

NEWSPAPER LAWS

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ANOTHERLY "MOTHERLY PARD."



It was the last employe in the office. He had been alone fully thirty minutes. Through the screened window the warm south wind wafted the uneasy chirping of "chippies" among the leaves, with the sweet odors of roses and newly-cut grass from lawns not far away.

A bunch of pansies, bought early in the morning from the little old woman who seemed part of the pavement by the first floor door, dropped on their tin-foil-covered stems near the inkstand.

Occasionally the rattling whirr of the electric car and the mingled noise of many voices reaching the worker's ear, apparently giving an added impulse to his quickly-moving right arm; for the busy scratching of the pen ceased not, even when deluged in the red light of an early June day's sinking sun.

The room grew cooler, darker. The big book closed with a bang just as the office light flashed on letters, blotters, rulers, pens, found their places. The worker rose quickly, closed and locked his desk, eager for approaching freedom. While putting on his coat and hat he heard—as he might have heard many times during the last thirty minutes—ringing tones of boyish laughter.

"At it again! I wonder what in the world they can find to laugh at!" he grumbled, as he started down the long hall to the stairway leading to the first floor.

"Yes! I'll bet the 'highster' was first fellow out!" he further complained, passing the elevator and beginning a rapid run down the stairway through a cloud of dust raised by the vigorous janitor. As he reached the lower floor a sudden shower, so generally welcome in warm weather, came dashing down upon the still, dry street.

"Plague take it—strapped again—no umbrella—car gone!—just my everlasting luck!" he almost growled, bringing himself to a sharp halt at the foot of the stairs. This was, to him, a most uncomfortable world. "I'll have to wait six minutes—of course I'll miss my supper!" he muttered, stalking to the doorway, looking not unlike a prince of pettishness.

Another bounding burst of boyish laughter at that instant submerged his egoism in interested attention upon its source.

A merry group of muddily newboys crowded close up to the stained-glass window of the editorial room, near the doorway where the little old woman had been seated in the morning. One, with mouth wide open, was trying to catch the streaming drip of water from the high, projecting window cornice. Another, like a butting ram, was aiming to get his own hot, curly head under that steady, cooling fall.

Our belated bookkeeper had made his exit from the wild domains of boyhood not many years ago. His face, clearing slowly, surely, showed he kept his bond of allegiance—youthfulness—still upon him.

Two were interestingly watching a well-built, English-looking man coming leisurely up the street, one hand holding a large umbrella, the other portly form, the other searching the depths of his trousers' pockets as he approached the "—" building.

They seemed arguing. "Now, now!" he heard one say, "we just stand under his umbrella—he's a regular, you bet! Gee whizz! won't she be gay, tho! He'll get her last paper—say, if she ain't gone when we get back, let's buy her bunch of pansies!"

"Here's your Indianapolis Evening! Five cents for the Indianapolis Evening!"

The portly, comfortable-looking man had reached the doorway. The old woman held forward her neatly-folded paper, and her hand soon held the "nickel" in its stead.

"Bains aren't good for rheumatism, are they?" he remarked, smilingly, as he put the paper in his coat pocket.

"Well, not so bad—not so bad; and mighty good for pansies!" she replied; but he saw not her pansies, as he moved away.

The listening bookkeeper was apparently deeply absorbed in matters of momentous import, while he watched one of the two remaining boys awkwardly folding and refolding a paper, not effectively following the directions of "Brownie," given amidst her own chuckling laughter at his blundering.

The other boy, whom he had heard called "Jamesy," had seated himself on the floor a la Turk, and was lost in counting out his pennies and nickels and dimes, mentally footing up his accounts, the bookkeeper thought, doing all with an air of satisfaction a Vanderbilt might envy. Now the old woman turns accountant for him and amuses his none too agile mind in the calculation.

The awkward folder inadvertently bumped against the legs of the waiting man, and, in lieu of an apology, looked up patronizingly and inquired: "Say, boss, d'ye hear our new yell a while ago? She made it," said he, nodding sideways toward the boy.

