comes or war is declared or something happens to take the attention of the people away from my diabolical villainy."—Harper's Bazar.

Beginning at Last. "Now," shrieked Mr. Barnes Torner, in the great melodrama, "Fished from the Ferry," "now is the time to act."

"By gee!" shouted one of the two men in the gallery, "I tought it wuz purty near time for him to begin actin' if he ever wuz goin' to."—Indianapolis Journal.

—On Riverside Drive.—Eme—"Is that the Mary Rowell, mamma?"

Mamma—"Yes, my darling." Eme—"Are those little boats her babies?"—Judge

WOMAN AND HOME.

How to Repair Floors and Woodwork Which Are Unattractive.

Your floor has great wide cracks and rough places. Such a floor is better painted than stained, although it is more trouble to fix it in the first place. Large cracks should be filled, and this is tiresome work. Putty is cheap and easy to get, and you can press it with an old case-knife. If the blade of the knife is broken off half way it will be even better. Plaster of paris fills cracks, too, and when freshly wet spreads like putty. Mix it up with a little cold water and it is ready for use, but mix only a little at a time, as it hardens rapidly. There is yet another mixture which you can make yourself, and which is excellent. Shred up paper—newspaper or common wrapping-paper—into bits, and pour boiling water over it. When it is soft stir into it a paste. Drain out the surplus water and add some glue—about two or three table-spoonsful to a quart of the paste—and fill the cracks with it, being careful to trim off the tops smoothly. Otherwise your cracks will make ridges through the paint. When any of these fillings are dry, your floor is ready for painting. It is best to get the mixed paints that come prepared for use, or else to get some kindly painter to mix it for you. It takes quite a little judgment and experience to know when 'paint is of the right thickness to spread well. Get the same painter to select your varnish, for there are many poor varnishes that will not dry, and you do not want to get into any such trouble. Dark brown or red paint make the prettiest floors, as the tints can be made to look like black walnut, or cherry, by cautiously adding lamp-black. Be sure to wear your oldest clothes when you are painting, and do not scatter your paint, brushes, and palls around. Keep them as far out of the way and as far out of the smell of the family as possible. Else everyone will wish you had never begun to decorate your room. Wear old loose gloves. They will keep your hands clean, and perhaps save blisters.—Harper's Young People.

PRETTY BOOKMARKS. Clever Little Articles Which Are Cheap and Easily Made.

A convenient, a most necessary, article when one is reading a book is a handy marker of some durable material. Careless people invariably turn down the corner of a leaf to mark the place where they leave off reading. This soon spoils the volume. A very pretty and popular bookmark is made out of a piece of ribbon, with a sonnet or verse fastened neatly to one end, and a metal or ivory paper cutter on the other, as in the accompanying illustration.

Another marker is made from two pieces of stiff cardboard, cut in the shape of maple leaves, one slightly larger than the other. These are fastened together at the base, leaving the pointed ends loose, so that they may be slipped on either side of a page. A kite-shaped piece of cardboard can be turned down one end, forming a triangle, and with an owl's face pasted so as to peer over the top when the book is closed, makes a neat and artistic article.

A recently manufactured novelty in this line was carved out of some valuable wood, the long end shown in the cut being placed between the pages.

The end with the dog's head formed a sort of handle. A cat's head is made out of cloth and small piece of fur; this is attached to two pieces of cardboard, one longer than the other, leaving the lower end open for the page. Almost any little girl or boy can make these book-markers by carefully studying the designs printed here.—N. Y. Recorder.

Good Things to Know. That meat should never be placed directly upon the ice, as its juices will be absorbed; put it on a plate and set it in a cool place. That if dish towels and cloths are boiled up in water with ammonia every second day, there will be less trouble with sticky dishes. That common salt rubbed into the roots of the hair will remove dandruff; rub a little in at night, and in the morning the salt will be all gone, and after a few applications the dandruff too, leaving only a slight dampness. That a piece of chamois, fitted to the heel, bound on the edges with tape and kept in place by an elastic worn over the stocking, will save much mending. That castor oil applied to warts once a day for from two to six weeks will remove them.—Indiana Farmer.

Been There Before. Little Girl—You will have to buy me a new waterproof, some overshoes and an umbrella. Mother—What's the hurry? Little Girl—I'm invited to a picnic next week.—Good News.

Wanted No Interference. Mrs. De Fashion to her new Chinese cook—John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women? John—So they not trotter 'round kitchen and botherse cook.—Life.

His Experience. Willie—When a man marries once, he is a benedict. What is he when he marries twice? Papa—A blooming idiot.—N. Y. World.

If He Is a Man. He—I could hypnotize you so that within an hour you would throw your arms around my neck. She—I could hypnotize you with that effect in five minutes.—Life.

A Step Onward. Hospital Nurse—These new patent fire-escapes are great blessings. Hospital Doctor—Indeed they are. It is much easier to cure fractures than burns.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Answer. She did not say "yes" then and there, as maidens often do. But next day she plucked out a chair just big enough for two.

—Detroit Free Press.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Description of Some Very Pretty Designs in Late Styles.

Children have such a determined way of growing out of their clothes, and need so many little gowns to keep them always suitably dressed, that it is sometimes a difficult thing to find a variety of ways to make and trim them without spoiling the simplicity which is their charm. If it were only the fashion to dress all children under a certain age in a simple uniform, what a lot of bother it would save; but the tendency is rather in the other direction, and in many cases they are made to look more like miniature women than little girls. Elaborate costumes and expensive materials are not in good taste, and are sure to take away, rather than add to, the attractiveness of children. Simple muslins, gingham, China silks, serges and cashmeres are the most desirable materials employed. To such of the mothers as make the little frocks, a few suggestions with the models may afford some welcome hints. Little girls over eight can wear linen, flannel and silk shirts with plain skirts, but they are made blouse style to hang over the belt, and have an elastic around the waist. The collar is Eton shape. The silk shirts

are tucked with fine tucks in front, have a turn-down collar, trimmed only with feather stitching. Skirts are short, reaching a little below the knee, except for very young children. Guimpes are as popular as ever, and always look childish and pretty. A pale blue crepon dress has a round waist, a square yoke of embroidery with little rosettes of satin ribbon in front. Another little dress illustrated has a plaid silk skirt, a white wash silk blouse made with a yoke collar laid in two box plaits in front and bordered with satin ribbon. A serge gown for a girl from eleven to thirteen years of age is made with a plain skirt, with one row of braid for trimming. The blue bodice has a white serge vest barred across with the braid. The waist is finished with a band and two rosettes on each side of the front with two long ends.—N. Y. Sun.

WHOLESALE COOKING. It is Essential to the Well-Being of Every Member of the Household.

Cooking is in reality a partial digestion of food previous to its introduction into the stomach. It is employed by man alone, and distinguishes him from all other creatures.

Many articles used as food are entirely indigestible in a raw state. Some of the most nourishing of them are actually harmful if eaten uncooked.

Cooking, to be esteemed a science, must be performed in such a way as to render the raw products of the earth as easily digested as possible. By virtue of such preparation the system is supplied with the greatest amount of nourishment for the least expenditure of vital energy in the various processes of the digestive chemistry.

But good cooking must not only render food digestible; it must make it at the same time palatable. Every physician recognizes the necessity of furnishing a convalescing patient with food that "tastes good." Indeed, he will often allow himself to be overruled by the wish of the patient for some particular article of food, in the hope that the sickle appetite may thus be stimulated and a steady demand for food induced.

Cooking at its best, therefore, is both scientific and artistic; scientific when it best serves the purposes of economy; artistic when, by virtue of an added tastefulness, it stimulates the digestive processes to activity.

It must always be remembered that the stomach is not a machine, but an organ extremely sensitive to every nervous influence, so that the tastefulness of food is a direct aid to digestion.

Those, who, from the necessity of their occupation, are sedentary and confined to the house, are more sensitive to the effects of cooking—wholesome or otherwise—than those whose employment takes them out of doors.

The degree of health enjoyed by the family may often be credited to the intelligent interest exercised in the kitchen in favor of good, wholesome food, and it is not too much to say that an accomplished cook may justly be proud of an art which so closely affects the health and well-being of the household.—Youth's Companion.

Recipe for Spanish Sandwich. Slice fry bread thin, spread it first with made mustard and then with cottage cheese, butter the top slice, lay them together and your sandwich is complete. If you wish to stand olives and lay them in mayonnaise dressing on one slice, covering the other with mustard, or to slice hard boiled eggs, you can have another sandwich.

Only One in Sight. Jack—What do you girls do evenings at the seashore? Jess—We dance together, and then go out and look through the telescope at the man in the moon.—N. Y. World.

Kind. May—I don't think much of a man who proposes to a girl by letter. Carrie—My dear, you should feel grateful to a man who proposes to you in any way.—Truth.

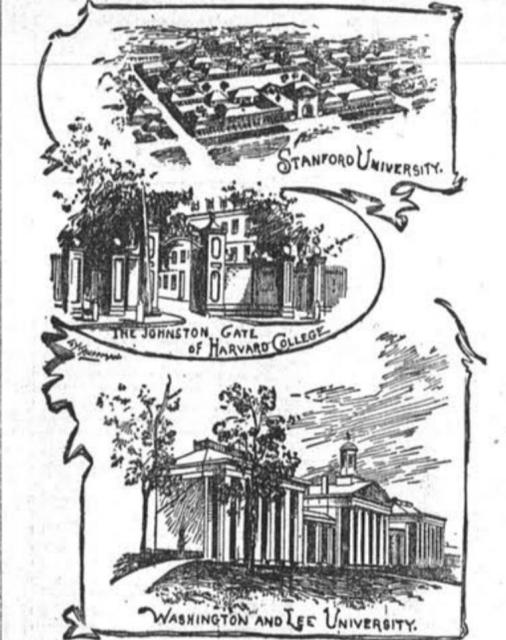
The Economical Wife. She made herself a lovely gown And thought it was no nice. She went and bought another At a most enormous price.—Judge.

The First Crowd. Mother—You can't stay in this hot city. Why don't you tell your husband you must go to a summer resort? Bride—I—I don't dare.

Why not? "If he says 'no,' I will be miserable because I can't go, and if he says 'yes' I will be miserable because he can live without me."—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Answer. She did not say "yes" then and there, as maidens often do. But next day she plucked out a chair just big enough for two.