"She's some, she is! You'll hear some rattlin' ringers for the ball games an' the Fourth!" and he shook out the now quite dirty paper, to try the folding process once more.

with troubles of my own, tho' I've had a plenty. My husband was engineer on the Pan-Handle eighteen years ago; but there was a wreck and he was taken. Then Benny got pneumonia and died. Our savings—then our little home—then our books and all our nice things went, and last of all, hardest of all, our baby died with scarlet fever! Oh, that was an awful time for me—an awful time!

Every twinkle of a smile had slowly died out from the face and eyes; the little old woman was awaying aside, and holding her one small bunch of pansies far out into the rain, rebounding from the pavement almost to her side. She looked the embodiment of silent, solitary sorrow, as she sat there lost in retrospection.

"It wasn't much better when I started out to be a book agent," she resumed, "tho' I did make some money. But I got sick in Chicago; slowly my savings dwindled away—even my clothes were sold—and when health came back it found me penniless. I washed in a laundry till I got enough money to get down here, and it gave me the rheumatism; that stays right along with me, you see."

She was faintly smiling now, and the bookkeeper wondered how she could.

"But the newboys have always been good to me. They found me when I was almost dead; they put me on to selling newspapers; they help me some way every day. My poor Joe's friends on the road heard of me through Jamesy there.—who might have been swinging out into space for every evidence of consciousness he gave—and they took care of me through my hardest spell, keeping me in the hospital, where I waited long for death. But he

doesn't come at our call. Everybody was good to me, and when I got well Engineer Tom Jones said I could live in his place close to the west Y, and he says he'll be slow to sell it even if the railroad does want it. He loved my husband—but then everybody loved my Joe, he was—her voice trembled, stopped, the light came and went and came again into her face, while tears stood full and heavy in her eyes.

The bookkeeper was getting a cold, surely; he wished he could sneeze, but as he couldn't he cleared his throat and coughed, and wished that car would hurry up.

"Yes, yes, I've had some hard knocks," she continued, as if talking to the slackening rain; "but I've nearly learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I think some day He'll make all things seem right."

But the bookkeeper heard, saw, his car. "Here, I'll take these pansies," said he, snatching them from her hand and throwing a nickel into her lap.

"You Jamesy!" giving him an adulatory kick, short and light, "better move along now; it's clearing!" and he rushed into the street.

FISH AND FOWL IN ONE.

California Anglers Use Trenches and Spears, Sometimes Guns.

Eastern anglers, unacquainted with the California flying fish, find novelty in studying its peculiar habits and characteristics. Fish are supposed to confine themselves to water, with occasional visits to the land when they are hooked. A fish that can fly does what even man is unable to do. The California flying fish, which inhabits the coast from San Diego to Monterey bay, is, of all flying fish in the world, the most remarkable for its power of flight. It is no mere skipper, like the so-called flying fish of the Atlantic and the tropics, but is a true flyer, like a bird.

The flying fish is a rapid swimmer, with an exceptionally powerful tail. On rising from the water the movements of the tail are continued, until the whole body is out of water. While the tail is in motion the pectoral fins vibrate rapidly and the ventral fins are spread, and so far as can be seen, are held at rest. On this plane of outstretched fins the fish sails through the air, several feet above the water, without perceptible movement of its wings.

As the fish begins falling the tail touches the water, and the motion of the pectoral fins begins again, enabling the fish to continue its flight, which averages fully a quarter of a mile, and ends by a fall into the water with a splash. While flying it resembles a large dragon fly.

The motion is very swift; at first it is in a straight line, but this becomes deflected to a curve, the pectoral fin on the inner side of the arc being bent downward. The fish is able, to some extent, to turn its course and shy off from a vessel. The motion of the fish seems to have no reference to the direction of the wind. These fish are about eighteen inches long. They frequently fly in flocks.