—Detroit Free Press.



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.

The L'Anse-Sentinel notices our fishermen: "Capt. Young, of Escanaba, arrived this week on his annual trout fishing excursion, and stories of big brook trout taken by him will be in order. In his case these fish stories are no myths. He always gets them."

Miss Elsie Wylie, a kinswoman of the editor of the Iron Port, who visited here during the summer of '93, was married on Wednesday last, at her home in Alba, Antrim county, and is now Mrs. Gilbert, of Kalkaska. We take occasion to congratulate Mr. Gilbert.

Miss Lillie St. Hel, Lizzie Kennelly, and Jennie and Hattie Smith will leave this evening for a few days' visit at Green Bay, after which the Misses Smith and Lillie Stoffel will go to Chicago.

Mrs. Edna Ham and son Ed., of Marquette, and O. G. Youngquist, of Marquette, and Miss Belle Mieser, of Grand Rapids, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Youngquist.

Charles and Ruth Cotton, who had visited their brother, Dr. W. A. Cotton, departed for their home at Grand Rapids last Tuesday evening, on the Douglas.

Mr. J. W. Kinsel, after six weeks or so in the woods and by the waters, visited here on Monday and will take up the furling again a week hence.

Sister Gerald, who has been teacher of music at St. Joseph's school for the past eight years, departed for Milwaukee this morning, accompanied by C. F. Smith post, G. A. R., late of the 32d Wisconsin, is very low, the doctors say with cancer of the stomach.

H. Bruner, J. Foote and P. C. Burns of Indiana, have been guests at the home of J. A. Burns for the past two weeks.

M. J. Lyons will depart this evening to attend the meeting of the State Liquor Dealers Association at Jackson.

Miss Mamie Simpson, of Chicago, visited in the city a few days this week, the guest of Miss Lucy Denton.

Mr. John Orgran and his daughter Edna, of Naumton, Wis., have been guests of James Tolan this week.

Mrs. Burns paid Capt. Charles a visit—took the voyage to Traverse City and returned Tuesday evening.

Joe Heaver Neia, an American of the ab original race and a citizen of Nahma, visited us on Thursday.

Miss Gerie Wade returned yesterday from her extended visit with friends and relatives at Verocua.

Mrs. Matt Priestner and children left Wednesday for a two weeks' visit with relatives at Elroy, Wis.

"A Clean Sweep" is the next attraction to be presented at the Peterson—on Wednesday, Sept. 12.

Mrs. Wm. Russell will leave next Monday for Scranton, Pa., where she will visit several months.

A party of ladies went out to Crystal Falls last Monday upon the invitation of Sup't Linsley.

Mrs. Langley went, on the Douglas, to see the regatta at Traverse City last Wednesday. O. C. Hill has removed his home from Water street and is now at home at 314 Hale street.

Dr. T. D. Hoag and G. H. Dotch, of South Carolina, were visitors here this week. Bill Shay was in town yesterday, as lean as a greynose and but as tough as a whalebone.

Misses Laura and Lucy Peckham visited their sister, Mrs. Harrison, this week. C. C. Royce has spent the week on the Escanaba with Mr. Stephenson's party.

H. W. Coburn, of Shafter, was in town for a few hours Wednesday afternoon. Jas. Blakely departed for the woods, equipped for "crusading," Monday morning.

Mr. Bradbury, of St. Cloud, Minn., has spent some days here this week. Mrs. A. F. Lind and Mrs. Ed. Arnold are visiting Keweenaw, Wis., friends.

Mrs. J. T. Wixson returned from her visit at Bay View Thursday morning. F. B. Levally has removed to Chicago; address 54 West Indiana street.

Miss Hattie Trowell has been the guest, this week, of Mrs. A. Taylor. F. E. Haines, of Ishpeming, transacted business here on Wednesday.

W. J. Finch and wife, of Champion, have visited C. A. Crum this week. Mrs. Rolph is visiting in Chicago, having gone thither last Saturday.

Mrs. W. F. Waite, of Menominee, has visited friends here this week. Miss Lizzie Powers returned on Tuesday from her Wisconsin visit.

C. H. Brown returned last Saturday from a visit at Sibleygan, Wis. Mrs. John Gagnon spent the week with Ford River friends.

the upper Geyser Basin, on the 23d they were started by a volcanic noise which lasted only a few minutes when a new geyser broke forth within fifty feet of them, the water being thrown over a space 200 feet square. The water gradually formed into a column and was raised fully 150 feet above the earth. It played for three hours.

Bishop Waterston's action with regard to liquor-dealer threatens a schism in the church. Davis, one of the school inspectors of Detroit accused of accepting a bribe, has skipped.

The steamer Lora took 300 pilgrims from Detroit to St. Anne de Beaupre this week. There is no quorum of the senate now present and further legislation is impossible.

Corbett will fight at Sioux City if the athletic club can make good its offer. Marquette county will have 125,000 bushels of potatoes to sell.

The Korean minister has gone home to look after his family affairs. The Chinese have had the best of it in a couple of fights.

Milwaukee wants to borrow \$500,000. Leo XIII had an attack of syncope last Sunday.

PENINSULA NEWS NOTES. The Most Interesting Occurrences of the Week Briefly Chronicled.

The union switchmen at Hurley and Ironwood who lost their jobs when they struck a month ago and the men who took their places are continually at war. A few nights ago four non-unionists were assaulted and badly used.

The railroad company took a hand in the matter and two of the guilty parties were captured at Stevens Point and taken to Ironwood by the railroad detectives without a requisition and considerable excitement prevails in regard to what some consider a case of kidnaping. The railroad company has threatened to prosecute some of the local authorities.

Ketchum, who "does" Mackinac Island for the St. Ignace Republican, is not complimentary to the transient visitors at the island. We clip: "The transient contingent is large, but a full quota of them are always at hotels waiting for the crowd to move on. Dinner calls and 'taps' show that the woods are full of them. Lank, lean and hungry, it is a herculean task to fill them up. Some, evidently, have not had a square meal since they were here last summer."

Simon Dessau, of New York, and some Menominee gentlemen propose to reopen and operate the Mill mine, Iron Mountain, if satisfactory arrangements can be made. C. H. Jones, of Menominee, is owner of the fee.

The trustee in charge, K. C. Flannigan, tells the shareholders of the Chapin Mining Co. that their lease has no value; that the mine can not be wrought at a profit under it. The royalty being too high.

"The man who defeats Sam Stephenson for the nomination for congress, has got to have more of a record than the simple fact that he has served as mayor of the Queen City of Lake Superior."

J. A. Marx died at Menominee, of appendicitis, on the 21st. The operation for his relief was delayed too long and blood poisoning set in. He was but twenty-two years of age.

The injunction against the issue of bonds for "good roads" by Gogebic county was last week argued before Judge Haire and he has the case under consideration.

The deputy collector of customs at the Soo "gets a raise" of pay, from \$1,200 to \$2,200 a year, and more help in his office. The Soo should have the main office.

The Penas company now employs but 325 men and is reducing the number gradually. The Curry is not holding its own either as to quantity or quality.

Henry Plant, of New Orleans, owns the present address of John Sandow, an English miner, who was last heard of at Iron Mountain about a year ago.

The Ontonagon Miner says "Mr. Stephenson must be nominated and Mayor Kaufman and his referee friend must understand to keep hands off."

A lad of fourteen years, son of Anson Wright, of Iron Mountain, was drowned while bathing in the Menominee river last Wednesday.

A wreck occurred twelve miles below Republic, on the Milwaukee road, last Saturday. No lives lost, but the road blocked for a day.

Dan Crowley, a lumber grader, in a fit of delirium tremens in jail at Menominee, cut himself so that he died on Saturday last.

The Iron County Reporter says "Mayor Kaufman may be a good man but could not be as useful as Mr. Stephenson."

Somebody spoils crops and kills horses and cows on the farms near Marquette—mere wanton mischief.

Judge Grant talked to the people of Red Jacket about the enforcement of law last Sunday evening.

The lumber companies are hurrying men into the woods to save their burned pine from the worms.

Fitzgibbon has sold the Mountain News to A. C. O'Myler who will run it as an independent paper.

In a camp near Stephenson Michael Metz-dorf's gun was discharged and he was killed. Timothy Sheehan was killed by a fall of earth in the Lillie mine last Monday.

Menominee is moving the wires from State street to the alleys on either side.

The Kaufman boom gets no encouragement at Iron Mountain.

Lake Superior water is too cold to swim in.

Protection Necessary. The periodic letter from the Lake Superior region, telling the public that iron ore needs no duty, and that the present prices preclude the possibility of hurtful competition from foreign ores, irrespective of a duty, has appeared again, the past week, in a Chicago daily paper. It is hardly necessary to go over the statements that bring the writer to his conclusion.

Prominent among them is the assertion that the mines in years past made big profits, followed by the gratuitous assurance that improved machinery, better engineering and better business management have brought the cost of production down in ratio with the selling price, leaving the reader to draw the conclusion that big profits are still made. Yet not more than a dozen lines later this free trade advocate, with the inconsistency that belongs to his kind, tells us that "a crash was due in the Lake Superior iron trade last season and would have come without the general financial disturbances." The writer entirely underestimates the possibilities of competition from foreign ores. He puts the average ocean freight per ton on Cuban ore at \$1.75, when that price is the maximum. He says that Cuban ore, which is referred to as the cheapest of imported ores, cannot be laid down at Philadelphia less than \$3.50 a ton, when the average value of all ores imported in the year ending June 30, 1894, was \$1.78 on board ship at Atlantic port, as given in Treasury Department statistics. No account is taken in the article of the possibilities of competition from foreign ores, at seasons of the year when freights this way are merely nominal, the vessels making their money on the return freights, from grain and flour or other merchandise in which the movement is brisk. It is well known that one important Cuban company is soon to begin active operations for shipment to this country. And since all the enterprises on that island were undertaken in full view of the seventy five cent ore tariff, the investors satisfying themselves of good profits under that regime, there is no call for such a change as would put a good portion of the eastern market for Lake Superior ores under the control of these foreign producers, even for a portion of the year. It is granting all that ought to be asked, to give them half the duty they expected to pay when they embarked in their enterprise.—Iron Trade Review.

The Cleveland Outlook. An advance which shippers regard as temporary and caused by a scarcity of boats at certain points, makes the ore rate from the

head of Lake Superior seventy cents a day, while five cents a day is paid from Marquette and Escanaba respectively. The movement of ore has proceeded steadily, though the crowding of some Lake Erie docks is still something of a handicap. The sales of small lots of ore to the Eastern manufacturers reported in the market a short time ago, were limited to Menah grades. The Consolidated has now made sales of all the No 1 ore it expects to get out this season.—Iron Trade Review.

Lake Freight Matters. In Cleveland, Wednesday, several telegrams sent out by one firm of vessel brokers, and offering 75 cents on ore from the head of Lake Superior, failed to secure a single boat, although the rate was 15 cents above the rate offered three days previous. The work of all the brokers, who had been spurred on to special activity by the advanced freights, resulted in only seven boats being chartered for ore, and they were all obtained from one owner, Mr. M. A. Bradley. After refusing for several days the demands of vessel owners for a higher rate on ore from Ashland and adjacent ports, the ore shippers suddenly found that the delay caused them, but the great bulk of the fleet of wild boats being directed to Lake Superior, and all of them taking coal, had been far greater than was expected, and this coupled with a little slump in the grain movement out of Duluth, had tied up the tonnage so that it was not a question of rates but one of securing boats.

On the question of the advance being permitted in the rate of freight, a variance of opinion. For the present, it may be said that the increased freight is not due to the little competition from grain shippers. It results from a general demand among shippers having ore to move from the head of the lakes and who are somewhat behind on the movement planned in connection with contracts. A continuance of heavy shipments of soft coal, together with a moderate movement of grain, will probably be sufficient to cause a scarcity of boats in the ore trade, but the great little upon which to base ideas of very high freights. Ore docks are becoming crowded, as a result of the delay in forwarding ore to furnaces during the several months of idleness on account of the coal and coke strikes, and for several days past the supply of boats taking coal for Lake Superior was fully equal to the demand. If values of grain have really reached bottom and there is to be a fair movement for export, then vessel owners may take some encouragement from the actual business that is in sight in other lines.—Marine Review.

Goose Over to the Populists. Despairing, for a second time, of democratic success and out of line with the republicans, the people show a decided proclivity towards the "People's" or populist party. In its issue of yesterday it proffers advice to the workmen from which we clip: "There must be new men, and these men with new ideas and different sympathies, or there will not be new laws. A house of representatives made up chiefly of mere politicians, who have not an idea in their heads above the petty trickery by which ward caucuses are carried and nominating conventions controlled, and a senate dominated by millionaires who are interested in the big trusts, will never give us legislation in the best interests of the common people."

In that paragraph it indicates the democrats of the 53d congress—representatives and senators alike—as false to the trust reposed in them by their constituents, and suggests that they be "cleaned out" and others put in their places, saying: "There are good men enough in the country who could be elected to congress if the voters who toil for a living would only support them solidly—men who could be relied on if they were sent to congress to vote and work to down the trusts and assist the people to a higher plane of prosperity. Why would it not be well to send some of these to congress just for a change, and let the political boodlers and bosses take a rest until the nation has a chance to recover from the damage they have done?"

It does not "point with pride" to the populists already in congress, nor does it indicate any "good man" for say, Sam Stephenson's place; only yesterday, as if were, it was booming another of the hated "millionaires" for it; but it says: "The workmen should either cease complaining of their condition or make courageous use of the means to improve it that is afforded them by the ballot box. They ought to know by this time that they cannot secure honest legislation by keeping in place as their representatives the voters who toil for a living would only support them solidly—men who could be relied on if they were sent to congress to vote and work to down the trusts and assist the people to a higher plane of prosperity. Why would it not be well to send some of these to congress just for a change, and let the political boodlers and bosses take a rest until the nation has a chance to recover from the damage they have done?"

Short City Notes. Dr. H. W. Marsh, Chief Consulting Physician for the O. E. Miller Rupture Treatment Co., of Detroit, will be in Escanaba, at the New Lighthouse hotel, from Monday, Sept. 4, to Friday night, Sept. 7th. Our rupture afflicted readers are invited to investigate, free of charge, the Miller method of treatment. It is said to permanently cure all kinds of rupture, without operation or detention from work.

There will be a special communication of Delta Lodge, F. A. M., Tuesday evening next—work on the second degree. A full attendance is requested.

The W. C. T. U. will give an afternoon luncheon in the lecture in the lecture room of the M. E. church Thursday afternoon, Sept. 6. C. H. Davis, A. P. Smith and Jo LeClaire, of Gladstone, are in town to attend the republican county convention.

A son was born to John Tolan and wife last Monday morning. Mr. McGinnis, the catcher, is in town.

The President's Dilemma. At latest advices from Washington the intention of the president with regard to the tariff bill is still a mystery. His dilemma is three-fold: To give the bill his approval is to satisfy himself; to veto it is to strike his party in the face and leave him in the category of presidents without a party, like Tyler and Johnson, and to be a cipher for the remainder of his term; and to let it become law without his approval (which will occur to-day if he does not act), is to lay himself open to the imputation of cowardice. An ordinary, two-horned, dilemma has been enough but the president can scarce avoid impalement with three branding points confronting him, and the probability is that he'll take the cowardly horn.

Narrow Escape. Edward Wood and family had a narrow escape from drowning early last Thursday morning. They were asleep on Dunbar & Sullivan's packet when it sprang a leak and commenced to fill with water. Mr. Wood was awakened by his dog barking and pulling at his clothing, but in time to arouse his family and get off the boat. A siphon was procured and through the efforts of the tug men the packet was kept from sinking and the leak repaired.—Soo Democrat.

The Dean of the Corps. "With its issue of Aug. 18th the Ontonagon Miner commenced volume 40. The paper has been published continuously in that village ever since Aug. 18, 1855, and has always been to the front in local and general interests of that town. It has always been a welcome visitor to our table and we wish it and its able editor unbounded success in its future career." So says the Iron Herald, and so say we.

Lakeview Cemetery Aids. A special meeting of the trustees of the Lakeview Cemetery association will be held at the office of the secretary, in the courthouse, next Wednesday evening, August 29, at 7:30 p. m. F. E. HARRIS, Pres. Escanaba, August 25, 1894.

Peterson's Store Closed by the Sheriff. The sheriff is in possession of the store of P. M. Peterson this morning at the suit of the Burlington Furniture company. The embargo is but temporary, we are told and hope.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The character of legislators must be raised and bribery stripped of every cloak. Public opinion must be brought to recognize the truth that it is not the comparatively poor, weak, and often uneducated man who receives the bribe, but the strong, rich and able man who preys at whose door lies the sin of corruption. The tempter is as bad as the man whom he tempts. If we cut off the fountain the rivulet ceases to flow. It is the pocket from which the money comes at which we must strike if corruption is to be stayed. The public must realize the truth that the man who knowingly employs a dishonest agent, gives him money to accomplish an object and closes his eyes to everything but the result, is just as guilty of every corrupt act which that agent does as if he did it himself.—Judge Storey.

Enrolling officers have been sitting in each of the 1,141 election districts of New York city the past week to take the names of voters who pledge their support to Republican candidates at the next election. The result is a greater enrollment of voters than can be shown by any other organization in the city, Tammany not excepted. Pennsylvania will have to look to her laurels next fall, or New York will carry off the title of the banner republican state.

Bradstreet's says of the new tariff: "A feature is found in declarations from manufacturers of woolen goods, glassware, pottery, and iron or steel at various centers of production, that wages will be promptly reduced." That is it exactly. The first fruit of the democratic tariff reform bill is reduced wages. How do the wage-earners like it?

Fred Douglas and other "brown Americans" propose a monument to John Brown at Harper's Ferry. They'll want their money. It is fifty years too soon for such a monument in that locality; it would be destroyed, sure. Brown's "monument" is the free negro and he needs no other.

The city of Memphis, Tennessee, has been systematically robbed for years and a grand jury has just found some seven hundred "true bills" against as many boodlers. The democratic writers and shouters can't use the fact, though; not one of the thieves is a republican.

The second congressional district will be represented in the next congress by a republican and Gen. George Spaulding, of Monroe, will be the man. He fought his way from a sergeant's chevrons to a star in his shoulder strap, and there's lots of fight in him yet.

Halsted proposes to reduce the presidential term to two years. Murat always did get cranky notions, but that is worst of all. Better make the term longer and the incumbent ineligible for re-election, like the French president.

Of course he will. "Jim" Turner has got over his pet and says that "this is a very poor year to both" and that he will support the republican ticket. Of course he will; he owes that to the 172,205 republicans who voted for him in 1890.

Professor Carr, a fakir who poses as a geologist, is fooling Calhoun county people with promises of copper mines. They should duck him, and if they left him under water half an hour or so, it would save them money.

"Rats leave a sinking ship," says the proverb, and woe to that cunning rat, J. Maurice Finn, has deserted the democracy and is making republican speeches in Colorado. He should be choked off, instantly; he's a fraud.

Gen. Longstreet asks that his pension, for service in the war with Mexico, be increased from \$12 to \$50. He is old and poor, and we hope he may get the advance, though he did "wear the gray."

Governor Matthews of Indiana wears a ring made of gold mined in Brown county and presented by admiring friends. It bears an alleged quotation from Jerry Rusk: "I see my duty and do it."

The McMyler machine for handling soft coal promises to do away with the old bucket arrangement entirely. It is much more speedy and breaks the coal less.

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 meats, 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.

O. E. YOUNGQUIST, Health Officer.

Notice to Builders. Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned committee at the office of Basilio Lenzi, Defiance, O., until the 27th day of August, 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the erection of a new school house at Trombsy station, Maple Ridge Township, according to the plans and specifications thereon now at the office of Basilio Lenzi and which will be open to inspection until the time above mentioned. The contract therefor will be let to the lowest bidder giving good and sufficient security for the performance of said work. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

BASILIO LENZI, JOHN McHALL, HERMAN JOHNSON, Building Committee. Dated this 15th day of August, 1894. 34

We Want Our Money. Our creditors want their money and are not a bit modest about asking for it. Among the thousand persons who receive The Iron Port there are about three hundred who are in arrears one year or more, and to each of them we have this week sent a statement of the account—a "dun." It is for each a small matter—we do not doubt that each can square the account—but to us, in the aggregate, it is quite a serious matter. If each to whom we send these statements make remittance our exchequer will be strengthened by at least a thousand dollars, and that sum, just now, would be "a Godsend." That each do so we respectfully urge. We have earned the money—we need it—we ought to have it—we will not our friends be at the trouble of sending or handing it to us, now.