One of the amusements here is to spear flying fish at night. With a torch, rowboat and spear, the angler patrols the ocean not far from shore. The fish fly at the torch, thus becoming easy victims of the spear. It is a novel sport to have the fish literally fly into the boat. Ardent sportsmen have tried shooting these fish on the wing, and with some success. Uncertainty in flushing the game discourages many gunners. When the fish rise it requires close, quick shooting to bag them. No dog is needed for retrieving. It is possible here to shoot quail along the shore, and then step into a boat and shoot fish on the waves. Epicures say that flying fish, properly cooked, are agreeable food.

The flying fish of the Atlantic is known as the "skip jack." It is a member of the California flying fish family, but dissimilar in appearance. Large schools appear in autumn. It is persecuted by the ravenous inhabitants of the ocean, and offers an interesting spectacle when trying to escape pursuers. Multitudes then mount to the surface, crowding on each other as they press forward. When still more closely pursued they spring to the height of several feet, leap over each other in singular confusion, and again sink beneath the surface. Still further urged, they mount again, and rush along the surface by repeated starts for more than one hundred feet without once dipping beneath or scarcely touching the water. It has been judged that on occasions more than twenty thousand of these terror-stricken fish have been out of water together, striving to elude a hungry foe.

Though the fins of this fish are many, they are small, and the pectoral is far from large. Consequently, it is wonderful that they are capable of such long flights. The angle of articulation of the fins is well adapted to raise the fish in the direction of their motions to the surface. The power of springing comes from the tail and finlets.—N. Y. Times.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

The Strange Case of a Man Who Didn't Know Himself.

The most curious incidents connected with memory are, of course, its entire lapse, and such cases are not by any means so infrequent as is generally supposed. It is startling enough, no doubt, to hear a fellow-creature asking another fellow-creature to tell him who he is, but such things have actually happened. Indeed, it was only last year that a case of the kind was engaging the attention of Melbourne physicians.

DOG AND SHARK.

The Strange Battle Had to Be Ended With an Ax.

A fight between a shark and a dog is something very unusual. Such a contest took place recently on a sand bar near the Bridgeport light, off Seal-side park, Bridgeport, Conn. Capt. McNeill, the keeper of the light, has a large Newfoundland dog named Prince. He is very fond of fish, and the other day, while perched upon the end of the breaker looking for a chance to get a choice morsel for his dinner, he espied a large black object floundering in a sort of cove made by the fall of the tide on the sand bar a short distance away.

Prince started for the spot. The object proved to be a shark left by the outgoing tide in the cove, with only a foot of water in which to flounder. Prince swam to the place where the imprisoned shark was, and proceeded to help himself to the biggest dinner of sea food he had had in some time. From the way he tackled the shark it was evidently his intention to shake the life out of him; but six feet of shark was too much for Prince. The shark was angry, and showed it by flinging Prince about twenty feet. The dog renewed the attack, this time in the rear. He fastened his teeth in the tail of the shark and dragged the fish about thirty feet before letting go. This was Prince's favorite mode of attack after that, but the next time he tried it it proved very disastrous for him. The shark waited until Prince was near enough and then made a hit. It was no fool tip, but that sent the dog many feet and doubled him up so that he stayed in that position for some time.

Prince renewed the attack, and again succeeded in getting his teeth in the tail of the shark. He held on for some time, but at last the tail proved too lively for him, and again he was sent flying many feet into the water. The battle had been going on for some time when Capt. McNeill saw that the dog was getting the worst of it, and armed with an ax he rowed to the scene. One round was fought while he was on the way, and it is described by the captain as follows: "A swing of the tail and Prince picks himself up several feet away. Prince rushes. An upper cut by the shark lands Prince faint. Prince feints and the shark's tail fans the wind. Prince clinches his teeth in the shark's tail, and when they break loose Prince is in the air. Several lively passes follow, in which the fish loses much skin and Prince makes several tours in the air. The round ended with both combatants bleeding and badly wounded."