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. WAHS, Garbage Master.

The Fast Line to Denver. Solid vestibuled train, free reclining chairs, palace sleeping cars and luxurious dining cars are run between Chicago and Denver daily via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern line. To secure the advantages of fast time and luxurious accommodations purchase tickets via this route. For detailed information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway. 34

Cancer Can Be Cured. Cancers and tumors cured without use of the knife by a treatment that is mild, easily borne, safe, certain and reliable and can be used when no other treatment is possible. For full particulars call on or write Dr. D. C. WHITNEY, Rapid River, Mich. 36

In the Pound. A spotted steer, two years old, brown and white, has been a week in the pound. Unless claimed soon it will be disposed of according to law. A. GENESSE, Poundmaster. Escanaba, July 20th, 1894.

Kot P. Conclave at Washington. For the above occasion the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to Washington, D. C., and return at the exceedingly low rate of one fare for the round trip; good for return until Sept. 15th, 1894. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway. 34

All the mills in New Bedford are closed by the spinner's strike.

The World's Tribute to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Highest Honors Awarded by the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

World's Fair Medal and Diploma awarded to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

The highest award was given on every claim, comprising superiority in leavening power, keeping properties, purity and excellence. This verdict has been given by the best jury ever assembled for such a purpose, backed by the recommendation of the Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who made an elaborate examination and test of all the baking powders. This is pre-eminently the highest authority on such matters in America.

This verdict conclusively settles the question and proves that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is superior in every way to any other brand.

NOTE.—The Chief Chemist rejected the Alum baking powders, stating to the World's Fair jury that he considered them unwholesome.

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"Soo Line" Is the proper route to Boston, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Buffalo, Portland, Halifax, St. John's. Round trip tickets on sale to above and many other eastern points. If you are going to Liverpool, Queenstown, London, Hamburg, Glasgow, Christians, Gothenburg, Jacobstad, Havre, Paris, Naples, Genoa, or any other European point, you can sail as low as any one. Baggage called for checked at residence and hotel, company's passenger buses and to and from all trains. Time and equipment unsurpassed, trains vestibuled. Quickest time to Grand Rapids and lower Michigan points, via steamer Douglas. E. P. WILBUR, General Agent, Telephone. 614 Ludington St., Escanaba.

When You Go West Travel via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line (Chicago & Northwestern and Union Pacific Railways.) No change of cars between Chicago and Omaha, Denver, Ogden, Portland and San Francisco. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway. 32

Professional Cards. F. A. HANKS, D. D. S. DENTAL OFFICE, 301 Wells Avenue, Escanaba, Mich. Office hours 9 to 4. Established 1877.

DR. D. H. ROWELLS, DENTIST. Graduate of Chicago College of Dental Surgery. Office in Masonic block. Attention given to Crown and Bridge work.

OUR TRIALS.

We never conquer our trials by waiting for them to pass. They are only the ghosts of a future which we can only see in the distance. They are only the seeds which are waiting to be sown in the soil of our lives. They are only the shadows of a future which we can only see in the distance. They are only the seeds which are waiting to be sown in the soil of our lives.

WINNING A WOMAN.

The Romantic Tale of a Veteran Commercial Traveler.

"When I was a man of thirty," remarked a gray-haired three-score-and-tenitarian after the drummer had finished a rather unbelievable card story, "I could shuffle the pasteboards pretty fairly myself, and it was only the veterans who cared to tackle me, and they were usually sorry for it afterward. I was not rich and proud then, he smiled softly, and made most of my living selling groceries in the south and west for a Baltimore house. I did the large town as a rule, but I had a few good customers in out-of-the-way places, and I made it my business to cultivate them and get around to see them at least twice a year. Among them was a merchant in Mississippi, and he had a daughter who was one of the sweetest, prettiest girls I ever saw. In fact she was so attractive that I fell in love with her and tried to marry her, but she was silly like most women when they are young and sometimes when they are not so young, and instead of reciprocating my affection, the affection of a plain but honest man, I'll be shot if she wasn't wasting her affection on a handsome bon-a-rein—that's French for good for nothing," he explained, "and I hadn't the slightest chance against him, although her father was on my side and did all he could to save her from the man she would persist in loving. He was undoubtedly a handsome fellow and one whose manners were fascinating, not only to women, but to men. With all his natural ability, however, and attractiveness, he was utterly worthless; a hard drinker, a brawler, a vindictive wretch and a notorious gambler. These qualities of the man were well known in that locality and his reputation was not unknown throughout the state, while up and down the river he was known on every steamboat for the big games he played and his success. He was the youngest son of a prominent and highly respectable family, and this to the girl seemed to offset his numerous defects of character.

"Whatever it was, there was no question that the girl was completely infatuated with him, and finally she eloped with him. This act of hers broke her father's heart and within a year he had died, leaving no property whatever, nor any family, as the girl was the only child and her mother had been dead some years. The loss or absence of any property which might be of assistance to the daughter did not affect her seriously, as her husband had some estate and managed by successful gambling to maintain her in comfort the first year or two. With the death of the father and the marriage of the daughter very naturally my interest in that locality waned and I lost track of the neighborhood and its doings for five years. Then I was called there on business and when I stopped at the only tavern in the little village I was more than surprised to find that it was kept by my former rival, whom, by the way, I shall call Jackson. He did not know me and I don't suppose it would have made much difference if he had, for with all his faults he was not a jealous man. Well, I kept my identity pretty much in the background and made up my mind to see how the marriage had turned out. I got an inkling of it the very first night, when Jackson came in just drunk enough to be ugly. He had changed much in the five years, and from being the handsome fellow he once was, he had become bloated, and all the bad streaks in him seemed to have settled in his face. His wife I had not seen, up to the time of his appearance in the evening. I was sitting there cursing a stable-boy. After he had finished with the boy he called his wife from the kitchen where she was at work, and when she came in frightened out of her wits, as I could plainly see, I never would have known her. She was thin and pale and bore every evidence of having received the most cruel treatment. I was shocked beyond expression, and it was not allied by the way he talked to her and ordered her around, once even giving her a jerk by the arm that brought a cry of pain from her and came almost fighting me into the scarp. I kept still, however, and waited, and that night he grew so ugly that she called in one of her neighbors to serve as a kind of protection.

"The next day he was no better, but he went off and did not return until late. During the day she had a chance to see me and at once recognized me. Whether she was glad or sorry I don't know, but she broke down and had a nervous fit of crying for half an hour, and I got away until she recovered. When I saw her again she was quite calm, and for two hours she talked to me of her terrible condition. He had been all things to her a man should not be, and the community only partially knew what she had to bear. He had beaten her and starved her and made her work like a slave, and once or twice when she had tried to escape, he had brought her back and kept her in a dark room on bread and water for a month. There was no place for her to go in the neighborhood, and he never gave her a cent of money, so that she might have gone to some distant place. She was ashamed and afraid to appeal to the public for help and she was slowly being tortured to death. Fortunately she had never had any children.

and by night I had my plans ready for trial. When Jackson came in that evening he was in better humor, having won some money on a horse race, and he was not quite so ugly drunk as he had been. He was drunk, perhaps, but it was not such a mean drunk as before. After supper I engaged him in talk, and along about nine o'clock I proposed a game of poker. It struck him just right, and we adjourned to a room upstairs, with a couple of lawyers and a judge who were stopping there over night and the game began. At first Jackson won right along, and as he won he drank, calling every now and then for his wife to bring him more liquor, and whenever she came into the room and saw me the look she gave me almost made me kick over the table and fight the whole crowd. However, that was not my game, and I let on to her and the rest of them that I was about as drunk as Jackson was; but I wasn't.

"At midnight we had reached the climax. The two lawyers and the judge had been raised out and Jackson and I were left for the finish. I had four nines, not a bad hand as hands went in those days, and I had an idea that Jackson hadn't anything to beat it. I also had my wits about me and Jackson hadn't, and I had five thousand dollars in my pocket, which Jackson hadn't. I had been bluffing like the mischief all through the game and Jackson had caught me for a good lot on my recklessness, but all he had was on the table when the other three passed out. That is all the money he had, but he owned three good horses. It was a game without a limit, as it often was in those days, and when I put down two hundred he saw me to the extent of one horse. Then I went five hundred more and he went another horse; then I went another five hundred and he went the third horse. Of course the man was wild now with liquor and the excitement of the game, and when I laid down a thousand more he was dazed for a minute. Just then his wife came in, and with a curse he ordered her out and was about to throw a bottle at her. She hurried away with an appealing look at me, and Jackson sat stupidly gazing at his hand and at the pile of money and contracts for horses on the table, and he was sure I was bluffing. I could see that, but he didn't like to take too much of a chance. Then all at once a new thought seemed to come to him and he looked squarely into my face.

"By the way," he said, "you used to know my wife, didn't you?" "I nodded coolly, though somewhat rattled at this unexpected recognition." "And you used to be in love with her," he went on.

"Again I nodded." "You wanted her once," he ventured slowly, and I nodded again.

"By heavens," he exclaimed, "I'll put her against what you have there. Is it a go?" "Once more I nodded." "Gentlemen," I said to the judge and the lawyers, "make a note of that. If I win, the woman is mine to do as I please with. Is that agreed?" "Jackson assented with a string of oaths, and the lawyers got his signature to a contract to deliver his wife to me if the game went against him, or words to that effect.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The people of Persia ate 4,615 tons of horse meat last year. Japan has 29,600 physicians, 1,478 of whom are graduates of the university of Tokio. The rock of Gibraltar is an exact representation of a lion lying in a reclining position. The Suez canal is only eighty-eight miles long, but it reduced the distance from England to India, by sea, nearly 4,000 miles. German soldiers are finding amusement nowadays in training hawks to attack carrier pigeons and bring back the birds as well as the war dispatches they carry.

A law passed in the time of King Edward III and still upon the English statute books, prohibits the serving of a dinner of more than two courses to anyone, except on holidays. The Bhagirathi reservoir, a great artificial lake in India, said to hold about 4,941,000 cubic feet of water, acts as a feeder to the Nira canal. It is formed by a masonry dam 103 feet high and 3,020 feet long. It was once customary, in Scotland, to place on a man's tombstone engraved symbols of the tools of his trade. There was an exception made in one case, where a barber had committed suicide with a razor.

In Holland the peasant girl who is without a beau at fair time hires a young man for the occasion. As good dancers command a high price, two maidens sometimes club together to employ the same swain. Cuba produces 2,000,000 bunches of bananas every year and 25,000,000 coconuts. The coconut-oil factories on the island consume yearly about 14,000,000 nuts, and those remaining are shipped to the United States. The Maelstrom is a whirlpool off the coast of Norway, caused by the meeting of tidal currents and dangerous to navigation during some tides. Charbydis is a whirlpool in the Sicilian coast and Scyda is a rock near by.

A relic of medieval taxation still survives in Galway in the shape of duties on salable articles passing through the gates of the town. The "ingate tolls" extend to about one hundred articles, and the "outgate tolls" affect some forty articles. The Dutch, who once held the supremacy of the seas, when Holland was the first commercial nation of the world, excelled likewise in science, and her mariners over three hundred years ago explored the tropics and faced the dangers of either pole. It would seem that France had had enough of war and glory during the past one hundred and two years. Between 1792 and 1815 two million two hundred and fifty thousand of her sons lost their lives in war, and during the present century six million have gone in the same way.

The champion fasters of the world are the members of a religious body called the Jains, of India. They have frequent fasts that last from thirty to forty days. Once each year there is a grand fast which endures seventy-five days. During this time they are allowed to drink warm water.

FORTUNES IN FARTHING.

The Part They Take in Daily Life in England.

There are millions of people in England who never see a farthing from year's end to the other, they never want to. The coin, as far as its circulation among the upper class of society is concerned, is rapidly growing scarcer and scarcer, but for all that this fractional division of the penny plays a very important part in the daily transactions of the nation, and, of course, it is and always will be the standard coin of many poverty-stricken districts of London and other large towns. The commercial value of a farthing can not be overestimated, and the draper who first conceived the brilliant notion of pricing his goods so much three-farthings is only the first of an army of men who have made their fortunes by this subtle device. The customer either will not be bothered with a farthing, or is content to have in its place a packet of needles or hairpins, a croquet ball or some other trifling article which does not cost the retailer the sixteenth part of a penny. Besides this, however, there is another advantage in the farthing system which must not be overlooked, and it is one which goes a long way towards proving, if any proof is necessary, Carlyle's famous saying that the inhabitants of the world consists of so many millions, mostly fools. It is surprising how many apparently sane women there are at large who can not afford to buy silk at three shillings a yard, while they pounce eagerly upon an inferior quality at two and eleven pence three farthings, and do not wait for the change.

This system is, as a matter of fact, not more than some twenty years old, and the genius who first introduced it began life in an exceedingly humble way, sleeping under his own counter. He now keeps a yacht—which is the most expensive thing you can keep—lives in a magnificent house, and is the owner of a castle, as well as of a large business, which accounts for all the rest. From the farthing in theory we come to the grimly practical farthing of the East End, which plays such an important part in the dealings of the very poorest classes. Few people have any idea of the number of shops, large and small, which are supported by farthing customers. A farthing's worth of meat, a farthing's worth of bread, butter, cheese, bacon, matches and so on, this is the tragic legend which is repeated from morning to night in these shops. I know of one confectionery and biscuit factory in the slums, where several hundred men are employed, which is entirely supported by farthing. Everything which leaves the warehouse is done up in farthing packets. There is less in four farthing packets than would be sold for a penny on account of the extra trouble in packing.—Pearson's Weekly.

FRANKING IN ENGLAND.

One of the Privileges of a Member of Parliament.

Franking was one of the privileges of a member of parliament, who might have his letters delivered and had the right to dispatch them free of charge. Mr. Hyde, in the Royal Mail, says: "Before the year 1764 members of parliament had merely to write their names on the covers to insure their correspondence free passage through the post, and packets of such franks were furnished by members to their friends, who laid them past for use as occasion required. Nay, more, a trade was carried on in franks by the servants of members, whose practice it was to ask their masters to sign them in great numbers at a time. It was even suspected, and probably with sufficient reason, that franks were forged to a large extent, and had postage been paid on all franked correspondence, it is estimated that the revenue would have been increased to one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. In the hope of imposing some greater check on the evil it was enacted in 1763 that the whole superscription must be in the handwriting of the member." It must be remembered that there was then a days-a no handy envelope in which to slip a letter when written. Generally a quarto sheet of paper was used, the fourth page being left blank. The top and bottom of the sheet were folded over, almost meeting; then the sides were likewise folded over, one tucked into the other, and the seal or water affixed. On the other side (about one hundred and thirty-nine cents. And then I handed the money to the nigger, and I says: "Perced to par-joke." Says he: "Jehin is you, pard, I'll do me best endeavours for you; come one side wi' me, into dis alley." "Well, boss," Jeff went on, "dis identical nigger tuck me into de alley, and we sot down side by side on a store, dar. He takes my money, he does, and den he look at my left han'. As soon, sah, as he begin to read my han' he 'rouse my spicions; fer, says he, 'Dis hyah line running right 'cross yer palm'—when, sah, it w'nt no line, on'y a crack in de dirt, and I tole de nigger so—hyah! hyah! hyia-a-a-ah!" And Jeff roared with laughter.

A CASE OF HOODOO.

Accounted for Jeff, with Occasional Interjections from the Court. "What are goofers, eh?" asked the mayor, gruffly. "Laws, Mars' Shallow," exclaimed Jeff, "no nigger need try to tell you nothin' 'bout hoodoos and goofers. You knows niggers down to de ground, and in course you knows what goofers is. I's monst'ous scared o' goofers, I say; and when this hyah nigger say what I done tell you, says I: 'What you ax fer it do!' He ups and says: 'De contempt'ous and redlic'ous fe' o' two dojahs.' And I say: 'Two dojahs! No you don't, nary time! I'll gin you fifty cents,' says I, 'pervidin' you'll 'suah my life, wi' heaf and plenty all my days.' Then he lows: 'Yigger, you wants too much fer too little. S'are yer ol' do'es and gimme a dojah and a half, and all you as shall be youn'.'" "Hurry on," said the mayor, sharply. "Yas, sah," responded Jeff, continuing his story. "I war monst'ous jub'rous I didn't have that much capital 'bout me at jist dat particular moment ob time. But I shuck myself, I did, and I scratched my pockets, twell I managed to scrape up in nickels and sich one dojah, and thirty-nine cents. And den I handed de money to dis hyah nigger, and I says: 'Perced to par-joke.' Says he: 'Jehin is you, pard, I'll do me best endeavours for you; come one side wi' me, into dis alley.'" "Well, boss," Jeff went on, "dis identical nigger tuck me into de alley, and we sot down side by side on a store, dar. He takes my money, he does, and den he look at my left han'. As soon, sah, as he begin to read my han' he 'rouse my spicions; fer, says he, 'Dis hyah line running right 'cross yer palm'—when, sah, it w'nt no line, on'y a crack in de dirt, and I tole de nigger so—hyah! hyah! hyia-a-a-ah!" And Jeff roared with laughter.

DEPARTMENT IN COMPANY.

The Desirability of Appearing Perfectly at Ease.

Everything that is useful may be gained by labor. You may not have the hereditary gift of good breeding; you may lack the early training of schools and home; yet the values of these you can take into yourself by observation, study and practice, provided always that you realize the efficacy as well as the beauty of usefulness. But selfishness is precisely opposite to self-neglect. Make yourself a model man or woman for the sake of truth, honesty and happiness, and these shall beam out of you into others. It is the highest manifestation of health, this self-shaping power by which the individual grows to the full-rounded stature of a man or a woman, and is able to meet the demands of life without bustle or trepidation or any under show of strain. Be a calm observer for one evening at any social gathering and you will be able to detect at a glance the young person who gesticulates vehemently and laughs immoderately for want of any other mode of expressing a confusion of embarrassments or in sheer nervous excitement. The petty surpluses of the occasion destroy the equilibrium of such a mind and break it into unmanageable crosscurrents of self-consciousness and vulgar anxiety. We must understand, then, that ease of deportment is but the adequate and perfectly natural expression of inward harmony. The repose of manner which we all so much admire in great men is quite different from the sphinx-like inscrutability of the well-trained butler; it is the difference between a countenance and a face: one is from deep within the other is an exterior mask. The soul must be cultivated to insure that fine physical poise which, like some happy verse or phrase in poetry, seems too exquisitely modeled to be artificial. Ease of deportment, then, is to be sought through a knowledge of life and of your relation to your fellow-beings. Two apparently antagonistic elements must be blended to accomplish it: the aristocracy of self-respect and the democracy of self-forgetfulness. Respect yourself too much to neglect your own good; respect others too much to appear solicitous for their admiration. Take for granted that you are an adequate factor; but never insist upon your adequacy. Leave your diploma at home and let others accentuate your importance. Ease is the involuntary flow of good fellowship; it comes of perfectly-poised selfhood as contradistinguished from conscious, insistent selfishness.—Angeline Bryce Martin, in Chautauquan.

HE WANTED A SEAT.

And Wouldn't Settle With the Conductor Before Getting It.

A west-bound train had just pulled out of the union station at Albany, and the conductor was harvesting tickets. All the seats were taken and several passengers were obliged to stand up. Among the latter was a diffident-looking, mild-mannered man, who, much to the conductor's surprise, refused to give up a ticket. "When I get a seat you get a ticket," he remarked mildly, but firmly; "you are probably aware that the company can not collect fares from passengers whom it does not provide with seats." "Oh, come now, that don't go; I want your ticket, see?" Thus spoke the conductor, in a tone that indicated that he believed he would intimidate the mild-mannered man. "No seat, no ticket," laconically observed the latter. "Well see about that," growled the conductor, who was becoming quite warm in the region of the collar. "I would if I were you," remarked the passenger, still mildly, smiling pleasantly. Then the conductor hustled around and finally found a brother conductor who was going up the road way, whom he induced to give up his seat to the mildly firm passenger. "There's a seat for you, now give me that ticket," said the conductor in a ferocious tone. "Certainly—here it is." And the mild but firm passenger handed out a pass good to Chicago.—Albany Express.