As soon as Capt. McNeill reached the shark he dispatched the shark with the ax. The shark was nearly six feet long. The water was stained with blood from the effects of the struggle.—N. Y. Sun.

THE GODDESS.

She Was Willing to Feed Her Face With Ice Cream.

From what I've said thus far you might be excused for supposing that it is almost altogether a foreign crowd one sees in the Battery park on band night. I have not mentioned the distinctive American girl, simply because I have no confidence in my ability to do her justice. Her prettiness is sometimes almost amazing. The low collars some of them wear on their light summer waists expose throats which are a revelation in that respect to one who has been more accustomed to study the lines of throats exposed above much richer, but much lower cut, waists. Her head is small—I am speaking of a type—and well carried; her figure sligher than those of the foreign girls of her age, but more graceful in line and action; her hair is abundant and bonder; her features are small, except her eyes, which are apt to be large and expressive of a degree of self-confidence really surprising. She may wear a ninety-eight-cent skirt, a thirty-eight-cent waist, a forty-nine-cent straw hat and a six-cent tie, but she wears them with a jaunty dash which seldom accompany a costume costing as many dollars.

As I stood near the refreshment stand a girl of this type passed who had such an exquisitely beautiful throat that I actually started, for something attracted her attention to me. She paused, eyed me with the serenity of a goddess, her beautiful lips parted in a smile, showing two perfect rows of white teeth, and then she addressed to me these mystic words: "Ah, there, papa! Don't get comic." She passed on until she saw a young man she knew who was eating ice cream, and she said to him: "Hello, Danny, feeding your face by your lonesome nights?" The young man grinned and replied: "Not on your life, Mame. Won't you join me?" "Why, sure," responded my goddess.—N. Y. Sun.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

Why the Suspected Horse Thief Was Not Lynched.

They didn't know for sure that the man they had had stolen the horse, but they were getting so near it that they had a rope around his neck and were heading for the nearest telegraph pole. When they reached it they asked the culprit if he had anything to say.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The New Suburban Resident Got the Wrong Man.

Life in the suburbs of a city has its advantages, especially in the summer months. The streets are cool and shady, noise and bustle are absent, the grown folks can sit and rest or read on the piazza, while the boys can fly kites or play base-ball without being driven away by a policeman.

But these suburban sections are a choice place for agents, who ring door bells and try to sell something; and there are times when people begin to look upon these visits as a bore. Occasionally, however, a householder may make a mistake, and get mad at the wrong man; and this is what a suburban resident did one day, the result being that he felt very much ashamed of himself.

He had just settled down with his family in a nice house, and felt sure that he would enjoy himself. Two days after he had moved in it was Saturday, and he got home early from the city.

His wife and the hired girl were busy arranging the rooms upstairs, so he offered to sit in the parlor and answer the door-bell. In a short time he had opened the door to ten agents, and when the eleventh ring came he was so angry that he would have fought a nest of hornets.

When he opened the door a tall, meek-faced looking man, dressed in black, who was standing on the step, began to say something, but the householder interrupted him: "Oh, you needn't tell me what you have to sell, for I don't want it. I don't need a burglar alarm, nor a book-jack that has a music box attached to it, nor a stem-winding can opener, nor—"

"But, my dear sir," said the stranger, "you are—"

"Oh, never mind what I am!" replied the householder; "and don't my dear sir me. It won't do you any good. I tell you I don't want a combined mustache cup and curry-comb; I have no use for a gate that can be taken from its hinges, and made to duty as a folding bed when there's company in the house. I have a full supply of furniture polish, washing powder and hair restorer; and, really, my wife does not need a recipe for preserving codfish, or frying a paper of hairpins and making them taste like shad."