KEEPING HER DOWN.

Mrs. Loverton—Well, Sally, I s'pose we've got to call on that new neighbor. Just take your scissors and cut some sort of a hole in the middle of our visitin' card.

Daughter—What for, maw? What does that signify? Mrs. Loverton—It doesn't mean anything that I knows of, but she'll think it does, and fink mighty chisp to find she don't know as much about society ways as we does.—N. Y. Weekly.

A NEW FACULTY.

"Do you know," asked the snake editor, "that color can be detected by the touch?" "No," replied the horse editor. "Have you learned the scheme?" "Not all of it, but I have learned a little." "Indeed?" "Yes, without the slightest difficulty I can tell when I feel blue.—Texas Sittings.

OUR UNRULY MEMBERS.

"Foot Branches" are an Off-Neglected Branch of Etiquette. "Where do you keep your feet when you are not using them?" was the question asked by the physical culturist on her reading club as they all looked up amiably at her entrance. "No"—at a sudden scrambling noise under the library table. "It's too late, for I have a kodak picture to show you. I took it some weeks ago when you all had your noses deep in books and your feet everywhere, and no one noticed me." "The serpent in our paradise!" sighed a member. "When women rote I hope they'll punish the kodak maniac for carrying concealed weapons." "You may well sigh," caustically commented the physical culturist, "for your feet are the worst disposed of in the lot. Now look here: to two sets of feet decently arranged; and two more which are crossed (that's allowable, though not elegant), there are three on the rungs of their owners' chairs, two in the position which indicates the crossing of legs, one sprawling pigeon-fashion and another—well, only one foot's in evidence, so possibly the other—"

DOGS AND WOLVES.

An Experience Which Shows a Natural Enmity Between Them.

"Although the wolf and the dog are said to have been originally of the same family, I am inclined to doubt it," said a resident of Council Bluffs. "My experience proves that there is a natural enmity between them, and that these animals seldom encounter each other without a battle. If the wolf comes off victorious he at once devours his adversary, but if the tide of battle turns the other way the dog leaves the wolf's carcass unmolested. A wolf's great strength is in the muscles of his jaw and neck, and he always seizes his prey by the throat. After a deep fall of snow they are usually the most ferocious. If a wolf during a fight becomes smeared with the blood of his victim, or if he gets wounded so that the blood flows, his companions will kill and devour him. A bold, undaunted presence and defiant aspect generally proves a good defense when an unarmed man is threatened by these animals. "Years ago, when wolves were more plentiful out west than they are now, I had an experience with a pack of the varmints which to a spectator would have appeared most ridiculous, but which to me was anything but funny, at least while it lasted. I was clearing some land not very far from my cabin, when suddenly I discovered six or seven lank, hungry-looking wolves were close upon me. I wanted to run, but had presence of mind enough not to do so. Every moment they drew closer and closer, with their dark red tongues hanging out between their gleaming teeth, while they eyed me in what I took to be a most menacing manner. All at once it occurred to me that I had heard of a boy who had driven back an angry bull out of a field by walking backwards on his hands and feet. Thinking the same rule might work in the present case I determined to try it. Down I went on all fours, with my head as near the ground as I could keep it, and began cutting all the capers I could think of. I threw my whole heart into the work, and some of the monkey-shines I cut would have done credit to a professional tumbler. The wolves eyed me in wonder for a few minutes, evidently having never seen such an animal before, and in a few minutes they scampered off, and disappeared in the woods.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A FORCE OF NATURE.

The teacher had up the class in primer of natural philosophy, and she had told the youngsters the story of Newton and the apple.

"Now," she inquired, "what makes the apple fall to the ground?" Not a hand went up for some moments, and then a dirty one belonging to a small boy slowly arose. "I know," he said. "Well," smiled the teacher, approvingly, "tell the class."

"Cause it's rotten!"—Detroit Free Press.

Altogether Different.

Merritt—Well, I've seen a great many crazy-quilts; but never one to equal this. What in the world is it made of, for gracious sake?

Cobwigger—My old neckties. Merritt—Nonsense! You can't make me believe that.

Cobwigger—Oh! I meant old neckties that my wife bought me.—Puck.

PITH AND POINT.

—Simply an Excuse.—Father—"What reason have you for wishing to marry the girl?" Son—"I love her." Father—"That's no reason; it's an excuse."—Truth. —"There are few more disappointing things in life," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "than a balloon ascension to a man with a stiff neck."—Philadelphia Record. —"Newlywed seems to find particular delight in parading his little family affairs before the eyes of his acquaintances." "Does he? What are they? Scandals?" "No; twins."—Buffalo Courier. —The Test.—The Editor—"Mr. Bard, how do you distinguish between your verse and your poetry?" Mr. Bard—"I read it to my wife, sir. If she understands it, it's verse; if she doesn't, it's poetry."—Puck. —"And your daughter; did she marry well?" "Oh, yes; her husband's name is known all over the civilized world." "One of the great artists or writers, eh?" "No, one of the John Smiths."—Inter-Ocean. —Not a Friend.—"Who, your friend?" asked Wilburn, as his companion paused and lifted his hat to a lady who drove by. "That isn't a friend," said Mosser, absent-mindedly. "That's my wife."—Chicago Record. —The Old Man.—"Humph! when I was your age I didn't have kid gloves and a cane." Algy—"Well, father, I should think you'd expect to find some improvement in the family since that time."—Demorest's Magazine. —Jamson—"Do you believe in second sight?" Hardup (sadly)—"I'm sorry to say that I do. I picked up a coin the other day and thought it was a half sovereign, but at second sight I found it was a new farthing."—London Million. —Things One Would Rather Have Expressed Differently.—Angelina (to her newly-betrothed)—"Oh, Edwin, there's such a good-looking girl just behind you! Do look!" Edwin—"Ah, I've no eyes for good looks now, darling!"—Boston Budget. —The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder as if he were mentally deranged is Schmidt, the famous accountant. "What is the matter with him?" "He was trying yesterday to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping book."—Panzelszeitung. —Found an Angel.—Merchant—"I am sorry to lose Miss Pinkie's services, but what must be must. May I ask how it is that a wealthy young man like you should have chosen a shop girl to share your fortune?" De Rich—"Three or four of my family made unhappy marriages, and I vowed that I'd never wed a woman who wasn't a born angel, and I know Miss Pinkie is. I have heard three different shopping ladies speak well of her."—Paris (Ill.) Republican. —"Wood" gasped Mr. Wiggleworth, mopping his forehead furiously, as he stopped to pass good morning with the minister; "hot, ain't it?" The minister in the cool white necktie calmly acquiesced. "But one thing's certain," Mr. Wiggleworth hopefully pursued, "this hot weather can't last always." The minister shook his head with an air of uncertainty. "I haven't seen you at church for more than two months," he said, with grave concern. It wasn't till long in the afternoon that Mr. Wiggleworth saw the application of it.—Rockland Tribune.

MEATS THAT ARE DANGEROUS.

They Should Be Avoided by Persons Who Desire Good Digestion. Animal foods are not generally conducive to good color or a fine complexion. Milk, eggs, butter and cheese are exceptions. Meat once a day is a sufficiency for all children, and for all women who prefer the spiritual to the sensual type of beauty. The school of vegetarians may not be famous for its Venuses and Apollos, but it is not a large contributor to the freak museums. Many meats are positively dangerous. For instance, only giant constitutions have the muscular ability to digest fresh pork; undigested it is a fruitful source of dyspepsia, tuberculosis, scrofula, gastric fever, nervousness, and, in fact, all the diseases resulting from inflammation of the gastric system. Fresh pork is not a safe food for any woman to eat unless she runs a ranch, a steamboat, a farm or is engaged in some equally active pursuit necessitating outdoor life and muscular exertion. Even ham and bacon of the choicest "cure" need the purification of fire. Veal is another bad meat, unless cooked into shreds, and rare mutton is under suspicion. While beef is the most nutritious of meats properly served, it is often so badly served as to unnecessarily tax the digestive organs. Much of the hash is no better than stewed brown paper, and the fried steak and corned beef of the average home dinner would do the consumer far more good in the garbage box. Foods that feed the stomach and foods that feed or nourish it are not the same. The value of the meat is in the juice, and nothing else counts. That is why the trained nurses maddened by getting eighty dollars a month to keep infant heirs of complicated estates from dying, and so amassing legal documents, never allow the tots to swallow a morsel of course meat, as beef and mutton are called. There is more nutriment in a piece of broiled steak the size of a spool of thread than in a five-pound piece of pickled and smoked beef.—N. Y. Letter.

Only Partially Domesticated Yet.

Although long a captive, and for ages, perhaps the most servicable of all the creatures which man has won from the wilds, the camel is still only partly domesticated, having never acquired even the small measure of affection for his master which we find in the other herbivorous animals which have been won to the service of man. The obedience which he renders is but a dull submission to inevitable toil. The intelligence which he shows is very limited, and so far as I can judge from the accounts of those who have observed him, there is but little variation in his mental qualities. As a whole, the creature appears to be innately the dullest and least improvable of all our servitors.—Scrimer's.

A Family of Nine Living near Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

has been nearly wiped out by diphtheria, seven, all the children, succumbed to it rapidly, and the mother was low with it. It is easy to suppose that there was some streak of heredity rendering these children susceptible to the disease, that they were so constituted as to offer a ready soil and become easy victims.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

The most enlightened and progressive of Asiatic monarchs. A few years ago he gave Japan a representative form of government and concluded treaties with the civilized nations of the earth which have opened the markets of the world to Japanese enterprises.

A DETROIT BUILDER.

He Tells a Remarkable Story of His Life.

CAME TO DETROIT ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO.

Levi Elsey's Experience Worthy Serious Attention.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

Away out Gratiot Avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business center, there are many attractive homes. The interesting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil.

"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends.

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One day, while sitting at my desk, I was taken down and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact, it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size, and I was increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of 30 degrees in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities.

"I had several doctors attending me, but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a stage of two months I could move around, still I was on the sick list and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured and suffered any amount of anguish.