"Really, sir," said the meek-looking man, "this is a most extraordinary—"

"Of course it's extraordinary!" growled the suburban resident; "but that's no reason why you should insist on me buying it. I suppose it can be used either to tune the piano or to grate horseradish with, but I don't need it. Perhaps it will pare potatoes and apples, take grease spots out of clothing, chase dogs out of the front yard, and keep cats from giving concerts on the back fence. I am surprised that a man of your age and respectable appearance should go round selling these things when people in the neighborhood have so much wood that needs sawing. What's the use of trying to sell a man one of your gimcracks when you can get a dollar a day carrying brick for those houses that are being built up the street?"

Cheap Excursions to the West.

An exceptionally favorable opportunity for visiting the richest and most productive sections of the west and northwest will be afforded by the Home-Boards' low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Lines. Tickets for these excursions will be sold on Sept. 11th and 15th, and Oct. 9th, to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Idaho, and will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale. Stop-over privileges will be allowed, giving trip in territory to which the tickets are sold.

Home Again!

After a brief absence the cheerful visitor, dyspepsia, returns again. Our traditional mother-in-law is nothing to it. To prevent repeated visits use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Also seek the aid of this comprehensive remedy for malaria, liver and kidney trouble, debility and nervousness. Question those who have been troubled with these and kindred ailments. They will testify in behalf of the Bitters.

PROPHETIC.—"Has also given you any encouragement?" "Oh, yes! She says she will get all of her father's money when he dies."—Life's Calendar.

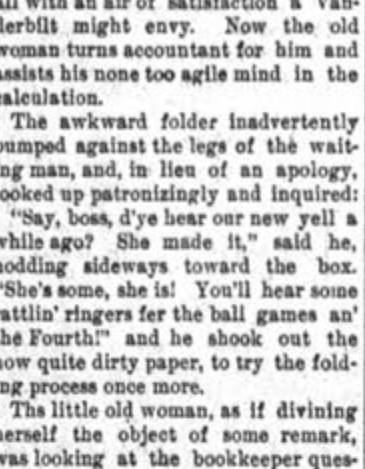
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Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed,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

It's Hood's that Cures

The combination, proportion and process by which Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared are peculiar to itself. Its record of cures is unequalled. Its sales are the largest in the world. The testimonials received by its proprietors by the hundred, telling the story that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures are unparalleled in the history of medicine, and they are solid facts.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation, Indigestion, DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT



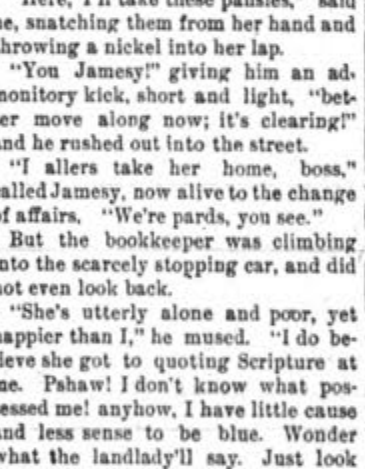
FOLLOWING JAMESY THROUGH THE OPEN GATEWAY.



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"RAINS AIN'T GOOD FOR RHEUMATISM, ARE THEY?"



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FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

Get Ready for Fairs

THE L.B. SILVER CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.

Her Way of Winning Back a Recalcitrant Spouse.

Mrs. Warburton started a little at sight of me, but it is only justice for her to say that she was not at all surprised. Not so much as a flush of her smooth cheek betrayed that it was any surprise or annoyance to find me there. I had considerable curiosity to see whether Rex would evince the same impassiveness, and quietly resumed my look after the first greeting.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Baroness Langeman of Vienna has been persecuted by certain Lutheran because she is a Methodist. She recently spoke at a meeting of the West London mission, which is conducted by Methodists, and presented it with a necklace worth ten thousand dollars, to be sold for the benefit of the mission.

THE EVOLUTION OF FISHES.

They Flourish Best Among Rocks and Reefs in Tropical Waters. It has been known for some years that in several groups of fishes (wrasse fishes, sounders and "rock cod," for example) those species which inhabit northern waters have more vertebrae than those living in the tropics.