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the Evening News about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woodward Avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house out on Woodward Ave., and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvelous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I felt myself growing to be a new man. They acted on me like a magical stimulant, the pain departed and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before trying the Pink Pills I had used any amount of other medicine without any noticeable benefit. But the Pills cured me and I was my old self again.

"When a person finds himself relieved and enjoying health he is apt to expose himself again to another attack of illness. Some three months ago I stopped taking the Pink Pills, and from the day I did so I noticed a change in my condition. A short time since I renewed my habit of taking them with the same beneficial results which met me formerly. I am again as strong as ever, although I am a man about 50 years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderful medicine, and if they do as well in other cases as they do in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and strength to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The Court Crier. It was a haughty lawyer of Elkhart, Ind. Who sought upon a witness To vent his spleen one day. The witness quickly answered With caustic wit and chaff, And soon against the lawyer Had raised a hearty laugh. Loud laughed the judge and jury, And the lawyer's face grew red, Except the ancient crier, Who kept his features set.

Uttal to him the lawyer Called, in his sneering way: "How is it, Mr. Perkins? You do not laugh to-day?" Then quoth the solemn Pevine: (And never winked an eye) "I am not paid to laugh, sir; I'm only paid to cry!" -Gustav Kobbe, in Harper's Bazar

Love in Masquerade. I dreamed that love came knocking At your door one winter night. While the specter trees were rocking In a blast of snow and blizzards. "Oh! I perish!" poor love pleaded; "Open the door, for love's dear sake." But, although you heard and heeded, Still no answer would you make! Not one word would you reply; Would your haughty lips have said, Even if love had lain there dying, Even if love had lain there dead! Then I dreamed that love o'erruled you; For in tenderness voice he cried: "Nay, dear lady, I sadly fooled you. Since I am not love, but pride, and you straggle away from your portals, With a merry and welcome nod, To that wildest of immortals, To that masquerading god. Ah, you open your portals lightly, Not for love's, but pride's dear sake; Yet, O lady, if I dreamed rightly, Love soon taught you your mistake! Edgar Faucett, in the Century.

Fiddle-Dee-Dee. There once was a bird that lived up in a tree And all he could do was to "fiddle-dee-dee." A very provoking, unmusical sort. For one to be whistling the summer day long! Yet always contented and busy was he With that vocal recurrence of "fiddle-dee-dee."

Hardly lived a brave little soldier of four. That wretched creature repented him sore; "I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun. For, by our St. Diddy! the deed must be done That shall presently rid all creation and me Of that odious bird and his 'fiddle-dee-dee'!" Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her son. His wretched little red gun. The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin. The "bang" it came out where the bullet went in. The right kind of weapon, I think you'll agree, For slaying all fowl that go "fiddle-dee-dee!"

The brave little soldier never a word. But he up and he drew a straight bead on that bird. And, while that vain creature provokingly sang, The gun it went off with a terrible bang! Then loud laughed the youth—"By my Bottle," cried he, "I've put a quietus on 'fiddle-dee-dee!'"

Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: "My little fellow, you wrought with your little red gun! Hereafter no evil at all need I fear, With such a brave soldier as You-my-Love here!" She kissed the dear boy. (The bird in the tree Continued to whistle his "fiddle-dee-dee!") -Chicago Record.



CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Chief National Bureau of Labor.

Recently appointed chairman of the national committee charged with examining into the causes of the Pullman and American Railway union strikes. He is an expert on all topics relating to labor. He made a study of the relations between employer and employe while a member of the Massachusetts state senate in 1871. In the same year he was appointed chief of the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics. In 1893 he held the position of census supervisor for the same state. When created the national bureau of labor in 1884 he was made commissioner. He has held the position ever since, the change in administration not affecting the tenure of his office. Among the workmen of the country he is known as the author of a number of valuable volumes on labor and labor unions.

His Future.

An old farmer and his son called upon me the other day. The boy is about eleven or twelve years old, and a gawky, ugly dawdler. He wandered aimlessly about the office running the tip of his finger over the backs of my books. At last I asked: "Well, my boy would you like to be a lawyer?"

"Naw." "A doctor?" "Naw." "A preacher?" "Naw." "Well, what do you want to be?" "Nawtlin'." "By thunder! that's what you will be!" commented his disgruntled father, earnestly.—Harper's Magazine.

A HOT WEATHER IDYL.



Two drains upon a single font. Two streams that flow as one.

Propinquity. "The poor are always with us." 'Tis so the saying goes; But wealthy people, also, Are often pretty close. -Once a Week.

Used to It. Mrs. P. (to new servant)—I suppose, Bridget, you overheard my husband and I conversing rather earnestly this morning. Bridget—Indeed, I did that, mum. "I hope you did not consider that anything unusual was going on." "Niver a bit, mum. I wunst had a husband meself, mum, and niver a day passed that the neighbors didn't believe one or the other of us would be kilt entirely."—Toledo Blade.

A High Ambition. Kitty—We advanced women have discovered that man is a total failure. Tom—I suppose that is why you are claiming an equality with him.—Puck.

FOOLING THE HANGING COMMITTEE. Mr. E. Burne Timber (who has long been badly treated by the hanging committee)—There, confound 'em, they can't sky that.—Scribner's Magazine.



Applying His Knowledge. "Whah yoh git dat chicken yoh's pickin'?" asked Aunt Seraphina. "Nemmind," replied her husband. "Ef yoh's gwine to bring chickens roun' hyar, I kaint see why yoh doan wat till de folkses gits 'em cooked." "Dat shows yer weakness 'bout p'litical 'conomy." "G'long." "Hit do, sho." "How do it?" "Ef cooked chicken am in de house, locked up, but de nat'ral fowl am out in de henhouse, whah yoh kin git to 'em. All ob which am in accordance wif de well-known principle dat de raw material doan 'quire ez much protection ez de finished article."—Washington Star.

Is the Engagement Still On? Henry—Yes, Carry, I love you with all my heart. Carry—It seems strange, Henry, that you should think so much of me. Henry—I don't know about that. There's no accounting for tastes, you know.—Answers.

Those Dear Girls. Priscilla—I want to get a gown to match my complexion. Perdita—Why don't you get a hand-painted one?—Brooklyn Life.

Those Practical Papas. He—And did you tell your father that although I am penniless, with your love I would be the richest man in the world? She—Yes, but it did no good. He said I'd be a fool to enter into a life partnership in which I had to furnish all the capital.—Arkansas Traveler.

Our Office Boy. He is too stork for this wicked world. He was meant for a fairer climate. He swears at the editor, swears at his work. And is kicking all the time. He groans and sobs 'neath his load of work. Bewails his weary way. But once a month he gives his pay. And complacently draws his pay. -Brooklyn Life.

A Marvellous Showing. The U. S. Government, through the Agricultural Department, has been investigating the baking powders for the purpose of informing the public which was the purest, most economical and wholesome. The published report shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a pure, healthful preparation, absolutely free from alum or any adulterant, and that it is greatly stronger in leavening power than any other brand. Consumers should not let this valuable information, official and unprejudiced, go unheeded. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

LETTER carriers may be seen collecting letters at midnight, but this doesn't explain why some late males don't arrive till near morning.—Philadelphia Times.

"Valley, Flain and Feak." An art book of Northwestern scenes, from photographs, over 100 reproductions and colored etchings, with descriptions, elegantly printed, sent to any address for 10 cents in postage. Contains more artistic features and general information than many of the high-priced art publications now on sale. Address F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

A FUGITIVE ember from Cologne is reported as his way to this country. The detectives are understood to be on the scent.

A FAIR lady becomes still fairer by using Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents. "Did you invite Susie to come and see you?" Flossie—"Yes; I told her she must come over and stay all night some day."

KEEP your conscience, but not your farm, void of a fence. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c. Errors has several kings who are total rex. Bad men always hate the laws that good men try to enforce.—Ram's Horn.

A SMART man must learn to read a postscript in a woman's eye.—Truth. The man who invented water evidently had nothing to do.—Fleegende Blatter.

THE mermaid's favorite tune—Neptune. THERE are educated pigs, but there are none that do not like mud.—Ram's Horn. WOMAN is born weak; man is made weak by a woman.—Truth.

THE Boston girl speaks of the ball player as being stricken out.—Puck. -Some men never tumble, even when an idea strikes them. The wise dog beats a generous world out of a living with his tail.—Galveston News.

APOLLO was a stickler for the code of honor. It was he who first struck the lyre. DROWNING men catch at straws, but they do not grasp them with the avidity of men who are trying to drown sorrow.

A FAT man though not blind is compelled to feel his weight. THE most distant relatives are not always those who live farthest away.—Philadelphia Record.

WHAT is the difference between a Swiss mountain climber and a dandy? One scales the Alps and the other the scalp. A WOMAN more easily forgets a man whom she has loved for years than one whom she has hated for an hour.—Truth.

MAN may be partially known by the company he keeps; but not wholly so until said company has married him and summered and wintered with him.—Puck.

A BUSINESS WOMAN, or a woman who works, sooner or later has to build up her strength with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you suffer from backache, nervousness, fainting spells, or sleeplessness, take the "Prescription." It is woman's special tonic and nerve.

It is a medicine that builds up, invigorates, regulates, and cures. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in "female complaints" and weaknesses, you have your money back. Dr. R. V. Pierce's Dear Sir—I have taken the "Favorite Prescription" and I can recommend it to any body that suffers with any female disease. I have tried several doctors' prescriptions but none did me the good that yours did. Yours respectfully, Martha Cerron Post Mistress, Sherrill Hill, Dallas Co., Tex.

STOP AND THINK HOW YOU CAN REDUCE LABOR AND THE WEAR OF CLOTHES BY USING SANTA CLAUS SOAP BEST PUREST AND MOST ECONOMICAL. THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY CHICAGO.

Don't make two bites at a cherry. What's the use of taking one thing for coarse, and another for fine, washing. Pearline will do it all. For washing wood-work, tinware, silver, marble, glass, dishes, carpets, or anything you can think of, Pearline is the best. It saves not only work, but wear. Let it help you in all these ways. You mustn't think that the easy washing of clothes is all that Pearline is made for. Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—and ask for it. JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED SAPOLIO GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN. MY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH. A. N. N.-A. 1893.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the advertisement in this issue.

THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

Why Mr. Plumbottle Doesn't Like Summer Outings.