EXPLORING THE HEAVENS.

Strange Discoveries Made Through the Aid of Photography. Great surprise was expressed nine years ago when the Henry brothers of Paris discovered by photography a strange nebulous spiral apparently attached to the star Maia, one of the Pleiades.

PITH AND POINT.

—Teamy—"Which is right, stuffer or duffer?" Jimmy—"It's duffer when it's on your plate, and stuffer after you have swallowed it."

THE MOTORMAN'S BOOT.

It is a source of additional income to the Cobbler. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," quoth the shoemaker, as he tacked a sole on the motorman's right boot.

THE REAL WEALTH OF LIFE.

Wealth without health is poverty. It is a surprise that people do not have sense enough to know that money expended in fashionable and allowable dissipation is worse than wasted; and that wealth won at the expense of health is the most disappointing attainment that is possible.

A RAILWAY EXPERIENCE.

The Tale of an Unfortunate German Spits a Fellow-Traveler's True Story. The train had just rolled out of Chicago, and the passengers in the parlor cars were getting acquainted with each other.

TRIBUTE TO ROBBERS.

Curious Bit of History Showing the Beginning of Our Navy. Collectors of old coins and people who are over three-score years old may remember the old United States one-cent piece bearing the motto: "Millions for Defense; Not a Penny for Tribute," which was extensively circulated early in the present century.

A DEER'S VITALITY.

After Being Wounded He Will Travel a Long Distance. "My brother and I," said a hunter of Socorro, N. M., "were hunting one day last autumn in the Gallo mountains.

NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ.