In a Moment of Triumph He Tells Alex Sweet About Some of the Things That Are Usually Caught at Fashionable Resorts.

[Special New York Letter.]

The number of New Yorkers who have visited health and pleasure resorts this summer has been smaller than for many years past, notwithstanding that the heat in giddy Gotham has been simply frightful. The season has been intensely hot, meteorologically speaking, but financially it has been quite chilly all over the country. According to a pat proverb: "Winter sets in when poverty begins," and this has a great deal to do with the strongly developed sentiment that this year there is "no place like home." I will not elaborate the points. The average reader knows precisely what I mean, and the subject is a very painful one to most of us.

Among those who have discovered that New York is a splendid summer resort is the Plumbottle family, of Har-



A STREET CAR CONVERSATION.

lem, where I, also, reside. The first member of the family to arrive at this sensible conclusion was old Puffer Plumbottle himself. He, however, had some difficulty in persuading Mrs. Puffer, her three daughters, and that gilded youth, Oscar Plumbottle, to share his views on this subject. There was a clear majority against him, but the rest of the family could not pass the appropriation bill over his veto. This is the first year since they were married that the Plumbottle family has skipped its regular outing. During one year of unusual financial prosperity the family, after having summered in the White mountains, wintered in Florida, where the entire family came very near being carried off by yellow fever, and their pet dog actually was carried off by an alligator.

The elder Plumbottle is averse to the annual outing. He has protested time and again against the extravagance and dissipation of fashionable summer



PLUMBOTTLE LOSES HIS DOG IN FLORIDA.

resorts, but this is the first year, thanks to the financial crisis, and the spirit of insubordination that is in the air that he has been able to carry his point. I met him a few days ago on a cable car, and we rode together down to the city hall, a distance of seven miles. During the trip he told me all about his great victory over the allied members of his family.

On taking a seat beside him I expressed my surprise that he was still in the city. "It is a little unusual," he replied, "and the old lady and the girls made a kick about it, but I made 'em realize that I was the pantalo of the family," using a word that is very common in New York since it was coined by the Lexow investigating committee. It means "the boss."

"How about your son Oscar?" I asked. "He cwyed," chuckled the old man, imitating Oscar's dude dialect. "He said that to stay in Harlem during the summer was 'in dooced bad fawn, doncher know,' but he is here all the same," and once more the bad old man indulged in heartless merriment.

"And this is the first year you have summered in New York?" "The very first. We have been to the Catskills, and contracted a new kind of malaria that baffled the medical science for several months after

our return. The well water at the hotel was stiff with typhoid germs and other bacilli."

"How about the Adirondacks?" "We've been there too—splendid place to get chronic inflammatory rheumatism. Besides, it was there that a bear walked off with another one of my pet dogs."

"Nothing of that kind could happen at Saratoga," I ventured to suggest.

"That's so, but that's the place where I was steered into a bunco game, and it cost me \$400 to get out."

"I have always heard that it was a favorite resort with society people."

"So it is. It was at Saratoga that poor Oscar came very near being picked up by a designing society widow, with her face kalsomined, and six children by her first husband in the background. Such creatures are thicker there than red ants at a picnic."

"How about Long Branch?" "Great place to spend money. You can't steal a side glance at the porter without paying a dollar, and when you stomp your toe it's a dollar and a half. If you want a cigar you have to pay forty cents for it, and they charge you ten cents more for a match. If that man who was going down to Jericho had been going to Long Branch, he might have congratulated himself on falling among thieves before he got there. They didn't understand the business compared with the Long Branch landlords."

"It is very convenient to New York," I remarked, apologetically.

"I suppose so, looking at it from a geographical standpoint, but it is not very convenient to get money enough to stay there any length of time."

"Is it really so very expensive?" "I should say so. It is much easier to get your name in the papers among the distinguished arrivals than it is to raise the money to get back home with."

"Why not try some western resort, Mr. Plumbottle?" "We did saturate our systems with stagnant pond water, flavored with carbonic acid gas, at Waukeesa for one entire season, but I didn't relish it enough to justify being mixed up in a railroad wreck by going there this year."

"There are some very nice places on the New England coast."

"I've been to Bar Harbor, where it is a darned sight easier to find the harbor, her three daughters, and that gilded youth, Oscar Plumbottle, to share his views on this subject. There was a clear majority against him, but the rest of the family could not pass the appropriation bill over his veto. This is the first year since they were married that the Plumbottle family has skipped its regular outing. During one year of unusual financial prosperity the family, after having summered in the White mountains, wintered in Florida, where the entire family came very near being carried off by yellow fever, and their pet dog actually was carried off by an alligator.

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| <p>Groceries.</p> <p>My present prices supercede all other prices made. If in need of Groceries call and see how we sell goods for cash or drop us a card and I will have my city agent to call on you with a full line of samples. I mean business, and would be pleased to fill an order in a business like way. Samples of Tea, Coffee and Spices furnished free on application.</p> <p>M. L. MERRILL.</p> | <p>Laundry.</p> <p>Take Your Work to the Steam Laundry. First-Class Work Assured.</p> <p>NO ACIDS USED.</p> | <p>GENERAL INTELLIGENCE</p> <p>In the daytime, in her own house on the most fashionable street in Owosso, Mrs. Carwood was assaulted and repeatedly violated and her assailant escaped. That's the story, but one wonders what ailed her voice.</p> <p>South Dakota hogs are starving; both corn and wheat crops are failures.</p> <p>Young Corey, with five men and the transportation of the "army" reached Massillon on the 17th.</p> <p>The Amokkag mills, at Manchester, N. H., will start up next Monday with full force and will run full time. Nearly 10,000 persons will be employed.</p> <p>A "fence" was discovered at Milwaukee last Saturday and much stolen property recovered. A man named Limmer operated it and he is in custody.</p> <p>A powder house at Fort Smith, Ark., blew up last Saturday and three lives were sacrificed. The shock was like an earthquake.</p> <p>Henry George will be a candidate for mayor of New York.</p> <p>His grace the duke of Argyle and sundry others have organized an "anti-lynching committee." Just what is proposed to do is not said.</p> <p>Sioux City wants the Corbett Jackson fight and offers \$25,000 and a guaranty against interference.</p> <p>The president has signed the civil service bill.</p> <p>The Pullman strikers are starving—contributions have ceased—and they appeal to Gov. Altgeld.</p> <p>A bogus dollar factory was located and captured at Chicago last Sunday.</p> <p>The Russian thistle has reached the counties of northern Illinois and the agricultural bureau sounds the alarm.</p> <p>The Japanese treasury wants \$50,000,000 but it places its bonds at home, not abroad.</p> <p>A Russian admiral, in command of the fleet at Cronstadt, was killed last Sunday by a discharged employe, who at once committed suicide.</p> <p>Cholera is spreading in Austria, Russia and Spain.</p> <p>The Detroit detectives, not being able to spot the murderer of Blood, assume that he committed suicide. They are a pack of incapables.</p> <p>The Diamond Match company has about eighteen million feet of pine timber scorched by bush fires which will have to be cut to save it. The Nester estate has about twenty-three million more and many of the home-steaders are forced to cut off their pine on account of the fire damage.</p> <p>The man who has during two or three years past played little swindles by passing himself for John R. Wood was caught at Chicago last week and will serve a term at Joliet, probably.</p> <p>Dr. George C. Palmer, long connected with the asylum at Kalamazoo and an expert alienist, died at the Oak Grove sanitarium, Flint, on Saturday last.</p> <p>Wayne county must pay Clerk Reynolds salary for full time, although it has already paid May for three-fourths of the term, while the contest was undecided.</p> <p>The Boston Herald says Mayor Pingree has "got 'em again."</p> <p>New Bedford has it slow. Eleven thousand employes in the cotton mills are out on strike.</p> <p>H. M. Upp, principal of the high school of York, Pa., was on Monday sentenced to two years' imprisonment for circulating an immoral book.</p> <p>Tarney's assailants—or those charged with the tarring—go free for want of evidence.</p> <p>During the manoeuvres of the troops at Evanston another calson blew up, but no one was killed.</p> <p>The Japs won a battle in Korea on the 3d.</p> <p>Gov. Altgeld went in person to Pullman, saw the destination, and asked Mr. Pullman what he was going to do about it.</p> | <p>Physician.</p> <p>DR. WALKER,</p> <p>Will visit any part of the country when called, either for Surgical Operation</p> <p>OR</p> <p>CONSULTATION,</p> <p>Telephone 30.</p> <p>Marinette, - - Wisconsin</p> <p>Merchant Tailor.</p> <p>L. O. KIRSTINE</p> <p>Has returned to Escanaba and located at 704 Ludington St., where he is prepared to do</p> <p>MERCHANT TAILORING</p> <p>In the Latest Styles.</p> <p>WE ARE SHOWING</p> <p>Many handsome things in suitings, pantings, and in fact everything in our line—Low prices rule.</p> <p>Good Fits and Best Workman ship</p> | <p>DRUGS AND MEDICINES.</p> <p>FOR DRUGS THAT ARE PURE</p> <p>MEAD'S</p> <p>Every article comprising our complete stock is new, fresh, crisp and sparkling, and guaranteed to be pure.</p> <p>OUR LINE OF DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES</p> <p>Is equaled by few and excelled by none, and among other includes and finest perfumes ever put on the market.</p> <p>WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF WALL PAPER.</p> <p>Boilers.</p> <p>OCONTO STEAM BOILER WORKS,</p> <p>WM. DINAN, Prop.</p> <p>Boiler Repairing and Sheet Iron Work</p> <p>DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.</p> <p>SECOND HAND BOILERS FOR SALE.</p> <p>Shop on Section Street, Opposite Roth House. OCONTO, WIS.</p> <p>Building Materials.</p> <p>JAS. DRUSH & CO.,</p> <p>Wholesalers and Retailers in</p> <p>Lime, Plaster, Cement, Hair, Brick, Tile, Etc.</p> <p>Douman St., Near the Engine House. ESCANABA, MICH</p> <p>Groceries.</p> <p>I'M IN THE SWIM FOR YOUR TRADE</p> <p>Fresh Staple and Fancy Groceries</p> <p>Which I wish to keep in the move and my prices will do it.</p> <p>E. M. ST. JACQUES.</p> <p>Our, Hale and Georgia Sts.</p> |
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