Incidents of the Great "Battle of the Emperors" and its Results. The story of how the great Napoleon met and conquered the very flower of the armies of the allied nations of the old world, there arrayed against the Frenchman, is a pretty story—in fact, it is not a story at all, but a matter of history.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The gold market has gained two and a half... A strike of 1,000 men at a coal mine near... Mayor Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, is defending an action for his impeachment... The war department is concentrating the army in large posts near the great cities... A religious war—Hindu against Islam—is imminent at Bombay... England proposes again to coin silver—a dollar for eastern trade purposes... Baring Brothers' business is now in such shape that the partners will have something left after their debts are paid... The clothing makers of New England are on the verge of a big strike... Gov. Algeid is a victim of paralysis—locomotor ataxia—but not a hopeless one... A paving company and the street railway company fought for possession of the main street of Muncie, Indiana, all day last Saturday... We have to guard against cholera on both coasts... A new reciprocity treaty, as to the United States and Spain, is to be negotiated... The Brazilian rebellion again makes head in the southern states of that republic... The situation in the Scandinavian peninsula is "war or separation" between Sweden and Norway... The exodus of negroes from Alabama to Liberia is really amounting to something... Militiamen of Pennsylvania who encamped on the Gettysburg battle ground are dying of typhoid fever since their return to their homes... Walter Wellman, whose "dash for the pole" failed, is en route from England and will arrive at New York next week... The concentration of the army at large posts involves the abandonment of Fort Marey, N. M.; Fort Bowie, Ari.; Fort McKinney, Wy.; Fort Sully, S. D.; Fort Supply, O. T.; Fort Mackinac, Mich.; Fort Ontario, N. Y.; Newport Barracks, Ky.; Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala... The republican state central committee asks Senator Jones to resign, but it don't expect him to do it... The long strike of the coal miners of the Massillon, Ohio, district, is to be broken by the importation of negro miners from Alabama... Canadian lumber is arriving at Oswego and other New York ports freely; a result of the new tariff... The Japs beat the Chinese in Korea, using up an army of 20,000 Chinese entirely... Eva Thompson, cashier of a Fort Scott mercantile concern, was Monday confronted by an armed man who ordered her to open the safe... Pite fights, three or four, in Chicago this week... The republican state convention held at Saratoga on the 18th, nominated Levi F. Morton for governor of New York and Charles T. Saxton for lieutenant governor... Pearls, fine ones, are found in the Ohio river near New Richmond... The Chicago board of trade has bounced Murray Nelson for "bad faith and dishonorable conduct..." A tin plate factory is to be put up at Anderson, Indiana. It will employ 800 men... Gov. Flower will not run against Morton and the New York democracy is looking for a victim... The tin-plate works of the St. Louis Stamping Co. are closed and 2,000 men are idle... Connecticut republicans nominated O. V. Collin, of Middletown, for governor... The Ohio democracy censured Bruce and declared for free trade, out and out... Breckinridge's friends pay their bets and "that settles it..." Seeing by Electricity... Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is spending the hot months at his summer place in Nova Scotia, engaged in a series of investigations which will no doubt have important and perhaps sensational results... Call For Republican Ward Caucuses... Pursuant to a call for a republican county convention to be held at the courthouse, in the city of Escanaba, on the 28th day of September, 1894, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following county offices: Treasurer, clerk and register of deeds, sheriff, prosecuting attorney, circuit court commissioner and two coroners, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before it... The several wards are entitled to delegates as follows: First ward, 2; second ward, 1; third ward, 2; fourth ward, 1; fifth ward, 1; sixth ward, 1; seventh ward, 1... Republican ward caucuses will be held in the several wards of the city of Escanaba, Thursday, September 27th, 1894, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the republican county convention to be held in the city of Escanaba, September 28th, 1894. The caucuses will be held in the following places: 1st ward, city council chamber. 2d ward, second ward hose house. 3d ward, Glaser's store, 1st floor, Ludington street. 4th ward, Dupont's hall. 5th ward, fifth ward school house. 6th ward, John Campbell's store, Fanny street. 7th ward, seventh ward school house. EMIL GLASER, Chairman Republican City Committee... The Women Killed Him... Colonel Bam Anderson, of Kentucky, was asked what effect he thought the defeat of Breckinridge would have in his state... "Who, me? Well, I didn't until a few weeks ago. Up to that time I was strong in favor of him..." "And some new proof changed your mind, eh?" "Well, I can't say that it was a proof. I will say, though, that it was stronger than a proof. It was a woman. You see, I am a widower, without children, without moral responsibilities of any sort, and I didn't see why Bill shouldn't go to congress about as long as he wanted to; but I got, sah, a woman that lives near Paris changed my mind. For a long time I have been after her to marry me, and she has been putting me off. But a few weeks ago I met her and she told me that if I would work against the colonel she would marry me as soon as the election was over. And then I took off my coat and let Billy about as hard as a man was ever hit. I got, sah, it was the women of my state that killed the colonel!"... Habit cloths, covert suitings, ladies' cloths, storm coats, flannel suitings, all the latest, just opened, at Greenboot Bros.

OUR NEW FALL STOCK

OF

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS

IS NOW READY FOR INSPECTION.

LARGEST AND BEST!

Never before have us shown such a magnificent array of fashionable fabrics, and we invite your inspection whether you buy or not.

ED. ERICKSON.

Physician. DR. WALKER, Will visit any part of the country when called, either for Surgical Operation OR CONSULTATION, Telephone 30. Marquette, Wisconsin. Laundry. Take Your Work to the Steam Laundry. First-Class Work Assured. NO ACIDS USED.

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Sewing Machines. SEWING MACHINES AT COST. P. M. PETERSON IS SELLING 3-DRAWER SINGER MACHINES FOR \$20. 5-DRAWER WHITE, FOR \$30. And Other Makes Proportionately Low! Undertaking a Specialty.

Horses. HORSES For Sale! Wirth, Hammel & Co. Have just received two carloads of fine big Draft, Driving AND General Purpose HORSES! AT THEIR NEW Sales Stable, On Ludington Street. MOSE KURZ, Salesman.

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